



“Nice. I like a little desperation in a guy. It builds character.”

Queen of the Dead – *Stacey Kade*,

**Jack shall have Jill; Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.**

A Midsummer Night’s Dream, Act 3, Scene 2. – *Bill Shakespeare*

Quote: Hey, Hey. Hey, What are you doing tonight? You want to go the movies? Washing your hair? What about tomorrow night. What are you doing tomorrow night? Want to go to the movies?

Once upon a time, far across the Celtic and Brythonic story-scape, there existed Great Fairy Queens called Gyre-Carling. Their name meant Ogress, or Greedy, or Old Queen, and they were. They were powerful and hungry women, but with a beauty that was as dangerous as their appetite. They ruled the wild places and stalked their lovers like hungry tigresses. Once upon a time there were, but now they are far less.

None know what happened. The once Great Ancient Queens, a race as primordial as any Adhene Tribe were relegated and diminished time and time again, until what was left was a precocious and love-hungry Will-O-the-Wisp. Their name was diminished as well as they were, and the once great Gyre-Carling Great Greedy Ogress Queens were now simply the Gyl (Rhymes with Jill).

Like some strange effeminate answer to the Jack-O-The-Lanterns, the Gyls are yet paired with Jack in Folklore. The Gyl today only wish for such pairings. All of them, all female, in a bitter turn by the Dreaming are forever marked (perhaps punished for their greed) and are perpetually chasing a would-be partner. Worse still, the Dreaming also enforces that the Gyl’s will never have a lasting partner. Boyfriends break-up, spouses split, and tried and true lovers – if any one of them stays- will be taken away from the Gyl in the worst way possible. The Gyl’s are forever aware of this, but few of them care. They hold-out hope for the perfect lover to appear.

Appearance: In all forms, the Gyl are spritish little girls (even the grumps) with a sweet demeanor, a disheveled look, and a hungry-leer that is none too subtle. Their Mortal Mien is perpetually dirty from a life of running about, they disdain footwear if they can help it, and their grass-and mud-stained feet are proof of their wild nature. In Fae



Mien, they appear much the same, their eyes are a little bigger and glow all the colors of the rainbow. Their ears are a little sharper though not as long as the Sidhe’s. Their hair grows thicker and much more unruly. If anything, they are very similar to their Pisky cousins. If not for their frantic energy, and twitchy features, one might mistake the two kiths. Okay, they’re just alike.

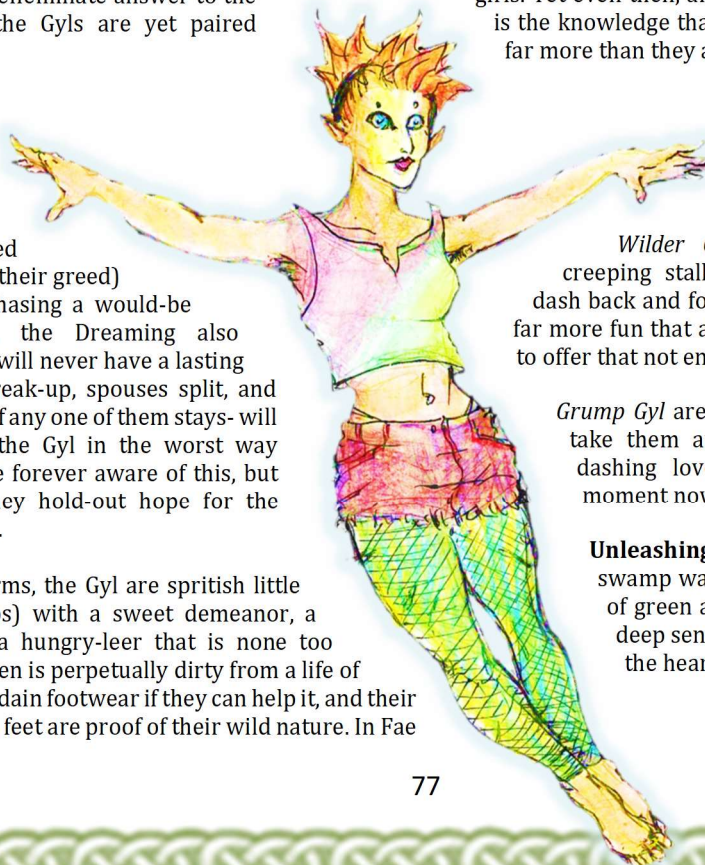
Lifestyle: The Gyl serve a wonderfully delicate niche in the Hyperborean Fae community. They are eager to serve and be helpful, all in the hopes of finding a lover- but are also fully aware of their own powerful and ancient origins as blood-thirsty queens. Outsiders may be confused at this juxtaposition, but to the Gyl and most of her fellow Hyperborean Kiths, it’s simply the way things are. In their mortal lives, the Gyl are simply those pleasant, flirty, local girls. Yet even then, among their mortal constituents, there is the knowledge that those pleasant, flirty, local girls are far more than they appear.

Childing Gyls, the poor darlings, are full of sweet, sweet, romance, with no idea at all what that is.

Wilder Gyl are the crazy ex-girlfriends, creeping stalkers, and love-crazed fan-girls that dash back and forth through the realms, they are also far more fun than anybody would expect, and have a lot to offer that not enough people realize...

Grump Gyl are holding out for a hero to come and take them away from it all. At any moment a dashing lover will arrive on the scene... any moment now...

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Gul Smell like swamp water and ozone, complete with flashes of green and bluish white light. There is also a deep sense of sadness and longing that pulls at the heart.



Glamour Ways: Gyl regain Glamor with the attention and affection received from their would-be paramours, as rare as those are.

Affinity: Nature

Birthright

Jill-o-the-Wisp: The Gyl are as quick and nimble as they are exuberant and their very essence reflects this. At character creation, each Gyl begins with 3 free dots of Dexterity.

For a point of Glamour spent, they can transform into their Will-o-the-wisp form, a basket-ball sized ball of bluish-white light. They can maintain this form indefinitely, and while thus transformed, have their Dexterity rating. Their strength and stamina, however, is halved.

Frailty

Punch-Drunk-Love: Always the bride's-maid, never the bride. The Gyl are forever chasing that fleeting Paramore, but fate will dictate that they will forever be alone. If for some reason the Gyl can overcome this and find their "One", then that one has a short-life ahead of them (as per the Dark-Fate Flaw). The Gyl, always aware of this, pay no heed- their lover is out there waiting, and if that lover has to die, then so be it.

Joan the Wad McPherson, trades information for your phone number.

Bugganes: I really wish that they would do more. Like besides me I mean. Nah, joke. They don't.

Effigy: *Creepy.* I like burning bright, but they like burning down, you know?

Fin-Folk: I'd go with them, down there. But I'm not invited.

Fir Gorma: I think that if I said less, they'd catch me, but there is always something to say, and we're the best ones to say it.

Glashtin: Always nice. Always super nice. But not nice enough to call back. Is it me?

Grey-Neighbours: hmm. I considered it, but I had to wash my hair that night.

Grigs: As scatter-brained as I can be, and I can be, I get it... these guys couldn't follow a train of thought for two minutes without getting derailed, you know?

Gunna: I offered them some honey, they burst into laughing. Not the good kind of laughing either. It was weird, like they always know something that I don't (which is probably the case), but still... it was weird. I didn't like it.

Muilearteach: Gross.

Nuckalavee: Grosser.

Sea Bishop: I'd totally date them, but for their freaky celibate monk-stuff.