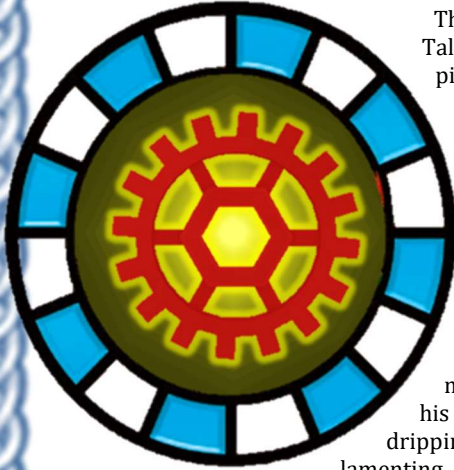


AUTOMATA

Pleasure in the job puts perfection in the work. – Aristotle

Quote: Why should I worry? I have everything I need to survive. I have a song in my heart, a meaningful existence, and literal balls of steel... There is nothing that can stop me from succeeding.



There are many tales told of Talos, He was forged in the pits of Hephaestus – Olympian God of the Forge. He was the guardian of Crete. He would fly around the Island three times a day, his skin aglow in the sun-shine, shining silver and copper. When he died, he pulled his enemies to his breast, melting them along with his own body; molten tears dripping down his polished face, lamenting a life not lived to the fullest. He was a clockwork man –and while it is easy to label such technological phenomena as robots, anathema to the nebulous fancies of the Dreaming. - the Greek Fylí (Kith) known as Automata (Αυτόματα) are anything but.

The Automata aren't robot. They are dutiful soldiers and artisans, laypersons, and performers. They were fashioned out of precious metals as clockwork retainers and given special purposes by the Olympian Gods. One Automata might have served as a librarian, collecting and storing ancient tomes for Pallas Athene. Another might have been an assassin under Ares, snuffing out life from the shadows. Others might have served Aphrodite for more Carnal reasons. Despite their variations, all had a reason and each of their number was lovingly crafted by Hephaestus for that reason alone.

And this reason gave them life. They could laugh with joy when the reason succeeded, or cry when that reason botched. Hephaestus forged them feelings and crafted their personalities, and each was as different in appearance and disposition as it was in purpose. Yet time and tide wait for no man, and the more fabulous dimensions of science came under scrutiny alongside the Magic of the Dreaming. The old servants of the Olympian Theoi had to undergo the Changeling Way to survive the onslaught of banality. Alongside the Keteas and Nymphaea, Strix and Satyrs, the Automata hid their burnished limbs and fiery eyes in the fragile trappings of pink rice-paper flesh.

Appearance: In Andros Metamfiesi (Human Mien), the Automata appear as attractive if not a little androgynous examples of Greco-Roman splendor. They are tall and statuesque, with beautifully tanned olive complexions, chiseled features, have long, strong, and graceful limbs, and bright shining eyes. In this form, they also always carry some visible implement of their purpose. A chef Automata may always fidget with his lucky spatula, while a scholar Automata will lightly finger his dog-eared paperback. In (Nereidias Metamfiesi) Fae

BHUTA VAHANA YANTA

In the Perfumed Empire, the Dreaming of India, is a tale told in the Lokapannatti. The story goes on to tell how King Ajatashatru of Magadha, summoned strange clockwork Gods called Bhuta Vahana Yanta to protect the sacrosanct vestiges of the Buddha. They did so for a thousand unwavering years, and none dared cross them. These deities were not just sentinels, but spiritual custodians of Universal truths. They were Inevitables; steadfast and resolute Divinities whose Prime Directive was to enforce Dharmic mandate throughout the cosmos and punish any malefactors who would seek to disobey against Celestial Actuality.

Fae scholars (especially those Automata of the Scholarly bent) are engrossed by these tales, which offer new origins for the Fylí outside of the Olympian paradigm. If said creatures exist, what would their purpose be now? What would it mean if the Automata's known origin was somehow false? Who, or what, are these *Inevitables*? Some look to the Strange Denizens of the Dreaming known as the Adhene and whisper. Others cite any number of the 333 million Gods of India (Greece was fine with their big 12, but some people liked more). Most Automata don't give it any heed, they have more important things to do than worry about such.

Mien, those exotic features are more fully realized. Their tanned skin is because of plates of burnished brass seamlessly jointed together. Those long strong and graceful limbs are cogs and pistons, arrayed and twirling in a graceful clockwork dance. Those burning eyes are two jewels, lit from within, and shining with clarity, understanding the world through a lens of true purpose and direction. And yes, they also still sport their spatulas and such.

Lifestyle: From the moment of their chrysalis, an Automata remembers their prime directive, their original purpose for existence and reason to keep on living. Regardless of seemings, this reason becomes their whole scope of existence. It functions much like the driving goal merit, and they will continue to pursue this directive alongside their day-to-day activities as a Neráidais. Other of the Fylí may see this purpose as odd (and even banal) the Automata see it as a Gods-Given purpose. Even if said purpose is to track down and catalogue every AD&D book ever published, the Automata will do so with a desire and enthusiasm bordering on mania.

Ápeiros Automata are the same as the other seemings.

Epanastátis Automata are the same as the other seemings.

Sofós Automata are the same as the other seemings.

Glamour Ways: Automata regain Megaleío by engaging with others who share the same proclivities. Baking clubs for baking

automata, gun-clubs for more martial automata, microbreweries for beer-meister brewers, etc...

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by Automata are accompanied by the acrid tang of hot metal and tinny din of tinkering gears and pattering springs.

Affinity: Prop

Birthrights:

Prime Directive (*Protarchikí Odigía*): All Automata have their purpose that they were created for, and that's about it. When attempting any rolls that concern this purpose, the Automata have a couple choices. The first is to roll naturally, with appropriate dice pool (at a difficulty of one less than usual). There is still a risk of failure or botch on these rolls. The second is to simply succeed. There is no cost, and no roll, the Automata simply succeeds. The success won't be anything particular of course, and won't be anything special, but as the old adage goes, it "Will be good



enough for military work." However, if this is done in a contested roll, it can only be performed a number of turns equal to seemings. Ápeiros Automata can automatically succeed once in a contested roll, Epanastátis Automata can automatically succeed twice in a contested roll, and Sofós Automata can automatically succeed three times in a contested roll. After these turns are up, the Automata must roll as usual (though still at a lower difficulty).

Frailties:

Prime Directive (*Protarchikí Odigía*): All Automata have their purpose that they were created for, and that's about it. All other rolls that aren't directly related to their goals are at a +1 difficulty (unless they can be convinced that other goals are imperative to accomplishing their own). In addition, no other attribute ratings can ever be equal or higher than their Prime Directive's rating. If Scholarship is their prime directive, and their academics rating is at 3, then the Automata cannot have any other rating higher than 2. Computer, Lore, Kennings, Cosmology and linguistics may be equal, but brawl, craft, melee, fire-arms, empathy, etc., are right out. There are plenty of arguments to be had for what should or shouldn't constitute these synchronicities with attributes, and storytellers and players are encouraged to set this up well before hand during character creation. - Also, if an Automata should ever botch one of his prime-directive rolls, then all willpower rolls are at a +2 difficulty. This will remain in effect until he has undertaken a quest to reconfirm his own superiority in that field.

Theophila of Patmos, Queen of Baklava, doesn't phlyo like talking (get it?) but tells you about her cousins anyway

Cynocephali: I don't comprehend their bitterness. They have every opportunity to be a part of our great society, why the revulsion?

Graeae: I don't understand, but I respect.

Kéntauros : Sex is all they ever talk about. Sex, Sex, Sex. So boring. Now Baklava, that is something exciting...

Maenad: A little too ribald for my tender sensibilities. I enjoy their company during daylight hours only.

Melissae: Little xenophobic man-haters, I don't care about your garden one way or another. I can get my own honey.

Nymphaea: What? They're still around?

Onocentaur: The Onocentaurs are the very pictures of mulishness and serve no other purpose. They need a directive.

Satyrs: They do things. Run, fight, play music, screw, dance, laugh, write, sing.... And do so well. If they had brass balls, and focused on one of those things, they'd be us.

Strix: We don't travel down dark paths very often, and as such don't need the Strix. That said, they are good friends, and honest ones.

Teumessian: Their function is to run. I get it.

Keteas: We can't swim. So that's that.

Inanimae: In their ranks they have Mannikins. Cousins? Who can say? They are too nebulous to get straight answers from...