

Bichurā

Of the good we have an understanding, for fools we keep a stick upstairs.

Mongolian Proverb

Quote: Here's your breakfast sir, with a friendly reminder. If you attempt to touch the new help's ass again, I will cut your hand off, roast it, and shove it up your dick-hole. I have been here a long time and have every single one of your mistresses, as well as your wife, on speed-dial. Would you like more coffee?

The Bichura are bundle of fiery passionate energy, the flame that every household needs, the fire that fuels a family, and every traditional household had one. Somewhere between little archaic Kitchen Goddesses and Elemental Fire Princesses, the Lagyeri (Kith) Bichura have changed little despite the changing Mongolian culture-scape.

Also sometimes known misunderstood as Ia Salkat, Irhsi, or Od Iyesu (themselves Fire Deities) the Bichura exist best as hidden servants. From the beginning of their chrysalis until their full saining they find a family to work for –either their own or another's, and quickly immerse themselves into their new occupation. Even those Bichura that initially hate the idea of a lifetime spent humbly serving others easily adapt to the situation, and in time become head-chefs or head-maids of the other servants, ensuring that these fellow helps do their job correctly.

It should serve as fair warning, however, that despite their role as servants, the Bichura are still fiery goddesses in their own right. They are a proud Lagyeri and are prone to violent fits of rage if they feel that they aren't treated according to their status as divinity. Many an unwitting wealthy master who treated one unfairly disappeared in an untimely manner, and in his last testament bequeathed his holdings, his wealth, his everything to the Help.

Banner: Red

Appearance: Almost always female, the Bichura's Bag (Mien) are usually on the smaller side. The Khün Bag (Mortal Mien) is that of slightish Mongolian girl with wide eyes, and coppery highlights reflected in her dark dark hair. Her cheeks are usually flushed and her lips are unusually



red against her dark skin. The Khüch Bag (Fae Mien) is that of the same little girl, but now her eyes blaze with fire, and those same flushed cheeks are now bright red with passion. A slight heat haze can be seen around her when she is excited. It should be noted that a Bichura wears only red, shades of red, or reddish-tinted dress. This is a mandate by the Mongolian Dreaming, and the Bichura take it seriously.

Lifestyle: The Bichura either serve their families as one of their own, are adopted into other families, or seek out employment to serve. From the time of their chrysalis, they are aware of this retainer existence, and either love it or are vehemently sworn against it, yet time and time again, they fulfill it anyways. In such families they maintain the kitchen, clean, watch the children, or any other role that places them in a servant's position.

Zaluu Bichura are wild little wild things, they hate the fact that they are destined to be servants, and bite and scratch and throw tantrums whenever they are reminded of it. With time, however, they learn how to use their status to their own advantage.

Zorigtoi Bichura may appear demure and genteel, but this is only a façade to hide their wild streak. They are old enough to know what they want, and are smart enough to get it.

Mergen Bichura are old and bitter matriarchs of multiple households. Though they may seem cranky (and often are) they are also old softies when the young ones are around.



Glamour Ways: The Bichura refuel their Khüch simply by being around their mortal families (actual or adopted) When the family gathers together and talks about the old world. For this reason the Bichura much prefer households of old people who appreciate the past.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Bichura when angry, are uncomfortably hot and smell like burning meat and scorching milk. When happy, however, Cantrips bring pleasing scents of perfumed wood smoke and are warm and pleasant.

Affinity: Prop

Birthrights

Little Pets (*Byatskhan Tejeever*): The Bichura, despite their domesticity, have a wild streak that manifests in more ways than one. With a point of Khüch spent, they can turn into any small house-hold animal - usually cats, dogs, pet rats or chickens, but occasionally little goats or miniature ponies. They can only ever have the one animal form without the help of other magics. They can transform in front of others but try to limit this to only other Fae, they rarely do so in front of mortals. No attributes change during these transformations, but every animal that they transform into has reddish or reddish gold fur, feathers, fins, scales, etc...

Keep it Burning (*Shataaj Baigaarai*): As long as the fire of a house (which can mean different things in a modern context, perhaps the living room T.V. or Friday Night Game Night with the Family) is lit and running, then any cantrips that the Bichura cast in the house are at a -1 difficulty. Any Cantrips that deal with flames, heat, or passion (Dragon's Ire, Summer or Spring, etc..) are at a -2 difficulty. For every successful roll with a 10 on such a roll, the damage, duration, effect, etc... doubles. However, small things like paper and the like may burst into flame. Be careful.

Frailties

Rules of Red (*Ulaan dürem*): Perhaps it's due to maintaining their identity as fire-goddesses, or maybe it's a Geasa-esque mandate created by a forbear, but every one of the Bichura does, and must, always wear red. To wear any other color raises the difficulty of all rolls by 1, which will continue to be raised by 1 for each successive night, until the Bichura puts back on her right outfits.

Red Hot Anger (*Ulaan Khaluun Uur*): The fiery passion of the Bichura is to be feared, despite their desire to keep a low profile, and it can get them into trouble if they're not careful. Anything that sufficiently raises their ire can be met with violent bursts of anger - where any and everyone around them - including the heads of the estate - are at their mercy. She must roll her willpower (difficulty of the slight against her) whenever she is insulted. IF she fails then she will fly into a rage and swear, curse, attack, and put on a show. If she botches such a roll, things ignite around her... which is never a good thing.

This may prove too much for that aforementioned head of the estate- who may feel there is no other option (no pun

intended) but to fire her. If forced to leave an estate, the Bichura gains one permanent point of *Gogtsoo* (Banality). They have one lunar cycle (From moon to moon) to find a new House-hold to accept them. During that time, all rolls are treated as if they weren't wearing red at +1 difficulty to all rolls. They are locked from their animal form and cannot cast Cantrips. If they fail to find a household in this allotted time, their divinity slips away and they become undone, a simple servant with no fire.

"Nobody" Lee, hired help for the local Hsien courts, muses about the Lagyeri in between her chores...

Almas: Gross. I know they're nice and all, but I'd hate to clean up all that hair all the time.

Erlen Khan: I hate to say it, but they are so sexy. Every single one of them is a bad-boy, and they can be so nice to us. I know it is a trick, but it's a good one.

Pitsen: Creepy, I can turn into a little goat, but they can turn into anything, and they're so quiet, you can never know when they are around... it's creepy.

Ipotane: As kind and honest as any of our families, but far more wild. It is hard to play with them, as their games can get a little rough.

Zashiki Warishi: Bleagh. Upstart little minxes with dumb fashion and sour faces. They are as dull and plain as a box of old crackers. I am far more fun, and 10 times as pretty.

Anda: My great Grandmother says she served in their Yurt as a lover, and that they were the greatest family she ever worked for. I don't think I could do it. The stories I know about the Tsus Sorogch don't quite match up. Perhaps there is something I don't know?