

CUEGLE

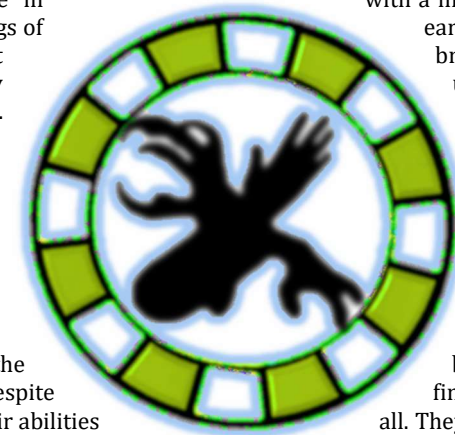
“So long as we are being remembered, we remain alive.”
The Shadow of the Wind — Carlos Ruiz Zafón,

Quote: Mama! Mama! It's me Mama! Look at Me, please look at me!

The Cuegle were once a prominent face in Iberian mythology. They were veritable kings of the underworld during the Celtic times, but then the Romans arrived and completely overwrote all that the Encantare (Fae) were. The Cuegle received the worst of this overwritten treatment. Though they were once masters of chthonic darkness and secrecy, they were now relegated to ugly little Goblins.

But these ugly little Goblins also possessed the ability to erase memories of themselves, leaving targets confused as to what was actually seen. This would serve the Cuegle well. Unusually Beato (Seelie), despite their goblin status, the Cuegle employed their abilities to easily slide into the good graces of the Holy Mother Church. Here in the Cathedrals, there were no shortage of vigilant priests and well-schooled witch-hunters who yet remembered the old ways and the dark Gods. The Cuegle were happy for the attention placed on the past. They could easily be regaled with the dangerous histories of all the Kith (but especially the Cuegle's own) and all the while use their gifts to move undetected wherever they pleased.

But with such blessings that said concealment brings, there is also a curse. The Cuegle can easily be forgotten *too* much, and many completely cease to exist in the minds of loved ones. No



few wayward Pouce Cuegle have had their parents completely forget that they even had a child. It is the wise Cuegle who can balance both aspects, the need to be remembered, with the ability to be forgotten.

with a mouth full of sharp teeth, slightly pointed ears, and large green eyes. The skin is brownish green, but other-wise unremarkable (as far as the Fae mien goes). It should also be noted however, that the Cuegle certainly isn't remembered as such by those victims who fall prey to the Misremembered Birthright. To these victims, the Cuegle is a giant as large as a house, or a wee little man as small as a cat. They have green skin or black, or red. They have 3 arms with 3 fingers each, or 4 arms with no fingers at all. They have 3 eyes, or 8, or none. They have a tail, or horns, or great bat wings, stripes, spots, or any number of misinterpreted accoutrements. Most of the time, this is just how the Cuegle likes it.

Lifestyle: The Cuegle who accepts, or even simply tolerates his magical condition of being misremembered, can prove truly accomplished in the stealth or espionage fields. They make efficient spies for the Encantare courts, and their gift for reconnaissance is second to none.

But also bear in mind, that none like to be forgotten, especially the once great Cuegle. The smart Cuegle keeps some friends and family around that can always recall such important details like birthdays, favorite colors, nicknames, etc.... With all their stealth (and the Easily Forgotten birthright and frailty below) it is all too easy for the Cuegle to be misplaced in the minds of those he cares for.

Pouce Cuegle must be careful. It is a harrowing experience to be abandoned by parents. It happens to the young Cuegle more often than it should. Even if not abandoned completely, they can still grow frustrated when things like those favorite colors, nicknames, birthdays, etc.... are forgotten.

Vigariste Cuegle are still just as frustrated, many develop some strange variation of a Napoleon Complex, complaining, bragging, causing any number of ruckuses, to ensure that they are seen. The few who come into their own without these complexes, simply smile at their many blessings of stealth.

Idose Cuegle are either master spies, or horribly depressed and friendless beasts.

Glamour Ways: The Cuegle regain their Xarma by engaging with mortals who remember what a Cuegle is. This proves especially difficult as the magic nature of this Panelinha obscures every magical aspect of their life. For this reason, many of them favor mortal elders who still remember the old ways or befriend folklorist and the like—anyone that still has an inkling as to the Cuegle's nigh-forgotten glory.

Appearance: Unsurprisingly, the Disfraz of the Cuegle is easily forgettable. The Disfraz Grilhões (Mortal Mien) manifests as a slightly shorter mortal with an unassuming face. The Disfraz Xarma (Fae Mien) is slightly shorter,



Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Cuegle carry with them different sensory impressions every time, everyone present will feel, smell, hear, see, and interpret any number of things, much to the Cuegle's chagrin.

Affinity: Actor

Birthrights

Easily Forgotten (*Facilmente Esquecido*): The Cuegle by their very nature are old-world goblins of stealth and intrigue. They gain a +1 to Dexterity and a +2 to stealth at Character Creation and can never botch a stealth roll. In addition, if any 10 is gotten on any such roll, any other individuals involved in the circumstances (those that they are shadowing, hiding from, stealing from, etc....) will forget that they know, or even *know of*, the Cuegle. They will forget the face, (or misremember if the Cuegle chooses), omit certain details, or lapse into a fugue-like state that lasts until the Cuegle is far away from the scene.

Be warned however, that too many uses of this and the Cuegle will completely cease to exist in the minds of loved ones. No few wayward Pouce Cuegle have had their parents completely forget that they even had a child. This coupled with the frailty of the same name can prove debilitating to many of the poor tykes.

Misremembered (*Lembrado Errado*): Not only can the Cuegle stealthily slink with the best of them, but for a point of Xarma spent, the Cuegle can twist a victim's interpretation of what they saw. The target will certainly remember that they saw someone, but that someone is a strange and nebulous monstrosity.

Black skinned with 3 arms and no fingers, or green skinned with 3-eyes, and a wooden leg and tails. Horns, 5 rows of teeth, wearing a red-cloak and cavorting like the devil himself. Even if presented with multiple witnesses, each of them would report a wildly different version of what hellish beast was witnessed. While this may blatantly counter the whole idea of stealth, *the Cuegle are Goblins after all*. A little shock and horror are aspects too easily forgotten among the Encantare. Plus, it's fun.

Frailties:

Allergic to Holly (*Alérgico a Azevinho*): In a strange holdover from ancient times, when Iberia was one of the Celtic lands, the Cuegle are allergic to Holly. Either the wood or the berries, this sacred herb deals damage to the Panelinha as if it were cold-iron.

Easily Forgotten (*Facilmente Esquecido*): Though some unsavory types may relish in their arcane ability to go undetected, to the Cuegle (who are still mostly Beato, despite themselves) this undetection is constant reminder of how much of the past goes overlooked, forgotten, or simply blatantly ignored.

Whenever someone forgets them, overlooks them, ignores them, or even flippantly belittles them or their station in the

folkloric history of Iberia, (which may or may not include their being stealthy as seen above) the Cuegle must roll their willpower, difficulty 8. A success means that they can bite their tongue and move on.

A failure means that for the next day they are Pagão in the sense that each understands it. They may steal babies, attack cattle, shatter store-front windows, or even kick house-hold pets. Worse yet, they enjoy the whole lot of it. If they are already Pagão, they go full Diabólico (Thallain), and no small amount of bloodshed will ensue.

Jadiel looks pleased as punch that you asked about the Encantare, and quickly begins his spiel...

Jentilak: I couldn't handle it. Up there all alone, too quiet. I know that being quiet is my thing sometimes, but still.

Malinos: I always enjoy tea with them. I know that they gossip about me afterwards, and that is a great feeling.

Mouros: Good friends. They always get me something nice on my birthday. It's in Diciembre, by the way, the 22nd. Right around Christmas.

Musgosu: I do not think that they are Encantare, I think that they are some sort of Bruxa, witches or something.

Trasgu: We share many similarities, perhaps they used to be as high-ranking as us. I do not know for sure, and I am sorry for that.

Ventolines: It is easy to be overlooked, and then fly off the handle, yes? I understand.

Xana: Eh, I tried the walking around naked things once. The Polizia were called. So that's good. Yes? No?

Bicho-Papão: Diabólico, Devils and Demons every last damned one of them.

Dip: Not Encantare, not even Diabólico, simply sad.

