

# SHELLYCOAT

**"We have all at one time been stranded on islands shouting lies across the seas of misunderstanding, hoping the fog will carry our mischief to the distant ports in people's minds."** – Shannon L. Alder

**Quote:** *(In your mother's voice)\** Oh my GAWD! I am totally drowning in this Loch, Help! This water is totally cold and Nessie is nibbling at my liver! Hah! J.K.

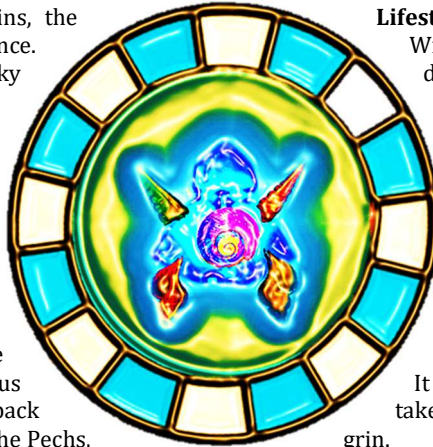
Like their Swan May and Selkie cousins, the Shelly Coats are a Kith born of inheritance. Along the shores of muddy lochs, and in rocky mountain streams, certain families of Kinain play and laugh at their own jokes and in their own tongues. These Caledonian tribes all boast a Wicht (Kith) forbear that has a great bounty to bequeath later on.

While it would be all too easy to dismiss the Shelly Coats as anything more than odd looking water-bogies in the same veins as aquatic Pooka sans shape-shifting, in truth the Shelly Coats are an old-world fae family with a long-history of infamous Highland jokes, with stories that reach back hundreds of generations. Perhaps as old as the Pechs, the Shelly Coats have been haranguing and harassing mortals well before Romans put up that wall. No few Shelly Coats will lie and tell you that their family was the reason for Hadrian's disdain.

Truth of the wall or no, there is something to be said about the watery Wicht. Pranks and jests aside, they are capable of great loyalty and great deception both. Out of all Scotland's many Fae creatures, old world and new, none are as overlooked as the Shelly Coats. The Shelly Coats also prefer it that way, the better to pull their pranks undetected.

**Appearance:** While fugly may be too strong a word, there is still something not-quite-attractive about the Shelly Coats, both in mortal and Fae Coltachs (Mien) alike. The Mortal Coltach shows a Shelly Coat a pale dumpy figure, with long limbs and a short torso. Their faces are wide, mouths thin, and eyes a little too buggy for comfort. They have long lank hair and always appear a little damp, as if they just came in from the rain. In Fae Coltach, this all is exaggerated. They have long thin arms and legs, with longer thinner fingers and toes, with no small amount of webbing between them. Their skin is green as seaweed, mud brown, or grey like a fish's belly. Their faces are still wide, those cold fish lips still thin, and those big buggy eyes are still big and goopy. Yet, there is still something charming about them, despite their looks...

No Shelly Coat likes clothes that much and will go sky-clad if they can help. However, this lack of covering will not extend to their cloaks. The Shelly Coat will never be far from it, if without it at all. These big heavy wet cloaks are the pride of every Shelly Coat. They are festooned with shells of every color, shape, and size. From winkles and limpets to snail and scallops, all dyed and colored every hue imaginable. The Shelly Coat are as proud and protective of his coat as they are their own family...



**Lifestyle:** While some of their fellow Scottish Wicht may mock them as ineffectual, this does a grave disservice to the Shelly Coats as a whole. They can be as earnest and forthcoming as any Trow and determined as any Kirkgrim. Yet their playful nature relegates them to the status of obnoxious pranksters.

Those that know the Shelly Coats on an individual level see their zeal for fun as something to be safeguarded. Even the most Unseelie of the Kith never prank anyone to the point of bloodshed. It is the wise target of said pranks who takes a little bit of mud on their suits with a grin.

Good humor will place one in the Shelly Coat's good graces, which can prove to be invaluable. You never know if super-quick allies with duplicitous parroting powers are required. Those that don't respond well to a little bit of egg on their face are invariably the targets of the next Shelly Coat that comes along.

*Òga Shelly Coat* have just received the cloak from a family member and are quick to discover what that means – the joys of speed and movement, the wonders of mocking others in their own voices, and the unparalleled freedom of playing a good prank on the unsuspecting.

*Ghaisgich Shelly Coat* have been around the yard a few times. They have come into their own and enjoy adventuring with their fellow Albanian wicht. Whether that team mate feels that, however,...

*Àrd Shelly Coat* have done it all, swam in it all, and laughed at it all until the tears ran like rain. Now they have begun to look inward, both at themselves in at their household. The elders of the Kith have a plethora of grand-children at this age, and perhaps one of the wee kinain of the tribes has what it takes to receive the blessings of the Elders, yes?

**Glamour Ways:** Shelly Coats regain Glainnead from jokes and pranks. Nothing mean-spirited mind, but when a mortal looks at their soiled new jacket, and breathes out a little sigh of exasperation, it is more than enough for the Shelly Coat.

**Unleashing:** Cantrips cast by the Shelly Coat carry with them the heavy odor of cold wet mud, accompanied by the squelch squelch squelch of wet shoes. There is also a clickety clattering of a multitude of tiny bells, but of course, this could just be the Shelly Coat themselves, and not the cantrip's magick.

**Affinity:** Actor

## Birthrights

**Slippery (*Sleamhainn*):** Those unfamiliar with the Shelly Coat unwisely surmise that the heavy wet cloaks that are the Shelly Coat's namesake are heavy and weigh their wielder down. In fact, it is quite the opposite. Upon character creation, the Shelly Coat gains two free dots of Dexterity for free, even if above 5. They also gain another dot while immersed in water. They take no dice penalty due to sloppy, muddy conditions, and seem to thrive in them with a joie-de-vivre seldom matched. In addition, whilst in the water, a Shelly Coat can take extra actions per turn by spending Glainnead on a one-for-one basis.

**Mockingbird (*Magadh*):** Not only are the Shelly Coats extremely slippery physically, but they have an ingenious way to throw others off their trail. The Shelly Coat can mimic anybody else's voice with a successful Manipulation + Performance roll. It takes at least 3 turns listening to an individual before copying their voice, but afterward, they can do so at any time.

## Frailties

**Bound (*Ceangailte*):** The Shelly Coats, again, much like their Swan May and Selkie cousins, are bound by their inherited jackets. If, Gods forbid, they ever lose their beloved cloaks, then they lose their above birthrights until they can get them back. If these jackets are ever destroyed, then they are undone, and the whole bloodline that would have come from that came from that jacket goes with it.

**Aggie Black Clatter calls to you from the river-mud, in your Mother's voice, and begins a scathing rant of the others...**

**Annis Hags:** I remember when they were bad-ass and blue goddesses that ate cats and smelled like black licorice, murdering anyone what came close. Now they are bad ass blue witches that eat cats and smell like black licorice. Do you see the change? No? Good. Then you know why I keep my distance.

**Brollachans:** I gots a Kirkgrim lover. Your powers are moot.

**Brunnies:** Boring

**Ceasg:** Tricky? Okay. Slippery? Maybe. As me? Never.

**Spunchie:** Hah. I'll never tell.

**Kirkgrim:** I keep one around for loving, so that's good. Sometimes his religion is a bit much, but he means well.

**Pechs:** Once they were kings under the Hill. Now the long-eared Sith-Asshats are kings under the Hill. Guess what? I didn't vote for either of them.

**Tod Loweries:** They are pranksters, sure, but of the kind that involves someone losing a finger or two. Not my kind of humor.

**Trows:** Now I'm not one for war, but I understand that it's a necessity. With that in mind, I'm glad that the Trow are friends.

**Urisks:** While we in Alba have more than our fair-share of watery-bogies, only one of them is a wet-blanket.

**Wulvers:** Catching fish along my loch, and then sharing my kippers with hungry mortals? Is there any Group that I should dislike more? Yet there is none I'd rather have as a friend.

**Bullywugs:** Ireland could be fun, and there's some fun stuff there. But these frog faced ass clowns, who have all the appeal of burnt toast. I wish them well, but that is all I can promise.

**Huernviu:** I'm not touching this with a ten-foot pole. Even a big hairy and thick ten-foot pole that belongs to a Satyr, and Gods know where, and who, that has been in. You feel me?

