

NIBELUNG

The race of the dwarfs | in Dvalin's throng - Down to Lofar | the list must I tell;
The rocks they left, | and through wet lands - They sought a home | in the fields of sand.
Prose Edda The Voluspá - 14

Quote: Yeah, I got a spinning wheel that can turn straw into gold, is that all you want? How about a needle that turns thread into platinum? A Plate that turns dirt into whatever you want? What'll it cost you? What do you got?



The gloomy and squirming maggots which first crawled through Ymir's corpse birthed the first of the Svaltalfar (Unseelie). Some of these maggots became the Kobolds, others the Dokkalfar, while the fattest and most gluttonous crawled deeper down through Ymir's rotting flesh and nestled deep against the bones. These became the Thallain Tribe known as the Nibelung, the dark and twisted dwarves of Niðavellir.

Dour and bitter, sarcastic and Sadist, the Nibelung are perhaps the most unsavory of all the Scandinavian Fae. But they are a desired Fae none-the-less. The Nibelung are masters of the forge, who designed and created weapons for the Gods, some of the mounts, and all of their treasures. Mithral, Uru, Promethium-X, all the magical Unobtainium fictional metals of the world are like clay to these dwarves.

Hidden from the light of the sun, they have carved out whole kingdoms in their deep mountainous hollows. Here they pursue their craft, producing jewelry and weapons and mounts and even clockwork limbs for the maimed. There is no treasure, no device, no article which can't be fashioned in their abysmal furnaces deep underground. Here they wait for their inevitable customers - who will pay whatever price is asked for the Nibelung's miracles.

Appearance: The Nibelung are all ugly, no matter the Hamr. In Mann-Hamr (Mortal Mien) appear much as they do in Alva-Hamr (Fae Mien). They are short and brutish looking. They have pale skin, and cold dark eyes, with faces contorted in perpetual sneers. They have long dark hair, which many are fond of styling in fancy knot-work and braids. Most males sport beards, and even the females of the Disir have a little bit of fuzz on their chin. In Alva-Hamr the Nibelung are shorter, rarely over 4 feet tall. They have long calloused fingers that twitch constantly, and their eyes are as shiny and dark as polished black granite. Their skin turns a greyish yellow, with thick black veins seen just under their thick hide. In all forms, they are usually covered in ashes or soot, a testament to their forge.

Lifestyle: The Nibelung have plenty to occupy them. Despite their spiteful manners, they are always busy with their needy clientele which entreat them for mystical wares. The Volsung need more magic weapons for the coming Final-winter, the

TÖFRA AF GALDRA (THE TOIL OF MAGIC)

The Nibelung make treasures. That is what they do, that is what they are. They are the best at it, and they know it. There is nothing they can't make. Some things they have made include Lady Sif's golden hair - with the magical ability to grow on her head, and Gullin-börsti - the magical golden-boar mount of Frey, and Skíðblaðnir, which can sail on air, and hold all the gods and their mounts, and can be folded up and put in a purse, Not to mention a little thing like Thor's Hammer.

Some players might want to abuse the Nibelung's birthright and create an easy-button out of magic to make their own world spiffy. That's okay. Just because they can make anything doesn't mean it's easy. The string that bound Fenris Loki-Son took months to create and a whole gang of the Nibelung working together. They also failed three times before they perfected the formula.

The storyteller should make the creation of something like those above treasures as difficult as possible. *First* the Nibelung must design the treasure, which should take a while. *Then* they must dream up the ingredients, which is a challenge in itself. *Then* they must go on a quest to find them, which is easily a story in and of itself. *Then* they must convert these ideas into working components. *Then, and only then,* can they finally forge them. While the description of the process below is a quick and dirty way to roll for creation, it is up to the storyteller to prolong the agony in the endeavor.

Fossegrim need guitar strings that never break, the Huldra want jewelry that will make people forget about their back.... The list goes on and on. The Nibelung just grumble and charge inexorable prices for their wares... nothing comes for free, and you can't put a price on quality.

Barn Nibelung (Perturbed) are brooding little bastards, they skulk and stare from the shadows, watching how things are put together. This includes not only objects, but people and their relationships as well.

Vill Nibelung set out early in life to find their own destiny. They travel in circles of like-minded Fae (often other Nibelung, but sometimes other dark and twisted creatures) and form something that might be called friendships. Eventually they migrate to others of their kind, and form little guilds based around forges and smithies.

Eldre Nibelung spend their later years perfecting their craft. Many seek to create a magnum opus of sorts before they pass into undoing. These final projects are ungodly powerful treasures and relics. The Eldre Nibelung know this too, and hide them away forever, just to spite the rest of the Dreaming.

Glamour Ways: The Nibelung gather Hamingja whenever mortals struggle and toil and sweat and curse. Mechanics who work long hours and miss family dinner, or business tycoons who just have to get that last minute deal to fall through... these refuel a Nibelung's magics.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Nibelung are accompanied by the smell of sweat and ash, and dark shadows that play across the scene.

Affinity: Prop

Birthrights

Shadow Minds, Iron Body (*Skuggi Hugur, Járn Líkami*): Crawling deep through the bowels of Ymir's rotting body, the first Nibelung met and defeated strange and monstrous entities. They quickly grew sturdy of body and mind both. At character creation, a Nibelung gains a +2 to strength, and a +2 to wits, even if above 5.

Charmed Forgers: (*Dularfulla Málmsmiths*): The Nibelung are perhaps the greatest black-smiths in not just the Dreaming, but the whole of all nine Realms. They can create thin-strings which bind monster-gods out of seemingly impossible components. The foot-fall of a cat, or the roots of a mountain, or the beard of a woman... magical elements that are just whimsical ideas to anyone else. The Nibelung can not only find these materials (or at least know where to get them) but harness their power to create Treasures that even the Gods covet.

The Nibelung alone can find or utilize these nebulous concepts with a Wits + Enigmas roll difficulty 10. Each success demands that much temporary Glamour to materialize said concepts into tangible elements which can then be forged. At least 3 successes are necessary to produce something magical, but the rolls don't have to happen all at once.

The Nibelung must then succeed on a Dexterity + Crafts, diff 10 yet again, roll to forge these elements into treasures. What the treasures are capable of is up to both the Storyteller and the player but can never come easy.

Frailties:

Bitter Hearts (*Bitur Hjörtu*): The Nibelung are mean-spirited, callous, sour, bitter, nasty, deviants; lewd, obnoxious, and that's just the barns. They are at +3 difficulties to all social rolls with any other kith, and a +4 difficulty with any Kiths who are a bit more sensitive to such, such as the chaste, demure, or stuffy Sidhe regents from the Celtic lands. (Caveat, this doesn't justify the player acting like a dick-hole...)

Stone in the Sun (*Steinn í Sólinni*): The Nibelung are creatures of the deepest reaches of Niðavellir, and are thus barred from the life-giving powers of the Sun. While the Kobolds and Svartalgar have difficulties in the light of day, the Nibelung turn to stone instantly. There is no coming back from this, which is why the Nibelung have others come to them, and they take great precaution in maintaining their forges deep underground.

Brokk scratches his ass, licks his lips, and begins a tired tirade on the other Disir...

Fossegrim: There's word for these flakes. *Art-F**s.*

Hulrra: Sluts. Sluts with no chance of banging me.

Jotuns: You're related to Ymir? Guess what? He's dead, ass-hole. We're related to the maggots what ate and shit him out.

Kender-Trow: I know some choice expletives, there are none potent enough to convey my disdain for these little f**s.

Muspi: Stay away, stay far far away.

Norns: I'm not scared of them. Fate doesn't mean shit to me. When I go, I go. Maggots then and Maggots later.

Skogkatt: Speaking of p****s, these ladies just stare at us like they know something we don't, and it freaks me the hell out.

Dokkalfar: You think we're dark? The Svartalgar are dealing with things darker and scarier than anything we've got. Deeper things.

Volsung: Yeah, the Lords of Light. That's what they tell themselves. The Truth is, they are our biggest customers,

Nisser: Craftsmen? No, They don't craft anything but d***-shaped hats and wooden toys for their stupid f**ing kids.

