

MISFITS

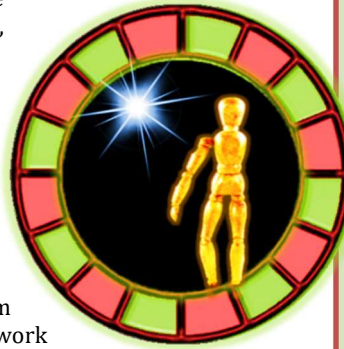
"Why am I such a misfit? I am not just a nitwit. You can't fire me I quit, since I don't fit in." "Misfit" – Johnny Marks

Quote: Accessories? We got 'em here somewhere. Your heart's desire? Sure, kid... you start looking, I'll catch up.

Burnt dolls, and action figures with missing limbs, like forgotten soldiers trying to return home, The Misfits are miserable and broken Fae from the outskirts of Christmas Town. They are born of the desperate, lonely dreams of economically challenged Christmases and broken spirits the world over. They are wretched, dejected, lonely – struggling to find someone, anyone, to play with them.

Some few come from Santa's own workshop, where they just didn't pass inspection. Others were kin to the Mannikin branch of the Inanimae, who underwent a harrowing descent into obsolescence. Others come from more nebulous beginnings, clockwork men that time forgot, or forgotten mechanical Arcadian Kiths from far away in the dreaming. Regardless of origins, what remains are lonely fragile things with hardened hearts. With this loneliness, however, comes strength in numbers.

For every toy that doesn't make the cut, there is another abandoned playthings waiting to provide aid. These damaged Individuals seek out their own by instinctually heading north. There they find others in exile. They form tight-knit cabals, oath-sworn to each other in their commiserate seclusion. These cabals are friendly enough to each other (as much as possible considering their origins) and are masters of their own dystopic destiny.



Appearance: In Mortal Mien, the Misfits are every bit as incongruent and piece meal as they are in Fae Mien. They wear oily rags or mismatched clothing from wherever they can find it. Their limbs seem too long or too short for their frames, and sometimes jut out at weird angles. Their eyes are different colors, and their skin seems discolored, almost plasticized in the light. In Fae Mien, this incongruence is realized all the more. They might appear similar to the Manikin Phyla of the Inanimae but gone horribly wrong. There is an obvious injustice in their faces but also a suggestion of sadness. The ones that survive to grump-hood also show just a hint of stubborn pride in their broken smiles.

Lifestyle: The Misfits are foragers, scroungers: they collect recycling to load up in their shopping carts, they pick up rubbish to deposit neatly in the right receptacles, and they will find lost things, for a price. While some other more jolly-minded Holiday Kith may balk at the living conditions of the Misfits, the Misfits see it as their very source of livelihood.

Childing Misfits never have the bright smiles or chipper demeanors of the other Christmas-Town Fae. Hungry, Cold, and Misunderstood, the only ones that truly seem to care for them are their own kind. That of course is the narrative they are told, and too few people try to show them anything different.

FRAU WILDA BERCHTA.

In the stories of the Old Faith, the Teutonic Goddess known as Wilda Berchta led the Yule-Tide horde during the Season of Advent until the Feast of Epiphany. The beings that made up this horde are lost to antiquity, but scholars posit that they may have been analogous to the themes of the Wild-Hunt in other tales. What few truths that can be known about them can be gleaned from what is known of Berchta.

While Sinter-Klaas rewarded the virtuous children, and the Krampus beat the insolent, there were some poor children who had nothing at all. Runaways, orphans, or the lame too sick to even beg for scraps, these unhappy and wretched things were known as Misfits. They were often doomed to a lonely frozen death. Their souls, however, would migrate to a strange wintery cross-roads between worlds, where during the Season of Advent Wilda Berchta would find them and place them in her sack.

In her sack, the warm souls of other broken children would hug and kiss the poor things back to a semblance of life. Though still misfits by nature, they now had a semblance of a family amongst the cast-off second-hand souls of their kin.

Is this then, the true origins of the Misfits? None can know for certain. Though some whisper that on the night of Epiphany, at midnight at the cross-roads, there appears a tall and menacing old crone with hair, eyes, skin, and teeth the color of coldest iron. Yet her smile seems warm enough. The sack she carries is the color of old blood, and if she sees you, she will offer you a place in her bag.

Wilder Misfits are already bitter and jaded by their lot in life. Too few comforts, and too few friends, and too few of anything, the Misfits have no qualms about informing others of why there is such a chip on their shoulder. Yet, even the most hardened of Unseelie still has a soft heart for a true sob-story, and no one hungry or cold will ever be turned away, despite the callous attitude the Misfits try to display.

Grumps Misfits if they live this long, have become caretakers of their fellows. They form sanctuaries in the outskirts of Christmas Town, and welcome all lost souls with open arms and hospitality rarely seen amongst their kind.

Affinity: Prop

Glamour Ways: Whenever someone finds something hidden, or whenever a discovery is made, the Misfits are able to harvest the tiniest amount of Glamour. On the dark side of the spectrum, however, whenever someone loses something precious, or forgets their true purpose, the Unseelie of Misfits can gain Glamour as well.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Misfits leave a bitter and salty taste in the mouth, and the smell of burnt sweets. There is a sense of loss and loneliness that comes with it sometimes. Those cantrips cast by the Unseelie are also occasionally accompanied by the feelings of stepping on Lego in bare feet.

Birthrights:

Fix you: Misfits are born of brittle plastic, rotten wood, and piece-meals of flotsam, jetsam, and detritus found lying around the worlds. In case of injury (or missing pieces) they can rebuild themselves with a successful crafts + wits roll. As long as they find a piece that can work, they will turn out just fine (as much as their frailty below allows for). The other benefit to this is that no Misfit will take dice penalty for any injury. They can fight without arms, and one leg won't stop them from biting.

Lost Treasure: Despite their dismal lifestyle, the Misfits are able to find sustenance enough to well meet their own needs. *The Field of Lost Wishes* (see Below) is never too far away, and they have each other to depend on. Yet each Misfit also boasts a curious twist of Destiny, in that with enough time and energy, they can find even the most buried of forgotten treasures. Hot meals, shelter, warm clothing, allies (as much as their frailty below allows for), these are basics and need only a survival + perception rolls difficulty 7, no matter the conditions. Other concepts such as Glamour to fuel their Cantrips, pieces to repair broken limbs (again, as much as their frailty below allows for), or other nebulous odds and ends may take the same roll with a difficulty of 10. Other needs take more than a simple roll.



There are some things so lost, (Dreams, names, answers to riddles now forgotten to antiquity) that only the Misfits are capable of finding. Each Misfit knows that quests of such magnitude will end in success, but success comes in many forms. Sometime a successful quest means that a name was recovered but at the cost of the lives of both the seeker and the Misfit who led the expedition. Any Misfit can ensure success, but they are loathe to advertise such abilities.

Frailties:

Damaged Goods: A Misfit is a toy that can't be broken. While they can repair pieces of themselves and each other, there is still a part of them that can never be fixed. It could be a broken and loose arm that can never hold on to anything. Or an eye that forever rolls around in the socket, like a marble in an empty fish-bowl. While these are just two examples, they have real implications. The Game terms of these are that there is one attribute - physical, social, or mental, that can never be brought above a rating of one. Players and Storytellers should sit and discuss this at great length during character creation.

No Play in Reindeer Games: The Misfits will forever be set apart. Even the kindest of Misfits who wins over the hearts of the stoutest of Yule-Sidhe will still remain a pariah in Christmas Town. They can never have resources higher than one, and can never hold a title. In addition, until the Misfit proves himself as a capable ally to his motley, he will be at a +2 difficulty to all social rolls. *Even* if the Misfit were to prove himself as a hero, and *even* if someone (that aforementioned stoutest of Yule-Sidhe) were to bequeath a fiefdom, and grant a title to the Misfit, and *even* if the Misfit wanted it - Fate (with a capitol F) would intervene and take it all away. That poor misfit would be left as dejected as he was before. A Misfit is a Misfit, and nothing will ever change that. Perhaps this is the reason why so many of this Kith is so dour.

Action Alan, has a few odd words to say about the Yule-Folk

Jokul Frosti: No thank you, I have enough lost appendages without worrying about frost-bite.

Krampus: I wonder if they are on their own list, they seem pretty naughty to me.

Nutcrackers: Royal brown-nosers and sycophants, with all the grace that affords them. Shame really, we should be mates.

Snowmen: I know what it's like to worry about losing something. The Difference is, I already lost it.

Sugar-Plums: Yes they're contagious, and yes, I stay far away.

Yule Sidhe: It must be nice to be so pretty, and live in nice houses with lots to eat. But I got something they don't, *Moxy*.

Mannikins: Perhaps one day they might find a way home to us.