

Shabti

"Oh you shabti figure of the scribe Nebseni, son of the scribe Thena, and of the lady of the house Muthrestha, if I be called, or if I be judged to do any work whatever of the labours which are to be done in the underworld - behold, for your opposition will there be set aside - by a man in his turn, let the judgment fall upon you instead of upon me always, in the matter of sowing the fields, of filling the water-courses with water, and of bringing the sands of the east to the west."

- *The scribe Nebseni, the draughtsman in the Temple of Ptah,*

"Freedom is the possibility of isolation." - *Fernando Pessoa*

Quote: "I am here and will come wherever you

bid me."

While the Mau lie about their bastard lineage, and the Sha persistently search for the other half of their self- the Shabti's purpose is even more disheartening. In a modern context, they have no name, no history, and no real purpose. Shabti, also called Ushabti, shawabti, ushabtiu or simply "Hey YOU" by their aeons-old former employers, were miniature effigies placed in tombs to aid their mummified masters in the Egyptian afterworld. While never fully living in any sense, they still had lives of service in the lands of the Dead. However, Changes in Duat- the Egyptian Shadowlands, has caused the Shabti to create a new world for themselves in a new understanding

As one of the Fae families in the Empire of the Sphinx- they can perhaps find some semblance to the Phylum of Inanimae known as Mannikins. Yet they have no love for the politicking and drudging gossips that the Mannikins offer. All the Shabti wish is to find their owner and serve as they were created to do. These Created entities instead can find some semblance to the Grecian Automata- Also much like the Automatae of Olympos- the Shabti are capable of Ungodly feats that far surpass the mortal spectrum. They are tireless workers, obedient servants, and bodyguards who would follow their charges into the Underworld itself. Their great tragedy is they are workers with no work, servants with no masters, and bodyguards with no body to guard.

At one time they were retainers of the highest standards, When the Shabti today are born, coming into their own in a paroxysm of a Chrysalis, they quickly realize who their master was all those millennia ago. They also realize that their master isn't around.. While sudden Freedom may seem a boon, the Shabti aren't created for Freedom. Now the Shabti are left behind, alone and struggling to find something to serve.



Appearance: In Bopha Umomo (Mortal Mien), the Shabti appears a blocky non-descript individual. They are somewhat androgynous, somewhat boring. Excepting for the Bodyguard's size, (unusually big by mortal standards) there is nothing to set them apart from their fellows.

In Bilongo Umomo (Fae Mien), the Shabti appear as shining beasts of metal. Created of brass and enameled pottery, wrapped in linen and festooned with the accoutrements of their

glory-days, the True Appearance of these servants is a testimony to the glory of their Dynasty. Some even appear as complete suits of armor- as brilliant and gleaming as a polished mirror.

Lifestyle: Shabti rebuild their life by serving in a way that makes sense to them.

If created to be a bodyguard- they find someone to guard. IF meant to serve, they become hired help. The Mau and other unsavory types are quick to take advantage of them. If the Shabti isn't careful, they may not realize.

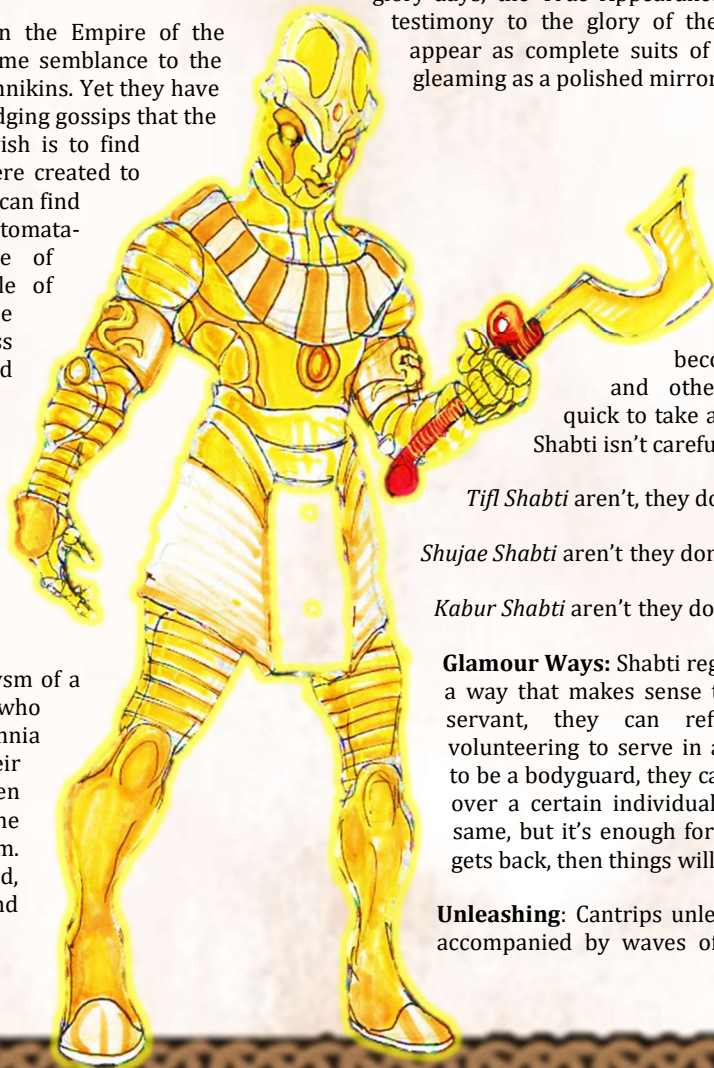
Tifl Shabti aren't, they don't have Seemings.

Shujae Shabti aren't they don't have Seemings.

Kabur Shabti aren't they don't have Seemings.

Glamour Ways: Shabti regain Bilingo by serving in a way that makes sense to them. If built to be a servant, they can refuel their magics by volunteering to serve in a soup-kitchen. If meant to be a bodyguard, they can replenish by watching over a certain individual. Of course, it's not the same, but it's enough for now. Once their master gets back, then things will be better.

Unleashing: Cantrips unleashed by the Shabti are accompanied by waves of golden light that play



across the scene, and the smells of sweat, river water, and spicy incense. However, there is also a feeling of longing that sits heavy in the heart.

Affinity: Prop

Birthrights:

One Name (*Aism Wahid*): The Shabti has but one name of their own, lost to antiquity and known only to their former masters. Any attempts to affect them with any naming magic instantly fail. (Although some whisper that the Amenti have power over the name of Ushabti as a whole).

Remembrance (*Dhikraa*): Much like the Changeling Background Remembrance, the Shabti recalls their time from *before*. Of course, in the Egyptian context this *before* means that they remember the Dynasty they served in, and all the hard work they did for their masters. At character creation, every Shabti begins with 3 free dots in this background, but much more can be gained.

Purpose (*Hadaf*): The Shabti were created to serve a special role. They were butlers and guards and even chariot drivers. Due to this special purpose, they are gifted with great abilities. At character creation, instead of the usual 7/5/3 of the attributes, the Shabti begin with a 10/5/3 allocation to attributes. This extra 3 must be spent in a way that makes sense to the Shabti's original purpose. In addition, being created entities of clay and brass or other durable substance-they have a +3 to all soak rolls.

Frailities

One Name (*Aism Wahid*): While the Shabti might have a name lost to antiquity, that doesn't mean that the name isn't out there floating in the Underworlds. While Naming Magics might not affect the Shabti, if anyone even a mortal with no understanding of Naming should get the Shabti's name- they have but to utter it. Someone saying a Shabti's name aloud gives that person complete and utter control of the Shabti. No roll can be made, no willpower spent, no magics can save the Shabti. The real tragedy, however, is whether or not the Shabti even wants to be saved? After all, someone knows who they are, and they have been given both a master and tasks...

Behiti- all draped in brass and linen, looks the part of a steely-eyed temple-guard... but the temple is missing...

Ahl-il Tirub: They have no master but their own desires. It is strange to me, confusing.

Nasnás: They could do something worthwhile, but they are too busy acting like mad people, and bouncing about their little cities. It would be tiresome if it wasn't so pathetic.

Sha: You flitter from dark place to dark place. I pronounce myself in the Sun. I feel your pain, but that is no way to find our old Master.

Mau: No you're not.

Eshu: The Wandering Kings help. In exchange for my stories, they search for stories of my old master.

Amenti: I looked for my master among the Servants of Heru. She wasn't there.

Followers of Sutekh: I will not serve the Snake-Kings, no matter how much it pains me to not serve at all. That is what I tell myself. Yet if one should come calling...

Automata: Cousins from the North. Their God gave them a purpose, and they still can fulfill it. I envy them.