

CATS with HATS

"The cat's improvisations with the objets trouvés in the home he has invaded are obviously an allegory for his creator's performance with the two hundred and twenty arbitrary words he has been assigned by his publisher. The cat is a bricoleur. He has no system-or, rather, his system is to have no system. He is compelled to make meaning from whatever is there." - Louis Menard

"Today you are you, that is truer than true. There is no one alive who is youer than you."

The Birthday Bird- Happy Birthday to You -Dr. Seuss 1959

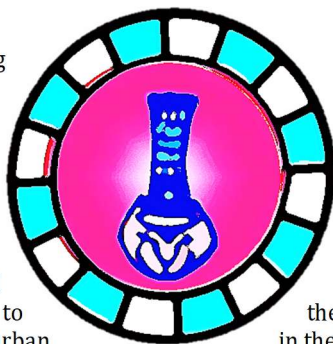
Quote: *Don't cry because it's over. Smile because it happened.* A very smart man said that. Now, grab a broom and get to sweeping. All this confetti has to go somewhere.

Sometimes a Feline will decide it is something else. For instance, a Mau will decide that it is a priest, a Grimalkin will decide that it is a royalty, and a Cat with a Hat will decide that it is now a Cat who wears a black stovepipe. Born of madness and necessity both, the Kith known as the Cats with Hats (or in the *Singular Cat with a Hat*) are the Cait-Sith's answer to the American Dreaming. From the nonsensical trappings of Victorian academic navel-gazing to 'haberdashery panache' in an American suburban nightmare, the Kith works chaos and order both in quick succession.

A litter of Cats with Hats has many reserves that the rest of the world's Cait-Sith could never care to comprehend. While Courtly conspiracy and skull-duggery are the norm, the Cats with Hats hold no small disdain for politicking and regency lobbying. Their urgings are much more personal. And while they can forestall banality with a song as per their birthrights, they are easily burdened by a seemingly insignificant slight from a friend. And of course while they take pride in chaos and all the destruction such brings; they find just as much pleasure in the quiet contentment of cleaning up the mess afterwards.

Perhaps this is why the Kith has arisen, or at least blossomed, in America. The Spirit of inconstancy that the United States wields is too similar to the fickleness and mercuriality of the Cats. Bitter? Perhaps. Unfair? Certainly. But at least they look good in Fedoras, others not so much.

Appearances: In Mortal and Fae mien both, the Cat with a Hat appears as an unusually mischievous character. In Hyu-Mann Mask, the Almond shaped, unusually large and bright eyes highlight her obvious otherness. Her teeth are a bit too pointed, and (as well as the females of the species) have a whisker or two that just can't be gotten rid of. There is also the matter of graying hair a few years too early, which includes even the Kittens of the Kith. In Cat-Mask this is pretty much the same, In True-Mask, their feline resonances shine



through. Pointy ears, a tail, and clawsome paws may bear similarities to the Pooka, but their predilection for truth-telling will always separate them.

The Elfy-Mask of the Cat is a tall and lithe figure, with overly-large eyes, and a smile a few sizes too big.

NO matter the season, and no matter the reason, the Cat with a hat will wear all the hats they can squeeze in. The Cats will take great pride in their head-gear, and many sport ostentatiously loud caps for no other reason than to do so. This may strike some second-looks when a mortal espies a teeny-kitten in a fedora. But the Cats would have it no other way.

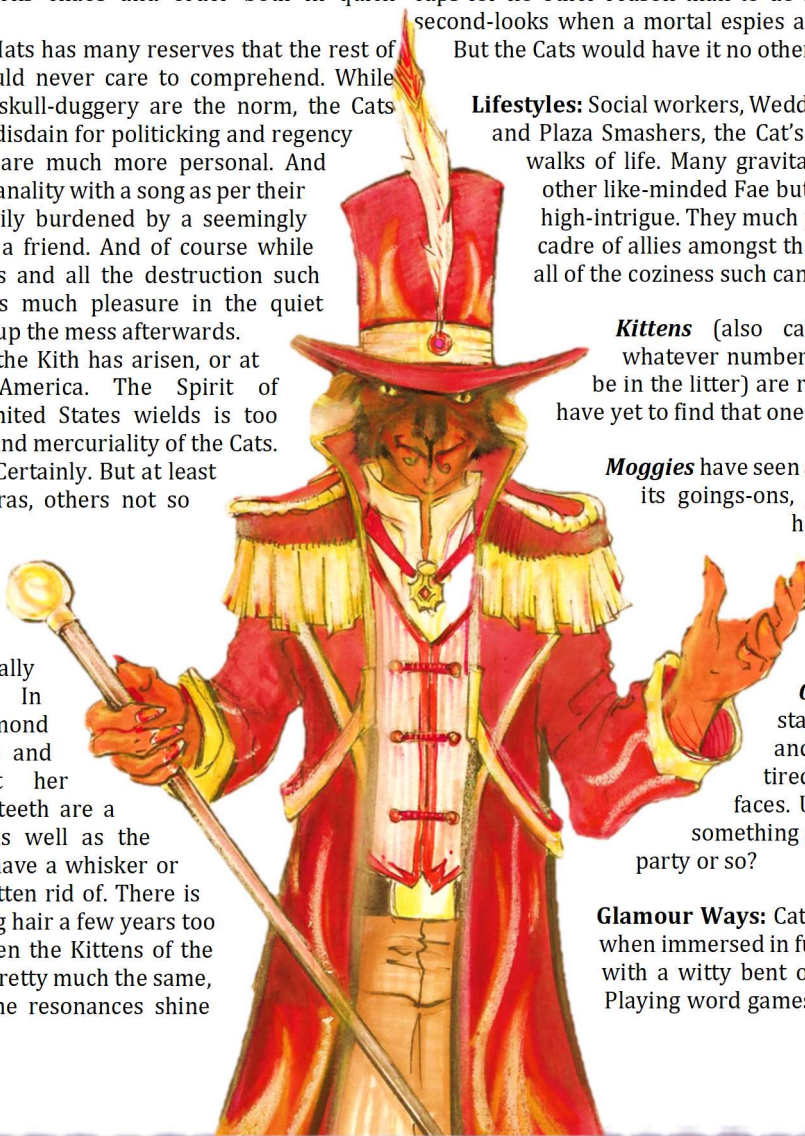
Lifestyles: Social workers, Wedding Crashers, Tennis Pros and Plaza Smashers, the Cat's with Hats come from all walks of life. Many gravitate towards motleys with other like-minded Fae but steer clear of over-much high-intrigue. They much prefer to form a tight-knit cadre of allies amongst those who enjoy chaos, and all of the coziness such can bring.

Kittens (also called Things 1 through whatever number of Things just happen to be in the litter) are rambunctious rascals who have yet to find that one perfect hat that fits.

Moggies have seen a bit of what life can be, all its goings-ons, goings-outs, and goings-homes. For all of that, there is always something exciting happening somewhere, it is just their job to find it, yes?

Grey-Whiskers are starting to feel their years, and their whiskers gloop tiredly about their greying faces. Unless of course, there is something going on this weekend? A party or so?

Glamour Ways: Cats with Hats gain Glamyre when immersed in fun and whimsy, especially with a witty bent of scholarly engagements. Playing word games with children at a party,



horrible pun contests, and care-free literary debates are all rife with possibility for the Kith.

Unleashing: When cantrips are cast by the Cat with Hats, all manner of happenstance happens in many manners. Odd colors start leaking down walls in great goopy colors. Bystanders unintentionally begin rhyming. Walls bend, and even eyes of children seem to grow obscenely wide and cartoony.

Changing: It costs one Glamyre for a Cat with a Hat to change.

Affinity: Prop

Birthrights

Banality Banshmality: If a Cat with a Hat ever is in fear of an accrual of banality (say, from two too many technocratic fonzanos or flufferfutters about), then she can stymie this accrual with a special bunk. For the next few rounds she must spend it completely talking in rhyme. Whether Alternate rhyme: (ABAB rhyme scheme), Terza Rima (Aba bcb cdc ded), or Keats Odes (ABABCDECDE) as long as she can keep it up for the necessary expanse of rounds, the Banality will cease to have an effect. The amount of rounds needed is completely random and is generated by a roll of one die. (A 1 equals one round, a 2 equals two rounds, etc.). This effect is shared by everyone in the Cat's oath-circle.

Clever Clever: A Cat with a Hat gains extra Wits at Character Creation dependent on Seeming. A Kitten gains 1 free dot, a Moggie gains 2 free dots, and a Grey-Whiskers gains 3 free dots. In addition, any attempt by another to understand the rationale of a Cat with a Hat, or to predict what one may do next, instantly fail.

Frailties

Always put away your toys: A Cat with a Hat can enjoy all the best that life has to offer and will do so at the expense of others only in so much as that their world is a neater one afterwards. If a Dauntain's hide-away gets exploded, then they will be there afterwards with a push-broom and a smile. If a Nest of Vampires is shattered under the cover of mid-afternoon, then the Cat will be sure that the ashes are deposited safely in a Shop-Vac. To ignore a mess (especially one in which the Cat with a Hat was directly inextricably linked) is a willpower roll difficulty 8. In addition, it garners a point of temporary banality to do so.

The Real-World Hurts: Cats with Hats are as fickle and mercurial as any Fae Cat, if not more so. But their inconstancy comes with a heart-breaking price. They are easily dissuaded by the trappings of the real world. If an ally reneges on his word, or a former comrade grows weary of the Cat's turbulent life-style, then depression descends on the poor cat like no other Fey Cat could care to comprehend. The Cat is at a higher difficulty to all rolls when under this dark cloud depending on Seeming. Kittens are at a +1 difficulty, Moggies are at a +2 difficulty, and Grey-Whiskers are at a +3 difficulty. Storytellers are the final say as to what could cause this mental funk, and also on what actions are needed to resolve it (*usually an ultra-fun super-rad party or the like*).

Baron Topperbottom, Thing 4 of 12, is wonderfully eager to share his thoughts with some rhyming couplets. Triplets? Who the hell knows?

Alb: Never a Tribe was ever so Vile.

Ceilican: The Moon is so cold, and her princes so tired.

Dinsele: Who knew that beauty could get you so wired?

Dona de Fuera: While the Stellas use sin to get the church all perspired...

Foireux: ... and the Cigar munching Foireux aren't even part of the line-up...

Grimalkin: In England, I'd rather hang out with the Kirkgrims.

Korhorushy: Drinking naked in Saunas is the smallest of sins.

Les Margotine: While in sunny old Paris, the Queens are the Kingpins.

Mau: The Priestesses of lettuce and Dicks? That and denial.

Nyan: The Peaches we love, but a love uninspired

Skogkatts: The Norse women are violent, and their dreams are so riled.

Ulthranian: Don't be Widdershins Silly, or Silly Widdershins...

Widdershin Toms: And the Devil claims his own, time and time again.