

BUGBEARS

"You cannot hope to build a better world without improving the individuals. To that end, each of us must work for his own improvement and, at the same time, share a general responsibility for all humanity, our particular duty being to aid those to whom we think we can be most useful." – Marie Curie

"The world breaks everyone, and afterward, some are strong at the broken places." – Ernest Hemingway

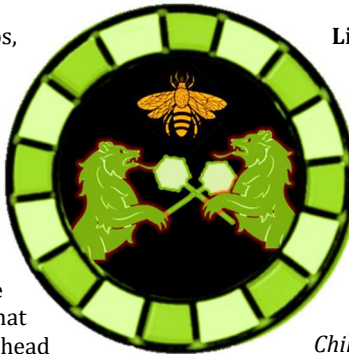
Quote: Is that the best you can do? Come on, my Grandma can do better than that and she's been dead for 25 years. Now let's go, you little booger, pick yourself up and try again. You can do it...

Like their Goblinoid cousins, the Hobs, Nockers, Gremlins, and even the Thallain Goblins, the Bugbears – literally Bugg (Unseelie) are a Kith with a mission. It is their sword duty to protect a certain person, place, or thing that has great importance to the Dreaming. These wards vary from Bugbear to Bugbear. It could be a hidden Freehold or Glade deep in the still yet wild places. It might be a treasure waiting for the right hero to claim it. Maybe it is a childing that *Dan or Destiny* concludes has a great destiny ahead of her. Whatever said ward is, the Bugbears guard it with a zealous and surly nature that alienates others and even warrants the Bugbears a nasty race as a whole.

The Bugbears don't care. They are proud of their reputation, and even prouder of their abilities. They are the biggest and tallest of the goblin-folk. For some Bugbears perhaps, this even a point of pride. Others have argued that their size gives them a considerable advantage in many areas concerning physical feats. Perhaps, then, this is all the more reason for the Bugbears to pride themselves on their talents – to prove their worth more than happenstance, but honed skill.

Perhaps then too, this is why many seek to master other areas of skill beside strength alone. But is the end, less important is the pride and more the ability to perform their duty – a duty that comes before all else. *Mean?* Absolutely. *Cocky?* Sure. *Eager to prove themselves superior to themselves and all others?* You bet. They are also the best that the Dreaming has to offer.

Appearance: In Mortal Mien the Bugbear is beast-like. They are tall and hairy and even the slenderer of the species demonstrate the rounded sloping shoulders and stalking gait of some great creature. It is easy to recognize them for their long arms longer than a man's. (*Some postulate that perhaps that is where Lugh of the Tuatha de Danaan got his from, although to do so in front of most Fae scholars is considered heresy*). From a distance they might even be mistaken for a bear. In Fae Mien, the Bugbears are easily the tallest of the goblin-folk standing upwards of eight feet. They have long thick necks, long torsos, long arms, and from a distance, could easily be mistaken for a bear. They boast large goblin ears, a pronounced bat-like nose, small eyes with bushy brows, and sharp gnashing teeth. Yet despite this, and their drooping jowls, there is something strangely human looking for something with a snout.



Lifestyles: Content to live out their lives without much interference from the others, the Bugbears stay close to their wards. While they may not be immediately hostile, they do remain alert. They are in a word surly. Those who approach should be respectful, clear of intent, and most of all mindful of a Bugbear's purpose. It is easy to get on the bad-side of a Bugbear, and that is a bad place to be.

Childing Bugbears, called Bugaboos, are every bit as hard and nasty as their older seemings. They don't follow the rule, break toys, and argue with anyone they disagree with (which is most everyone). However, when the time comes, they are almost militant in discipline if it means to guard their special something.

Wilder Bugbears, called Buchveer, have come a long way since their bastard Bugaboo years. They are still a tad difficult when it comes to others but aren't nearly as confrontational.

Grump Bugbears, called Bullbeggars, have defended their special background and grown alongside it. Perhaps their warded childe has already met her destiny, or maybe that treasure was claimed by its rightful owner. What remains of the Bugbear after? A tired and grizzly old Monster with nothing left to prove. They can be the strongest of allies if the stars are right but can be miserable archenemies if not.

Glamour Ways: Bugbears acquire Glamour with successful demonstrations of their superior skill. This could be as simple as inspiring an audience, besting the competition, or even just outdoing themselves while mortals watch from afar.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by Bugbears are many-faceted affairs complete with a wide array of scents and sounds: The echoing silence of forest, the weighty gravity of the mountainside, water dripping on moss, trees crashing down, the musty choking, sneezing dust of crumbling bark and tree fibers, the gnashing of pine-cones, the sense of being watched at a cave-mouth, or amid tall trees. Damp and musty and wet and fresh the forest offers raw, the metallic zing of river rocks, verdant and fresh wood red and dark damp glistening flashes of light. For those Bugbears in more urban settings, there are the scents of oil and rusty old machinery, the clang of tools, and the orange-yellow-black strobing of driving under highways street-lights.

Affinity: As per *Guarding Birthright* below. If guarding a mortal (Dreamer) than *Actor*. If guarding a Freehold, then *Nature*. If guarding Treasure, then *Prop*. IF guarding a fellow Changeling (such as an older mentor or a Childing with a Destiny ahead of them) then *Fae*. There may even be reasons where Time is what is being guarded...

Birthright:

Guarding: Every Bugbear is born to guard something. Not only does this item dictate the Bugbear's Affinity (see above) but also is made manifest in the Background ratings at character creation. All Bugbears have a +3 to a certain background at Character Creation, even if above 5. Library, Treasure, Mentor, Ward, Resources, etc... It is the Bugbear's Dreaming Sworn duty to protect it.

Big-Bois: The Bugbear is a beast in every sense of the word, big in body, big in spirit, big in attitude. They represent some of the most imposing specimens of Kithain that the Dreaming has ever shat out. At Character Creations, every Bugbear has 6 free dots to allocate to among any physical attributes even (and probably) above 5.

Frailties:

Guarding: Every Bugbear is born to guard something, that hidden Freehold or Glade deep in the still yet wild places, that treasure waiting for the right hero to claim it, or even that childing with a great destiny ahead of her. These people, places, or things are necessary for the Bugbear's very existence. IF something should ever happen to them under the Bugbear's watch, then they are at a +3 difficulty to all rolls until things are righted again. If a book gets stolen from the Guarded Library, then the Bugbear must track down and punish the would-be thief. If the treasure falls into the wrong hands, then the Bugbear must challenge those wrong hands and reclaim it for the rightful owner. If the childing should fall ill, then the Bugbear must find the medicine to restore her to former health.

However, if the person, place, or thing should ever be destroyed, killed, or permanently lost, then the Bugbear goes up one seeming (Childing to Wilder, Wilder to Grump, Grump to Undone, etc...) regardless of mortal seeming age. They also gain 3 permanent points of banality instantly.



Old Man Billy Bug chases those damn kids away from his Bridge and answers your questions about the other Brittonic Kithain wankers he must share this damned chilly-ass Island with.

Blue-Cap: Miners? Do they have stupid hats? Sounds like boring Redcaps. Who like-wise have stupid hats.

Brags: Horses are meant to work, not prance around like preening jack-daws. They are a waste of Glamour, no matter how pretty they look with their pony-tails all did up in ribbons.

Drakes: Bah. They compensate with wings and breath-weapons. I can make do with what the good lord provided me with. My own two hands and a keen wit.

Duerger: Poisonous little assholes who need a swift kick off a cliff.

Ettercaps: Creepy. I know they are faking their smiles, and it rubs me the wrong way it does.

Grimalkin: Lying pissants.

Hobs: Goblinoids, like us. But with a mission. Like us. Good family if you ask me.

Hounds: Hounds? More like sheep. I call nothing master, especially not some upstart wanna-be God of the wildways that the world forgot.

Orcs: They cling to the dark in fear of us. Good lads.

Springheels: Hah. I wish that I had more time to have fun. Unfortunately, I have a life to lead.

Widdershin Tom: Satan-worshipping lying pissants