

Mint Jacks

His lips tasted cool and sharp, peppermint, winter, but his hands, soft on the back of my neck, promised long days and summer and forever. – *Maggie Stiefvater*

Quote: Howdy there, friend, a bit off the beaten path, eh? I'm afraid there's nothing more over the next ridge, excepting you like more tundra. But there's a really good scenic lookout back that a way.

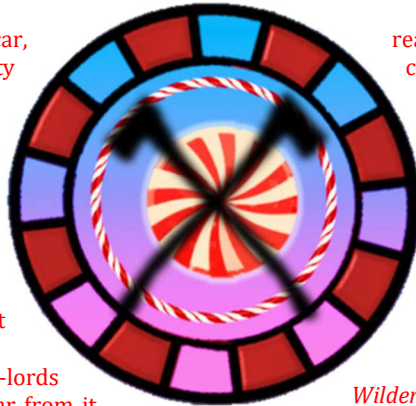
Up in the rugged highlands of San Azúcar, betwixt this kingdom and Juleberg, rise mighty mountain peaks. These rocky lands are frosty cold, but still green with pine, fern, and luscious fields of cool mint. One kith of Sweet-Folk prowl these peaks, living amongst the cool wood and protecting the borders of the realms- the Mint-Jacks. Since time immemorial have these be-striped sentries served their fellow Sweet-Folk from afar. They are kind and loved but somewhat separated both by terrain and temperament.

Not that they are angry angst filled edge-lords incapable of coexistence with their fellows. Far from it, they are one of the most gregarious of Kith in the Kingdom. Sometimes to a fault. The rift stems from a deep-seated desire to keep things cool, which often puts them at odds with the others far below in San Azúcar, those who need deal with far more flavors of emotion.

All in all, the Mint-Jacks present the true spirit of the Kingdom of Sweets. They are comforting, welcoming, happy to help. Yet they also ensure that their realm is off-limits, protected, and the spirit of harmony reigns over the land.

Appearance: In both Mien are the Mint-Jacks taller and slenderer than their fellow Sweet-Folk. Their Mortal Mien is easily upwards of 7 feet, with even the youngest of them a foot above their classmates, despite usually weighing the same. In Fae Mien they are even taller, often pushing 8 or 9 feet. With this Mien their skin glows a pearlescent white, but with strange markings on the skin, all greens or reds. Each Mint-Jack's markings are unique, but all are beautiful.

Lifestyle: The Mint-Jacks, despite their congenial interactions with all others, mortals, fae, or otherwise, tend to live lives separate from others. In the world of mortals, they remain distant, if kindly, woods folk. They are lumberjacks and mountain cunning folk, happy as up in cool mountain peaks. The same could be said of their fae lives, save for the fae in and around Juleberg and San Azúcar, where more folks are aware of their existence. For some



reason unknown to all save their two clans, Mint-Jacks and Snowmen get along splendidly, and often gather for cocoa.

Childing Mint-Jacks are wonderfully extrovert little sweethearts. From the moment of their chrysalis, they feel the need to share the wonder of existence. They are happy to be a part of it and expect everyone else to feel the same.

Wilder Mint-Jacks have learned that not everybody wants to be a part of it. They have also learned that such is okay, only so far as nobody is too upset about it.

Grump Mint-Jacks are the most grounded of their Tribe. Enough time spent ensuring calm (and probably a few rages of their own) has garnered them a more nuanced understanding of the world. Not everyone is as peace-loving as their own, and sometimes that's for their better.

Glamour Ways: Mint-Jacks regain Glamour whenever mortals can ease tensions by themselves- when cooler heads among those folk prevail.

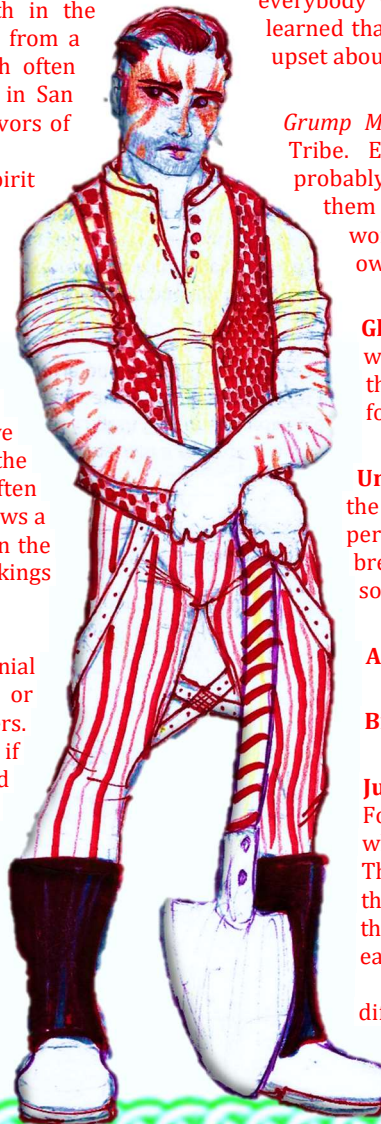
Unleashing: Unsurprisingly, Cantrips cast by the Mint-Jacks are accompanied by the sweet perfume of cool mint. There is also a soft cool breeze, and the tinkling and cracking of ice somewhere nearby.

Affinity: Prop

Birthrights:

Just the Right Thing: Not a one of the Sweet-Folk is more easy-going than the Mint-Jacks, who do their absolute best to keep it chill. They possess a couple means of achieving this. The first by far is the simplest, in that they instinctively know the right words to ease tensions.

With a successful perception roll, difficulty 7, they understand the best way to



calm a target down. However, it may take a higher difficulty if emotions are unusually strong, or even supernaturally powerful (such as a werewolves' Rage).

Depending on Seeming, the Mint-Jacks get a certain number of chances to utilize this Birthright before heading to the next, all marks of their patience. Childing get but one chance, a Wilder two, and Grump three.

Keep it Cool: As has been stated, the Mint-Jacks enjoy things cool. This is both figurative and literal. If their first attempt doesn't work, they have a second more magical means.

With a point of Glamour spent, a successful Charisma roll, and a gentle breathed sigh, they can ensure tempers *and temperatures* are quelled. The difficulty of the roll is based on how far removed from chill the target is. The frenzied werewolves may be an 8 or 9. A Karen who doesn't want to calm down and is expecting her way no matter what, might be a difficulty 11. With this application of magical chillness comes the soothing side effect of the cooling temperatures. Regardless of actual ambient temperature, the degrees slowly descend, eventually stopping and hovering around 70 degrees for the remainder of the scene.

Frailties:

Cold as Ice: Like with the Karens and those testy werewolves, sometimes no amount of kind words or gentle persuasion are enough, and tensions remain high. If the Mint-Jacks are powerless to change such interactions for the better, then it is them who start to get miffed. A miffed Mint-Jacks is a scary thing.

Instead of using their *Just the Right Thing* Birthright for good, they will instinctively use it for evil. They will say the worst possible thing to ensure, tears, shame, heartache, or

similar. The target must make a Willpower roll, difficulty 8, or burst into shameful tears. The Mint-Jacks will gain a point of temporary banality, and the temperature will quickly drop down into single digits.

Worse yet, the Mint-Jack will be stuck in this lowly petty state until another group of Mint-Jacks can cool them down with their own use of Birthrights. The number of Mint-Jacks needed is again based on Seeming. Childing need but 1 other Mint-Jack, Wilder 2 others, and Grump 3.

Robin Spears, cool as a cucumber and glad to see you up here, warmly leads you back the way you came...

CCoa: Of course, it would be all too easy to dismiss them as creepy, a lot of them are dark after all. But they are also honest. Honesty is always a good thing, even if some of us don't want to hear it.

Cinnamon Saracens: Sometimes they go exploring up here, we're glad to have them. The stories they tell are sometimes a little spicy, but worth it.

Fermets: Not that I don't like them, it's just that sometimes liking them takes a little extra work.

Sugar Tacks: I had a sweetheart once, a Sugar-Tack. She was pretty, kind, smart, and oh so much fun. But she also needed to roam the world in a way that I couldn't. We bid each other well wishes, kissed for the last time, and are still the best of friends.

Snowmen: They meet us on the other side of the Mountain, and we share hot cocoa... well we drink I drink it hot at any rate. I don't plan on visiting Juleberg any time soon, but If'n I did, I know I'd have a friend there waiting.

Windigo: Tempers may flare, and teeth may bare, but a little respect goes a long way. Just keep your calm and cooler heads will prevail.