

ISHIGAQ

(Cold Servants)

Region: *Far North* - Nunnehi of the Inuit Tribe

"Winter's more than words and wind. She's a chill that clings to everything. She's power. And, like all great powers, she likes her companionship recognized. If she's talking to you, you'll know."

Winter, White and Wicked — *Shannon Dittmore*,

Quote: Listen, I know that you're killing too many wolves for sport. You know you're killing too many wolves for sport. The Spirits know that you're killing too many wolves at all. If you weren't, the spirits wouldn't have sent me. Help me help you, okay? What can we do to fix this?

The Ishigaq were once giants, if the stories are to be believed, that offended those in higher stations, and were demoted to their now miniscule station. Some say that they warred with Sila the sky spirit, who punished them not through death, but by removing their power and size. Others say that they refused to share their meals with Matshishkapeu, the God of Flatulence. Some say that they broke a treatise with Sedna. Whatever the truth of the matter, the once great Ishigaq are now only 3 feet tall, and forever seek to make amends.

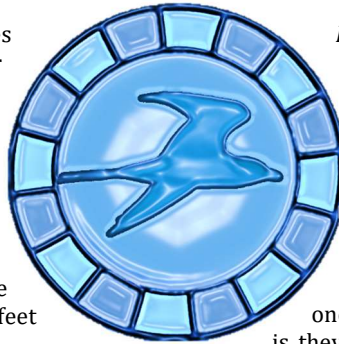
These amends remain the most important aspect of the Ishigaq's existence. The eldest of their number interpret the wills of the spirits- that being Elder Gods of the Cold, ghosts and ancestors, or other ethereal beings. The braves receive the word of the spirits desires and carry out their wishes as best as they are able. The younglings of the Tribe study their own history, their mythology, and whatever else they can get their hands, all in the hope of finding the clues to end their curse.

Of course, it's not all bad. While they may treat their divine mandate for rectification with the utmost gravitas, the spirits probably don't. While out and about in the world, there is no shortage of adventure to be had. The Spirits that be send them on all sorts of adventures, some more wacky than others. If the Ishigaq isn't careful, they might just have fun while they are out there.

Appearance: In both Dunakadv, the Ishigaq are small, spritely little folk. Their mortal Dunakadv has thin cords of wire-tight muscle over lean frames and they rarely appear over 5 and ½ feet tall, Their Fae Dunakadv is even shorter, barely over 3 feet. Their skin is a pale bluish white, and their hair the same. Their nails and eyes turn black, and their teeth are small and sharp. Their appearance could be threatening if it weren't for their warm smile.

Lifestyle; They Ishigaq are a remarkably capable Family of Nunnehi. They are quick, clever, and dependable. Other Northern Nunnehi know where the Ishigaq stand on all matters, and even the odd Inuit Wapsu (Thallain) tribes are smart enough to steer clear of an Ishigaq on a mission. To this end, however, the majority of their existence is spent running to and fro all across the world, all in hopes of rectifying a past sin that they aren't even sure of.

Youngling Ishigaq hope and pray that their generations be the one to remove the curse and return their Gundohgi to greatness.



Brave Ishigaq are out and about, not just across the north, but any area where the spirits send them. These Ishigaqs are the ones who most often come across other families of Nunnehi, though they don't often stay to make friends. Too many prior engagements...

Elder Ishigaq are tired and jaded but push through their bitterness to better serve their family's needs. The eldest of their elders are the ones who receive messages from the spirits, and it is they who pass on the information to the younger

ones.

Glamour ways: The Ishigaq refuel their Medicine when their mortals, friends, kinain, or others, participate in old rituals and celebrations, those traditional activities that the favored Gods enjoy as well. Chances are that if the action was accepted by gods as tribute, then simply being around it will recharge the Ishigaq's magicks.

Unleashing: Ishigaq Unleashings are quick blasts of icy cold air that smell of fresh snow and far-away sea water. The gusty wind takes the breath away but can also invigorate. For those onlookers who enjoy the cold, it's a fresh and stimulating affair. For those who don't enjoy wintery weather, it is a bitter painful cold that saps away strength.

Affinity: Fae

Birthrights

Lighter than Air: The small frames and slender builds of the Ishigaq may seem like a curse, but they serve their needs well. At character creation, an Ishigaq gains a +2 to dexterity for free. In addition, for a point of Medicine spent, they can triple their running speed. When running thusly, they won't tire until they actively stop running.

Also, while running at this speed, nothing slows their path. They run across snow, leaving no footprints or sign of their passing, dash across ice without slipping at all, and if needs must, can even dart across bodies of water...

Still yet, when running this way, they are immune to the effects of cold and snow. They feel no fatigue, nor do they feel the arctic chill of their home.

Frailties:

Small: Whereas once the Ishigaq were mighty giants, they are now delicately small. Smaller than most Nunnehi, and weaker than they'd ever admit. No Ishigaq can ever have a strength rating higher than 2 without the advent of Songs of Power (such as Dragon's Ire and the Like). In addition, many of them suffer the Short Flaw, that makes it that much harder to reach items on the upper shelf.

Beck and Call: As has been stated, the Ishigaq have a mission. It is to interpret the will and needs of the spirits. Whether those spirits are Gods, ancestors, or something else entirely doesn't matter. What matter is keeping those entities happy. At any time, any of those spirits could call on the Ishigaq, and it is up to the Ishigaq to heed. Refusal to do not only means that the spirit will voice his displeasure, but that the entirety of the Ishigaq's family will do so as well. An Ishigag who ignores a spirit's task will be at a -2 to all social rolls involving other Ishigag, and may possibly also be cursed in some way (2's on rolls count as botches, loss of birthrights at inopportune times, higher difficulties, etc...) This is up to the storyteller, however, and nothing should be set in stone. Fear of offending the spirit should be worth more than fear of curse.

Ikiag doesn't have much time to chit-chat, but can catch his breath for a second, and share his thoughts.

Ijirag: Invisiblity, I get it. But is that it? Invisiblity? I mean, what else do you do?

Nagumwasuck: Who?

Nimki: They hit hard, but they have to catch me first.

Sasquatch: I heard that these guys get cursed too, if they fail in protecting their wild places, and then they get turned into Wendigo. Not the wolves, but the monsters. If it's true, I feel worse for these guys than I do for me.

Waawaashkeshi Kwe: I get it, sometimes men are assholes and need to be taught a lesson. But do you have to enjoy teaching the lesson? You like your job a little too much.

Yung'a Hano: What the hell is a cactus? In the deserts? That's wacky.

Wechuge: We're faster than they are. They might not think so. But it's true.

Inua: They're lucky they know what they have to do.

Wayav Ginili: We are well acquainted with Younger brother. The Tribe that others call the Wendigo. Sometime we have to give them a message. It's never an easy job. These guys are as serious as we are, and twice as touchy about criticism. Still, if the spirits tell us to do it, we do it.

