

NANG TANI นางตานี

**She sings from somewhere you can't see
She sits in the top of the greenest tree
She sends out an aroma of undefined love
It drips on down in a mist from above**

Girl U Want – Devo

Quote: Please, stop looking at me like that. I hate to be stared at. If you want to leave me a present, fine. But please, don't stare.

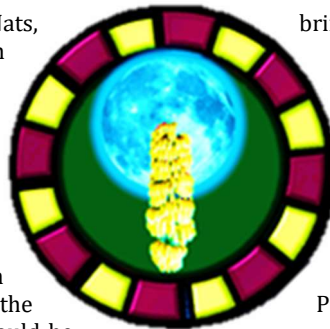
Known by many names, including Nats, Boomasoh, Akakasoh, Shakkasho, and Mrenh Kongveal, the Nang Tani are a beautiful and sad Hantu (Kith) of broken and dejected girls. Far more than Banana Dryads (which too many Western Fae have tried to catalogue them) this All-Female Althurakal (Fae) is a family that blurs the line between wraith and fae.

Hunted by a would-be suitor that just wouldn't say no, a beautiful young Maiden ran and hid in a banana grove. Or perhaps she was the suitor, and her heart was broken when her would-be paramour chose another. She too, grieving her loss, ran into the grove. There are many circumstances, but all include a suitor, a broken-heart, and a banana grove. Amongst the banana trees, with tears, twisted love, and grief enough to break the heart, was her chrysalis. The Moon shone on her that night, and a single banana tree opened up to embrace her in a way that no mortal ever could. Her spirit and the tree became one, and a New Nang-Tani was born. This happens enough that there is an entire kith of Nang Tani and is a testament to the horrors faced by so many beautiful young girls.

From that Chrysalis, the new Nang Tani is bound to her trees, and to the watchful Moon. She may carve out a mortal life for herself and may even return to her formal life in some respects. But she is forever changed. She is sadder now, lonelier. She has seen the ugliness of the world, and the only safe space for her is the banana grove she loves and that solitary tree that is hers. They will bring her gifts of course, other suitors who will love her – or the idea of her. Tragically, nothing will come of it but heart-ache.

Appearance: In all Hyang, the Nang Tani are stunningly beautiful young maidens with long hair, scant clothing, and a shyness that only adds to their allure. The Bumi Hyang usually has black hair, smooth coppery skin, and bright eyes with flecks of green shining in them. The Hantu Hyang elevates this allure, with the Nang Tani growing taller, and longer limbed. Their hair grows even longer, easily to their waist- with shocks of green or yellow appearing in its length. The coppery skin glows warm in the sun, and the eyes, once flecked with green, now shine as bright as an emerald, but with flecks of gold and amber in their depths.

Lifestyle: The two lives of the Nang Tani are remarkably similar. As a mortal, they have no fair share of suitors and callers bringing them gifts. They live quiet lives in the forest, next to banana groves, always especially close to their one banana tree. As an Athurakal, they have the same visitors



bringing gifts to venerate the beautiful spirit maiden hidden in the grove. Most mortals never realize that both maidens are the same. Such constant attention can grow tedious, and many Nang Tani take up positions in the local Athurakal courts as a diversion. Luckily the Nang-Tani isn't a Nymph, or Dryad or the like, and isn't bound to her tree the same way as them. They can easily escape for a time if need be and go adventuring. Perhaps to attempt true love?

Muda Nang Tani are precious little nymphets, with eyes wet from tears, and wan smiles. There is something breathtaking about their beauty, but also something heart-breaking.

Sembrono Nang Tani are old enough to search for true love, and unfortunately still naïve enough to believe they can win it.

Kawakan Nang Tani are still beautiful, but with smiles marred by jaded disappointment, and the tears have all been dried up. They are queens, yes, but tired ones.

Glamour Ways: The Nang Tani regain Weth with both the propitious gifts left at their trees (presents from the many mortal admirers) and from the raw unkempt powers of true-love. Many Nang Tani are fully aware that such true love will never come to them, they still yearn for it, and are moved by witnessing such in action.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Nang Tani bring with them a bright green luminescence that plays across the scene, and the smell of fresh bananas. Also, sometimes, without warning, a Nang Tani's Cantrips will cause things to float a few inches above the ground (including herself).

Affinity: Nature

Birthrights:

True Beauty (*Swy Tuk Thal*): One of the loveliest creatures in the Halls of Golden Lions, if not the whole of the Dreaming Kingdoms, the Nang Tani are blessed with ungodly beauty based on their Seemings. *Muda Nang Tani* begins with 3 free points to Appearance. *Sembrono* begin with 2 free dots, and *Kawakan* 1.

Moon Blessed (*Thaeng Chaab*): Due to their mysterious connection to the Moon, the Nang Tani have magic advantages

or disadvantages based on its light and according to Moon-Phase. During the Full Moon, they are at a -2 difficulty to all Cantrip rolls. Nights of the Gibbous Moon they are at a -1 to the difficulty of all Cantrips. On nights of a quarter moon, their difficulty is increased by 1, and for the light of a new-moon, they are at a +2 difficulty to all cantrip rolls.

Banana Tree Sanctuary (*Tn kiwy Wihar*): One of the quickest ways for the Nang Tani's escape is to run to that one tree that is her home, and hide herself. For no Weth spent, the Nang Tani can magically bind her spirit with her tree. However, if any harm befalls her tree, then it affects her both spirit and body.

Frailites:

Distrust (*Kinci*): The Nang Tani have been harmed by men, which served as the catalyst for their Chrysalis. No Nang Tani ever really gets over this and have difficulties in trusting men. Any interactions with the other sex are at a higher difficulty based on their Seeming. Muda Nang Tani are at a +3 difficulty. Sembrono are at a +1 difficulty, and Kawakan a +1 difficulty.

This includes other Hantu and supernatural creatures. Yet it doesn't include men



of the cloth. Male religious figures, including priests, shamans, and the like, don't count for the higher difficulties.

Sad Ending: (*Sera Sinsud*): Even if a Nang Tani could love someone, Man or Woman (and never really trusting the man) it would be a torrid affair, with the Nang Tani growing more and more distant, and her lover growing more and more saddened by it. Any relationship that the Nang Tani enters will be doomed to failure. This is akin to the Dark-Fate flaw and is enforced by the full weight of Dreaming Decree. It is a sad and heart-wrenching situation, and one every Nang Tani secretly wants to overcome.

Pensri under light of the full moon and shadow of her tree, whispers her gentle opinions of the Althurakal.

Chinthe: Good friends, they don't stare at me, and I don't stare at them.

Gerasi: They try so hard to get my attention. It doesn't work that way. And leaving 50 kilos of raw meat at the base of my tree certainly won't work either.

Jenglot: Disgusting little blood-drinkers; Little better than the Peik-ta. Their whole existence is one of theft, and I despise them with every fiber of my being.

Mambang Air: I understand the need to protect the natural world, but they do so with far too much joy. Is drowning the mortals really the best way to teach them respect?

Mariamman: I see the way that they look at me, and I feel the jealousy that rises up in them like a fire. I fear little, but their poison frightens me more than I can say.

Orang Bunian: They serve as our leaders and do so well. My trees are safe due to their diligence. I cannot thank them enough.

Pelesit: Is it wrong of me to pity them? The others say that they don't deserve my pity, but when I see them, they look so sad.

Peik-ta: The Spanish bull-dancers bring me so much, all in hopes of winning a kiss. I don't want to look at them, let alone touch their cold lips with mine.