

Putti



"For this was on seynt Volantynys day. Whan euery bryd comyth there to chese his make."
Parlement of Foules- *Geoffrey Chaucer*,

Basic principles: no woman wakes up saying, "God, I hope I don't get swept off my feet today!" Now, she might say, "This is a really bad time for me," or something like, "I just need some space," or my personal favorite, "I'm really into my career right now." You believe that? Neither does she. Hitch - *Will Smith*

Quote: Now, tell me the truth.., do you want to fottere? Or do you want to go on a nice date and get to know her? Because if all you want is to get your pene wet, you can keep walking. Make it quick, *Power Rangers* is on in a few minutes...

Come Valentine's Day, the face of this ubiquitous Stirpe (Kith) graces greeting cards the world over, not just in Italy. Though truth be told, in Italy this Family of Fatae means a bit more. The St. Valentines' celebrations are a curious hybrid of old Italian Pagan Faiths, and the supplanting of them with the Trappings of the One True Mother Church. The Putti fall somewhere in the middle of these two opposing ideals.

All curiously male, the Putti are the cupidae of antiquity, and are mirror images of the Cherub Angels that the renaissance depicted as fat little angels. The Name Putti itself derives from the Latin word putus - or "boy." With their cute fluffy white wings, big doe eyes, and chubby cheeks, is it any wonder that so many decided that they were Angels from on high. The Putti are anything but, however.

Due to their ability to alter the relations between individuals, the Putti are much sought after in the Stirpe communities. Though the Fata (Fae) need act quickly as the Putti don't last very long. All Putti can lend their skills to the highest bidder, with many of the Lares (Seelie) setting up shop as "match-makers" and "Hitches." The Silvani (Unseelie) of the Stirpe do the opposite, turning suitors against one another in ugly break ups that bring heartache, tears, and broken homes.

Appearance: In Scorza Banale (Mortal Mien), the Putti are wildly attractive young garzone - boys - with sweet faces and eyes. Their hair is always perfect, their hairless faces as soft as a peach, and even if they are scowling, there is a softness to the grimace. In Scorza Fata (Fae Mien) they appear much the same, save that their eyes light up with an heated glow, there is a sensuousness to their smiles, creepy when considering their age, and a pair of fluffy white dove wings spring from their bare shoulder blades. It should also be noted that they are all between the ages of 5 and 15 or so, right from Chrysalis until around their middle teen years... no Putti lasts longer than 18.

Lifestyle: Due to their relatively short life-span, the Putti don't have much of an impact anywhere outside the Kingdoms of the Wolfe Childe. Luckily, those Italian Stirpe in the know seek out any budding Putti and quickly recruit them. Lares Putti (read *Eros*) can go quite a long way in the Fata community, by using their birthrights in the mending of rival Stirpe families. Those Putti of the more Silvani bent (Read *Anteros*) play the roles of "powers-behind-the throne" pitting suitor against suitor, in ugly conflicts that can last generations.

Sometimes the Lares and Silvani team-up. The Anteros takes great care in breaking apart unfit couples so that the two

ill-matched now single parties, at the Eros discretion, will now find the right partner.

Piccolo Putti are.

Incoloto Putti don't for much longer. As they approach their thirteenth, their fourteenth, their fifteenth year, they begin to lose their Fae Self. If they do have those bows and arrows, they begin to look for a younger Putti to inherit them...

Saggio Putti don't exist

Glamour Ways: Putti gain Stupore from the interaction of mortals and mortals, not the interaction of Putti and mortals. Most of the young Lads will hang around outside of night-clubs and the like (too young to get in) and feed off the raw emotional energy that stems from young lovers dancing. The same can be said of the more negative emotions. Silvani Putti will hang around outside futbol matches (read soccer to yanks) when rival teams are playing, just to feed off the animosity of the opposing teams fans.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Putti bring with them the perfumes and tastes of Orange Zest, rose-water, and chocolate. There can also be heard cooing and fluttering of doves, and a glowing pinkish mist that glows around the scene. Some also claim to have seen literal hearts floating around their victims... Most Putti would say that this is stupid.

Affinity: Actor

Birthrights:

Love Hurts (*L'amore Fa Male*): Like Cupid of Greco-Roman mythos, the Putti are able to alter relationships along a subtly shifting emotional scale. Hate becomes dislike, dislike becomes tolerate, tolerate becomes favor, favor becomes love and so on. It takes a certain amount of Stupore and certain levels of damage: physical damage for mortals and prodigals - chimerical and physical for Fata, Kithain, and the like...

The cost of Stupore is equal to how far along that subtly shifting emotional scale one has to go. If a suitor was already in the favor of his would be girlfriend, and he wanted to be loved... it would only be one point of Stupore (and one level of damage. If she hated him, but he was willing to pay the price, it would cost 5 points of Stupore, and 5 levels of damage.

Who has to pay the Stupore is for the Putti to decide. Many will declare that the suitor who first proposes the deal has to pay up. Others who despise unrequited love will take it from the would-be suited...

The same goes for damage dealt. The damage is dealt by the Putti and is lethal. How much is up for debate, but there need be some blood spilt for the process to take hold.

Cupido: You know what they look like, they get the whole bag. They gain a +1 to appearance at character creation, even if above 5. They also gain those precious Tiny little wings (that allow for flight at a speed of 5 x Dexterity in meters per turn).

Curiously, they also naturally inherit the archery skill at character creation. Even if they have never seen a bow and arrow prior to chrysalis, the Putti instinctively know how to fire an arrow like the proverbial duck to water, replacing firearms with the archery skill, and gaining 3 free dots in such. This doesn't mean that they automatically get those bows and arrows, mind; they have to do that themselves... It just means that they know how to use it.

Frailties:

Forever Young (*Per Sempre Giovani*): The Putti are born with the Frailty of a quickly fading youth. Each Putti last only one and half Ora - from Chrysalis until mid-teens. Somewhere in their Incoloto years, often 15, never more than 18, they begin to lose their Fata self, becoming as undone as the eldest Grump. One day they wake up and their wings are gone. It is important to know that they gain no more Banale than is usual, they just lose interest and fade into their mortal selves. This is also akin to the Child flaw - in that they Putti may not have more than two dots in Strength or Stamina, and may be subject to parental control, curfews and child labor and truancy laws.

Jacopo, turns from his Power Rangers on the televisore, and in a voice older than his years, allows for a sage homily of his fellow Stirpe....

Callicantzaro: They're like skinny naked us. But with none of the rules, and all of the naked... I'm a little jealous.

Dona De Fuera: Uh. No thanks. I have to go to Mass with my Uncle Adama that night...

Fatae: I know they are our queens and all, but they can get real bitchy about it too. Still, they are pretty, and they do throw the best parties. Last time, I ate so much shrimp scampi I puked over the balcony... It was awesome.

Foletti: So... much... fun....

Gianes: She made me a vest that has room for my wings.... She also told me when I'll grow out of it, and who to give it to next. I appreciate their honesty...

Monociello: I get it; I have to go to Mass with them on Saturday night. But do I have to go *every* Saturday night? It's so looonnnggg.....

Pamarindo: I've been told about the big black vans and free candy my whole 10 years so far... I'm not about to disregard it now...

Salvanel: What of them? They are family. Perhaps the greatest family any of us have.

Sirini: Never take any proposals from them. They don't appreciate anything and will drown what they can't get. They're messy and mean and we don't have the time for their tantrums.

Peryton: It's like somebody got ahold of some of our hate mojo and drank the whole bottle. Sure I like their wings, but other than that they are cray-cray to whole new levels of cray-cray.

Seileno: They take what we offer, and they twist it and pervert it and make it something else entirely.

