

Ielles



So beware, dear tourist. When you decide to visit Romania avoid walking in the woods at night and stay away from the strange circles. And if you meet the lovely Iele, be polite and tell them that you are a stranger and maybe they will forgive you this one time.

– Warning from Rolandia-Tours: Romania's Leading Tour company

Quote: Did you not say 'God Bless You' when I sneezed? I thought not. Prepare to face my judgement you blasphemous worm!

Also called Illyes, Ieles, Dinsele (*Much to the Dinsele's consternation*), Elles, Maistreses (*the Mistresses*), the Puternice (*the strong ones*) and dozens of other appellations, these goddesses of the wild are better referred to as "Them" or "They." These all stem from the knowledge that it is bad luck to refer to them at all.

They are also alternately understood as Virgin Ghosts, Sky-witches, Demons of light and air, vampires, or even other less savory tribes of supernatural creature. Some Dreaming scholars even posit that the Ielles are a family of Inanimae, one that is tied to the natural world of color and light—a Phylum of morning-Nymphs. In the end, there is very little agreed upon concerning about these ethereal beauties. What can be certain is that the Ielles have roamed and protected the Romanian countryside since time immemorial, without nothing else to be proven.

This Vălvă (Kith) serves as the de facto leaders of the whole of Transylvanian Vântoase (Fae). An exceedingly proud race, they also feel that this leadership extends to not only their fellow fae, but also the other supernatural creatures in the, and even their mortals. Yes, most Ielles, consider mortals to be their's, and humans have no say in the matter.

Appearance: The Ielles are always beautiful women, and beautiful women they will always be.

In Om scoartă (Mortal Mien) are the Ielles rustic beauties of the highest order. They have the long slender limbs of a dancers combined with the cold and distant faces of the best of haute-couture super-models. In Feeric Scoartă (Fae Mien) they appear as even more stunning, with glowing radiant skin, and hair that shimmers all the colors that are, and some that aren't. They favor loose-fitting swathes of fabric, both gleaming white and dyed in a myriad of hues befitting their role as Light-Witches.

Lifestyle: The Ielles rarely have time for mortal trappings. They remain far removed from the petty politicking and courtly backbiting of the other world's Ruling Fae systems. The Ielles instead maintain their rule by



staying behind the scenes far away in the dark forests. Here they enforce their edicts from far afield and ensuring rule of the day is imposed. Proper care for the environment is a must, and those that don't respect nature are subject to their wrath. Holidays and religious festivals are also paramount, and those that shirk either will quickly draw their ire.

Fată Ielles, also called Daughters, are adored by all and treated like the royalty that they are. They can also grow into monstrously spoilt beasts that rival the worst of the Iarnă (Unseelie) in temperament.

Zână Ielles quickly take to their roles as hidden caretakers of their worlds. Their world can often extend into areas that aren't theirs to guard however, and some disputes may arise from an overly zealous Zână and the mortals who don't want that Zână dictating their lives.

Baba Ielles, called Grandmother have hopefully reached a pleasant equilibrium with the world around them. They can be loved by their community, or feared as forest-witches. It is the rare Baba that cares enough to make a distinction.

Glamour Ways: Ielles regain De Basm by engaging with their mortal followers, whether mortal followers wish it or no, or are even followers. When dancing and frolicking with the humans during their holiday dances, or when a supplicant comes forward to make a request from one of the sky-witches, the Ielle can refuel her magic.

There is a special arrangement to be had in these planned requests, however. If the supplicant offers white objects (eggs, fabric, milk, etc...) as chiminage, and observes proper protocol (being infallibly polite and courteous, not calling the Ielle by her name, etc...) than the Ielles can gain twice as much De Basm as intended.

Unleashing: Ielles Unleashings are accompanied by bands of brilliant light and rainbow colored lights that alternately play across the scene. The brilliant sapphires and turquoises of the aurora borealis, the scarlet and

rosy pinks of a sunset, even the twinklings of white in an indigo blanket of midnight: there will be an explosion of lighted colors in the wake of the Ielle. There will also be heard the twinkling or bells, and (for some of the *Iarnă*) a smell of charred grass and burnt wood.

Affinity: Nature

Birthrights

Born of Light (*Născut din Lumină*): The glowing rainbow hues of a rainbow, the radiant shimmerings of a sunset, the hypnotically alluring darks of a star-studded midnight sky: The Ielles are the light of a nighttime world as well as the day. Whatever their tinted affiliations, there are blessings that accompany these hues.

Being born of light an Ielle is unnaturally gorgeous, and at character creation begins with an appearance rating of 3 (Even if over 5). The Ielle may spend a point of glamour to transform herself into a figure made of light alone.

She glows bright white, but with flashes of color all around here, and floats in the air as if she weighed nothing. Whole coveys of the Ielle are known to flutter through the air at sunrise in glorious dances of color and light. While in this light form nothing can hurt her save weapons made from cold-iron. She is free from the harm of being touched, but she, like-wise, cannot touch anything else.

Color the World (*Colorați lumea*): The Ielle has limited mastery over the natural world, and has built a working relationship with light and color. With a willpower roll, an Ielle can cause an object to glow as if it were made of light, and not just her. The difficulty is usually a 7, but White objects are always 6, while black objects are always a 10. Cold Iron objects can never be colored. *Fată* Ielles can perform this simple trick once per day, *Zână* Ielles twice per day, and *Baba* 3 times.

An Ielle can also take this a step forward however, omitting the color aspects all-together and instead focusing on allowing the ironic hunger of the Dreaming to bleed over into the natural world. Some examples might be a flock of deer that grow angry and attack hunters, or a sudden rainstorm erupting and causing a flash flood.

This costs a point of De Basm spent, and a willpower roll difficulty 9 to direct the Fated Irony. If the Willpower roll fails, then the Ielle still causes the mayhem, but has no say in how the Irony will manifest. A botch of course, directs that irony towards herself.

Frailties

Hunger for Color and Blood (*E foame pentru culoare și sânge*): It is the Dreaming-given function of the Ielles to brighten the world. (*Giving some credence to the above hypothesis that that they are light Inanimae*). In this they are strangely addicted to white things. White-cloth, bread, Eggs, milk, or plain undyed clothing – an Ielle needs to be offered something pale every day.

This is also true of their substance. An Ielle needs blood daily, mortal or animal, to function. (Giving some credence to the above hypothesis that they may be some sort of vampire).

For every day that An Ielle goes without eating or drinking something, *and* drinking at least some blood, then she loses one die from her rolls until she can get both her blood and white fix.

Drawing Ire (*Desuna Mânie*): There are certain activities or actions that provoke the Ielles. Some of these actions might include calling the Ielle by her name. Some could be not observing religious rituals in a somber enough manner. Not being respectful of the natural world is one of the most prominent among the *Vălvă*. Each Ielle has a certain number of these Ires based on their seemings. *Fată* Ielles have 1 such Ires that can rouse their hatred. *Zână* Ielles have 2. *Baba* Ielles, in their elder years, have 4 such Ires to keep track of. It is up to storyteller and Player both to remember such things, and great care should be taken in constructing these slights.

If slighted thusly, the Ielle must roll their willpower difficulty of how offended they are. If the willpower succeeds, then the Ielle will admonish the upstart that offender. If the roll fails, then the Ielle will seek to physically punish the wrongdoer. If the roll botches, then the Ielle frenzies, and must spend a point of glamour to intentionally arrange for their *Color the World Birthright* to ensure natural justice.

Some historical models of this Justice includes a tale of a mortal who beseeched an Ielle to help him catch and kill a deer. Though he observed proper protocol, and even offered up a white egg, the thought of such an idiotic request fueled the Ire of the Ielle. The next day the requesting mortal's corpse was found bloodied and butchered – trampled by the razor sharp hooves of a thousand deer.

Veleslava, Princessa of Târșo Wallachia accepts your egg, and allows for your better understanding of her little kin.

Căpcăun: Mindless beasts who care only for the spoils of war. I wish that their desires were born of glory, or infamy, or even simple violence. But no, it is only for fleeting treasure.

Dinsele: We have had a long and fruitful relationship with the Cross-road cats. We enjoy their company and their stories.

Chuhaister: Perhaps our closest friends, aside from the Dinsele. They don't treat me like a queen, and always tell me the truth. I can't fault them for this.

Fext: They will always fight, and I hope that they always fight for me.

Keshalyi: While I cannot trust those who have no home, I know that they are always trustworthy, at least in their own way. For this I respect them the best that I can.

Loçolico: Not so these liars. They have no home, nor are they honest in their dealings with us.

Sárkány: Dragons are evil, that is how it has always been. Why change it?

Zburător: The best archenemy that any of us could hope to conspire against. They are polite, and serious, and most of all, intelligent in the acquisition of their desires. The winged wolves, if they weren't our nemesis, would be our strongest allies.

Sidhe: The fairest of Vântoase in the Celtic lands are far to the East and under their hills. They are an enigma to me. They are born of old dreams and long-forgotten magic, but they squabble over their politics like new-born children crying for a broken-toy.