

Les Lorialet

"Why, why, why! Because it's all logic and reason now. Science, progress, laws of hydraulics, laws of social dynamics, laws of this, that, and the other. No place for three-legged cyclops in the South Seas. No place for cucumber trees and oceans of wine. No place for me." –Baron Munchausen

Quote: Look at her up there, my Mother... how she dotes upon me.... I believe she smiles upon my new adventure.

Somewhere between a self-awakened Enchanted mortal, and an Old-World True Fae, many wonder if this strange Creature is really a Kith at all. They appear in the Dreaming, interacting with Various Chimera at will, and even seem to be able to perceive the Fae Mien (at least as far as their frailty below allows for).

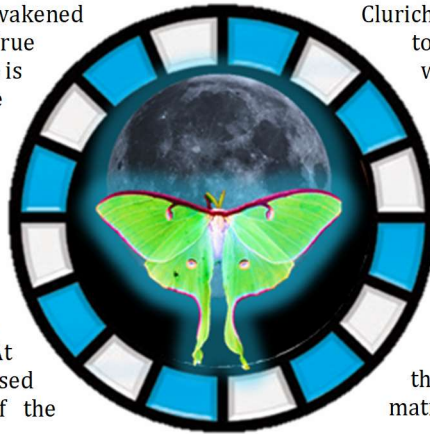
Also known as Les Lunatic, the Les Lorialet is one blessed of great intuition and charisma but is simultaneously burdened with difficulty grasping the true machinations of the real world. At large. Perhaps this is due to their supposed origins as children/lovers/ devotees of the Moon.

The Spanish Don Quixote, the German Good Baron Munchausen, the English Weaver Ned Bottom, and especially France's own beloved Hercule Sauvignon de Cyrano de Bergerac: All are strange entities that exist on the periphery of the known Dreaming, and all are blessed by their beloved Princessesima de Luna. This Princess is the moon, and serves as the kith's lover, sister, mother, or any combination there-of. They claim allegiance and kinship to the moon, in any of her appellations, whether this moon is a great Goddess, beautiful princess, or mad power hungry crone what thirsts for blood, Les Lorialet love them all.

As disparate as the Lorialet are, there is only one uniting factor; they all regard their mistress/ mother/ sister fondly, and seek to unite with her one day. Until that day arrives, the Fabian will attempt to win her favor, and impress her with valiant deeds and exploits to be reminisced about forever.

Appearance: Les Lorialet don't have much in the way of Miens. Their Mortal Mien is too fae, and their Fae Mien appears like their mortal one. While the majority of these Moon-Mad creatures are male, there are a few of the Moon-struck who are women, but both look the same. In both mortal and Fae mien, the Lorialet are unusually attractive, with large sad eyes, and bright pale faces. Though there is something off about their visage. Perhaps their nose is too large, or their eyes too slanted. Despite this shortcoming, it doesn't hinder their comeliness. They prefer to dress in anachronistic fashion, and always seem hastily slapped together, as if they were distracted when dressing.

Lifestyle: Homeless lovelorn poet on a busy Parisian street, maddened avenger of imagined slights, old and broken dreamer at a retirement community waiting for a mysterious family to come visit. All these and more people the halls of the Moon's house. While the Dreaming has a certain place for them in some aspects, they aren't fully a kith such as the Duphon, or the



Clurichaun are a Kith, and don't have their own niche to fill. This is doubly so in the mortal world, where there is no room for them whatsoever. This always leaves a touch of sadness in their wake.

Gamins Lorialet are precocious and sensitive, prone to being bullied. The real world is a horrible place for them.

Vauriens Lorialet have steeled themselves somewhat to the hardships of the banal world. This is the period of their life when they seek adventure in the name of their matrone' – their Princessesima de Luna.

Grincheux Lorialet have found a place for themselves, and while they may still seek adventure, they are content in their long-lived life of success.

Affinity: Time

Glamour Ways: Les Lorialet garner Éclat (Glamour) by reciting accounts of their exploits and basking in the admiration (or even the deniability) of their audience. However, they can receive the same far more easily by seeing their matrone the Moon alongside fellows who can value her befittingly: fellow adventurers, poets, storytellers, even the seemingly banal astronomical physicists or super-villain mad-man. Lorialet feel a rapport with these others, and by interacting with them replenishes their magicks..

Unleashing: With cantrips cast by Les Lorialet comes a fragrance like a cool crisp night, a soft shush in which all sounds still, and dappled silver speckles and soft shadows that dance across the surrounding space.

Birthrights

Broken Clock (*Horloge Brisée*): As the old adage goes, even a broken clock is right twice a day. Les Lorialet embody this concept. When faced with any rolls involving enigmas, greymare, kennings, cosmology, or a knowledge roll even more nebulous, the Lorialet gain extra dice to add to the roll based on their seeming. *Gamins Lorialet* gain 1 dice, *Vauriens Lorialet* gain 2, and *Grincheux Lorialet* gain 3. Even if they have no ratings in these abilities, they may "have a lucky Guess."

Moon's Charms (*les Charmes de la Lune*): Les Lorialet are blessed by their matrone', and can use her light to change the odds. By spending a point of glamour, they can lower the

difficulty for any roll. The difficulty is lowered based on whether they can see the moon, and is based on the phases. If it is a Full moon, the difficulty can be lowered by up to 3 dice. If it is a half moon, the difficulty can be lowered by 2. If it is a quarter moon, the difficulty can be lowered by 1. If it is a New-moon, there is no benefit. This ability only works at night and only if the Lorialet can actively see the Moon above.

Frailties:

Starry Eyed Artlessness (*Ingénu Naïveté*): The Lorialet are a fickle and mercurial breed, but also sad and world weary. They are easily discouraged by the everyday life and it's naysaying. Indeed, there are some seemingly mundane aspects of life that seem unsurmountable to the poor Moon-Bairn. *Driving* may well be one factor that overwhelms a Lorialet, and manifests in a car being a massive beast of a creature that eats loved ones. Or *high-school algebra* may well appear as dark tomes and grimoires of unspeakable evil that converts school-children into the walking dead. Every Lorialet has such a wall that impedes them thusly. Whether or not a Lorialet can overcome these struggles is up to the storyteller. Both player and storyteller should sit and discuss how this hindrance will be evident, and what it means for the story.



Bites the Hand (*Mord la Main*): It is hard for a Lorialet to accept help from the real world, even when it is offered. (Especially doctors) Perhaps they are waiting for their lunar lover to come to their aid, or perhaps their damning pride just won't allow for it. Whatever the cause, it takes a willpower roll to accept aid. The difficulty of the roll is set by the seeming, with *Gamins Lorialet* being a difficulty 7, *Vauriens Lorialet* being a difficulty 8, and *Grincheux Lorialet* being a difficulty 9. If the Lorialet pass the roll, they will begrudgingly accept help. If they fail the roll, they will whine and throw a tantrum and refuse even the kindest of offers. If the roll botches, Les Lorialet will attack the hand that offers aid, even if it is an ally.

Maurice, poet and auteur, gazes at his lover and whispers of his fellows

Barbegazi: Our frozen allies, lovers of fun and adventure, and no one can take that away.

Dames De Cerf Blanche: Shh. They might hear you and run away.

Dormette: They see her too, in their nightly raids in the far realms. Do they listen to her as well?

Dracae: Spoiled princesses, your body may be gold, but your heart is cold iron.

Duphon: I am glad that we can claim them. Other kingdoms can't.

Fee' Verte: They alone might understand.

Feu Follet: When will you come back? I miss you.

Foireaux: Eh. Dirty little alley-chats, with no charm and no love and only vinegar in their broken smiles.

Korrigan: Their duality is a reminder to each of us, we can be ugly if we're not careful.

Margotine: *Beautiful maidens... how I wish I was'nt in love with another.*

Portune: Aha! They keep the fires burning for all of us. It is nice to go home now and again.

Garval: The moon has other children— the *wolf-children*. I do not go their rendezvous', but I hear them sing to her. They love her as I do.

Munchmausen: Where did they go? I miss them.