



Those who play with the devil's toys will be brought by degrees to wield his sword.

– R. Buckminster Fuller

Quote: Say friend, that's a mighty nice song you're whistling. Can I have it? Your whistling, I mean.

Long ago, before even the Dream was split from its reality, the Fair-Ones struck a deal with the Most beautiful and Most proud Son of the morning. In exchange for something now long forgotten, the Fair Ones would present souls once every seven years or so. This was known as the Teind.

Perhaps this is where the Kith known as the Diabhal (*pronounced Jowl*) originate. Diabhal are dark and twisted, yet charismatic Fae with just the right amount of pluck. They can be gregarious and dashing, but also enticing in the way that only dark things are.

They encourage the worst in others to seek out the Dreaming's Dark-side. In this they use the *GAME*, a series of contests, bets, or musical ventures, in order to gather pieces of a target's true-name. Over time, little things, like a favorite song, or eye-color, add up. Once a Diabhal has enough of these, he can seize control over a person's essence for his own dark purposes (see *Cutting Heads*, page XXXX).

What the Diabhal does with these names has never been discovered, but it just may be that the Fae still owe the teind to Hell, and the Diabhal are the only ones left to pay it.

Appearances: The Diabhal are split between Miens. The Mortal Mien sees Diabhal are nice and normal folk, unassuming and polite, though they are marked with some sort of infirmity (see *Frailty* below). In Fae Mien, the Diabhal are a varied lot. Some have horns, some have milky eyes. Some have cloven hooves, and others have red skin. All of them are dapper however, and many sport fine silk clothing, dripping with the finest accessories. Even a Diabhal with no resources will sport a silver tipped cane, or an ornate gold pocket-watch. All the better to convince someone that crime does in fact pay. All Diabhal also carry some sort of musical instrument on their person. A harmonica, a fiddle, a set of fine uilleann pipes, two spoons: the Diabhal always has something to make music with.

Lifestyles: Diabhal hold a stubborn pride and a sour shame of what they are and what they do. They ultimately have no culture of their own excepting a few ties to the odd Celtic Kith (such as the Kirk-grim and/or Spring-Heel). Most are loners, and even the ones who join their fellow Changelings are treated as pariahs. Diabhal may be called simply bastards of the Dreaming. They have been born of Glamour and cursed to bear a load that no one person should have to wield. Most of their lives they are left to roam the outskirts of respectability due to



appearance and reputation. The wonderful and magical Dreaming world of the Pookas and Sidhe has long since abandoned them. Diabhal, in this, are not the least bit dismayed. They have ways of getting by.

Childling Diabhal are sickly looking children. The infirmity that they inherit (see *Frailty* below) ostracizes them from the other Childlings. They make up for this with their quick wit, and penchant for games of chance and musical ability.

Wilders Diabhal are mischievous but in a way far more serious than most pooka. They quickly learn their trade, and will often lead others to trouble, disappearing just before things get too hazardous. They now have a full grasp of their abilities and use it to their full advantage.

Grumps Diabhal are the most dangerous of the Diabhal for they have honed their manipulations to a razor keen-blade. They have paid their tithes time and time again, and now relish in their abilities.

Glamour Ways: Most Diabhal gain their Glamour by tricking it out of mortals. Why it is easy to gather it from local debauched festivities and the lack of inhibitions that flow at such fetes, it is much more satisfying to see the tears when a person, especially an innocent, gives into temptation unwittingly. The realization on such a person's face when they realize just when the sin is committed is worth the price of admission alone.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Diabhal are accompanied by a blast of heat, and the unmistakable odor of brimstone and sulfur. Screeching fiddles can be heard somewhere in the distance, and even the most oblivious feels a sense of unease.

Affinity: Actor

Birthrights

The Game: Diabhal start off with free points in the *Game*. (see *Cutting Heads*) Childling Characters begin with 3, Wilder start with 5, and Grumps with 7.

Jack of Many Talents: All Diabhal start off with 2 free dots in performance, and 2 free dots in any other Skills that he wants.

In addition, a Diabhal can automatically play any musical instrument.

Frailties:

Slipped Seeming: All Diabhal are born with some form of devilish mark that carries through in their mortal seeming. A Diabhal with glowing red-eyes would have rheumy pink eyes in his mortal seeming. A Diabhal with a wicked barbed tail in his Fae seeming would sport a stumpy pale tail coming off of his tail-bone. Even something as odd as ashy smell that clings to clothes would leave the Diabhal with a body-racking cough every few minutes or so. This Flaw manifests as hindrances to Abilities. The rheumy eyes would be a hindrance to Appearance. The tail would be a hindrance to Dexterity. The cough to stamina and so forth.

All Bets are Open: A Diabhal cannot turn down a challenge. Anytime someone should formally challenge a Diabhal to a contest (anything from spitting watermelon seeds to a fiddle contest) the Diabhal is obliged to participate. The stipulations are important, however, and must meet certain requirements 1. The challenge must mean something to both parties. (*"I bet you can't run over that toddler in your jeep"* won't cut it). 2. The terms must be up front. (*If you win, you get this shiny fiddle of gold; if you lose I get your name*). 3. The challenge must be officially declared (*I am calling you out, devil; I challenge you to a game of Battleship*).

Red Joe Gauge notes on your honeyed yet rapier wit and pronounces to altercate with some mutually altruistic diatribe.

Boogey-Men: Why in the name of all the darkness, are we not allies?

Dust Devils: Seriously? You would turn your back on me, brother?

Jellies: Damn them all to Hell. They're so g** damn content.

Nomes: IN their dark places beneath the earth, they beg for our services. We always have business.

Gremlin: Hidden flair at destruction, coupled with a burning desire to still matter in this new world. What's not to like?

Hodag: If I ever get close enough to their settlements to deal with them, I will let you know.

Myconid: I wish they had desires beyond rotten logs and fertile soil. Oh well, maybe in their next life-cycle.

Pumpkin-heads: You yet remember the old ways, don't you little brother? Good.

Kirkgrims: Stay away from their churches; stay away from their dead-fields, and for the love of God stay away from Scotland.

Civatateo: Beautiful Ladies! Are you sure you won't share a dance with an old sinner?

Effigies: I like fire as much as the next feller, but these...guys? Girls? Whatever, they're bad news.

