

GLAISTIG

The beauty of a woman transcends all other forms of beauty, as well in the sweetness of its suggestions, as in the fervor of the admiration it awakens. The beauty of a lovely woman is an inspiration, a sweet delirium, a gentle madness. Her looks are love-potions. Heaven itself is never so clearly revealed to us as in the face of a beautiful woman.

-Christian Nestell Bovee

Quote: Greetings Darling how kind of you to come visit. *Girl, go fetch some wine for my guest, be quick about it and I may yet let you wear one of my pretty dresses later...* Sorry about that. Good hired-help is so hard to come by.

In turns described as anything; from the wayward green ghost of a virgin suicide, to a subset of the Fuath Tribe of Adhene, to a simple Scottish Satyr, the Glaistig have been misinterpreted as long as there have been scholars to misinterpret. While there are elements of truth in all theories, none are 100% accurate. The Glaistig are wyld women, cloven hooved and behorned – much like Satyrs. Their ancestral roots do lie in Scotland, but Scotland now is smaller than it once was. As for the Ghost girls? That has more truth than any, much more than the Glaistigs themselves would care to admit.

The Chrysalis for the Glaistig is a harrowing affair. No Glaistig is born, they are made. An all-female Family of Crimbil (Kith) a Henach Glaistig finds a poor young mortal girl, takes her away, puts her in a green-grey dress and puts her to work. Little better than a slave, the young girl toils all day, growing bitter and jaded, and slowly ensuring that she will grow up to be just like her mistress. Wearing this Glas Dress, (Glas is a Greenish Grey color and the reason for the Crimbil's name), and the consuming of blood over the years are all integral parts of the extensive decades-long chrysalis process. Once they are old enough, bitter enough, and Annwyn (Unseelie) enough – they invariably adopt an appearance not dissimilar to their "Mother." Thus, a new Glaistig is brought into the fold, who inherits her keeper's estates, and will in turn find a young new ward to serve as she once did.

These estates are grand affairs as all Glaistig's have quite the inheritance. Sweeping acres of wyld land, the Glaistig serve as gatekeepers of the liminal spaces betwixt hither and yon. It is no easy feat to maintain their ancestral holdings as well as they do, and to look good while doing it. There are secrets hidden in the wild and natural holdings kept by the Glaistig, and it takes a strong arm, heart, and mind to guard it properly. Perhaps this is why the Henach matrons of the Tribe are so domineering with their "Daughters," who need grow big and strong to maintain these lands.

Appearance: All Glaistig are gloriously gorgeous women of breathtaking beauty. Their Fisyrynu reflects this at all times. Their Fisyrynu Dyni (Mortal Mien) has strong limbs, full figures, and a smile just this side of condescending. Their Fisyrynu Rhaib (Fae Mien) is reminiscent of a super-sensuous Satyr, with the goat-hooves, horns, and raw sexuality. The Glaistig carries this further, however, as that sexuality is coupled with unearthly grace and an austere refinement rather than the heady raw hunger of the Satyr. The Eyes of the Glaistig is a greyish-green, as is their clothing, and their leg's furry pelt is likewise grey, though it may appear to have a greenish iridescence in some light.



Lifestyle: One should say 'Lives,' as the different seemings of the Glaistig vary so greatly. It isn't until late Ddyrs that Glaistig have any real say about anything. Yet this is also when they begin to learn of their own importance in the great unending chain of servant girl and Matron that stretches back through antiquity. The tradition is a harsh one but is millennia old. They also learn of their new roles as budding Matrons, and what is expected of them. They guard wyld places on their ancestral holdings, and secrets that would be catastrophic if discovered.

(Storytellers and Players should discuss exactly what is inherited).

Nglasach Glaistigs aren't quite Glaistig yet, they are only little girls adopted (or kidnapped) into the servitude of an elder Glaistig. They are given a lengthy list of chores to accomplish during the day, and a greenish-grey dress that must be worn wear at all times. With the receiving of the dress, the slow chrysalis of the Glaistig has begun.



Ddyrys Glaistig still have responsibilities, but now have more leeway. Perhaps they are put in charge of a ragtag group of young girls in green dresses themselves, or perhaps they are entrusted with one small aspect of their Matron's secrets...

Henach Glaistig are the beautiful matrons of the keep. They are at their most powerful, understand their world the most, and know that it may be time to bequeath their holdings/resources/secrets to their most trusted young servant-girl.

Glamour Ways: Glaistigs regain Rhaib whenever they, or their wild domains, are the subject of adoration. Their own natural beauty and the beautiful bounty of their natural habitat bring many many suitors to bask in the glory...

Unleashing: Glaistig Unleashings carry with them the heady perfume of a deep rich forest- all fertile loam and green wood and fresh fallen leaves. There is an intoxicating song just out of earshot that dances and plays through the imagination, and a pale green light slowly bathes the scene with a soft luster.

Affinity: Actor

Birthrights:

Green Beauty (*Harddwch Gwyrdd*): None in all the Celtic Lands are as mind-breakingly attractive as the Glaistig. Upon introduction into their slow chrysalis, they begin growing more and more beautiful over their years. Based on seeming, this beauty easily takes them above and beyond the raw striking splendor of even the Sidhe. At Character Creation, *Nglasach Glaistigs* begin with a +1 to Appearance, *Ddyrys Glaistig* a +2, and *Henach Glaistig* +3. In addition, they can never botch any rolls that use the Appearance rating.

Secret Keeps (*Dirgel Heiddo*): The wyld Holdings of the Glaistig may hold any number of Secrets, Treasures, Bale-fires, Trods, or other Magical holdings. At Character Creation, every Glaistig begins with 5 free Background points with which to reflect these Areas. It is up to storytellers and players to work together in manifesting the magic, but Storyteller should also keep some secrets for himself.

Keep in mind that the Seeming is a factor in how much of the secrets can be utilized. Until late *Ddyrys*, a young Glaistig is little more than an attractive servant girl in a green dress who drinks blood every now and again. A *Henach* matron Glaistig is under no compulsion to allow such secrets discovered...

Frailties

Blood Drinkers (*Yfwyr Gwaed*): The Glaistig are vampiric by nature, in that the warm blood of a living thing is the only sustenance that counts. Based on Seeming, every one of them must imbibe a certain amount of blood every so often or be weak and hungry. *Nglasach Glaistigs* need ½ a liter every other week or so, *Ddyrys Glaistig* at least a liter over the course of a week,

and *Henach Glaistig* at least a liter a day. For every day, week, etc. that they go without, they are at a +1 difficulty to all rolls.

Not Born, Made (*Gwneud Heb ei Eni*): Much like the Shellycoats, Duphin, Selkies, Roane, Swan Mays, and numerous other Skin-Changing Fae, the Glaistig isn't born, but made with first donning of a certain cloth. The Glaistig differ from Skin-Changers, as the process is a slow one, taking several years, possibly a decade. With this caveat, also comes the truth that the Glaistig can't have children on their own. An all-Female Tribe, the only way to promulgate their line is with the adoption of other daughters, and the slow painful chrysalis wracked with the awful slave-driving, evil-stepmother, harsh matrons, of folklore. This isn't an accident. The Holdings and Glaistig existence itself, are too rare and precious for just any wayward waif off the streets to inherit.

Aerowen, model, actress, philanthropist, - directs her servant girl before beginning a carefully rehearsed monologue of her fellow Crimbil.

Ankou: Regardless of what they say about me, not wonderful I assume, I have always had the deepest respect for these servants of the Next World. We all will be called away one of these days, and I am glad that they will be the one on the phone.

Bendith Y Mamau: Every year, on my Saining Day, I have them come and perform for me. No one can do it better.

Coraniaid: I often wonder if Llundud didn't have the right idea after all. I'm sorry. I forget myself. They aren't all bad, just a little tedious, no?

Ellyllion: The Cymru elite? Hardly, they are simply old-world Sidhe with a predilection for neo-druidry and a short-person's complex. Still, they are rather pretty, so that's nice.

Grugach: While I usually give much to charity, these deviants I leave to their own means.

Grwagged Annywn: We rarely see eye-to-eye on many things, but I respect them, and I accept that it's mutual.

Gwyllion: Oh my. Uhm, next.

Hinky Punk: Grossly misunderstood little will-o-the-wisps. I greatly enjoy their company, despite their lack of attention. Get them started, and such stories they tell are well worth the price of admission.

Muryan: Such wonderful riffraff, though a little uncooperative. I once asked one to turn into a rabbit for me and he declined.

Woodwose: Boorish and brutish and a little too hairy, even by my standards. They claim to represent the wild places, but I haven't seen them do so at all.

Tylweth Teg: "The Fairest-of-them-All?" hardly. They are simply a modern conceit on an old idea.

Glastyn: Regardless of the similarities in our names, these water-bulls- *though attractive* - have little relations to us.

Llyswen Bendoll: The bull-fighters come bearing gifts, the wizards come to bargain, and the laughing mad ones come only to sit and converse. Though I appreciate them all, I must renounce their claims of family or blood ties. We are different species, regardless of how they feel about sanguiphagia.