

Daoine-Sì

Here come bad news, talking this and that - (Yeah) Well, give me all you got, and don't hold it back (Yeah) Well, I should probably warn you I'll be just fine - (Yeah) No offense to you, don't waste your time - Here's why Happy - Pharrell Williams

Quote: Come along, friend! Dance as if we were the last two people on Earth and sing as if everything you ever loved was long gone! Doesn't that sound free and good?

Some whisper that the Daoine-Sì are the Boggan-Gods of antiquity. Indeed the Grey-elves might be the only Tribe close to what might be called commoner. They forgo the regality of the rest of the Seacht tribes, instead opting for creature comforts of wine, song, and romance. Their love for feasting, dancing, music and merry-making all revolve around the annals of comfort. Yet the Boggans understand moderation, while curbing one's excesses is anathema to the Daoine-Sì.

Most outsiders assume that such disdain for temperance is the hallmark of the Samhain half of the Seacht. The Daoine disagree. There is nothing evil or malevolent or even *Unseelie* about partying until your legs fall off. That is the glory of Magh Tuireadh- the Plains of Joy. What is a life uncelebrated? For this reason Old Irish mortals know the moniker of this Tribe... *the Good People*.

But such goodness does come with a price. The Daoine Tribe doesn't fully understand the need for restraint that keeps mortals safe. While in Magh Tuireadh it is fully acceptable to dance until one falls unconscious, the world of men has much needed limits. Any Daoine may hear, even begin to think about it. But they would be hard pressed to believe it. What really matters is that everybody is happy. In war, in Death, in heart-ache- one has to keep dancing and singing and feasting until there is nothing else...

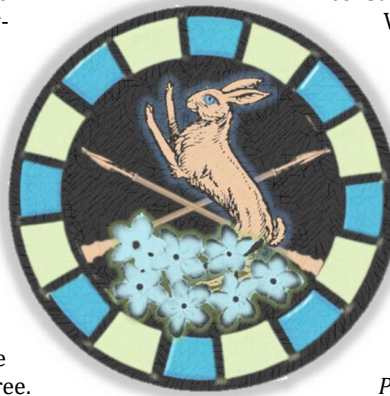
Sobriquet: Grey elves

Court: Bealtaine (Seelie)

Roth: Bricriu, Finn Eces, Aed

Appearance Daoine-Sì resemble humans but are more beautiful and flawless than any human could be. In Lag Aghaidh (Mortal Mien), they appear as shortish and dark individuals. Their skin is deep tan, and their hair is a mop of cherubic curls, any mortal hair color but always shot through with grey. For those that look too closely, the smiling teeth are a little sharp and the equally smiling eyes manically intense. In Díreach Aghaidh (Fae Mien) this appearance is intensified. Their skin is dark and dusky or pale but with rosy cheeks. Their shining eyes glow soft honey- Gold. They favor dark clothing shades of tan, grey, or brown and there is an air of reckless fun in their grin.

Lifestyle: The Daoine-Sì don't too well in the mortal world. They are Little Gods of Magh Tuireadh's power of liberation. Singing, dancing, joy- *until you die!* Why should mortals



constrain themselves to their mundane existence? Veritable old Gods of Joy thrive in the midst. Unfortunately, many mortals simply can't keep up.

This frantic energy that hinders them to mortals serves them well in the world of the Sì. There is always another gala, another holiday, another battle won or comrade lost and countless other reasons to dance and sing and drink and make love. Even the Ancient wars that are the fulcrum of so much Sì existence is something to be feted for the Tribe.

Páiste-Am Daoine-Sì love everything. A skinned-knee and the tears it bring are worthy of a party. A broken heart the same. To them, the joy of simply *being* will last forever. It is hard for them to realize that nothing lasts forever. Especially Joy.

Fíáin-Am Daoine-Sì have hopefully been exposed to the mortal coil enow to understand that not every creature that exists feels the same. Some people's skinned-knee hurts. Heart-ache hurts even more, and the tears it brings aren't of joy. They still try to make the most of such, however, and help their hurt comrades as best as they are able.

Críonna-Am Daoine-Sì have carved out a niche for themselves in both the mortal world, and back in Magh Tuireadh. They have a cozy little hamlet in both realms where the music never stops and the beer flows like wine. One day they'll take a break, but only to continue in the Summer-lands. That day isn't today.

Glamour Ways: Daoine-Sì regain Ómós through the joy they bring others. Whether through dancing, singing, or simply being in the moment with a hapless mortal, the Daoine-Sì refuel their magic.

Unleashing: Cumas (Cantrips) Cast by the *Daoine-Sì* are accompanied by alternating ribbons of soft sun-set light, the pale gloom of dusk, and dark shadows that play across the scene. The light is soft and inviting, and music can be heard- fiddles, pipes and harps; all playing a song just this side of familiar.

Affinity: Prop

Birthrights

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

The Daoine-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 Daoine-Sì appears bedecked in flowing swirling robes of the softest wool and shining with the rosy contentment of the most welcoming of Irish Gods. All onlookers must succeed on a willpower roll or be lulled into silence, held fast by unspeakable joy. Even if they succeed on the roll, however, they are still affected and will still their spirits and relax..

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 dancing and singing incoherently, or even in some cases giving up breathing because it's just too much work.



Night Form (*Croí Oíche*): Like all the Seacht, the Daoine-Sì have an alternate face that they wield in their pursuit - their pursuits are aiding mortals in relaxing, caring for the sick, or simply looking for another party. These forms are a large hare, otter, or badger, with fur all gentle greys, warm chocolate browns, or soft beiges. The glowing eyes are a soft honey-amber and the smiles are sincerely benevolent but with teeth as sharp as razors.

- ❖ **Hare:** Running speed is tripled. Dex+4. Bite for Str+2 damage.
- ❖ **Otter:** Able to swim at twice running speed. Dex+2 to. Can hold breath for 3 minutes per point of Stamina.
- ❖ **Badger:** Can burrow through soft earth at half running speed. Dex +1 Str+1. Bite for 3 damage, claw for 4.

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 Sì). Even the damned Ar Bhealach Sidhe can handle it to a lesser degree. The Daoine-Sì however, take three dice of banality for every one point that others might get. A single night in Magh Tuire 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.

Daire offers a glass of wine, a listening ear, and a dance if you'll have him...

Adh- Sì: Yes, your highness. Right away, your highness, do you want me to twist that stick in your backside, your highness?

Baobhan- Sì: Good for conversation, not so much love-making.

Bean- Sì: So, do you want to dance now? No? What about now?

Fomor- Sì: They know dark songs; I'll give them that.

Leanan-Sì: All that music around them, and they don't even hear it.

Llunnanti-Sì: Stuck out there in the bracken playing with their prickly-wood. Stop playing with that, Cousin, Come play with me!

Blaoscanna de Fionn: None party quite like Wolfen Children of Fionn MacCumhail. I've got scars to prove it.