

# GNOLLS

"I reject at once an idea which lingers in the mind of some modern people that cultural activities are in their own right spiritual and meritorious, as though scholars and poets were intrinsically more pleasing to God than scavengers and bootblacks." – C.S. Lewis

**Quote:** \*Far away cackling, that is getting closer and closer, and louder and louder.....\*

The Hyena Headed Gnoll is a strong and powerful Tribe of Emere (Changelings), rivaling the Nyar-Viruze in militant power and discipline, and the Tokolosh in ferocity. Gifted in magic, mighty in warfare, and possessed of a pack mentality that puts even the Werewolves to shame, the Gnolls rarely take part in the greatness that other Akuko (Kith can boast. The reason for this stems from their very name.

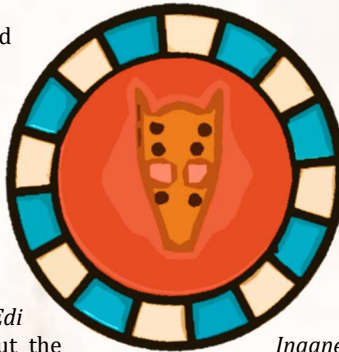
The proper term for this Akuko is *Edi Amoosu*, which translates into Hyena witch. But the word Gnoll is more common amongst the rest of the Emere, and indeed the rest of the Changeling world. The term Gnoll stems from the Middle English *Noll* which refers to a stupid or very drunk person. A term applied by European fae upon arrival to Africa. This slur sums up the feeling most Fae have for this downtrodden Kith. (Although many a wayward Pooka has claimed allegiance to the Kith, and cited that a Gnoll is half Gnome and half Troll, it remains to be seen if this is anything more than an elaborate ruse.)

The Gnolls have fallen far from grace since the arrival of Europeans into their territories over the centuries, and what remains now is a far cry from an Akuko that once rivaled the Nyar-Viruze for power. They have been relegated to second-hand citizens, and many have had to carve out new lives for themselves in ghettos and shantytowns across the world. Despite these setbacks however, the Gnolls have thrived amongst their difficulties. Clever, resourceful beyond belief, and loyal to a fault amongst their own, the Gnolls will continue to flourish.

**Appearance:** In all Umomo Gnolls appear as long limbed and graceful dark-skinned individuals, yet despite this grace, they aren't usually considered attractive by most. In Bopha Umomo (Mortal Mien) most mortals only see coarse hair, rough features, and scowl. The Bilongo Umomo (Fae Mien), sees them taller, upwards of 2 and ½ metres, should they stand without slouching. They sport the heads of hyenas, complete with a dark bristly pelt all bedecked in spots, stripes, and other markings. Their limbs are long and tight with thin wiry ropes of sinew and muscle. A perpetual sneer can be seen in their dark-dark eyes.

**Lifestyle:** Albeit an extremely insular Kith, the Gnoll nevertheless maintain close ties to each other, despite distances between packs. They also venerate ancestors and ensure that the elders of their line are kept safe and happy. This is especially true of the females of the Gnoll families. Their packs are matriarchal, and the eldest women are treated as royals, much like the Nyar-Viruze.

While ostensibly an African Kith, anywhere a marginal group is downtrodden and ostracized, the Gnolls can emerge.



There are packs in L.A., Harlem, India, and even in Leeds England. However, there is still as special place for them in the deepest hearts of Africa's wild places. In the veldts, where the dreaming and reality blurs, you will find the most ancient of the *Edi Amoosu* packs. Here they exist as they have for thousands of years, enforcing their rules of surviving and ensuring that familial ties still hold sway

*Ingane Gnolls*, or cubs are kept far away from outsiders. They are taught Gnoll ways from the moment of their chrysalis and are expected to support their pack despite their youth. Female Gnolls are especially trained, and many are taught hedge magics by the elder females, in hopes of gaining another witch -priestess to add to the ranks.

*Asendle Gnolls* are quick to prove themselves to their elders. The males quickly fall in line behind the females, and the females quickly gather into war-bands under the Grandmothers. While they don't readily seek out other of the Akuko to adventure with, they may be asked to lend their skills to outsiders not used to the struggles of the veldts.

*Omdala Gnolls* or Grandmothers (even the males) are treated with the dignity and respect due their age.

**Glamour Ways:** Gnolls regain Bilongo wherever they are able to maintain close ties with mortals – Ties that come with no stipulations, stereotypes, misconceptions, or fears. Needless to say, this is rarely the case.

**Unleashing:** Cantrips cast by the Gnolls are accompanied by the smells of hot grass and dry sun-scorched scrub, and the beat of distant war drums that may or not be a heart-beat. Palpable waves of heat play across the scene, and Fae that unfamiliar with hot climes may find such temperatures unbearable..

**Affinity:** Scene

**Birthrights**

**Bone breaking jaw (*Beenbreekbek*):** The jaw muscles of a Gnoll are supernaturally strong and make the Redcap's bite seem like a toothless nibble in comparison. If a Gnoll can get her mouth on someone, and apply full force with her bite, it will crack bones. No stamina roll will negate this. The Gnoll need roll nothing, save that she must be able to bite down. If stats are needed, then it is seen as STR+7 points of damage- but only if the Gnoll can get a good grip.

**Unnerving laugh (*Onnodige lag*):** The Laugh of the Gnoll is unsettling to say the least, and anyone hearing it for the first time must roll their willpower (difficulty 5 + the Gnoll's Charisma) or be frightened for the rest of the scene. This fear will add a +2 difficulty to all rolls made.

### Frailties

**Unloved (*Nie Geliefd Nie*):** The Gnolls have a hard time in the modern world. They are spread thin across the world, hiding in ghettos, and treated with contempt by others. This works both ways as well, and the Gnolls are all too quick to treat those others with contempt. All social rolls Gnolls attempt with others are at a +1 difficulty. For anybody else making a social roll to engage with a Gnoll, this escalates. Any non-Gnolls are at a +1 difficulty. Any stuck-up or pretentious individuals (you Sidhe know who you are) are at a +2 difficulty. Any Nyar-Viruze, or Simba (see Changing Breed Book Bastet) are at a +3 difficulty. It should be noted that anyone who makes a Gnoll laugh (and can tolerate the laugh) is exempt from this and has the aid of the Gnolls for the rest of his life. This is more than just a chuckle or chortle, however, and must be something actually funny to all players, and must be played out.

### Dikeledi, sharpens her spear, and harangues; the Nyar Viruze, the rest of the Emere, and you...

**Abatwa:** Being so small, they can cause much damage and be overlooked. We have learned from their ways.

**Aziza:** Despite their ties to nature, they don't own the hunt  
**Ekwu:** Dinner parties? Washing clothes? Silverware? You aren't an Emere, you are a retainer.

**Kimbasi:** The waters have a special place but hold their own dangers. The Mami-Wata are the same.

**Negoogungogumbar:** Hah. At least their heart is in the right place.

**Nieterkob:** What Gods do you claim allegiance to? Well then good for you, I will send you back to them.

**Nyar-Viruze:** Bitch queens who throw their title around as much as their fat asses. I didn't vote for them.

**Ogo:** Bah, scoundrels and kissers, and petty horny storytellers, they can be counted on only for telling pretty lies.

**Tokolosh:** They play at being beasts, but know only chaos. If they want to understand what a beast really is, I can show them.

**Yombi:** I really want to hate the generous ones. But I can't seem to even dislike them.

**Aithu:** Filthy shadows of the Oba. But more honest than you'd think.

**Oba:** You are so far away, sitting on your golden chair, how can you see to rule me? Go back to your world and leave me mine.

**Junktooths:** We don't have many contacts among the other Fae, but those with the broken teeth are friends.

**Ajaba:** The Bringers of Rain are allies, if not immediate family. Treat them with respect. But don't tell them our secrets.

**Simba:** As if the Nyar-Viruze weren't bad enough... there are lion-changers of the Green Mother who are also men....

