

# MOSWYFJES

**"I'm going to give you some advice: don't be such a whiny asshole. It makes you look weak."**

Fugly— Mimi Jean Pamfiloff

**Quote:** Oh, boo-hoo, you got a spear through the lungs....What do you want? A band-aid? All right, just shut your trap and I'll heal it up for you. Gods, I didn't realize that the Sidhe were such babies...

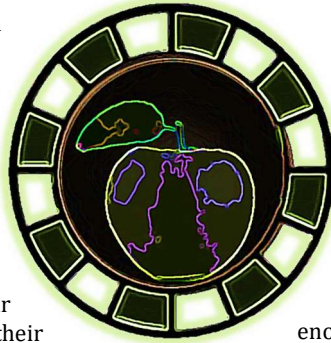
Indirectly descended from the long-forgotten Gods of the Wild Places, this all-female kith couldn't give two rat's a\*\*es about any supposed ancestors or the dumb-ass men who try to cement it as fact. They are far too busy to over-worry about that kind of s\*\*\*. The Moswyfjes, also called *Waldweibchen*, *Finzweiberl*, and *Lohjungfern*,- the Moss-Wives have a similarly appropriate title in common Wechselbalg (Changeling) parlance, "*those scary green chicks what live in the forest...*" They maintain wild swathes of rocky and woody places far from the prying eyes of men. Here they can practice their art unopposed.

Their art is one of wonder. Poultices made from ferns and tree-roots, salves derived from grasses, even specialty brewed beers and meads birthed of wildflowers, spring-waters, and the purest mountain honeys. Each concoction they create is a masterpiece of arboreal achievement, able to heal, soothe, and even stem the tides of banality in some cases... But this magic comes with a price. The Moswyfjes are known for their acid tongue, and wounding words. Every utterance is dripping with disdain for all who call on them. And May the Gods help those who are stingy or greedy and need the Green-Wives aid.... If there is one thing that can't be abided, it's the penny-pinchers and bean-counters of Man's world...

Despite this naysaying, the Moswyfjes are an integral part of Wechselbalg society, and won't prevent their gifts of medicine from being disseminated to the needy. But there is a lot of fun to be had verbally attacking anyone who needs them.

**Appearance:** In Mensch-Pelz (Mortal Mien), the Moswyfjes are small angry-looking women. They have perpetual scowls that undermine a naturally pretty and rustic face. To a one of them they have dark hair, pale skin, and unusually green eyes. Their clothing, however, is always a give-away. Due to their frailty, they have to wear all-natural clothing made from plant material. They are fond of raffia and grass-fiber attire but have a variety of outfits dyed in a multitude of natural colors. In Elfe-Pelz (Fae Mien), they appear much the same. The same dark-hair (though with a greenish-grey-hue) and same pale skin (though with a slightly paler greenish-grey hue) and same bright green eyes. Their garb takes on a fey glow that shifts in wind, and seems like all the wonders of the natural world are woven into its very twines. The Moswyfjes take great pride in their outfits...and it is a quick way to get on their good-sides (do they even have one?) if one were to complement them on their dress.

**Lifestyle:** The Moswyfjes maintain quiet sanctuaries deep in the dark wood. Always lush with vegetation, these sanctuaries are where they practice their Green magics. They are master herbalists, brewers, apothecaries, and anything that can be done in the world of wild flora. For this reason, other



blanche.

Wechselbalg will seek them out, hoping to garner the good side of these hard to please Great-Green-Ladies. Some may even warrant a sardonic smile – A smile that is quickly followed by attacks on the seeker's IQ, heritage, and sexual misbehaviors.

*Unreif Moswyfjes* are gawky little girls, fair of face but foul of tongue. Their potty mouths are the stuff of legends, and is enough to make the staunchest of Nockers

*Überspannt Moswyfjes* have found a niche for themselves far away from the world of man. Many have traveled to the lands of man, just to check it out, of course, and found it wanting.

*Vernünftig Moswyfjes* embody the best snark of the Golden Girls. They have seen it all, done it all, and probably pissed on most of it. The next world has no secrets for them, and this world is as just as tiring.

**Glamour Ways:** Moswyfjes gain Zauberkunst by aiding the needy, and by making the needy cry.

**Unleashing:** Cantrips cast by the Moswyfjes are accompanied by the smell of rich loam and vegetation, the feel of cool earth beneath the feet, and a bitter taste on the tongue. For exceptionally angry castings of magics, there is a painful prickly feeling, as if the recipient just walked through a field of stinging nettles.

**Affinity:** Scene

**Birthrights**

**Green Wisdom (*Grüne Weisheit*):** The Moswyfjes know the secrets of all the healing plants and are as comfortable in the far-flung dark forests as they are in their own skin. From the moment of their saining, they inherit a deep and abiding awareness of nature, giving them a +3 to survival and medicine both at character creation. This also gives them a +1 to lore and kenning, as they can access the myths involved with their beloved green.

**Green Skins (*Grüne Häute*):** This same knowledge of the plant world also manifests in their appearance and enables them to Camouflage themselves with the forest around them. By standing still in their verdant world, they are all but invisible. It takes a Perception + Awareness or Alertness roll difficulty 9 to even see them. They are also at a +3 to stealth when on the move in their little worlds.

## Frailties:

**Husbandless (*Ehemannlos*):** In the old world, this frailty ensured that the Wood-Wives would be husbandless forever due to their harsh tongue and bitter nature. Modern Moswyfjes don't really care either way. The Moswyfjes are Surly, bitter, venomous in tongue and always Angry. No can really stand to be amongst them too long, except for their own kind. In addition, they have a special disdain for the stingy. They are at a +2difficulty to all social rolls (*unless someone can overtake their acidic tongue and get to know them, which usually takes one month of constantly being around them*). They are also at a +3 difficulty to all social rolls with bean-counters, the greedy, the parsimonious, and the overly miserly stingy men that run this world.

**Cursed by Clothing (*Verflucht von Kleidung*):** The Moswyfjes may hold special rank in the forest, but the modern trappings of the common man harangues their primal flesh. The Moss-Ladies are allergic to all forms of wool, cotton, and leather. Wearing any clothes that aren't made from bark, wood, grass, leaves, or plant matter, they suffer a +3 difficulty to all rolls until they can either run sky-clad or put on their more comfortable garments crafted by nature and their own two hands.

**Embla picks some login-berries and assaults your ears with her bitter tirade on the fellow Abstammung.**

**Alb:** Sneaky f\*\*\*\*\* liars who lie, cheat, and steal. Somebody's got to.

**Gummi-Bären:** You're kidding, right?

**HaferBocke:** Psychos.

**Haule Mannerchen:** Don't listen to them, they're not nearly as important as they claim.

**Kobolds:** Misers and Cheats who would charge their own mothers rent. At least you know where you stand with them.

**Nisser:** The real kings out here, despite what the Waltshcrats tell you.

**Waltshcrat:** It's more fun if you don't try so hard.

**Nibelung:** As old as the Jotun, and just as important. Don't let anybody tell you different.

