

Spring-heels

"This here is Satan, -we might say the devil, but that ain't right, and gennelfolks don't like such words."

London Labour and the London Poor — *Henry Mayhew*,

Quote: *OOGEDY BOOGEDY BOO!* Worry not, friend, for tonight you have the honor of being a meal for fear itself. Scream all you want, it makes the banquet sweeter.

In the early 19th century, England was plagued by a new creature of the Night. From London streets to the Highlands of Scotland, sightings of this monster (or monsters) frightened, awed, and titillated the Victorian sensibilities. Appearing only at night, with slews of contradicting descriptions, the creature seemed to have no other purpose than to frighten mortals. Some scholars say the beast was a manifestation of the Victorian's own realization of a forgotten fear of the unknown. After all, Mr. Stoker conquered Vampires, and Mrs. Shelley conquered death with her Dr. Frankenstein. The good Mr. Jules Verne even set sail for the Moon. After all, with the Sun never



to never hurt the innocent. Though a few tourists with piss-stained pants shouldn't constitute as hurt.

Appearance: IN mortal form, The Spring-Heel Kith appears as a charming gentle-person of English nationality. From Hindi shop-owners in the East-End, to Glaswegian Baronesses with old family holdings, there is no way to pinpoint who or who isn't a Spring-Heel. In Faerie Mien, their appearance varies from individual to individual. While always maintain a sort of otherness, they often can pass for a more common of the Kiths. One may have

setting on England, what was left to be frightened of? Fae scholars of antiquity, however, had a different thought. This new monster didn't stem from a mortal's realized subconscious, but the Night itself, actively seeking to wreak havoc.

None was sure if it was but one mobile monster, or whole armies of diverse vigilantes. Some painted them as Gentlemen thieves with bright-glowing eyes and long-flowing capes. Others cited them as clawed demons. The most fanciful claimed that the beasts were a mixture of a ghost, a bear, and a devil which vomited white and blue flames. All versions had the monsters leap incredible distances, from roof-top to roof-top in the dark Victorian Nights. From the beast's sprightly forms of mobility arose the name which the papers dubbed them, the Spring-Heeled Jack.

While the truth of this early mystery remains unanswered, a Kith arose from these dark fears. Based on Victorian Urban legends, and night-terrors, it was waiting just outside the gaslight. The Spring-Heels are a deceptively contemporary Kith, despite their more Gothic trimmings. They attend tea with the Sluagh, they go to fete's with the Sidhe, and laugh at the Pooka's irreverent jokes. If one were unaware of a Spring-Heel's nature, then one might mistake him for any other Polite and well-bred English Fae.

When the time comes however, a Spring-Heel will launch himself into the dark, cackling with evil glee, and leaping through the dark-alleyways. It is important to note that no Spring-Heel attempts to hurt anyone. They wish only to cause fear, and to feed from it (see Birthright below). Many are under a self-imposed Geasa



the sharp starry eyes of an Eshu, and another the sharpish teeth and red-mane of a Redcap. When the urge strikes them however, (or they slip their seemings as per the Frailty below) then one can truly see their visage. Some sport a spiked-mane that appears more akin to a crown of thorns. Some have sharp teeth in a maw that seem to radiate a blue heat-haze. Some have glowing eyes, some have shadowy eyes, some are whip-thin, and some are beastly creatures full of muscles. The only true way to categorize them is that they all crouch, as if ready to leap at a moment's notice. They also all sport some cosmically odd clothing: steam-punk rigouts or tattered demalio piece-meal ensembles with dozens of scarfs. It all appears as if the creature crouching in the shadows and cackling at the moon is wearing a disguise of some sort.

Lifestyle: The Spring-Heels are a markedly Urban Kith and maintain what appear to be rather sedate lifestyles. They enjoy the finer things in life, such as the fine arts, and good drink. Most come from relatively old money which suits their cultured régime. They also boast a dark under-belly, enjoying gallows-humor and other less genteel aspects considering their purported civility. Many feel that their dual existence as mortal and Fae is a sign that they have some great duty to fulfill to the Dreaming. They style themselves as modern highway-men or robber-barons, ensuring that only the guilty suffer, and the innocents are protected, Bugg (Unseelie) or no. In all of this they maintain a dash of the macabre and a modicum of vaudevillian decorum.

Glamour Ways: Spring Heels can only garner glamour from frightening others, as described in their Frailty below.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Spring-Heels carry with them a smell of moldy old wood and a dark lengthening of shadows, and the distinct feeling that something is about to jump right up and scare the bejeezus out of you....

Childer Spring-Heels are rambunctious Hellions, squirreling away from their Caretakers, and bounding over furniture. They take innocent joy in causing Grown-ups to piss themselves.

Wilder Spring-Heels weigh their lives carefully. In one hand they hold a means to enjoy a fruitful and magical life among their Motley, and in the other they hand they have the burden to scare the glamour out of mortals and Supernatural creatures alike (*a burden they secretly relish with some great elation*).

Grump Spring-Heels are called Devils. They are old yet remarkably attractive, wise but still wonderfully silly, upright still and oozing with a deviously naughty charm. It seems as if the dual lives of both are transmogrified into one unctuous article.

Affinity: Nature

Birthrights:

Jacks Leap: The Spring-heel can leap incredible distances, jumping from roof-top to roof-top in the cities darkness. For each dot of Dexterity a Spring-Heel possesses, she may jump 3 meters horizontally, and 2 meters vertically.

Fear-eating: Spring-Heels can gain glamour from fear. They roll Cha + Intimidation while a target rolls their willpower. The difficulty remains the same for both, and for each success the Spring-Heel gets over the Target, she gains one point of glamour.

Frailties:

Fear-eating: Unfortunately, the above method of gaining glamour is the only way a Spring-Heel can gain glamour. They cannot gain glamour from freeholds, tass, or even visiting their favorite mortal dreamers.

BOO: A Spring-Heel is naturally disposed to scaring any and every one. When meeting a new person, they must make a willpower roll difficulty 8 not to frighten that person. While this may not seem to be too much of an issue, if she doesn't meet at least a 6 on that same roll, not only will she attempt to frighten that person, but her seeming will slip, and her Fae nature will be revealed. This slip costs one point of glamour if the Spring-Heel didn't intend to do it. Fortunately, this slipped seeming is only visible to the new individual and is quickly covered over by the mists.

Seoc Mac Duppy, Terror of Leeds cackles and whispers about his competition.

Rose Dryads: Isn't it boring down there? Come up here. We shall have such good fun together.

Snarks: Ah. I understand hunger and desire and thirst for attention as much as you, save that I can admit such.

Jaberwockeeses: I have certainly read my Tolkien, or Pratchett and Mr. Dodgson as it were, when I was but a child. I thought that they would be taller.

Kuta: Oh my, that is a thing isn't it? Sorry to hear that. Still, it must be better than Ireland, yes? Much better I suspect.

Huernviu: Oh no... Not on my watch. There are certain things that even I cannot condone...

Widdershin Toms: While I applaud the sentiment, I despise the salesman-like means of delivery...

Diabhals: There was only enough room on this Chunk of rock for one devil, and it certainly wasn't them. Perhaps the Americas shall treat them better, yes? Here's hoping.

Effigies: I cannot and will-not condone blood-shed in my city.