

MONOCIELLO

“There are not over a 100 people in the U.S. that hate the Catholic Church, there are millions however, who hate what they wrongly believe to be the Catholic Church. Which is, of course, quite a different thing.” — Fulton J. Sheen

Quote: Do not worry little Mortal, no monster can hurt you here in the Lord’s House.

One of the Italian Stirpes (Kith) that has managed to not just survive in the shadow of the Church, but to thrive well within its hallowed light. The Monociello, or little monk, was quick to see the glory (and *Glamour*) that poured forth from that glorious conceit that is Catholicism. The magnificence of a stain-glassed window, the divine refrains of a chorus, the austere reverence of a penitent Catholic: The Monociellos often wondered why no one else could see what they did.

Not that the Monociellos are all that austere. Far from it, they are still Fae after all. Incurable tricksters, the Little Monks are the abbey-lubbers and buttery-spirits of days gone by. They cannot abide greed (not counting themselves, of course, the Greed in others) and will harangue a drunken mortal priest until sunrise, (although, if a fellow Monociello imbibes a bit, who does it hurt?). While their jokes are harsh, they are not mean-spirited, and even the most Silvani (Unseeleie) wishes only to teach a lesson.

Every one of the little red-men of the clothe have their own church in which to serve. They thrive in the opportunity to not only serve the Lord (which they believe in and venerate with great passion), but also to serve their fellow Stirpe. Even Pamarindo are welcome (on special cold-iron pews set aside just for them). This is why the Monociello have done so well. They see no war between old world and new, just a bridge built on faith that will carry all the Italian Fata into the future.

Appearance: The Monociello appears as a short and stout brother or sister in Christ. Their *Scorza Banale* (Mortal Mien) have bright twinkling eyes, and pinched but pleasing features. Many sport cherubic curls of auburn hair under their robes or habits (not that these curls are always visible). And all wear red. While this may prove odd while the rest of the monks wear black, those in the know usually understand, and turn a blind-eye. In *Scorza Fata* (Fae Mien) the Monociello grows even shorter, rarely over a meter, and the features grow even more rakish. Large bright smiles (with a maybe few too many sharp teeth for comfort) and a smattering of freckles seem normal enough, but for the eyes. The eyes of the Monociello are too large and comprehend too much. They dart back and forth seeing everything in their domains, and glow odd colors. Reds and ambers and even emerald green for the more Silvani have all been seen peering out from under pews in the wee hours of the morning. Enough so, that many a drunk sinner has rushed into a confessional booth for fear of demons.

Lifestyle: The Monociello do well. They have friends among mortals and Fae. They have all they could ever need inside their church. And there is always one fellow in the priesthood who



feels he gets to skim from the poor-box or keep some of the communal wine behind for his own “benediction”. This is when the Monociello really gets to have fun.

Piccolo Monociello are bright eyed and reverent students of the Word of God, with a mischievous streak that leaves most pookas with open mouths. Pranking isn’t an art-form for the Piccolo, it’s a calling on par with the priesthood itself. They may never forget their vespers, but they will also never forget switching out the wine for radiator fluid... (Okay, that only happened once... and the priest spit it out, okay?)

Incoloto Monociello are usually just attending seminary. Their playfulness may not quite be put on hiatus, but they turn their attentions to more serious matters. This is the time in their lives in which they first feel the pull of their own church. One that Fate (Or the lord) blesses them with. Even if they don’t receive the Priesthood, all still get a place of worship to call their own, either as accountants in the church, cooks, or even janitors (which they don’t mind, access to toilet paper and chemicals guarantees a future of pranks).

Saggio Monociello easily slide into their roles as caretakers. They watch their church with loving eyes and ensure that their flock is well taken care of. While they still have a penchant for the odd joke or prank, it is usually more harmless by this point.

Affinity: Scene

Glamour Ways: Monociello garner Stupore by little kind acts to help their parishioners. Church suppers, listening to confessions and offering helpful advice, or simply little acts of kindness. Even the more unsavory of the Stirpe attempt to provide a little help if possible. They also refuel their magics by waylaying the guilty sinners that warrant negative attention. And a lot of fun and glamour can be had from the thief what thinks he can steal from the poor-box.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Monociellos are accompanied by low chanting in Latin, bright red lights, and the sharp tang of old wine. Mortals who have witnessed this may have mistaken it for a vision of the holy. Monociellos won’t tell them any different...

Birthrights:

In the Church (*Nella Chiesa*): Every Monociello has a little church that they call their home. They might not live actively

inside the building; the structure itself is the seat of their birthright. While inside, they automatically know all who enter, and can feel if someone seeks to do harm. They can teleport from place to place inside the confines of the structure. They can also whisper to an individual, while on the other side of the room.

Perfect Memory (*Memoria perfetta*): The Monociello has eidetic memory and can never forget a face (or whether or not that face forgot to pay his tithes). They can also have a strong gift for numbers, counting and doing complex mathematics in their head. In game terms they receive the merits of Eidetic Memory and lighting calculator for free.

Frailites:

Counting my Hoods (*Contando i miei cappe*): A Monociello does have an obsession with numbers. They have to count money, or anything thrown in their path. Even if someone were to throw rice; the Monociello would feel obligated to stop and count. They must roll a willpower difficulty 8 to avoid counting in such a manner. (Villains in the know often leave a sieve behind in their wake, to stall one of the little friars while they escape).

Small Red Robes (*Piccoli Toghe Rosse*): This Obsession also manifests in the 7 Red Hoods of the Stirpe. Every member of the Stirpe, upon his saining, is granted 7 red hoods (or red habits for the little nuns). The Monociello hides them somewhere close, but in different places. If one of them was stolen, than the Monociello would be powerless (or -1 on all

dice rolls until he retrieves it). This stacks with each robe taken. IF one were take all 7, then they Monociello would be nigh-powerless (-7 to all rolls). For this reason, the Stirpe takes great pains to ensure the safety of their ***Piccoli Toghe Rosse***.

Fratello Adama Benadanti, Caretaker of "Our Lady of the Merciful Heart" cracks a joke about the others Stirpe, goobers that they are.

Callincantzaroi: OF course you are welcome, but you must hide your cock. Outside I mean, under a blanket, the Rooster, get it? And put on pants too.

Dona de Fuera: There is nothing wrong with them *making the beast with two backs* in the forest but leave my parishioners out of it. I would hate for us to be enemies.

Fatae: I don't care who you are, the communal wine is not for your birthday party. You can get your vino somewhere else,

Foletti: The music they make rivals even the Vatican's. They are our brothers and friends in every sense of the word.

Gianes: The best truths hurt.

Pamarindo: I have nothing bad to say about them. I have nothing good to say either.

Putti: Saint Valentine? I'm not sure they would get the reference.

Salvanel: I would love for one of them to teach Sunday school. That doesn't always work out, however.

Sirini: If they ever made it to Mass, I might have an opinion.

Peryton: Hey, the Church had soldiers, yes? So does Hell. They aren't that bad. Just point them at a vampire and yell "*Fetch.*"

Seilenoi: Who? Old Gods? Never heard of them.

The Giovani: There is a family that claims Venice as their own; they have the Devil's luck, the ears of our rulers, and more money than God and Batman combined. If anyone with the surname of Giovani enters your church, call on all the forces of Heaven to protect you.

