

KITCHBOO SATYRS

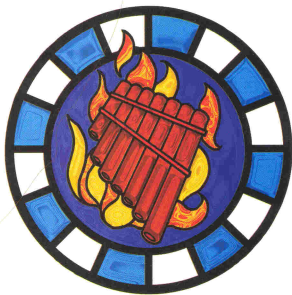
Under the sad, green feathers
of an ancient weeping willow,
I found you, little satyr,
reclining on mossy pillow.
He played a wondrous melody
on a flute of reed,
and his eyes were
like the stars on a
dark night dance.

of earth

Kitchbook Four
For Changeling: The Dreaming™

fig 2

K I T H B O O K : SATYRS™



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PRINTED IN CANADA

K I T H B O O K :

SATYRS™

CONTENTS

SYRINX AND PAN (A WAGGLING FAERIE TAIL)	4
CHAPTER ONE: BITTERSWEET YESTERDAYS	10
CHAPTER TWO: PASSION	22
CHAPTER THREE: EXPOSING OURSELVES	30
CHAPTER FOUR: SATYRS OF RENOWN	44
CHAPTER FIVE: RUNNING WITH THE WILD BOYS (CHARACTER TEMPLATES)	50
CHAPTER SIX: TOYS, TOOLS AND TANGENTS	62



SYRINX AND PAN

A WAGGLING FAÉRIE TAIL

To play a song of love and to dance beneath the moon, these are our inheritance. We play from our hearts and our songs delve deep to draw hidden passions from our audience. The tale of how we satyrs acquired the Gift of Pan begins on a sunny day in ancient Greece.

Pan looked down from Mount Olympus. His witch-hazel eyes gleamed and his tail twitched as he watched a young mortal woman. She arose from the mercury waters of Thoas Lake and stepped out onto the shore, glorious in her nakedness. Water streamed like shimmering silver down her body, pooling at her feet. The sun embraced her, danced in her seaweed hair and slid across her olive-toned shoulders. She stretched up to meet its light, her back arching with pleasure at the sun's all-encompassing touch. Pan's fingers itched.



On the shore of Thoas Lake, a cool breeze swept down from Mount Olympus. Syrxn shivered as she opened her eyes and turned her gaze to the surrounding hills. The fluffy whiteness of grazing sheep mirrored the clouds that dotted the sky, and in the distance, at the edge of the forest, a doe snuffled its nose gently into the underneck of its faun. A sense of peace engulfed Syrxn as she gazed upon the green rolling hills and the calm surface of the lake.

Sitting on the grass, the young shepherdess wrung the water from her hair and ran her oak comb through the long locks with easy strokes. She let the sun dry her as she lounged leisurely — eyes again closed and face lifted to the heavens. A tiny mouse peered out from under a leaf to see what Syrxn was doing, and several bees came by to taste the sweet nectar of her sweat.

Syrinx paid no attention. She lay down and dozed, wrapped in warmth.

A soft rustling in the trees awoke Syrxn and she looked around. Her sheep still grazed happily. The trees swayed in the breeze. She sighed heavily and arose to dress. As Syrxn slipped her robe down over her body, an answering sigh sounded from behind a nearby rosemary bush.

"Is someone there?" Syrxn ventured, peering toward the bush. A crane called to its mate from the marshes and sheep bleated in the distance. A frog splashed into the lake and Syrxn, startled, took an unintentional step backward.

"Frog," she muttered. Her nervous chuckle released some of her new tension. She shook her head and smiled to herself, and then she bent to pick up her staff. With one last look out across the lake, she turned toward her sheep.

"Don't go," a hurried whisper came from the rosemary bush. Syrxn cried out, her fingers clutched tightly around the staff, and she whirled to face the hidden voice. "Who's there?" she demanded.

"Only a poor, lonely soul who has fallen in love with you," the voice replied softly. Its deep timbre carried seduction with each syllable.

The wind changed direction suddenly. Warm and moist, like mortal breath, it brought a scent so ripe with desire that it frightened the girl.

"I am but a shepherdess," Syrxn murmured, her voice was nearly lost to her. She stumbled backward from the bushes.

"Wait! Don't leave just now...." A dark figure stepped into view, with one hand raised to stop her departure. The figure's eyes blazed with amber heat beneath the heaviness of his eyebrows. A great mane coursed from his head to pool upon bare shoulders and a carpet of molasses-colored curls spread across his broad chest and down his belly. Just below his waist, the hair became a solid covering, animal-like in its thickness — almost like fur. Indeed, he was not human. Where human legs would normally have been, this monster was deformed. Goat legs grew in their stead, hairy and finishing in obsidian hooves.

Syrinx froze as she stared at this creature, her eyes large and wild with disbelief. Her breath came in soft gasps through parted lips and her heart beat madly to be free of her chest.

The goat-man smiled; his hand was still raised, "Do not be afraid. Your beauty is beyond compare. Tell me your name." He took a step forward and his hoof sunk slightly into the soft ground.

"Syrinx," the girl replied without a thought; again she moved slowly backward, one small step at a time. She did not take her eyes off the satyr. His powerful masculinity disturbed her in a manner she had never before experienced. Her limbs then began to tremble.

"Syrinx," the satyr repeated, "Sssssyrinxssss...." The way he said it made her name sound like a love song — intimate and deeply personal.

"W-W-What do you want!" Syrxinx choked. A strand of her long hair blew across her face and caught between her lips. She

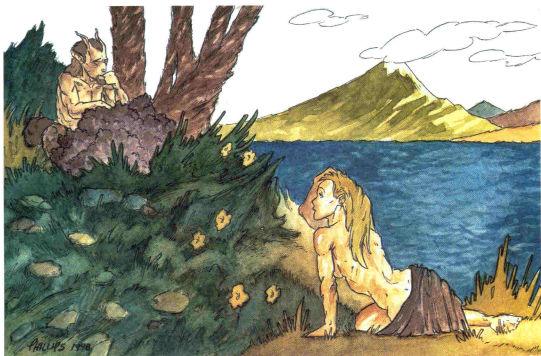
brushed it away quickly and took yet another step back. The satyr's gaze followed the movement to her mouth and stayed there, then he finally replied, "To love you."

Wide-eyed, Syrxinx stared at this goat-man. She began to shake her head and the word "No" formed soundlessly on her lips. She turned and bolted toward her sheep in a sudden panic. The sound of hooves galloping toward her in pursuit urged Syrxinx to run even faster. She didn't stop until she reached her father's house and secured the door behind her. Taking deep breaths, she leaned against the table. A white-hot fire burned in her side from the exertion. Her worried mother came forth and tended to her, but when she asked what had frightened Syrxinx so horribly, her daughter would not say; she told herself it was from fear that her parents would think her insane. That night, her father beat her for leaving the flock and sent her to bed without supper. She lay awake all night, listening for the sound of hooves...for the love song.



Pan lay on his back in the grass and looked up at the sea of stars. He thought of Syrxinx and visualized the dark pools of her eyes, the warm blush of her cheeks and the unknissed curve of her lips. He remembered the tremor in her voice and the way her gaze had seemed to swallow his soul.

"Syrinx, sun-child," he whispered into the night, "Syrinx of Thoas Lake, whose beauty rivals that of Lady Aphrodite. I will have you for my own even if it means the stars must lose their sparkle and the wine loses its warming. I will have you,



Syrinxssss...." Soft, like a lullaby, Pan sang the words. His eyes turned slowly toward her room's darkened window. From inside, a sigh, sweet and forlorn, reached his ears. Pan smiled.



The next day, Syrinx took the sheep out as usual. As the sun rose over the horizon and spread its first pink across the sky, she sat on the hillside and tried not to think of the goat-man. His image returned again and again to trip across her mind, bringing color to her cheeks. And she pushed him back into the recesses each time with thoughts of her father, her mother, the chickens in the yard, the newborn lamb, the color of the sky, a fresh blade of grass. And each time, he slipped back in her thoughts.

Then suddenly he was there — appearing beside her as if he had risen from the land itself. The goat-man towered over her, blocking out the sunlight and casting a shadow of himself upon her. Syrinx cried out, falling back to look up at him.

"Syrinx," he purred, "did you dream of me last night as you lay in your bed?"

The girl didn't reply. Finally, the satyr crouched down and looked her in the eyes. He said nothing but studied her with a serious expression.

"No," Syrinx said at last. "I dreamt of my...sheep."

She lied.

The goat-man's laugh rumbled up from deep within his chest and his eyes crinkled because of it. "Your sheep," he commented, nodding his head in mock defeat. "Well, while you were dreaming of your sheep, I was dreaming of you. Would you like to hear about it?" He gave Syrinx a quick wink.

Syrinx's eyes grew wider than before and she shook her head vigorously. Her hair moved around her shoulders.

"No."

Pan grinned as he seated himself on the ground to face her. His breath was warm as he spoke. "It was a beautiful dream. We were dancing beneath the stars together."

"No."

Pan picked up a fallen leaf and began to roll it between his fingers. "Our hands touched and I felt your delicious warmth."

"Stop."

Pan looked up. "Are you not lonely out here, every day, with your sheep? Do you not long for someone to talk to and...to give you roses?" Pan reached up and drew forth a perfect red rose from the air. He offered it to Syrinx.

She stared at the exquisite flower. "My father would kill you if he knew you had spoken to me."

Tossing his head back, Pan laughed aloud until he had to hold his belly. The rose dropped to the ground. "Kill me?" He asked once he had recaptured his breath. "Do you not know who I am?"

Startled, the girl cringed at the satyr's exuberance. "I know," she replied hesitantly. "You are the great goat god, Pan. Seducer of women and killer of men."

A surprised, bemused look crossed Pan's face. He raised an eyebrow. "Is that what you've heard?" He thought about that

before chuckling again. "Well, I suppose you're partially right. I am of the fae, Syrinx. Immortal as you are not. So, your father cannot kill me. No man can kill me." He leaned forward to touch his fingertip to the girl's ankle, tracing slowly down its curve. "Though, I would most definitely like to seduce you."

Syrinx quickly pulled her foot up inside her robe, tucking it under her. She said nothing and just stared at the goat-man.

The satyr rose easily to stand over Syrinx again. He gazed down at her, his brow creased in thought. Pan finally murmured, "You are worth the wait, sweet Syrinx. I will not force myself upon you unwanted. First, I shall make you want me more than life itself." With that, he turned and walked off, disappearing over the hill.

Without moving, nearly without breathing, Syrinx watched him go. When it became apparent that he was not returning, she looked down at the consummate rose and picked it up gingerly.



Pan visited Syrinx every day upon the emerald hills, in the shadow of Mount Olympus. He pursued her gently, as he had never done with any other woman. The tale of his patience spread throughout the court and all the faeries soon knew of the satyr's love. Apollo encouraged him with friendly words, but not all the fae were as supportive. Queen Hera of the Olympians still held a deep grudge against all satyrs; she had never forgiven Zeus for fathering Dionysus, and her animosity toward Dionysus extended to his kin.

On a rainy Autumn day, Queen Hera went to Syrinx's father, Glaucus, in the guise of an old woman and told him of his daughter's trysts with the goat-man. Of course, she made them sound much less innocent than they were. Syrinx's father did not believe the old woman at first.

"I know my daughter's heart," Glaucus told her. "She would not harm her family in such a way."

The disguised Hera worked harder to convince the man. And, to prove her wrong, Glaucus agreed to travel out into the hills in search of his daughter. As he topped the last rise, he saw Syrinx in the distance, seated in the shelter of an olive tree, with Pan. As he heard Syrinx's gay laughter echo across the land, joined a moment later by the deepness of Pan's, Glaucus fell to his knees. The old woman had been right.

"What shall I do?" Syrinx's father later asked Hera. "Her mother and I have already arranged her marriage to Aecaeus."

Hiding her smile in a grimace, the old woman shook her head. "This Aecaeus will not want her once he learns that she is no longer a maiden. Once Pan has tired of her, she will be cast aside, back onto your hearth, with no husband to care for her. Everyone will know what wrong Syrinx has done."

Glaucus lamented, "All is lost. My good name is soiled." He then wept.

"There, there," the old woman soothed, "perhaps you will find a way to save yourself, though it is too late to save Syrinx." Just then, she batted away a butterfly that had flown too close. Its wings broke and the butterfly fell to the ground. Queen Hera crushed it under her foot.

"How?" Glaucus moaned.

"Kill her."

Syrinx's father looked up at the decrepit woman in horror.

"Kill..."

Hera nodded. "Then no one need ever know what she has done."



Night-quiet lay upon the land in the early hours before dawn. Syrinx slept gently. Her dreams rose and drifted out through the window to where Pan awaited. He caught them in his heart and held them tenderly.

Neither heard Glaucus creep to his daughter's bed. The knife in his hand caught the moonlight and glinted coldly. His bare feet made only the slightest sound upon the stone floor. He approached slowly and watched carefully for any movement from Syrinx.

The old woman is right, Glaucus thought. It is too late for her. She is already lost.... I do this for her mother and her brother. She is already lost.... Already lost.... He raised the knife over his sleeping daughter while looking down at her.

Syrinx stirred slightly as her dreams moved her.

Glaucus stopped then. His daughter looked so innocent, so beautifully innocent, as she had when she was a child. His hand began to tremble.

Oh, Syrinx, he thought, *why did you do it? You force my hand...and for what?* One fat tear ran down his cheek and he tightened his shaky grip around the knife. *This is your fault...your fault....*

From the darkness, a harsh voice whispered again and again into Glaucus' thoughts, "Do it now!"

Syrinx awoke.

Glaucus blinked, doubly surprised by the voice and by the sight of his daughter suddenly opening her eyes.

"Father!" Syrinx muttered sleepily.

"Do it now! Do it now!" the familiar voice ordered.

"What are you doing, Father?"

Glaucus looked up at his raised hand, holding its shining blade, then down at his daughter again. "It's your fault," was all he could think to say. The corner of his eye twitched violently.

"Why?" Syrinx breathed as a tremor crept into her voice. "Why, Father?" She didn't move, her gaze was locked on the knife.

"Do it now!"

Glaucus turned his eyes away from his child. "You have brought shame on our house!" he answered. "You are no longer a maiden!" He cringed in pain as his daughter gasped.

"Do it now!"

A flash of rage surged through Glaucus and he didn't hear his daughter's denial of the charge. The knife descended hard and fast into the mattress right next to Syrinx's head. She screamed.

"No! No!" the enraged voice of Hera screamed in the man's head, "you fool!"



Phillips 1998

Glaucus regretted his near misdeed immediately. "Old woman!" he yelled out, covering his face with his hands. His knees gave out and he slumped to the floor. "Old woman! You have bewitched me!"



With sudden violence, Pan had felt Syrinx's dreams being severed from him. A moment later, her scream had ripped through the night. The satyr jerked up from his repose, eyes wild, heart beating wildly, "Syrinx!"

As he screeched her name, she emerged from the house and fled toward the hills, with her hair and nightgown streaming out behind her. The wake of sorrow and pain that she left behind hit Pan like a hard blow. He stumbled under its force. By the time he recovered, Syrinx had breached the first hill and disappeared.

"Old woman!" Glaucus shouted again from Syrinx's room. Pan glanced toward the house and saw a tendril of familiar Glamour slip through the doorway and disappear into the shadows. The satyr gritted his teeth and turned to gallop after Syrinx.

He caught up with her on the shore of Thoas Lake. She stood amidst the reeds, silhouetted against the black waters. The wind whipped through her long hair. Pan approached Syrinx carefully: Her stillness disturbed him.

"My love," he ventured forward until he was a step behind her. "What has happened?"

Syrinx did not reply yet. Even the frogs and cicadas had quieted, listening. This silence alone allowed her whisper to be heard. "My father has tried to kill me. I have shamed my family." Her voice was devoid of emotion, though the moonlight glimmered on the tears that ran slowly down her cheeks.

Pan frowned deeply. "I will kill him," he stated. His fists clenched tightly and his whole being shook with rage.

A fish jumped up just then, creating rippling circlets upon the black surface of the water. Syrinx focused on the ever-widening rings. "No. He is right."

Pan took a step forward and reached out his hand, though he dared not to touch her. "Come live with me," he proposed. "I will care for you. I will love you as no man or mortal can."

"No," Syrinx said with a heavy sigh. "You are a god. You will tire of me soon enough."

A cloud moved across the moon obscuring its light. "How could I ever grow tired of you, my love? I have pursued you for many months. I will love you no less once you belong to me."

The wind breathed across the world, a sigh heavy with sorrow. It moved through the reeds in Thoas Lake and they brushed gently against Syrinx's legs.

"No," Syrinx stated softly. She turned to look at Pan one last time, her eyes tenebrous and resigned. Then, she walked straight into the water.

"No!" Pan yelled. He followed her to the water's edge and yelled her name repeatedly. "Syrinx! Syrinx!"



Pan watched and waited by the shore of Thoas Lake for days. It gave him no comfort that Glaucus had cursed himself to wander, insane, across Greece. Pan felt no satisfaction that Hera had felt the sting of satyr vengeance — raped and tossed back to her court naked and covered with dung. He watched and waited for Syrinx, his true love, to return to him, as he knew she would.

Syrinx's body eventually washed up on the shore to lie amidst the reeds. Her seaweed hair spread out among the plants and her pale limbs sunk into the mud. The crows and the worms came to taste the sweetness of her flesh. The reeds grew up through her, pushing aside her bones, and drew their strength from her essence.

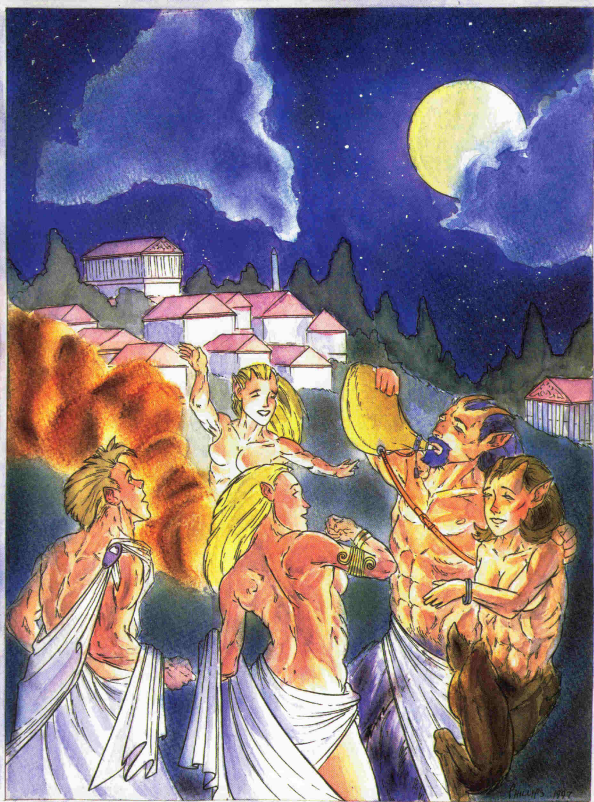
Pan watched and waited with immortal patience. In the Spring, when the reeds had grown fully, he cut them down. His scythe sliced through them easily and painlessly. The reeds fell to the ground at his feet. Pan trimmed them meticulously to size, each just slightly shorter than the other, and then bound them together with strings of sheep gut to make an instrument. A flock of sparrows watched Pan from the tops of trees, chirping their encouragement and singing a song of reawakening.

At last, when Pan's pipe was done, he turned it over in his hands and studied it. "Syrinx," he muttered to himself, her memory filling him and sending a tear down his cheek. He blew once across the top of the instrument and, in the soft fluting, he heard her voice. He closed his eyes and blew again. Her memory caressed him.

Pressing his lips more fully to the flute, Pan took the kiss for which he had waited so long. In his mind and heart, the reed pipe was Syrinx. He could feel the soft press of her lips and body against his. Her aroma swirled around him. Pan made love to his Syrinx and the music he produced was imbued with his ardor for her. He played for days on end and the sound carried across the land. It lifted the hearts of all who heard it, inspiring love and passion among the people of Greece. The fae on Mount Olympus revelled, danced and sang, though they could only guess why. The distant fluting pulled at everyone's hearts, fae and human alike. Indeed, it gave them a taste of Pan's love, intoxicating in its fierce purity.

There, on the shores of Thoas Lake, Pan and Syrinx consummated their love and the magic that their joining produced blessed his children — the satyrs — with the Gift of Pan for the rest of eternity.





CHAPTER ONE: BITTERSWEET YESTERDAYS

*Pan, whose name is usually derived from **pácin**, "to pasture," stands for the "devil" or "upright man" of the Arcadian fertility cult, which closely resembled the witch cult of northwestern Europe. This man, dressed in a goat-skin, was the chosen lover of the Maenads during their drunken orgies on the high mountains, and sooner or later paid for his privilege with death.*

— Robert Graves, "The Greek Myths: 1"

Living on the edge of tomorrow, most satyrs care little for stories of how the world used to be. They prefer to seek out their own adventures rather than hear what wondrous things others did "once upon a time." Nevertheless, satyrs cannot deny that they are as much a product of their own history as any other changeling kith. Born of the myths and legends of ancient Greece, they have a unique heritage that colors their outlook on the world. The same civilization that brought us the glory of the Olympic games, the magic of the mythic gods, and the sexual freedom of Lesbos and Athens, also created satyrs.

FOREPLAY

ANCIENT HISTORY

Long, long ago, faeries and humans walked side by side — their realms co-existing in perfect balance. Mortals knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that magic was a natural part of their world. They accepted faeries, monsters, and mythical creatures as readily as they did trees, earth and sky. Arcadia's political systems had yet to develop into a feudal structure; the fae lived a much more primal existence. During this time, the Tuatha de

Danann ruled the faeries in the same manner as the great mortal chieftains of the British Isles oversaw their peoples. Strength and wisdom were revered.

Nothing restricted travel between Arcadia and Earth. The Mists had not yet developed, since mortals still believed in the fantastic. Faeries visited the mortal realm and some even chose to reside there. Mortals brought into Arcadia by their lovers or enemies lived there for a year and a day. Wars, as well as commerce, occurred regularly: fae with mortal, fae with fae, and mortal with mortal. There was nothing unusual about this; it was just the way of the world.

In those distant days, Simon Frost prepared to take the Arcadian throne for the Unseelie Winter. An Unseelie sidhe named Zeus, who was filled with jealousy, proclaimed that the throne should be his instead. With devious skill, he tricked Simon into murdering a Seelie sidhe. The ensuing upheaval nearly cost Simon his life. However, Zeus' plans didn't quite unfold as he had hoped: His plot was discovered and, as his punishment, the Tuatha de Danann banished him to the mortal world forever, along with all those loyal to him. Simon Frost took the throne as destined and Zeus was forbidden to ever return to Arcadia.

Zeus didn't mourn for long, for the loss was not as painful then as it would be in modern times. Earth held just as many opportunities as Arcadia, and Zeus began to build his own kingdom immediately in the lands of Hellas. Zeus constructed a castle of sunshine on Mount Olympus and made no attempt to hide his golden keep from mortal eyes, though few humans could climb the mountain's steep cliffs.

In time, Zeus gathered his own Unseelie Court around him and took a queen, Hera, from among his fellow sidhe. He spied on mortals by disguising himself in various forms, sometimes human, sometimes animal, revealing his true nature only when it suited his purpose. Mortals spread word of his magic and power. Before long, Zeus had built a reputation for himself and his court. The people of Hellas bowed to him and called him King of the Gods. Out of spite, Zeus named the heart of his new kingdom "Arcadia" so that he could say without lying that he ruled over all of Arcadia and more, as had been his dream.

LOVE, GREEK-STYLE

The people of ancient Greece valued freedom and love. They worked hard, but they also played hard. In the early days of the Greek polis, a minority of the upper class lived within the urban walls. Everyone else worked the fields, harvested grapes and olives from the rolling hillsides, and they traveled the sea on ships carrying exports to exotic locations. The temperate climate made light clothing more appropriate, and only the most civilized wore shoes.

Few taboos marred the Greek view of sex and love. They were, historically, the people to look upon homosexuality with no prejudice whatsoever. The Greeks didn't know they had embraced a revolutionary concept, they just accepted it completely because, in their philosophy, nature made no distinction between homosexual and heterosexual love. They believed that a person could find equal pleasure in the arms of either a man or a woman.

With regard to sex, the Greeks' collective open mind permitted them to advance more quickly than any previous civilization. They accepted a different lifestyle more readily than they rejected one. Their mythology expressed their willingness to discuss all aspects of love, marriage and sex openly. In the Greeks' myths, accounts of divorce, remarriage and adultery are recurring. Even incest appears, though it was generally viewed as a crime and punished ultimately through the workings of the Fates.

AROUSAL THE LYRIK AGE

Sometime between 1000 and 500 B.C.E., in the land known as Hellas or Greece, superstitious mortals began to spread legends about a race of gods that lived on Mount Olympus. Over a millennium of dreams and beliefs, tales told again and again, brought these gods to life and lent them strength. Zeus, with his lightning bolt, claimed his kingship over all of Greece; Hera, the queen of the gods, with her all-seeing eye and legendary beauty, watched over wives and mothers; Hermes, who moved with the speed of light, served as messenger to the gods; Apollo could play the lyre better than any other in the land; Ares, the god of war, conquered vast armies in Zeus' name; and Aphrodite's beauty was well-known throughout Hellas. All these and other sidhe made up Zeus' Unseelie Court, whose ruthless politics became renowned. Squabbles and plotting among these faeries raged constantly.

To the simple shepherds and farmers of Greece, the faeries were gods, and the fae found no reason to correct them. Rather, they reveled in the power they had over the mortals of that time; they lived on the dreams formed in temples dedicated to them and savored the ability to wreak havoc fueled by the strength of mortal belief.

The exiled fae were unable to return to the faerie realm, so they amused themselves with the lives and hearts of the mortals over whom they ruled. They played tug-of-war with whole armies and tried to outdo each other with treacherous ravaging. Many unwilling mortals became the victims of their cruel games.

SATYR (FROM GREEK SATYROS)

The term "satyr" came to be used eventually as the name of the kith born half-fae and half-goat. Unlike pooka, satyrs never learned the art of shapeshifting, but they seemed caught somewhere in-between one form and another. Several related faerie kith fall into this category, including satyrs themselves (half-goat), minotaurs (half-bull), centaurs (half-horse), and henn (half-stag). Only the goat-fae remain relatively common today. Minotaurs, centaurs, and henn have all virtually disappeared. Unsubstantiated reports of sightings keep the hope alive that they still exist, hidden away; though, many faerie scholars claim that these mythical beings left the mortal world long ago and may be found only in Arcadia when the gates re-open...if the gates re-open.

DIONYSUS

Among the Unseelie sidhe who lived with Zeus on Mount Olympus, Dionysus expressed an irreverence born of a love for chaos and freedom. From the moment he arrived in the mortal realm, he created havoc in the Olympian court. Dionysus spoke his mind and did as he pleased, no matter whom it angered. And with utter impudence, he refused to adhere to court etiquette. The other faeries laughed with him until his sharp tongue turned on them. Even Zeus seemed to like Dionysus, seeking out the other sidhe's company when he wanted to throw aside courtly manners and wallow in decadence. Dionysus was the bad boy of the Olympians. Some appreciated his wit and naughtiness; others did not.

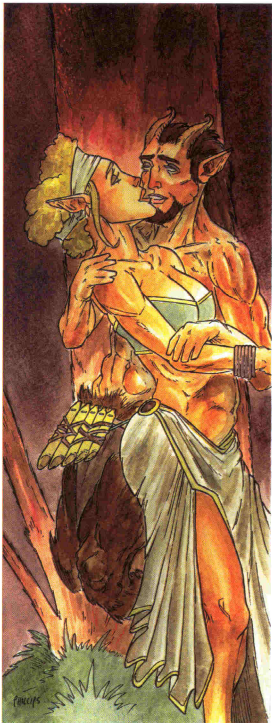
Almost immediately, Dionysus earned Hera's enmity. He made no secret of the fact that he cared little for her either. Most of his political maneuverings involved finding ways to undermine her schemes and authority. The two exchanged harsh insults on a regular basis and, when they were in the same room, the tension hung thickly in the air. Hera began to plot Dionysus' death.

She tried and failed. Everyone suspected Hera was behind this attempt on Dionysus' life, but no one could prove it. Her position and cunning protected her. Zeus, unable to either punish his oathmate or protect his friend, decided it was best if Dionysus left Olympus for a while.

Hermes, who had grown quite fond of Dionysus, accompanied him to the mortal court of King Athamas of Orchomenus, where Dionysus hid in the women's quarters by disguising himself as a girl. He lived there for some time and learned the secrets of mortal women. However, Hera discovered the ruse eventually. She spotted Dionysus as he was romping naked with a servant girl in the garden one afternoon. The sidhe fled again. This time, Zeus instructed Hermes to deliver Dionysus into the care of the Hyades nymphs (Macris, Nysa, Erato, Bromie, and Bacche).

Dionysus lived with the Hyades nymphs for many years on Mount Nysa in Hellian Arcadia, where they tended to him in a cave, pampered him and fed him honey. While on Mount Nysa, Dionysus invented wine, one of his most acclaimed achievements. His resentment toward both Zeus and Hera grew as the years passed. He attempted repeatedly to contact Zeus, but King of the Gods dodged the missives and tried to blame his distance on Hera's lingering anger. Dionysus saw through the shallow excuses and realized that Zeus was embarrassed by him. He began to understand the true reason for why he had been sent away: It was not for his own protection, but to ease the tensions in Zeus' court.

Dionysus, feeling used and betrayed, gave himself over to self-gratification. He adopted a devil-may-care attitude and immersed himself in physical pleasure. Everywhere he went, he hosted gatherings steeped in wine that ended in rousing orgies. Tales of these celebrations spread throughout the land. Often, in direct parody of Zeus, Dionysus visited his lovers or danced in the moonlight wearing goat pelts. This reference to Zeus' tendency to visit his lovers disguised as an animal to avoid



Hera's wrath did not go unnoticed by the faeries of Olympus; they whispered of it behind Zeus' and Hera's backs, snickering and pointing.

Many mortals joined Dionysus in his prolonged revelry. They traveled with him, caught in the perpetual dance. Music and sex, laughter and wine filled their days and nights. For years, they did nothing more than revel in the countryside around Mount Nysa. Dionysus and his followers drew women from surrounding farms into their orgiastic celebrations with beautiful music and promises of divine ecstasy. Many of these mortal women, called maenads, left their families to join Dionysus and his growing vine cult. His popularity grew quickly among the area's rural people. Some farmers even offered their daughters up in exchange for the knowledge of how to make wine. Of course, not many of the young maenads complained about their new lifestyle. They served Dionysus of their own free will; when they chose to leave, no one stopped them.

CLIMAX

PAN, THE FIRST SATYR

Men and women danced around the bonfire, naked, arms raised to the stars. Eventually, they wandered off with lovers into the darkness or joined the writhing pile of bodies in the red-orange light of the fire. Dionysus reigned supreme over it all in his goat-skin cape. He wore the preserved skull of a male goat on his head, its horns sharply silhouetted against the flickering flames.

Dionysus wore the animal skin as a tongue-in-cheek emulation of Zeus. He had little respect for the self-proclaimed King of the Gods. This small bit of irreverence had become a not-so-private joke among Dionysus' followers. It gave him a certain personal satisfaction to snub his nose at both Zeus and Hera.

Everything Dionysus did, he did big. He threw himself wholeheartedly into his endeavors, succeeding more often than not. Eccentric to a fault, he pursued his desires with little care for what others thought of him. As a leader, Dionysus was larger than life. His talent for exaggeration and showmanship earned him many followers, and he had a charisma that was hard to resist. Thus, Dionysus built his legend.

Parents, simple and superstitious, whispered in the somber hours of night about the horny god with goat's legs that might come for their daughters. They told their neighbors of Dionysus' vine cult and embellished the tale as they spread it across bonfires and mugs of honey mead. Young women and men fantasized about a steamy visit from the goat-god. Before long, many people had heard of Dionysus and their beliefs solidified. The dreams of the simple folk began to dance to a debauched tune. There were images of great feasts, satisfying drink, and flushed nakedness. Erotic music encouraged a dream-dance with the goat-legged men and women that beckoned the farmers and their wives from their normal dreams of the harvest.

In this way, the legends of the goat-god and his vine cult affected the Dreaming and produced a new kith. The first satyr was born in Arcadia, and he called himself Pan.



EARTHLY PLEASURES

Pan, the first satyr to appear in Arcadia, eventually made his way to Earth to seek more primal pleasures. Others followed his lead. Pan soon heard the stories about Dionysus and his vine cult. Out of curiosity, he and several of his fellow satyrs joined Dionysus, who was ecstatic to find others in philosophical agreement with him. Thus, Dionysus welcomed the satyrs to his side. Although Pan remained reticent and unwilling to trust the sidhe for a while, the two became partners of a sort and, in time, shared the Oath of Clasped Hands.

Dionysus later developed a certain wanderlust and left Hellan Arcadia, accompanied by a group of maenads and satyrs. He traveled across Hellas in search of new experiences. Everywhere he went, Dionysus left his mark. He helped those he encountered on the way to fight their enemies, and he taught anyone who wanted to learn how to make wine, mead and beer. Dionysus took his philosophy of intoxication and freedom across the peninsula, spreading his seed, gaining followers and building his legend as he went. Celebrations involving large quantities of wine and great orgies became increasingly popular as his vine cult stretched as far as North Africa, Europe and Asia. The wine orgies of Asia Minor and Palestine (the Canaanite Feast of Tabernacles was originally a Dionysian orgy) strongly resembled the beer orgies of Thrace and Phrygia, all of which Dionysus inspired. He became the acknowledged hero of all satyrs and the closest thing to a leader they ever had.

When Dionysus finally returned to Mount Olympus, the faeries of Zeus' court honored his accomplishments and welcomed the satyrs into their midst. Having seen the strength and number of Dionysus' followers, they dared do nothing else. Dionysus had left Olympus in shame but returned a hero and a valued courtier among the Unseelie "gods."

UNSEEELIE PAN

The faeries of Arcadia ridiculed and abused Pan and the other satyrs when they first appeared there. They didn't like the base nature of these odd faeries and did not accept that these creatures were anything more than animals. Pan's Unseelie Legacy did little to help his cause. His laziness and less than sophisticated manners helped build Pan a reputation.

Pan loved nothing more than to eat, drink and screw. He lounged about in the verdant forests of Arcadia and seduced other faeries with his animal magnetism. The sidhe found themselves simultaneously attracted and repulsed by him. One woman sidhe in particular, Echo, returned time and again to Pan's side, though she had proclaimed loudly in court that she hated him and would rather tear her heart out from her own chest than feel his touch. Of course, everyone discovered the truth when Pan left Arcadia for the mortal realm and Echo consequently mourned for years. She later followed him there, though she never found him. Instead, Echo fell deeply in love with a handsome mortal named Narcissus, but that came to a tragic end.

Pan's bitterness at the faeries' rejection of him haunted him throughout his days. He developed a careless attitude that

seeded future satyr philosophy. Caring little for honor, which he felt meant nothing to the hypocritical fae who had turned against him, Pan adopted a posture of self-gratification and unhindered pursuit of his passions. He romped through the forests and across the hills of Greece, eating when he was hungry, sleeping when he was tired, and taking a woman when he felt the urge. Why not? After all, he had no place in faerie society nor place in mortal society. Mortals and fae alike called him a monster and, perhaps, they were right.

Unbeknownst to many, however, Pan had a quick mind and many talents, one of which was the ability to divine the future. He loved witty conversation nearly as much as he loved sweaty sex, but few ever took the time to talk to him. When Pan got lonely, he taunted the herdsmen and farmers just for the mockery that they yelled at him. He often developed a sentimental attachment to the more quick-witted among these mortals and returned regularly to share clever insults and sharp repartee with them.

When Pan arrived in Greece, he found a friend in Dionysus. The sidhe had been abused, but not nearly as painfully as Pan had. Dionysus still had some hope that he would return to Olympus someday. Pan laughed at his friend's idealism, but he remained at his side just to see what happened. Dionysus taught Pan that their passions had a place in the world. As the maenads and other mortals flocked to join the vine cults to spread the philosophy of passion throughout the world, Pan had to finally admit Dionysus' victory. However, only when the faeries of Olympus accepted Dionysus and the satyrs into their court did Pan truly understand what his friend had accomplished.

AFTERGLOW

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

Time passed and Alexander the Great conquered Greece and the lands to the east. Grecian philosophers and scientists asked questions and found answers that had nothing to do with magic or wonder. Zeus and his court of gods held less and less sway with the people. The Mists swallowed the golden castle at the summit of Mount Olympus and spirited it away from the eyes of mortals. Only those of faerie blood could find it. By the year 330 B.C.E., belief in the old gods had been superseded by a growing interest in philosophy and science. The people no longer needed "gods" to explain nature's mysteries. Dionysus and the satyrs abandoned Zeus and Mount Olympus eventually and migrated north into the land of the druids.

THE CELTIC CONVERSION

It didn't take Dionysus and the satyrs long to establish themselves among the tribal peoples of Western Europe: Germany, France and the British Isles. Stories of them chasing young women through the forests and participating in Beltaine festivals spread rapidly. Legends of the horned god were abundant and satyrs began to feel at home. The land was still unpaved and the people still had no fear of the urges that drove them.

Raiders from the north bombarded the British Isles continually. The satyrs had learned to fight beside Dionysus during his travels, but they had never before experienced the brutality displayed by these northern tribes. The satyrs' love of physical competition, which was fostered among the Greeks, turned into a frenzied bloodlust when faced with opponents who took no prisoners and pulled no punches. Side by side with the people of Britain, the satyrs fought to preserve their new homeland. Tales of their heroism and fervor in battle reached Arcadia, where they then reacquired the respect of the nobility and earned the boon of a return to the land of the fae.

Some satyrs chose to travel to Arcadia. Others, however, remembered the ridicule they had suffered, the stuffiness of the nobility that had originally exiled them to Earth, and the long boring hours of pompous discourse in court. Most chose to stay in the mortal realm.

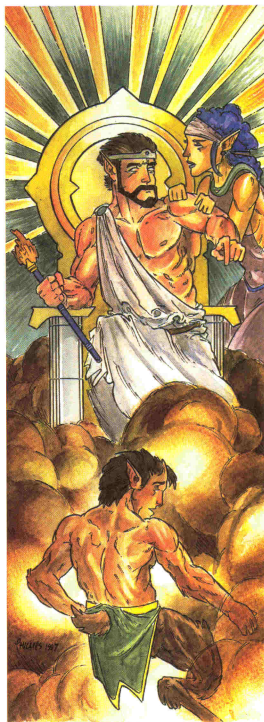
As centuries passed and the Greek pantheon slipped slowly into memory, satyrs fed the dreams of the Celts. They persevered. Even Dionysus remained, though he changed and forgot his origins. Some deemed him Heron the Horned God. Early Christians came to call him Satan in their attempt to stamp out any remnant of the pagan religion. Eventually, Dionysus slipped away into the Mists and became a legend, even among his satyrs.

APOLLO

One of the few Olympian fae who did not suffer exile from Arcadia, Apollo had chosen to join Zeus and Hera's court several decades after it was established. An adventurer at heart, Apollo took great pleasure in exploring the mortal realm and tinkering with the lives of mortals. He enjoyed a challenge and engaged in contests of wits or skill with those brave enough to stand against him. When he lost, Apollo magnanimously accepted the consequences, though he was known for skirting the edge of cheating and unfairness in order to win. And when he won, he showed little mercy.

Apollo had known Pan for many years. They shared a respect and love for one another that Apollo had with few others. Despite the many times that Pan lost in their friendly challenges and games, Apollo never caused Pan any direct harm. Pan never judged Apollo for his deeds and even accepted his near-cheating with a hearty laugh. The challenges became a loved game between the two, and they sought each other out with a new one all throughout their lives.

Apollo allegedly coaxed the art of prophesy from the goat-legged Arcadian, and Pan later challenged Apollo to regain satyr honor after Apollo bested Marsyas, a satyr, in a contest of music. With the Muses as their judges, Apollo and Marsyas had agreed that the winner could do whatever he pleased to the loser. And so they began to play their instruments. At first, the Muses could not decide and claimed a tie. Apollo, frustrated, bade Marsyas to play upside-down and sing at the same time as he did. Apollo's instrument was a lyre, so he performed the challenge with no trouble; on his flute, however, Marsyas tried and failed. Apollo won and preserved his reputation as god of music, cheating satyrs out of their one great honor. Despite his



pretended sweetness to his opponent, Unseelie Apollo claimed his winner's rights by flaying poor Marsyas and nailing his skin to a pine tree near the source of the river that now bears his name.

Pan tried many times to regain the title of "god of music," but he never managed to succeed. Some fae believe that this explains why satyrs practice their music so fervently and why they seem obsessed with it; they seek perfection so that they might some day challenge Apollo again and, this time, regain their title. Others claim that satyrs did so long ago and they continue to practice only so Apollo cannot return and steal it back again.

EXHAUSTION

THE SUNDERING

Reason and science had taken the upper hand in Greece. The people there were used to centuries of fear brought on by uncaring and unpredictable "gods," so they chose to disbelieve and put an end to the threat. Many of the mythical creatures of Greek origin began to disappear, one by one. Not all became extinct, though even those that did not fade entirely remained very fragile and rare. Several relatives of the satyr kith, including minotaurs and mermaids, removed themselves from faerie society and may have disappeared altogether, though periodic rumors suggest that they still exist somewhere.

With the introduction of Christianity, satyrs took a hard hit. Though their migration to the British Isles had saved them from the same fate as their Olympian cousins, the satyrs could already feel the waves of disbelief rippling across the land from the south. Christ had been born and his miracles up-staged the magic of the faeries. Christian soldiers carried their beliefs up from Rome and France and, thus, spread a new religion throughout the Isles.

Dates held sacred by the Celts became Christian holidays, allowing the two religions to meld into one. The marriage of the two led many people from their pagan beliefs and into Christianity. Those who refused to convert found themselves faced with the Inquisition in the mid-13th century. The Sundering had reached its height, the Church had set its roots deep, and the faeries of the British Isles watched their world crumble.

THE SHATTERING

Hidden in their groves and glens, satyrs attempted to ride the wave that followed in the wake of the Sundering. They clung to the hope that someone was going to find a way to reverse it. They danced, played, sang and made love in an attempt to continue on as usual. They built their bonfires and seduced the peasants, and they cooked great succulent meals and brewed the best beer and wine. The satyrs inspired passion in the mortals around them and tried to forget the growing Mists that meant that fewer and fewer humans knew them.

The events that made up the Shattering, the years that saw the closing of the gates between beloved Arcadia and the mortal

world, scared the satyrs as much as any other kith. Although satyrs historically had more of a love for the mortal world than for other faeries, they knew what the Shattering meant to both realms: Nothing would ever be the same again. Satyrs could feel their mortal lovers slipping away from them and into the gray. They could hear the tinny tones creeping into their beloved music. And they could feel the weight of Banality sitting upon their shoulders and knew the golden days had passed.

Prior to the Interregnum, the sidhe hurried to return to Arcadia, stepping on commoners to get through the gates in time. Most satyrs merely sat back and watched this panicked rush with bitter amusement. The Shattering had already begun to affect these satyrs, planting a small gray seed deep in their souls. They remembered how the mortal world had welcomed them where Arcadia and the sidhe had rejected their love of life and the living of it. Now the sidhe, rather than stay and fight the descending shroud, scrambled like drowning rats to return to the homelands and, in doing so, they were damning those who stayed behind to life among the dead. Many satyrs found this particularly ironic. Most who stayed did so just to spite the sidhe. They knew that Arcadia was not safe from the dark cloud shadowing the mortal realm. Banality's influence in mortal dreams would filter into Arcadia and taint the sidhe's existence as well. The satyrs' connection to the realm of the flesh had given them a special insight into just how intertwined Arcadia and Earth are. They knew that no one was safe from the onslaught of Banality, not even those faeries who made it back to Arcadia before the gates closed.

Despite the vacuum of power left behind by the exodus of the sidhe, little changed for satyrs. They had no interest in courts or kingdoms. They sought out their oak trees and faerie circles, visiting freeholds only when absolutely necessary for their own protection. Satyrs wanted to maintain their rituals, habits, glens and groves, and they saw no need to rely on the nobility, even the new commoner nobility, for their sustenance. Few satyrs held any interest in politics, so most had no desire to become courtiers in the new courts. Independence let them cling to the old ways for a little while longer, thus, the satyrs managed to hide from the fires, the priests and the sheriffs — keeping to themselves and to the rural people where they could still find a grain of belief in the old ways. These satyrs fostered and thrived on superstition left over from an earlier time. The grandmothers had heard the tales and still shared them with their children's children. Flickering deep in their breasts, a bit of belief still burned and sparked the ever-important dreams.

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

Factories and mills began to throng the British Isles. Loggers cut down forests and farmers cultivated meadows. Satyrs looked up from their dalliances into the face of Progress. They did the only thing they could think to do: They migrated yet again, to America.

Ellis Island in New York sparkled with effervescent dreams of prosperity. A magical place, it sent a glow of Glamour into the

BELTAINE FESTIVALS

On May 2nd every year, changelings celebrate the arrival of Spring. The Beltaine festival has traditionally been a celebration of love and life, which makes it especially sentimental for satyrs, whose entire lives are dedicated to these ideals. On this night, satyrs put aside all animosity, jealousy and vengeance.

Most satyrs prefer to hold their Beltaine gatherings in the open air, in a glen or field, although they will go wherever the party is. Rarely do they gather alone as they prefer the company of the fae, noble and commoner. They often bring along enchanted mortals for the fun of watching their wide-eyed wonder. Satyrs host the event each year, which has become a tradition that works well, considering the satyr ability to entertain.

No Beltaine festival would be the same without the satyr band; its music creates an atmosphere of love and amicability. As a result, rifts mend between enemies and new loves are born. Passions run high and many noble-commoner relationships develop. In an atmosphere where anything goes, the satyr who has pursued his lady-love to no avail finds that his chance of success rises. Many childlings are conceived on Beltaine as, near the end of the night, couples and threesomes drift off arm-in-arm for a more private setting. It is a magical night.

sky that could be seen from everywhere in the city. All the people with their wide-eyed hopes for the future as yet unshattered didn't mind the squalor of the camp or the pallor of the soup lines. They looked at New York from their seaside vantage point and saw a place for future glory for themselves and their children.

Once away from Ellis Island, both mortals and satyrs felt the immediate claustrophobia of the smells and sounds of industrialization. Banality lurked at the edge of Manhattan like a dark creature waited for its chance to destroy. Within the city, sweatshops sucked the life from those same people that had stared with hopeful eyes at a welcoming America only weeks before. Poverty pulled the very breath from babies' lips. Children left their homes to work seven days a week in the factories and mills of the city. Wives and mothers sold their clothing, their hair, and their bodies to feed their families. Yet, even in the dim light of the work places, their hope refused to die. These new Americans clung to their dreams, perhaps out of pure stubborn survival instinct. And the wealthy climbed to the top upon the backs of their new idealistic neighbors.

Never ones to be daunted by a bad turn of events, satyrs left the cities of the east quickly and headed west with all the other adventure-seekers. The Wild West hosted many six-gun-toting satyrs with catchy one-liners for every occasion. They ran brothels and robbed banks just for the fun of it. Unseelie satyrs built the biggest legends in the Wild West, where a reputation for being mean and rotten went a long way. In this untamed land, satyrs stretched their legs and let their hair down. They fed



on men's dreams of gold and land, monsters and miracles. Cowboys still told tales of a cowgirl that could ride tornadoes and of a giant lumberjack that traveled with a blue ox named Babe — half-believing their own stories. Mysteries still abounded and that provided fertile ground for satyrs to work their magic.

Satyrs first came into contact with the Nunnehi during this time. They treaded carefully, for they learned about being the new person on the block when they moved from Greece to the British Isles, and the satyrs gently made their presence known. Fortunately for the satyrs, they were among the first faeries to travel into the West; no others had come before to give them a bad reputation. Later, when the others did arrive, they completely destroyed the burgeoning friendship the satyrs had begun to build with the Nunnehi. Sidhe and trolls, redcaps and nockers blew in and took over without so much as an "excuse me." Only by the hair of their tails were satyrs able to salvage any amount of Nunnehi respect. They took an open stance of neutrality in the growing tensions between the Native American changelings and the European invaders.

As time passed, opportunities for adventure and excitement seldom presented themselves. The turn of the century carried with it a civilized sugar-coating that repulsed most satyrs, while WWI made everyone serious and reserved. The concept of sin had followed the satyrs from Europe and moral judgments were suddenly flying everywhere. The Wild West was losing its wild side as more and more people settled the land and as steel tracks made the country smaller. As each new and exciting place became known and tarnished by the footprints of so many, the wonder of the Wild West slipped away. Civilization had once again destroyed the magic. Satyrs sat by the railroad tracks and mourned.

REAWAKENINGS

A NEW ERA

Only the arrival of the Roaring '20s brought satyrs out of a slump that could have been disastrous. With the advent of jazz, flappers, and a more open outlook on sex and fun, satyrs perked up their ears and their tails and slipped into the cities — just to take a peek — or so they said.

Prohibition offended the satyrs' basic principles and many opened speakeasies and private clubs that served beer, wine and whiskey made at satyr-run stills hidden in the countryside. Al Capone reportedly had a satyr right-hand man, as did many of the Mafia kingpins of the day. The 1920s were a dangerous time when many satyrs died defending their right to drink and be merry. However, even police raids and the ensuing shoot-outs didn't bother the satyrs as much as the picketlines of devout Christians proclaiming the evils of liquor and sin. The echoes of this morality were heard throughout America for the next 30 years or so.

The stock market crash finished off the gay, Roaring '20s, and despair descended upon America. Surprisingly, it was WWII that brought an end to the Great Depression and lifted the shroud from America's collective face. Satyrs remained in the

cities during this time, fighting alongside mortals to improve conditions and return a sense of wonder to the world. They refused to give up, even as they watched people's hopes grow dimmer and dimmer. Children were forced to grow up more quickly. Young boys and men flew off to fight a war in a foreign land. Women worked day and night to build bombs in the factories. But the one saving grace (for the Unseelie at least) was the horror of it all. Nightmares grew out of the ravages of war. Evil romped through the streets of Europe. Propaganda showed the death camps and the Monster — Hitler. The Unseelie thrived.

Satyrs eked out a living, the Unseelie fed on the night horrors and the Seelie survived on the dreams of a mother or lover or child for the safe return of their loved one. The human spirit held firm, though the faeries of the world shivered in the cold shadow of doom.

In the 1950s, the threat of nuclear war dampened everyone's imagination. Families became clones of one another. The Joneses and the Cleavers all had their picket fences, iceboxes, and one-car garages, their 2.5 children and family dog. The Great American Dream had reached fruition as the descendants of those tired immigrants moved to the suburbs. Television made the world smaller and launched its insidious campaign against free thought and diversity. Satyrs began to disappear.

THE AGE OF AQUARIUS

Then something miraculous happened among the sons and daughters of those suburbanites. On college campuses across the country, flower children emerged from their cocoons of comfortable shoes, high collars and station wagons. They rejected the dreams of their parents and formed their own. Oh, how satyrs rejoiced and rushed to join in the dance! A new age, the Age of Aquarius, was born and the concepts of free love, expanding consciousness, harmony, understanding, sympathy, empathy and trust spread among the youth of the day. Living dreams splattered color over the gray of the past.

In equal and opposite reaction to the Age of Aquarius, Banality surged up as the result of the Vietnam War. The war took many young free-thinkers and gave nothing back but anger and pain. It darkened the edges of the new age and reminded people that the world was cruel and unforgiving. Banality destroyed dreams.

The moon landing in 1969 released a wave of Glamour that gave a needed boost to the heroic forces. Satyrs celebrated as gates reopened between Earth and Arcadia. As sidhe came back across, those changelings who had been here all along played host to the nobles who found the world changed beyond recognition. Suddenly, Earth-bound fae had the upper hand; they already knew how to survive here. The sidhe of five noble houses of Arcadia stumbled like lost children in the mortal realm of 1969. They needed help and the satyrs, more than any other kith, came to their aid. By this time, those faeries of the mortal realm had learned that chances for survival improved when changelings worked together. They could not or would not abandon the fragile sidhe in the face of overwhelming

Banalities. Satyrs put aside their grudges and welcomed the sidhe into their flock.

Before long, however, the sidhe had regained their footing and gathered themselves into motley courts around recaptured freeholds. Despite their original dependence on the commoner Kithain, the sidhe never had any intention of treating them as equals. It never even occurred to the majority of them that the commoner fae were doing any more than was their duty to the nobility. This fact became increasingly clear to satyrs who experienced a feeling of deep resentment that their efforts to help the sidhe had gone completely unappreciated. Satyrs felt betrayed. Politics between nobles and commoners chafed.

Over time, the satyr love of freedom and independence built a rift between them and the haughty nobility. Satyrs spoke out loudly, without fear, against the sidhe belief of their superiority. Debates between satyr and noble rang through the halls of the freeholds. Some say that the Night of Iron Knives came about because a satyr had verbally bested a noble in heated discourse over the outdated feudal system. Frustrated and furious, the sidhe plotted and carried out a massacre.

BUMPING AND GRINDING

THE ACCORDANCE WAR

Many satyrs fell during the Accordance War, though more earned the respect of their fellow commoner kith. They proved that their talents extended beyond music, drinking and making love. Battle after battle, satyrs stood bravely beside trolls and redcaps and wielded chimerical sword and iron blade. The bitterness of their betrayal burned in their eyes and the nobility learned that there was no more frightening sight than that of a satyr who was enraged with righteous indignation, charging down on them with glowing sword that was poised to strike. Satyrs did not fight with the tactical savvy of the sidhe, but what they lacked in organization, they more than made up for in passion.

THE SATYR GIFT OF PROPHECY

In ancient times, all satyrs were born with the ability to soothsay. Pan taught the art to Apollo and several other Olympians, including Athena. But, this ability became a heavy burden for satyrs. Mortals and faeries hounded the satyrs for a peek at their futures. Everyone wanted to know how they would die, who they would love and when they would get titled.

Satyrs preferred not to know. As their philosophies developed, prophecy became less appealing to them. They wanted to live for the moment, not for the future. By the time satyrs migrated to the British Isles, they had all but abandoned this art. Some satyrs still practice it, but they keep their abilities secret. They have heard how people crowded around their ancestors looking for some relief from the unknown.

THE BATTLE OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

One of the most renowned battles of the Accordance War stands out in faerie legend. A combined force of the satyr Freedom Tragos, the troll 6th Legion, and a motley group of redcaps had managed to push back the sidhe Red Brigade to the Brooklyn Bridge. The sidhe crossed the bridge and barricaded themselves in at the other end, which countered attempts to flicker-flash across.

The situation worsened when the commoner force learned that another noble contingent had surrounded them from behind. The sidhe could pick off anyone easily who crossed the bridge, and attacks launched from all sides kept them from retreating. The troll general-in-charge, Krolt Breathstealer, stopped the advance before losses grew too high. He pulled his force back into a fortified building to consider their strategy.

Krolt thought long and hard, listened to his advisors, and considered his options. The only hope was if he could send for reinforcements, but Krolt knew that none were available. Alcaeus of the Freedom Tragos overheard his musings and approached the general; he offered to break through the enemy lines and take a message to General Grenfern, whose troops fought to the East. Krolt refused, claiming that the danger was too great, but Alcaeus had a stubborn streak and could debate honey from a bee. Finally, the general agreed to let him try.

Late that night, Alcaeus took his flute out and played a gentle and soothing tune. It sang of home and family. The commoner troops all fell silent, to listen. Their hearts broke and they then each expressed their sorrow in their own way. Alcaeus began to walk across the bridge. He played with all the strength his heart could muster.

Krolt held his breath, already mourning the young satyr who crossed the bridge so bravely. Krolt waited for the cold iron arrow that would undoubtedly plunge into Alcaeus' chest and put an end to the music and to his life. Yet, to Krolt's surprise, Alcaeus reached the other side of the bridge and walked straight into the midst of the sidhe troops.

He continued to play his flute as he passed through the sidhe encampment. The nobles stepped aside for him, weeping at the beauty of his tune. None dared to harm him. The notes he played brought memories of their lost comrades and of the homes they had left behind. The soft music made them wish for an end to the war. Alcaeus disappeared into the darkness, with the sound of his flute still lilting in the distance for some time afterward.

General Grenfern's troops arrived the next morning. Krolt and his force fought courageously. They crossed the bridge with minimal losses, while the reinforcements attacked the sidhe on their flank. Alcaeus disappeared, and some satyrs theorize that the pain of having to use his Gift of Pan in such a betrayal drove him into seclusion. He has never been seen again.

Satyr's faced a dilemma as a result of the Accordance War: To fight and kill other changelings contradicted their live-and-let-live philosophy. Thus, the war scarred satyr's deeper than the more war-like, violent kith. If they hadn't lost loved ones in the Night of Iron Knives, perhaps they wouldn't have taken as firm a stance in the war.

The Accordance War saw the development of battle-trained tragos for the first time in many centuries. Satyr's banded together, learned weapon skills and fighting techniques, then fought side by side with the other commoner kith. Many of these tragos still exist, focusing their talents on the enemies of the fae.

A RETURN TO LIFE

Satyr's can fight with strength and hardness, though most of them prefer peaceful times. When High King David called for a meeting of commoner and sidhe to discuss an end to the Accordance War, satyr's rejoiced. Their hunger for peace made it easier for them than for any other commoner kith to trust the new High King. The satyr's sent Melizein the Singer to carry the olive branch for them. And he took several of his fellow satyr's to meet with David and a council of commoner Kithain.

Melizein was not a fool and, though he wanted desperately to believe that the king was sincere, he feared another ambush by the sidhe. To his joy, no such thing occurred. David talked of a Parliament of Dreams instead and spoke many words that no one expected from a noble sidhe. David won the hearts of the

satyr's with ease, as he inspired feelings of peace, love and loyalty in their hearts with his speech. Melizein stood first, as everyone else sat in quiet shock. He applauded David.

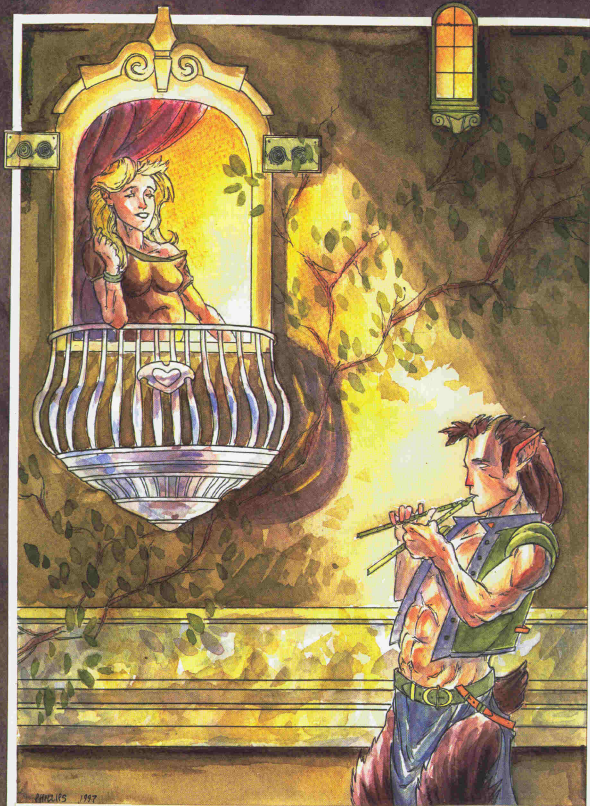
Before any kind of fealty was promised, however, Melizein went back to his fellow satyr's and called for a meeting in the town of Greece, New York. Satyr's came from around the world to hear his tale of the meeting with High King David; afterward, they voted unanimously to support him. Memories of the subsequent celebration kept tails wagging for years.

Melizein became the first satyr lord, granted the title by King David himself. Lord Melizein served David for many years as his personal advisor and confidant. The king joined the satyr's in mourning when Lord Melizein died — assassinated by cold iron at a mid-winter festival.

MODERN TIMES

Satyr's have changed little over the centuries. Although they recognize the danger of the coming Winter, most prefer to ignore it altogether. Many satyr's feel that only through living as if it weren't going to happen will it be possible to avoid it. Thus, they drink, dance and engage in sex like they always did. The fatalistic attitudes and gloomy proclamations of other kith hold no validity with satyr's, who see this pessimism as detrimental to their cause, so they instinctively try to cheer up these sour fae. Satyr's corrupt the innocent, lift spirits and provide an outlet for frustration — all with enthusiasm. They live for today.





CHAPTER TWO: PASSION

Passion flows from the heart like blood from a wound. Staunch it and it clots and scars. Leave it to run free and it may kill you.

— Anonymous satyr

"Passion." The word means a great deal to all satyrs. They murmur it to themselves like a mantra when the world's Banality weighs too heavily upon them. They call it aloud to the stars like a joyous hallelujah when they manage to experience one of those brief, perfect moments of living that make it all worthwhile. They whisper it to one another like the sweetest proclamation of love. "Passion."

Many Kithain misjudge satyrs, believing them to be rutting, carousing, pranking ne'er-do-wells who live off the generous nature of the court or sleep their way into titles. These Kithain don't understand the fact that a satyr's sex life, drinking habits and apparent irreverence for personal space and etiquette are not evidence of his lack of integrity, rather, they are a measure of his dedication to the satyr philosophy of personal freedom, courage and... "passion."

SATYR PASSIONS

Satyrs have a reputation for this excess, sensuality and musing. Indeed, these changelings party like frat boys, pour their hearts into their music and make love each time as if it were their last. However, though a satyr never entirely gives up any of these things, she begins to focus eventually on one specific interest. This focus develops naturally; the satyr does not consciously decide what it will be. As the changeling matures, her interests

parallel her particular talents and she concentrates her pursuit of experience and passion in a clearer direction. Not surprisingly, the satyrs call this individual focus a satyr's "Passion." A Passion could be music, romance, a dance, a ritual, wine-making or any number of other hobbies. Every satyr's Passion differs from the next and is defined by the changeling's unique personality.

A PASSION FOR ROMANCE

One moment of true love is worth a lifetime of pain.

— Anonymous satyr

Some satyrs have a romantic streak a mile wide. They love wooing even more than screwing. Experts at courting, they wield long-stem roses, candlelight dinners and soft music like well-honed swords. It's the thrill of the chase that turns satyrs on, and often they find that once they have won, the thrill goes limp. For this reason, the satyr with a Passion for romance acquires a reputation for extreme fickleness. He leaves his lover as soon as he has succeeded in winning her heart.

Satyrs believe in love at first sight and true love. They have a saying: One moment of true love is worth a lifetime of pain. Despite the callous and fickle appearance of the romantic satyr, his goal is to find true love. Tragically, he believes that one must make gigantesque sacrifices and fight incredible odds in order to

earn true love; therefore, love easily won must not be true love. The romantic satyr is often attracted to a person who is unlikely to ever return his affection. After all, if the satyr could have his lover without working for her, then it is not a challenge, therefore, it is not true love.

Pining and moping come easily to this poor satyr, especially since he will spend the majority of his days chasing his love of the moment. He appears quite unhappy most of the time, though this visage is misleading. Beneath the facade of bemoaning his love's uncaring attitude, he is rejoicing in the whirls and dips of the proverbial dance of romance. A glance, a wink, a word given to him by the object of his affections sends him spinning among the clouds. Then, the next moment, when his future lover smiles at another, he crashes down into the mire of mournful rejection. It's all a part of the dance.

THE FRONT-LINE MUSES

Respected grump troll, Forr'hek Oakrod, once referred to the satyr kith as "the Front-Line Muses." He had noticed the satyr tendency to focus so much attention on mortals — inspiring them and coaxing them from their shells. Even in ancient times, satyrs have always had a closer connection to mortals than any other kith. They have lived and loved with mortals all along; satyrs know mortal dreams and have never strayed far from mortal desires, perhaps because they adore the physical so much. Satyrs have had a direct hand in mortal Reverie more than any other faerie kith. After all, the satyrs are in there: partying, picking fights, sending flowers and making love. They don't lurk in the freeholds like sidhe, confine themselves to stoicism like trolls or hide in the shadows like slough. Satyrs rush the front line in the war against Banality.

A PASSION FOR SEX

Sex is like a succulent orange-chicken entrée, tender and sweet, melting in your mouth until a bite of hot pepper surprises you and titillates your senses. Oh, and you can order it XXX-tra spicy, if you like.

— Anonymous satyr

Satyrs go with sex like peanut butter goes with jelly. Those who have a Passion for sex take this relationship one step further. Sex, to them, becomes an avenue to the soul. They seek fulfillment and understanding through sex, whether it be enthusiastic, sweaty romps or slow, erotic explorations of the sensual. Some satyrs adventure into these intimate relations to better grasp its link to Glamour and the Dreaming. Chimera sometimes manifest from fantasies and shared love-dreams when fueled with sexual energy. These are no small events.

During sex, mortals step closer to their uninhibited, free selves than at any other time. In a world where humanity reveres moderation and temperance, sexual intimacy grants explorations

of their innermost feelings. There, behind closed doors, one can let down his guard and change out of his suit into something more comfortable — whatever turns him on.

Sexual satyrs approach it with open minds. Not all of their escapades, however, are fanciful tumbings in lace sheets or giggly ticklings on pine needles. They understand that sex has many faces, including the rough, the selfish, the sadistic and the masochistic. Not all satyr sex, even among the Seelie, resembles the light-hearted romp one would normally imagine satyrs to prefer. A satyr whose Passion is sex seeks a vehicle to the larger than life through the prismatic potential of physical intercourse.

As a general rule, the sexual satyr has few taboos, though through her own experimentation, she learns quickly what works best for her and what doesn't. Without hesitation, she eliminates the methods and partners that don't satisfy her. No sense wasting time on dead-ends. She expands her exploration along avenues that trigger her curiosity instead. If she finds a situation that she particularly likes, she could stay with it for some time. Because of this method, it's not uncommon for her to remain with the same partner for an extended period of time. Monogamy, however, does not come easily for her. Her curiosity and innate sense of adventure can get her into compromising situations. Rarely does the sexual satyr take an Oath of Truehearts without stating specifically that the commitment is emotional and not sexual.

Some satyrs have learned how to muse Glamour from mortals by inspiring them to ever-greater plateaus of sexual prowess and fulfillment. This form of Reverie, however, is still not widely understood. Unpredictable at best, this type of musing often requires an even greater time and energy commitment than inspiring an artist or musician does. Generations of moral education have taught mortals that to enjoy sex is a sin. Though this is no longer as accepted a standard as it once was, the restraints on the subconscious minds of many mortals linger. To end the moratorium on sexual enjoyment sanctioned by the majority of religions, satyrs must choose their steps carefully. One false move and the mortal could slip into remorse, fear or, worse, guilt.





A SATYR OATH OF TRUEHEARTS

Let the moon and the stars be my witness as I pledge you my love. I shall hold you in my heart with the passion of a thousand suns. Roam though I may, I shall always return to you and let no other remove your memory from me. You are my true love and so shall you stay, no matter where my destiny takes me.

This special version of the Oath of Truehearts is commonly used by satyrs. The wording closely reflects a satyr's free-spirited nature and does not bind her to anything that interferes with the pursuit of her Passion. Most satyrs find the standard Oath of Truehearts too constricting and many refuse to swear it. This one, while still expressing deep devotion, does not limit freedom of action.

The oath is spoken either alone or in conjunction with another, depending on the situation. If a satyr has fallen passionately in love, she might take the oath alone, merely out of a need to show the depth of her feelings. When taken alone, the satyr uses a point of Glamour to create a chimerical ring that she wears herself. Once the oath has been taken, the ring can never be removed. It shines brilliantly, visible only to her and her true love. If she ever breaks the oath, however, the ring appears blackly tarnished to all fae, and her finger turns green. Furthermore, she gains a point of Banality for disregarding her oath. If sworn alone, the satyr who is true to her oath receives one extra Glamour point from any Rapture she participates in.

If taken with another, the oath works exactly like the standard Oath of Truehearts. Both lovers use a point of Glamour to craft a songbird. The bird appears only to the lovers until the oath is broken, at which point, the bird ceases to sing and becomes visible to all fae. In addition, both lovers acquire a point of Banality as a result of the betrayal. However, the oath faithfully upheld grants an extra Glamour point to each of the lovers from any Rapture they have a hand in.

A PASSION FOR MUSIC

Music cures all ills.

— Anonymous satyr

Music is a satyr's trump suit. The majority can play an instrument, but even those who never learn have voices that inspire the deepest emotions when raised in song. For some, even in the act of speaking, their voices reach into the souls of their listeners; more often than not, these are the ones who have a Passion for song.

Music burns in every satyr's soul. For the satyr whose Passion is music, however, it's a never-ending inferno. The notes of stargong, the moon's lullaby, and the sun's trumpet call-to-run reverberate in his heart. The ebb and flow of his blood sets the beat and his emotions drive the harmony. This satyr is nothing without his music. It gives him an avenue of self-expression that he needs to help him keep from exploding. The satyr feels through it and others share his feelings with him. He uses his music to touch upon the hidden soft spots of mortal emotions.

Mortals and some faeries have learned to hide their feelings deep in the soul's dark corners. The musical satyr brings these emotions out into the open and allows the listener a chance for catharsis. Sometimes these instances produce dangerous situations. One never knows how a mortal will react to the emergence of hate, anger, fear, guilt, remorse, melancholy, sorrow, despair, love, joy or any of the multitude of other possible emotions that a satyr could summon. The musical satyr lives to find out.

A PASSION FOR ATHLETICS

If we were meant to sit still, we would have been created with human legs and sidhe minds.

— Anonymous satyr

The ancient Greeks placed a great deal of importance on having a strong, healthy body. Everyone from athletes to philosophers exercised regularly, and many anatomical discoveries originated from the Greeks. Satyrs have natural dexterity, strength and stamina. Their goat legs, designed for jumping and climbing, are muscular and flexible. Most satyrs stay in relatively good physical shape as a result of the lifestyles they lead, though some make it their Passion to strive for athletic prowess and physical perfection.

Running attracts many satyrs, for obvious reasons. Already one step ahead of the game, an athletic satyr can push himself to incredible speeds and distances. Satyrs with a Passion for athletics often cross-train to become proficient in many sports or other corporal activities. Some pursue dancing for artistic expression, while others prefer the more competitive aspects of team and individual sports. The need to uphold the Escheat keeps most satyrs from setting world records every week, but more than one Olympic gold medalist has been a satyr.

Some satyrs study martial arts, although finding a master willing to teach the physical without the moral can be difficult. No satyr can stand someone telling her how to lead her life, and

THE SATYR'S CODE FOR GOOD LIVING

Satyrs have a code that they say brings happiness and harmony to the life of anyone who adheres to it. No one knows exactly who put the code together, but mentors have taught its basics to fosterlings since ancient times. Although Seelie satyrs embrace the code's dictates more completely than their darker cousins, even the Unseelie seem to revere them in some form or other.

1. Live and let live.
2. Be yourself.
3. Listen to your instincts.
4. Seize the day.
5. Perfection is possible; go for it.
6. Look for love in all things.
7. Run free.
8. Don't be afraid.
9. Don't hesitate.
10. Don't look back.

even the most satyr-friendly of the Eastern religions grates on her nerves from time to time. Nevertheless, the physical challenge of a martial art appeals to some athletic satyrs.

Many of these satyrs keep their own personal aspirations to themselves and take up coaching professional teams, college track, high-school gym, little league or Olympic hopefuls. They encourage physical education and the joy of sports in mortals—preaching the ethics of team-play and personal ambition, including setting goals and how to achieve them. They show losers how to be winners and foster the dreams of young people.

A PASSION FOR POETRY

Visions born on the wind...

kiss and kissed

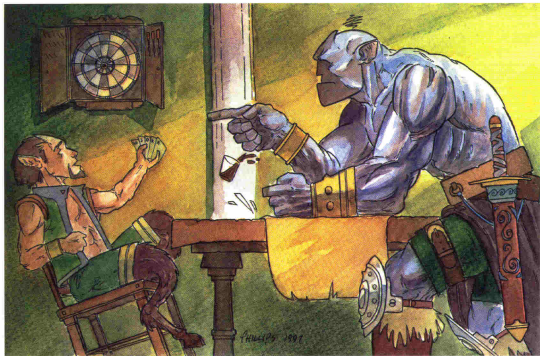
in a tattered shroud of mist...

my forlorn thoughts return to you.

— Anonymous satyr

Contrary to popular opinion, 99.9% of all satyrs can read and write. Being creatures of passion and emotion, satyrs understand the importance of communication. And many take great pleasure in a well-turned phrase. They know that a well-written love poem wins a heart and a stark description of death by cold iron terrifies.

The lyrics of a song create an image in the heart and mind. Words, so sterile when taken one at a time, breathe and come to life when arranged properly. The poetic satyr makes it her quest to write something of lasting energy that bridges the gap between people and draws emotions from the shadowy places where people keep them hidden. She reads the words of others, learning, but more often, she writes. Like any good satyr, she believes that life is about living, so she doesn't hide away in an



office somewhere with a typewriter. She writes at the bar, on the bus, by the lake. She writes after making love, while drunk, before taking up her sword to combat. A satyr with a Passion for poetry always carries a pen, pencil, or crayon and has bits of paper everywhere, cocktail napkins and matchbooks covered with lines of verse.

The poetic satyr writes self-indulgently. She doesn't try to teach or share wisdom — she writes to express herself. When sharing what she's done, she expects a reaction and gets one. The depth of her sincerity is conveyed through her words and the strength of her emotion leaps from the page into the reader's mind, calling to its counterpart there. Over the centuries, many satyr poets have encouraged readers to seek adventure, break free of their prisons, or pursue true love, all through meticulously arranged words.

A PASSION FOR DEBATE

If you want to feel your heart race and your adrenaline flow, argue with a satyr. It is stimulating and fun. Then, you lose.

— Anonymous satyr

As much as satyrs love physical and social competition, they adore the mental challenge of debate 10 times more. Nothing gets their tails wagging faster than a good, rowdy argument. The satyr with a Passion for debate finds it difficult to stay out of discussions, for he always wants to give his own two cents. He interrupts overheard conversations between strangers or plays devil's advocate, even if he agrees with his opponent.

The rhetorical satyr sees all life mirrored in the push-and-pull of the debate. He has learned that position is only a matter of perspective. Thus, he can take any side of the issue and argue for or against it. Mental flexibility, eloquence and open-mindedness impress him. The satyr whose Passion is debate forces others to defend or reconsider their position. He ruthlessly pulls out all the stops once he has taken a position. These changelings end up with black eyes or split lips regularly because they can push the argument too far. Invariably, however, anyone who debates a satyr comes away having learned something important.

A satyr never holds a grudge against his opponent, even if he loses the debate. Always the first to offer a hand and smile after a heated discussion, a satyr puts aside his anger and frustration easily once the debate is over. In many ways, it's all a game to him; though he may become distraught during the course of the argument, he steps away with complete calm and free of reproach once it's over. More often than not, he thanks his opponent for the challenge and amusement. This thank-you, of course, doesn't always sit well with an antagonist who doesn't understand this satyr's sincerity.

A PASSION FOR BREWING

Nothing is as good as a fine satyr-brew for loosening tongues, lips and legs.

— Anonymous satyr

AMBROSIA

Ambrosia, the drink of the gods in ancient Greece, triggers desire, visions and euphoria. Some legends claim that it imparts immortality to the drinker. Satyrs alone have the recipe for it. They guard it like a family secret that is handed down through the generations. Unfortunately, no one has succeeded at duplicating Ambrosia; perhaps the recipe is wrong, perhaps the ingredients no longer have the qualities they once did. Many satyr master-brewers have tried to make this Ambrosia, though as far as anyone knows, all have failed. A few of them have made it their life's work to find out why their recipe doesn't work.

Satyrs have a natural affinity for wine, beer and liquor. At every satyr gathering, a broad variety of each tempts the palate. Some satyrs do not drink commercial beers or wines, and they rudely insult even the most renowned of international beverages. All of them choose their home-brew every time, if given the choice. Satyrs are acclaimed for their ability to make the most succulent wines and premium beers. Those who have a Passion for it become legends quickly.

Satyrs have a definite code of ethics governing their wine-making and brewing: They never use artificial ingredients and no satyr ever sells his liquor, which doesn't mean that there is no cost for it. Satyrs take great pride in their brewing skills and anyone who does not openly enjoy it and exaggerate his praise for it, draws a satyr's ire. Praise goes a long way toward appeasing the satyr with a Passion for brewing and wine-making.

Tradition dictates that the recipient of satyr-brew must toast the satyr who made it with the first drink from the bottle. If the satyr's identity is unknown, then one should toast satyrs as a whole. According to superstition, bad luck befalls anyone who forgets to do so. This kind of toast has developed and is now habitual among changelings who don't want to risk the bad luck of satyr wrath. They murmur it under their breaths even when drinking mortal alcohol — just in case — “Three cheers for satyr-brew.” Sometimes the toast is shortened in public, and humans have picked up this habit of toasting as well, “Cheers!”

UNSEELIE PASSIONS

Unseelie Passions are inclined to be more deviant than those of their Seelie cousins. Some Unseelie satyrs have delved into sadomasochism, fetishism, dark performance art, torture, the art of assassination, cults and violent crime. Their Passions vary as greatly as those of the Seelie among their kith. Unseelie satyrs have extremely fruitful and active imaginations. Sometimes sunshine satyrs find the dark, nightmarish aspect of Unseelie Passions distasteful; however, a moon satyr takes pride in her work and art and explores her Passion with as much zeal and energy as her sunnier cousins. Yet, satyrs denounce one another's Passion rarely, especially in public. They toe the line between Seelie and Unseelie by choice, so it behooves them to





never criticize or judge another satyr's Passion. They understand the need for diversity and acceptance. And, a satyr slips from light to dark, and vice versa, because experimentation with her Passion has drawn her in that direction.

THE LIVING TIME

Because satyrs thrust themselves wholeheartedly into their Passion, they risk going overboard. Some experience intervals when they become so obsessed with learning all they can about their Passion, that they practice it night and day, to the exclusion of all other activities. Satyrs call this period of obsession "The Living Time," and they watch one another carefully for signs of it. The Living Time is dangerous for obvious reasons. A satyr may be too preoccupied to even eat, drink or bathe. After a while, as the satyr becomes more and more isolated from mortal society, she risks Bedlam. If a satyr enters into the Living Time and doesn't come out of it within a week or two, her tragos or friends must attempt to rescue her by coaxing her out into the world for a night on the town or an evening at court. Usually, a couple of hours with other satyrs, away from her Passion, gives her enough of a jerk to draw her out of her Living Time; however, her tragos should still keep an eye on her, just in case she needs another dose of outside stimuli.

SUNSHINE SATYR, MOON SATYR

Satyrs have adopted a unique terminology for the Seelie and Unseelie among them. They relate the Seelie Court with sunshine, bright and golden, and the Unseelie with the moon, sharp and mysterious. Sunshine satyrs follow the Seelie Code. Their bright personalities and fun-loving ways light the way for other fae and serve to remind people of the importance of keeping a positive outlook, appreciating beauty and remaining unscarred by dishonor. They believe in true love and the possibility of perfection.

Moon satyrs, on the other hand, follow the Unseelie Code. Their legacies tend to be more obscured and their Passions darker. These satyrs roam the night and take what they want. They lend twisted definitions to both honor and beauty, preferring a more chaotic approach to life and the living of it. Love, to them, is as changing and fleeting as the glimmers of silver-blue moonlight upon the surface of a lake.





LEIF
JONES
1997

CHAPTER THREE: EXPOSING OURSELVES

Carry on with your bad self, Joe. You've fuckin' got it goin' on. I can see in your eyes that you've known love.

— Marty Sanderson, "A Satyr in My Soup"

LIFE CYCLES

Satyrs believe in the ancient concept of cycles. Like the Greeks, whose dreams birthed the first satyrs, they philosophize that all life is a conglomeration of circles and that all things are connected in some way. Each person lives her life, traveling around the circle until she reaches the beginning again and starts anew. Other people's circles may intersect with hers, like the rings of the Olympic symbol, but none mirror it exactly.

From Chrysalis to death, satyrs follow a path of exploration, experimentation and learning. In the heart of every satyr burns the need to know. Whether they realize it or not, they seek wisdom and answers to their many questions about life and love. When viewed in this manner, the satyr lifestyle seems less bohemian. Satyrs excel in landscapes where others fear to tread. From their heavens and hells, they look out at the world and dare us to join them.

FAUNS

Given over to fun and games, childling satyrs amuse and inspire affection from other changelings. Even sour redcaps, fussy boggans, and grumpy nockers find themselves laughing at these light-hearted, playful creatures. Perhaps the most magical time in any satyr's life, the childling years overflow with new experiences, opportunities to learn and firsts (first kiss, first love, first broken heart). Fauns, as satyrs call their childlings, trip through the world on a wave of awe and wonder. The Dreaming

rises once more before them and their gray world suddenly fills with color and light.

A Seelie faun, in particular, bubbles over with enthusiasm and a joy for life that can be quite contagious. His mischief doesn't cause too much harm, most of the time, and when he's not pouting about being put to bed or being kept from court, he spreads good will all around. An Unseelie faun is a wild, untamed creature who runs with his whims and blows with the winter winds. Malicious and hurtful, he has little respect for his fellow changelings and few boundaries to keep him in line. He takes great pleasure in dark games and often inspires older moon satyrs with his ingenuity and twisted creativity. An Unseelie faun is the bad boy of the Dreaming. He carries frogs in his pocket and situates himself so he can look up ladies' dresses. He takes great pleasure in being the first to kiss the sidhe childling and make her cry.

The childling years are a dangerous time, because a faun's natural curiosity and daring haven't felt wisdom's tempering touch. This inquisitive faerie gets into trouble at every turn, often dragging his elders in to rescue him. He doesn't take well to rules and sometimes, quite innocently, forgets that he's forbidden to do something. A faun's mentor spends a good deal of time chasing after the errant childling and corralling him back to the fold where he'll be safe.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY

"Honest to a fault!" — that's what other faeries say about satyrs. In truth, satyrs have the ability to lie just like everyone else, and they don't have any moral bans against it. They just usually don't see any reason to tell anything but the blatant truth. Satyrs tell it like it is. Often accused of callousness, they lack tact and rarely bother with saving a person's feelings. Chidlings, especially, blurt out their thoughts without restraint, as the young do. Though, by the time their beards have grayed, they have learned to exercise more control over their tongues.

Satyrs don't insult everyone deliberately. Yet, when they're actively trying, the target definitely feels the sting. Rather, satyrs just say what they're thinking when they're thinking it, without inhibition, which means that when they like something, they say so and when they don't, they say so. Satyrs point out embarrassing truths and ask the most pertinent questions. Most satyrs have a terminal case of hoof-in-mouth disease.

Many noble courts tolerate the presence of at least one satyr for this very reason. What more valuable asset is there than a member of the court who calls attention to others when they are lying or being manipulative? And, if the noble knows the satyr's loyalty, he then cherishes his courtier even more.

Unfortunately for satyrs, however, this factor also means that few people other than their most trusted friends come to them in confidence. To say that satyrs have a hard time keeping a secret is an understatement. Their spontaneity works against them in this case. Satyrs are always the first to give away the surprise party or tell what's in the shiny, neatly wrapped present, so other Kithain tend to keep satyrs out of the loop. Satyrs don't mind — they love being surprised as much as they love knowing secrets.

WILD ONES

Satyrs insist that they are the ones who put the "wild" in wilder. Their middle years overflow with excess as they push themselves to live as fast and hard as possible. The wonder years of youth have passed and, with maturity, comes the need to sow a few wild oats. The desire to attain passion and perfection drives her from some secret place inside her subconscious. Ever-questing, she is never satisfied with second-best.

Among Seelie satyrs, this yearning manifests as light-hearted play, melancholy and heart-felt romance. A sunshine satyr, as Seelie satyrs call themselves, embraces life with all its hills and valleys. She hurts just like any other being, but she never loses her hope entirely for the next moment's happiness. As she jumps from one great adventure to another, she doesn't look back or take the time to regret her past choices. This satyr

pursues her Passion with fervor and takes every opportunity to have fun.

An Unseelie wilder lives life with the same libertine philosophy, except he delves into the realm of nightmares. His inner-most urges have a more primal or deviant nature. He often hurts others, both physically and emotionally, without a second thought, as he explores his Passion and rides the roller-coaster of life. Very self-indulgent, the Unseelie satyr does not always benefit from the empathy and wisdom that many Seelie wilders acquire. His selfishness inspires petulance and the urge to manipulate others. A moon satyr hates the pomposity of courtly life and the tedium of politics for politics' sake, but he holds his own when it comes to manipulation.

LOSS, PAIN AND DEATH

In the World of Darkness, tragedy touches everyone. All beings experience the pain of loss. Satyrs hurt. They bleed and they mourn like anyone else. Emotions, both positive and negative, course through satyrs like mercury. Creatures of extreme, they perceive everything with intensity. Their moody natures result from the depth of their feeling, not from some superficial crankiness. To mistake a satyr's mood as inconsequential does these sensitive fae a disservice.

People often notice the transient nature of a satyr's mourning, love or hate, and think this means that the feelings have no substance. They accuse satyrs of callousness, falseness, and even outright dishonesty. This allegation hurts satyrs deeply. When a love dies or a hatred softens, these changelings see no point in continuing it with a facade, which makes some people think that the emotion was never genuine to begin with — rarely the case.

The same applies to a satyr's method for dealing with death and loss. For a short time, they mourn with real tears and anger. Rather than retreat into a cocoon of their own suffering, they act out; a rowdy party or a drinking binge, an all-night roll in the hay or a marathon run, all these are methods that satyrs have used as a catharsis for their pain and grief. Satyrs have a saying, "To truly honor the dead, one must celebrate life."



GRUMPS

These crusty old satyrs have had their wild days and feel Banality breathing down their necks. A satyr grump has learned from her experiences and concentrated her tastes. She no longer feels pressure to be constantly on the go, seeking excitement and adventure. She still loves to do all the things she always did, she just doesn't do them as often.

A satyr grump mentors the fauns and wild children of her kith. She has the authority and wisdom to teach these youths how to survive; she advises changelings of all kinds on many different topics, everything from matters of the heart to combat skills. A grump satyr has as many anecdotes and sayings to illustrate her points as any boggan or eshu. And like everything else, she shares these snippets of wisdom without restraint.

Seelie and Unseelie grumps differ in much the same way that satyr wilders of the different courts do. Their lives have brought them a bit further though, and so they have matured in their own way. An Unseelie grump has had her razor-sharp edges dulled somewhat by time and Banality.

Every satyr grump wakes up one morning and realizes that her glory days are over. Satyrs call this "getting clocked." It can occur late in their grump years, or early. The "getting clocked" phenomenon marks the beginning of the end for a satyr and is usually accompanied by a period of manic-depressive behavior beyond the norm, even for a satyr. Though some satyrs find remission from this depression, none ever recovers entirely.

Trapped in a body saturated in Banality, a satyr grump resents her human shell for its inherent weaknesses and mortality. When she gets clocked by the realization that her youth is spent, her whole understanding of the world changes: growing a little darker, a little less sweet. Each satyr deals with this disappointment in her own way. She becomes very bitter toward the human race in general and turns her frustrations on them. Or, she throws herself completely into her Passion in one last attempt to glean all that she can from life, risking a slide into Bedlam. Another grump may become depressed and renounce her Passion for a while, thus, cutting herself off from one of the things that keeps her Glamour strong.

No matter how a satyr approaches her grump years, a deep sadness hangs over her wherever she goes, like a cloud gray-tinting every song, every dance, every moment of love-making. It may not always be evident in her laughter or in her kiss, but it's at the edge of all she does, and it waits to overtake her and put an end to her Passion.



SATYR FASHION

Like other changelings, a satyr's Glamour naturally creates a voile for her when she experiences her Chrysalis. Her garb tends toward flowing silks in the colors of the forests, lakes and gardens. Freedom of movement is very important to satyrs, so she rarely wears anything on her legs and prefers to adorn her upper body only in scarves, vests and jewelry. Satyrs can, however, dress with beautiful creativity. Some love the feel of leather and chains, while others favor a more uncontrived approach by decorating their hair with chimerical pine cones and ivy vines.

More than anything, however, most satyrs prefer to be naked, which, unfortunately, limits their ability to travel among mortals, since a naked woman walking down Lincoln Avenue definitely draws unwanted attention.

THE TRAGODIA: A DANCE OF DEATH

Death, a part of the cycle of life, comes to everyone eventually. Satyrs all know and accept this fact. Yet, their greatest fear is to become decrepit. With old age comes a weakening of the body. Strength dissipates, desire lessens, abilities wane and the Mists eclipse the soul.

Satyrs live hard and fast. Ever since the Shattering, when all changelings took mortal bodies in order to survive, satyrs, like the other kith, have had to learn to live with death. Many grump satyrs, who teeter at the edge of the Mists, prefer to take charge of their own destiny. These satyrs don't want to slip away into darkness by gradually forgetting their friends and memories. They choose instead to end their changeling existence among loved ones, with their faculties still intact. They want everyone to remember them as they were — in their prime, not as withered, pruny satyrs.

Changelings keep the Mists back with pure determination and willpower. By refusing to release their connection to the wondrous, they keep their hold on the Dreaming. When a satyr has determined that the time has come for her tragodia, she loses her will to live and lets herself slip into the Mists, but only after she has had the most raucous party of her life.

When a satyr's Banality reaches critical mass, she may request the *calephetos*. This wordless dirge carries in its notes all the sorrow ever known by the satyr kith. It demands a choice from the satyr, one that she must make then and there. The mere sound of this song draws tears from all those who hear it. One satyr starts it and all others join in gradually with their own instruments until the grump's own chords are added. The notes come instinctually to satyrs, for they are born from the very depths of their souls. As each satyr takes a turn in the spotlight, he or she reaffirms her dedication to life until, finally, the grump takes her turn and must choose between living or dying. Often, by the time she calls for the *calephetos*, the grump has already

decided. If she chooses life, she then bleats her joy and renewed commitment; if not, she chants her fondest memories in rhyme. The party begins.

The tragoidia bears weighty significance to satyrs: After all, it marks the end of a life. At a tragoidia, satyrs celebrate their own lives, remember and toast the life of the dying one, and reaffirm their loyalty to the Dreaming. Usually held after dark, outdoors in a forest or field, these clamorous events begin with a torch-lit procession into the festival clearing. Everyone dresses in layered silks and leathers that cover their bodies from neck to hoof. The dying satyr is at the end of the procession. As she enters the clearing, the other satyrs decorate her hair with flowers and put strings of nuts around her neck—symbols of life and physical pleasure. They others draw designs on her face with berry-juice dyes and put clover rings on her fingers. Once she has been adorned, all the other satyrs crowd around to congratulate her on her long, wonderful life. They kiss and embrace her, cheering all the while, pat her on the back and slap her on the bottom. During this merrymaking, the music begins and all there break into dance or song.

Everyone puts on their brightest face for this event, despite the tragic occasion. They play and sing the *calephotos* or "Dance of Death," a song traditional to the tragoidia. Its many movements last the entire night and eventually build the mood into a frenzy. Soon clothing begins to fall away, and the dances become more erotic. Before long, many silken garments cover the ground with a rainbow of color. The satyrs step upon them or pick them up to swirl them and wrap one another as they

dance. Mortals who are within a few miles, with Banality ratings of 5 or lower, may sense the primal energy of the tragoidia and find themselves aroused to dancing, sex, or love without even realizing why.

Laughter and words of love punctuate the music as the evening unfolds. Fine satyr-brew quenches thirsts and feeds the flames of passion. Childlings run and play, dance and laugh. Wilders flirt and grope, dance and tease. Grumps mostly share tales from the guest of honor's life, taste the many beverages offered, and exchange witticisms among themselves.

During the event, the guest of honor finds herself presented with every indulgence she could possibly want. She may take advantage of any or all of them. Beautiful satyrs, both male and female, tease her with caresses, nips and whispered words. Praise runs high for her and no one may criticize the dying one. The others focus their attention on getting her to a peak of arousal and keeping her there. She may choose someone or several someones for a more intimate dance, which they perform in the middle of the clearing. The event then becomes an uninhibited orgy in honor of life and the satyr way of living it.

As the sun begins to rise over the horizon, its gentle light hits the sleeping bodies of the satyrs where they have collapsed from real or pretended exhaustion. From among the entangled limbs, the dying one emerges. She looks over her sleeping friends, many of whom only feign to sleep as tradition dictates, then she turns and walks eastward into the rising sun. She never returns. In this way, the grump can leave her life with one last memory of its glory and passion.



CALEPHETOS:

DANCE OF DEATH, DANCE OF LIFE

The traditional music played at a tragoidia may not sound like all one song, but it is. It begins with the sorrowful dirge that calls for a Banality-ridden grump to choose between life and death. This section has no words and is the most memorable, for it comes from the very heart of satyr passions. Throughout the numerous movements of this extended and diverse song, one chorus repeats over and over. The actual verses of the *calephetos* vary greatly, changing regularly as new ones get added and old ones get forgotten, but the chorus remains the same year after year: It advises the satyrs to celebrate life for soon the cycle will end. Shouts of encouragement, usually accompanied with the raising of a glass in toast, punctuate the lines.

The satyrs sing:
*Cast off your shell.
Dance beneath the moon.
(Let's dance!)*
*Sing hi-dee-hi-dee-ho
and play a lively tune.
(Let's sing!)*
*Hear your heart pump
and feel your blood flow.
We're alive. We're in love
and dawn is coming soon.
(Let's fuck!)*

TRAGOS

In the dark time of the Inquisition, satyrs found safety in numbers. They banded together and formed troupes of traveling musicians and actors. In those days, as they continue to do, they protected one another from Banality's bounty hunters. These groups became known as *tragos*. The word "tragos" comes from *tragoidia*, a form of Greek choric ceremony associated with satyr-plays, and the name given to the death-dance of a satyr.

Loosely organized and overseen by one or more wizened grumps, *tragos* work like extended families, although family members come and go on a regular basis. Each has its own method of decision-making, though many use a version of democracy. Embracing an open-door policy, *tragos* welcome all new satyrs into their fold without prejudice or judgment. This policy includes both Seelie and Unseelie satyrs. Although satyrs tend to split up into Seelie and Unseelie *tragos*, due to basic philosophical differences, few ever turn away one of their own kith merely because of her court affiliation. They realize that the protection of their fellow fae outweighs the rivalry that exists between the two. Nevertheless, majority tends to rule in a *tragos* and a satyr in the minority finds group life more than a little

frustrating. An Unseelie satyr is treated like the black sheep of the family in a Seelie *tragos*, and vice versa.

A *tragos* usually has one central place where its members meet and hang out. This locale could be someone's home, a freehold or a public bar. Satyrs know that they can almost always find help, drink, fun or empathy at their home base.

The membership of some *tragos* is based on geographic location; only those satyrs living in a certain area or city belong to the *tragos*. Others are based on ideology or mission. These *tragos* have members scattered about — around the world in extreme cases — and usually work toward a common goal, support one another and keep in regular contact despite the distance.

Tragos-mates may fight and carry life-long grudges against one another, but when an outside enemy threatens any of them, they stand together. Satyrs have an innate sense of loyalty to their *tragos*, perhaps because *tragos* have historically been crucial to satyr survival. Only under the most extreme circumstances will a satyr betray a *tragos*-mate in a life-or-death situation. Whenever someone attacks, kills or severely injures a satyr, the perpetrator can expect a visit from the other *tragos* members. And it won't be pretty.

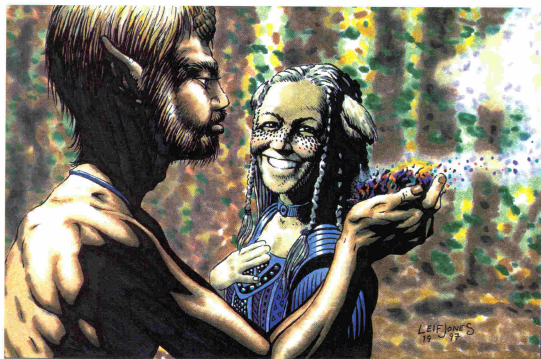
The members of a *tragos* spend a great deal of time together. They have parties and make music. They have long debates and make love. Sometimes, it seems that only a satyr can truly understand the philosophy and feelings of another satyr. Since these changelings get into trouble regularly and make enemies right and left among the other Kithain, they need the understanding shoulders of their fellow satyrs to cry on.

NIKOS OF THE NORTH AND HIS TRAGOS

In the mid-'70s, when people began to visit their shrinks almost as often as they visited the bathroom, psychiatrists and psychologists acquired a power that they did not have previously: trendiness. Housewives with addictions, businessmen with sexual dysfunctions, and schizophrenic teens no longer felt "abnormal" taking their places on the proverbial couch to discuss their mothers and the dreams they never even shared with their husbands, wives, or best friends. If you didn't have a weekly appointment with the foremost psychologist in town, then you were a nobody.

A good number of people were committed to asylums in the '70s, and many of these doomed souls were there because they spoke openly about their pre-Chrysalis visions and sensations. More sane than the Banality-ridden doctors who committed them, many mortals were incarcerated for relaying conversations with rabbits, visitations by unicorns, or other fantastical events that they knew had happened yet refused to deny.

During this time, a particularly remarkable satyr named Nikos of the North noticed what was happening. Nikos' lover died when he couldn't rescue him from an asylum in time. This incident gave Nikos a cause to swear that he would do all that he could to save others from a similar fate. He fought his way



through school to earn a doctorate in psychiatry. No small task — he had to combat the Banality that accompanied his studies constantly. At night, Nikos lived like a wild man in order to offset the insidious darkness that stalked him during the day. He finally succeeded in finishing and took a job at the local mental hospital.

Nikos then founded a unique tragos known as Hippocrates' Dream Warriors, or Hippies for short. Many of the satyrs in the tragos follow in Nikos' steps with his guidance and aid, though not all have the strength and courage to endure. Those who get too close to slipping into the Mists during their training withdraw from the program and become supporters for those who do make it through.

Hippies have taken positions in more than 30 mental hospitals, institutions for the criminally insane, and rest homes across North America. They serve as guardians in some of the most dangerous and horrific places, watching for those who have been committed wrongfully. They search for people who are not crazy, but who have merely glimpsed a bit of the world's wonder and been misunderstood.

The hardest part of a Hippie's quest involves determining whether a patient is truly insane or not. This process is not always as cut-and-dry as one might imagine, especially considering that a few weeks in a mental institution itself could drive a perfectly sane person mad. Once a patient's sanity has been confirmed as veritable, the guardian attempts to free her. Depending on a Hippie's position at the institute, this "freeing"

might involve filling out some forms or staging a break-out. Many Hippies go to outer limits and take extreme risks to save people.

THE SAN FRANCISCO TRAGOS

Near the San Francisco wharf, a row of converted warehouses line a side street. A black-walled Goth bar lurks inside one of them, behind an unmarked door. People hear about it by word-of-mouth, and they come in droves on the weekends to writhe on the dance floor and drink themselves into an altered state of cognizance. The bar is known only as "that Goth club down by the wharf," since it has no name of its own.

The unisex bathrooms in "that Goth club" have large, private stalls and machines that dispense French ticklers. In the hallway, a bondage X hangs on the wall — its leather wrist and ankle straps worn with regular use. As the patrons enter, they pass a long counter where a Goth-child sells massage oils, body paint, leather collars and harnesses, latex clothing and accessories, organic stimulants and fashionable condoms.

The club has evolved from a disco den in the '70s to a lair of iniquity today. It houses a tragos of Unseelie satyrs who revel in the dark creatures that their club attracts. These satyrs inspire the pretentious young Goths in their black leather and lace to explore avenues of pleasure and pain that they didn't know existed. These moon satyrs have developed a rather hard-core S&M crowd with whom they test their own limitations.

The club has its own house band, called Deviance, that

plays every weekend. Its lead singer and musicians are satyrs who set the mood with hard-edged techno and industrial music scooped up from the dark recesses of their souls. Deviance has had several record offers, but the band sees no reason to leave the club. Partying there every weekend has got to be more fun than recording and touring.

THE EDEN TRAGOS

Nestled in the Florida Keys, a beach resort/nudist colony provides a home for the largest tragos in the world. Known as Eden, satyrs come from all around for vacation or to live there permanently. The resort covers 10 square miles and offers something for every taste.

Eden has its own economy, with retail and service shops of all sorts run by residents. The Eden police and fire departments, both volunteer forces of mortal and Kithain, keep the island secure, and a small hospital handles emergencies. Eden has temporary and permanent housing and an hourly shuttle to the mainland. Unless health or safety regulations dictate otherwise, anyone can perform their duties nude, and many do.

Nudity at Eden is the norm rather than the exception. Although no one is required to take off his clothing, the option is there. And Eden residents don't make a big deal of it either way. Once a newcomer has been at the resort for a couple of hours, the shock of seeing so many naked bodies performing everyday activities wears off. People play nude volleyball, get massages at the gym, and take mud-baths in the unisex spa.

This tropical paradise has all the standard attractions of an island in the Caribbean: palm trees, white beaches, blue water, coral reefs, and lots of sunshine. Large sections of the land remain natural and undeveloped for those guests who wish to "rough it." One of the main attractions is Soliloquy Falls on the south end of the island. It drops over 150 feet from the top of a rocky cliff into a deep, wide lagoon. Satyrs sun themselves on the rocks and swim in the clear water, breathing in the heady perfume of tropical flowers and watching the rainbows created in the mist rising from the waterfall.

In Eden, satyrs mingle with humans as well as other Kithain. Most of the mortals living here or visiting Eden are dreamers who come at the invitation of their faerie muse. A large artist's colony occupies the northeastern corner of the island. No one is excluded for any reason other than Banality. The arrival of Unseelie changelings draws attention, but they may stay as long as they do not cause harm to anyone. Indeed, several special spas and recreation facilities offer unique services to the more eccentric of the faeries.



SPIDERWEB TEA ROOM

Deena Wanna, a sluagh originally from New York, came to Eden in the early '90s on a short vacation and she never left. She opened the Spiderweb Tea Room a year later. Sluagh can share secrets while they drink their rose-petal tea at the Spiderweb. Satyrs visit the Tea Room for the uniqueness of the experience, though not many return a second time. In the spirit of diversity, the Eden Tragos gives Deena free reign over her establishment. All they ask is that she not harm anyone without their permission.

SOCIAL GRACES

Because of their very natures, most satyrs don't blend well in the stiff-necked faerie courts. Their gritty sense of humor and irreverent behavior offend noble sensibilities. Pinching the baron's butt and peering into the countess' cleavage doesn't customarily earn them any brownie points either. Court politics bore satyrs, and a bored satyr can always find something to liven things up, which is to the chagrin of those who take such courtly maneuverings quite seriously. Satyrs view noble gatherings as an opportunity to scope out potential lovers and to meddle in the romantic business of others.

MATCHMAKER, MATCHMAKER

Known as the Cyranos of the faerie kith, satyrs lend their advice on matters of love as readily as they lift a draught of satyr-brew to their lips. These feisty changelings are consummate matchmakers and always on the lookout for love-lorn changelings and mortals. With the intent of advancing the cause, they take on *projects*. Many young changelings become indebted to satyrs who ghost-write love poetry for them or who cleverly arrange a *coincidental* meeting at the right place and time. A satyr's plotting often resembles a Shakespearean comedy as he drops well-placed rumors and carefully manipulates affections.

THE SEELIE COURT

Defenders of the romantic, Seelie satyrs cling to the concepts of honor, love and beauty, and they treat oathbreakers and cowards with the utmost contempt. Although they do not proclaim their honor as loudly as the sidhe or the trolls, their philosophies parallel the Seelie Code. The preservation of Glamour is as important to these sunshine satyrs as are their lives.

Seelie satyrs have a unique perspective of honor. They don't care for the pomposity of chivalrous codes and knightly ethics, but they do embrace a philosophy of respect for other

beings. Oaths and promises are even more sacred to them than to most other kith. For this reason, they rarely swear them. For a satyr to promise fealty or swear an oath, she must truly mean it. Other Kithain may stand by an oath out of a sense of honor, but they don't always abide by it because they truly mean it in their hearts. Sunshine satyrs who give their word have searched deep inside themselves, truly want the oath, and stand by it to the end.

Many of the other kith claim that satyrs are untrustworthy because they refuse to join oathcircles regularly. Others don't understand the honor in the refusal and don't always appreciate the importance when a satyr does swear an oath. Satyrs themselves rarely request an oath from another changeling, be it the Oath of Clasped Hands, the Oath of Truehearts, or any other. Tragos are never bound together by such promises of loyalty. Satyrs feel that being oathbound to another is like having a part of their freedom, which they love more than anything, taken away. Repudiation is the more honorable choice.

Love is a motivating force for these Kithain. They believe in true love with utmost sincerity and spend most of their lives seeking it and encouraging it in others. Satyrs may go through many lovers in a very brief time in their quest for their one true love. Any wrong can be forgiven when committed for true love. Where satyr love goes, sex follows close behind, although this correlation is not always the case. Despite what other kith say about them, many Seelie satyrs prefer the surge of love to the rush of sex and oftentimes have the most passionate platonic relationships.

Each of the faerie kith has its own definition of beauty. The same applies to satyrs. Whereas the sidhe may find beauty in the curve of an ear or the crystalline structure of a freehold, and a nocker may gaze in wonder at a chimerical canon, a satyr tends to seek beauty in more earthly places. The glimmer of sweat between his lover's breasts may draw a sigh; the creamy head on a fresh glass of satyr-brew may make him smile. The skipping dance of musical notes as they flow from his flute may carry him away and the laughter of a faun may make him pause in his conversation. Satyrs revere these things. Though their definition of beauty may differ from that of the other kith, satyrs are no less dedicated to its protection and appreciation.

Long in memory and honest gratitude, satyrs never forget a debt. Though they interpret the Seelie Code a bit more liberally than some of the other kith do, they always return a favor with a favor. Satyrs do not do this, however, out of a sense of responsibility, but out of a good-natured desire to return a kindness. A satyr very seldom repays a debt with the same gift that was given. They do not feel obligated to speak an oath that they did not request, however, they find some other way to acknowledge and reciprocate the act.

By the same token, satyrs return a slight with a slight. Their vengeance is immediate and poignant. They don't bother with grudges that last: Life is too short. Seelie satyrs instead enact their revenge and then their anger is put aside. Creative and without inhibition, satyr counter-strikes usually involve the humiliation of their target and hit very close to home, especially

when the object of their ire has fragile sensibilities.

Of course, all satyrs are individuals and their personalities vary greatly. Knightly satyrs exist, as do those interested in courtly politics. They may each express them in their own ways, but when it comes down to bare bones, Seelie satyrs all follow the same principles of respect, freedom and honesty.

THE UNSEELIE COURT

Moon satyrs have chosen the dark path that leads to the exploration of their passions. Much more deviant than their Seelie cousins, they do not prescribe to manners, tact, or restraint. Unseelie satyrs can be quite dangerous due to their primal natures. If they see something they want, they take it and to hell with anyone who gets hurt in the process. Driven by urges that rise up from deep within them, they exercise little control over their impulses and let their passions move them. The Unseelie satyrs are selfish to the extreme as they seek only power and personal gratification. The Dreaming has turned its back on them and now it's every satyr for himself. Glamour, to these Kithain, holds no special significance except as a means to an end, the goals being survival and power.

Unseelie satyrs don't give a damn about the Unseelie Code, though they naturally follow the philosophies behind it. Without actually claiming any form of allegiance to the code, they uphold and propagate it. They believe that the ability to adapt and change is crucial to their survival. Abhorring weakness and cowardice of any sort, Unseelie satyrs often inject chaos where it does not exist normally. They gain enormous pleasure from watching other changelings fail to rise to the challenge. Although they don't put it into words, they seem to feel that it is their duty to test and teach their fellow faeries about adversity, danger and loss. Moon satyrs know that nothing lasts forever and enjoy making sure that others find this out as well.

As long as there are mortals, there will be Glamour galore. Unseelie satyrs have acquired an attitude of superiority with regard to mortals. They view mortals like mortals view cows, nothing more than a source of the sweetest cream for their consumption. They tip them over in the fields when bored and steal their Glamour when they feel the urge.

Unseelie contempt for the concept of honor is strong among these satyrs. They have no need for rules or chivalric codes to know how to act. They scorn honor, which they view as an attempt by the Seelie nobility to control their behavior, and choose pure freedom over the false freedom embraced by the Seelie Kithain. Independent to the extreme, Unseelie satyrs listen only to their instincts and keep self-preservation at the top of their list of goals. Moon satyrs are even less likely to take an oath than Seelie satyrs. Although more than honor binds a changeling to her oath, these promises are founded on a principle of giving. Compromise is unacceptable. For this reason, few Unseelie satyrs stay with Seelie tragos for long. Their own tragos form out of the need for protection from Banality. Even Unseelie satyrs, who are basically social creatures, need the company of their fellow fae to hold back the dark tide that is spreading across the world.

Free spirits, these satyrs live via their passions. Thus, they take each moment at a time and follow their instincts no matter what the consequences. Philosophically, they believe that to do otherwise is to deny their very being. To live by rules imposed on them is to betray themselves. Unseelie satyrs claim that the only true guide down the right path is their primal instinct and all else is a lie. Freedom comes with the release of all inhibition, fear and conscience. Death, so unpredictable, cuts life short no matter when it comes, so Unseelie satyrs try to cram as much as possible into what little time they have and expect everyone else to do the same. Nothing else matters. They have no sympathy for those who do not play by the same rules.

THE SHADOW COURT

Most Unseelie satyrs who know that the Shadow Court exists see it as just another group of nobles trying to tell them how to behave. They discount this court as just another feeble attempt to take over the fae and rule them with regulations designed to suit the court's needs. Unseelie satyrs ignore the Shadow Court as they go about their own concern of self-gratification.

A few satyrs, however, have become involved in the political maneuverings of the Shadow Court. They participate only because it allows them to pursue their particular dark passions more easily — with a chaotic cause to sweeten the pot. Moon satyrs with a penchant for assassination, thievery, and black intrigue join the Shadow Court for the opportunity it gives them

to explore their passions. Many are drawn in by the secretive nature of the court, like moths to a flame. They enjoy being part of such a sinister, subversive group.

Contrary to what its critics say, the Shadow Court encourages its satyrs to push the limits of their passions. Thus, court satyrs follow their instincts with total abandon, often on the verge on the loss of reason and living in a perpetual Living Time. These changelings are among the most dangerous of all the fae, for they abide by no rules and do not know the meaning of mercy or restraint. Some of the more blatant breaches of the Escheat are often traced back to these wild creatures.

OPINIONS, TAKE 'EM OR LEAVE 'EM

Satyrs freely offer their opinions about everything. They are among the most opinionated of all the changeling kith. Satyrs judge their fellow fae by physical attractiveness, sense of humor, wit, and tolerance. Their live-and-let-live attitudes lead them to ignore those kith who annoy them or fall short in their eyes. Why bother with the throw-backs when there are so many beautiful catches to be had?

BOGGANS

Industrious to a fault, boggans have little patience for play, a fact that satyrs find somewhat disturbing. Satyrs sit back and watch as the chubby little homebodies flit here and there *getting things done*. Whenever a boggan passes by, satyrs cross their fingers and whisper a tongue-in-cheek protection against the





contagion that causes these changelings to work so diligently, "No cooties. I'm safe."

Nevertheless, satyrs realize the utility of the boggan gossip network; they use it on a regular basis to spread rumors to aid in their romantic maneuverings. Unbeknownst to them, boggans often serve as tools to encourage lovers to unite. A well-placed word reaches its target eventually and furthers the cause of romance.

Unseelie satyrs, surprisingly, have even less respect for these fae than their Seelie cousins do. They find no redeeming qualities in boggans other than as a source of amusement. There is nothing quite as satisfying as disturbing a boggan's work with rude comments, gestures and advances. Moon satyrs take great pleasure in tormenting them, and to seduce a Seelie boggan into bed is a major coup. Unseelie boggans don't offer much to satyrs either; they deal in information and other contraband, but their loose tongues make it barely worthwhile to negotiate with them.

ESHU

Seelie satyrs and eshu make interesting bed-fellows. When these two kith meet, sparks fly. The eshu's love of travel, adventure and excitement blends perfectly with the satyr's love of fun. As traveling partners, these two kith invariably spawn tales that resound for years. Satyrs have somewhat of a fascination for eshu and will often follow them around in search of excitement. In addition, satyrs enjoy the eshu's storytelling ability, though they can rarely sit still long enough to hear the whole thing.

Eshu and satyrs share a common love: freedom. It draws them together more effectively than any other aspect of their personalities. The eshu understand satyr philosophy better than any other kith, a fact that has endeared them to the satyrs. Furthermore, the eshu's faith in their destiny and their willingness to follow their instincts gives them another bond with satyrs. Though they both differ in many ways, the eshu and satyrs have a great deal in common.

Nor do Unseelie satyrs find much fault with these exotic fae. Although they claim that Seelie eshu only pretend to embrace freedom while coveting the noble seats in court, they admire the Unseelie eshu for their complete abandon of all conscience and pretense.

NOCKERS

Satyrs find little redeeming value in machines and the nockers' fascination with gadgets is lost on them. Although they can appreciate good craftsmanship and they realize that there is passion in a nocker's creations, they feel that nockers waste their time with things when they should be paying more attention to people. Sunshine satyrs have given up on nockers and don't bother to try to bring them out of their anal-retentive shells. The flack they get when they attempt to distract a nocker with fun or romance only makes them angry. Even a nocker's independent spirit doesn't raise satyr opinion of him, since he seeks to be different merely for the sake of being different and not out of any desire for adventure or experience.

Only one thing redeems nockers in the eyes of satyrs: their ability to make magnificent and lasting musical instruments. To own a nocker-made lyre, drum or pipe is a thing of pride. Instruments created by faeries of this kith can take whatever punishment a satyr inflicts upon it and still retain its perfect tone. A satyr does nearly anything in order to possess such a treasure.

Among moon satyrs, nockers have a reputation as stodgy workaholics that make great target practice. These satyrs haven't been turned off by nocker reactions to their torment, but rather find encouragement in how easily they can rile one up. Seelie nockers seem particularly easy to anger with their pretentious pride and styling, whereas Unseelie nockers sometimes enjoy the games satyrs play with them. Teasing an Unseelie nocker can prove to be dangerous, though few satyrs pass up the opportunity.

POOKA

Satyrs have an odd love-hate relationship with pooka. They appreciate a pooka's carefree attitude and love of fun, however, they find pooka speech confusing and annoying. Trying to figure out what a pooka means every time he opens his mouth frustrates satyrs. They don't want to work that hard. With each passing moment, his patience dwindles. Pooka sense this irateness and, thus, tension develops between the two. Most satyrs and pooka alike find it best to just avoid one another.

Though satyrs never admit it, they have always been somewhat jealous of the pooka ability to shapechange. Caught between forms, satyrs have often theorized that, in the most ancient days, they may have had the ability but lost it somewhere along the way. Among the more rabid believers, there are those who claim that the pooka stole the satyrs' shapechanging magic. Of course, most satyrs think this is goat crap.

The Unseelie view pooka as toys brought into the world for their own amusement, especially the cute and cuddly Seelie ones. To pluck the whiskers from a rabbit pooka, or introduce a cat pooka to the joys of tail-swinging...Now, that's fun. Moon satyrs don't even care for Unseelie pooka. These dark changelings have a cruel sense of humor, yes, but they haven't mastered the art of violence for the sake of violence. The sorrow that lurks just under the pooka skin disgusts Unseelie satyrs. They see it as a form of weakness that this changeling kith never quite breaks free of their sadness in order to openly experience joy.

REDCAPS

These violent changelings unnerve sunshine satyrs. They belong to the only kith whose passions run deeper and more primal than the satyrs' own. Because of this, they hold a certain fascination for satyrs. When partying, satyrs keep a wary eye on redcaps, especially when the Gift of Pan sings through their music. Only Zeus knows what effect it has on them.

Although they give redcaps a wide berth, satyr eyes often stray to these enigmatic Kithain. Many Seelie satyrs wish secretly that they could live as freely, without care for the opinions of others, and yet they view redcaps as crass and

undiscerning. Subtlety is lost on the members of this kith and a satyr's romantic maneuverings often relies on hints and subliminal suggestions. It takes all the fun out of the game when you have to hit your target over the head with a mallet to get them to realize that you're trying to help them become fulfilled romantically.

There is partying, and then there is partying with a redcap. Unseelie satyrs, unlike their sunshine cousins, appreciate the redcaps' violent streak. Their interest in members of this kith often verges on obsession as they try to emulate the abandon with which redcaps act. They wonder what it would be like to bite the top off a bottle beer and swallow the glass, though few dare to attempt it.

SIDHE

The beauty of the sidhe calls to satyr hearts like sweet pollen attracts a bee. Despite themselves, Seelie satyrs find it difficult to resist sidhe nobility, grace and physical perfection. The chemistry between these two kith could ignite a whole city. As different as they are in philosophy and goals, or perhaps because of that, they find themselves magnetically attracted to one another.

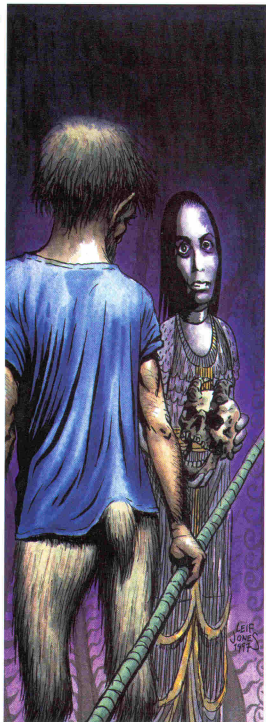
Seelie satyrs do not understand the sidhe any more than the sidhe understand satyrs. Many satyrs spend their lives trying to slip the sidhe a proverbial Mickey Finn, to no avail; they cannot comprehend the noble responsibility that weighs so heavily upon the sidhe — nor, do they really care to. All satyrs truly want is to be allowed to look at them and maybe sleep in their beds from time to time.

From the Unseelie perspective, sidhe are pretty annoyances whose affections are there for the manipulating. Even moon satyrs very seldom take advantage of the attraction between their own kith and the sidhe in order to control courtly politics, however. Politics stand secondary to the satisfaction of making a sidhe cry; those crystalline tears sparkle as they run down that perfect cheek. In Unseelie sidhe, on the other hand, dark satyrs find their match. These faeries cannot be broken as easily as the others. Rather, they can dish it out as readily as their satyr lovers.

SLUAGH

Satyrs, especially of the Seelie variety, have little in common with this kith. Even Seelie slugh lurk in shadows and have a warped definition of fun. Rarely do satyrs set their romantic sights on a slugh, though it has been known to happen. Some patient satyrs can bring the slugh from their hiding places to share in excellent conversation, though this is very uncommon. More often than not, the satyr has some information that the slugh wants and the friendship ends once she gets it.

Because these two kith remain so removed from one another, satyrs feel little antagonism toward slugh. Only in rare instances, when they have butted heads or inadvertently aided one another, do these changelings even give the other a second thought. Satyrs avoid turning their pranks and fun-loving ways on the slugh, not because they fear repercussions, rather, because they get such unsatisfactory responses from the creepy



changelings. Every once in a while, a satyr finds herself fascinated by the font of knowledge that sluagh seem to have. Unfortunately, she is usually sorely disappointed when the sluagh doesn't share his secrets as readily as the satyr would like.

Unseelie satyrs revel in their extroversion, whereas Unseelie sluagh revel in their isolation. This difference creates a basic conflict between the two. Moon satyrs find the sluagh revolting, although their revulsion, in and of itself, has the effect of drawing satyr attention to the sluagh. They watch these shadowy Kithain from a distance, never daring to get too close, but fascinated to see what the sluagh pulls out of their sleeves next.

TROLLS

The unyielding nature of trolls offends satyr sensibilities. Seelie satyrs find troll self-righteousness distasteful. Honor is one thing, but when a changeling goes around with her nose in the air because her ideals are higher than everyone else's, there's a problem. The one saving grace is that trolls deserve the right to act mightier-than-thou, because they are. Despite their tightness, their lack of emotion and their superior attitudes, trolls have earned the respect of the satyr kith.

Satyrs actually place trolls above all other kith aside from their own. They know better than to press their luck when teasing a troll and, out of respect, keep their fun at the expense of these great warriors to a minimum. They attempt to emulate the trolls' courage and follow a troll into battle without a second thought. If only the big lugs loosened up a bit and learned to have some fun, they might find that they could learn something from satyrs as well.

Unseelie satyrs cannot see past the stuffy exterior to the passion that boils inside Seelie trolls. They don't even appreciate a troll's lack of fear because, as they say, it's only another symptom of their emptiness and lack of emotion. To them, a Seelie troll is nothing more than a lackey for whatever noble she serves. The same holds true for Unseelie trolls.

GALLAIN

Satyr opinions vary severely — between individuals and depending on what day it is. The only constant is the satyr's willingness to express them at every opportunity, sometimes without being asked and certainly without filtering. As a satyr enters her grump years, her feelings become tempered by knowledge and wisdom. For this reason, the opinions expressed below are from a Seelie grump perspective. Wilders and childlings undoubtedly judge these beings more harshly, as Unseelie satyrs do.

NUNNEHI

From the beginning, satyrs have always preferred the forests and open spaces to cities. This propensity has brought them in contact with the Nunnehi on many occasions. Fortunately for them, several factors have allowed them to remain at peace with the Native American changelings. Primary among these factors is the satyr connection to nature. Their love of the land and its creatures forged a link between them and the Nunnehi that the

other kith have never shared. Satyrs always work hard to preserve the natural landscape rather than tear it down to build scandalous structures. Naked and primal, satyrs live as the Nunnehi themselves do, in harmony with the wild.

Because satyrs prefer to live in groups also contributed to the ease of their relations with the Nunnehi. They didn't take up much space. Although they often moved in and squatted on Nunnehi territory, they rarely took more than one small grove in the forest, which went a long way toward smoothing ruffled feathers. Satyrs have always understood that they are the interlopers. When they moved from Greece to the British Isles, it was the same. Arriving in the west, they advanced slowly and carefully and slipped into the natural order of things as unobtrusively as possible.

Lastly, and perhaps most importantly, satyrs have chosen to remain neutral in the war with the Nunnehi. They fight only to protect themselves and even rose up in support of the native changelings whenever they found evidence of oppression by the European invaders. All creatures, in their opinions, deserve to live freely as they please. At times, this belief created tension between themselves and the courts, but they stuck by their guns. Still, they tread a fine line, preferring to keep their own relations with the Nunnehi neutral so that they offend neither side.

SELKIES

Satyrs, being firm land-lubbers, have had little contact with selkies. From time to time, however, these enigmatic Gallain pull a drenched and drowning satyr from the ocean, thus, indebting the satyr to them. These incidents have instilled a deep respect in satyrs for these water-loving fae. An unspoken agreement exists between them and most satyrs aid the selkies whenever the situation arises.

Although the two kith have few things in common, they do share a love for nature. More often than not, they run into one another at the shore while responding to an ecological disaster. Satyrs find the selkies extremely interesting in the way one finds a tiger engaging. Satyrs not only recognize the strength and wisdom of the selkies, but they also realize that the very qualities that make them attractive at the same time make them dangerous.

INANIMAE

Satyrs have a long history with nymphs, dryads and other Inanimae. For centuries, satyrs have mingled with these beautiful creatures of nature, making friends and enemies, in the hills of Greece and in the forests of the British Isles. They share a certain fondness for one another and indubitably rise up to the other's defense.

With this history, however, also comes some issues. More than one tale tells of how a satyr rejected a nymph or dryad's advances. The Inanimae, if nothing else, never forget a slight and never miss an opportunity for revenge. A satyr who runs across a nymph, for example, must remain alert for signs that the Inanimae remembers something the satyr has forgotten. Otherwise, she might find herself hanging from a giant oak tree or drawn into the murky waters of a lake.

PRODIGALS

VAMPIRES

These vile creatures drink blood, and as if that weren't enough, they're dead. Satyrs avoid the Kindred like the plague they are. Anything so anti-life and anti-freedom as these power-hungry, manipulating, political bastards can only be a symptom of the illness eating away at the world. Even the worst of the Unseelie kith do not compare in foulness to the walking undead that feed on mortals. Satyrs find no redeeming quality in vampires whatsoever. They take any opportunity to disgrace, harm or even destroy them, though they understand the danger in doing so. Vampires are an affront to all that satyrs believe in and hold dear.

WEREWOLVES

Satyrs have long been aware of the existence of the Garou and work in concert with them to protect the wilds, that which the werewolves call Gaia. In particular, satyrs have a special connection with the Fianna; they learned of them shortly after their move from Greece to the British Isles. Satyrs understand the primal nature of Garou better than any of the other kith and thus understand the danger that an enraged werewolf presents to all in its path. They treat these prodigals with the utmost respect, unless they are partying together, in which case, all bets are off.

MAGES

As with the Garou, satyrs first met the Verbena among the rolling hills of the British Isles, though for a long time, they did not understand that these mages represented more than just high priests and priestesses of the mortal tribes. Magick means nothing to satyrs, since they define it as cantrips that mortals have learned to cast. It gives them hope that such people have learned to use Glamour, rather than denying it out of existence. Satyrs remain relatively ignorant of mages and their ways, since even the most friendly of the Verbena spend far too much time in their chantries.

WRAITHS

Some poor souls never move on to where they should, and they find themselves wandering the mortal realm looking for the life they lost and now regret. Satyrs don't find it terribly surprising that such creatures are attracted to them, considering the fact that satyrs live their own lives so fully. It saddens the changelings that someone died without having finished their life's goals, but their own helplessness makes them put it out of their minds and move on. Besides, they don't mind an audience and if the ghostie gets off vicariously through a living being, then who better to choose than a satyr?





CHAPTER FOUR: SATYRS OF RENOWN

Return, I implore thee, clad in thy milk-white tunic. Ah, what intense desire attends thy beauteous form. No woman could not but tremble at its seduction.

— Sappho, Grecian poetess, called “The Tenth Muse” by her contemporaries



PSP '98

GUILE GENTRY

Throughout the ages, many satyrs have left their mark on the world, both figuratively and literally, but few have had their tales spread as widely as Guile Gentry. This rambunctious wilder lives by a rather ribald code of ethics that lands him in some interesting situations with the most unexpected partners. Guile has broken hearts in every court he has ever visited, including that of (or so it is rumored) the famous troll warrior Déanna ap Gwydion, the feared Unseelie slugh Cora Crankiss, and even the snooty Sir Prime, who is High King David's special sidhe emissary to the Kingdom of the White Sands.

Guile's Casanova-esque ways have earned him the nickname “Firestarter,” for wherever he goes, he ignites desire and the situation usually turns ugly. He bears the nickname with pride and endeavors to live up to it whenever possible. Guile has honed the art of courting to a razor-sharp edge and wields it with panache and extreme efficiency. With this talent, he slices open the target of his affections so that he can play with their innermost feelings. Guile's personal code may seem sadistic, but Guile believes in it purely. He is convinced that in order for a person to truly appreciate love, one must experience loss. Thus, he woos his partners until they have a deep and needy love for him, then without warning or sympathy, he leaves them outright. Yet, Guile insists that he is providing a great service to his fellow fae.

The eshu tell the story of a young satyr who fell so deeply in love that his heart broke completely in two when his lover left him. In the tale, the satyr mourned for a year and a day — the time he would have been with his lover had they married. During this sorrowful time, he refused to let his heart improve, so it healed wrong — in two pieces. On the next day, the satyr left home with a mission conceived in a heart divided by lost love. Many eshu claim that this satyr is Firestarter, though Guile refuses to acknowledge or refute these assertions. If this is true, then it must be the lingering pain that makes each of his new adventures so wonderfully bittersweet.

NIKOS OF THE NORTH

Born to a Native American family in the northern reaches of Nova Scotia, Nikos grew up in poverty. He was the child of an alcoholic father and an uneducated mother, and Nikos would have suffered greatly in his youth if it had not been for his four brothers and two sisters, all older than he. The eldest was nearly 11 years older than Nikos. All of his siblings helped around the



house, raised the younger children, went to school and worked jobs to keep food in their stomachs. Nikos loved his brothers and sisters dearly. He learned from them the potential power of working together as a team and the import of being there for one another. This positivity eventually gave Nikos the foundation he needed to form his tragos.

Through puberty, the high Banality of his surroundings continued to delay Nikos' Chrysalis. During his senior year, Nikos won a scholarship to a prestigious medical college, where he chose to study the field of psychology because of the problems his mother and father suffered. A strong desire to change the world for the better drove him through his courses. The Banality of the subject matter further put off his Chrysalis, almost indefinitely, until Nikos met someone who turned his life around: He fell in love with Lucien Montreaux, an attractive young man from Lucerne, France. Lucien had come to the United States to study music, for he had talent and a beautiful voice to match. Nikos swore for many years that his love for

Lucien bloomed before the two even met. Nikos says that he heard the purest, most magical sound as he was walking by an open window where Lucien was playing piano and singing; he stood outside the window for an hour, just listening in wonderment. When the music stopped, Nikos felt the loss like a physical wound. He turned to go, dejected.

Fortunately, he had been spotted by a pooka friend of Lucien's. Lucien, the satyr, left his apartment building just in time to bump into Nikos. Their eyes met and they became nearly inseparable from that moment on. In short, Nikos awakened to his fae mien and Lucien guided him through his Chrysalis. The story of the two, their romance, and the love they shared has spread throughout the faerie kingdom. Unfortunately, it ends with the tragic death of Lucien at the hands of a Duntain.

The victim of a cruel trap, Lucien was kidnapped and locked up in an insane asylum. He stayed there for three weeks before any of his tragos-mates could find him. By the time they reached him, he had slipped into the Mists and into mortal insanity far beyond retrieval. His faerie soul passed on shortly thereafter.

The loss of his lover wounded Nikos deeply and, thus, changed his life forever. Horrified that he couldn't find or help Lucien in time, Nikos vowed to make it his goal to free any others who might become institutionalized, accidentally or otherwise. Nikos began visiting asylums around the country and was amazed at the conditions, the nervosa, and the number of changelings trapped there because they didn't fit into "normal" society. He got his degree finally and accepted a job working in the local asylum, and over time, Nikos formed his own tragos — Hippocrates' Dream Warriors — of satyrs who shared his vision and goals.

DOK SAMHAINTHA

Sam experienced her Chrysalis later than normal, while in high school. Unfortunately, the trauma and her subsequent reaction landed her in a drug rehabilitation program at the area mental hospital. Yet fortunately, Sam's new psychologist diagnosed her "problem" more accurately than her previous doctor had. He was also a satyr, Nikos of the North. Nikos became Sam's mentor and she followed in his footsteps eventually to become the most prominent of Hippocrates' Dream Warriors.

Sam studied psychology at Stanford University along with several other members of her tragos. Evenings and weekends, when she wasn't studying, she romped and played with her mates in a never-ending stream of sensuality that kept her Glamour in tact, despite the banal subject matter of her course load. After two extra years of classes to make up for those she had failed through inattention, Sam graduated finally with her doctorate in psychology. And she then left her tragos to work in a Seattle mental institution; her misery was lightened only by the knowledge that she was a warrior of the Dreaming.

In the years since, Sam has rescued an enormous number of changelings and mortal dreamers from a fate worse than death. She, like her fellow Hippocratians, or Hippias, braves the frightening dreams of the truly insane and the dangerous theo-



ries of the psychiatrists in order to rescue those like herself, whose only crime is to sense the world's more magical aspects. Sam takes her responsibilities very seriously, including that she must pursue her own passions all the more actively in order to stave off the Banality that threatens her continuously. She lives on the edge, fighting nervosa by day and dancing, singing and making love by night. The legends of Sam's deeds continue to expand and inspire others to greatness.

RABID FRANK

On chill Autumn nights, childlings gather around the bonfires to hear spooky stories that make them gasp, shriek and giggle with nervous tension and fear. Few of these stories make them glance over their shoulders like the ones about Rabid Frank do. His legend has spread far and wide.

In a park in New York, Rabid Frank supposedly stalks the night looking for victims. If the tales are correct, he eats children, tears joggers limb from limb and rapes at least one woman each night. Of course, the stories exaggerate a bit, though they succeed in their goal of warning childlings away from the dangerous places in the city.

It is true that, in his prime, the Unseelie satyr took bestial pleasure in terrorizing lone runners, frightening secretaries who chose shortcuts to get home, and harassing anyone else wandering

through his park late at night. Then he met Giselle.

Giselle, a Seelie satyr, stole Rabid Frank's heart. He followed her unseen for months and her beauty tamed the beast in him. When he gathered the courage to finally approach Giselle, the adoration in his eyes won her over. She, attracted by his pure raw energy, allowed him to court her and, on one cold, starry night in the park, they became lovers. Still, he and Giselle had too many differences. She dressed in silks and played courtier to the baron. Frank lived in an abandoned sewer entry tunnel, didn't dress at all and never lost the beast inside him entirely. He turned his violent attacks onto drug dealers and other criminals, trying to ease his frustration in a manner that pleased Giselle — but the stories of his rages and uncontrollable urges continued to spread.

Now in his grump years, Rabid Frank has calmed somewhat, though he and Giselle still lead separate lives. They meet every Friday at midnight under the giant oak in the park. They romp and talk and play until dawn, neither one mentioning the creaks in Frank's joints and bones nor the distance that sometimes slips across his eyes. They both know that, someday soon, Giselle will wait alone beneath the giant oak.





JASON "WALKIN" CAMERON

One remarkable grump satyr oversees the Eden Tragos. He got his nickname from a phrase he uses to describe himself; he says that he's a "walkin', falkin', jive-talkin' bad-ass." His fellow tragos-mates respect him enormously and go to the wire for him without a second thought. Walkin proposed the idea of the Eden resort in 1976 and funded the purchase of the island later that decade. Ever since, he has been the motivating force behind Eden. Residents of Eden attribute the origin of the phrase "Edenistic philosophy" to Walkin. It means to always live life on the edge, to push for perfection, without fear and without inhibition. An important aspect of the Edenistic philosophy, however, involves mutual consent. Walkin may try anything once, but he does nothing against the will of another. He says that this one distinction separates the philosophy from hedonism.

Walkin celebrated his 55th birthday recently. For some time, he has felt his grump years weighing on him. Only his residence in Eden has kept him from slipping into the Mists. Eden was his dream and it keeps his faerie seeming from slipping away. Many of his tragos-mates eye him with worry, however, they know that before long, the old graybeard will call for his tragoidia.

SIR ETA SUNBEAM, THE GIANT SLAYER

Eta grew up in a small, rural town in the Midwest and experienced her Chrysalis at eight-years old. She came from a family of strong women and, encouraged by her mortal mother, adopted a feminist philosophy before she was even old enough

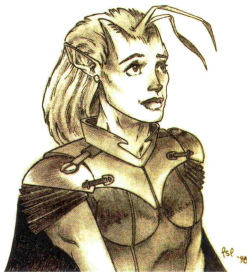
to date. Especially talented in athletics and armed melee, Eta learned quickly from her mentor and was soon teaching wilders older than herself how to fight with a sword. Her changeling friends and the other satyrs in her tragos praised her abilities constantly. Eta could hold her own in a wrestling match with Krok the troll and could best Quasar the nocker at sword-play. Her passion was her body and the strength she felt coursing through her when she fought, or ran, or just exercised.

Eta left her hometown on her 18th birthday to see the world and to find a quest worthy of her skills. She traveled all over the country, making a name for herself by combating chimera, Dauntain and unruly Unseelie criminals. She offered her services to whichever baron whose lands she was traversing, and they nearly always had some minor quest that required her attention.

Several years later, Eta found herself standing before High King David. She had single-handedly killed the giant, Maul, who was a chimera of incredible power. Because of this feat, the High King deemed her worthy of knighthood. The story of that day still graces many courtly gatherings, drawing laughter and cheers from those who hear the tale. And, after the ceremony and the oathings, Eta had joined everyone in celebration.

One young sidhe approached Eta, "Dearest Lady Eta, would you honor me with this dance?"

Eta would have agreed without hesitation normally. This time, however, she drew back her fist and punched the man right in the face. As the young sidhe sat there on the floor, blinking up at Eta in disbelief, she explained to him calmly that she was not "Lady Eta," but "Sir Eta." From that day forward, no one dared to call her anything other than that and, thus, she opened the way for other female knights to bear the title "Sir" with pride.





ASPHALT JOEY

Legend has it that Asphalt Joey's first cradle was a guitar case lined with a baby blanket. Born and raised in the mountains of Kentucky, Joey learned to play and sing from his grandfather, a famous blues man called Booker T. Black. Joey's soulful songs have made him famous throughout the world, for they inspire intense emotion in whomever hears them.

Asphalt Joey earned his nickname when he hitchhiked across the country, sowing his wild oats. He wanted to experience the real, gritty world and learn about life first-hand. The story of his trip read like that Jack Kerouac novel. And many of these experiences found their way into his music, and his songs tell the tales of the many people he met, the places he saw and the adventures he had.

In recent years, on the edge of grumpiness, Joey has settled down in Chicago. With the proceeds from his last record contract, he bought a club in the downtown area that he aptly calls "Joey's." A plaque on the wall near the entrance proclaims the club motto: "At Joey's, the drinks are cheap, the women are easy and the music makes you want both."

RED CHARLOTTE

Red bears a striking resemblance to Mae West, with her feminine curves and sexy moves. Her voice, low and deep, strokes one's ears. Dressed in her silken lingerie, Red sits behind her desk at Fantasies Inc. and talks unreservedly on the phone with potential clients.

Some call her a high-class madame. Others call her a purveyor of dreams. Red prefers to think of what she does as fulfilling fantasies. Her company, Fantasies Inc., advertises on

late-night cable with, "When was the last time you talked to a hot, beautiful woman? Call now and share your wildest dreams with one of the hot ladies of Fantasy Inc. We're waiting to talk to you." Many of Red's clients get no further than steamy phone sex with the women in her employ; from time to time, however, a caller catches Red's attention with a particularly enticing fantasy. These lucky customers win a prize.

Red, along with several other satyrs that work with her, choose "projects" from among the lonely souls that call the hotline. Each one requires unique attention, but Red's goal is always to fulfill his fantasies and draw him from his cocoon of fear, loneliness and guilt. Like a well-trained team of spies, Red and her colleagues move in, scout the target, and set up their plan. Then, when the time is right, they strike.

Previous clients include a young man from Ohio who feared women because he thought himself as ugly. By the time Red was done with him, he had a woman on each arm every night of the week. And a recently divorced man from Arkansas, who had already resigned himself to a life alone, found love in the arms of his secretary after Red worked her magic. And the manager of a convenience store in L.A. gained a new career when Red "inspired" him to bring his cross-dressing "out of the closet" and onto the stage, becoming the hottest new sensation on the club scene.

Red's clients never knew what hit them. She approaches each case differently; sometimes she sends in one of her team to seduce the client, using chimera to produce a special effect and teach a lesson; or Red encourages events to go in a certain direction with clever use of cantrips. The 900 number more than funds her work and she takes an average of two cases per month. The joy of bringing newfound freedom to a client makes it all worthwhile for Red and her team.





LEIF
JONES
1997

CHAPTER FIVE: RUNNING WITH THE WILD BOYS (CHARACTER TEMPLATES)

Of all the majestic, mythical creatures in the world, none has touched our hearts in quite the same ribald way as satyrs. Their stories inspire us to tear down our inner walls and advance, without fear, into candid living. Their legends tell us it's okay to feel, to share and to adventure into realms of the unknown.

— Jason Fleckman, "A Faerie Primer"



INCURABLE ROMANTIK

Quote: *I'm in love! I'm in love! I'm in love! Where the hell am I going to get two dozen roses this late in the day? I don't imagine the duke will miss a few from his garden...taken in the name of love, of course.*

Background: When you were a kid, everyone loved you. You were the one who had all the adults wrapped around your little finger. Your mama called you her little sweetheart and your daddy called you his little angel. Gregarious to a fault, you hated being ignored and always managed to put yourself at the center of attention. Your birthday parties attracted all the other children from school. You were popular. You knew how to bat those big eyelashes and stick out that pouty lip in just the right way. The yellow flowers you gave your teacher on her birthday made her cry.

Books, plays and movies ignited your imagination. You preferred adventure stories where the hero gets the girl and lives happily-ever-after. Sad endings bored you, after all, what was the point of telling a story that ended with everyone dying? Or, where love was unrequited? You didn't understand why anyone wanted to get to the end and feel like crap about it. The rush of adrenaline when it all works out was a heady drug for you.

You remember distinctly the first time you noticed the opposite sex. It hit you like an anvil on the head, and you fell deep in love. Though this infatuation lasted only a few weeks, until that marmy, fourth-grade teacher separated you two, but you will never forget that first pure love. Of course, you won't forget any of the others either.

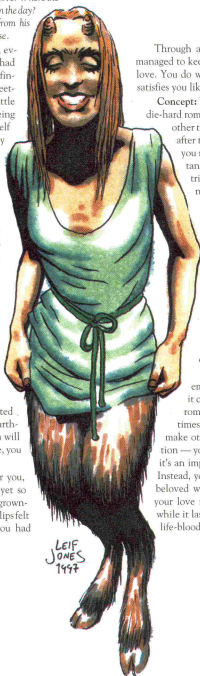
First kisses stay with us forever. For you, that gentle touching of lips, awkward, yet so sweet, did more than make you feel like a grown-up. You *changed*. In the instant when your lips felt the warm, wet softness of another's, you had found your place in the world.

Through all the romantic interludes, you have managed to keep your sense of wonder with regard to love. You do what you must to survive, but nothing satisfies you like the thrill of a new romance.

Concept: You spend your life in pursuit of love. A die-hard romantic, you find little time for anything other than your social obligations and chasing after that elusive happy ending. Fortunately, you realize that the process is just as important as the outcome. Without trials and tribulations in the beginning, it means nothing to you to live happily-ever-after. The greater the sacrifice, ironically, the more idyllic it is.

Not only do you want this for yourself, but you also adore seeing it happen to others. You go out of your way to encourage romance, to teach others how to woo their love, and to listen with rapt attention to narratives of star-crossed lovers coming together in the end. This attribute seeps into your mortal lifestyle often. You might be a poet, a writer, or the owner of a computer-dating service.

Roleplaying Hints: You wear your emotions on your sleeve, especially when it comes to love. Anything even remotely romantic catches your attention and, sometimes, the things you think are romantic make other people cringe. Dating isn't an option — you hate the mere mention of it because it's an implication of a certain lack of emotion. Instead, you fall head-over-heels and court your beloved with words, gifts and actions. Though your love may fade in time, it burns white-hot while it lasts. Love is not a game to you. It's your life-blood and your very breath.



K I T H B O O K : SATYRS

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Court: *Seelie*
Legacies: *Courtier/Peacock*
Title:

Seeming: *Wilder*
Society:
Motley:

Attributes

Physical

Social

Mental

Strength	●●○○○	Charisma	●●●●○	Perception	●●●○○
Dexterity	●●○○○	Manipulation	●●●○○	Intelligence	●●○○○
Stamina	●●○○○	Appearance	●●●○○	Wits	●●●○○

Abilities

Talents

Skills

Knowledges

Alertness	●●○○○	Crafts	○○○○○	Chimerical Alchemy	○○○○○
Athletics	○○○○○	Drive	○○○○○	Computer	○○○○○
Brawl	○○○○○	Etiquette	●●○○○	Enigmas	●●○○○
Dodge	○○○○○	Firearms	○○○○○	Gematria	○○○○○
Empathy	●●○○○	Leadership	○○○○○	Gremayre	●●○○○
Expression	●●○○○	Melee	○○○○○	Investigation	●●○○○
Kenning	●●○○○	Performance	●●○○○	Linguistics	●●○○○
Persuasion	●●○○○	Security	○○○○○	Medicine	○○○○○
Streetwise	●○○○○	Stealth	○○○○○	Politics	●○○○○
Subterfuge	○○○○○	Survival	○○○○○	Science	○○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds

Arts

Realms

<i>Contacts</i>	●●○○○	<i>Legerdemain</i>	●○○○○	<i>Actor</i>	●○○○○
<i>Dreamers</i>	●○○○○	<i>Primal</i>	●○○○○	<i>Fae</i>	●○○○○
<i>Gremayre</i>	●○○○○		○○○○○	<i>Prop</i>	●○○○○
	○○○○○		○○○○○		○○○○○
	○○○○○		○○○○○		○○○○○

Other Traits

Glamour

Health

	●●●●●○○○○○		Real	Chimerical
	□□□□□□□□	Bruised	□	□
		Hurt	-1	□
		Injured	-1	□
		Wounded	-2	□
	●●●○○○○○○○	Mauled	-2	□
	□□□□□□□□	Crippled	-5	□
		Incapacitated	□	□

= Ravaging/CDusing Threshold =

Banality

= Birthrights/Fraillities =

	●●●○○○○○○○
	□□□□□□□□

Gift of Pan
Physical Prowess
Flaw: Passion's curse

Experience:

BILLY GOAT GRUFF

Quote: *Just you wait, kid. Someday your parents are gonna die. Poof. Gone. Just like that. And then, you'll be all alone in the world. Nobody to love you or take care of you. When that day comes, you'll have to get tough. There's no room for babies out in the real world. Aw, jeez... Quit crying before I give you something to cry about.*

Background: Early childhood brought you all the joy and excitement any child could want. Your parents loved you and treated you well. They bought you all the best toys and even played them with you; they gave you your first guitar for Christmas. Then they died. You had your first lesson in pain at the age of 10.

None of your relatives wanted to take you in and you found yourself shuffled off to a foster home. The couple that adopted you loved getting the monthly paychecks, but they didn't really care inherently about you one way or another. The two pushed you toward the television as often as possible. You didn't understand why they wouldn't play with you like your real parents, but you learned quickly just how unimportant you were to them. For a while, you tried to win them over to make them love you, but they yelled for you to leave them alone or just ignored you. You finally gave up. It worked out best for both parties when you made friends with the older kids at school and started staying away from home more and more. Your foster parents didn't care what you did, or whom you did it with, as long as you were there when the social worker came by to check on you and how you were living.

Your friends had a gang and let you join. With them, you learned how to fight and how to party. Your gang didn't mind that you were younger, though they poked fun at you a lot. You didn't care, you were used to it. As long as you belonged to something, you were happy. Besides, following the gang around kept you out of that house.

Street wars occurred regularly and you shot your first rival right after your 12th birthday. As you stood over his dead body, the blood pooled at your feet, and you felt a power like none you'd ever experienced. It boiled up from deep inside you and made you stronger. You remembered your faerie soul. No one helped you through

your Chrysalis — no one explained what was happening to you. The gang members you told about that thought you had taken heavy drugs, repeatedly, or else, lost your mind. You learned to keep your mouth shut about that.

Later, during your wilder days, you found a different group of friends — other satyrs. They weaned you from your gang and made you a part of their tragos. Unseelie, they had their own codes similar to those of the gang. You understood the violence; you understood the revelry. Only the faces had changed. Like while in the gang, you committed atrocities with these tragos. People died; you saw it as their due for being careless and trusting when they shouldn't have. You earned substantial money selling drugs and taking hit contracts. Nothing was too vile or dangerous for you. In all your years, you had learned that only the strong survive and you were determined to come out alive, if not on top.

Grumphood has hit you hard: You're not sure where you belong anymore. The glory days have passed and you don't have the stamina to run with the wild boys anymore. All the ugliness of your youth has left a ragged scar upon your soul. Now that you're a grump, you realize that not only did life hand you a raw deal, but that you're too old to enjoy passing along the wealth. Violence doesn't appeal to you anymore because you've done it all. Sex holds no enticement because you've been there, done that. You feel like the old horse that should be put out to pasture, but you'd prefer it if they just shot you and sent you to the glue factory.

Concept: You're a bitter old grump. No longer young or spry, you have seen your prime pass you by, and you're not even sure why it was called your prime. The only thing pleasurable to you is the fact that you can make others just as miserable as you are yourself. So you can't fight as well as you once could, you can still berate others and let them know how you got the short end of the stick because complaining and mere whining make you feel better. Besides, at least when you're mean to people, they don't let you get close, so you don't have to love them. All that matters is tragos and self. Everyone else just hurts you, and always will, if you let them.

Roleplaying Hints: You don't give a damn about anyone but yourself and your tragos. Everyone has their complaints, sure, but no one had it as bad as you did. Life owes you, so you take what you want, whenever you can. Unfortunately, there's nothing you really want. You had it all (family, friends, money and power) and it was crudely taken away from you by old age. You wish you could take your frustrations out on someone, but you're not as strong as you once were and now you have to pick your targets carefully for their weaknesses. Resentment eats you up from the inside and you turn your ire into the rest of the world. Damn the frolicking fauns, damn the freedom of the wilders and damn the grumps for even existing. You wish you had died young. But, since you didn't, you might as well see what you can do to make everyone aware of how much living sucks.



LEIF JONES
1997

K I T H B O O K : SATYRS

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Court: *Unseelie*
Legacies: *Fatalist/Hermit*
Title:

Seeming: *Grump*
Society:
Motley:

Attributes

Physical	Social	Mental
Strength ●●●●●	Charisma ●●●●●	Perception ●●●●●
Dexterity ●●●●●	Manipulation ●●●●●	Intelligence ●●●●●
Stamina ●●●●●	Appearance ●●●●●	Wits ●●●●●

Abilities

Talents	Skills	Knowledges
Alertness ●●●●●	Crafts 00000	Chimerical Alchemy 00000
Athletics ●●●●●	Drive ●●●●●	Computer 00000
Brawl ●●●●●	Etiquette 00000	Enigmas 00000
Dodge ●●●●●	Firearms ●●●●●	Gematria 00000
Empathy 00000	Leadership 00000	Gremayre ●●●●●
Intimidation ●●●●●	Melee ●●●●●	Law ●●●●●
Kenning ●●●●●	Performance ●●●●●	Lore (Vampire) ●●●●●
Persuasion 00000	Security ●●●●●	Medicine 00000
Streetwise ●●●●●	Stealth 00000	Politics 00000
Subterfuge 00000	Survival ●●●●●	Science 00000

Advantages

Backgrounds	Arts	Realms
Contacts ●●●●●	Chicanery ●●●●●	Actor ●●●●●
Resources ●●●●●	Legerdemain ●●●●●	Tae ●●●●●
00000	00000	Scene ●●●●●
00000	00000	00000
00000	00000	00000

Other Traits

Glamour

● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Banality

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

	Real	Chimerical
Bruised	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Hurt -1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Injured -1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wounded -2	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mauled -2	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Crippled -5	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Incapacitated	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Ravaging/Consuming Threshold

Experience:

Birthrights/Frailties

Gift of Pan
Physical Prowess
Flaw: Passion's curse

PLAYFUL KID

Quote: *Eenie meenie, miny, mo! Catch a tiger by the toe. If he hollers, let 'im go. Eenie meenie, miny, mo. You're it! Bet you can't catch me!*

Background: Snakes and snails and puppy-dog tails, those are the things that little boys are made of. In your short life, you've certainly lived up to the reputation. You were born to a kind, middle-class family — a slice of Americana. Your parents own a farm with chickens and cows and cats and spiders and frogs. And before you could walk, you were entertaining your family with the silly and senseless things you did, smearing jam all over your face or tugging on the cat's tail to see it hiss.

You experienced your Chrysalis early, when you were seven-years old, and you have had much fun ever since. The old satyr that lives down the lane babysits for you in the afternoons. She can't run fast anymore, which works in your favor. You love nothing more than to bring her a slithery green snake or a huge toad and see her yell and jump up and down. She makes you laugh a lot.

Never one to sit still for long, you hate watching television. It's much better to be out in the sunshine, exploring the forest, building a treehouse, or catching crawdads in the stream. Carefree and life-affirming, you run wherever you go and are always the first to get up and dance whenever there's music. You don't care if you look dumb. People laugh at you and that's better than a scolding.

Strangers don't intimidate you. Rather, they are just more people to play with, even if they don't realize that they are going to play with you. You can con-

stantly find a way to get a new person to pay attention to you. A joker at heart, you love making people smile. Your pranks remain quite innocent, but you definitely like to play harmless jokes, especially on the stodgy fae and mortals that you meet.

Concept: Youth fits you well. You run and play and joke every minute of the day. And your charming personality wins friends for you wherever you go. Few actually get mad at you. You have a way of looking at them that incenses them to crack up. You convey a combination of innocence and exuberance that makes it difficult for people not to be amused by your antics. Indeed, you lighten everyone's mood. Even the old boggan finds a smidgen of patience in his heart, though he still insists on following you around and picking up after you. Of course, you take full advantage of this fact. But it's all right, because it makes the boggan feel wanted.

Roleplaying Hints: You love a good joke, though nothing you do is ever crass or crude; it's all quite innocent. It doesn't matter that no one wants to play with you because you play with them anyway. All the world is wondrous, an adventure waiting to happen, a treasure waiting to be discovered. You flit from one brilliant flower to the next and sip the nectar of life. When you find something especially fascinating, you must, of course, share it with everyone else around you. You spend a lot of time tugging on sleeves and saying, "Come see what I found." Most people understand that the trip is worth it if they indeed go with you. Yet, being the center of attention can be tiring, so you sleep well at night.



SATYRS

Name:
 Player:
 Chronicle:

Court: *Seelie*
 Legacies: *Troubadour/Fool*
 Title:

Seeming: *Childling*
 Society:
 Motley:

Attributes

Physical

Social

Mental

Strength	●●○○○	Charisma	●●●○○	Perception	●●●○○
Dexterity	●●●○○	Manipulation	●●○○○	Intelligence	●●●○○
Stamina	●●○○○	Appearance	●●○○○	Wits	●●○○○

Abilities

Talents

Skills

Knowledge

Alertness	●●○○○	Crafts	○○○○○	Chimerical Alchemy	○○○○○
Athletics	●○○○○	Drive	○○○○○	Computer	○○○○○
Brawl	○○○○○	Etiquette	●○○○○	Enigmas	●●○○○
Dodge	○○○○○	Firearms	○○○○○	Gematria	○○○○○
Empathy	●●○○○	Leadership	○○○○○	Gremayre	●●○○○
Intimidation	○○○○○	Melee	●○○○○	Law	○○○○○
Kenning	●○○○○	Performance	●●○○○	Lore	○○○○○
Persuasion	●●○○○	Security	○○○○○	Medicine	○○○○○
Streetwise	○○○○○	Stealth	●●○○○	Politics	○○○○○
Subterfuge	●●○○○	Survival	●●○○○	Science	○○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds

Arts

Realms

<i>Chimera</i>	●○○○○	<i>Legerdemain</i>	●○○○○	<i>Actor</i>	●○○○○
<i>Mentor</i>	●●○○○	<i>Primal</i>	●●○○○	<i>Fae</i>	●●○○○
<i>Remembrance</i>	●○○○○		○○○○○	<i>Nature</i>	●●○○○
	○○○○○		○○○○○		○○○○○
	○○○○○		○○○○○		○○○○○

Other Traits

Glamour

Health

	●●●○○○○○○○		Real	Chimerical
	□□□□□□□□	Bruised	□	□
		Hurt	-1 □	□
		Injured	-1 □	□
		Wounded	-2 □	□
		Mauled	-2 □	□
		Crippled	-5 □	□
		Incapacitated	□	□

= Ravaging/CDusing Threshold =

Banality

= Birthrights/Frailties =

	●●●●○○○○○
	□□□□□□□□

Experience:

Gift of Pan
 Physical Prowess
 Flaw: Passion's curse

SEASONED SCHOLAR

Quote: *That chap Homer gave it a good try, but he was too much of a pride to tell our tale properly. I recommend that you read Littell or Graves. They weren't afraid of the truth.*

Background: An alcoholic father and meek mother sent you fleeing into reading books at an early age. You read everything you could get your hands on to escape the turmoil at home. Your interests gradually gravitated to mythology and fairy tales. Your father called you a loser, a bookworm and a raging nerd. Your mother warned you about becoming an old spinster. Now, looking back, you see that they felt threatened by your ever-growing superior intellect.

The older you got, the more your mortal family turned on you. They pushed you perpetually with hurtful, insulting words, and you always responded with haughty indifference. This reaction technique only spurred them on; your arrogance made them feel small. Your father lost his temper one day when you refused to put down the thick book you were reading and meet some of his co-workers. He hit you then and there. You had just started high school and the promise of a new challenge and of what you would learn there gave you confidence. When your father's hand struck you, the blow triggered all the anger that had built up over the years. With a flash that verged on madness, you struck him back, repeatedly. As you hit him, you spouted off *Hamlet*:

"I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;

For, though I am not splenitive and rash,

Yet have I something in me dangerous,

Which let thy wisdom fear: hold off thy hand."



The surge of it all brought on your Chrysalis.

Your father recovered, physically at least. Emotionally, he was never quite the same. An unspoken truce later developed between you two. Once you discovered your faerie self, your whole life changed for the better: A group of satyrs, like yourself, felt the rush of Glamour from your Chrysalis and came for you. Though you slept in your father's house, the rest of the time you spent with your new tragos. For a while, you put aside your books and reveled in your new life. It felt good.

Eventually, however, the wisdom of the ages called to you and you returned to your studies. In the years since, you have covered many subjects. Grumphood suits you, though you feel the weight of the approaching Mists.

Overstuffed armchairs, hot chocolate and any good book excite you. You try to cram as much information into your brain as you can and share it with any who want to learn.

Concept: At one time, the acquisition of knowledge fed your self-esteem, which is no longer the case. As a grump, you have learned to appreciate knowledge for knowledge's sake. The years have mellowed your perspective and increased your self-confidence. You recognize the need for teachers and see yourself easily in that role. Faerie lore is your particular passion, but your interests don't stop there. You continue to read voraciously and take any opportunity to master something new by listening and watching others.

Roleplaying Hints: Curiosity may have killed the cat, but it drives you. If it weren't for the fact that people tell such interesting tales and share such useful information, you would become a hermit with your books. Fortunately, you learn as much, if not more, from your fellow Kithain and from mortals as you do from the tomes. Your reputation has evolved as the person to go to for advice or information. Although your storytelling abilities could never compare with those of the eshu, you know so many interesting facts that you too often find yourself surrounded by an attentive crowd.

K I T H B O O K : SATYRS

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Court: *Seelie*
Legacies: *Sage/Peacock*
Title:

Seeming: *Grump*
Society:
Motley:

Attributes

Physical	Social	Mental
Strength ●●○○○ Charisma ●●○○○ Perception ●●●●○	Dexterity ●●●○○ Manipulation ●●●○○ Intelligence ●●●●○	Stamina ●●○○○ Appearance ●●○○○ Wits ●●●○○

Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness	●○○○○	Crafts	●●○○○	Computer	●○○○○
Athletics	○○○○○	Drive	○○○○○	Enigmas	●●○○○
Brawl	○○○○○	Etiquette	○○○○○	Investigation	●○○○○
Dodge	○○○○○	Firearms	○○○○○	Law	●●○○○
Empathy	○○○○○	Leadership	●●○○○	Linguistics	●●●○○
Expression	●●●○○	Melee	○○○○○	Lore	●●●○○
Kenning	●○○○○	Performance	●●○○○	Medicine	●●○○○
Persuasion	○○○○○	Security	○○○○○	Occult	●○○○○
Streetwise	○○○○○	Stealth	○○○○○	Politics	●○○○○
Subterfuge	○○○○○	Survival	○○○○○	Science	●●●○○

Advantages

Backgrounds	Arts	Realms
<u>Contacts</u> ●●●●○	<u>Primal</u> ●●●○○	<u>Actor</u> ●●○○○
<u>Resources</u> ●○○○○	<u>Wayfare</u> ●○○○○	<u>Fae</u> ●○○○○
○○○○○	○○○○○	<u>Nature</u> ●○○○○
○○○○○	○○○○○	<u>Prop</u> ●○○○○
○○○○○	○○○○○	○○○○○

Other Traits

Glamour

● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Banality

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

	Real	Chimerical
Bruised	□	□
Hurt	-1 □	□
Injured	-1 □	□
Wounded	-2 □	□
Mauled	-2 □	□
Crippled	-5 □	□
Incapacitated	□	□

Ravaging/Consuming Threshold

Experience:

Birchrights/Frailties

Gift of Pan
Physical Prowess
Flaw: Passion's curse

OLYMPIC ATHLETE

Quote: *A half-second short of the world record...huff....Damn...puff....Get out of my way...huff....I'm going to give it another try.*

Background: Before your birth, you rolled and kicked and punched inside your mother's womb, unable to remain still even then. You were a child prodigy, so you even learned to walk earlier than most. Activity came as natural to you as breathing does. You had to keep moving, walking, climbing. This incessantness kept your mother, in turn, chasing after you and pulling you down off the furniture. In grade school, you played in the girl's little league and pee-wee football. Your parents enrolled you in karate, ice skating and tap-dancing classes. You became a Brownie, then a Girl Scout, and earned the badges in a short time. Every day of the week, you had something to do and somewhere to go.

You played basketball and soccer in high school. The coaches loved you for your dedication and determination to win. While all the other girls were vying for dates and spending Saturdays at the mall, you were practicing. You never stopped to figure out why you adored athletics so much. All you knew was that you loved feeling strong. The competitive nature of high school sports pushed you to excel. You didn't necessarily want to be better than everyone else, rather, the joy of knowing you were good was enough for you.

You pushed your body to its limits one afternoon while running track. You had just made the cut for the junior girl's basketball team and you wanted to get a head start on your training. As you circled the track for the fourth time, a runner in front of you tripped and fell. You didn't have time to stop or leap over her. You crashed to the ground and twisted your ankle badly. The pain of that moment triggered your Chrysalis. The experience of feeling your ankle bone tear out of your skin

and then looking down to see the emerging portion of a satyr leg and hoof sent you into downright hysterics. A quick trip to the nurse's office brought you into contact with the new physical education teacher, a Ms. Mulberry. She had funny legs, too.

After healing, athletic scholarships poured in from colleges across the country. You could essentially pick and choose. For a while, you weren't sure if you even wanted to go to college. *Better to stay with the tragos, you told yourself.* What could the mortal world possibly offer you? Ms. Mulberry, however, encouraged you to attend. So, you went off to study—what else?—physical education.

Concept: The thrill of pushing your body to its limits, and feeling it go even after you felt sure you would collapse, intoxicates you. You go for that exhausted high. Although the general competitive nature of sports entices you, that competitiveness is only a tool you use to push yourself harder. Winning isn't everything and your only true competitor is yourself. You will always be an athlete and when you can no longer compete, you will coach others, and you will coach them to greatness. That is your destiny.

Roleplaying Hints: You love sports. Track, basketball, football, soccer, rugby, and even wrestling all excite you. Nothing is more fun than working up a good sweat on the field. The wind in your hair, the sun on your face, and the burn in your muscles are aphrodisiacs like no others. You approach your training with utmost seriousness, and the members of your teams are like family to you. You know that you eventually won't be able to exert to this degree, and when that day comes, you will turn your talents to helping and furthering others. Already, you coach your teammates and they truly look up to you. You have a hunger for that feeling.



SATYRS

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Court: *Seelie*
Legacies: *Crafter/Ringleader*
Title:

Seeming: *Wilder*
Society:
Motley:

Attributes

Physical

Social

Mental

Strength	●●●●●	Charisma	●●●●●	Perception	●●●●●
Dexterity	●●●●●	Manipulation	●●●●●	Intelligence	●●●●●
Stamina	●●●●●	Appearance	●●●●●	Wits	●●●●●

Abilities

Talents

Skills

Knowledge

Alertness	●●●●●	Crafts	○○○○○	Computer	○○○○○
Athletics	●●●●●	Drive	○○○○○	Enigmas	●●●●●
Brawl	○○○○○	Etiquette	○○○○○	Investigation	○○○○○
Dodge	●●●●●	Firearms	○○○○○	Law	●●●●●
Empathy	○○○○○	Leadership	●●●●●	Linguistics	○○○○○
Intimidation	●●●●●	Melee	●●●●●	Lore	○○○○○
Kenning	●●●●●	Performance	●●●●●	Medicine	●●●●●
Persuasion	○○○○○	Security	○○○○○	Occult	○○○○○
Streetwise	○○○○○	Stealth	●●●●●	Politics	○○○○○
Subterfuge	○○○○○	Survival	○○○○○	Science	○○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds

Arts

Realms

<i>Contacts</i>	●●●●●	<i>Primal</i>	●●●●●	<i>Actor</i>	●●●●●
<i>Dreamers</i>	●●●●●		○○○○○	<i>Fae</i>	●●●●●
<i>Mentor</i>	●●●●●		○○○○○		○○○○○
<i>Resources</i>	●●●●●		○○○○○		○○○○○
	○○○○○		○○○○○		○○○○○

Other Traits

Glamour

Health

	●●●●●○○○○○		Real	Chimerical
	□□□□□□□□	Bruised	□	□
		Hurt	-1 □	□
		Injured	-1 □	□
		Wounded	-2 □	□
	●●●●●○○○○○	Mauled	-2 □	□
	□□□□□□□□	Crippled	-5 □	□
		Incapacitated	□	□

= Ravaging/Consuming Threshold =

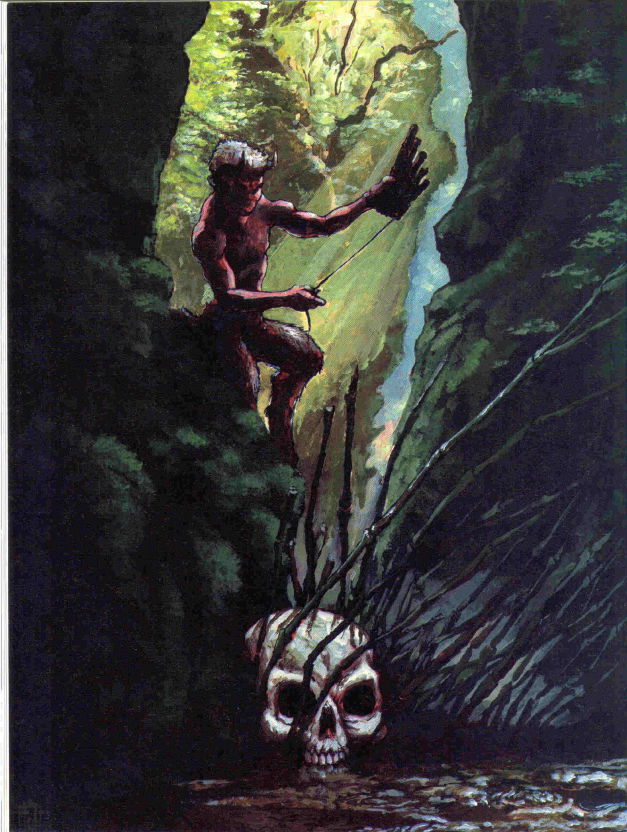
Banality

= Birthrights/Frailties =

Experience:

●●●○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□

Gift of Pan
Physical Prowess
Flaw: Passion's curse



CHAPTER SIX: TOYS, TOOLS AND TANGENTS

The scent of goat drifted in through the open doorway. Her nose tingled, as did her spine. Such a lusty musk surely came from the devil himself.

—Sarah McClannagh, “The Devil Walked the Night”

MERITS AND FLAWS

Satyrs have a philosophical streak that few other kith share. They cherish their freedom and embrace life with exuberance. Although there are others among the Kithain who adhere to the same ideals, none has the same exact attributes as these hearty fae. Satyrs have not changed much throughout the centuries. They have strengths and weaknesses that make them unique and special; a sample of some of the more common ones follows.

VOICE OF A SONGBIRD (1 POINT MERIT)

All satyrs sing, but not all of them have a voice that charms the apples from the trees. You do. The Gift of Pan carries through your voice and inspires passion without the use of a musical instrument. You have perfect pitch and can sing *acappella* without missing a single note or going off-key. Even when only speaking, your voice has a seductive quality that attracts people to you. This trait can be especially useful when trying to persuade others or when attempting to win over a potential lover. Whenever you make a Social roll that involves speaking or singing, add 1 to the dice pool.

FLEXIBLE HEART (2 POINT MERIT)

Satyrs are the most tender-hearted of the Kithain. They bruise easily and bounce from one extreme of emotion to another. In such a dark world, people work hard to hurt one another, and goats feel the blows most acutely. They do not benefit from the solid lack of emotion that bolsters the trolls, nor do they have the haughty self-confidence that allows sidhe to believe it couldn't have been their fault. Satyrs bleed.

You, on the other hand, have learned to let these things roll off your back. You indeed feel the blows, but they don't knock you down. Supersonic emotional healing lets you avoid the moodiness that cripples other satyrs. You love just as deeply as they do, but when your love leaves you, you can tell yourself that there are plenty of other opportunities for devotion, and you believe it. If you have a Flexible Heart, you gain the use of one extra Willpower to control yourself in a situation, where another goat might over-react emotionally. Of course, even you realize that you may not be able to control your being forever if the situation continues, so you do all you can to extract yourself.

PASSION (2 POINT MERIT)

Over the centuries, satyrs have lost some of their original passion. The goat with the Passion Merit has retained it in full. You pursue your interests with the utmost intensity and usually succeed at them. Life holds many fascinating chances for you and you don't want to miss out on them. You grab them up greedily. Mundanities, such as money, mean nothing to you except when they result from the pursuit of your Passion. And, because you focus your attention so completely on experience and self-improvement, you do achieve greatness. The Living Time does not affect you because you have the innate ability to handle your Passion. Concentration in this one area permits you to advance more quickly. (The difficulty for all rolls related to your Passion are reduced by 2.)

INTIMIDATING STANCE (3 POINT MERIT)

You talk a mean talk and walk a mean walk. And there is bite to match your bark. Whenever you enter a room, everyone turns around to look at you. For satyrs, this presence isn't so unusual, but when others look at you, they appear concerned. Those who know you understand that you're just a sheep in wolves' clothing, but even they don't want to irritate or anger you. Something about you screams, *Dangerous!*

You can exaggerate this effect whenever you want and, thus, actively increase your chances of intimidating someone. With a look or a gesture, you intimate what you wish to do with their bodies once you get hold of them, and they actually believe that you would. (The player must make a Charisma + Intimidation roll, though the difficulty is reduced by 2.)

Note: This ability only works on other changelings, since mortals cannot see all the subtle signals in the satyr's demeanor. Humans naturally avoid this goat, but they won't be intimidated by him any more than they normally would be.

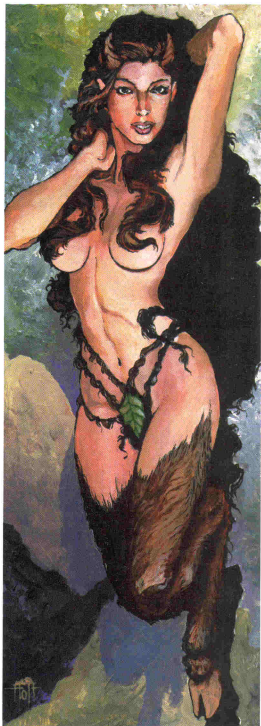
SEX APPEAL (3 POINT MERIT)

The sway of your hips and the pout of your lips give you a natural sexiness and sensuality that attract lovers to you like flies to honey. Perhaps it's your pheromones. Whatever the cause, you are sex incarnate. You are irresistible. When you flirt, you find many willing minions. This characteristic makes you the center of attention at any gathering, since they all want to wholeheartedly please you.

With a look, a word, or a wave of your hand, you can make or break hearts. Even the most cold-hearted are not immune to your power. Though this does draw unwanted attention sometimes, you almost always manage to extricate yourself from unwanted situations. (The player makes all rolls related to either Charisma or Appearance at a -2 difficulty.)

INSPIRATION (4 POINT MERIT)

The Gift of Pan lets all satyrs inspire lust in those who hear their music, which lowers inhibitions and strengthens resolve. When you play your instrument, however, you can inspire whatever emotion the song relays. A tender lullaby, when you play it, causes those listening to fall asleep. More rousing tunes



get people's bodies moving and they feel the uncontrollable urge to dance. When you play a soulful dirge, your audience weeps. As with the Gift of Pan, only those who fail a Willpower roll (difficulty 7) feel the effects of your music.

SEXUAL REVERIE (4 POINT MERIT)

As a rule, Reverie requires the slow and careful cultivation of a Dreamer. The changeling inspires a mortal to achieve greatness by tapping into the Dreaming and creating a Glamour-filled work. Some satyrs, however, have the ability to bring mortals to such incredible heights of pleasure that the actual act of having sex produces Glamour that the goat can then harvest. This process takes more than one session usually, though in certain cases, the intensity of a one-night stand is enough.

For these epiphanies to work, it must be more than just a literal bumping in the night: The satyr must establish a special connection between herself and the mortal, which could be a smoldering desire that has built up over time and finally come to fruition, or a fulfillment of the mortal's fantasies, or some similarly magical circumstance. Finding the right time and place generally makes a huge difference, and the satyr may prepare for months, trying to set up the perfect situation. For a satyr to achieve epiphany through sex, the player must roll Manipulation + Empathy (difficulty 4). The number of successes rolled equates to the number of Glamour points gained by the changeling.

GUT INSTINCTS (5 POINT MERIT)

When you've got a direct line into the more primal of your instincts, you benefit from the ability to act without thinking first. In certain situations, this instinctiveness can be a very good thing. You may not always know why you are doing what you are, but once the dust has cleared, you realize it was the correct move. This Merit nullifies the effects of surprise and permits you to act normally, though you may not attack, only defend. In cases where you are not surprised, you may pre-empt your opponent's action. (The difficulty for all Wits + Alertness rolls are reduced by 1.)

SWARTHY (1 POINT FLAW)

All satyrs are hairy, right? Well, you take the cake. Not only do you have hair on your legs and hips, but it grows profusely over your whole body. Your chest is a thick carpet of curls. Dark waves of this hair cover your arms. A pelt covers your belly and even your back. Many find this revolting — especially on women.

Yet, female satyrs don't have to worry about their faces. For male goats, however, your beard grows so quickly that you've given up shaving; because by the time you get to the left side of your face, the right side has a five-o'clock shadow. But, at least you never have to worry about male-pattern baldness.

Only in the rarest of cases does this Flaw extend completely to a satyr's mortal seeming. You may have monkey arms or a full chest of hair, but only in the most extreme of instances does the hair growth seem abnormal. Satyrs with this Flaw make all rolls related to Appearance at an increased difficulty of +1.

BROKEN VOICE (2 POINT FLAW)

Dogs howl when they hear you sing, and babies cry at the very sound of your speaking voice. You were blessed with a broken voice. Like the sound of breaking glass or grinding metal, your voice hurts people's sensibilities. Although you can still play an instrument with no problem, most people want you to not sing. It makes them cringe.

A broken voice makes it difficult to woo your love. No one is going to fall for someone who sounds like fingernails scratching down a blackboard or a pencil trying to erase with no eraser. And the worse part is that you don't seem to notice what you sound like or view the reactions of people toward you. Anyone who tries to tell you that you have a disgusting voice draws your immediate ire. After all, it sounds perfectly fine to you. (The difficulty of all Charisma rolls is increased by +1 for these satyrs.)

WISHY-WASHY WAYS (3 POINT FLAW)

The satyr lifestyle involves making snap decisions on a regular basis. When you're given an opportunity, you'd better act quickly or it just might pass you by. Yet, you can't seem to make up your mind fast enough; it takes you a while to sort through all your options, examine the pros and cons, and then decide which is the best decision. You are indecisive to a fault, and you want to discuss the problem with someone more intelligent before you commit. Intense situations, where the action is fast-paced, confuse you and the result is you usually standing in the middle, with a lost look on your face. This attribute frustrates your fellows and sometimes lands you in dangerous situations. (You must make a Willpower roll whenever your character must make a decision, otherwise your character remains undecided about what to do.)

PROCRASTINATION (3 POINT FLAW)

Distraction comes in many forms and satyrs often want to do everything all at once. Unfortunately, there is only one of you. You've never heard of the concept of time management, so you skip from one project to the next as your fancy dictates. And when an important obligation comes along, you flit off to have fun rather than perform your duty. That party at your friend's place seems so much more interesting than polishing your mentor's sword — you can do that tomorrow. There will be plenty of time for that tomorrow. But that elusive tomorrow never comes and the task goes shoddily unfinished. Yet, to your credit, you had a damn good time at the party. (You must make a Willpower roll any time your character must choose between duty or fun to see which she chooses.)

PARFUM DE GOAT (4 POINT FLAW)

The goat musk is a unique, horrific scent that makes the eyes water. You are a walking, breathing sachet of smelly goat. You're not sure if it's glandular, but you do know that it's not because you never bathe. You know plenty of satyrs who never wash themselves and they don't smell like you do. Actually, you've grown so accustomed to your own odor that you never even notice it. Unfortunately, everyone else does, and they let

you know about it. Only the most socially anal-retentive of the sidhe can pretend that it doesn't bother them, although most don't care whether they hurt your feelings or not.

Satyr's themselves are not bothered by your musk. However, all the other kith, with the exception of redcaps, who are equally offensive themselves, refuse to stay in the same room with you. This banishment of a sort hinders greatly your chances for romance, for acquiring a title, or even just chatting with the other changelings. Your stinky goat is at a +2 difficulty on all Social rolls involving kith other than satyrs.

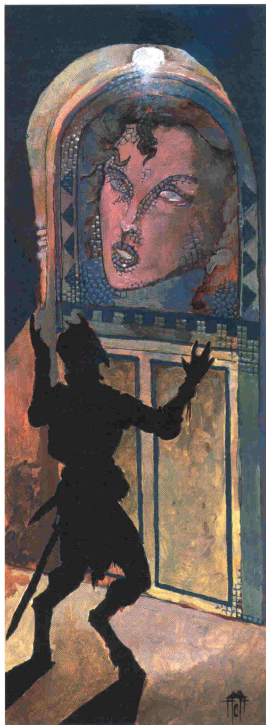
ISSUES (4 POINT FLAW)

You have issues. Whether you're insecure, repressed or slightly neurotic, or all three, your issues affect your life negatively. You haven't rejected the ideal of freedom, you just can't seem to live up to it. No matter how loudly you proclaim your dedication to the pursuit of happiness, you are too afraid to actually act on it. This fear can be crippling to a satyr. You are the poor love-lorn soul who can never find the courage to tell the person you love how you feel about her. You keep your emotions pent-up inside and let no one know what you need or want. Perhaps your parents taught you that you didn't deserve love or maybe you feel that others are entitled to that last piece of cake more than you are. Whatever the reason, these detrimental feelings keep you from what you most desire. You always let others have the spotlight first and take only what scraps they give you. Player, roll Willpower to see if this satyr can assert himself and express his needs and desires.

SEXUAL HANG-UP (5 POINT FLAW)

The other satyrs are out in the weeds romping on Beltaine, but you're sitting alone by the fire because you can't seem to get over your aversion to sex. This repugnance can manifest in several ways. It may not be every aspect of sex that bothers you, but because certain standard acts really turn you off, you're afraid to even ignite something. You may find a partner willing to accommodate your "special" needs, but even then, you never quite get over the fear that she is telling everyone about your hang-ups and that they are all secretly laughing at you. Sometimes it's just easier to remain celibate.

To your horror, your tragos-mates will try to fix you if they discover your problem. Explaining that you don't want their help can be disconcerting, at best. If your inhibition is severe enough, you may eventually find yourself ostracized. The tragos won't kick you out, but they'll quit inviting you to their parties and gatherings. After all, why would they want a party-pooper like you around?



PLAY THINGS

Satyrs love toys as much as everyone, and they have a few that were designed specifically for them. Although anyone could technically wield them, only the satyr kith fully understand theirs. Other changelings know that if they discover one of these items, a satyr cannot be far away.

THYRSUS

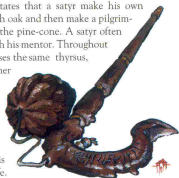
From ancient times, a thyrsus has been the standard satyr weapon. This ivy-twined staff is tipped with a pine-cone harvested from the forests at the foot of Mount Olympus. Dionysus and his satyr army were the first to carry thyrsi into battle, defeating many enemies with them in hand. They resemble shepherd's staffs, but with a hook at the end. Satyrs sometimes customize their thyrsi with steel blades sunk into the hook to make the weapons more lethal. The giant pine-cone at the tip swings on a short cord to distract the enemy. It also packs a severe whollop when slammed against an opponent's head. When in battle-stance, a goat holds his thyrsus with both hands and uses it to block and attack.

Tradition dictates that a satyr make his own thyrsus from British oak and then make a pilgrimage to Greece for the pine-cone. A satyr often makes this trip with his mentor. Throughout his life, the goat uses the same thyrsus, yet he makes another if he loses or breaks the one he has. At the end of his life, the satyr buries the thyrsus at his tragoidia. This burial symbolizes his own break with life.

Difficulty: 7

Damage: 1

Concealability: none



THE GRAPES OF WRATH (LEVEL 1 TREASURE)

Dirty tricks appeal to satyrs rarely, except when someone has earned their vengeance. The Grapes of Wrath grow from a special vine located in the Dreaming. Finding them requires patience, determination and excellent combat skills. Chimera attracted to the sweet Grapes guard them well.

The Grapes of Wrath are perfect and a deep, rich purple. They gleam invitingly and flicker with Glamour to any who look closely enough. Anyone who eats a Grape feels slightly intoxicated and begins to lose their inhibitions. The more a changeling eats, the less inhibited he becomes. The Grapes contain no actual alcohol, however, so motor skills are not impaired.

Satyrs call this Treasure the Grapes of Wrath because they use them regularly to loosen up their enemies, either with the intent of coaxing information from them, or more likely, to get

them to make fools of themselves. Goats love nothing more than seeing a stuffy sidhe get wild and crazy in the middle of court.

HORN OF HERMES (LEVEL 2 TREASURE)

Made of brass, this tarnished Treasure looks like a helicon, or a large tuba. Its surface has pock-marks and the insignia of winged boots, Hermes' sigil. Hermes served as the messenger of the Unseelie fae of Olympus and was known among mortals as the patron of travelers. He and Dionysus developed a friendship when the satyr was still young. After Hera's second attempt on Dionysus' life, Hermes gave him the horn.

The Horn of Hermes is carried with one arm through the circle and rests on the shoulder. When blown, it lets the hearer travel with incredible speed. Anyone who sees this action notices only a blur and a flash of bronze, though he does hear the resounding "oompah-pah" of the tuba receding into the distance.

The bearer doesn't need to know how to make beautiful music on the Horn of Hermes, but she must be able to blow hard enough into it to make a sound. It does not work otherwise. The Horn weighs about 15 pounds but its size and shape make it somewhat cumbersome.

THE HALCYON HALTER (LEVEL 3 TREASURE)

The halcyon was a bird, identified with the kingfisher, that



had the ability to soothe the winds and waves when it nested upon the sea during the winter solstice. The bird's legend originated in Greece, where sailors threw sweet biscuits into the Mediterranean to draw it, and then in the calmer seas, near their ports.

Halcyon have been extinct in Arcadia since before the Shattering. They died with their legend. The last few halcyon to die in the faerie realm were used to make Halcyon Halters so that their memory was preserved. Decorated with the bird's feathers, this halter makes an "X" across the chest of its wearer. The crossing of the "X" sits right over the heart where the brightest feelings stand out.

The Halcyon Halter soothes the wearer's pain. It wipes the memory of sorrow temporarily from the wearer's mind and heart,

allowing her relief for however long she wears the Halter. As soon as she removes the Halter, however, her emotions return, along with the remembrance of why she mourns. This Treasure costs one point of Glamour to use, though anyone can trigger it, not just the wearer.

MINOAN MOSAIC (LEVEL 4 TREASURE)

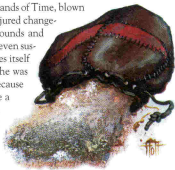
The ancient art of mosaics was developed in ancient Greece. It involves setting small pieces of colored tile in mortar to form a picture or decorative design. The Minoan Mosaic originated on Crete, during the reign of King Minos. According to legend, this Treasure shows the image of a faceless person until a changeling gazes into it for an extended period of time. With the investment of Glamour (one point), the faerie begins to see the face of her one true love appearing amidst the tiles.

Everyone has heard the tale of Narcissus and how, upon seeing his own reflection in the smooth surface of a lake, he fell madly in love with himself. He could not break away and died where he sat, gazing at his own image. The Narcissus flower grew where he had been and was named after him. What few people know is that several years prior, he peered into the Minoan Mosaic, but was disappointed when the only image he found there was his own. He proclaimed the Mosaic to be a fake, though later, he was proven wrong.

THE SANDS OF TIME (LEVEL 5 TREASURE)

Gathered one grain at a time from the shores of the Cyclades — a band of about 200 Greek islands in the Aegean Sea — this sand holds special healing powers. Some satyr scholars claim that this sand is actually tiny pieces of Atlantis that have washed up on the shore. As the centuries pass, the Sands of Time become more and more rare. It takes a strong Kenning ability to find such tiny fragments.

A pinch of the Sands of Time, blown into the face of an injured changeling, heals all her wounds and illnesses. One might even suspect that time reverses itself to a moment when she was whole and healthy because the Sands often have a rejuvenating effect. Yet, the Sands do not remove accumulated Banality.



SYRINX, PAN'S PIPE (LEGENDARY TREASURE)

The story of Pan and Syrinx has spread far and wide. It remains one of the most loved of all the Greek fairy tales. The word "syrinx" became the Greek word for "pipe" and is used synonymously with the term "pan pipes." A syrinx has five hollow reeds, cut to graduated lengths and bound together with string or leather. It produces a sweet, high-pitched music that lilt across great distances. Shepherds in the hills of Greece play them still and the sound of the pipes echoes across the countryside.

The one and only Syrinx was the first pipe ever made. Pan himself created it and kept it with him always. Its current location remains unknown and many satyrs have undertaken quests in the hope of finding it. Other kith think that the satyrs have it and are keeping it in safe-keeping, but if that's true, it's the best kept secret satyrs ever had. Satyrs keeping secrets? Yeah, right.

Many of the Kithain have heard of this Treasure and fear its appearance, for it has the ability to inspire incredible passion in those who hear its song. Because it was born of true love, however, it does not trigger generic passions in the same way that the Gift of Pan does. It instead makes those who mourn a lost love feel the bitter-sweet pain more acutely, and it urges those who do love to act on their emotions with the target of their affections. This music intensifies all of these feelings and solidifies them forevermore. He who loves when he hears the music of Syrinx will love that person forever.



K I T H B O O K : SATYRS

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Court:
Legacies:
Title:

Seeming:
Society:
Motley:

Attributes

Physical

Strength 00000
Dexterity 00000
Stamina 00000

Social

Charisma 00000
Manipulation 00000
Appearance 00000

Mental

Perception 00000
Intelligence 00000
Wits 00000

Abilities

Talents

Alertness 00000
Athletics 00000
Brawl 00000
Dodge 00000
Empathy 00000
Intimidation 00000
Kenning 00000
Persuasion 00000
Streetwise 00000
Subterfuge 00000

Skills

Crafts 00000
Drive 00000
Etiquette 00000
Firearms 00000
Leadership 00000
Melee 00000
Mining 00000
Security 00000
Stealth 00000
Survival 00000

Knowledges

Chimerical Alchemy 00000
Computer 00000
Enigmas 00000
Gematria 00000
Gremayre 00000
Investigation 00000
Lore 00000
Medicine 00000
Politics 00000
Science 00000

Advantages

Backgrounds

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Arts

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Realms

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Other Traits

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0000000000
0000000000
0000000000

Glamour

0000000000
0000000000

Willpower

0000000000
0000000000

Health

	Real	Chimerical
Bruised	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Hurt	-1 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Injured	-1 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wounded	-2 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mauled	-2 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Crippled	-5 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Incapacitated	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

= Ravaging/ Musing Threshold =

Banality

0000000000
0000000000

= Birchrights/ Frailties =

Experience:

Gift of Pan
Physical Prowess
Flaw: Passion's curse

Master/Leige Lord:

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Brawling Chart			
Maneuver	Roll/Difficulty	Damage	Actions
Body Slam	Dex+Brawl/7	Special	1
Grapple	Dex+Brawl/6	Strength	1
Kick	Dex+Brawl/7	Strength+1	1
Punch	Dex+Brawl/6	Strength	1

Class: _____ Rating: _____ Penalty: _____ Description: _____

SATYRS™

Expanded Background

Contacts

Holdings

Dreamers

Mentor

Vassals

Retinue

Possessions

Gear (Carried)

Chimerical Items

Treasures

Chimerical Companions

Freeholds

Location

Description

KITHBOOK:
SATYRS

History

Prelude

Date Ennobled:

Secret Societies:

Appearance

Chronological Age:

Mortal:

Apparent Age:

Date of Birth:

Hair:

Eyes:

Race:

Nationality:

Height:

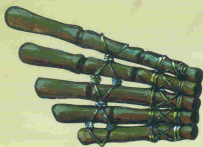
Weight:

Face:

Visuals

Oath Bonds Chart

Character Sketch



K I T H B O O K : SATYRS

SONGS OF PASSION

To play a song of love and to dance beneath the moon, these are the satyr's inheritance. They play from their hearts, and their songs delve deep to draw hidden passions from their audience. Herein, you will find the tale of the satyrs — from their treasured romances to their fiery passions; from their great successes to their dismal failures. Join in the song and know what it is to be one of the wild ones....

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ISBN 1-56504-728-1
WW 7053 \$15.00 U.S.



9 781565 047280
PRINTED IN CANADA

