

Jokul Frosti

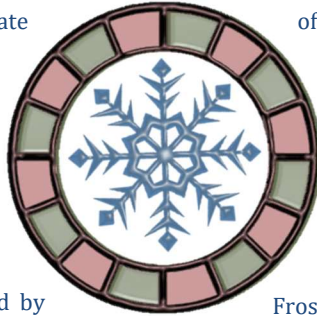
"I never wanna know a day – That's over 40 degrees... I'd rather have it 30, 20 then 5 – Let It Freeze!"
The Year Without A Santa Claus – Rankin Bass, 1974

Quote: Het is altijd warm in mijn koude hart, kom met me spelen, schat -*It is always warm in my cold heart, come play with me, my dear.*

Mischievous creatures what wield ultimate control over icy wind & water, The Jokul Frosti are an ancient conceit understood in modern context. Their name means ice-berg but may also translate into a more common epithet *JACK FROST*. Whether there is one King of their number called such, or all of their number answer to it is up for debate. But regardless, their name is whispered in Christmas Town, lest one of their own overhears it.

Once upon a time, their kind was requested by the Yule-sidhe and other powers to serve as mighty allies. Their powers over storm could have been a great asset to Christmas Town and its residents. However, constant play, and reckless heed for the safety of others proved them more of a liability than supporters. They were swiftly dismissed as a bipolar (pun intended) and could be counted on for nothing but unsound frivolity. The Yule-Sidhe instead left the maddening Jokul-Frosti to their own devices.

This suited the Jokul Frosti just fine. They had no interest in becoming useful members of Christmas-Town. There were more opportunities for fun to be had elsewhere....like in the icy shadowy forests around the town, in the cold dark alley-ways



of the city itself, and other fun places to play. And that is where you will find them today. But not just in Christmas Town anymore, their numbers have spread across the cold places and times of the Dreaming.

Appearance: Not quite unlike an Inanimae, the Jokul Frosti are created from a particular element. They are born of winter's ice and snow, yes. But unlike other Inanimae, the Jokul Frosti have no need of Krofted or Gladeling, or any other such limitations. The Jokul Frosti are what they are, and how they are is how they look. The appearance of the Jokul Frosti is striking in both Human & Fairy Mien.

In Mortal Mien they have fair skin, with light blue veins seen underneath the skin. Their eyes are icy blue or steely grey, and though the eyes might smile, there is something cold about them. Their facial features are sharp & thin, almost petite. They let their hair & nails grow wild and unkempt, and their clothing is scant, despite inclement weather. In Fae Mien, this is heightened, and their once pale skin is now stark white, painfully so. Their smiles grow even larger with large white teeth- sometimes sharp, sometimes not. Their eyes glow a cold blue, and their breath comes out in a cold cloud, which is best not to get too close. Many adorn themselves with rustic pieces of nature, such as bark, pinecones & leaves.

In addition, it should be mentioned that the term Jack Frost usually applies to a rakish male figure of ice- but the Jokul Frosti themselves have Jackie-Frosts, lithe maidens crafted of the cold, numbering just as much, if not more.

Lifestyles: Jokul-Frostis need colder climates. Winter is why they were born, and when their mood lifts & abilities flourish. Warm weather leaves them dull and lethargic. But the Cold is what drives them.

They prefer the outdoors and can often be found in icy forests: sleeping in tall trees or burrowed at the base under a heap of snow. They spend their days causing flurries, ice-overs & snow-ball fights. They enjoy finding travelers who wandered too far off their paths and playing tricks on them. They alter the scenery & eventually make it so cold that all one wants to do is lie down and sleep. This slumber brings dreams of exquisite snowflakes and certain descent into ruin.

Childing Jokul Frosti also called *Flurries* by their own number, become independent at a very young age. As soon as they are able to walk & feed themselves that Chrysalis hits, and they are left to their own concern. They make playmates with sugarplum fairies, other nymphs & woodland creatures (especially the Ice Jotun to the south). They spend much of their time wandering, hoping to find a perfect space of their own. They also begin to learn the strength of their powers while playing or throwing a tantrum, much to their delight.



Wilder Jokul Frosti also called *Storms* by their own number, at have generally mastered their powers & are comfortable using them daily. They are quick, lively & love playing – be that romatical or the wild games of their younger days. They revel in a life so unstructured, that they often lose track of everything and everyone else, completely.

Grumps Jokul Frosti, also called *Blizzards* by their own number, are now reserved and communal. They view their youth as a time to be free & wild...this elder life is a time to come back to your roots & share your stories with those like you. The Grumps are what one might call a quiet storm. At least for a while, and then they fall back into chaotic habits full of loud fun and joyful frenzy, heedless of safety.

Glamour Ways: The Jokul Frosti regains Glamour whenever and wherever there is fun to be had in the ice and snow. This is doubly so with children, who are always at the mercy of a well-aimed snowball to the ear...

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by Jokul Frosti are accompanied by a quick blast of icy air and white shining light. There is the crunch of ice underneath the feet and a rush of freedom that lightens the spirit. Although those with low willpower (as most Jokul Frosti would have it) may confuse this freedom for reckless abandon.

Affinity: Nature

Birthrights:

Nipping at the Nose: Like the old song of Yule-tide, the Jokul Frosti can nip an object and cause it to freeze. They do so by controlling the ambient water in the air (but trying to explain this science to them is an exercise in futility). They can manipulate water in and out of any state, but it will always be icy cold. Freezing fog banks, icy puddles, and of course, tantalizing patterns of ice crystals dancing across a window-pane. It requires one Glamour spent, and a successful Wits + Crafts roll (difficulty set by ambient temperature, and degree of change involved: simple liquid-water to solid-ice on such a winter's day could be a 6, but solid-ice directly to freezing ice-fog on a warmer day might be a 9). They can also do the same to living flesh with a well-timed bite.

Ice Born: The songs of ice and snow that birthed the Jokul Frost also gives them agility far beyond the ken of most mortals. At character creation, the Jokul Frosti receives two free dots to Dexterity, even above 5.

Frailties:

Cold Heart: While it is easy to dismiss the unhinged antics of the Jokul Frosti as Evil, or Unseelie. The truth is that their mindset is just different, again not too dissimilar from other Inanimae. Their mentality is one of fun and abandon. If someone gets a little too tired and wants to take a nap in the snow? Well then let them. It takes a perception roll difficulty 9 for a Jokul Frosti too notice that someone is in mortal peril.

This is doubly dangerous for others due to their Reindeer Games frailty below.

Reindeer Games: Other creatures, be they mortal, Fae, or other, can easily get caught up in the fun and adventure that the Jokul Frosti can bring. When anyone witnesses a Jokul Frosti at play, they must make a willpower roll, difficulty of 5+ the Jokul Frosti's Charisma rating. If the target succeeds, they can say no Thank You, and continue on. If they fail, then they are at the mercy of the Jokul Frosti's icy games. If the target botches, then they play until exhaustion...*falling down in the snow... falling down... in the snow.... So ...tired..... justa little nap..... so warm..... snow.*

Verboten Hearth: Dry climates, are a little painful to the Jokul Frosti, Hot and dry climate horrible. For every ten degrees above 50, all difficulties for any rolls made by the Jokul Frosti are raised by one. (this includes inside a nice dry house as well). This raising of difficulties is also for areas with exceedingly high banality ratings...

Black-Ice Bastiaan throws a snowball, and then laughs as he explains his fellow Yule-Born

Ginger-Bred: You can smell them a mile away

Krampus: I would like to put them in their bag, and then tie them up and hide them, and see if they can be found.

Misfits: who? They are just Nutcrackers who were played with too hard.

Nutcracker: I like to freeze the nuts before they bite them, they make such funny faces when their teeth break.

Snowmen: They look so silly waddling around without their middle section. A well-aimed snowball of sufficient froziness can punch right through and knock out the middle.

Sugar Plum Fairies: Quite good fun they are

Yule Sidhe: You mean the prissy pots? Bah. I'd rather play with the yellow snow.

Barbegazi: Too far south. It's a pain to visit them. They should come here.

Ishigaq: They should be good friends. They are as fast as we, and as cold and clever. But they are too busy doing work for their leaders.

Jotuns: Yes, there are giant cousins in the south... but they don't know how to play.

Mint-Jack: They are very kind. They are very calm. It is nice to visit them in their cold mountains. But I grow restless if I visit too long.

Morozkho: I am very fond of their father, Ded Moroz, he is great fun. I should like to be in their number. I would get a fine silver hat to wear.

Wechuge: They are fast, and they are clever, and they want what they want. But they are not like us.

Yeti: I have not met one. But I am sure that they would like me if we did meet.

Yuki-Onna: HELLO NURSE! I will be your patient.

Caillechean: Yes Grandmother, whatever you say.