

SEILENOI



MUS UNI NON FIDIT ANTRO – The mouse does not rely on just one hole.

— Plautus, c. 254-184 BC, Roman playwright

Quote: Come mortal. Come closer. Dance here with me. Dance here in my glen of delight. I have wine. I have honey, I have dances and songs you have never heard. Come mortal, dance with me. I promise not to take unless you freely give...

Before the Satyroi, Kentauroi or Maenads danced in their wild forests, before the Orphic mysteries, before the Wolf-Children of Rome, and before even the Etruscan songs of the Dead, there were stories of the Beast men in the dark Forests. There are tales of Ipotane, -horse legged and horse-headed monsters that rode on humans... or the Minotaur- a bull-legged and bull-headed monster with an ungodly hunger for man-flesh – all manner of carnal beast-men were to be feared in the wild places. These stories, prior to dreams of Roman and Greek Gods, were the song-lives of the Seilenoi.

Time and Tide wait for no man, however, and these places became settled. They became Etruria and Rome and eventually the modern Dreaming as the Fatae (Italian Changelings) know it. Yet the Seilenoi didn't grow alongside the Dreaming. They stayed in the wild places of Italy's Far Dreaming. Their children and their children's children left and grew into pale shadows of their once ever-hungry glory. Satyr's and Kentauroi and Onocentaurs and dozens of other animal-footed Gods grew into Fatae. Not the Seilenoi, who stayed true to themselves.

Seilenoi are born of the true inheritance of the Wild Dreaming, before such modern conceits such Italy or Greece or Persia. They are older than any Kingdom, Fae or Mortal. This Altro Molto (Adhene) Stirpe (Tribe) remain as they were for millennia. They are proto-satyroi, proto-Minotaurish Gods of the wild places. They are Horse-headed, Goat-Headed, Cow headed, Donkey-Headed, Deer-Headed beasts of hunger and thirst and want. They are still there... if you look for them.

Appearance: In both Scorza (Mien) the Seilenoi is a devilishly handsome, ungodly fit, and wildly exotic male. In Scorza Banale (Mortal Mien) there is something dangerously alluring about him. His eyes are piercing and instead of a smile, he wields a hungry wolfish sneer that no few can resist. In Scorza Fata (Fae Mien) his animalistic nature is revealed bodily, and there is no question as to who and what the Seilenoi truly are – other. They have the upper bodies reminiscent of Greco-Roman sculptured Gods and the lower halves of goats, stallions, aurochs, donkeys, or some other such beasts. Some have wolves tails, some have the tails of foxes, or bulls... some have goat horns, some have a deer's antlers, some have the resplendent horns of a great bull. Some have beards, some don't. All have a smile on their god-like faces that speaks of carnal knowledge waiting to be discovered.

Lifestyle: It is hard to understand the lifestyle of something as alien as the Seilenoi. They don't hold court, have no desire to politic or argue or debate. They live to live and live alone. Some Stirpe may have truck with them, if only to understand what it means to exist. Perhaps a young Satyr from Greece wants to return to his Hellenistic roots. If he comes back at all, he will be silent on what transpired. A Kentauroi may wish to find the truth of the Ipotane ancestors... or a Foletti will be faced with a riddle that no God, Beast, or man can answer...

Aria: The Aria of the Seilenoi is dependent on carnal needs and heavy desires- some needs darker than others...

- ❖ *Dionae Seilenoi* thrive on blooded frenzied hunger and are little better than the beasts they run with. They live for the thrill of the hunt and savor the tang of fresh spilt blood. No, they aren't murderous, but they are hungry... As are the those that seek them out. These Seilenoi usually have the bodies of Aurochs, Oxen, or other bovine beasts.
- ❖ *Araminae Seilenoi* thrive on *that* hunger; a lust-hunger so many Satyroi foolishly claim as their birthright. While no Seilenoi will take without asking, their words and charms and burning touch ensure that they won't go too long without. These Seilenoi usually have the form of Goats or Rams, sometimes Deer, and other such horned/antlered beasts.
- ❖ *Appolaie Seilenoi* thrive on exertion. The exertion of pushing the body mind and soul to the limits and beyond. An exertion that breaks the spirit and keeps going; A *pushing-through* like an Athlete, like a monster, like a God. These Seilenoi usually have the lower halves of horses, donkeys, or other sturdy, fleet-footed beasts.

Glamour Ways: Seilenoi regain Stupore by a mortal's carnal unleashing of desire. Whenever a mortal gives in, *and truly gives in* (none of that tee-hee, safe-word Satyr bull-shit) to their hunger, then and only then can the Seilenoi refuel their magics. Such occurrences are rare, and for that reason, the Seilenoi tend not to engage in the mortal spectrum overmuch – the better to savor it when it truly matters.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Seilenoi are accompanied by a rush of frenzied breathing, an abrupt weariness of the limbs, and the unsettling realization of a thousand, thousand wild beasts watching hungrily from the darkness. Despite these sensations, it isn't quite unpleasant, just *much*. Some few feel a sense of dangerous euphoria in this unleashing – almost a sense of being alive in a way that so few realize...

Affinity: Time

Birthrights

God Form (*Forma Dei*): The Seilenoi are born of a wild perfection that existed prior to man's involvement with the primeval wild. At Character creation, the Seilenoi gains a different set of Attributes to allocate instead of the 7/5/3 used by their Changeling descendants. A Seilenoi instead begins with attributes at 9/7/5 to be allocated as usual.

Frailties

Never without Permission (*Nunquam Sine Licentia*): In the old times, there was no need of permission. The Gods, Beast, Despite the Seilenoi's disdain for change however, they too have modified their games to keep suit with the needs of the world. Now they cannot take without blessings of the taken.

The Seilenoi do not see this as either boon or hindrance, but only another part of the game. The whole of the challenge is getting their victim hungry enough to say "Take." A Seilenoi cannot pursue a target, or even take them (to be interpreted in any manner deemed fit) the target must give verbal permission. If a Seilenoi does so without this expressed verbal permission, he instantly loses all birthrights, gains one point of Banale, and gains the enmity of not only the other Seilenoi, but also the whole of the Italian Dreaming. However, even for those other Stirpe who know of these stipulations, many an unwitting victim has been tricked into giving permission the moment into entering parley.

Lucretius Etrurio Del Sasso Fratino, looks at you with wild eyes, smiles slowly, and explains his many many positions concerning those that came next...

Callicantzaro: Riding around on their giant gallos, wanting desperately to play a role in the big game of countries and kingdoms. They would have more of a role if they just quit playing with the others and played with themselves.

Dona De Fuera: Oh. They owe us so much. They may feign that we are strangers, but they know us intimately.

Fatae: Broken little dragonflies with broken little wings and broken little crowns. Give up your titles and come dance with us.

Foletti: Nobody listens because nobody cares. Don't talk... just do. That is some good advice for you, if you will hear it. But you won't hear it, will you?

Gianes: Our most hated of enemies, most arduous of lovers, and most trusted of confidantes.

Monociello: **Spits**

Pamarindo: All the changes made to our nature, and you expected all of it to be good? No. The Regno di Fanes will have balance, whether you wish it or no.

Peryton: Atlantis. It is a paradox, yes? The Peryton, you see, are born of murder, yet eat those who murder, until all murderers are eaten and then they go away. But there is always murder, so there is always more and more murderers to murder. Atlantis has never gone away.

Putto: Aphrodite? Venus? NO. You came from much older vintage, far finer than the Roman Gods... I remember.

Salvanel: Let them to theirs. They have chosen already.

Sireni: *hah.* At least somebody listened to us. They paid the price and have made well of their punishment.

Satyroi: They are our closest living descendants, and have done nothing with our gifts.

Huirvniu: Oh no. There are some secrets you must see for yourself.

