

Baobhan-Sì

Life is about rhythm. We vibrate, our hearts are pumping blood, we are a rhythm machine, that's what we are.

– Mickey Hart

Quote: *Bloodletting? Concrete Blonde?* Why of course they think it's about Lilith's bastard Children. Let them. It makes the wee gothic dancers more inclined to dance with us, if they think we are too.

Much to their Delight, the Baobhan-Sì are often mistakenly reported to be the *Iníonacha Lilith* (Children of Lillith). Yet the Blood-drinking Baobhan are far more-destructive than those pretend-kings of the night-time world. They are as blood-hungry as they are beautiful, and far more likely to frenzy than some other denizens of the darkness.

This frenzy seems to be affected by anything that excites the blood. Battle, Music, and especially romance (whether the most innocent puppy-love or the most carnal aspects of...). This drives the Tribe to consume soul, Ómós, and blood of their target. Most have a hard time saying NO when the mood hits.

Almost exclusively female (with only about one in twenty being male) the Baobhan-Sì are held in high-esteem not just from their fellow Samhain (Unseelie Tribes, but every mortal fan-boy constituent that doesn't know any better.

Sobriquet: Blood Elves,

Court: Samhain (Unseelie)

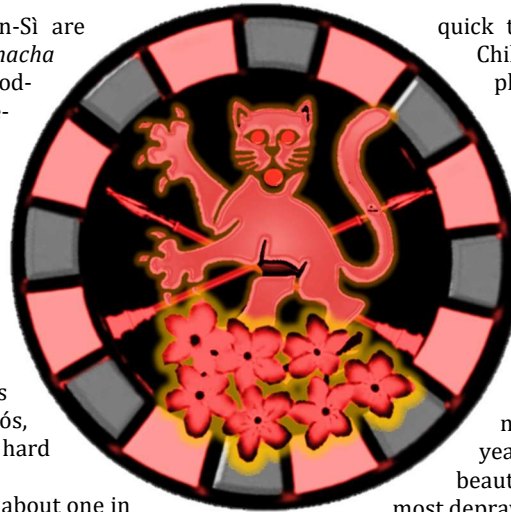
Roth: Crobh Dearg, Amadán Dubh, Áine

Appearance Baobhan- Sì resemble humans but are more beautiful and flawless than any human could be. In Lag Aghaidh (Mortal Mien), they appear as tall and statuesque individuals. Their skin is pale, and their hair is either brilliant red-gold, or deep auburn. For those that look too closely, the teeth are a little sharp and the eyes a lot intense.

In Dreach Aghaidh (Fae Mien) this appearance is intensified. Their skin is as pale as the moon, with maybe a smattering of freckles (or are they spots of blood-spray?). Their shining eyes glow either all black or a bright fiery red. They favor red or maroon clothing, with accents of black, and there is an aura of danger about their beauty,

Lifestyle: The Baobhan- Sì do well in the mortal world. Their ungodly beauty and unnatural charisma makes them a commanding presence in the world of men. They thrive as actors (on stage more-so than the screen), diplomats or any position where they can be seen and heard. This also serves them well in the world of the Fae of course, where their natural graces easily garner them a life of relative ease. That is until mealtime.

Páiste-Am Baobhan- Sì are wonderfully kind little princesses. They always obey their elders and help clean up. They are also



quick to kiss away a boo-boo on another Child. A boo-boo that stems from rough play that frequently seems to happen with the overeager Baobhan.

Fiáin-Am Baobhan- Sì know their roles and take to them with ease. While the Leanhaun barter and the Fomor scheme with dark powers, the Baobhan are the ones out there accomplishing.

Críonna-Am Baobhan- Sì have been in the game a long time. They lose none of their beauty in their later years, but instead gain a hungry carnal beauty that exists only in the depths of the most depraved imaginations.

Glamour Ways: Baobhan- Sì regain Ómós through the frenzy of dance, war, or love-making. In addition, they also need blood at the same time as said frenzies.

Unleashing: Cumas (Cantrips) Cast by the *Baobhan- Sì* are accompanied by alternating ribbons of bright scarlet and crimson light, and dark shadows that play across the scene. The light is almost too beautiful and painful to look at directly. The Dark is terrifying in its awareness of past sins.

Affinity: Fae

Birthrights

Terrible Beauty (*Áilleacht Uafásach*): Like all the Seacht, the Baobhan- Sì inherited an appearance that is ungodly beautiful and can even cause physical damage. The Baobhan- Sì receive 3 additional dots of Appearance, even if this brings that rating above 5.

The Baobhan- Sì can spend a point of Ómós and glow with all the dangerous splendor that is their birthright. For a few brief seconds (Turns equal to appearance rating) the Baobhan-Sì appears bedecked in sensually revealing regalia and bloodied by the carnal hunger of dark Irish Gods. All onlookers must succeed on a willpower roll or be stunned into silence, frothing with lustful hunger, or even worse. Even if they succeed on the roll, however, they are affected and must mind their P's and Q's.

The difficulty for Ar Bhealach Sidhe is 7, the difficulty for other Changelings is 8, and the difficulty for mortals is 9. Some prodigals Tribes might have similar difficulties depending (Vampires unusually affected by Beauty for instance).

If the roll botches then the target will fall unconscious, began babbling incoherently, or even in some cases scratch their own eyes out.

Night Form (Croí Oíche): Like all the Seacht, the Baobhan- Si have an alternate face that they wield in their pursuits- the Baobhan- Si pursuits are getting closer to their victims, or fleeing from an enemy.

These forms are a large raven, cat, or serpent, all colored unusually red (Yes crimson Ravens). They have bright glittering glowing and a hint of smile in their bestial expressions. While the Night Forms of the other Si Tribes are silent and distant, the Baobhan's forms are as chatty and open as the Baobhan themselves. In Night Form- the Baobhan can still speak in mortal voice.

❖ **RAVEN:** Fly a triple running speed. Claw for two damage, Peck for one damage.

❖ **CAT:** Double running speed. Dex +3. Claw for two damage. Bite for two damage. Stealth +3

❖ **SERPENT:** Dex +5 (though obviously not with anything needing hands) +2 to Charisma, and a +2 Stealth,

Changing form costs one point of Ómós and takes one turn. This form must be chosen at character creation, and can never change without the advent of magic (Such as the Metamorphosis Art and the like)

This form can be maintained indefinitely.

Frailties:

Winter's Gift (Ómós Gheimhridh): Modern Fae have adapted to the Changeling way enough to forestall the full brunt of Banality (Ómós Gheimhridh to the Si). Even the damned Ar Bhealach Sidhe can handle it to a lesser degree. The Baobhan-Si however, takes three dice of banality for every one point that others might get. A single night in Magh Tuiradh can negate this, but such stipulations leave travel outside the Realm difficult. A clever Si plans accordingly.

In addition, every Roth bears their own Birthrights and Frailties.

Glennene seductively flirts with the many dancers present. Until the music starts and her eyes shine with an appetite hidden until now....

Adh- Si: Poor cousins. They probably won't speak of our shared desire, will they?

Bean- Si: Bah. I'm never going. I'll die a thousand times over before I make that journey.

Daoine- Si: Who do you think would say NO first? Us or them?

Fomor- Si: They have nothing to offer but debt to old Gods. I have better things to worry about.

Leanan- Si: Music? Not quite. It is the pursuit of the musician they want, not the music itself.

Lunnanti- Si: Nasty and dirty beasts that rut with wild things and frolic naked in the heat of the night. No, my dear. I am still talking about myself.

Iníonacha Lilith: The Mad-Ones are great friends. The *Shadow- Magicians* are great lovers (though I know they are faking it). The Bull-Fighters... Oh the Bull-Fighters. We have a history. I won't say anything more about them.

