

DUST DEVIL

I can say the willingness to get dirty has always defined us as a nation, and it's a hallmark of hard work and a hallmark of fun, and dirt is not the enemy. – Mike Rowe

Quote: Welcome to the Bad-Lands. Beautiful ain't it? Please, feel free to take off your shoes and enjoy some high-quality bad-lands dirt squish beneath your toes.

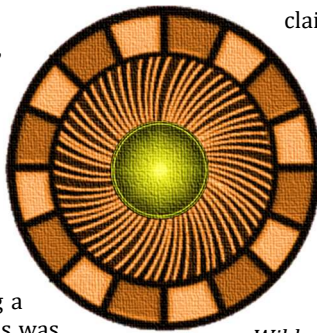
Devil or Saint, Cowboy or Demolitionist, the true nature of the Dust Devil is 1 off change. The Kith is one born of variation in the dust bowls, deserts, and badlands of the United States. From the dustee wilderness and scorched desserts they hail. Trailing destruction and wreckage in their wake like some broken and chaotic 'Pig Pen.'

Spinning and dancing in the dust, they carry this energy wherever they roam, often leaving a place the worse for wear in their passings. This was never their intention, however, and more than anything was their need for primal need for change, not mess.

Perhaps the most misunderstood of all the Concordian Fae, there is nothing Infernal about them, despite the Devil of their moniker. They are loyal, kind, and many are deeply reverent, even religious of their desert homes. The Dust-Devils are cowboy chaos Fae, and as such they held tight to a code of honor that only they can understand. While chaos and destruction are allowed, even sought out, only the most unsavory and Unseelie of the Dust Devils would allow anyone to get hurt.

Appearance: In all forms, they are rakish and dust-covered figures. In Mortal Mien, form, the Dust Devils are tall, lanky, and broad-shouldered with large dark smiles, and even larger darker eyes. That and they are dusty. Dirt and debris and a fine layer of rode dust caked their thread-bare clothing. A veritable cloud of detritus swims around them as they move. Despite this miasma of grime, they step with the fluid grace of a dancer. Many sport cowboy attire, and heavy trench-coats are the norm. In Fae Mien, this miasma of grime is magnified tenfold. Their eyes grow larger and features sharper. Their nails, teeth, and hair grow long, and two long reptilian horns, reminiscent of a chameleon jut from their brow. A long sweeping tail whips and cracks around them, and one isn't too far off if one thinks them a little dragon or devil-like in appearance. Also of mention is their twister form (see below). Those who are accustomed to desert life are familiar with the raw power of true dust devils. The size of the twister is based on seeming. With Childing Dust Devils in Twister form growing upwards to ten feet tall, Wilders up to 30, and Grumps reaching up to 60 feet in height.

Lifestyle: Most Dust-Devils will go out of their way to serve as guides in their dusty demesnes or serving as mediators between Local Nunnehi freeholds and more Euro-centric troupes. Their reverence also borders on religion. In fact, many



claim Mormon or Jehovah's Witnesses backgrounds before their Saining, and no small amount of that number continue to claim said backgrounds despite their Fae nature.

Childing Dust Devils aren't as bad as many make them out to be. They are kind, courteous, and quick to help. That same help often ends in messes though, and for this reason alone the Dust Devils are painted as troublemakers.

Wildier Dust Devils have hopefully found their niche early. They have heard the song of the desert and embraced it.

Grump Dust Devils aren't meant for the world of the men, and they head far out into the badlands, and even into farther more mysterious realms (which have hidden portals to and from located in said badlands) to ride out their last days on this mortal coil.

Glamour Ways: Unsurprisingly, Dust Devils gain Glamour from good messy fun. Food fights at Church Picnics, splashing in muddy puddles, even simply rolling around in a pile of freshly folded clothes. As long as there's fun, mortals can get involved, and it's not too clean, the Dust Devils will enjoy it.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by Dust Devils are accompanied by a hot blast of wind, and the smell of hot baked earth under an oppressive sun. Little swirls of leaves and detritus appear twirling and eddying around the caster.

Affinity: Nature

Birthrights

Little Twister: A Dust devil can spend one point of Glamour to transform himself into a spinning rondo of dust and debris. The speed and strength of the twister, as well as the size are dictated by the seeming of the Dust Devil thus twisting. The Stamina of the Dust Devil dictates how many rounds they are able to maintain the destruction per point of Glamour spent

Seeming:	Childing	Wildier	Grump
Str:	+1	+2	+3
Dex:	+3	+2	+1
Height:	10 ft.	30 ft.	60 ft.

Child of the Desert: While others may see the Dust Devil's home terrain as inhospitable and barren, the Dust Devils themselves see it as family. Any survival rolls a Dust Devil must make in such environments are at a -2 difficulty.

Frailties:

Dusty Hill: No matter how much a Dust Devil tries to curb the amount of dust which clings to his personage; he will forever be dusty and grimy and covered in dirt. Even in Mortal Mien, he will trak dust wherever he goes. This makes tracking him that much easier. The only exception to this is if someone were to try to track him into the dessert, where the dust that follows him makes no impakt on the dust of his home territory.

Chaos: Neat stacks of paper, laundry folded nicely, pencils put away in a cute little pencil case. These things are anathema to the Dust Devils. Even the Seelie have a little apprehension about such order. The Unseelie have a penchant for disrupting said order, even to the point of causing physical damage with said disruption. Both must roll willpower when faced with the little tokens of order. If the roll fails then they must wrecktify the problem. The neat stack of paper gets "accidently" shoved off a desk. The laundry gets shuffled and unfolded. The cute little pencil case becomes upended and all the pencil led breaks. The Unseelie, while they may not be openly malicious, have certain imaginative ways of inciting the chaos. The difficulty of the willpower roll is based on the orderliness of the array. That pencil case might be a 5 or 6, the folded laundry a 7 or 8. That nice stack of paper? Easily a difficulty 10. A botch on said willpower roll means that the Dust Devil spends a point of Glamour and becomes a twister, creating beautiful disarray, and a dust storm that blankets the area.

Jeter- "Mako Sica" - Hinkle, Guide to Wall, South Dakota, recalls some favorite memories of his fellow Fairy-folk.

Boogey-Men: I know they have a reason, I just don't like it.

Diabhals: No sir, not related. Not related at all.

Effigies: No thank you. I like messes, not murder.

Gremlin: I get it. Oh yeah. I get it.

Hodags: I don't know, they never come out to say "Hi."

Jellies: Do you want to go to prom with me?

Junk-Teeths: The best of us, and the most honest.

Kirk-Grim: I wonder if they respect us as much as we do them?

Myconids: No one appreciates dirt as much as they do.

Nomes: All that posturing, and their great enemy is eggs?

Pumpkinheads: Halloween is fun for a night, but No one can live that way all the time and be healthy.

Nunnehi: Their lands, their rules. 'Nuff said.

