

ONOCENTAUR

Hope begins in the dark, the stubborn hope that if you just show up and try to do the right thing, the dawn will come. You wait and watch and work: you don't give up. – Anne Lamott

Quote: You got something to say, pretty-boy? Say it to my face...

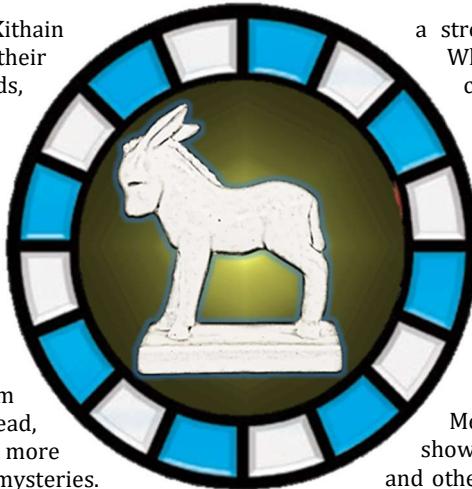
While the majority of the Grecian Kithain are beautiful and lusty mirrors of their equally beautiful and lusty Grecian Gods, one Fylí (Kith) reflects the practical and stoic nature of the Greek mortal. The Onocentaur is stalwart, taciturn, and above all pragmatic. Some may read this as stubborn, but the Onocentaur would have none of that and would pointedly argue that they are anything but.

Long ago, they were reflections of distant lands, much like the Cynocephali. Yet this distance, didn't quite paint them as "other" like it did the Dog-heads. Instead, they were regarded as some-how more relatable than the rest of the Grecian mysteries. They weren't as frightening as the Maenads, nor were they as imposing as the Kéntauros. They were persistent and dogged and would hurt if separated from those that they love. These weren't the mysterious creatures of the wilds, these were creatures that felt pain, and craved bull-headed retribution, much like the Greek people that dreamed of them.

Now the Kith maintains ties on their own terms. They serve as farmers and shepherds in the rocky and wild places around Greece. Places where crops don't grow so well, and water is just a little too scarce. These places would frustrate most mortals, and even the most resolute Greek Farmer would furrow his brow in consternation. That is just how the Onocentaurs like it.

Appearance: While not ugly per se, the Kith might not be called gorgeous by all. They have a sort of earthy beauty that comes from a life-time of toil. Long tanned limbs, and a scowling face darkened by the sun, there is something rugged in their stare. In both Metamfiesi they have pre-mature greying hair and beards (and even some of the females have a few too many grey-whiskers in their sideburns). The Andros Metamfiesi (the Mortal Mien), teeth are a little too large, and their lips a little too thin. All have large and expressive smoky-grey eyes, however, that seem to say a lot about the Onocentaurs emotional state (whether they will actually vocalize the feelings or not). In Nereidias Metamfiesi (Fae Mien), the bottom half of the creature is a donkey, greyish white, dusty-brown, or even black. They are reminiscent of a hirsute and thicker Satyr sans horns. A rare few of the Kith who stem from the more southern reaches of the Grecian Isles boast stripes on their bottom halves, reminiscent of Zebras or Quaggas.

Lifestyle: The Onocentaurs don't have much going for them. They aren't overly attractive (though they do have an Earthy cast to them) and they aren't supernaturally intelligent (though



a strong mind should count for something). What they do have is the ability to say no, come hell and high-water.

This does endear them somewhat to a Tragos (Motley) of other Grecian Kithain who are going to battle. Most Onocentaurs would rather die than admit defeat and will kill rather than being captured. The whole of the Kith seems to groom a deep-rooted sense of integrity of their own volition, whether Seelie of Unseelie.

Glamour Ways: An Onocentaur regains Megaleío whenever he is in a position to show others that he is not to be trifled with, and others agree, such as marches, fighting rings, spirited debates, or even locally owned small businesses standing up to global corporations. When the crowd sees that the donkey isn't moving, and the crowd agrees....

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by Onocentaurs smell of animal musk and sweat and are accompanied by a palpable sense of defiance and righteous indignation that everybody around can feel.

Ápeiros Onocentaurs grow tedious after only a few minutes around them. Their first word is NO, and upon their saining, they don't achieve that much more extensive a vernacular.

Epanastátis Onocentaurs haven't discovered that whole honey and vinegar shtick yet. While they can be kind to those they care about, and can even smile for the camera, their determined natures may still rub some the wrong way.

Sofós Onocentaurs are surly, bitter, and jaded old m with no filter. They say what they want, when they want, and the listener better be damned thankful that it was said at all.

Affinity: Nature

Birthrights:

Stubborn (*Peismatáris*): The Onocentaur is an obstinate kith, and it takes a lot to sway them from their course. The Onocentauros begin with willpower of 6, regardless of Seeming, at character creation.

Strength of the Heart (*Dýnami tis Kardiás*): This stubbornness reflects in the Kith's physical form. Tenacious and scrappy, an Onocentaur gain +3 to their physical dice pool,

whenever someone or something tries to sway them from their given mission.

Frailties

Stubborn (*Peismatáris*): The Onocentaur will not only defend their own in front of Hell's door, they'll kick it down to confront the Devil. While this can be a good thing sometimes, it can prove to be a hindrance and can gain a lot of trouble working with others. Many times it manifests as the kith and his motley arguing over nothing. (Players beware that this is a story element and not an excuse to be a dick-hole)

Fear of Capture (*O Fóvos Tis Sýllipsis*): The Onocentaurs have an over-whelming fear of being bound. When in this state, they shut-down in body and spirit. They refuse to eat, refuse to sleep, and slowly loose themselves. If an Onocentaur is captured (or even thinks he is captured), he must succeed on a willpower roll difficulty 9 or lose one point of Megaleío per day. If they lose all Megaleío they fall into a coma that will end in either one of two ways. One is the eventual death of their faerie self. Two is that they are rescued by someone else and slowly come back from the brink of destruction (with a permanent point of Apopniktikós [banality] to show for it).



Adonis, steward of Ktapodia, can't be bothered to slow down, but tells you what you want to know.

Automata: Balls of brass and brains of jello. The best combination in the world.

Cynocephali: The Hound-boys are bad news, thugs, bone-breakers, and thieves. They haven't changed in 1000 years.

Graeae: Bah, wasted old ladies that live in trash heaps. There's a lot I'm scared of, these blasted old biddies ain't one of them.

Kéntauros: They think they're so cool, because they're horses? What they have is a problem with the word "No".

Maenad: I don't know why the Kéntauros and the Maenads still haven't screwed each other into oblivion yet.

Melissae: While they can be heartless bitches, they will still lend a hand to promote good PR. Use that as you will.

Nymphaea: The fact that they are still around is a testament to how tenacious us Greek Kiths are.

Satyrs: They are lust, and we are stubbornness and the *Strix are...*

Strix: ...Creepy and cold, blood-thirsty and pagan. Do not, under any circumstances, mess with the white-ladies.

Teumessian: Liars and thieves to a one of them.

Keteas: I like to piss in the ocean every now and again, just to show them I'm still around. I hope they notice.