

PÄÄPIRU

**Shades of existence can't quench my thirst, my burning thirst
The Worst pain will never, Ever vanish from this insane world**
The End Of The Century – *Noumena*

**Keep knocking on the Devil's door He might just get it.
You seek knowledge of the netherworld You should forget it.**
Made In Hell – *Gorgeous Frankenstein*

Quote: Of course I'm the villain in your story, look at my dashing good looks, hear my rapier wit, and gasp at my utter disregard of court customs. Now, wouldn't you like to go home with your villain tonight? I promise it will be worth your while.

The Lempo was a strange spirit in the Kalevala- the Finnish National Epic. He was a trickster spirit of fertility, the wild, and sometimes the ever-capricious idea that is love. He was also a devil- not a demon mind, but a devil. It got worse after the new Church arrived and he was equated with the Lightbringer of Judeo-Christian mythology, but so it goes. Now, despite the new stigma attached to his name, his (or hers, with Lempo it's hard to tell) legacy of the capricious nature of the wilds and fertility and love carried on.

There is one Väki (Kith) that is the spiritual successors of the Lempo legacy, the Pääpiru. Now depicted as nasty manifestations of natural uncontrollable lust and wild abandon, this happy-go-lucky Tribe revel in their own ill-seated reputation. If Piru is a rough equivalent of the kelttoi Unseelie, then the nom-de-guerre of this Väki should be indication of how they fare. Pääpiru means "main-Devil, and their goings-on are no small testament to that title.

There is little that they cannot do for the whole of the Hiidet (Changelings). They are free from the any social mores that would hinder their roles. With the freedom of their own existence, they can go anywhere, say anything, and do anyone that their hearts require they must. Though they are not evil by any stretch of the word, they are all to a one of them, cads, cards, rakes, rogues, scalawags and the best rascals that the Kingdom of Magicians has to offer. If the modern world's interpretation thinks them anything Infernal, well than that's the modern world's fault, now isn't it?

Appearance: The Pääpiru are always attractive, dashing, rakish, and all the good things a Devil proper should be. Half male, Half Female, and half neither - their Mies Kasvot (Mortal Mien) are always impeccably dressed, with warm smiles and just a hint of mischief in their eyes. The Lumoava Kasvot (Fae Mien) appear much the same, but now have the addition of small horns, dark hair, pointed ears, a tail, claws, or other markings of a "Main Devil". These traits are never anything special, the horns don't do much damage, the claws don't scratch horribly, the tail can't really grasp anything, but they are all signs that the Pääpiru is a devil. Any one of the Väki can have none of these things, or all of them, with skin ranging the whole spectrum of colors. The only constant is that there is an alluring sense of danger about them.



Lifestyle: Here or there, now or then, to this one or that one, the life of the Pääpiru is one constantly going. They may be requested by the Keiju (Seelie) Hiidet to fulfill a quest of great nobility one day, and the next asked to serve as courtesan to an evil Vampire princess... The more chaotic the better.

Pieni Pääpiru haven't quite discovered what their existence means. To them the concept of good/bad, devil/angel, Keiju/Pirut is a moot conceit. What matters is right now, and right now there is fun to be had.

Oikukas Pääpiru Have taken to the role thrust upon them, and they just as often thrust back- over and over again. Theirs is a good life, and they show no discomfort in playing up their own Pirut ways.

Järkevä Pääpiru have a life-time of stories to share, and more than enough brazen memories to gossip about in the right company.

Glamour Ways: Pääpiru regain Lumoava from the wonderfully frenzied confusion sown in their wake. This is doubly so when their victims are pleasantly surprised at how unlike the Pääpiru are from their original suspicions. "*I thought he was going to be a crass and crude monster, but he was positively charming!*"

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Pääpiru are accompanied by the sticky-sweet smell of honey, almost over-ripe fruits, and the soft musk of burning amber. There is also a stickiness that appears underfoot, as if the ground was smothered in congealing honey,

Affinity: Nature

Birthrights:

Dashing, Daring, Mysterious (Näyttävä, Rohkea, Salaperäinen): The pinnacle of a Rogue's candor, and the apex a rake's grace, the Pääpiru hold the hearts of millions in their delicately taloned mitts. At character creation, the Pääpiru begin with 3 free dots in any Social Attribute that makes sense

even if, and especially if, this takes them above 5. In addition, they can never botch any subterfuge roll.

Frailties:

Always the Villain (*Aina Paha Kaveri*): It shouldn't come as much of a surprise, but the Pääpiru are Pirut – even when they aren't. At any given moment, there are a whole slew of folks itching to spend the night with these dashing devils. There are also a whole slew of Angry Righteous Folks anxious to slay the Devils. There are also just as many clueless folks hoping to conjure the devils with a pentagram, black candles, and the blood of an innocent goat. While there are no hard of fast rules for this Frailty, there is their very reputation of being Devils. Everyone they meet who has half an inkling, will have their own assumptions, correct or otherwise, as to the Pääpiru's true nature. This might not always work in the Pääpiru' favor.

Kimmo licks his eyebrows with his obscenely long tongue, waggles his ears, twitches his tail and begin a smooth tirade on the others – in exchange for your phone-number ...

Haltijas: Of course they're far older than any of us give them credit for, probably older than my Tribe, but that doesn't necessarily mean that they do anything of importance.

Füchse: Why are they here? Oh, that's right. Their own Kingdoms kicked them out for being asshats. Who knows, we might be next, Hey?

Otso: Wonderful keepers of our little Trailer-Park ensemble of players. If they weren't our bosses, I wouldn't want a boss at all.

Paasselkä: Clever little floating hobbits, thinking that they can escape by dashing out on the water... They are right of course, they can escape... but it's still fun trying to snatch them up.

Peikko: Big backwards boogers, with nary a clue. They desperately hope that somebody likes them, and then viciously kidnap the only kind of somebodies that *Could* like them. I'd feel bad for them, but it'd be a lot of work to do so.

Ihmissusi: Smile, back away smiling, and never show fear. The only things they respect is strength and a big-weiner. We only have one of those things- especially the girls of our Tribe. It's not strength.

Verenimijä: The bull-dancers fight over me, the Witch-Blooded woo me, the others I haven't met. I suppose I should think them bad, but that is what everyone says about me.

Huirnviu: Ooh. There is something to be said about wild, unadulterated magic. I won't say it, but there is something to be said.

