

MYCONID

Rotting dead wood and leaves enzymes- acidically true superheroes of litter decay,

- Leslie Bulion

Quote: "Are you going to eat that?"

Myconids are found worldwide. (In South America, they go by the name Kayeri), but the U.S. of A. has a special place for them. Not quite an Inanimae, but not fully Kithain, they fall somewhere in the middle. An extremely adaptable species with no particular origin or history, a curse speculated, but the stories vary. There is one thing for sure: they have been there, observing since the beginning of creation. The unnoticed, underdog if you will. Underestimated by most but valued by the wise. Since fungus forms have a vast network throughout the earth and all living flora, their communication & unity is an efficient one.

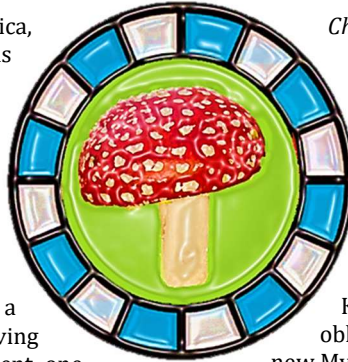
They protect their strong-knit community and all non-threatening life forms. You could say their motto is one of Live and let live.

They are the quiet ones, the lurkers, coming in all shapes and sizes, often unexpected and without warning. They are capable of remaining dormant for years at a time. They respect the ebb & flow of life & death. Enjoying the calm life, mostly keeping to themselves... but cross them and they will devour anything in their path in the blink of an eye. Never boastful, they are humble creatures, often kind, intelligent & always honest.

Death angel type fungi are the exception to all the Myconid; more parasitic, crippling lives and fungi networks. Some of their own even see them labeled ruthless cannibals, with a genocidal agenda. Because their toxicity is so high, their own brain suffers: their intelligence withers and they overestimate the time they can spend in uncomfortable environments... but let's worry about that some other day, hmm?

Appearance: In most any Mien, they are quiet and unobtrusive. Their Mortal Mien appear normal, save maybe a dewy complexion, or ashy hues. For those with the nose for it, their scent is undeniably musty or savory - not at all unpleasant. In Fae Mien along with their dewy skin and ashy hues, their scent is magnified. Some even have a slimy sticky coat on their flesh. They can be speckled with colorful designs and spots depending on fungi type. They inhabit a humanoid body most of the time, but also can transform into fungi form, bigger than their relatives.

Lifestyle: The Myconids live in all sorts of environments, often out of the scenes and hidden in some unanticipated place. They tolerate direct sunlight just fine but never extremes of heat or cold. Too much of either of those makes them want to go dormant. They must recharge daily in a cool, damp & dark place, like their dwellings. Their diet consists of primarily plant life, preferably rotting vegetation. Some consume other dead fungi but never destroy networks (unless one is a *Death Angel* type).



Childing Myconids are bubbly and eager to learn all that the world offers. In their first year of life they consume triple the amount of food of an adult Myconid. This makes packing lunch for human school challenging...

Wilder Myconids are at the stage when they really come into their own and find their place in Myconid or Kithain society. The older of the Wilders participate in inter-Kith communal meetings but this is not obligated. They are more relied upon to raise new Myconids and teach them about their abilities.

Grump Myconids have an obligation to organize those Mycological Meetings, where they discuss issues such as sustainability & external threats. They also watch for Kinain - Myconid blooded, guiding them in hopes of Chrysalis, and working to keep the kin line strong. They know that Kinain of any Kith, let alone their own half-kin, face physical & emotional complications.

Glamour Ways: Myconids replenish Glamour through quiet times with their dirt, and chill-laid-back relaxation with their peers. Parties don't do it, nor do poetry slams. What matters most is the tranquil introspection of decomposition.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Myconids smell of recently turned wet soil and rotting wood. There is a rush of cool damp air that feels fresh on the skin. Patterns of sunlight and sun dappled shade play out across the skin, and a taste of fresh mushrooms may appear in the mouths of those present.

Affinity: Scene

Birthrights:

Mycological Tête-à-tête: Myconids can communicate with all forms of fungi, from molds and spores in your kitchen to great death blossoms hidden in dark umbral caves. As long as the fungus is living and producing (and mushrooms are notoriously hard to kill) the Myconid can converse with it. It takes one turn to build a rapport with the fungus, but fortunately, fungi have more to say than the average plant and can say it much quicker than say, a red-wood.

Just a Flesh wound: Just like their fungal counterparts, the Myconids are notoriously hard to kill. They can shrug off most damage, healing otherwise normally fatal wounds in a record amount of time. They can even regenerate severed limbs given the right circumstances. As long as they spend the right amount

of time in their (*See frailty below*) sanctum, they can heal from just about anything. While meditating thusly, they heal a level of bashing damage every turn, a level of lethal damage every hour, and every level of aggravated damage heals once a night. In the case of severed limbs, as long as the limb is attached correctly (thank Gaia for duct tape) and the Myconid remains in his demesne, the limb will attach just fine. The only exception is from cold-iron, or extremely strong magics, which no creature of the Dreaming can heal from anyway.

Hungry-Hungry Were-Shroom: A Myconid can transform himself into a large circle of mushrooms, and indeed must do so at least once every 24 hours. While in Mushroom-form, the Myconid can heal himself (*as per birthright above*) and is effectively asleep.

In this form, however, they can break down anything...Plastic, Corpses, Toxic-Waste and Bane-infested material of the Wyrms... stuff like that. It may take a few hours, a point of Glamour spent, and the Myconid might not even like the flavor, but that is just the price they pay in service to the Great Circle of Decay.

Frailties:

Are you going to eat that?: The Dreaming given purpose of the Myconid is to break down organic matter in order to create space for new growth. In this they excel, sometimes a little too much.

If there is heap of decaying matter in their direct path they must stop to consume it, usually something they are fond of (Such as Leaves, old logs, an old deer carcass) it might. Not only do they feel it's their duty but it's their instinct, and they must abide.

They must make a willpower roll difficulty 7 (8 if it's their favorite) to avoid fulfilling their destiny and chowing down. If they succeed, they can make a plan to come back later and take care of it. If they fail, they begin eating immediately, nature wins again. If they botch, they will transform into a great ring of mushrooms in full view of everyone and begin eating.

If it's some of that aforementioned pollution and bane-infested garbage, they will make a note to come back later, but needn't roll.

Cellar Door: All Myconid must have a cool dark place to rest in. This is their sanctum sanctorum, their one true place of respite and healing. Once every 24 hours, the Myconid must transform themselves into their mushroom form and lay dormant in their special place. The length of time needed to recuperate is equal to 10 minus the Myconid's stamina equal in hours. Thus, a Myconid with a stamina of 3 would need 7 hours in mushroom form, relaxing in his sanctum in order to regenerate. The place doesn't need to be so big: under a bed or in a closet will suffice. However, the place must be cool, quiet, dark, and moist.

For every hour after the 24 hours that the Myconid avoids this, they are at a +1 difficulty to all rolls. This difficulty increases by 1 every hour until it hits a difficulty 10. At the point, the Myconid must roll his willpower or fall into a deep slumber and shift into his mushroom form against his will.

One-Up, Myconid seneschal of Reno, shares the dirt on his fellow Yankee Fae

Boogey-Men: I get it, I really do. Don't mean I like it.

Diabhals: Nope. Next.

Dust Devils: These guys are dirty, honest, and fun. What's not to like?

Gremlin: Find another hobby...

Hodags: A little xenophobic, but if you make friends, they are the truest of drinking buddies.

Jellies: Sisters from another Mister.

Junk-Tooths: It may sound weird, but there is nobody you can trust more than these guys.

Nomes: Annoying little pissants with a napoleon complex and a hatred for how awesome we are.

Pumpkinheads: Speaking of xenophobes...not sure where we stand with these guys. "*Come-on Man, we're both veggies!*" Well, sort-of...

Inanimae: In Ann's what?

