

# DINSELE

God made the cat to give man the pleasure of stroking a tiger. —Joseph Méry

**Quote:** Yes, milady? What do you require? More Milk... of course. I myself am a pint low. Give me but a moment, and I will fetch us both some.

The Dinsele are a happily strange lot. Perhaps the most accessible of Transylvania's Sanziene (Seelie), even if they are a wild bunch of cross-road cats, they hold a special place in the Land Beyond the Forest, tied to these lands in ways that few others can boast. Almost exclusively Male (the Females are a rare lot- but do exist) the Dinsele are meant to serve the Ielles, and the land, in any number of roles. In fact, at one time - the Ielles (whose name translates to They) and the Dinsele (whose name translates to They Themselves) were thought to be one and the same Vălvă (Kith). But one true look at the beefy- and dark-Dinsele and likewise the ephemeral and white-clad Ielle puts to rest any such supposition.

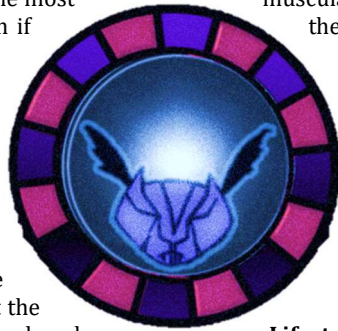
They are also called the Tribe of Midnight, at least to other Cats. They are a strange tribe of Cait-Sith (Cats that decide that they are Fae), but their loyalties lie among their fellow Vântoase (Transylvanian Fae). They are unique in this regards, as most other Cats stress loyalty to self alone. Jacks-of-all Trades, especially magical warfare, the Dinsele are held in high regard by the other Vălvă. They are especially regarded by the Ielles in whom they serve so diligently.

While not all the Dinsele are Side-Kicks to the Ielle—for lack of a better word- all are loyal to local Sanziene Courts. And while as mischievous as any Cait-Sith, the Dinsele are rarely malicious or blood-thirsty (Despite their feeding Frailties below). In fact, the Dinsele are one of the rarest of Dreaming born Creatures- A Marcra (Double Seelie). Even if they do need warm fresh blood - they are honest, loyal, and benevolent- more-so than any other Creature in the Land Beyond the Forest.

**Appearance:** Like most Cait-Sith, there are a slew of different faces the Dinsele wear. The Dinsele's many Scoarță (Mien) vary according to what body they are wearing.

The Om scoarță (Mortal Mien) is that of a thick and unusually stocky dark figure, either feline or human. (Even among the rare females of this Vălvă), they are thick with muscle, and have skin, eyes, and hair a deeper, darker tone than their fellows. They also favor dark clothing.

The Feeric scoarță (Fae Mien) is that of a cat-headed and lithe figure, yet still with the pronounced



musculature. The eyes and hair are just as dark, but the skin takes on a bluish-purplish hue, reminiscent of a night sky. For a point of De Basm spent, the Dinsele can manifest his large-bat wings while in Feeric scoarță. He can fly thusly, but nowhere near the speed of his Bat form.

There is also the bat-form of the Dinsele. It is large bat, with a wingspan easily a meter and a half in width, black-furred with tiny dark blinking eyes.

**Lifestyle:** Out of all the Varied Tribes of Cait-Sith, the Dinsele are the most content with their service to another. They are the sidekicks to the Ielles, or Couriers, task-masters, consorts, body-guards, and simple go-fers. The Dinsele treasure the special relationship they share with their beloved Ladies. For those rare few who don't truck with the Ielle, the Dinsele serve as messengers for other Sanziene families of Vălvă, but always with an eye on a special someone.

*Prunc Dinsele* are wonderfully playful little kittens. If lucky they are adopted by a Sanziene Vălvă to teach them the ways of the Vântoase. If extremely lucky they are picked up by a Prunc Ielle and the two grow up together. Even the unlucky ones, however, find their ways to the Sanziene courts eventually, and pledge their allegiance to the good of the land.

*Nebun Dinsele* have no doubt found a wonderfully satisfying niche to fill, aiding their fellows during the day, dancing and playing during the night. If they haven't? Well then, they might want to hurry up- The Land Beyond the Forest needs their help.

*Bătrân Dinsele* are the most content of all. They have done everything that they could and are content to train the Prunc with the same passion and integrity that they were gifted with. No few even settle down to romantic relations with that Ielle they've pledged themselves too all those years ago.



**Glamour Ways:** Dinsele regain De Basm whenever they can dance and sing and relax with the local mortals. They are especially fond of late-night celebrations of traditional music and food. Of course, the food can only be white, but so it goes.

**Unleashing:** Dinsele Unleashings smell of cool forests at night. They carry the sound of far-away violin music; beautiful, sad, and as fleeting as a ghost.

**Affinity:** Fae

**Changing:** There is no cost to De Basm for a Dinsele to adopt Human form, but the changes are limited to certain times; only at night. That means that they are stuck in a certain form throughout the following day. However, if at a Crossroads, and with that point of De Basm spent, they can make the shift during the sunlit hours.

They also have their bat form, which they can change into at any time, but needs that point of De Basm spent.

**Birthrights:**

**Bat-Man (*Liliac-Om*):** Having another form besides the Cat and Human isn't exactly a rarity amongst the Cat-Sith Tribes. The Dinsele's Bat-form offers far more perks. The Str and Sta ratings remain the same, but the Dexterity Triples. The speed in this form is also boosted, as the Dinsele can travel at speeds of Dex rating x 15 meters a turn. (Yes, that means that some Dinsele can travel at speeds of 75 meters in 3 seconds... This is one reason why they are favored as couriers) ...They also have a bite of Str+1 aggravated, but save this for emergencies.

**Frailties:**

**Milk and Blood (*Lapte Și Sânge*):** Like their Ielle companions, the Dinsele are bound by dietary constraints laid down by the Dreaming - white foods and blood. White bread, eggs, milk, - the simplest of rural fare couple with fresh blood are the only way the Dinsele can gain sustenance. While the blood need not be from a human, it needs to be fresh and warm. Failure to procure at least a little (*no more than one egg and one teaspoon of blood*) a night results in the Dinsele having a +1 difficulty to all rolls the next day. This difficulty rises by one for each subsequent day. If after three days, the Dinsele still can't procure his needed foodstuff, he is bound to his current form, and cannot change back.

**Ionuț the Tailless, happy to be of service, takes a moment away from his Lady's side, and relates clever anecdotes on his fellows.**

**Căpcăun:** Of course they're ruffians, but they are ruffians loyal to their masters. I can't fault them for that.

**Chuhaister:** Giants? Why of course. What kind of heroes could we be if we didn't square off against Giants? Of course, they don't square back, but so it goes.

**Fext:** I know they're not Vampires, but they are awfully close.

**Ielles:** Our greatest hope, our most enduring task, our most epic joy. However, it must be said that sometimes they can get rather testy. At those times it is our job to bring them back and remind them of how wonderful our magical lives are.

**Keshalyi:** Nomads and wanderers- I can't say I'd be able to live that life. Still, when they are here, they are kind.

**Loçolico:** Not so these. When they are here, they are not kind.

**Sárkány:** It a shame that these Dragul aren't villains. They are splendid allies but would make for the greatest archenemies. For now, there are few I'd rather have in my corner.

**Zburător:** These then, are the greatest of Archenemies for now. Strong, skilled, and oh so clever... the best combination in anyone, especially a nemesis.

**Cait-Sith:** Cousins. I know. I'm supposed to tout the freedom of the Trickster party-line. The Truth is, I do all those things and more, save I do them for my friends and family.

**Strigoi:** Do not, under any circumstances, enter any kind of pact with them. They are far shrewder than you could ever surmise. Being their familiar is the worst of all fates.