

Foletti

"What's a conscience?! I'll tell ya! A conscience is that still small voice that people won't listen to. That's just the trouble with the world today..." - Jiminy Cricket- *Disney's Pinocchio* 1940

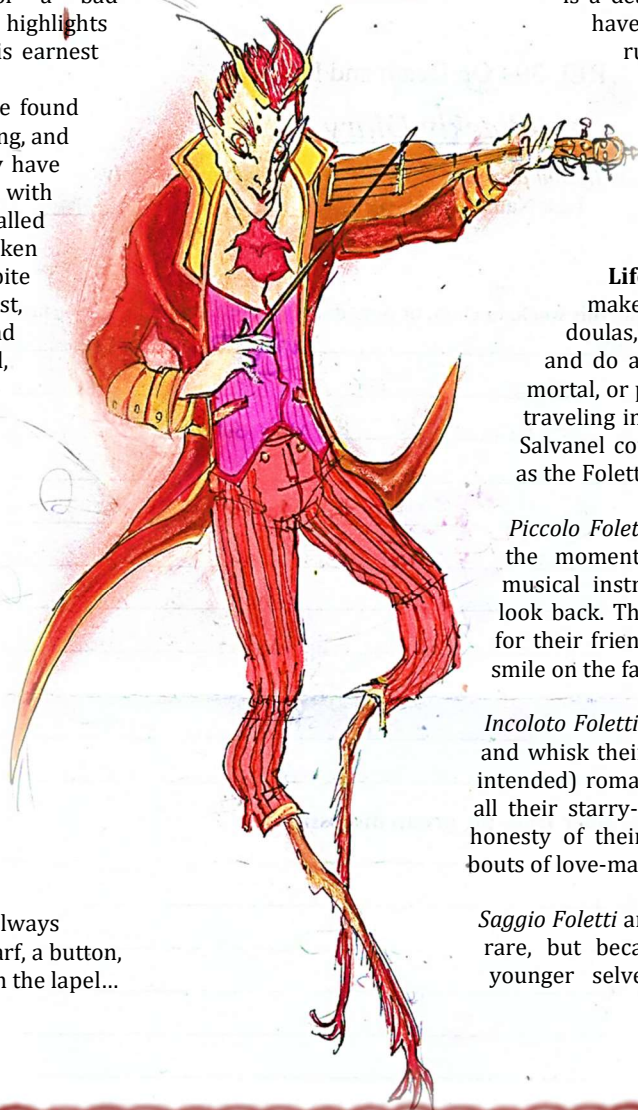
Quote: Your boyfriend break up with you? You want me to play a special request? You want me to date you to make him jealous? I don't know that one. Nah, just kidding. Tell you what... You take some time off from dating to figure out what you want to do...No dating, just you. And don't worry about him... He'll be fine. Okay? IF you still want to go out later, I'll be here. And incidentally, the tip jar is right here...

Like the Jiminy Cricket of no certain Disney folk-tale, the Foletti are crickets and counselors of the Italian Dreaming. Every one of the Stirpe (Kith) are honest music-makers with hearts full of sincerity and mouths full of counsel. Even the rare Silvani (Unseelie) Foletti genuinely want to help, but their help usually leads to another getting stronger though heart-ache.

They are close allies of the Gianes family of Fata (Fae) and as such serve as stewards and counselors to the up and coming royalty. Their predilection for whirlwind adventures and romantic endeavors allows them somewhat of a bad reputation, but closer scrutiny highlights the heart-felt intentions of this earnest Fata.

The mostly male Stirpe are found in every domain of the Dreaming, and sometimes even beyond. They have an undisclosed relationship with the Celtic Family of Fae called Grigs, and many trips are taken East for Jam sessions. Despite their travels and wanderlust, however, the Foletti always find their way home again. After all, the Italian courts need the Foletti's sound advice to keep running smoothly.

Appearance: While females of the Family do exist, the majority are overwhelmingly handsome Italian boys. In both Scorza Banale (Mortal Mien), the Foletti are razor thin and rakish Italian folks with big eyes, big smiles, and bigger hearts. They are dapper and clean, wearing the heights of fashion, and keep said fashion in impeccable working order. Due to some long-forgotten geasa sworn to antiquity, the Foletti will always sport something red, be it a scarf, a button, or simply a scarlet carnation on the lapel...



In Scorza banale (Mortal Mien) they appear as heroin thin with thick cords of knotted muscles over slightly short frames. Their smiles and eyes are a little too big, however, and there is something a little too carnal about their expressions, despite their sincerity.

In Scorza Fata (Fae Mein this carnal expression is made manifest in their sharp insectoid faces. Their eyes are larger, their smiles too sharp, and a big pair of sweeping antennae can be seen on their dapper head. The legs of the Foletti is a dead give-away to the Stirpe, as they have two long insectoid legs that can be rubbed together to produce a strange chirping music. Many Foletti can perform duets with themselves, by playing their favored instruments by hand and their leg instruments at the same time.

Lifestyles: Music makers and Match-makers, bodyguards and counselors, doulas, educators, coaches; the Foletti can and do any job that aids others, be it Fata, mortal, or prodigal. They are especially fond of traveling in little motleys with their Gianes and Salvanel cousins, in "Little gangs of Awesome" as the Foletti like to call it.

Piccolo Foletti are gregarious and kind-hearted, the moment of their chrysalis they seize a musical instrument, run off with it and never look back. They play for their parents, they play for their friends, and they play simply to see the smile on the faces of their audience.

Incoloto Foletti have discovered the joy of passion, and whisk their paramours on whirlwind (no pun intended) romances that are the stuff of legend. In all their starry-eyed trysts, however, is the stark honesty of their intentions... despite the rigorous bouts of love-making, there are few broken hearts.

Saggio Foletti are hard to find, not because they are rare, but because they are so similar to their younger selves that one can hardly tell the

difference. They still travel and play and sing and dance, save for a few greying hairs, the signs of aging are nigh-impossible to recognize.

Glamour Ways: Carousing in all forms – be it love-making, dancing, fighting, or playing their favorite instrument (Especially this) – is what refuels a Foletti's Stupore. As long as there is a mortal to project waves of wonderment, they will be there to immerse themselves. However, in between sets, they can also regain Stupore by offering good sound advice.

Unleashing: Foletti Unleashings bring with them hot-summer nights. The full lights of a steamy moon, the sounds of long grass rustling and crickets chirping, and a certain carnal sweatiness that leaves little to the imagination...

Affinity: Prop

Birthrights

Crickets and Whirlwinds (*Grilli E Trombe D'aria*): Due to ages old oaths sworn to la Regno di Fanes, but lost to antiquity, the Foletti Stirpe can manifest in two alternate forms that rival any Pooka's. The forms are that of a largish black cricket and a small whirling whirlwind...

The insectoid nature of the Foletti is more than just superficial. For one Stupore spent, a Foletti can transform into a large Black Cricket. The Size of the insect in question is larger than one might expect but is still insect size.

In Insect form, the Foletti has no Stamina or Strength rating, but has an active dexterity rating of 10 dots. While in insect form, all Cantrips are set at a difficulty 6 to cast. Bunks in this form consist of strange leaping dances and leg-rubbing songs.

In addition to this insect form, the Foletti can also assume the form of a small whirlwind that skitters across the scene picking up debris and dust. It again cost one Stupore spent, but in this form, the Foletti cannot cast Cantrips. While in this form, they can move up to 15 yards X their dexterity a turn. They can move in any direction, even high into the air... They can maintain this form for a number of turns equal to their stamina.

Lords of Carnivale (*Signori Del Carnevale*): The Foletti are masters of merriment and are born with a supernatural disposition towards music. At character creation, they gain a +3 to performance, even if above 5. They can also instinctively play any instrument that is presented to them. In addition, there is one instrument that they can never botch (the one that they pick on Chrysalis).

Frailties

Good advice (*Buon Consiglio*): It is the privilege, nay... the Duty... of every Foletti to offer good solid advice to every and any willing ears. Sometimes, however, not every and any willing ears want to hear the Foletti harp on and on about this and that... The Foletti will have none of that nonsense, of course they want to hear such sound advice... *There aren't many mechanics for this frailty, only in that no Foletti understands that their advice isn't always wanted...*

Abhorrent (*Schifoso*): For those sick of hearing the sage advice of the Foletti, there is a sure fire way to get rid of them. They cannot abide disgusting actions or behavior. Any creature, mortal or otherwise (especially a woman) can banish them by starting to behave in a repulsive way. (Like eating with dirty hands, or blowing the nose on a shirt sleeves or the like...) The Foletti must roll his willpower difficulty 8 or be so repulsed that he must walk away to get some air. Some postulate that this is why the Pamarindo and the Foletti are so at odds with each other.

D'Angelo Gaetano – guitarist and advisor to the Fatae, offers up some truly great advice if you'll have it, concerning the rest of the Stirpe...

Callicantzaroi: Don't give them an inch, but also don't blame them for them being them. Someone has to. Could you be them? Then alright, let them do it... but also, don't give them an inch.

Dona De Fuera: They use to be worse, hard to believe. The Church beat them down a lot.

Fatae: As good as Princesses can get, if you'd believe it. As long as they have us around to do our thing, they'll be the best

Gianes: Don't let anyone say anything ill of them. They are the best of us, and the strongest.

Monociello: Us and the Vatican may seem a strange fit, but the Little Red monks are there to ensure that the friction is negligible. Not a one of us could ask for anything better. Look at the Dona and see how bad we all could have gotten it.

Putto: They used to be Gods, yeah? Did you know that? Well, they aren't any more. Now they are pretty boys that grow up and burn out. It's sad.

Salvanel: IF you see one of them start to flinch and their eyes start to squint a little... just slow down the music and take a break. Buy them a drink and give them a big hug. We owe them for more than we can every say...

Sireni: Nobody puts baby in the corner? Really? How's it going over there then? Way out on all those Islands, far away from the action?

Pamarindo: We all need villains to ensure our heroes are that good. We got some good heroes. What does that tell you?

Peryton: Atlantis wasn't so lucky. We weren't there.

Seilenoi: Remember how I said the Putto used to be Gods? Well these guys used to be Devils. They still are, but they used to too.

Grigs: Cousins from far out east. Good folks to travel with. They have the attention span of a rabid gerbil on crack, but good folks none-the-less.