

Lutins

“The Tinkerers”

Physical Appearance

There is no typical Lutin. They come in a wild variety of shapes, and adults can range in size from two heads shorter to one head taller than a typical Human. Lutins have the widest differences between individuals of any other species on Haven; among direct family members there can be relatives with varying numbers of limbs, digits, and eyes.

Lutins usually take on the colors of the environment where they were born, from slate greys and mossy greens to sandy tans and bark browns, sometimes with mottling or stripes, and often with colorful markings around the face. A rare few come in loud, bright colors. They are often covered in fur, from downy to shaggy, and sometimes with feathers, scales, and/or armored plates.

Lutin eyes are a uniform cobalt blue, without any obvious iris or pupil, and reflect back light in a way that gives them a faint inner glow.

Natural philosopher Marius Thane describes the smell of Lutins to be “somewhere between a brewery and a bakery, with a whole lot of nutmeg”. Lutins themselves say that each individual has a unique scent. Some particularly sensitive Lutins claim they can identify a distinct bouquet for a creature’s every mood.

Life Cycle

With every solstice or equinox of Haven’s primary star, a Lutin will change gender from male to female or vice-versa. The ones that turn female on the solstices are known as porteurs haut-bas while the ones that turn female on the equinoxes are called porteurs moyens. There are no obvious differences from one gender-state to another that a non-Lutin would notice, unless the Lutin in question became pregnant.



Starting Lutin Characters

(2,138 or 2,116* Character Points)

B	A	S	E	W	I	P	R	Rep	HP	SP
Pr	Cm	Cm	Cm	Pr	Cm	Cm	Dr	Dr	22	17

Skills

- Languages: Lutinaise, Traveler’s Creole

Powers

- Enhanced Smell: **Gd**
- Enhanced Taste: **Gd**
- *Select any two* –
 - Armor: **Cm**
 - or Blunt Attack: **Cm**
 - or Jump: **Dr***
 - or Protection from Cold: **Cm**
 - or Protection from Corrosives: **Cm**
 - or Protection from Physical Attacks: **Cm**
 - or Sharp Attack: **Cm**
 - or Speed: **Cm**

Though their bodies vary greatly in size and shape, Lutins are on average the physical and mental equals of Humans, with the same natural upper limits on their traits.

The Lutin senses of smell and taste are more sensitive than those of most Humans. They can catch the faint scent of something 200 m (600 ft) away as easily as a Human can smell something right under her nose. Lutins can also detect things in their food and drink at concentrations that are undetectable to most Humans. In addition, Lutins remember smells and tastes the way humans remember colors and shapes. They have a (-1) penalty when defending against smell- or taste- based attacks, or any attacks specifically aimed at their noses or mouths.

Different Lutins are born with different types of natural weapons and defenses. Some have claws, horns, spikes, or spines. Others have thick fur, insulating blubber, or armor plates. Some Lutin can even leap 20 m (60 ft) or run up to 120 m per turn (72 kph / 45 mph).

Lutins are nothing if not diverse. If the Game Master agrees, instead of taking one the common Lutin powers listed above under *Select any two*, a Lutin character can opt to have one different, more rare, power: Adapted to Water, Chameleon, Extra Attacks, Flight, or any of the other Protection powers except for Protection from Magic. Some Lutins manifest new natural weapons and defenses later in life, especially when their bodies endure repeated environmental stress. Lutin characters can opt to buy new powers from the *Select any two* list later on in the story.

Pregnant Lutins sprout one or more spherical lumps on their bodies, which grow larger and larger for about a dozen weeks before falling off. Even if a Lutin turns male part-way through those twelve weeks, the lumps are unaffected. These lumps have the same covering as the parent, but are tinted to match the surrounding landscape, and are about half the size of a human head when they finally fall off.

About a day after falling off its parent, each lump bursts open to reveal a newborn Lutin amid a rapidly evaporating casing. Baby Lutins start to talk and crawl within a week of birth, when they are presented to their kin-group for the *Comment S'appelle?, Comment T'appelle?* naming ritual. Lutins have a two-part name; The first part is assigned by their kin-group and usually references something obvious about the child's appearance; The second part is whatever the *Maître des Rituels* (Master of Rituals) interprets as the sound the child gives for her name. When a child's complete name is repeated by her kin-group, they formally accept responsibility for the young Lutin's care, and begin raising her in the communal "flock of children".

Lutins reach physical and mental maturity in about five years, when they reach their full size. They live about a decade or two less than most Humans, but this may be due to their harsher lives. Lutin infant mortality is also greater than that of every other sentient species on Haven. When a Lutin dies and exits the story, his body bubbles and dissolves into a liquid, which then evaporates in a matter of minutes.

Arts & Sciences

Lutin food may not always look appetizing, and their ideas of what is edible are considerably broader than that of most species, but their sauces are always fragrant and aromatic. The best advice to the uninitiated is to close your eyes, take a deep breath, and dig in. It's also probably best not ask what's in their stews.

Lutins have no concept of beauty or ugliness. They don't understand how to discriminate against someone else based on how that person looks. Their art, which is usually for the embellishment of functional objects, rarely depicts whole creatures, but instead might feature disembodied faces or limbs, sometimes all tangled together.

Since Lutins come in many shapes and sizes, they almost never make one-size-fits-all devices; any sort of mass production is impractical for much of what they build.

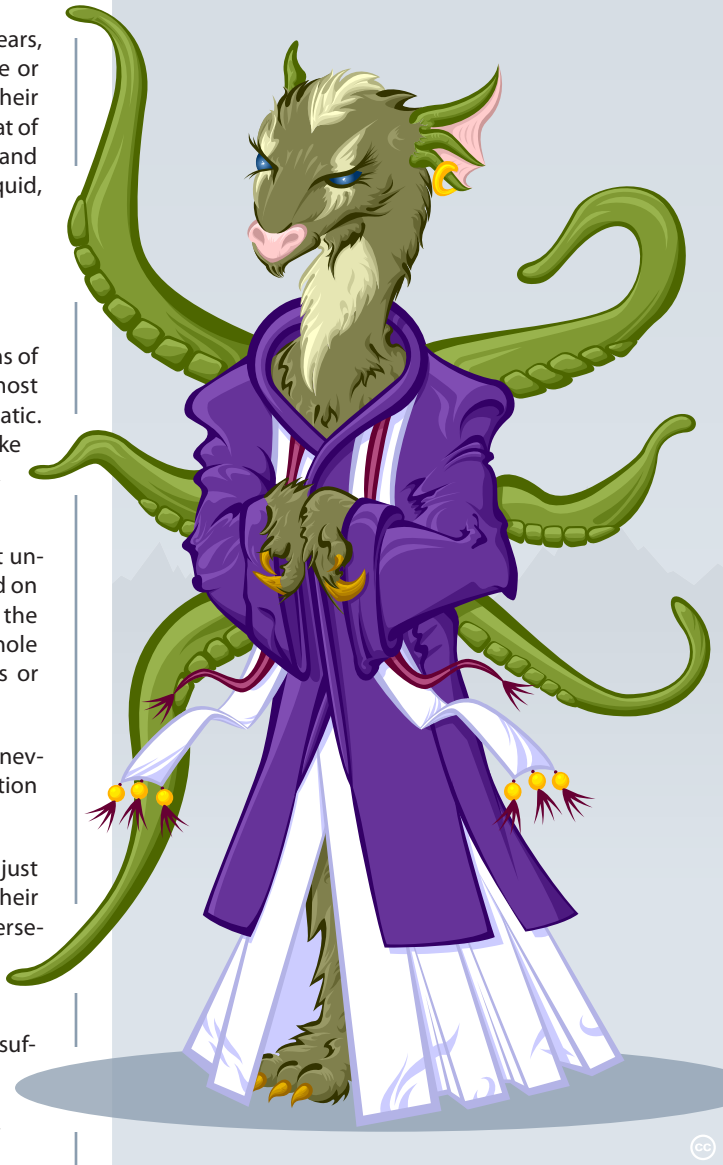
They fearlessly experiment with technology, sometimes just to see what happens. Lutin mages have tried to infuse their machines with magic. Their tinkerers have tried to reverse-engineer alien relics from the Wars of the Fallen Stars. Lutins have developed both steam engines and gun powder. The results of all this tinkering have been mixed, and Lutins haven't been the only ones who have suffered when their experiments have gone wrong. The easiest way to draw the ire (if not outright hostility) of most other sentient species on Haven is to openly display Lutin technology.

Bluffing Your Way Through Lutinaise

The Lutinaise language of Haven is simulated by stringing together real French words, then occasionally adjusting the word endings or adding other twists. If you or your fellow players speak French, this will probably be quite annoying to read, so you should feel free use some other language for Lutinaise, or even make up your own Lutinaise words for stories set in Haven.

Guilt By Association

Any non-Lutin character openly carrying Lutin technology, such as firearms or anything made from *Mousse d'Ombre* (shadow foam), will suffer a (-2) penalty when dealing with NPCs on Haven. Reactions to actual Lutins will vary according to each Non-Player Character's history with nearby Lutin kin-groups. NPCs tend to assume that Lutins, "bad as they are", can't help who they are, but members of other sentient species should know better.



Shadow Foam

Some of the most distinctly Lutin devices are made from *Mousse d'Ombre* (shadow foam), sometimes mistakenly called "Lutin Steel". It's a hard, non-magnetic, blue-black material with a close-up texture akin to soap bubbles. Devices made from the foam sometimes have clusters of coin- to fist-sized bubbles on their surfaces.

Firearms

It takes as much time and effort for a Lutin mage to mix gunpowder and craft perfect little *Mousse d'Ombre* bullets as it does for her to make potions, so Lutin communities are particular about who they arm. Every shadow foam firearm is custom made for the particular size, grip strength, and number of digits in its wielder's hand/paw/flipper/tentacle; It's almost impossible for such a gun to work for anyone else. Bullets, on the other hand, are one of the few items that Lutins have standardized —they're all about the equal to 9mm rounds from Earth.

Charioteers

Since the Second War of the Falling Stars, Lutin kings have offered bounties for anything coming out of a falling star. They've judiciously avoided claiming the unwieldy chunks of star metal for themselves, letting other powers on Haven fight over their hulls while Lutins make away with all the mangled scraps of Tzitzimitl technology. Their greatest prizes so far have been the Charioteers, ephemeral beings that steer falling stars to their targets, and who have no trouble controlling and powering Lutin war engines. Unfortunately, Charioteers are also very good at controlling living beings. Lutin mages keep them under control inside delicate jade cages adapted from Tzitzimitl designs. Over the years, a few Charioteers have broken their bonds, running away inside everything from a suit of Lutin armor, to a pile of Human blacksmith tools, to a living Sidhe.

Culture & Customs

Society

The most basic unit of Lutin society is the *tribu*, or kin-group, a collection of Lutins that may or may not be related by blood, but who have chosen to live together in the same set of caves or mobile dwellings. If a group of Lutins come together for an extended period of time, they tend to unconsciously form up into a *tribu* and Lutins that become members of long-term mixed-species teams may come to regard the team as a kin-group. *Tribu* leadership, to non-Lutin, appears to be something that can be challenged at any time through a physical, mental, or magical contest, but in reality is all about who the kin-group is willing to follow; The rest is just ritual to avoid unnecessary blood-shed. The longest ruling Lutin leaders tend to be consensus-builders that find useful roles for their would-be rivals.

Historically, all the kin-groups in a geographic region came together once a year, or once every seven years, for some great regional hunt or harvest that required the combined might of hundreds of Lutins. To this day, even if such hunts or harvests might no longer be needed, *des tribus* will gather to reenact them, and to have the *grande régal*, a feast where agreements are made in matters of importance to all Lutin. The leaders of these great gatherings are known as princes, and are sent to confer with the acknowledged leader of all Lutins, the Lutin King. The princes in turn can theoretically speak for the king. In practice, the power of the king and the princes is greatest in their immediate presence, and tapers off quickly when they cannot convince other Lutin to follow their policies. This is why it is a practical impossibility to make a treaty or enforce a truce with "The Lutin"; If a large enough group disagrees with a treaty and a larger group of their fellows can't convince or threaten them into obeying it, they will simply ignore it. This unfortunately has led many non-Lutin communities to establish "attack on sight" policies for Lutins.





Gender Roles

Since every Lutin spends time as the equivalent of both male and female, most don't really understand the gender roles of Korobokuru and Human societies—they have no equivalent. However, Lutins with knowledge of these species are savvy enough to realize they'll usually receive better treatment among Humans if they introduce themselves as males, and fair better with Korobokuru if they're addressed as females.

Clothing

Pockets are the main reason a Lutin might put on clothes: to keep things on his person. Vests, belts, equipment harnesses, and shoulder pouches are the most popular things for a Lutin to put on her body. In colder and wetter climates, Lutins without enough fur or blubber might wear full-body garments. Some also wear clothes strung with beads or bells, just for the pleasant noises (to Lutins) that these ornaments add to their movements.

Gear

Lutin Pistol

Price: **Gr(+2)(15)**

- Material: **Gd(+1)(10)**, *Mousse d'Ombre*
- Range: **Pr(-1)(4)** 80 m (240 ft)
- Damage: **Cm(0)(6)** sharp
- Shots: **6**
- Requires a full turn to reload.

Lutin Rifle

Price: **Ou(+3)(20)**

- Material: **Gd(+1)(10)**, *Mousse d'Ombre*
- Range: **Ou(+3)(20)** 400 m (200 ft)
- Damage: **Gd(+1)(10)** sharp
- Shots: **6**
- Requires a full turn to reload.
- Requires the use of both hands to fire.

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This should go without saying, but this work is a supplement to a *game*, **Ten Thousand Worlds**, and is meant to make a rainy afternoon more enjoyable for you and a few friends. This game requires you to use your imagination. If you have trouble telling the difference between fantasy and reality, then this game is probably not for you.