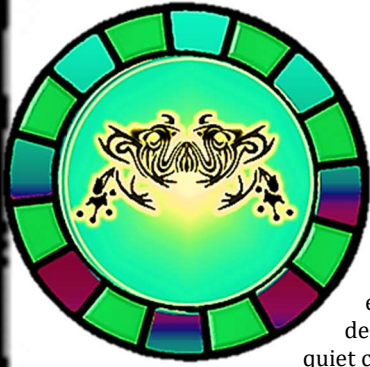


Thunn`ha



Who knows the end? What has risen may sink, and what has sunk may rise.

Call of Chtulhu – H.P.L.

Quote: Ugly? Maybe, but I got my whole family right here, and they are just as ugly as I am. Do you want to say that to all of us? Didn't think so...

Millennia ago there existed a strange Tribe of denizens on a vast wet moon in a quiet cool realm. The tribe was peaceful, tranquil, content to worship their Old-God in their own ways in their own time. They hunted and fished and loved and crafted great stone monuments to Bokrug- himself a God of quiet cool waters. Of course, all things change and this tribe was destroyed along with their villages and lifestyles and stone monuments to Bokrug. The Tribe was the Thunn`ha. That peaceful moon? Earth's own. Those destroyers? They were men thousands of years in the past. Of course history has no recollection of Man's destructive nature before history began, but the Mythian Tribe of Thunn`ha still remembers.

Left bereft and without a home, the Thunn`ha migrated to numerous Outer Worlds far past the Waking World. They still worshipped Bokrug of course and made peace where they could – but the Outer Worlds are no place for a peaceful race of gentle-fisher-folk, and the Thunn`ha had to learn the ways of battle and warfare. All the tools that their ancient enemy Man used so many years past.

Those once peaceful villages and cool oceans are now so much moon-dust. The Thunn`ha don't have a home to go back to. Yet they persevere, in a way that so few of the Mythian Tribes could ever begin to understand. But time has taught the Thunn`ha well. They will never be caught unaware again, and with nothing to lose, there is nothing that can be taken from them.

Appearance: *Very odd and ugly were these beings, as indeed are most beings of a world yet inchoate and rudely fashioned.* In Mortal Mien, the Thunn`ha appear as hunched dirty figures. Their features are off, with flat thin lips, large googly eyes,, and blotchy skin. Their Fae Mien isn't much better. Though thick with muscles and long of limb, there is something frog-like about them. Something unpleasant about their faces and unseemly about the way they carry themselves.

Lifestyle: Today the Thunn`ha are migrant families, nomad communities drifting from one world to another. They are a hardy Tribe, toughened by Millennia of homelessness. They appear in the cracks of society, whether Mythian, Half-Blooded, or mortal. Though a little understanding goes a long way, and for those who deal with the Thunn`ha openly and respectfully, they earn the trust of the Thunn`ha Tribe- which means the whole of the race. One would be wise to never betray this trust.

Aria: The Different Aria of the Thunn`ha are made manifest by how each deal with their abandoned existence.

❖ Dionae Thunn`ha are the most militant of the Tribe. Angry, bitter, somewhat jaded about their losses, this Aria is determined to make a new home for the Tribe built on the ashes of this one.

❖ Araminae Thunn`ha are still angry at what fate has dealt their Tribe, but pour through their own history, collecting tales and fragments of lore concerning their ancient past. Perhaps they might find a newer, better home somewhere in the annals of history? Or perhaps on a new world?

❖ Appolaiie Thunn`ha are upset, of course, but use their time now to open up new pacts with the Tribes around them. Mythian families, Half-Blooded, even the Mortals tribes. It's not as if they remember what their ancestors did on the Moon back then. What really matters is what the Thunn`ha create for themselves now, and there may be allies to help them create it.

Glamoure Ways: Thunn`ha replenish their Glamoure from the rare moments when their guard is let down, and they are allowed a moment of respite surrounded by mortals enjoying that same quiet deep. Fishing, swimming, simply splashing in puddles- whenever in the presence of mortals enjoying the bounteous gifts of water- the Thunn`ha can refuel their magicks.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Thunn`ha are accompanied by the thick odor of old mud, stagnant water, and a frenzied chirping whispering just out of hearing that may or may not resemble a harmonious pattern – a song just this side of familiar...

GREAT OLD ONE

Bokrug – the Great Water Lizard, was a quiet God of silent still waters. Unlike other Great Old Ones of the deep, he had no need for love or worship and had no desire to affect the world around him. Like his beloved Thunn`ha, all that mattered was the cool quiet deep. That all changed though, when his people were scattered to the farthest corners of the Outer Worlds. Many outsiders say that he could have saved his Tribe. Thunn`ha rebut by citing Bokrug's true nature doesn't work that way. He helps in his time. The proof that Great Bokrug does care? History may not remember the decimation of his beloved children, but Mythologies the world over remember numerous tales of a great deluge and torrential floods and storms that decimated the human race. Was this great Bokrug? Who can say?

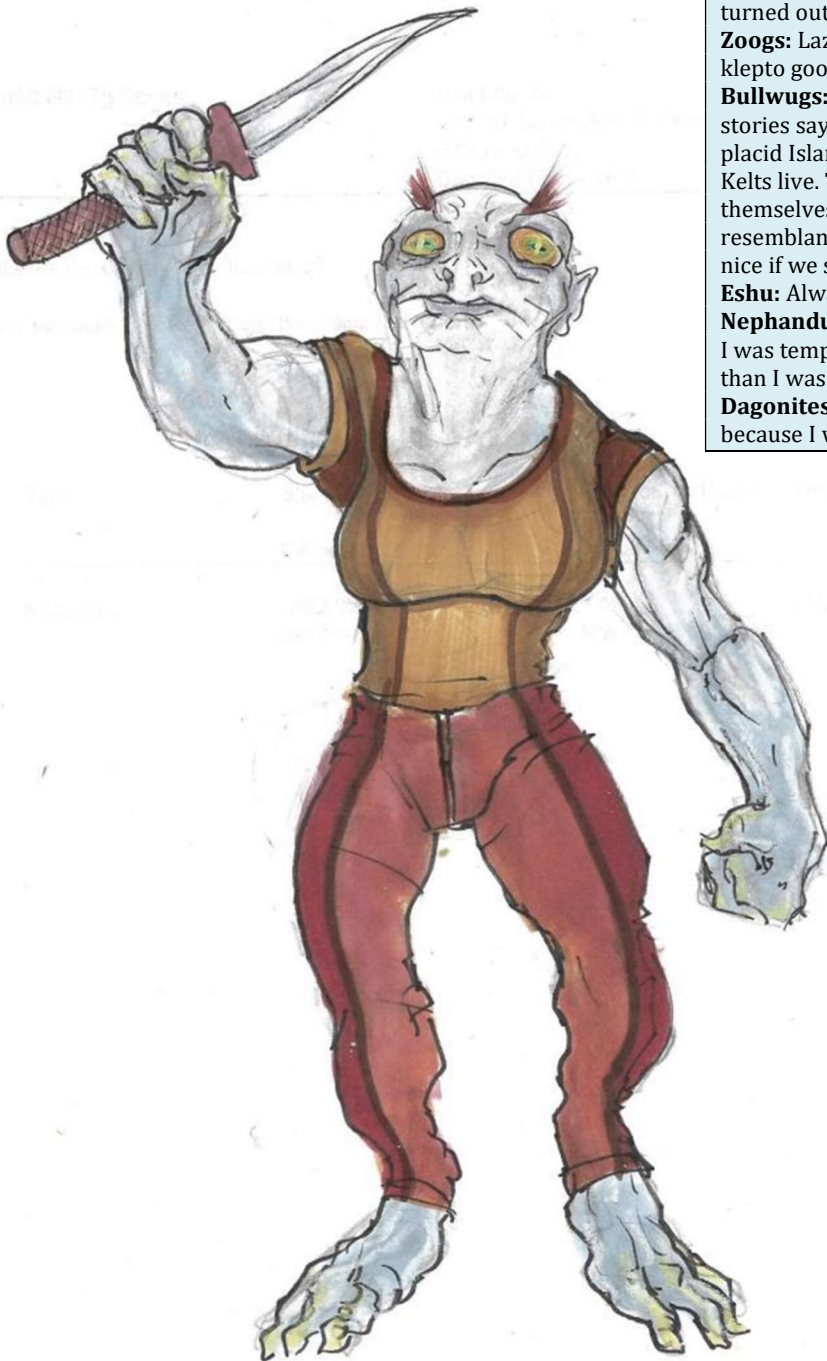
Affinity: Nature

Birthrights:

Froggy: The Thunn`ha are the undisputed red-headed trailer-park step-children of the cosmos. They were unwanted when they were expelled from their home, and they are unwanted now. But this abandonment has made the clever and quick and hardy. At character creation, the Thunn`ha gain 3 extra dots to spend in attributes (wherever they want excepting appearance). In addition, they receive 8 free dots to place in any ability that they want (to a maximum of 5 in any one category).

Frailties:

Different: The Thunn`ha were beings of a world yet inchoate, and to most eyes were ugly and rudely fashioned. Regardless of what they looked to each other, in some cosmically unfair disadvantage- the Thunn`ha are considered ugly at best, disgustingly froggy looking bastards at worse. At character creation, each Thunn`ha begins with an appearance rating of 0. In addition, it can never rise to anything above a rating of 1 even with magics such as metamorphosis or magical concealments or the like. Not that the Thunn`ha feel there is anything wrong with their appearance. It is the rest of the world that's ugly.



Dishwater Dani- in the back of a Jersey bar, sharpens her knife and eyes you with an ugly stare. Wondering if she can trust you, she begins a tirade of her fellow Mythian Tribes...

Leng-Folk: There is nothing they can barter with that I want. They hate me for this of course, but I don't care.

Leng-Spiders: Out of all of us, I think that they understand the most. They won't say as much, but that's their way.

Night-Gaunts: There are creepy things in the Outworld. These faceless buggers are some of the creepiest.

Serpent-Men: I can't help but feel that they were somehow behind what happened to our home at the hands of mortals. I don't know why, and I sure as hell don't want to prove it... but still.

Ulthranian-Cats: Creepy lying bastards. You can only count on them to be creepy and lie. But at least you can count on them for that. I hate to say it, but I have had dealings with one, and it turned out okay. I'll leave it at that.

Zoogs: Lazy Moon-Brew drinking, glue-sniffing, murdering, klepto good for nothings.

Bullwugs: Our history is an oral one, and it goes way back. Our stories say that some of lived in Hyperborea. I hear that on the placid Island, there is a place still called Huperborea, where Kelts live. There is a family of Keltic Half-Blooded calling themselves Bullywugs. I hear tell that they have a passing resemblance. I'm not sure what to do with this, but it would be nice if we still had family out there.

Eshu: Always family. Always will be.

Nephandus: They offered aid, not knowing who or what I was. I was tempted, true. But I knew the price for such aid was more than I was willing to pay.

Dagonites: I went to them for aid, they turned me away because I was "Ugly." The hell with them.