

Dvorerie

"A farm is a manipulative creature. There is no such thing as finished. Work comes in a stream and has no end. There are only the things that must be done now and things that can be done later. The threat the farm has got on you, the one that keeps you running from can until can't, is this: do it now, or some living thing will wilt or suffer or die. Its blackmail, really.

The Dirty Life: On Farming, Food, and Love— Kristin Kimball,

Quote: Who's a good cow? Yes it's you! Let me brush your coat... good girl...

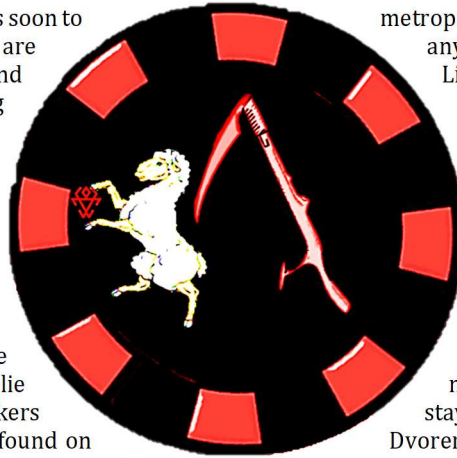
Even before their Chrysalis, those folks soon to be Dvorerie love their animals. They are always fawning over their pets, playing and petting them in the heart-warming displays of affection. They never fail to take the dog or cat outside, always ensure fresh food and water, and always clean up any messes. That is, until their chrysalis, and they are first presented with white-fur.

Somewhat kin to their Boggan Cousins to the West, the Dvorerie are Yard Spirits, keepers of the Farm outside the House. The normally Leto Plemka (Seelie Changelings) also happily serve as caretakers of the many livestock and farm animals found on their rural homesteads. Cows, Horses, Sheep, Cats, Dogs, and their particularly beloved Fowls- chickens and ducks are always their favorite. Their love for animals, only extends as far as dark-furred animals... animals with white-fur for some reason, launches them into frantic displays of maddening violence... Luckily, their beloved chickens and ducks get a free pass...

With such disparity, it is easy to understand why many farmsteads in antiquity were reluctant to harbor a Dvorerie. One white kitten brought home would mean no small amount of damage to the house and it's residents. Still, the Dvorerie persisted though the years, bouncing from farm to farm. In the modern world of men with fewer and fewer farms to harbor them, they have found other means. Good modern cities have police forces that may include horses, and the trendiest of haute-elitist encourage chicken-coops on roof-tops. Regardless of times or places, the Dvorerie will find a way. Unless of course, that way includes a white-furred animal, and then it's chaos.

Appearance: The Dvorerie are always a bit shortish, regardless of Lik. Their Okovy Lik (Mortal Mien) is rarely over 1 and ½ meters (5 feet). This form always appears a bit manic and disheveled, with messy hair and wild eyes. Their smiles, though genuine, can sometimes be misconstrued as creepy baring of teeth. The Karlik Lik (Fae Mien) is even shorter, just over a meter at all. Their hair gets even messier and longer, and their faces even more manic. They have wide staring eyes that never seem to blink enough, and if that unsure smile from before may very well be the baring of teeth.

Lifestyles: The Dvorerie prefer to inhabit the more rural areas if they can - they are Yard Spirits after all - but can just as easily settle down in the city if there is a park nearby. In their mortal existence, the Dvorerie tend to stick around as hired help, which makes it easier to find work on farms and the like. In the more



metropolitan areas, they volunteer at parks, anywhere with enough fresh air. Their Fae Lives are little different, they serve as hired help, going where needed, still preferring the big open spaces. They do especially well if they can take care of animals and livestock, serving as stable-keepers and even kennel-masters (just as long as there aren't any white animals...)

Zuitbotschnick Dvorerie may seem cute, and even lovable to those unaccustomed. Others in the know make modifications as needed, sending white-furred animals to stay with friends and family, at least until the Dvorerie leaves home...

Zverinyy. Dvorerie have passed through plenty of places, and hopefully have found a nice place to settle down. There have bound to be some mishaps along the way, and no small amount of violent tantrums... but the wonderfully pleasant and Leto Dvorerie will find a place where he can exist with his beloved beasts.

Serebro Dvorerie, if all goes accordingly, have a wonderful life. A nice job taking care of animals, lots of friends, and a whole zoo of dark-furred pets. There are always chickens and ducks around, and lots of good wholesome hard work to keep them busy. Such Dvorerie may even invite other youngers of their Plemya to come on board...

Glamour Ways: The Dvorerie regain Zhivost' whenever they are around animals and mortals working, playing, and living together. The love that the two races have for each other is the magic to refuel the Dvorerie's Glamour.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Dvorerie are rife with the smell of fresh cut grass, animal musk, and the faintest whiff of farmyard manure. There is also a sort of manic energy involved - the lungs are filled with fresh oxygen and the senses grow wide and all-encompassing... it borders on euphoria, and many aren't prepared for it.

Affinity: Nature

Birthrights:

Invisible (Nevidimyy): The Dvorerie are used to working behind the scenes, and as such have inherited a Dreaming-given power to move about unnoticed. For a point of Zhivost' spent, they can successfully disappear from mortal eyes. However, it

must be stated that this power doesn't work on animals, who will still see the Dvorerie. The power only works on humans, Fae, or some of the prodigals (none of the Dvorerie have ever deigned to test it on the Serebryanyy Klyk).

Loved by Animals (*Lyubimyy Zhivotnyymi*): The Dvorerie are friends to all animals (except white ones) and have a supernatural understanding with them. At character creation, they begin with +2 free dots in the Animal Ken ability, which they can never botch. In addition, with a successful Greymare roll, difficulty set by domesticity of the animal- household pets being a 7, wild wolves being a 9 or 10, they can communicate- almost talk, with the beasts. (except white ones)...

Frailties:

White-Furred Wrath (*Belyy Mekh Gnev*): As been stated, for some strange reason known only the Dreaming itself, the Dvorerie harbor a strange disdain for white-furred animals. While normally Leto, the presence of a white animal drives them to destruction. If presented with such, they must make a successful willpower roll - difficulty 7, to keep their composure. A failure means that their base and Zima (unseeleie) nature takes

over, and they give in to all manner of destructive behavior. A botch means that the Dvorerie becomes Chert (Thallain)- the worst of the worst, and actively attempts to kill the animal in the most brutal and inhumane way possible, and the Gods keep anyone who gets in their way. Again, in some small show of animal mercy- white feathered ducks, chickens, or other fowl are immune to this wrathful Frailty.

Evgeny, riding his beloved Cok-cok, loves to talk kindly about his fellow Plemya...

Kikkimora: There used to be a lot more, and it is said that we used to marry each other. I don't see that happening anymore, no farms are big enough for the two of us...

Korhorushy: The Sauna cats? I remember them differently, but that is okay. I still like to party with them.

Leshiye: I don't like to party with them.

Likho: So few of them cross over here, I rarely have any contact with them. But if I did, I would always respond with respect. It is safer that way.

Morozko: They are beautiful, in their own way, but when they show up, it means it's time to pack in for the season.

Polevik: They are always over there, in the crops, far away from me and mine. Still, we harbor no ill will towards each other. So that is good.

Poludnica: I do have problems with the Noon-Witches, when they arrive, it always ends badly.

Rarash: The Rooster Boys are scary, and you never know where you sit with them... sometimes you are an enemy, sometimes a friend, and it is hard to know until it is far too late...

Rusalki: Beautiful, but dangerous. The same can be said about many of us, I suppose.

Ved: Out of all of our number, they are the kindest, most loyal, and most capable of utterly destroying our whole society if they get angry enough. Luckily, they are also the least likely to get angry. Let's keep it that way.

Vily: Like I said, beautiful, but dangerous. More so than the rest of us because I do desperately want to be their friend.

Vodyanoi: Creepy little swamp bogies... I have little to say on them. Anything I say will sound mean, and I don't want that.

Zmei: The Dragons? Didn't they go away with the Baba Yaga? IF they are still about, then it is both scary and exciting.

Domovoi: I heard that they moved on to the America. I hope that they are doing good there. They were always favorite cousins.

Boggans: I see the resemblance, at least on the outside, but they are far too docile to be kin. But then again, that is what most people think of me...

