

# FEU FOLLET

**"Tout partout au ras du bayou, La mousse-lá balance dans les gros chênes verts. Cocodries dormir en cyprière. Fifollet 30itle30re30 cimitière. Vent plein de cris des loups-garous, Pieds 30itl rythme-là fou. Moune-là connaît y'olé Zydeco."**

***"All around the heart of the bayou, The moss balances in the large green oaks. Crocodiles sleeping among the cypress trees. Feu-Follet dancing in the cemetery. The wind full of the cries of the werewolves, Feet tapping the crazy rhythm. People there know the Zydeco,"***  
Zydeco gris gris – BeauSoleil

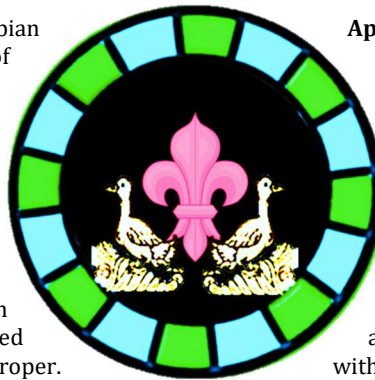
**Quote:** "I declare, this evening is simply enchanting. I don't think there was ever a fairer night for finding a verdict."

The Feu-Follet are an old-world French Fabian (Kith). All are the gentlest of folk, and to a one of them they are Ben Socio (Seelie) if not one of the rarest of rare, a Marcra (Double-Seelie). They are keepers of hidden forests and wielders of ancient secrets that the modern High-Fae (Such as the Sidhe) have forgotten. Wise, gregarious, and gentle, it was with heavy heart that they left for New Worlds – literally America. This arose during that debacle with the Overthrow of the French courts, and the unseemly revolution in its wake. In the early 18<sup>th</sup> Century, the majority of them departed for Louisiana, with only a handful left in France proper.

Only the Portunes were truly aware and gave their quiet blessings. No one was sure why this exodus had to transpire. Yet the very nature of the Fabian marks itself in performing seemingly odd tasks in the moment, only to reap the rewards later. This is evident in their birthright, which the rest of the French Fae are still waiting to see how it might manifest. That is, those of the French Fabian who still remember the Feu-Follet. Time has passed enough that some of the modern Fabian don't even remember who the Feu-Follet were.

Nowadays the Fabian remains silent and proud in the backwaters of the American South. Places where Creole and Patois are still spoken, can boast whole coveys (Called *soirée*) of the Fabian. They are set up in old and Grande manses among the willows and swamp-grasses of the Louisiana back-waters. Their new moniker of Swamp-Witch stems from these new homes, and the Feu Follet welcome the Epithet with waggish grins.

The bonhomie, the Pluck, and most of all the warmth of the Swamp is what keeps the Fabian happy. Using their Ball of Fire birthright to flutter and play among the Spanish moss and hanging willows, the Feu-Follet are happier here with their Cajun Kin than they ever were in the old country. Of course, there are still that few remaining in France, but they too make plenty of sojourns to visit cousins in the New Worlds of the America's.



**Appearance:** The Females of the Feu-Follet outnumber the Males five to one, but even in the Males, the beauty of the Fabian is evident. Their Dignité Fer (Mortal Mien) appears as tall and slender persons, of obvious French aristocracy. They have sharp faces and aquiline features, a testament to their high-births. All have soft lilting accents, usually of the Cajun persuasion. They have dark-skin and almond-shaped eyes, and small mouths with slightly pointed teeth. They also go to

great pains to wear only one color and seem to dress in this color all the time, as if their whole wardrobe consisted of that tint alone. In Dignité Lutin, (Fae Mien), their beauty is exaggerated ten-fold. Their ears grow long and sharp, longer than even the sidhe's, but this only adds to their mysterious allure. Their eyes and hair change to match the same color (if not hue and shade) of their clothing. The eyes glow with the warmth of this color, which is the color in which their Ball of light manifests. The women usually wear long sweeping ball-gowns, and the men the tight hose, cravats, and even tri-corned hats of the French Aristocracy. Even if the clothes are worn with age, and sometimes feel a little piece-meal (with styles ranging from 16<sup>th</sup>-19<sup>th</sup> century) it looks timeless on the Feu-Follet.

**Lifestyle:** To a one, the Fabian represent the Gentility of an Aristocracy long gone. They serve as care-givers, judges, and messengers to the whole of the Bayou. Between the Fae, kinain, undead, and other darker residents of the swamps, there is a lot of bad-blood that can arise from simple misunderstandings. The Feu-Follet hold courts to monitor and check these misunderstandings. That being said, they still



crave their privacy, and when a Feu-Follet shuts her or his door, then it is time to let them be alone. They are especially obsessive over their bath time, and many an appointment with the local duchess of a southern ancestral manse has to be postponed for hours due to their prep-time. (*This is due to the Feu-Follet's petulance about their duck-Feet*).

*Gamins Feu-Follet* are rascals and scamps. While the face of innocence in front of their elders, when backs are turned, they turn to Huck Finns and Becky Thatchers: Crafting machinations to muddle even the most stalwart of thinkers.

*Vauriens Feu-Follet* get itchy to explore. While they bear their responsibilities with the utmost pomp and reverence, their natural curiosity compels them to seek out the other denizens of their marshy world.

*Grincheux Feu-Follet* settle into their role as arbiters and chaperones of their swampish societies. They gain even more dignified with age, appearing as stately and handsome marquise and marquessas.

**Glamour Ways:** Feu-Follet garner Éclat by engaging in civil discourse with those mortals who truly appreciate etiquette. While not everything can be a high-brow dance, even stuffy judicial affairs must be met with a certain touch of decorum and propriety. When those who attend such affairs act within these parameters, the Feu-Follet can refuel her magics.

**Unleashing:** Cantrips cast by the Feu-Follet are accompanied by the sweet smell of peaches, sweet tea, mint, and an underlying odour of brackish water. Some also claim to hear a far-away quacking of ducks, but when pressed about it, the Feu-Follet quickly change the subject.

**Affinity:** Time

**Birthright:**

**Advice (Conseil):** Those who follow the advice of a Feu-Follet, (no matter how random) will find their lives blessed. If one should go fishing and the Feu-Follet requires that first big fish is thrown back, the rest of the fishing trip is a smashing success. In Game terms this manifests as a bunk performed unwittingly by the target, which lowers the subsequent difficulties of the following scene. The Feu-Follet cannot control how lowered the difficulty is, they can only cite what the dreaming requires as a bunk. Both the dreaming and the Feu-Follet feel cheated if this is sought out too often however, and most are wise enough to save this for emergencies.

**Ball of Fire (Boule de Feu):** With the expenditure one Éclat, a Feu-Follet can turn herself into a billowing ball of fire, the color of her eyes, hair, and ball-gown. The ball can travel at her running speed and supersedes all of the Fae-mists surrounding it, causing mortals to remember what they witnessed. The Feu-Follet cannot speak in this form but can cast cantrips without the advent of a bunk. It can only be maintained for a number of turns equal to Stamina, however, but is more than capable of passing through solid objects (excepting cold iron of course).

**Frailties:**

**Duck Feet (Pieds de Canard):** Both in Fae and Mortal mien, Feu-Follet have the feet of a goose or duck from ankle down (which is why their ball-gowns are so long). They go to great lengths to hide this and must roll a willpower roll to not enter a funk if another were to see it. If someone did see it, then the Feu-Follet is at a +2 difficulty to all rolls for the next 24 hours.

**Bathing (Baignade):** Aside from being extremely sensitive about her duck-feet, A Feu-Follet is also delicate concerning her bath-time. Anyone who sees a Feu Follet naked without her permission, whether they see her feet or not, also risks inciting the Feu Follet's wrath. The Feu-Follet must roll her willpower at a difficulty 8. If she fails the roll, then she must use act non-plussed, but give harmful advice to ensure the destruction of the one who saw her naked.

**Miss Sukey De La Chant of the Willows shares a pitcher of mint julep and her thoughts on her far away famille.**

**Barbegazi:** So far away from our own little swamps, but a vacation in the alps was always a treat with them as companions.

**Dame de Cerf Blanche:** I understand the need to get away.

**Dormettes:** The Sleepy little goblins, with the small eyes and the big hearts. I think I miss them the most.

**Dracae:** Like a Mellow sans the salt, but with added pepper. Too much pepper for my tender soul.

**Duphon:** If you ask me, the Sidhe folk could learn a thing or two about propriety from our own royalty.

**Fee' Verte:** Well now, What happens between us and them, remains with us and them, Savvy?

**Foireux:** It takes all types.

**Korrigan:** If our waters weren't so warm at night, they might fancy a visit, non?

**Lorialet:** There was something that didn't set well when it came to council them. Perhaps it was the sadness in their hearts, perhaps it was the moon in their eyes. Whatever the case, I wish them the best.

**Margotine:** At least we have these types. Our sweet dancing little kitten princesses. Oh, how I miss our tea parties.

**Portune:** Oh, the petite gentlemen, I do so long for that promised dance. If I ever get back home that is.