

YARA-MA-YHA-WHO

"Over the course of my life I've been to lots of places. Shadowed places where things have gone wrong. Sinister places where things still are. I always hate the sunlit towns, full of newly built developments with double-car garages in shades of pale eggshell, surrounded by green lawns and dotted with laughing children. Those towns aren't any less haunted than the others. They're just better liars." Anna Dressed in Blood— *Kendare Blake*,

Quote: spare change? Spare change? Quarter! Thank you. Thank you... Let me shake your hand...

A strange vampirish Yuuri (Kith) from the outback, the Yara-Ma-Yha-Who are one of the creepiest of Australian families in the whole of the Lands. Their little bodies, large heads, and ugly smiles hide the keen and hungry minds of bloodthirsty monsters. It is a wonder that they get on as well as they do. Yet it is a testament to their fortitude that they can, interacting with mortals and Fae both as they deem fit, and gathering their Kwaba (Glamour) as needs must.

If it a question of how they interact with others, one might consider whether the Yara-Ma-Yha-Who gain anything from it. They aren't stupid, just indifferent. They don't deal very verbally with mortals, even in larger cities. Most mortals nary give the Yara-Ma-Yha-Who a second glance, assuming them simply lazy, broken, derelicts. The other Yuuri would rather not think of them at all. This puts the Yara-Ma-Yha-Who at a decided advantage, they can go wherever they want, relatively unhindered.

It is important to understand that the Yara-Ma-Yha-Who aren't evil. They aren't Adhene or shadow court, or even malicious for all of that. In fact, all their number stems from other Kith fell prey to the Yara-Ma-Yha-Who Curse. The Yara-Ma-Yha-Who make no pretense of their former kiths, that was a lifetime ago. All that matters is now. What the Yara-Ma-Yha-Who are is what they are, bloodthirsty to be sure and assuredly Turong (Unseelie), but not any more so than any other Turong kith. They are also infinitely more honest about it. They have no need to lie.

Appearance: The Yara-Ma-Yha-Who don't need to impress anyone. The opinions of the others, mortal, Yuuri, or other, bear no merit. This is especially true in terms of their appearance - in both Bwoka (Mien) they are ugly little bastards. The Yara-Ma-Yha-Who are twisted, stooped, shuffling, and ugly little monsters. Their Bwoka ak Yuuri is gross too. Their skin is a strange shade of red reminiscent of a sunburnt whitefella. Their head is always a



YARA-MA-YHA-WHO CURSE

1 pint of Blood (for lack of a better term, blood points) taken from mortals, provides 1 point of Kwaba. A blood point taken from another Yuuri creature provides three. But that Yuuri fed from exhibits some side if the feeding. For 24 hours after they were first fed from, all athletics rolls are at a - 2 difficulty though all academic rolls are at a +2 difficulty.

For 24 hours after the second time being fed from, they gain 3 extra dice to any rolls using dexterity, but all Willpower rolls have a base difficulty of 9.

For 24 hours after their 3rd and final time being fed from, they fall into a deep slumber, where their bodies are twisted and shrunk. That once Yuuri creatures of any kith is now the newest member of the tribe. Only the timely intervention of a magic worker skilled in Yara-Ma-Yha-Who cures can bring them back within that 24-hour period.

One sign that a Yuuri is being cursed is a sudden hatred for Figs...

little too big for their frame, and their frame is always too short. The quickest way to tell is their twitching and extra lengthy fingers and toes, arrayed with rows of octopus like suckers.

Lifestyle: There is little the modern world has to offer the Yara-Ma-Yha-Who, excepting maybe the ever-increasing population from which to feed. They spend the majority of their days lounging about in their hideouts. These are usually someplace high up and difficult to get too (at least for any other Yuuri). Their nights are spent scampering about in search of blood.

Biny Yara-Ma-Yha-Who are few, as the process that makes a new Yara-Ma-Yha-Who means multiple feedings and few of them feed much from youngsters.

Tjiki Yara-Ma-Yha-Who are lazy, not stupid. They understand the old adage of work smarter, not harder, and stealthily feed with simple handshakes or pats on the back...

Gorah Yara-Ma-Yha-Who have been who they are for a while and tend to get more primal with the years. The oldest of them live like beast kings deep in the bush and oversee whole communities of elder Yara-Ma-Yha-Who who have no taste for civilization. They are perhaps the most dangerous of their number.

Glamour Ways: Yara-Ma-Yha-Who can only get Kwaba from the blood of other creatures..., most mortals produce about a point, while other Yuuri provide 3.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Yara-Ma-Yha-Who bring with them the overpowering sickly sweet stench of too many overripe figs, and a stickiness across the scene that causes shoes to squelch to the ground and grime to stick the fingers.

Affinity: Fae

Birthrights:

Climb: The little stumpy limbs of the Yara-Ma-Yha-Who don't hinder their athletic ability, and in fact, those little suckers on the hands and feet may aid them in climbing. At character creation, each of the Yara-Ma-Yha-Who gain an additional 3 points of dexterity. Even if well above 5. They can also never botch Athletics roll that involves climbing. Further still. They can scale even the most slippery of surfaces, easily scaling even glass or metal vertical surfaces.

Leech: Those suckers on the yard's hands do more than aid in climbing. They are also the means in which the Yara-Ma-Yha-Who feeds. By touching bare skin, such as a handshake, the Yara-Ma-Yha-Who can gather all the blood they need. It takes 3 turns to fully absorb (an extended handshake) and afterwards the target feels unusually drained and tired...

Frailties:

Fig Allergy: The Yara-Ma-Yha-Who are susceptible to cold iron, the same as most of the Dreaming's creatures, but there is an additional allergy unique to their kith. Figs, fresh, dried, or in a Newton harms a Yara-Ma-Yha-Who as if it were ingested cold iron. The flowers and the wood of the fig tree are the same.

Leech: As has been explored, the Yara-Ma-Yha-Who are limited in their pursuit of Kwaba, gaining only from the blood of their victims. However, it is also their only means of sustenance, and without at least a pint a week, they waste away to nothingness, becoming not only undone, but losing any semblance of self at all. After 7 days of not eating their requisite of warm blood, they must succeed on a stamina roll, difficulty 7, or else begin the painful process of undoing. If they succeed, they must make the same roll the next day at a higher difficulty and so on and so on.

Getting one pint may stymie this problem, but only by imbibing a certain amount of pints, equal to days missed, can they get back to their previous baseline.

However, there is also the curse of feeding from Yuuri multiple times, that may curse others with such an existence.

Rusty Mick, once Iron Mickey the Clurichaun, now not much of anything, offers very few words on the others....

Adnoartina: Skinny and fast.

Eer-Moonan: Fast and mean.

Kurreah: Sneaky and Fast

Muldjewangk: Dirty and Sneaky.

Nadubi: Sneaky and Mean.

Ningauis: Small and Sneaky

Quinkin: Horny and loud

Sun-Downers: Sneaky and kind.

Wandjina: Leave them out of this.

Yowie: Quiet and sneaky.

