

Nasnás

The world is full of genies waiting to grant your wishes. *Percy Ross*

Quote: Ahah! He leaps, over your head, look how quickly! And now, where is he? Why, there he is! But look! It is simply a beggar, surely this could not be that great and majestic creature leaping and bounding!

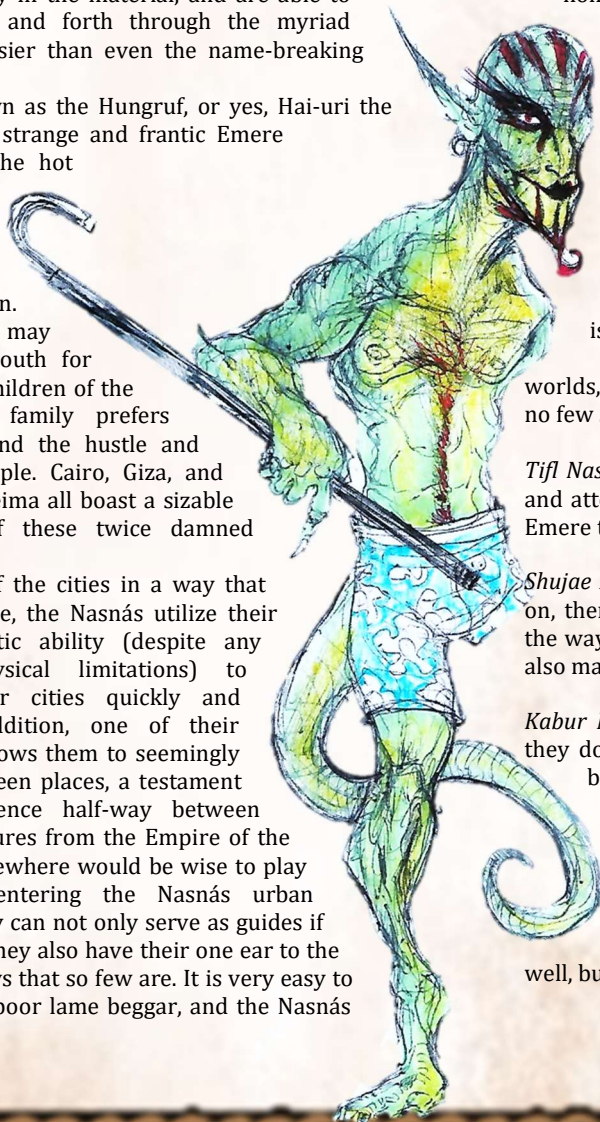
The folktales state that they are either a forgotten family of demi-Jinn, Jinn, a curse from the proto-god Khayyin, bastard children of the Demon Shiqq, or direct descendants of the Hai-uri the Half-God. Half-God in this context doesn't mean a half human but instead refers to the physical structure. The Nasnás have only one leg, one eye, one arm, and one ear. This carries over into their mortal mien, where they are pitied by some, disgust others. Some of the wiser onlookers fear them, however, as the true power of the Nasnás is reflected in these half-bodies. They exist halfway in the spirit world, halfway in the material, and are able to bounce back and forth through the myriad realms far easier than even the name-breaking wizards.

Also known as the Hungruf, or yes, Hai-uri the Nasnás are a strange and frantic Emere (Kith) from the hot areas

around Yemen, Djibouti, and the Sudan.

While this may seem a bit south for most of the Children of the Sphinx, this family prefers large cities and the hustle and bustle of people. Cairo, Giza, and Shubra El Kheima all boast a sizable population of these twice damned monsters.

Masters of the cities in a way that few Emere are, the Nasnás utilize their natural athletic ability (despite any seeming physical limitations) to traverse their cities quickly and easily. In addition, one of their birthrights allows them to seemingly teleport between places, a testament to the existence half-way between worlds. Creatures from the Empire of the Sphinx, or elsewhere would be wise to play nice when entering the Nasnás urban domains. They can not only serve as guides if need be, but they also have their one ear to the ground in ways that so few are. It is very easy to overlook the poor lame beggar, and the Nasnás



know how to capitalize on other's misperceptions.

Appearance: The Nasnás are poor stunted things no matter the mask. Their Bopha Umomo (Mortal Miend) showcases their decided lack of limbs, and many onlookers assume them to be simple lame beggars and the like. They are frail and weak, with one eye, a missing ear, and a wild chaotic stare.

Their Bilongo Umomo (Fae Mien) is much the same, save that their skin is now oddly colored, with all the colors of the rainbow possible, and that one ear is long and tapered, elf-like some might say. The teeth are sharp, the smile chaotic, and the eyes shining with homicidal glee.

Lifestyle: From the moment of birth, the Nasnás are marked as less than. Perhaps their mortal parents can keep them around, most times they are abandoned at birth or given to beggars to raise. Upon Chrysalis, however, their true purpose is revealed. Hopefully.

Either way, they tend to keep to the cities, not only because they love messing with the teeming swarms of mortals, but also due to the many avenues for escape that the cities provide. While they are assumed to be simple beggars, the reality of the Nasnás is that the city is their playground.

Keep in mind that there is some escape in the spirit worlds, where there are plenty of options for exploration, and no few shortages of even stranger creatures to mess with.

Tifl Nasnás often have a hard go at it. If given enough support and attention from the right people, it allows for a productive Emere to make his mark on the Sphinx's Empire. Or not.

Shujae Nasnás have discovered the only person they can count on, themselves. They may have made friends and allies along the way, sure, but they understand that such are fleeting. They also may have made just as many enemies.

Kabur Nasnás slowly grew bored with it all. They know that they don't have much left in them (they had half as much to begin with) and seek ways to spend more and more time in those spirit worlds they are so crazy about.

Glamour Ways: Nasnás refuel Bilongo whenever mortals are caught up in the confusion and strangeness that the Nasnás leave in their wake. This is remarkably like the Ahl-il Tirub's Glamour Ways as well, but those ladies need fear along with the confusion...

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Nasnás are rife with the odor of far away spices, a hot wind that comes from nowhere, and mocking laughter that erupts from the shadows.

Affinity: Actor

Birthrights:

Parkour (*Parkour*): Despite the limitations of so few limbs, the Nasnás are supra-naturally nimble, and begin with a +3 to Dexterity at Character Creation. Keep in mind that this is only in the form of running and jumping and leaping about. Anything that requires both legs such as operating certain vehicles or the like puts them at a decided disadvantage.

In addition, whenever in their beloved large cities, any difficulties that involve athletics – especially in the form of parkour or evading people easily, are always at a -1 difficulty, as they can bound easily through alleyways and up walls.

Half Worlds (*Adduunyo Badh*): The Nasnás are creatures stuck halfway between worlds and can use their liminal existence for strange and nebulous ends. With a point of Bilongo spent, they can shift and hop through the myriad realms and appear a short distance away, not unlike teleporting. The roll consists of their remaining Bilongo pool, with a difficulty of how far away the point is. If it's within sight, it is only a difficulty 7, and is instantaneous.

However, the Nasnás can use this for other ends as well. If familiar with the realms that they are journeying through when they teleport (i.e., the Penumbra, the Shadowlands, etc.) they can opt for the number of successes, instead of distance, to serve as turns they spend in those realms. It may not be a very long time but can serve as the catalyst for a wacky adventure. They can prolong their stay for a point of willpower spent. With one point being one hour in that otherworld.

Frailties:

Squeaky (*Qaylo*): Aside from the usual hazards presented to a one-legged and one-armed Dreaming Creature with no depth perception, the Nasnás also has but half a voice. In some strange twist of being half-Djinn (if indeed they are) their voices sound high-pitched, nasal, squeaky even, as if they just huffed a helium balloon. Not only does this make them annoying, but also marked. Those in the know (Demon hunters and the like) may recognize the signs of a potential infernal target. Those more in the know (expert Demon Hunters) may recognize the signs of a Djinn and track them down. Those not in the know (Demon Hunters not yet worth their salt) may catch one, rub them up, and demand wishes....

Delicious (*Dhadhan ah*): Much worse than the half body, no Depth perception, squeaky voice, however, is the knowledge that the Nasnás is quite tasty. Deliciously, infernally sweet. Their flesh has all the great flavors of a perfectly cooked meal. Those rare sordid few who have imbibed on a cooked Nasnás have remarked how it turns tasted savory, or delicately spiced, or perfectly sweet. Stranger still, each gourmand insisted that it tasted differently with each bite, but each bite was more delicious than the last, down until the last toothsome morsel. Every Nasnás knows this, and lives with the knowledge that they might be caught, grilled (or fried, baked, sauteed, etc...) and eaten.

Gurey hopping from roof-top to roof-top, jeers and mocks in that grating voice of his...

Ahl-il Tirub: They may know how to have fun, but they take it too far. Funny considering how I am the cannibal of the bunch.

Sha: Looking for your better half? Is that some sort of a sick joke? Because if it is, it's great. I wish I would have thought of it.

Shabti: All that time spent looking for a master, why not be your own master? You can relax, order up some shawarma, and call it a day.

Mau: I see a lot more of them than they see of me. We both have the cities, but I know how to live there yes?

Eshu: I would really prefer not to say. They come and go, hear everything, and can nurse a grudge far longer than you'd expect.

Fachen: No relationship to the One-legged Keltoi-Asshats, they're just evil.

Saci: No relationship to the One-legged Red-hats of the Jungle, but at least they're fun.

Jin-Chan: No, they have both legs. But one is a robot leg. Not quite the same as skiapodes, hey?