

# Barbegazi

**“One of the very best reasons for having children is to be reminded of the incomparable joys of a snow day.”**

–Susan Orlean

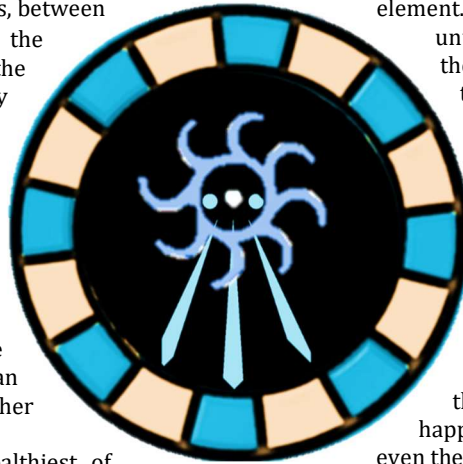
**Quote:** Bon Soir, mes Amis, a beautiful night for a bon-fire no? However, the area in which you are attempting to build such a fire is awfully susceptible to avalanche. I would hate to have to dig you out of such a horrible and painful ordeal. It would behoove you to host your wiener roast closer to the resort, *nes-pas?*

High above in the snow-covered Alps, between the Realms of the French *Lutin*, and the domains of the Scandinavian *Álva*, dwell the Barbegazi. The Name Barbegazi probably stems from the words ice and beards, a reference to the rime that forms in the facial hair of these snow-loving Fae. This Fabian (Kith), a close cousin to the Boggans, roam free among the frost laden mountain peaks. They are keepers of long forgotten mountainous trods. While there may be a multitude of the world over who would seek to capture these trods, there are few who can withstand the inclement weather surrounding these forgotten pathways.

In recent years, however, the wealthiest of mortal elite have conquered much of these areas and set up ski-resorts. While this may seem detrimental to the Dreaming, the wonders of the icy mountain caps, and the joie-de-vivre of skiing and playing in the snow have opened up new avenues in which *Éclat* (Glamour) can be accrued by this cold-loving Fabian. The kind-hearted kith has found a new niche in which the wonders of snow and ice can be shared with mortals. Skiing and sledding, snow-ball fights, building snowmen, all the joys of winter are to be shared. The Barbegazi have never been happier.

As far as those long-forgotten trods hidden in the frosty glens and treacherous peaks? There are still places with warning signs indicating places not to ski, and the Barbegazi serve as the perfect ski-patrols, ensuring that said areas remain undisturbed.

**Appearance** In *Dignité Fer* (Mortal Mien) the Barbegazi are slightly shorter than average. They have big eyes, big smiles, and a predilection for prematurely silvering or graying hair. Both males and females are unusually hirsute (much to the chagrin of some of the females). In *Dignité Lutin* (Fae Mien) the body grows even shorter, and hair grows even more pronounced. They appear similar to Boggans, but with wiry frames and a wild manic, if not an overly sincere smile on their face. Bluish-white and grey hair erupts all over their bodies, (even more to the chagrin of the females), and their skin shines bluish white in the wintry sun. If they can get away with it (far from the prying eyes of mortals) they forgo clothing all together, content to run and play sky-clad in their chosen



element. Another way to spot a Barbegazi is their unusually large Feet (even more, *more*, to the chagrin to the females) which allow them to run tirelessly over ice and snow without fear of slowing down.

**Lifestyles:** Snow-Rescue units, ski-instructors, mountain-tour-guides, there are plenty of prospects available for the Barbegazi deep on their mountain-top demesnes. Even those Barbegazi who enjoy wandering have no shortage of opportunities to live happily and freely in the icy realms that they call home. This freedom and happiness is what the Kith strives for, and even the most unseeleie of the Fabian are unusually pleasant and amiable. Most are soft-hearted and honest, and few can stand to others suffer.

*Gamins Barbegazi* are quick to engage others in their snowy games. Kind and gregarious, they embody the care-free spirit of a fresh snowfall.

*Vauriens Barbegazi* are quick to quell their wander-lust. They often go exploring the mountain ranges far from home, and learn not only about the French Alps, but about themselves.

*Grincheux Barbegazi* serve as caretakers of their chosen ranges. They patrol and protect all that they see, ensuring that all is safe and well for everyone. Yet even in their quiet years, they are quick to enjoy a snowball fight or even snowboarding should the mood strike them.

**Glamour Ways:** When mortals participate in all the joyful activities to be had in snow, the Barbegazi are there to play with them. In addition to the sheer joy or it all, the Barbegazi also gather *Éclat*.

**Unleashing:** When Barbegazi unleash their power, there is a breathless refreshing cold snap that comes along with it. Frost crackles underfoot, and breath can be seen on the air. Some claim to smell a pine forest, or others hot cocoa.

**Affinity:** Scene

## Birthrights

**Lover of the Ice (*Amoureux de la Glace*):** The Barbegazi are born of the snow and ice capped mountain recesses, and have no fear of the cold, despite the hazards to mortals. They suffer no difficulty in the cold. They can run across snow no matter how deep and have no fear of sinking. They can see through snowstorms with no hindrance to vision, and laugh at avalanches. If buried under snow, they can burrow out as quickly as they can walk across it. In addition, when heading downhill, they can use their broad Féet as a sort of make-shift skis, (granting them a +3 to dexterity when doing so). They can never botch any athletics roll while on snow.

## Frailties

**No Love for the Heat (*Pas d'amour pour la Chaleur*):** While the Barbegazi may be blessed with all that the cold can bring, the heat of even pleasant weathers affects them greatly. For

every 10 degrees above 50 it rises, their difficulty for all actions rises by 1. They can spend a point of Éclat per day to remain frozen, but if forced to inhabit in these areas for too long, they can begin to "Thaw", or become undone. Any flame-based damage done to a Barbegazi count as three times the amount of damage it would normally inflict.

### Henri, ski-instructor and all around bon-homme, entertains you with his recollections of his fellow fabian

**Dame de Cerf Blanche:** We are a little too high to see them much. But they are always so kind when they visit.

**Dormette:** Our sleepy little brothers and sisters. As we to our icy perches on high, they are to their dreamy night-roads.

**Dracae:** The river-daughters aren't much fun, but I do love to watch them get their tongues stuck on poles...

**Duphon:** Our beloved queens: they are simply the best.

**Fée' Verte:** I knew one once who did modern art ice-carvings. I didn't get it, but she let me play with her chainsaw. So that was cool.

**Feu Follet:** Are they still around? I haven't seen them in a while, they were always so nice.

**Foireaux:** I don't smoke, (For obvious reasons) nor do I drink. I don't cuss or steal, or anything they like really. We don't have much in common.

**Korred:** You tell the truth, I get it. You're like anti-Pookas.

**Korrigan:** The water too warm? Not a problem with these cousins. Visit them during the day, make a friend for life.

**Loraliet:** So sad...I hear them cry for a lover that might not even be real... Madmen all, and it breaks my heart.

**Margotine:** bright smiles in a field of white, as beautiful as a glacier, and as slow to say a harsh word.

**Portune:** Certainly Monseuir, whatever you need. My pleasure. Except for the bon-fire and frog-roast... I'll be there.

