

**Little fish, big fish, swimming in the water, Come back here, man, give me my daughter.  
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— P.J. Harvey

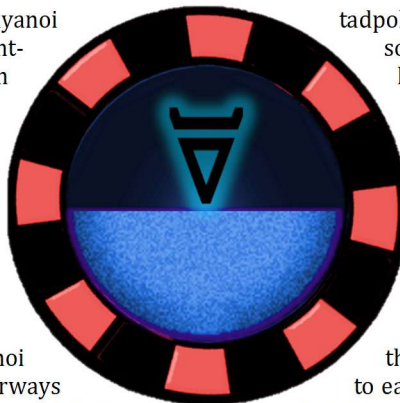
**Quote:** Greetings mortal! Welcome to my beach. Do you come to bring me gifts? I do like the Vodka! Oh. The restrooms? Over there, on the other side of the soda machine...

An old-world family of Karlik (Fae), the Vodyanoi (Vodnik in the singular) were at one-time sought-after entities. Fishermen would propagate them with gifts to ensure a good catch. The Rusalki would be married to them in elaborate forced ceremonies. The old Gods of the Bogovi Pantheon would look on them with respect, as they were cold unforgiving manifestations of the Primal Dark Waters. Yet all things change, and nothing stays the same. The world around them has changed too much, while the Vodyanoi try to maintain their semblance of greatness.

From the moment of Chrysalis, the Vodyanoi Plemya (Kith) take to the numerous cold waterways across the Kingdom of the Firebird. Fully Aware of their Ancient stations, they set themselves up as self-titled Kings and Rulers of their muddy wet domain. Like cat-fish-faced czars, the Vodyanoi understand that their importance in the world is never to be underrated, and all the good things are due to come their way.

The whole of their number is Zima (Unseelie) and it is a title that they wear proudly. In the old days (that they are all so fond of) they would break dams, drown insolent mortals, or flood whole villages of unbelievers. Now, those great shows of infamy have fizzled a bit. Only when there is some sufficient cause to wile their ire do they spring to action. This is usually some fleeting attempts to recapture their glory days – when they raise their mighty dripping heads and proclaim their aquatic ferocity to the world. Some people may see this as delusions of grandeur—those same people usually drown unexpectedly.

**Appearance:** In both Lik the Vodyanoi are stunted and short little men, (rarely a woman) with large rheumy looking eyes and a perpetual miasma of MOIST about their person. The Okovy Lik (Mortal Mien) has dumpy little limbs and dumpy little faces and an expression that is somewhere between a catfish and frog. Their Karlik Lik (Fae Mien) is little better. The hair is now a strange blueish-grey color, and their faces become even uglier, if such a thing is possible. Their limbs grow even dumper, with thick sausage like fingers with webbing in between. Their skin has a full range of colors, from vivid blue to rusty orange, but greens and browns the norm. Some have scaly skin, some have thick rubbery toad skin, some have a fish tail, some have a



tadpole's some don't have any. Some have fins, some have flippers. No matter what they have, however, all are ugly.

**Lifestyles:** In the days of legend, the Vodyanoi would cause all manner of aquatic damage, and dozens of lives would be forfeit. Today if they drown the occasional mortal, it's just for show... their hearts just aren't in it. In the modern Dreaming, the Vodyanoi simply seeks to make a name for themselves – to whatever extent that means to each of them. In the waking world, they try their best to play up their ferocity. As they are drawn to aquatic places, they are sure to warn visitors of water demons and the like, all the better to warrant some reaction. The more unsavory of their number may very well drown a couple of fisher-folk, to boost the legend and all. However, that can easily prove more trouble than it's worth, and no Vodnik could ever be called foolish...

One aspect of their number that might label them foolish, though, is their fondness of the Rusalki. Most of their number, even the females, are wildly twitterpated with the bright-faced aquatic drowning-Goddesses. All get at least a little tongue-tied around the Rusalki, and with storyteller sanction, may have a difficult time saying "No", with willpower rolls against at a +1 difficulty...



*Zuitbotschnick* Vodyanoi believe that they should be feared simply by dint of their Plemya, never understanding that it takes work to build such a reputation. Still, they are excited to make it happen, and know that soon the whole world will feel their wrath.

*Zverinyy.* Vodyanoi are still excited that the world can afford them something better. They are smart, handsome, and so much cleverer than any other Plemya... there is something out there waiting, and they are going to get their webbed hands on it.

*Serebro Vodyanoi* are bitter old bastards. They sit in the bottom of their wet muddy homes, and wonder "What happened to my life? But how can I blame others for my current misfortune?"

**Glamour Ways:** The Vodyanoi regain Zhivost' with both the dread of cold watery places that some mortals possess (at least the old ones, and the actual dread of cold watery places that humans almost drowned definitely have (the Vodyanoi have to work at this one, but it is highly effective).

**Unleashing:** Cantrips cast by the Vodyanoi are accompanied by the rough odor of dead fish, old mud, and swampy stagnant water. The ground underneath becomes spongy and sticky, and the air grows thick and cold...

**Affinity:** Actor

**Birthrights:**

**Water Babies (*Vodnyye Mladentsy*):** The Vodyanoi are watery buggers of the worst kind and can stay down deep in the murky cold depths indefinitely. In addition, when down there, they gain an extra 3 dice to move and swim about. They also have a special Watery-Leap in which they can propel themselves out of the water and pounce on unwary land-based victims. It takes a successful Dex + Athletics roll, difficulty 8 – with the amount of successes indicating how far onto land they can jump (Number of successes x 3 meters).

**Fish Whisperer (*Zaklinatel' Ryby*):** Each of the Vodyanoi has a special relationship with the fish cohabitating their lakes, rivers, and ponds. With a successful willpower roll, difficulty of how stubborn the fish are that day (usually no more than 6) they can summon a small school of them. With the number of successes on the roll roughly x 3 good sized fish. Higher successes might mean bigger fish.

In the old days, the Vodyanoi would use this power to reward fishermen who brought a decent enough offering. Today, the Vodyanoi simply eat the fish themselves.

**Frailties:**

**Fugly (*Beglyy*):** As has been stated before, the Vodyanoi- to a one of them- aren't that much to look at. No Vodyanoi can ever have an Appearance rating higher than 1. Not that many of them care, however, there is more in this world than a pretty face... and they are the first to tell you that.

**Pocket Full of Dry (*Karman, Polnyy Sukhikh*):** In a strange impediment to their powers, the Vodyanoi cannot use any cantrips to affect someone with "Dry" on their person. In the old

days, it would have been a gold locket full of dry earth around the neck, that the wise-folk in the know carried. Nowadays, simply a dry crust of toast carried in the backpack works just as well. That doesn't mean that the Vodyanoi doesn't have ways around it... simply that their Cantrips can't directly attack such protected individuals.

**Wadim, only head visible in his muddy pond, lets loose a venomous stream of complaints concerning the other Plemya.**

**Dvoverie:** I always carry a live white kitten in my pocket, just to throw one of my tracks. Not because I like kittens, or anything. IT'S NOT WEIRD. *Shut up!*

**Kikkimora:** If I ever see any of them, I'll form an honest opinion. Until then, I think that we will continue to move in different circles. It's a shame really, they are cute in a gawky kind of way.

**Leshiye:** I'd like to think that the two of our families has a lot in common – super powerful kings of the wild places the two of our Tribes really is. They don't seem to agree with me. Oh well, we could be magic together if they ever come calling...

**Likho:** I get it, respect. Everybody and their mother goes on and on about it. They're no scarier than any of us, they just have had a few more years perfecting the scariness. Experience is the only difference between them and us.

**Morozko:** *Gross.* When they're around, my home pond gets a thick-layer-roof on it, and I have to wait all season for it to thaw...

**Korhorushy:** I don't like the sauna, so there's no reason I should worry about these little boogers.

**Polevik:** Little farmer boys, who like the sun. That is about the extent of their existences. I think it's their big sisters you should worry about.

**Poludnica:** Out of all our number, they are the ones I fear the most. With their big eyes and big hair and big... powers. Creepy.

**Rarash:** Little Cock-Boys? I didn't mean it like that. What I mean is, what do they do again? Besides turn into roosters. It seems kind of redundant next to the giants and dragons and sun-goddesses, ya know?

**Rusalki:** In the old days, theirs would marry ours, and both of us were happy. Now I cannot even get one to look at me. Is it something I said?

**Ved:** Big as a mountain, as dumb as a rock. Still, I shouldn't make fun, they can prove useful if you act kindly enough.

**Vily:** Shameless upstart tartlets of the woods... I got no love for anybody that got no love for me, and they have even less love than most.

**Zmei:** It's a shame so many of them went the way of the dinosaurs. It would be good to have an ally of their stature and reputation again.