

U'TLUN'TA

(Spearfingers)

Region: the Southeast, Wapsu of the Cherokee Tribe

"Uwe'la na'tsikû'. Su' sä' sai'. Liver, I eat it. Su' sa' sai'."

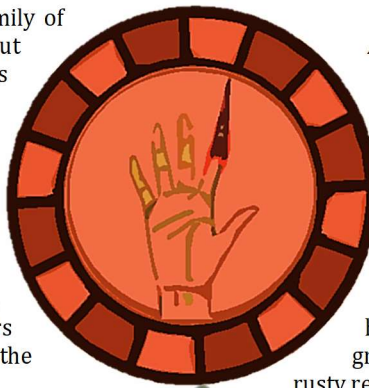
-Liver Eating Song of the Spearfinger

Quote: Shh... Relax dear. Let me brush your hair, it's so lovely. Come, let me sing you an old song of my people... you just relax.

The U'tlun'ta are a grotesquely monstrous family of Wapsu (Thallain) haggas scattered throughout the Southeast. Stories abound of these monsters and their cannibalistic hungers. Even worse than their hunger is the method for luring in the victims, with honeyed voice and gentle touch they lull the victims into a false sense of slumber before painlessly removing the still warm livers from the mollified targets. The target looks up, just as recognition of the true situation takes place, they scream and die.

All women and all Elders, the Spearfingers have been plucking livers since well before the Europeans arrived on the Island of the Turtle. Of course, they were fighting heroes and Gods long prior. The Pure Lands Werewolves fought them, the Wizards fought them, and the Nunnehi Tribes protecting mortal community fought them as well. It should be natural that the newcomer Wasichu (European) Fae families from Europe fight them as well.

However, the new juxtaposed world that of traditional native and the newer European, offered a unique rift in which the U'tlun'ta could find a home. Sadness, poverty, and loneliness run rampant throughout the Southeast United States, giving the Spearfingers a hiding place right in the open. Everyone knows that sad old grandmother down the road, or up the hill. "She just misses her kids is all and likes to watch the children play. If one of those kids disappear? It happens all the time in these parts anyway..."



Appearance: They are always old biddies, no matter the form. In Mortal Dunakadv Mortal Mien), the U'tlun'ta appears as a slight and stooped Native Grandmother. There is strange smile on her lips, and a bad staring habit, but other than that, she seems okay. Her Fae Dunakadv (Fae Mien), however, appears as an old giant of a woman, easily 8 feet tall, larger if she'd stand up straight. She has long cracking black fingers, shiny and hard and sharp as obsidian. The teeth are grayish red and the lips and chin are stained the rusty red of old dried blood. For those in the know, she often keeps her hands and wrists wrapped or covered. "My hands are cold" she says, we know better.

Lifestyle: The U'tlun'ta live out their lonely lives on the outs. They carve out their tainted existence as angry hermits, or old bitter hedgewives. Many have adapted to the modern world as cat ladies down the way in that dinky trailer right off the rez. Despite their disdain for the world around them, they quickly change their tune (literally) when company comes knocking.

Some few of them can absolutely shack up with an equally Wapsu figure who doesn't mind eating the rest of the victim, leaving the liver for the Missus. History has plenty of various Monsters pairings with the U'tlun'ta.

Youngling (Perturbed) U'tlun'ta are non-existent.

Brave (Prowler) U'tlun'ta, likewise, aren't to be found.

Elder (Miser) U'tlun'ta are the only Spearfingers around. The Spearfingers don't come into chrysalis until after their happier years have passed, and hunger and loneliness begin to coldly seep into the bones.

Glamour Ways: Unfortunately (for the U'tlun'ta at least) the Spear-Fingers can only gather Medicine from the raw liver of sentient creatures, be that mortal, fae, or otherwise.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by U'tlun'ta carry with them a soothing sense of safety, as if a loved one is nearby whispering a lullaby. There is also the odor of fresh bloody meat, peppered with the slight irony perfume of raw liver.

Affinity: Actor

Birthright (Endowments):

Stone Skin: What most don't realize is that the Spearfingers are hag giants in their own right, far more capable in a brawl than most surmise. At character creation, they gain 3 free points to allocate between any and all physical attributes in any way that makes sense. They also gain 2 free extra health levels (bruised).

Spear Finger: As has already been stated, the U'tlun'ta have long-hard stabby slicing retractable clawed fingers, perfect for plucking livers. Though they usually only use the one for the liver-fetching, they can extend them all if they so wish to cause more harm. The fingers do Str +3 aggravated damage, which is bad enough on its own, but worse, most wounded don't even know they've been wounded, as damage from the spear fingers is painless.

Calming Voice: Perhaps the worst aspect of the U'tlun'ta is their ability to lull victims into a calming stupor. It costs one point of Medicine spent, and a successful Cha + performance roll, diff of target's willpower. As the Spearfinger sings, her voice begins to sound like a victim's cherished love one (if multiple targets, each hears their own loved one singing to them) and the target is transfixed, relaxed and docile... perfect for eating their liver unawares...

Frailties (Vulnerabilities):

Only the Liver: The U'tlun'ta can only take their Medicine and sustenance from a victim's liver. No other source of magic can suffice to refuel, and no food can satisfy them. The food portion can come from animal livers (though it still must be raw) but this only deals with one need.

As far as the need to refuel their Glamour pool, the U'tlun'ta must take it from sentient creatures. The age of the creature dictates how much Glamour is to be found there-in... Childing livers have 3 points of glamour, wilder livers have 2, and the liver of grumps 1 point. Werewolf livers have 4, but no Spearfinger is that desperate. In addition, the U'tlun'ta gets cravings for this liver, and at least once a month must trick some unsuspecting soul to get it. Failure to do so results in a temporary point of *Uwedo-lisdi (Banality)*.

Weak Hands: Despite their battle prowess, the U'tlun'ta have a debilitating weakness that can shut them down immediately. The palms and wrists of the spear fingers are weak points, where even bruises can cause unbearably painful damage. any damage to these areas, right behind those accursed fingers, counts as aggravated damage. Enough harm done to just these areas can kill a Spearfinger.

Rose-Ann Black-Tree, whittles a piece of wood and stares wide-eyed as you ask about the Wapsu families...

Ask-Wee-Da-Eed: Wait. Are these guys Wapsu? Really? Little bastards are bad luck, but tainted is a strong word. Ah well, tainted, wholesome; it all tastes like fatty pork anyhow.

Adlet: I never get up that far North, so I don't have to worry about it. Plus, I like my camp-fire. Dumb-asses and chicken-shits the whole lot of them.

Kooshdakhaa; The worst thing about them? You keep thinking you're close enough to catch one. Then they give you the slip, and you're ass over head in freezing water and they're trying to push you deeper.

Mekumwasuck: Little bastards, gave me a head-ache when I caught him, and the bubble-guts when I ate him.

Pukwudgie: Do you remember Rolling Heads? They died because they were stupid. The Pukwudgies might be going out the same way.

Qallupilluk: Ah? You want a baby? Me too, I haven't eaten all week.

Wayav Ginili: I know the Unk-tehi Family. They are Arrogant insufferable asshats, who know far more than is safe for us. If so much as one of their farts starts wafting up your way, start planning an exit strategy.