

The following is information your character may have encountered first-hand - or through their association with other Landskeepers as they performed their duties across the Marches. 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 across the territories of the Marches.

The boggart in question is known to those remote Households where they are more commonly encountered as a 'Hukkup'. It takes the form of scarecrow, or possibly a poppet given human form: it appears as if 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.

Hukkup seem to be drawn by fair weather and festival: they are beings of celebration and comradery taken to an extreme that would make even the most gregarious Marcher blush. Though rarely more than a bother, something in the season has meant you have been called to help deal with an unusually large number of incidents where Hukkup have emerged from the fields to join in a feast or festival, taken offence at some perceived slight and gotten into a drawn-out brawl. So too have you needed to help Beaters drive off Hukkup found basking beneath the sun in a Household's field, or in the square of a market town.

Where Hukkup are better known they are seen as tests of patience and temperate mood: it is said that where a Hukkup leaves a celebration in good spirits a fruitful harvest will follow. This is of course easier said than done - the more sun and the more gaiety the boggarts indulge in, the more 'sun drunk' they become and the quicker they are to take offence. However so too will they quickly be mollified, embracing their 'hosts' and swearing that there are no hard feelings.

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.