

FIR GORMA

"Last words are always harder to remember when no one knows that someone's about to die."

Looking for Alaska — John Green

Quote: Well, then, I say- 'it is all too easy to consider that Marc Chagall never really felt himself a cubist or a surrealist, though both claimed him as their own.' Was he then a Surrealist? Was he? What do you have to say about that?

The French have l'esprit d'escalier, the spirit of the staircase, which is the feeling of lost opportunity of words, or of saying something too late; When one walks away from a conversation and thinks "I should have said something else, or said something better, or even simply said something. To the Hyperborean family of Fir-Gorma, it means something else, it is the spirits of those who lost verbal battles and are now unhappy ghosts.

The Fir-Gorma means literally the Blue-men, though there are plenty of women in the tribe. This Thallain Tribe has haunted the Minch, the sea-straits between the northern-most Celtic Islands since time immemorial. They are aquatic and spend most of their time frolicking about in the brine, unhindered by the ocean's chill. Good honest Christian fisher-folk, swimming tourists (if the water's warm enough) and other visitors to the seaside are at the verbal mercy of the Blue-Men who engage in all manner of verbal sparring.

This verbal sparring is what the Fir-Gorma are most known for. Logical debates, political diatribes, even exchanges of insults (a cultural holdover from Viking occupation known as Flyting) are the means of gauging whether a person (Mortal, Fae, or otherwise) can prove a fitting meal. Those that win such battles are usually free to leave unharmed (usually). Those that lose might mysteriously disappear in the outside world... but those in the know have a better answer, they should have ended with "Your Momma..."

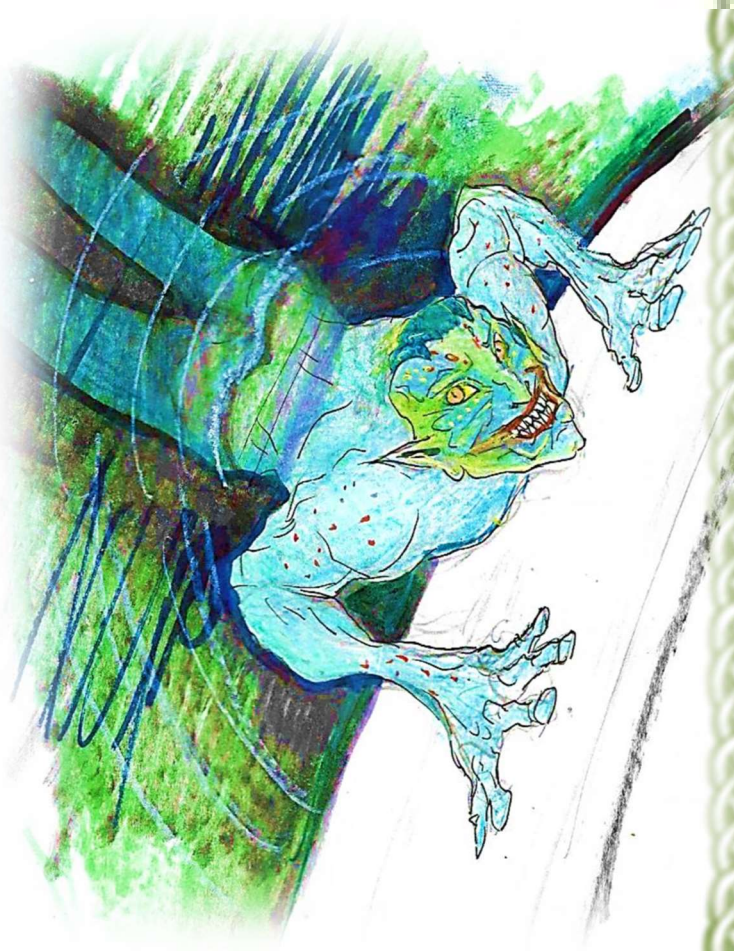
Appearance: In all their Mien, the Fir Gorma are lean, hungry-looking beach-folk. In Mortal Mien, there is always a dampness about them, as if they just came back from swimming, and always a bit of salt drying on them. They are wonderfully fit from a lifetime of swimming, and even the women of the Tribe have thick tight muscles from pulling their struggling victims deep under the waves. In Fae Mien, the reasoning for the epithet Blue-Men is revealed. They have bright blue-skin, all striped or spotted or brindled, stretched tight over long muscly limbs. They have impressively large smiles filled with large teeth and large bright yellow eyes that don't blink nearly enough, but glow softly in the dark dark watery depths.

Lifestyle: The Fir Gorma live their lives as unobtrusively as possible while on land. Many have small homesteads on the beach where they appear as simple beach-bums and fishermen – all the better to appear as anything other than what they are. While in the ocean however, they let their true appearances manifest and engage in their infamous word-battles.

What of those who win, though? Wouldn't they spread the word about of Blue-Men who harass good Christian Fisher-Folk? Well, if the good Christian Fisher-Folk wins well enough to serve

LAST WORDS -or- THE DOZENS

Those born in the late 80's or 90's might remember the Dozens- "You're Momma's so Fat..." Those schooled in Viking Mythology may recognize Flyting; especially that of Loki Fire-Hair before his capture and punishment. There are numerous ways that the Fir Gorma's battle of words may manifest, but the culmination is always the same. "The Last Word" wins. Those that want to role-play this can easily create a back-and-forth lengthy dialogue with the stakes (and anxiety) growing higher and higher with every statement. Those that prefer to let their dice do the talking can simply roll Wits + Performance, for a set number of turns, with difficulties rising higher every other turn. At the end of the turn, the winner has the most amounts of successes- and ultimately gets the last say. Or not. There are bounties of ways to present this battle, and guaranteed storytellers will create something better...



as an impromptu teacher of debate and logics, they may let him live to continue their training (to better sharpen their own skills). If the victim just happens to win without much aplomb, then there's nothing to really warrant keeping him alive. They can kill him of course, they just can't eat him, yeah?

Childing (Perturbed) Fir Gorma are little scrappings of nothing save teeth and wet hair. They haven't learned the art of subtlety yet, and often lose their battles of words. Hopefully there's an older one there to school them.

Wilder (Prowler) Fir Gorma have lost enough battles to learn the art of subtlety but are still impatient (or hungry) enough to jump the gun and lose the debate. They go hungry a little less than the youngsters, but a lot more than the elders.

Grump (Miser) Fir Gorma are smooth, gentle, quiet, and rarely go hungry. It is hard to get them rankled, and many overly cocky outsiders underestimate these skilled disputants.

Glamour Ways: Fir Gorma refuel their Glamour from the fear of lost words, or being anxious about misunderstandings, or losing debates. While it may seem strange at first, one prolonged conversation with the Blue-Men, with comprehension of what such means, illustrates how the Fir Gorma are able to refuel their magic.

Unleashing: Unleashings of the Fir Gorma carry with them the odious aroma of old fish, rotten meat, and old stagnant water. There is a cold bitter breeze, and the odd sensations of words being stuck on the tongue or in the throat. Those unused to such a sensation may believe it to be true, which serves the needs of the Fir Gorma well.

Affinity: Actor

Birthrights (Endowments):

Sea Born: Even prior to their chrysalis, the Fir Gorma had a love of the cold waters of the North. Once the Chrysalis hit, they flew to it like a moth to a flame. While in the water, they gain a +3 to all physical rolls. They can swim and hold their breath indefinitely and are immune to the cold, stifling depths of the Northern Seas. While in the water, they can swim at a rate of 10 x their running speeds, easily reaching speeds of around 50 kmh (31 mph). They can keep this up for their stamina in hours.



Frailties (Vulnerabilities):

Cannibals: The Fir Gorma can only gain sustenance from warm flesh- and they prefer the flesh of creatures that put up a fight (mentally that is). While animal or fish flesh can do in a pinch, nothing satisfies as much as a poor simpleton that fares poorly in a battle of wits. Some might ask, "Can I eat a winner?" They can absolutely eat the winner, but to do so carries with it a permanent point of Banality.

Doolish swims up to your boat, creeps up the side, and eases his way into a tête-à-tête over his fellow Fae of the North.

Bugganes: Large, obnoxious, and never one for the sea they are. Shame, as there's a lot of meat to be had.

Effigy: If'n you were partial to the taste of sawdust, I'd encourage you to go on land, seeing as they're not much for sea-voyages either.

Finmen: My tribe of blue-folk go deep, I don't mind a telling ya. These codgers go one deeper.

Glashtin: Nice folk, watery folk, what are liking to come out to us. They don't battle us over words, though. They're just as likely to gut you with their horns they are.

Grey-Neighbours: Bah, creepy grey-skinned bastards what will skin ye alive and smile the whole time. Keep far clear from em as ye can.

Grigs: It's nigh impossible to win a game of words with em, as every few seconds they are changing the subjects to talk about something else. Dang em all to heck, there's not much meat on em even-how.

Gunnal Scalping, scrapping, liars and thieves the lot of them. Will take your wallet, your wife, and leave you dead of a thousand bee stings as still as I'm swimming here. Leave em to their foxy business and go the other ways.

Gyl: Promise a lover's kiss, and then put in some earplugs. In the time it takes to coax em into the deep for snacking, they'll be jawing the entire time, and then sometime further down into the brine, with no air mind, they'll continue prattling on about this and that and the other thing...

Muilearteach: We're bad, you see, but still not that bad. Their lot is worse.

Nuckalavee: Their lot is a lot worse, no one is worse than the Nuckalavee...

Sea Bishop: I take it back. Nobody is worse than the Sea-Priests. Every battle of words ends up with scriptures being spouted and blessings being sung, and no sooner as you are putting the bite on em, when out comes a prayer to saint this or that and a call to the Mary-Mother and Jesus for forgiveness of us... US? Let their Jesus have them, as I certainly don't think they're worth it. They taste like rubbish anyhow.