

BULLY WUG

“Good morning Guests” he said. “Though when I say good I don’t mean it won’t probably turn to rain or it might be snow, or fog, or thunder. You didn’t get any sleep, I daresay.

”Puddle Glum-“The Silver Chair” –C.S. Lewis

“It’s part of the shape of the Universe. I only have to talk to somebody and they begin to hate me.”

Marvin- “Hitchhikers Guide to the Universe” – Douglas Adams

Quote: You want to cross the swamps? Of course you do. No, No...It’s fine. It’s not like I was going to do anything else today, it’s only my birthday after all....

Marsh-wiggles, Puddle-Glums, Polly-Woggies; these and dozens of other equally cutesy names are all referring to one kith of overly morose peat-boggies. The Bullywugs receive these varied sobriquets with the same weary apathy in which they receive everything. This Eeyore-esque Irish Kithain can politely be described as wet-blankets, though few others feign to be so polite.

Despite their relative disdain for the world around them, these muck-dwellers are almost militant in their duty to preserve it. Ireland’s famed Peat bogs serve as the Bullywugs home, and due to their frailty, few leave it for long.

Slurpily clumping amok in the mud and mire, most Fae find these swampy wetlands as dismal and dark as the Bullywugs themselves. But to the Bullywugs, this is the way of reality. The life they are forced to live is dank, murky, and not a little bit stinky.

Appearance: IN both mortal and fae mien, the Bullywugs are long-limbed with long hands, long fingers and toes, and long drawn-out faces. When they do have hair, it’s lifeless, greasy and dull. They have frumpy dumpy frowns with wide, flat, and thin lips. Their skin is as pale and grey as a fish’s belly. Their flat noses and big-goggly eyes gives them a distinctively frog-like appearance. This carries over even more-so into their Fae mien. Their greenish-greyish skin is rife with muddy spots or stripes, their hands and feet grow longer and webbed. Their mouths stretch open obscenely wide. Even if they try to smile, there is something fundamentally gross about them. In all miens, their clothing is muddy, damp, and stinky with the smell of swamp water.

Lifestyles: While not much fun to be around (even to each other) no group adventuring into the marsh-lands could do without a better guide than the Bullywugs. Every inlet, every mossy clump, every murky puddle that a swamp has hidden away is as familiar to the Kith as their own bathroom (and it is often the same thing anyway). While they may never stop complaining about it, the Bullywugs serve as elite bog-guides, muck-rangers, and swamp scouts.

Childing Bullywugs, called taddy-poles much to their chagrin, are happy (after their fashion) to sit in the mud and complain about their long-lived dismal lot in life.



Wilder Bullywugs take to adventure with all the joie-de-vivre of a dying catfish. While they may seek out a team of fellow youngsters to go-a-adventuring with, they won’t enjoy it.

Grump Bullywugs are just that – grumps.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Bullywugs are accompanied by the smell of wet mud and rotting vegetation. The lighting in the area takes on a dark and greasy greenish cast, and the air grow moist and chilly, and heavy with the sound of far-away creaking of night-frogs.

Glamour Ways: Bullywugs regain Glamour whenever someone gets tired and beat-up by life but pushes through it anyway. While overly plucky and optimistic individuals may grate on the Bullywugs nerves, harping on about silver-linings and rainbows and all that clap-trap will still replenish Glamour (whether the Bullywugs are happy about it or not).

Affinity: Scene

Birthrights:

Born on the Bayou: Despite their overly gangly limbs and gawky frames, the Bullywugs have unhindered maneuverability on their home turf. They have an extra dot in dexterity at character creation for free. While on/in muddy terrain that might prove a hindrance to others, they gain another dot of dexterity in addition to the first. While in brackish or swampy water, they gain another dot still.

In addition to these buffs in dexterity, a Bullywug can also breathe through their skin, allowing them to skulk about in their dark boggy-homes.

Frailties:

Bog-Bound: Too much time apart from the swampy bog homes has physical repercussions. For every few days spent away (equal to stamina rating in days) the Bullywug loses that free-point in dexterity. For every 24 hours after that, he will continue to lose points at a rate of one per day. Once the Dexterity reaches 0, then the Bullywug runs the risk of becoming undone (at storyteller’s decision). Jumping into a muddy swampy area will replenish it, but won’t quite be the same as their home stretch (as so many of their number will tell you).

Wet-Blanket: Bullywugs aren't much fun at parties; they're glum, pessimistic downers on the best of days. This gets even worse when away from their element. They grow whinier and whinier the farther away they get from their comfort zone. They're at a +1 difficulty to all social rolls at all times. They are at a +2 difficulty when away from the swamp. This grows to a +3 difficulty when away from the sight of water.

Bob 'Mugwumper' O'Toole sighs theatrically, and begins his tired tirade of his fellow Hibernians

Cailleachan: Always welcome to my little neck of the wood. We have so much in common.

Of course they're nice; they're hiding something...

Dullahan: Luckily, my head isn't to their liking. Just as well I suppose.

Fachen: I hate to be the bearer of bad-news, but foot-races with them rarely finish well.

Fir Darrigs: Angry tipplers - The worst of the lot. Ah well. At least you know what to expect with them.

Killmoulis: Good for conversation at least.

Leipreachán: One stole my Shillelagh, I don't see myself getting it back anytime soon.

Roane: As annoying as the Selkies, but with more pluck. So more annoying I guess.

Cugh-Tagh:

Sidhe: Did you say SI? Or Sidhe? It's quite different, you know.

Fear-Gorta: I have no love for honesty that blatant.

Gancanagh: Believe, me, there is nothing I have that they want.

Bánánach: War is as much a part of our lifestyle as hunger and heart-break I suppose.

