

# Xan

**"Sometimes the little opportunities that fly at us each day can have the biggest impact." Yes Man — Danny Wallace,**

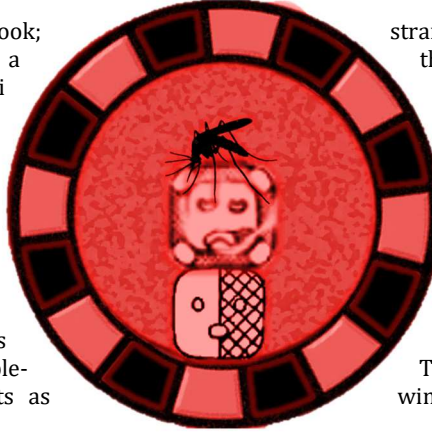
**Quote:** Chupacabra? Uhm. Sure, why not? It's not like I have anything else going for me... like my razor-sharp wit, or my stunning good looks. All I do is suck goats, right?

Regardless of how monstrous they look; the Mosquito monsters Xan are a wonderfully kind and generous Calli (Kith) from the deepest and darkest annals of Mayan Folklore. Children of a primordial archetype manifestation of healing and mental well-being, this tribe of insectoid healers is almost universally Melahuac (Seelie). Even those rare few who aren't such still represent the benevolent ideals of their whole tribe. Some even whisper if this family might be one of the rare double-seelie families understood by the kelts as Marcra.

The whole of the Ayauhcalli (South American Changelings) depend on the Xan for sound advice, and sometimes even bitter truth. The ever-patient Xan dispense both without prejudice. They understand their role and perform it admirably. Although it should be stated that many fear the Xan, not only for their horrid appearance, but for their dark appetites. Only the blood of a living creature can satisfy the Xan, and no few outsiders simply relegate the kindly Xan to the status of Ezzo, (vampires) and their ilk. But again, regardless of their appearance or appetite, the Xan continue to serve the Empire of Dusk as advisors, healers, and keepers of Ancient traditions. It is a rare individual of any Calli that looks askance on any of the mosquito children.

### Appearance:

Unfortunately for the Xan, both Inahual (Mien) are markedly unappealing in a way that few, mortals, or monsters, can comprehend. The Tlacaxayaque (Mortal Mien) has thin hair, googly eyes, a long thin face complete with razor thin and long nose and a



strange jutting chin to match. In a strange form of the Slipped seeming flaw, they are all obscenely tall and thin, with long spindly limbs with odd twitching fingers.

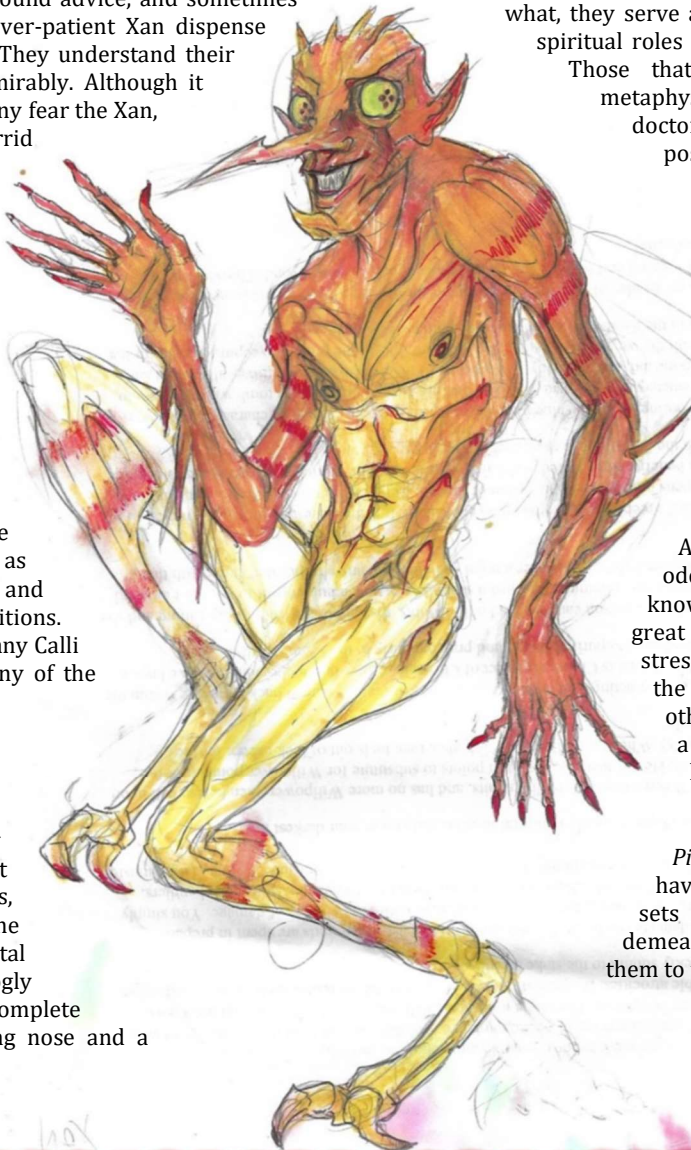
The Teohua (Fae Mien) is exponentially worse. Their face, once googly and ugly, is now horridly insectoid with a long knife-like protuberance where once their nose was. Spines protrude from their face at odd angles. Those long thin limbs are now needle-like. Their skin is as pale yellow as a fish's belly but glows red after a good meal. The Xan also boast two twitching gossamer wings, that do nothing for flight.

**Lifestyle:** In the mortal world, the Xan are successful no matter what, they serve as gurus, shamans, priests, or other spiritual roles if need be, and are happy to do so.

Those that don't want to deal with the metaphysical side of things make great doctors or mental health technicians. Any position where they can help is a position where they are happy. The same can be said for their Ayauhcalli natures. If asked for aid by anyone, regardless of Calli, most Xan will gladly give everything they have in pursuit of helping that poor soul. Some even

extend this aid to others outside the Ayauhcalli; Ezzo, Balambob, even the odd Pepepetlaca Willworker in the know may be offered a hand if needs are great enough. Though it should be stressed, that the Xan understand that the best way to help sometimes is to let others help themselves first. No Xan is a pushover and mistaking their kindness for weakness is a sure-fire way to lose a few liters of blood.

*Pilontli Xan* are tender and sad, they haven't quite learned that their ugliness sets them apart. Still, their gentle demeanor and eagerness to help endears them to their childhood friends.



*Pipiyolti Xan* are still just as excited to get out and help. Those childhood friends of their youth are still around, and every Xan is anxious to get out there and adventure.

*Aacini Xan* are every bit the sage healing figure of their archetype forebear. There is solemnity to them, right behind their smile. It is missing in their younger counterparts and stems from knowledge that they aren't much long for this world. They don't let this hinder them, however, as they will fight the good fight as long as they have left.

**Glamour Ways:** Xan regain *Mahuiztli* whenever they successfully aid a mortal. This usually entails some sort of mental or spiritual realization on the mortal's side but helping them carry groceries up the walk works too.

**Unleashing:** *Nomiuh* (Cantrips) cast by the Xan are accompanied by swarms of real or chimerical tiny insects that buzz around all present. Though they don't bite, it is still annoying. There is also the smell of fresh blood and cocoa that wafts across the scene.

**Affinity:** Actor

**Birthrights:**

**Swarm (*Enxame*):** While some Bestial Fae can transform into an animal, the Xan can turn into a whole plethora of animals- a veritable swarm of tiny mosquitos. It costs one point of *Mahuiztli* to make the change and takes one turn, though the Xan can do so in front of others (but shouldn't in front of mortals... that's just asking for it). The Swarm gains 5 points to Dexterity but loses all Strength. The rest of the Stats remains the same. For every dot of Stamina that the Xan possesses is roughly 100 or so Mosquitos.

**Good Advice (*Bom Conselho*):** Every Xan wants to help mortals, spiritually, mentally, or other. The Dreaming of the Empire of Dusk allows some small blessings to the Xan to strengthen this desire. Every Xan begins with 3 free dots in Charisma. In addition any roll using abilities meant to understand another's pain, such as empathy or awareness, are always at a -2 difficulty.

**Frailties:**

**Fresh Blood (*Sangue Fresco*):** As one might imagine, the mosquito-born Xan, as nice as they are, are dependent on blood. Each of them need at least a good ½ liter a night or so. Any less leaves them feeling fatigued. There are no real stipulations on what kind of blood is needed, but the Xan do prefer it warm and fresh. The mostly good-natured Xan will transform into a swarm and descend on a field of cattle to get their fill... the better to spread the wealth as it were. In a pinch though, and with a friend's expressed permission, they'll get it from their allies.

**Monstrous (*Descomunal*):** No matter their form, no matter how kind their smiles, the Xan's appearance marks them as distinctly othered among the Fae, the mortals, and otherwise. Their *Tlacaxayaque* (Mortal Mien) suffers from a slipped seeming flaw, that highlights their rakishly thin frame, spindly limbs, and oddly sharp face and googly eyes. They can never have an appearance rating higher than 1, and many don't even have that much.

**Joaosinho smiles broadly under his proboscis, and happily offers some sage advice if you're to investigate the Calli...**

**Alux:** Older and wiser than many reckon, give them respect. They've earned it.

**Boto:** A little too fond of revelry for me thank you.

**Carbunclo:** Let them to theirs, they are few in number and deserve their privacy.

**Centzotochtin:** It's too easy to assume that they're all alcoholic murderous frat-boys. Some are, yes, but some are simply sleepy, or snuggle-happy, or prone to waxing poetic and sad. Just like we all are, I suppose.

**Civatateo:** I'm a nice guy, but I'd murder someone to protect the good name of the Skull-Sisters. Just a friendly warning.

**Curupira:** They have a job to do, and they do it better than any of us ever could.

**Huitzilin:** You say hummingbird, I say teleporting murder-bird.

**Muki:** I really would like to get to visit more, but it's pretty far out of the way.

**Pombero:** Read a book on ancient customs. Any little tidbit you pick up will save you a heap of trouble.

**Quinametzin:** Are they still about? I imagine it'd be harder to hide oneself, when oneself is so big. It's a good thing, though, I wish there were more.

**Saci:** I suppose every region needs it's tricksters. Though I think it would suit them more if they could trick outside of the country... say on a world tour? Their domain is a little limited.