

EER-MOONA

"I'll tell you where the dead heart of Australia is.
It's right back there in the cities.

Not out in the sand and the mulga and the stones burning hot under the sun."

Burn - David Ireland

Quote: *Nothing, as they silently creep around your tent before striking*

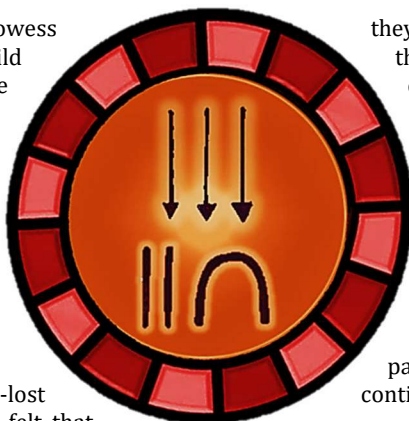
While many hardy Fae can boast prowess when it comes to hunting and surviving, as wild as they are, no one comes close to the pure competence of the Eer-Moona. Monsters Hunters (understood both as monsters *that* hunt and hunting *of* monsters) since time immemorial, these long-legged folk have been always been stalking the dark corners of the Neverwhen. It was their purpose to protect and guard the realms, keeping balance for the good folks and weeding out the bad. Well, that, and eating foolhardy wizards too.

Yet with the death of the Bunyip (a long-lost Garou Tribe of the outback) the Eer-Moona felt that things were falling apart at the seams. This new evil brought by the Gubba Country (outsiders and white-fellas) was something new the Eer-Moona hadn't seen, and weren't sure how to best deal with it. They decided the best they could do was to survive. And survive they did.

Despite the loss of their Bunyip, the slow creeping fading out of their Gumagain friends, and the difficult changes to their new way of life (the Changeling Way was especially hard on them), the Eer-Moona still live the life they should; hunting, stalking, and performing rites of the Dreaming Country. This is the way they have always done it. While the world changes around them, they refuse to acknowledge any of it. And yes, they still occasionally eat a pesky wizard who goes all nipping about.

Appearance: The Eer-Moona are handsome, no matter their mien. In Bwoka ak Humbug (Mortal Mien) they appear as unusually tall and muscular folk, with some reddish tones in their dark skin. Their legs especially seem longer than usual, and their eyes tend to stare a little too hard at strangers. In Bwoka ak Yuuri (Fae Mien) their legs grow even longer and (oddly enough) sexier. All Eer-Moona, despite any talk of gender, sport the long and strong, shapely legs of a woman. The rest of the body is covered in mahogany-dark reddish skin. The head is a snout, somewhere between a dog and a porcupine, and long red and black quills sweep down off their pointed head and down to the small of the back.

Lifestyle: The Eer-Moona reject anything but the original lifestyle of their language group. They won't eat anything they don't catch themselves. Most adamantly decline speaking the Gubba languages (they can speak it, they just don't care to) and



they view Big Smokes (Cities) as scabs across the face of the mother. While this is commendable, and even applaudable, it does cause certain issues when others are trying to bridge the gap between two worlds. They especially butt heads with the Sundowners.

Biny Eer-Moona are bitter little things. They are filled with sadness and often respond with violence. The lucky ones have elders to teach them of their noble past. The unlucky ones only have other to continue the cycle of violence.

Tjiki Eer-Moona quickly realize that life isn't fair. It wasn't fair for their mortal Language Groups, it wasn't fair for the Bunyip, and it certainly isn't fair for them. This realization propels them to great things. These great things may be Yabon (Seelie) or Turong (Unseelie) but are rarely subtle.

Gorah Eer-Moona are the steadiest hands, the sharpest eyes, and the greatest hunters of all. Their old age is usually marked with either great tragedy at the world they've seen, or great pride in the world that they left behind.

Glamour Ways: Eer-Moona regain Kwaba by engaging with their mortal allies what still practice the old ways.

Unleashing: Eer-Moona Unleashings are all but unnoticeable, save for a strange creeping feeling that sits in the gut, a feeling of being a target with nowhere to run.

Affinity: Prop

Birthrights

Greatest of Hunters: Eer-Moona are stalkers and hunters without peer. All rolls involving hunting, stalking, or trekking in are at a -3 difficult. In addition, they can never botch a stealth roll.

Frailties

Hostile: Eer-Moona are notoriously hostile towards most any Gubba or stranger. Anyone not of their immediate family or Language Group (this includes other Aboriginals of different Language Groups- not including other Eer-Moona of those

groups) get the cold-shoulder. Gubba Kithain from the Big Smoke immediately draw their enmity. Even their best mates and allies among the Sun-Downers what have proven themselves true and blue have at best a begrudging scowl of acceptance. As for wizards? The less said about that the better. An Eer-Moona dealing with any outsiders must succeed on a Willpower Roll difficulty 8. If a success, they will ignore the stranger and give only evil glares. IF he fails, he will actively try to cause them harm. (be careful not to insult actual players). *There is also a permanent + 3 to all social rolls when dealing with the outsiders.* With some individual outsiders, with enough time and patience and good storytelling, this can be brought down to a +1 difficulty.

Djarrtjuntjun glares at you. He has a Sundowner roughly translate for him. He won't talk to you.

Adnoartina: Won't say nuthin'.

Kurreah: Hungry Greed, they had it for always, since even before us. We have greed, but they had it beforehand.

Muldjewangk: The mud-swimmers eat boats the way that we eat boomer. I like them.

Nadubi: They are right.

Ningauis: They pretend to be invisible, I pretend that they aren't there.

Quinkin: The Stick-Men are mutual allies. That does not mean that I agree with their peaceful ways.

Sun-Downers: *"Is that what you really think about me? Fair Dinkum Mate?"*

Yara-Ma-Yha-Who: Perhaps they have the right idea.

Yowie: IF anyone rivals us for Greatest of Hunters, it is the giants. It is sad that they run and hide.

Wandjina: NO. You don't deserve to say that name.

Bunyip: Gone, and they won't come back and I won't forgive anyone ever.

