

# Mambang Air จิตวิญญาณแห่งสายน้ำ

**The sea is emotion incarnate. It loves, hates, and weeps. It defies all attempts to capture it with words and rejects all shackles. No matter what you say about it, there is always that which you can't.**

Eragon— Christopher Paolini

**Quote:** You boat, and you fish, and you swim in these waters as if they were made for you and you alone. They are for the whole world, and the whole world doesn't want your empty beer bottle in them. You have 10 seconds to dive in there and fetch it out, or you'll be in there anyway, with none to fetch you out ever again. Do you understand?

From the Moment of their Chrysalis the Mambang Air turn to the oceans, seas, and rivers of the Halls of Golden Lions. A primal call to the cold dark water is heard, and they never look back. It is important to remember that despite the Air (Air is the Malay word for Water) this Hantu (Kith) isn't one of the sky clouds. Too many outsiders have made that assumption and few lived to lament it.

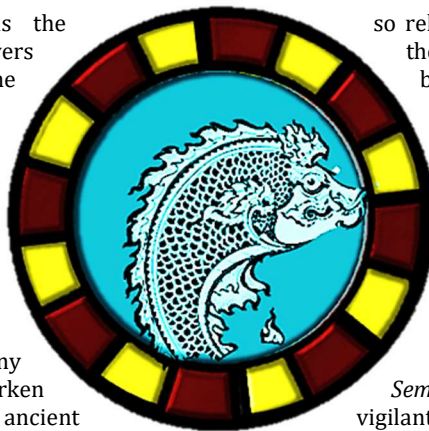
One of the most dangerous of Hantu in the whole of the Halls, the Mambang Air represent the primal dark realm of the waters. Not an Inanimae, as so many erroneously assume, the Mambang Air hearken back to older ideas of Elder Deep Demons and ancient Aquatic Gods. Simply labeling them Elemental Fairies doesn't do them justice.

They are keepers of the ever-important waterways that cover the majority of Southeast Asia. With this stewardship comes a horrible impatience with the mortal world. Humans are despoilers of nature, and their disregard of the waterways warrants the wraith of the Mambang Air. Perhaps the most serious and dour of the Athurakal (Fae), only mortals who respect and safe-guard the waters as much as the Mambang Air themselves are safe.

**Appearance:** The Mambang Air are always lithe, graceful figures, with the unmistakable build of someone who spends their days with rigorous swimming. The Bumi Hyang (Mortal Mien) comes with bright eyes and a small reserved smile (when conditions are met to warrant happiness) but can quickly grow into an ugly scowl if proper respect isn't shown to the water. The Hantu Hyang (Fae Mien) has flesh all the blues, greens, and dark-greys of the ocean. Their fingers are long and webbed, and their eyes are large shiny pools of obsidian pitch that stare and glare at trespassers.

They also have two other forms. That of a large sea-creature, native to their environment- sharks, catfish, octopi, Giant Mantis-Shrimp, etc. All of these forms are vividly colored, more-so than any natural examples of their species. Twice as much if witnessed in Piscine Hantu-Hyang. They can also assume a humanoid figure made of sea-water, nigh-invisible when the Mambang Air stands still in their natural habitat.

**Lifestyle:** All Mambang Air can be found living in, on, or near the sea. They don't like to leave it if possible. When forced to intercede for the Athurakal courts, they will travel inland to do



so reluctantly. Afterwards they will return to the water. There is plenty to keep them busy on the home-front, and no shortage of arrogant mortals to punish.

*Muda Mambang Air* are insufferable little piss-ants. Nothing, and no one, is ever good enough for them. Every person they meet is judged harshly for real or imagined slights. Some Mambang Air might even grow out of this.

*Sembrono Mambang Air* become aquatic vigilantes, protecting the shorelines from afar, and quickly weeding out any ne'er-do-well that harms those ever-important waterways. This can get them in some trouble with the powers-that-be, but the Mambang Air feel justified in their decisions regardless.

*Kawakan Mambang Air* are mysterious and dark entities that dwell deep beneath the waves. Rarely venturing up to the surface, few can say what becomes of them, even fewer would say anything.

**Glamour Ways:** Mambang Air regain their Weth when mortals feel responsible for the waterways, and are grateful for all that Seas and rivers provide. They also when refuel their magic when those same water-ways are enjoyed

**Unleashing:** Cantrips cast when the Mambang Air is happy, smell like salt spray and feel like cool breezes. Cantrips cast by angry Mambang Air, however, smell like rotting fish and seaweed, carried by a cold clammy wind

**Affinity:** Nature

**Birthrights:**

**Water Magic (Sihir Air):** The Mambang Air have gifts aplenty inherited from their watery



domain. At character creation, each gains an extra dot of Appearance for free (this can quickly change when they get angry, see frailty below). In addition, when in the water, they can spend a point of Weth to assume 2 forms. One is a nigh-invisible body made of the same water they are sworn to protect- either salty sea water, or the clean water of the rivers, lakes or streams. They can also take the form of a large sea-creature native to the same water. Giant Catfish, Koi, or similar piscine creatures work for the fresh water, Sharks, crustaceans, or tentacled beasties for salt. The Attributes for these forms seldom change, but storytellers and players should converse about venom, color-changing abilities, or other special abilities held by the aquatic creatures that a Mambang Air might have access to.

It should also go without saying, but a Mambang Air can breathe water indefinitely, and takes no penalties from the cold, deep, quiet of the ocean. (Although, the ocean can go quite deep...)

#### Frailties:

**Water Bound (*Air Terikat*):** A Mambang Air is a creature of the primordial waters, and to the waters they must return. They have a limited number of days (equal to their stamina) to be apart from their natural source of water (sea or fresh), and a limited number of hours (again equal to stamina) to be apart from some form of water at all. Soaking in the tub is fine, as is a swimming pool, or even simply pouring a bucket of water over the head. But without access to such, they lose a dice to all pools until they can again get wet. If their dice-pool ever reaches zero, they lose their Fae nature completely.

**Magic Bound (*Sihir Terikat*):** As inheritors of old ways, and descendants of old demon-gods, the Mambang Air are susceptible to certain rituals and rites. If a mortal, mage, or other performs these rites before going to the water, the Mambang Air is powerless to affect them directly. Some of these rites are lost to antiquity, but many continue today. For instance, a mortal that calls upon the name of Allah or the Prophet (a newer one to be sure, but equally as effective as calling on old Malaysian Deities) will be safe from a Mambang Air actively harming them (though the clever Mambang Air can find a way).

In addition, a Mambang Air denied thusly will grow angry and vengeful. They must succeed on a willpower roll (difficulty based on how powerful the ritual is - with the name of Allah being a 7, but an ancient Mesopotamian warding ritual against water demons being a 9 or even 10). If they fail the roll, they transform into something primal and other.

Their appearance will change from that of an attractive watery Fae to a primordial water demon, with an Appearance of 0 and a mouth full of black ink and obscenities. Those outsiders who witness this form must succeed on a willpower, difficulty 7, or be overcome with fear and flee the scene. The worst part of this is that those in the know (hunters and the like) will now know that there is a water demon near-by, and the Mambang Air's life will never be easy again.

#### **Nizam, watches at first- if just to see your intent. With wariness he begins...**

**Chinthe:** Always honest, always helpful. It is also hilarious watching them try to swim.

**Gerasi:** Many attempt to over-fish. I don't care how hungry they are, there are mortals who need fish too. Still, they try to atone for the over-fishing. I will let it slide, for now.

**Jenglot:** Disgusting false-mortals with the stench of dead - blood clinging to stolen hair. If they get too close I will drag them down and watch their fake-lungs fill up with very real salt-water.

**Mariamman:** It is an ugly evil, but a necessary one. As long as mortals have been around, they have prayed for long-life. Now there is at least a face to direct that prayer to.

**Nang Tani:** Why are you whining? More salt-water leaks from your eyes than I have floating around my house. If something is wrong, fix it and stop your whimpering.

**Orang Bunian:** I would prefer my lieges to be more serious. Still, I wouldn't, couldn't be the one to do it. They will serve for now, but if a call to war comes, I will vote in a more fitting Commander.

**Pelesit:** Crickets? More like cockroaches at the beck and bidding of blood-born bitch-hags. These slaves are useful only as bait.

**Ular Tedung Jadian:** They are there, swimming through and beyond my home. That is all I will say. Anymore and they'll come for you and me.