

POLEVIK

**But I can see you- Your brown skin shinin' in the sun. You got your hair combed back
and your sunglasses on, baby
And I can tell you my love for you will still be strong, After the boys of summer have gone.**
Boys of Summer – Don Henley

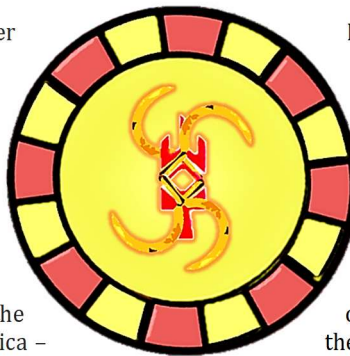
Quote: Ooh... bowl of milk, fresh baked brown bread, it's going to be a great summer...

Once upon a time, in a different life, in a better world, the Polevik were dark Gods of the summer's bounty. Wheat, rye, barley, and corn, all the gifts of summer, these were the blessings of the lords of summer. But there are far less farms today, and even fewer gods. Today Polevik are the boys of summer, perpetually young, and always male. A far cry from their bloodied godly origins, the modern Polevik still yet maintain their ancient holding and watch over their fields.

They bear some strange relations with both the Inanimae, and the Adhene Plemya (Kith) of Poludnica – who may bear more than passing resemblance. Fae scholars from without the regions will undoubtedly make connections between these two sun-dancing, crop-loving families. The truth of the matter, as are so many concepts in the Dreaming, is tenuous. What can be known about them, is that out of all the Plemya, the Polevik are the happiest with their modern existence.

This happiness is with or without their godhood. They have an infectious love of life that some might misconstrue as naïve. In truth they are just aware of the eternal wheel of the seasons: life and death, summer and winter, reaping and sowing. They have no worries of death, or what comes after. The other Karlik may have fear of the coming winter, but to the Polevik, it will be summer again soon... it will always be summer again.

Appearance: The Polevik are eerily handsome young men to a one of them. Their Okovy Lik (Mortal Mien) is a wild-eyed youth, with long blonde hair the color of ripe wheat or fresh corn. Their clothing often appears dirty, but this does little to detract from their attractiveness. Their Karlik Lik (Fae Mien) is the same, save for a strange tightening of their frame. They are lean, and hungry looking- some would liken it to a starving wolf. Some may notice that this form also has their hair taking on a greenish hint during the spring months, and their eyes growing the faintest hints of gold. It should also be noted that any and all Polevik will be playing around with a sharp shiny blade... their hands and fingers forever fidgeting with one regardless of time or place...



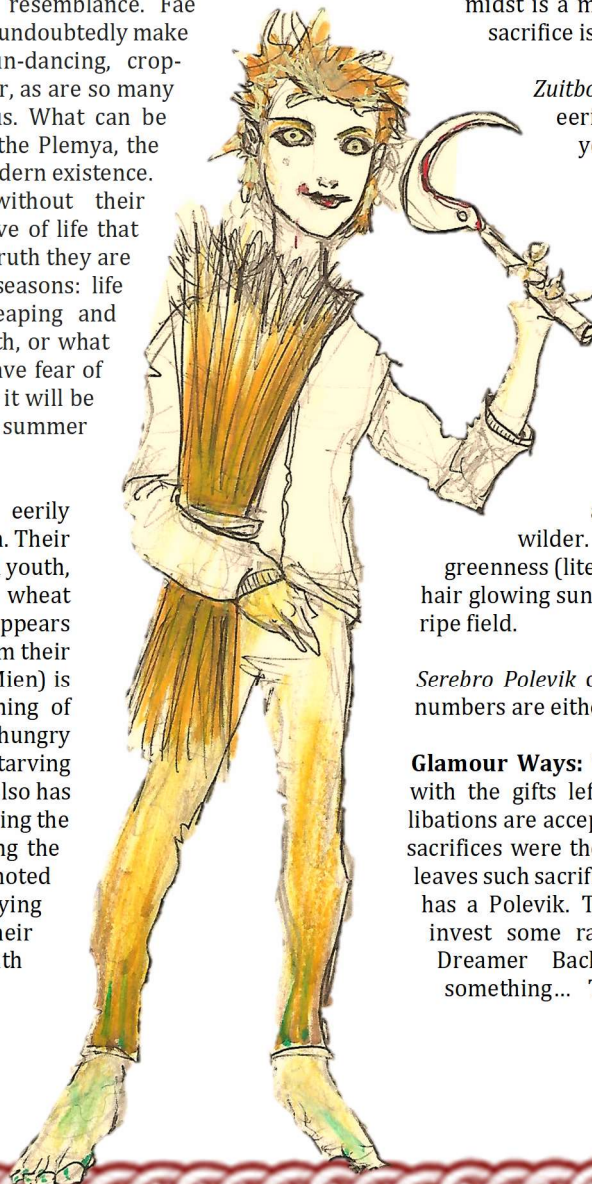
Lifestyles: Whereas they once were God's of the crop, their mortal existence now works the fields like so many farmers. Though truth tell they are still just as eager to be there, basking in their summery sun amongst their beloved crops. Their Fae existence has a bit more grandeur. With those few mortals who yet know the old paths, leaving sacrifices of drink, bread, and the occasional piece of meat... whether or not these mortals know of the Polevik in their midst is a moot point, all that matters is the sacrifice is given freely and with respect...

Zuitbotschnick Polevik are the most eerie of the bunch. No matter how young, they take to working hard under the hot sun with a strange enthusiasm... their timeless eyes smiling all the while. They have hair and eyes just a bit greener than their older brothers, especially in the Spring.

Zverinyy Polevik gain a strange handsomeness as they enter their wilder years. Their muscles harden and tighten, and their eyes grow fiercer and wilder. They also lose some of that greenness (literally) of that youth, with eyes and hair glowing sunny yellow and the warm gold of a ripe field.

Serebro Polevik don't exist, as the whole of their numbers are either *Zuitbotschnick* or *Zverinyy*.

Glamour Ways: The Polevik regain Zhivost' only with the gifts left in the field. Small Offering of libations are acceptable now, but at one time blood sacrifices were the norm. Not every mortal farmer leaves such sacrifices but then again, not every field has a Polevik. The smart player will be sure to invest some rating in either the Retainer or Dreamer Backgrounds, to ensure a little something... The greater the gift the more



Zhivost' gained... mile and bread may be a point or two, but blood being worth 3 or even 4 points.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Polevik are accompanied by a warm breeze that smells of crops, pollen, or dry grass. There is little else, but those familiar with agriculture understand and even appreciate such displays of the Polevik's power. However, when a Polevik accomplishes a particularly successful cantrip, with 2 or more 10's on any roll, his lips and teeth will turn blood red, and blood will run down his handsome chin... as if he had just been given an offering worthy of the old days.

Affinity: Nature

Birthrights:

Eerily Beautiful (*Strashno Krasivo*): There is something otherworldly about the Polevik - be it their wild golden eyes, or their tight hungry muscles, or even their innocent naïveté. At character creation, every Polevik begins with a +1 in Appearance, even if no one quite knows why...

Blade Boys (*Mal'chiki s Klinkom*): Every single one of the Polevik has an inherent affinity with Knives, Swords, Sickles, Scythes, Axes, or any other sharp, shiny, bladed implement. Any and all difficulties to do anything with such tools/weapons, no matter in combat or craftwork, are always at a -1 difficulty.

So Much Summer (*Stol'ko leta*): The Boys of Summer are just that, and have blessings born of the warmer months. They gain a +1 free dot to Dex during the *Spring*, but this rises to +2 free dots to Dex in *Summer*. In addition, they begin with two free levels of Spring or Summer, or one of each. The Spring Art is usually found amongst their Zuitbotschnick number, with the Summer Art for their Zveriny, but this isn't always the case.

Frailties:

Only the Fields (*Tol'ko Polya*): The Polevik are limited in how they refuel their Zhivost', only receiving from gifts left in the fields (usually their own, but any fields will do). No freeholds, no tass, no glades, no other source will serve their needs.

Boys will be Boys (*Mal'chiki budut Mal'chikami*): None of the Polevik make it to *Srebro/Grumpdom*. At the end of their Zveriny years - between late teens and mid-20's, they simply

become undone, losing their Karlik (Fae) lives. Some leave the world behind altogether... wandering away into the wild places never to be seen again. In this life at any means.

Seasonal Malaise (*Vremena Goda Grust'*): Those same blessings of Spring and Summer are only applicable during those same seasons. During the Autumn months, they don't have access to their birthrights, neither their Eerily Beautiful nor their Blade Boys. In addition, all uses of their Spring and Summer Arts are also hindered. During the Autumn months, any and all uses of these Arts has the difficulty raised by +1, while during the winter it is raised by +2. In one last seasonal smite against them, not a one of the Boys can possess any levels of either the Autumn or Winter Arts.

Levushka- Jarylo, a shaft of wheat in one hand, sickle in other, and with red smile on lips, expresses many happy thoughts.

Dvoverie: I like when they are on farms. Is always fun to see them chase a white horse... horse is always faster, yes?

Kikkimora: Beautiful ladies on farms as well, Though I do not like losing my wallet so much times.

Leshiye: They are good friends to go visit, but I do not go visit often. Too much work to do, yes?

Likho: Beautiful ladies, I always treat with respect. Is smart thing to do, being on good side.

Morozko: We are being best of friends, though none of us know why.

Korhorushy: The smoke pusses are always ready with a good jokes to tell but must be reminded to finish it. So easily distracted they are.

Poludnica: I will let them tell you the truth- such is not for me to say.

Rarash: I think is them being only one to understand truly. Is good to have friends to understand, yes?

Rusalki: Beautiful ladies, but do not to be trusting them much. Their hearts are not so good as faces.

Ved: There are many of us on the farms, but they are the best to have on farm. It is good to have such many friends.

Vily: Beautiful ladies, always kind and honest. If they are not so kind, they at least honest about why not so kind.

Vodyanoi: I do not like them, but am trying very hard to like. Maybe is not for everybody.

Zmei: I know a secrets, but If I told, it would not being secrets.