

PAMARINDO

"If you are not hungry for success, you will not make the best use of your time. It is simple and clear. People who are truly hungry for food never play with a meal when they see it."

Become a Better You— *Israelmore Ayivor*,

Quote: And now, I will eat you. Please feel free to cry you little bastardo, it makes you that much sweeter when I pop your grubby fingers in my mouth like tiny little pickles.

They are fat and greasy, covered in blood and animal fat. They have short stubby sausagey fingers for grabbing small animals and big square teeth for chomping the bones. Their eyes are small and mean, their hair is red and greasy, and there is always something bloody wedged between their teeth. And this is still their mortal mien.

Few Italian Kithain are as hated and feared as the Pamarindo – Considered lazy, mean, and sadist little bastards by one and all. They are the very worst examples of Thallain in Italy, if not the world. They are so bad, that they can't even convince other Thallain to work with them.

But to dismiss them as simple Thallain thugs is a dangerous endeavor. They are far cleverer than most give them credit for, and twice as ambitious. Out of all the Stirpe (Italian Kithain), a Pamarindo has the most chance of gaining clout in the mortal arena. Taking jobs that others would blanch at and working hard to ensure that they are taken seriously for it, the Pamarindo may not win in popularity, but they do get recognized for dependability, all the better to ensure a comfortable life-style full of plenty of red-meat to gorge on.

Appearance: As stated above, the Pamarindo are grotesque in appearance. They are bloated and obnoxiously ugly beasts in Fae and mortal Mien. Their skin is dark, as if they had just come from a tanning-salon, their hair is greasy and red, and their teeth are big and yellow, IN Fae Mien, their skin gets darker, their hair gets greasier, and their mouth gets wider. The only thing that gets smaller is their beady little eyes. In both mien they favor flashy jewelry and haute couture fashion. Even if such accoutrements look ridiculous on their stubby little frames, they still carry themselves as the heights of fashion. They also wear too much cologne or perfume for any one creature in the Dreaming or beyond. Perhaps this is to mask the smell of rotten meat that clings to their person.

Lifestyle: The Pamarindo watch and wait, bully and steal, and murder their way into the creature comforts that they so desire. And they will do anything to maintain it. They like fancy things, ensure that they are surrounded with such at all times. Big fancy Paintings on the walls, fancy perfumes and colognes, a record player blasting fancy operas, the Pamarindo are hungry for all the Good things that a fancy life affords.



Piccolo Pamarindo are sociopaths from the start, often torturing little animals and bullying other children if they can get away with it. They breathe through their mouth, giggle at violence, and stare hungrily at people. Needless to say, they aren't super popular.

Incolto Pamarindo grow in patience alongside their girth. They literally can't wait to throw their weight around as they age into their later years. They are still as sadistic as they ever were, but now understand the old honey and vinegar adage. Many can even feign hurt feelings to better draw sympathy from their next meal.

Saggio Pamarindo are smart, too smart, and they sit like bloated spiders in webs of violence, murder, and cannibalism. No few of them set up shop as local mob bosses or made-men, and neatly dispose of any warm bodies that should impede their station.

Glamour Ways: Pamarindo regain Stupore whenever they are the object of respect or fear. Most of the time, however, fear is the only thing they get. When something (or someone) knows that they are going to be eaten by the Pamarindo, it makes the meat that much sweeter, and the Stupore dripping from the next meal is just icing on the cake. *Mmm. Cake.*

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Pamarindo are accompanied by nauseating waves of rotten meat stink and the acidic stench of fear sweat.

Affinity: Nature

Birthrights

Beasts (Bestia): Large in weight, mouth, appetite, and ambition, there is something big about the Pamarindos that makes them giants in every sense of the word – regardless of whether they are physically imposing or no. At character creation they gain 3 extra dice to be allocated to any and all physical attributes, even if above 5. They also gain a free willpower based on their seeming. A *Piccolo* gains 1 free dot, an *Incolto* gains 2 dots, and a *Saggio* 3.

Frailties

Raw Meat (*Carne Cruda*): Pamarindos can only gain sustenance from raw and bloody-meat. They can, and do, eat any and everything edible (they're not redcaps, it has to be food) but can only gain actual nutrition from raw and bloody meat that hopefully still has the tang of fear deep in the muscle.

Hated (*Detestare*): The Pamarindo will always be hated. By the Fae, by mortals, and even by their own. (the Only thing a Pamarindo hates more than another Stirpe is another Pamarindo). Any social roll that involves anything other than brow-beating is at a heightened difficulty based on seeming. Piccolo are at a +1 difficulty, Incolto are at a +2, and Saggio are at a +3.

Rudolfi Rosselini, Purveyor of Specialty Sausages looks at you a little too intensely, licks his lips, and answers your questions concerning the other Stirpe

Callincantzaroi: Taste like chickens, their steeds I mean, of course.

Dona de Fuera: Bitches have never once invited us to their little fetes in the forest. The hell with them.

Fatae: Their pretty little heads should be put to better uses than wearing tiaras.

Foletti: Lustful little Lotharios with all their brains hidden in their tight little pants. They are goof for nothing but aperitifs.

Gianes: They are giants, they are cannibals, but they are still adored. I don't understand and I hate them for it.

Monaciello: All the power that the church warrants you, and you spend your time playing childish pranks on sinners? Such a waste.

Peryton: Venison? Sure, sounds good.

Putti: Their stupid little wings get caught in my throat.

Salvanel: They were nice to us once, when no one else was. When we were very young. It doesn't matter. They are still on the menu.

Seilinoi: They underestimate our strengths, and greatly overestimate their own. Good.

Sirini: I don't go out to sea. I have nothing to worry about.

