

FIR DEARGS

MONEY MONEY MONEY MONEY MONEY- Mister Crabs

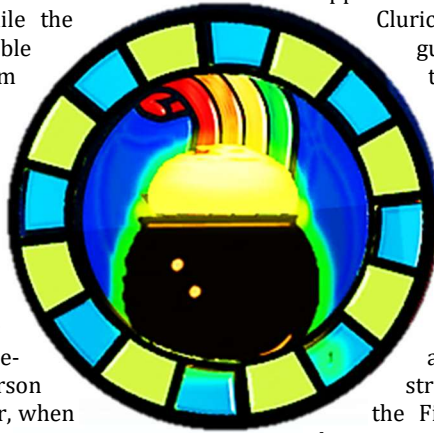
Quote: Of course they're expensive. They're also the finest pair of brogues you'll ever own and they'll last you five lifetimes. Magic doesn't come cheap, ass-wipe, now pay up!

The Fir Deargs are the third tribe of Celtic Fae that makes up the Leprechaun stereotype. While the actual Leipreacháns are tall Marcra (Double Seelie) heroes, and the Clurichauns medium seelie/unseelie, the Fir Deargs are short Thallain (Double Unseelie) ass-hats. They are greedy, belligerent, and prone to fits of both violence and passive-aggressive back-stabbing in equal measure. In short (pun intended) they are the worst of the 3 tribes in one angry little package.

Their name is Irish for "the red men" but to hide their true nature they try and wear the green and grey of the Leprechaun name-sake (save for one spot of red on their person that is demanded by the Dreaming). However, when amongst themselves, they will drape themselves in the finest works of scarlet and crimson - all tailor made by hand of course. They are masters of craftsmanship. Mythology holds that the Leprechauns were expert shoemakers, and it was probably the Fir Deargs that sparked these legends.

Those in the know will never confuse the true three tribes, and the difference between Leipreacháns and Fir Dearg is painfully apparent. It should be noted, however, that not everybody is in the know. The Fir Deargs still have plenty of customers out there who are only aware of the Clurichauns. The Fir Deargs like it that way. The better to offer quality merchandise at competitive pricing. And if you don't like it you can very well S*** a B*** W*** you F*** Chunk of **** ***** ****. And How the Hell are you comparing me to the G**** ***** NOKKERS!?!?

Appearance: In both Miens, the Fir Dearg are pinch-faced wankers with a thin smile. In Mortal Mien they have haggard features, a thin nose, small beady eyes, and scraggly hair if they have any, though many are bald. There is something unmistakably rat like about their



appearance. Their Fae Mien is much like a Clurichaun that has been dragged through the gutter. Most of them will try to play up their Leipreacháns-ness or Clurichaun-ness to convince strangers. But there are certain ways to tell.

They are the shortest of the 3 families. They will also take great pains to appear as *boujee* as possible. They all wear fancy coats, vests, and hats. They will never be caught dead in anything less than amazing footwear, especially tailor-made hand-cut and stylized brogues. In addition, in some strange geas demanded by the Dreaming, the Fir Deargs (*literally* the Red men) will always wear something red on their person.

Lifestyle: They are cobblers and tailors and clothing shop owners. Even high-ranking Hibernian Sidhe go to them for the best in home-tailored and stylish clothing- both Chimerical and actual. Despite their Base Unseelie nature, they are wonderfully talented seamstresses, cobblers, and haberdashers. It should be noted however, that while not prone to playing nice with others, they will let their guard down - just for a bit mind, if someone brings smoke or drink. Unsurprisingly, they get along best with the Clurichauns and Leipreacháns.

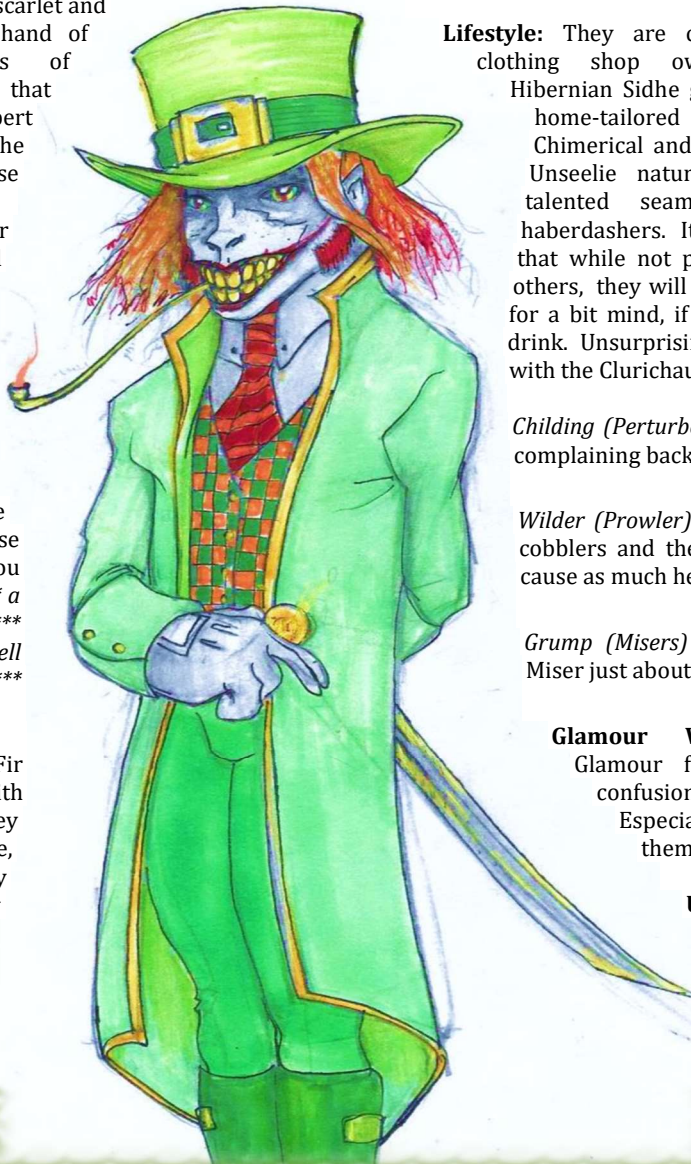
Childing (Perturbed) Fir Deargs are haggling complaining back-biting little pissants.

Wilder (Prowler) Fir Deargs set up shop as cobblers and the like, and soon set out to cause as much heart-ache as possible.

Grump (Misers) Fir Deargs - Grump and Miser just about sums it up.

Glamour Ways: Fir Deargs regain Glamour from the fear, sadness and confusion left in their passing - Especially if someone mistook them for a Leipreachán.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by Fir Dearg bring with them the odor of



rotting hay and the sour bite of old skunky whiskey. The air manifests a bitter putrid shade of green. Ugly stunted shamrocks have been known to appear out of nowhere. Does this sound familiar? It should; it is a twisted mirror of their Clurichaun cousin's unleashing.

Affinity: Prop

Birthrights (Endowments):

Bean Counter (*Cuntar Pónairí*): The Fir Dearg are shrewd businessmen with an acumen for arithmetic second to none in the Dreaming. At character creation, each Fir Dearg begins with a +2 to wits for free, even if above 5. They also begin with the *Eidetic Memory Merit* at no cost. In addition, no Fir Dearg can ever botch a roll that involves mathematical calculations.

Clever fingers (*Mhéara Cliste agus Teanga Cliste*): The nimblest fingers of the three Leprechaun tribes, and by far the most ornery the Fir Dearg are primordial crafts-people without peer. This is still a trademark of their kith, and they +3 to any dexterity roll that involves either sewing, cobbling, leather-working, or other such craft-work. They can never botch a craft roll. In addition, they are naturally predisposed to card-tricks, prestidigitation, and sleight of hand, as well as turns of phrases, misdirection, and double entendres. All subterfuge, sleight of hand, and legerdemain rolls are at -2 difficulties.

Frailties (Vulnerabilities):

Hoard (*Taisce*): The Fir Deargs, like the Clurichauns, are tied down heavily by their possessions. Every Fir Dearg has a collection somewhere (Sometimes even that proverbial pot of actual gold). They must spend time with the collection at least once a day, and they can't go without it for more than 3 days. After these 72 hours, they will be at a +1 difficulty to all rolls until they can get back and touch it. The difficulty rises by 1 for each day afterwards. The first time they botch on any of these rolls, they will go into an animalistic rage, thrashing any and every one until they can get back to their beloved hoard.

In addition, if anybody other than themselves sets eyes on their beloved collection, then the Fir Dearg must roll willpower (Diff 8) or else consider that person an enemy (and you don't want a Fir Dearg as an enemy). If the Fir Dearg should ever

botch this roll, then they will plan an untimely demise for that unfortunate soul what espied that collection.

However, if said soul offers some tobacco and alcohol in a grandiose show of good faith- then the Fir Dearg may just let it slide for now... but they better not look again. OR ELSE!

Rusty Mackelroy- Clurichaun.... Fixes your boots and lets you in on the choicest gossip....

Bullywugs: Who? The Peat-Boggles? Useless whining toe-sniffers. And the way they treat their shoes? Mud everywhere...

Cailleachan: We make winter boots. They don't need winter boots. So what good are they?

Dullahan: Aye. They are some of my biggest hat customers.

Enfield: Foxes? They may be around, but they're too busy humping their own clan-kin to do anything productive.

Fachen: One shoe at a time? There's a whole plethora of bullshit folklores what came from servicing these fart-sniffers.

Killmoulis: Who? *A giant nose?* What are you going on about? Stop feeding me those pies, and get on with it.

Leipreachán: Aye. Cousins one and the same. Meet them for cards in the wee Friday Hours A.M. - good lads, like me.

Roane: I offered to stitch them a new shirt, for free mind, but they wouldn't have it. Fonder of sky-clad they are. Dum-asses the lot of them.

Samanach: Every Samhain ever, they run around and steal children? Only to give them back next day? Then why steal them at all?

Bánánach: You think that a feathery tart that once served the Gods still holds any water? *Bah.* They're as obsolete as my 8-tracks.

Fir-Gorta: It'd be a helluva painful way to go. Me? I enjoy my pork-chops and taters and fresh pie for desert, thank you.

Gancanagh: I don't love nobody, but me, and as long as I'm alive I got that, now don't I?

Cugh-Tagh: Who? Giants? No such thing. Next.

Selkies: I already told you, didn't I? I offered to stitch them a shirt.

Bodach: They're supposed to be who's opposite? Hah. That's rich. Sure, mate. If you say so.

Clurichauns: OF course I AM. What the Hell Else would I BE? HUH? ANSWER ME THAT!