

STAR-CHILDREN

Those that chose to pay attention found that one could get deeper and deeper into P.funk and never reach the bottom. (George) Clinton's entourage ritualized the funk into a metaphysical phenomenon of self-development not unlike the mystery systems of African and the Caribbean.

FUNK: the Music, the People, and the Rhythm of the One - *Ricky Vincent*

You See, we are scientists of Sound, and we are mathematically putting it down—*Kool and the Gang*

In the Beginning there was Funk—*George Clinton*

Quote: Chocolate covered, luscious, and habit-forming. You're welcome to try at any time. I'll be here all week.

-Afro-Futurist Funk- Fae Aliens of Atlantis, Back-alley Voodoo sorcerers with psychedelic secrets and Jerry-Curls, Insane Cheshire-Cat looking Monster-Funk-Spacemen who can do their thing underwater, this maddeningly Funky family of Fae is hard to define but can't be misconstrued for anything but. Some Fae Scholars posit that they are a distant family of Eshu that got caught in the deepest of the deep Dreaming Realms. Others cite them as a small group of African Ancient Aetherites reinterpreted by the Dreaming as Fae. The Star-Children answer as honestly as they can.

"on past reality, he ain't lookin' for a moment (Eenie meanie miney wiggle), We'll leave a candle in the windows of our conscious mind and we'll find our way back to the One in time."

The Star-Children, also known as Funkateers, Afronauts, or Super-Freaks, are a strange clan of Adhene that have taken up residence in these Great United States. According to their scientists (and they have many), they are primordial Fae that existed before the uprising of the Sons of Adam. They claim that they existed within and with a singular entity known as the ONE, until The Sons of Adam, who couldn't comprehend the dizzying dancing ways anymore, drove them away. They placed their secrets in hidden temples and pyramids scattered around the world, and then left until a "More positive attitude towards this most sacred phenomenon, -cloned funk- could be acquired." They returned with the Sidhe in 69' and settled in the ghettos and forgotten urban sprawls of the U.S. to continue their unknown research.

Despite their gregarious and honest ways, few, if any, can understand the ways of this cosmic group. The Star-Children just smile at their confused Fae brothers and Sisters and continue to pursue their own cosmic ends. Their time will come again, the Sons of Adam will embrace them once more, and everyone will be on the One. Though what that entails, no one outside the Star-Children can fully comprehend.

Appearance: In Mortal and Fae Mien, the Star-Children are something straight out of a comic book. In mortal mien, they have dark skin that highlights their heritage, and big hair that highlights their love of the 60's, 70's, and 80's. Their eyes are big and dark, usually hidden behind glasses, and their smiles are



sincere, easy-coming, and big. In Fae-Mien their skin grows a rich mahogany brown and their eyes glow like fiery honey- Their mouths grow even wider, unsettlingly so to the unprepared. Their Clothing, ostentatious by any sense, grows luminously colorful and piece-meal. Suits of Armor, wedding dress (*for men too*), clockwork spacesuits, jedi- robes, and big floppy hats, all presented in garish hues all the colors of the rainbow.

Lifestyles: On clever campuses what promote deep thought and awareness of all ideas, in seedy back-alleys, in magic-shops and disco-theques, anywhere one might find action-scholar pursuits, that's where the Star-Children will be found grinding away (both in a vulgar and ergonomic sense).

Aria: The Aria of the Star-Children indicate how best they interact with a budding humanity, but also where and why.

- *Dionae Star-children* know full well that their ways can be disorienting, even scary to the unwary. Star-Children in this Aria smile all the more to know that some of the Sons of Adam must be scared awake. They are the living embodiment of the term Monster-Funk.
- *Araminae Star-Children* tend to work with the Sons of Adam and Daughters of Eve that cohabitate the inner-city homes. Raves, funk-Parties, feeding the homeless, church (which many Star-Children favor with unchecked jubilation) have a strong anything that brings them together,
- *Appoliae Star-Children* are metaphysical magicians who stare at the night sky and sing of home. They favor the soul-sonic sciences and nebulous innerworkings of the Kith, the signature magics that make the Star-Children so removed from the Fellows Fae.

Glamour Ways: Star-Children gain glamour whenever they and mortals are gathered in pursuit of energy that results in booty-slammings and mind-jamming breakthroughs.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Star-Children are full of a cacophony of scents, sounds, colors, and tactile implications best left to the imagination. All the colors of the rainbow sparkle like

stars in the night sky, and the sounds of dozens of musical instruments at once erupt in a torrent of musical madness.

Affinity: Time or Scene

Birthrights:

Soul-Soniks: Born of the swirling energies of the deepest darkest recesses of space, time and consciousness, the Star-Children boast a working knowledge of cosmology that is the envy of magical or mundane explorers the universe over. At character Creation, the Star-Children begin with a Cosmology of 4, (even if over 5). In addition, they can never botch such a roll. In addition to this addition (and alongside it at the same time) Every Star-Child can instinctively play any musical instrument that is presented to them. Many have favorites that carry around with them. (Space-Basses and key-tars are favored by many).

Frailties:

Cosmic Slop: The language and culture of the Star-Children is a boisterous amalgamation of dirty backwards double-entendre spitting slop-jive and nebulous spacy-celestial jargon that leaves most scratching their heads in confusion. For those especially high-brow and blue-blooded of scholarly Fae, (Sidhe) this communication fills them with a sense of dis-ease, or even disgust. Trying to convey important ideas -especially about the Star-Children's, technology, culture, or Cosmology, involves a successful Charisma + Performance roll difficulty 8 for most, difficulty 9 for high-brow types. This is disheartening to the Star-Children, who by nature are open and forthcoming about their knowledges, and desperately want to share them the world- if only the world would have them.

Dookie-Duke Zilla-Tron, Master-Blaster of Sin-San Atty, opens up truthfully and honest if you could only pick up what he's laying down ...

Cats-With-Hats: Ulthranian offensive feline families with holy haberdashery and Chaucerian chastity-chasing wiggle-room for all manner of moral assessments. Yes, I believe I have an ally.

Eagle-Knights: The Red-White-And-Blue, and all the funny things we all do - America is this You? Smile like you mean it.

Fortuni: Sign me up baby-mama, rocking the lighted strip in my favorite feetie-pajama.

Gunface: I know how they do. When they sneeze, I'll Bless you. Don't worry, Tank-boy, I won't say shoot.

Junk-Tooth: Dank and mean, dark and green, fuzzy teethed little trailer park gummies and bestest buddies. It's good to be economically challenged, yes?

Cheabhlér-Sith: Cookies and milk for me? I'll get you back when I come down your chimney.

Ramen: They don't believe in the funk, but I believe in them. Keep these wormy little noodles in your nite-time prayers. Or your before meal prayers?

Slender-Men: Dark? Yes. The Darkiest? No. There're creepier kewpies out there, these floppy-poppies are vanilla pop-tarts compared to the rest of the Universe. Smile and wave and then keep whistling.

Swag-Demons: Hah. Not quite yet. But maybe next time around on the wheel. I'll tell Clauneck you said Hi, though.

Wacky Inflatable Flailing Arm Tube- Man: Uh -huh. At least some of ya'll remember how to dance.

