

NIGHT-GAUNT

All they ever did was clutch and fly and tickle; that was the way of Night-Gaunts.

The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath~ HPL

Quote: *None- just a blank face looking through you...*

In the skies of the Dream-Lands, or out past Sarkomand, there is one Mythian Tribe that begets night-mares of even the stoutest of Outer World adventurers. The Night-Gaunts are faceless, expressionless, genderless, and faster than the eye can follow. On black wings they descend on mortals... and tickle out Glamoure in a reaping most perverse.

This tickling is the means in which the Night-Gaunts refuel their magic, but the Mists that usually protect such reappings, are at the beck and call of this Strange Mythian tribe. If a Night-Gaunt wants a victim to remember, then they'll remember. IF they want them to forget, they'll forget.

Despite their seemingly obvious infernal appearance, the Night-Gaunts aren't devils. They can be sought out and appealed to just as any other Tribe could, perhaps more than other Tribes, as chaos isn't their repertoire-neither is greed, or hunger, or disgust. They are cold and expressionless alien Outer-Tribes, yes. But they aren't monsters. They simply *are*. And they *are* more-so than most.

Appearance: In Mortal Mien, which is rare for them, the Night-Gaunts are wholly forgettable figures. They have faces with features - mouths and eyes and noses and such, but their very nature causes mortals to quickly forget any and every detail of these features. They are tall and lithe and tend to dress in black or grey. Even Gender is forgotten if the Night-Gaunts have one at all. That they were seen is the very most mortals can remember.

In Fae Mien, however, is their Mythian horror realized. They are indeed shocking and uncouth dark things. They have slick oily looking skin. It is all greys and blues and dark indigo violets. They have horns and long black wings and a thin cracking whipping tail. It is their faces, however, that draws the most apprehension. It is completely smooth, with no eyes, nose, mouth, or even semblance of expression. They have no voice, and they have no means to show any empathy. Their expressions are as cold as the tomb, and just as inviting.

Lifestyle: The Night-Gaunts spend their nights seeking out victims to "Tickle." Some gather in small groups. Some do so solo. Some choose only the vilest and depraved of mortals to harass. Some seek out innocence. It is hard to find patterns with such a quiet lot.

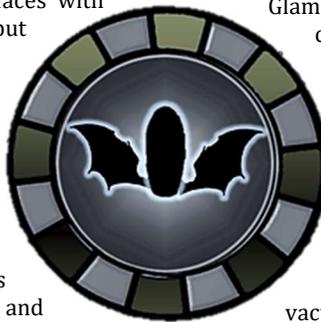
Many a group of Half-Blooded have utilized the Night-Gaunts as guides through the worst areas of the Deep Dream-Lands. There are few as quick and nimble as this Mythian Tribe, and many Night-Gaunts welcome adventure (though they won't, and can't admit as such) The price Night-Gaunts demand for such services, however, may be more than the Half-Blooded Troupe may be willing to pay.

Aria: The Different Aria of the Night-Gaunts is harder to estimate than most. One clue seems to lie in how they communicate their dark desires, and how they utilize their Beloved of Mists Birthrights.

- ❖ *Dionae Night-Gaunts* communicate by facing their victims (as best they can) and looming large over them. Their tickling is forceful and harsh. They use the mists to have their victims remember the horrendous ideal.
- ❖ *Araminae Night-Gaunts* do not communicate. They do not face their victims at all, and some wonder if the Night-Gaunts even *comprehend* their victims. They do not use the mists to affect their victims and seem to let the victim's own psyche decide what is remembered.
- ❖ *Appolaie Night-Gaunts* communicate with pointing and gesturing. Some few will use charades, and at least one or two have developed the skill of learning sign-language. Their tickling is softer than most, and they try to use the mists to remove as much discomfort as possible. Keep in mind that no Night-Gaunt, regardless of Aria, could be considered the "Good Kind of Night-Gaunt," and the Appolaie are just as alien as the others.

Glamoure Ways: The Night-Gaunts can only replenish their Glamoure by tickling their victims. This is as creepy and disconcerting as it sounds. The Night-Gaunt must actively be able to touch a mortal (or otherwise) with his fingers or tail, and then proceeds to... well... one can understand how unsettling this is. Most Night-Gaunts prefer to do so while the victim sleeps.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Night-Gaunts are accompanied by a palpable vacuous silence, and a dreadful feeling of being restricted, bound, caged...



GREAT OLD ONE:

The Night-Gaunts revere **Nodens** as their lord and master. The name Nodens means no teeth, small wonder considering his mouthless worshippers. He was worshipped in the Celtic Lands of the Waking world of Earth (inciting much speculation of the parts of Fae Scholars of antiquity with claims to the Tuatha de Danaan). He is associated with hunting, nets, trapping, and dogs... fitting as the Night-Gaunts are notorious for chasing and capturing their victims as well as they do.

Nodens appears as an elder mortal man, white of beard but mighty in body. Of all the Great-Old-Ones, he is perhaps the most approachable (if such a thing can be said about Old Gods). He has even proven an ally to lost Changelings, aiding them in battle against dark-beasts from beyond the Black Sea of Infinity. Why such cold and removed figures as Night-Gaunts venerate such an amenable deity may never be understood. But yet, what is the Mythian mysteries if not mysterious?

Affinity: Fae

Birthrights:

Slippery: The Night-Gaunts are far more dexterous than their Mythian sibling Tribes. They gain 2 free dots to dexterity at character creation, have wings that allow flight at twice their running speed, and possess a long prehensile tail that possesses the same rating of dexterity as the rest of them.

Beloved of Mists: The Night-Gaunts have perhaps the biggest ties to the grandiose powers of the Mists – that nebulous force that protects mortal minds from the terrible jaws of the Dreaming. With but a point of Glamoure spent, the Night-Gaunts can stretch and contort the parameters of the mists to whatever ends they wish. Do they want a mortal to remember? To forget? To run headlong into the safe oblivion of madness for the rest of their infinitesimally inadequate lives? Such is the power of the Night-Gaunts.

The Glamoure must be spent and a successful willpower roll must be met, with a difficulty set by how twisted the effects of the Mists will be. An exceptionally banal person, in whom the Night-Gaunt wants to remove all memories of his tickling might be a 6 or 7. That same memory removal from a maddened Mage who spends time in the Great Beyond might be an 8 or 9.

Another blessing of this birthright is that the Night-Gaunt has an inherit ‘mundaneness’ that forever lets them slip from mortal memories. For a mortal to remember interaction with a Night-Gaunt demands their own willpower roll difficulty 10. Bear in mind, that even if a Mortal should remember and succeed on the roll, they still have no comprehension as to what said interaction means without certain Mythian knowledge.

Frailties:

Tickle: As stated above, the Night-Gaunt can only refuel their Glamoure by actively touching their victims in an obscene show of touching. Regardless of whether or not the Victim remembers this touching, they will subconsciously be emotionally scarred from this violation, and no amount of mists can heal such.

No Voice: Asides from their obvious lack of face, is their lack of expression and voice. No Night-Gaunt can ever communicate through such means, and only a few ever bother to learn other means to connect with others...

Treacle-Jack... looks at you? Through you? It is hard to tell...

Leng-Folk

Leng-Spiders

Night-Gaunts:

Serpent-Men

Thunn`ha

Ulthranian-Cats:

Zoogs

Eshu:

Fermets:

