

Fjalravn

The way a crow – Shook down on me
The dust of snow – From a hemlock tree
“Dust of Snow” – Robert Frost

Quote: None--- just cold stares.

There is one strange fey creature as cold and silent and empty as the icy realm of Niflheim. They are Fjalravn (Literally, the Fell-Ravens, or the ravens of the slain) and are as far removed from the Alva (Changeling) as the Alva are removed from men. More Celtic-minded Kithain cite these creatures as Denizens, or Adhene. The Alva of the North-lands humor their ignorant cousins but have a better explanation. The Fjalravn are simply the hunger of Niflheim.

Those wise in the ways of Norse Kennings whisper of these creatures and their constant hunt for warmth. Be it a hearty fire, or the frenzied beating heart of a scared hare. What matters most is the warmth. Why these creatures hunt for warmth is rarely explored. Some posit that it is the only thing that brings them joy. (Although the lack of smiles marks joy as something anathema to the Fjalravns). Others whisper that they are on a darkly divine mission to bring the real-world slightly closer to Niflheim.

The Fjalravn themselves have nothing to say on the matter. They just pursue their alien ends as they see fit, constantly hungry-looking and constantly seeking out warmth to extinguish. This doesn't make them evil, just other.

Appearance: In Mann-Hamr (Mortal Mien), the Fjalravn appear as cold and indifferent pale creatures with dark hair and blue eyes. Perpetually thin, there is something hungry about them, as if just a whiff of food would cause frenzy. Alva Hamr (Fae Mien) is something different. They can appear as giant ravens with eyes like blue ice. Or they can appear as great black wolves with blue eyes. Other times they are tall and gaunt Elves with the same cold icy eyes. Most times, however, they are some mixture of all three.

Lifestyle: Luckily for other Kithain, the Fjalravn are rare, and only appear in the coldest and darkest of winter nights. They may leave Niflheim for the real world, but even then tend to stay close to the coldest places. They rarely venture out during the day, and seem content to remain solitary, wanting only to hunt for warmth. Sometimes, at the behest of a new friend (which takes a lot of work on the friend's behalf), if promised something new and exciting (this takes even more work on the Friend's behalf) but with careful wording, they will join a group for a small time.

Ariá: The Ariá of Fjalravn usually appears as Elves arrayed in armor of what seems the coldest iron, but a couple of animal features are always present. Sometimes these creatures are

a mix of any two of those seemings. Sometimes all three. A crown of black feathers in wolf form, the sharp teeth of a wolf in mortal, or a long wolf's tail in Raven's, it differs from Ariá to Ariá and individual to individual. The other defining factor is the sepulchral black coat, icy blue eyes, and steaming breath.

❖ **Dionae:** These Fjalravn are cold, alien, and incessantly hungry. Ravenous if you will, although the wolf aspect of their personage seems more present in this Ariá than the others. They lick their chops and stare intently at anything that might be considered edible, especially Kithain.

❖ **Araminae:** These Fjalravn are able to at least have a conversation, though they deem it a moot point. There is very little to discuss, even if they wanted. There is still that sense of aloofness, despite their appearances growing distinctly more elfin. They still look hungry, but not adversely so.

❖ **Apollaie:** These Fjalravn are the most forthcoming, if such a thing could be said of the Fjalravn. They are still indifferent to the plights and struggles of others, despite being able to explain their purpose. They may even offer a sincere smile to a toddler shivering with cold and hunger. The appearance in this Ariá grows more raven-like, and while the Fjalravn is still as hungry as ever, they never let it show.

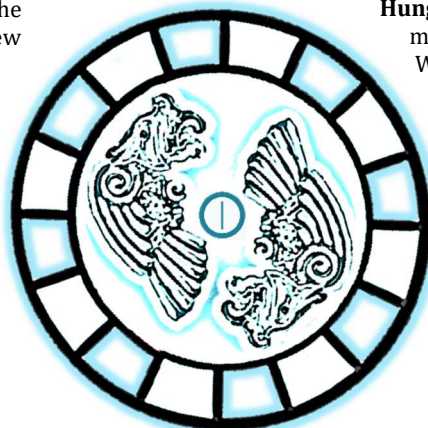
Glamour Ways: Fjalravns gather Hamingja from destroying heat and promoting cold when someone is around to understand it. A campfire put out on a cold-winter's night, and a mortals suffering is one way. A more pleasant aspect could be what was gained with a frosty blast of freshness on a scorching summer day. Not that the Fjalravns care about the pleasance of such or would even be around during the summer.

Unleashing: A tell-tale sign of a Fjalravn's casting of cantrips is the malingering aura of silence and cold that looms around the caster. No noise, no matter how loud can be heard, and the air takes on an icy biting snap that is almost too painful to bear.

Affinity: Scene

Birthrights:

Hungry Eyes (Svangur Augu): The real reason most Alva fear these creatures is their gaze. Whenever a Fjalravn lays eyes on someone, there is a sensation of bitter, dismal hunger. It is a feeling of never being satisfied, an eternal hunger that gnaws at the bones like a winter's chill. The Fjalravn must spend a point of Glamour and roll their willpower. For every success, the temperature drops 10 degrees. In addition, anyone they look at grows hungry and cold. Mortals that just ate



grow peckish. Those that are peckish hear their tummies grumble. Those that are hungry grow ravenous.

To Fae however this hunger is far from simple munchies. This hunger causes chimerical damage at a rate of 1 bashing per turn. This is doubly so to the Scottish Kithain Tribe known as Redcaps. They must roll their willpower at a difficulty of 9, or else frenzy and turn on everyone around them, friends, and foe alike.

Three Faces (*Þrjú Andlit*): Born from the primal chill and darkness of Niflheim, the Fjalravn have forms just as dark and cold as their ancestral demesne. Ravens for flight, Wolves for hunting, and a tall gaunt Alfár for cowering mortals: All forms represent an aspect of their purpose. The Fjalravn can shift between any of these three but will have attributes of each no matter the form. The shift requires a Dexterity + Gremayre roll at a difficulty equal to the local banality rating. They can also mix these as needs must. Great raven-winged wolves, or knights with the heads of wolves and the claws of a raven...or any other combination... appearance varies wildly, but is mostly depending on Ariá or individual...



Frailties:

No Hiding (*Ekki Að Fela Sig*): A Fjalravn cannot hide what they are. Their breath will always steam as if it was a cold winter's night. Their eyes will always shine the icy blue of a frozen moon. They will always be hungry, no matter how much they have fed. They cannot hide this. Luckily, few outside Scandinavia are aware of the Fjalravn, and this gives the Adhene a distinctly sporting chance.

Honest to a Fault (*Heiðarlegur Að Kenna*): The Fjalravn don't lie. It's not that they cannot, they could if they really wanted to. It's just that to do so serves no purpose. They are who they are, and if someone knows who they are, then that someone should be aware of what this means. What is the point in subterfuge? Any rolls involving subterfuge are at a +3 difficulty. This also means that the Fjalravn are a little slow in understanding it when someone lies to them. Not that they are gullible, just naïve. Any subterfuge or manipulation rolls that others make against the Fjalravn are at a -2 difficulty.

....she looks at you with her icy blue eyes, and offers something small.

Fossegrim: Too much noise.

Huldra: They understand emptiness, they should be pleased.

Jotuns: There are blood ties. They won't claim them.

Kender-Trow: They weren't here before, were they?

Muspi: They are close in blood, far away in traditions.

Nibelung: They think that if they dig deep enough, we won't see them. Let them think that.

Norns: ...

Skogkatt: Their warm hearth won't save them, but their secret magics will.

Dokkalfar: They'll be destroyed in a blaze of light.

Volsung: They'll fall into a dark hole and not find a way out again.

Trolls: They left the cold lands for a place by the fire. But that place by the fire is also at the heels of the Celtic Alfár. They'll see this soon and come back home. Or not.