

Fear Gorta



**They are dying! They are dying! where the golden corn is growing,
They are dying! They are dying! where the crowded herd are lowing,
They are gasping for existence where the streams of life are flowing,
And they perish of the plague where the breeze of health is blowing.**
"A Mystery" – Denise Florence MacCarthy

Quote: A Slice of Bread? A single egg? A can of beans? Anything to spare for a poor sinner?

The Fear Gorta, which means the *Men-of-Starvation*, are one of the three Irish Adhene of Death. As their name suggests, they are death by Hunger. One that the Ireland knows only too well due to the famine that wracked Hibernia in the 19th Century. Between 1845 and 1851, the Great Hunger was the catalyst for more than 1-million Irish dead. The Fear-Gorta were not the cause, as the Irish were generous. The Fear Gorta were nor the catalyst, as the potato blight came from other places. Yet the Fear Gorta, ever a caring Folk, were certainly there to witness.

Today the Adhene family, which consists of males and females despite their name, are a sort of boogie-men among the Irish Fae. The other Adhene pose a threat, the Death by battle as per the Bánánach is always a possibility, and depredations of heart-break caused by the Gancanagh is probably the worst way to go, but the implications of starvation are all too real in too many Hibernian Hearts. Thusly, if there is even the supposed sighting of the Fear-Gorta in an area, all present hold their breaths in fearful anticipation.

With all this said, however, the Fear Gorta aren't evil, or even what be could called Unseelie. Most of them are cheery and smiling individuals who come seeking hospitality and generosity. Like some great God of antiquity seeking to test the compassion of mortals and judging them accordingly, the Fear-Gorta are reactionary creatures. It is a shame that they are feared as much as they are, for out of all the numerous Adhene Tribes, the Men-of-Starvation are perhaps the kindest and most open. It is a testament to the ugliness of others that their arrival breeds so much terror.

Appearance: In all forms the Fear Gorta are horribly emaciated but cheery-eyed individuals. Their Mortal Mien have sallow looking skin stretched tight over tall ragged frames. Their Fae Mien is downright skeletal, with yellowish skin and pained faces – though the expressions vary depending on Ariá. In this Mien, there are strange greenish stains around the lips, as if they were eating grass- testimony to the desperation of the Irish people during the famines.

Lifestyle: The Fear Gorta's life is one of travel between hither and yon. Crossing through this world, they may appear as beggars in poverty stricken areas, or as high-ranking business folk when travelling through more wealthy areas – all the better to test and gauge the hospitality of the local populace, either mortal, Changeling, or other. If they can be recognized for what they are, and approached with respect and open-handedness, they can prove to be allies. This isn't often the case, however, and many a kingdom has been wracked with surprise famines due to the unkind actions of a few greedy souls.

TRIGGER WARNINGS

The Fear Gorta are manifestations of Ireland's greatest sadness, which is saying a lot because the Irish love their woes (Don't judge, Mate, most of us here are Irish ourselves, God keep you). If you are introducing a Fear Gorta, or really any of the three newer Hibernian Adhene), do so with great tact and great care. Death by starvation is no mean occurrence, and the whole of the Irish race mourns it. It was a real event, and it killed a million real people, and still weighs heavy on the hearts of a million million more. Saints preserve you, oh beloved readers.

With Love,

Koyohji Bleu

Ariá: The Ariá of the Fear-Gorta is a reactionary one, based on a people's generosity or lack thereof. The Apollaie Ariá being more for the generous, the Dionae for the stingy. Just as members of a community can vary of their levels of liberality, so too can the response-driven Ariá of the Fear Gorta.

- ❖ *Apollaie Fear Gorta* is the preferred and default Ariá. This is also the most sought-after response. These are the kindest and gentlest of the Adhene. Their wan shallow faces are warm and inviting, and though they may not have much, they share it with all. This is the face shown when a community is as kind and generous with their own supplies as the Adhene themselves are.
- ❖ *Araminae Fear Gorta* is the cold and waiting response. Few Fear Gorta stay in this Ariá for over-long. Their thin emotionless faces are impassive, harsh, even callous in some regards. Their eyes are unblinking and tight mouths whisper "Will you share?" If the answer is yes, the community has nothing to fear as the Fear Gorta switches back to their default Apollaie Ariá. If not...
- ❖ *Dionae Fear Gorta* is the ravaging, violent and insane face of a hunger that will never be sated. Their skeletal faces have no visible eyes, their mouths are filled with rotten teeth sharp and stained grass-green. Their thin twig-like fingers, brittle and sallow-skinned point accusingly at the greedy-hearted who declined to part with any of their food-storage. The full weight of the Fear Gorta's powers will fall on the heads of these unfortunate parsimonious souls.

Glamour Ways: The Fear Gorta refuel their Glamour from the generosity shown by the towns, free-holds, mortal houses, or even individuals they interact with. If the person gives willingly with a smile and full-heart, they refuel their magics- doubly so if the individual sharing doesn't have much to begin with.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Fear Gorta are accompanied by differing unleashings depending on Ariá. *Apollaie* Unleashings smell like fresh baked bread and feel like a warm comfortable fire. *Araminae* Unleashings carry the heavy weight of awaiting a verdict. There is a shortness of breath, a heavy-

apprehension in the pit of the stomach, and a prickly feelings across the hands of those who witness it. *Dionae* Unleashings are palpable waves of hunger that wrack the body, the mind, and the very soul. Those unused to hunger will claw at their mouths and scream, those who have suffered from hunger before will simply sit and accept their inevitable wasting-away. Redcaps, surprisingly, will only silently acknowledge and accept the pain that accompanies such Unleashings.

Affinity: Time

Birthrights:

Hunger-Strike (*Stailc Ocras*): With a simple pointed finger, a Fear Gorta can wrack a group of people with the crippling hunger-pains of a starving mortal. The Fear-Gorta simply spends a point of Glamour, points at the victims and rolls willpower (difficulty 7).

For every success, the victims are down that many points to all rolls as the pain of starvation wracks their body.

If the amount of successes on the roll is more than the victims' Stamina ratings, then the pain is so supernaturally excruciating that they fall to their knees in tearful agony as they clutch their stomachs and claw at their mouths. They will attempt to shove anything into their mouths to sate their hunger, including clumps of grass, clods of dirt, or rocks.

Redcaps, are immune to this ability, but still know better than to risk offending the Fear Gorta.

Horn of Plenty (*Adharca Neart*): With a point of Glamour spent, the Fear Gorta can bless food production, be it the growth of crops over a season, or even increase the amount of a single meal. The Fear Gorta rolls willpower- difficulty of how large the food to be increased- a single pizza is a 6, a large holiday spread an 8, and perhaps a large field of wheat a 10. The number of successes indicate how much that volume of food is increased. Two successes means that the pizza feeds twice as many people, 3 successes means the wheat farm that crop season yields three times the usual amount.



Frailties:

Creatures of Response (*Beithíoch Freagartha*): Regardless of how they feel about a people, be they friend or foe, the Fear Gorta is not in control over which of their Birthrights they utilize. Despite their own kindness and generosity, they are still Adhene, and still alien in their reasons and actions. If treated kindly, they have no choice to but to react in kind. If treated harshly, their *Dionae* Ariá will ensure that all those present will be punished, women, children, dogs... No Fear Gorta wants that, but ultimately have no choice. This is their Dreaming-Given Mission, and always will be.

Bartleby, politely asking for a sip of your flask, politely shares his sentiments on his fellow Hibernians.

Bullywug: Nasty little mug-whumpers, to be sure, but not as hard-hearted as you'd think. They don't have much, and it's always mud-flavored, but they're the first one's to offer you some. They'll complain about the flavor afterwards, but they'll still offer it to you with a smile.

Cailleachan: From old stock, and old worlds. Perhaps not as old as ours, but enough so to warrant them deference.

Dullahan: The Old Gods would never share the brack nore bread, but their servants always snuck out some victuals for us. Look which ones are still about and take that as a warning.

Enfield: A strange Tribe, I've not sure I have met them. But I have met their wards, and they were keen enough.

Fachen: Miserable little broken pissants with all the grace and generosity of any miser. They have felt the wrath due them and changed not at all. Let the devil take them.

Fir Deargs: They were kind enough, but I couldn't help but feel that it was a great show they were putting on for me.

Killmoulis: No matter where I go, or how much I go in disguise, they were always there with a drop of the hard stuff for imbibing, and a warm fire for sharing tales. I did most of the talking of course, but that is how it is with these ones.

Leipreachán: Little stooping Lugh, they say. Well then, how tall was Lugh to begin with? My favorite family, and the most misunderstood.

Roane: Do you mean the Selkies?

Samhanach: They share of course, always have and always will. But what they share is a kind of manic fun that leaves participants with broken bones and bloodied noses. No amount of candy is worth that price.

Redcaps: They know, and understand. They have our condolences.

Bánánach: Aye. Battle is one way to go. There are worse of course, but their's is bad too.

Gancanagh: As the Raven ladies to theirs, and we to ours, so too are these ones. Death of a broken-heart is the worst way to go of course, but so it goes.