

Drakes

"But we were dragons. We were supposed to be cruel, cunning, heartless and terrible. But this much I can tell you, we never burned and tortured and ripped one another apart and called it morality."

Guards! Guards! — Terry Pratchett

**Burninating the countryside – Burninating the peasants
Burninating all the peoples – And their thatched-roof cottages**
Trogdor the Burninator – *Strongbad*

Quote: AHA! A CZ-USA Scorpion Evo 3?
Don't mind if I do.



A long time ago, the Dragons were akin to the Devil himself. In the annals of folklore. Great wyrms scoured the countryside burning villages, claiming virgins, and hoarding treasure in their subterranean demesnes. From St. George and his beast to Jormungandr the Midgard Serpent, Europe (especially England) boasted the Dragon as the King of mythical creatures.

Time, however, has a way of laying low everything, even the most powerful. It wasn't that long before those same Dragons of old adopted a new guise to maintain their foothold on a quickly changing world. What remains are the Drakes. While it would be a sad misnomer to call them Fae, one would be just as remorse to call them Dragons. They are the hybrids of the Modern Dreaming, and the Great Wyrms kings of the Time of Legends.

Appearance: It may not be easy to see a Drake for what they are, but if you know how to look...In Mortal mien, the draconic nature of a Drake carries through. They have unusually sharp teeth, although this doesn't detract from their appearance. They also sport odd colored eyes and hair, a sign of their dragon color. They are also unusually big, if not just in body, then in personality. Many find them a little imposing. In Fae Mien, the dragon carries through all the more. They boast large wings, a lashing tail, horns, claws, and a smile that goes from ear to ear.

Lifestyle: Drakes have developed a niche in the modern world, which few of the Fae could. Their very presence inspires awe, regardless of seeming. They are larger than life personalities, whether Olph (Seelie) or Bugg (Unseelie). Their booming voices and hunger for life (if not virgins anymore) hearkens back to Tolkien's most famous of works. While some might misconstrue this bigness of personality as a Drake's browbeating, it is but the Drake's hunger for all that life offers: a joie de vivre that few other Kithain can seem to match. It isn't the Drake's fault if the others can't keep up.

Childing Drakes have to be careful. They are still a little unaware of their strengths, and sometimes a little blind to the damage they can cause just by being themselves. They can get pushy, loud, and over-bearing without realizing it.

A DRAGON'S COLOR

All Drakes have a breath weapon that corresponds to their color. In addition, the Drake is immune to damage from his element, (Unless the element is supernatural in nature, such as from a cantrip, werewolf gift, or similar).

It costs 1 point of Glamour to use a breath weapon. The damage of each is based on the seeming (with Childing being 1 dice of damage, wilders being 3 dice of damage, and Great wyrms being 7 dice of damage. However, Childings can do so every turn, wilders every other turn, and Great wyrms every 3 turns. ,

Red: A scorching conflagration of *Fire* that ignites everything in its path.

Orange: A deafening cone of *Sonics* that shatters and rends anything in the way.

Yellow: A fog of *Confusion*, in which everyone caught speaks a different language, and can't understand each other.

Green: A fog of quick moving *Poison gas* that blankets the area, and causes nausea and paralysis.

Violet: A sparkling lavender *Cloud of Wonkiness* in which all victims have willpower difficulties raised by 3 as they stumble about in a stupefied daze, giving in to their inhibitions

Silver: A blast of *Icy Winds* that covers the area in freezing snow and hail.

Blue: A thundering blast of *Lightning*, which leaps from person to person.

Black: A mass of *Shadowy Tenebrous Tentacles* that whip around the room and lash out at anything moving.

White: A blinding flash of *white-hot Light*, akin to a concussion grenade. (Vampires take double damage).

Brown: A tumultuous whirlwind of *Hot Dust and Sand* that scours the area.

Grey: A slow creeping *Fog* that saps willpower (for every success on the roll, the target is down that many dice on a willpower roll.

Gold: A cone of sacred *Holy Radiance* (Note, a Drake must have possess at least one dot in true Faith to possess this color).

Wilder Drakes easily come into their own. They know exactly what they want to do, and nothing will prevent them from doing it.

Grump Drakes (or *Great Wyrms*) are old, grizzled, and more than content with what they have accomplished in their long lives. They keep their looks, their wits, and even gain additional strength as they get older. This continues well into their hundreds or so (much to the amazement of their mortal relations. By the time they reach their 110 years or so, they feel a need to go on one last adventure. Packing a few meager belongings and entrusting their treasures to a select individual (Often a family member), they head into the unknown. What happens then is the stuff of legends.

Glamour Ways: Drakes regain Glamour by actively participating in huge epic sweeping adventures that warrants laughter and heartfelt abandon. Any activity that is as big as they are. They also gain Glamour when they can add to their *big* collections.

Unleashing: A Drake's Unleashing reeks of ozone and lightning and brimstone and fire accompanied by a dizzying sense of elation and confidence. There is a sense of muchness when a Drake uses magic, and few can really put a name to it.

Affinity: Prop

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE DRAGONKIN?

Page 8 of "Kiths of Arcadia," from the Storyteller's Vault presents a Kith remarkably similar to this one. That one came first, yes, but the Authors never played "King Ironheart's Madness" or "The Wyld Hunt." Our Drakes were written because a player really wanted to play a gun-nut Dragon. We had to acquiesce. If you need to canonize one over the other, canonize that one in your game. If you want something more, then consider those the first born after the great Dragons of the Dreaming, and our Drakes the ugly bastard stepchildren far removed from the Dragonkin. Do what feels good for you.

Very Respectfully,

Khoyot Bleu....

Birthrights

Long-Lived: A Drake lives for a very long time, upon reaching Grumphood, a Drake's will begin aging at a slower and slower rate. They take no penalties from old-age, and for every ten years past 50, they gain an additional point of strength and stamina. This continues until they decide to leave behind the autumn world for one great adventure in the Far Dreaming.



Dragon's Blessings: Drakes boast a few draconic aspects as follows. *Wings:* That allows for flight at running speed. *Horns:* that do str+1 damage. *Teeth:* that do str+2 damage. *Breath weapon:* (as per color and seeming). In addition, at the cost of two Glamour points, Drake can take on the form of a dragon of old. The body grows to be about 7 feet tall, with a tail a good 15 feet or so (although they do get bigger with age). Their face grows into a snout, and anyone who sees has no doubts as to exactly what it is that they are looking at. In this form, the mists fail.

Frailties:

Dragon's Blessing: The draconic aspects of a Drake may be subdued but are still present enough to carry over into their Mortal Mien. The Drakes have sharp teeth, odd colored eyes, and most sport odd hair color as well. In addition, their larger-than-life bravado, booming voice, and voracious appetites usually cast them as the bully. Whether this is the case or not, all Drakes are at a +1 difficulty to all social rolls when dealing with mortals. When dealing with exceptionally frail mortals (or those too sensitive for their own good,) this can rise to as high as +3 difficulty.

Thirst: While no longer subject to an insatiable hunger for treasure, the modern Drake still has a "Collection" somewhere in his abode. This could be anything from stamps to Vintage Jazz records, to antique fire-arms. The Drake presented with the object of his affection must roll willpower at diff 8 to avoid snatching it up right there. The more Bugg of Drakes don't even bother with this roll. Even any rumors about said affections that the Drake overhears must be explored, and any Drake worth his salt will venture forth to validate the rumor.

Esmond Huxley, gad about town and collector of WWI fire-arms, explains a thing or two about Limeys proper.

Blue Caps: They can dig to their hearts content, but if they come close to my treasure, I'll gut them like pigs. Hahaha!
Braggs: Who?

Bugbers: Are they still around? That's wonderful news. They collect treasures too, you know.

Duerger: Broken little buggers. I'd piss on em if they were on fire, and that's the end of it.

Ettercaps: HA! As cold as they are, they're honest.

Grimalkin: Nice to know that somethings never change.

Hounds: You aren't beasts: you're pets.

Orcs: Remember the old days? When you would eat mortals, and then I would eat you? Good times weren't they?

Widdershin Toms: They are confusing Madness for power, but most mad people do I guess.

Imugi: In the East they have blokes a bit like us, not enough to parley with, but a bit like us none-the-less.

Dragonkin: I have a nephew if that's what you mean.

Mokole: I have shared a pint with some odd ducks in the Hot places of the world. Not sure if they're kin or no. Good chaps though.

Dragonkin: I have a nephew if that's what you mean.