

MUKI

Some days, 24 hours is too much to stay put in, so I take the day hour by hour, moment by moment. I break the task, the challenge, the fear into small, bite-size pieces. I can handle a piece of fear, depression, anger, pain, sadness, loneliness, illness. I actually put my hands up to my face, one next to each eye, like blinders on a horse. – Regina Brett

Quote: Hello my friend, I see you have come by for a visit...You will stay for a while won't you? Please? Just for a minute?

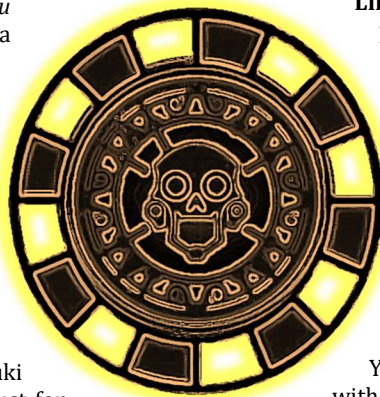
The Muki are also called *chinchiliku*, *anchanchu janchanchu*, *jusshi*, *muqui* or *mooqui*, and about a hundred other names. The worst part? There are few who care enough to know that. The Muki are sad little dwarves who frolic alone in the caves of the Andes Mountains. They are creatures of the elements, and their birthright ensures that the world's riches are available to any who would claim them. There-in lies the rub. Few other Calli (Kith), enter their dark under-world. Only their own and a few choice miners ever visit, which leaves the Muki rather lonesome.

From the moment of their saining, the Muki feels an urge to seek out a special dark place just for themselves. They feel the pressure of the sun's bright rays and seek to escape into the cool reaches of the earth. They head to the mountains and find a cave that speaks to them. They quickly set up their forges deep in the Under-world. Here they wait...

The afore-mentioned miners and many of the original native people of the Andes maintained ties with the Muki, who would act as guides. They would whistle if danger were present and used their birthrights (See below) to ensure a good haul. Miners would leave gifts of cocoa and alcohol behind or promise to bring women. Over the years though, the gifts stopped coming, and the women never showed. Many of the mines dried up, or the original miners moved on to different jobs. The Muki stayed behind, patiently waiting for their promised friends to come back and visit, Gold and silver still strewn about for the miners to claim it. This is how they spend their days, waiting for friends to come back. *Naïve?* Certainly, but hope is a powerful thing, especially among the Fae.

Appearance: Muki are always small and squat little creatures, no matter the Mien. The Tlacaxayaque (Mortal Mien) is rarely over a meter and 1/2. Whether male or female, they rarely seem to have a neck. Whether this is due to posture or their stocky build is up for debate. Dark-skinned and dirty, with beady eyes and thick shaggy hair, they aren't much to look at.

This changes in Teohua (Fae Mien), however, as their skin takes on the appearance of metal. Whether the burnished sheen of copper, or thick with the dull sheen of pewter it is beautiful to behold. Their hair as well, becomes thick metal coppery spikes, and their eyes are bright with the brilliance of silver. While they do favor the clothes of miners when company calls, they still make the time for accessories. They sport crowns and bracelets, rings and necklaces that unfortunately look a little gaudy on their stooped and dirty frames. Many of the grumps will forge a special crown, complete with large horns akin to a great mountain goat, a testament to their role as King under the Mountains (so they wish).



Lifestyle: The Muki are a torn Calli. They are perhaps the richest of the creatures in the Empire (perhaps even more-so than the Carbunclo) due to their powers over metal, but are still poor in friends. Each Muki has his or her own set of caves, of which there are many in the Andes. Hidden in these caves they have forges with which they craft marvelous pieces of metallurgical wonder: Gold crowns with silver filigree, bejeweled weapons of Steel and lead, even magical Peruvian-inspired armor made of Copper and jade. Yet for all this, they have no-one to share it with.

Pilontli Muki haven't yet found their caves yet, but spend their time inside, playing with shiny bits of scrap metal they find. They are eager to please their parents and siblings, and often accomplish chores early, just so they can get praise and appreciation.

Pipiyolti Muki strike out on their own, seeking that one perfect cave to call their own. They only travel at night (due to their frailty) and if lucky, make friends along the way. If they do maintain these friendships, then they are alliances that last a life-time (as long as the other member keeps their promises to visit often).

Aacini Muki maintain hidden lairs in their caves, that rival the lost cities of gold. With so much time on their hands, (and by this time the realization has set in of no callers) they commit themselves fully to creating their masterpieces.

Glamour Ways: Muki gain Mahuiztli whenever people voluntarily come to hang out – Which is rare.

Unleashing: Nomiuh cast by the Muki are accompanied by the smell or wet rocks and wet metal, and a little twinge of loneliness that tugs at the heart-strings.

Affinity: Prop

Birthrights;

Strength of the Earth (*Fuerza De La Tierra*): The Muki's body is composed of the strongest of Earth's metals and allows for amazing feats of physical prowess. All Muki begin with 5 free dots at Character creation, to allocate between strength and stamina as the player sees fit.

Gold making (*La Toma De Oro*): With the expenditure of one point of Mahuiztli, a Muki can summon veins of metal in his

own cave. The Muki must be in his own cave, spend the Mahuiztli, and then roll his Charisma against a difficulty set by the metal. The rarity of the metal sets the difficulty, with pewter, tin, or aluminum being a 7, copper being an 8, Silver being a 9, or Gold being a 10. (Iron can never be summoned in this manner). The amount of successes on the role dictates how large a vein appears.

Frailties;

World Below (*Ukhu Pacha*): The Muki lives in a timeless world of eternal darkness, and as such rarely leaves that cave. While obviously not born in the cave, the light of the above world does hinder the Poor Muki. Any rolls attempted out-side of their cave are at a +1 difficulty, and any rolls while under the bright light of day automatically fail.

Loneliness (*Soledad*): The Muki never really gets used to being alone, and when the opportunity arises for company, they have a bad habit of acting needy and clingy. They will act against better judgement, naively, or worse. Any wits rolls made when confronted with anyone who might be considered a "Friend" are at a +3 difficulty. If the Muki gains good friends (a motley that has accepted him as their own, and who visit him on a regular basis) then this frailty is some-what over-looked. (which takes a lot of work on both sides). However, at any time new "Friends" should show up (Miners, other Fae, etc.), then the Frailty acts-up again.

Bento, Muki of Potosí, is eager to have guests and quickly provides you with gifts as he talks your ears off.

Alux: Oh, they are dwarves, and we are dwarves, and I am sure we would be the best of friends if they ever visited.

Boto: I would love to visit them some day, I am sure that we would be friends. Swimming sounds like so much fun.

Carbunclo: We make treasure, they are made of treasure. We should be best friends.

Centzon Totochtin: I like parties. I could party with them, right?

Civatateo: I have a friend who brings me her home-made salsa every month. She is my best friend.

Curupira: We have animals too, there are spiders and bats and all sorts of things to protect in this cave. They should come see.

Huitzilin: A little too zealous for me. But I am glad that they protect us. I made them all swords if they ever want to come pick them up.

Pombero; Pranks aren't as funny when they are directed at you. It would be nice if they stopped by to apologize. I'd forgive them.

Quinametzin: I don't understand, do they like their loneliness? They are as alone as we are. Why don't we get together?

Saci: They can be as cruel as the Pomberos sometimes, but I forgive them, because they are small like me.

Xan: Uhm...

Nomes: NO thank you. That doesn't sound very nice.

