

ROKOROKUBI 轆轤首

"Common politeness required that I find out; so did extreme nosiness."

The Chocolate Mouse Trap—*JoAnna Carl*

If you do not enter the tiger's cave, you will not catch its cub. – *Japanese Proverb*

Quote: Ooh... What's that you got there? Don't worry, I won't tell anybody... Let me see.

Some posit that this all Female- Shinma is a curse Heaven placed on a gossiping house-wife. Their eyes grew too dark from peering into places they shouldn't peer. Their ears waggled and fluttered from struggling to hear hushed secrets they weren't privy too. Their fingers stretched long and twig-like from trying to clutch at whips and fragments of other's private thoughts. Her tongue overextended into a floppy wet mess from her over-sharing of rumors and nasty secrets. Her neck... oh her neck... it twisted and contorted into a thin brittle thread from her peering into high windows and around corners, hoping to catch a glimpse of what others were doing.

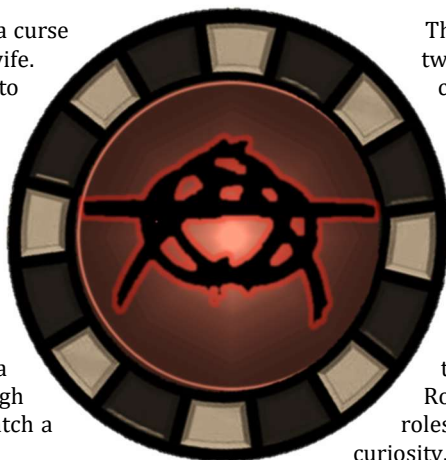
Of course, most of these posits came from the Rokorokubi who are all too eager to divulge this information, and hopefully gain any additional hearsay that somebody else may have. The Rokorokubi thrive on this exchange of secrets. No stone can be overlooked, there might be something underneath, and no rumor can go unexplored- there might be a secret hidden within.

While this might get them into trouble, (especially in their *Tsieh-Kuh* years) this Shinma can use this insatiable curiosity to serve the greater good. As either Journalists, researchers, detectives, or even spies, Rokorokubi pursue the truth with an intensity few others can hope to match. If a little the skull-duggery and under-handedness accompanies this search for truth... so much the better, yes?

Appearance: In Mortal Mien, the Rokorokubi appear as seemingly ordinary Japanese women. They have dark eyes, pale skin and favor lots of scarves and jewelry around their necks- but are otherwise indistinguishable. In their Fae, or Wani form, they are long-necked



beauties with long graceful limbs and twitching fingers. Their eyes grow black, with no discernable whites, and their skin grows paler, but they still remain attractive. Their heads peer around and smile and never stop moving. Upon closer inspection, one finds that their long necks are thinner and stretch and roll under those wobbly heads and smiling faces.



The Mask of the Shentai manifests as a twitching snake limbed Goddess. Her head contorted at impossible angles swinging on a neck as long and thin as rope. A long tongue, as long as any other part of her undulates and swings around the room... Out of all the Shinma and their Mask of the Shentai, theirs is perhaps the most unsettling.

Lifestyle: Gossiping housewife, neighbourhood watch, orchestrator of the local Book-of-the Month Club: the Rokorokubi takes these seemingly domestic roles and uses them to satisfy her insatiable curiosity. For those who forsake the domesticity of it all, there plenty of opportunities. Be it an adventuring Archeologist, or inner-city Private-Dick, the long-neck ladies find a way to slake their investigative appetites.

Hsien-Tsu Rokorokubi are insufferable little darlings. They host tea-parties for their toys, ask *wayyy* too many questions of the toys, and record the toys's answer in tiny Holly Hobbie notebooks. For all their little displays of ingenuity, there is an underlying spookiness about their habits. When asked about their habits, these little dear-hearts will answer "What do you think?"

Hsien-Jin Rokorokubi have gained a bit of wisdom in their pursuit of secrets. Years of practice have garnered no shortage of tools at her disposal. The honey and vinegar adage has served them in some instances. Other occasions might warrant simply spooking the truth out of a target. Black-mail works most of the time. Plus, one can never over-look Dependable old-fashioned violence if all else fails.

Glamour Ways: Rokorokubi replenish their glamour/Yugen whenever they are privy to mortal secrets or are given secrets in prayers requested. Whether this stems from shared gossip in a circle of grandmothers, or the shock of an adulterer caught with his mistress, she can refuel her magic thusly.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Rokorokubi are accompanied by a darkening of the shadows in the scene. These shadows stretch, lash-out, dance, and create disturbing serpentine patterns around all onlookers. There may also be soft - nigh inaudible - whispers and giggles that seem to know more than they should.

Kwannon Jin Fortune: Water *-or-* Affinity: Actor

Yin: 3 Yang: 1

Luck (Birthrights):

Long-Limbed (*Chōsoku*): Every part of the Rokorokubi is creepily long. Their hair, arms, legs, fingers, tongues (and yes the neck) can stretch and contort in disturbingly stretched spans. The long-limbed ladies can do so with limits according to their Seeming.

Hsien-Tsu Rokorokubi can stretch to twice their usual length, with the neck and tongue stretching up to 10 times their usual length. The tongue in this is able to perform manipulation as precise as wielding items and unlocking doors and the like.

Hsien-Jin Rokorokubi can stretch arms, legs, and fingers up to four times their usual length, and the tongue and neck ultimately have no limit as to how far they can be drawn out. Although physics must be realized, and the longer they get, the thinner and more stretched they become...

It should also be noted that things like balance aren't affected by the stretching, so if they can hold something at arm's length without hindrance, they can do so at any arm's length no problem. In addition, every Rokorokubi is Quintuply-jointed (if such a thing can be said to exist), making for some truly disturbing portraits of contortion.

Nosy (*Osekkaina*): Due to their neppy and nosy nature, any perception rolls the Rokorokubi make are lowered when actively pursuing a juicy secret. This lowering is dictated by just how juicy she feels the undisclosed knowledge to be. The clandestine and illegal affairs of a local politician might be a -1 to all perception rolls, while the secret Thallain identity of a local Fae Lord might be a -3 to all perception rolls.

Curse (Frailties):

Nosy (*Osekkaina*): Due to their neppy and nosy nature, the Rokorokubi cannot turn down a secret or resist investigating a rumor. When faced with such rumors, they must make a willpower roll dilated by how juicy the rumor is. The clandestine and illegal affairs of a local politician might be a difficulty 7, while the secret Thallain identity of a local Fae Lord might be a difficulty 9 or even 10.

Don't Lose your Head (*Atama o Otosanaide*): The Rokorokubi have a bad habit of losing themselves in pursuit of their goals. Those self-same secrets that they seek out can also prove to be their undoing. If a Rokorokubi ever botches those willpower rolls, then her head will literally detach from the body to go out and find the answers she seeks. Her ears grow larger and flap like wings as her melon flies off into the night

She is blind, deaf, anosmatic, and unable to use her perception attribute at all. In addition, her Mental Social attributes are hindered as well, with a penalty dictated by seeming. While headless, *Hsien-Tsu Rokorokubi* are at -2 penalty to those attributes until she can regain her noggin. A lifetime of using her charms and brains ensure that the *Hsien-Jin Rokorokubi* are at a -4 penalty.

Amaya pours some tea, grins at a secret only she knows, and then begins to tell you all about it.

Jing zi shēngwù: I know what I see when I look at them. I wonder what they see when they look back?

Mulgogi Yeoja: What tasty tid-bits do you have down there under the waves? Join me for tea... let's talk.

Nopperabo: Come then cousin, let's tell ghost stories about what we've done to the humans.

Oni: Come now cousin, is it really so bad to be famous?

Satori: Ahh... I have never been so jealous of anyone.

Yama-Uba: I know what you are up to. There is nowhere you can hide from my wagging tongue.

Yuki-Onna: Iced Tea? Oddly American, but I can't see why not.

Gasin: The Good Goblin Folk protect man in their own way. I can't fault them for that. Boring yes, but admirable I suppose.

Obake: The Bad Animal Folks have lots of fun things to talk about. There stories are ever so exciting.

Yaoguai: The Good Animals Folks should have lots of fun things to talk about, but they keep their stories to tell themselves. Pity.

Kamuii: Everyone has a purpose I suppose - Even the Elemental Courts. But their purpose seems to act as pompous as can be.

Hirayanu: The Servant Beasts come in all flavors. The cats are lusty, the tanuki stubborn, and all these flavors as predictable as the next.

The Sunset People: They say we're related to the Sloo-ha Waigoren. I would love to see if this were true. I don't know any Sloo-ha. I'm trying to remedy this.

