

# BRAGS

**"I count myself the son of Chance, the great goddess, giver of all good things—I'll never see myself disgraced"**

Oedipus Rex Lines 1188-1190: - *Sophocles*

**Quote:** The problem being, of course, that I am the sexiest creature whatever was, and you are a Sidhe-with all the sexual appeal of a cheese grater covered in lube. Now if you want to compare seduction tips, I'd be happy to help, but in the mean-time I'm nailing your girlfriend back in her trailer? Savvy?

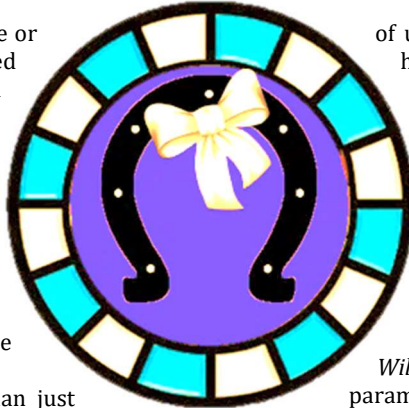
Brag, their name says it all. Never before or since has a creature of the Dreaming exhibited hubris to such a vigorous magnitude. Even the haughtiest of the Sidhe regard the Brags as so many narcissists. The Brag in return laughs off such accusations as simply jealousy on the Sidhe's part. In days long past, the Brags would appear at the crossroads and waylay strangers and mock passers-by. Many an arrogant aristocrat would try to mount the strange and beautiful creature only to be bucked in the mud while the handsome Brag runs off laughing.

Yet there may be more to the Brags than just their arrogance. They are also ingenious, robust, determined and (they'll be the first to tell you this) attractive. Also called Dunnyes in the Old Tongue, they are able to take the form of a handsome horse, the Brags are perhaps the most proficient Shape-shifters in the whole of the Dreaming. While limited to one form only, they can do so quickly and in front of anyone without repercussions (though it is frowned upon to do so when mortals are present). They can speak in all forms and do so often as they have so much to say. No-one can mistake the horse for anything but magical. They are as attractive in this form as they are in mortal, and the Brags knows it.

The Brags have used these attributes for selfish ends since Ancient times. A mainstay of Celtic folklore, their tales of Shapeshifting shenanigans have been told and retold (or adopted by the Pookas, as far as the Brags interpret it) throughout Fae History.

**Appearance:** In Mortal Mien, the Brags are smart looking blokes with sharp rakish faces and big soft eyes with long lashes. While few are female, all wear their hair ridiculously long and many sport braids and pleats complete with ribbons and beads to accentuate it. They dress for success in sharp looking suits and in all forms sport a single gleaming accessory of gleaming white, be it hat, ascot, jacket, or vest (see frailty below). In Fae Mien, this appearance is elevated to 11. They combine the elegance and grace of the Sidhe, with the visible might of a war-horse. They have Long ears, delicate but strong features, and uncannily large eyes with a shit-eating grin that is charming if not smarmy.

**Lifestyles:** While it would be all too easy to simply assume that all Brags are pretentious miscreants who sit around and reap the benefits based on their appearance alone. This proves tedious after too long. Many quickly grow bored of always getting their own way, however. *"It would be great fun to go an adventure or something.... You know, like the common folk do..."* They also relish the opportunity provided when they could be



of use due to their strength and abilities as a horse. *"You know you need me of course, as I am so preternaturally strong and capable...go ahead and admit it..."*

*Childing Brags* are conceited and excruciating little snotlings that get away with far more than their fair share, just because they know how to smile big at their elders. Sweet faced and honeyed tongues get them away with murder.

*Wilder Brags* have set themselves up as paramours of the highest pedigree. They drift from lover to lover, taking what they feel that they deserve for their efforts - *Which is a lot.*

*Grump Jellies* lose none of their allure in their greying years. They often inherit all they could want from past-lovers, and set themselves up as eccentric and charming ne'er-do-wells, who garner the giggles and attention of all the younger girlies who don't know any better.

**Affinity:** Actor

**Glamour Ways:** Brags gain Glamour by showing up at a party and having everyone look at them. Whenever they are in the spot-light. Or, if they be Bugg (Unseelie), knocking someone out of the spotlight regains Glamour .

**Unleashing:** Unleashings of the Brag are accompanied by a bright flash of gleaming white that dazzles the senses, and a feeling that one is just too cool for school: a euphoric sense of entitlement and the justification of calling oneself the cat's pajamas...

**Birthrights:**

**Fair of Face:** A Brag is attractive, whether or not anyone wants to accept it: Long lashes, large dark eyes, and a face so sexy that just makes you want to punch it. At character creation a Brag begins with 3 free dots in Appearance, even if this brings them above 5.

**Filly Foal:** With but a single point of Glamour spent, a Brag can transmogrify his simple seeming into that of a beauty of a horse. They are large and exemplary specimens, with shiny coats and warm intelligent eyes, a paragon of their breed. They can do this in front of others and take great pride in posing and vogueing about whilst in Horse form. Their single white article of clothing shifts with them, although all other items disappear

from view, waiting to be reclaimed upon shit back to mortal form. The stats for said horse are:

- *Strength: +3, Dexterity: +2, Stamina: +3*
- *Attacks:*  
*Trample/Kick: Str +3 Bashing,*  
*Bite: Str +2 Bashig*

#### Frailties:

**Wear White When you Come to Me:** A Geas with long lost origins, and real-world implications, a Brag is forced to wear something white and unsoiled at all times. Be it shirt, scarf, cape, or hat, it must be gleaming white and stay that way at all times. If the item is ever muddied, then the Brag is locked into whatever form he was in at the time, and all birthrights are

nullified. If as a horse, it got dirty, then he must stay a horse until someone washes and bleaches his scarf. If it is ever stolen, then he will be at a +3 difficulty to all rolls until it is returned. If it is ever destroyed, then he loses his fae seeming. Luckily, the item is magically hardy and it can only be destroyed through magical means, or cold iron shears cutting it in half (and there's not too many of those floating around these days).

**Dick-Holes:** Yes, they're attractive. Yes they're strong and clever. They are also insufferable and incorrigible twat-waffles. The Brags are perhaps the most abrasive of all Kithain, and such are at a +2 difficulty to all social rolls involving any others save their own kind. While this can be overcome, with humiliating defeats and the overwhelming kindness of allies, it will take time and storytelling to change their arrogant ways.

*(Caveat: This isn't a be-a-dick-for-free-card for players, keep this in mind should one want to play said character. Don't be that guy).*

#### **Dunnie Duncan MacCormic the sexiest man alive, laughs at the Plebes and struts his stuff...**

**Blue Caps:** Shovels? Hammers? Really? Explain again. How are they Fae?

**Bugbears:** Big and mean, but ultimately forgettable

**Drakes:** Dragons? Hardly. Goobers is more like it.

**Duergar:** We used to be a team back in the day. But time and tide wait for no one. Oh well.

**Ettercaps:** Attractive little things, aren't they? Not as attractive as me, but so it goes.

**Grimalkin:** Nasty but pointless, and extremely ineffectual. Just overlook them. I do. Pending that, simply stomp on them.

**Hobs:** If I ever meet one, I'll let you know.

**Hounds:** Poor bastards, they're not Fae. Slaves is what they are.

**Orcs:** They're long gone and good riddance.

**Widdershins:** Didn't I just tell you about the Grimalkin?

