

Whereof I am made a minister, according to the dispensation of God which is given to me for you, to fulfil the word of God; Even the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to his saints:

Colossians 1:25-26

Quote: When the Author of Luke (no it probably wasn't *that* Luke), wrote on Jeshua, he was talking to Greek Philosophers about a Greek Philosopher. It doesn't mean that he was wrong, or even that Matthew or Mark were. That's the point of the Gospels or any story. *Find your audience.*

One of the strangest Dreaming creatures of the Deep is the Sea-Bishop; also known as Monk-Fish, Sea-Monks, or Sea-Priests. These scripture-slinging salt-Fae are found in and around the cold waters of the North. Though history holds that they were mostly caught in Scandinavian waters, the myriad Islands of the Far Celtic Outworlds hold most of their number. Most of the Merfolk may hearken back to Dagon the Drowned King or other Pagan Oceanic Deities. But the devout Sea-Bishops focus more on the three People of the Book-Judaism, Islam, and the one most have had contact with, Christianity. If there are any Buddhist Sea Bishops out there, none can say.

The Sea Bishops are a good-natured tribe, one of the exceedingly rare Marcra Kiths out there (Double-Seelie). They are more honest than most of the Outworld Fae, and nowhere near as Selfish as their merfolk cousins. They offer sage advice (all steeped in Judeo-Christian literature of course) to Fae, mortal, or others. If someone needs help than the Sea Bishops can't but help to offer aid.

However, gaining the help of the Sea Bishop means finding them first, and that is a challenge in itself. They are notoriously difficult to track, whether on land or in the deep dark frigid sea they call home. They travel incognito, and most don't even recognize when they've met one. But that's just the way the Sea-Bishops like it. The Lord works in mysterious ways, and so does the Dreaming.

Appearance: In both Mien, the Sea-Bishops are bright smiling creatures with large eyes that never seem to blink. Their Mortal Mien is somewhat thick and dumpy, but pleasant enough. There is always a dampness to them, as if they just stepped in out of the rain. The Fae Mien is that of an odd cross of a pudgy merman and a friar. They have multiple sets of fins all around them and a tall bishops miter crowns their head (they can take this off of course, but few do). A small bit of paraphernalia highlights their faith (Jewish star, Christian Cross, etc.). If there are any females of the Kith, none can say, as all met thus far have been boys.

Lifestyle: The life of the Sea-Bishop is one of constant movement. They rarely stay in one place for more than a week, and always return to the sea soon after. Their travels take them anywhere the water is cold. Few venture very far South. When on land, they always spend at least an hour or so a day in places of worship. Any interaction had with others outside is usually for helpful advice or spirited academic religious debate.

Childing Sea-Bishops have never been seen but are probably pretty easy-going. Perhaps they are busy studying their sacred books, and that is why nobody sees them?

Wilder Sea-Bishops are the most encountered (at least as far as most outsiders surmise) and spend most of their time traveling from here to there.

Grump Sea-Bishops travel beneath the waves, exploring all of God's wonders. It is rare that they come to the surface anymore.

Glamour Ways: Sea-Bishops regain Glamour from multiple means. In helping mortals in times of emotional (or spiritual crisis), and by strengthening of mortal's faith (even if debating the other side) they can refuel their magics. They can also resupply their Glamour in places of worship. Synagogues, churches, and mosques all work, even if the Sea-Bishop doesn't adhere to those religions. A Catholic Sea-Bishop can still gain a point of Glamour from an hour in a mosque.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Sea-Bishops bring with them the smell of a cold sea, and a frigid breeze that plays across the scene. There is also a strange sense of serenity that comes with the unleashing, one some could consider religious if inclined.

Affinity: Actor

Birthrights:

Deepest Depths: Sea Bishops are able to traverse the ocean in a way that few other sea creatures can, even amongst the Aquatic Dreaming creatures. They suffer no difficulty from the pressures of even the deepest oceanic trenches, and the cold wastes below won't hinder them in the slightest. In addition, their swimming speed is always 10 times their running speed making sea-crossings far easier than one might surmise.

For a point Gf glamour spent, they can also assume the form of a great salt-water fish. Usually a large grouper or the like, nothing fancy or specific, but it is enough to do the job.

By the Book: Each Sea-Bishop is a master of the scripture. At character creation, they gain a +2 in academics for free, and 2 free dice to any roll involving religion. This increases to 3 free dice when the roll involves their own religion (Judaism, Islam, or Christianity – no one knows if there any Sea-Bishops of other Religions). They also have the merit Eidetic Memory as it pertains to their religions holy writs (the Bible, the Koran, or the Talmud). No Sea Bishop can ever botch a religion roll.

Frailties:

Turn the other Cheek: While fighting and violence is an unfortunate side-effect of the human or even Changeling existence, it doesn't mean anyone has to like it. The Sea-Bishops are scholars and healers. The idea of committing violence leaves a bitter taste in their mouth.

Any time a Sea-Bishop has to participate in even a simple brawl takes a willpower roll, difficulty 8. Success means that they will engage but feel bad afterwards. A failure means that they will turn and walk or swim away.

A botch means that they shut down and gain a point of temporary Banality. Too much time exposed to violence can leave them undone.

Eli floats in the dark bracken, looks up at the grey sky, and offers his honest givings on them what's in it.

Bugganes: I suppose they fill a niche, one that has to be filled. I'm just glad that they fill it as well as they do – Too much legwork for me.

Effigies: Hah! As much fun as they are I have to watch myself. It is easy to get caught up in the party, and it's a pretty sordid party.

Finfolk: Strange lads, but a little too close to the surface for much interaction. We rarely cross paths, but when we do they're nice enough. Still, I can't help but feel a little unsettled after our meet and greets.

Fir Gorma: Obnoxious as they are, they still offer us something important. If you can't win a debate with them, you'll never win a debate with anyone.

Glashtin: Kindly Lads. I pray for them nightly.

Grey-neigbours: I have very few enemies, these nasty little atheist cannibals certainly seem to fit the bill.

Grigs: Always there to make sure that Sunday School ends early enough.

Gunna: Downright shifty these little boogers are. If I was a gambling man, I'd wager the shiftiest of us. And probably the most fun of us too.

Gyl: I don't date. I'm a man of the clothe. But That won't stop them. Nothing stops them. It'd be admirable if it wasn't so creepy.

Muilearteacha: There's plenty of monsters in the deep. These witches are some of the worst. Still, they aren't without their charms. They enjoy a good debate more than you'd surmise and offer plenty of insights into the old faiths.

Nuckalavee: Speaking of monsters in the deep, these odd ducks certainly seem to want to play that role. Yet a squirt bottle filled with spring water is far more of a detriment to them then they are to us. Hah. Like a kitten they are, with that squirt bottle and all.

Kirkgrim: Good Lads.

Rokea: Way down deep the Shark-Changers have hidden temples called grottoes. We can't refuel our Glamour there, but they are still beautiful to see. Regardless of what you may think, the Shark-Changers are as amiable as any of us, and far more honest. They have different Gods but are the best of friends.

