

CIVATATEO



"The other day I was down by the Hudson River, and I see two nuns in full habit rollerblading down the street holding hands. And I'm like, 'Oh, my God, I get it. The world is surreal and beautiful. And everything is fine.'"

—Regina Spektor

Quote: Hola' my friend, I see that you do not like that bust of the Madre de Dios. This is a shame that you have broken her face off. I feel that I have to do the same to you...

Born from the Dreams of reverent and serene women at the cross-roads, the Civatateo boast a long and hallowed history. Some claim that their history comes from priestesses of an Aztec Moon Goddess. Others claim that they are ghosts of poor women who died at child-birth. Others just see them as blood-drinking angels of a Holy Catholic Church. Whatever their origin, what remains is a beautiful and benevolent family of señoras, who share close ties to both Death and the Church. All female, and all motherly (though none boast children of their own), this Family represents The Empire of Dusk, and the Lands of the Feathered Serpent, and is the most endearing and symbolic of Ayauhcalli (Fae)

More gregarious than any of their fellow South American Calli (Kith), the Civatateo maintain close connections to both the Nunnehi to the North, and the European Concordian Kithain. Fae. Regardless of these relations, no other Calli sees them as Traitors. Every smart Fae of the Empire knows what befalls those who refuse proper deference to the bone-witches.

Proper veneration for the Dead and deference for the church seems to be the dreams from which the Civatateo were born, regardless of Politics, be it European or Meso-American. Those that don't show proper respect are at the mercy of the Civatateo until they make amends. Whatever these amends are is up to the Civatateo in question, but there was a reason why they are so feared. Some of the more bloodcurdling, gory practices of the Indigenous Folk are still common among this sisterhood of Reverent Death.

Appearance: The Civatateo are beautiful and shining Women no matter the Inahual (Mien). Their Tlacaxayaque (Mortal Mien) all have long lustrous dark hair (even the Aacini boasts midnight-black hair shot with gray) and bright honest smiles. Their skin does tend to be ashy, a shade paler than the norm. In Teohua (Fae Mien) however, their faces are masterpieces of colors and shapes. Like the emblematic sugar-skull, each face is diverse and beautiful, with an unlimited array of colors. The clothes as well are colorful and beautiful, often adorned with flowers despite the churchly attire.

Lifestyle: From Mexican Candomblé "povo do santo" and Santeria Practitioners to Catholic Nuns and sisters of the Sacred heart, the Civatateo can be found amongst them. They serve as stewards of the living and the Dead and enjoy their roles without reserve. They are only too happy to lend aid to others, and count all locals as their own kin, and any new-comers as potential friends. Even the Few Iztlacateteo (Unseeleie) of their number act with an assured unselfishness.

Pilontli Civatateo are little dears with wide staring eyes and permanent smiles on their faces. Many times they are born to outsider families, with no real knowledge of the Calli. It is no small blessings that post-chrysalis they are presented as a donation to the Church with a string of hail-Maries. Blessed Saints that there is an older Civatateo waiting in the wings for the newest daughter to arrive.

Pipiyolti Civateato are stewards of their domain. Graveyards, cross-roads, Churches, or even abandoned temples may boast a Pipiyolti. Here they light candles for the ancestors and maintain proper devotion to the Holy-Mother Church.

Aacini Civatateo are Grand-dames. They are historians and festival orchestrators without peer. Every Día de los Muertos all living Aacini host grand celebrations in the Jungle, in honor of the Dead. All are welcome as long as they maintain proper respect. Some of the Iztlacateteo of the Aacini patrol the party looking for rule-breakers and ne'er-do-wells. These troublemakers are used for darker rituals, behind the vibrant façade of these Festivities.

Glamour Ways: Civatateo gain Mahuiztli from aiding the locals in her community. The local parishioners especially are considered family. With their gratitude comes a steady influx of Mahuiztli. This counts doubly so during holidays when the church holds festivities for the local Faithful. On Feasts of the Saint's days, all rolls to get Mahuiztli are at a -2 difficulty.

Unleashing: Nomiuh (Cantrips) cast by the Civatateo are accompanied by splashes of neon colors, a vivid deliria of laughing and grinning skulls, loud blasts of mariachi music, and the potent smells of both spices and chocolate. Darker Nomiuh may also be accompanied by the smell of burning candles, and low chanting in Latin just on the brink of hearing...

Affinity: Nature

Birthrights;

Touch the Dead (Tocar os mortos): A Civatateo is able to interact with the Lands of the Dead as if she herself were a Wraith. She must first make a Perception + Alertness roll at a difficulty of the local shroud (or mists depending). If the roll is successful, she may see, hear, and even touch all components of the Lands of the living. If the Wraiths get too pushy, or it gets to be too much, the Civatateo can shut it off with a willpower roll, again with a difficulty equal to the local shroud rating.

Sacred sugar skulls (*Crânios do Açúcar Sagrados*): With a point of Mahuiztli spent, the Face of the Civatateo lights up in a miasmic fount of colors and shapes. The sugar-skull visage she wears appears to be lit up with her own inner light and glory, and many of the Mexican Faithful treat this as a sign from the Virgin Mother. This Visage has a few effects. First, it doubles the Civatateo's appearance rating. Second, it serves as a true faith rating (with the faith equal to the Civatateo's Charisma). Third anyone attempting to harm the Civatateo when her face is lit-up is at a difficulty of 5+her Charisma rating. This lasts a number of turns equal to the Civatateo's permanent Mahuiztli. After which, she is at a +2 difficulty for all rolls until she rests up. During the Día de los Muertos, it is common to see this power in effect, and results in glorious displays of both faith and beauty.



Frailties:

Dark cravings (*ânsias escuras*): The diet of the Civatateo is a strange one. Only sweets and blood can pass their lips. The sweets usually take the form of butterfly shaped cakes that they make for themselves, or a special treat of seasonal sweets (Candy corn works just fine). They must eat these sweets at least once a day or suffer damage akin to hunger-pangs for anyone else. (i.e, one point of bashing damage a day... it can stack up quickly).

The Blood they need is similar but must be imbibed at least once a week or suffer. The blood isn't usually taken by force (except by some of the more unseele of The Civatateos, and then the Victim is usually deserving).

No other food or drink can serve in the stead, Any other food tried to be taken when a Civatateo needs of Sweets or Blood may mean a point of temporary Xocolâtl (Banality). Although some of the Calli will participate in the Communion rites of the Church, and its wine and bread, with-out harm.

Reverence Due (*Reverência devida*): The Civatateo are a devout and pious Sisterhood, and they expect other to observe the same practices: those that don't become victims of their fury. The Sister must make a willpower roll to refrain from plotting the punishment (or destruction) of the guilty party. The punishment doesn't have to be taken immediately, and many Civatateo are patient enough to wait even years before the offender feels her wrath. The willpower roll is set at a difficulty based on how impious the crimes are. Stealing from the poor-box or pranks on a pastor might be a difficulty of 6 or 7. More heinous crimes like purposefully snuffing candles when entering a cathedral or defacing a bust of the Holy Mother might be as high as 10 or even 11.

Sister Bella, from Oaxaca Parish Convent of the Immaculate Hearts Sisters Ladies Mountains of Guadalupe – smiles & shares...

- Alux:** They make the best masa, with which we make the most wonderful tortillas. They are friends, whether they admit so or not.
- Boto:** ... Though they are a bit slutty, we are still friends. We like to do their make-up sometimes.
- Carbunco:** I care little for Gold, aside from how it can help the orphans. They have nothing to fear.
- Centzon Totochtin:** Gods? I can't see why not. But that really doesn't mean much to me considering.
- Curupira:** The jungles and animals are important, but so are the cities and the people. Sometimes they forget this.
- Huitzlin:** I understand completely, but I don't approve.
- Muki:** So much vanity in their jewelry, I like them not because of their riches, but because of their hearts.
- Pombero;** They pride themselves too much on their fun. They should do something to help our people.
- Quinametzin:** If only they lived closer, together we could do so much for the orphans.
- Saci:** While I expect more from the Pomberos, the Saci play their jokes to teach others. I can respect this, though not understand.
- Xan:** Invaluable allies.
- Kirkgrim:** The *perros de la iglesia* are our greatest allies and best friends among the fae. If only they would smile more.
- Monociello:** The Vatican's little red brothers are allies but are a little too mischievous for me.

MUKI

Some days, 24 hours is too much to stay put in, so I take the day hour by hour, moment by moment. I break the task, the challenge, the fear into small, bite-size pieces. I can handle a piece of fear, depression, anger, pain, sadness, loneliness, illness. I actually put my hands up to my face, one next to each eye, like blinders on a horse.

- Regina Brett

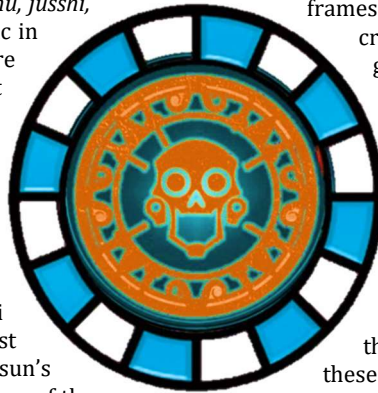
Quote: Hello my friend, I see you have come by for a visit...You will stay for a while won't you? Please? Just for a minute?

Muki, also called *chinchiliku*, *anchanchu janchanchu*, *jusshi*, *muqui* or *mooqui*, are sad little dwarves who frolic in the caves of the Andes Mountains. They are creatures of the elements, and their birthright ensures that the world's riches are available to any who would claim them. There-in lies the rub, the Muki are a solitary Linhagem, and few enter their dark under-world. Only other Nuahani and the occasional group of miners ever visit, and this leaves the Muki rather lonesome.

From the moment of their saining, the Muki feels an urge to seek out a special dark place just for themselves. They feel the pressure of the sun's bright rays, and seek to escape into the cool reaches of the earth. They head to the mountains and find a cave that speaks to them, and quickly set up their forges deep in the Under-world. Occasionally miners would come, and ally themselves with the Muki. This is a friend-ship born of the ages.

The afore-mentioned miners attempt to make friends (and many of the original native people of the Andes maintained such ties) then the Muki would act as a guide. They would whistle if danger is present, and used their gold-making birthright to ensure a good haul. The miners would leave gifts of cocoa and alcohol behind, or promise to bring women. Over the years though, the gifts stopped coming, and the women never showed. Many of the mines dried up, or the original miners moved on to different jobs. The Muki stayed behind, patiently waiting for their promised friends to come back and visit, Gold and silver still strewn about for the miners to claim it. This is how they spend their days, waiting for friends to come back. *Naïve?* Certainly, but hope is a powerful thing, especially among the Fae.

Appearance: In mortal and Fae mien both, the Muki are small and squat little creatures. With the upper limits in mortal being five feet, and Fae being 3 and ½ feet high. Whether male or female, they rarely seem to have a neck. Whether this is due to posture or their stocky build is up for debate. Dark-skinned and dirty, with beady eyes and thick shaggy hair, their mortal mien isn't much to look at. This changes in Fae mien however, as their skin takes on the appearance of metal. Whether the burnished sheen of copper, or thick with the dull sheen of pewter it is beautiful to behold. Their hair as well, becomes thick metal coppery spikes, and their eyes are bright with the brilliance of silver. While they do favor the clothes of miners when company calls, they still make the time for accessories. They sport crowns and bracelets, rings and necklaces that unfortunately look a little gaudy on their stooped and dirty



frames. Many of the grumps will forge a special crown, complete with large horns akin to a great mountain goat, a testament to their role as King under the Mountain

Lifestyle: The Muki are a torn Linhagem. They are perhaps the richest of the Nuahani due to their powers of the world's metal (perhaps the richest of all the world's Linhagem) but are still poor in friends. Each Muki has his or her own set of caves, of which there are many in the Andes. Hidden in these caves they have forges with which they craft marvelous pieces of metallurgical wonder: Gold crowns with silver filigree, bejeweled weapons of Steel and lead, even magical Aztec-inspired armor made of Copper and jade. Yet for all this, they have no-one to share it with.

Pilontli Muki haven't yet found their caves yet, but spend their time inside, playing with shiny bits of scrap metal they find. They are eager to please their parents and siblings, and often accomplish chores early, just so they can get praise and appreciation.

Pipiyolti Muki strike out on their own, seeking that one perfect cave to call their own. They only travel at night (due to their frailty) and if lucky, make friends along the way. If they do maintain these friendships, then they are alliances that last a life-time (as long as the other member keeps their promises to visit often).

Aacini Muki maintain hidden lairs in their caves, that rival the lost cities of gold. With so much time on their hands, (and by this time the realization has set in of no callers) they commit themselves fully to creating their masterpieces.

Glamour Ways: Muki gain Mahuiztli whenever people voluntarily come to hang out - Which is rare.

Unleashing: Nomiuh cast by the Muki are accompanied by the smell or wet rocks and wet metal, and a little twinge of loneliness that tugs at the heart-strings.

Affinity: Prop

Birthrights;

Strength of the Earth (*Fuerza De La Tierra*): The Muki's body is composed of the strongest of Earth's metals, and allows for