

ALMAS

"The single biggest problem in communication is the illusion that it has taken place."

— George Bernard Shaw

Quote: Rurh Rahrara, Raarrh, Ruhruhru.

The Changeling Way shaped the world of the Fae, whose denizens could now drape themselves in the trappings and Mien of mortal flesh. Yet even before that, the Almas were living and breeding with the human Tribes of the Steppes. One thing that never carried through, however, was the power of speech. Capable only of small roars and loud moans, the Almas has some difficulty in communicating with other of the Jijig Süns (Fae).

This doesn't hinder them, however, and the Almas have a welcome place in mortal society. The mists that protect the Dreaming world slightly curves around the Almas in a way that proves beneficial to them and mortals witnesses. Their positive actions and good relations over the millennia have earned them that welcome.

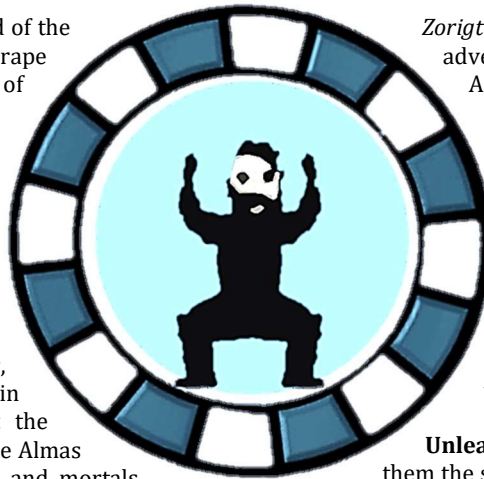
Though they are considered one of the numerous Wild or Hairy-Volken Tribes of the Dreaming, the Almas are far from the ignorant grunting savages that serves as a wild-man stereotype. The Almas are cool, kind, and collected in a way that few of even the most cosmopolitan of Jijig Süns can claim.

Banner: Red

Appearance: The Almas Bags (Mien) is always tall, always lanky, always hairy, and always slightly off looking. The Khün Bag (Mortal Mien) is tall, lanky, and hairy, with a face that seems somehow "wrong." Not ugly mind, or even evil, just strange in a way that can't be identified. The Khüch Bag (Fae Mien) is the classic Wild Man, complete with a thick coat of shaggy dark fur (often in black, but sometimes in russet and chocolate brown hues) that covers the whole body, sharp teeth, and big staring eyes. The reason for the 'wrongness of the khün Bag is now made manifest. They are slightly taller than most mortals, usually up to 3 meters or so, but it nothing too out of the ordinary.

Lifestyle: The life of the Almas is pretty good. They enjoy their mortal lives as well as their Fae, and aid allies in both as needs must. If there is a call to adventure, the Almas will ensure that things are taken care of on the Homefront, and then set out with their Lagyeri (Kith) companions.

Zaluu Almas are bright and cheerful little things who love helping their elders. They are always on the go, and sometimes have to be reminded to slow down a bit (their mortals families have a hard time keeping up).



Zorigtoi Almas have heard the call to adventure. Mongolia is a big place, and the Almas is now ready to see it all.

Mergen Almas, despite their age, have yet to grow tired of the adventure. They are as plucky and eager as they were in their Zaluu days.

Glamour Ways: The Almas regain Khüch by helping people, usually their mortal family members (of which there are many) or anybody that seems to need help.

Unleashing: Almas Unleashings carry with them the smell of Wet rocks, warm sand, and nice pleasant cool breeze. There may sometimes be a strange animal musk about, but it doesn't bother anybody.

Affinity: Actor

Birthrights

Sporty (*Idevkhte*): Bigger than most mortals, but not as much as the other Lagyeri families, the Almas has some blessings of physical prowess. At character creation, the Almas begins with a +3 to any physical attribute that makes sense, and a +2 to athletics.

Friend of the Mists (*Manangiin Naiz*): In a strange twist of fate, due to millennia of good relations with mortals well before the advent of the Changeling Way, the Almas works with the best aspect of the Mists. Those that witness the Almas' Fae form and remember them, will remember them fondly. There is no hatred or fear or disgust or even stuporing awe. However, those that actively seek to hunt the Almas, such as hunters and the like, act much lower on the Mists chart, barely remembering anything at all. They must succeed on a willpower roll, difficulty 8, or the Mists will erode the whole memory of interaction with the Almas.

Frailties

Scared of Dogs (*Aidasnaas Aidag*): That same ability that endears them to mortals, doesn't work the same way with canids. Dogs, foxes, wolves, or others canine creatures, distrust the Almas on a subconscious level, and will bark and charge at any Almas they see. The Almas have a different reaction. They are deathly afraid of dogs on a level just as subconscious. They must succeed on a willpower roll, difficulty 8, to not flee a

yapping dog. This doesn't extend to the Erlen Khan as much but may when exposed to the war or lupus forms of the Erbörü – the shapeshifting family of wolves. It is up to the storyteller what such interactions bring, and whether a peace can be struck between the two.

Can't Talk (*Duugüi*): While mute isn't entirely accurate, the Almas do have a problem with words. Grunts, roars, whines, and some whistles are the best they can manage. While no game mechanics are meant to serve as a hindrance, games of charades are always a win.

Khen Ontsgoi pushes his baby along in her stroller (the babies stroller, not hers hers) and begins a loving dialogue explaining her fellow Lagyeri.

Bichura: Ruh, rurh, rururu rahru.

Erlen Khan: Ruh-Ro, Ruhrorha rhargh.

Pitsen: Rhoorah, rarara rurrah.

Ipotane; Ra.

Huirnviu: Rooo, rahrah, rah. Rharhah, rhuurrhu rhara. Rha rhara rhuuru rhararha rha. Ra.

