

WAAWAASHKESHI KWE

(Deer-Women)

Region: Southeast, Nunnehi of the Choctaw Tribe

**I heard her voice in desert plains. Vast windless prairies of sand. rock. death.
In this desert they have created an oasis.**

From Outfoxing Coyote – Carolyn Dunn

Quote: Hoka Hey there, Handsome, hear those kickin' drums? Care for a dance?

The stories tell us that once long ago, there were Deer-Men. Tall and lusty, they would take unwitting brides back to their forest lairs. The stories don't tell what happened to the Deer-Men, but if the Deer-ladies were involved at all, there will never be any Deer-Men stories again. The Waawaashkeshi Kwe are an all-female Gundohgi (Nunnehi Family) born of hunger and revenge.

The hunger comes from their lusty spirits, the uninhibited heat-hunger of a strong-willed woman. These usually hail from the Peace-Camp, despite their dangerous desires. The revenge comes from those Waawaashkeshi Kwe who have witnessed the *harming of women* (either among their own, or mortal women) at the hands of men. The worse the pain the women feel, the worse the punishment meted out to the offending man.

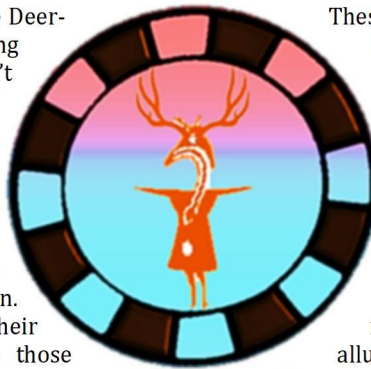
Almost ubiquitous among the varied First-World Tribes, the stories of the Deer-Women are abject lessons to be heard and heeded. Love can be a scary thing, and it can be risky for all parties. It is best to treat sex and romance with all the respect and caution it merits. One should never fail to realize, that the Waawaashkeshi Kwe and relationships both can be dangerous.

Appearance: In both mortal and Fae Dunakadv, as well as their Deer form, the Waawaashkeshi Kwe are attractive and strong. The Uwedo-lisdi Duna-kadv (mortal mien) are First World femme-fatales with long dark hair, large smiling eyes, and a lusty smirk that gets the heart racing.

The Eti-kiele Duna-kadv (Fae mien) can either appear as statuesque women with longish ears and large-black eyes (not unlike either the Sidhe, or the Nanehi Families) or, when the mood strikes her, a nude woman with the ears, face and bespeckled coat of a doe

Lifestyle: The life of the Waawaashkeshi Kwe is split evenly between many avenues. Sometimes they are on the prowl (For love or revenge, peace-camp or war-camp respectively). Sometimes they are on the travelling circuit, attending powwows or other Tribal get-togethers. Sometimes they are simply enjoying the bounty that nature provides, well away from the trappings of men. During these times, they disdain their mortal Duna-kady, and frolic in their Cervid-Form.

Youngling Waawaashkeshi Kwe have hopefully escaped the evils that fuel the Deer-Women's rage. Unfortunately, some have.



These unfortunates so hurt invariably grow up to join the War Camp of the Nunnehi.

Brave Waawaashkeshi Kwe are hungry for all the things that adulthood can bring. The best of them are driven by simple exploration of the world, the worsts are driven by revenge or lustful hunger.

Elder Waawaashkeshi Kwe are perhaps the most dangerous. They lose none of their allure, but have been around long enough to *give into their hungers* at least once or twice. They have also survived long enough to learn from it. Beautiful, smart, and effective, the Elders of the Gundohgi are also the most overlooked.

Glamour Ways: Peace Camp or War Camp, the Waawaashkeshi Kwe refuel their medicine with either the joys of the dance, or fear from an evil man. The dance Medicine stems from tribal affairs and traditional dances, and the joy of mortal kinfolk partaking in these traditions. The fear medicine, which counts as double for purposes of gaining Medicine, stems from the realization of a lusty hungry mortal man, who own lustful ways are about to prove his untimely undoing.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Waawaashkeshi Kwe are accompanied by the muffled sounds of traditional songs and music coming from somewhere far away. There is the smell of a cool dark forest, and a strange sense of unease in the air. Evil men feel ill, women wronged feel elated.

Affinity: Actor

Birthrights:

Feast of All Types: The Waawaashkeshi Kwe are born of both dreams and nightmares. Their dual methods of collecting the Medicine can medicine reflect both. They are able to draw medicine from tribal dances for the usual amount, as well as the unspoiled natural springs of medicine the same as all Nunnehi. But they can also gain medicine from the fear of sinful men. This medicine counts as double the usual amount.

Soft Graces: The Waawaashkeshi Kwe are blessed with the most beloved aspects of both their worlds, and as such are gifted with graces far surpassing the most beautiful of Nanehi. They gain an extra three dots in social attributes at character creation. These can be allocated in any way that the player sees fit. In addition, she also gains extra dexterity based on her seeming - Younglings gain 1 one point of dexterity, Braves gain 2, and Elders 3. In Deer form they gain yet another 2 points.

Deer Skin: The true telling of the Waawaashkeshi Kwe is in her ability to transform into a tan and black Doe. It costs 1 point of medicine to do so, but she may do so in front of others (Especially her victims). While in this form, her attributes all stay the same, save for the extra dexterity. In her deer skin, she gains 2 extra dots in dexterity, allowing for insanely adroit feats of physical prowess. In addition, she grows antlers that cause Str+3 damage to head-butt.

Frailties:

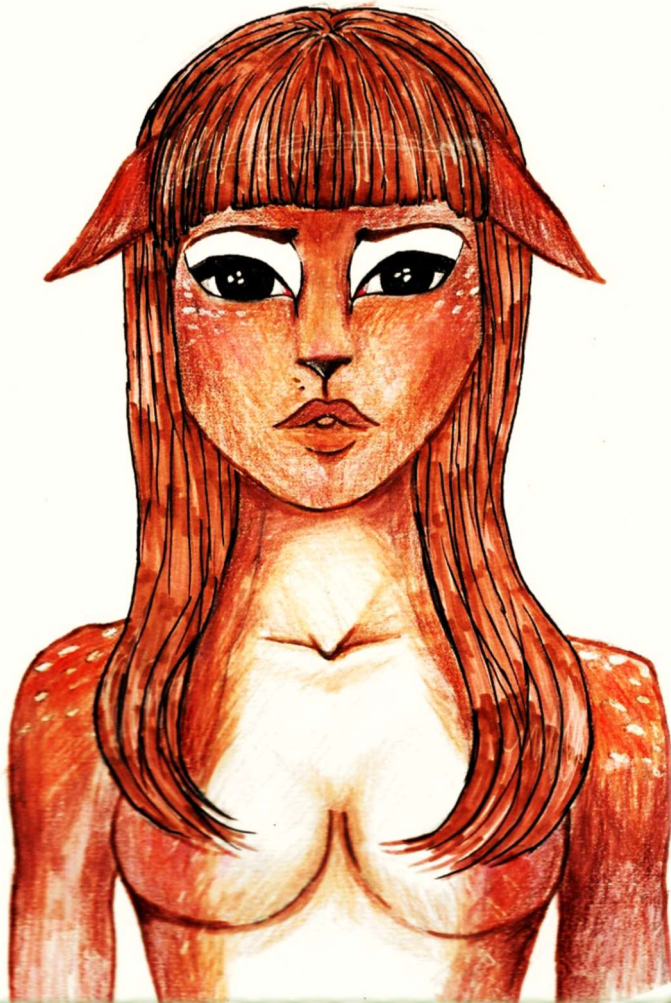
Dark Hungers: There are two aspects of life that a Waawaashkeshi Kwe cannot resist. One is the call of music. Whenever presented with music, she must succeed on a willpower roll, difficulty 6, or join in the fray, dancing with abandon. This rises to 7 if presented with tribal chants and

drumming, with which she is even more enamored. If she botches, she will give in to her darker desires...

Whenever presented with revenge on a man that has harmed an innocent woman, either through heart-ache, uncivil behavior, or much worse (a sting that drives the heart of the War-Camp of the Deer-Ladies) then she must succeed on a willpower roll, difficulty 7. If the man in question has harmed a woman before, and escaped punishment, then the difficulty rises to 9. If she fails, she will attack the individual (either in her own time, or in the heat of the moment- story-teller's discretion). If she botches, she gives in to her darkest desires.

These darker and darkest desires are bloody affairs, in which the Deer-woman transforms into a razor-horned and flint-hooved monstrosity that crushes the offender in a great orgy of gore. It only lasts minutes, but is enough to end the lives of most mortals.

Old Medicine: In a mandate set down by the Great Hunting Grounds, those wise in the old ways of Medicine can ward off the advances of the Waawaashkeshi Kwe. Tobacco smoke can prevent a Deer-Lady from entering an area, but only if the wielder knows it. The Deer-Woman is forbidden to enter, on pains of actual physical damage. Many elder Shamans (especially of the DreamSpeaker traditions) are well aware of this loop-hole. Luckily, however, many of these Same DreamSpeakers are also on the Deer-Ladies sides'.



Mary-Anne Sun-Feather, smiles too intently at you, as if gauging your sins, and then relaxes before beginning her tirade.

Ijirag: A little too cold up there for any real interaction.

Ishigaq: The Same.

Nagumwasuck: I am sure they have their uses, but for the life of me, I just don't know of any.

Nimki: Obnoxious dolts, loud and arrogant. Still, they aren't without their charms. They are wonderfully decent kinfolk who strive for justice, and there's nothing wrong with a pretty face.

Sasquatch; I haven't seen any in a while, and I wonder if they are long gone. Still, they were always a little too shy for my tastes.

Yung'a Hano: They choose not to dance with us. Pity, I might just enjoy it too much.

Wapsu: All it takes is one bad day, and you might end up just like them.

Gilosa-quohi: Keep your wits about you, and know exactly who they are, and more importantly, why they are. With a little common sense and a lot of understanding, you should be safe.

La Dame de Cerf Blanche: We know their stories, but their stories are sadder than our own. Not by much, but sadder none-the-less.