

# BOOGY-MEN

"I am the one hiding under your bed - Teeth ground sharp and eyes glowing red..."  
"I am the one hiding under your stairs - Fingers like snakes and spiders in my hair..."  
Danny Elfman - "The Nightmare Before Christmas"

**Quote:** Come here little boy... Here... under you bed. I'm hungry. What? Too scared to come under? Good...

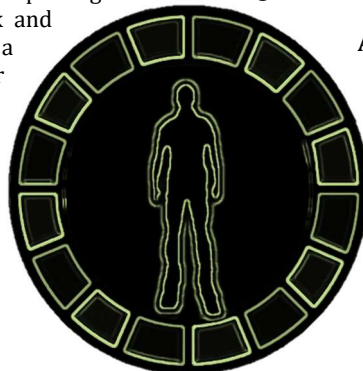
Arguably one of the most well-known of Kithain, the Boogey-Men have been a staple of Nurseries since time immemorial, although they have earned a special place in the American Fae context. All children know the stories, and each child has his or her own spin. Their own Boogey-Man lives in the closet, under the bed, or just behind the door. He's alternately hairy or scaly, tall or short, teeth like razors, or toothless and gummy and sucking. Above all, he's scary.

A holdover term from archaic Celtic antiquity, the Boogey-Men are spiritual inheritors of Bogies, Bugbears, Boggles, Buggles, Boggans and Bug-a-boos. Not that any remaining Kithain of those persuasions would admit such. Bogies and Boggarts sneer, Bugbears bristle, and Boggans tremble at any relations. The Boogey-Men (and women) are a family of their very own, and don't need any supposed familial ties to succeed. In truth however, they aren't really a Bug family at all, just unfortunate victims of time and place.

Fear seems to be the modus operandi of the Kith, but few understand why. Under the bed, in the closet, just behind the door, in certain places, in the wee hours of the night, the veil between the Dreaming and the Banal World becomes thin and brittle. A stupid or fearless child could go wandering into an unknown trod, or slip into the Deep Dreaming. There are a multitude of hidden trods that open and close seemingly at random, and it would be all too easy for a child to cross over there, or something else to cross over here. Fear keeps children safe, and Boogey-Men have the thankless of jobs of maintaining this fear.

**Appearance:** In Mortal Mien, the Boogey-Men appear as nondescript, even boring individuals. They keep to themselves and rarely leave their residences if it can be avoided. In Fae Mien, however, their true form is revealed. Horns or claws, fangs or toothless gums, long spidery fingers or fat sausage-like stubs, bloody red skin, or virulent purple and green swirls, no two Boogey-Men look alike

**Lifestyles:** While antisocial would be the politest term, there is a certain amount of enmity between the Boogey-Men and...well, anybody else. A distancing perhaps is the right way to describe it. The chrysalis usually happens to an unsuspecting child who wanders too far into the dark and comes back changed. Or in rarer cases, a fearless child makes friends with his or her own Boogey-Men and is brought into the fold and instructed thusly. Either way, that new Boogey-Man quickly learns how thankless his lot is. In the best of times, however, a motley of other Kithain can appeal to a Boogey-Man to serve as guide into those



## APPEARANCES

Some postulate that all Boogey-Men were originally supposed to be a different Kith, upon their childhood. The appearance of a Boogey-Man is based on a variation of that original Kith's appearance. It is the exposure of the places between and the Dark-Realms that warp and twist that mien into a horrific mockery of its former self.

For instance, a Boogey-Man who was intended to be a Sluagh might have sticky wormy white skin, and a black gummy mouth dripping with sticky drool. Or a Boogey-Man who was originally intended for Troll-Hood would be a great bulky beast with lavender skin, blue spots and rows of horns sweeping from his head down his back.

This is all just conjecture, however, and is continually up for debate amongst Fae Scholars. Any answers from the Boogey-Men are not forthcoming.

dark-realms under the bed. Sometimes such alliances are even long-lived. Not that a Boogey Men needs Friends of course.

*Childer Boogey-Men* are just learning what it means to be a Boogey-Man and they play up to the role they are given. Cruel jokes, vicious (But rarely harmful) pranks, and highly territorial behavior are the norm.

*Wilder Boogey-Men* may be cynical and cold, and sometimes downright nasty, but they're also good at their jobs. As guides into the dark-places, they have no equal.

*Grump Boogey-Men* often leave this world behind, moving deeper and deeper into their own realms. If one should ever get lonely or sad in there, who would know?

**Glamour Ways:** Boogeymen gain Glamour from japes and pranks that frighten a little, titillate more. Doing physical harm doesn't do much, even to the most Unseelie of boogey-men, but a creepy noise that gets the heart a pumping is more than enough...

**Unleashing:** Cantrips cast by the Boogey-men are every scuffling whuffling shadow under the bed and every scratching scratching scrape at the window. Shadows that look too much like something else, winds that make tree branches clutch like fingers...

**Affinity:** Scene

**Birthrights:**

**The Realms Beneath and Between:** All Boogey-Men guard a hidden trod that crisscrosses through the realms. It manifests in seemingly random areas (such as under a neighbor child's bed, or in a haunted house's

closet across the street) and the Boogey-Man can manipulate these pocket realms for his own needs. They also serve as a free-hold of sorts, with Glamour being accessible to all who share it. (Not that Boogey-Men are known for their sharing). In game terms, the Boogey-Man gains the freehold background rating level 1 for free at character creation. The more points placed in this realm, the bigger it becomes, and the more areas it opens up into. However, bigger Realms have their own caveats (see frailty below).

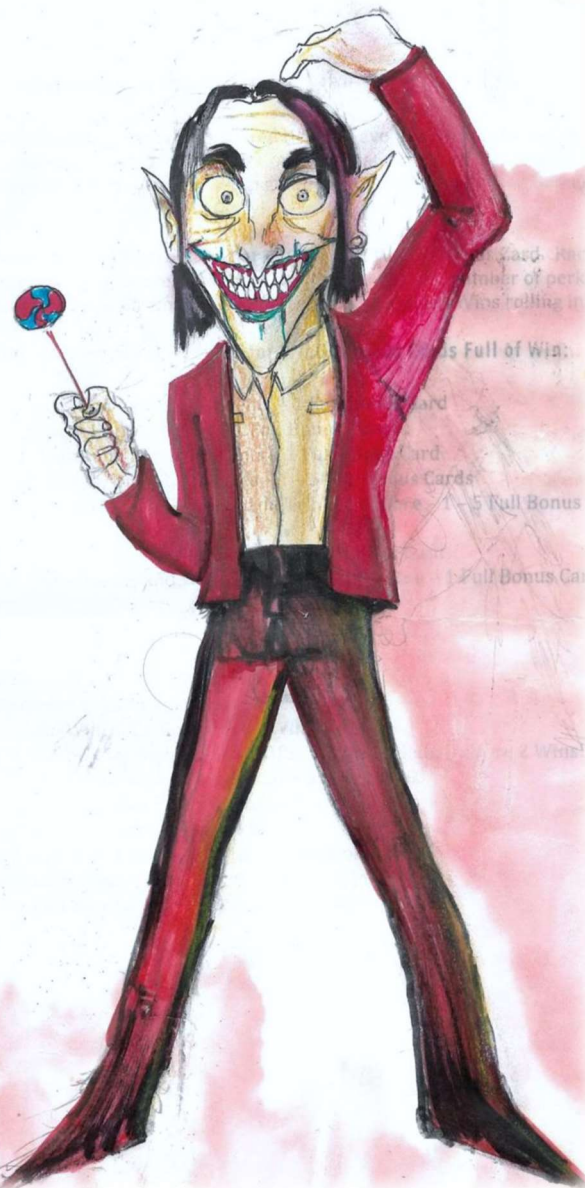
**Bigger Boos:** All Boogey-Men can appear more bestial and horrific than they already are if needed to give that little extra scare. By spending a point of Glamour, and hissing, growling, laughing, snarling, or some other creepy bunk, than he scares his victims out of their wits. His target must succeed on a willpower roll difficulty 9 (or difficulty 10 for children), or be shaken for the rest of the scene (and have a +2 to all rolls).

**Frailties:**

**Night-Born:** Too much time in the dark and dingy between places has rendered the Boogey-Men susceptible to the harsh light of the sun. Any rolls made in bright light are at a +1 difficulty, this rises to a +2 if in direct sunlight.

**Those-Below:** While a Boogey-Man can exploit his hidden freehold for his own ends, he must also be on guard at all times. There are things in the between places that want to get in. For every night that the Boogey-Man is away from his thresh-hold, the storyteller rolls one d10 at a difficulty of 5 +level of Freehold that the Boogey-Man possesses. This difficulty increases by one for every night that the Boogey-Man is away. If the roll should ever fail, than the something will try to cross over, with no one there to stop it. If the roll ever botches, than something else will cross over through the hole in which an innocent child dwells. (And a new monster under the bed will try to hurt the little tyke). If a child gets hurt thusly, then the Boogey-Man will take a permanent point of banality.

the righ.



**Mr. Vinegar, sausage-eater and child-beater, responds to accusations concerning his fellow kithain's character.**

**Cats with Hats:** I really want to dislike them, but they're like a more-fun us.

**Diabhals:** Extra fingers and coughing fits? Banjo solos and whistling? Tell me again how they're scary?

**Dust-Devils:** Such wide-open spaces they operate in, it'd drive me mad.

**Gremlin:** Let them tinker with their doo-dahs, it makes them feel useful.

**Hodag:** Our cold cousins. They, out of all of us, know all too well. Let them keep to their realms, and I'll keep to mine.

**Jellies:** Despite their chipper nature, I often find them stopping by for tea with a big smile on their face. Especially since they were never invited.

**Myconids:** Despite my realms rot and grit, they always find it cozy... I wonder how they even got in here.

**Nomes:** Despite their crawling underneath, they have never broken through. Interesting...

**Pumpkin-Heads:** Why do they frighten me so? There is something wicked there, I just can't see what it is.

**Spring-Heels:** Foreign cousins with nothing to worry about. I envy their freedom.

**Wraiths:** Good Evening, Jerry. How's your haunting going?

**The Fallen:** If the others knew what I know, then they'd understand why I have to do this.