

Dormettes

“Even a soul submerged in sleep is hard at work and helps make something of the world.” — Heraclitus,

Quote: Oh, Hello there. I didn't hear you come in.... I was just resting my eyes...

There are many hidden pathways in and out of the Dreaming realms. Sleep, by its very reality, is both the easiest and most powerful road to follow. One Tribe has been tied to the lands of slumber since time immemorial – the Dormettes. Once known as the Onereii during the Hellenistic Empire, they were considered the Children of Morpheus. By way of familial ties than, they were also relations to Thanatos and Nyx: death and night. They still maintain some ties, as with their ability to see Wraiths in the waking world, and travel the night roads of dreaming mortals. (See *Birthrights* below).

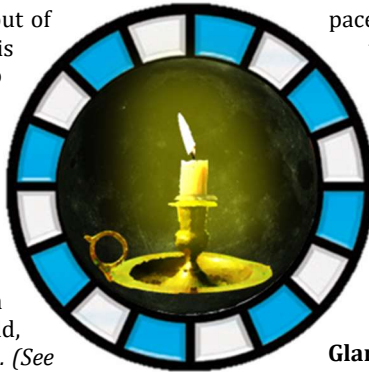
Since the golden ages of Greece, however, they have adopted more and more modest names for themselves. They have been winkies, and blinkies, and Dust-Men and Sand-Men and Ol Luk Oje. Now, they are colloquially known as La Dormettes, the little Sleepers. And while they once called the whole of the Known world their own, their numbers have subtly dwindled until just a few score in France.

This is just as well, perhaps, subtlety is what these creatures are known for. Ostentatious shows of magic are meant for the Fae, not the pleasant little Dreamers. The key to the Dormettes success lies in soft-words and lulling promises. A nudge here, a gentle tap there, and soon their quarry is sailing of to dream-country in a little trundle-bed.

Lifestyles: The Dormettes keep subtle lives to match their subtle methods. They also prefer to stay close to dreaming mortals. Many choose mortal lives as Security guards in Orphanages or Late-night janitors at hospices. Even amongst the other French Fabian, they maintain a certain otherness and polite distance. Theirs is a sleeping world removed from the busy to and fro of the rest of the FÉE'.

Appearances: In Dignité Fer (Mortal Mien), Dormettes appear as soft-spoken, slight little waifs. There is a perpetual sleepiness about them, and they are slow to respond to most anything. Their clothes are always wrinkled, hair consistently mussy. Yet, there is a certain allure about them. Perhaps it's a slight prettiness in their languid sleepy eyes, or a hint of a smile in their soft faces. In all and all there is a youthful cast to them, as if they were only half as old as they actually are. In Dignité Lutin (Fae Mien), this languorous manner becomes almost infectious. Their large sleepy now are barely open, and just making eye-contact with them causes some to yawn. Their long slender limbs move slow and measured, and with gentle footsteps soft they silently pace that realm between wakefulness and sleep.

Gamins Dormette are quiet and gentle children. They walk hand-in-hand with a favored stuffed toy and look at the fast-



paced world through weary eyes. If everyone were as quiet as they, perhaps we could hear each other more clearly.

Vauriens Dormette have changed little. Their limbs are longer and faces thinner, but many still clutch that favored toy.

Grincheux Dormette are perhaps the most tired looking. Many doze off mid-sentence. Many simply...watch...zzz.....

Glamour Ways: Dormette pull from the sleepy tween times of mortals and Fae alike. When one is neither fully awake, nor fully asleep, Éclat is gently gained by comforting hands and tranquil touches. Although the Dormette can gain Éclat quicker by stomping around in the dreams they enter, to do so is considered uncouth by even the most unseele of Dormette.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Dormette are accompanied by soft patterns of pastel-colored lights that play across the scene. A lazy warm breeze and soft lullabies can almost be heard. Those that aren't prepared, WILL yawn...

Affinity: Actor

Birthrights:

See the Dead (*Voir les Morts*): The Dormettes are continually in a sleepy state of mind, and thus are able to perceive creatures that others may overlook. The restless dead are in something similar of a state, although their sleep is a bit more unyielding. The difficulty to perceive the dead is always at a difficulty 8, but there are some wraiths (the Sandman guild) that prefer being perceived. The difficulty to see these wraiths is a difficulty 6, and if they share a dream together, need not roll to see at all.

Walk the Night Roads (*Marcher les Routes Nocturnes*): The Dormettes are masters of the roads between sleep and wakefulness, known to them as the Night Roads. They can place others there if need be or walk them personally with equal ease. To place another there, they must touch the target with a soft touch (many use a modicum of sand thrown at the target in lieu of touch), and need spend one point of Éclat. They must then roll Charisma + Empathy at a difficulty of the target's willpower. Success ensures that the target is instantly incapacitated and dreaming.

Their own mastery of this birthright is reflected in each of them possessing the first level of Oneiromancy – *Dream Walk* – for free. In addition, any use of this Art begins at a difficulty of 6. While in the Dreams of others (or themselves) they gain an extra dice to any and all dice-pool.



Frailties:

The Dozy Mind (*Le Esprit Somnolent*): At all waking times (day or night) the Dormettes are slow to be roused. They are forever at a -1 to initiative.

The Slowing of the Day (*Le Ralentissement de la Journée*): The Dormettes are habitual children of either twilight or night-time, not the hustle and bustle that the day brings. This is why they elect for night-time hours. During the day, they are at a +1 difficulty to all rolls. This rises to a +2 difficulty if under bright sunlight. These rolls do not interfere with the above birthright of dreams however, and if dreaming during the day, they still get the above blessings.

Chevalier Nemo, night watch-men and friend to all, stifles a yawn... and lazily...remarks...on ...ZZZ...

Barbegazi: Yes, hot cocoa and warm fire-places and soft blankets.... And if it's okay with you, I'll stay inside for the day...

Dame De Cerf Blanche: So kind. So beautiful. So distant, even when they are right there looking at you. I wonder where they go?

Dracae: I don't care for gold, or their wet rivers, so there is nothing much that they can offer me is there?

Duphin: The Good ladies, I see their kindness, but I have also walked in their dreams. Darker than one might realize.

Fée' Verte: Eh, we both can dream, yes? Yet your dreams are so much more exciting than mine. I prefer softer methods.

Feu Follet: Soft and lovely dancing lights. Soft and warm nights. Gentle music to dance too... they are lovely creatures.

Foireux: Dreams of madness and violence and dark dark cities where I am not welcome in this or the waking world. I wish them luck.

Korrigan: Ah, I do not see them during the day. So I do not understand the problem.

Lorialet: No one understands as they do. They aren't as we are, but they are closer than the others ever will be.

Margotine: So gentle is their purring when they sleep. I think I should like a kitten to comfort me this way.

Portune: I do not think I would like roast frog, but it was fine of them to offer...

Wraiths: Sometimes in dreams, there are those who don't belong. They are there for a free ride only, and can cause great harm. They must be dealt with, harshly if need be. Sometimes, however, they can be good fun. But only if everyone is safe.