

KURREAH

"Have you also learned that secret from the river; that there is no such thing as time?" That the river is everywhere at the same time, at the source and at the mouth, at the waterfall, at the ferry, at the current, in the ocean and in the mountains, everywhere and that the present only exists for it, not the shadow of the past nor the shadow of the future."

Siddhartha – Hermann Hesse,

"You can't trust water: Even a straight stick turns crooked in it." – W.C. Fields

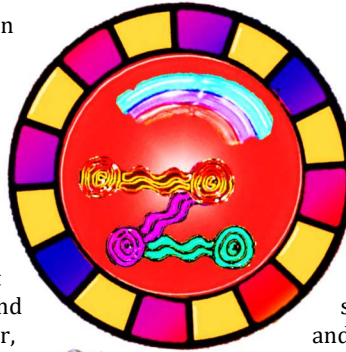
Quote: Alligators? Dragons? Dinosaurs? Yes, pretty much. But also no. It's complicated. However, is that really what you'll be thinking about when you're being eaten?

Way out in the secluded rivers, forgotten waterholes, and the deep underground springs across the Land, a mighty draconic force holds the mortal populace in check with their insatiable hunger... as least that is what they would tell you. The Kurreah are an old dragonesque Spirit Being Family that patrols Australia's waters. At one time they were thought to inhabit certain Lagoons in New South Wales, but that is just because the fat white fellas got lazy, the Kurreah got hungry, and the stories spread. Truth tell if there is water, there is a Kurreah what's been in it.

Not quite the monstrous beast of legend, the Kurreah are made out to be a lot worse than they actually are. They, for the most part, however, still enjoy their spooky status and ill reputation. It keeps most of the good and respectful folk at a safe distance, while inviting the brazen and irreverent. And of course, the truth is that they are more than capable of eating a bloke or two when the fancy hits.

There is one truth about them that the stories get right. They are extremely territorial and guard their protected waterways with more zeal than is healthy. When two Kurreah's cross paths in the same waterways, there is always formal meet and greets with stunning displays of etiquette and propriety. The wise visitor to the water should show the same humility and decorum. To do otherwise might mean a hot lunch for the Kurreah.

Appearance: In all their forms, the Kurreah have wide mouths with large toothy smiles, and bright shiny eyes. The



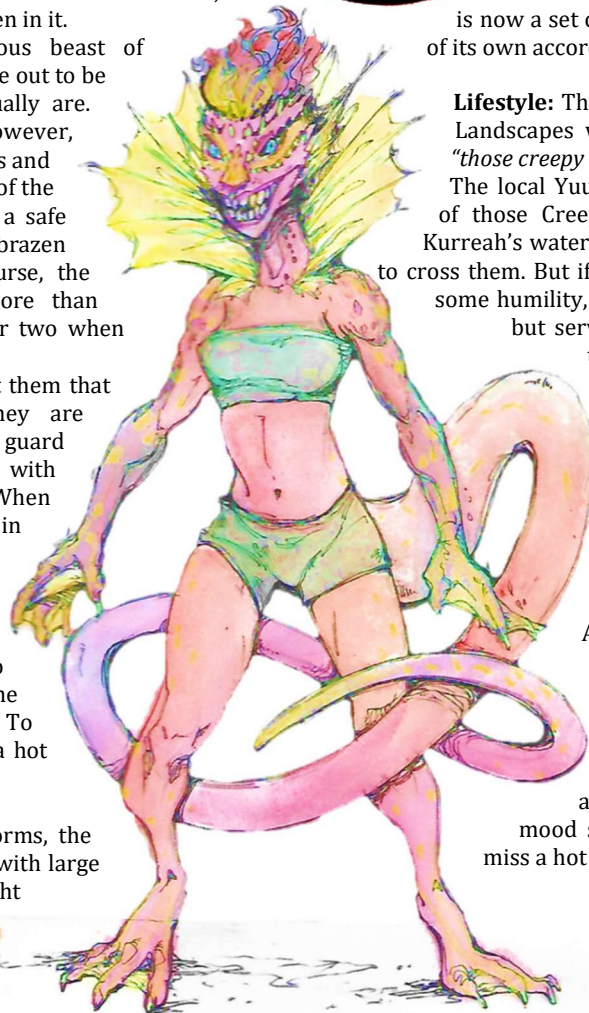
Bwoka ak Humbug (Mortal Mien) is lean with long tight muscles stretched over a Swimmer's body. They always wear some sort of necklace around their throats (a subtle manifestation of Slipped Seeming). Their Y Bwoka ak Yuuri (Fae Mien) are dragonesque monsters, somewhere between a crocodile, a lizard, and a shark. Their bright shining scales are all the colors of the rainbow, but usually lean towards sunset orange and auburn, or virulent greens and turquoises. That necklace around their throat is now a set of frilly gills. A long sweeping tail twitching of its own accord seals the deal.

Lifestyle: The Kurreah can be found in and around the Landscapes waterways. To mortal populace, they are "those creepy blokes and sheilahs what swim all the time." The local Yuuri populace understand the terrible truth of those Creepy blokes. They steer well clear of the Kurreah's waterways and pay proper respect when having to cross them. But if properly approached, and entreated with some humility, they may not only share their waterways, but serve as guides. However, a little fresh meat thrown their way always helps the cause.

Biny Kurreah, the little dears, learn early to have respect for their elders – there is nothing keeping one from snacking on a young whippersnapper that doesn't mind his P's and Q's.

Tjiki Kurreah set out on a Swim-About, exploring not only the waterways of Australia, but also the waterways of the Deep Dreamings and beyond. When, or If, they come back, they have some mighty stories to tell.

Gorah Kurreah are respected, feared, and loved. They can be big softies when the mood strikes, but that doesn't mean that they'll miss a hot meal if the meals present themselves.



Glamour Ways: Kurreah regain Kwaba from the fear mortals hold for unknown waters. They purposely play up the eeriness of such places -- making creepy noises, spreading nasty rumors of haunted waterways, things like that, all the better to keep the human populace frightened. Of course, there are plenty of brave souls who test these rumors... that's good too. The Kurreah need to feed after all.

Unleashing; Cantrips cast by the Kurreah smell like wet juicy mud, stagnant water, and rotten vegetation. There is also the creepy feeling that somebody, somewhere, is watching.

Affinity: Nature

Birthrights:

Extra Dexterous: The thin reptilian bodies of the Kurreah are meant for swimming, sneaking, and grappling, their victims. All Kurreah are Quadruple Jointed, all begin with a free dot of Dexterity at Character Creation, and each has an equally dexterous tail long whipping tail that they can use to manipulate objects as well as their fingers. The tail can whip its victims, dealing a Str+2 points of aggravated damage...

Water Ways: The Kurreah are superb swimmers, able to hold their breath indefinitely, and any athletics rolls in the water are always at a -1 difficulty. However, with a point of Kwaba spent, they can teleport through any water way and appear in any body of water that they have visited before.

Frailties:

Meat Eater: It would be nice to think that the Kurreah get a bad rep due to simple misunderstandings, but that isn't necessarily the case. The Kurreah are every bit the cannibals that others say they are, and have no qualms about eating each other, let alone other Spirit Beings with too little humility. A Kurreah must eat a healthy portion of fresh meat at least once a day. At least once a month, they must eat something fresh, warm, and sentient. It could be a Chimera, it could be another Yuuri, it could be a mortal. It is up to the Kurreah in question, but keep in mind that most of their number don't eat because they are evil, they do it because they are hungry.

Territorial: The Kurreah are particular about their chosen waters, guarding them jealously, and scaring away sightseers. At any time, someone undesirable gets too close and a Kurreah witnesses it, the Kurreah must make a successful willpower roll, difficulty 7, or else chase that person away. A failure means that they harass and harangue the trespasser until they leave. A botch means that they assume their draconic form and get themselves that monthly warm meal. Of course, the Kurreah need not make this roll if they plan on eating anyway.

Olja, warily ensuring that you don't get too close, allows for some civil discourse on the other Spirit Beings, prats that they are.

Adnoartina: They're land lizard wizards, we're water dragons, nah *Relayshin*.

Eer-Moonan: I'd like to think that not only am I a better hunter, but that my legs are sexier.

Muldjewangk: You'd think that we'd butt heads over certain water paths, but truth tell, we get along splendidly.

Nadubi: If'n I eat ya, it's not personal. When they do it, it's because they are assholes.

Ningauis: You need a whole gunny sack full to even make a snack. Not worth it.

Quinkin: Good blokes. If I ever need help, and that's a might big IF, I'm quite capable, then I know that I'd get some.

Sun-Downers: Always ready with a meal (not them, they bring snacks) and a story. OF course, half of the story is so full of Land-Jargon that I don't understand the end, but that's okay.

Wandjina: I'd rather you left them out of it, okay?

Yara-Ma-Yha-Who: Hah. Little Buggers. God Keep 'em.

Yowie: The world doesn't have enough room for them anymore. That's a shame. They were good folk.

Yawk Yawk: They're more related than you'd realize, and twice as related as they'd like to admit.

Gumagan: You think that we're the biggest out here? Boy, have you got a surprise coming...