

Pumpkin-Heads

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heavens:
A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;
A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;
Ecclesiastes 3: 1-3

I'm gonna take you where your body will lie - I'm a take you there, my friend
I'm gonna show you where your life will end - This curse I cast, you're Pumpkin-head!
PumpkinHead - *The Misfits: Famous Monsters*

Quote: Hey there stranger, care to enjoy some home-made peach cobbler? Come on in, it's getting dark out there, and no telling what might happen to strangers way out here in the boonies...

Scattered across these Great United States are small farms in the middle of seemingly nowhere U.S.A. Backwater flyover States with too few people and too many miles between villages. Here the Pumpkin-Heads care for their crops, raise their families, and watch the wheels of the years spin true. The Pumpkin-Heads are an enigmatic Kith of vegetable headed country-folk that have existed in the Hidden-Valleys and far-away farmlands of the American Frontier for only the Gods know how long. They may have origins that coincide with the Kubera Phylum of Inanimae, or they may be cousins to the Ghille-Dhu, or the Fastachee Families of the Nunehi... none can know for sure, and the Pumpkin-Heads are far from open about their ways.

Rumors abound about the Pumpkin-Heads. There are stories of strangers disappearing too close to the Pumpkin-Heads' farms. The Pumpkin-Heads always have successful crop-yields. Their farms are always successful, and everyone connected with the house smiles, *all the time...* It's just not normal say some. There's old and dark Earth magic at work whisper others. The Pumpkin-Heads will even welcome these rumors, and smile at them as they pass the rhubarb cobbler.

Creepily distant and quiet on their far-away farms? "*Absolutely.*" Maddently secretive smiles when pressed for information about their ways? "*Yes indubludi—deedy.*" Harboring murderous and bloody rites that ensure the continual circle of the season? "*Could -might-be, neighbouroonies...*" All that can be known about the enigmatic veggie-topped farmers is that they are creepily polite, gregarious to a fault, and intensely uncommunicative about any and all of their secrets.

Appearance: Tall and willowy, with a wry smile and a goofy-expression, the Pumpkin-Heads in Mortal Mien aren't much to look at. Male and Female alike, they have thin frames and gawkily large heads that seem disproportionate to each other. In Fae Mien, they appear much the same, save that their once gawkily disproportionately large heads are replaced with gawkily disproportionately large vegetables. Pumpkins, huge bulbs of garlic, onions that size of watermelons, all can be witnessed in the Fae mien. There is also a strange sense of foreboding when one looks too long at the Pumpkin-Heads, though few can give it a name.



Lifestyles: There is great Glamour to be had in such steadfast environments, and too few of the Americana Kiths can comprehend this. If the call goes out for adventure (as it so often does), a Pumpkin-Heads will pack a bag-lunch, kiss his family "see you later" and set out for a spell. The same Pumpkin-Heads will return later, with a nice little story to tell the wee-ones when his cycle of grump-hood comes around.

Childing Pumpkin-Heads, called sprouts, are bright-eyed and perky. They love to help out their communities and quickly take to ensuring the continued success of the farm-lands.



Wilder Pumpkin-Heads grow curious about the world outside their little farms. Though they are loathe to say so. The Elder Pumpkin-Heads, who still remember such wanderlust themselves, encourage them to adventure and explore the world.

Group Pumpkin-Heads have the final say in all matters when it comes to their farm-lands. They are firm, but just. They are also fond of parties and celebrations – Autumn Harvest Festivals, new baby showers, midwinter solstice revelries – any reason to crack upon the cider and laugh until the sun comes up.

Glamour Ways: Pumpkin-Heads gather Glamour whenever someone else enjoys the fruits of labor that is the Pumpkin-Heads birthright. This is easiest on their farms, when mortal family members and Kinain associates enjoy the literal fruits of said labor in form of produce. When out gallivanting and adventuring, this may mean that the Pumpkin-Heads refuels his Glamour with the gratitude of strangers.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by Pumpkin-Heads are accompanied by swathes of warm-sunlight that play across the scene, and the smell of greenery and rich loam. A sense of contentment and ease can be felt, even when cast by an Unseelie.

Birthrights

Turn-Turn-Turn: The Pumpkin-Heads are attuned to the needs of the great cycle of the Earth. The turning of the great wheel is oiled with sacrifice. Even the Earth needs to be fed after all. With this in mind, a Pumpkin-Head can ensure a certain success by offering up something in return to the Earth. What these pieces are vary, but all come with a price – The greater the sacrifice, however, the greater the rewards. Most of the time, this involves blood. Sometimes, this involves unwitting victims

In Game terms, by offering up a sacrifice (of herself, or others) a Pumpkin-Head can lower the difficulty of a roll, add dice to a dice-pool, or even automatically succeed on certain rolls. By lowering the difficulty on some rolls, the Pumpkin-Head can take someone (or herself) down a certain amount of health levels equal to the lowering of difficulty. I.E., lowering a roll from difficulty 10 to 6 would cost 4 levels of damage (usually bashing, but some rolls require lethal or aggravated). To add to a dice pool, the Pumpkin-Head can offer up so many levels of lethal damage (again, herself or another's) with the amount of damage equal to the dice gained. I.E., 3 levels of damage offered up would allow for 3 dice to be added to her dice-pool. In the case of automatic success (such as a great crop year) it costs a certain level of aggravated damage. The greater the rewards, the more levels are required. That great crop year might take as many as 30 levels of aggravated damage from many participants, or just one life given freely. It is up to the storyteller to interpret cost and reward. It should also be stressed that most Pumpkin-Heads prefer to use bad people in such circumstances.

Frailties

Mysterious Ways: Blood-letting families that offer their sacrifices may just be a normal way of life for the Pumpkin-

Heads, but the rest of the world might not interpret it that way. For this reason, the whole of the Kith is tight-lipped and a tad bit xenophobic when it comes to strangers snooping around. While they won't be nasty, they do like their privacy. In game terms, every single one of the Pumpkin-Heads starts play with something akin to the Dark-Secret Flaw. If anyone outside the Pumpkin-Head families should ever find out about the Kith's Turn-Turn-Turn birthright, then the whole of the Kith might be in jeopardy.

Onion Sally smiles at her husband Jethro, while she shares her award-winning zucchini-bread with a side of gentle opinions.

Boogey-Men: Well now, it wouldn't be too much difference for any one of us to fall down that hole, now would it. They have a job to do, as do we all, and I'm not going to say another undue word of them.

Cats-with-Hats: We all had to go on adventure when we were sprouts, and there is none I'd rather go gallivanting with than these ones. While mouse-ing may not be in their wheel-house, keeping things orderly certainly is

Diabhals: They show up for the hootenanny, and then pass on the next morning. I won't ask more of them.

Dust Devils: They live in parts too arid for my taste. But I do appreciate them for what they are.

Gremlin: Smoke and soot and lighting high up in the clouds may be enjoyable to some of us, and some of us are welcome to it. To me and mine? We are just fine out here.

Hodags: I'd love for them to visit. I'd love to get them out here to our huckleberry pie eating shindig; I just know they'd win. Yet I know that they are busy keeping their own little town safe.

Jellies: While I do love the little dears, I do have to keep them away from my corn. I don't know what kind of havoc their dripping might have on the crops.

Nomes: They had their time to shine, (or not shine because it was dark even during the day in those years), but their time is over. I'm glad that they are busy, but they need to stay the hell away from our hard-work.

Myconid: Always welcome, come rain or shine. We have a special room in the cellar set aside just for them.

Effigies: I can't fault them for their ways. A tiger can't paint over its stripes and claim to be a pussy-cat. Likewise, we can't burn things down and claim to enjoy the ashes. That being said, they may claim relation to us. I can't see it.

Kubera: Well, I'd rather not say.

Ghille Dhu: When they're around, which isn't often mind, We get on just fine.

Huirtviiu: They explain it all just fine if you take the time to listen. You have to listen real loud though.