

MUSPI

"IF You don't love something, don't do it." – Ray Bradbury

Quote: Yeah!!! Obsessional Bloodshed in the name of Justice! This is why I get up in the morning!

The Muspi are a strange Disir (Kith) born of a Dreaming Realm long lost to antiquity (at least as far as the nine Concordian Kithain reckon). The realm of Muspelheim was a flaming primordial realm that existed before the creation of Midgardr. From its shores was birthed this all female Tribe, the daughters of Surtr.

The beloved girls of the Fire Demon king undergo a chrysalis the same as other Changelings but come through it with a passion and fervor that sets them apart from others. Even their closest cousins, the Jotun, who likewise claim blood lineage to Surtr, still see the Muspi as a strange and over-zealous branch of the Family.

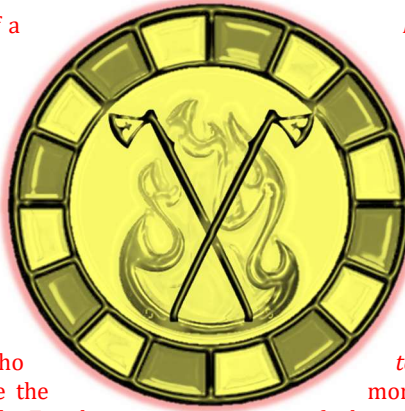
What separates the Muspi most of all is their passion and zeal. Passion, fiery, explosive, and raw, seems to be the Muspi's raison d'être. Each has two primary driving goals in their life, one that they cling to with fiery abandon, and one that propels them with unflinching hate. Everything else in their life is moot at best, a drudging chore at worst.

Appearance: The Muspi are attractive, and eerily so. In Mann Hamr (Mortal Mien) they appear as handsome women, not always attractive by all standards, but possessed of an allure that hints of something primordially hungry hidden beneath the surface. Their eyes are bright, and their movements quick. In Alva Hamr (Fae Mien), they appear as tall and lithe women, their skin bright with all the colors of flame, their eyes glowing, and their teeth shining as if made from metal. They all sport large horns that curl and twist around their head like smoke, and yellow eyes that gleam with frightening enthusiasm.

Lifestyle: The Muspi have little difficulty in the world of men. Though born of that scorched realm far from mortal shores, their frenzied ways and bright burning passions lend them an air of allure that most people in this world find inviting. They can accomplish amazing heights of success in some avenues (if it pertains to their passions, see birthrights and frailties below) whether they love the activity or hate it. *There is also a prophecy that it will be the Muspi who destroy Bifrost the rainbow bridge in the Ragnarök, but the Muspi aren't saying much about that right now.*

Barn Muspi are destructive little pyromaniacs who love to sneak away and explore their passions (with destructive results the norm). While it is easy to call them brats, they are loyal to their friends, and will aid those they see in distress.

Vill Muspi are now free to discover all the world around them. They are quick to join up with other Disir and enjoy offering their abilities (if it coincides with their passions).



Eldre Muspi don't slow in the least. They are as quick to join in their greying years, as they were when they were barns. The only difference being the look of mature confidence on their fiery faces.

Glamour Ways: Muspi regain Hamingja whenever passions amongst mortals are at their highest - *Calligraphy, sewing, war, axe-throwing, History, Chess, love-making, Pokemon tournaments, Chili-Cook-Offs*; whenever a mortal is allowed to truly, truly, truly, let go of themselves and give in to their unbridled passions, the Muspi can be there to soak it up

Unleashing: The Unleashings cast by the Muspi are accompanied by the acrid odor of burning metals and waves of oppressive heat. While most Unleashings bring in the Dreaming, the Muspi also invite the Fiery Eye of Muspelheim to gaze at the world.

Birthrights

Affinity: Prop

Excess Passion (*Umfram Ástríðu*): There are things that a Muspi feels extra passionate about (both love and hate) that are picked upon character creation: *Loving battle and hating paperwork, loving driving and hating cooking, loving fishing and hating sleep*. Whenever any rolls are made involving these two activities, then the difficulties are lowered by two.

Combat can be one of these two extremes, but storyteller has final say. That a Muspi loves combat is a given.

Born of Flames (*Fæddur af Eldi*): The Muspi were born from the primordial fires of Muspelheim, a realm of acrid poisonous flames that would destroy most creatures. The Muspi are thus immune to any fires, mundane, magical, or otherwise. They even seem able to garner strength from the soft licks of flames. When immersed in open flames, a Muspi can repair bashing damage at a rate of one level per round, lethal at a rate of one level per hour, and aggravated at a rate of one level per night.

Dance of Flames (*Eldslogi*): A Muspi has the same deft and nimble athleticism as the flames that spawned her. She gains a +2 to dexterity upon character creation.

Frailties:

Lack of Passion (*Skortur á ástríðu*): If a Muspi doesn't feel passion for something (neither love nor hate), then any rolls

made to participate in said activity are at a +1 difficulty, as her burning heart just isn't in it.

Hearing the Fires Call (*Heyrðu eldsönginn*): When a Muspi sees flames, especially ones she created herself (see the *Blazing Victory* frailty below) then she must roll her willpower at a difficulty equal to the strength of the flames. A struck match would be a difficulty 5, a campfire would be a 7, a structure fire might be as high as 11). If she fails, she will join in the frenzied dance of destruction, cavorting in the flames laughing.

Blazing Victory (*Logandi sigur*): If a Muspi scores more than two 10's in a roll, then her joy spills over into the world around her, and something close-by bursts into flames. More than two 10's on a roll just strengthen the flames that much more, and the amount of damage the fire creates rises accordingly.

Bergljot Logisdottir, Passionate about cataloguing her fellow Disir, amuses you with their tales and her anecdotes ...

Fossegrim: Pretty-boy musicians who like to swim. That's it.

Huldra: Quit whining, you got a lot going for you.

Jotuns: The Eldjötnar may be children of Pappy Surtr too, but he loves us the best.

Kender-Trow: If you touch my axe again, I will use to separate your head, stupid smile and all, from the rest of your body.

Nibelung: The mountain kings: as hard as stone, and as mean as iron. I swear oaths by their weapons and feel blessed to do so.

Norns: I will not speak of the Grandmothers. They are older than us, and we are the eldest. Take from this riddle what you will.

Skogkatts: There are few that I fear to face in battle: Skogkatts, with their quiet ways around the hearth? Them I fear.

Dokkalfar: The Black kings, I didn't vote for. Let them squabble in their politics.

Volsung: The White kings, I didn't vote for. Let them squabble in their politics as well.

