

Fin Folk

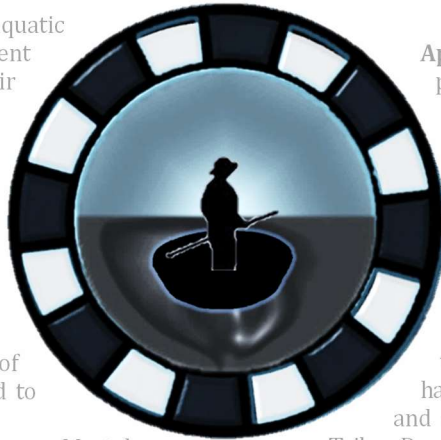
"And when they grew up the sea cast its spell on them still. Some of them became sailors and spent their lives afloat, but most of them stayed right here in the Isles, nor did they need to look farther for a living, since those dark ones could catch more fish in a day than the rest of us catch in a week. 'Twas some strange power in them, seemingly. And so it went on all down the years. Every time one of those dark ones was born he'd turn to the sea in the same way and spend all his life within reach of it..."

The Secret of Ron Mor Skerry - by Rosalie K. Fry

Quote: Come with me. You could love me down there. Or learn to.

The Fin Folk are the Dark Ones, an aquatic Denizen Tribe of Adhene from the most ancient of times. Before the Tuatha, before the Fir Bholgs, well before even the Fomor, the Nemed, or the Milesians, the Fin Folk dwelt down in their cold aquatic realm with only their own for company. Yet with the first people on land, the Fin Folk saw something new, beautiful faces. There were handsome, bright and shiny men, lustrous women, all with skin, hair and eyes a slew of new shades never imagined by this deep dreaming Tribe of others. With that they first left their world to begin taking from this new one.

Little has changed between then and now. Mortal Fisher-folk in and around the Northern waters know to mark their boats with the sign of the cross, and to steer clear of Eynhallow in Orkney, as that is where they collect their new spouses. Though it should be stressed that there are Fin Men and Fin Wives all, any pretty face of any sex could be stolen away beneath the waves.



Appearance: The Fin Folk in all Mien are pale. There is little difference save a slight pointing of the ears in Fae Mien, a darkening of their eyes, and a more perceptible scowl (no matter how much they may try to hide it behind a smile). In all forms, the Fin Folk have a perpetual drip of cold salty water, no matter how far they travel inland.

Lifestyle: The Fin Folk's lifestyle is from the sea, on the sea, and in the sea. They have little to do with any Changeling Politics and could care less about any other Kith or Tribe. Deep under the waves they have their own home in Finfolkaheem, which is good enough for them. Any interaction that has to be had with others is usually based on Ariá (below). There are also the relationships with the stolen Sweethearts below in Finfolkaheem, which are nothing to smile about.

Ariá : The Ariá of the Fin Folk is based on emotional bearing, if not actually the emotions they are experiencing (which is anyone's guess). It is also how based on how this bearing endears them to the mortal world, and what roles they play to themselves.

❖ *Apollaie Fin Folk* are cold, detached, and sometimes callous individuals, but they are honest. They are the most likely to be traders with mortals.

❖ *Araminae Fin Folk* are surly, and bitter cusses, they usually prefer the mortal lives of fishermen. They are content to ply their trade in solitary.

❖ *Dionae Fin Folk* are sardonic, sneering, manipulative bastards. Their smiles always seem fake and their promises thin. They serve their own most of all, being snatchers of men and women. For those other Fin Folk less fond of snatching, the dionae can be bargained into to snatching somebody in particular.

Glamour Ways: Fin Folk regain Glamour from their sweethearts; those pool souls deep below the waves. Their misery is great, and sorrows plentiful, but they do provide the Fin Folk with means to refuel magicks.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Fin Folk are accompanied by the unsavory odor of fishy brine and taste like a mouth full of fishy salt. With multiple successes, sometimes huge puddles of cold cold water appear under foot and flood the room.



Affinity: Scene

Birthrights:

Water Born: The Fin Folk Can breathe underwater like most aquatic fae (especially amongst the Hyperborean fae) but with just a kiss (and it has to be a good one), they can gift another, Mortal or otherwise with the same underwater breathing ability. It cost nothing save the discomfort of kissing cold fishy lips, but one kiss lasts for one day.

Note that this doesn't save the kissed from the cold, or overly deep crushing ocean reaches, it only allows them to talk and breath...

When the Fin Folk themselves are in the water all dexterity and strength rolls are at a -2 difficulty. In addition any boats or other are simply extensions of the Fin Folks own body and handling them is likewise at the -2 difficulty. They can never botch any sailing, piloting boats, rowing, or other such roll.

Frailties:

Drippy: The Fin Folk are born of the cold briny deep, and in the cold briny deep they go. But they always have a little bit of that deep with them. In a form of the Slipped Seeming flaw, all Fin Folk track cold and wet sea water wherever they go and are perpetually dripping it.

Stolen Sweethearts: The Fin Folk are enamored by anything prettier than they are and covet a pretty wife or husband to call their own - but it's not that easy.

For one thing, no Fin Folk ever truly cares, they just want. All empathy rolls made by a Fin Folk are always at a +2 difficulty

These Sweethearts are also the means in which they gain their Glamour, and unfortunately the only way to refuel their Glamour. (usually taken with a kiss).

Finally, there is the snatching of these sweethearts - which the Snatchers amongst them perform. Each Fin Folk, upon seeing a pretty face, (usually at least a rating of 4 or 5 is enough) must roll willpower to not snatch pretty folk. The Difficulty to resist the roll is 4 + the appearance rating of the target. If they can't be bothered to catch the target themselves, they haggle with the snatching *Dionae Fin Folk of their number* to ensure a good snatching...

Jessup of The Skerry, local fish monger but world-renowned asshole, spits cold poison of the others...

Bugganes: Their tusks are as sharp as their minds are dull.

Effigy: The only one of these assholes I'd invite to tea, and I'd want to have tea here.

Fir Gorma: Bah. Waste of good, sweet subtle flesh.

Glashtin: Neppy, nosy do-gooders. I'll steer clear of course, but they should do the same.

Grey-Neighbours: Liars the lot of them. With their big eyes and poison words; They make the rest of us look like angels in comparison.

Grigs: I'd use them for bait, and that's a fact, but their babbling would scare away my catch.

Gunna: Tricky bastards they are, far trickier than me. And for that, there's no better reason to drown them if I ever catch one.

Gyl: No.

Muilearteacha: They're old bird from an old family, and that I can attest. Not the oldest, though. Never the oldest.

Nuckalavee: Large, yes, but we've got an arrangement. They stay on their side and I'll stay on mine.

Sea Bishop: Prattling on about the Lord this and Jesus that. I've got no time for their stories about the New Roman Gods, we were here before even the Pagan ones.

Mu: I'll tell you nothing you big fat wazzock.

ANOTHER TRIGGER WARNING-

Yes, oh good and gentle readers. This is another Trigger Warning from us here, reminding you to think and converse with your group. While not as bad (or as hated) as the Gancanagh, they Fin Folk are still pretty bad.

Thank you for your time, and go with whatever Gods you pray to.



CORACLE: - 3-point Treasure (1 point for Fin Folk)

A small, rounded skin-covered boat, the Coracle has similar counterparts found as far away as Vietnam, the middle-east, and even Tibet. Yet the truth of its oldest origins lies in the Fin Folk, who would use them to transport their Stolen Sweethearts to their future homes. Their Coracles' own were smaller, and much lighter, constructed of driftwood, seal-skin, and lashed together with seaweed, and yes, irrefutably magic.

With a point of Glamour spent, the Fin Folk's Coracle can produce a bubble of air all about it and travel deep under the waves as easily as over them. Even those who don't have any applicable skills (rowing, rafting, boat pilot, etc...) can easily guide the Coracle in any direction they choose. In game terms, who ever own the boat need only set their butt down, pick up the oars and lower their Dexterity roll difficulty to steer it by 1.