

Rose Dryad

“Was I ever crazy? Maybe. Or maybe life is... Crazy isn't being broken or swallowing a dark secret. It's you or me amplified. If you ever told a lie and enjoyed it. If you ever wished you could be a child forever. Girl, Interrupted — Susanna Kaysen,

Quote: *Pepper!* Don't listen to her! The Red Queen doesn't want *Pepper!* So bring more *Pepper!* Lots and Lots of *white Pepper!*

There are a multitude of pathways between this world and the next. There are hidden doorways that lead to open pockets between these worlds – bolt holes, rabbit holes, mirrors, wardrobes, etc.... In these open pocket little tween places that exist within these doorways are thorny hedge mazes that keep those ones there and these ones here. These thorny hedge mazes are festooned with large swathes of red and white roses to mark boundaries – boundaries that delineate umbral borders. Every large enough Rose Garden in England has such hidden doorways somewhere in close proximity – that magic mirror, forgotten wrought-iron gate that only opens at Midnight, or a Rabbit hole that opens into a buried Trod underneath. The Roses, you see, are both here and there and if one knows how, they can go hither and yon through the Roses careful to scratch themselves too much on the thorns. However, these Roses are different. They have princesses.

Rose Dryads are a rare form of all – female inanimaeish Kithain that exist on the peripheral realms of the English Dreaming. Less a Dryad in the traditional sense, (*such as the Nymphae's, Kubera, or other nature-born Fae creature*), the Rose Dryads are manifestations of that Rose Garden's magic chaotic energy itself. It calls to kinain females in the area, and invites them in. Once inside these princesses are imbued with the frantic energy enough that they are tied to these otherworldly gardens forever as Fae. But proximity to these doorways and hedge-mazes and mirrors and wardrobes; it is sometimes a little too much. The leeching chaotic energy drives these pretty princesses somewhat daffy. In a frenzied bid for dominance, each of the Rose Dryads in any garden clamors over each other to be the next Queen-Rose of the Garden.

Coming in two colors – Red and White – the Rose Dryads to a one of them suffer from dementations. And while they will absolutely ally with each other to protect their liminal realms from both one side and the other, they will battle against themselves if no imminent threat is present. Not that they hate each other mind, far from it. But White vs. Red, and Red vs. White is the order of the day. Who are you to tell them otherwise? Nobody puts baby in the corner.

Appearance: Both of the Miens of the Rose Dryads are tall, Stately, beautiful, regal in the ways that only a queen can be. Mortal miens of the Red Rose Dryads have red or black hair, and dark-dark eyes. White Rose Dryads have pale eyes and platinum, grey, or bluish-black hair.

The Fae Mien of the Dryads exaggerates these features to elven proportions. Their otherworldly beauty is only magnified. But the madness of the Dryads is sometimes made visible in the Fae Mien. Extravagant clothing (usually with a rose or thorn motif) doesn't detract from wide staring eyes or exaggerated facial tics.



THE OTHER GARDENS.

There once were yellow roses, but they are forgotten. Once there were black roses but their fate is unresolved. Once there blue roses, but they went too far into the hedge. Once were orange, and pink, and even other colors that don't exist anymore. There are numerous deliberations as to why only White and Red persisted. Some history buffs point out the fabled English war of the roses that brought romance and tragedy to the English courts (Well reflected in the Dreaming of course). Some posit that a certain Mr. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson and his great write are the culprits. Whatever the origins one thing is certain. Such is the fate of all Roses eventually.

Lifestyle: It would be all too easy to say that the Red Roses are Bugg (Unseelie) and the white Olph (Seelie). Or perhaps vice-versa. The truth of it is that assuming by color alone is a quick way to draw their attentions, never a good thing. The life of the Rose Dryads is spent politicking and battling (Sometimes with weapons) in the Rose-Garden realms between. As this Garden is between the waking world and the Dreaming (among others) the Rose Dryads can maintain mundane lives in the Waking domain – all the better to lull their unsuspecting sisters into a surprise attack from the real world!

Childing Rose Dryads, called *Princesses*, are called from other worlds. They are usually Kinain, but sometimes simply wayward daughters of Eve too precocious for the real world. However, they are called by the garden itself, and by hook or crook are brought over into the realms between.

Wilder Rose Dryads, called *Duchesses*, learn the rules well enough to participate in the frenzied politicking of the Garden. Hopefully they make a name for themselves enough to put their name in the bid for next Queen.

Grumps Rose Dryads, called *Queens*, are the ones who can hold onto it longest. When they feel that they are getting on in years, they will ask the Garden itself to fetch them a new princess. This princess will be groomed to replace the aging Queen. Sometimes the Garden acquiesces. Sometimes it brings another a rose Princess opposite of her own hue.

Glamour Ways: Rose Dryads can regain Glamour both from the Rose Gardens of the real world, and their own liminal realm beyond (though truth be told, any sizable garden in this world can lead to that one, no?).

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Rose-Dryads unsurprisingly carry with them the overpowering perfume of too many Roses.

Affinity: Scene

Birthrights

Fair of Face and Full of Grace: Of course, each Rose Dryad is as pretty as a Rose in their own right. At character creation, each Rose Dryad gains 2 free dots of Appearance.

How Does Their Garden Grow?: The otherworldly energy of Garden infuses the Rose Dryads with an intricate understanding of the Fae Realms beyond. At character creation, each Rose Dryad begins with 5 extra dots to be spent on kennings or greymare (or cosmology or occult if one so wishes).

Frailties:

War of the Roses: It is every Rose Dryad's solemn duty to outdo her erstwhile sibling in an attempt to gain the crown. While there are no set mechanics to enforce this, each derangement that a Rose Dryad exhibits furthers this quest for queen-hood. Though these limited tempests/ quarrels/ turf wars, aren't their sole preoccupation - they are important enough to warrant certain protocols.

1. *White Roses and Red Roses vs those who seek to harm the garden or use it for ill-means.*
2. *White Roses vs. Red Roses if there are no present threats to the Garden.*
3. *White Roses vs. White Roses (and Vice-Versa) if there are no Red Roses to battle.*



We're All Mad Here: As has already been implied, the maddening energy of the Rose Garden and the Gates and Doorways and Hedge Mazes and Rabbit Holes and Mirrors and Wardrobes and Donuts and Tornadoes leaks into the minds of these Princesses. At character Creation, each Rose Dryad picks two derangements depending on Rose Color. White Rose Dryads must pick one physical and one mental derangement. Red Dryads, however, must pick one mental and one physical. Physical Derangements usually involve overly exaggerated features such as a large mouth, wide staring eyes that don't blink or a weak disposition that erupts in little sniffs and coughs or gagging at unexpected smells. Some have even manifested odd colorations of skin, or even thorns on the hands (Which bleeds into Slipped Seeming) Note that none of these physical derangements is enough to warrant a loss of appearance, however, the Rose Dryads will always be prettier than most.

Beatrice Red Princess of Gloucestershire, and Abigail, white Princess of Gloucestershire giggle and glare at each other while they explain the others.

Springheels: Never again.

Kuta: Boring, Ever so Boring.

Jabberwockeez: They call us mad. We are of course. But that doesn't mean that they aren't.

Pilywiggins: Hah! If they didn't we would have been hunted down long long long ago.

Huirnvui: No. No. A thousand times no. I have everything I could ever want here with my sister.

Snarks: If I could catch one I would tell you everything that you want to know.

Sidhe: So many kinds. Autumn, Arcadian, Llihanon, Scatach, This Roth, that Roth, Teriyaki, Cajun, the list goes on and on and each as boorish as the last.

Ulthranian Cats: NO! Don't follow them. Everything they offer is a lie. Everything. They only bring more madness, which we have far enough of out here.

Toreador: "Whatever happened to my Garden of Black Roses?"