

ADLET

(The Dog-headed others)

Region: the Far North, Wapsu of the Inuit Tribes

“ I don't give a damn 'Bout my reputation. I've never been afraid of any deviation. An' I don't really care If ya think I'm strange – I ain't gonna change.” Bad Reputation – Joan Jett

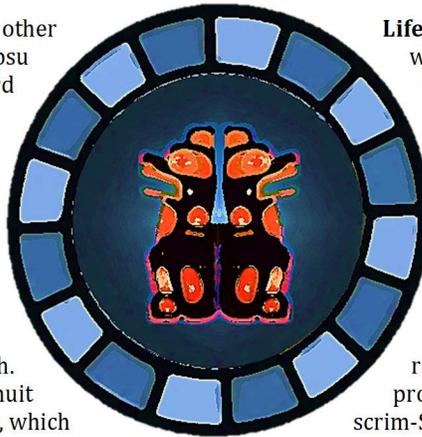
Quote: I don't care who you think you are, you're in my territory now. It's cold, and I'm friends with a Wendigo... let's see how fast you are when you're being chased by him!

The Adlet are looked down upon by the other Nunnehi, and even most Wapsu (Nunnehi/Thallain). They are the bastard children of dogs and men. Some particularly xenophobic Nunnehi even claim them the progenitor of all white races. Violent and uncouth, the Adlet's chief claim to fame comes solely from their ability to cause turmoil. They are one of the most hated families of Wapsu, and the Adlet are proud of it.

Long ago they served as a renegade Family of Native Fae, Warring with the other Northern Nunnehi families, and the Pure-Lands Garou both. But with the advancement of time and the Inuit culture, their cold world fell apart. Their battles, which many of their number still adhere to, are pathetic attempts to gain glory, That great Werewolf Tribe of Wendigo, has all but forgotten the little dog-heads (especially with the Wendigo's own ever-important wars). The Adlet are saddened by this, as gaining the approval of a Wendigo, any Wendigo is a sure-fire to win some respect. Yet it should be noted that while the Adlet Gundohgi (Nunnehi Family) may vehemently admire the Wendigo tribe, they fear the *Wechuge* Gundohgi that the Werewolf tribe derives its name.

While the Adlet have tried to wage war on the European Kithain, their frailty prevents them from making too much headway. All Adlets have a crippling fear of fire. This stifles too much destruction, and many of the Family stay far away from any settlement at all to avoid coming to close to open flame. While none can truly know what the future holds for this Family, (especially the Adlet, who don't bother planning much), it can be assumed that they will survive. They are a hearty family, and if the failures of their past hasn't hindered them yet, further failures probably won't either.

Appearance: The Adlet are the worst of the lot, and it shows. In Mortal Dunakadv (Mortal Mien), the Adlet appear as disheveled caricatures or the worst of Northern Trailer-Park Culture. They have shaggy facial hair (even some of the women) beady dark little eyes, pinched features, and a mouth full of brown and jagged dog's teeth. In Fae Dunakadv, the Adlet calls to mind the Garou Were-wolves that the Adlet so emulate. They have the bottom halves of dogs complete with bushy tail. The top halves remain human, but they have the faces that are a mixture of man and sled-dog. The fur of the Adlets runs the gamut of black to white to dirty ivory color but has stripes of a rusty-red across the back, legs, and head. The eyes in Fae Dunakadv are pale-blue, almost white.



Lifestyle: The Adlet resemble the very worst stereotypes, damned near Caricatures, of the Native People. They are over-fond of alcohol, bar-room brawls, and gambling. If anything positive can be said about them, it is that they are a tight-knit family. While fighting among themselves is an every-day occurrence, they will become the staunchest of allies if they feel that someone isn't according any-one of the numbers proper respect. They do maintain some properties, in abandoned trailers and scrim-Shaw lean-tos of scrap wood and corrugated tin. Whole families of the Adlet, sometimes up to 20 individual individuals can dwell in these structures. Those in the know who want to form allies with these Packs, can travel with a car-load of groceries and alcohol to win their allegiance (for a while anyway).

Keep in Mind, some of us here at Koyoht Bleu are Native-Stock, born and bred- It can get ugly out on the res. Have some couth when you play an Adlet. They are that guy, sure, but don't you be that guy, and remember that such is a depressing affair, and a sordid reality. Gods Bless.

Youngling (Perturbed) Adlets are bullies and victims both. While they try to lord their strength over weaker individuals, they are consistently the recipients of the older Adlet's bullying themselves.

Brave(Prowler) Adlets now have the ability to prove themselves to the world and seek battles and bar-fights to cement their rep.

Elder (Miser) Adlets are nasty and cantankerous curmudgeons. They have hated their lives so far and even more-so the bleak prospects of their future.

Glamour Ways: Adlet regain Medicine whenever they successfully convince people that they are not to be trifled with. Good old fashioned scaring tourists works just as well as beating the hell out of them. All that matters is that the others know that the *Adlet ain't nuttin ta fuk-wit....*

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Adlet are accompanied by a freezing blast of damp wind that smells of wet dog and sea water, and with it the faraway barking of a pack of angry dogs.

Affinity: Actor

Birthrights (*Endowments*):

Child of the Ice: The Adlet is immune to ice and cold and will suffer no ill effects from exposure to the Northern elements, no matter how fierce.

Gift of the Snow-Runner: The Adlet are hardy creatures, designed by the dream of the Tundra to survive where no one else can. They gain extra physical abilities upon character creation depending on their Seeming. Youngling Adlet get an extra dot of stamina, dexterity, and Strength. Braves get two extra dots of stamina and strength. Elders get three extra dots of Stamina.

Frailties (*Vulnerabilities*):

Uncouth: The Adlet can never be as established as the other Nunnehi Families. They are forever at a +2 difficulty to any social roll when dealing with others besides their own family. This includes the other Wapsu Gundohgi. This rises to a +3 when dealing with the Wechuge family of Wapsu, and a +4 when dealing with the Wendigo family of Werewolves (Much to the Adlet's chagrin).

Fire Bad: A hold-over from the ancient and frozen times before European expansion into their ancestral homeland, the Adlet have an unsettling fear of fire. Whenever faced with any source of open flame larger than a small camp-fire, the Adlet must roll willpower at a difficulty set by the seeming. The difficulty of the Youngling Adlet is 10, the Braves 9, and the Elder 8. If the roll fails, than the Adlet drops everything and heads into the frozen wastes far away from human settlement, as fast as he can.

Buck Open-shirt, home-made gin-brewer of Juneau, flips you the bird and complains about the Families

Ask-wee-da-eed: Bad Medicine if ever there was. When these guys hit town, leave town. Safest place you can be is far away.

Kooshdakhaa: We're both from the North, but we're big different. They like to drown people for fun. I drown people because I'm hard-core.

Pukwudgie: Now these guys are cool, they are what every one of the Families should be.

U'tlun'ta: Creepy ass forest witches, they're good for nothing but chew-toys.

Mekumwasuck: Who? What? I don't know what that is.

Ijiraq: If I ever see one, I'll tell you what I think.

Ishigaq: OOH. They serve old forgotten gods of the snow. Brown-nosing little shit-shirts is what that makes them.

Qallupilluk: Fishy hags, who just want a baby. Reminds me of my ex-wife.

Yung'a Hano: What the hell is a cactus? Is it like a tree?

Wechuge: How dare you ask about them... You go to hell.

Wendigo: I like to think that we're related to the Dog-soldiers, we have so much in common you know?

