

Hinky Punk

Skylark, Have you seen a valley green with Spring Where my heart can go a-journeying,
Over the shadows in the rain To a blossom covered lane?
And in your lonely flight, haven't you heard the music in the night, Wonderful music,
Faint as a will-o-the-wisp, Crazy as a loon, Sad as a gypsy serenading the moon.

Johnny Mercer

Quote: Round and round this mortal goes, where he should stop, none save I know. Into the bog or into the glen, perhaps they'll nought be seen again. Hah! Big fat stupid wassock mortal.

The Hinky-Punks as a collective tribe originally hailed from Devon Somerset in the West Country of Albion. And no few of British Kithain argue that this will-o-the-wisp-tribe belongs among the English fae proper. Hinky-Punks faced with such logic merely blow very wet sounding raspberries and skip off towards Cymru way.

Of the many many Celtic Ignis Fautus that dot Brythonic folklore, Blue-Caps, Spunchies, Gyls, etc... the Hinky-Punks are perhaps the most maddening in temperament. Plant Annwn (Unseelie) to a one of them, their sole purpose seems to revolve around misdirection, annoyance and perpetual confusion. This they accomplish with great aplomb and equally great contentment.

Fae, mortal, or otherwise, are all at the Hinky-Punks mercy, and the prouder the individual, the greater the chance of garnering their unwanted attention. Luckily most of the Welsh Supernatural world in the form of the crimbil (Changelings) are humble enough to escape mostly unscathed. The Tylweth Teg (The Sidhe)? *Not so much...*

Appearance: In both Fisyrrnau (Mien) the Hinky-Punks are pale-skinned, shortish, and googly-eyed little miscreants. Their Fisyrrnau Rhaib (Mortal Mien) are pale enough to be called ungodly fair-skinned in polite terms, damn-near paper-pasty bordering transparency in impolite terms. They are shortish, rarely over 1 and 1/2 meters tall. Long bony limbs, wide staring (but bright) eyes, and thin scraggy hair rarely award them too many free drinks at the bar.

Their Fisyrrnau Plenty (Fae Mien) reveals the reason for their odd-looking mortal form. Their bodies are pale because the Hinky-Punks are made of light. They are completely transparent, despite whether or not

they can be touched and felt and give off a light luminescence. Their limbs are just as thin but are now complete with unwieldy hands and feet with long twitchy fingers. The faces are just as transparent, save that the eyes glow bright green, violet, or bluish-white. Many Hinky-Punks enjoy wearing odd masks to better highlight their strange other-ness. Pumpkins (like the proverbial Jacky-Lanterns) are always a favorite..

Lifestyle: the Life of the Hinky-Punk is one spent in constant pursuit of the next big fun. Drinking, partying, rabble-rousing, or as the folk-lore says, waylaying a poor mortal into the swamp. While Plant Annwn in all that term entails, the Crimbil certainly isn't malicious. If the Plentyn Newid of Cymru as a whole need the help, (that means Planty Rhs Dwfen, Seelie, included), Then the Hinky-Punks will invariably rush to aid their fellow Welshies. What matters is fun, and nothing is less fun than mandated party lines of seelie unseelie, courtly politics be durned. .

Nglasach Hinky-Punks are little bastards. Most stem from the most unsavory of house-holds, bordering on what Americans know as the Trailer-Park sensibilities. Snot-nosed, loud, and prone to great shows of destructive behavior- the Hinky Punks Henach couldn't be prouder.

Ddyrys Hinky-Punk have hopefully found others of their Crimbil. Like attracts like after all. They can keep each other in line if lucky and pursue many wonderful adventures together. Those not so lucky may have to travel with other Plant Annwn (Grugachs, Glastig, Gwyllion) and those wassocks just aren't as fun.

Henach Hinky-Punks are the same as they always were - For good or for ill.

Glamour Ways: Hinky-Punks get their Rhaib whenever a group of mortals has stupid frivolous, vapid fun,



especially at the expense of someone a little too preoccupied with themselves. Whenever someone too proud gets too much egg on their face, the Hinky-Pinks refuel their magic.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Hinky-Punks bring with them strange Dancing Noodles of upright Light that glow blue and lavender and green and silver. They are all wiggling and Squiggling and bouncing around the scene. The whole area is bathed in cool mist and a strange smell that isn't quite burnt pumpkin, but isn't quite marsh gas...

Affinity: Actor

Birthrights:

Glow (*Wrid*): While not necessarily that powerful in the grand scheme of the Crimbil, the Hinky-Punk can illuminate themselves to shine all pale violet, silver, green, or blue.. It costs one point of Rhaib to do so, and the glow is as powerful as full moonlight.

Froggy (*Fywiog*): The Hinky-Punk and all their bandy-leggedness are capable of great feats of dexterity. At character Creation, they inherently possess the first level of Wayfare, and can enact it with no point spent of Rhaib. However, if pursuing Wayfare as an art (and purchasing thusly), they must still *buy* it. (The successes are always doubled when spending Rhaib for the first level).

Unrest (*Pryderu*): The true power of the Hinky-Punks lies in their ability to set others at unease. Creepy-crawly, heebie-jeebie, oggly-googly, jittery unrest; all these and more are thrown at the mention of the Hinky-Punks. And while their Gwyllion forbears may do so unwillingly by dint of their existence, the Hinky-Punks do so simply to cause unrest. It takes a round of staring at a target, and successful App+Empathy roll (difficulty of the target's willpower). For every success on the roll, that target is up a difficulty of + that number. I.E., if the Hinky Punk got 2 successes on that roll, the Target has a difficulty of +2 for the remainder of the scene.

Frailties:

Frail (*Thyner*): The Hinky-Punks, for all their blessings, are short and sprightly things, and their soft luminescent bodies aren't meant for much damage. They are small, frail, skinny and built for loving not fighting (their own words). At character creation, neither their stamina nor strength rating can ever be higher 2 dots. In addition, raising such abilities with experience points costs current rating x 4 instead of the usual current rating x 3.

Jackie-Flickers, Hinky-Punk dirty-deeder for hire, waits for something fun to happen, but shares her Crimbil misgivings in the mean-time...

Ankou: Hey! Hey! Come and knock on my neighbour's trailer! He won't share and he won't buy me beer!

Bendith Y Mamau: They didn't want to steal me! What a bunch of ass-hats.

Coraniaid: Too much fighting, not enough scrumpy. That equals no fun at all in our book.

Ellyllon: Druids? More like tree-humpers. Their magic is old and boring and I have better things to do, like try and hump a tree.

Glaishtig: Drinking our blood is like trying to drink a glow-stick. It's fun to watch them do it, but not much fun to have happen to you.

Grugach: Speaking of humping, these guys are the good for a laugh. If you know any *Bleiddiaid*, sick the Grugach on them when they're in wolfy-body and asleep. So many laughs to be had by all.

Grwagged Annywn: Watery tarts that sit down there and do absolutely mickey-mouse. So boring it's painful.

Gwyllion: What we like to do, they do just by being themselves. I'm a little jelly actually.

Muryan: Who? I probably over-looked them. Hah. You're welcome.

Woodwose: Despite my original plans, they aren't flammable. Sorry to disappoint you. You'll have to come up with something else.

Bleiddiaid: the Children of Finn are our favorites. I don't know the rest. Find somebody boring, point at them, and then yell WORM real loud. It's fun.

