

The following is information your character may have encountered first-hand - or through association with the Enchanters or Enchantresses of other Houses they have dealings with. It is also entirely appropriate to have your character have not encountered some of the happenings recounted below, but be familiar with the entities and stories discussed - or vice versa - or indeed be completely ignorant - in which case stop reading now!

A pernicious breed of Summer boggart - disparagingly referred to 'Realm Vermin' by those with little patience for otherworldly interference - have, as the days have gotten longer, the weather warmer and the crops taller, become more and more of a nuisance to the yeofolk of nearby lands.

Uncommon outside of the most remote reaches of Dawn and rarely mentioned in grimoires of Summer lore, these boggarts are known as 'Hukkup' and are far beneath the power of the heralds of the realms they infest. Taking a suitably ignoble form, it appears as a scarecrow, being formed from a colourful motley of tatted scraps - both its flesh and its garb - and moves with an erratic, wood-boned gait. It carries further lengths of wood as simple staves and clubs, though some have been encountered with farming tools - indeed, from a distance a gaggle of these creatures appears to be nothing more than a boisterous group of yeofolk.

Like the Marchers some disparagingly liken their appearance to, Hukkup seem to be drawn by fair weather and festival. Rarely a bother, save to disrupting the business of the yeofolk whose farms they seem to primarily appear near, something to do with the approaching Summer seems to have brought an unusually large number of complaints to your House: Hukkup emerging from the fields to join in a feast or festival, taking offence at some perceived slight and getting into a drawn-out brawl. Too often this season have you or members of your House had to assist household soldiery in driving off such boorish ruffians - a task with little potential if any for glory.

Near more remote Houses, where these creatures are more well-known they are sometimes called 'Merry Marchers' and it is said that their seemingly drunken antics and low humour are reminders of the importance of pursuing glory and not revelling in the simple things. Yeofolk have found some success in mollifying Hukkup - keeping them merry until they wander away - or 'go marching' - claiming that however quickly the boggarts might turn to brawling, they are just as quick to forgive and embrace their 'hosts' - ready to continue the revelry.

Of course, for those with less patience, they are no harder to send back to the Summer Realm than any herald and it is only their cloth and wood bodies that give them a surprising resilience.

The above is an OOC document that you should not take into play. Feel free to make any notes about what your character remembers from the dream or vision instead.