

# FERMET

Before it becomes too rich or too comfortable, the moment shifts and begins to ground itself in darkness with the root of a shallot and the hint of crushed peppercorn. But then, the taste deepens. The memory of rebirth is made manifest with the sacred chervil, sweet and grassy with a note of licorice, whose spring scent is so like myrrh that it recalls the gift of the Wise Men and the holy birth whenever it is tasted. "White Truffles in Winter"—*N.M. Kelby*,

**We're like licorice. Not everybody likes licorice, but the people who like licorice really like licorice.**—*Jerry Garcia*

**Quote:** A spoonful of sugar, of course my darling duck, but with two spoonfuls of cardomam bitters, as well.

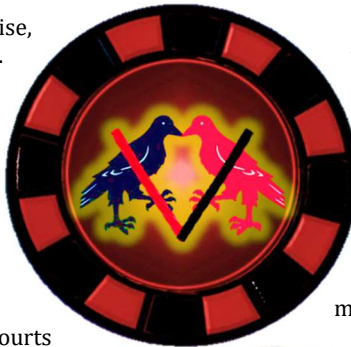
Horehound and Sassafras, juniper and anise, not all candies are meant to be sickingly sweet. There are some candies derived from more medicinal tinctures. Old cola flavors and root beers and ginger tonics and spiced distillates just this side of bitter are as prized as sweets in San Azúcar's back-alley apothecaries. The hooded and be-masked Fermets, flavor alchemists in the Kingdom of Sweets, have been dabbling in this the most estudious of saccarine-sciences since always.

Like the Sluagh of the Concordian Fae courts (Who may or may not share blood relations with the Fermet), this bitter Kith keeps well to their own devices in dank laboratories far away from prying eyes. Here they distill bitter essences and piquant compounds to make newer and newer flavors of candy to rival the sugary ones. After all, over-much sweets deaden the tongue, no?

Mallow and molasses, kola nut and camphor, violets, burdock, cherry bark, amber, burnt Fennel and of course- the ever present licorice root; the catalogue of curative compounds in the Fermet's candy border on a Snake-Oil Salesman's. Yet Candy is still their calling, even if the candy falls into the annals of pharmaceutical flavors.

**Appearance:** Gauging the true appearance of the Fermet is a tricky affair. Few leave their laboratories if possible, whether their Mortal or Fae lives. When they do so, they prefer the comforts of layers of protective clothing. Large slick rain coats, high boots, large hats that sit low on the head, all garishly slick, some might say chitinous. There seems to be hints of victorian frippery in seeming, that even th most modern and street-wise of Fermets espouse.

If Fae mien, the Fermet's shiny slick visage comes with resplendent accessories that would make the most erudite of steam-punk enthusiast squeal with envy. Thigh-high boots of the most exquisite quality, polished to a jet mirror finish. Spats, goggles, tri-corns or stove-top hats placed meticulously correct on top of their heads. And of course, the ever-present plague-doctor masques, that prevent most (even each other) from seeing their true faces. For more information of their true faces behind these accoutrements, see the *Gummy Lips* frailty below.



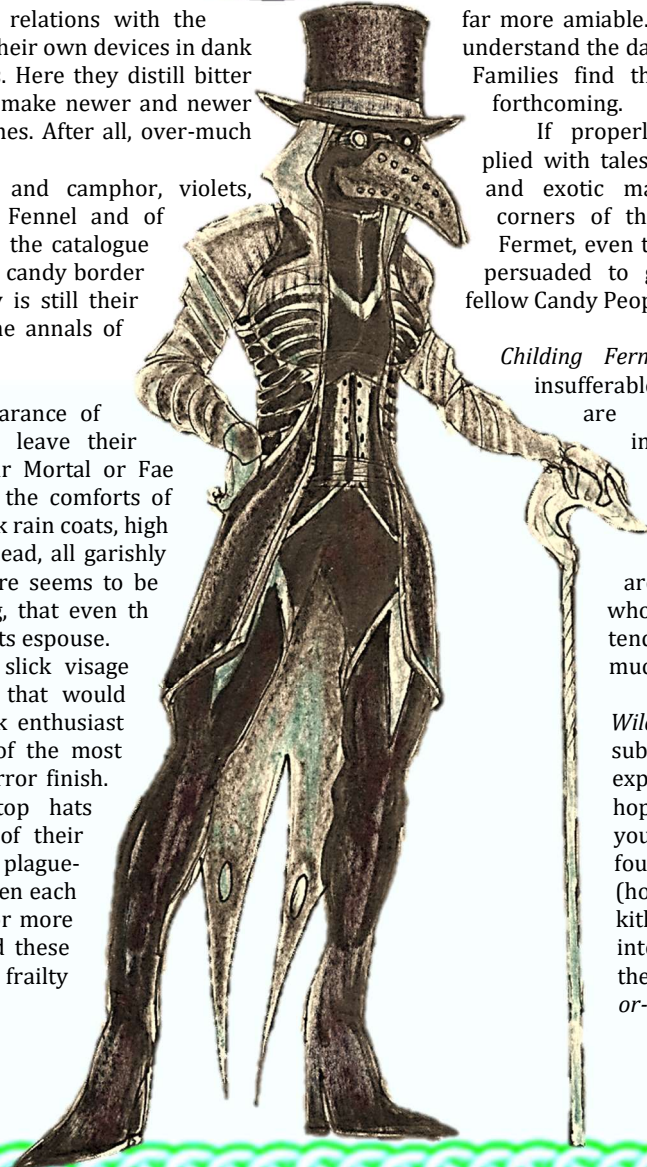
It is important at this time to highlight the two divisions of the Fermet Kith, the Red and the Black. Other colors are indeed present, but never receive any standings amongst their fellows. (see side-bar)

**Lifestyle:** The majority of the Kith fall into one of two stripes (as it were) the red or the black. While it is easier to denote one as seelie and the other unseelie, the truth is far more complicated. Those who wish to barter and deal with the Fermet as a whole find the reds far more amiable. While those who wish to understand the darker natures of the Fermet Families find the Black flavor far more forthcoming.

If properly wooed, however, and plied with tales of new medicinal flavors and exotic materials from the far-off corners of the world, then some few Fermet, even those black-attired, may be persuaded to go-a-venturing with their fellow Candy People.

*Childing Fermets* are capricious and insufferable little bratlings. The best are simply impulsive and inquisitive -asking too many questions about the world around them and constantly getting underfoot. The worst are arrogant little monsters who decide that despite their tender years, they know that much more than their elders.

*Wilder Fermets* are at the subject of time and experience; which has hopefully tempered the fire of youth's passions. They have found friends and lovers (hopefully) outside their own kith that can engage them in inter-Candy pursuits that pry them from their beloved *lab-or-a-tories*. (Hopefully).



## OTHER COLORS OF FERMET

Of course the duality of red and black is a very limiting venture, especially in the candy-coated rainbow explosion that is the Kingdom of Sweets, thus it is no surprise that color variants of the Fermet families exist. Virulent Apple Greens, Richly-Raspberry Blues, even German Cocoa dusty browns exist in the Fermet families. However, no True Fermet (read either Black or Red) takes these variant seriously. Fermets that boast any colors besides red or black are at a +2 difficulty to all social rolls when dealing with the red or black Fermets. The benefits? They get to choose whether they receive the +2 to Charisma or Manipulation at Character creation.

*Grump Fermets* are masters of their craft. Many hold patents in the realms of both flavor profiles and medicinal breakthroughs. Or, the *Dreaming willing*, they have ventured far into the unknown realms. There are a bounty of undiscovered essences in the far Dreaming realms that can engage the tongue in cacophonous dances to stymie the mind. These adventurous Grumps (Usually red for some strange reason) never really came back to disseminate the experiential knowledge that said adventures brought. Some whisper that the most sagacious of Fermets are still out there, far over the horizon.

**Glamour Ways:** Like most of the Sweet-Volken, the Fermet gather glamour whenever someone – mortal or otherwise-enjoys the fruits of their labor. In the case of the Fermet, this not only involves the actual tasting part, but the overcoming of reluctance to try such infrequent flavors. This is even more powerful when they can convince a youngster to try something different. “Of couse chocolate is good, yes, but this is horehound! Just try it! You might be pleased, yes?”

**Unleashings:** Such Unleashings cast by the Fermet arrive with a darkish fog that smells vaguely of sweet chemicals, vaguely of bitter almonds. A tang of bitter-sweet planty –*something* covers the tongue. The whole of the affair is medicinal, and only a few enjoy it.

**Affinity:** Nature

**Birthrights:**

**Estudious Formulae:** From the moment of their saining, the quest for flavor begins. A new Fermet is thusly pummeled with a gamut of information ranging through all the hard and soft sciences. No study is so far off that it might contain a kernel of truth concerning the worlds of flavor. At character creation, ever Fermet gains a +3 to academics, (Sometimes yet even surpassing 5 Storyteller willing). In addition, they can never botch any roll that involves, chemistry, alchemy, or any other psuedo/sciencez that involve the subtle arts of flavor-components.

**Black or Red Tongues:** Due to their desire for newer flavors, the Fermet have developed some honey-sweet influence from behind their plague-masks that endears them to their fellows.

Despite their nebulous ways and just this side of creepy nature-they can still cajole with the best of them to garner what needs must meet. At Character creation, they gain a certain boon based on color of Fermet. The Red Fermet gain a +2 to Charisma at Character Creation, while the Black Fermet gain a +2 to Manipulation. Those other colors of licorice (See Side-bar above) may choose Charisma or Manipulation, but then again, they have other things to worry about..

**Frailties:**

**Trackable:** Despite their penchant for black leathery accoutrement’s (half of them anyway) and skulking in the dark, the Fermet are notoriously easy to track down. Every thing about their person, from their clothes to their tools to their very footprints has a cloyingly sticky bitter-sweet smell. Even mortals, let alone those with heightened olfactory senses can track them easily enough through a crowded room by scent alone. All stealth rolls are at a +3 difficulty, and nothing can ever change that.

**Gummy Lips:** Part of the reasoning behind the ever-present Plague-doctor masques is the appearance of the Fermet. They are sallow, thin, sickly-looking, wan, pale, and not much to look at. Their eyes are too large with reddish or dark circles underneath, thin lips (again too red or black) and proboscis enough to make a Killmoulis wince. Even in mortal mien, this carries over and a Fermet can never have an appearance rating higher than one. Futhermore, the teeth of a Fermet are forever stained the same color. Red Fermet have wine colored teeth, and Black Fermet have teeth as black as coal. Even in mortal mien. For those rare colors outside of the red and black? The same.

**Treacly Elspeth Coelacanth- Apothecarian and Aristocrat-dictates the finer attributes of her saccharine associates.**

**Mint-jacks:** Far too cold for my tender sensibilites. But please do come and visit won’t you? And Bring some evergreen sprigs as well.

**Cinnamon Saracens:** Bah. Far too hot out there in the dusty wastes and far away deserts. But please do bring some nutmeg.

**Ccoa:** OH my. NO thank you. I am content in my cocoa supply, don’t need any more....

**Sugar Tacks:** Such base frippery is far unbecoming of our kit and parcel..

**Ginger-Bred:** Maddeningly incongruous actions ill-fitting our station. Race you? Whatever for?

**Sugarplum Fairies:** Cheats. Thieves. I would call them liars as well, if I could understand a single word that they said.

**Gummi-Bären:** Useful for a diversion. But keeping up with their diversions is a lesson in fortitude.

**Cheabhler-Sith:** Ah. Yes. I suppose that makes sense of course.

**Ra-Men:** Relationships exist of couse, between borders of time and space. All the more reason why I might adventure one day. Not today. But one day.