

VILY

Blood sister Vily, I look for you over nine fields, nine meadows, nine lakes, nine woods, nine mountains, nine rocky mountain peaks and nine decaying castles because you want to come to me and be my blood sister. Blood sister vily, I have found you and I am your beloved sister. What has belonged to me from the beginning of time must be mine.

Song for a Hedge Witch to summon the Vily

Sisters in battle, I am shield and blade to you.

As I breathe, your enemies will know no sanctuary. While I live, your cause is mine.

Wonder Woman: Warbringer— *Leigh Bardugo,*

Quote: How now mortal, what are this carriage without a horse? It vomits forth a cloud most foul from its backside. Take it far from me, lest I slay it like a beast.

The all-female Plemya (Kith) of Vily were once close to our world. Working, playing, and loving, they lived alongside the mortal world in delightful abandon, maintaining the wild liminal spaces between our world and the many others. But mankind changed, and demanded more - more knowledge, more wealth, more war.

The Vily, dismayed and hurt by man's greed, left for a better place in the wilds where the walls between worlds were thinner. They set sail for the Thrice-Tenth-Kingdom. However, they didn't quite go all the way, and set up their own world. But they vowed to return when man needed them again. That time has not yet come, though the occasional wise-woman or hedge-witch can contact them if need be.

The Vily have their own world between the Dreaming and the Waking world (which they understand as the world of men). It is a liminal space, where the walls between worlds grows thin. Here there are whole villages of the Vily, all women (with the occasional mortal lover). There are routes out of course, but only the Vily know them, and they protect them with a dangerous fervor. The world of men is confusing and angry, but in their wild places, things are ordered and neat and ever so pure.

Appearance: In all their Lik the Vily are stunningly beautiful women with the bodies of athletes and expressions both severe and gentle. Their Okovy Lik (Mortal Mien) always wears their long hair wild and unkempt, a testament to their wild nature.

The Karlik Lik (Fae Mien) is much the same, save taller and leaner, with tight cords of muscle barely bound under skin the color of old wood. Their hair is just as wild, but now seems even longer, with reds, golds, silvers and white hues all visible. No small few of their number may even boast an animal feature or two, horns, fangs, and claws being the usual.

In all forms, the Vily's teeth take on a strange sheen, with the Karlik Lik



VILENJAK

With all this said, the Vily don't hate men at all, they just may have some problems with the world Men have created for themselves. Sometimes on such trips to the outside world, they may even meet a good guy. This may be their Vilenjak. A Vilenjak is a mortal man, kind, articulate, and smart enough to not get in the Vily's way. If he and the Vily should ever find true love despite their differences, she will enchant him, and take him to live with her in the forest - as her lover and companion forever more. Though he gains none of her powers, he does gain the ability to shrink down the size of a clover-flower (for one point of Glamour spent). Most of the Vilenjak are mere good-hearted mortals, but every Vily is a sucker for a good star-crossed lover story, and rumors abound of Mages, Werewolves, Ghosts, or other Creature whose heart was stolen by the Vily and the two lived happily ever after...

being the most noticeable- as the teeth being a blackish grey- the color of cold iron. While it is strange, it does nothing to detract from their beauty.

Lifestyle: The Vily prefer to stay deep in their wild places, dealing with few mortals besides their blood-sisters or occasional lover (See Vilenjak above). Some have contact with the other Karlik, but usually only the females. They also have little truck with the real world and even less with the lecherous, war-loving men who make this world so difficult. Every now and again, however, a lone Vily may be sent as an emissary to the world of men, to rediscover that the mortal world is still worth it.

The *Vilinaki* are the blood-sisters of the Vily, witches and wise women allies who know the secret calls and signs to work in the wild places. Most are hedge-mages (*Sorcerers* as the Awakened Willworkers understand it). A few of them might be Changing Breeds among the Corax and Gurahl or Silver-fangs. There may even be a few Ghosts for all of that. Every good Vily will aid such sisters if they need her, and vice versa.

Zuitbotschnick Vily are fresh from Chrysalis, and like a Salmon returning to its home rivers, at the moment of their Chrysalis, a budding Vily seeks out her Sisters. They are waiting with open arms to take her in and train her in all their many magics.

Zverinyy Vily are the ones most excited to explore the world of men. What will they discover? Adventure? Danger? Romance?

Serebro Vily are the queens, and are treated as such by Vily, Vilinaki, and any Vilenjak around. Anyone that meets them should have their graces about them, as the Queens don't suffer the impudent.

Glamour Ways: Like many of the old Karlik, the original Vily regained Zhivost' from offerings left in the liminal spaces between worlds. On the edges of the Vily's forests, or just in the mouths of their caves. Food, fresh flowers, and strong alcoholic drinks were the norm, but anything offered in good faith served a purpose. Today little has changed, though the mortals might not see it as an offering. Anything offered to the Vily in good faith, from a glass of water to a phone-number hastily written down on a napkin (with some hope attached) all serve to refuel her magics.

Unleashing: Unleashins from the Vily bring all sorts of madness in their wake. Whirlwinds of dust and debris rise up, but instead of the clatter and whooshing of wind, there is the sounds of bagpipes and drums. Clouds unleash cold rain, even if clear. The Hair of a Vily will turn green on any 10's rolled, taking a few turns to return to natural color. The most telling sign, however, is the strange eeriness that onlookers feel. A nervous uncertainty named after the Plemya themselves- what outsiders would eventually learn to call "getting the Villies, or *Willies*" - an idiom continued to this day.

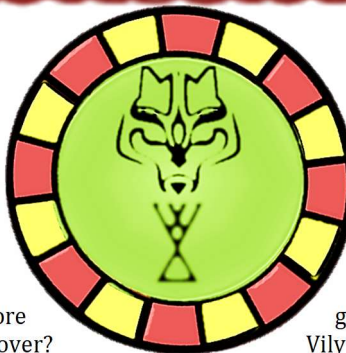
Affinity: Nature

Birthrights

More (Boleye): The Vily far outstrip mere mortals in their power and grace, and this is evident from the very beginning. At character creation, instead of the usual 7/5/3 of Attributes, the Vily being with 9/7/5. It should also be stressed that due to reasons known only the land itself, all archery rolls are always at a -2 difficulty. Because.

Iron Teeth (Zheleznyye Zuby): Perhaps a parting gift from the Beldamya, perhaps a sign of something older (if such a thing can exist), but the Vily have teeth of the purest cold iron. While not quite visible in mortal mien, they are obvious in Fae. Each bite from the Vily does St + 2 points of damage, painful to most but aggravated to other Dreaming creatures (even among themselves- but they rarely bite their own).

Beast of the Wilds (Zver' iz Debrey): As if the extra attributes and iron teeth weren't enough, the Vily also have a shapeshifting birthright, which allows them to assume the form of most any



animal. Horse, wolf, eagle, snake, and cat are the usual catalog of beasts, but cow, stag, owl, or even bear aren't unheard of. The animal in question will have a gleaming white pelt and hooves, horns, eyes, claws, and other embellishments being of bright burnished gold. The teeth, however, will be a dull blackish-grey, cold iron to those who know how to look. All Vily have one animal, not unlike the Pooka, but can shapeshift regardless of who's looking. It takes one Glamour to change, but not to change back.

Frailties

Mane of Power (Griva Sily): The power of the Vily is in her wild unkempt locks, her hair a testament to the wild places and her place in it. To take this hair is to remove her birthrights- quite literally. If a Vily ever gets a haircut, she will lose all shapeshifting and iron-teeth birthrights. In addition, any magical rolls made using arts or the like will be at a +2 difficulty. This lasts until her hair can grow back to its full length.

Old World Ways (Puti Starogo Sveta): The Vily are creatures of the Old World, and the modern trappings of man are an ugly bitter affair. Much like the Keltoid Sidhe of the West, any single point of Okovy (banality) that a Vily gains counts as two.

Moon-Ties (Luna Galstuki): The mysteries of the moon and women have long been explored, but with the Vily, they are much more evident. While every Vily has some few difficulties in dealing with the Menfolk, it is rarely something that can't be worked out. However, during the Nights of a New Moon- the Vily can't be bothered to work it out. Any rolls on these nights, that involve meaningful interaction with any Males (not including fighting one), are always at a +2 difficulty. The only exceptions are the Vilenjak (See above) who are patient and skilled enough to tiptoe around the Vily's lunar frenzies.

Akilina, scowling as the world of men passes by, trades what she knows for knowledge of your world.

Dvoverie: All animals deserve respect, even us white ones.

Kikkimora: How far you have fallen little sister.

Leshiye: They know better than to cross over into our world, this is good.

Likho: Anything you say Baba.

Morozko: Delicate little ice-flowers, with all the power of the hard seasons. It is good to have them as friends.

Korhorushy: I do not care for the domesticity.

Polevik: I do not care for their farms.

Poludnica: I really do not care for their madness.

Rarash: Are you sure that they aren't just a fever dream?

Rusalki: It is best to treat with them at a safe distance.

Ved: Oh, so gentle, but worth little more than that.

Vodyanoi: I remember when they were little gods. I didn't care for them then, either.

Zmei: It is best to say nothing, there are some secrets safer being kept a secret.

Serebryanny Klyk: I have a sister among their Tribe. Their rage is great, their skill in better greater. I am glad that she is my sister. I would hate to have her as an enemy.