

YUNG'A HANO

(Cactus-Fruit Dancers)

Region: the southwest, Nunnehi of the Zuni Tribe

Thanks a heap coyote ugly. This cactus-gram stings wore than your abandonment. – Diablo Cody

Quote: You guys thirsty? You guys thirsty for something crazy?

The Yung'a Hano are a sad Gundohgi (Kith). While in turns the most gregarious and generous of all the Nunnehi families, their frailty prevents them from ever really becoming close to anybody. Covered as they are in spines, maintaining close physical relations is tough for them. A relation of the Kachina Federation, in which they claim close kinship, the Yung'a Hano claim cactuses as their spiritual mirror. From saguaros to prickly pears, their make-up runs the gamut of all the desert's secrets.

Extremely fond of parties and festivities, they can be found dancing and singing well into the cold desert nights. Well, dancing alone at least. This is their great curse, and one that leaves many of them with great bouts of depression and ennui.

Despite their limitations, however, they ply their trade the best they are able. One of their greatest attributes is their birthrights, and in this many of the Yung'a Hano will go out of their way to join other groups of wayward Nunnehi, European Kithain Troupes, even itinerant groups of Nuwisha, Pumonca, Garou, or even stranger creatures. A friend is a hard thing to find, and beggars can't be choosy.

Appearance: No matter the Dunakadv, the Yunga'a Hano are attractive and earth. The Human Dunakadv is tall and thin, with a smattering of what appears to be freckles on their dark skin. Their eyes are unusually light colored, more akin to honey than the rich lustrous brown of their kin. In Faerie Dunakadv, however, their skin takes on the light dusty green of their cactus counterparts and appears craggy and weather-beaten. The freckles are now the spines of a cactus that cover the whole of their body. Their hair and eyes are all the colors of the desert, from sandstone mauve to a pale-yellow sunrise.

Lifestyle: A Yung'a Hano is a gregarious sort, with a hint of sadness in their great green eyes. They are the caretakers of any band they are with, always serving as the designated driver, and always making sure that the music doesn't get too loud as to wake the neighbors. While they are far from being the wet-blanket, they still need to maintain the safety for their friends. In this the Yung'a Hano are somewhat sticklers (no pun intended) of propriety and regulations. While fun is fine and okay to be had by all, it is a moot point if something goes awry while everybody is enjoying themselves. Nobody will get hurt on their watch, *NOBODY*. Friends are too rare and important for that.

Youngling Yung'a Hano are sad little creatures, they are still too young to realize that their touch means hurt. Some few young ones go Winter or War Camp (read Unseelie) and transform

their own heart-ache into torment for others. The good ones, suffer their own pain in silence.



Brave Yung'a Hano slowly become aware that just because you can't touch, doesn't mean you can't play. They go out of their way to find friends and allies, and volunteer for anything. This serves two purposes. One, they get to explore the world around them. And two, for a moment they forget their own pain.

Elder Yung'a Hano have gotten used to their lot in life. Their days are content with housing nightly games of cards or holding birthday parties for friends (or if extremely lucky) their own children or grandchildren. While the more exciting adventures of youth are now behind them, that doesn't mean that they should just sit around and wait to die.

Glamour Ways: Yung'a Hano regain their Medicine when one of their mortal friends or family is able to fully partake in all of life's merriments, but only under safe conditions. They love their wild parties, but only parties where everyone can sleep over and not have to drive home afterwards.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Yung'a Hano are accompanied by waves of dry heat that smells of desert flowers and sand. There may be a slight prickling of the fingers to those unfamiliar with the Gundohgi. The scene also appears muted and dusty as if seen through something of a heat-haze.

Affinity; Prop

Birthrights

The Quenchiest: With but one Medicine spent, a Yung'a Hano can produce up to 2 cubic liters of cool, clear water. Enough for a small group of friend to slake their thirst.

Wacky Waters: A Yung'a Hano can spend an additional point of Medicine on that same magic water as above, and convert it to a powerful hallucinogenic tea, on par with psilocybin or peyote. While more spiritually aware of this Nunnehi tribe use this for medicine and religious undertakings only, more liberal and wilder of the tribe will use it to mess around with the Wasichu (whitey). But even in this they ensure that nobody is hurt.

Frailties

OUCHY: A Yung'a Hano's entire body is covered with stiff quills that cause lethal damage to anyone that comes in contact with



their bare skin. (damage is the equal to the toucher's own strength.) While this works great in combat, it makes intimacy impossible. A Yung'a Hano can never kiss, hug, or even simply hold hands with another individual without painful repercussions.

Tawah offers some fry bread with a pair of tongs, and relates some adventures shared with his fellow Nunnehi

Ijiraq: If I had actually ever seen one, then I would totally tell you about them.

Ishigaq: I love these guys. So much fun. If they had more time down here in the desert, we would totally hang out. But they are little busy, so I get it.

Nagumwasuck: Once you convince these guys that appearances don't matter, then you have a friend for life.

Nimki: I know they are kind of a big deal. The only problem is, they know it too.

Sasquatch: I knew one once. Loved her madly. She disappeared on me, right in front of my eyes. I miss her a lot. More than I can say.

Waawaashkeshi Kwe: They hold the kind of strength and freedom that I wish we all had. But be extra polite when they're around. All that freedom doesn't mean much if they castrate you.

Ask-Wee-Da-Eed: I thought I was unlucky...

Kwahn: They come down here and party with us. When they're crazy when they're dude-bros, and they're crazy when they're hotties...