



Located at the northernmost point on Selen, a vaunted settlement allegedly resides. Lost to myth and history, it is said to be the birthplace of an annual tradition that carries on to this very day.

The village of Kor'vatunturi is an enclave of Sephi refugees that landed on Selen in time immemorial. They were fleeing religious persecution and opted to create their own settlement in the harsh north where nobody would bother them. Unfortunately, the same isolation soon led to genetic difficulties as most of the men perished in short order to the trials and tribulations of arctic life, leaving only a scant handful of eligible fathers to maintain the population.

The genetic deterioration soon manifested itself in widespread dwarfism, the entirety of the village's population composing of stunted pointy-eared beings who, nonetheless in full possession of their mental faculties, pluckily eked out a living in the cold.

Only a few newborns, around 1% of all births, were free of this genetic ailment, and they would be destined for leadership within the Kor'vatunturi society. Named the All-Father and All-Mother, as honorary titles, they were the undisputed leaders of the community and tasked with its safety.

Not long after the Sephis originally made planetfall, the leaders of the enclave tried to muscle their way onto better hunting grounds. Surrounded on all sides by Selenian natives already used to the harsh climate, their would-be invasion faltered despite their superior technology, and by the end the tribes had the Sephis surrounded and at their mercy. However, as killing other sentients was regarded to be in poor taste by the natives, they instead made a deal with the newcomers. Once a year, they would send out a representative to bear gifts to the four tribes, one for each cardinal direction, and thus symbolically circumnavigate the planet along the arctic circle. Begrudgingly, the Sephis agreed and thus once every year, near the darkest of days, the All-Father departs with the fruits of a year's labor to bring gifts to all four tribes in the dead of the night.

For the tribes, this tithe had once been of some importance, but as times and mentalities changed they began to view it more as a symbolic gesture. Indeed, some tribes considered whether they ought to simply tell the Sephis they could stop, but others argued it was best to not interfere for they had been in isolation for so long. As a compromise, and to appease any moral qualms, the tribes agreed to offer counter-gifts in return; often in the shape of milk and sweetbreads laid out in greeting for the All-Father.

As their societies had grown to enjoy the yearly gift giving, it had taken on a life of its own among the native communities. Instead of relying on the tithe gifts, parents often chose to acquire gifts of their own and merely claim to their children they'd come from the mysterious All-Father. This has since then developed into a near universal planetary custom whereby the end of the year is celebrated by gift-giving among friends and family.

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As best can be assessed, Kor'vatunturi is a small settlement with barely a hundred souls. What tales have survived of it, speak of elegantly carved wooden homes painted in colorful greens and reds. Though eking a modest life out of the harsh tundra, the residents were claimed to be quite content in their existence, subsiding on herding native fauna, fishing and carpentry.

It is for their excellent woodworking that they are most known, small hands crafting elaborate toys and household items out of arctic birch and spruce.

Their garb has changed significantly over the years, adopting fairly swiftly from regular Sephi attire to a more loose-fitting tunic often dyed a bright green or blue, mimicking the clothes of their neighbors. Only the All-Father and All-Mother are allowed to wear red, however, as it is considered a color of authority.

Contact with Kor'vatunturi is sparse to nonexistent, and many claim it died out in legends. However, some travelers claim they've visited the place. Often after being stranded in the wilderness and being dragged to safety by one of the villagers. They speak of curious folk, merry in disposition, but obedient to the will of the elusive All-Father. They treat their guests well, but their hospitality never lasts long. Once a traveler is fit to continue, they are ushered to depart, leaving the village to be swallowed up by the blizzards until nothing but the faint humming of a farewell song remains.