

Yule Sidhe

“He who has not Christmas in his heart will never find it under a tree.”— Roy L. Smith

Quote: Greetings Stranger, enter into this realm with a heart full of Joy. The realm has invited you and for that be grateful. But know that it is grander than you can reckon. The power that invited you is stronger than the sun and older than the winter's night. Do not take your invitation for granted.

While the Celtic Lands may lay claim to the Sidhe Tribes as the Concordia understand it, they don't lay claim to the whole of the Kith. There are Sidhe of concepts far older than even the Celts could reckon. In the town of Juleberg, or Christmas town as it's known to locals, there exists one high-born Tribe of Sidhe. This family harkens back to the First awakenings of Yule and the promise of renewal that it brings.

While modern media and popular culture paint Christmas Elves as tiny toy-making figures in red tights and Phrygian Caps, seeing the true Lords of Yule quickly dispel such conceits. Beautiful in the cold way that only the primogenital Sidhe can be – the proud and noble Yule-Sidhe watch over the Dreaming realm of Christmas Town. They are distant and aloof, but fair and even-handed. They are, in effect, the best that royalty has to offer. And while they may carve toys, bake sweets, or even crack nuts, they are not to be confused with commoners that fulfill these same rolls. They are Lords and Ladies of the very realm and masters of the tasks that fuel it.

The Yule-Sidhe answer only to the Sinter-Klauss; the nebulous and never-seen manifestation of Christmas Town's very Spirit. In fact, it is rumored that if anyone has ever seen the Sinter-Klauss, it would be the eldest Grumps of the Tribe. These Old-world Fae are the elemental voice and face of the Season, and everyone in Christmas Town is wise enough to remember this.

Appearances: In all Miens, the Yule-Sidhe represent everything beautiful about the season. In Mortal Mien they are tall and slender with long hair as pale as a winter moon and lips as red as mistletoe. In Fae mien, their beauty intensifies to a staggering degree. Their eyes grow hard and cold as ice and their graceful features as delicate as crystal. They have the ears of the Sidhe, but these ears are rosy and nipped by the frost. The wear of the Yule-Sidhe is festive and decorated in the colors of the seasons; pine green, royal crimson, gold, silver and snowy-white. For the few unseelie coal-black and midnight blue are fashionable.

Lifestyles: It surprises many outsiders that the Sidhe of the Christmas Town would stoop to manual labor. But the Yule-Sidhe know better, it is their gift to construct the very fabrications of the Season. Toys and baked-goods and chopped yule-logs all wrapped in ribbons are no simple gewgaws. They are the very chiminage offered up to the Christmas Season. Like sacred offerings to old Pagan Gods, or the Magi's gifts to the Christ-Child, hand-made creations are mandatory to ensure the Holiday's power.

Whether in the humble Waking Yule-Berg or its Dreaming Mirror of Christmas-Town the Yule-Sidhe each contribute in their own unique way. Whether this means crafting toys, baking cookies or carving Nutcrackers, every Yule-Sidhe has a purpose. These unique resolutions each ensure the mandate of the Sinter-Klauss, the Town, and the Spirit of Christmas itself.

Childing Yule-Sidhe are perhaps the most affable of the Tribe. Their rosy cheeks, noses, and ears are eager for the mischief that only youth can present. Yet while mischievous, they are also eager to quell arguments and promote the true jovial spirit of the realm.

Wilder Yule-Sidhe learn quickly that their mission is older and darker than most of Yule-Berg's inhabitants. The Season is alive, aware, and it is up to them to ensure that it thrives within the town. Sometimes they may miss the innocence and frivolity of their Childing years, but duty inevitably calls them back to the here and now.

Grumps Yule-Sidhe know what it means to maintain the Town's vitality & efficiency. They settle disputes, oversee the factories, ensure that the borders are maintained, and even receive and implement the requests of the Sinter-Klauss himself. With them in charge everyone benefits.



Glamour Ways: Yule-Sidhe regain their Glamour from the town itself. Songs sang, Trees lit, cookies baked with great care... this Christmas Energy feeds the town, which in turn feeds the Yule-Sidhe. (see Birthright below).

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Yule-Sidhe carry with them the sweet bouquet of fresh pine, peppermint and cinnamon. There is a cold brisk breeze that whisks through the scene and the tinkling of sleighbells can be heard in the distance.

Affinity: Fae

Birthrights:

The Fairest: The Yule-Sidhe are a tribe of Sidhe, as much as the others, and inherit the same grace and beauty as their Celtic Kin. But as keepers of the Mid-winter's heart, they gain a bit more than their erstwhile cousins. At character creation, the Yule-Sidhe gain 4 extra dice of Appearance, even and especially if above 5. Also they can never suffer a botch that would make them look foolish in any way.

Heart of Christmas: As keepers of Christmas Town's very soul, the Yule-Sidhe are assured by the town's precincts in a way that few others are. As long as the Yule-Sidhe remain within 20 miles of the town's center, they automatically gain one point of Glamour a night up until their maximum permanent rating. In addition, any Cantrips cast within the walls are at a -1 difficulty. Not so much outside, however (See Frailty below).

Frailties:

Bound by the Heart of Christmas: While the Christmas Town border's provide blessings of Glamour and easier magics to the Yule-Sidhe, it also limits them to the borders of the town. Sometimes the Tribe has to venture further than the town's walls. Whenever outside of the Yule-Berg (20 miles or so away) any cantrip is always at a +1 difficulty.

This is an exception to this rule. This Frailty is negated between Christmas Eve and the Night of Christmas, when again, any Cantrips are at the -1 difficulty.

In addition, it is far harder for a Yule-Sidhe to replenish Glamour outside the town's borders. They only way to refuel their magics when outside of the town's limits is in an area where the spirit of the holiday is being cherished. This is hard to accomplish in Florida, or July, or anywhere else that isn't either Yule-Berg or Yule-Tide.

Any banality accrued during such sojourns out of the city are also doubly damning. Any point of banality is counted as two points.

Lady Solstice of the green-house picks mistletoe and places it carefully into her basket, and regales you with winter-cold truths of her fellows

Ginger-Bred: As trying as they are, their speed proves invaluable when delivering messages. There are a lot of letters to be brought to the Klauss after all.

Jokul Frosti: I understand that they are an older part of Yule, but so is compassion and empathy. I wish that they understood these.

Krampus: Few realize our ties; Blood ties that reach back centuries. We are a both a fundamental component of why Christmas.

Misfits: Broken and bent monsters from a broken and bent ideological world. They should be pitied and feared, yes, but not abandoned, never abandoned.

Nutcrackers: Stoic soldiers. I wish we could claim that they are our greatest creation, but the Season itself made them, not our magics.

Snowmen: Hah! Winter's magic given form. The Joy of the cold sprung to happy life. Our greatest allies, (and sometimes lovers) they are the best of us.

Sugar-Plums: I wish they would go back to their damned Azúcar. Jolly or not, they are a hindrance to our great work.

Other Sidhe Tribes: Regardless of what the Celtic Tribes say about the kings under the Hill, we are not among their numbers. We may be cousins but are not of the same household.

The Sinter-Klauss: No. I have never seen him. Yet, like all of us, I have felt his presence. It is our duty to ensure that the

