

MÛRA

**Here I am lying down to sleep; No night-mare shall plague me until they have swum through all the waters that flow upon the earth, and counted all stars that appear in the skies.
Thus help me God Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen!**

Westphalian prayer of protection

Quote: Shhh... Yes. Just drift away, I'm hungry, my pet. Yes, I am. Now quietly, softly, let me have what it is mine....

Zmora, Mara marlíðendr, there are as many different names for this malicious Krew (Kith) as there are victims of the Mûra's dark hungers. Srogi (Unseelie) to a one of them, only their own self-enforced rules keeps them from becoming full on Bies (Thallain). Feeding on Czar (Glamour) and warm blood at night, Transforming into a great moth- creeping through key-holes to perch on sleeping chests, causing sleep paralysis and inflicting tumultuous nightmares- a house that keeps a Mûra is an unhappy one.

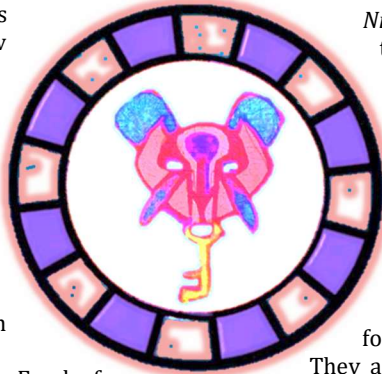
And many a household keeps the Mûra. Fond of staying in Kitten form and being adopted by unwary Polish families, this dark Krew (Kith) feign innocence to ensure that the mystery of the night-time ailments go unsolved. "It certainly couldn't be *our Mittens*."

Even those who maintain some time on two legs are welcomed as family in many a house-hold. In fact, most others who meet a Mûra are unaware they are anything more than what they claim to be. Either a sprightly little kitten, or a wonderfully eager elfin creature. Both in Fae form and amongst mortals, most are captivated by the charisma and swept away by the infectiously cute little sprite.

Appearance: The Wygląd (Miens) of the Mûra are study in cuteness. The Świecki Wygląd (Mortal Mien), either that of a cat form or human, is smallish and bright eyed. Cats are fluffy little balls of expressive meowing and the mortals are short and cute, slightly mousy, with big smiles and energy just this side of infectious.

The Wróżka Wygląd (Fae Mien) doesn't really differ that much from their Świecki. Their Fae cat forms have bigger eyes that glow pale blue, and fur that is slightly luminous in moonlight. Their Fae-not-cat-forms appear as thin and shortish elfin figures with slightly pointed teeth and ears, and eyes that glow the same pale blue.

Lifestyle: The Mûra, perhaps more-so than any other Tribe of Cait-sith, prefer the sedentary lifestyles of a house-pet. They can take human shape, and many do just to get away from the house, but they will always return at night to ensure they get their fill - of both blood and glamour. Most of the house-hold, despite their sleep deprivation and night-time troubles, has no idea that their dear little *Mittens* is the one causing such damage. Many Mûra play the roles of Pooka in the local Wróżka courts. Experts in telling false-hoods anyway, who will know the difference?



Niewiniqtko Mûra are wonderfully playful things during the day. As both kitten and child, they are precocious and kind-hearted little cherubs while the sun is in the sky. However, once the rest of the house turns in for the night...

Odwrotny Mûra have been in the game a while. If a feline form is preferred for the moment, they find a nice family to take them in, where they can sit pretty. If human form is preferred, then the same can be said. They are helpful and friendly, and seemingly over-protective of their adopted family.

Wytrawny Mûra have been in the game forever. All the wonderful things that can be said about their younger years can be said about their greying ones. Even the eldest are as spry and bubbly as the young ones.

Glamour Ways: Unfortunately for the Mûra, there is only one surefire way to reap Czar. They must sit on the chest of sleeping victims and suck it out. Doing so causes nightmares.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Mûra are accompanied by a heavy weight on the chest, difficulty breathing, and a sudden vacuum of sound. For this reason, the Mûra are loathe to cast too many Cantrips when others are around.

Affinity: Actor

Changing: It cost no Czar for a Mûra to change into either human or cat form, but it costs one Czar to turn into a giant moth.

Birthrights:

Moth Ghosts (*Mroczne Duchy*): Like Ghosts the Mûra materialize in the darkness, filling on breath and dreams and blood and then vanish by morning's first light, leaving nothing behind but an ill night's unrest. While the Mûra might certainly capitalize on these darkly poetic anecdotes, the truth of their skill is far more unnerving. With a point of Czar spent, the Mûra transmogrifies into a large moth, easily two hand spans in width. The moth is of any variety, save the size is unusually large for its species. The Moth can fly at a speed of 3x dexterity ratings in yards a turn, but has no str or sta rating. However, there are other benefits to the Moth form.

Through the Key-Hole (*Przez Dziurkę Od Klucza*): The Mûra, while in her Moth form, can squeeze and contort the whole of her little insectoid body to fit in through the tiniest of spaces. Stories abound of under doors, through windowsills, and as the legends whisper- through a key-hole. If there is space enough to look through, then the Mûra can slip in. It cost nothing for this contortion to take effect, but some who witness a moth two hand spans in length inching its way up through a broken floor-tile may have some bad dreams coming their way.

Frailties:

Quiet Diet (*Cicha Sejm*): The Mûra, despite their many many blessings, are hindered by not only what they are nourished by, but by how they are nourished - body or spirit. They can only gain Czar by sitting on the chest of a sleeping mortal and ripping it from their nightmares. (In a manner similar to ravaging).

In addition, they can only gain physical nourishment from blood taken in the same manner. While they can eat other food (and do so with seeming relish, if only to throw their pets off their trail) simple fare provides no actual nourishment. Only about an ounce or so is needed, and this is every few days or so. A Mûra can go roughly a number of days equal to stamina rating before taking any ill effects.

Plamka- curls up by the fire-place and eyes you with a warm secret smile, and then begins...

Boginki: Hah! Stealing babies. Don't let their graceful ways trick you, they are as hungry as we are.

Ognik: Obnoxious little candle-wisps with all the tact of a rusty-hatchet. Vinegar vs honey and all that.

Sudenicy: Bah. Granting wishes. Blessing children. Saving women. All these wonderful things they do, but what have they done for me?

Smętek: I have no idea why these ugly bastards even exist. They serve no purpose beyond causing confusion. And not even the good kind of confusion at that.

Stolemë: Yes they are big. They are also mind-numbingly dull. Their greatest ability? Turning into a rock. That is the extent of their abilities.

Vargomors: I heard they were chased out of the Svartvald- the Black forests of Germany. Hah. Serves the old bags right.

Žiburinis: They might be a threat, if I didn't have a comfy house with a fire-place and a big loving family to protect and feed me.

Alb: Annoying big brothers that they are, I really do like them.

Night Hags: A lot of the time, they get the blame for our hunger. Could it be any more convenient?

