

FOIREUX

“Anyone who believes what a cat tells him deserves all he gets.” Stardust— Neil Gaiman

Quote: Les Margotine? Yes, I’ve slept with them. The same could be said of some of the Sidhe, and Swan-Maidens for all of that. *Doesn’t matter.* Because while I have been all up in that, I am still here, and they are still in their towers. I’d rather be down here, mind. I don’t have to put on any airs down here.

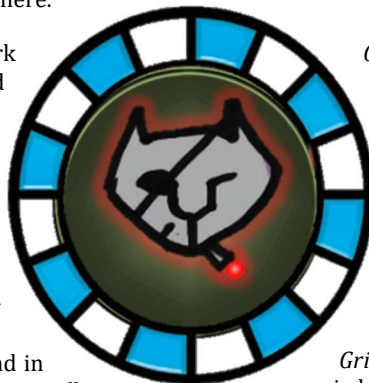
The Foireux are the French Dreaming’s dark response to Les Margotine. They are bitter and stray alley-cats with ragged torn ears and yellowed teeth yet coupled with raw sensuality and dirty sexiness. They represent the Cat’s dreams of abandonment, but the pluck to rise above it. When one especially considers the destruction and bloodshed left by the French Revolution, it is no small wonder the Foireux Kith is so adamantly existent, as well as Croque Mittaine (Unseelie).

But not just France, the Foireux can be found in any place where turmoil is the norm. They are especially prolific in places where Cats are considered bad luck or cursed. Greece, Prague, even in overly superstitious Scottish hamlets and villages. Though, if one has to find them, then the dark and seedy underbelly of France would be the easiest place to seek them out.

Despite their bitter pedigrees, the Foireux carry themselves with a certain regality that seems better befit for their sister/lover Lutin (Kith) of Les Margotine. They have a quiet strength, and a cunning wit that can only be borne by those who truly understand survival. While most of the Cait-Sith spend their time politicking and back-stabbing, the Foireux spend their time ensuring they survive to see the morrow.

Appearances: Foireux in all Dignité are dangerously attractive. Their Dignité Fer (Mortal Mien) are attractive, albeit dastardly rakish, cast-offs of society. The majority of the kith is male (but again, not all) and most have a certain heroin-chic that would get them far in Parisian Jet-Set society. They favor dark clothing, and dress in Bohemian piece-meal fashion. All, have greying hair, and all have yellow-green eyes. Their cat form is that of a tall and thin raggedy tom with mottled grey coat and large angry greenish-yellow eyes. The Dignité Lutin (Fae Mien) is the same, save with ears, tail, whiskers, and sharp ragged claws.

Lifestyles: Back-Alley muggers, and three card monte hucksters, beggars, butchers, and thieves, the Foireux represent all that has to exist outside the confines of genteel society. Many of the Kith will form tragos with wayward Eshus, Redcaps, or other unsavory types. Some form small tight-knit armies of all Foireux member and serve as Thieves’ guilds in large cities. No matter what role they serve, however, they do so with style.



Gamin Foireux, also called Kittens, are wickedly clever little bratlings with more sense than their fellow childings.

Vauriens Foireux, also called moggies, take to the streets to earn their bread and butter. Some few have a naïve idealism that the world will be better for them now versus when they were younger. They are quickly disappointed.

Grincheux Foireux, also called grey-whiskers, are jaded and bitter things, that discover just how few fucks the world has to offer. If they don’t burn out, then they flicker and sputter slowly like a dying candle desperately trying to shine.

Glamour Ways: Back-alley dive bars and seedy burlesques, where rubes are being taken advantage of, sleight of hand and lifted wallets. That moment of fear and confusion that a tourist feels when he knows that he has stumbled into the wrong neighbourhood, that is where the Foireux reaps his Éclat.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Foireux carry with them the smell of piss-drenched dark-alleys, and the mustiness of old newspaper. Shadows lengthen alongside the far away night howls of cats in heat.

Affinity: Actor **Changing:** It costs one Éclat to change from Cat to Human

Birthrights

Pretty Puss (*Jolie Chatte*): The Foireux are coldly attractive, in a seedy earthy way, and gain a +2 to appearance at character creation, even if this brings them above 5.

The Large Tribe (*Grande Tribu*): The Foireux tribe is large and far-reaching, and in any large city, a few can be found. Any member of the Kith can boast at least 3 other Foireux kin that he stays in touch with, who in turn can boast just as many. In game terms, a Foireux begins with 3 free dots in the Contacts background at character creation. These contacts are not only strong allies, but fully-fledged and realized family members. They should be co-created with storyteller.

Frailties

Fair of Face (*Foire de Visage*): The beauty of the Foireux is cold and mysterious but can prove to be a hindrance on par with the slipped seeming flaw. All Foireux regardless of age have greying hair, and all, regardless of ethnicity, have yellow-green eyes. While this doesn't sound too bad, it is bound to draw some unwanted attention eventually.

No Rest for the Wicked (*Pas de Repos Pour les Méchants*): The Foireux are capable of some amazing things in the world of Cait-Sith, as well as the Lutin, but holding a position isn't one of them. At character creation, No Foireux may begin with the backgrounds of Title, Resources, or other such trait. While some of these backgrounds may be gained during a chronicle, it will always be especially hard for the Foireux. Those in authority may look askance at any Foireux who can gain them, and assumptions may be made about the illegal and underhanded means in which they were won. (And with the Foireux, they may just be right in these assumptions).



Tommy the Cat, bitter grey-whisker of Nice, puts his cigarillo out in your cocktail, and explains on why the other Fabian simply suck...

Barbegazi: Must be nice to run far above the little things, not worrying about what's going on in the gutters and all...

Dame de Cerf Blanche: IF you think that they are wild because they live in those quiet-ass forests, then you are full of merde. They are as fat and lazy as any of our-so called princesses. They just get a better reputation because most can't see what they are up to.

Dormette: Sleepy little worms who have no purpose in our world. As for the other world? Their purpose is all that matters.

Dracae: Take the tour bus to tuna town, non? They think that that a pretty face can get our attention. They are wrong. It takes much more than that to get our time, sweetie.

Duphon I know that they'd kick my ass if they heard me say anything. But I'm going to say anyway. They're dark. Darker than their looks let on. Darker then us. Darker than anyone is willing to say. And for that, I fear them.

Fee' Verte: Any time, any place, any number of you at my side.

Feufollet: They left. The hell with them.

Korrigan: Hah. Little buggers have enough to worry about without me talking shit behind their back.

Lorialet: Broken-hearts, sad songs, unrequited love? Could be us. It's not though. It's odd little rubes with no idea how to work with Reality. Strange talk coming from us Cats, non?

Margotine: We're the other side of the mirror. They're lucky. we're not.

Portune: Eh. I'd rather say nothing about these Hommes.