

HUITZLIN

'A people of soldiers and priests, stargazers and sacrificers. And of poets: that world of brilliant colours and shadowy passions was interspersed with brief, prodigious flashes of poetry. And in all the manifestations of that extraordinary and terrible nation, from astronomical myths to poets' metaphors, and from daily rituals to priests' meditations, the obsession, the smell, the stench of blood.' - Labyrinth of Solitude - Octavio Paz

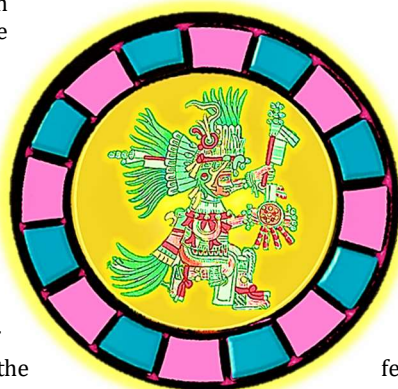
Quote: Know that I am the obsidian claw of the Hummingbird on the Left, and from the Place of Shining he sent me to taste your hearts-blood. Don't worry. Your death will bring him glory, and I will always remember the taste of your death.

The mysterious bright shining isle from which the Ayauhcalli hailed was Aztlan. The God-Protector of this realm was Huitzilpochtli. He was the patron God of war, the sun, strategy, sacrifice - all of the most important aspects of Aztec life. He was the Hummingbird on the Left (the South) and watched over his beloved Tenochtitlan with the Zeal only a God of War can understand.

His children, likewise, inherited these same roles. The Calli (Kith) known as Huitzlin are the brightly feathered progeny of the Hummingbird on the Left and protect the whole of the Empire of the Dusk to the exclusion of all else. Militant in the extreme, the Children of the Sun God are killers, knights, berserkers, and even simple thugs. Yet they perform all these roles with religious fervor unparalleled amongst their fellows..

Under the brightness of the Sun they seek out despoilers of their father's will and mete out swift justice to those who harm their fellow Ayauhcalli (Fae). Their justice comes swifter, perhaps, than any other creature in any Dreaming Kingdom. No surprise as their Father was the Hummingbird God of war. The ultimate goal of this Calli then, is to win their Father's favor. One day, they may even be reunited with him in Aztlan.

Appearance: All Mien of the Huitzlin are handsome, with the strong dark features that are the hallmark of their Aztec descent. Though they may be a little shorter, their tight thin muscles highlights their athleticism. The Tlacaxayaque (Mortal Mien) has dark eyes, and long black hair. The smile seldom comes, and even when it does, it is at unusual moments (such as the witnessing of violence).



The Teohua (Fae Mien) takes that same dark skin, but it now has a greenish or bluish sheen to it. The eyes are lipid pools of obsidian shine, and strange turquoise and pinkish red markings appear on the face and hands. A large swathe of fuchsia and red appears on the front torso and the Huitzlin takes great care to present it to the world.

In all forms, they favor traditional clothing, when they can. If they can't they at least wear jewelry embellished with sun motifs or decorated with bright feathers.

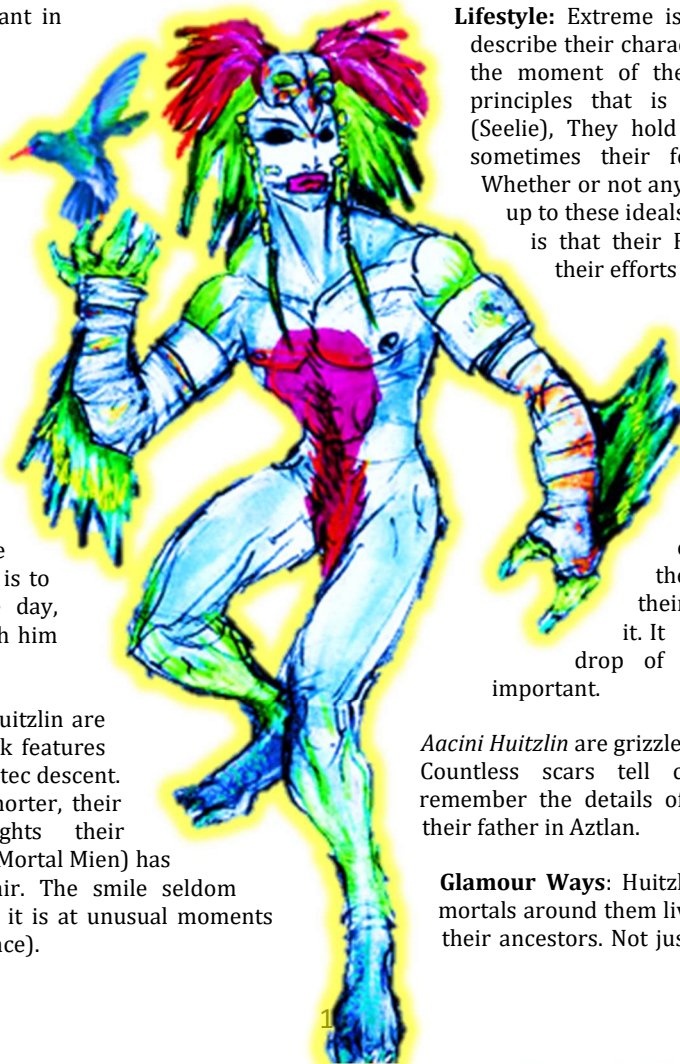
Lifestyle: Extreme isn't a strong enough word to describe their character. Each of the Huitzlin, from the moment of their Chrysalis' adopt a set of principles that is uncompromisingly Melahuac (Seelie). They hold themselves, each other, and sometimes their fellow Calli to these ideals. Whether or not anyone of these numbers can live up to these ideals isn't important. What matters is that their Father-God Huitzilpochtli sees their efforts and approves.

Pilontli Huitzlin are eager to prove themselves. They are still young and naïve, and have not yet tasted blood, but that will quickly change.

Pipiyolti Huitzlin have seen enough death to understand the horror of it all, and despite their youth, no longer aggrandize it. It is an ugly necessity, and every drop of blood taken and tasted is important.

Aacini Huitzlin are grizzled veterans of too many battles. Countless scars tell countless stories, and they remember the details of each one to better impress their father in Aztlan.

Glamour Ways: Huitzlin regain Mahuiztli when the mortals around them live up to the same stoic code of their ancestors. Not just the battle-hardened, but the



morally strong, painfully honest, and back-breakingly ethical keepers of laws that kept the Aztec cosmos spinning. This may or may not include blood-shed depending, but it does involve honesty, integrity, determination, and dedication to a greater cause.

Unleashing: Nomiuh (Cantrips) cast by Huitzlin are accompanied by a furious buzzing of swift wings, jewel-like flashes of turquoise and magenta, and the unmistakable tang of blood in the air.

Affinity: Time

Birthrights:

It all goes on so Slow (*Cehuio Moch Yoyolictzin*): The word Huitzil itself means Hummingbird, and the Calli themselves exemplify the speed and dexterity of these nimble birds. They gain 3 extra dots of dexterity at character creation for free.

In addition, the Huitzlin can spend 1 Mahuiztli and roll dexterity – for every success on the roll, they gain an action to be taken during the next turn.

Father Will Bring Me Up (*Tatzintli Xinech*): As inheritors of their Father-God's mantle, the Huitzlin are able to shape-shift to better carry out his will. For 1 Mahuiztli spent, they can transform into a brightly-colored hummingbird. It costs nothing to change back. While in Hummingbird form, they lose all stamina and strength, but have dexterity of 10.

Frailites

We are Going Straight (*Tiahue Melahuac*): The Huitzlin hold themselves to a strict Code of Honor, and this extends to not only their own Calli, but their fellow Ayauhcalli as well. At any time they witness someone acting with cowardice, selfishness, or in any means not befitting the inheritors of the Aztec pantheon, then they must roll their willpower to not say something at least. The difficulty lies in who is acting improperly.

If it is another Calli of the Iztlacateteo persuasion then it is a 7 (Scorpions will be scorpions). If it is another Melahuac Calli, then it is a difficulty 8 (they should hold themselves to better standards). If it is a fellow Huitzlin, then it is a difficulty 10.

If the roll succeeds, then the Huitzlin will give the offender a nasty glare but still mind their own business. If the roll fails, then the offender will get a stern-talking to.

If the willpower roll ever botches, then the Huitzlin will chase the offender down and eat his heart or die trying. That or the offender makes suitable restitution with Huitzilpochtli. Whichever comes first.

We will drink it (*Izque*): In a strange Mandate of the Aztec Pantheon, the Huitzlin cannot partake in normal foods like their fellow Calli. Only the flesh of evil-doers, and sweets, can fit the bill.

At least once every day they must consume something sweet, be it candy, soda, or even spoonfuls of honey, agave nectar, or syrup. Every day without it is a -1 to any rolls involving dexterity.

At least once every month, they must consume the blood or flesh of an ill-natured creature. This of course is up for debate, but plenty of Huitzlin have chased down renegade Chimera to fulfill their blood-thirsty needs.

If the Huitzlin can't imbibe in such within a month, then they begin to lose Mahuiztli at a point of one per week. If they run out of Mahuiztli completely, they are undone, and only an intervention by their Father-God Huitzilpochtli can bring them back.

Citlalee regards you with unblinking eyes, realizes you're not a threat, and answers your queries quickly...

Alux: I understand your need to help mortals. But keep them there. If your pets stray too far into the wild, they are ours.

Boto: Not everything must be celebrated, few things must be celebrated to that extent.

Carbunclo: Older than even we reckon. Let them to their own ways. Their purpose has yet to reveal itself.

Centzon Totochtin: I fear your mother, I hate you.

Civatateo: They may wear the trappings of the New God Jesus- but their actions yet recall the old ways. This is good.

Curupira: Our kingdom is the high sun, but they rule the darkness of midnight. Still we are allies if not friends.

Muki: Who?

Pombero; Why are so many of us so lustful?

Quinametzin: With all the battles we wage, it is good to have those who can heal us. Respect them and aid them when possible.

Saci: I See them. I hear them laugh. And I recognize their tricks. It is good not to take yourself too seriously. That is why the Saci are important.

Xan: I want to trust them. They have given no reason not to. But I cannot, and I will not trust them.

Mimicquez: We have escorted many to Mictlan. And we will escort many more before our days are done.