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~ TANO ~

THE RINGMASTER

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<u>Sexuality:</u>	Pansexual
<u>Age:</u>	24 (in human years)
<u>Species:</u>	Spirit
<u>Alignment:</u>	<u>Nomad</u>
<u>Affiliation:</u>	None
<u>Origin:</u>	Suoju Forest
<u>Personality:</u>	Tano's overall demeanor is very positive. She is a very happy, bubbly, playful, and outgoing Spirit that is full of energy. She has a smile the vast majority of the time, even during most instances of danger where she is seen as pretty much fearless. She is not shy at all, a very easy spirit to approach.

Quote:	"Should uhm...Should I slow down? Ehehe..."
Abilities/skills:	THE RINGMASTER Tano's signature ability allows her to create magical rings anywhere within a physically approachable 2 meter radius around her. These rings can be modified in shape, size, and thickness.

I. BENDER'S TECHNIQUE

When accompanied with body movement, Tano can telekinetically move her rings around in her two meter radius. Beyond the radius this ability is very weak, but is just enough to allow her to control the flight path of rings and bend them like boomerangs.

II. ASSASSIN'S TECHNIQUE

The rings' outer edges can be modified to give them a sharp cutting edge, turning them into discs, shurikens, buzzsaws, etc

III. MAGICIAN'S TECHNIQUE

Tano can connect space between any two different rings, turning them into portals that anything can pass through, provided they are the same size.

IIII. FIFTH-DIMENSION CARNIVAL

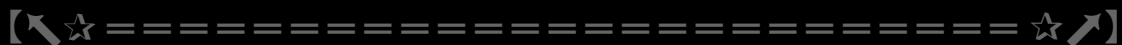
Call it her **DOMAIN EXPANSION**. Tano summons and deliberately breaks ten of her twelve rings to set up a spherical field of 45 meters. While in this field, the capability of Tano's rings are significantly improved. She can conjure rings, and telekinetically control them anywhere inside this field, no matter how far away she is. Rings cannot be broken inside the field, and rings used with **ASSASSIN'S TECHNIQUE** are sharper and spin faster.

KALEIDOSCOPE

A remnant of the ability of a deceased spirit, Kaleidoscope allows her to create and control clones of herself. These clones are harmless, intangible, disappear if touched, and are easily discernible as clones with a closer look. However, she can see through the eyes of a clone, or through one eye out of two different clones.

Strengths:	Tano has the trained movements of a ninja, very fast, very acrobatic, and very nimble, making tricky movements that are hard to follow, and being able to run and jump to places most other people can't. Tano likes to run away, instead of fighting. When paired with her acrobatic skill, and her many abilities, hanging and swinging on rings, portaling through them, mixing up her movements, pairing Kaleidoscope with them to trick adversaries, this all makes her hard to track, and very, very hard to catch.
Weaknesses:	• Her rings are like ammo that she must replenish with energy, with a maximum of 12. When she uses one and then makes it disappear, that ring returns to the "magazine", but if it disappears because it is broken, then it's lost. At least a day and a half is needed to replenish just one ring, and it may be faster or slower depending on her health and well-being. • If successfully caught and detained, she has severely limited, if not absolutely no options. Recommended containment procedures include binding her body, making sure she has no movement of her fingers, arms, legs, hooves, head, neck, as well as removing her ability to speak. This covers anything she could otherwise do with her rings to set herself free. Make sure her containment has no openings she can slip through, so that she can't use KALEIDOSCOPE to find help.

	● Tano does not do well with fear. Granted, it is hard to frighten her. In very dangerous scenarios she is usually very level headed, and sometimes happy enough to the point of laughter. That is only if she can run. It's only when she feels that she can't, where she had to fight and stand her ground, that is when she is truly frightened. She will rely harder on instinct, she'll be harder to reason with, and will make irrational decisions.
Fun Facts:	● She has a singing voice! ● She likes puzzles. ● Her hair smells of cherries, and her kisses taste like it as well



TANO'S BACKSTORY

The Suoju Tree. The father of Tano, and the keeper of the forest in which she lived. It stood tall, its radiant glow a beacon of life in the forest. Spirits danced in its light, their laughter carried by the wind. Among them was Tano, a bright, playful spirit with boundless energy and a perpetual smile. Even when she was much more nimble than everybody else, she spent most of her time creating. Playing with strings, fabrics, and needles, young Tano had become pretty much the tailor to approach if a spirit needed something specific to wear.

Jiun was...A spirit that took care of her. She cared with all her heart for Tano, so that naught a fearful thought would ever plague her mind. She sewed and knitted together with Tano, she taught Tano how to move like a spirit. She always told Tano how her ring abilities were powerful, full of potential. Much better than her Kaleidoscope ability, allowing her to cast copies and mirror images of herself. She was a friend, a playmant, a mentor, a mother.

Because of Jiun, Tano had never known war, never faced true danger.

One night, the sky turned black. The ground trembled beneath a monstrous onslaught, shadows pouring into the heart of Suoju. They came in droves, creatures of nightmare with hunger in their eyes. The spirits fought back, their luminous forms weaving through the battlefield, striking at the invaders with ancient power.

But Tano did not fight. She could not. The very sight of the creatures sent a shiver of fear through her. Her rings, once tools of playful acrobatics, hovered uselessly at her side. She watched in horror as the battle unfolded before her.

"Go, Tano!" Jiun's voice broke through the chaos. Tano turned to see her closest friend, her mentor, standing firm amidst the horror. Jiun's Kaleidoscope ability flickered, creating illusions of herself to confuse and mislead the enemy. "You're faster than all of us! You need to find help!"

"But—"

Jiun smiled gently, despite the carnage surrounding them. "Go. We'll hold them off."

Tano ran.

She ran past the burning trees, past the scenes of spirits fighting for their lives. She ran through the darkness, her breath ragged, her heart pounding. She searched far and wide, pleading for aid from those she encountered. But none could—or would—help. Some were too weak, some too afraid. Others simply did not care.

Time blurred. With every step she became more desperate. And then, the earth shook. A distant explosion rocked the land, sending a pulse of power through the air. Tano felt it in her chest—a deep, resounding tremor that spoke of destruction. Her breath hitched. The Suoju Tree!

Panic seized her, and she turned back. But she was no longer alone. The monsters had followed her scent. Jagged forms slithering through the undergrowth, and behemoths of creatures stomping through stone and vegetation. The hunt was on. Tano was no fighter. She had never fought, never struck a damaging blow, forget a

killing one. She could hardly defend herself.

So she ran.

Days turned to weeks. Weeks turned to months. Survival became her existence. Scavenging for food, hiding from relentless pursuers, sleeping in the hollowed remains of fallen trees. She suffered close call after close call. Every moment was a test of endurance. Every breath was borrowed time.

Years passed.

And then, one evening, while in the trees foraging for berries, there stood Jiun. Or rather, what remained of her. A clone, flickering in the twilight, her expression calm and knowing. Tano's heart clenched.

Wordlessly, the clone gestured, guiding her through the ruins of what was once Suoju Forest. Silently, she followed, her surroundings corrupted with the blackened husks of trees stretched towards the sky like skeletal fingers. The earth was scarred, lifeless. In the distance she could see it. The Suoju Tree. It looked like it'd been ravaged. Beaten, bludgeoned, rammed against. A huge chunk of bark was missing from its center, dislodged, defiled, and splintered in multiple pieces across the ground. They stopped for a moment, and then the clone went on. Tano continued to follow.

And soon they arrived at their destination. There, before them, stood an Ancestral Tree—untouched, standing in defiance of destruction.

Jiun's Ancestral Tree.

Tano collapsed to her knees. The weight of it all crashed over her like a tidal wave. The other Spirits were gone. The Suoju Tree, destroyed. What of the forest that wasn't burned was decaying as a result. Jiun was gone. She had failed.

A sob tore through her, then another. She wailed, her cries echoing through the hollow land. Her rings cut through the ground as she lashed out, hurling them at the dead trees as she cursed herself. They bounced off harmlessly, falling uselessly at her feet. Weak. She was weak. So, so weak...

The clone knelt beside her, silent but warm. It could not speak, could not comfort her with words. But it placed a hand on her shoulder, a final gesture of companionship. And then, like the wind, it faded away.

Light stirred from within the Ancestral Tree. It flowed towards Tano, wrapping around her in soft, ethereal tendrils. It seeped into her very being, filling the hollow ache inside her. And then, she understood.

Jiun had left something behind. Kaleidoscope.

Tano rose, her hands trembling, her eyes still wet with tears. But the grief was no longer alone. Something else burned within her now. A slow, smoldering fire.

A rustle in the dead foliage. She turned, and from the shadows, the monsters emerged, approaching the sound of crying. They saw only a fragile spirit, still kneeling, still broken.

They were wrong.

Her rings lifted into the air, humming with newfound energy. They twisted, sharpened, morphed into weapons of war. Shurikens. Buzzsaws. Discs of death. They spun, adding lethality to their blades, generating wind that blew through her hair, blew away the particles and dust that littered the atmosphere. In her anger, Tano did not run.

She stood, her sorrow and fear pushed to the wayside, leaving behind something raw, something fierce. And as the monsters lunged, Tano welcomed them with fury. One by one, the rings intercepted the attacking enemies. Some survived their cuts, only to be cut down when they attacked a second time. Some had a limb or two removed cleanly, to be made easy pickings for their final blow. Some were hit in their vital parts on the first strike, instantly ending them. Some even had their heads cut clean off. Such varying levels of effectiveness in her strikes goes to show that she's never done this before. But it didn't matter. They kept coming, until they stopped coming. She let out desperate grunts and battle cries. One by one, until they were all still on the ground.

Tano stood amidst the carnage, her breath coming in sharp gasps. The blackened

ground of the charred Suoju Forest was stained with the evidence of her rage—corpses lay scattered around her, their lifeless forms twisted and broken. The sharp edges of her rings had done their work, carving through flesh and bone with such surgical effectiveness that shocked even her. But now, as the fury ebbed away, the weight of reality settled over her.

Her rings, once deadly weapons, flickered back into their normal, glowing forms, clattering to the earth like discarded trinkets. She blinked at them, her mind struggling to process what she had just done. Her legs, once so strong in combat, buckled beneath her. She collapsed onto the ground, her hands frantically carrying her until her back pressed against the unyielding surface of Jiun's Ancestral Tree. Her breath hitched, her throat constricting as she stared at the ruin she had created. This wasn't her. It couldn't be her.

The trembling in her hands spread through her entire body. The smell of blood filled her nose, thick and suffocating. She felt it on her fur, the way it soaked her clothes. It was imprinted on her soul, burned into her memory. She wanted to scream. She needed to scream. But even in this state of horror, she knew the consequences. Sound would attract more of them. And she didn't want to do that again. She didn't even know if she *could* do that again. So she pressed her shaking hands against her mouth and bit back the cry that threatened to escape. She panicked at the thought, the panic forcing the balance back into her legs so she could stand.

Again, she ran.

She didn't know where to, and she didn't care. She needed distance, she needed to be away from what she had done. Her body carried her blindly, weaving through the remnants of what once was Suoju Forest, her breath ragged, her vision blurred with unshed tears. She didn't stop, not when the twigs snapped underfoot, not when the memories clawed at the edges of her mind, and not when her lungs burned with exhaustion.

As the night swallowed her whole, a cruel realization settled deep within her chest, heavier than anything she had ever carried. Strength or weakness had nothing to

do with it. Power didn't change who she was. She wasn't a warrior. She wasn't a protector. She wasn't a hero.

She was weak.

She was a coward.

She would always run.

A few years later....

There was nobody she could find to help her, Jiun was not here to hold her hand. She was on her own. So, deep within an untouched land, hidden beneath the canopy of an unfamiliar forest, Tano built a home for herself. A treehouse nestled high among the branches, away from the dangers below. It was small, but sturdy—crafted from salvaged wood and vines, reinforced with whatever she could find. She made it her sanctuary, a place where she could finally breathe again.

She spent her days making herself comfortable, stitching together new clothes, weaving a bed of the softest materials she could gather. She collected trinkets, small things that brought her a sense of warmth, and for the first time in a long while, she felt something close to peace. But peace was fickle. Even now, in this refuge, she had seen no other spirits. Not since that day.

The nights were the worst. Sometimes, she couldn't sleep. When she did, the nightmares would come—visions of burning trees, of Jiun's fading smile, of the corpses she left behind. She would wake with a start, panting, clutching at her chest to still her pounding heart.

So she began to practice in her free time. She pushed her body further, testing the limits of what she could do. She learned the intricacies of her abilities, how to move with them, how to manipulate them. Day by day, she grew faster, more nimble, more acrobatic. Like a shadow, she could weave through the treetops with impossible speed, slipping through the world too fast to be seen. She honed the

hands of a thief, thinking it handy to grab what she needed and avoid the fight. The thrill of movement became her escape, her one joy. When nothing was at stake, when it was just her and the wind, she could smile again. She could forget.

One day, she packed her things neat within her home, wishing to be back later, and then she left. In a random direction, with no destination, just like last time. She found herself in strange places, finding strange things.

That brings us to who Tano is now. The one who always smiles, who dazzles with tricks and showmanship. The signature pink-ish red and black, hat perched atop her head, rings spinning in mesmerizing patterns, with the way she disappeared from places and reappeared from others. No one knew what she was truly capable of, and she preferred it that way. Let them see the performer, the trickster. Let them believe she was untouchable, always one step ahead.

She liked it that way. That's who she was.

The one spirit you could not catch.

The one who always ran.