

WOMES

"deserts marching east with dust deserts out of howling dust-bowls,"

THE PEOPLE, YES—*Carl Sandburg*

Quote: **inaudible mumbling** -Nasty surface dwelling ass-clowns with their stupid-ass sun... I'm going home, screw you guys....

Male to a one of them, the Nomes are a Thallain family of Americana, one that was birthed in one of the darkest periods in American history. The kith first appeared during the great black blizzards of the Great depression, when heavy rains of black mud poured from the sky.

Farms were destroyed, livelihoods ruined, and people would drown in the sheer volume of earth in the air. The Nomes traveled with these storms, laughing at the annihilation. To the Nomes, the Dark power of the soil below can overpower any and everything, and the world above needs to occasionally be reminded of this. More than just anti-farmers, however, these dour and sarcastic bastards have a rich society deep in the bowels of the Earth. The Nomes carve out deep kingdoms far underground, far below the feet of even the underground Sluagh.

Most Fae are unaware that the Nomes even exist, let alone that they have vast kingdoms of basalt and granite miles underground. Nasty and capricious, the Nomes are a uniquely American testament to the raw power of dirt.

Appearance: In Mortal Mien, the Nomes are stocky and short men with beady little eyes and sour expressions. Many are bald; all are dusky-skinned and ashy. They favor sturdy clothing that is forever covered in dirt and grime. In Fae Mien, they are even shorter and stockier, rarely above 4 feet tall. Their skin darkens into an almost tarnished coppery color, the same hue as an old worn penny. Their eyes shine with hate, and their mouths curl up in a rage-fueled mockery of a smile.

Lifestyles: The lives of the Nomes are unassuming and forgettable. Most are miners. The others still find ways to remain underground as much as possible; Tour-guides in caves, or spelunkers of some type or other. The Nomes just don't like the surface. It was easier for them when the sky itself was thick with dirt and mud, but the days of the dust bowls are thankfully long gone.

Deep underground, though, there is a complex community of basalt castles encrusted with black diamond, and begrimed marble churches engraved with filigree derived from the dark ores of the Earth. Here, whole networks of Nome communities trade and barter and complain about the nasty world above.

Childing Nomes (Perturbed) are ugly and misshapen little bastards. Bullies from the start, they harbor a strong distrust for their fellows at an early age. They may discover other Nomes early, but even then, they distrust anybody but themselves



Wilder Nomes (Prowler) have dour outlooks and sardonic responses to anything that might be considered honest emotions. This ensures that few others will have them. Only the Nome community as a whole, equally dour and sardonic will put up with their shit. It might not be much, but deep underground, it still feels like home.

Grump Nomes (Misers) Set themselves up as mining-union bosses and remove themselves farther and farther away from the surface. They rarely come up for air as it were, and sneer whenever the idea of leaving their underground kingdom arises.

Glamour Ways: Nomes regain Glamour when they are around mortals whose life is ruined by the power of the Earth. Chaos caused by earthquakes is the most obvious, but those hubris-filled humans disgusted by mud on their shiny new shoes are just as capable of refueling the Nome's magicks.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by Nomes are accompanied by waves of dark cloying dust that fills the mouth and nose with mud and clouds the eyes. With multiple successes, there is a feeling of losing one's breath – of being drowned.

Birthrights (Endowments):

Earth-Diving: Creatures of the chthonic realms under the Earth, the Nomes are blessed with the ability to swim through the earth as easily as most can swim through water. It costs no Glamour to do so under most circumstances but requires a Dexterity + Athletics roll with a difficulty based on hardness of the substance. Mud and silt are only a difficulty 6, sandstone and other softer materials difficulty 7. Granite and other harder elements might be an 8 or 9. Metals are always a difficulty 10, with Cold Iron deposits not only being such a high difficulty, but also requiring an expenditure of 1 Glamour.

Frailties (Vulnerabilities)

Fowl and Foul. Perhaps chickens are a sign of farm-land domesticity, or perhaps the Nomes just don't like eggs. Either way, Chicken and eggs are as poisonous to Nomes as arsenic, cyanide, or mercury is to humans. Whenever a Nome even sees a chicken, he must make succeed on a willpower roll difficulty 8. Failure means he runs and dives into the earth to escape. A Botch means he quakes and shivers, but is frozen with fear. If touched with an egg, the Nome takes damage at a rate of one lethal per turn.

Jebediah Slate-Face, the most ill-loved of miners in West-Virginny, explains just why he hates the other American Kithsies.

Boogey-Men: Underground? Hah!, They can barely see past their little toes, let alone past the miles of stony ground between their basements and our skies...

Cats with hats: So noisy, so colorful, so obnoxiously *much*, that it makes me ill to even think about them.

Diabhals: My heart's desire? It's that they back the f*** up and let me alone to my business.

Dust Devils: We could do so much together, but you're on the wrong side...

Gremlin: They play with their little things too much for out taste. Too much electricity and smoke, and *shudder* sky... they are alien in a way few of us are.

Hodags: A little too xenophobic for even my taste. I would love to count them as allies, but I know I wouldn't get too far...

Jellies: Everything they touch gets ruined.

Myconid: I would love for them to be my friend, but they are too busy being nice to everyone else.

Pumpkinheads: We only have one true enemy. With their farmhouses and deep-rooted crops and green-houses and god-damn chicken coops... guess who it is?

Nockers: No relations.

Effigies: Bah. We don't crave that kind of destruction. You like it loud and fiery; we like it quiet and heavy.

