

Cinnamon Saracen

"HE WHO CONTROLS THE SPICE, CONTROLS THE UNIVERSE!" *Dune - Frank Herbert*

Quote: Greetings honored stranger, well met by sunlight. Sample my wares? Be careful, the depths and richness may be too grand for soft-tempered tongues...

The Experts say that "Spices are the dried grounds of bark, roots, berries, and other plant parts." Not so says the deep Dreaming. Spices are the very Land itself! Past the farthest reaches of the Kingdom of Sweets lie veritable deserts of spice - Deserts of rust colored cinnamon, dry river-beds of cloves, and plateaus of pungent Mace.

One family of far-flung fae, kin-folk to the ubiquitous Eshu, traverses these spicy realms on the regular. On their be-sailed wagons, billowy sails filled by sun-scorched sirocco winds, they pilot across the spicy dunes of seemingly uninhabitable lands. With a secret name (known only to themselves), these desert Nomads are recognized only by their sobriquet - the *Cinnamon Saracens*.

It is said that their secret name can only be gained if traded with the oddest of rare spices, hidden far away in the deepest heart of the farthest dreaming realms. It may be a rumor, true, but these spice-loving Fae love the rumors spread about them. In fact, many may even play up the mystique, if only to cement their other-wordly reputation. That mysterious true name they all hold for themselves? You can certainly get it... for a price.

Appearance: In both Mien, the Cinnamon Saracens are universally attractive bright-eyed entities of indeterminate origins. Their mortal Mien offers impression of somewhere in the middle east, what with dark skin, sharp features, and bright dark eyes, as well as the turbans and robes so many of their number sport. When asked, they simply smile. In Fae Mien they appear as statuesque folk, with rich spice-colored skin dusted with cocoa freckles. Their eyes glow with warm ambers or glowing crimson and are flecked with the deep rich colors of the spices they so love. In such a Mien, those soft sweeping sarong, turbans and the like, are constantly in movement as a soft wind wind plays around them, whether there is wind or no.

Lifestyle: Cinnamon Saracens are Explorers of the many many worlds that exist in both the Waking and Dreaming realms. While fetching spices and exotic herbs may be their main trade, any call to adventure quenches their thirst. They are Traders and hagglers and business-persons, and if anyone - mortal, fae, Prodigal, or otherwise - wishes to charter passage with them, he simply must pull his own weight to go adventuring with the best.

Childing Cinnamon Saracen are the most eager of the bunch. Their little tongues are all too excited to seek out new flavors (and surprisingly enough, get along extremely well with the unusually dour Fermet Childings).



Wilder Cinnamon Saracen have heard the call to adventure, and nothing will stand in their way.

Grump Cinnamon Saracen have slowed just a little, but rarely feel the need to stop. They have undoubtedly built huge trading empires in this world or the next, but still prefer dealing on the ground.

Glamour Ways: Cinnamon Saracens regain Glamour from the hustle and bustle of commercial spice trade. While clientele clamoring over a Middle-Eastern Spice-merchant's wares may work, so does a modern coffee-shop with a gang of hipsters waiting for their decaf cinnamon mochaccino latte with clove-syrup and a dusting of cocoa and all-spice. The Cinnamon Saracens are nothing if not imaginative, and in this globalist universe, spice is life.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Cinnamon Saracens, are unsurprisingly rich with the warm bouquet of spicy notes. The air is thick with cinnamon, cloves, juniper berries, mace... sometimes even darker notes of coffee, myrrh, or smoke can be detected. The air in the scene also gets warmer, as if a thick summer breeze just danced through...

Affinity: Time

Birthrights:

Celestial Compass: Cinnamon Saracen are creatures of constant movement. Their sailed and covered-wagons carry them across multiple dimensions, and the sun never seems to set on them. With such strong ties to the heat and deserts, as long as the sun (or any sun for those who travel far enough) the Kith can never be lost. Keep in mind that this doesn't automatically let them know where they are, but as long as there is enough daylight to light their path, they can at least know the way home.

Senses like a Hawk-Hound: Countless aeons of Fae trading has left the Kith with an unerring eye and nose for details. They are blessed with incredible senses that rarely prove them wrong. At character creation, each Cinnamon Saracen begins with a +2 to perception. When it comes to any roll that involves the sense of smell, this increases to +3, with taste a +4.

Frailties

Wanderlust Kings: Like the sirocco wind blows which way it will, the Cinnamon Saracens can never be tied to any one location. Even in their greying years, being bound to one place is harmful, even painful. They can never spend more than one week in any one location, doing so deals a temporary point of Banality. What one location entails is nebulous, and no few of the Kith have skirted this in loopholes to appease the dreaming, such as circuits around small areas. Yet even with this, the burning desire to move-on still weighs heavy on their heart.

This desire also manifests in a sort of Pilgrimage that each of the Kith must meet once a year. At least once, during the hottest months of the year (depending on calendar), the Cinnamon Saracen must make a journey to a realm that they have never traveled to. Many Cinnamon Saracens travel together, and Kithain of all stripes are welcome (provided that they pull their own weight).

Raoul - last name unknown, hears your whispered rumors about his person, but acts as if he hasn't. Instead he offers rumors of his many contacts across the realms...

Mint-Jacks; A little too frigid where they dwell, but still we get along well enough. I count them as friend, and that means a lot.

Fermets: Surprisingly, our best allies, despite our obvious differences. When they wear red, it means they are ready to go-a-foreign with me. It must be stressed that I have never seen one without his mask, and I am curious as to what they look like under there.

Ccoa: What secrets do they keep in their bitter-sweet temples? I wish I knew.

Sugar Tacks: Busy bodies with hearts as sweet as spun sugar. I count them as acquaintances which means more than you can know.

Eshu: We are often confused for one another. Want to know the difference? We are the sexy ones.

Ginger-Bred: The Muffin Man? The Muffin Man. Yes, I know the Muffin Man. He lives on Drury Lane.

Ahl-Il Tirub: In the deserts, the line blurs between this world and that world. Beware the sand dancers that blur that line even further.

Leng-Folk: Their rubies are lovely baubles but are worth far less than you'd be willing to pay.

Amanti: From long ago they sailed on their sun-barge with their slaughtered God-King and his hawk-headed child. They still call to us after all these years. We have been friends, partners-in-crime, even lovers, for a long time- whether they knew of us or no. I am glad that they are still here, and even gladder that they will be here long after we are gone.

Quirnvui: Not every Easter-creature is jellybean smile and chocolate wishes. Be careful when picking flavors.

