

Serpent-Folk

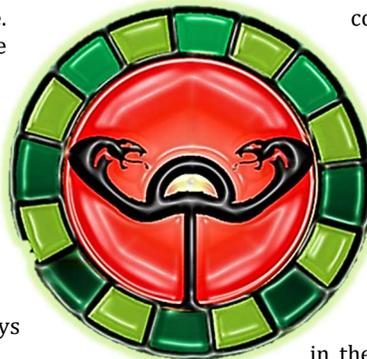
It was no ape, neither was it a man. It was some shambling horror spawned in the mysterious, nameless jungles of the south, where strange life teemed in the reeking rot without the dominance of man, and drums thundered in temples that had never known the tread of a human foot. — Robert E. Howard

Some of my friends have urged me to tell people the basic story, but "for God's sake don't mention the reptiles."
David Icke

Quote: Hmm. Tell the Senator not to say a thing. Have him cry a bit, tears will help, but his mouth must stay shut. Stupid Merovingian bloodline can't be trusted to whimper without me to wipe their asses for them.

The Serpent-Folk have always been here. They offered Eve a bit of that apple in some abandoned Garden. They circled the globe along-side their Viking compatriots (although some remember it wrong of course). They fought Saint George and Heracles and countless other heroes of mythology. And for what end? Why, the appearance of defeat of course. There is no better way to hide than for your enemy to know that you are long-gone. Of course, the Serpent-Folk are still here. They have always been here.

Only a select few mortals – considered crackpots one and all – understand the dangers of the Serpent-Folk. Also called Lizard-People, Reptoids, or Draconians- the Mythian Tribe of Serpent-Folk are thought to hail from the far reaches of the



cosmos - the constellation Draco of course. In reality, this Outer family is perhaps closer to the Waking Realm than any other family of Fae Creature, Half-Blooded (Changeling) or otherwise. They may have ties to the Outer-Worlds, yes, but it is amongst the mortal populace that they thrive.

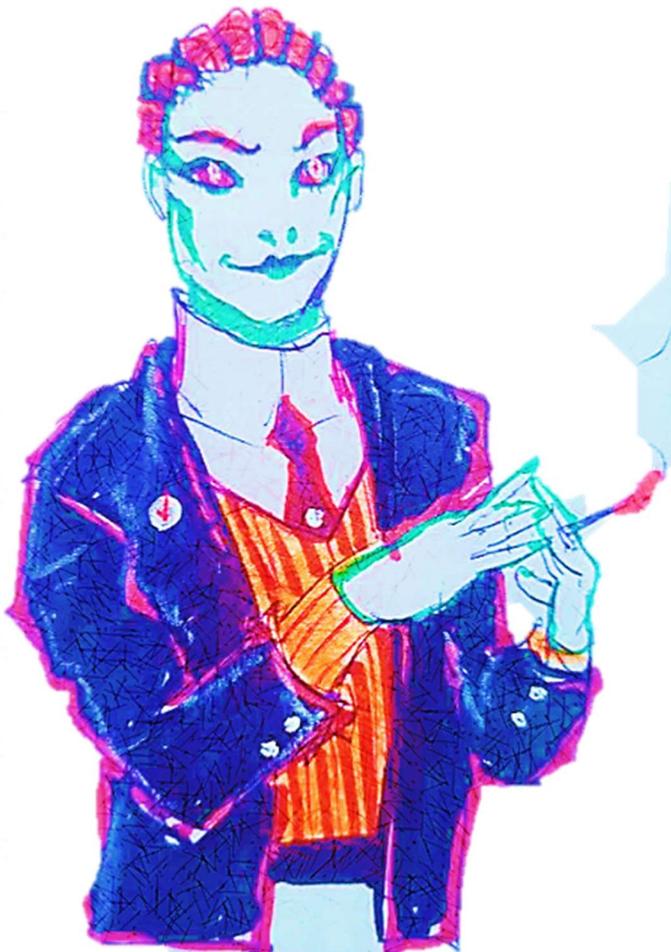
Living alongside the humans since time first began recording, the Serpent-Folk were guiding, choosing, breeding, and selecting which mortal family succeeds. They sculpted certain successful agricultural tribes in the beginning, on through royal lineages in the renaissance, to the politicians and celebrities of today. They are a Mythian Tribe, yes, but their mythos extends to the bright and shiny faces they peddle to the masses. All the better to pacify the teeming mewling mortal spectrum with propaganda.

Appearance: In Mortal Mien, the Serpent-Folk tend to be tall, lithe, and good looking. Many have green eyes and red hair, and not a few bear a rock-star face that lends itself to a wonderfully successful life. In Fae Mien, the Serpent-Folk appear as long-limbed and graceful figures with the patterned hide of a serpent. This pattern is any that can be found in nature, and comes in all colors, some that can't even be found in this world. Some speak of Quetzalcoatl the Aztec rainbow-serpent God and make a comparison. Regardless of mien, the Serpent-Folk will be wearing the very best of accoutrements, chimerical or real, all festooned with opulent trimmings and dripping with jewelry, the better to cement their status as true lords of this world.

Lifestyle: The Serpent-Folk spend their time behind the scenes - Both in the mortal and Fae dimensions. They originate from far in the Dreaming, yes, but have numerous ties to the waking world. It is a small matter to make the pilgrimage to the Earth-Realm and set up a seat of power. Of course, it is better that this seat of power remains behind the throne. Many also choose to ally with groups of other Mythian Tribes, or even Half-Breeds. If only to dispel nasty theories about the "Reptile People" that secretly rule the world.

Aria: The Aria of the Serpent-Folk usually arise from both their choice of mortals and what role they serve to their Tribe.

❖ *Dionae Serpent-Folk* choose mortals involved in film and music and everything in pop-stardom – perfect to placate the stupid mewling masses with hypnotic drivel. These Serpent-Folk tend to



serve their Tribe with gaining newer and newer bodies to consume. Discreetly of course.

❖ *Araminae Serpent-Folk* choose nondescript mortals in unusual places. The shift manager of a local fast-food restaurant with big dreams of stardom, a high-school math-teacher that actively cares about his students, a crazy-cat-lady whose grand-kids no longer visit. Only the Serpent-Folk and Yig himself understand the importance of these bit-players. These Serpent-Folk police the Tribe, seeking out greedy and gluttonous individuals and making corrections as needs meet.

❖ *Appolaiie Serpent-Folk* choose politicians (if they aren't politicians themselves) and government officials. Out of all the Serpent-Folk, they are the most likely to actually care about the world around them. These Serpent-Folk serve their Tribe by opening up new avenues in the mortal world and reaping the benefits when the avenues grow. Mansions, high-paying jobs in office, get-around cars, any of the mundane aspects of existence that so many Fae-Creatures forget, the Appolaiie serpent-Folk provide.

Glamoure Ways: The Serpent-Folk do not garner Glamoure directly from mortals, but rather the Glamoure heaped upon the Serpent-Folks chosen mortals. Whenever a duped mortal heaps praise on a favored pop-star or politician (owned of course) then that praise and adulation is just Glamoure to be harnessed.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Serpent-Men are accompanied by a sharp reptilian musk – somewhat akin to an over-ripe cucumber, and a sticky hot humidity that creeps into the scene.

GREAT OLD ONE:

Yig, also known as The Father of Serpents is the mighty Patron Deity of the Serpent-Folk. Manifesting as a giant cobra miles long, or simply a tall man with ruby eyes and a forked tongue, Yig is devoted to protecting his children in a way that few of the Great Old Ones ever are. However, this devotion to his chosen Tribe may mean many things. Those foolish few that let slip the secrets of Serpent-Folk existence met untimely ends when their Father-God consumed them body and soul.

Affinity: Actor

Birthrights:

Mortal Constituents: While most of the Serpent Folk don't carry the fame themselves (though the U.S. Presidents who were secretly reptile people certainly do) all sponsor famous mortals with fame and resources enough for everyone. At character creation, the Serpent-Folk begin with 5 free dots to allocate between the Fame, Resources, Influence, or Retinue background. These backgrounds aren't theirs necessarily. But the Serpent-Folk owns the mortals, and the Mortals own the background, and everyone's a winner.

Fresh Meat: The Serpent Folk can replenish their injured reptilian flesh by imbibing the meat of warm sentient life. For every two hefty nuggets of warm tissue (Or blood-points if using Vampire vulgarity) one level of bashing damage can be healed. Half-Blood can be used of course, but it is frowned upon. As is the corpus of other Outer Tribes (who will no doubt seek retribution if knowledge gets out).

It should be noted however, that none of their number stands for gluttony, and a Serpent-Folk who get greedy or sloppy doesn't last long. If they somehow escape the attentions

of their fellows, they will assuredly garner the attentions of Yig. Caveate Emptore – as the Serpent-Folk can also replenish themselves with the flesh of other Serpent-Folk

Frailties:

Cold: While they may feign understanding, even sympathy for their mortal constituents, the Serpent-Folk are simply good at faking it. They have had millennia to practice these lies after all. But then, it takes more than lies. A Serpent-Folk can never have an empathy rating higher than 1, and any rolls that attempt to use such are always at a +3 difficulty.

Secret Tribe: Few know of the Serpent-Folk. Most Half-Blooded tribes are unaware of the truth and dismiss it as a joke even if they did hear of it. Of course some mortals know about the Serpent-Folk – but they are all conspiracy nuts and flat-earthers. Right? Good. This is the way it is supposed to be.

It is the job of Serpent-Folk to patrol their own, then, to

ensure that they always remain simple delusions and conspiracies. If a Serpent-Folk does slip up and let their existence known to the mortal populace (and can't control it as so much drivel-pop-conspiracy) then they would have the full weight of their Tribe come down on them, often resulting in their own demise. Of course, some posit the Doel (Vampires) and their self-enforced masquerade as the creators of said protection. The Serpent-Folk know better.

Good ol' Ms. Smith – friend of the Senator you know, allows for some completely honest opinions of those Tribes- the strange Outer ones, yes?

Leng-Folk: Businessmen. I approve.

Leng-Spiders: Oh dear. It isn't that dismal in the dark, is it?

Night-Gaunts: They are fast of course, but not so fast as to avoid being caught if we wish it so.

Thunn'ha: Oh dear me, are they still around?

Ulthranian-Cats: Every country needs its martyred heroes. Let it be the cats.

Zoogs: So much wasted potential.

Star-Children: Great Yig's teats! They survived!?

Wandjina: They know far more than we should allow. If I ever catch one, I will silence them myself.

Children of Sutekh: Of course their Sutekh was one of ours. These Doel just don't realize it yet.

FOLK-SERPENTS:

There was a Tribal schism millenia ago, where a group of Serpent-Folk abandoned Yig to worship the Great Old One *Tsathoggua* – the Sleeper of N'Kai. Choosing not to meddle in the craven manipulations of mortals but instead the honest path of barbarians- these Folk-Serpents care little for their politicking cousins. While they still keep their existence a secret, their desires differ from their cosmopolitan cousins. Instead of the Mortal Constituents birthright above, they gain 3 free dots to spend on any physical attribute at character creation. They also have friends mortal Friends that they ally with (as per their Aria). Thus Far, great Yig has let them live unchallenged. But that may soon change.