

HOBBS

“The best antidote I know for worry is work. The best cure for weariness is the challenge of helping someone who is even more tired. One of the great ironies of life is this: He or she who serves almost always benefits more than he or she who is served.” Standing for Something: 10 Neglected Virtues That Will Heal Our Hearts and Homes— *Gordon B. Hinckley*

Quote: Yes, somebody did the dishes last night. No it wasn't me. That's crazy. You must have been sleep-washing...*haha.*

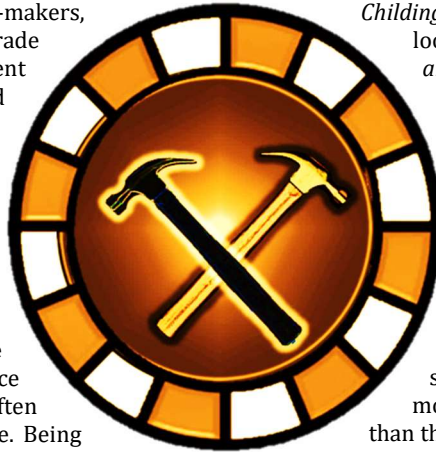
Like the proverbial Elves and the Shoe-makers, one long-overlooked Kith has made their trade by being overlooked. The Hobs are an ancient Kith, cousins of the Boggans, that traveled from household to household unawares. Chores and handiwork would be offered in exchange for the quiet Glamour of gratitude. Although said gratitude could never be made too verbal or showy. Just at the moment those aforementioned Elves were given clothing, they had to depart for a new Household.

Most Hobs would prefer that the Household not truly be aware at all. Hence they are masters of misdirection, often portraying themselves as inept as possible. Being thanked (with words or deeds, unlike their Scottish Brunnie cousins) ensures that they have to seek out a new residence to call home. It was the wise house-keeper who kept his lips shut when blessed with a House-Hob.

And this is the great curse of the Hobs. They can only gain Glamour from the gratitude of the House- but this gratitude can never be voiced. There is also the disdain that Hobs have for the lazy or braggarts that might take advantage of the Hob's generous nature. It is a tricky slope to navigate, and one which sees Hobs forever traveling between households, each time searching for that one perfect place to call home.

Appearance: The Hobs are hard to gauge, which works for them. In Mortal Mien, the Hobs are non-descript. They are a little on the thin side, a little on the short side. Their noses are a little sharp and their ears a little big. But mostly, there is something ultimately bland and forgettable about them. In Fae Mien, they are almost the same. They grow shorter, rarely above 4 feet. They grow skinny, with thin cords of tight muscles, and their faces grow pinched with long beaky noses and small glowing eyes.

Lifestyles: The Hobs go from household to household seeking odd jobs (ones that they don't mind getting thanked for, not the source of Glamour) and odder jobs at night (that they can't claim credit for and gets them the Glamour). They have to act dumb most of the time, if only to seem incapable of their great feats of household maintenance done behind the scenes. Many even enjoy playing the rube to better be overlooked. They play up their forgettable derpy demeanor, trying to appear as tactless and naïve as possible. When dealing with other Kithain, many claim to be skinny Boggans, or Korreds, or any other dozens of other Kiths, to better throw even their peers off their trails. If their secret were to slip, and someone in the house were to thank them unawares, then they would have to pick up and find another home.



Childing Hobs are waifish orphans and hungry-looking runaways – *who will mow your grass and walk your dog... if only for a night or two.*

They promise not to get in your way... It is harder and harder nowadays for the Childings to maintain such a façade in a world of such suspicion and paranoia of strangers.

Wilder Hobs build up personas of migrant workers, itinerant do-gooders, and wandering strangers with hearts of gold. Although the same paranoia and suspicion of the Childings can be met with, most mortals are less suspicious of the Adults than the Young-ones.

Grump Hobs have wandered far and wide, their bones are weary and their heart is tired. Hopefully they have found that one perfect place to call home. If not, then they will continue to search until time and Banality have their way, as it must for every creature of the Dreaming.

Glamour Ways: Hobs regain Glamour with the warm glowing gratitude of an unwitting household - by helping the household anonymously. However, once they are discovered as the Do-gooder, they must leave to find a new household (as in being thanked with a gift of clothing).

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by Hobs are accompanied by the lemony bright aroma of furniture-polish and fresh soap, and the dazzling aura of freshly lacquered wood.

Affinity: Prop

Birthrights:

House of Glamour: Every House that a Hob attaches himself to, becomes a repository of Glamour for that Hob and that Hob alone. The Glamour comes from the quiet gratitude of the mortal (or prodigal in some cases) owner of the house. Said Household essentially grows into a freehold, with the power of the freehold growing with the amount of time spent. At first it might be a point or two of Glamour a night. Later, it might be up to 5 or 6 points, with hidden pathways into the deep dreaming growing in the cellar. There are no tried or true methods to dictate how this comes about, but Hobs are careful to not let it get too out of control.

Krafty work – Like their Boggan cousins, the Hobs have a certain reputation for being swift and superior workers. If left unobserved, they can accomplish any physical tasks in roughly

1/4th the time needed. Also, because of their affinity for manual labor, Hobs can never botch Crafts rolls.

Frailties:

Household Help Only- Due to their propensity for helping houses, the Hobs cannot gain acquire Glamour by normal means, but only from the household in which they are attached. Changeling Freeholds and other Fae-touched areas filled with Bale-fire offer no sustenance to the Hobs.

Gift of Clothing: It may be true that Hobs regain Glamour with the warm glowing gratitude of an unwitting household, but if the Household is witting, then it is all for naught. Once the Hobs are discovered as the Do-gooder, they must leave to find a new household. IN the days of yore, a gift of clothing was given in a testament of gratitude that drove the Hob away. Nowadays, a simple "Thank You" is enough to warrant a Hob's swift departure. IF the owner of the Household is wise enough, they don't have to say anything at all, and just sit back and enjoy the sudden streak of good-luck. Hobs are just as lucky to find such households. (Caveat Emptor, however, no Hob enjoys a braggart or a lazy bum, and if a Household owner ever grows too fat and sassy, then the Hob can easily take his skills elsewhere).



Mr. Joffi- stranger to town, but nice quiet guy - freely offers a bit of opinion considering his fellow English Fair-Folk.

Blue-Cap: They have a nice gig going, they can get thanked for their hard work, so they work extra hard. Nice. Quiet. Easy.

Braggs: Hah! While it's not fair to poke fun at others, they make it all too easy with their pretense and exaggerated airs.

Bugbears: I know what they act like, but I also know what they do, and for that I praise them

Drakes: As grandiose now as they were then.

Duerger: Mean-spirited little thugs with all the grace the Lord gave a garden-slug. I'm not one for violence, but if the shoe fits...

Ettercaps: Somewhere, down deep in the bowels of the Earth I suppose, they have a purpose of the utmost importance. I can't rightly say what that is. But I give them the benefit of the doubt.

Grimalkin: Maddening to be around. I can't trust them, but I also can't help but be swept up in their intrigue.

Hounds: I feel for them. To be at the beck and mercy of a trumpet? Any time of day or night? Sad.

Orcs: I had thought them long gone, but then I met one. It is interesting to see how many of us evolved to remain relevant.

Widdershin Tom: I honestly can't tell the difference between them and the Grimalkin.

Boggans: Good job, guy, but you're a little slow.

Brunnies: A gift is the same as a thank you, and a thank-you doesn't meant to murdle-urdle the household. I like you cousins, but you cray-cray.

Effgies: I know they're bad, but they're also fun. I wish I could dislike the Bad, but like I said, FUN.