

FACHEN

The true way to be humble is not to stoop until you are smaller than yourself, but to stand at your real height against some higher nature that will show you what the real smallness of your greatness is. – Phillip Brooks

Quote: You think you're fast? I'm twice as fast as you! I will race you to that oak and back, and we'll see who's faster...

The Fachen are an odd and bloodthirsty Thallain kith from Ireland. They epitomize the spirit of the broken, forgotten warrior and are infamous for their strength in battle as well as their lack of mercy. Unfortunately, the Fachen don't know when to quit, and they may take a victim's life quickly after surrender. Such doesn't endear them to the other Celtic Fae, and makes their company little sought out. There are also rumors of these Creatures being descendants of High King Balor, the Ard Rígh of the Fomorians. Their one-eye and bloodthirsty ways leave little room for doubt.

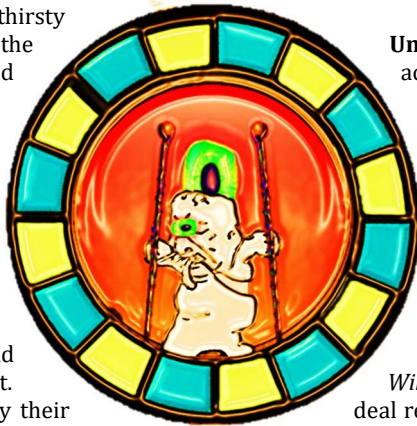
This penchant for war isn't impeded by their physical limitations. Fachen only have one leg, one arm sprouting from their chest, and one eye. Despite this, they are still as active as any Kith, and even go as far as to challenge others to feats of endurance and dexterity - Challenging redcaps to battle, Selkies in swimming contests, and even Trolls to feats of strength. (They are also extremely disgusted and angry when they lose, which is more often than they would like to admit.

While they aren't the most numerous of Kith, they do travel in groups of up to a dozen at a time. These motleys are a bitter and angry lot, competing with each other as much as they compete with outsiders. While they may be courteous to others outside their little cliques, it is hard to get on their good-side. (Which is odd, considering that they only have one side).

Appearance: In Mortal Mien, most would see a strange figure who hops everywhere with their legs together. Mortals will also see one broke arm that hangs limply at their side. Mortals will also see that only one of their eyes is functioning, and the other is a dead milk color. In Fae Mien, this is all makes sense. Dark grey or rusty skin, and a thatch of coppery colored hair. The teeth of a Fachen are sharp, and their one cyclopean eye burns with a baleful red glare. They only have one leg, but it is tight with cord-like muscles, and their one arm quickly shows you an extended middle finger.

Lifestyle: The Fachen are a rural kith, haranguing the local peasantry, and causing mischief along lonely country roads. However, with there are many a city in Ireland, and the Fachen have been forced to dwell in the concrete and glass forests. Here they flock to abandoned buildings and the homeless underground, where broken and angry creatures are the norm, and nobody cares about the odd group of miscreants hiding in the alley

Glamour Ways: Fachen regain Glamour whenever they can prove themselves capable in front of an audience.



Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Fachen are accompanied by a bitter taste in the mouth, and a haranguing sense of inadequacy.

Childling Fachen (Perturbed) are a pitiful and sordid lot. They quickly learn that life isn't fair and are constantly pushing themselves to be better than others. They wear their insecurities on their shoulders like a shawl, and refuse any kindness offered.

Wilder Fachen (Prowler) have learned how to deal remarkably well, they use their birthrights to the best of their ability and have discovered others like themselves to call allies (if not friends).

Grump Fachen (Miser) live up to the stereotype of a grump. They are old bitter curmudgeons with nothing to while away the time but complaining and bemoaning their fate. While the proper motivation might cause them to spring into action, most of the time they would rather lament than do.

Affinity: Fae

Birthrights (Endowments)

Leap of the Salmon (*Léim an bradáin*): A normal jump for a Fachen is 2 meters vertical, and 3 horizontal. Yet with the expenditure of one Glamour, the Fachen can double, triple, or more her jumping distance. (*This requires a Dexterity +Athletics roll with each success counting as an additional 10 meters vertical, and 20 meters horizontal.*)

Balor's Eyes (*Súile Balor ar*): The Fachen can startle and stun a target with a successful Manipulation + Intimidation roll (difficulty of the target's willpower). Though their appearance isn't in the negative, their baleful eyes and sharp teeth usually are enough to cow an enemy. The amount of successes indicates the amount of turns their target is stunned. Those who have fallen prey to this Birthright swear that the Fachen's eyes glow a dark rusty red, because they have cold iron in their blood. The Fachen aren't sure what to say about this.

Frailties (Vulnerabilities)

Half the Glory (*Leath an ghlóir*): With only one leg, one arm, and one eye, the Fachen suffer some severe physical problems. Firstly, while they can hop with triple competency a human can walk (see above), they are still slightly slower. Secondly, they

cannot perform any task that requires the use of both legs or both arms, (such as driving a manual automobile). They suffer a +2 penalty on all the difficulties of actions that involve the use of their legs (such as swimming, climbing, fighting etc.). Finally, all rolls to spot something have the same +2 penalty to difficulties, especially when gaging distances (their depth perception has a lot to be desired).



Nesna Mhiccallain hops up on a yew stump and tells you what...

Bullywugs: At least we can get laid.

Chailleachan: Heh, and others call us broken? These gals make us look like the Sidhe.

Dullahan: They think they're so fast, with their steeds and their coaches. Well I don't see them challenging me, so they can't be that fast..

Fir Deargs: What you get when the Clurichaun doesn't get his hourly tipple.

Killmoulis: If I ever see one, I'll let you know.

Leipreachán:I got nothing to say about these guys. Never know when they might be listening.

Roane: Slippery assholes with no balls. They run to the water whenever the call to war comes. *The hell with 'em.*

Samhanach: Creepy little Bastards. I wonder which Fomor they swear allegiance to?

Bánánach: Feathered Devils is what they are. I like to fight, but they're something beyond a donnybrook.

Fear-Gorta: Speaking of devils... There are some things I don't challenge.

Gancanagh: I've never had crossing with them, but I imagine it'd be something .., exciting....

Clurichauns: Must be nice to sing and dance and drink all the time. Too bad we live in the real-world.

Selkies: Just because I don't swim doesn't mean I won't come down there and kick your ass.