

JENGLOT เจ็งล๊อต

By donating, you will also be supporting your own community and literally saving lives with every pint donated.

— Pam Henry

Quote: Come on now, You don't actually have to slash your wrist to get it to me. Just tell me I can have it, and that's that.

At one time the Jenglot is both the worst of tourist souvenir claptrap and an aeons old example of blood-totem sympathetic magic. They appear as attractive elven mortals, what might be passed off as a Sidhe in the West, but also as tiny deformed humanoid dolls with scraps of hair and warped dark skin. Growing from the one form to another, of course, is based on only one thing – offerings of blood.

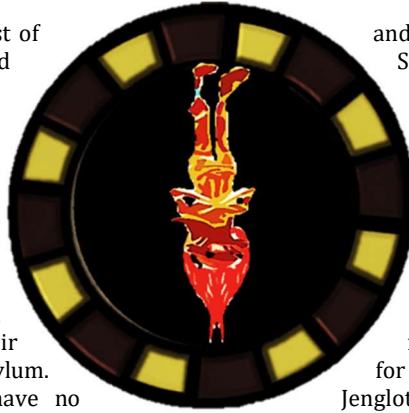
The Jenglot are unique in that they are a created humanoid Athurakal, not unlike their Inanimae cousins the Mannikin Phylum. However, most creators of the Jenglot have no intentions of bringing them to life. They simply craft them of scraps of flesh and hair in order to sell fake fetishes to naïve tourists. But all it takes is one individual to offer actual blood to the right Jenglot (just like the instructions say) and the Jenglot comes to life. Of course it takes more than just a little blood, and not every Jenglot bought has the means to awaken. But for the rare few, who do get offered blood, a metamorphosis occurs within those stooped little dolls.

Upon chrysalis, the Jenglot inherits the same faculties of the person who first offered blood. Reading (if the blood was from a literate person), they speak the same language, and often have the same desires, fears, and dreams as well. Though this quickly changes, as a new life and a new existence brings experience enough to change their minds. They quickly form their own opinions as they move out into the new world. With attractive face and enthusiasm for all of life's familiarities, they easily create their own identity which works for them.

Sure that tourist may wonder just where their souvenir went, but no more than losing a key-chain or a refrigerator magnet, no? But for that Jenglot, a little offered blood (intended or not) carries them away from tourist trap status and into the graces of a Hantu (Kithain) existence.

Appearance: As all of their number are Krofted, as it were, there are less facets of an Inanimae existence that they need worry about. The Hyang (Mien) of the Jenglot are attractive, if not unusually so (at least as long as there is a steady supply of blood). There is also a certain air of haughtiness about them, as if they were luckier than the average mortal but haven't learned to be grateful yet. The Bumi (Mortal Mien) Hyang boasts long straight hair- lustrous some might say, with bright eyes and a condescending, if attractive smirk. The Hantu (Fae) Hyang is much the same, save that the hair is longer, the eyes brighter, and the skin has an odd texture, almost leather-like.

However, if the Jenglot hasn't ready access to blood, that skin grows darker by the day – from leathery brown to dark cocoa to shiny blue-black. The hair grows stiff, less lustrous,



and begins to rise spike-like across the scalp. Some might even say their appearance to be creepily doll-like.

Lifestyle: The Jenglot's life is an easy one, as long as there is enough offered blood. They are relatively good looking, easy-going, and despite a slight air of arrogance, make friends easily. They have no real difficulties in carving out a little niche for themselves amongst the mortal communities. The same can be said for the local Athurakal (Fae) courts, where the Jenglot can pass himself off as a Celtic-Sidhe, or some other undecipherable Fae from another region.

Muda Jenglot are created from the hair of children, or the fake hair of dolls and the like. They quickly create a youthful identity matching their appearance. Many mortal households with no children jump at the chance to "adopt" such fine-looking and healthy children.

Sembrono Jenglot are created from the hair of teenagers, young adults or humans. They ease their way into local communities and become popular figures. Hopefully popular enough to get some blood offered freely.

Kawakan Jenglot are created from the hair of either animals, or the elderly. While this creation doesn't make them appear old or wild, it does lend them an air of seeming experience. Their voice is one of credibility, whether earned or no.

Glamour Ways: Jenglot refuel their Weth only with offered blood, converting the crimson ichor into the magic that fuels their existence. They don't have to actively imbibe the blood, but it must be offered to them.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Jenglot are accompanied by the smell of dried blood and burnt hair. There is also a strange crunching underfoot, as if walking on old bones. For truly exceptional successes on Cantrips, there is a scratchy, itchy sensation that plays across the skin of on-lookers, as if old stiff hair was caressing exposed flesh...

Affinity: Prop -or- Sliver: Any



Birthrights:

Blood Hacker (Peretas Darah): Access to blood remains the fulcrum of the Jenglot's continued existence, but the Jenglot has a good way to receive it. They don't have to cut or leech or bite (they aren't vampires thank the Gods). All that has to happen is that it's offered. The offer has to be a verbal affair, with the individual giving the blood making a declarative statement- "Have some blood" works. The Blood thus offered slowly disappears, (if from a person, they crave orange-juice and cookies shortly after the statement) and the Jenglot feels refreshed.

Blood Dolls (Boneka Darah): The created nigh-inanimae existence of the Jenglot allows their fake stolen bodies special blessings far surpassing the blood-filled mortal body.

At character creation, they each get one free dot of appearance. In addition, they are incredibly durable. A Jenglot is immune to bashing damage and takes no wound penalties from such. In the case of Lethal damage, they can spend their own blood (at a cost of 2 points of blood to heal one point). They suffer from aggravated the same as everyone and everything, however. *For simplicities sake, roll one dice at creation, to see how much blood a jenglot begins with. They can hold up to 10 points at once.*

Frailties:

Blood Hungry (Lapar Darah): Blood is the Jenglot's only source of Weth and sustenance. It fuels their new bodies as well as their Cantrips. They use one point every day to simply survive, which is spent upon waking up every morning (Vampire players know what I'm talking about). They also use one point of blood to fuel their Cantrips (which is converted to their Weth pool).

If for any reason, a Jenglot ever drops below 3 points. They lose their Appearance rating (which drops to 0). When down to one point, they lose their Str rating (which drops to 0 as well). If they lose that lose blood point, they lose all dexterity, and they fall back into a hard dry stupor, their body shrinking and stiffening into the mummified doll form whence they came.

There are a surprising number of loose Jenglot's roaming around Indonesia- from the roofs of abandoned houses, to wedged under tree roots in the jungles. Any of these could be indications that a Jenglot should watch his blood pool closely.

Wira smiles a real smile, and offers a real opinion, as somebody offers him a real bowl of pig-blood soup.

Chinthe: Kind enough, but their kindness does grow a bit tedious. Still, harmless enough I suspect.

Gerasi: I don't get it. If they don't get what they need, they tear into everyone around them to get it. Yet they are still loved. Odd.

Mambang Air: I don't get out to the water much, so there's not much to say, is there?

Mariamman: Gross. I am plenty healthy without their help. I don't need to kiss their butt in fear.

Nang Tani: I've tried to rustle up a little sympathy for their plight, but I just don't have the energy. They're attractive, they have a place to stay, and they got lots of people who love them. I think they'll be okay.

Orang Bunian: I guess they're supposed to be the royalty around here? Okay. It doesn't really affect me. To be honest I've never seen one anyways.

Pelesit: No. I don't know them. I've never known any. We have nothing in common.

Sone: Don't know any. I've never known any. I don't know why people assume I know any. I am what I am because of me, not because of any ugly witches living in a candy house.

