

# Hodags

They sat on the stony ground and he took a cigarette out and everyone else came down to listen  
It was the winter 1963; it felt like the world would freeze  
Life in a Northern Town – *Dream Academy*

**Quote:** Hola stranger, nice day for a walk in the woods isn't it? Might I ask what you're doing out here though?

In Northern Wisconsin, the forests are wild, the winters are severe, and the tales are tall. Paul Bunyan and his Troll-ox, fabulous beasts such as the Hide-Behinds, more ghosts than you can shake a rowan-stake at; there is no end to Wisconsin's powerful folklore. Perhaps the most famous of the state's monsters is to be found in the small Northern town or Rhinelander. More than just a monster, but not quite on point as a Kith, the Hodag has a special place in the heart of the Rhinelanders. He is the mascot of a local foot-ball team, has his own Hodag-themed phone-apps, and even sports a museum where Hodag plushies, keychains, and bric-a-brac can be purchased at competitive pricing. While this may prove to be banal for others, it encourages this family of Fae to keep up the good work of protecting their own.

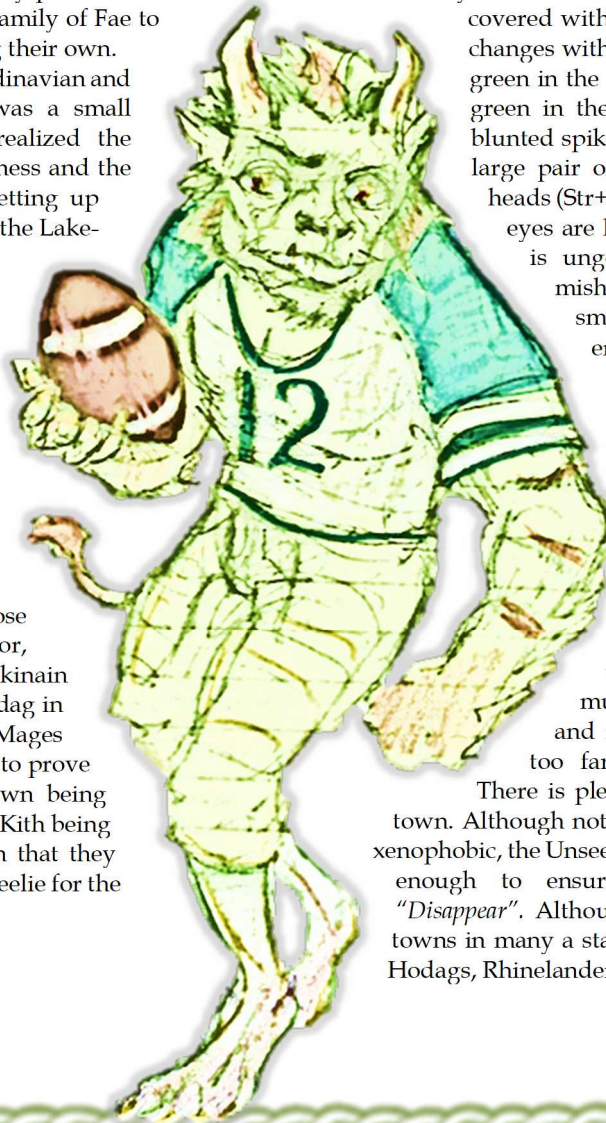
Coming with the dreams of Scandinavian and German immigrants, the Hodag was a small family of Goblins who quickly realized the parallels between American Wilderness and the Black-Forests of their homeland. Setting up shop in the dark and wild woods of the Lake-Countries, they would guide and protect their German kinfolk against the rising tides of banality. The people of the small towns (Such as Rhinelander) not only remembered the old-ways but celebrated them. Nothing could sway the minds of the German and Norse families of the little Northern towns away from their beloved stories, and no stories were more beloved than of the Hodag.

The end of this perfect dream arose in 1895 a Wisconsin land surveyor, timber cruiser and Incorrigible kinain Eugene Shepard apprehended a Hodag in Rhinelander. The Hidden cabal of Mages known as the Technocracy swept in to prove this a hoax. With one of their own being captured, and then the whole of the Kith being faced with a National proclamation that they were fictional, the Hodags went Unseelie for the first time. The rest is history...



**Appearances:** In all Mien, the Hodag are bigger than life, and twice as ornery. In Mortal Mien, the Hodags, male or female alike boast that "Northern-Corn-Fed look". Most are as stout as a bull with a certain hungry look in their eyes. They have a wide mouth the envy of any Redcap, and a bushy head of hair that just can't stay down no matter the amount of gel. There is something monstrous just under the skin. In Fae

Mien, the Hodag's true form is revealed. They are taller than originally assumed and covered with a soft and furry pelt. The pelt changes with the seasons, being a light Jade green in the summer, to an almost blackish green in the winter. They have a row of blunted spikes along their back and boast a large pair of black horns on their blocky heads (Str+2 damage for head-butts). Their eyes are large and red, and their mouth is ungodly wide and filled with a mishmash of horrible fangs. A small, forked tail completes the ensemble.



**Lifestyle:** The Hodags still make good on their original plans. They still protect their kinain families and guard their small Northern towns. The Hodags patrol their woods at night; they serve as police officers during the day. They love their municipality and the people in it, and rarely have a want of venture too far outside of their city-limits.

There is plenty of adventure to be had in town. Although not quite dangerous enough to be xenophobic, the Unseelie of the Kith can be distrustful enough to ensure that unwanted strangers "Disappear". Although there are a plethora of Small towns in many a state that sport entire Families of Hodags, Rhinelander Wisconsin is the most famous.

*Childing Hodags* are star football and soccer players and the biggest and hungriest kids on the block. They are the town darlings, and other children, mortal and Fae alike flock to the little dears. Although generally kind, they can get a little pushy and proud, and are overly sensitive about their roles. Never talk ill of the Hodag's legacy around a Childing.

*Wilder Hodags* understand the roles they are born to fulfill. They take jobs that enable them to serve and protect, and ensure that nothing, no Nunnehi raid, Get-of-Fenris war-party, or even Technocratic Paradigm-shift, affects their beloved town-ship.

*Grump Hodags* maintain roles as storytellers and historians. They often become masters of Fae magics that shield their perfect little towns from prying eyes.

**Glamour Ways:** Hodags gain Glamour whenever they knowingly enjoy time with kith and kin. Family and territory mean everything, and small-time festivities, local birthdays, church potlachs, and the like...these are what refuel a Hodag's magics.

**Unleashing:** Cantrips cast by the Hodags are accompanied by a quick and oppressive musk of an animal, somewhere between a wet dog and a pole cat. There is a sense of unease, like locking eyes with a predator...

**Affinity:** Actor

**Birthrights:**

**Master of Deception:** Hodags are unnaturally efficient evaders. They leave no tracks behind them; have natural camouflage (it is a difficulty 8 to spot them in their natural environment) and dogs refuse to follow their scent. They also have the ability to put someone into a false sense of security. They only have to spend one point of Glamour to put everyone around them at ease. Their victims thus affected feel good about their surroundings, enjoying the natural scenery and fresh-air. To do anything besides sitting and basking in the wonders of the forest takes a willpower roll difficulty of the local gauntlet.

**Huge-Size:** Hodags are abnormally large in size, usually up to 7 feet tall and up to 300 pounds in weight. Hodags also have

one additional Health Level and are able to suffer more harm before they are incapacitated. Treat this extra Level as an extra Hurt Level, with no penalties to rolls.

**Frailties:**

**Sensitive:** Hodags can't endure being laughed at. If they feel that they are aren't being taken seriously, they get butt hurt, and when they get butt hurt, they get fierce and dangerously aggressive. They sulk and make snide comments, and they must roll their willpower to not come across as a total dickhole. If the roll botches, they become volatile, aggressive, and will seek restitution in the form of the offender being chastised with insane amounts of violence.

**Lemon allergy:** In one of the most inane and futile weaknesses known to the Dreaming, the Hodags are susceptible to lemons as well as Cold-Iron. Lemonade, lemon-juice, lemon meringue pie, there is something about the citrus that drives the Hodag off. Whenever faced with a source of Lemon they must make a stamina roll to abide in the fruit's presence. Failure means that the Hodag runs away frantically. Botch means that he collapses unconscious.

**Mike Heinzell, local football celebrity, and collector of Hodag merchandise, drops some knowledge**

**Boogey-Men:** I understand their purpose, but I can't condone how they get their results.

**Diabhal:** Liars one and all, run em out of your town first chance you get.

**Dust-Devils:** It's too hot and dusty by far in their neck of the country.

**Jellies:** Flexible. That is all I have to say.

**Nomes:** Keep chickens on hand, just in case.

**Gremlin:** Now these guys are fun. We used to have a saw-mill where one worked. The mill went bust and he headed east.

**Myconid:** Not quite a party at first: but once you get them involved, they have so many party tricks....

**Pumpkinheads:** Gotta respect these folks, as well as their care of the land. I completely get it guys.

**Jotun:** Yes we claim kin-ship; no I won't tell you what that means.