

SAMHANACH

"For these beings, fall is ever the normal season, the only weather, there be no choice beyond. Where do they come from? The dust. Where do they go? The grave. Does blood stir their veins? No: the night wind. What ticks in their head? The worm. What speaks from their mouth? The toad. What sees from their eye? The snake. What hears with their ear? The abyss between the stars. They sift the human storm for souls, eat flesh of reason, fill tombs with sinners. They frenzy forth..."

Something Wicked This Way Comes— Ray Bradbury

Quote: Trick or Treat

Once, long before summer's end was christianized as All-Saint's Day, there were beasts that lived in the sacred liminal moments between the end of Beltaine and the arrival of Samhain. In those few special hours when the crown was being passed from the Seelie to Unseelie courts, madness and misdirection were the rules. Some small shadow of that nebulous chaos would be remembered in the form of Halloween. Yet for one Hibernian Tribe, that time never ends.

The Samhanach (literateally, the ones from Samhain) are a frighteningly obtuse family of masked children. They are rarely over teenage years, and despite their ancient pedigree, actively abstain from politics, ruling, or any other pursuit of agency. Their whole raison de vivre seems to be play and play alone.

However, one aspect that they do take seriously is the rescue of children. Children victims of abuse, neglect, or even excessively banal households are sometimes "rescued" by the Samhanach. For one night, these children are captured, bound up in garish costumes, and carted around on all sorts of adventures with the equally costumed Samhanachs- almost as if they were one and the same with the Samhanach Tribe. Sometimes that Child will find their way back, none the worst for wear- but undoubtedly changed. Othertimes, a New Samhanach has been brought into the fold, back of the Milk-Carton be damned.

Appearance: The difference between Mortal and Fae Mien in the case of the Samhanach is a moot conceit. The Mortal Mien is always a shabby child always sporting a shabby disguise. Sometimes they wear a mask. Strangely enough, even under the masks, they still wear face-paint matching the outward mask. The Fae mien is the same, save that under that mask, is a face that still wears the make-up, but matches the face of their mask. If they wear a devil mask, they are a devil underneath. If they wear a grinning death rictus, underneath they are a skull.

Lifestyle: From the moment of their Chrysalis, they rush out to find others just like themselves. They are out there, of course- strange disguised orphans living on the outskirts... a whole veritable army of trick-or-treaters with rotten teeth and shabby clothing that take nothing seriously except their own fun and the rescue of other children.

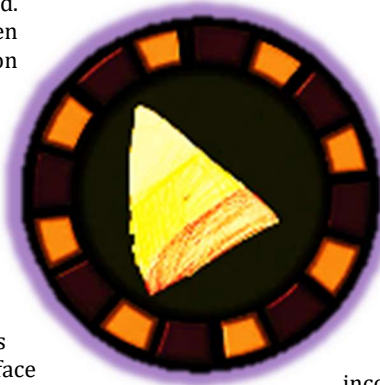
Childing Samhanach make up the majority of the Kith. They are forever in disguise, even in the off-season, and full of fun and frivolities. They are the worst of unseelie prankers, but with pranks rarely harmful...

THE MUCK-OLLA

While the Samhanach may have few to none of themselves that could be called Elders, there is one amongst them that could be considered a leader. This is the MUCK-OLLA, or more colloquially, the Magical Halloween Piggy. He (She or even it) appears here and there to this one or that one, and chooses a different nest of mewling Samhanachs every Halloween Night. When it appears it is always the frontrunner of her group, and leads them on whatever adventure strikes its fancy (usually in rescuing a whole lot of mortal children in a Big way)

To those who have seen him, she appears in any number of disguises but always with a pig-theme.. It has been a toddler with a cute little rubber piggy nose, pink hood with little ears safety pinned, and overalls with a springy-tail. She has also been a bleeding giant of a boar-corpse with cold-iron tusks all dripping gore and eyes trailing fiery pus. Sometimes he has even been a pig skeleton all painted green, orange and violet reminiscent of a Mexican spirit.

No one is sure what to make of the creature, or to its origins. Is it a spirit? A God? A ghost of Halloween's past? The Samhanach themselves are too busy having fun to pontificate, and the rescued children are too frightened to elucidate. Any truths to be found will have to wait until next October.



Wilder Samhanach are starting to get too old for it. They still enjoy it when they can, but they know their time is growing short.

Grump Samhanach? No such thing. Or if there were, would you even know through the disguises?

Glamour Ways: Samhanach regain their Glamour with the frenzied excitement of children, doubly so if the children are excited to do something sneakily or incognito... This triples if the Children are the "rescued" children so beloved of the tribe.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Samhanach carry with them a whole assortment of strange smells and sounds. Sometimes there is the smell of face-paint and latex. Sometimes it is old autumn leaves and wood smoke. Sometimes it is the rot of an old pumpkin or an extinguished candle. Sounds include the distant giggling of children coming, or a door-bell, or the hooting of an owl. Always, however, is a stiff cold breeze that blows through the scene.

Affinity: Nature

Birthrights

All Hallowed Magic (*Draíocht Na Hallaí Go Léir*): The Samhanach are the living manifestation of the Feast of Samhain, and all that entails. In this, they have access to what some call Halloween Magic. There are a plethora of powers in the portfolio of Halloween.

- ❖ All Samhanach begin with one free level of the Changeling Art of Autumn. If they choose to purchase it, they begin with the next level.
- ❖ Leading up to the Feast of Samhain, the difficulties of all rolls are lowered incrementally for the Samhanach.



- ❖ During the month of October, the rolls all rolls are at a -1 difficulty. The week prior to October 31st, all rolls are at a -2. The night of October 31st into the wee hours of a November 1st morning, they are at -3.
- ❖ In addition, any cantrips cast Halloween night, in pursuit of their Child Saving Goals, cost no Glamour at all.

Frailties

In Disguise (*Faoi Cheilt*): No Samhanach really has much of an identity. They have names and family left behind, and candy that they prefer over others of course. But a strong sense of self isn't coming until they reach Wilder stage (or grump if there are any). In fact, all that can be gleaned about them is their costumes. In a way, their costume is a clue as to their identity. Those dressed up as demons are more unseeleie than those dressed up like princesses. Those that dress up like gargoyles are shy, those like skeletons quiet, those like scarecrows mischeivously fond of scaring folks. To this end, any rolls against them using the Naming Art are always at a -1 difficulty.

However, disguises can also be of benefit to their targets. Whenever another is in disguise (a good one- none of that "Slutty Police Officer" so favored by boring-ass adults or anything) the Samhanach will view that person as one of their own and is safe from too much mischief. This is especially useful if the Samhanach are on a particularly violent mission that night. This may also explain why the rescued children are Halloween-Camouflaged when rescued, so the Samhanach sees them as one of their own number.

Rusty "Hell-O-Ween" Moundshroud rings your bell, holds up his bag, and in exchange for some sweets offers you his sentiments...

Bánánach: I love your costume. Next Halloween I'm wearing some horns too...

Bullywug: Boring. It's supposed to be exciting. They just don't get it.

Cailleachan: They wear the witch costume year-round, and nobody does it better.

Dullahan: Yes please.

Enfield: Nobody outfoxes me, but these guys come close.

Fachen: There's a fine line between fright and murder, these pogo-sticks can't see the line.

Fear-Gorta: Give them all the candy they want, it still doesn't help them. Few things scare me. They do.

Fir Deargs: They give the absolute worst candy of all time.

Gancanagh: St. Valentine's isn't for another few months...

Killmoulis: Nobody is better at sneaking up on you, not even us.

Leipreachán: They give the absolute best candy of all time.

Roane: Their costume? Take their magic shirts and find out