

Bean-Sì

Grief starts to become indulgent, and it doesn't serve anyone, and it's painful. But if you transform it into remembrance, then you're magnifying the person you lost and also giving something of that person to other people, so they can experience something of that person. - Patti Smith

Quote: I hear the grief songs of my children, and my children's children and all the children after. I weep for them; For I have no tears left for myself.

The Bean-Sì aren't Fae anymore. At one time they were - each laying claim to one of the other Tribes and Roths. They lived and loved and accomplished great things in their lives. Or perhaps they didn't. maybe they were young and their lives were cut short. Or maybe they lived long uneventful lives and eventually faded into obscurity. Perhaps their death bore too much pain or shame to leave behind. Perhaps there were too many songs left unsung. Perhaps they had sung too much and squandered what little time they had. Whatever their sorrow, they couldn't stay away.

The Summer-lands Realm of the Dead has close borders to the Plane of Towers. The Bean-Sì come back across these edges to continue their affairs. They are now Adhene, those strange and alien creatures that exist hidden in the deepest Dreaming. Halfway between a Dearmad (Wraith) and the Sì she once was, her new existence is one of walking the thin line between the Dreaming and the Underworld

For some reason known only to the Dreaming, only females can make the trip back across the shroud. Where they are welcomed into their new Tribe and choose a new Roth. In their new lives, they watch over their mortal descendants. If she died recently, her family may still be about. If she comes back hundreds of years later, she will seek out mortals living on ancestral lands to watch over. In places where the land rights and castles keeps are tied to certain clans- the Bean-Sì is usually well-known and celebrated if not feared by those clan members.

Sobriquet: Ghost elves

Court: None (Adhene)

Roth: Clíodhna, Cailleach Bhéara, Tlachtga

Appearance Bean-Sì resemble humans but are more beautiful and flawless than any human could be. However, there is a tinge of sadness to the beauty. In Lag Aghaidh (Mortal Mien), they appear as tall and ethereal maidens. Their skin is pale white, and their hair is the blue-black of a raven, but sometimes shot through grey or silver.

In Díreach Aghaidh (Fae Mien) this appearance is intensified. Their skin is the bright white of death. Their shining eyes glow silver, pale blue, or green. They favor light colored clothing, green, grey, or white with accents of dull silver or black. There is an aura

of regret and mourning about their beauty,

Lifestyle: The Bean-Sì are famous in the mortal world. There are perhaps the most well-known of the Sì Tribes whether or not anybody knows their true origins. Despite their fame, they rarely venture far outside their home. Many choose to stay close to the descendant mortal Families that still claim blood-ties to the Bean-Sì's original tribe.

They are most famous for crying and wailing when one of their mortal descendants, along clan lines is about to pass into the next world.

They also perform many duties for the Seacht. They are masters of the Sooth-Say Cumas, and their ties to the lands of the dead ensure positive relations with the with residents of the Underworld.

Aria: The Bean-Sì's Aria dictates how their wraithlike nature endures at any given time. Some Bean-Sì thrive as happy caretakers of kith and kin. Others are haunted by past tragedies that happened thousands of years ago. The Aria also dictates how the Bean-Sì regains Ómós.

❖ *Appoliae Bean-Sì* are Fae of gentle interaction and positive relations with their still present mortal clans (usually anonymously). Music and dancing and feasting on ancient properties, where the ancestors are sung to and stories are told; these happy times are how the Appoliae replenish their magics. Many *Roth Clíodhna* are Appoliae.



❖ *Araminae Bean-Sì* are caretakers and harbingers, circling around their ancestral lands in the Waking world. These are the Bean-Sì so often seen washing the funerary garments of those clan members about to cross over. Such Bean-Sì are unusually quiet and severe. Their faces are stern and cold, if not quite callous. They regain Glamour from the Quiet respect for the Dead, and the gentle mourning of mortal descendants. Many *Roth Cailleach Bhéara* are Aramaninae.

❖ *Dionae Bean-Sì* are those who do not take kindly to their nature. Many of those who died hard fall into this Aria more than others would like. Those that would harm innocence are warrant a violent end and the Dionae Aria is the one to deliver it. They regain Ómós from both the fear/damage they install and silent gratitude of innocence kept. Many *Roth Tlachtga* are Dionae.

Glamour Ways: Bean-Sì regain Ómós through means based on their Aria.

Unleashing: Cumas (Cantrips) Cast by the *Bean-Sì* are accompanied by alternating ribbons of pale green or soft grey light, and dark shadows that play across the scene. The light is too beautiful and painful to look at directly. The dark is terrifying in its awareness of past sins.

There are also feelings that spring up from this light, that tie into the Aria of the Bean-Sì. *Appoliae* Unleashings are jubilant and breathless. *Araminae* Unleashings bring forth a cold, both physical and emotional. *Dionae* Unleashings are filled with anger, sadness, and shame.

Affinity: What her Realm was before her untimely Death.

Birthrights

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

The Bean-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 Bean-Sì appears bedecked in white funerary garb and shining with the soft light of the Irish Underworld.. All onlookers must succeed on a willpower roll or be soothed into respectful silence, cowed in shameful recognition of sins, or even worse. Even if they succeed on the roll, however, they are still affected and will 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 Bean-Sì have an alternate face they wield in their pursuits, the Bean-Sì's pursuits are engaging with mortal descendants, keeping tabs on familial bureaucracy, or hunting down those who would injure innocence.

The Night Forms of the Bean-Sì are the same as they were when she was alive. However, the colors now reflect her ghostly nature. The coloration of those forms have changed to reflect her new existence, and are now cold greys, pale greens, or soft whites, with eyes that glow cold and faraway.

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 Sì). Even the damned Ar Bhealach Sidhe can handle it to a lesser degree. The Bean-Sì however, take 3 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 Sì plans accordingly.

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

Anne was once a Daoine- Sì.

Adh- Sì: Your war brings nothing but more heart-ache...

Baobhan- Sì: Your excesses the same...

Daoine- Sì: Dance and sing and play while you can.

Fomor- Sì: They are tithed and won't get into the Summer Country. I know who waits for them on the Other Side. .

Leanan- Sì: That which you take may soon be taken.

Llunnanti- Sì: The borders between here and there are safe now. Be grateful.

Dearmad: Our fates are one and the same.