

Nutcracker

"Loyalty is still the same, whether it win or lose the game, true as a dial to the sun, although it be not shined upon."

– Samuel Butler

Quote: Halt! Who goes there? Advance and be recognized!

The Nutcracker Kith is a contradiction in terms. They are cousins of the Inanimae phyla known as Mannikins but are better understood as Kithain intimately familiar with the ugliest aspects of the Human Spectrum. Their whole purpose of Creation is to serve as Christmas Town's own Military-Security-Elite and do so zealously, yet also enjoy all the playful wonderment that the Town offers, loving dances, fetes, and hot cocoa with an equally zealous aplomb. They have odd appearances with painted wooden faces but boast a bevy of suitors waiting to dance with the wooden folk.

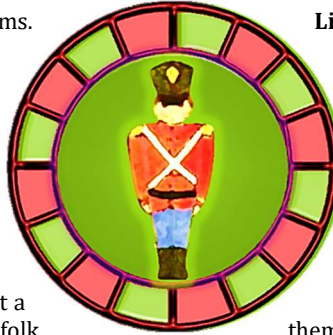
The majority of the Kith is male, with few females, and only the Sinter-Klauss himself knows how to create each. Every Nutcracker is magically carved from Christmas Town wood enchanted with Glamour and then sent into the world through unknown means. So the story goes. That Nutcracker, then goes through a Chrysalis and Changeling way the same as any Kith, is reborn in mortal form, and then follows their heart to true North. They invariably find their way to Christmas-Town, to find a purpose (and their heart's desire) in their small community as guardians.

One of the Few Marcra Kiths (double Seelie) the Nutcrackers are surprisingly kindhearted & genuine despite their wooden Hearts. While they will challenge all who seek to enter the Territory of Juleberg (even the Sinter-Klauss himself) those who mean no harm to the Town, and mind their P's and Q's, will quickly make a friend, loyal for life.

Appearance: The Nutcrackers are shaped to be servants, stewards, and steadfast soldiers, so a pretty face was never a factor in their creation. In Mortal Mien, they are tall and statuesque folk with a strong militaristic bearing. Their dress is functional, yet impeccably fashionable, and always neat.

Their face though, is what sets them apart. It isn't that it is ugly, just strange: Thick beetle-brows over large staring eyes. Their nose is prodigious, and their hair and facial hair (which even the Childing tend to grow early) unruly, despite great pains to maintain it. It also whitens and greys prematurely. Their mouth, however, is really what sets them apart. They to a one of them, have wide mouths, full of large gleaming white teeth that flash and sparkle like diamonds.

In Fae Mien, is this strange countenance tripled. Those long limbs are now carved from wood, and that impeccable fashion now seems to be painted on a great heavy wooden frame. The same large eyes are plasticine and peer out to judge and seek out imperfections. Of course, that mouth and those teeth, once now strangely wide and gleaming, is now an orthodontic miracle, strange and beautiful enough to make a Redcap cover his grill in impotent envy. On closer inspection, one can see the grains of wood that makes up their flesh, and the slow creep of gleaming eye is merely glossy paint over wood, which may unnerve those not familiar with the Kith.



Lifestyles: The Nutcrackers are created, not born, and are done so with a purpose. They are designed to be fiercely loyal, and to guard Christmas-town at all costs. They follow the directives of both the se & the Yule-Sidhe and do so with a pomp and fanfare that only adds to their martial decorum. Yet, since their sole purpose is to protect the town they rarely leave it, nor have time to themselves.

Such doesn't stop them from enjoying themselves. There are always Christmas Parties and Holiday Festivities, and the Nutcrackers themselves have a special place for dancing in their carved wooden hearts. As much as they love to protect and serve, they equally love waltzes and operas and other decorous galas. They also have no few suitors. Despite their facial misgivings (See frailty below), each Nutcracker has a romantic streak that belies their strange appearance, and many a maiden has been aghast to see a Nutcracker shed a tear at a particular moving piece of music or dance.

Childing Nutcrackers can grow a beard (even some of the Females unfortunately) before any of their classmates. It is during this age that they develop a yearning to head north, even if they can't name it. This is especially prevalent come the Holiday season.

Wilder Nutcrackers have made it to Christmas Town by this time, Fate, Dan and the powers of the Sinter-Klauss have ensured it. Elders of the Kith have made a spot for them, and they take to their roles as Guardians quickly.

Grumps Nutcrackers serve as over-seers and managers. While they may play the role of curmudgeons, they are as spry and jolly as they were in their younger years.

Affinity: Actor

Glamour Ways: Nutcrackers regain Glamour by maintain law and order in Christmas-Town. Every child that can play in the snow without fear, every Factory-worker who can head to his work-station without reservations, every time a mortal doesn't have to worry about the unknown forces that seek to destroy-Christmas, that is how the Nutcracker refuels his magic.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Nutcracker are accompanied by the perfume of sawdust with the redolence of fresh paint. While it might not be as grandiose as some of the other Christmas Kith, the Nutcrackers prefer the subtlety of their arts to the epic Yule-inspired grandstanding of the other Kith's Unleashings.

Birthrights:

Iron Wood: While most pines are considered soft woods, the magical coniferous trees of Yule-berg are grown of stiffer stuff. This magically developed timber not only births the Nutcracker Kith, but also is the source of their great stamina. Nutcrackers are not only strong and stout of heart but can take a beating that would halt even the staunchest of Trolls. At Character Creation, a Nutcracker gets 3 dots of Stamina, even if above 5. In addition, as long as they are protecting Christmas Town, they are immune to all bashing damage.



Iron Teeth: The Teeth of the Nutcracker are one of the greatest secret treasures of the North. They are unsightly and ungainly to be sure, but are capable of great dental feats to astound and amaze. Every successful bite attack of a Nutcracker causes Strength + 5 damage. The only caveat is that the Nutcracker must get his mouth around the offending target. In addition, as long as the Nutcracker can get his teeth on something, he can chew through it... Doors, Stones, Car-Doors, it may take a few turns... but the Nutcracker is getting through...

Frailties:

Strange Face: In this they might be called countenance-challenged by the polite, fugly by the not-so-polite. No Nutcracker can never have an appearance higher than 1. However, the majority of the Kith could care less about pretty faces. "We are meant to be intimidating..." they will tell you, "...not sexy."

Broken Promises, Broken Teeth: The Nutcrackers are true to their word, come hell or high-water. Their loyalty is unyielding, and nothing can prevent them from keeping a promise. *Unless something does.*

If a Nutcracker ever has to go back on a promise, or breaks a word (and many an evil creature tries to arrange circumstances thusly), then the Nutcracker is at a Dreaming-given Geasa to make things right again. Failure to do so results in horrible harm to the Nutcracker's Fae Mien.

From the moment that he realizes that his word has been reneged, his Iron Teeth birthright is lost, and his beautiful strong teeth begin to fall out. This is only the beginning.

The next day, he loses one temporary point of dexterity. Every day afterward, he will continue to lose one point until he is down to 1. After that is Strength, again losing one each day until he has but one point left. Finally is Stamina, and once his is down to one point in each Physical attribute, he must roll his willpower, difficulty 9... If the Nutcracker cannot make amends, then he will eventually lose of his Fae self, becoming small and wooden, as ineffectual as the toy doll that is his name-sake.

Phillipe, Rent-A-Cop and pistachio king, allows for favorable opinions concerning his fellows.

Gingerbread: Fast. Annoying. But Fast. If you can get them on your side, so much the better.

Jokul Frosti: Keep them on the outskirts of town, and make sure that the local kids know what's up.

Krampus: I guess they serve a purpose. I mean, our job would be a whole lot worse if they didn't do their thing, right?

Misfits: Always a few bad apples. But I guess that's what I'd be too if I didn't make it here.

Snowmen: Best buds.

Sugar-Plums: I don't know, there's something creepy about their little licorice eyes, ya know? I can't quite place it.

Yule Sidhe: Yes Ma'am. All present and accounted for.

Ratkin: Not on my watch.