

*The following is information your character may have encountered first-hand - or through association with other bands of mummers as you have toured 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!*

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As the days have gotten longer, the weather warmer and the crops taller, a peculiar creature of the Summer Realm has become more and more of a nuisance across the breadth and length of your Nation. Of particular interest to performers such as yourselves, these creatures - a type of boggart known as a 'Hukkup' - are drawn to celebration, revelry and performance - especially that of a magical nature.

Hukkup take 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. Usually little more than an obscure character found in stories from remote Households, it seems that something about this summer in particular has had them appearing in greater profusion - it's likely your troupe has heard stories, or themselves been involved in an incident where Hukkup have emerged from the fields to join in a festival or performance, taken offence at some perceived slight and gotten into a drawn-out brawl. You may too have encountered Hukkup basking beneath the sun in a Household's field, or in the square of a market town before Landskeepers or the local yeofolk have a chance to get it to move along.

In dramaturgy, Hukkup are sometimes used as members of the Chorus, offering ample opportunities for physical comedy through misadventures caused by their own bullishness and low humour. As likely to be a benefice as a malefactor, Hukkup rarely play the role of a fortune - they blunder and bluster, led by base pleasures and the other members of the cast. Hukkup also play a unique role in the mummer's tradition in that they appear to be particularly sensitive to the power of improvisation, being drawn into dramaturgical roles a confident performer weaves around them, providing a means to mollify and direct their otherwise unpredictable 'drunken' antics.

More mundane myths relate to Hukkup being tests of patience and a temperate attitude: a popular story suggests that if a Hukkup who has their fill of revelry and can be led away in a fair mood, then those who hosted it will be blessed with a rich harvest. Another, more fanciful tale says that the Hukkup look how they do because Good Walder, getting lost upon the road, happened into a regio and took offence at the oddly garbed spirits therein - threatening them with his club if they didn't have the decency to dress like proper Marchers. The spirits, cringing at the Courage of the Paragon, did their very best - ending up with their odd appearance as they rushed to dress out of fear of Walder's oaken brand.

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**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.**