

# ventolines

What a cold and a rainy day.  
Where on earth is the sun hid away?  
Like The Weather – 10,000 Maniacs

**Quote:** No, No, You're welcome. Thank you so much for the kind words, but it's nothing. I only controlled the awesome power of the sun and storm for a little bit. No thanks are necessary.

The stories tell how the Ventoline (which means *little winds*) could control the breeze and rain. They were nice little storm spirits who would aid Iberian fishermen. With great green wings, they played in the clouds and danced in the sunlight. These stories are mostly true.

The Ventoline are perhaps the most famously beloved of the Encantare (Fae). Aging sailors who yet remember the old ways sing their praises, and even the Holy Mother Church has a little smile for these winged Fair-Ones (not too far from the angels one might say). Their birthrights allow them to temper the storms or provide fair weather for the whole of Spain. They are the most Beato (Seelie) of the Encantare and proud of it.

However, their decidedly Beato nature is also mirrored in their darker halves, the *Nuberu*. Like the Angels they so resemble, the Ventolines can fall from the sky and land in the dark stunted bodies of demons. Without wings, and with only rage in their heart, the once saintly Panelinho are reduced to bitter Pagão (Unseelie). Yet this only happens if the mortal spectrum grows complacent with this Encantare's gifts. *And no mortal would ever be ungrateful, right?*

**Appearance:** Both of the Ventoline's Disfraz can be described simply as Angelic. The Disfraz Grilhões (Mortal Mien) is cherubic faced and saintly. They are on the shorter side but lean with tight muscles and full of a dancer's grace. Their skin comes in the full range of the human spectrum and is always this side of glowing.

The Disfraz Xarma (Fae Mien) is much the same as the Grilhões, but is now resplendent with large green wings, emerald-hues, olive-tones, or kelly-green have all been seen, but each verdant hue is as warm and vibrant as the next. The eyes of the Disfraz Xarma are unusually disarming for those unaccustomed. They are all glowing white with no visible iris. Yet this only adds to their mystique.

**Lifestyle:** The Life of the Ventoline is one of quiet service. Many become lifeguards or fire-people, or they may even join the clergy – anywhere that they can provide a service. This also extends to their Encantare life. They serve the Iberian Fae as stewards or seneschals. It is the wise Court Royal who openly appreciates the Ventoline in her midst and makes verbally known the appreciation in Ventoline's earshot.

*Pouce Ventoline* are kind and generous to a fault. They want to give all that they have, and don't understand that some will take it.

Vigariste Ventoline have unfairly discovered that not everyone is as kind and generous as they. They have also invariably seen some of their own number fall to the Pagão Nuberu. None easily forgets this sight.

## -NUBERU-

*Mortals are an ungrateful lot. They are whining mewling pissants who don't deserve half the blessings their dip-shit Christian God gave them. Such is the mindset of the Nuberu, a Ventoline who gave in to the bitterness of mortal's spoiled nature. The leap from Beato to Pagão changed not only their outlook, but their appearance and powers as well. Whereas once they were graceful and winged – now they are hunched and earth-bound. Their feathers molt away, and their gait grows huddled and bent. Those eyes that once glowed large and white, are now two little marbles peeking from a beetly brow and shine as black as obsidian. But while they may have lost their wings, they gain even more dice to weather control based on seemings. (Pouce Nuberu get 2 extra dice, Vigariste Nuberu get 3, and Idose Nuberu 4).*

*Idose Ventoline* are tired from a lifetime of giving. Yet they still smile and fly and push and prod the weather to ensure that others smile. As they face their own stories ending, they try to do so with as few regrets as possible.

**Glamour Ways:** Ventolines regain Xarma from the gratitude of farmers, sailors, and any of those mortals who enjoy the benefit of good weather. They can especially replenish their Xarma from those same mortals who reap profits (such as farmers selling their crops, or fishermen getting a big haul).: But if the same people get used to weather, and come to expect it without appreciativeness... (*See Frailty below*)



**Unleashing:** Ventoline Unleashings carry elements of their favored weather, but all the best aspects of it all. A Ventoline who enjoys sunny weather brings rain with bright sunlight shining through the clouds. A Ventoline who enjoys snow can make a bright sunny day with the occasional cold breeze. No conjured Unleashing is ever completely one thing...

**Affinity:** Nature

**Birthrights:**

**Angels of the Storm (*Angeles de la Tormenta*):** As masters of all matters meteorological, from moment of their sainings, the Ventoline are blessed with an intricate understanding of the weather. At character creation, all Ventoline count the Skycraft Art as one level higher than they already possess. Thus, even if they have purchased none, they still have at least the first level.

In addition, when using any magic that affects the air or the environment (such as not only Skycraft, but some Autumn, Primal, or others) The Ventoline gains added dice to the initial roll based on seeming. (i.e., Art + Level of Realm + Seeming level) Pouce Ventoline get 1 extra dice added to the roll, Vigariste Ventoline get 2 dice, and Idose Ventoline 3.

Keep in mind that should a Ventoline become a Nuberu, these seeming based dice are increased, but at the cost of her wings.

**On Emerald Wings (*En Alas Esmeraldas*):** Every Ventoline is blessed with pair of large, beautifully feathered, green wings. They are reminiscent of some great verdant angel and allow the Panelinho the ability to flutter through the air. The flight is roughly equal to running speed, which isn't a lot to write home about, but it suits the Ventoline just fine. Caution should be had about doing so in front of too many mortals, however, (and after all, the Holy Mother Church is watching...)

**Frailties**

**The Wind Blows Both Ways (*El Viento Sopla en Ambos Sentidos*):** Again, humans can be a spoilt lot, and sometimes they are ungrateful, whiny, petulant douche-berries. Whenever a Ventoline is around such mortals – especially mortals complaining about the weather – they must roll willpower to not let their anger get the better of them. If they fail, then they spend an extra point of Xarma (Willing or no) to ensure weather conditions worsen. If they botch, they run the risk of becoming Nuberu.

Each Seeming has a set number of botches to be accumulated- a Botch Pool if you will. Pouce Ventoline get 3 botches, Vigariste Ventoline get 2, and Idose only 1. Running to confession or being able to vent (no pun intended) to a trusted



listening ear may negate one of these botches. but only if the Ventoline can get there in time (usually within a few hours or so depending on circumstances).

If they can't make it to confession to voice their frustration, they must make one more successful willpower roll, difficulty 10. If they succeed, they may bite, scream, cuss, and unhealthily show their frustration, but will walk away wings intact until next time.

Failure means that they now begin the transformation into Nuberu. Their feathers molt, wings fall out. Hair darkens, eyes grow smaller, and their form hunches and huddles into itself, making them a mockery of their former grace and beauty.

**"Santi" Maria Fernanda, flutters down from above with emerald wings all resplendent, to share her opinions on her fellow Panelinho; you should thank her for her kindness.**

**Cuegle:** Well then, we can't all be angels, can we?

**Malinos:** To be cramped up in their little houses? No wonder they are so cranky.

**Jentilak:** I understand all too well. If I could, I would leave too.

**Mouros:** Wonderful lords and ladies, and oh so pretty. I do so wish that they could come up here and play in the sun with us.

**Musgosu:** Old Monster Gods? Hairy beasts with the heads of goats? Pagan Kings of the mountains? It sounds a little too diabolic for the likes of me. Still their wonderful mint-colored suits are just so very dapper...

**Trasgu:** I believe in my heart of hearts that they once served a grand purpose to the Encantare. I have no idea what that could have been, but I have to believe it.

**Xana:** Dark, Dark ladies. Their ways are unnerving and mysterious. I am content up in the air, far from their machinations.

**Bicho-Papão:** If you should see one, no easy task I assure you, pluck them up into the air and drop them right into the ocean far out to sea. They may swim back, but it's not our job to kill, is it?

**Dip:** Their origins indicate that not every human is as wondrously saintly as we would like to believe... but I can't think about that right now.

**Elohim:** No, we aren't related. Though I understand why you might think that.

**Diabólico:** I would like to say that we aren't related, but I see the Nuberu and their fall, and I can't help but wonder.

