

# Morozko

"It is the life of the crystal, the architect of the flake,  
the fire of the frost, the soul of the sunbeam. This crisp winter air is full of it."  
- John Burroughs



**Quote:** Are you okay, my dear one? Are you well?  
Is there any way I can help you?

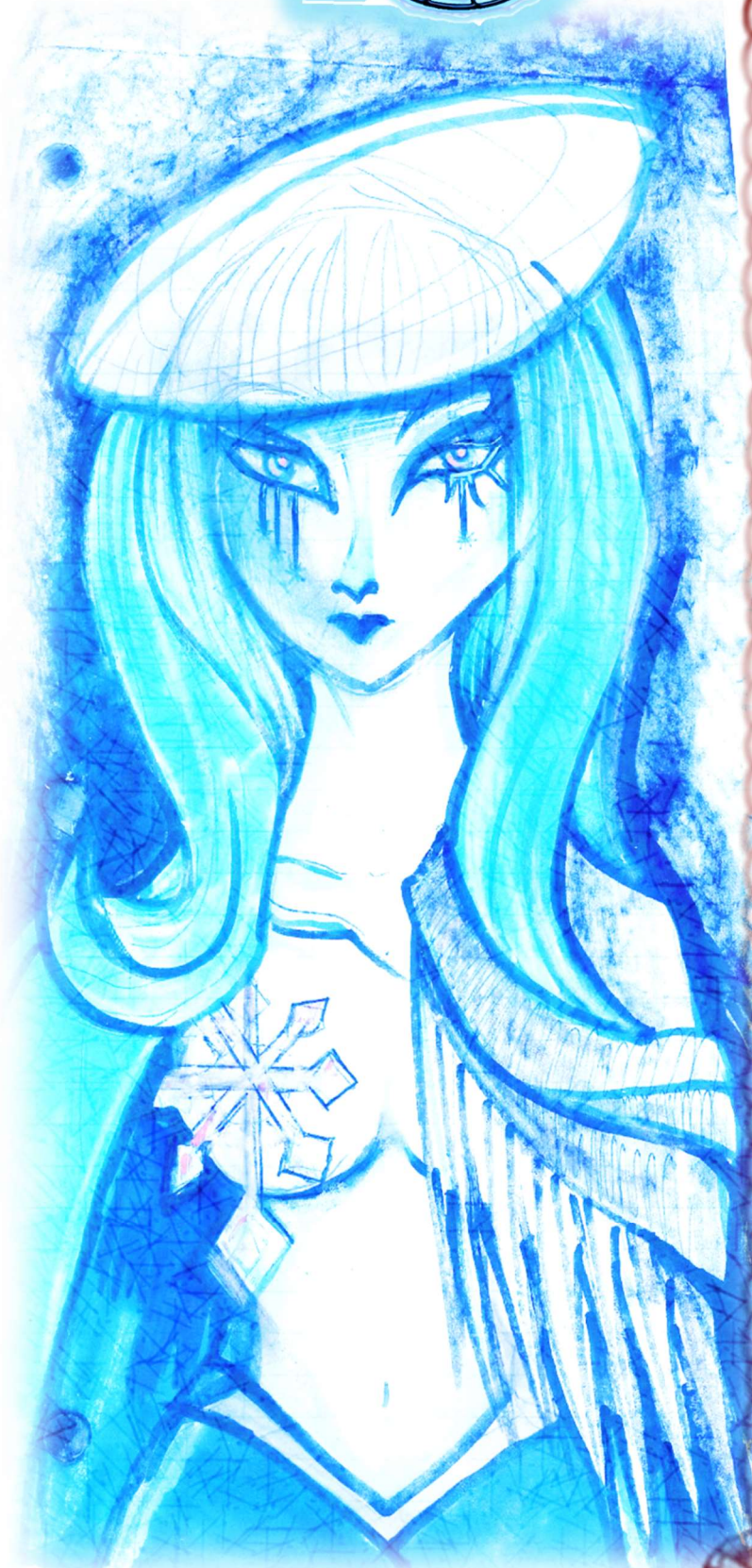
The Morozko maintain a special place in the Thrice-Tenth Kingdom and have done so for as long as there have been people to feel Winter's chill. Somewhere between an Inanimae and an Adhene, the Kings and Queens of Winter were once interpreted as Frost-Demons or Winter Gods. Of course, this is well before followers of the New Christian God dictated all Demons as evil, and the Old Gods with them.

Wild rulers of Winter's power and beauty, the Morozko are perhaps the oldest of the Pemya (Kith). They wield far more weight amongst the Karlik (Fae) than any other Tribe, and their opinion matters twice as much as any Long-eared Varich. Some outsiders have even whispered that the Morozko are perhaps the first Tribe of Karlik, a sort of Proto-Mother-Winter type Fae. That most of them are female leaves many to believe that there may be some truth in this.

Regardless of origins, the Morozko instead look to the present. At any time, during the winter, one might find them out and about, aiding as best as they are able (which is no idle feat when one considers their frailties). All Morozko hold a special place in their hearts for mortals. The name Ice-Queen may be used to reflect icy demeanors, but the Morozko are anything but.

**Appearance:** No matter their faces worn, the Morozko are stunningly attractive folk with warm smiles. In Okovy Lik (Mortal Mien) the Morozko are unusually fair-skinned but bright-eyed. The females are small featured, delicate with still small voices. The few Males are happily loud with thick boisterous laughs, rich in timbre and honest inflection. Both have light hair, platinum blonde or even prematurely greying or white. Their eyes are always a livid blue with flecks of silver dancing through them.

In Karlik Lik (Fae Mien), they appear every bit the Snow Demon they are. Their skin is deathly white with bluish notes and glitters silvery in the light. Their eyes glow moon-blue, and their thick hair is as white as bleached bone. The females, regardless of how unapproachable snow-queens are in stories, are gregarious and kind, with large friendly smiles. The Males are living incarnations of a kindly-winter God of Yore, not unlike an outsiders concept of Santa, with long thick waxen locks all silvery white and grey. Intricately braided beards are a hallmark. The clothing of a Morozko is always a special affair, with blue robes, snowflake motifs, and silvery crowns crafted of ice and sapphires the norm.



**Lifestyle:** In a cosmic joke, not lost on their own numbers, the Morozko aren't in fact, Zima (or Unseelie), but are in fact perhaps the kindest of the Leto (Seelie Kiths). From the moment of their Chrysalis – which always takes place in the winter, an Elder of the clan collects the budding Morozko and takes them deep into the coldest and darkest areas of the frozen wilds. From that glorious moment, their new life is spent in service to the secrets of Winter, and all the wondrous beauty such secrets hold.

*Zuitbotschnick* Morozko, also called Snow Girls if female, or Frost Lads if men, are eager to participate in all the affairs of Winter, and eager to make a name for themselves as well.

*Zverinyy Morozko*, also called Snow Maidens and Frost Men, have come into their own enough to fully appreciate their own positions. They are royalty after all and behave as such when handling their responsibilities. This doesn't mean, however, that they are stuck-up or flippant about the desires of others, just that they care all the more about their warmth-needing subjects.

*Serebro Morozko*, also called Snow Queens or Grandfather Frosts, are the primordial Gods of Winter's power. Deep in the forest they hold court, and grant boons to those who approach with grace and goodness.

**Glamour Ways:** Morozko regain Zhivost' whenever they can successfully help or aid a mortal in need. However, their Frailties may not allow that aid to arrive as quickly as they'd wish.

**Unleashing:** cast by the Morozko smell like fresh fallen snow and rich pine. There is the sound of cracking ice, and those present all feel the temperature drop. For exceptionally high successes, snow flurries appear, regardless of actual temperature.

**Affinity:** Nature

### Birthrights

**Good and Cold (*Khorosho i Zamorozheno*):** The Morozko are not only lovely creatures (*beginning with a free dot of appearance at character creation*) but also blessed with extraordinary control of the Winter's chill. With a point of Zhivost' spent, and a successful willpower roll (Difficulty 7) the Morozko can lower the temperature in their immediate surroundings. For every success on the roll, the temperature drops 25 degrees (in Celsius). Keep in mind that the Morozko rarely use this to harm anyone, but simply immobilize them. If they actually cause any physical damage to sentient creature, it may mean a point of Okovy (Banality).

### Frailties:

**Three Times Content (*Trizhdy Schastliv*):** The Morozko, to a one of them, are kind and genial folks with empathy for any and all. They all suffer from the Soft-Hearted flaw (as found in *Changeling the Dreaming* Pg. 182). However, with the Morozko, there are other Dreaming-enforced implications. No Morozko can stand to see anyone, fae, mortal, or otherwise, suffer. Yet they are forbidden to aid that suffering party in any way until help is refused 3 times. If the victim is cold, they must say that they are warm 3 times before a coat is given. If they are hungry, they must say that they aren't 3 times. No Morozko is happy with this strange Geasa, but it is the way of the Dreaming, and always will be.

**Snegurochka, ensuring that you are content, offers the least she can, which are accurate and true accounts of the Plemya...**

**Dvovery:** We don't travel much to mortal farmsteads, but when needs must, we always have friends to take us in.

**Kikkimora:** I think they are lovely, if only they thought so as well. They offer far more to the Kingdoms, Firebird or other, than they realize.

**Leshiye:** We often come to harsh words with the Wild Leshiye, usually over trivial things. Still, we respect them, and their loyalty to the Wilds.

**Likho:** Scholars may see them as something small and new, we know that their power is an ancient one and should never be made light of.

**Korhorushy:** The Sauna Cats? Well, at least they are kind.

**Polevik:** Before they appear during the season's turn, we have already well retired. Still, I imagine we'd be friends if ever we'd meet.

**Poludnica:** I do not think we and the Sun-Daughters would be friends.

**Rarash:** Little Dreamers, and friends of witches... I wish that there were more of them. Of course, there may very well be. It is hard to tell.

**Rusalki:** Theirs is a cursed existence, I surmise, but they show no signs of suffering, nor even of any unhappiness. Perhaps they may enjoy their plight?

**Ved:** Good Gentle Giant-Folk, how our Kingdoms needs you, now more than ever.

**Vily:** They are depended upon; as trusted advisors, as passionate lovers, and if needs be, as our ardent generals or war. However, more than anything, as our friends.

**Vodyanoi:** I try not to say anything too negative, but these little angry men are horrible.

**Zmei:** If the Dragons are still about, then they are incredibly quiet. If they are incredibly quiet, then they are in hiding, and should be left to their own secret devices. If this is also true, then the world will be for the better when they rear up and announce themselves in a loud and spectacular show of their Kingship...

**Domvye:** Others saw servants, I saw caretakers of Destiny itself.

**Varich:** They came from the East, and not seeing us all, decided we must be gone and asleep. Would we do the same, I wonder, if we went into their bed chamber one Winter's Night and 'discovered' them all encased in Ice? I joke of course ...

**JuleBerg:** We know them all, and we know them well.