

STRIX

“There is always magic to be summoned at any point. I love to live in a world of magic, but not a fake world of magic. We all really basically have a lot of magic... It's only those of us who choose to accept it, that really understand it. It's there for everyone. — Stevie Nicks

Quote: Hello friend, join me for lunch? NO? Well then, maybe later You and I can catch a bite, yes?

During the long and bloody accounts of the Greek mythoi, few monsters were as whispered about as the Strix. While not as far-flung as some of the more exotic of the Greek Fae, nor as terrible in mien, they had their own claim to infamy that was just as terrifying. The white-ladies made their own history by being both witches of the highest order, and owl-changers with a thirst for blood and flesh.

The name Strix has etymological ties to both the Italian Stregoi (meaning witches) and the Romanian Strigat (meaning scream), and both are apt titles for this dreaded, yet lovely sorority of occultists. Claiming sisterhood to Athena, Hecate, Nike, Nemesis, and any other number of Grecian Goddesses, their claims don't go unfounded when one is witness to their powers over the mystical and mysterious.

While they are all eyed with a certain amount of healthy fear, the Strix aren't above cordial relationships with anyone. This is including mortals, other Grecian Kithain, and even the odd all-female werewolf Tribe that make their home on the Greek Islands. Even an occasional Will-worker may seek out rumors and enjoy a glass of wuzho with the charming young lady in the forest. The Strix can be sympathetic, companionable, and generous with their gifts. When properly approached, they can use their charms for the betterment of all. This is rarely the case however, as so few people still fear them, and their reputation ensures that many always will.

Appearance: To a one, this Fylí (Kith) is all female, and each is beautiful in her own way. In *Metamfiesi Andros* (the Mortal Mien) they appear as fair, but rough-skinned, maidens with scraggly prematurely grey hair. They are usually a little on the slender side, if not down-right waifish. In *Metamfiesi Nereidias*. (the Fae Mien), they look much the same, except their hair is a bleached white and feathery, and their eyes are large amber pools reminiscent of the eyes of an owl. In all forms, they favor white clothing, and silver-jewelry, often with an owl motif. Many adopt the guises of Neo-pagans, and dress accordingly. Of special merit are their owl forms. The owls they transmute into come from all the world's owls and can be of any natural coloration. All are exceedingly large however, with a wingspan of two meters or so.

Lifestyle: The Strix preserve their ancient holdings nicely. The whole of the Kith is female, and the sisters maintain old mansions and farm-steads scattered all around Greece. The Sisters are as comfortable in a big city such as Athens, as they



are on a far-flung Island in the Mediterranean. These homes serve as meeting places between them and others that seek supernatural aid. The Strix serve the Nereidias courts as advisors and seers, as well as mortals as hedge-women and mid-wives. Many a local *Doula* helping in child-birth counts on a Strix ally if things should go wrong, and a Grecian Sidhe capitalists counts on a White-Lady's divination before pursuing business ventures. The Strix are fine everywhere, it is just the other Kith that aren't quite as comfortable around the white-ladies.

Ápeiros Strix are odd little ducks. Often gangly and awkward, and if not treated kindly by their peers, they start uttering curses under their breath. Whether or not these curses mean anything doesn't matter, it is the fear in their tormentor's eyes that matters most.

Epanastátis Strix lose the ugly-duckling awkwardness of their youth and gain the beauty of womanhood. They also gain the power that comes with this beauty. Sly and underhanded, they quickly learn to use this beauty and their Kith's feared reputation for their own ends.

Sofós Strix have lost none of their charm or beauty during their descent into Sofósdóm. They have set themselves up as queens in their own right, and openly rule over their holdings like Goddesses in their own right. They are treated with much respect by everyone, Kith and mortal and Prodigal alike.

Glamour Ways: A Strix regains *Megaleío* by providing aid, both in the form of advice or magical ability to those in need. The more Unseelie may also gain *Megaleío* from the little bit of fear they inspire amongst the clientele in need of such aid.

Unleashing: Unleashings cast by Strix are accompanied by a crackle and whiff of ozone, and a deepening of shadows alongside bright swathes of moon-light. There is no mistaking such events as anything but magic.

Affinity: Fae

Birthrights:

Owl-changer (*Morfí Koukouvágia*): The whole of the Strix is closely associated with the owl. Enough so that some whisper

that they aren't a Kith at all, but a forgotten family of the Moon-blessed, and cousins to the Crow Changers and Black Furia-wolf daughters. While the Strix may scoff at this ignorant tongue-flapping, their ability to transmogrify their bodies into great owls doesn't assuage these rumors. For the cost of one Megaleío, a Strix may take on the form of a great owl, with wings 6-feet in wing-span. The owl's species and coloration vary from Strix to Strix, but the traits remain unchanged. The owl-form's attributes are the roughly the same but gain a +2 in dexterity and a +2 to perception. The Strix may remain in this form only at night, and must change back by sun-rise. In addition, a Strix in any form can see in the dark as if it were fully-lit.

Dark Knowledges (*Skoúro gnosis*): The Strix are taught many of the forgotten secrets of the Etruscan, Grecian, and Roman mysteries from the moment of their saining, and are quite comfortable being called witches by their learned peers. During



any rolls that include Kenning, Occult, Mythlore, or Greymare, the Strix gain +2 to their dice pool. In addition, they can never botch any of these rolls.

Frailties

Eaters of the Flesh (*Tróne ti sárka*): The Strix are bound by their owl natures to only eat flesh. To survive, they can only eat raw meat. Eating anything else means a Stamina roll of how much other food was consumed, with a failure meaning the Strix being sickened until they can vomit up the undigested food-stuffs from their gullet. Luckily, this Frailty doesn't translate to cannibalism, though some of the Keres (Unseelie) practices might. Most of the Fylí are content to partake in raw rabbit, mice, or other small game.

Oracle (*Manteío*): The Strix are cursed with the ability to speak unwelcome prophecies at inopportune times. (this is exactly like the Changeling Flaw "Bard's Tongue") . Once per story, the Strix unwillingly utters a foresight that no-one wants to hear. To avoid speaking this prophecy, she must expend a Willpower point and take a wound level from the strain of resisting (as she bites her tongue). Even then, if the prophecy is dire enough, it will try to make itself heard again and again.

Delphine, Doula and Oracle, offers a truth about her fellow Grecian Fae...

Automata: If only the rest of us could be so devoted to our causes, perhaps our world might be a better one.

Cynocephali: Their past is a lie, and the future they are creating is just as false.

Graeae: Older than time, and just as unforgiving, mind your manners, watch your mouth, and for the sake of the Gods, take nothing they offer.

Kéntauros : The thirst for freedom they wish to slake may soon drown them.

Keteas: They think that no one sees them down in the deep. We see perfectly well. We just don't care because we know it is moot.

Maenad: We are both oracles, and we are both hungry for flesh, yet you are seen with disgust, and we are seen with awe. Why?

Melissae: Their gardens are filled with magics that even the gods aren't privy too. It proves that there are mysteries greater still.

Nymphaeaa: Their end is soon approaching.

Onocentaurs: They fear capture of the body, yet their minds are locked in cages of their own design. I pity them.

Teumessian: Their father was bound in the sky. Whether the children believe this or not is irrelevant.

Satyrs: The Goat-changers have forgotten the Minotaur's fate and may soon share it.

Gynaíka Lýkos: Those that conquer all they see will die lonely and useless when they have nothing left to conquer.