

Grimalkin

A tom, sirs, a ginger tom and proud of it. Proud of his fine, white shirtfront that dazzles harmoniously against his orange and tangerine tessellations (oh! what a fiery suit of lights have I); proud of his bird-entrancing eye and more than military whiskers; proud, to a fault, some say, of his fine, musical voice.

The Bloody Chamber: "Puss-in-Boots" – Angela Carter

Quote: Of course I am from, uhm, House Fiona was it? Yes, House Fiona. That is why I am wearing this sigil, which is from that House.

In the Scottish Play, one was the 3 ladies' own familiar. One tricked the Orc du Caraba's in Stylish thigh-high boots. They as a group have been producing turmoil in the Dreaming and Waking World both since time immemorial. They serve so in their roles because they are good at what they do, and what they do is good. At least to hear them talk of it.

Grimalkin are unique in that they don't just develop a mortal seeming for themselves, they live a separate life as one of the Fairest of the Sidhe. They have hopes and dreams, and a completely different name (True Name and otherwise) that allows them to partake in the rarest fruits of Gentry society. Most times, their true nature is never revealed, and the Grimalkin lives such double lives indefinitely. To this, they must wander often, traveling from place to place and adventure to adventure, lest someone catch wind as to their true nature.

Yet even with all the juicy gossip and luscious intrigue that piques the Grimalkin's interest, they also take the time to cultivate the lazy and fat life of a feline. There is so much to relish from both realities, and a Grimalkin is nothing if not voracious. They are the grandest liars, the cleverest wooers, and the most brazen of all the Fae Beasts. That is why they graciously, and most humbly, accept the title of King of the Cait-Sith. Whether or not the other Cait-Sith feel this is beside the point.

Appearances: The Grimalkin has one Mortal Mien, One feline Mien, and two fae Miens. The mortal Mien is that of an unusually wide eyed and attractive mortal. There is something feral about their smile, and they lick their lips far more than is considered genteel in high society. The Feline Mien is that of a fat and sassy cat with unusually intelligent eyes, and a crooked grin that a tad unsettling when directed towards you.

The First Fae mien is similar to that of the Mortal Mien, save for larger almond-shaped eyes, slit-pupiled and glowing, and fuzzy ears tails and claws.

The Second Fae Mien is indistinguishable from that of any Sidhe: Tall and long-limbed, cold-smiled and beautifully alien. Although the licking of the lips reflexively is still a factor to be overcome.

Lifestyle: Grimalkin have two lifestyles. One is that of a standard Cait-Sith (if there can be a standard Cait-Sith lifestyle). They are gads about town, popular and witty, barflies and hecklers. In this life they serve as voices of the underdogs (no



pun intended) and enjoy their self-appointed stint as kings and queens of the Cat-Folk. Yet they also live a separate life as a member of High-society, disguised as a Sidhe of noble bearing. In this life they have high-tea with the leaders of the Sidhe Houses and attend the most exclusive soiree's of the Dreaming's jet-set elite.

Affinity: Scene

Changing: It costs no Glamour to change from Cat to Human, and no Glamour r to change into Sidhe form. However, they cannot be seen doing so.

Childing called Kittens *Grimalkin* are arrogant, affected, nasty, capricious little snot-nosed bratlings, and so much fun that they can bring a smile to even the staunchest of troll grumps. They quickly learn to juggle both their Sidhe lives and their Cait-Sith lives to great effects.

Wilder called Moggie *Grimalkin* are always on the lookout for the next adventure, be it a quick tryst with the Queen before high-tea, or a hunt for a wicked were-mouse wizard with the local alley-cat pack.

Grump called Grey-Whisker *Grimalkin* are masters of double-speak, and have engineered so many duplicitous double-lives, that even they can't readily tell you who they are at the moment. Well they could of course, but they might be lying again.

Glamour Ways: Grimalkin gain Glamour whenever they can have fun with a stranger. This is especially true when the stranger knows who they are in the Grimalkin's other life.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Grimalkin are very reminiscent of their Sidhe counterparts but carry with them a slight musty smell of old cat-piss.

Birthrights:

Liar Liars Pants on Fires: Each Grimalkin is a master of artifice, falsehoods, and the worst of miscommunication. At character creation they get two free dots in the Subterfuge rating, even if this takes them above 5. In addition, any Kenning roll to discern who or what the Grimalkin truly is, immediately has the difficulty raised by 2.

Two True Names: The Grimalkin aren't just pretending to be Sidhe: in the eyes of the dreaming, they very well are. The Grimalkin have two effective true names, one for their Cait-Sith self, and one for their Sidhe self. Even if a person were to discover one of these names, they couldn't readily affect the Grimalkin. All dice pools meant to affect the Grimalkin's True-Name fail until someone can discover both.

Frailties:

Two True Lives: A Grimalkin has to spend their lives betwixt their two realities, a Sidhe and a Cait-Sith. Too much time in one leads to boredom. To this end, they must constantly shift personas, and for each week they spend in one, they will disappear and spend a week in the other. These disappearances leave many to wonder as to the ultimate nature of these mysterious Fae creatures. In addition, if any come close to discovering the secret, then the Grimalkin must leave town and live in another part of the world, leaving that last personality behind. True discovery of a Grimalkin may be accompanied by a permanent point of banality if the secret isn't kept.

Partisan Curiosity: Intrigue and gossip that only the highest society are plagued with, the meat and drink of a Grimalkin. When faced with such politicking, then the Cait-Sith must succeed on a willpower difficulty 7 or get involved. Of course, they may not have the slightest idea as to what is truly going on without proper ratings in etiquette or politics, but that just makes it that much more exciting than, doesn't it?

Bianca D'Mornay - Marquessa d'Carrabas, and also Miss Mittens of West Essex both share some juicy gossip on the other Cats.

Blue-Cap: While their daring use of big thick tools may warrant a chuckle, they themselves are remarkably dull and dim-witted little boogers.

Brags: Attractive? Maybe. They are also pretentious ass-hats with no redeeming qualities save for that attractive face. If you need arm-candy, then go for it. Otherwise...look for somebody who can make you laugh.

Bugbears: Speaking of laughing. These guys are the best. Stubborn, strong, and easily directed at a foe. Watch the chaos, and be grateful it was another.

Drakes: Treasures? Years of experience? A lust for life that rivals our own? Great enemies, and even greater friends. Sometimes both.

Duerger: They use cat-gut for some of their traps. That is enough reason to plot their demise. Plus they're ugly.

Ettercaps: So many secrets... *Oh my god...* so many secrets...

Hobs: I have a drain that needs unclogging... ..

Orcs: I would love to see them come back. They did a lot of good back in the day, Tolkien be damned.

Hounds: Very few of us merit my sympathy. Hounds are the only ones I can think of. That won't spare them my attention, of course. I still mess with them. But I feel bad about doing so.

Widdershin Toms: This is what happens when you truck with the Infernal. They learned the lesson so you don't have to.

