

fomor-si

"I devotedly believe that the essence of my being - my spirit - is not truly a part of the universe, it is a part of Chaos. My spirit is a fragment of the Hidden God beyond the nutshell we call the cosmos; thus being trapped in a human body is only a prison in my eyes." – Vexior 218

Quote: You speak of remorse, as if I was anything less than proud of my every theft, every turned card, every action that took me to this place at this time. Remorse? Never.

The Sidhe Powers that be huddle and whisper in hushed tones about House Balor, with their disfigurements and evil nebulous ways. They scare their Childings with tales of the Fomorians as if they were some distant and ancient force that exists solely to devour. Thallain? Shadow Courts? The Tithe? All trifles compared to the true nature of the Dreaming's Dark-Side. It is a side that few bother to think about, let alone understand.

The Fomor-Si are the spiritual inheritors of these Dark-powers. Claiming direct descent from the Fomorian Gods that opposed the Tuatha de Danaan, they mightily wield the darkness that is their blood-right. Many remember, but few focus, on the truth that Lugh Llamfhada of the Tuatha was half Fomor. Such sharing of blood was proof positive that rules were put in place to balance the opposing armies of Magh Tuireadh. The Twice Samhain Tribe of Fomor understands that without their quest for deeper darkness, the Beltaine Tribe would have no purpose.

The Fomor-Si hold in highest esteem reverence for the Crom Cruach, Balor Ard-Righ, and other dark kings of Celtic Antiquity. They pursue dark knowledge and forbidden secrets that others consider unholy or infernal. Some may call such pursuits evil, the Fomor call it necessary. The Tithes must be paid anyway, better they be the ones holding the check

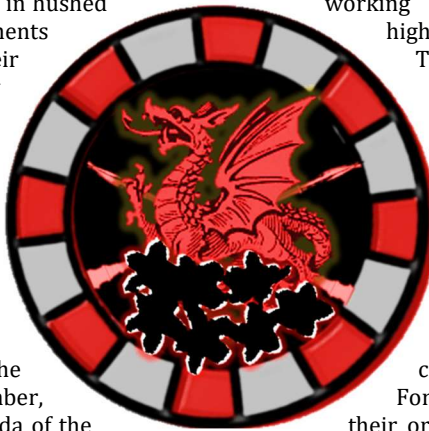
Sobriquet: Dark elves

Court: Twice Samhain (Double Unseelie - Thallain)

Roth: Cethleann, Balor, Crom

Appearance Fomor-Si resemble humans but are more beautiful and flawless than any human could be, though those of Roth Balor may have a mark that highlights their otherworldliness (treated as slipped seeming). In Lag Aghaidh (Mortal Mien), they appear as tall and dark individuals. Their skin is deep tan, their smiles and eyes bright, and their hair is perfect. For those that look too closely, the teeth are a little sharp and the eyes a lot intense. In Díreach Aghaidh (Fae Mien) this appearance is intensified. Their skin grows darker from deep mahogany to midnight black-blue or even outright red in some cases. Their eyes shine with venomous glee and run the gamut of all colors that are and some that aren't. They favor dark clothing either to highlight their regality, their power, or their twice-Samhain (Thallain) ways. There is an aura of undeniable desire and unspeakable danger about their beauty,

Lifestyle: The Fomor-Si do remarkably well in the mortal world. Their casual smiles, unparalleled intelligence, hard-



working diligence, and commanding presence highlight everything that anyone can be. They are every down-to-earth star, sincere politician, or warm stranger that ever was. It is all a ruse of course, but few can truly see.

This is all reflected in the Dreaming World as well. Whether amongst their own Samhain-Tribes, or out and about amongst the *Ar Bhealach*, the Fomor-Si are accepted and appreciated if not downright adored. What about those strange colors and physical disfigurements? The Fomor Tribes have a habit of lying about their origins to the others. Perhaps they are a

Troll, yes? Or an Eshu? Or an Oni from a far-away land?

Páiste-Am Fomor-Si (Perturbed) are arrogant. They know who they are, and what they are capable of and seek out the dark places to stake their claim. The smart ones make it back. The other's not so much.

Fiáin-Am Fomor-Si (Prowler) have learned how to best manipulate their constituents, fae or mortal alike. A listening ear and an understanding smile can do a lot for those who have been wronged.

Críonna-Am Fomor-Si (Miser) begin to get paranoid in their elder years. They have made deals with those in low places, and the time to collect grows nigh.

Glamour Ways: Fomor-Si regain Ómós with their victim's realization that they have been wronged. The moment of fear, or hurt, or



simple maddening understanding of sudden loss is enough to refuel their magics.

Unleashing: Cumas (Cantrips) Cast by the *Fomor-Sì* are accompanied by alternating ribbons of dark shades of grey and black, followed by an inky cold void that play across the scene. The Dark is terrifying in its awareness of past sins. Sometimes the whispers can be heard, whispers that softly call your name.

Affinity: Scene

Birthrights (Endowments):

Terrible Beauty (*Áilleacht Uafásach*): Like all the Seacht, the Fomor-Sì inherited an appearance that is ungodly beautiful and can even cause physical damage. The Fomor-Sì receive 3 additional dots of Appearance, even if this brings that rating above 5. The Fomor-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 Fomor-Sì appears bedecked in Infernal armored regalia, and shining with the Hellish Fury of the worst of Irish Demons. All onlookers must succeed on a willpower roll or be stunned into 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 may or may not 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 Fomor-Sì have an alternate face that they wield in their pursuits. (For the Fomor-Sì, it is best not to think about these pursuits too much). Some of the statistics of the Night Form stem from the Fomor's Roth. But other abilities below apply as well

❖ *6 extra dice to apply to any physical attributes*

-or-

❖ *6 extra dice to apply to any social attributes*

-or-

❖ *Two actions per turn for the duration of the Night Form.*

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

This form can maintained for a number of turns based again based on Am. *Páiste-Am* can maintain this form for a number of turns equal to twice their stamina. *Fíáin-Am* for a number of turns equal to stamina, and *Críonna-Am* for half their stamina (rounded up).

Frailties (Vulnerabilities):

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 Fomor-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 Si plans accordingly.

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

Feilim shakes your hand, looks into your eyes and speaks with an authority that is hard to say no to...

Adh-Si: Our opposites? So they tell me. I for one see all the traits we share and propose a partnership.

Baobhan-Si: Shock troops? Not-so, but leaders in the great fight against the light!

Bean-Si: Poor little lambs. If it was so bad, why ever did you come back? I weep for your loss.

Daoine-Si: A party that never ends. That is what I work for every day.

Leanhaun-Si: I'll sign yours if you sign mine...

Llunnanti-Si: That damned lumber they so care for is one of our kind's best kept secrets. A pity that the wild-ones are so protective of it.

Thit Sé Ar Dtús: Tithe? I prefer to say insurance payments.