

KOBOLDS

The sun is shining out of my hands - It can burn, it can blind you - When it breaks out of the fists - It lays down hotly on your face - It lays down painfully on your chest - Balance is lost - It lets you go hard to the floor -And the world counts loudly to ten-
Sonne-Rammstein

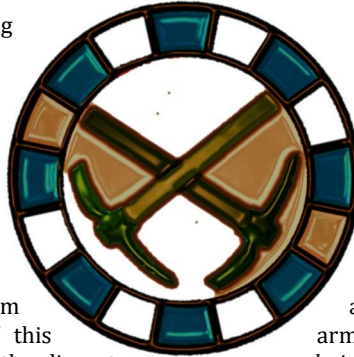
Quote: A chunk of Iron you say? How big? Okay, I guess I can squeeze out a keg of mead or so just to take it off your hands for you. No, no. the Waltschrats won't be interested.

An often-misrepresented Abstammung (Kith), the Kobolds have been painted as caricatures of their true selves for hundreds of years. What is heard of them is often half-truths; ugly hear-say and gossip. They're described as lizard and monkey and dog-like, stupid and war-mongering tribal cave-dwellers with a penchant for mining and a desire for worthless trinkets, heedless of said trinkets true value as long as it's shiny. The truth of the kobolds is far removed from these stereotypes. Why the distortion of this innocent Abstammung? Perhaps it is due to the disgust most feel for these tiny Wechselbalg (Fae).

In truth, the Kobolds *are* a tribe of cave-dwellers. But this is due to their mining capabilities. These capabilities many Kobolds utilize in their daily mortal lives- like mineworkers, drillers, and machine-smiths. This also serves to keep the Kobolds out of the sun (see frailty below). And while they may love battle (but who amongst the Wechselbalg doesn't love a good scrap?) they are far from being war-mongering. As far as stupid? *Hardly*. The Kobolds are quick-witted, clever masters of the forge, with a love of haggling that puts most bean-counters to shame.

And as far as those afore-mentioned trinkets? The Kobold has an eye and a nose for metals, and what may appear to be useless to the person trying to sucker the Kobold, but often turns out to be something truly rare and magical. One has to wonder who the true rube in the deal is.

Appearance: In all Mien the Kobolds aren't going to win any beauty pageants. Their the Mensch-Pelz (Mortal Mien), are short, rarely over 1 and 2/3rds meters or so, and odd-looking. They have long drawn out faces pinched faces, snaggly teeth, and beady-blinky eyes. Their arms are short and stumpy, but their hands are long with quick twitching spidery fingers. Their legs are bow-legged and they have long skinny feet. Their hair is sparse, tousled and oddly gray and mouse-colored, even in youth. In Elfe-Pelz (Fae Mien), there may be a little truth to that whole monkey-lizard-dog-faced rumor amongst the other Abstammung. They have scaly, rock colored skin and a thin whipping rat-tail good only for getting in the way. They have beady lizard-eyes that peak out over a beaky-snout that is somewhere between a dog's muzzle, a monkey's face, and the beak of a lizard. Their gangly limbs end in thin claws that whose click-clacking continually echo throughout their caves. Though it may be hard for outsiders to reckon, they are Dragons in their own way...



Lifestyles Whole Families of Kobolds adopt certain caves or mines as their own little domains. Even mortal miners are adopted into these folds (but are at the mercy of the Kobolds pranks). In these caves and mines, the Kobolds have tiny forges and shops. These forges are very reminiscent of the Celtic/Hebrew Kith known as the Knockers (although the more Thallain cousin known as the Goblin may be more fitting). The Kobolds are especially fond of weapon-smithing, armoring, jewelry making, and technology, *modern or archaic*. This often-time puts them at odds with the Norse Nibelungs, who compete with them not only for business, but also for mines and metal.

Unreif Kobold are clever little monkeys, too clever by far. They'll dissect any electronics they can get their hands on, just to see how it works. While this doesn't warrant them many friends, (especially if said electronics belongs to a friend and was taken without permission) it does give them an early lesson in how things go together.

Überspannt Kobolds form little gangs of their very own. Few groups of the other Abstammung welcome the Kobolds into the fold, so the Kobolds seek fame, fortune, and glory amongst their own-kind. This time in their life is when they seek out their own caves to set-up shop in.

Vernünftig Kobolds head deeper and deeper into their mines or shops deep into the bowels of the Earth where the walls between the dreaming and the real world grows thin. Here they either become fascist and fanatical pit-bosses of other Kobolds, or hermit-like smiths who care only for their craft.

Glamour Ways: Kobolds gain Zauberkunst whenever around mortals who can appreciate handiwork and craftsmanship, regardless of who or what made the craft in question. An old mother fawning over her antique jewelry provides just as much Zauberkunst as a Japanese wunder-kind homebrewing his own video-game-system.

Unleashing: Unleashings from Kobolds bring along with them the smell of wet iron and cold dirt, and a darkening and cooling of the scene, as if the whole area was slowly being plunged underground.

Affinity: Prop

Birthrights

Born of Darkness (*Geboren aus der Dunkelheit*): The Kobolds are born of the gloom, deep under the earth, and are most comfortable in that environment. As such they take no penalty from being in absolute darkness, seeing as well in pitch-black as others do in direct sunlight. Also, any crafts rolls made in these environments are at a -2 difficulty.

Scent of Metal (*Duft von Metall*): Those odd lizardy beak-snouts of the Kobolds are capable of smelling metallic compounds anywhere. From the deepest Tin-veins hundreds of feet below the surface, to the Silver and palladium soldering in circuit boards, to the iron in your very blood, the Kobold can sniffer it out. They need roll a Perception + Greymyre roll at a difficulty set by how much of the metal is present. A good-sized vein of lead buried right under foot might be a 6, while a few micro-grams of magnesium in the blood-stream might be a 10.

Iron Holding (*Eisen Halten*): Much to the disgust of most Abstammung, the Kobolds can handle and work with cold iron as easily as any other metal. They take no wound penalties from it, and many seem to enjoy its earthy aroma, keeping chunks of it around their house like some people keep scented candles.



Frailties:

Born of Darkness(*Geboren aus der Dunkelheit*): The same gloom that birthed the Kobolds, also prevents them from performing in the brightness of day. Any rolls made in the presence of bright-light are at a +2 difficulty. While in the presence of a direct sunlight, this rises to a +3 difficulty. This can be mitigated to a +1 or +2 difficulty respectively with proper equipment (welding goggles to keep out the sun, coupled with a nice ball-cap, sunscreen, etc....). Luckily, the soft-fiery light of smelting and the forge doesn't count and proves no hindrance.

Small and Expendable (*Gering Und Entbehrlich*): Due to their slight builds and frail-knobby frames, the Kobolds are forever limited in their physical prowess. A Kobold will never have a Strength or Stamina rating at higher than two dots. Although their dexterity ratings grow to super-human levels

In addition, for reasons known and unknown both, it's just difficult for others to like, or even care for the Kobolds. If they aren't downright hated by the other Abstammung, (which there are plenty of Abstammung who downright hate them), then they are plainly uncared for whatsoever. Even the most altruistic of individuals couldn't give two shits about the Kobolds. All empathy rolls others make when dealing with the Kobolds are at a +3 difficulty. This is why Kobolds are so tribal and insular amongst themselves, very few will have them.

Viggo Black-Thumb tells you how he feels about all the pretty boys in the sun, not that you really care.

Alb: Creepy, and that much creepier because you wouldn't even know if they were around.

Gummi-Bär: Raver, techno-color candy-poofters that smell like grapes. Is this supposed to be the Black Wilds or Willy Wonka's House?

Haferbock: No, just say no... no matter what.

Haule Mannerchen: When the Good Daddies tell you to jump, you ask "How High, Man?" When they say shit, you ask "What Shape, Sir?"

Moswyfjes: Bitter broads who'd sooner poison you than talk to you. Ogle their bits from far away, if at all.

Nisser: Make sure there's excessive thanks for any services rendered, and then lock up shop right behind them. Safer that way.

Waltschrat: Crazy-ass forest dwellers with too much time on their hands and too easy access to weapons. No thank you.

Nibelung: We are the same f***** thing from the same f***** maggots, only they got beards and we have style.

Kender-Trow: Klepto, pinch-faced, sticky-fingered, pink-haired, ass munching kleptos. Did I mention that they're kleptos? They are.