

# Ellyllon

**Yr ydoedd ym mhob gobant Ellyllon mingeimion gant.  
There was in every hollow A hundred wrymouthed elves.**

*Davydd ab Gwilym-1340*

**Quote:** Llevelys and Lludd, Branwen and Beli – the tales are old, but not so old as to be forgotten. Step closer and hear their stories, and in those stories hear the truths of our own existence.

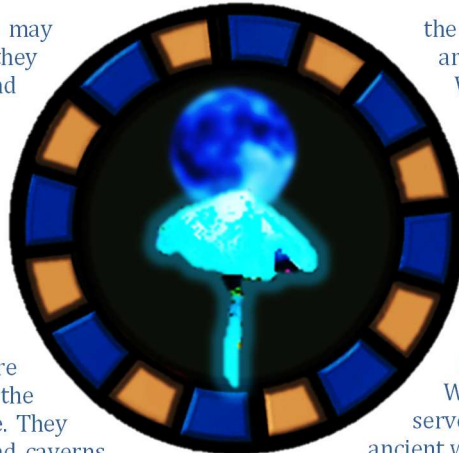
Despite any disdain the Ellyllon may have for the modern world, they recognize they are still a part of it and their place within its boundaries. With the Tylweth Teg (Sidhe) dictating this and that, and so few mortals recognizing the significance of the old ways, the Ellyllon are needed more than ever. Someone has to protect Cymru and who better than the oldest and most magical of Crimbil (Changelings).

A primal family from well before the departure of the Tylweth Teg, the Ellyllon are Cymru's eldest fae Tribe. They keep old magics deep in underground caverns, or hidden in forgotten glens, all areas where the walls between worlds grow thinnest. These places are called Dingles, and the Ellyllon have used them for traversing worlds for longer than recorded history.

They are masters of the old Celtic magic, what some Fae scholars remember as Druidism. Their penchant for wearing white flowing robes; both the color of sadness and the afterlife, is a small clue as to the true nature of this memory. Yet this adherence to the old ways of Celtic Magic puts them somewhat at odds with the modern world. They have little love for the modern Dreaming, and even less love for the Tylweth Teg who claim unearned sovereignty over the whole of the Celtic Lands.

**Appearance:** The Fisyrnau of the Ellyllon is a vision of waifish slightness, all thin and airy. The Fisyrnau Dyni (Mortal Mien) is always a little on the short side, with skinny limbs and long fingers and toes. There is an otherworldliness about their faces, however, that puts some in mind of the ephemeral Elves of antiquity. The Fisyrnau Rhaib (Fae Mien) of the Ellyllon is the ephemeral Elves of antiquity. Slight of limb, with large staring eyes (of any and all colors), long-ears, pale features- it manifests as miniature versions of the Sidhe, but with a distinct Otherness (if not quite coldness) that the Sidhe lack. There is also the size, as no Ellyllon is over 4 feet tall in their Rhaib Fisyrnau. For some reason lost to antiquity, their clothing in the Fisyrnau Rhaib is always a soft white that glows pale silvery blue in the moonlight. No matter what color they wear, it slowly mutes and bleaches to that same white.

**Lifestyle:** Unusually resolute for a Crimbil family, the Ellyllon steer clear of the loud and vibrant interpretations of the modern Dreaming. They prefer the old ways of humble reverence and discreet deference for the Magic of the Primal world. When involved with the world of mortals, they prefer to do so out in



the wilds. Luckily, there are still plenty of rural areas in Wales that they could work their wares. When involved with their fellow Crimbil, they serve as seers, historians, and midwives, any role in which the old ways are still beneficial.

*Nglasach Eyllon* are capricious and happy, but curiously quiet and introspective. They understand their own story has the full weight of history behind it and try to act accordingly.

*Ddyrys Eyllon* are living embodiments of Old Welsh folklore and mythology. They strive to serve their fellow Crimbil in the best and most ancient way they find.

*Henach Eyllon* are what most think of when most think of Druids.

**Glamour Ways:** Ellyllon can only regain Rhaib with their special diet of Fairy Butters (see Frailty Below). These are a mishmash of magical slimes, fungi, and stranger substances that grow in the tiny places between realms- usually in underground caverns or the like. No other means can refuel an Ellyllon's magics.

**Unleashing:** Cantrips cast by the Ellyllon are accompanied by swiftly shifting patterns of shadow and luminous silvery-moonlight (even if it's daylight, the light changes to accommodate) and a cool night breeze smelling of musty wood that is not altogether unpleasant. For some reason lost to the ages, moths and small nocturnal insects flock and flutter around.

**Affinity:** Nature



## Birthrights:

**Dingle (Ngheudod):** Every Ellyllon has their own little pocket realm, hidden between this world and the next one, called a Dingle. These dark places, usually manifesting as a small cave or small heavily wooded and dark glen, count as a freehold- with the Glamour produced found in the strange fungus there-in. These are the Fairy Vittles and Fairy Butters that the Ellyllon are dependent upon (see Frailty below).

Only the Ellyllon can enter these realms, and only they know how to locate more. At character creation every Ellyllon gains access to one – which in game terms is represented with 1 dot in the Freehold Background. Multiple Ellyllon can pool their backgrounds, to reflect bigger and bigger Dingles that produce a better crop of Fairy Butter.

**Primal (Cyntefig):** The old ways of nature come easy to the Ellyllon. Any use of the Primal Art is always at 1 less difficulty, and as long as there is at least one success on such a roll, it counts as if there were one more success.

## Frailties

**Diet of the Wild (Gwledd y Gwyllt):** The Ellyllon can only subsist, both magically and biologically on the ancient food of the Welsh Fair Ones; 'Fairy Vittles' or 'Fairy Butter.' This strange fare is a mishmash of magical slimes, fungi, and odder substances that grow in the tiny places between realms- usually the Ellyllon's own Dingles. Any other food eaten, or tried to be eaten, provides no sustenance and demands a successful Stamina roll – difficulty 7, to even keep down. In addition, the Ellyllon can only refuel their Rhaib by consumption of such magical food. One meal provides one point of Rhaib. There is a limited amount of Fairy Vittles that grows in these places and should be rationed accordingly. The smart Ellyllon plans ahead.

**Drysi waiting under light of the full moon, offers sage advice in dealing with the Cymru Fae.**

**Ankou:** Old Fae with old ways. They keep secrets that we are not, and never will be, privy to.

**Bendith Y Mamau:** A honeyed voice and clever fingers can never replace a vinegar soul and venomous words.

**Coraniaid:** I will not defend Llud, or his actions. But that was long ago, and you are still here. It is time to make your own story, not to dwell on his.

**Glaishtig:** Do they care about their false-daughters? Do they care about the tears, the blood, or the nightmares? No? Then why do so many think that the Glaistig's hearts match their faces?

**Grugach:** There is the wild places, in which we all live make our home. The Grugach live not just here, but also in the liminal spaces between here and the worlds of men. Is it any wonder that they are so imbalanced in their actions?

**Grwagged Annywn:** Our Queens, our Princesses, our honored protectors. We are lucky to have them.

**Gwyllion:** Watch them the same way that they watch you, and you can learn more from their silence than you could from any book.

**Muryan:** They know their fate, and they are at peace with it. If we all had such grace...

**Hinky Punk:** Loud? Yes. Frivolous? Certainly? Inane? Not quite. Their actions have a purpose, though few will take the time to learn it.

**Woodwose:** Albion outgrew them, and they thought our wilds would accept them with open arms.. They think over-much of themselves.

**Huirnviu:** We have little to say of the Wyld Ones, of the Mad Ones. It is better for them, and for us.

**Dewin:** The Vervain come to us with respect, and we share our crops. The others have come with demands and summons, and we battle for it. This is how it has always been, and regretfully always will be.

## FOXGLOVES: 3 Point treasure, 1 point for Ellyllon.

One gentle touch from these purple gloves (carefully constructed from the petals of the Belladonna flower) places a target in a soft gentle slumber. The Target must succeed on a Stamina toll, difficulty 8. The target will sleep for a good 8 hours, but will awaken feeling unusually refreshed.