

Ginger bred

“What is speed without direction? What is direction without purpose?” – Paul Bamikole

Quote: Run, Run, as fast as you can, you can't catch me, I'll smoke your slow-ass...

Much like the Sugar-Plum Fairies, the sweet-scented Kith of Gingerbred (a Pun they secretly relish) may have origins in the Land of Candy that borders Christmas Town. Some posit that they are a family created, nee' baked, by some unseen hands in that strange country. Like the Mannikins and the Krofted Inanimae, The Mannikins were formed not born. Yet the difference lies in that the Gingerbred were formed by an unseen shaper who enabled them to undergo a strange unknown variant of the Changeling chrysalis. That, and the Gingerbred don't claim Inanimae status.

In a strange hybridization of mortal, Fae, and all-spice, the Spicy scented Kith gained a purpose the same as any other Kith and were free of the strictures that bound their slow-bound Inanimae cousins. Whispers of the Muffin-Man abound, but none, not even the Gingerbred themselves, can offer any insight. All they know is that they are free to run as fast and as far as their candy hearts can carry them.

What can be said for certain, is that the Gingerbred spontaneously come to existence with power of Christmas Magic. Whenever the smell of freshly baked goods is in the air, or a cookie is decorated just too good to eat, a new Gingerbred Chrysalis may spontaneously arise. This happens often in Christmas Town, but Gingerbred born outside the city limits (even as far South as Mexico has had their fair share of the Kith) will invariably find their way home. Like a baby sea-turtle instinctually finding their way to the water, the Fresh-from Chrysalis Childing will find his way to the Christmas Magic. Like the proverbial titular character who ran far far away from the oven, the Kith are a hyper-active Tribe of confectionary creatures hell-bent on speeding home just as soon as they can.

Appearance: In Mortal Mien, the Gingerbred are tall and statuesque creatures with the type of body that only hard-training athletes possess. They are lean and tight with the wire-taut muscles of marathon runners. Their skin is dark, their hair is unusually light, and their expressions are haughty.

In Fae Mien, the Gingerbred are still as tall and statuesque, but now have a certain doughiness about them (Pun intended). Their skin is the rich cocoa brown of cookies, and their eyes, nose, and teeth appear as if they were made of candy. The expressions are still as condescending however.

Lifestyle: In Christmas Town, one can always depend on the Gingerbred for two things. *One*; to deliver a message quickly and efficiently, and *two*; to be a jerk about it. The Life of the Gingerbred doesn't stray too far from these two conceits.



Most of them serve their community in ways that allow for the constant movement that the Gingerbred needs to be happy. Childing enjoy sports, especially track and field. Wilders and Grumps may join the postal service or become uber-drivers and the like. However, they need to be kept busy. Nothing is worse than a bored Gingerbred. While not Unseelie perse, or ever evil, their quick and impatient minds lead them to exhibit some Unseelie traits, and many might be called so in the right light.

Childing Gingerbred (Called *Snaps*) are quick to prove themselves to any and everybody they come across. They race, wrestle, and desperately attempt to out-do other Childing. Their arrogance and hunger for victory can quickly grow stale. Nobody likes a sore-winner.

Wilder Gingerbred have hopefully lost enough times in their youth to have developed some humility, hopefully. Also, if they weren't born in Christmas town, this is the best time possible for them to begin their trek home.

Grumps Gingerbred don't slow down, ever.

Glamour Ways: Gingerbred gain Glamour by two means. They can gain it through running with others and the unkempt freedom of joyful movement that some athletes feel. Kinetic Nirvana some call it. Overly conceited Gingerbred, however, tend to have a harder time gaining it this way. Nobody likes to race douche-rockets. The other manner in which they Gingerbred can gain Glamour is by the same means that first gave them life. A Family in the kitchen with plenty of Christmas Spirit brings the warm glamour that is born of home-baked goodness.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Gingerbred carry with them the smell of warm spices and a blast of heat. Cloves, cinnamon, all-spice, ginger, all these and more can be identified, and the air grows oppressively hot, (Sometimes radiating damage that can actually cause damage, but only around the Gingerbred himself, and then only as long as the Cantrip needs to come to term...)

Affinity: Nature *but may also begin with the Inanimae Sliver of Pyros at Storyteller's prerogative....*

Birthrights:

Rapid Rise: The Gingerbred are fast and are meant to be fast. Probably the speediest of all the Kith in Christmas Town, the Gingerbred take it as source of pride how well they can get around. At Character Creation, they gain 3 free dots of Dexterity (especially if above 5). They can also spend a point of Glamour to gain an extra action during a turn.

Frailties:

Stale: Gingerbred Geed glamour more-so than most Kith. At any time a Gingerbred's temporary Glamour rating drops lower than his Stamina rating, they run the risk of growing stale. This doesn't happen all at once, of course. There is a window of a few hours until the staleness starts to set in, but the Gingerbred is instantly aware of what's happening. For every day without the infusion of new Glamour to replace their pool, the Gingerbred loses one point from his dexterity rating, as his limbs and muscles grow unbending and stiff. When the Gingerbred is down to his last dot, he must succeed on a Willpower roll difficulty 9, or lose his fae self and become undone. Hopefully, the Gingerbred's fans have a well-stocked kitchen and like to bake...

Rusty Racoslaw has something important to say, if you could catch him you might even hear it.

Jokul Frosti: Fun in small doses. But after too long even I get tired.

Krampus: I may be on their naughty list, but they'll have a heckuva time trying to catch me up in that stinky bag of theirs.

Misfits: Gross

Nutcrackers: See how stiff they are? That's what I'm afraid of.

Snowmen: Probably our best friends out here. Lots of fun, super nice, and they always lose with a smile.

Sugar-Plums: Can't trust em. You also can't understand what they're thinking. OR saying for all of that. Yeah. They're the worst.

Yule Sidhe: 'OOOHH, LOOK at ME!! I'm SOOO pretty'...

They're a bunch of preening suck-up jags with no love for dirt or sweat.

Kheabblers: Who?

