

FEÉ' VERTE

"Got tight on absinthe last night. Did knife tricks."

-Ernest Hemingway

Quote: "So then I said to Mareaux...Anton, not Gaston, different Mareaux... I said 'of course the green of the painting supercedes the grayer-notes and'...oh, one more glass? Don't mind if I do...*Ahem*, 'the bleached green needs to supplant the ashen grey because cubism nouveaux is sooo 2000 and late...'"

A French Critic once remarked, "*Absinthe makes you crazy and criminal, provokes epilepsy and tuberculosis, and has killed thousands of French people. It makes a ferocious beast of man, a martyr of woman, and a degenerate of the infant, it disorganizes and ruins the family and menaces the future of the country*". The French Fabian known as the Feé Verte can't help but laugh their collective asses off at this statement. Whether true or no, the fact that it gets them attention is what matters. This relatively new Fabian, the Feé Verte (literally, the Green Fairies) arrived on the scene with the Bohemian uprising in France during the early 1800's. Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, Charles Pierre Baudelaire, Marcel Proust, All purported to know this Fabian well.

Despite temperance and prohibition, they maintained alliances with the Portunes (who were never amiss when hording the tipples in their wild forests and rural homesteads) and forged lasting friendships with the Feu-Follet despite that Fabian's migration to the new world a hundred years prior. (When asked about the inconsistencies of the dates, the Feu-Follet smile politely, and the Feé Verte laugh.)

The Fabian has done well over the past couple hundred and few odd years. Their odd antics, and eccentric behaviors have given them a voice in the halls of Modern Art movements and their bohemian sensibilities provide a means of earning a lifestyle within the annals of hip and urban Parisian *parages nouveaux* (newer neighborhoods). While no future is written in stone, the Fabian seem not to worry over-much. People will always seek out the cunning and rousing. The Feé Verte seem to have a hold on the artists and poets that continually recreate that self-same cunning and rousing paradigm.

Lifestyle: Art-Critic, or artist themselves, Restaurateurs or Brewers, Thespians, writers, Poets, or Bar-Fly, the Feé Verte have no problem finding themselves a unique niche in Mortal society. They have a vision that captivates and recreates, even if that vision is something that they pulled out of their butt at last minute. Despite whether talented or not, they still gravitate towards areas where this can be put to the test. Even if nothing ever comes of their epically horrible one woman portrayal of Oedipus Rex, or no-one recognizes their stream-of-consciousness biopic on Spider-Man, They will still put on the show and beg, borrow, or steal to get the money to publish their Spider-Man story.



Appearance: In most Mien, the Appearance appears the same (although the wings are invisible in Fae Mien). The Dignité Fer (Mortal Mien) appear as shortish individuals with bright-almond shaped eyes, slightly pointed ears, and a shock of bright-green hair. In days past this lime-colored hair was seen as shocking, even depraved. In the modern context, no one even bats an eye, and in some circles, is seen as desirable and "*Cutting Edge*". The Feé Verte also go out of their way to maintain the heights of fashion, often sporting new and unusual clothing that hasn't quite made it to the mainstream. Haute-Gothic couture and steam-punk ensembles are currently the rage in some circles or Paris, while others swear by Carnivale or Vaudevillian melodramatic attires. The Dignité Fer (Fae Mien) has wings.

Gamins FeéVerte are unknown. Whether this is due to the drinking ages of some countries, or the lack of a Fée Verte's innocence is up to conjecture.

Vauriens FeéVerte make up the Gamut of the Fabian. Boisterous, unruly, explorative, and quick to make their voices heard, this seeming enjoys all that the Parisian-Bohemian-lifestyle extends in friendship.

Grincheux FeéVerte have already created their life's work. Content to sit in coffee houses with favored mortal artists and writers, they drink fancy-wine, and read poetry, and enjoy the life that only one who has created something lasting can do.

Affinity: Nature

Glamour Ways: The Fee' Verte garner Éclat from long torrid nights, discussing haute culture with their equally driven and equally starving allies. Mad jam poetic sessions, experimental art-shows, desperate attempts at slam theater (not a thing yet, but it will be...) as long as it's cutting edge and executed with passion, the Fée' Verte will be there...

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by Fée' Verte are accompanied by a heady rush, not unlike the buzz of too strong liquor. A green tint colors the whole scene, and a distinctly acrid smell, both

bitter and herbal can be sensed by all. Some claim it smells like something akin to burnt mint, others like cloves, tea and ashes...

Birthright:

On Verdant Wings (*Sur Les Ailes Vertes*): All FeéVerte have beautiful wings. They operate identically to the 3pt Merit 'Winged' on pg. 28 of the Players Guide. Those who are predominantly Seelie boast butterfly-wings of spun jade and glittering Emerald markings. Those who are unseelie brag of their bat-wings, with shimmery verdigris fingers, and deep olive membrane stretched between.

Hallucinations (*Fantasmagorie*): The FeéVerte can completely overwhelm a Target's senses. The target loses all bearings and sense of direction. They may move about muttering to themselves, or just sit and stare listlessly at a blank wall. In this fugue like state however, the person may see and hear strange concepts that are remembered long after the Hallucination has worn off. To enact this birthright, the Fée Verte must spend one point of Éclat, and then roll Manipulation + Subterfuge against a difficulty equal to the target's willpower. The effect lasts for one hour per success.

Frailties:

Volatile Heart (*Volant Coeur*): The self-control of the Feé Verte is a fleeting thing. Their minds and souls are mercurial and unpredictable, adding a +2 Difficulty to any Willpower rolls.

Tippler (*Grand Buveur*): The Feé Verte are not immune to the powers of their own brand. When presented with any strong drink (especially their own) they must make a Willpower roll (diff. 8) or partake of the devil's own share. They get no benefit

from the squelch and fall into the same listless fugue as the targets of their Hallucination birthright. The fugue lasts one hour per point of permanent Éclat the Feé Vertes sports.

Esmerelda Amour-Hache offers some altered perceptions of her fellows

Barbegazi: While I applaud their raison d'être, I cannot help but notice how far their domain is from anything interesting.

Dame de Cerf Blanche: Fun, but flighty. That's a lot seeing as it came from me.

Dormettes: We practice in the the same realms, yet we come back.

Dracae: They would not know beauty if it should bite them on the cooh. They are pretentious minutae mavens the lot of them.

Duphon: There is a reason why we the French Fabian are so united. That reason is our Eagle-owl Princesses.

Feu Follet: Zut-Alors, how I miss our dear glowing sisters, such parties we did share long ago in the dark cities....

Foireaux: heh. In a rare show of tact, I am keeping my mouth shut.

Korred: They are a steaming plate of dick-waffles who sniff Sidhe snatch and think it fine cognac.

Korrigan: Grab them during the night-time, they are more fun that way.

Lorialet: Odd ducks. Are they even Fae? Still, they are pretty to look at. Not as pretty as us I dare say, but attractive.

Margotine: Deer, Owl-Hawks, Kittens. Do we really need so many queens?

Portune: I cannot say anything ill of the Good ones. They are good to us, and to others.

Huirnviu: Don't ask, and I won't tell. We'll both be better for it.

Sidhe: There is a reason why the Rest of the world's Fabian are so fractured. That reason is the Sidhe.

