

KÉNTAUROS



"Wine is many a man's undoing, when he gulps his draught and will never drink discreetly. Wine it was that darkened the wits of Eurytion the Kéntauros in the palace of bold Peirithoos." - Homer, *Odyssey* 21. 293

I'm a DJ. I get the party started. - *Avicii*

Quote: How you doing? You want a *Ride*?

The modern Kéntauros with emotions that run as strong as their bodies and minds, have left a large hoof-print on their place of mythology, Dreaming or no and continue to do so. Anggitay in the Phillipines, Palkan in the Slavic Region, the Kinnaras in the Perfumed Empire of India; There are a multitude of Half-horse/half-human Creatures in the Dreaming realms. Of course, the most famous, or infamous, is the Kéntauros, If asked, they claim themselves the original, and others naught but simple spurious copies of their classic model.

The Classic model extends to the Greco-Roman world, which is fraught with tales of both flesh-hungry, lusty monsters but also wise and patient healers and teachers. The Kéntauros Fylí (Kith) represent both of these ideal archetypes. While the Heliades (Seelie) may be noble and wise, one too many drinks and they are as flesh-hungry as the Keres (Unseelie). Every Keres is as proficient in medicine, literature, and history, as his Heliadian counterpart, and vise-versa. It is hard to know in whom one is dealing

Even the Kentaurides (the Females of the Fylí, they exist, albeit rarely) are torn between these two opposing polarities. They are just as susceptible to the same fits of rage and possess the same faculties for wonders.

Appearance: The Kéntauros are large and swarthy in both Metamfesi (Mien). Their long limbs and thick muscles put one in mind of an Olympian, and no few of the Fylí would be quick to agree with you if you should say so. In their Andros Metamfesi (Mortal Mien) they appear as largish, but otherwise normal Greek men and women. However, a Frailty (below) ensures that their true stature stays hidden while out and about in Gi Pragmatikí (the Banal World). Wheelchairs, push carts, even just scooting along on their butts covered with a blanket... It hurts but it's essential. In Neráidais Metamfesi, (Fae Mien) the Kéntauros are the Centaurs of classical studies; Tall and statuesque men and women from the torso up, rising out of the bodies of great stallions and mares, sometimes even Zebras, Mules, or other equine-like beasts...

Lifestyle: Due to the limitations imposed by their frailty, the Kéntauros feel somewhat imprisoned in their own Andros Metamfesi. For this reason, many let free their minds in the fields of scholarship. Doctors, Teachers, Lawyers, Authors, there is no shortage of academic endeavors for the Fylí to conquer.

And conquer they will indeed, as long as they have enough wiggle room to let loose once in a while... Sporting events are a favorite, as are the local tavern late at night (as long as the Kéntauros minds his imbibement). If this isn't enough, then the Kéntauros may have to plan a small excursion to the

IPOTANE

While the Kéntauros espouse their role as the "Classic Model", there exists in the annals of Greco-Roman mythology, a race of far older, and far darker creatures. The Ipotane were half-horse, half-humans, much like the Kéntauros. But the Ipotane were far more streamlined. They had but one pair of horses legs (which means they wouldn't be as sealed into their Andros Metamfesi). They also had the full head of a horse, with only the torso and arms being that of a mortal. If the stories are to be believed, then these creatures are hungrier and more violent than even the worst of the Keres Kéntauros. None have been seen in centuries, but rumors abound of destruction in the Roman wilderness, with strange patterns of horse-hoofs that couldn't have been the work on any Kéntauros. Some scholars whisper of the Seilenoi, others look East to Mongolia...

wilderness, where he can let go of his Andros Metamfesi and run free on 4 legs once again.

Ápeiros Kéntauros are wild and excited little hellions. They have great difficulty in dealing with the binding nature of their Andros Metamfesi, and squirm and fidget constantly. IF given direction, however, (and the promise of play later) they can focus with the best of them...

Epanastátis Kéntauros know what they are capable of, both physically, and mentally. They push these capabilities constantly.

Sofós Kéntauros take a step back. They have done it all, tasted it all, and probably slept with it all. While they lose none of their passion, they can more easily direct it towards constructive ends. It only took them a life-time to do it...

Glamour Ways: Kéntauros regain Megaleío by immersing themselves in situations where mortals are allowed to push themselves, either physically or mentally. Sporting events with the cheering of crowds and the ache of the athletes muscles is one such, but also in the halls of academia, where master's students are cramming for their thesis defense...

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Kéntauros are rife with the smells of horse-musk, sweat, and sex. There is a quickness of the breath and a racing of the heart that accompanies these odors, and the more reserved of Kiths exposed to these sensations rarely stick around to see what happens with the Cantrips...

Affinity: Nature

Birthrights:

Much (Polý): The Kéntauros are big in mind, big in passion, and big in spirit as well as body. They take to all they pursue

with a gusto rarely witnessed in mortal society. This reflects in their character creation. Instead of the usual 7/5/3 attribute that warrants the Changeling character creation process, they begin with 9/7/5. This may very well take them over the limit of 5 dots in a single category, but that suits the Kéntauros just fine.

Frailty

Hungry (*Peinasménos*): The Kéntauros, despite their intellectual acumen and full grasp of all scholarly endeavors, are for all intents and purposes—hungry. They are lusty, blood-thirsty, vicious animals with civility feigned enough to rival the most erudite of thespians. Sometimes these hungers come to the surface, especially with Kéntauros tied from their physicality. In this willpower rolls of Kéntauros are higher.

The difficulties are higher, but how much higher is based on a plethora of circumstances. Too much to drink might be a +2 difficulty. At a loud sporting event might be a +2 or a +3 if there is sufficient fanfare. Too much time in the chair (over their stamina in hours without stretching their legs) may even be as high as a +5 difficulty.

A failure means that the Kéntauros gives in to his urges; looking for a fight, pouring too much wine down his thirsty throat, grasping at the hind-quarters of attractive students... whatever is fancied. A botch in this means that the Kéntauros, even the Heliades, sheds his mortal reasoning, rises up out of his chair, and proceeds to destroy everything in the vicinity with a drunken orgy of Dionysian Folk-Ways. For the rest of the scene, the Kéntauros is a Mormones (Thallain) –a Fearful one, and only more murder and sex can assuage his hunger.

Man Shell Prison (*Fylakí Kochylión*): The Kéntauros, despite their intellectual acumen and full grasp of all scholarly endeavors, are for all intents and purposes— Monsters. Only their torso and head is that of a mortal. Their great size and equine physiognomy carries over into their Andros Metamffesi in a manner similar to the Slipped Seeming flaw. However, it goes far beyond this. Their mortal form can't function in the same manner as most Fae Creatures. They can't hide what they are with the powers of mists.

Wheelchairs, scooters, such implements of immobility are the incarnations of this frailty. They stifle the ability to move freely, are uncomfortable. Worse yet, dancing, sports, simply running free are impossible in public. While the Kéntauros can let loose well away from prying eyes, they also need maintain appearances.

For every few hours (equal to stamina) that the Kéntauros spends bound in his man-flesh-prison, they must roll their willpower. The effects of this are the same as the Hungry flaw above. Also keep in mind that the willpower rolls of a Kéntauros are always higher, and no difficulty starts below 7.

Dr. Sylvanus Periphas, lecturer on Etruscan Sociology and flute player for a Jethro-Tull tribute band, gets excited (too excited) when asked about the other Neráidais.

Automata: Masters of one thing, explorers of not much else... I should like one for research alone if that was his bent. Other than that I let them to theirs...

Cyanocephali: You'd be surprised at what I've found about their history... They would too. I won't tell them though. Safer that way.

Graecae: They have a history as well, one as wasted and dark as anything we have to offer...

Maenads: Speaking of histories, These are our Sisters in wine and blood, our relations- of all types - are the stuff of legends.

Melissae: Let them to their own devices, and never fail to be polite and you should be safe.

Nymphaea: If I ever meet one, I'll let you know.

Onocentaur: Surprisingly not-related... though there may be something said about the Ipotane... and that scares me.

Strix: the wisest of us by far, and the closest to our true origins. Treat them with the deference due the Gods themselves.

Teumessian: If I ever meet one, I'll let you know. No I won't.

Keteas: Hah. So close to Poseidon, but with none of his moxy. It's a shame really.

Satyrs: I do envy their mobility, not their positions amongst the Europa nine. Or Thirteen? How many Kiths do they have anymore?

Seileinoi: I'm sorry Father. I cannot go with you.

