

CHAILLEACHAN

And when approached death's awful doom,
Her chair was placed within the womb
Of hills whose tops with heather bloom.

Jonathan Swift -1710

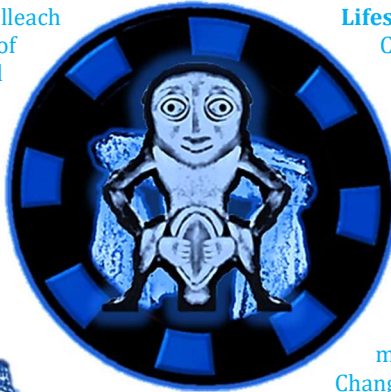
Quote: Shh... Keep it down, my duckie and dry your eyes. You're crying because it's cold, and the icy tears will slice your cheeks like razors. Cry not, no reason to get out of sorts... Winter never lasts forever.

The Chailleachan are the orphaned daughters of the Cailleach Bhéara- the primordial Hag of Celtic winters. This queen of winter was not quite one of the Tuatha de Danaan, and not quite a Fomori, but was still yet a Goddess in her own way. She exists in all Celtic Lands as a harbinger and ghostly queen. She has ties to the Si tribes (for which one of the Bean-Si Roths are named) and is said her consort was the child-stealing Bodach (a Thallain family has no answer).

The Chailleachan are the orphaned daughters of this Winter Goddess/Crone. This All-Female Tribe inherited her otherness, and now serve as a between family of Celtic Fae - between all the Celtic Lands, between Seelie and Unseelie, and even between the local prodigals races such as Mages, Fianna Wolves, Wraiths, and others. The Chailleachan serve such roles well as the wisest and oldest of the Celtic Fae.

As she traditionally assumed her throne during the Samhain months, her daughters like-wise are bound by the seasons. These Rime-Hags are formidable, true, but their powers wax and wane with the seasons. Their Birthrights and frailties are not only limited by age, but also by the turning of the seasons.

Appearance: In Mortal Mien, the Chailleachan are thin, gaunt, and pale. They have prematurely greying hair, and though they may be attractive as Childings, they have an oldness about them, especially in the spring and summer months. Their Fae Mien elevates that coldness, they are still rather gaunt, but now are veritable giants, as large as trolls. They have grey hair, greyish white skin, and eyes as cold as their smiles. Some few have claws, as sharp as the wind, and many have large chomping teeth the color of iron.



Lifestyle: Since time immemorial, the Chailleachan have served a function to both mortals and the Fae. They are washerwomen, house holders, wood wives - and for those wise in the old-ways, the implications of these occupations are obvious. They serve as stewards and keepers of the old and cold magics that many have forgotten. While the majority of the modern Changelings can sing of the Endless Spring, the

Chailleachan know better.

Childing Chailleachan are cold little things, with wan smiles and still voices. Sometimes this might mean a lack of many friends.

Wilder Chailleachan might laugh and play as well as their fellows, or try to, but there is something decidedly other about their frivolity. Just like their younger years, there is something small and still about them.

Grump Chailleachan are now finally in their own. They are the Hags of winter, and everybody better figure that out soon. That stillness and awkwardness of their younger years paved the way to the immense power of these veritable Goddesses of the Winter.

Glamour Ways: Like their Inanimae cousins, the Chailleachan can replenish their Glamour from certain natural spots in the wilds. To the Rime-Hags, these places are cold standing circles in the northern Celtic lands. Many know of these 'Raths' power, but only the Chailleachan can absorb the natural flowing power of the Stones. But they can also gain Glamour from the gratitude and fear that mortals hold

for these ancient women of power.



Unleashing: Cantrips cast by Chailleachan bring with them the smell of icy briny water, the howl of winter winds, and an icy biting that chews the bones. Everyone in the vicinity can see their breath, and the ones closest grow numb with the cold.

Affinity: Time **-or-** Sliver: Aquis

Birthrights:

Through the Years (Trí na Blianta): The Chailleachan are bound kit and parcel by not just the turn of the wheel, but also how many turns of the wheel they have experienced- which is reflected in boons set by their seemings and the time of the year.

- ❖ **Childing-** From the beginning of Autumn to the Beginning of winter, they get a +1 to all rolls. From the beginning of Winter to the beginning of spring- they get a +2 to all rolls.
- ❖ **Wilder-** From the beginning of Autumn to the Beginning of winter, they get a +2 to all rolls. From the beginning of Winter to the beginning of spring- they get a +3 to all rolls.
- ❖ **Grumps-** From the beginning of Autumn to the Beginning of winter, they get a +3 to all rolls. From the beginning of Winter to the beginning of spring- they get a +4 to all rolls.

Love like Winter (Grá mar Gheimhreadh): Winter was the holding of their mother, and as such the Chailleachan inherit that power. At character Creation, they begin with the first two dots of the Winter Art for free,

Frailites

Through the Years (Trí na Blianta): The Chailleachan are bound kit and parcel by not just the turn of the wheel, but also how many turns of the wheel they have experienced- which is reflected in burdens set by their seemings and the time of the year.

- ❖ **Childing-** From the beginning of Spring to the Beginning of Summer they get a -1 to all rolls. From the beginning of Summer to the beginning of Autumn- they get a -2 to all rolls.
- ❖ **Wilder-** From the beginning of Spring to the Beginning of Summer they get a -2 to all rolls. From the beginning of Summer to the beginning of Autumn- they get a -3 to all rolls.
- ❖ **Grumps-** From the beginning of Spring to the Beginning of Summer they get a -3 to all rolls. From the beginning of Summer to the beginning of Autumn- they get a -4 to all rolls.

Love like Winter (Grá mar Gheimhreadh): While the Chailleachan may have inherited their mother's propensity for the Winter Art, they also inherited the responsibility to maintain it. At no time can one of their other arts be at a higher rating than their rating in Winter. They may be proficient in Soothsay as much as they want, but they have to be more proficient in Winter.

Worn Away (Caith ar Shiúl): Though they may be beauties in their youth, time quickly eats away at the Chailleachan. As Childings, they are prematurely greying in their Mortal Mien – but there is worse to come. They lose 2 levels of Appearance for every Seeming. By the time they are Wilder, it drops by 2, and by the time Grumpdom hits, they lose yet another 2, all the way to 0 dots.

Old Mother Caoimhe of the North-Lands, stares wistfully at the winter sun setting on the black sea and whispers of the others.

Bánánach: We're not the only Goddesses about.

Bullywug: Nasty little froggies and toadies- but make a friend and keep them for life.

Dullahan: Once they ferried us between this place and that place. They still do if we have the mind to call them.

Enfield: I never had much truck with these little liars. Different clans I suppose.

Fachen: The stories tell how they used to be much much more. If the stories are true, then I feel sorry for the little bastards.

Fear-Gorta: It is a sad thing that the whole of the Island shared. These thin lads have to exist because of those sad things.

Fir Deargs: You can call them evil, and they are, but you can also feel this shawl and know its quality. Let that be a lesson to who you keep as friends.

Gancanagh: The worst of us, worse than the Fir Deargs, worse than the Fachen, worse than anyone.

Killmoulis: I had one as a lover once. Let me to my own affairs. That is all I can or will say.

Leipreachán: They may have ties to Lugh Llamfhada. Their prowess in battle and... other things... is evidence of this. If they do, then we are lucky. If they don't, we'll still be lucky.

Roane: Where do you think the Selkies first got their coats? It's darker than you may yet realize.

Samhanach: Do we have children? Yes. But it's not these little bastards - they have the blood-ties of darker season-gods.

Bean-Si: I can live a hundred years, and still not suffer the pain enow to bring me back from the Summer-Lands. What hurt these poor daughters so?

Eshu: I had one as a lover once, that child of Ellegua. Children of Gods from warmer lands, my bed was very warm that night.

Clurichauns: They've gone far past our own green hills, and now travel as much as Ellegua's kin. May Lugh watch over them.

Bodach: I've taken more than my share of lovers over the years. Not once did I choose these beasts.