

PORTUNE



Le temps est un grand maître, dit-on. Le malheur est qui'il tue ses élèves
"We say that time is a great teacher. It's too bad that it kills all its students."
-Hector Berlioz

Quote: "Bon-Soir, mon Amie, would you care for a roasted Frog? They are exceedingly good tonight...."

The most gregarious, and perhaps the oldest of all the Fabian (Fae), the Portune are one of the ultra rare Marca (Double Seelie). They serve as guides, advisors, and listening ears to all the other Fabian, regardless of Mortal or Changeling, Seelie or Unseelie. They hold Redcaps in the same regards as the Sidhe and will aid anyone that warrants help. They are stewards of the countryside, aides to vineyards, and all around pleasant individuals. The Historian Gervase of Tilbury painted these beings as English and French Demons (and incorrectly called them Neptune in France), but he was obviously mistaken. The Portunes are anything but...

An invariably male Lutin ,perhaps to balance out the all-female Eagle-owl Duphon, the Portunes are an easy-going group. They are fond of campfires, wine, and riddles. They love wordplay, and the more than occasional Dad-Joke. Their evenings are spent roasting frogs, and they aren't above the occasional prank, which is rarely taken too far. The most rapacious of the Portunes can boast that their most malevolent actions only led to a farmer falling off his horse into a stream.

Despite this over-all benevolence, however, is a strong distaste for injustice. A Portune will not brook mean-spirited actions. While they will not strike back with violence, their curse birthright (below) will ensure that the guilty party meets justice.

Appearance: In all Dignité are the Portune spry old men with big eyes and bigger smiles. Their Dignité Fer (Mortal Mien) the Portune appears as a stooped and greying old man, short and plump with a mop-top of silvery hair. Despite this, their eyes are unusually clear, and muscles strong. In The Dignité Lutin (Fae Mien) the Portunes appear as even shorter, rarely over a meter. Their hair, though still silvery, takes on a bluish, violet, even pinkish hue (much like old ladies). Their smiles grow obscenely wide, but honest, and their eyes glitter like star light. There is something hopelessly infectious in their smiles, and one can't help but to laugh along with them. Their clothes, likewise, is a strange amalgamation of old and eerie. A Portune will almost certainly sport archaic clothing all a patchwork of different colors, and full of pockets and buttons.

Lifestyle: The Portunes attach themselves to old farm-steads in the French country-sides; Far away from the hustle and bustle of the big cities. During the day they perform labor, accomplishing work rather quickly despite their age and stature (though not as quick as the Boggans). When the sunsets, they make little camp-fires and roast frogs (their favorite treat). They drink wine, tell jokes, sing, and enjoy each other's

companies. It is these night-time affairs when the whole of the French Fabian society can come to them for sage advice and honest judgements. Many of the French Fabian make it a routine at least once a month to journey to a night-time gathering. Here they touch base, hear news, and enjoy the quiet country.

Gamins Portunes seem to be non-existent. If they do exist somewhere, then they are kept hidden by their Elders, safe from the modern malevolent *Mettre aux Fers* (banality).

Vauriens Portunes are about, but fewer than the *Grincheux* (no one is quite sure why). They look older than their years, sporting laugh and smile-lines on their pudgy faces, and greylocks of silvering hair early in their 20's. They take this season of their life to explore not just the French Country-side, but the world: satisfying their wander-lust as soon as possible, that they may return home full of worldly wisdom.

Grincheux Portunes are the most seen of this Fabian. They serve as guides and advocates to all of the French Fae, and enjoy these roles whole-heartedly.

Glamour Ways: Portunes gather *Éclat* whenever in the presence of content mortals. It is the rare human that knows how to slow down and enjoy life. That is why the Portunes are so fond of the elderly farming community, and why so many back-woods camp-fires are so popular in the Deep French Country-side.

Unleashing: Portune Unleashings are accompanied by the smell of wood smoke and roasted meat. Sudden bursts of uncontrollable laughter from spectators are not unheard of.

Affinity: Time

Birthrights:

Blessings (Benediction): With the expenditure of one *Éclat*, a Portune may bless a good-hearted person with excellent luck. The so blessed can ignore any botches for the next 2 hours.

Curse (Malediction): On the same note, however, someone who has behaved in an ill-seeming manner is at the mercy of the Portunes wrath. With the expenditure of one *Éclat*, a Portune may curse that person, and every two on a dice roll counts as a one, increasing the chances of a botch. Again, this lasts for 2 hours.

Frailties:

Injustice (*Inconvenience*): The Portune cannot stand braggarts, boasters, liars, or cheats. Any person who exhibits any behaviors deemed ill-mannered by the Portune is at their mercy. A Portune must roll willpower, (difficulty set by how much of an ass-hat said person is) to curse that person will bad luck. Needless to say, a Portune loses a lot of *Éclat* while in the city.

Eldest among Us (*Le Plus Âgé Parmi Nous*): For some reason, yet unseen, all of the Portunes are Vauriens and Grincheux. There have been no sightings of Gamins Portunes: Whether this is due to them not existing, or because they are hidden remains to be seen. Some Fae Scholars (especially among the nosier Korred) postulate a hidden relationship between the Scandinavian Kith known as Kender-Trow. Others just assume that Portunes are old, always have been, and always will be.

Monseieur Renaldo laughs and focuses on the good aspects of his Fellow French Fabian.

Barbegazi: There is no limit to the good things that can be said about the Ice-dwarves.

Dame de Cerf Blanche: We have many queens, but perhaps they are my favorite.

Dormettes: Sleepy little boogers? Or are they amazingly capable but over-looked masters of Dreaming warfare? You tell me.

Dracae: Well, they are pretty, yes? So that's good.

Duphon: Mi'Ladies of the Finest French Fae. The greatest of us, and the most well-bred. May the Dieu Bon keep them.

Fée' Verte: Eh, the late 19th Century was kind to us all, non?

Feu Follet: Though they have left us for the New World, we will always save a dance for them.

Foireaux: Yes. They are nasty and mean and vindictive, and all that. But they can still be friends if you know how to listen.

Korrigan: Ah, make friends during the day, and have a friend for life.

Lorialet: We are unusually happy. The Dracae are unusually jealous. The Dame de Cerfe Blance unusually wild, and Foireaux nasty. It should serve a purpose that one of us would be unusually sad.

Margotine: The little dancing princesses fulfill their role nicely. They represent a dream of magic and gentility that too many of have forgotten. It is all too easy to become an "Edge-Lord," and I don't want that to happen to us that often.

Korred: I am glad that they enjoy their roles. But they could better serve their role if they might remove their tongue from the Sidhe's nether regions.

