

LENG-FOLK

"For the cryptic folk of Leng were of one race with the uncomfortable merchants of the black galleys that traded rubies at Dylath-Leen." The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath~ H.P.L

"Maybe I was born to be a merchant, maybe it was fate. I don't know about that. But I know this for sure: I loved retail from the very beginning". - Sam Walton

Quote: Roll-Up, Roll-Up! Sample our wares, travelers sample our wares.

Like all of the Supra-Cosmic Tribes to be called Other, the Leng-Folk are a race of Adhene; Alien Denizens of far-away realms, removed from the burden of a mortal mindset. And while some may smile and trade and even whisper words of encouragement to humans, the hapless mortals taken to be traded and enslaved are little more than cattle.

The Leng-Folk are a race of Denizens that travel well beyond the kenning of all other Fae creatures. Through umbra and Shadowland, and the farthest reaches of the Deepest Dreaming they sail through the realms in their great, black-sailed galleons. They are masters of extra-dimensional trade, bartering for slaves, spices, rubies and other far more nebulous goods.

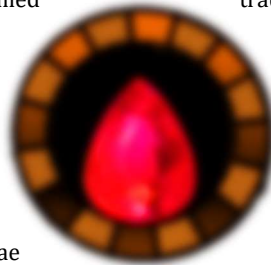
While they cannot be said to have a home realm, at one time they made a haven of long-lost Sarkomand, and perhaps a few secrets of their origins can be found in those dusty-streets. Now, as their name implies, they have scrounged out bases and ports in the far-away lands of Leng, much to the chagrin of the Leng's original inhabitants- the Spiders of Leng. Battles and Skirmishes between the two races are as natural to them as breathing, and no peace is in sight.

Appearance: In mortal mien, the Leng-Folk are shortish with dark skin, curly russet hair and unusually wide smiles. There is something not quite right about their faces, despite their amiable ways and kindly smiles. In fae mien, they appear as something as satyrs complete with horns and a curly pelt over cloven-hooved bottom half. However, unlike Satyrs, they bear extra wide hungry mouths, with tiny teeth, small eyes, and twitching tails. Clothing is minimal for these these creatures, even the females, but when it is worn it is loose and comfortable, often wraps and sarongs that allow for full movement.

"They leaped as though they had hooves instead of feet and seemed to wear a sort of wig or headpiece with small horns. Of other clothing they had none, but most of them were quite furry. Behind they had dwarfish tails, and when they glanced upward he saw the excessive width of their mouths. Then he knew what they were, and that they did not wear any wigs or headpieces after all."

Lifestyle: Most of the Leng-Folk can be found in the cold reaches of the Dreamings, the Umbras, and beyond. Most of their lives is spent sailing these realms in their black-bannered ships - eldritch vessels that sail between dimensions (*the delight of spectating Etherites and Nockers the worlds over*).

Leng-Folk who frequent the Waking Worlds do so in order to peruse the local wares. While they Leng-Folk can be gregarious and even kind in their own way, they are slavers and



trades-men, and the only true extent of a mortal's existence is how much they fare on the market.

Always at least one or two fetchers can be found in the seediest of dark Goblin Markets. Those that seek out seek to explore the far reaches of the Deepest Dreaming and beyond can seek out these Fetchers and barter for passage on their vessels. Only the Elder Gods know what terms are set in such barter.

Aria: The Different Aria of the reflects not only the over-all disposition of the Leng-Folk, but also what services they can render to their own Species... though this is not always the case. Appolaie slave-drivers and Dionae fetchers exist as well as vice-versa. *At any time a Leng-Folk tires of these roles however, they can appeal to those in stations higher than their own for a change of venue...*

- ❖ *Dionae Leng-Folk* are perhaps the cruelest of the Tribe (if such an idea even truly matters to these creatures). Out of all the Aria, these are the most apt to be auctioneers and slave-drivers.
- ❖ *Araminae Leng-Folk* are the coldest and most distant of the Aira. While the Dionae offer harsh treatment and the Appolaie honeyed-words, the Araminae offer nothing but cold numbers. In this they prosper as tally-men and book-keepers. It is through this Aria that the Ruby spoils of the species is usured.
- ❖ *Appolaie Leng-Folk* are the gregarious and chummy fetchers of the Tribe. Most of this Aria can be found in the waking world, sizing up the wares and squeezing local fruits for ripeness.

Glamoure Ways: Leng-Folk gather Glamoure only from the Red-Crystals that they trade with. These rubies are a form of Tass, or solid Glamoure derived and distilled from hidden founts/mines/smithies far away in the Outer-Realms. *Araminae Leng-Folk* perhaps, can interpret that such rubies are created by the fear/misery/loneliness of their captured slaves. Most Leng-Folk don't bother with such suppositions. What matters is that every fist-sized ruby evaporates in the hand, with only the intangible workings of Glamoure left behind for the Leng-Folk to utilize as needs fit.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Leng-Folk are accompanied by the smells of dust and spices, a creaking of wood, and waves of dizzying *Far-Awayness* that borders nostalgia, loneliness and confusion.. This feeling is hard to explain, let alone identify.

GREAT-OLD-ONE

The Great-Old-One most associated with the Leng-Folk is Nyarlathotep. Perhaps, the most active of the many Great Old-Ones- Nyarlathotep traverses all the realms. He often appears as on Earth in the guise of a dark-skinned and smiling human being. A master of verbal strategy and double talk - those that enter into pacts with him rarely benefit in the long-run.

Affinity: Scene

Birthrights:

Leaping: Perhaps the Leng-Folk originally hail from lower gravity than the waking world, or perhaps their ancestry has blood-ties to great leaping beast-creatures from the dark annals of mythology. Whatever the reason, the Leng-Folk are capable of prodigious feats of physical prowess. At character creation, a Leng-Folk begins with WayFare 1, Hopscotch for free. In addition, the Leng-Folk need not spend a point of Glamoure to enact this art.

Counter: Masters of numbers and estimates and gauging an objects true worth, the Leng-Folk rarely receive the raw end of a deal. All Leng-Folk have the *Eidetic Memory* Merit for free, and none can ever botch a roll that involves numbers or counting.

Frailties:

Ruby-Bound: Perhaps more than any other Creature of the Outer, perhaps more so than even the Half-Blooded, the Leng-Folk are limited in their ability to procure and use the necessity that is Glamoure. As stated earlier, they can only use Glamoure that comes from their rubies. These rubies can only come down in strange hierarchies and bartering transactions, leaving the Leng-Folk to pursue trading in faraway Goblin Markets. At character creation, a Leng-Folk begins with a number of these rubies equal to his Glamoure ratings. If these rubies are depleted, more must be obtained through storytelling. Only those others truly aware of the Rubies true essence can use the Glamoure hidden within.



Aloysia- Appolianic Fetcher- stops at market for a chat. She carefully sizes up the local clientele while she offers her honest understanding of the others...

Leng-Spiders: Of course it was hard to know they were there first, with them hiding in the shadows as they were. I would offer my fondest apologies if I should meet one not on the battlefield.

Night-Gaunts: Such wonderful conversation partners.

Serpent-Men: There are females of that species, yes?

Thunn`ha: Are there any still left, I wonder?

Zoogs: Incapable of anything but fulfilling their own desires.

Ulthranian Cats: As far-ranging as our wonderful ships may be, there are places even farther off where these maddeningly obtuse felines ply their own trade. Do not offer an alliance with them, simply smile and let them to theirs.

Eshu: Our greatest customers, and our most ardent hagglers. Proof that not all these half-blooded changelings are naïve.

Satyrs: If there is any relations to be gleaned, it won't be forthcoming from their ends. They are gluttonous frivolous fools with no inklings of how the Universe truly works.

Cinnamon Saracens: There are realms far beyond even immortal ken- and there you will find the Spice-Merchants.

Grey-Neighbours: Mutilation? Mental torture? Destruction of all that a person is, in exchange for a pittance of Glamoure? Must be a Tuesday.

Star-Children: Unknowably obtuse, but wonderfully accurate if one knows how to listen. If any of us should ever be lost in those far realms, seek out the Star-Children and take good notes. You'll find your way back to a trod in no time.

LENG GHASTS:

There are some of the Leng-Folk who give in to their darker hungers and become less and less comprehensible. Their skin turns a nasty shade of olive green, and their face becomes more canid. They give in to cannibalism, and instead of the bartering for slaves and rubies, they gain Glamoure only from the flesh of intelligent creatures- able to convert the magic of living bodies for the magic that fuels their tortuous existence. While they still worship Nyarlathotep, it is a dark worship with blood sacrifices in place of anything else.