

# Killmoulis

**Magnificent, My nose!... You pug, you knob, you button-head, Know that I glory in this nose of mine, For a great nose indicates a great man— Genial, courteous, intellectual, Virile, courageous—as I am—and such As you—poor wretch— will never dare to be Even in imagination.** Cyrano-De-Bergerac (1.336-342) – *Esmond Rostand*

**Quote:** *\*Wheezy sigh*

No Fae is more disconcerting than the Killmoulis. An abbey-lubber or buttery spirit much like their cousins the Sluagh, it was the job of the quiet ones to punish the greedy and reward the generous. They fulfilled their roles among the Celtic Kith for generations, happy and content in their quiet ways. To be honest, not much has changed for them.

They still act as defenders of the poor and downtrodden and still go out of their way to punish the greedy and miserly. Especially those in high stations who abuse their powers most run the risk of earning their disfavor.

Despite their predilection for aiding the poor, the Kith has never been that famous (perhaps due to their ugliness). Fate has not been as kind to these kith as it has to their pale cousins the Sluagh, and their place in the world has been set aside in favor of the more popular Irish Kith. But perhaps this is for the better, they have never been a Kith to seek the lime-light, and they can perform better out of the public eye. There are very few Unseelie, and those that are seem little different from their brethren. Their Unseelie nature manifests in them being a little too adamant about their punishments.

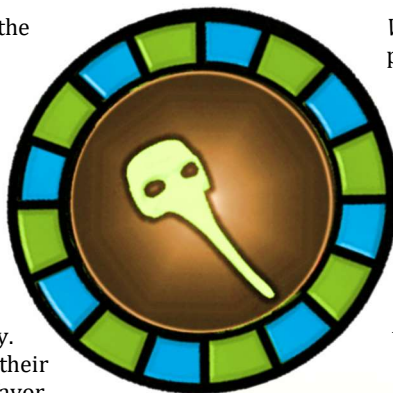
**Appearance:** In all means, they are a slight bunch. The Human Mien looks like a nose with a face behind it. A large proboscis which would make even the Good Baron Munchausen gasp.

This is a Slipped Seeming, and the Fae Mien intruding on the real world, and no amount of make-up can change that. Though there is a mouth in the Human world, that doesn't mean that a Killmoulis can eat, drink, or even talk. This is reflected in their frailties below.

In their Fae Mien, this is doubly so. They look like a dirty emaciated Sluagh, with over-sized feet. They have long lanky hair that frames a nose all but hiding bright shining eyes. The Nose, oh the Nose. You know by this point, yes?

**Lifestyle:** Old Habits die hard, and the Killmoulis still hold on to their past trades. Many frequent churches and places of worship. They volunteer as janitors, the better to watch their adopted community. Others get into law enforcement if they can. Many become sight-language instructors as being mute doesn't translate into speechless anymore.

*Childing Killmoulis* are often-times picked on by other children: weird googly eyes, skinny frame, and of course, their schnozzle. This pain takes root inside and grows in their desire to fix the world. They remain the quiet ones on their playground, watching the others and their games.



*Wilder Killmoulis* start to pick up the broken pieces of their youth. Grim determination and empathy both replace the loneliness so long attributed to their kind. They adopt a community and quietly nestle down, often adopting the niche of a nice quiet neighbor.

*Grump Killmoulis* are rare. Enough so that none, even their own number, believe that they exist. Not that they don't exist, it is just that they are so quiet and secretive in their



ways. Many wonder if they are still there.... *in the shadows... in the walls...waiting.....listening.....quietly.*

**Glamour Ways:** Killmoulis gain Glamour by helping their fellows, though they prefer to do so behind the scenes. Dropping off bags of groceries on the door-step of the single Mom working 3 jobs, or slipping a 20-dollar bill into the cup of the bum on the corner... the little things. With the gratitude comes Glamour that the Killmoulis revels in.

**Unleashing:** Cantrips cast by the Killmoulis are accompanied by the smell of dust and rotting wood, and a stifling silence that jars the senses.

**Affinity:** Scene

### Birthrights

**Well Aware (*Maith ar an Eolas*):** Due to their quiet natures, perceptive eyes, and *\*ahem\** talents in the olfactory department, any rolls utilizing perception are a -2 difficulty, any perception rolls using smell is a -3 difficulty. A Killmoulis can never botch any perception roll involving smell.

**Pass without trace (*Bogadh a Fháil gan Rian*):** With an expenditure of one Glamour, a Killmoulis can pass through solid objects as if they were mist. In addition, a Killmoulis will never leave any traces of his presence: Footprints, fingerprints, even scent, this is always in effect.

### Frailties

**No Mouth (*Aon Béal*):** Killmoulis have no mouths. Aside from the implications of being mute, a Killmoulis cannot eat like others. He has to shove food and water up his nose when no is around. IF he wants to eat in front of others, it is treated as a Wyrd effect. But some small things can be said about the Childing sticking carrot sticks up his nose, yes?

**Fugly (*An-feckin' Gránna*):** A Killmoulis is horrendous, with an appearance of 0. Even in mortal mien, no amount of make-up, surgery, or even magical alteration can make them appear as anything but nose and ears, with teeny-tiny closed mouth and buggy eyes.

### Colin – the Cookier-Horker of Rosslare, signs his misgivings on those in the court of all-kings.

**Bánánach:** War has to happen, especially for us. But do they have to revel in it?

**Bullwugs:** It is good thing we cannot laugh; it would ruin our relationship.

**Cailleachan:** I know that they have a role, but it is a scary role.

**Enfield:** I have ties to their clans that they do not know. But do not tell them that.

**Dullahan:** More brains than the rest of us combined. This is Ironic.

**Fachen:** They are faster than me. I do not care. They care. A lot.

**Fear-Gorta:** Brothers.

**Fir Deargs:** They deserve a quick boot up the ass.

**Gancanagh:** There is nothing that we have to fear from them.

**Leipreachán:** They are violent. They are honest. We should all try to be honest like them. Not violent like them.

**Roane:** They are as Pointless as pissing in the ocean to change the salinity.

**Samanach:** The same.

**Clurichauns:** Always emotional, always drunk, and always loud... I do not like.

**Sluagh:** This Friday. Tea at sunset. I need a straw.