

Enfield

"Men have forgotten this truth," said the fox. "But you must not forget it. You become responsible, forever, for what you have tamed." – Antoine de Saint Exupery

Quote: Ho there, Lord O'Kelley. Is it yourself? Long time no seeing you, friend. What's that? You say you don't know me? Ach, well, tis the pity. I certainly do know you.

The Enfield are clever and dexterous, and perhaps the most elusive of the Hibernian Fae, more-so than even the Killmoulis. They are a Tribe of Irish Vulpecula, Fox Fae, with all the charm and guile such brings. While as gregarious and witty as any Fox - they try to keep their identity on the Down-low. With ancient ties to the lands of the dead, to water, and most importantly select Irish Clans- The Enfield have more than enough to worry about without a whole gang of groupies chasing them down for an autograph (as you'd hear them explain it)

What the Enfield truly is is up for debate. Intrinsically linked to a long-standing Clan of Irish Fae (and their kinain constituents as well) the Fox-Fairy called Enfield has been a Heraldic symbol for those certain clans since before the Irish Clans were even using Heraldic Symbols. Their original purpose was to serve and protect the clan's chieftains and Kings, and to watch over their grave-sites after said Clan leaders passed. Because of their diligence, the clan created stories about their perserverance, until what was left was a hodge-podge of animal attributes accredited to these Fae beasts.

They became a chimeric composite of eagle, lion, greyhound, fox, and wolf— the descriptions delight the few Enfields that have made their presence known across the whole of the Court of All Kings. Of course each Enfield will delight in telling you what each part means...the head of the fox means cleverness, The chest of a greyhound suggests speed, a body of a lion means royalty (this delights the Enfield to no end) and bravery, and the back legs and rump of a wolf suggests loyalty and ferocity both. Of course, none of these pieces are really part of the Enfield's make-up. Except for the back feet and forelegs of a hawk complete with talons (Which suggests strength and hunting prowess as you know), the Enfield is indistinguishable from any other Fox Fairy. Perhaps maybe the color. Some even posit that the original Enfield was simply an otter (though it would be unwise to mention this to an Enfield, who is sensitive about such things).



Appearance: Like all Tribes of Fairy Foxes, the Enfield has a few Masks to choose from when interacting with the world. Their Hyumann-Mask and Foxy-Mask (Two Mortal Miens) are indistinguishable from either a normal human or a normal fox. Both appear unusually thin, just this side of heroin chic. Both have crooked smiles (or bad teeth depending) and long nails.

The Coloring of hair on the Hyumann and the coat of the Fox do run a little extra shaggy, and a little lighter than usual, however, premature greying is a norm.

The Elfy-Mask and Fox Fae Mask (two Fae Mien) allow for more clues as to an Enfields true identity. The Elfy Mask appears as a tall and rakishly thin fox-headed figure with thin cords of tight muscle over a narrow frame. The feet and hands are clawed like a bird-of-prey (this doesn't hinder dexterity at all, mind). The coloration of the fox runs the gamut of greyish greens, yellowish whites, or mottled greys and blacks. No shiny red coats among these

Foxes. For a point of Mojo spent (the Vulpeculan/Fox Fae word for Glamour) the Enfield can assume a form reminiscent of a Sidhe complete with long ears and pretty face. The teeth and hair color (the same hue as coat) may prove a clue, however. As far as those other pieces such as wolf, grey-hound, or lion? Nah. They're just skinny and shaggy furred. Don't let them fool you.

Lifestyle: The Enfield are intrinsically tied to their Clan. Every one of these Fox Fae watches over and protects their kinain forbears (Yes, they are born of foxes, and yes the clans of Fae are mortal- relatively speaking, and no, the Enfield don't have a problem with such discrepancies). While they watch, they also keep their watchfulness a secret. Helping from afar and marking the deaths of key members of the Clan.

Only the eldest and wisest of Enfield Grey-Whiskers know the True inner-workings of the Tribe. It should also be noted that for some reason, again only known to the



eldest and wisest of the Tribe, that the Enfield are tied to water. No Enfield will set up shop – in mortal or Fox life, without being at least a five-minute trip from a significant body of water. Lochs, rivers, the ocean- each and every Enfield keeps the water close-by.

Kit Enfield are obnoxious little pissants, but not with a certain charm. They like to push buttons and get people riled up but will also be the first to apologize and seek amends once too many buttons have been pushed.

Nicki Enfield have been around the block enough to know that they are a hot commodity. No few create elaborate double-lives to not only protect their identities- but also see how big they can lie and get away with it.

Grey-Whisker Enfield have been in it longer than most realize... They have machinations hatching all across Ireland, and few, if any, know the real genius behind it all.

Glamour Ways: The Enfield regain Mojo/Glamour whenever they lead others astray in whirlwind chases over this and under that and through there, that end up with a tired chaser and a laughing chasee. They also gain Mojo/Glamour with regards to their clans of Fae (and to a lesser extent the mortal constituents of the Clan). Protecting a child of the Clan, or marking the passing of an Elder- this is one way an Enfield can regain Glamour .

Unleashing: Shenanigans (Cantrips) cast by the Enfield are rife with the bouquet of brackish water and wet dog and a sudden change of the scene's coloration, as the surrounding area is painted in a greenish-grey light. There is also breathlessness just this side of joy that no few claims feel like a powerful sense of family and belonging.

Changing: It costs no Mojo/Glamour for an Enfield to transform from Foxy Mask to Hyumann Mask- but for those with the eyes to see the Dreaming- the head is decidedly Vulpen. In order to appear as an Elfy-Mask (and pass for a Sidhe and not a Fox-Fae) one point of Mojo/Glamour must be spent.

Affinity: Fae

Birthrights:

Quickest There is (*Is Tapúla Atá Ann*): The Enfields are quick and agile with a nimbleness only matched by their scathing wit. And they will be the first to tell you that as well. At Character Creation, every Enfield has 5 extra dice to split between Dexterity, Manipulation, or Wits. In addition, whenever in water the Difficulties for any Dexterity roll fall by 1.

Frailty:

Blood of the Family (*Fuil an Lenai*): Every Enfield is bound to watch over a certain aspect of their clan-ties. Be it a Changeling with the surname, a grave-marker of a long-past mortal- or ancestral holdings. If anything should happen to these people, places or things, then the Enfield will be down a certain number of dice at a rate of one per moon phase (From new-moon to gibbous-moon to half-moon etc...) until the situation is rectified – the Changeling is safe once again, the grave-marker has been replaced, the ancestral holdings are back in the hands of family members, etc...). If the dice pool reaches zero, then the Enfield gains a permanent point of Banality and must begin again from scratch (regaining his dice-pool as it were). Keep in mind, there are a plethora hidden Clans..

It is also important that the Enfield keep their relationship with the Clan a secret. They have no shortage of enemies in the world, and some unsavory types may harm their wards to harm the Foxes themselves.

Cealidh O'Kelley picks her teeth, dodges most of your questions, and begins a tirade on her fellow Hibernian Ass-hats.

Bullywug: So much fun, and ever so muddy tasting. Always ready to provide help should you need it.

Cailleachan: Somebody has to.

Dullahan: Duty. Obligation. I wouldn't know anything about that, now would I?

Fachen: I have four legs, they have one. That is the extent of our positions.

Fir Darrigs: Always ready for either a donnybrook or a pint. If they're paying, it's a donnybrook.

Killmoulis: I won't tell, and chances are neither will they.

Leipreachán: Hah. Them and the Clurichauns and the Fir Darrigs, I don't know which one to party with, they're all so fun.

Roane: Like Selkies, but not? I really don't see the difference.

Samhanach: Only once a year, I'm afraid. You'll have to wait just like they do.

Bánánach: Dirty old birds with all the joy of a Late Sunday Service. Still, they aren't without their uses.

Fear-Gorta: A helluva way to go, but at least you'll get kind words in the passing.

Gancanagh: Evil lads. Death by heart-break is the worst way to go.

Cugh-Tagh: Are they still about, then? Good lads.

Ankou: A connection? Sure. Will I explain? Hell no

Pooka: No relations.

Huirnvui: If you knew what I know, you wouldn't be asking.

Other Fox Fae: Oh, you'd be surprised. Which is why I won't tell you. I want to see the surprise on you face.