

Graeae

Το γήρας ὄρμον είναι των κακῶν. - Old age is a harbor for bad things.

— *Bias of Priene, 625-540 BC*

Quote: OOH, you don't want to look at me, do you ducky-duck...? But I can look at you. Do you want to know a secret? I'll tell you. I am you. When all the red has fled from your lips, and your skin hangs from your brittle bones like curtains and your eyes fail you and your mind grows dim.... You'll know that I am you....

The Waste Hags are daughters of the Sea Gods Phorcys and Ceto - They are keepers of the waste-lands, manifestations of old-age and rust, pollution and ennui, entropy and the disgust of a world dying not yet dead. Also called the Grey Sisters, Graiai, or Graiae - this all female Fylí (Kith) are manifestations of the inevitable obsoleting of all that is. While they may be justly called a Neráidais (Changelings) the same as the Ketea, Nymphaea, or even Satyr for all of that, the Graeae are more akin to the Phylum families of the Inanimae.

Yet instead of being the dreams of a certain element, the Graeae are dreams of Pollution, waste, and old age - All of the miserable inevitabilities of existence, even in the wondrously nebulous Dreaming. In fact, some Graeae are so tied to the wasting greying entropy of existence, that they have a higher difficulty in dealing with Ápeiros or Epanastátis, as their very essence is anathema to the Aging Graeae. (Some story-teller's may warrant a higher difficulty to all social rolls).

They are all female, all Grumps, and all blind (with the exception of their one eye that they all must share) and are perhaps the greatest seers in the whole of the Dreaming. Perseus of the Epics went to barter them for the information that led to his heroism. Yet this information comes with a price, as does all services the Grey-ones offer. It is up to the dementedly brave, or fool-hardily desperate to consider paying this price.

Sobriquet: The Waste Hags, or the Grey Ladies (Depending on how polite you want to be).

anchors: Graeae live where destruction shows itself. Gladelings (those not bound to man-made objects) are bound to stagnant swamps, blighted deserts, or dry riverbeds. Krofted (those bound to man-made areas) are drawn to dwell in landfills, dump-sites, or abandoned buildings -especially old nursing homes and abandoned hospitals.

Appearance / Husks: In both Metamffesi, the Graeae are ancient women, bitter and broken old hags all bedecked in rags and as hunched and miserable as a trash-heap. Even in Andros Metamffesi, (Mortal Mien) there is something heart-breaking and sad that pulls at heart-strings but also installs a little bit of fear in the viewer. The Nereidias Metamffesi (Fae Mien), however, comes in two flavors. Again, that of the Gladeling or Krofted. The Gladeling Metamffesi manifests as a giant of a woman, still hunched and all draped in dingy grey and brown robes, with no eyes and no teeth. The Krofted Nereidias Metamffesi manifests as a giant of a woman, all draped in cast-off second hand dingy grey and brown robes, horrible make-up that attempts to be sexy, but yet again with no eyes or teeth.



Lifestyles: Graeae hold a very special position in the halls of the Neráidais in that nobody wants to deal with them. When they are the Grey-ladies, the other Greek Fae are too scared to talk to them. When they are the Waste-hags, the other Greek Fae are too disgusted... Each visit to the Graeae feels like a last resort, one not to be taken lightly. Though the brave know that sometimes, the Graeae are the only way to get real results...

Ápeiros Graeae don't exist.

Epanastátis Graeae don't exist.

Sofós Graeae are all that are.

Glamour Ways: The Graeae regain Megaleío from the dark feelings of waste and loss that those mortals on the out feel. When all hope is lost, when feelings of dejection and infinite sadness raise their ugly heads, when looking in the mirror can bring nothing but tears.... This is how Graeae refuel their magic. They are especially fond of flavors of despondence and desperation that the lonely old feel.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by The Graeae bear with them the taste of abandonment and sadness. The magic of Gladeling Graeae comes with the musty smell of dust or stagnant water, and the feeling of dry insects skittering across the skin. The magic of Krofted Graeae comes with the smell of old acid, urine, and garbage, and the crunch of litter under foot...

Affinity: Time *-or-* Sliver Affinity: Petros

Birthrights:

Oracle Queens (*Vasileís Tou Manteíou*): No one in the whole of the Dreaming can better divine the future than the Grey-Ladies. Gods, Goddesses, Heroes of all stripes would risk all to divine their future at the feet of these broken Hags. Each Graeae begins with Levels one through three of the Soothsay Art at Character Creation. In addition, all difficulties of using this Art begin at a -1 difficulty. For every additional Graeae that is their coven, this drops again by -1, until it reaches difficulty 3. However, no Graeae can every have any Art at a higher art than her Soothsay rating.

Uncanny Senses (*Apíthanes Aisthíseis*): Though they may be blind, the other senses of the Waste-hags are preternaturally sharp. They can hear hushed footfalls that ender their blighted glens and smell the desperation on their victims. They get a +2 to all perception rolls that deal with hearing, and +3 to all

perception rolls dealing with smell. In addition, they can smell certain factors about their victims that normal scent can't usually confirm. Age, appearance, emotional state... concepts that are usually only evidenced by sight. (Some storyteller's may enforce that some Graeae cannot use these rolls on any individuals that aren't themselves Sofós - overlooking the far younger Ápeiros and Epanastátis seemings as if they don't exist... Hopefully, these youngsters have an aged mentor to do the talking for them...). If the Graeae has access to her eye (See Frailty below) then she can roll perception for sight at a +2 difficulty.

Frailties:

One Eye (Éna Máti): Perseus went to the three Graeae, that shared one eye between them, and through stealing it from them he bartered away for the information he needed. Though their gifts of fore-sight are legendary, they can only do so through use of their one eye. They don't need to look through the eye to use its power, but it must remain in the Glade for it to

be effective. A Graeae is protective of it, and though there may be many Graeae in one glade, there can only ever be one eye. Each Graeae in the coven will harangue and back-bite each other, curse and spit and even attack each other for the pleasure of using it. This eyes counts as a level 1 Treasure in that it allows a Graeae to see normally (though still not very well. But If someone should steal it, they lose all their Birthrights until they can get it back.

Aura of waste (Ta Prágmata Katarréoun): Anything around the Graeae falls apart. The land feels blighted and dry, or humid and sticky if a Gladeling Graeae. Pollution is drawn to it if Krofted. Any plants are twisted and dying. Any water is dirty and foul. Mortals that inhabit the area feel ill. Even other Changelings aren't immune. The most gregarious get crabby and cantankerous towards their best friend when in the presence of a Graeae. All rolls are at a +1 difficulty around the Graeae.

In addition, over time, things begin to fall apart. Shining weapons lose their luster, scrolls begin to yellow and brittle, clothes grow dim and dirty. The Graeae are aware of this, and it makes them wonderfully happy.



Pemphredo the Beautiful, cackles maniacally and foretells the future of the her fellow Fylí...

Automatae: Their duties will grow moot, their armor will rust, and they will wonder just went wrong.

Cyanocephali: Bull-dogs with no chain, but also no teeth. Time (and by extension us) have not been kind to these broken little puppies, and it is a wonderful thing.

Kéntauros: At one time they were something to be admired, feared even... now they aren't much of anything.

Maenads: They full well know their fate, but they don't same to care. Let them come to us when it is their time... we'll be here waiting for them.

Melissae: Keep your gardens in order for now. The time is growing short, and you'll need those pretty pretty little flowers to help you remember...

Nymphaea: Hide all you want, we'll catch you...

Onocentaur: A cage? Your own body will be a cage when I am done with you...

Strix: No Fair! I am the only Oracle, these cannibal bitches have no business cutting in on my customers...

Teumessian: Never caught? *Hardly.* Look up at the night sky and see their father's shackles...

Keteas: It is so much fun to visit their beaches: the sun, the water, the mountains of empty beer bottles, candy wrappers, and left-over floaty toys... The faces the Keteas make... *Priceless...*

Huirnviu: There are creatures, dark creatures, out there in the other Fey Kingdoms. They are every bit as clever as we are, and as such are the enemy... Keep your eye out for these cold-hearted monsters...