

ALB

"Cats don't need to be possessed; they're evil on their own." — Peter Kreeft

Quote: Hey, I said HEY! I'm talking to you. You're ugly. I just wanted you to know. Now scram, I'm tired of talking to you.

Also known as Alp, Trud, Mar, Mart, Mahr, (much to their Sister-Tribe Mora's chagrin) Schrat, and Walrider, the Alb is perhaps the most notorious of all the Cait-Sith families. Teufel-Leute (Unseelie) to a one of them, these catankerous ne'er-do-wells are masters of dissension and turmoil. And they like it.

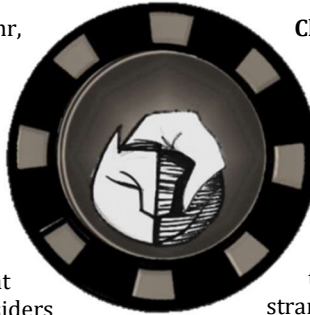
Like all the Cait-Sith Tribes, the Alb aren't Fairies that turn into cats, they are cats that turn into fairies. However, very few outsiders understand this about the Alb. In fact, their name itself is a German pronunciation of ELF. This misunderstanding is a perfect tool for misdirection, and many an Alb utilize this to no little end. It is all too easy to wait for the ugliness to hit, and then point at the stranger/victim, all the while posing as that tired and worn tabby at the foot of the bed.

While almost exclusively Male, the Alb's methods of infiltration is remarkably similar to their aforementioned sister-Tribe Mora's modus operandi. The major difference is that the Alb are by no means cute, fluffy, or even remotely pleasant. They are nasty, capricious, and bitter about their lot in the world. And they enjoy sharing that ugliness with everyone.

Appearance: In both Pelz, the Alb is lean, broodish, and prone to either glaring or leering, sometimes both at once. The Mensch- Pelz (Human Mien) of the Alb is that of a painfully muscled figure, lean and tight with muscles, and an almost hungry gait to their walk. Most choose to present themselves as hooligans or urban castaways. When in *cat-form* Mensch- Pelz – they appear as still overly muscled but thin street cats with pale, silver, grey and white fur.

The Elfe-Pelz (Fae Mien) of the Alb is much the same as their other Pelz, save that their head is now somewhat Feline in appearance, and a smooth coat of fine fur covers their bodies. A thin tail whips impatiently, and their eyes glare at passers-by. Also, due to the magical hat inherited to each of them, they can assume the forms of a multiple animals (See birthrights below), each as grey, silver, or white as their cat form. It is important, to note their Tarnkappe- present in all forms.

Lifestyle: As surprising as it may seem, the Alb can prove to be an ally, and even a close friend if someone can overlook their crass behavior and scathing tongue. For those that take the time to *really get to know the real Alb*, they find a loyal comrade with plenty to offer. When the Alb isn't out destroying social conventions for funsies, or breaking toys, or cussing in church for no good reason... then they enjoy drinking and carousing with these far and few between allies.



Changing: It costs no Zauberkunst for an Alb to change form from cat to human but does take Zauberkunst for any other form.

Unreif Alb are distant and callous. They watch the world go on around them, and always have something nasty to say about it.

Überspannt Alb are excited to see the world, just so they can nay-say it. They may have a smile for a stranger, but it is quickly followed by scathing criticisms.

Vernünftig Alb are grumps, and that about says it all.

Glamour Ways: The Alb regains Zauberkunst with bad feelings and ugly mojo – A Mom having a poopy day because they didn't sleep good the day before, or a guy getting cut off in traffic who takes it out on his kids when he gets home. Not necessarily evil mind, but ugly none-the-less. This stirring up of negative emotions is how the Alb refuels their magic.

Unleashing: Unleashings of the Alb are accompanied by heavy feelings that sit on the chest, a tingling in the fingers and toes, and a generally dismal feeling that just won't go away.

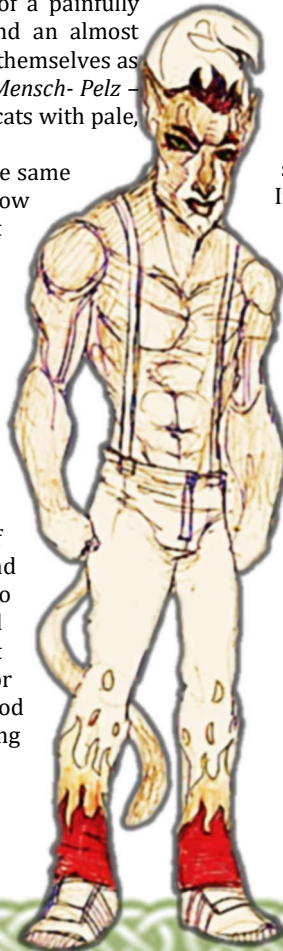
Affinity: Actor

Birthrights:

Many Faces (*Viele Gesichter*): An Alb isn't just bound by the Cat, man, or elf of the other Cait-Sith tribes. They can change into a pig, dog, chicken, snake or a large white butterfly. They can also do Invisible. It costs one Zauberkunst to change form and become invisible, but the Alb must be wearing their cap to do so. In addition any arts that include illusions, shapeshifting, or other forms of even dream-crafting (Such as Oneiromancy) are always at a -2 difficulty as long as the Alb has their hat. The Hat absolutely changes size to fit, so that white butterfly has a tiny hat on, so does the chicken, but it may appear as a white spot, or a fluffy white cap of feathers...

Frailties:

Hatless (*Ohne Hut*): If an Alb ever loses its hat, it is powerless to do anything magical. They are bound in the last form worn until they can retrieve it. They have a number of days equal to stamina before they start to gain banality at a rate of one per night as well. It is the wise Alb who keeps his hat close at all times.



-THE TARNKAPPE-

The Alb's Tarnkappe is their most treasured possession. With it, they are able to transform into their varied forms, or even to become invisible. Without it, they are powerless and forced to remain in whatever form they are currently wearing. It appears as a non-descript white Phrygian Cap (much like the Smurfs wore). The Alb always has the hat on their person, but they don't always have to wear it. To use their shapeshifting abilities, however, it must be parked on their felid heads. It grows and shrinks with as the Alb changes form, and appears like a natural part of the Alb (such as a white patch of fur, a white spot, or a patch of fluffy white feathers). It can even grow invisible with them. Keep in mind that it might seem unusual to see a large grey butterfly or silvery-white snake sporting a smurf's hat. Just saying. Luckily, the Tarnkappe is all but impossible to destroy. Stealing, however....

How the Alb gains his Tarnkappe is something left to the most studious of German Fae Scholars. At the time of their chrysalis, the right cat finds the right cap, and thus another Alb is brought into the Dreaming. There should be more to the story, and many are disappointed there isn't. Where does the Cap come from? Who places it there and why? What if the wrong cat gets it? Answers to such questions would allow for a greater understanding of the Dreaming, and perhaps even Fate itself. What do the Alb say of such things? *That you're a nerd.*

Grieg- smiles as politely as he can, and begins a wonderfully colorful bout of insults concerning his fellow German fae...

Gummi-Bären: Techno-colored, Ass-blasting ineffectual boogey-fruits.

Haferbock: Witchy-christmasy- goaty good for nothings.

Haule Mannerchen: Effeminate scissor-humping navel-gazers with a mad-on for a fate that doesn't twice look at them.

Kender-Trow: Lying, thieving, swindling, gob-nobbing sneak-weasels.

Kobold: Not worth an insult.

Moswyfjes: The only ones who can cuss better than me. And I hate them for it.

Nisser: Tall-Hat compensating, little-nugged, tree-humping, nose-grinding, axe-licking, mouth-breathing, dirty-bearded twat-waffles.

Waltschrat: Who?

Schatten: You shut your whore mouth, I'll not hear another word about them.