

# Spunchies

**"The fox has many tricks. The hedgehog has but one. But that is the best of all."** – Ralph Waldo Emerson

**Quote:** Freebird! Freebird! Freebird you big fat Numpty Jobby Fud--- FREEBIRD!

Pranks, parties, Scrumpy-cider and honeyed, buttered, barmbrack; There isn't that much to this infamously Scottish Wicht (Kith). Once upon a time the Spunchies served as kings of the wild places (or so they say, they are notorious liars), but are now pale annoying shadows of theirless-than-glory days. Despite this, there is still something to be said about their loyalty to the Bòcain (Fae).

They see all other Wicht as the closest of close cousins. You see, only the Spunchies are allowed to make fun, and they are allowed to make fun of anything or anybody they want. Any attacks on them are met with contempt. However, any attack from outsiders on their fellows is met with pranks of such Machiavellian malevolence that few can see where the bloody prank first originated. The Spunchies simple smirk amid the chaos.

They party, they drink, and they plan how to cause more chaos. While it would be remiss to reduce any Fae to such artless frattish behavior, the Spunchies make it difficult to do otherwise.

**Appearance:** In all Seòlta, the Spunchies are rakish figures with thin pinched features. They have crooked smiles, freckles, and red hair this side of unruly. There is an air of danger about them that no few of the opposite sex find charming. In Coltach Bòcain (Fae Mien), the Spunchies are an odd greenish color that darkens with age into a forest green. Their hair is red with spiky quills that frames a thin sharp face with sharp eyes, sharp nose, and even sharper pointed ears. Their teeth are sharp too. This combined with their easy smiles and thin-lips adds a sense of unease to onlookers.

**Lifestyle:** Spunchies are usually somewhat *Unseelie* but still gregarious. Be warned, however, as their sociability comes with a price. The Spunchies can be as fervent as any when it comes to their pride and, they take slights against them as invitation to harass, harangue, and ultimately destroy the object of their ire. They are easy to provoke, despite their easy manner, and any slight them or theirs will end in tears.

*Òga Spunchies* are both the heroes and villains of the playground. While they protect the younger and smaller kids from the bullies, their pranks leave both victims and bullies with bloodied noses and bruised egos.

*Ghaisgich Spunchies* live only to earn a name for themselves. They pour themselves in History and Mythology to learn about their own illustrious background, which may not have even existed.



*Àrd Spunchies* can kindly be described as wizened. They try to move out of the way of the young ones and leave the Fae World to them. This serves two purposes, it lets the New kids on the Block learn, and it makes the elders more inconspicuous when orchestrating their prank masterpieces, the ones they have spent their whole lives developing.

**Affinity:** Actor

**Glamour Ways:** Spunchies regain Glainnead whenever they are allowed full access to pranking and harassing poor mortals. While said pranks don't necessarily have to prove hurtful, they do tend to be more vicious than simple jokes would allow for. A little bruising and bleeding are more common than most would appreciate. Name calling is a requirement.

**Unleashing:** Unleashings cast by the Spunchies are rife with the odors of fermenting apples. There is the feeling of prickles and tingling across the skin, and not the pleasant kind of tingling; Like a static pop and tickled with tiny needles tingling

## Birthrights

**Hedgey-Piggle and Lights (*Gràineag Agus Solas*):** The Spunchies are born of wild and free exploits the envy of any Pooka. Also much like the Pooka the Spunchies can shape-shift into an Animal form. However, they are limited to the form of tiny hedge-hogs. It costs no Glainnead to do so, but takes one turn. They can also do so in full view of any witnesses. It should also be noted that Spunchies in Hedgehog forms have a slight greenish tinge to their quills that separates them from their mundane hedgehog counterparts in the banal world.

In addition, the Spunky can take the form of a billowing ball of lambent green gas – the *Ignis Fautus* of antiquity. It cost one Glainnead to adopt this form and can be maintained indefinitely. While in gaseous form, the Dexterity is 10, but Strength and Stamina are non-existent. These balls also smell slightly of rotten apples.

**Pixy-led (*Sith air a Stiùireadh*):** Whenever someone enters their territory, a Spunchie may manipulate their perceptions with a successful Manipulation + Subterfuge roll. It costs no Glainnead to do so, but only lasts for one scene. However, there are stipulations to this power (See Frailty)

## Frailties

**Family and Friends (*Teaghlach Is Caraidean*):** The Spunchies are free to harass and harangue anyone they want to and do so with reckless abandon. However, they cannot use their pixy-led

birthright on anyone that they consider theirs. That includes other Spunchies, other Wicht (not including the verdammt Sidhe) and any mortal that they have partied with.

While insulting and harsh pranks are AOK, Pixy Leading any that meet those requirements are off-limits in a Dreaming enforced Geasa. Any attempt to pixy-lead friends and family is met with botches.

**Addicted to the Parties (*Cuthach Thairis Air Pàrtaidhean***

**Gaeth I Bartiön):** No Spunchie can turn down a good time. If presented with a shindig, they must make a willpower roll depending on how many awesome attributes of the party are present. If there is a gang of people present with loud music, the difficult is set at 7 not join in. If there is a good food with said



music and gang of people, this rises to difficulty 8. If there is music, food, people and alcohol? Difficulty 10. It should also be noted that if there is *scrumpy* (Hard apple-cider) then the willpower roll automatically fails, and the Spunchie gets involved in the fun).

Anyone present at these parties that the Spunchie talks to earns status that is exempt from the Spunchie's Pixy-Led birthright (much to the Spunchie's chagrin).

**Stickers Mac Llyr offers a bit of explanation concerning her fellow Crimbil.**

**Annis:** Oh my Gawd... So cool. Long Lost Goddesses that eat babies. The world needs more.

**Brollachans:** Annoying ass face-snatchers that want attention. That about sums them up.

**Brunnies:** The Queens of Clean and dukes of dust. They love that bullshit they do so well.

**Ceasg:** I feel bad for these girls, I really do. Nobody gives two shits about mermaids anymore. Give em a coupon for a free drink and wish 'em the best.

**Kirkgrim:** A bunch of black-boot wearing downers that have the lord and not much else. I'm trying to remember if there is anything else to them, but for the life of me I just can't...

**Pechs:** Greetings your highness, I gots a dank-dark hole for ya! No, Wait, That doesn't sound right.

**Tod Loweries:** I hear stories that in their day, they were Gods and Goddesses in their own right. I can't see it.

**Trow:** The best of us. That is all I will say. The best of us. God keep em. Until they try to dance with me., Heh.

**Urisks** How about a wah-burger and some French-cries. You can rinse it down with an ice-cold whine-ekin. Nah, I'm, just kidding mate. You're alright.

**Wulvers:** Wolf-Men who like fishing. And they don't like mean people. Yep, That confirms it. Scottish Fae are boring.