

KWAHN

(Spirit Foxes)

Region: Southwest- Gilosa-quohi of the Achumawi Tribe

"I am sometimes a fox and sometimes a lion.

The whole secret of government lies in knowing when to be the one or the other."

— Napoléon

Quote: Here. Hold this.

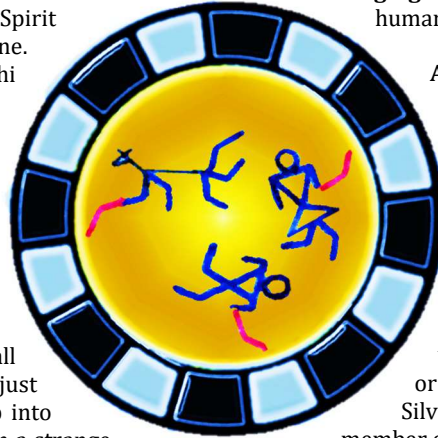
The Kwahn are an ancient Family of Outer Fox Fae, who left the nebulous void of the Spirit worlds to traipse back and forth on this one. They are a strange family, a Gilosa-quohi Tribe that others might understand as Adhene and boast a rich and esteemed godly pedigree. They are named for Californian Creator God/Goddess of the Achumawi Tribe. In this, they share a somewhat twisted lineage with another Creator Deity of the outer worlds- Old Man Coyote. In the old tales, Kwahn the Deity appeared out of a small cloud, while Coyote came out of a small mist. The absolute truth of this is that just like their father/mother, the Kwahn step into the Waking World and the Dreaming from a strange dark region of the Upper Hunting Grounds (what some understand to be the Umbra).

However, Coyote's own bastard Children- the were-creature Changing Breed Tribe of Nuwisha, also claim those Umbra realms as home, and these two families, the Kwahn and Were-Coyotes, are forever linked. Or, if a WereCoyote's reasoning is to be heard, the Spirit Father Coyote traveled all realms including the Dreaming, and as such the Dreaming had to respond to Coyote's lustful intentions. "*Kaiyote had his way with the Dreaming, so the Dreaming had its way with Kaiyote in the form of the Kwahn.*"

There is absolute truth in this statement as well. The Kwahn in the stories was forever the foil to Coyote's mischief. While they were both creators, Coyote was frivolous emotional trickster deity, while Kwahn the Silver Fox was a rational trickster, with foresight and planning. And the two kept each other in check. The story is the same for the Kwahn and Nuwisha of today. The Kwahn are paramours and foils of the world's tricksters- tricksters of the tricksters if you will, who keep a tight balance.

And speaking of balance, the Kwahn boast a certain skill set that is the envy of most other tricksters (and one that the Were-Coyote's have to learn a certain magic Art to accomplish)- that of switching sex at a moment's notice. The change to sex, however, needs a certain ritual... where the Kwahn reaches down and pulls off a certain... appendage. There is an audible "pop" sound when it comes off (To Female) and an audible "plop" when it goes back on (To Male). Neither Male, nor Female, but simply a spirit Fox, the Kwahn work their way through the waking world, and enjoy every second of it.

Changing. It costs no Medicine to transform from fox to human nor female to male.



Appearance: The Kwahn, whether they are sporting male or female tackle, are extremely attractive, in a rugged, wicked way, and represent a primal and fun sexuality. The Mortal Dunakadv (Mien) appear as wiry and lean, grey-eyed Native Folk with a strange toothy grin that promises a good time if you're brave enough to try it. Their Fae Dunakadv is either a fox-headed and fox-tailed deviant all silver coat and shiny tooth, or a shortish wiry Elven-headed Native with Silver Eyes and too many teeth. (Like a shorter member of the Nanehi Gundohgi)

There is also their Fox Form, that of a sleek-furred Silver Fox, with swishy tail and bright silver eyes. In case it must be stressed again, the Kwahn is neither male nor female, but can switch between both at will.

Lifestyle: From the moment the Kwahn exits his original spirit world and crosses over into this one, (usually somewhere in the Empire of the Turtle's Dream, but not always) they immediately catch themselves up on current affairs. There is always somebody that needs a lesson taught, and the Kwahn are only too eager to teach.

Ariá: The Ariá of the Kwahn is dictated by what forms the Foxes like to sport, as well as how they interact with the others (Fae, Mortal, or otherwise). While any and all of them might be misconstrued as benevolent, that doesn't mean that their pranks and jokes can't be dangerous...

❖ *Dioniae Kwahn* are usually more mischievous than their other Ariá. They more often wear the trappings of a female, if only to better lure unsuspecting lecherous men (and others) into their traps.

❖ *Araminae Kwahn* are the most watchful of the Ariá, and rarely engage with mortals. They prefer to maintain their fox form and participate only if needs must.

❖ *Apolliae Kwahn* might be mischievous but would much prefer offering friendly warnings instead. They more often wear the form of the males when going out and about in the mortal world and give sage advice to those who listen.

Glamour ways: Kwahn refuel their Medicine with the excitement of mortals, and others, who are caught up in wacky adventures and Hilarious hi-jinks- for better or worse. Though the Kwahn prefer for the better.

Unleashing: Songs of Power that are cast by the Kwahn are accompanied by a strange sudden breeze, as if someone somewhere had just opened an invisible door. There is also a strange tingling sensation in the nether regions, that some folks like, other more chaste folk don't like.

Affinity: Actor

Birthrights

Hold this: A Kwahn's Sex is a moot conceit, and they switch back and forth between male and female at a whim. It costs no Medicine to do so but does require a bit of a tug of their magic appendage. When a male Kwahn pops it off, the waist slims, hips widen, and a couple boobies pop out. When that female Kwahn plops the magic appendage back on, the boobies disappear, the hips shrink, the waist fills out, and a boy Kwahn materializes. It takes one turn for this change, and it can take place in front of any (and every) one.

In addition, every Kwahn also is blessed with a supernatural surreal beauty, that only adds to their strange mystique. At character creation, every Kwahn begins with 2 free dots of Appearance, even if this brings them above 5.

Umbral door: Every Adhene, by dint of their existence, begin from some outer realm far removed from the Dreaming and Waking Worlds. Some may even have rules barring them from certain pathways or trods that crisscross through the different realms. Not so the Kwahn, who can cross over into the Green realm that the Changing Breed Were-Creatures call the Umbra. Not only can they cross over, but they can also create a doorway-bridge between the two realms that allows others to cross over as well. It takes a point of medicine spent, and a willpower roll met with a difficulty of the local gauntlet or area's banality rating. (whichever is higher). The amount of successes indicates how many turns the doorway is open. The clever Player should beware, however, as no shortage of creatures on both sides (especially those pesky Were-Kaiyotes) may seek to exploit these doorways for sordid ends.

Frailties:

Hold this. That detachable appendage? The one that allows the Kwahn to switch back and forth between Male and Female? If for some reason that detachable appendage gets pilfered, the Kwahn is cursed until it can be retrieved. Not only can the Kwahn not change forms (stuck in whatever form or gender they were when it was pinched) but they are also at a +2 difficulty until they can retrieve it...

And yes, it can be pinched when the male Kwahn is using/wearing it. The change between Sex takes a voluntary pop or plop, and without the voluntary action, it just leaves the Kwahn stuck as a male sans tackle. Hopefully, he doesn't have to take a piss. Without the magical appendage, he can't pee.

Magnet for Trouble: A Kwahn's nebulous existence is marked by strange happenstances that plague and harangue them at every turn. Once a session the storyteller rolls the Kwahn's permanent medicine rating (either in secret or in full view of everybody) at a difficulty 8. If the roll succeeds, the game session goes on as normal. If the roll fails, then some sort of maddening hi-jinks ensues and the poor Kwahn and friends are at the center of it all. If the roll botches, chances are a Kaiyote will be at the center of it all... be it a normal Coyote, a Kaiyote shifter Nuwisha, or even that primordial trickster deity himself, Old Man Coyote.

Pat Robin, wearing the trappings of nice-looking lady for now, offers some succulent opinions of her fellow outsiders.

Fastachee: You'd think corn-folk would be boring. Not so, they are wonderful friends, tasty lovers, and have the best safe houses this side of Georgia.

Raven Mockers: Bad guys? The worst. But if you stay young and beautiful, and never grow old, they can't touch you.

Seitaad: I've met a few SandMan on my trips into Reno. I state my purpose. He states his. We shake hands and move our separate ways. They're not allies, but they're not enemies either.

Skadegamutc: The power of a women's sex organs is underrated. I get it. But teeth?

Wechuge: I don't get up north very often. That's okay.

Nuwisha: Lovers. Rivals. Friends. Nemesisses. Nemeseseese? Nemesi? What's the plural of Nemesis?

