

Loçolico

"The people come from everywhere, from five hundred miles, to find their fortunes. By fortune is an ugly, two-faced goddess. When you have lived with her handiwork for half a generation, you hardly notice anymore. You forget that this is not the way life has to be. You cease to marvel at just how much evil man can conjure by existing."Water Sleeps— *Glen Cook*

Quote: Well, it looks like another bitch Karen is about to born into this world. Make sure you eat plenty of fish, so maybe you can choke on the bones... Don't worry, the baby will be fine. As long as there's another mother to raise it.

The Loçolico are a monstrous and Iarnă Vâlvă (Unseelie Kith), primal and underworldly. All male, they can control and manipulate the fates of those who displeas them. Specifically targeting those who have wronged them, up to and including cursing the not yet born infants and their mothers. They are the goblin princes of the Land beyond the Forest, and their story is a dark one.

The Loçolico are the remnants of an Old Romani story, in which the unnamed lord of the Loçolico undertook a sacred pact to end a war with Ana the Queen of the Sanziene Vâlvă. What was birthed from their union was all the sickness and disease that plagues the world. Distraught and disgusted with what they created, both the King and Queen created a new pact for the Romani Vâlvă, in which the sons of the Loçolico and daughters of Ana and would be married instead, and their children needn't carry the curse of all the world's ills.

All the world's evils, springing from their Demon King Father and Ana Queen Mother of the Keshayli, are blood-relations to the Loçolico, and nothing will change that. It is the great disappointment of the poor princes that they are forever expected to live up to such blood-ties, and they work tirelessly in hopes of living up to those relationships.

Appearance: In both Scoarță, the Loçolico are dangerous looking, large of body and serious of expression. The Om Scoarță (Mortal Mien) is dark-skinned and hairy, a testament to their bestial nature. They are tall and beefy, with most of them easily topping well over 2 and ½ meters, with long thick limbs and heavy hands.

Their Feeric scoarță (Fae Mien) is that of creature half man half animal. They have long horns, long ears, and a bestial snout filled with short, serrated teeth. Their hair is long and unkempt,

and even if they aren't ugly, there is something unsettling about them. Here they are even taller, over 3 meters with hairy beast-like arms and clawed hands. Keep in mind that the horns of a Loçolico don't automatically deal supernatural damage, but that doesn't mean that they're safe.

Lifestyle: The life of the Loçolico is one of expectations. They are expected to be irrefutably dark and evil (and even if Sanziene, will be treated as Iarnă). They are expected to greedy and vain, no matter how they really feel, and are expected to act like the demon princesses they are.

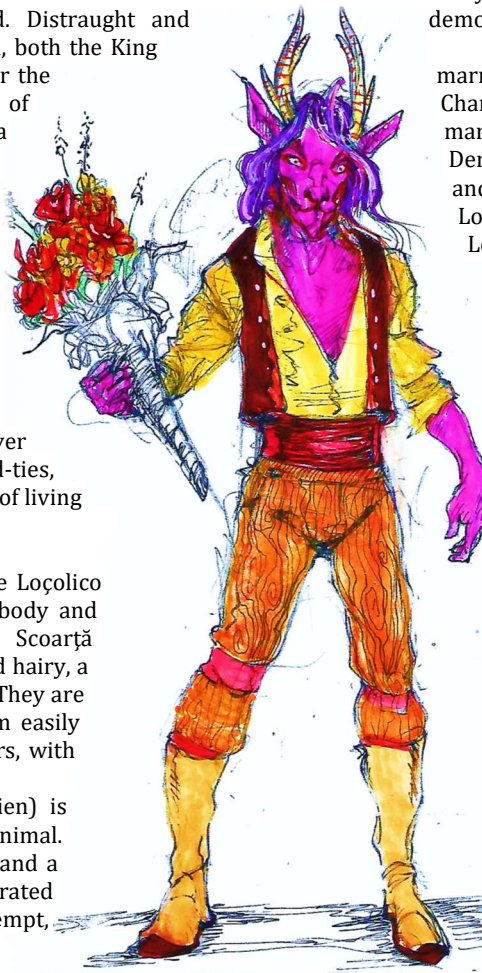
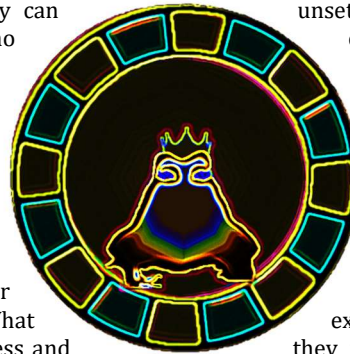
Worse is that they are expected to be married to the Keshayli. In the old days prior to the Changeling way, once they hit 999 years of age, the marriage would be ordained by their unnamed Demon King. Today, somewhere between Nebun and Bătrân age, the elders of both the Keshayli and Loçolico Vâlvă will arrange it. Nothing the Loçolico can do will change this arrangement.

Prunc Loçolico are miserable little pissants, acting every bit the little demons they are.

Nebun Loçolico know that soon they are to be married to one of those damned Keshayli. Most use this time to adventure, to see if they can somehow escape their fate.

Bătrân Loçolico have either grown tired and jaded at what could have been or have come to love their partner. They look to the future of their two Vâlvă and begin to plan weddings for the next generation.

Glamour Ways: Loçolico regain De Basm whenever they are immersed in activities where mortals uphold the traditions of the past, especially among their Romani kinain. Songs, dances, festivities in which their cultural heritage is celebrated refuels their magic.



Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Loçolico bring with them an acrid heavy smoke- a reddish fog that fuels the room. There is also an unnatural music that comes from nowhere and dulls the senses.

Affinity: Fae

Birthrights

Big Boys (*Băieți Mari*): The Loçolico are some of the heartiest creatures in the Lands Beyond the Forest and have abilities to match. At character creation, they gain an extra dot to strength, as well as 3 other free dots to allocate between the Physical attributes in any way that makes sense.

Curse (*Blestem*): The Loçolico are expected, near obligated to punish the evil and selfish. They can do so by cursing others with bad luck. With a point of De Basm spent, and successful willpower roll (difficulty 7) an individual receives his displeasure.

This usually manifests with the target of his ire attracting more botches (i.e, all 2's counting as botches) for a set amount of days (equal to the amounts of successes the Loçolico scored on the willpower roll). In the case of expectant mothers who are also Karens, (who are always targets of the Loçolico) it means that mother loses health levels during the birth and recovery period (again equal to the amounts of successes the Loçolico scored on the willpower roll).

Frailties

Foul (*Sluțit*): The Keshayli may be fierce of body, but they are foul of face. They can never have an appearance rating higher

than 1, and in addition, any rolls involving any social attributes are always at a +1 difficulty.

Intended (*Logodnică*): There were two conditions between the Demon King and Ana- the first is that the Loçolico would leave the Keshayli alone as long as Ana was alive (which she still is somewhere) and second, that every Keshayli nymph having reached the age of 999 would be given away to the Loçolico. Today, the 999 is a moot conceit, but the union still holds. Every one of these two Vâlvă, somewhere between the ages of Wilder and Grump, will have an elaborate ceremony in which their two families are united once again. Stories abound of one or other of the families trying to supercede Fate and escape the marriage. All the stories end in despair, as the Dreaming of the Land itself, as well as some Rom supernatural protocol ensure the union. *What this means for the players of the storytellers has yet to be revealed, but rest assured that there will be a wedding.*

Durriken, searching for his family's tartan, gruffly complains about his fellow asshts.

Căpcăun: I show up. They ask what they can do to help. I don't have time for sycophants, the hell with them.

Chuhaister: Strong? Yes. Fast? Certainly. Smart? Not so much. They are easily disposed of if need be.

Dinsele: They could be good allies, if they would stop sniffing their matron's panties and do something productive.

Illyes: Darker than you'd give them credit for, and twice as strong.

Keshayli: I'd prefer not to say anything if you don't mind.

Sárkány: They should be on our side, instead they are out saving the world, one asshole at a time.

Zburător: Good lads. If only they took to the fighting as much as they took to the loving.

Fext: The best and brightest of our number. Too bad they spend their whole existence trying to change one bad decision.