

# Quinkin

**It's a pity nobody believes in simple lust anymore – Ava Gardner**

**Quote:** Good Evening Beautiful Ladies, are any of you in need of a tall, strapping, 3-legged Beast of a man tonight?

There are many Tribes of Stickmen in the Dreaming of Australia. The Mimis (as found in Changeling Player's Guide 20<sup>th</sup> being the most famous). However, there are older, far more primal, Stick-Tribes that prowl the outback, serving their own ends as well they can in the ever-changing Dreamscape of the Realm. The Quinkin of Queensland are the most famous of these Tribes (outside of the Mimi that is) and hold a special place in the minds of men, and in the dreams of women.

Notorious for their dangerous sexual prowess and carnal proclivities, this seemingly insatiable all-male Yuuri (Kith) never-the-less also represents one of the most considerate and welcoming. They are also to a one of them extraordinarily protective. Under their watch, not a child or women will be hurt, harassed, or bothered by wayward monster. This may seem a contradiction when compared with their very-real hungers. Yet for the girthy size of their libido, their girthy hearts are always twice as big.

**Appearance:** Tall and lanky may sum up their appearance, they are after all Stickmen. In Bwoka ak Humbug (Mortal Mien) they are always over just over 2 meters tall, and rakishly thin. They have dark skin, dark hair, and dark eyes. In Bwoka ak Yuuri (Fae Mien) they are even taller, upwards of 3 to 3 and ½ meters, though they are even skinnier. Their skin takes on bluish notes, whether sky blue or deep indigo, and their eyes glow a bright shiny yellow. They only have 3 fingers on each hand, and 3 toes on each foot, but that is all they need. Their most overtly noticeable feature, however, is their... better left unsaid. It can easily be as long as they are tall, and to those with Fairy Sight, is grotesquely visible no matter how hidden. To be honest though, no Quinkin really deigns to hide it.

**Lifestyle:** *Free.* That is the best way to sum up the Quinkin's lifestyle. Their days are spent flitting from party to party, celebration to celebration. They rarely hold day-to-day jobs in their mortal lives, instead serving the mortal community as the guy on the couch, helping as needs must but doing little in the way of working within the system. They undoubtedly do help though, both as guardians of mortal communities, and the voice of reason that may seem out of place coming from them. This goes doubly so for their Yuuri lives, where they still serve as protection, if not the same guy-on the couch, at the local freehold.

*Biny Quinkin* are rarer than most, which is a small blessing. They are just as randy now as they are later in life, and that does nobody any real good.

## MUCH MORE THAN DICK AND FART JOKES

As with many of our caveats, we authors would like to encourage all players to tread carefully. The Quinkin in turns may be represented as Lusty caricatures of a horny old Fae (not unlike some Satyrs depicted). Contrariwise, they can be the darkest aspects of a man's ugliest, basest desires. Please understand that context makes everything, and with everything we do here at Koyoht Bleu, go with whatever Gods you pray to, and be careful around all the Heavy Stuff lying around.

*With Love,*

*Koyoht Bleu*

*Tjiki Quinkin* have done some living, for good or ill, and now have a basis of comparison. They understand the importance of protecting their beloved mortals and go abouts finding the best way to do just that.

*Gorah Quinkin* are old and settled in their ways. Many have been married a few times at least and set about ensuring that their many, many mortal progenies are not only protected, but are also protective of each other. The Gorah knows that nothing lasts forever, but a strong bloodline may be close enough.

**Glamour Ways:** The Quinkin gains Kwaba whenever mortals lose themselves in the throes of passion, not just in the carnal sense, but in all their activities. Dancing, playing, pursuing creative arts; at any time a mortal actively engages in freeing themselves of stifling inhibitions, the Quinkin refuels their magic.

**Unleashing:** Cantrips cast by the Quinkin harden things, in a lowbrow carnal display of Unleashing. Everything surrounding the caster turns as hard as petrified wood. Sometimes, with exceptional successes, large pillars of rock jut forth from the ground in overly phallic shows of power.

**Affinity:** Actor

**Birthrights:**

**Grand:** There is something big about the Quinkin, aside from the vulgar and obvious. They are large of body, passion, and emotions. At Character Creation, they gain many physical

birthrights based on this largeness. They gain a +1 to each of their physical attributes, even if above 5, and an additional free point to spend on either Appearance or Charisma (though never manipulation, which just isn't their bag).

#### Frailties:

**Endowed:** Somewhere between a slipped seeming and the very real mark of an Adult-Movie Actor, the kit and parcel of the All-Male Quinkin is more of a hassle than anything. It would be all too easy to simply focus on the tee-hee haha of it all, but such things in reality manifest as a pain-in-the-butt (*pun Definitely Not Intended*). They are hard to hide even in their Mortal Mien – which can get them in trouble in a lot of mortal circumstances, and physically uncomfortable in many other circumstances. There will be no hard rules (*pun still Definitely Not Intended*), but players should always be aware of the impediments such might have in real world applications.

**Soft-hearted:** While not quite the same as the Frailty of the same name, the Quinkin do have a place in their hearts for their mortal constituents. At any time they see a woman or child

being harmed in anyway, they must make a successful willpower roll, difficulty 7 to not immediately step in and correct it. Of course, the roll needn't be made. If the Quinkin so wishes they can do something then and there, but many choose to wait until a better time to intervene.

Correct in this context can mean anything from saying something to the harming party, to calling child's services, to arranging the permanent removal of harming party. Of course, it can get far more complicated than this. What happens if the woman is the offending party? Or the Child? Such dilemmas are the stuff of great stories, and the Quinkin are quite conflicted on the best course in such circumstances.

#### Roger Jiemba, getting ready for a date tonight, heartily laughs out some juicy gossip about the other Spirit-Beings.

**Adnoartina:** I don't get up much to Uluru, seeing as how sacred it is and stuff, no need to. But when I do head out that way, I also make sure to pay my respects to the Lizard Wizards. They've got a damned powerful important job to do for us all, and they do it for us damned good.

**Eer-Moonan:** It would be a whole lot easier on the rest of us if these sexy-legged buggers would just have a few pints and relax.

**Kurreah:** I suppose that they exist as some magic mirror of all the old Dreaming creatures what used to exist before people. I also suppose that makes them somehow more magical than the rest of us. But that they're such assholes? That's nothing short of them being themselves.

**Muldjewangk:** Hah. I know more than my fair share, seeing as they're more plentiful than the most of us. And that's a secret that they'd like to keep. Think on that the next time you're down by the river.

**Nadubi:** I don't have much in the way of enemies, but I'd pick these bastards if'n I'd have to have one.

**Ningauis:** Creepy little swamp rats, and not being metaphorical none. They may be a dozen around at any time, and there's no way you'd know it.

**Sun-Downers:** Good blokes. Easy like, and calm. Can't be half-sure of what they're saying, but you can be damned sure they're beer is good enough.

**Wandjina:** I gots nothing to say, and I'll be damned if I say it.

**Yara-Ma-Yha-Who:** Red little todgers. I ain't mad at em, seeing they are who they are because they have to be. Still, I wouldn't shake hands with 'em.

**Yowie:** They're out there, as much as they're hiding. Good blokes. Kindly, but backwards. Backwards on account of their hiding from it all, I reckon.

**Mimi:** We're on Good terms, but they're a little frail for too much, especially their Sheilas. Don't want to hurt them if you know what I mean.

