

MOUROS

No stars in the black night – Looks like the sky fell down
No sun in the daylight – Looks like it's chained to the ground
Silver and Gold – U2



Quote: The sword Joyeuse? You mean the magical all-Gold French sword of Charles the Great? Yes, but this is a replica of course. Not the real one. Is this one Real gold? No. It's just heavy. I'll give it to you for 15'000 Peseta. 90 Euros? Sold.

Deep under the Spanish countryside, hidden in mountain caves, or even in labyrinthine holds under major Spanish cities, the shining workshops of the Mouros spin more and more wonders. It may be easy to misconstrue the Mouros as simply another Fae family of crafters, but to do so would be to negate the metallic majesty of these ancient and alien Gods of the Forge. The Panelinha's (Kith's) true origins are lost to Pre-roman antiquity, but such forgotten knowledge doesn't hinder these pale-skinned Encantare (Changeling) in the least.

Ostensibly Beato (Seelie) the Mouros has no beef with anything the Church does now-a-days. While Fae scholars may posit that the Church ran the Mouros underground- the Mouros are the first to point out that they were underground anyway. And as their old-pagan origins are still a mystery, it is far more important to focus on the goings-on of today.

Today, these beauteous figures create treasures both mythic and mundane in their shops. Mortals, Fae, or otherwise, seek out these strange out-of-the-way underground (literally) curio shops to find quality goods at competitive pricing. The Mouros don't care about the money anyways; there is always more silver and gold to be had. What really matters is the magic.

Appearance: In both Disfraz (Mien), the Mouros are tall and slender, pale of skin and light of hair. In Disfraz Grilhões (Mortal Mien) this manifests as Albinism due to their slipped seeming frailty. Though this slipped frailty also manifests in the Disfraz being decidedly unnaturally attractive. Their Disfraz Xarma (Fae Mien) accentuates this fairness even more however, as their paper-colored flesh seems to glow with inner warmth that dazzles the eyes. Their light hair burns pale –white gold, or shimmers with the cool glow of platinum or silver. Their eyes glow like warm rubies or shine with the silvery-blue light of the moon. This glow is actually enough for them to work with, as their bodies themselves produce soft light.

They are taller than even their Sidhe cousins, but whenever possible are bedecked in heaps of ornate armor, dripping with jewels and accoutrements, with each hand-crafted piece as painstakingly assembled as the last. No matter their appearance or outfit for that matter, they are always resplendent.

Lifestyle: Unfortunately, the lifestyle of the Mouros is a little limited. The curse of the sun, plus their own unique appearance makes too much exploration a little restricted. (Not considering Midsummer's). The Mouros are fine with this, however. Deep in their own little underground workshops, they toil and tinker to their hearts content. They have plenty to keep them occupied, and they need not fear boredom. There is

MIDSUMMERS

Midsummer is the festival summer solstice, the longest year of the day, and the one day when the sun's curse on the Mouros is negated. It usually falls from June 19th to the 25th and is a bigger deal among the older Pagão Encantare families. During these few days, from sunrise to sunset, the normally Beato Mouros are free to go out into the brightness of day and celebrate. Certain rules may be broken during this day, or taboos explored without repercussions. During this time they may become Pagão (Unseelie)

always a new art to learn, or a new treasure to create. They are perhaps the most gregarious of the Panelinhas, and most make life-time friends among their fellow Spanish Encantare. Just as long as they don't have to go-a-venturing during the day, they are eager to explore with whomever will have them.

Yet there is one group equally limited by the sun, with whom the Mouros have some trafficking with. The Sanguessuga- Vampires. This is especially true of the Taureator Bull-Fighter family (who seem *transfixed* with Mouros' workmanship and the Nosferatu families who share the underground). All enjoy pleasant relations with the Panelinha, whether or not there is understanding of culture or true identity.

Pouce Mouros are bright and eager, attentive, and motivated to start the craft. There may be a bit of remorse about lack of sun-but when called back to the task at hand, that remorse is quickly replaced with a joie-de-tasque that is nigh-infectious.

Vigariste Mouros are the keenest to go adventuring with their Encantare peers. They are excited to set up shop their own shop, yes, but also want to get out and see the world. Ultimately, what they really desire is to make a name for themselves.

Idose Mouros tend to pass down their favorite creations to loved ones (sometimes other Mouros students, sometimes other Fae friends, sometimes simply favorite customers). They close up shop earlier and earlier every morning a.m. and begin looking for a new deserving Mouros Pouce to bequeath the shop to.

Glamour Ways: Mouros refuel their Xarma by the wonders of their art. Whenever a mortal (Or other entity) oos and aahs over the Mouros handiwork, some magic is refueled. If a Mouros designs something for a specific individual, the glamour from that oohing and aahing will count as double.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Mouros are accompanied by ribbons of gold and silver light flashing across the scene, the sounds of tinkling coins, and the tinny chiming of tiny silver bells.

Affinity: Prop

Birthrights:

Bright Forge Gods (*Brilaj Forĝantaj Dioj*): As stated above, the Mouros are veritable Gods of the Forge. From the emergence of the Chrysalis, they seek out their own underground forge (usually left by a passing grump Mouros) and begin to create. The inherited Forge allows them access to precious metals both mundane and Dreaming-derived. At character creation, each Mouros begins with the Resources background rating of 3. Most Mouros have far higher ratings, however, and no few above even 5. In addition, each Mouros begins with a +2 to Appearance (putting one in mind of the Sidhe) and also begin with a +1 to dex (manifested in nimble fingers) and a +2 to crafts. No Mouros can botch a crafts roll.

Frailties:

Allergic to the Light (*Alergia al la Lumo*): The Mouros in both forms are affected by the Slipped Seeming flaw – but manifests a bit differently. It is Albinism coupled with a strange allure (as seen in the +2 to appearance above), with the real detriment arising in their allergy to the sun. For every turn spent under the sun, a Mouros takes 1 level of lethal Damage. In addition, any actions taken at all under too bright lights (anything more than a small campfire) raises the difficulty. The brighter the light, the more the difficulty is raised.

Gael works out the kinks of his clockwork dragon steed as he answers your queries with a smile...

Bicho-Papão: Eh. No naughty children here.

Cuegle: Monsters? Perhaps. But guess how many people think I'm a vampire? We're all monsters.

Dip: Poor little puppers.

Malinos: None down here I'm afraid. I must be too boring, no?

Jentilak: We share a mountain. That's about it.

Musgosu: We also share a mountain, but they at least like to talk with us.

Trasgu: I'd say something about goblins, but I'd be talking about half of the Encantare as well.

Ventolines: Sorry, no need for weather control down here. But do stop by to say hi anyways.

Xana: Surprisingly, they never want a new suit or armor. Strange, no?

Nockers: Poor little boogers. It must be tough.

Taureator: The Art-Fan undead are our biggest supporters. However, they often claim undue familial ties. I can strictly attest to our lack of relations.

Nosferatu: It is the gossip they come for, more-so than the treasure. I am also not a gossip, so I'll ask that you stop asking about them.

