

WALDSCHRAT

At night in the forest, when it is dark – You can hear a moan
But most of the time you do not become aware of the dark gloomy danger lurking behind every tree
Klabautamann – *Waldschrat*

Quote: Hail and Fair-Met stranger. You seem to have gone a little far into the forest, no? It only gets darker and wilder further in. It would behoove you to turn around, yes?

While the Nisser are keen on protecting the forest, and the Moswyfjes keep their livelihood there, only the Waldschrat can be called the "The Forest itself." Literally translated to mean "Wild Forest Demon", this Wood-Goblin Abstammung (Kith) are holdovers from times long past – when mortals were too afraid to set foot in the Dark Wild that is the Forest.

Now, however, the scripts have been flipped a bit. Mortals have ventured deeper and deeper into the hearts of the wild, while Waldschrats have grown more and more uncomfortable with the bigger and bigger cities of mortals. The hustle and bustle of traffic, the glaring lights, and the unmistakable stink of pollution is despotic to the Abstammung's tender senses.

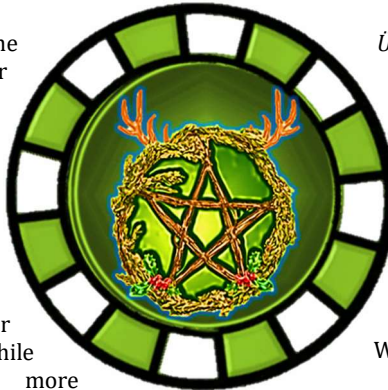
But like the Moswyfjes and Nisser, The Abstammung of Der Schwarzer-Wald don't have to claim ties to anywhere else. It is called the Dark-Wild for a reason, and none exhibit the darkly wild nature of these wooded glens more-so than the Wild-Forest-Demons themselves.

Appearance: In both Pelz (Mien) of the Waldschrat, there is something feral about their person. The Mensch-Pelz (Mortal Mien) is unusually short and stocky, with glaring features, and dirty unkempt clothing. Many go bare-foot even in winter. Even if not unpretty, their harsh expressions and wild eyes won't award them free drinks should they finagle themselves into a bar.

The Elfe-Pelz (Fae Mien) is even shorter, rarely over 4 feet, with thick cords of tight muscles and a mane of wild greenish brown hair. The skin grows dark and coarse almost bark-like. The face grows even harsher with a certain animalistic cast that is hard to place, but impossible to ignore

Lifestyle: Lifestyle? Not much. Those few Stille-Volken (Fae) who claim ancestral ties to Der Schwarzer-Wald maintain regular contact with each other. Yet even among them, the Waldschrat are wild cards. The Waldschrat eschew modern trappings, instead finding comfort only in Nature's bounty. And while nothing forbids the Waldschat from wandering into city limits, they certainly won't be overly happy there.

Unreif *Waldschrats* are scary. At the moment of their chrysalis, they are out and about discovering all the nooks and crannies in the dark places. Trying to slow them down is akin to herding ferrets. There will be some blood-shed.



Überspannt *Waldschrats* cannot be slowed down. They undertake a journey early to discover the full sense of Der Schwarzer-Wald. All its hidden glens, its dark caves, every mound and stump and secret is ready to be explored. Other Stille-Volken would be wise to trek along with them during these bouts, if only to see future hiding spots.

Vernünftig *Waldschrats* are there, but few know it. This is just how the *Vernünftig* *Waldschrats* like it.

Revelry: *Waldschrats* regain *Zauberkunst* from hidden glens deep in the forest, where natural well-springs of Nature's own bounty fount up like a well-stream. The Werwolf tribes (particularly those of the Red-Claw and Fenrir-Get Tribes know these places as Cairns).

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by *Waldschrats* bring with them the musty perfume of old decaying wood, the bright smell of pine, and the undeniable feeling that somebody is watching you from afar. Because somebody undeniably is.

Affinity: Prop

Birthrights

Keeper of the Wild (*Hüter der Wildnis*): Made by the wild places, for the wild places, the *Waldschrats* have a bounty of blessings at their disposal to ensure that the wild stays that way. At character creation, a *Waldschrats* begins with 2 free dots in Dexterity, even if over 5. They begin with 7 free dots to spend in Alertness, Athletics, Stealth, or Survival (in whatever way makes sense).

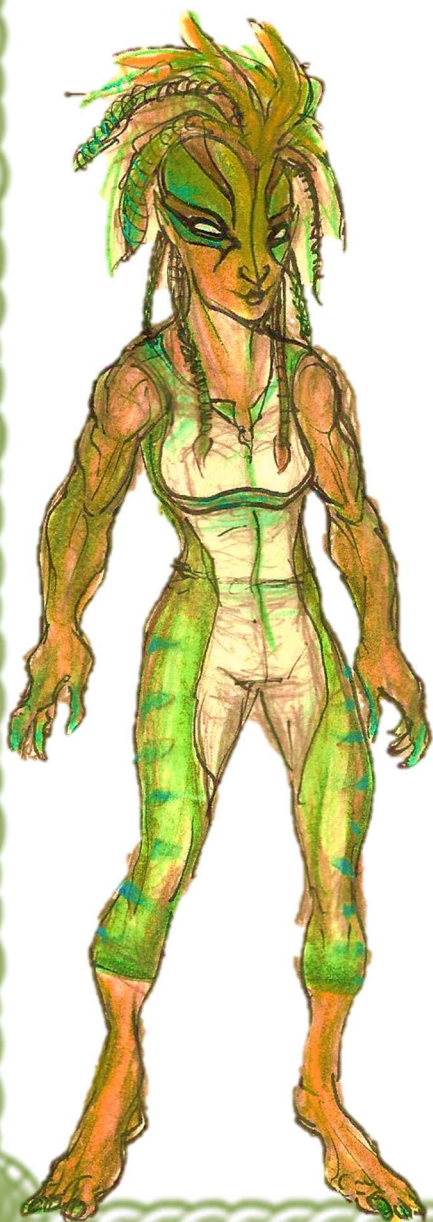
In addition, a *Waldschat* can spend a point of *Zauberkunst* to render themselves completely invisible while in the forest. Only heightened senses of smell or hearing can perceive them. Note that this only works while in the forest proper.

Frailties:

Hearts of the Forest (*Herz des Waldes*): The *Waldschrats* cannot abide the sights and sounds of the city-scape. Even small villages can turn them away. Only the cool and quiet forest allows for any respite. Any actions without a wooded area close by are at a +2 difficulty. Standing close to at least one tree can lower this to a +1 difficulty, but the *Waldschrats* must be close enough to at touch it.

In addition, they cannot gain Zauberkunst from anywhere that's not in the forest. Only the Hearts of hidden glens (read as Cairns in Werewolf Lexicon) can provide the means to refuel their magics. It should be noted that the Werwolves are notoriously protective of such places, and a Waldschrat must be incredibly polite, or incredibly sneaky to get in.

If the Werwolf thing is too risky, a smart player might look at the Background of Free-Hold and maybe find themselves a little something-something to keep secret and safe.



Greti sharpens her pointy stick with a knife as big as her arm. She looks at you with crazy eyes, smiles slowly, and begins...

Alb: Scary? Sure, if you have one in your house. Guess what? I don't have a house.

Gummi-Bären: I don't party like that. Sorry. That *OONCE-OONCE* music gets real old, real quick.

Haferbocke: Almost as old as us, but twice as dark. The price mortals paid to conquer the land was steep. Some of them still pay up to keep a semblance of control.

Haule Mannerchen: The 3 Ladies are always welcome. As are their man-servants.

Kobolds: Gross.

Moswyfjes: Sexy ladies who can spit out a string of expletives hot enough to roast a spring goose. I love em, you love em, we all love em.

Nisser: Hat-Compensation aside, they fill a role that few of us could. They are hard girls and mean boys, and all would be wise to never take that for granted.

Volpertinger: Are they still around? Not as many out here anymore. Maybe they moved on. I don't know.

Werwolf: The Red-Claw families can be allies, if you keep your mouth shut. The Fenrir-Get you have to talk big and be big to stay on their good side. Either one will gut you if you slip up. Don't slip up.