

Likho

"It was written I should be loyal to the nightmare of my choice." Heart of Darkness— Joseph Conrad

Quote: Bah, Boo, blagh. You little ones with your whining and your crying that you aren't princes, or princesses – that you aren't rich or famous or loved. You are alive, no? That is more to complain about than your lack of pocket-monies, yes?

Old Keepers of fate and chance, and persecutors of those souls who cheat both- this all-crone, all female Plemya(Kith) were manifestations of foul fortune and ill-luck. The Likho are an old-world Hag feared and reviled throughout the Thrice Tenth Kingdom. Legend has them hanging on the necks of greedy folk, weighing them down, and, when the poor souls were at their worst, eating them. They are said to be evil, manipulative, and perpetually hungry. That they are, and they are loved because of it.

As the oldest, wisest (and no few of their own numbers stress) most powerful of the Plemya, it is their duty to ensure that all things go according to plan. Whose Plan exactly is up for debate, but with the Likho's powers over Fate and Chance, it is the wise Russian Changeling who heeds.

Unfortunately, the numbers of the Likho Plemya are few, and growing fewer every day. Much like their own, Fate is not kind. One day soon, they will pass from this world. Perhaps a new group will rise to take their place, perhaps not. The Likho aren't that worried about it, there is plenty in the here and now that demands their attention, and a whole gaggle of simpleton Plemya that need their help.



On The Koldun'ya- The Beldam,

Now my little chicken-hut, do you go a wandering? The ultra-powerful 4th generation Hag Krovopiytsa called Baba Yaga is a mainstay in the World of Darkness. Countless source-books catalogue her many Nosferatu powers, and her powerful blood-spells maintained the strength of the Russian borders.

But who, or what was the Baby Yaga pre-bite? How was her existence before Absimiliard the Hunter took her that fateful night. Some Fae scholars well versed in Prodigal affairs cite that she may have very well been a powerful Likho enchantress. After her Embrace, she forgot her Enchanted Dreaming self, but lost none of her magical abilities. The Beldam (as she is referred to in Hushed terms by modern Plemya) is revered, beloved, and rightfully feared. Yet she is also pitied for her loss of self.

Appearance: The Lik (Mien) of the Likho is pale-skinned, dark-beclothed, and scolwing. The Okovy Lik (Mortal Mien) is a shortish scrawny old woman with greying wrinkled skin, a severe expression, and an angry squint.

The Karlik Lik (Fae Mien) is much the same, she still always wears severe black clothing, and still looks as if someone had taken a piss in her cheerios. However, she also gains a good meter in height, and her limbs are that much longer. Her head grows large in turn, and that squint takes on a monstrous change. Her squinty eye is normal (if rheumy, cloudy, milky and grey is normal) while her other eye is huge, the size of a baseball. It is shiny and glaring, with a big iris that bounces around the socket like a marble in an empty-fish bowl.

Lifestyle: The life of the Likho is one of severity. They are forever angry, scowling, demanding, proper at all costs, trying, bitter old women. They are also the last great hope of the Plemya, keepers of antiquity and the Fire-bird Empire's magic. Without their leadership, the thrice-damned Long-Ears of Varich would take over. Though they are to a one of them Zima, they are still treasured by all.

Zuitbotschnick Likho are not a thing, neither are...

Zverinyy Likho, however,...

Serebro Likho maintain strict rules of decorum. They know their roles, and they perform them well.

Glamour Ways: Likho refuel their Zhivost' whenever mortals are respectful of the Likho's own decrees: Advice taken, warnings heeded, Counsel heard and implemented. This is doubly so when the Advice is a difficult to hear and the warnings aren't believed but regarded anyway.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Likho are accompanied by the pungent perfume of old moldering leaves, and old mildewed wood. There is a cool breeze that flows through the scene, which leeches warmth and color saturation, leaving everything that much dimmer and that much greyer.

Affinity: Time.

Birthrights:

Fortune Foul: (*Udacha Uzhasnaya*): The Likho are keepers of ill-timed luck, mistresses of misfortune, and bearers on all the bad things that could happen-and do. With a point of Zhivost' spent, a gesture given (sometimes a hug, sometimes a firm handshake, sometimes a kiss, sometimes simply pointing at the target) and a successful willpower roll (difficulty 7) the Likho can cause that person to have unbearable luck for the next few days (equal to successes scored on the Likho's roll).

How this bad luck manifests is up to the Likho. It might count as all 2's on any roll count as botches like 1's. It might mean that one direly important roll is going to botch horribly (according to storyteller's prerogative). It might mean that One background of the Likho's choice just doesn't work for the next few days.

Storytellers and Players should work on different applications of this Birthright in a way both appropriate and justified.

Strength of Arms (*Sila Oruzhiya*): Regardless of their elder years, the Likho are hags. And hags, no matter who, what, or where they come from, are stronger than anyone reckons. At character creation, all Likho begin with 3 free dots in the Strength rating, even if carries them above 5.

Frailties:

Grand-Baba (*Babushka*): The Likho are creatures of the old ways, and in the old ways, a little respect goes a long way. If anyone, target, friend, victim or ally, calls the Likho either Auntie, Grandmother, Beldam, or some other term of polite endearment, than any harmful Cantrip rolls the Likho makes against that person (in the case of enemies, targets, and victims that is) are always at a +2 difficulty.

Luckily, such respect is an ancient conceit, and fewer and fewer young punks today take the time to pleasantly acknowledge these Antiquated Crones.

Not Much Longer (*Ne Namnogo Dol'she*): The Likho are Serebro, and old ones at that. Their Chrysalis starts with old age and will end with it. They do not have the beauty of youth or promise of young love to soften their eventual decline. At character creation, all Likho cannot begin with an Appearance rating of higher than two. In addition, any of the more bitter aspects of growing old will apply until the Likho's dying death- "Which can happen at any time" they'll remind you.

Baba spits out harsh truths about the miserable, mewling, bastard little Plemya...

Dvoverie: Eh? Farm Boys? Little hairy boys who do not like to hear No from good folks. I will say it much louder next time and make sure that they hear it loud.

Kikkimora: They hide in their holes when we come to drink at their farms. This is good, is sign of respect and fear. Healthy fear and respect. Will keep them safe a little longer.

Leshiye: I do not bargain with these cheaters. They owe me much and they refuse to pay it.

Morozko: In the Yule-days, we would compete for chance games, yes? We both would help many mortals, in ways we saw fit. Both of us came away with many many deaths. The Frost-girls would cry and I would laugh. Yule-Games was good.

Korhorushy: I do not like the Cats who tell futures. Futures is not meant to be known, is meant to be feared.

Polevik: The oat boys was once to be everywhere. In the now-days, I do not see them many place. Is sad. They were good to look at with their shirts not on.

Poludnica: Big Chests and Empty Heads, This is why the Boys like them. They do not like them much when they get murdered, Hey? Hah. Serves the horny boy-chiks right.

Rarash: Eh? Of course I know who you are talking about. That is why I say nothing.

Rusalki: Eh, stupid girls. I do not cry, but for stupidity.

They do not must to marry the Vodyanoi, yet they do. This is why every winter is same thing, and no one is happy except the...

Vodyanoi: They is the liars and cheats in rivers and lakes. But is clever liars and cheats. They have not to break the rules yet, and so I say nothings. One days perhaps, but not the nows.

Ved: Large, and Kind, with large, kind, empty heads. Full of air, yes? Lungs and head.

Vily: I was never fair of face. I is born ugly and old, and never wants to be anything else. The Vily are afraid of me because of this. They should be.

Zmei: I think the Dragons are gone soon. This world does not wants them much longer. Soon, the world will replace them with something fancier. Bah. The world will be poorer for it.

