

YAKSHA यक्ष

The wings of the Falcon brings him to the king, the wings of the crow brings him to the cemetery. – Muhammad Iqbal

Quote: Show some respect, this was once a breathing, feeling, thinking, life. It had hopes, fears, dreams, loves- the whole human spectrum. Now get me some lemons. It's gotta marinate.

Before the rise of Buddhism, Islam, or even some of the modern incarnations of Hinduism, the Yaksha were on par with the Vedic Gods. They were masters of the untouched places, a Tribe of wild scholar/warriors that ruled the realms between this world and the next. Many opposed the Tribes of Diti father of the Daitya Jatajaani (Kith), and many even served alongside Indra, Agni, and other ancient Gods as a Vedic Janajaati (Seelie Kith)

Yet as the cycles changed, and with them man, the roles of the Yaksha blurred. Where once they were mighty scholar/warrior Gods, they now served as gate-keepers of the liminal spaces. The world grew until these liminal spaces, once holy, diminished into places that were simply "Othered." Graveyards, abandoned temples, even forests ravaged by fire were forgotten and marked as anathema to the modern conceits of mortals.

The Yaksha in their wisdom didn't balk at their new roles. With the Anathema status of these forgotten sites, the Janajaati adapted to maintain a Celestial balance akin to their prior mandates. They still serve as scholar/warriors but do so amongst the dead and abandoned. If this makes Asura (Unseelie), then so be it. If one must consume the rotten flesh of corpses to keep karmic balance, then such is the way of Fate. They may be called untouchable by the modern world, but this won't prevent them from keeping their time-honored roles.

Appearance: The Avataar (Miens) of the Yaksha are notoriously small and compact. Even the tallest of them rarely top 1 and ½ meters. The small Janjeer Avataar (Mortal Mien) manifests this small frame with dark skin, dark eyes, and a perpetually mischievous smirk. They also keep themselves immaculately clean and presentable, as if in spite of their caste. They favor skins and leathers, (some skins that are better unquestioned) that they have created and sewn themselves. But again, immaculately cleaned, and presentable.

The Peri Avataar (Fae Mien) of the Yaksha brings their size to another level. They grow shorter, rarely topping 1 meter, but heavier with thick hard muscles. Their once dark skin is now any shade of blue, green, violet or black, and yellowed eyes peek out from a beetly brow. Some small few may boast horns or tusks, but not enough to warrant any damage.

Lifestyle: The Life of the Yaksha is one of quiet isolation. Their dealings with the lands of the dead, reincarnation or no, forever set them apart. Even the worst of the Peri (Changelings) view them with some disdain. Despite this othering, however, some few brave young Peri, both Asura and Vedic may risk reputation to learn at the feet of Elder Yaksha. Even the most



curmudgeonly of Yaksha will welcome these students... After all, the Yaksha were once Gods in their own right, no?

Javaan Yaksha don't enjoy their lot in life, as they are torn between the status they held in their past coupled with their untouchable and miserable status now. Despite this, they are obedient and helpful and pursue their arts as best as they are able considering...

Vany Yaksha may learn to love their roles. As caretakers of places best left apart, there is plenty of time to explore the anathema. Many Vany go-adventuring into the unknown... places that most civil and proper Peri would balk at. (They may even pursue other Dreaming Kingdoms and make friends amongst other Fae Folk unfamiliar with their untouchable status).

Pragi Yaksha have not only accepted their hard life but have grown to appreciate what it has taught them. They were keepers of liminal spaces, and now can share that experience with younger Peri. Both other Asura and Vedic Peri (If they aren't too proud to stoop that low) can gather to learn at the feet of the Pragi.

Glamour Ways: Yaksha regain Amrita whenever someone is penitent and reverent in liminal spaces. The devout mourners who attend funerals, priests who go amongst the untouchable castes, or even simply mortals aware of the dangers of the wild places and respect it as such can all refuel the Yaksha's magic.

Unleashing: Maya (Cantrips) cast by the Yaksha are accompanied by the mouldy aroma of graveyard dirt, the cawing of ravens, and a surprisingly peaceful sense of quiet.

Affinity: Prop

Birthrights

Dead-Scent (Murde Ko Soongho): The Yaksha today are keepers of the lands between and those who dwell between are as obvious to the Tribe as mortals. With a successful Perc+Alertness roll, the Yaksha can smell the current state of an individual. To smell a Ghost is a difficulty 8, while Ravnos, Kuei-in, or other creatures in between life and death are a difficulty 7. The Yaksha don't have to see the Creature to smell them, and many can even track them by scent alone.

Instructor (*Shikshak*): At one time, the Yaksha were sought out for their knowledge of the other worlds. This is rarer today, but the Yaksha still wield the cosmic understanding they once were famous for. At character creation, the Yaksha has 9 extra points to apply to any skills, talents, or knowledges that make sense. This doesn't count against Merits or Flaws, or Freebie points. It is simply a portrait of the sage status the Yaksha once held.

Frailties

Amongst the Dead (*Mrtakon Mein Se*): The Yaksha have fell from grace in a way that few Dreaming-born creatures have. Once God/kings, they now keep the dead in a culture that places a great stigma on the pollution of Death. This has several drawbacks, both social and magical.

The Yaksha are now untouchable (while many say otherwise, the jati caste system is still in effect on the ground) and are at a +3 difficulty to all social rolls involving others of higher stations. This rises to a +4 difficulty when dealing with the Vedic Peri. This may also extend to the rare students who seek out the Yaksha. A Javaan Mahoraga who wants to learn at the feat of the Yaksha will face abatement from fellow Mahoraga once they discover her "Slumming It".

In addition, the Yaksha has to show due respect to the dead in a way that is mind-numbingly anathema to the Vedic Peri. They must consume flesh of mortal corpses as a token of reverence. Failure to do so at least once a month results in a permanent point of *Janjeer (Banality)*, as the Yaksha is disrespecting the worlds beyond. There doesn't have to be much flesh imbibed, but there has to be a show of it.

Vaiśra - corpse carrier along Mother Ganges-Ji, chews on something better left unspoken, and answers your queries with a patience uncommon to the Asura Peri...

Mahoraga: I understand that their role is to fight evil. I, however, am not evil. I wish they'd remember this before launching the arrows into my house.

Vidyadhara: Beautiful Persian boys and girls, who showed up unannounced, and changed the playing field. Not for the better, mind. Not unlike the Shee of the Kelts, yes?

Apsara: At the beck and call of vapid Gods 24/7? We once fought alongside those Gods. They're not as great as most claim.

Gandharvas: We remember them from before. They are dismissed as simply musicians, but they are musicians with the powers of wild animals.

Kalaviñki: So beautiful, so true, so capable. IF only they had the chance, they could change the Perfumed Empire in ways that not even the Vidyadhara could fathom.

Daiya: Your father/king/god was a horse's ass. You haven't done anything to show yourself more...

Rakshasa: Hah! Such a good show they put on. Like a kitten who gets bit by a Mouse, then walks off preening, too proud to cry...

Kinnaras: Like the Gandharvas, with one or two more sad songs to sing.

Kalaviñka: No one is more obnoxious. No one is more antiquated. Their time has come and gone.

Bhuta Vahana Yanta: We know of their roles. We know of their rules. Be polite. Be honest. We're not in their radar, and for that we should be grateful.

Bhuta: The sorrowful dead have had less to say since the Week of Nightmares. The same as the Blood Children of the Liar King. I do not know if this is good. I do not know if this is bad. It certainly is quieter.

Naraka: I remember them from before. Their roles has changed more so than ours. I pray, to whatever Gods that listen, that the Naraka uphold their burdens.

