

Fatae

Se non hai mai pianto, i tuoi occhi non possono essere belli.

- If you haven't cried, your eyes can't be beautiful.

-Sophia Loren

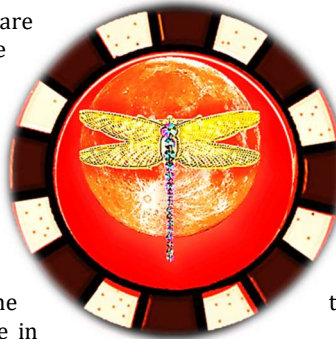
Quote: You like me! You *really* like me! **all accompanied by a slow hand wave...*

The Sisterhood of Stirpe (Kith) called the Fatae are the rightful queens of the Italian Dreaming. Of all the Wolf Children's Fata (Fae) Families, they are the most celebrated, most beloved, and most recognized by as royalty by the rest of the Globe's Dreaming Kingdoms. In fact, the Name of the Kith is shared with the Latin Word for Fae itself - the feminine form of Fatum, meaning "fate, kismet, or destiny." This highlights the bonds shared with the three sisters of fate themselves. And while no modern Fatae will *outright* claim direct blood to the Greek Alto Moltro known as *Moirae*, (called *Parcae* in Rome) many will smile and wink knowingly at such allegations.

Yet the Fatae today are a far cry removed from the simple spinners of antiquity, leaving that role to their Giane keepers. The Fatae today are jet-set party girls and international celebrities, bridging the gap betwixt exotic Dreaming and the glamorous world of men. In both realms they wear crowns, throw balls, swoon at handsome princes, and make royal decrees that have real-world consequences on their beloved subjects. They do all these things with a grace that only royalty can bring, and an open honesty that belies the skull-duggery of other political kith (such as the Celtic long-eared Stirpe of Sidhe)

Even the Silvani (Unseelie) of the Stirpe can be gregariously altruistic. With other Kithain, kindness is met with kindness and loyalty with loyalty. The Fatae regard even the basest of villains with a smile, and any favors owed are waved off with a smile. Later on, however, a Fatae will call on this debt to be repaid with a vehemence that few expect. This is when the true ardure of the Silvani half of the Fatae is recognized...

Appearance: In all Scorza, the Fatae are a little shorter than most, but twice as dazzling. The Scorza Banale (Mortal Mien) all have large almond shaped eyes, perfect teeth, and a wise knowing smile. They prefer to wear their hair long and are always dressed in an outfit that costs more than the average person's house. Many also wear crowns, tiaras, or other head embellishments. In most mortals it would look foolish to always wear such head-gear, but with the Fatae, it works.



In Scorza Fata (Fae Mien) this appearance intensifies to the point of causing pain. Their long hair grows even longer, eyes even wider, and teeth even more perfect. They also grow smaller, daintier (though this doesn't detract from their strength by any means) and those expensive outfits are now crafted from silken diamonds and spun gold - red, white, and black... in magical outfits that stymie the imagination.

It should also be noted that in Scorza Fata, the Fatae grow wings, as glamorously exotic as the Stirpe themselves. The wings of Lares Fatae (Seelie) the iridescent wings of a dragonfly, all studded with jewels... while the wings of the Silvani (Unseelie) appear as bat's wings, Deep red, black, or green, and as soft as velvet...

Lifestyle: The life of the Fatae is one of limelight continuum and the haute-couture necessity such brings. They are famous, always will be famous, and disdain anything that might hinder that fame. They are Princesses in the Dreaming, and international pop-stars in the real world. They are actresses, dignitaries, singing idols... anything that is acknowledged and adored by fans the world over. As such, they will play up to those roles as best they can,

basking in the adulation of their devotees. Anything less than said immaculate life-style is tedious... and there is nothing more of an affront than tedium...

Piccolo Fatae (also called Domani) are obnoxious and pretentious little hellions when they are bad, and the sweetest little dears when they are good. It is better to interact when they are good.

Incoloto Fatae (also called Oggi) are so busy discovering the joys that their Title bring, that they sometimes forget that they also have duties to administer.

Luckily, there are always Giane and Folleti to admonish such over-sight.



FÉETAUDS

Jen: *Wings? I don't have wings.*
Kira: *Of course not. You're a boy!*
The Dark Crystal

IT is hard to imagine, and even those in the know don't recognize it, but the Fatae aren't all female. There are Male Fatae; boys and men who are born to the Stirpe with all the same graces that the Queens of the House are privy to. Called Féetauds, these dashing Fae rakes and rogues garner none of the lime-light of their female half. Instead, they go on world-spanning adventures, using the wealth and resources they inherit as part of their Birthrights.

The real difference between the boys and girls? The Males don't have wings. In fact, it is hard to tell the difference between the Celtic Sidhe and the Féetauds. There isn't any outright enmity between the two, but neither is there any welcoming affinity. Despite both having the same birthrights (except for the wings) the two are from different worlds. They may meet at family functions, smile at each other and hug for the cameras. But once the media goes home for the night, the Féetauds head for their next adventure, and the Fatae head for their next big event.

Saggio Fatae(also called Ieri) are stately and graceful matrons. They are queens in every sense of the word, and everyone who cooperates with them realizes such. There can be no questions as to who is in charge when a Saggio Fatae enters the room.

Glamour Ways: Fatae can only regain Stupore when immersed in the heights of passion and intrigue. Simple birthday parties aren't nearly enough. Huge galas with endlessly entertained mortals, sweeping soirees of operatic grandiosity that enthral the human senses; anything epic enough that it dwarfs the tedious struggle of a mundane existence is enough to refuel the Fatae's magics.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Fatae bring with them a taste of rich red wines and dark chocolates that linger on the tongue, the perfumes of foreign spices and fresh cut roses, and a faraway music that is wonderfully exotic, but this just side of familiar...

Affinity: Fae

Birthrights:

Royal Blood (*Sangue Reale*): There can be no question as to a Fatae's right to rule. From the moment of their chrysalis (and sometimes beforehand in certain royal bloodlines) the Fatae are party to certain privileges. At character Creation, a Fatae gains 4 free extra dots of backgrounds to split between Retinue, Title, or Resources for free. In addition they also gain a +3 to appearance (even if above 5). They can also never botch a leadership roll.

Fairy Antiquity (*Fata Antichità*): The ages old stories that surround the Fatae stirpe ensure that all know who the Fatae are, and what they are capable of. All of those old stories relate how the Fatae are little and winged and bless all good children. Two out of three ain't bad. All Fatae (Female that is, see above sidebar) receive the Merit "Winged" as found in the core-book.

They can also shrink down the size of a mouse. It costs one point of Stupore to shrink thusly, but to revert back to full size is free. Their speed and strength in small form isn't diminished

in any way. Many of the Stirpe prefer to host Fatae only meetings in super small areas, such as secret bird-nests high in the treetops, deep in the forest, where only they can attend in secret.

Frailties

Entertain Me (*Intrattenimi*): The life of the Fatae is one fraught with excitement; Exciting people, exciting parties, and exciting opulence that fuels their very nature. Like the Parcae from which they claim descent, it was their purpose to ensure that a mortal's life was engaging and dramatic as possible. Unfortunately this carries over into the life of the Modern Fatae. They can only gain Stupore from huge productions of affluence where mortals are not only entertained, but dumbstruck by the show of it all. Not only this, but anything less than such a grand show of opulence can breed banale.

Any time that a Fatae attends a gala where glamour can be gleaned, and the crowd is blasé... instead of the normal Stupore, she will begin to harvest banality unless can turn the energy of the event around enow to wow the crowd...

Princess Chiara Bergamaschi - actress, philanthropist, and Fae Duchess of Naples, regales you with stories of her many many subjects...

Callicantzaro: I'm sure everyone thus far has used the joke about their "Coqs," si? I won't be so crude.

Dona De Fuera: I'm sure that they rule a wonderful kingdom out there in the bracken briar... I have to suffice with all my many mansions. Life is unfair, no?

Foletti: They serve as the most wonderful of advisors, together with the....

Gianes: ... brutally honest Grandmothers who will not suffer our tantrums, our rule will be long and just.

Monociello: Make kind with them, make kind with the Vatican. And that is a good kind to be.

Putti: Do not underestimate them due to their appearance... More than one fool was stricken mad by a displeasured Putto.

Salvanel: When the queenship of Fatae was younger, the Salvanel would care for us with loving kindness. Little has changed. They are the best of us.

Sirini: Out there all alone in the sea, it must be so boring, no? Don't worry, little sisters. I shall visit soon.

Pamarindo: It takes all types I suppose. They maintain a role as well as we do. Someone has to be the villains.

Peryton: They are older than any of us, and twice as deadly. It is said that they destroyed Atlantis, I hope they don't set their sights on any cities today...

Seilenoi: Hungry in a way that few, even the Pamarindo, could ever hope to comprehend. Stay well away from areas where they dwell.

Parcae: ha. Do you think I'd tell?

Giovani: I know a few, they are a wonderful family, and I have many friends amongst them. We host many an event together. Why do you ask?