

# Leipreachán

Oh singin's no sin, and drinkin's no crime, if you have one drink only, just one at a time.

King Brian – *Darby O'Gill and the Little People*

**Quote:** Don't be gettin' up in arms; I'm only speakin' the truth. If it's fisticuffs you'll be wanting, I'll give them fair outside. Until then, you're in the wrong, and I'll be expecting apologies to the poor fella what owned the bar that you just wrecked.



The Leipreachán is perhaps the most recognizable of all the Celtic Fae, if not the whole of the Fae World as the modern public understands it. Upon hearing the word, one can't help but conjure images of St. Patty's Day kitsch, bad horror movies, and sugar laden breakfast cereals. Short, stout, and bedecked in green, the Leipreachán is sure to have a hidden Pot O' Gold somewhere close nearby. This universally recognized portrait is a poor representation of the true Leipreachán. One of three kiths in a family that makes up the aforementioned image, (along with Clurichauns and Fir Deargs) the Leipreachán is the least likely to be mistaken for the Leprechaun, despite the closeness of the names.

The title of the Kith comes from old Irish for little stooping Lugh, or small Lugh's body, a reference to them being shorter than Lugh Llamfhada, the Tuatha of winning. This doesn't mean that they are short however, at least by mortal standards. This is just a testament to how tall Lugh was. In fact, many Leipreachán historians will be quick to point out that the Kith was the tallest of the People under the Hill, some thing still evident today when one meets a true Leipreachán.

The Kith is double Seelie, Marcra, and despite their violent ways, predilection for alcohol, and mouthful of never heard before profanities, is the most accessible of all Hibernian Fae. As quick as they are to start a bar-fight, they are just as quick to buy a round of shots afterward, and while they may challenge the pedigree of a Sidhe Princess' bloodline, they will also protect her virtue until their dying breath. It may be hard to see the Seelie in their ways, but their motives and actions say more than mere swear words and curses ever could.

**Appearance:** Tall and lean, with tight cords of muscle around a wolfish frame, the Leipreachán barely resemble the stereotypical Leprechaun in which they are identified. In both Mortal and Fae Mien they are tall, well over 2 meters or so (women included), with the taut build of a runner. Both males and females have rakish features, and small bright green eyes that hide beneath furrowed brows. The men favor side-burns or muttonchops, and the women sport long red braids. All sport some sort of green on their person, maybe hiding inconspicuously on their clothing, but there just the same. Red hair, pale skin, a smattering of freckles, and a couple missing teeth from a few too many bar-room brawls (women included) paint a portrait of a hooligan moreso than a Fairie of antiquity. The only real difference in Fairie Mien is that the eyes seem to glow that much greener, the ears are a little more pronounced, and they are a tetch taller than you initially surmised

**Lifestyle:** The Leipreachán are always on the fringes of Fae society. They serve a place where no other of the Celtic Fae



cares to serve. They can be found as protectors of the innocent who are bedeviled by the Unseelie courts, or as instigators for Seelie Sidhe who don't bother to see what their rule is doing to the commoners. No matter the cause, the Leipreachán will do it with a mouth full of profanity to make a sailor blush, and alcohol in hand to stagger the most seasoned of drinkers. This is their Seelie legacy, one of integrity, if not tact. Their cleverness, nimble fingers, and raw pluck ensure that they are capable of accomplishing these things as well.

*Childing Leipreachán* are amusing, if not a little tedious. They ask questions, explore the world around them, and quickly discover exactly what it is they can get away with. This is the point in their lives when they begin to discover the art of wordplay.

*Wilder Leipreachán* serve the Fae Courts in a way that no other Kith can. They are master manipulators with only a few years of practice, and can steer both mortal and Fae minds towards goals that neither would consider. Most importantly, the Leipreachán can make it seem as if these goals were someone else's idea the entire time, and by the time the goals are reached, the Leipreachán looks completely blameless. Of course, sometimes they bite off more than they can chew... but that's half the fun isn't it?

*Grump Leipreachán* know *exactly* what they are doing.

**Glamour Ways:** Leipreachán gain Glamour from fisticuffs and drinking with friends in equal measure. Friends or enemies, as long as there is something happening and people are the better for it.

**Unleashing:** Leipreachán Unleashings bring with them the honeyed aroma of pasture and the taste of whiskey. The air manifests a happy emerald shade, and petite shamrocks have been known to appear out of nowhere. Does this sound familiar? It should, it is exactly like their Clurichaun brothers.

**Affinity:** Nature

### Birthrights

**Clever fingers (*Mhéara Cliste agus Teanga Cliste*):** While not as nimble in fingers as their Fir Dearg brothers, or as ornery as their Clurichaun brothers, the Leipreachán still can recall a time before time, when they were craftspeople without peer. This is still a trademark of their kith, and they have a +3 to dexterity upon character creation. In addition, they can never botch a craft roll.

This cleverness of craftsmanship also carries over into cleverness of hands, and sharpness of tongue. They are naturally predisposed to card-tricks, prestidigitation, and sleight of hand, as well as turns of phrases, misdirection, and double entendres. All subterfuge, sleight of hand, and legerdemain rolls are at -2 difficulties.

### Frailties

**Wishes would come true (*Mian leis teacht Fíor*):** Much like the old stories, if one can grab a Leipreachán and stay him, than fortune is sure to lie on the horizon. If caught for more than 3 rounds, the Leipreachán owes a number of

favors equal to their age. Childing owe one favor, wilders owe two favors, and grumps owe three. The favors can vary wildly, and while granting wishes may be right out, the Kith is a clever one and loves nothing more than a good challenge. That proverbial pot of gold might not be too much of a stretch. (Of course a local Sidhe-Lord might be upset if some of his treasure up and vanishes, but that comes later.)

If caught overnight, (usually with the advent of Poitín, a traditional Irish distilled beverage) they are bound as above, but with no limit to the amount of favors owed. Of course, the Leipreachán is free to interpret the favors in any manner he wishes, and it is a point of pride for a Leipreachán to create huge misunderstandings thusly. Only the cleverest of individuals can hope to get one over on a Leipreachán. The Leipreachán is bound in service until released by their captor. Many a Leipreachán rides this servitude out, having as much fun as possible, until getting bored of it, and then tricking the captor into unwittingly releasing him.

### Conway downs his beer and pokes playful fun at the Other Hibernian Kithain.

**Bullywugs:** Hah! Don't let em' tell you different. They're as fine and true as any could ask for. And incidentally, this is my Shillelagh, I say.

**Cailleachan:** It takes all types.

**Dullahan:** Good lads, a bit dark for me tastes, but Death never needed to pretty itself up for none, did it?

**Enfield:** We both love the High clans, but they really love them. Like Love-love, ya know?

**Fachen:** Poor buggers; attention is what they're after, when all they need is a stiff drink and a loose libido

**Fir Deargs:** I won't talk ill of kin, despite their ways.

**Killmoulis:** Oh, the things I could tell you about these lads. I won't of course: much more fun to watch you squirm thinking about it.

**Roane:** I'll bring the drink, and you bring the song: down at the beach we'll dance all night long.

**Samanach:** Creepy little boogers, and that's saying a lot coming from us.

**Kelpies:** Eat as many fish as you like, but you touch one innocent hair on a wee one's head, and I'm coming after you.

**Clurichauns:** Balmy wee cousins who like the tiddle and like their collections, but don't like to hear the word NO.

**Selkies:** I like them wet and squirming. They like it that way, too. I'm not being crass.

**Bodach:** Who? What? My opposite? Hah! Sure, why the hell not?

**Cugh-Tagh:** I don't see too many of them abouts now-a-days, it's a shame really. They were good mates.

**Bánánach:** Closest to the Tuatha, and the best of us. May the Gods keep em' always.

**Fir-Gorta:** As they are a dark manifestation of one of the grimmer aspects of a very real ending to our seemingly joyful lives, they could do a great deal worse in how they present themselves. It's a small blessing, then, innit?

**Gancanagh:** The dark ones, darker than any Sluagh. They know things what make the staunchest of us piddle. Keep your wits about ya.

**Huirnvui:** Are you sure that we're not talking about the Puchans?