

FOSSEGRIM

When People see a legend, they call it a legend. But to be a legend, it's a lot of hard work and patience. You can't play for five or ten years and be a legend. It takes longer than that." – *Burning Spear*

Quote: You bring me roast mutton and I teach you "*Mary Had a Little Lamb*". This is the way of Wyrð.

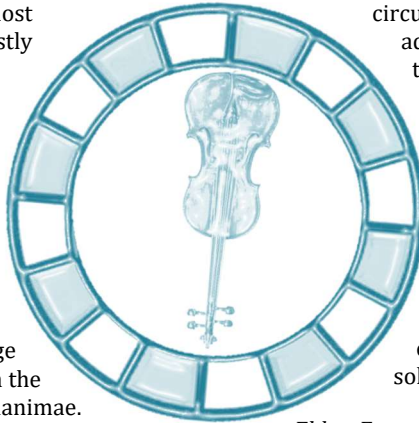
On long cold nights in the Northernmost forests, one can hear faraway music. Ghostly fiddles or the heart-wrenching skirls of great pipes can be heard haunting the wild-places. Those that follow the mournful tunes will be led to a hidden waterfall enclave deep in the cold dark woods. There in the moonlight, one might find a beautiful pale boy, practicing his great art. The creature is a Fossegrim, and he couldn't care less about you. One of the most alien of the *Álva* (Fae) is the Fossegrim, a strange Scandinavian cousin of both the *Sidhe* (in the form of the *Volsung Alfar*) and the *Inanimæ*. Bound to his waterfall home, this all-male Kith is neither good nor evil, but is as cold and indifferent as his icy demesne.

This indifference keeps them separate from the rest of the world. Those that seek his aid must bring him food, something that the Fossegrim considers a bother to deal with. Most legends cite an aspiring young fiddler or piper, who seeks out a master to teach him. They venture into the blackest and coldest of forests and pay the Fossegrim to teach them. The young musician pays him in food. If the food is adequate, then the Fossegrim will provide him with adequate teaching: Perhaps just the basics scales, or a song or two.

If the food is tasty enough, then the Fossegrim will push the young musician day and night, making him practice until his fingers bleed. After the Fossegrim is done teaching the broken young aspirant, then that poor lad who came seeking musical ability is now a virtuoso in his own right. While he can be called to act for the greater good, he would much rather master his melodious arts in seclusion, far removed from the messy emotions of mortal and Fae alike.

Appearance: In all Mien is the Fossegrim attractive. The Mann-Hamr (Mortal Mien) appears as a painfully beautiful man with pale skin, fair-hair, and blue-grey eyes. With a slim athletic build, many a woman has fallen prey to the fascination birthright of this *Disir* (Kith). In *Alva-Hamr* (Fae Mien) this allure is exaggerated even more. Their skin now is a misty blue-grey, their hair is long and white, and their eyes are large glowing orbs of cobalt. While fond of going sky clad, a Fossegrim only feels naked if they don't have a musical instrument in their hands.

Lifestyles: Lifestyle is somewhat of a misnomer when dealing with the Fossegrim. If anything, they can be said to play the part of a hermit. These *Disir* make it a point to stay close to their home Waterfall. It is only under the direst of



circumstances that they should leave and go-adventuring. Those that would deign to spark the Fossegrim's wanderlust must have a sharp tongue and the most delicious of morsels.

Barn Fossegrim are beautiful children, if a little disdainful of others. The moment of their saining, they leave home to find a waterfall that calls to them.

Vill Fossegrim are content to let others come to them. They have found their waterfall and enjoy their alone time: Making music in their solitude is enough to keep them happy.

Eldre Fossegrim are master musicians who lose none of their beauty. Many have become spokesmen of the *Álva* against their will, holding impromptu court around their falls as the dignitaries come to call on them.

Affinity: Nature

Glamour Ways: The Fossegrim regain *Hamingja* from the sharing of their knowledge with mortals, and especially when this knowledge hurts. Just to play music will suffice, but the knowledge that you will forever be alone, with only your skill to keep you warm works better.

Unleashing: Fossegrim Unleashings are accompanied by a damp, cold blast that chills the heart as well as the skin. There is often a sense of bitterness that arrives with this, as well as faraway music with a familiar tune that one just can't recognize.

Birthrights

Fascination (*Fortryllesse*): The Fossegrim are an enchanting *Disir*, with inhuman beauty, and a supernatural predilection for song. This beauty and gift of music, usually in the form of fiddling, would call women to the icy waters of the Fossegrim's lair. At Character Creation, a Fossegrim gains a +2 to appearance (even if above five) and gains a +3 to performance (musical instruments).

Mist Form (*Tåke vesen*): With the expenditure of one point of glamour, a Fossegrim can covert his body into the fine mist and icy spray formed from a waterfall. The mist moves normally as fast as the Fossegrim but is immune to damage save that which is inflicted from cold iron. It costs no glamour to return to normal form.

Frailties:

Frozen heart (*Frossent hjerte*): Despite their beauty, the Fossegrim are incapable of dealing with a normal human beings' emotion or behavior. While they can smile and laugh, and even feign enjoyment, the human spectrum eludes them. Any actions that involve rolling Empathy or Charisma are at a +3 difficulty.

Tied to the Falls (*Knyttet til Fossene*): Fossegrim have ties to their sacred falls and it hard for them to be away. They have a number of days (Equal to Constitution) before this loss becomes painful.

Everyday after that, they must succeed on a Willpower Roll (Difficulty 8) or lose a point of temporary Glamour. A botch means a permanent point. These rolls will continue until he loses all Glamour. When out of Glamour, there is one last Willpower roll. (Difficulty of 5+how many days he has been away). If he fails on the roll, then he suffocates and dies. If he succeeds, he loses his Faerie nature. If he can make it back to the water, and be immersed for at least 1 day, then he can begin to gain back his Faerie self.

Fiske looks through you as if you don't exist, and then begins to answer your questions.

Huldra: They won't find love? How is that a curse? Who cares?

Jotuns: They are tied to their elements. I understand.

Kender-Trow: Filthy liars and obnoxious thieves: Too vulgar by far.

Muspi: Such virulence and squealing hardly becomes any of our kind. Their passion is commendable but assaults my ears.

Nibelung: They spend their nights hammering away for Dark Gods that no longer need their hammering.

Norns: They know what things are important. The future is not one of those things.

Skogkatt: They watch houses, and drink milk from teeny-tiny bowls. That is the extent of their abilities.

Dokkalfar: I don't claim you as Jarl.....

Volsung: ...Nor do I claim you.

Trolls: Does it matter that you are known among the nine?

