

WakWak

**Beauty is an ecstasy; it is as simple as hunger.
There is really nothing to be said about it.**

W. Somerset Maugham

Quote: Hey there, cutie, I just moved in upstairs yesterday. I don't suppose you'd help a girl out and show me around town?

An old Filipino superstition reads "Beware of Female Butchers." This is due to the WakWak's predisposition towards playing with their food. This all Aghoy (Unseelie), all female Kapatiran won't just butcher their meals like normal monsters, they will drape and display it for all it see, and few mortals are the wiser. The WakWaks are cruel, cannibalistic, utterly alien in mindset, and completely without remorse. They are also very good at hiding in plain sight and extremely good at acting.

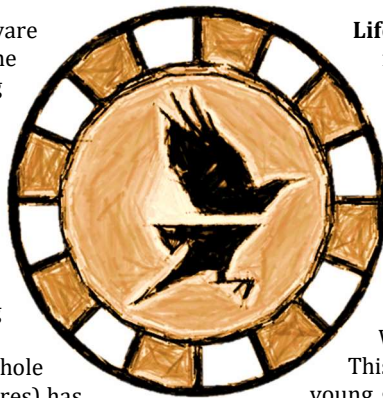
No single member of the Aswang (Whole collective of Phillipino Supernatural creatures) has been more justly deserving of enmity than the WakWak, (also known as Tiktiks Ekeks, or Manananggal). This is all for very good reason. The WakWak are attractive widows, or so-&- so's single sexy auntie, or a friend of a friend who just wants a new start in a new town... all these roles work to ensure that the WakWak is accepted by her mortal victims - Victims that don't even realize that there is a monster in their midst. During the day they are best of friends.

At night, however, the WakWak finds a safe place to hide her body: deep in a cave, high up in a tree, locked high up in the attic. There, hidden and safe, her body splits. Her lower half, legs and hips remain behind, susceptible to danger. Her top half, arms, torso, breasts and head, slink off trailing viscera behind. Wings slink from her back, and her tongue extends long and lascivious. Under cover of night she flies out across her community seeking bodily humours that provides her nourishment. Marrow, embryonic fluid, livers, blood, aqueous humor, every WakWak has need for a certain substance that can only be gained from human flesh. Nothing else will satisfy.

Mortals that see this form see it as a large bat or night bird. Other Creatures that see it can't recognize it as anything but a demon. WakWak won't shit where they eat however, and the wise WakWak spreads it around, taking a little from everyone every night, and even acting as if she herself was the victim of such terror.

Appearance: The Rupas (Mien) of the WakWak are as different as night and day. Her Rupa Bassit (Mortal Mien) is an mind-numbingly attractive Filipina with long hark hair and big dark eyes. There is a rustic charm to their faces and laugh-lines around their full smiles. They are honest, accessible beauties that are real in a way few other Fae creatures can be.

In Rupa Diwata (Fae Mien), this intensifies. With long slender ears and large luminescent dark eyes, they are reminiscent of the Celtic Sidhe. But when the sun sets their true nature is revealed.



Lifestyles: The WakWak hide in plain sight. They move into town and quickly become popular community members. They may become members of Aswang society, but only during the day. Some pass themselves off as Sidhe, or other Kiths. The better to throw others off their trail. Whatever their lies, they are amiable, pleasant, and popular among both mortals and fae.

Baguhan WakWak are few, if any. Most WakWak only appear in their wilder Ligaw years. This is a small blessing, the frenzy and torment of a young girl coupled with the raw alien destruction of a WakWak would be more of a nightmare than the Filipino Dreaming deserves.

Ligaw WakWak can easily use the natural good looks and easy charisma to win over allies in their receptive communities. They are doted upon for their sweetness and pursued for their beauty. The Wakwaks are ever so gracious about it all.

Matanda WakWak lose none of their charms of appearance in their later years. Like wine they only grow finer and zestier. Their quick wit, easy charm, and most of all subtle tongue is a testament to experience.

Glamour Ways: WakWak gain Kahali-Halina differently upon time of day. During the day, they gain it from being adored by their community. At night can they gain it from the creeping fear that accompanies their feeding.

Unleashing: Anting-Anting (Cantrips) cast by the WakWak are accompanied by dark shadows flickering across the scene. There is a shortness of breath, and a strange feeling of being seen, exposed, probed even.

Affinity: Actor

Birthrights (Endowments):

Reverse Sounds (*Baligtarin ang mga Tunog*): When their bodies are split at night, and their dark wings carry them from house to house, the WakWak have the creepy capacity to change the physics of sound.

The closer they get to a victim, the quieter their sounds become. Yet when they are far away, they are as loud as if they were standing directly beside their victim. Their breathing, the flapping of their great wings, the dripping of saliva from their long tongues... all can be heard by their victim. A successful Man + occult roll is needed to employ this power, with successes indicating how far away she sounds when close.

Love and Fear (*Pag-Ibig at Takot*): The WakWak has two methods to gain glamour, and both are equally effective. During the day their friendly nature and natural good looks ensure that most mortals rally around the WakWak providing a nice steady stream of Glamour. At night those same mortals fear for their lives, ensure that same steady stream. All rolls to gain Glamour from her community are at a -2 difficulty. Though she can never really gain Glamour from local freeholds, she will be just fine.

Frailties (Vulnerabilites)

Prone (*Madaling Talaban*): While the top half of a WakWak flies about at night, her lower half sits susceptible to danger. If salt is poured on the exposed parts of her bottom half, she can't rejoin, and by first rays of morning sun will die.

Vital Consumption (*Kinakailangang Pagkain*): There is that one bodily substance that every WakWak needs – Some strange component of the body that ensures day to day existence. For every night that a WakWak goes without it, she will be down one dice from any dice pool. When she is down more dice than her Stamina rating, she'll die.

Tala giggles playfully, and smiles with her eyes as she tells you about the fun fae in her little town.

Kapre: So much fun. Their parties are the best. They never fail to lighten up the room.

Duende: I know that sometimes they can be a little testy, but I see it as them protecting their own. I can't fault them for that.

Nuno: I am so glad that there are those that ensure our communal remembrance of the old ways. Too many of us have forgotten where we came from.

Santelmo: If only we all could be so enthusiastic.

Sikoyoy: Magical and mysterious, and so darned alluring. I wish I had half of their good looks.

Tikbalang: Well, we all need a hobby I guess.

Tamawo: Kings and Queens of a people that need guidance. We are blessed to have them.

