



WEREWOLF

THE FORSAKEN
SECOND EDITION

A STORYTELLING GAME
OF SAVAGE FURY

**MAN IS A COMBINATION
OF THE LEARNED AND THE INSTINCTUAL,
OF THE SOPHISTICATED AND THE PRIMITIVE.**

**WE SHOULD NEVER TRY TO DENY THE BEAST,
THE ANIMAL, WITHIN US —**

**ONLY TO CHANNEL THESE ENERGIES
IN A POSITIVE DIRECTION.**

THE HOWLING



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DEDICATION

To those who hunted before: Ethan Skemp and Chuck Wendig. **Werewolf** wouldn't be **Werewolf** without you.



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THE FORSAKEN SECOND EDITION

| | | | | | |
|---------------------------|-----------|----------------------------------|-----------|------------------------------|----|
| <u>INTRODUCTION</u> | 8 | Blood Talons | 34 | Packs and the Outside World | 63 |
| Themes | 8 | Bone Shadows | 37 | Running With the Wolves | 63 |
| <i>The Wolf Must Hunt</i> | 8 | Hunters in Darkness | 40 | Mythic History | 64 |
| <i>Duality and Edges</i> | 8 | Iron Masters | 43 | <i>The Sundering</i> | 64 |
| <i>Inherited Duty</i> | 9 | Storm Lords | 46 | Fangs at Your Throat | 65 |
| How to Use This Book | 9 | Ghost Wolves | 49 | <i>The Oath of the Moon</i> | 68 |
| Chapters | 9 | Lodges | 51 | The Shadow | 71 |
| An Introduction to | | <i>Lodge of the Einherjar</i> | 51 | Resonance | 71 |
| Storytelling Games | 10 | <i>Lodge of the Hundred Days</i> | 51 | <i>The Gauntlet</i> | 71 |
| Inspirational Media | 11 | <i>Lodge of the Hook Hand</i> | 51 | <i>The Hisil</i> | 72 |
| <i>Werewolf Media</i> | 11 | <i>Lodge of the Shield</i> | 51 | Hunting Grounds | 75 |
| <i>Non-Werewolf Media</i> | 11 | <i>Lodge of the Roman Ritual</i> | 52 | Tongue of Wolves | 76 |
| <i>White Wolf Books</i> | 11 | The Eaters of the Dead | 52 | | |
| CHAPTER ONE: | | Lodge of the Chronicle | 53 | CHAPTER THREE: | |
| HOWLS IN | | Lodge of Gargoyles | 53 | LAW OF THE KILL 81 | |
| <u>THE NIGHT</u> | <u>15</u> | CHAPTER TWO: | | | |
| Auspices | 15 | <u>A WOLF I AM</u> | <u>57</u> | Making a Monster | 81 |
| Cahalith | 16 | The First Change | 57 | Step One: Concept | 81 |
| Elodoth | 20 | Tooth and Claw | 60 | Step Two: Attributes | 81 |
| Irraka | 24 | Mercurial Flesh and Bone | 60 | Step Three: Skills | 82 |
| Ithaeur | 27 | Built to Hunt | 62 | Step Four: Skill Specialties | 82 |
| Rahu | 30 | In For the Kill | 62 | Step Five: | |
| Tribes | 33 | Us Against the World | 63 | Add Forsaken Template | 82 |
| | | | | Step Six: Add Merits | 83 |
| | | | | Step Seven: Advantages | 83 |

| | | | | | |
|-----------------------------|-----|------------------------------|-----|-------------------------|-----|
| <i>Afterwards: The Pack</i> | 83 | Human Merits | 110 | Attributes | 153 |
| Character Creation | | Spirit Magic | 114 | Mental Attributes | 153 |
| Quick Reference | 84 | Gifts | 114 | Physical Attributes | 153 |
| Experience | 85 | Moon Gifts | 115 | Social Attributes | 154 |
| Beats | 85 | Crescent Moon's Gift | 115 | Skills | 154 |
| Gifts and Rites | 85 | Full Moon's Gift | 117 | Mental Skills | 154 |
| Primal Urge | 85 | Gibbous Moon's Gift | 118 | Physical Skills | 155 |
| Soul of the Wolf | 85 | Half Moon's Gift | 119 | Social Skills | 157 |
| Anchors | 85 | New Moon's Gift | 120 | Skill Specialties | 158 |
| Blood & Bone | 85 | Shadow Gifts | 121 | Virtues and Vices | 158 |
| Touchstones | 87 | Gift of Death | 121 | Speed | 158 |
| Family Matters: | | Gift of Dominance | 122 | Rolling Dice | 159 |
| Creating the Pack | 89 | Gift of the Elementals | 123 | Roll Results | 159 |
| The Uratha | 89 | Gift of Evasion | 123 | When to Roll Dice | 159 |
| The Wolf-Blooded | 90 | Gift of Insight | 125 | Willpower | 159 |
| The Periphery | 91 | Gift of Inspiration | 127 | Attribute Tasks | 159 |
| Creating The Totem | 91 | Gift of Knowledge | 127 | Muddling Through | 160 |
| The Pack Prelude | 92 | Nature's Gift | 129 | Actions | 160 |
| Primal Urge | 93 | Gift of Rage | 130 | Argument | 160 |
| Body of the Wolf | 93 | Gift of Shaping | 131 | Carousing | 160 |
| Regeneration | 93 | Gift of Stealth | 131 | Fast-Talk | 161 |
| Senses | 94 | Gift of Strength | 132 | Interrogation | 161 |
| Tracking | 95 | Gift of Technology | 133 | Intimidation | 161 |
| Shapeshifting | 96 | Gift of Warding | 134 | Investigating a Scene | 161 |
| The Forms | 96 | Gift of Weather | 135 | Jumping | 161 |
| Hunter's Aspect | 98 | Wolf Gifts | 136 | Repair | 161 |
| Spirit of the Wolf | 98 | Gift of Change | 136 | Research | 162 |
| Renown | 98 | Gift of Hunting | 137 | Shadowing a Mark | 162 |
| Essence | 100 | Gift of Pack | 138 | Sneaking | 162 |
| Reaching | 100 | Rites | 138 | Time | 162 |
| The Balance: Weaknesses | 101 | Wolf Rites | 139 | Social Maneuvering | 163 |
| Silver | 101 | Pack Rites | 142 | Goals & Doors | 163 |
| Lunacy | 101 | Fetishes | 146 | First Impressions | 164 |
| Death Rage: <i>Kunuth</i> | 102 | Creating and using a Fetish | 146 | Opening Doors | 164 |
| Triggers | 103 | Creating and using a Talen | 147 | Combat | 165 |
| Harmony | 104 | Sample Fetishes & Talens | 147 | Beaten Down & Surrender | 165 |
| Merits | 105 | CHAPTER FOUR: | | Down and Dirty Combat | 165 |
| Sanctity of Merits | 105 | <u>RULES OF THE HUNT 153</u> | | Initiative | 165 |
| General Werewolf Merits | 105 | Traits | 153 | Attack | 166 |
| Werewolf Fighting Merits | 108 | | | Defense | 166 |

| | | | | | | |
|--|-----|---|-----|---|--------------------------|-----|
| Dodge | 166 | Materialized | 190 | Howling Horrors | 232 | |
| Unarmed Combat | 167 | Fettered | 190 | The Wolf | | |
| Ranged Combat | 167 | Urged | 190 | Who Cried "Father" | 233 | |
| General Combat Factors | 168 | Possessed | 190 | Hunting the Hunter | 233 | |
| Weapons and Armor | 168 | Claimed | 191 | False Pack | 235 | |
| Injury and Healing | 169 | Numina | 191 | The Heavenly Fire – Ansar-zalag | 236 | |
| Ranged Weapons Chart | 169 | <u>CHAPTER FIVE: PREY 197</u> | | | History of the Cosmos | 237 |
| Marking Damage | 170 | Werewolves | 197 | A Star on Earth | 238 | |
| Upgrading Damage | 171 | Spirits | 200 | Hunt the Second Star to the Right | 238 | |
| Healing | 171 | Hosts | 202 | And Straight On 'Til Dying | 239 | |
| Objects | 172 | Humans | 205 | To Serve the Heavens | 239 | |
| Sources of Harm | 172 | Spirit-Ridden | 207 | The Mouth of the Depths – Gagh-Azur | 241 | |
| Car Wrecks | 172 | Dread Powers | 210 | Ancient Appetite | 241 | |
| Disease | 172 | Forms of the Formless | 212 | Predator Becomes Prey | 242 | |
| Drugs | 172 | The Moon-Banished | 212 | Spawn of the Deeps | 244 | |
| Poison | 173 | The Earth-Bound | 212 | <u>CHAPTER SIX: HUNTING GROUNDS 249</u> | | |
| Extreme Environments | 173 | On the Origin of Species | 213 | Beyond the Land between Two Rivers | 249 | |
| Equipment | 173 | Chrysalis Tales | 214 | The Destroyer's Howl | 249 | |
| Mental Equipment | 173 | Fighting the Idigam | 214 | Hunters | 250 | |
| Physical Equipment | 175 | Hunters | 214 | Prey | 250 | |
| Social Equipment | 177 | Prey | 215 | Apex Predators | 251 | |
| Conditions | 178 | Metamorphosis | 215 | Places | 252 | |
| Improvised Conditions | 178 | Laws of the Lawless | 216 | A City Divided | 252 | |
| Lingering Conditions | 178 | Twin States of Being | 216 | Hunters | 253 | |
| Tilts | 178 | Essence Shaping | 217 | Prey | 254 | |
| The Shadow and Spirits | 178 | Forge Servant | 219 | Packs | 254 | |
| The Shadowed Landscape | 179 | Dread Powers | 220 | Places | 255 | |
| The Hungry Shadow | 179 | The Deceiver Lune – Lu'im Iduth | 222 | The Kraken Wakes | 255 | |
| Spirit Politics | 180 | Chasing Down the Moon | 224 | Blood and Water | 256 | |
| Gathra | 181 | Seekers of Redemption | 225 | Hunters | 256 | |
| Crossing Over | 182 | Lu'im Iduth | 226 | Prey | 257 | |
| Manifestation and Possession | 182 | The Endless, The Empty Hunger – Sag'suga Isim | 227 | Packs | 258 | |
| Game Systems | 183 | The Origin of Shadow | 227 | Places | 258 | |
| Spiritual Influence and Manifestation Conditions | 186 | Breaking the World Apart | 228 | Flashpoint – Afzu'Umm'la | 259 | |
| Resonant | 188 | Kick at the Darkness | 229 | | | |
| Open | 189 | Tendrils of Decay | 230 | | | |
| Controlled | 189 | The False Father – Lul'Aya | 232 | | | |
| Reaching | 190 | | | | | |
| Shadow Gate | 190 | | | | | |

| | | | | | |
|-------------------------------|-----|--------------------------------|-----|-----------------------|-----|
| <i>Awestruck (Persistent)</i> | 306 | <i>Leveraged</i> | 308 | <i>Stumbled</i> | 311 |
| <i>Ban</i> | 306 | <i>Lost Tracker</i> | 308 | <i>Swaggering</i> | 311 |
| <i>Berserk</i> | 306 | <i>Lured (Persistent)</i> | 309 | <i>Swooning</i> | 311 |
| <i>Confused</i> | 307 | <i>Madness (Persistent)</i> | 309 | <i>Symbolic Focus</i> | 311 |
| <i>Cowed</i> | 307 | <i>Moon Taint</i> | 309 | <i>Unaware</i> | 311 |
| <i>Cunning</i> | 307 | <i>Mystified</i> | 309 | <i>Untraceable</i> | 311 |
| <i>Delusion</i> | 307 | <i>Paranoid</i> | 309 | <i>Wise</i> | 311 |
| <i>Demoralized</i> | 307 | <i>Pure</i> | 309 | Tilts | 312 |
| <i>Easy Prey</i> | 307 | <i>Reception</i> | 310 | <i>Arm Wrack</i> | 312 |
| <i>Essence Overload</i> | 307 | <i>Resigned</i> | 310 | <i>Blinded</i> | 312 |
| <i>Exhausted</i> | 307 | <i>Shadow Paranoia</i> | 310 | <i>Earthquake</i> | 312 |
| <i>Glorious</i> | 308 | <i>Shaken</i> | 310 | <i>Heavy Winds</i> | 312 |
| <i>Guilty</i> | 308 | <i>Shadowlashed</i> | 310 | <i>Knocked Down</i> | 313 |
| <i>Honorable</i> | 308 | <i>Siskur-Dah (Persistent)</i> | 310 | <i>Leg Wrack</i> | 313 |
| <i>Inspired</i> | 308 | <i>Spooked</i> | 310 | <i>Poisoned</i> | 313 |
| <i>Invisible Predator</i> | 308 | <i>Steadfast</i> | 311 | <i>Stunned</i> | 313 |
| <i>Isolated</i> | 308 | | | Index | 316 |

INTRODUCTION

*We're predators; we don't eat meat because it's handy,
we eat meat because we have a taste for blood.*
Jeff Lindsay

A storm's coming. The wind howls between buildings. People hurry to their cars, their offices, their homes. Not you. You've only got eyes for the cop half a block in front of you. Two weeks back, he planted dope on two of your packmates. He's trying to cut down on "gang activity." He doesn't realize that his victims aren't part of a gang. They're part of a pack, and the wolf must hunt.

Werewolf is a game of savage violence and bloody horror.

Werewolf is about dominance and violence, about a world divided into "us" and "them." It's about hunting and being hunted in turn. It's about how far you would go for one of your own.

Werewolf is about finding prey and running it to the ground, hearing it roar defiance or beg for mercy, then crushing its throat in your jaws. It's about enjoying violence and dominance in a way that you won't otherwise admit to.

Werewolf is a game about the thrill of the hunt, and the fear of being hunted.

THEMES

Werewolf is built on the idea of having one foot on either side of a boundary. Characters aren't neutral – if one side is black and the other is white, most werewolves try to be just as black as they are white. Some make the mistake of thinking that means "gray," while others ignore the boundary in favor of one side or another. Being a werewolf means stepping up and taking responsibility without going too far.

Focus too much on the human and you will be trapped in your unchanging flesh, unable to understand what you really are. Focus too much on the monster and you will fade from the world and never see your loved ones again.

THE WOLF MUST HUNT

Werewolves hunt. The act of chasing prey and bringing it down is the down-deep core of everything you are. Uratha legends claim that you descend from the pack of the original

hunters – the wolves that hunted their father and slew him when he grew weak.

Werewolves see everything through the lens of the hunt. You form packs to have other people to hunt with. You keep territories to become familiar with hunting grounds. The spiritual, supernatural part of your soul gives you a predator's instincts – and puts you on edge when you don't hunt.

DUALITY AND EDGES

Are you strong enough to feel the pull of two sides without faltering?

On the hunt, your blood races. When something hunts you, it runs cold. Your blood carries the future of the Uratha and the burning fire of rage. It's powerful, but ultimately transient. You know things in your bones. They change with your forms but stay strong. The power of your teeth and claws comes from your bone. It runs deeper than blood, a slow power that doesn't fade. Blood is what you feel. Bone is what you are. Can you walk a path between the two?

You're born to the world of Flesh, the world of meat and stone. You're an inheritor of the world of Spirit, a land of animism and ephemera. The two don't mix – at least, they really shouldn't. Flesh should cleave to flesh, and spirit should cleave to spirit. If only it were that easy. Humans cross to the Shadow by accident or stolen knowledge. Spirits cross to the physical world to bolster their power or hide from other spirits. You can step between both worlds, so you can return your prey to its proper place.

Against a whole pack of werewolves, individual people and many spirits can't pose a real threat. Your sheer physical power overwhelms lesser prey. Other things hunt werewolves in return – more powerful werewolves, fragments of ancient spirit-gods, and things from beyond the moon. You and your pack have to find the edge between hunting worthy prey and gaining the notice of something that can crush you like a bug.

INHERITED DUTY

You had a duty from the moment you first changed. Sure, you didn't know about it, but when's history given a shit about what you know? Your ancestors slew the great hunter, but someone needs do his duty. Some werewolves hide their heads in the sand. Some lash out, living their whole lives in a teenage tantrum.

Some — you among them — step up and do everything you can to be worthy.

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

Werewolf: The Forsaken is a storytelling game of savage horror. It covers everything you need to play one of the Forsaken — werewolves who carry on the Sacred Hunt in the name of Father Wolf, the original predator. This book is a complete game, from the core concepts of the werewolves' existence to descriptions of hunting grounds across the world. It also has complete rules for playing one of the Uratha, the werewolves that stalk the World of Darkness.

This book also includes the *Idigam Chronicle*. The *idigam* are spirits of concepts that vanished from the world in prehistory. Rather than passing into nothingness they became warping, shifting masses. Father Wolf could not kill them, so he did the next best thing: He convinced Mother Luna to lock them away on the moon. There they stayed for thousands of years, until the moon landing.

The *idigam* have returned to Earth. They want their revenge on Father Wolf, but he's not around. Taking it out on his descendants will have to do. The Uratha, who have spent millennia hunting specific prey, haven't any idea how to handle the *idigam*. The Moon-Banished are a whole new kind of prey — one that hates werewolves. The Uratha have no choice but to adapt to this new threat. Change or die.

CHAPTERS

Chapter 1: Howls in the Night introduces the auspices, the moon-given castes possessed by each of the Forsaken. It also presents the tribes, inheritors of the Firstborn who harry and hunt their chosen prey in the name of Father Wolf's first pack.

Chapter 2: A Wolf I Am reveals just what it's like to be a werewolf. Here, you will learn the visceral physical changes that come with shapeshifting, what it's like to live in a pack of other werewolves, and the larger packs-of-packs that make up werewolf society. It also unveils the secrets of the spirit world and the mythic history that underlies the Forsaken.

Chapter 3: Laws of the Kill gives rules and game systems for Uratha characters. It reveals the properties of shapeshifting and regeneration, the powers granted to each werewolf by spirits, and the weaknesses that can kill even the greatest predator. You will also discover how hard it is for a werewolf to maintain her balance between flesh and spirit, her Harmony.

Chapter 4: Rules of the Hunt presents the Storytelling system, the rules that describe and resolve the action in a game of **Werewolf**. When it comes to charming a new packmate or tearing the throat out of your prey, this chapter has you covered.

LEGENDS AND LIES

Werewolves are people who change into wolves.

No. We were born and raised looking like humans, but that is a disguise. We don't have one true form, we have five — each of which has a purpose in the hunt.

Someone bitten by a werewolf becomes a werewolf.

Please. If you're bitten by a werewolf, you don't become a werewolf. You die.

Werewolves change under the full moon.

Perhaps. We change when we like and when the hunt demands. We have the moon's blessing, but she doesn't force us to change.

Werewolves can only be killed with silver.

If only. Silver is the best way to kill us, but it's not the only way. Sure, we heal really fast — but we need to get hurt to have something to heal from, and enough of that hurt will kill us as easily as it would anyone else.

Werewolves lose their intelligence when they change shape.

Our prey would hope! We have our smarts and our instincts in every form. Only the crashing wave of *Kuruth* can dull our minds — and when that happens it's a good idea for everyone else to run like hell.

Werewolves are solitary hunters.

Hell no. We're pack hunters. You and me at the head, on the hunt. Wolf-Blooded to mind the pack and tend the territory. And a whole mess of normal folk who don't yet really understand.

Chapter 5: Prey covers what the werewolves hunt. It details the known prey of each tribe — the Pure Tribes of werewolves, spirits, the Hosts of ancient spirit-gods, and the Ridden hybrids of flesh and spirit. It also goes into detail on the *idigam*, spirits of change once banished to the moon. You'll find systems for the prey and plenty of examples of things to hunt — or that will hunt your pack.

Chapter 6: Hunting Grounds takes a tour of the world from a werewolf's perspective. Why have the Blood Talons taken Basra? What threatens to destabilize the alliance that holds Bristol? How do werewolves in Tokyo deal with the range of supernatural threats? What do the werewolves of Australia's Red Centre adhere to even more than their tribes?

Chapter 7: Storytelling covers the core principles behind running a game of **Werewolf**. It covers the basic concepts to

keep in mind to bring the World of Darkness to life, and a number of optional rules and techniques to flesh out pack creation, Death Rage, and shapeshifting.

Appendix 1: Wolf-Blooded gives guidelines and rules for the Wolf-Blooded, otherwise normal humans who bear the touch of Moon or Wolf.

Appendix 2: Conditions is a reference section for the range of lingering effects caused by supernatural powers and other systems.

AN INTRODUCTION TO STORYTELLING GAMES

Most people reading this will know what a storytelling – or roleplaying – game is. Even so, everyone starts somewhere. If this is your first time in the pack, let's go over the ground rules.

Werewolf is a game in which you play out stories. These stories follow a group of werewolves and their pack as they hunt their prey through the World of Darkness. It is a place much like our own world, but one in which monsters lurk in the shadows. It's a lot like a drama series, like *The Wire* or *The Sopranos*. Most game sessions run between two and six hours, and take the place of individual episodes that build up into an ongoing narrative. The characters make alliances, come to blows, and wake up covered in their friends' blood.

Between two and five players each play a werewolf in the pack. You make decisions for your character. When your character isn't involved in events, you can play the role of another pack member – one of the Wolf-Blooded, or a human who has joined the pack. When someone picks a fight, you can choose to help her or run away. When she sees her prey, you can join her call to hunt. You tell the story of your characters' lives among the Uratha.

One player, the Storyteller, portrays other characters. If your werewolf character is in a scene, the Storyteller may play the role of a human or Wolf-Blooded that you portrayed in a previous scene. He also takes on the role of other characters, like antagonists and allies. It's his job to present situations in the fiction of the game that challenge the other players' characters. The Storyteller is playing characters – and the world. It's his job to create trouble, and you're playing your character's reaction to that trouble.

The Storyteller's job isn't to present a world in which the players' characters get what they want. His job is to provide challenge and conflict and danger. He narrates a part of the story that poses hard questions or needs the players' characters to react, then asks: "What do you do?"

When your character does something exciting, dangerous, or otherwise unpredictable, you roll a handful of dice to determine the outcome. You add up a few numbers on your character sheet (a combination of dossier and rap sheet) and roll that many 10-sided dice. What you roll determines

whether your action succeeds, fails, or gets your character into even more trouble.

Players want their characters to succeed. That's only natural; everyone wants to come out on top. It's the Storyteller's job to challenge that. To succeed, the characters have to overcome adversity – which is another way of saying that things go wrong before they can go right. The most interesting and enjoyable stories in books, movies, or television series, are the ones where everything goes wrong for the protagonists. It's fun to see how they deal with the shit and turn it around. The Storyteller needs to make sure that characters have a chance to bounce back. Enjoyable stories come from overcoming adversity, not having a protagonist whose every victory is Pyrrhic.

The Storyteller is responsible for...

- Bringing the World of Darkness to life through description.
- Deciding where scenes start and what's going on.
- Portraying characters who don't belong to other players.
- Involving all of the players and their characters in the ongoing story.
- Putting players' characters in tough spots, encouraging interesting decisions.
- Facilitating the actions players' characters take, while making sure there are always complications.
- Making sure that poor dice rolls affect but don't stop the story.

The players are responsible for...

- Creating their own individual characters and members of the pack.
- Deciding what actions their characters take.
- Making decisions that create drama and help keep the story moving.
- Highlighting their characters' strengths and weaknesses.
- Confronting the problems the Storyteller introduces.
- Developing their character's personality and abilities over time, telling a personal story within the overall story of the game.

Everyone is responsible for...

- Giving other players chances to highlight their characters' abilities and personal stories, whether that's by showing them at their strongest or weakest.
- Making suggestions about the story and action, while keeping in mind the authority of players over their characters and the responsibility of the Storyteller to occasionally make trouble.

INSPIRATIONAL MEDIA

This list covers some of the books and movies that make us want to play Werewolf.

WEREWOLF MEDIA

An American Werewolf in London, directed by John Landis: One of the great werewolf movies. The loving detail put into every second of the transformation sequences has informed depictions of werewolves ever since, and should give a sense of just how the Forsaken change between each of their forms.

Dog Soldiers, directed by Neal Marshall: The best werewolf movie to depict pack predators — much like the soldiers that they fight. Even though the effects may seem low-budget, the teamwork demonstrated by both sides in the tense siege shows how a pack working together is far more dangerous than a group of lone wolves.

Ginger Snaps, directed by John Fawcett: The story of a teenage girl's coming of age — and her transformation into a werewolf. It echoes a Forsaken going through her First Change and discovering that she is not human — and how she won't let go of her life just yet.

Murcheston: The Wolf's Tale, by David Holland: The most notable thing about this story — and why it should be of interest to all Werewolf players — is not necessarily the plot but the journal that the werewolf keeps. He accepts and welcomes his change rather than fearing it, and gives a great description of a werewolf's acute senses, both things missing from many other portrayals.

NON-WEREWOLF MEDIA

Boyz n the Hood, directed by John Singleton: The focus on place-as-identity and the environment of continual danger speak to the Forsaken experience. Gang affiliation is a lot like being in a Forsaken pack, killing prey for reasons that make sense to you but not to outsiders.

Homicide: A Year on the Killing Streets, by David Simon: The story of one year in Baltimore's homicide squad provides an inside look at the Forsaken mindset: The prey does something that puts the pack on its tail, and the hunt begins. The crimes recounted in the book need hardly any supernatural finesse to provide the starting point for a hunt.

Queen and Country, by Greg Rucka: The SIS agents who form the center of this story show a lot of the distance that the Forsaken have from normal humans — trained to kill, and having seen things that almost nobody else would, is it any wonder that they feel alienated from the country they're protecting?

The Shield, created by Shawn Ryan: Vic Mackey's close-knit team show all of the loyalty of a pack of Forsaken. They also show off a lot of the techniques that the human and Wolf-Blooded members of a pack might use to hold on to a hunting ground or intimidate rival packs.

Sons of Anarchy, created by Kurt Sutter: Another story focused on gang life, this time showing how a pack can grow beyond its initial members and totem into something that the original members would barely recognize. It also highlights just how dangerous it can be when one werewolf starts doubting the others.

WHITE WOLF BOOKS

This book contains everything you need to play Werewolf: The Forsaken, but over the years we've published many other books for the World of Darkness that can enhance your game.

The **World of Darkness Rulebook** is a definitive handbook for the rules, including expanded systems and character options. Citations to the Rulebook in this volume refer to the upcoming second edition. **The God-Machine Chronicle** is the original source for the updated rules used in this book, and includes unique lore of its own.

Predators goes into more detail on spirits, Hosts, the Claimed, and all manner of other monsters. Far from a bestiary or monster manual, it fills out the world of Werewolf with plenty of strange and nasty creatures to hunt.

Night Horrors: Wolfsbane is a look at the monstrous side of werewolves, the spirit world, and all manner of stranger things. It also gave us the first in-depth look at the *idigam*, the Moon-Banished creatures of change that most werewolf packs encounter in the same way that a sentence encounters a full stop.

The Idigam Chronicle Anthology tells stories of the encounters of Uratha and the things that hate them. It's a great read, and a good way to immerse yourself in the World of Darkness, as well as a source of inspiration for the sorts of stories that Werewolf lends itself to telling.

THE SCATTERED HOST (PART I)

Brandon was coughing again. Fran could hear him through the paper thin walls of the tiny apartment. He coughed and hacked and wheezed until she was sure he'd never take another breath. She couldn't afford to take him to the doctor, and so she prayed instead. Prayed to God not to take her child from her.

"Mommy?"

"What is it, Brandon?"

"I can hear them again, Mommy. Scratching in the walls. Can't you hear them?"

The scratching in the walls again. Hadn't she read something like that as a teenager? Maybe something by Lovecraft? She couldn't remember.

"I don't hear anything, hun. Try to go back to sleep."

He'd started talking about the scratching when the fever had kicked in. Her tired old electronic thermometer only worked half the time, and when it did Brandon's temperature was high enough to frighten her. She'd considered dunking him in a cold shower just to bring down his temperature, a remedy her own mother had employed more than once, but couldn't bring herself cause him more suffering. Please just let him fall asleep, she half prayed, half wished, as though wishing could make it happen.

"Please come and listen, Mommy. They're getting louder."

She got up from the bent futon she called a bed and walked into her son's narrow bedroom. The term bedroom was something of a laugh. She'd seen bigger walk-in closets. It had just enough space for a small bed, a shabby dresser, and an end table holding an old Mickey Mouse lamp. The light was out, and she could barely discern the shape of her son lying among sweat-soaked and twisted bed sheets.

"I don't hear anything, honey."

"Listen," he said. Forcefully.

That surprised her. She hadn't thought he had enough strength left to be forceful. She listened. Nothing. Wait... Was that a scratching at the back wall of the room? She took the two steps required to cross the room and placed her ear on the stained plaster. It was cool against her cheek and at first the only thing she could hear were the sounds of the city as it settled in for the evening.

Scratch, scratch, scratch.

"Hear it now?"

"I think I do," she said. The sound got louder.

Scratch, scratch, SCRATCH.

Plaster tumbled in flakes from the wall, falling on her shoulder like dandruff. Fran gasped and took an involuntary step back. Light reflected off tiny red eyes peering at her from a hole in the wall. A furry head forced its way through the hole, more plaster flaked away as a plump body followed. It wriggled through the hole squeaking and straining, and the hole almost seemed to contract around it, as though the wall were giving birth. As the hole widened she could detect the musky scent of decay, and underlying that the sweeter smell of rot.

"Ewww," she said, retreating further.

The rat tumbled from the hole onto Brandon's bed. It squirmed and rolled, pulling itself upright. It looked diseased, its fur greasy and matted. More scratching followed, more holes appeared in the wall. Rats began to rain out from the wall, each as disgusting as the first, some leaving blotches of glistening pus on the blankets marking where they fell. Fran reached down to grab her precious child, to yank him away from the vermin skittering on his bed. One bit her fingers as she reached for Brandon. She snatched her hand away, and the trickle of rats became a flood. The tide rolled off the bed and onto the floor. They ran up her legs, climbed under her nightgown.

Fran pushed away from the bed, thrashing, not hearing the coughing screams of her son as the rats gnawed at her flesh. She felt sharp teeth tearing into the skin between her breasts, and heard bone splinter as it tore through her rib cage. She pounded at her own chest with both hands, staggering. Fran ripped open her gown in a growing frenzy of panic, and reached for the thing that was digging into her skin. The other rats swarmed her, biting her hands, her face, her breasts, some leaping at her eyes. One tried to wriggle into her mouth when she opened it to scream. Blood spattered down between her legs as the rat burrowed into her chest, feasting on her heart. She fell, feet drumming against the floorboards. Her twitching continued for a very long time before she finally became still.

Brandon looked down at her, crying hard with snot running unheeded down his face. His mother was covered by a mound of furry bodies. Not a single rat had touched him. He began to cough. As though his coughing was a signal, the rats suddenly scurried away from his mother, the scabrous tide rolling back to reveal her body. She was covered with bites, and a gaping wound in her chest still wept blood. The rats rustled in the shadows and under his bed. He could see gleaming eyes staring at him in the semi-darkness.

"Mommy?"

Fran suddenly sat bolt upright. Her movements were jerky, and her eyes glowed with a feral gleam. She turned to stare at Brandon and it was like watching a stranger wearing his mother's face. She sniffed at the air, eyes still on him, and licked her lips. The rats began to creep out into the light, chittering with excitement. One rat had been wounded in the struggle, and was pulling itself along with its front legs. She snatched it up and bit into its stomach. The thing squealed once as she devoured it, clotted blood, oozing pus, and black viscera smearing her face.

"Hungry," she said in a voice that somehow sounded like the scratching in the walls.

She staggered to her feet and reached for him, the rats streaming forward once more. Brandon stopped coughing.



CHAPTER ONE: HOWLS IN THE NIGHT

*For the strength of the pack is the Wolf,
and the strength of the Wolf is the pack.*

Rudyard Kipling

No werewolf hunts alone. Father Luna blesses each of us with an auspice, a duty in the *Siskur-Dah* – our sacred hunt. Through the blessing of the Moon we find our place in the pack and in the world. Our dedication to Mother Wolf's duty so impressed many of her Firstborn children, and they bless our tribes, each dedicated to hunting a specific prey. Beyond those groups, we have the pack – monsters and humans that hunt as one to kill even the most powerful prey.

We band together because we must. No werewolf can hunt alone. It goes against our nature, against our very being. We must be part of something beyond ourselves to succeed in the hunt. A pack can stalk from the shadows, run the prey to ground, then tear it limb from limb. A pack can share expertise, knowing the best way to hunt whether we stalk spirits or *shartha*. A pack can hold a hunting ground, giving us a territory where we have the advantage. A pack's human members provide links to the human world, giving us ties to the communities we grew up in but that we can no longer be a part of.

AUSPICES

The bipolar moon god/dess Luna marks each one of us. He gives us our role in the hunt. The visionary, the walker between, the stalker, the spirit master, the warrior. She enhances our instincts, giving us the senses we need to slaughter our foes. His spirit-minions watch our deeds and reward us with spiritual power to hunt the most dangerous prey.

We do not pass this to other werewolves by bite or by blood. We catch the Moon's eye at the moment of our Change. He is the spirit of change, shifting face and identity as the moon changes in the world of Flesh. When the rage overwhelms us

and our bodies warp and shift, the face of Luna looking down upon us shapes the hunter within.

The new moon blesses those werewolves who lurk in shadows and strike when their prey is weakest. The crescent moon's gaze empowers hunters who use the power of the *Hisil* in their hunts. Werewolves who Change during the half-moon hunt using their connections in the worlds of Flesh and Spirit. The gibbous moon's werewolves are loud and terrifying hunters, scaring their prey before moving for the kill. Hunters who Change with the full moon in the sky are killers who excel at murdering even the toughest prey.

CAHALITH

THE VISIONARY

“That thing in that big fancy house up there, pretending to be human, he’s about to learn that walls can’t hold back Siskur-Dah! Who’s going to be the first one to give him that lesson?” The others screamed in rage and joy for the hunt. Some were already in wolf form, howling along. I saw one Rahu – I don’t know his name, he must have come in with Stake’s boys – cock a huge handgun. I turned toward the mansion on the hill. I could smell the guard dogs and the oil in the guard’s guns...but I smelled fear underneath it all. I changed, and let out a howl that rattled their windows. The guards ran from the house, training weapons on the trees, but my howl had no source but a half-remembered nightmare. They were all going to die, and as my people exploded from the forest, they knew it.

The Cahalith is the storyteller, the lore-keeper, and the prophet. She is the living history of her pack and her tribe, and in a larger sense, her People. But the Cahalith is not some lonely wise woman, dispensing wisdom to pilgrims in a hermit’s retreat. She leads the howling charge, she screams her anguish and rage to the fattening moon and entreats her packmates to do likewise.

A Cahalith werewolf is rarely subtle. She is capable of a stealthy hunt, if need be, but it isn’t her typical *modus operandi*. Indeed, the Cahalith prefers for her prey to know she is coming. She wants her target to hear her howls in the distance, to see her leaping across hills in lightning flashes, and to lock eyes with him before her teeth sink home. She wants her prey to understand his place in this story – just as she understands hers.

This is the tragedy that the Cahalith endures, and it is as old as Cassandra. The Uratha refer to the Cahalith’s mindset as *hurmas-hi*, which translates roughly to “submitting to dreams.” Cahalith live in their stories, and regard endings and misfortunes as inevitable.

Cahalith werewolves are visionaries and prophets. Luna visits them in their sleep and informs them of coming hunts. Sometimes these visions are clear, and the werewolf can recount details the morning after, but more often, Luna presents the dream-hunt in allegory and symbols. What the Uratha chooses to do with this knowledge is up to her, but if she is wise, she interprets the symbols carefully, consulting with her pack and her totem, trying to exploit whatever knowledge Luna has seen fit to give her.

Note, though, that Cahalith werewolves seek Glory, not Wisdom. The Cahalith seeks to make the tales worthy of being retold, and she looks to her more introspective packmates – the Irraka and the Ithaeur – to find the lessons. A story might be

tragic, comic, bloody, grim, triumphant, or Pyrrhic, but the Cahalith doesn’t know what story she is in until the story ends. The only true concern she has is: Will people remember this tale?

A Cahalith’s hunt is therefore memorable. It is often loud and horrifying. The Cahalith bursts through walls, smashes through barriers, and shows her prey exactly who and what she is. She probably leaves bystanders unconnected to her prey alive to tell her story; this might be unwise from a tactical standpoint and might even threaten Harmony, but it means that next week some terrified soul is going to describe her matted, bloody fur and slavering jaws to some equally frightened listener. This is how legends are built.

She welcomes the prey as part of that legend, though. If her target is afraid of enclosed spaces, she obligingly chases him into narrow alleys or kills him in an elevator. If he fears the water, she tackles him on a bridge and pitches them both into a river. If he has nightmares about being eaten, she might risk her own spiritual balance to indulge him. A mortal fear, some Cahalith feel, is the way a person always knew he would die. It is, in some ways, a predator’s responsibility to become that fear and fulfill that compact. In this way, the werewolf shows respect for her prey.

In the pack, a Cahalith has a responsibility that wears on her much more than she probably wants to admit. The Cahalith is the werewolf responsible for rallying the others, keeping their spirits high, enticing them to rage – or retreat – when necessary. This means that the Cahalith is always “on.” A Rahu showing vulnerability doesn’t necessarily detract from his prowess as a warrior, and everyone understands how an Ithaeur or an Elodoth might just want the spirits to let them be for a while. But a Cahalith has to hold the pack together, and that responsibility never changes or fades. A Cahalith has to be the living repository for the pack’s exploits and, often, her tribe’s lore. Not every pack understands that their gibbous-moon might not *want* to tell their favorite joke for the tenth time. And yet, the more in-demand a Cahalith is, the more in tune with her nature she feels. This kind of stress, ignored for too long, can lead to Rage and intra-pack violence. The worst part, for the Cahalith, is that she’s usually quite aware when things are coming to a head...but that’s part of the story, too. Who is she to change it?

INDIVIDUALS

FACES

Dreamer – The lore of the tribes is just someone else’s dreams, half-remembered and badly translated by a thousand

I dreamed about you last night. In my dream, you were screaming. In my dream, you were bleeding.

retellings. Your dreams are *now*, the visions that Luna needs you to know — you already have the knowledge and the context to understand them, or else why would She send them to you? Every dream is a sacred truth, and you are unable to accept that you might interpret one wrong. That is how you will meet your end, and you will never see it coming.

Lore-Keeper: You know your tribe's stories. You know the history of your territory, both the history that humans write about and the history that the spirits whisper. You seek out the descendants of the werewolf you killed for his fetish, just so you can ask them the story of how it was made. You have no time for secrets or omens and mysticism — history is science. It is uncovering truth. And eventually you will learn that history has weight, and you will meet your end and pass, stoically, into history yourself.

War-Howler — Into battle! Your screams chill the blood and make man and spirit alike turn tail and flee. Your packmates never have to wonder where you are. You are always there, leading the way, enemy blood on your muzzle and a song of glory in your heart. And a bullet meant for your packmate will find you first, and that is how you will meet your end, and that is how you have always wanted it.

MAKING A HUNTER

When building a Cahalith character, consider these questions:

Who was she before the Change? Many Cahalith are creative, vivacious, enthusiastic people before the First Change. That doesn't mean that they are extroverts, necessarily — a Cahalith might spend her time in lively online debates but prefer to be alone or with a small group of close friends. She might be the life of a party or a political figure, but her desire is typically for glory rather than idealism. She wants to be recognized, and that desire for recognition might spur her to do great or terrible things. What, then, has your character accomplished? Did she find a niche? How do her friends describe her? Does a government agency somewhere already have a thick file on her?

What happened during the First Change? The gibbous moon rises, and your character feels the call of the hunt for the first time. What did she hunt? What did the news and the blogs say the next day? Is her First Change still the subject of a dozen conspiracy theories? Whom did she kill? Did she run across an enemy that shows up in her dreams even tonight, or is the night of her First Change a story that she can't quite bring herself to tell? Cahalith First Changes aren't subtle, and they tend to attract notice from the Uratha (and other supernatural beings) more readily than Changes under other moons. Who was waiting for your character when the Rage finally subsided?

How does the character relate to her dreams? All Cahalith werewolves have prophetic dreams. Do



certain themes recur in your character's visions? Does she always dream of rain? Is a particular mysterious figure omnipresent? Consider, too, whether her dreams are realistic, lucid, and detailed, or whether they are highly allegorical and surreal. Does she hate her dreams, or does she look forward to them? Many young Cahalith can't tell the difference between a prophetic dream and a dream that's merely strange — has your character figured that out? Does her pack believe in her dreams, or is she a Cassandra-like figure, doomed to speak truth to those who will not hear it?

How does the character relate to her tribe? Cahalith, in werewolf society, are meant to be lore-keepers and historians. Not all of them adopt that role, but if your character meets another member of her tribe, that werewolf probably expects her to know the tribe's history and legends. Does she? Does she care about such things, or does she reject her own culture? Does she know glorious tales of defeating her tribe's chosen prey, or does she focus entirely on her own pack? A Cahalith from a uni-tribal pack is much more likely to become an expert in that tribe's stories, of course — but then again, a gibbous-moon who is the only representative of her tribe in the area might be just as zealous in presenting her people.

What is the character's fate? Most characters don't know their own fates, of course, but the Cahalith tend to view their own lives as an ongoing saga...and all sagas end. Cahalith aren't necessarily fatalistic, they just recognize that eventually, they get a death scene. How does your character see that scene playing out? Does she figure she'll die warm and safe, veteran of a hundred battles, surrounded by her children and grandchildren? Or does she plan to die with her enemy's blood on her claws and his heart in her mouth? Does she dream her own death? Does she think she can avoid it?

CONNECTIONS

Elodoth: Two sides to every story. We get that. But whose side are you on?

Cahalith have the utmost respect for a skilled Elodoth. After all, a Cahalith knows how the story is *supposed* to end, but the Elodoth is the one who brings in the interesting plot twist. Both the Cahalith and the Elodoth provide the pack with support, in different ways, and a gibbous-moon is usually happy to run with whatever role the Elodoth needs her to play. Of course, if the Cahalith doesn't get her time in the limelight when it's all over — or worse, if she has to keep the whole story a *secret* — tensions run hot.

Irraka: I'm glad you can be satisfied with simply doing the job. I can't.

A Cahalith might be impressed with her stalker packmate's prowess, but hiding in the shadows is only acceptable if one then gets to leap *out* of the shadows and reveal oneself. A Cahalith doesn't see any glory in skulking and hiding, and battling a foe without at least announcing her intent just feels *wrong*. That doesn't mean Cahalith are enamored of fair fights, necessarily, just that they'd like the prey to know that a fight is happening.

Ithaeur: Every spirit is a story. Tell me one.

A Cahalith views an experienced Ithaeur with a kind of awe. Spirits understand their place in a larger narrative

the way few other beings do, and crescent-moon werewolves deftly manipulate those beings without compromising their own roles. The gibbous-moon, then, works to communicate the wisdom of the Ithaeur to the other werewolves in a form that they can understand and use, cutting through the esoteric and arcane facts that the Ithaeur is prone to.

Rahu: You are not always the hero. I don't care how bright the moonlight shines on you.

The Cahalith is always jealous of the Rahu, goes the cliché in Uratha circles. The gibbous-moon wants to be just a *little* more full, but something is missing. The answer to this is obvious to the Rahu, but the Cahalith just find it frustrating. To a Cahalith, the Rahu is the Chosen One, that special warrior who, by no merit (or fault) of his own, rises to be leader or "Spirit Warrior." The Cahalith's integrity as a storyteller *usually* prevents her from making a Rahu look just a little too full of himself, or a little too hidebound.

Hunter's Aspect: Monstrous. When a Cahalith is on the hunt, the world around her knows it. The grass bends respectfully under her paw, the shadows lengthen to cover her and then retract to show her in exactly the right, horrifying light. The Cahalith in the midst of *Siskur-Dah* is an iconic monster, the embodiment of inevitability. Death is coming for her prey, and the prey, in a small, sad place in his heart, knows and accepts this.

Gifts: *Gibbous Moon*, Inspiration, Knowledge

Auspice Skills: Crafts, Expression, Persuasion

Auspice Renown: Glory

Auspice Benefit: *Prophetic Dreams.* A Cahalith's sleep is never quiet. Her dreams every night are vivid, but sometimes, they are prophetic. This manifests, in terms of game systems, in two ways.

First, the Storyteller can choose to grant the character a prophetic dream at any time. The Storyteller simply takes the player aside and describes the dream, making it as obvious or as cryptic as he wishes. At the Storyteller's discretion, the player can roll Intelligence + Occult to interpret facets of the dream; success should give the player a hint into what a given aspect of the dream is meant to symbolize.

Second, following a prophetic dream (defined as any scene that follows a night in which the character got more than four hours of uninterrupted sleep), the player can declare that a particular action or event was foretold in her dream. If she foresaw the action or event as a benefit, she (or a packmate) gains a +3 modifier to one action, *or* a Storyteller character suffers a -3 modifier to one action (the Storyteller might choose to simply allow the action in question to succeed or fail, respectively). If the dream indicated that the action or event was detrimental to the pack, the player can choose to automatically fail the action or suffer damage or a setback as a result of it, and take a Beat. In either case, the player can only use this ability once per chapter.

TRIBES

Blood Talons: Gibbous-moons of the *Suthar Anzuth* are often charged with keeping their packs from falling into *Kuruth*. The Blood Talons hunt other Uratha, and a battle between werewolves can quickly devolve into mindless violence from

which no one escapes, unless the hunters keep their heads. The Cahalith, then, reminds her packmates of who they really are and what they are fighting for, even in the midst of carnage.

Bone Shadows: Every spirit is a story, and a Bone Shadow Cahalith seeks to learn as many as possible. An Ithaeur, of course, is the spirit master, but every legend that a Cahalith knows or every dream that reflects the coming foray into the Shadow is, potentially, a spirit's bane.

Hunters in Darkness: The *Mennina* are the fear of the night, and that means that their Cahalith are silent and terrifying. A gibbous-moon Hunter is invisible until she wishes to strike, and then the story of her Rage is a quiet, intimate thing, a meeting that she and her prey share. In an auspice composed of the boisterous and the glorious, the Cahalith Hunters are more introspective and focused.

Iron Masters: The children of *Sagrim-Ur* who Change under the gibbous moon are unpredictable and cutting-edge. They are more likely than any other tribe's Cahalith to use physical art — everything from multi-media to graffiti to freestyle rhyme to dance to howling — to tell their tales. They reject the notion that their dreams foretell the future. These Cahalith commonly accept that prophecy is just another rule meant to be broken.

Storm Lords: The Cahalith of Winter Wolf revel in tales of hardship. They relate stories of wounds, but not death; trial, but not defeat. They believe that anything can be overcome, and that a disadvantage is just the part of the story that builds tension. Many Storm Lord Cahalith prefer methods of storytelling with formulae to follow, such as *Noh* drama, traditional stories, or genre films.



ELODOTH

THE WALKER BETWEEN

“Well, really, I don’t know that he was here to rob anyone.” The girl was new to the Watch. She held her flashlight uncomfortably, and adjusted her crisp new blue cap. “I just never saw him before.”

Glenda nodded. “Right, but that’s the point of the Watch. We’re not going to arrest him, just make sure he’s not a threat.”

A burst of static from the radio interrupted them. “Hey, Glenda, found that guy you were looking for.”

“Copy,” said Glenda. She smiled at the girl, a cold, hungry smile that made the girl shiver. “On my way.”

The half moon keeps as much hidden as it illuminates. Half-moons are not as enigmatic as their Ithaeur compatriots, but then, they wouldn’t be — most of the crescent moon is obscured. An Elodoth can be gregarious, charming, or clever — or he can be taciturn, secretive, and paranoid. The Elodoth is all in equal measure, and that is what terrifies other werewolves.

That is the riddle of the Elodoth — *what is in the shadowed half?* Werewolves express this question as “*am sa namguli?*” (“which half is the packmate?”), though some Uratha translate it as “which half is a lie?”). The underlying assumption about an Elodoth, though, is that while he won’t betray a packmate, very little else is sacred.

An Elodoth isn’t a loner, though. Indeed, the half-moon werewolf is highly social. He knows everyone, forges connections to people from all walks of life, makes deals with spirits of rock and rabbit and toxic waste. He never misses an opportunity to study and master the web of connections that binds everything in his territory, because he never knows which string in that web he might have to pull — or break. This, unfortunately, has the disadvantage of making the Elodoth feel personally unconnected to everyone and everything, with the possible exception of his pack.

The pack appreciates the Elodoth, though. They appreciate his ability to go anywhere and fit in. The Elodoth is the quintessential wolf in sheep’s clothing, and he can dress as the shepherd, the grassy hillside, and the calming breeze as well. Likewise, Elodoth werewolves have a reputation for fairness. They can see both sides of an argument on their own merits, and can make a judgment by whatever metric is necessary. If that metric is the Oath of the Moon, then the Elodoth can be a lawgiver or a mediator. If that metric is the rules of the local spirit court, the Elodoth can be a superb emissary to the *Hisil*. If the metric is human law, the Elodoth might be a police officer. The question, though, is always whether the

Elodoth *believes* in the law and rules, or whether he’s just using that set of rules because the people around him find value in them. It could be that the Elodoth is incapable of seeing one set of values as “better” than another. The light half is just as “good” as the dark half.

One set of circumstances is very clear — the hunt. The Elodoth on the hunt has one task, to bring the quarry low. To do that, the Elodoth brings whatever resources or advantages he can into play. A half-moon with a bargain with the local municipal spirits might force a target into a traffic jam or a blind corner. In a hunt through the forest, chattering birds or squirrels give away the target’s position, and ground that was firm underfoot just a moment before becomes loose and treacherous. The Elodoth with Wolf-Blooded kin on the local police force has obvious allies in the Sacred Hunt, but so does the Elodoth who knows people on a Little League team, or the local sanitation department, or the cab driver’s union. The werewolf calls in whatever favors he can (relative to the importance and difficulty of the hunt, obviously), and is not shy about making the sacrifices necessary to bring the hunt to its conclusion.

To other werewolves, this merciless attitude can seem unpleasant or even sociopathic. After all, any werewolf might kill or maim in the course of a hunt, but she wouldn’t set up her cousin on the police force to be ripped apart by a rampaging Pure pack just to provide a useful blood trail. To the Elodoth, though, the Sacred Hunt is the one circumstance in which the stakes, the resources, the options, the costs, and the goal all line up in perfect synchronicity. The hunt allows the Elodoth to take his place in the web at last, and for a few brief hours, experience that clarity that his less “balanced” packmates always enjoy.

INDIVIDUALS FACES

Judge: You know the law. You memorized the Oath of the Moon within a day of your First Change, and you’ve learned every bit of tribal lore that you could find. Not to tell and retell stories — you’re looking for precedent. You aren’t looking to learn from the wisdom of the past so much as make sure the principles by which your tribe has always lived remain intact. You have to admit, if only to yourself, that these principles sometimes seem arbitrary, and how much love and respect can you really have for a system that you didn’t know existed until so recently? Others respect you for your knowledge and

Where were you going to hide? Everything — the mice in your walls, the shadows on the floor, the dust in the air — everything betrays you.

your fairness, but eventually you will have to make a decision using your *own* moral compass, and you will have to abandon the principles that your tribe teaches. You might even have to abandon the tribe itself.

Envoy: Your pack is nomadic. You don't claim one territory. Instead, you hunt with no borders, tracking down prey that you cannot allow to escape. Your job, then, is to secure entry to embassies, spiritual and otherwise. You convince other werewolves to let you pursue your quarry through their turf, and you do it without enticing anyone to Rage. You are a chameleon, a sympathetic ear to some, a brutal mentor to others. You present your case in the terms that the pack will best understand, be that a plea for justice or a brusque admonition to step aside. Someday, though, you will be forced to cross the territory of a better manipulator than you, and you will be forced to drop your acts and your personas in favor of your true self — and you've had so little practice being that person.

Mastermind: You know what your packmates are thinking. That isn't because you can read their minds through some totem gift. It's because they make it obvious. You know their tells, you watch them get angry or sad or hungry and you can manipulate those feelings by pushing the right buttons. Of course, your

packmates trust you. You don't have to lie or manipulate all the time, but things just go so much smoother when you have a plan and they follow it. What happens, then, when your plan fails? Or when you misread a packmate's emotions, and then have to explain to him what you were trying to accomplish? Will he be forgiving? Can you plan for it if he isn't?

MAKING A HUNTER

When creating an Elodoth character, consider the following questions:

Who was he before the First Change? An Elodoth is a natural connection-maker. Before the Change, they often find themselves in positions that make best use of this talent. A pre-Change Elodoth might be the most popular girl in school, ruling a clique with vicious detachment, or she might be the *de facto* (or actual) mayor of a small town. Consider the connections that were important to the character before his Change. Was he a natural debater or mediator? Did he have an instinctive understanding of people? If so, in what capacity? Did he know how to scare people to keep them cowed, or was he the sort of person that others referred to as "nice?" Many Elodoth define themselves by their place in a web of connections, rather than by what they want or need. Did your character have dreams of his own, or did building a network of contacts fulfill him?

What happened during the First Change? All Uratha lose something during the First Change, but many Elodoth lose *everything*. Even if the werewolf is fortunate enough not to be around anyone or anything fragile when the Change comes,



the context for his entire life is different. His plans have to account for spirits. The most important people in his life are his packmates, while the people he knew pre-Change fade to the background. Some Elodoth think of the Change as shifting from the dark side of the moon to the light (learning the truth, becoming illuminated), while others see it the other way (becoming a night-hunter, entering the shadows). Which makes more sense for your character's First Change? Who died that night, if anyone? What did the Elodoth hunt? Did that quarry die? Did it deserve to? Not every werewolf remembers the First Change, but Elodoth tend to obsess over learning what happened. Does your character know? Is he sure?

What is law? For many Elodoth, the Oath of the Moon is the highest law. Some Elodoth approach it in an almost patriotic sort of way; they know that the Oath is just as arbitrary as any other form of law or belief, but it is *their* law, and so they uphold it. Others take on more nuanced views – the Oath of the Moon is important, but it doesn't supersede human law when dealing with human beings, and so on. What is your character's personal take on law? What is the appropriate fate of a "lawbreaker?"

Where are the character's connections? Almost all Elodoth have some kind of Social Merit (or Merits) that reflects their ability to make connections. What is your character's focus? Does he have Allies in local gangs, or Contacts in animal control? Does he have Wolf-Blooded Staff working for him, or membership in a Hobbyist Clique devoted to local history? Some Elodoth maintain these connections fastidiously, doing favors and making themselves invaluable against the day that they need to call on their "friends." Others rely on raw charisma, making use of their charm (and the Sanctity of Merits) to make new friends as fast as they burn them out.

What is the most important thing he would sacrifice? At the heart of any interaction an Elodoth initiates is a seemingly selfish question: What can I get out of this? Not all interactions have to have something "useful," or else the Elodoth would not be able to join spiritually with a pack. Different werewolves have different thresholds; some Elodoth have a mental list of people they consider "friends," and won't tap anyone on that list for anything dangerous. Others judge everyone but their packmates by their utility to the hunt – family, lifelong friends – the depth of feeling be damned. A werewolf who behaves in such a heartless fashion to his pack, of course, would be violating the Oath of the Moon...but *am sa namguli*, indeed?

CONNECTIONS

Cahalith: I can't reason with their pack. You go talk to them.

Elodoth are astute logicians, good manipulators, and amazing lateral thinkers, but they aren't always good storytellers. It isn't that they don't understand people or their feelings or thoughts, more that Elodoth don't have a good sense of narrative or helping an individual person feel special. To an Elodoth, the Cahalith is focusing on all the wrong details, giving away the best advantages and wasting time on a monologue rather than landing a killing blow.

Irraka: Damn it, where did she go?

New-moons infuriate the Elodoth. The Irraka vanishes into the night, often without waiting for instructions. Good Elodoth learn to anticipate what the Stalker is going to do and allow for that; but even then, Irraka make half-moons nervous. The Irraka operates *entirely* in the dark, after all.

Ithaeur: I don't care if it's a murder-spirit. We made a promise – no one dies here.

Spirits operate by a strict set of laws, and the Elodoth can respect that. What they can't do is allow a spirit's set of laws to violate whatever set of laws *they* follow, which can lead to friction with Ithaeur who sympathize with spirits. Elodoth do find their crescent-moon packmates' insights invaluable when it comes time to make deals with spirit courts, however.

Rahu: I am sorry, my brother. If you would only think, this would not have happened.

If the Elodoth is the letter of the law, the Rahu is the spirit. Where the Elodoth lives equally in darkness and light, the Rahu lives purely, unquestioningly and unflinchingly in the light. Elodoth *can* manipulate Rahu as they do everyone else, but they often feel unclean doing so, as though using purity in their schemes is untoward. They usually get over this, however.

Hunter's Aspect: *Isolating.* The prey is alone. Other creatures of its species shun it, because they fear its fate. The prey, in turn, seeks only to find a safe place, hide, and wait until dawn. Around it, people close their windows, turn up the volume on their televisions, and ignore the howls.

Gifts: *Half Moon*, Insight, Warding

Auspice Skills: Empathy, Investigation, Politics

Auspice Renown: Honor

Auspice Benefit: *Darkness Into Light:* An Elodoth is perpetually aware of the line between light and darkness, and with some effort, he can push another werewolf over that line. Once per chapter, the Elodoth can cure a werewolf of Death Rage. The target thus "cured" suffers the Stunned Tilt for the turn after she leaves Death Rage, if she was in *Basu-Im*.

Alternately, the character can force a werewolf *into* Death Rage. This requires the player to roll Presence + Empathy + Primal Urge in a contested action against the target's Resolve + Composure. If the Elodoth wins, the target enters *Wasu-Im*. This power only works on Uratha, obviously.

Blood Talons: The half-moons of the Blood Talons are experts in exceptions to the Oath of the Moon. After all, the Oath says *Imru nu fir Imru*: The People do not kill the People. But the People clearly *do* kill the People, and that means the Oath must allow for that under certain conditions. The Blood Talon Elodoth, then, is the werewolf who passes judgment on other werewolves, condemning them to die – and reassuring her tribemates that carrying out that sentence is just.

Bone Shadows: These Elodoth, naturally, learn the ways and practices of the spirit courts. They don't focus on the lore or the ecology of the spirits; that they leave to the Ithaeur. Elodoth of the Bone Shadows learn which spirits are the dominant ones, which ones have enemies, and above all, what the spirits consider taboo. This allows them to discover what

their prey will never do, the places the prey will never go – the facts that the Elodoth can use on the hunt.

Hunters in Darkness: Elodoth *Meninna* have a grudging respect for their prey, the Hosts. These creatures are, after all, studies in dichotomy just as the Elodoth are. They are also blasphemous mockeries of everything under the Moon, however, and therefore deserve to die – but that doesn't mean the Elodoth can't appreciate their plight.

Iron Masters: Iron Master Elodoth know human laws. They work to make sure their packs don't get arrested, or if they do, that they are released quickly. These Elodoth also learn the

"laws" of the various human subcultures, blending in among criminal gangs, homeless villages, white collar predators, and occult societies, on the lookout for whatever prey they hunt.

Storm Lords: The Storm Lords hunt the Urged and the Claimed, and their Elodoth therefore have to learn spirit behavior as well as human. Unlike the half-moons of other tribes, though, they don't seek to become part of their prey's circles. The Claimed have removed themselves from the protection of law, both human and spirit, and the Elodoth of the *Iminir* are therefore some of the most uncomplicated of the half-moons.



IRRAKA

THE STALKER

“And he comes back every August, to choose one victim.” The red-haired boy paused, and glanced around the fire. Everyone was listening. Some of the boys were clearly afraid, a few were trying to play tough. He picked one of the tough ones. “Tonight it’s – you!” He lunged for Chuck, and Chuck pitched backward over the log, spilling his beer.

“Fuck you, Neal.” Chuck picked himself up off the ground. “It’s not like we can buy more beer, dipshit.” Neal flipped him the finger. The other boys, fresh from high school and slightly buzzed, laughed. One of them pulled a spider from the log he was sitting on and ate it, and then cast his eyes desperately around for more meat, any meat, just something to take away this new hunger.

The wolf in the brush watched this boy. I wouldn’t have to choose a victim every August, she thought, if you idiots would just stay out of here. She noted which tent the boy was staying in, and decided she would get there before he did.

The new moon is the moon of secrets, ambushes, and hunting unseen. The werewolf chosen under the new moon, the Irraka, is the wolf that does not howl while hunting. She listens for her packmates, but she trusts them to know that she will not answer. She strikes, tearing out her prey’s throat so it cannot scream, breaking its leg so it cannot run, or pushing it down a bluff so it is far from help. If she can strike the killing blow, she will, but the Stalker is more interested in making sure that the killing blow is inevitable. When hunting with a pack, she often chooses not to claim this honor herself. The Irraka is proud of her role as the one to cripple the prey. The righteous Rahu or the boisterous Cahalith might be the one to take the prey’s throat at the end of the hunt, but it was the Irraka who snapped its femur or disemboweled it so it couldn’t run.

If the Irraka is hunting without her pack, or if the pack is hunting multiple targets, her tactics change considerably. An Irraka with no reason not to kill does so swiftly and efficiently. She stalks her prey from the shadows, never giving away her position, and maximizes every advantage she can think of. The new-moon brings terrain, distractions, and the prey’s weaknesses to bear before she explodes from the dark, bearing her target to the ground. Irraka instinctively think in terms of how best to gain lethal advantage over those around them.

This, in fact, is the most terrifying thing about the Irraka – a lull in conversation sees her mind wander to what sorts of weapons are in the area, whose jugular is unprotected, which bar patron is drunk enough that they would never see an attack coming. It isn’t that the Irraka *wants* kill everyone around her, but it gives her a weird comfort to know that she *can*. If she runs across someone she can’t figure out how to kill, she usually

becomes intrigued by him. This intrinsic tendency to think of ways to murder people applies to her pack – other Uratha, when they catch a new-moon watching them, sometimes mutter “*silih’ mamu firha*” (“stop thinking about murdering me”). Brave Uratha even ask the Irraka *how* she planned to do it.

Irraka test everything, from doors to people to social connections. They don’t *want* things to break, but they know that everything does, so they want to know how and where something is going to crumble before it happens. Of course, this does mean that the Irraka sometimes tests something to the point of breaking. Young new-moons usually take the attitude that it was going to break anyway, and so they shouldn’t be blamed for hastening the inevitable. More mature Irraka understand just how insufferable that attitude is, and master the art of pushing just enough to find the stress points, but not enough to hurt anything (or anyone).

More than any other auspice, the Irraka is comfortable hunting apart from a pack. She would prefer to have the pack’s support, of course – for a werewolf so focused on gaining advantage, the pack is an advantage she cannot ignore. But Irraka are also masters of stealth, and one werewolf is always better at hiding than five. She therefore hunts near her pack, hoping, trusting, that they are close enough to her that, should something happen and her prey gain advantage on her, they can come to her aid. Irraka therefore take exception when other auspices refer to them as “lone wolves.” The new-moon is as much a part of a pack as any werewolf. She simply trusts her packmates a little more.

INDIVIDUALS

FACES

Assassin: All werewolves are hunters – you’re a killer. The hunt ends when the prey is dead, and you specialize in making sure that happens swiftly and cleanly. Whether you prefer to do that using human tools (a rifle, a knife, a garrote) or as Luna intended, with fang and claw, is up to you. Already you’ve seen the light die in more eyes than you can easily count, and sometimes you catch yourself asking, in a human’s voice, what that makes you. But the wolf always answers – a hunter. Someday you will kill someone that you cannot see simply as prey, and that might be what breaks you.

Scout: You are just as capable of killing as any werewolf, but your strength is speed and perception. You run out into the night, and retrieve intelligence and information for your pack. You know when danger is coming before it can become

*By the time I finish this sentence,
you will have bled to death. Good-bye.*

a real danger, and your pack relies on your insight and your warnings. Some dark night, of course, your pack will be out of reach, and *you* will have to act on your own information. That might be the test that you cannot pass.

Thief: You don't have to take someone's life to beat them. You could take their money or possessions instead. You can break into an enemy's inner sanctum, take what you please, and escape before he stirs in his sleep; your target in the hunt is material. You are still capable of murder — maybe you started stealing before the Change, and are now transitioning to the more usual practice of murder rather than larceny. Eventually, you will find a prize that you cannot steal, and you will need to choose whether to leave it alone, or destroy it so that no one can claim to have bested you.

MAKING A HUNTER

When creating an Irraka character, consider the following questions:

Who was she before the First Change? Irraka are often careful, meticulous, inquisitive sorts before the Change. An Irraka might be a scientist, testing the world for weakness, or an expert in computer security (which, of course, is just a hacker who's switched sides). She might be the one making inappropriate jokes and seeing who squirms, or she might take a job that allows her to watch people and hunt — a private investigator, a bodyguard, or a troubleshooter.

What happened on her First Change? The First Change under the new moon is not a bloody rampage, but someone almost always dies. The Irraka is the relentless, silent hunter, appearing from nowhere to spill her prey's blood. Who died that night? How? Did your character chase her prey over a cliff or into traffic, or did she follow him home and wait for him in his bathroom? What led her to choose her prey? Did she pick someone weak, or did she deliberately choose someone stronger? Or did she Change in response to some overwhelming force that she could only beat by calling up her new-moon cunning?

How does she test? All Irraka test the world. Some of them do it in a physical, literal fashion, tapping walls and looking for hollows and stress points. Others test the people around them, taking verbal jabs and making jokes, trying to get a rise out of them. Some Irraka test social connections, tricking people into lying to each other, and seeing which bonds are strong enough to survive the test. Irraka don't (usually) gain any perverse satisfaction out of this practice. They just want to know where to push if they *have* to break something.



How does she hide? Most Irraka are natural masters of stealth. How does your character express that? Is she adept at moving through crowds, brushing past people like a chill breeze? Does she excel at wearing her Urhan form in cities, moving under cars and behind buildings so the Herd never raises an alarm? Or does she hide wearing her human skin like a ghillie suit, talking to people and playing on the herd mentality?

Does she know how she would kill the pack? Irraka have a difficult time switching off the instinct to plan the kill, and the pack is often the only group in which she makes the effort. Has your character given up on trying to turn that urge off, or does she take pains *not* think about killing her chosen family? Some Irraka regard this impulse as just another way to test, and share their thoughts with the pack, so as to remove any weaknesses they find (packmates generally find this unnerving at best). Others feel tremendous guilt at even considering the question.

CONNECTIONS

Cahalith: Leave me out.

The Cahalith wants glory and notoriety. To the Irraka, if someone is telling stories about you, it means you did something wrong. An Irraka can respect the value in having a reputation, but at the end of the day it just means people know who you are and have a place to start looking for advantages — more than one new-moon has planned a successful hunt based on boasting and reputation.

Elodoth: Don't worry. I'll be there.

Elodoth werewolves look for advantages, too, but they take a much wider view of things than the Irraka. The Irraka looks for one strike, the killing blow, while the Elodoth considers what happens after that blow lands. Irraka tend to find Elodoth a bit too controlling and obsessive, but they know a good plan when they hear one.

Ithaeur: Let's go over this again. Honey in the right hand, thistle in the left?

Spirits make Irraka nervous. Many of them don't bleed or feel pain, none of them operate quite like the more easily understood prey that werewolves hunt, and their weaknesses are downright arcane. Irraka, therefore, defer to the Ithaeur when spirits are involved, but tend to ignore them entirely in other situations.

Rahu: Good shot.

The full moon is the polar opposite of the new moon. To the Irraka, the kill is quick, silent, and sure, because the kill is the goal. To the Rahu, the *fight* seems to be more important, because the fight needs to send some kind of message. The Irraka can appreciate moral victories, but they'd prefer actual victories — it's easy enough to spin a decisive victory into a lesson after the fact.

Hunter's Aspect: *Blissful.* The prey has no idea that anyone is coming for him. He greets the cool night air with a smile, perhaps indulges in chemical or carnal pleasures, and never glances at the shadowy form inching its way closer to his exposed throat.

Gifts: Evasion, *New Moon*, Stealth

Auspice Skills: Larceny, Stealth, Subterfuge

Auspice Renown: Cunning

Auspice Benefit: *Closer Than You Thought:* Under the dark moon, the prey cannot judge distance or threat. The Irraka can make use of the inherent uncertainty of the new moon. Once per chapter, the Irraka can become suddenly closer to a target. Mechanically, this can be expressed in one of the following manners:

- The Irraka can move her initiative rating to within one point of a target's, either one above or one below, depending where she is in the initiative relative to the target. She can't make her Initiative result higher or lower than the target's if it isn't already.
- She can move close enough to use her teeth and claws against one opponent who isn't attacking her.
- She can subtract -2 from the number of Doors needed in Social maneuvering.

Blood Talons: The Irraka of the Blood Talons are the boogymen among Uratha, the hunters of hunters. They are not glorious, grizzled warriors, but rather the hated monsters with silvered blades who kill werewolves in their sleep.

Bone Shadows: A Bone Shadow Irraka is an obsessive, eccentric individual. She undergoes a complicated system of purification and preparation rituals every day, and carries an assortment of charms and objects to act as bans and banes for the dangerous spirits in the area. When she hunts, she considers not just her quarry, but the spirits that might also hunt her target to feed upon it (as the saying goes, when hunting foxes, be prepared to meet lions).

Hunters in Darkness: An Irraka Hunter in Darkness, some Uratha say, is redundant. Not so, say the new-moon *Meninna*. Hunting Hosts requires not just physical strength and brutality, but an attention to detail that other prey doesn't necessitate. After all, most other targets don't explode into a thousand tiny beasts upon dying, and the Irraka must consider how to kill such targets swiftly and in a location that allows for appropriate clean-up.

Iron Masters: The Iron Master Irraka is the killer in the corner of the room, choosing a thousand ways to slay her victim. She might be a violent, bloodthirsty monster, bursting from shadows to tear her quarry apart, or she might express her hunt with a quick bite to the throat and a toss of her head. Either way, she has to live among her prey, and that can make her careful or resentful. Some Iron Master new-moons like to see exactly how much they can get away with before the Herd starts to catch on.

Storm Lords: The Irraka of the *Iminir* work to outlast their prey, drive them further and further away from comfortable surroundings and any hope of aid, and then strike, almost mercifully, when the target collapses from exhaustion. These Irraka are used to prey that they have to kill twice — the fleshy body of the Claimed, and then, just as often, the released (and angry) spirit.

ITHAEUR

THE SPIRIT MASTER

“You don’t think I know what you’re doing!” The werewolf was screaming. He hadn’t changed shape yet, he was just screaming to the buildings around him. “I see you! I see you coming! I’ll kill you all!”

The full-moon, standing on the fire escape, turned to her Ithaeur companion. “Why doesn’t he change?”

The Ithaeur smiled. “He thinks he has. That’s what the spirits around him are telling him.”

Of all the auspices, the Ithaeur undergoes the most drastic change between human life and his new existence as Uratha. Before, even if he believed in spirits, he didn’t see them on a regular basis. Now they are everywhere. Everything has a spirit, and every spirit is hungry.

Being a crescent-moon means literally never being alone. The Ithaeur is always being watched by a thousand ephemeral eyes. He has to become comfortable with that, because nowhere in Flesh or Shadow is without spirits. The crescent-moon therefore embraces his many companions, includes and acknowledges them, and does his best to live in accordance with their laws. To do otherwise is disrespectful, and disrespecting spirits can be fatal.

The Ithaeur is a shaman. He is set apart from every society to which he belongs. He is no longer human, of course, but although he has awakened to his nature as a creature of spirit, he is *not* a spirit — and the denizens of the *Hisil* are happy to remind him. But the trauma of the First Change often pushes the Ithaeur so far away from his humanity that he identifies more as spirit than flesh and, in many cases, forgets that the best course of action is to take the middle ground and be Uratha. He behaves strangely even for a werewolf, observing bans that do not actually affect him, and in the process becomes closer to the spirits than is healthy. This makes him a valued part of the pack and the tribe, but also makes him an outsider. The Spirit Master is the werewolf other Uratha seek out when they have need of his skills, but he is not the first choice for socializing. Regarding those Ithaeur who act more like spirit than flesh, other werewolves sometimes say “*duth thu Uremehir*” (“he was born to speak the First Tongue”).

Regardless of what his pack might say about him, though, the Ithaeur plays a crucial role in the Sacred Hunt. When hunting spirits the advantage is obvious, but even when hunting more corporeal prey the Ithaeur can use his unseen allies to best effect. A skilled crescent-moon can see through a spirit’s eyes, wake the slumbering spirit of an object to make it betray its last user, and borrow the power a spirit has over its own

areas of influence. He can track prey using the disruptions or activity in the Shadow as a guide, and, if he wishes to truly hurt his prey, he can call up spirits keen to possess or Claim.

Ithaeur are the best fetish-crafters, because they possess a keen understanding of spiritual resonance: what spirit would fit nicely into a given object. They also have been known to free spirits placed into ill-fitting or badly made fetishes, rather than allow an obvious insult to the ephemeral courts to continue. This doesn’t endear them to the fetishes’ owners, of course, but most Ithaeur would gladly risk the ire of a werewolf in order to curry favor with the spirits.

The Ithaeur is called a Spirit Master among Uratha, but only a truly arrogant werewolf would claim the title. Weak spirits are easy enough to control and destroy, but the rulers of the spirit courts are like unto gods, far above the ability of any werewolf to command. Lest the werewolf forget, the weak and pathetic spirits he bullies today might report him to their more powerful counterparts tomorrow. An Ithaeur who does not check his wards and spiritual proscriptions is likely to be yanked into the Shadow and torn asunder. Long-lived and powerful crescentmoons, then, are truly masters of the spirit.

Such accolades don’t tend to make them happy, however. The province of the Ithaeur is Wisdom: Learning more about spirits, Uratha, the supernatural, fetishes, or whatever the werewolf’s chosen focus leads to further mystery. An ancient Ithaeur, hiding in a shack in the middle of the woods with charms hanging thick on the walls and decades’ worth of warding symbols scratched into the floor, would never call himself a Spirit Master. He would say the same thing that a young Ithaeur would say: The spirits are dangerous, and they deserve respect.

INDIVIDUALS

FACES

Fetish-Crafter: The marriage of ephemera and matter is your medium, and you are a true artist. Making a fetish isn’t just a matter of throwing any old spirit into a knife and hoping for the best. The spirit has to be prepared, either lovingly convinced to give itself up for the fetish, or beaten and cowed until it realizes it has no choice. Your fetishes might someday make you very well-respected among Uratha...and earn you the reputation of a slaver among spirits. Can you live with that?

Ritualist: The role of the ritualist is more than just the werewolf who leads or performs a rite. It’s the closest thing Uratha have to a priest. You can take on some of that role,

Nu-ha za e’ne nu hur. Di e’ne ta aha.

Chapter One: Howls in the Night

performing rituals and offering spiritual counsel — but unlike a human priest who only pretends to act as an intermediary, you actually *do* speak to the unseen. Of course, when Uratha come to you for help, they're usually in danger of being harried and harmed by spirits rather than just suffering from some mewling moral crisis, but the analogy still holds up. You work to learn new rites, and might even act as mentor and teacher to Wolf-Blooded ritualists.

Spirit Hunter: The shaman is an advisor and something of a kook. You are a hunter, and your prey doesn't feel pain or bleed. Sometimes it doesn't understand "death" at all. You hunt the most dangerous prey, and you do it...why? You might do it for the glory, or you might limit your hunts to spirits that are actively harmful. Or you might be that most rare of Ithaeur, a crescent-moon who *hates* spirits and wishes, secretly, to seal off the *Hisil* and hold the keys in reserve.

MAKING A HUNTER

When creating an Ithaeur character, consider these questions:

Who was he before the First Change? Ithaeur were often fearful, paranoid, and downright weird before the First Change. Did the character believe himself psychic, or cursed by some version of God? Was he fortunate enough to have a relative that could explain the reality of the situation to him? Did he grow up thinking he was Wolf-Blooded, but secretly praying that he would Change someday? Or was he sadly ignorant of his heritage right up until the sliver moon called to him?

What happened during the First Change? Most Ithaeur Change in response to some great shift in the *Hisil* — a spirit Reaching into the Flesh, or a battle be-

tween two very powerful ephemeral beings.

What triggered the character's Change?

Did he chase a spirit into a Verge? Did he witness a possession — or did an unfortunate spirit attempt to Claim him? Who died that night? Do certain types of spirits remember his Change? If so, why? Are they waiting for him to finish something he started that night?

What was the first spirit he mastered? "Mastered" doesn't have to mean "destroyed" or "bound." What spirit did the character first best in some way? Maybe he found and exploited a ban or bane, or tricked the spirit into bestowing a Gift. Or perhaps the very first time he experienced *Siskur-Dah* was against a hostile spirit, and it ended with him striking the final blow — or begging for help against a foe so alien, he had no idea how to hurt it.

Does his pack listen to him? The Ithaeur of a pack is often the strange, rambling, superstitious mystic. To a pack of werewolves, that role can command a great deal of respect, especially if the pack is relatively low-Harmony (and therefore more spirit-oriented). A pack that spends most of its time being human, however, might regard the Ithaeur as weird and almost embarrassing. How do the character's packmates view him? Do they value his counsel, or do they just call on him when they *know* that spirits are the problem?

What spirits does he fear? Every Ithaeur has his Questing Beast, some powerful or elusive spiritual entity



that he wishes to find and imprison (or destroy) — or some monster from the night of the First Change that he desperately wishes to avoid. Which does your character dream about, either in visions of glory or nightmares of doom? Has he actually encountered this spirit, or is his fear based on stories and conjecture? What precautions is he taking against meeting such a spirit?

CONNECTIONS

Cahalith: In the story, what color was her dress? Hurry!

Ithaeur look at Cahalith, rightly or wrongly, as repositories of ancient lore. An Ithaeur knows spirits, true, but he tends to focus on the spirits he has encountered or is likely to (or fears to) encounter. The Cahalith knows the stories of spirits the world over, and should, therefore, know their banes and bans, even if she doesn't know she knows. Of course, in practice, the Cahalith may well be making up the story as she goes.

Elodoth: You want it to be so simple. Grow up.

Spirits operate by laws, but spirit ecology is more important. That ecology is dense and labyrinthine, and Ithaeur have seen too many half-moons throw temper tantrums when spirits seemingly violate their own laws because of some time- or place-based exemption.

Irraka: Don't kid yourself. They see you.

Irraka being the superb stalkers that they are, they sometimes forget about spirits entirely. Ithaeur are quick to remind them that spirits of stealth exist, and any spirit of stealth can find a werewolf hiding or stalking simply by dint of the fact that he is *using stealth*. Hiding from a spirit requires understanding what it can't "see," and in that regard, the Ithaeur are happy to help their new-moon brethren.

Rahu: Sorry, I'll just stay out of your way, then. Call me if you want to win this fight.

Rahu charge into battle, fangs out and a snarl of righteous fury in their throats. This approach works fine for anything with a body, but it isn't the best approach against spirits. Experienced Rahu learn to ask the Ithaeur first, but young ones tend to get trounced — or at least see their prey escape by discorporating, which is just as frustrating — by insisting that martial prowess alone is enough.

Hunter's Aspect: *Mystical.* The prey might not see spirits clearly, but it hears them and senses them. The target of the hunt shies away from areas with spiritual resonance, falls back on superstition, and finds his own senses betraying him. Used on a spirit, this has much the same effect, except the spirit senses the material world instead.

Gifts: *Crescent Moon, Elemental, Shaping*

Auspice Skills: *Animal Ken, Medicine, Occult*

Auspice Renown: *Wisdom*

Auspice Benefit: *Spirit Howl:* A werewolf has a place in the spirit ecology. For the most part, the place they occupy is that of "dominant predator," and with some effort, an Ithaeur can claim that position. Once per chapter, the character can let out a howl that, while silent in the Flesh, reverberates through the Shadow. Spirits of lower Rank than the werewolf flee the area, hide, or go dormant, while more powerful spirits avoid the werewolf out of deference. Spirits that are actively allied with the werewolf's pack or tribal totem might even come to his aid, though the Ithaeur shouldn't ever count on that. Only spirits that are outright hostile to the pack do not show deference, though their Defense is penalized by the werewolf's Wisdom Renown. This howl does not require a roll, but does require the player to spend a point of Essence.

Blood Talons: Spirit Masters of the Blood Talons hunt the pack totems of their targets. Once a pack totem is destroyed, the pack itself often falls. These Ithaeur also often choose to hunt totems that have gone rogue following the destruction or corruption of a pack, while some specialize in werewolves who have lost so much Harmony that they become trapped in the Shadow.

Bone Shadows: Bone Shadow Ithaeur are, naturally, the most feared of all Spirit Masters. Trained by their tribe and chosen by Luna to be shamans, they have a great deal of knowledge available to them. The expectations for such a character are therefore correspondingly high; a *Hirfathra Hissu* crescent-moon who can't hold his own against a spirit is considered an embarrassment to his tribe.

Hunters in Darkness: These Ithaeur watch their territories closely for signs that something is going wrong. They patrol their packs' turf, looking for changes in the Shadow that herald interlopers, a sea change in the spirit courts, or, worst of all, the presence of the Hosts.

Iron Masters: Humans generate and empower spirits regularly, and they tend to strengthen conceptual and emotional spirits. The Ithaeur of the *Farsil Luhal* make sure to "clean up" after a successful hunt, destroying any nascent spirits of murder, fear, or revenge that their prey (or his loved ones) might have spawned.

Storm Lords: The crescent-moons of the Storm Lords work to find and eliminate Claimed before the spirits fully own their targets. That means they sometimes kill people who seem like they might be good candidates for Claiming, reasoning that it's better for someone to die a mortal than undergo the agony of becoming *duguthim*. They also hunt down spirits who show the interest or proclivity to possess people, though how they make that determination is something of a mystery.

RAHU

THE WARRIOR

She reached the clearing first. The spirit was scraping itself against the tree, trying to shed the poultice that was keeping it solid. If it had kept going a few more hundred yards, it would have found the pond and the hunt would be over. Now, she had caught it.

She did not hesitate. She leaped on it, claws taking out chunks of muscle and fangs cracking ribs. It reared up on its hind legs and threw her off, but she rolled and took Dalu form.

The spirit paced, bleeding. The werewolf waited for its charge, but the spirit hesitated. The Rahu glanced down at her still-clawless hands, and realized the problem.

"I didn't mean any disrespect," she whispered, and changed to Gauru.

The spirit charged.

All werewolves are hunters, but the Rahu is a Warrior. Where other auspices are experts in the best ways to conduct the hunt, the Rahu is the expert on ending it. She charges into battle, weapons or fangs at the ready, and does not retreat until either she or the quarry is dead. If her pack has done its job, the quarry is wounded, terrified, harried, and ready to die. If not...then the Rahu has a harder fight ahead of her. She does not shy from the fight, even so.

Rahu werewolves do not fight for the sheer glory of battle; they leave that to their Cahalith cousins. A full-moon werewolf fights because it is right to do so. She fights because she is a Warrior, and that simple, almost tautological truth is sufficient to grant her reserves of Rage that other Uratha can only wish for. The Rahu seeks Purity, because Purity is good and proper.

That isn't to say that every Rahu is a moral paragon. Rahu can be devious, underhanded, and tactically vicious, but the end result is a *fight*, not just *death*. The full-moon wants to meet her foe on the field of battle, even if the battlefield is rigged to burn or explode. Unlike the Irraka, who would prefer to kill his prey before the prey knows what is happening, the Rahu wants the prey to know that it is dying and why.

Rahu know the Oath of the Moon, sometimes instinctively. They can't always recite all of its tenets, but they know that the high respect the low and low honor the high. They understand that a battle has a simple, life-or-death purity, and they are proud to be part of it. Indeed, they never really leave it. The Rahu frames every interaction in terms of conflict. This can make talking with a Rahu a trying experience; she tries to "win" conversations rather than coming to consensus. Friendly physical games often become painful as the full-moon brings her full skill to bear. Insults, meant in jest or not, come back to the speaker with renewed venom. The Rahu will not be bested except by a worthy opponent.

The Rahu's pack is, to an extent, exempt from this. The same focus on Purity that drives the Rahu to constant conflict also prevents her from fighting members of her pack too often. Some Rahu do have difficulty remembering that they don't have to be in charge all the time, but as a full-moon matures, she comes to realize that having a forceful personality doesn't make her right. It just makes her loud.

Some Rahu coordinate fights, instructing their packmates in the best ways to use Gifts, martial prowess, and experience in a battle. Others simply fall into *Kuruth* and tell everyone else to stay out of their way. This kind of reliance on brute force and anger can lead to disaster if the Rahu doesn't learn, but Rahu, unfortunately, are very difficult to teach. They are stubborn and headstrong by nature, and feel that the only kind of wisdom worth having is wisdom won in hardship. Other werewolves, in reference to Rahu, sometimes say "*nu muth, nu zu-tha*" ("no blood, no lesson"). If a piece of knowledge or an advantage didn't require some kind of fight, the Rahu finds it suspicious. This also makes the full-moon wary of gifts (even the Gifts of the spirits), if she didn't have to best the giver in some way.

INDIVIDUALS

FACES

Crusader: You have a cause. It is everything to you. It is how you self-identify, and it is the context for everything that you do and feel. People who don't have opinions on your cause need to be forcefully educated. People who disagree with your cause are your sworn enemies, because your cause is just and obviously objectively correct. If you ever manage to achieve your goal, you'll probably find another cause right away – it's not about the stated goal, it's about having a fight to pick.

Oath-Keeper: The Oath of the Moon is your moral code. You know it by heart, and you live it. This means that you take special care to avoid disrespect to those weaker than you, and that you do not kill other werewolves (which means if you are a Blood Talon, you have a fine line to walk). You might expect other werewolves to be as diligent as you, or you might simply try to lead by example (the Oath says nothing about conversion, after all). The Pure, however, are in direct violation of the Oath, and that makes them your sworn enemies...whom you still can't kill.

Tactician: The taste of an enemy's blood is a fine thing, but you feel that you should earn it. That means setting up the battle after the hunt, and leaving nothing to chance. You don't necessarily plan the hunt itself – that's a full-pack

No metal. No fire. Just teeth, claw, and Rage.

activity, and not something that you can take on alone. But when the quarry is brought to heel, when you and your pack have finished the chase and are about to embark on the fight — *that's* the part you plan out, in detail. That means, unfortunately, that if the physical location of the hunt's end isn't what you planned, all your tactics might be for naught, and then all that's left is Rage.

MAKING A HUNTER

Who was the character before her First Change? Pre-Change Rahu aren't always violent, but they are almost always confrontational. Did the character have a reputation for being arrogant or domineering? Maybe she leaned toward activities or a profession that allowed her to get in people's faces; she might have been a police officer, a lawyer, a salesperson, or a performance artist. Many Rahu have an interest in athletics, though few of them manage to compete professionally. Someone always gets hurt.

What happened during her First Change? The Change is violent no matter which phase of the moon it's under — but for a Rahu's Change, the violence is front and center. She might have raced to defend some-

one she loved, or killed an enemy (where "enemy" could mean "someone she perceived as a threat at the time"). She might have run all night to find the one particular person she wanted to fight, and then been disappointed with how easily he died. What happened as the full moon shone down on the new werewolf? Who died that night, and does the Rahu regret the fight? Did she lose? Does she plan a rematch?

What part of the Oath resonates with her? The Oath of the Moon is, to many werewolves, the source of Purity. Which tenet of the Oath makes the most sense for the character? Does she favor *Imru nu fir Imru*, and therefore work toward non-lethal combat with other Uratha? Does *nu bath githul* mean that she partners closely with her Irraka packmate to avoid notice while on the Sacred Hunt? Or does she find that the Oath as a whole is the catechism that prevents her from being an uncontrollable monster? If so, what does that imply about her and her morality? Has she thought about it?

Does she care?



How does the character fight? All Rahu are combatants. Is the character a pugilist, preferring to stay in Hishu or Dalu? Does she favor fangs and claws, or does she buck tradition and use blades or firearms? Maybe her preferred form of combat involves setting traps and using the environment against her prey — not a typical Rahu expression, but by no means unheard of.

How does the character dominate? Different Rahu have different methods of establishing their strength. Physical show of force is one, but staredowns, threats, and verbal dominance are also possible. Some full-moons dominate by example, simply showing their competence and letting others make the inference.

CONNECTIONS

Cahalith: It's not about the stories they tell. It's about making them tell the stories.

To a Rahu, the reason for the Cahalith's jealousy is obvious. The Cahalith wants to be the center of the story, but that desire for notoriety is why she can't. The Rahu is the central character in the story because she isn't focused on becoming famous or known, but on getting the job done. This rather simplistic view falls down when one brings up the many Rahu who are very much focused on their own fame — but Rahu still expect Cahalith to focus on Purity, for that way lies righteousness, anyway.

Elodoth: Wait until I get to the corner, then make me Rage.

Because they can begin and end *Kuruth*, Elodoth can wield Rahu like weapons. Of course, they can't do both in the same fight, so unless the pack has multiple half-moons, the decision about how to make use of this ability is one more tactical decision. The Elodoth and the Rahu don't always agree on this choice, unfortunately.

Irraka: Don't kill them all. Leave me two or three.

The Irraka and the Rahu are diametrically opposed. One is a consummate assassin, the other a Warrior. One operates in darkness, the other stands in the full moonlight. And yet, the Rahu usually has a great deal of respect for the Irraka. In some ways, the Irraka is doing the Rahu's job better and more efficiently, not that the full-moon would ever admit this.

Ithaeur: Just keep them solid for a minute. That's all I need.

Spirits are frustrating. Rahu often hate fighting them because they don't die or fight properly. Worse still are the spirits that can attack mentally, altering a werewolf's Rage directly. The Rahu views the Ithaeur as a charm against this kind of foe, and is likely to be very put out if the crescent-moon falters.

Hunter's Aspect: *Dominant.* The prey spoils for a fight. He has no idea that death is coming, he thinks he can win

this. He sees the movement in the shadow as nothing he can't handle, and goes in search of satisfaction — mating, food, good company.

Gifts: Dominance, *Full Moon*, Strength

Auspice Skills: Brawl, Intimidation, Survival

Auspice Renown: Purity

Auspice Benefit: *Tenacious:* Once engaged in battle, the Rahu is a truly dogged foe. Injury, distraction, and even the world around her can be ignored, albeit briefly. Once per chapter, the player can ignore the effects of any Conditions or Tilts that are hindering her character in combat for two turns. The Conditions and Tilts' effects return after the two turns are up; this power does not count as resolving a Condition or ending a Tilt.

Blood Talons: The Warriors of the Blood Talons are probably the *Suthar Anzuth* that other werewolves think of when they consider the tribe as a whole. This might not be entirely fair — the Blood Talons are a martial tribe, true, but they are perfectly capable of approaching the hunt as something other than war. The Rahu among them tend to howl the loudest, though, so that's who other Uratha hear.

Bone Shadows: These Rahu are most likely to be tacticians rather than pure Warriors. Fighting spirits requires preparation, if for no other reason than they can usually just disappear and leave the fight unfinished. A Bone Shadow Rahu pays careful attention to how a fight with a spirit should progress, and often makes an offering to the spirit's higher-ranked counterparts before the battle.

Hunters in Darkness: An enemy that despoils the Rahu *Meninna's* territory in any way is taking his life into his hands. The full-moons of the Hunters take swift retribution on trespassers and vandals, regardless of whether or not the target knew on whose turf he was stepping. To the Hunter Rahu, it's not about teaching a lesson, it's about holding the territory. Where that is concerned, they do not — *cannot* — show mercy.

Iron Masters: Iron Master Rahu tend to be the Warriors of whatever human culture spawned them. That might make them soldiers, law enforcement, revolutionaries, mercenaries, or athletes. Becoming one of the *Farsil Luh'al* means adding the notion of being Rahu to whatever being a warrior meant pre-Change. Some werewolves cope with that better than others.

Storm Lords: Rahu of the Storm Lords fight until they are torn to shreds. They know that whatever injuries they receive will heal. Defeat, even if it doesn't kill them, leaves a scar that will shame them forever. More to the point, defeat when fighting the Claimed is especially dangerous. Uratha are not immune to being Claimed, and the greatest fear of any *Iminir* Rahu is becoming one of the *Su'ur*.

TRIBES

The hunt gives us purpose. The rush and glory of the *Siskur-Dah* gives meaning to our existence – the feeling of meat and bone under our claws, the taste of blood in our mouths, ephemera and gore soaking into our fur. That is what we live for.

According to legend, Father Wolf's children saw that he had grown weak and murdered their parent. While some slunk away from the scene in shame at what they had done, five instead saw what had to be done. Each took up part of His duty. The Uratha, followers of Father Wolf, looked to the Firstborn to teach them to hunt.

We had to prove ourselves worthy of their patronage. Those werewolves who wanted to learn the teachings of *Sagrim-Ur* – the Red Wolf – had to impress her with their cunning and guile. In return, she taught them the secrets of hunting humanity, not just people but their organizations and institutions. By contrast, *Skolis-Ur* – the Winter Wolf – had no need for cunning; his children instead had to demonstrate incredible fortitude and self-reliance. He lends them the knowledge needed to hunt those creatures in the Flesh that are urged or possessed by things from the world of Spirit.

Some werewolves turn their back on the duty of Father Wolf. Some remove the marks of Mother Luna upon their spirit, following those Firstborn who ignore their duties, calling them-

selves the Pure. Others try to ignore the call of the hunt entirely, turning their back not just on Mother Luna and Father Wolf but on their need to hunt. These Ghost Wolves try to ignore what they are, embracing a life that has can never be the same.

The need for the hunt burns within us all. You need to chase prey, feel its life end by your teeth and your claws. The prey that you favor helps determine which tribe you will join. The Blood Talons, children of *Fenris-Ur*, hunt other werewolves – both Forsaken and Pure alike. The Bone Shadows, pledged to *Kamduis-Ur*, hunt the denizens of the Shadow and the knowledge needed to kill them. The Hunters in Darkness, chosen by *Hikaon-Ur*, who hunt the *shartha*, twisted mockeries that ape Father Wolf. The Iron Masters, who follow *Sagrim-Ur*, hunt the organizations and structures of humanity. The Storm Lords, who impress *Skolis-Ur* with their tenacity, and hunt the blasphemous blends of flesh and spirit.

By joining into tribes we can inherit Father Wolf's duty and continue His hunt.

You need to chase the prey, but which prey do you hunt? The Hosts, mockeries of Father Wolf? Other Uratha, whether Forsaken or Pure? Denizens of the Shadow or the flesh? Or the horrific blend of both?



BLOOD TALONS

SUTHAR ANZUTA

The gray. She's the weak link. Keeps checking her gun, like she's reassuring herself it's loaded. Halfway to bolting already. Hit big, hit hard, but leave her an exit. When she's gone, the tall one will flinch, fight the urge to go after her. That flinch is what kills him. The last two will frenzy when they see the boss go down, but by then it's over. The gray we'll leave alive. She can run back to her kind, tell them what we did here. On her own she's no threat. The fear she'll spread, though? That will tear through them like a pox, pry open their wounds and show me where they're weak.

The wind shifts. The gray's head snaps up; she's scented us. It's time.

You are the apex predator. Rage is in your blood and slaughter is in your bones. Violence is more than just a means to an end; sometimes it's the end all on its own. You are the slaving, mad beast and you are the cold, ruthless tactician. Like your mother, you inspire, bringing madness, passion, and terror in equal measure. Like your father, you will kill anything that gets in your way. But the hunt, the hunt is special. Only the strongest prey is worthy of *Siskur-Dah*. And what prey is stronger than your own kin?

The Blood Talons are violence incarnate. Every hunt is just a warm-up, a prelude to the clash of fang and claw and the inevitable killing blow. Every conflict is an opportunity to overcome, to crush the opposition and scatter them to the winds. "Compromise" is just another way to say "surrender," and the Blood Talons swore an oath long ago: *Nu Sum Ghumur Nu Su Ghid*. "Offer No Surrender You Would Not Accept."

They are the beasts in every werewolf movie ever made: ravening, savage, cunning. They fall on their prey like a thunderbolt, the carnage they bring as inevitable as the cycles of the moon. Lesser beasts seem almost beneath their notice. Killing a man or a Ridden or even one of the dreaded Hosts is just something that happens on the way to the real battle: that of pack against pack, Rage against Rage, of claws and fangs in the moonlight. Their rites are those of blood and battle, their songs of great victories to be remembered and great defeats to be avenged. They know their prey's secret loves and hates,

and they will use that knowledge to cut them out of the herd, leaving them naked and afraid.

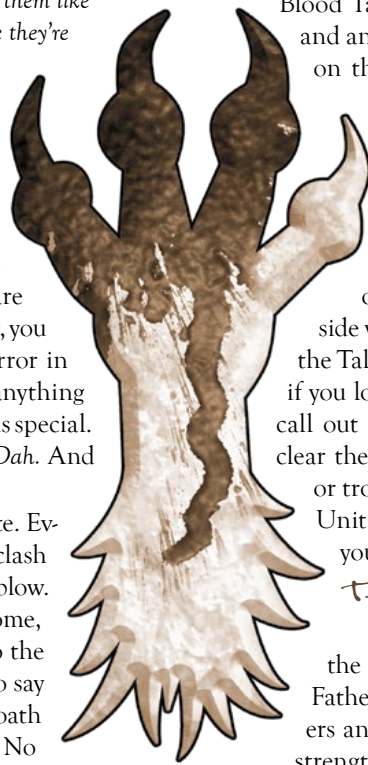
To some outside the tribe, the Blood Talons seem like nothing more than mindless attack dogs. Point them at the prey and turn them loose, but for God's sake keep them caged when they're not needed. They're berserkers, mad dogs not to be trusted. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The Blood Talons are more than a tribe, they're an army, and an army has no use for soldiers who can't think on their feet. On the battlefield, Rage can keep you alive, but if it can't be channeled, if your packmates can't rely on you, you're worse than useless — you're a liability.

That's the key to understanding the Blood Talons: The pack is everything. It's a standing order in the tribe — if a conflict of loyalty arises between pack and tribe, you side with your pack, every time. It's not something the Talons advertise to the other tribes, but it's there if you look. A Talon is almost always the first one to call out intra-pack problems, to offer a challenge to clear the air. That gives them a reputation as bullies or troublemakers, but that's an oversimplification. Unit cohesion is priority one, because the things you hunt? They run in packs, too.

THE FIRSTBORN

The Blood Talons pay homage to *Fennis-Ur*, the Destroyer Wolf. Neither eldest nor wisest of Father Wolf's children, the Destroyer led his brothers and sisters in the hunt by virtue of his terrible strength. The Destroyer doesn't just kill, he tears his prey limb from limb, scatters their blood and Essence across the landscape and revels in the carnage. But the Destroyer is more than just the destruction of the flesh: Before his terrible fury, all barriers must fall.

- This story is true. In the time before time, when Father Wolf led his children in the hunt, *Fennis-Ur* had a twin. *Danu-Ur*, she was called, the Creator Wolf. She alone could calm her brother's rages and convince him to quit the field. He alone could drive off the chattering spirits that swarmed around her and threatened to drive her



*When you've got a big-ass hammer,
why look for anything but a nail?*

mad. They were in balance then, but the Father's death tore them asunder. Now the Destroyer rages without end, and the Creator gibbers rabidly and spreads her madness like a plague.

- This story is true. After the murder of Father Wolf, when the Forsaken were scattered like grains across the earth and hunted by flesh and spirit alike, a great leader called Red Claw sought out *Fenris-Ur* and demanded the Firstborn's patronage as totem to his people. "I will bind myself to you," the Destroyer said, "if you bare your throat to me and surrender to my might." Red Claw refused. They fought for days, and each time the Destroyer demanded surrender, Red Claw refused. When at last the battle was done and Red Claw lay, broken but unbowed, before *Fenris-Ur*, he offered her her life if she would yield to him. Red Claw refused. In dying, she bound the Destroyer to us, blood to blood and bone to bone. It is from this story that we take our oath: "Offer no surrender that you would not accept."
- This story is true. Ever heard of a town called Paris, Vermont? Yeah, nobody has, it doesn't exist anymore. Seems a pack of Talons around those parts had started supplementing their diets, if you get me. People, jackass, they were eating people. So anyways, this pack

was building themselves a nice, tidy little empire, even had some kind of cannibal cult bringing 'em fresh meat. Then one night this big storm brews up over the mountains and wipes the whole town off the map. A buddy of mine in Montpelier swears he saw a wolf the size of a mountain moving inside that storm. Moral? Fuck, I dunno, eat your vegetables or something.

THE PREY

Blood Talons hunt the most dangerous prey: other werewolves. By the light of their Mother's face they stalk those who reject her blessings. Into the depths of the Shadow they pursue those who swear themselves to the service of alien gods. And even among the People, they hunt those who have lost their way. Who decides what "losing their way" means? Why, the Blood Talons, of course.

Why other werewolves? They're the only prey who stand a chance against a Blood Talon's rage. Lesser prey barely offers a challenge; the kill is over almost before it begins. Only Father Wolf's wayward children offer the opportunity for real battle and the Glory that comes from it. For some Talons,

especially Rahu, *Siskur-Dah* has a spiritual element as well — hunting

werewolves who defy the

Oath of the Moon is an expression of Pu-

rity. For others

it's a chance

to match

thei

Cunning

against the

greatest hunters

the world has

known since Father

Wolf fell.

The Blood Talons

have an element of the

unnatural about them, one

that makes the other tribes

uneasy. Apex predators

aren't supposed to hunt their

own: The tiger doesn't eat the

tiger, and the great white shark

leaves other great whites alone.

The *Suthar Anzuth* make a conscious

decision to buck that trend, to

prey on their own blood kin.



They insist that it's a sign of respect, that the only worthy prey is prey that is your equal in every way. Other Uratha aren't so sure: It's hard to rest easy around someone who's devoted his life to finding the best ways to take you down.

INDIVIDUALS

Nicknames: Destroyers (used amongst the Forsaken), the Service (within the tribe), Rippers (used by spirits and the Pure), the Rat Squad (insulting, used by Forsaken especially for Blood Talons who self-appoint themselves as keepers of the Oath)

Concepts: War-leader, conflict resolution specialist, capable beta, motivational speaker, angry young punk, alpha in over her head.

Gifts: Inspiration, *Rage*, Strength

Tribal Renown: Glory

Gatherings: When the Blood Talons gather, it's one part morale-building retreat, one part strategy session, and one part bloodsport. Talons prefer to host gatherings on neutral ground, far-removed from any pack's territory and ideally far from civilization. Blood Talon moots are a chance for members to reconnect with fellow veterans, to swap stories and tactics, and renew the sense of *esprit de corps* that's vital to any unit. It's also a chance to relax and unburden: Hunting other werewolves can weigh heavily on a Talon's Harmony, and they're expected to bear up and not show it around members of the other tribes. The Talons have enough of a reputation as unpredictable berserkers without showing signs of unbalanced Harmony. At a moot, among their brothers and sisters, the Blood Talons can let their guard down a little.

The Blood Talons are a very old tribe. As they've spread across the world, many cells have kept alive ancient traditions. In Minnesota, Blood Talon moots bear elements of Odin-worship, including the sacrifice by hanging of bulls, dogs, and ravens. In southern Italy, the influence of the Mithraic cults, with multiple grades of initiation into the Mysteries of the Destroyer and sacrificial bulls, holds sway. Other moot traditions have no clear analogue in human society, like the tradition in Cameroon of burning all of your accumulated trophies of battle on the first new moon of the year.

Whatever their form or function, moots almost always include plenty of good food, drink, and entertainment. The Blood Talons are acutely aware that, for all their terrifying strength and ability to endure punishment, they're far from immortal. Thus they live in the now, squeezing what joy they can out of life before it ends as it always must, in a red haze of blood and pain.

STEREOTYPES

Bone Shadows: If you absolutely have to hit your prey on the Shadow-side, get them to back you. But really, don't hit your prey on the Shadow-side.

Hunters in Darkness: Don't play with your food.

Iron Masters: Please, tell me more about how humans are "the most dangerous game."

Storm Lords: The object of war isn't to die for your country, it's to — ah, fuck it, I'm wasting my breath.

The Pure: Good hunting.

Vampires: Creepy dead bastards do half our work for us.

On the Hunt: A typical Blood Talon hunt has more in common with a precision military action than the long pursuit and wearing-down of other tribes. The chase is all well and good when your prey is weak or isolated, but the Blood Talons' chosen prey is usually neither. Taking down a pack of werewolves requires surveillance and intelligence-gathering to identify the stress points and vulnerabilities. Once you can see the fracture lines, *then* you hit them: hard, fast, and sudden. Don't waste your time with psychological warfare — that just gives them an opportunity to close ranks and prepare.

Even when they're hunting other prey, Blood Talons have a knack for identifying the weak points in a group. Whether it's a corporate board of directors or a secret society of magicians, a Blood Talon will sniff out the petty internal politics and personality conflicts and forge them into a weapon.

Off the Hunt: More so than the other tribes, every Blood Talon is a warrior. Not that they're *better* warriors, as anyone who's ever faced a Storm Lord Rahu could attest, but the *Suthar Anzuth* see every aspect of life as a battle. A true warrior understands that the same tactics and strategies apply to a negotiation of territory rights as to an all-out brawl. They call this philosophy *Thu Ibiru*, a First Tongue term that means "All War."

BONE SHADOWS

HIRFATHRA HISSU

Haunted, the tour books said. The ghost of Belshazzar Collingsworth still walks these halls, waiting for his love lost at sea. Place has featured on a few of those Real Ghost Hunters of Wherever-the-Hell shows, which is usually the first sign of bullshit, but the omens track. Story checked out, as far as it went – Collingsworth died here 150 years ago according to census records, and the local paper’s archives include a story about a shipwreck 10 years prior. Seemed like a pretty straightforward exorcism, so here I am with my bag of salt and my devil’s trap, all set to send the poor dead bastard to Kamduis-Ur’s supper table. But this thing bleeding out of the wall, with the ring of hypodermic teeth and the smell like old engine grease? Pretty sure that’s not the ghost of a 19th century shipping magnate.

Shit.

You are the beast that walks two worlds. Wisdom is in your blood and magic is in your bones. You are the opener and the closer of the ways, you have gazed into the face of Death and come away whole. You know the hidden paths your brothers and sisters fear to tread, when they know of them at all. Like your mother, those who do not understand think you mad. Like your father, you will bind anything that gets in your way. But the hunt, the hunt is special. Only the cleverest prey is worthy of *Siskur-Dah*. And what prey is cleverer than the things that walk unseen between this world and the next?

The Bone Shadows are keepers of secret wisdom, explorers plumbing the depths of the Shadow and of otherworlds even stranger. They understand the laws that govern those worlds, and they know the rites that allow them to punish the things that would violate them. The world has slewed out of balance since Father Wolf was slain, and the Bone Shadows constantly dance back and forth upon the scales, holding the line between the physical and the ephemeral. Other tribes confront the symptoms, but the *Hirfathra Hissu* strike at the

source of the disease, for long ago they swore an oath: *Su A Sar-Hith Sa*. “Pay each spirit in kind.”

They are the hermits in the wastes, possessed of secrets that claw at the mind. They are shamans and intercessors, for the things they hunt cannot be slain by fang and claw alone. Their rites catch ghosts in bottles and bind spirits beneath mountains, and in the name of their Father they cast out angels. They speak the language of the dead and pry secrets from the lips of corpses. Their gazes pierce obfuscation and self-denial, and they see the things you love and fear above all others. They will take those secrets and twist them into a knife, pointed straight at your heart.

The Bone Shadows have a reputation for strangeness among the Forsaken, but that’s a product of their heightened understanding of the Shadow.

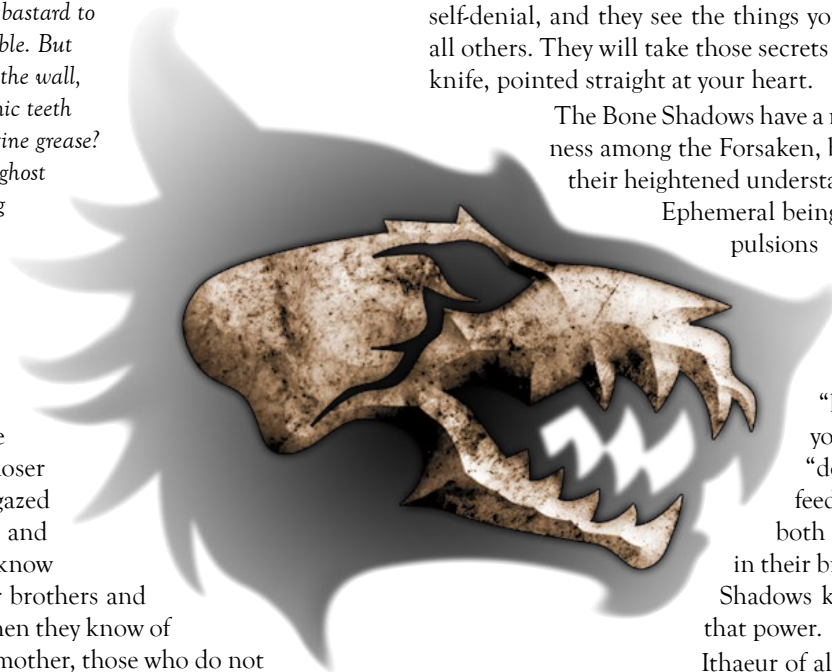
Ephemeral beings obey laws and compulsions that seem bizarre to

the outsider, but to the Bone Shadows they’re as natural and ingrained as “look both ways before you cross the street,” or “don’t bite the hand that feeds.” Taboos have power, both in their keeping and in their breaking, and the Bone Shadows know when to call on that power.

Ithaeur of all the tribes command spirits and use them in the hunt, but the Bone Shadows don’t seek to command. They seek to curate, to manage the boundaries between the worlds in the name of Father Wolf and to understand the secrets behind the visible world in the name of their patron. They actively seek out the unknown, studying and cataloguing it before binding it safely away or casting it into the depths of the Shadow.

THE FIRSTBORN

The Bone Shadows follow *Kamduis-Ur*, the Death Wolf. The most curious of Father Wolf’s children, she ranged deeper into the Shadow than any of her siblings. She sought out ancient spirits there, and questioned them about their



Old Man, Tall Man, Dead Man, False Man

doings and the ways of the hidden world. When the first Bone Shadows bound themselves to her, Death Wolf passed that secret knowledge on to them.

- This story is true. In the time before time, *Kamduis-Ur* was called *Kig-Ur*, Seeking Wolf, for she was ever searching for more knowledge. One day, as she explored the Shadow, Seeking Wolf found a cave that led deep into the earth. Curious, she went inside, and she died. This was quite alarming, of course, and so she hurried back out again. All the spirits that dwelt by the cave marveled at this, for never before had someone come out of the cave. “It is no great thing,” she said, “to return from that place. One only need not be afraid of changing.” So it was that *Kamduis-Ur* gained wisdom.

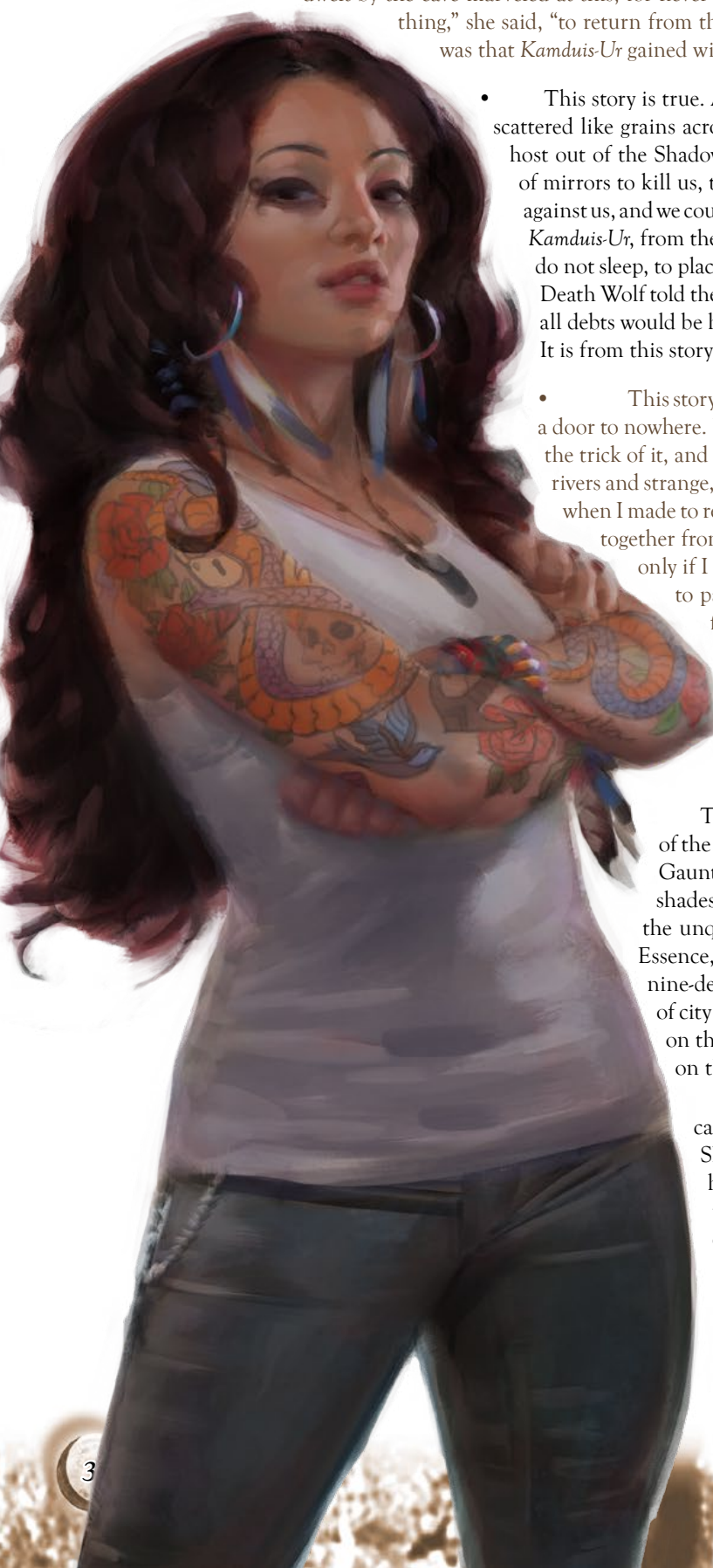
- This story is true. After the murder of Father Wolf, when the Forsaken were scattered like grains across the earth and hunted by flesh and spirit alike, a great host out of the Shadow stalked our ancestors without mercy. They crawled out of mirrors to kill us, they drove the men of the cities and the beasts of the field against us, and we could do nothing to stop them. In despair, our ancestors sought *Kamduis-Ur*, from the depths of the *Hisil* to the forgotten places where the dead do not sleep, to places stranger still. At last they found her and begged her aid. Death Wolf told them that theirs would be a hard and thankless road, but that all debts would be honored and all accounts balanced at the end of all things. It is from this story that we take our oath: “Pay each spirit in kind.”

- This story is true. Down in the storm drains under New York, I found a door to nowhere. It wouldn't open for me, but a dead man I know taught me the trick of it, and on the other side I found a place of darkness, of caves and rivers and strange, angry shades. I wandered there for many lightless days, but when I made to return I found I could not cross the rivers. A woman stitched together from the parts of other women offered to take me across, but only if I gave her my right leg, as hers had gone gamy. Not wanting to pay such a bargain, I sang out a call to Death Wolf, asking for her aid. It seemed then that a vast shadow passed over me, and when it was gone, I was back in the storm drain – and my right leg was gone, neatly severed at the hip. Do not forget, brothers and sisters, that *Kamduis-Ur* is a spirit as well, and our oath yet holds.

THE PREY

The Bone Shadows hunt the most dangerous prey: the spirits of the Shadow and other ephemeral beings. When spirits cross the Gauntlet to feast on the Essence of the mortal world, when toxic shades pollute the Shadow and poison loci with their foulness, when the unquiet dead rise up and choke the world with their necrotic Essence, the Bone Shadows appear with their ghost rattles and their nine-demon bags. Their howls echo in two worlds, filling the courts of city and wilderness alike with fear. When the Bone Shadows are on the hunt, spirits huddle in their dens and pray that the words on the wind don't call their names.

Bone Shadows hunt spirits as much for the knowledge they can impart as for the threats they pose. The denizens of the Shadow are old beyond measure, and many have, or claim to have, knowledge of the time before, when Father Wolf stalked the Border Marches and the two worlds were one. Ghosts and other ephemeral beings know things about the world that the Uratha can only guess at. It's a rare hunt where a Bone Shadow goes straight for the killing blow without at least trying to bind the prey and learn its secrets. Sometimes that means the hunt ends with the prey being released or bound into a fetish rather than destroyed or banished, and that rankles members of other tribes – but the Bone Shadows



remember their oath and count such bargains as victories. After all, new wisdom is permanent. A reprieve is temporary.

INDIVIDUALS

Nicknames: Seekers (within the tribe), Spooks (among the Forsaken, informal and sometimes derogatory), Binders (among spirits and the Pure)

Concepts: Shadow cartographer, exorcist, occult fixer, Underworld explorer, speaker for the dead, demon fighter, antiquities procurer

Gifts: Death, Elements, Insight

Tribal Renown: Wisdom

Gatherings: Gatherings of Bone Shadows are intricate affairs, fraught with as much ritual and ceremony as any spirit court. It doesn't matter whether it's an annual dance that brings in every Bone Shadow in three states, or two tribe members crossing paths in an all-night diner — they must observe the forms and make the proper sacraments. Sometimes it's a simple acknowledgement and the swapping of some story or piece of spirit-lore, as they do at crossroads in the American South. Other times it's blood spilled in the dust to honor the dead and a recitation of deed-names in the First Tongue, as they do in Uppsala. There, the fashion is to boast elaborately about the spirits you've bound and the bargains you've struck, while outside Delhi it's considered the height of classlessness to ever admit to learning anything from the prey.

More than other tribes, the *Hirfathra Hissu* tend to call dances for specific, practical purposes rather than just tale-swapping and socializing. Twice a year, once on a crescent moon and once on a gibbous, the Bone Shadows of South Dakota gather at a place in the Badlands to renew the bindings on an ancient spirit-god that sleeps beneath the hills. In Rio, the Shadows don terrifying masks and play Axé music from the backs of large trucks. Under the guise of Carnival, they drive through the streets of the favelas, driving out the spirits of violence and desperation that crowd the slums.

On the Hunt: A typical Bone Shadow hunt plays out more like an investigation. Unless the hunter already knows his prey, even figuring out what it is can be a challenge. No Bone Shadow wants to be surprised by a machine-angel when he's expecting a spirit of lethargy. Even once the quarry's nature is apparent, unearthing its bans and banes requires careful

STEREOTYPES

Blood Talons: What do you do when claws and teeth alone are not enough?

Hunters in Darkness: Our goals are the same, but they take the narrow view and we the wide.

Iron Masters: Harmony has two sides, little sisters.

Storm Lords: Because it anchors in flesh rather than stone, the prey is yours? I think not.

The Pure: How easy it is to become a slave.

Spirits: Let's strike a deal.

Mages: Their knowledge is born of books and logic. What do they know of blood and bone?

observation and diligent research — both of which happen to be specialties of the Bone Shadows. Forearmed with knowledge, the hunters ensure that the killing ground is well-prepared with favorable resonance and good omens. By the time the prey feels the jaws of the trap closing, it's far too late.

Even when hunting other prey, Bone Shadows have a preternatural ability to sniff out the quarry's hidden weaknesses. Whether that's a supernatural vulnerability like a vampire's inability to cross running water or just knowing exactly what secret to blackmail a city councilman with, they somehow seem to know just where to put the knife, and just how much to twist it.

Off the Hunt: Thanks to their close connection to the Shadow and the weird, occult fringe of the World of Darkness, Bone Shadows are more likely than other tribes to display magical thinking in their day-to-day lives. Almost all of them have their little rituals, omens of good luck or bad, and charms they carry for protection. Even those not laboring under bans brought on by low Harmony often display strange taboos and aversions.

HUNTERS IN DARKNESS

MENINNA

Its heart is beating faster now. Adrenaline surges, turning the world all to bright points and sharp edges. It has known terror and pain, and now it sees the chance of escape. A light shines in the darkness, the closing credits are about to roll. Just a few more feet, it thinks, and it will be free.

That's when the rest of my pack make themselves known.

You are the devil in the dark. The chase is in your blood and the terror is in your bones. You are the howl on the moors, the hot panting breath in the mist, the reason parents tell their children to avoid the woods at night. Your territory is the most holy of places, and you know it as intimately as you know your own soul. Pity the hapless beast that wanders into it and draws your ire. Like your mother, the night is your domain. Like your father, you will kill anything that gets in your way. But the hunt, the hunt is special. Only the foulest prey demands *Siskur-Dah*. And what prey is fouler than the Hosts of the Plague King and the Spinner-Hag?

The Hunters in Darkness are the quintessential werewolves, at least as popular culture imagines them. Beasts cleverer than any wolf and more savage than any man, they tolerate no intruders in their territory. They stalk and harry, picking off the weakest and most isolated first, building the rest to a fever pitch of terror and a headlong dash through the night. It's not enough to simply drive interlopers off. The *Meninna's* hunt only ends one way, for long ago they swore an oath: *Nu Mus Halhala*. "Let No Sacred Place in Your Territory Be Violated."

Consider that scene in the slasher movie, the one where the teenagers have been hounded and picked off one by one as they're chased through the forest by a lunatic with a chainsaw and a leather mask. They find what they think is a sheltering cabin where they can regroup and hide, but then they see the wind chimes made of human pelvic girdles and they realize *oh shit, we're not safe at all. We're right where that bastard wants us.*

The Hunters in Darkness are the guy with the chainsaw.

All werewolves claim territory. The smart ones treat that territory with respect, but the *Meninna* take it to another level.

Their territory is *theirs*, and by virtue of being *theirs* it is sacred. The First Tongue term the Hunters use for their territory is *mus-rah*, or "holy killing ground," and that should tell you all you need to know about their views on territory. Any violation of *mus-rah* must be avenged on the same ground: Letting the prey slip the borders before it's slain is a violation of the oath. As such, Hunters in Darkness prepare their territory with all manner of devious traps, switchbacks, and dead-ends designed to keep the prey from escaping.

What constitutes a violation of *mus-rah*? It depends on the Hunters in question. Despoiling loci and bringing toxic resonance into the territory, certainly. Following *Siskur-Dah* into a Hunter's territory, perhaps. For some packs, even setting foot within their territories without formal invitation is enough. Others might let clueless humans pass through without issue, but you can be damn sure that *anything* entering a Hunter's territory is being watched, either by the Hunters themselves or by bound spirits.

THE FIRSTBORN

The Hunters in Darkness revere *Hikaon-Ur*, Black Wolf, whom they also name the Silent Mother or Mother Wolf — a fact that doesn't always sit well with the other tribes, who hold that title as one of *Urfarah's*. The most withdrawn of Father Wolf's children, she was nonetheless accounted as the finest hunter among the Firstborn. Her children praise her with every silent kill, with every carefully laid trap, and with every glimpse of the hunter that drives the prey to the killing ground.

- This story is true. In the time before time, when Father Wolf hunted the blasphemous spawn of the Plague King and the Spinner-Hag, the great hunter found himself stymied. Each time his jaws closed upon a furred throat, each time his claws slashed through a chitinous shell, the prey simply burst into a swarm of vermin that skittered away and vanished into the dark. Father Wolf could not kill them, and his howls of rage shook the sky. It was Black Wolf, quiet, clever Black Wolf, whose run crossed the world to map all of the hidden burrows



*I'll give you a five-minute head start.
Not to make it fair. Just to make it fun.*

and crevices where the *shartha* might hide. She taught her Father not to kill but to harry, to drive the swarms into dead ends and empty places where fire and falling rock could do the work of killing them. And the eldest of the Uratha saw this weakness on the Father's part and wondered. Silently.

- This story is true. After the murder of Father Wolf, when the Forsaken were scattered like grains across the earth and hunted by flesh and spirit alike, the land was plagued by rats and spiders, crows and locusts. The People did not yet understand the Gauntlet, and so the Hosts made the world an unclean place. In despair, a young hunter whose name is lost to time howled out a prayer to the greatest hunter among the Firstborn, and *Hikaon-Ur* answered. She showed the young hunter the same tricks she taught her Father. The hunter and her pack, with Black Wolf's aid, drove back the *shartha*. It is from this story that we take our oath: "Let No Sacred Place in Your Territory Be Violated."

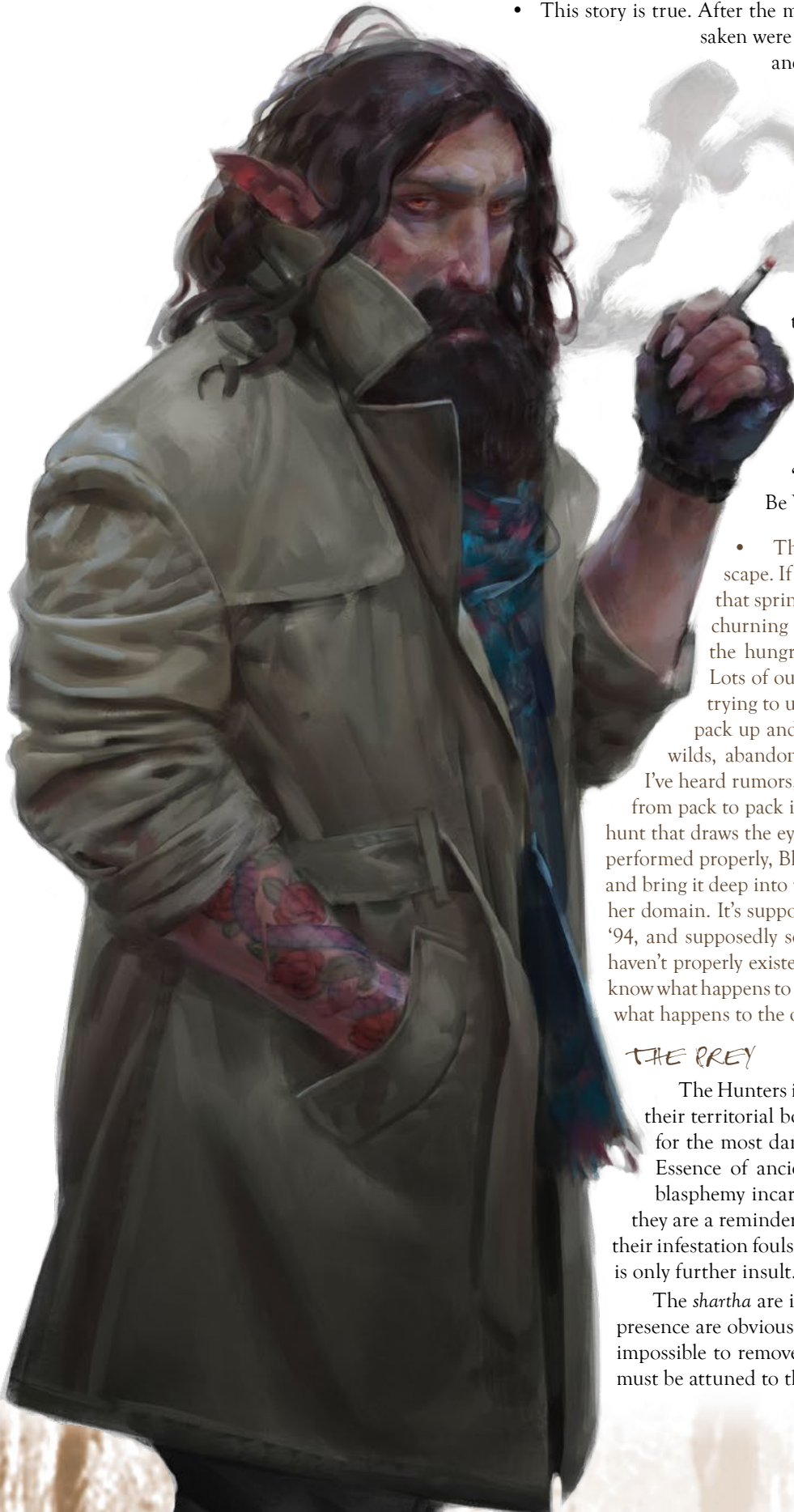
- This story is true. War is hell on the landscape. If it's not the spirits of violence and fear that spring up like weeds, it's artillery barrages churning the earth into a broken hellscape or the hungry ghosts trapped on the battlefield. Lots of our brothers and sisters have gone mad trying to uphold the oath in a war zone. Others pack up and move on, or retreat deeper into the wilds, abandoning urban territory to the humans. I've heard rumors, though, of a secret rite passed down from pack to pack in war-torn parts of the world, a great hunt that draws the eye of *Hikaon-Ur* herself. They say if it's performed properly, Black Wolf will scoop up your territory and bring it deep into the Shadow, where it becomes part of her domain. It's supposed to have happened in Sarajevo in '94, and supposedly some patches of forest near Bastogne haven't properly existed since early 1945. Nobody seems to know what happens to the packs that claim that territory — or what happens to the ones that fuck up the rite.

THE PREY

The Hunters in Darkness hunt anything that violates their territorial boundaries, but they reserve especial ire for the most dangerous prey: the Hosts. Shards of the Essence of ancient Shadow gods, these creatures are blasphemy incarnate: Not quite spirit, not quite flesh, they are a reminder of Father Wolf's greatest failing. That their infestation fouls the spiritual side of a Hunter's territory is only further insult.

The *shartha* are insidious; by the time the signs of their presence are obvious, the swarm is dug in like ticks, almost impossible to remove. It's for this reason that the *Meninna* must be attuned to their territory.

Hunters in Darkness



The *shartha* are elusive; one spider demon can easily become a boiling swarm of thousands of tiny arachnids. The survival of even one means the Host can someday reform. It is for this reason that the *Meninna* must know the land and the Shadow alike intimately, so that the swarm can be isolated, contained, and destroyed.

The *shartha* are infectious; they crawl inside humans and animals alike, hollowing them out and wearing their corpses to hide from the Hunters. It is for this reason that the *Meninna* must be wary of all who cross their borders.

INDIVIDUALS

Nicknames: Ghosts (among the Forsaken), Slashers (casual), the Mother's Children (within the tribe, collective), Chasers (among spirits and the Pure).

Concepts: Stalker, local historian, neighborhood watch leader, security specialist, urban explorer, exterminator.

Gifts: Nature, Stealth, Warding

Tribal Renown: Purity

Gatherings: When the Hunters in Darkness gather, it's never just to sit in a circle and swap stories. Tribe members come together in runs, sometimes to hunt prey that requires more than one pack to deal with, sometimes to explore a new territory, and sometimes just for the sheer joy of running. Even their tribal rites are mobile affairs, ordeals of stamina and speed. A popular initiation ceremony, drawn from tales of pre-Christian Irish war bands, requires a new recruit to run down some large and dangerous prey without making a sound, all with the recruit's feet pierced by thorns.

By tradition, a run is permitted to cross the boundaries of any *Meninna* pack's territory without reprisal. The leader of a run often carries a representation of the run's prey on a long pole to show that the run is legitimate. Mixed-tribe packs may or may not honor this tradition, depending on the influence their Hunter members have.

In the Rocky Mountains, dozens – sometimes hundreds – of *Meninna* gather at a hunting lodge on the first full moon after the first snowfall of the year. In a run that's part Wild Hunt, part biker rally, they cruise the mountain roads and forestry service trails, killing anyone and anything they come across. In the urban sprawl of Hong Kong, members of rival packs challenge each other to "rooftop runs," in which the participants must cross the island from Kennedytown to Quarry Bay without touching the ground or being seen by humans. New York, Paris, and Rome alike commonly see runs that never go above ground – these are as much about

STEREOTYPES

Blood Talons: Violence is only the end.

Bone Shadows: If it bleeds, we can kill it. If it doesn't, you can.

Iron Masters: I respect what you're doing. Damned if I understand it, but I respect it.

Storm Lords: Seems to me if you have to stoically endure all that, something's already gone wrong.

The Pure: Heh. Heheh. Hahahaha!

The Hosts: We don't talk about that in mixed company.

The Fae: It's not fair when the prey can change the terrain around you.

checking for *shartha* infestation as about showing off knowledge of the tunnels.

On the Hunt: Of all the tribes, the way the Hunters in Darkness stalk their prey echoes classic werewolf stories as seen from a human perspective. A pack of *Meninna* stalks its prey, with each member doing her part to herd the poor bastard to a pre-selected killing floor. This killing floor can be anything from a sacred grove to a basement boiler room, but it always has spiritual significance to the pack.

Even when not hunting the *shartha*, Hunters in Darkness show an eerie instinct for predicting and controlling the prey's route. They are masters at steering the chase down specific alleys and game trails. Within their own territory, these paths are seeded with traps designed to maim, slow, and above all panic the prey: fishhooks hung from fine chains, crude pits filled with spikes, even bear traps and razor-sharp caltrops. These traps are never meant to be fatal: The killing blow is a holy thing, after all.

Off the Hunt: The most common greeting between Hunters in Darkness is "Ni-zu tag?" Literally translated, that means: "what are you hunting?" *Meninna* don't really *have* an "off the hunt" setting; if they're not actively pursuing something, they're looking for the next quarry.

IRON MASTERS

FARSIL LUHAL

Adapt or die. That's the key. The world's changing faster and faster every day, and those changes ripple back into the Shadow. We're living in a time of spiritual upheaval we haven't seen since Father Wolf's death. I'm not saying the old ways should be abandoned, exactly, but for sure we need to take a good hard look at them and see if they can't be improved. New ways of thinking revitalize us, make sure we stay on top of the food chain.

So, you see, you should be thanking me. In the old days, this would have ended with me chasing you through the woods, naked and bleeding, then biting your throat out. Compared to that, a bullet in the back of the head is a vast improvement.

You are the wolf in sheep's clothing. Change is in your blood and craftiness is in your bones. You walk among the herd and they do not know you. You hunt them from within, and they look without for the source of their woes. You are the sharp-toothed grin in the boardroom, the dark figure under sodium lights, the footsteps following them home that stop half a heartbeat after theirs. Like your mother, you adapt, making of yourself what you must to complete the hunt. Like your father, you will kill anything that gets in your way. But the hunt, the hunt is special. Only the most cunning of prey is worthy of *Siskur-Dah*. And what prey is more cunning than the teeming masses of humanity?

The Iron Masters are adapters, survivors, and innovators. Constantly questioning themselves, they preserve that which deserves to stay and ruthlessly cull what no longer has a place. Traditions, ethos, institutions, even people – if the Iron Masters say your time is up, no force on Earth can save you. They dwell among humans, because like it or not humans are leading the charge on innovation and adaptation. They aren't the “modern tribe,” because that's a false categorization. All the tribes live in the modern world, and they all employ its conveniences. What the Iron Masters do is adapt: They judge every change they see to know whether it is good or bad. They attach themselves to specific institutions or areas of their territories and either change them to be better or protect them from change, for

long ago they swore an oath: *Kul Kisura Udmeda*. “Honor Your Territory in All Things.”

Ask the other tribes about the *Farsil Luhal* and they'll say different things. *They can't leave their human lives behind*, says the Hunter in Darkness who fed her own name to a spirit of forgetting. *They trample things in the dust that were ancient and sacred before they were born*, says the Bone Shadow who speaks in tongues long forgotten. *They're the stewards of our human side*, says the Blood Talon who fights as a furious beast. *Change is our only constant*, says the Iron Master as she charts new realms in the Shadow. *When we tire of change, we tire of life.*

None of that is to say the Iron Masters slavishly embrace every new thing that comes along.

That's not adaptability, it's neophilia, new for new's sake. That, in its way, is every bit as rigid and inflexible as clinging to tradition because that's the way it's always been done. In the grand tradition of tricksters everywhere, the Iron Masters question everything they come across, and only what they deem worthy is permitted to remain. What is left is dross, to be cast aside and forgotten – if not destroyed outright.

THE FIRSTBORN

The Iron Masters' patron is *Sagrim-Ur*, Red Wolf. Youngest and wildest of Father Wolf's children, Red Wolf was never satisfied with “the way things had always been,” and she constantly questioned the nature of the world. Where *Kamduis-Ur* delved into the Shadow and stranger places, seeking lost secrets and forgotten knowledge, *Sagrim-Ur* reveled in discovering the new.

- This story is true. In the time before time, men were little more than clever beasts, and the Firstborn gave little more thought to them than men do to ants. Yet one day while *Sagrim-Ur* was out hunting, he came across a spirit the like of which he had never seen before. It was a thing of wood and stone and sharp points. Red Wolf, thinking it was some strange new *magath*, made ready to destroy it. But the spirit cried out to her, begging her to stay her terrible jaws long enough for it to show

Don't make me give you the “urban jungle” spiel.

her whence it came. Intrigued, Red Wolf agreed, and the spirit took him to a strange place that was home to many new kinds of spirit: hollow boxes with fires for hearts, stones that flew like birds, beasts that danced on the walls of caves. Delighted, Red Wolf asked where these spirits had come from, and his guide showed him the tiny, hairless apes that had made them. From that moment even unto today, *Sagrim-Ur* was delighted by the humans' cleverness, and he took special care to look after them.

- This story is true. After the murder of Father Wolf, when the Forsaken were scattered like grains across the earth and hunted by flesh and spirit alike, *Sagrim-Ur* rejoiced, for nothing would ever be the same again. But as she crisscrossed the world, delighting at all the wonderful newness she saw, a small, piteous howl caught her ear. It was one of Father Wolf's half-breed children who sat, howling his grief into the night.

"Little brother," *Sagrim-Ur* said, "why do you mourn?"

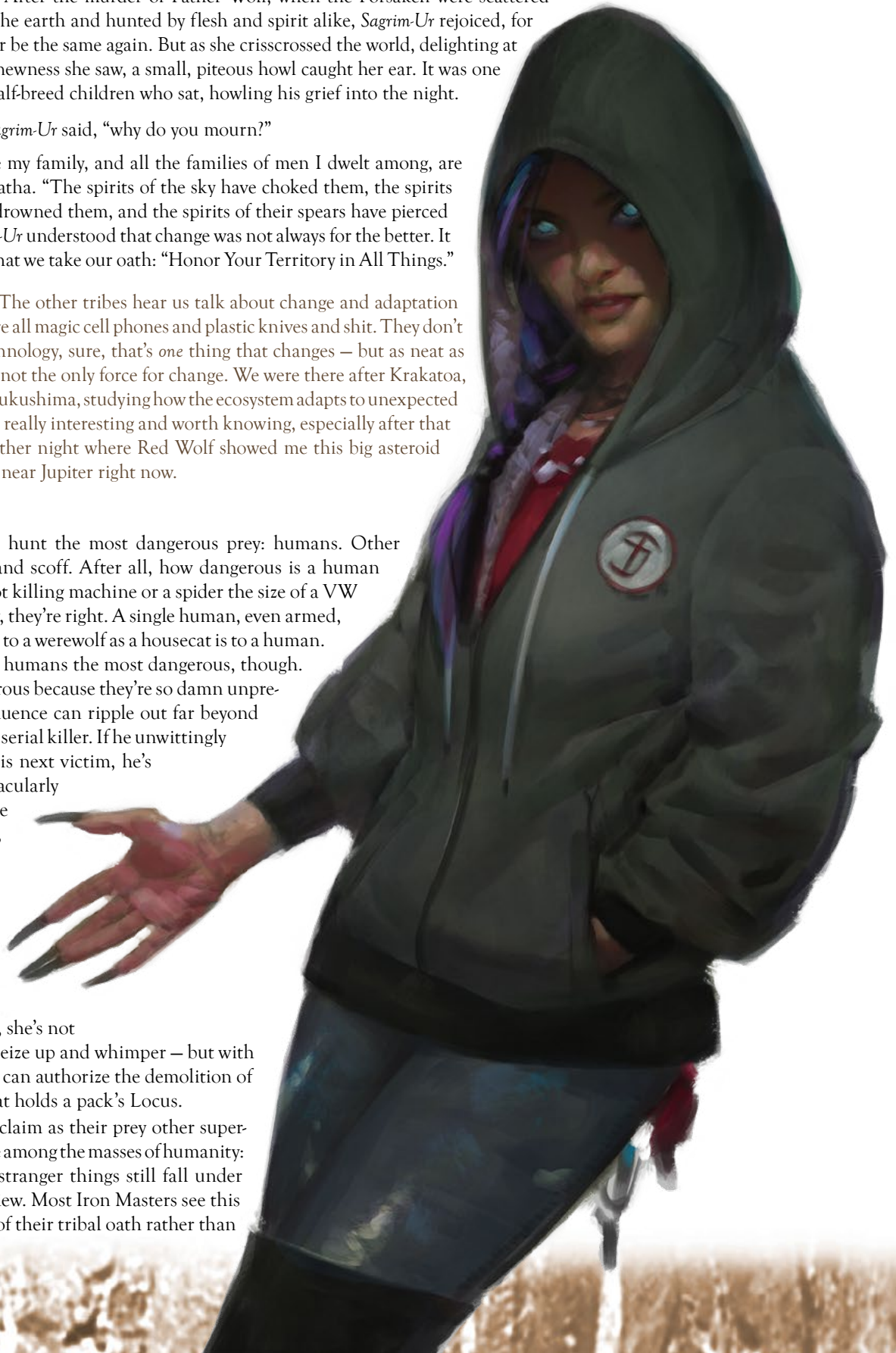
"I mourn because my family, and all the families of men I dwelt among, are dead," said the Uratha. "The spirits of the sky have choked them, the spirits of the water have drowned them, and the spirits of their spears have pierced them." And *Sagrim-Ur* understood that change was not always for the better. It is from this story that we take our oath: "Honor Your Territory in All Things."

- This story is true. The other tribes hear us talk about change and adaptation and they think we're all magic cell phones and plastic knives and shit. They don't get it. Modern technology, sure, that's *one* thing that changes — but as neat as people are, they're not the only force for change. We were there after Krakatoa, after Katrina and Fukushima, studying how the ecosystem adapts to unexpected catastrophe. It's all really interesting and worth knowing, especially after that dream I had the other night where Red Wolf showed me this big asteroid that's hanging out near Jupiter right now.

THE PREY

The Iron Masters hunt the most dangerous prey: humans. Other werewolves hear that and scoff. After all, how dangerous is a human compared to a nine-foot killing machine or a spider the size of a VW Microbus? Individually, they're right. A single human, even armed, is about as much threat to a werewolf as a housecat is to a human. That's not what makes humans the most dangerous, though. No, humans are dangerous because they're so damn unpredictable, and their influence can ripple out far beyond themselves. Consider a serial killer. If he unwittingly selects a werewolf as his next victim, he's going to meet a spectacularly messy end. But leave him to his own devices, and he can poison a whole city's resonance with fear and pain and death. Or how about the corrupt city councilwoman? Faced with a raging Uratha in Gauru form, she's not going to do much but seize up and whimper — but with one stroke of a pen she can authorize the demolition of the tenement block that holds a pack's Locus.

Iron Masters also claim as their prey other supernatural beings that hide among the masses of humanity: vampires, mages, and stranger things still fall under the Iron Masters' purview. Most Iron Masters see this as a natural extension of their tribal oath rather than



a sacred duty. While some account themselves dedicated “vampire hunters” or the like, most are content to let sleeping monsters lie unless removing them would be a positive change for the pack’s territory. This attitude does sometimes lead to tensions with neighboring Hunters in Darkness or Storm Lords, since those tribes’ chosen prey often hide in human society to pursue their own agendas.

INDIVIDUALS

Nicknames: Wardens (within the tribe), Zookeepers (derogatory among other tribes, informal within it), Slinkers (among spirits and the Pure).

Concepts: Urban legend come to life, hardheaded futurist, doomsday prepper, union advocate, civil engineer/geomancer, serial killer hunter, supernatural diplomat.

Gifts: Knowledge, Shaping, *Technology*

Tribal Renown: Cunning

Gatherings: Iron Master gatherings range from rigorously-formal board meetings to casual coffee shop powwows. The main purpose of these swap meets is to trade favors and information, and to share stories about the new and exciting things members have seen. Tribe members keep each other up to date on the latest political maneuvering that might impact each other’s territories, trade useful new rites and fetishes, and sometimes plan out large-scale sociological or ecological experiments.

In London, swap meets are highly formalized, with tribe members expected to regularly contribute written journals and articles that are published in a small vanity press operated by one of the elders. The articles are peer-reviewed, subject to intense scrutiny and fact-checking. By contrast, in Bodenwerder, Germany, Iron Masters are expected to embellish their accounts with tall tales and balderdash, and the Uratha who successfully sees through the bluster to the truth underneath earns much Cunning.

Swap meets aren’t always face-to-face, either; sometimes the tribe connects via video chat services, email listservers, or private Internet forums. Organizing meets on that scale can be a logistical nightmare, but it does give the tribe a more international reach. One such community, hidden behind a password-protected subforum on the Iowa Cat Fanciers Monthly website, boasts 300 members from 27 countries.

On the Hunt: Like the Hunters in Darkness, Iron Masters’ hunts are usually focused around their own territory. Where the two tribes differ is in the purpose behind it: The *Meninna* hunt to avenge violations and destroy interlopers, where the *Farsil Luhai* are more proactive. The Iron Masters actively

STEREOTYPES

Blood Talons: When these guys get to town, it’s like dropping a boulder into a lake. Not so much ripples as tidal waves.

Bone Shadows: If it’s been buried and forgotten for thousands of years, how cool can it be?

Hunters in Darkness: Make new friends, but keep the old. One is silver and the other — actually, that’s kind of a fucked up rhyme.

Storm Lords: Hey, it was pale and it drank blood. How the hell was I supposed to know it was a guy possessed by a leech spirit?

The Pure: Talk about living in the past.

The Created: These things may not look like much, but they’re trouble. One of them shows up on your turf, you break out the torches and pitchforks and angry peasants.

look for hunts that will improve their territory, develop a plan of action, and execute it. Sometimes an Iron Master hunt doesn’t resemble a hunt at all: Red Wolf’s children are just as comfortable invoking *Siskur-Dah* to block a critical piece of zoning legislation as to hunt down a spirit-worshipping cult.

Even when not hunting their chosen prey, Iron Masters have a knack for turning the apparatus of human society against the prey. They know which bank to call to disrupt the prey’s cashflow (and when to do it for maximum damage), who to bribe to get safehouses condemned and minions arrested, and so on. No matter your supernatural might, if an Iron Master is after you, you’d best flee to the wastes and hope something new distracts them.

Off the Hunt: Iron Masters are relentlessly inquisitive — not in the Bone Shadows’ sense of ferreting out forgotten lore and secret truths, but in the sense that they are fascinated by how complex systems respond to new stimuli. They’re equally fascinated by human psychology and evolutionary biology, and any time the world sees a major upheaval you can bet the Iron Masters will be on the scene to see how things change.

STORM LORDS

IMINIR

The temperature has dropped 10 degrees in the last hour. Visibility's down to whiteout conditions. My left leg is oozing blood, and that hot, crawling feeling under the skin has me pretty sure that fucker's claws are poisonous. He thinks he's going to get away. Poor bastard. All he's done is delay the inevitable, and not even by that much. The storm is my brother. The cold is my sister. This sonofabitch? He's just meat.

You are the oncoming storm. Ice is in your veins and iron is in your bones. You are the unstoppable killer, the death that walks behind. Where lesser predators would break from the hunt, collapsing from exhaustion and pain, you will continue. The winter is patient, unending, and given time it seeps in everywhere. Like your mother, you endure – though your flesh is torn away, you survive, regenerate, and return as strong as ever. Like your father, you will kill anything that gets in your way. But the hunt, the hunt is special. Only the most brutal prey is worthy of *Siskur-Dah*. And what prey is more brutal than the unholy amalgam of flesh and spirit?

The Storm Lords are cold, ruthless hunters. Even in the throes of Death Rage, they seem to have an icy calm about them. Pain does not faze them, pity does not move them, and nothing, absolutely nothing, will stop them. The prey can run. The prey can even hide. But running is tiring. Hiding gnaws at the mind with fear of being found. And every time the prey closes its eyes it knows that they are coming for it and they *will not stop*. For long ago they swore an oath: *Nu Si Gid Namtar*. "Allow No One to Witness or to Tend Your Weakness."

The *Iminir* hold self-reliance and personal strength as the highest virtues. They expect every Uratha to push himself to the breaking point and beyond, because only in enduring unimaginable hardships can the People truly approach the glory of Father Wolf. They hold themselves to even higher standards, because *Skolis-Ur* tolerates nothing less than perfection from his children. Secret rites performed within the tribe hint at the idea that the Uratha are more than just the descendants of Father Wolf – they are his *heirs*, and a werewolf who faces the crucible of the hunt and emerges stronger for it can raise herself up beyond flesh. They call this process *Abni-Gur*, the

crucible of becoming. They say that a Storm Lord (and it's always a Storm Lord in the stories) who masters her Harmony and makes herself one with her Primal Urge will one day ascend to take Father Wolf's place as Lord of the Boundary.

Among the other tribes, Storm Lords have something of a reputation for claiming the mantle of leadership for themselves and stubbornly refusing any offer of help, no matter how small. If that's true, it's a product of individual ego rather than the tribe's own ethos. A Storm Lord expects every werewolf – including herself – to know her place and do her job. If that puts her in the leadership role, so be it.

THE FIRSTBORN

The Storm Lords revere *Skolis-Ur*, the Winter Wolf. The oldest of the Firstborn who bound themselves to the Tribes of the Moon, *Skolis-Ur* sees himself and his children as the ones who must live up to Father Wolf's legacy. That they are so far from that goal is not a failure, but a challenge – and the Storm Lords have never been ones to ignore a challenge.

- This story is true. In the time before time, the world was forever green and sunny, and the bounty of the hunt was without end. Father Wolf and his children hunted then, for sustenance, to keep the Marches, and for the sheer joy of it. Then *Skolis-Ur* was born. As his mother labored, the world grew cold, and the Firstborn marveled to see their breath escaping like a steaming cloud. When the pup opened his eyes, snow began to fall in great flurries. At his birthing howl, a great wind tore through the world, and flesh and spirit alike knew the bite of winter.

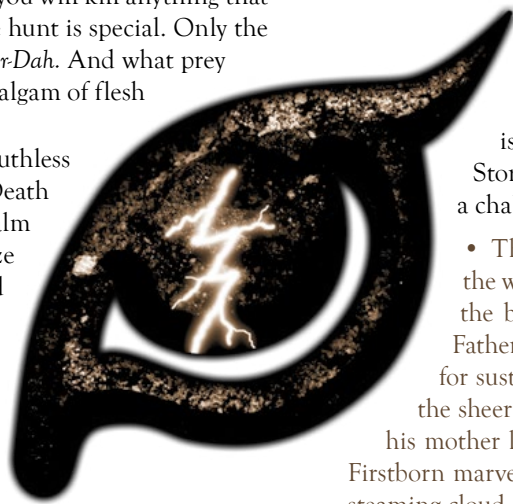
"This cold will destroy the world," said *Fenris-Ur*.

"It is the chill of death," said *Kamduis-Ur*.

"The prey will leave a trail even a child could follow," said *Hikaon-Ur*.

"The prey will adapt," said *Sagrim-Ur*.

And Father Wolf looked upon his child and was pleased.



*When the winds howl and the storms rage,
where will you run?*

- This story is true. After the murder of Father Wolf, when the Forsaken were scattered like grains across the earth and hunted by flesh and spirit alike, a clever hunter chased a monster. The monster was stronger than the hunter, but the hunter endured its blows, though they tore her flesh and spilled her blood. The monster was faster than the hunter, but when the monster stopped to rest the hunter pressed on, though her muscles ached and her very bones were weary. At last she chased the monster up a great mountain, where the bitter cold froze it stiff and slowed its pace so that the hunter caught up. After a great battle, the monster lay dead, but the hunter was mortally wounded. It was then that *Skolis-Ur* emerged from his den, drawn by the noise of battle. He offered to bind the hunter's wounds, but she refused and packed them with snow to numb the pain. He offered to carry her down the mountain, but she refused and began the

torturous climb herself. When she could walk no farther, he offered to end her pain, but

she refused and lingered for a full day and night before dying. As her spirit rose from her body, *Skolis-Ur* bowed his head in respect and said, "here is a true scion of *Urfarah*." It is from this tale that we take our oath: "Allow No One to Witness or to Tend Your Weakness."

- This story is true. Everybody knows the Firstborn can't come to the physical world anymore. They're just too big, too mighty – any one of them would suck the world dry of Essence in a heartbeat. *Skolis-Ur* is no different, but sometimes, when the winter storms rage or the snow falls silent and chills to the bone, he's able to reach into the world, just a little. Sometimes he appears as a Storm Lord with a coat of pure white fur, other times as a wolf made of ice and bright, painful light. I've even heard that sometimes he chooses a Wolf-Blooded to ride for as long as the storm endures...but what does that say about the hunt?

THE PREY

The Storm Lords hunt the most dangerous prey: the Ridden and the Spirit-Claimed. For a spirit to cross the Gauntlet is trespass enough, but to steal human flesh, to twist the physical into a mockery of ephemera? That is an insult to Father Wolf's memory – not to mention hitting a little close to home for *Urfarah's* half-breed children. The Claimed are dangerous, because more than any other prey, they can be *anyone*, and at any time. Even those you thought were friends and allies, lovers and packmates, can become Ridden. No one wants to look into her sister's eyes and see some alien *thing* looking back out. When a Storm Lord loses kin to Spirit-Claiming, she's expected to conduct the hunt herself. Her tribe-mates will mourn with her, but they will not hunt with her. It's a matter of respect, a tacit acknowledgement that, where our loved ones are concerned, we're all a little weak. If no one is there to see the end of the hunt, no one is there to see a moment of weakness.

INDIVIDUALS

Nicknames: Scions of *Urfarah* (within the tribe), Cold Bastards (among the Forsaken, informal/derogatory), Howlers (among spirits and the Pure).



Concepts: Extremophile, family counselor, spiritual guru, lone wolf, exorcist.

Gifts: Evasion, Dominance, *Weather*

Tribal Renown: Honor

Gatherings: Storm Lords gather in high places wherever they can, the colder the better. A windswept mountaintop is ideal, but a meeting room at the top of a high rise with the air conditioner cranked down to near-freezing will do in a pinch. At these conclaves, tribe members constantly test each other, probing for weakness both physical and spiritual. In Kuala Lumpur, the Storm Lords play a game they call *sugrah*: After an evening of drinks, swapping stories, and catching up on news, each member pairs off with another at random. They then take turns laying out the weaknesses they've observed in their partners and describe how they would use it to gain victory. Whoever has been the most creative and incisive wins a small boon.

Storm Lord conclaves have a strong religious element to them as well. Ecstatic ordeals like jumping naked into Arctic lakes or standing exposed to a gale-force blizzard are common, all accompanied by paeans and sacrifices to *Skolis-Ur*. The Storm Lords don't venerate *Urfarah*; he is dead and gone, after all, and it's their job to replace him. In Bangkok, where the average temperature rarely dips below 70° Fahrenheit, *Iminir* lock themselves in refrigerated trucks for hours at a time, hoping that *Skolis-Ur* will favor them with visions of their prey's weakness.

On the Hunt: Like the Bone Shadows, Storm Lords have to be prepared for anything on the hunt: The powers of a teenager possessed by a thrill-seeking spirit of danger are vastly different from those of an old man possessed by a murder spirit. Storm Lords prefer to act with caution and gather as much information as they can about their prey before moving in for the kill. When possible, they push the prey into an extreme environment to hamper it before the kill: A spirit of fire might be lured into a walk-in freezer, while someone Claimed by a spirit of the desert might be chased into an aquifer.

STEREOTYPES

Blood Talons: Killing was only one part of our Father's duty.

Bone Shadows: Chase your ghosts, brothers, but when they walk as men, you yield the hunt to us.

Hunters in Darkness: The dark and the cold go hand-in-hand.

Iron Masters: You walk among the herd — but don't forget what you are.

The Pure: They're like neglected children, acting out for attention.

Sin-Eaters: Claimed by the dead is still Claimed.

Even when not hunting the Claimed, Storm Lords know the warning signs to look for: the weak-willed, the isolated, the vulnerable, the kinds of people who *need* something to fill that hollow place inside them. Storm Lords are experts at finding those people in their prey's orbit. They can smell the need, and they have no compunction about using it.

Off the Hunt: A Storm Lord sitting idle is a Storm Lord failing her tribe. If the Iron Masters' motto is "adapt or die," the *Iminir's* would be "improve or perish." They need to be better to be worthy of Father Wolf's legacy and of *Skolis-Ur's* patronage. This need to improve can take many forms, from developing the skills of the hunt to throwing themselves into dangerous situations just to see if they can survive. Of all the tribes, Storm Lords are the most likely to go off without their packs in pursuit of a hunt. If they survive, they've proved themselves worthy of Winter Wolf. If not, maybe the next Storm Lord will be worthy.



GHOST WOLVES

TALAIRTHA NUMEA

It happened again last night. So much for that “full moon” crap the movies tell you. I don’t know how much longer I can keep doing this – I haven’t killed anybody yet, thank God, but it’s only a matter of time. I actually tried eating wolfsbane after the last...incident. All that got me was the sweats and a heart murmur. I’m thinking about a silver bullet, but what happens if that one’s bullshit too?

The news has been going nuts with stories about some serial killer out in Montana. He’s killed six drifters so far, and nobody seems any closer to catching him. I think about that and I start to daydream. I dream about how easy it would be to find the man that smells like death, follow him to some crappy motel in the middle of nowhere, and make sure he never hurts anyone again. It sounds like the pitch for a shitty Friday night sci-fi show, so why does it feel so right?

You are the lone wolf. The moon is in your blood and the hunt is in your bones, but damned if you know why. You are the beast without purpose, howling your rage into the night. Like your mother, you wander in the dark. Like your father, you will kill anything that gets in your way, but you lack the purity of purpose that comes with a sacred prey.

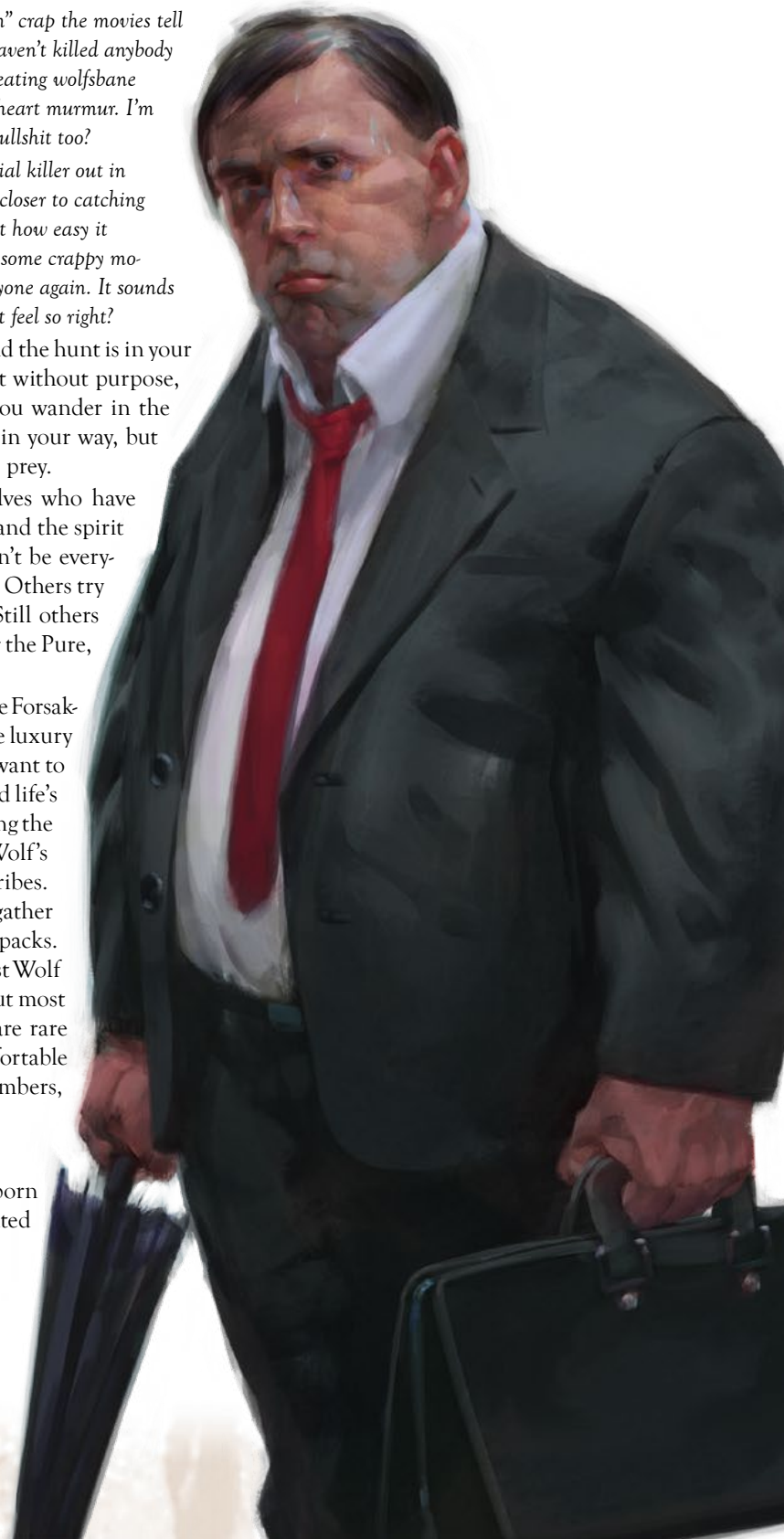
Ghost Wolves aren’t a tribe. They’re the werewolves who have rejected the Firstborn and turned their backs on Luna and the spirit courts alike. Many are simply ignorant. The People can’t be everywhere, and sometimes a First Change goes unremarked. Others try to deny their natures and cling to their human lives. Still others simply find no resonance with the Tribes of the Moon or the Pure, and strike out to make their own destinies.

Ghost Wolves aren’t accorded much respect among the Forsaken. If you’ve got Mother Luna’s blessing, you don’t get the luxury of turning your back on your duty to Father Wolf. You want to go back to your husband and your kids? Too bad. Your old life’s gone. The few who do get a small measure of respect among the tribes are those who acknowledge their part in Father Wolf’s legacy but don’t feel they fit in with one of the extant tribes. These Ghost Wolves tend to join multi-tribe packs or gather like-minded Ghost Wolves around them into their own packs. Lacking the support structure of tribe membership, Ghost Wolf packs have a harder time making inter-pack alliances, but most consider that a fair trade for freedom. Ghost Wolves are rare in otherwise single-tribe packs – if a werewolf is comfortable enough with a tribe’s ethos to surround herself with members, chances are she’ll join that tribe herself in short order.

THE FIRSTBORN

Since they aren’t a tribe, Ghost Wolves have no Firstborn patron. Most are perfectly fine with that; if they wanted

*Keep your Firstborn
and your guilt.
I’m not interested.*



a patron, they'd have joined a tribe, after all. Others form lodges to find a semblance of spiritual support, and tales of Ghost Wolf packs journeying into the deep Shadow in search of a forgotten Firstborn to serve as totem to a sixth tribe are common in Forsaken lore. To date, no such hunt has met with success, but that doesn't mean it's an impossible dream.

THE PREY

Each Ghost Wolf hunts something that matters to her personally. Their motives are more human than the tribes: a Ghost Wolf whose mother was killed by a vampire might devote herself to hunting the undead, while one who sees the social injustice inherent in society might focus on the wealthy and privileged who escape justice. Simple desires drive their hunts: Protect what you love, revenge yourself on those who harm you and yours. Many hunt entirely on instinct, choosing their prey in the blind madness of *Kuruth*. Others try to deny the urge altogether, resisting their instincts when they can and chaining themselves up when the wolf inside rages. The latter approach never works for long. After all, The Wolf Must Hunt.

INDIVIDUALS

Nicknames: Unbound (among themselves), *nuzusul* (derogatory when not referring to newly-Changed werewolves), Lost Pups (among other tribes)

Concepts: Lone wolf, neutral arbiter, seeker of the sixth tribe, ambassador to the Pure, movie monster, doubting Thomas.

Gifts: Ghost Wolves have no Gift affinities and start play with only one Shadow Gift.

Tribal Renown: Ghost Wolves have no Tribal Renown and cannot start play with their two-dot Moon Gift.

Gatherings: Outside of their lodges and packs, Ghost Wolves don't often gather. When they do, the gatherings tend to be small, informal affairs at best; infrequent contact via text message or dead-drop is more common.

On the Hunt: Don't mistake the Ghost Wolves' lack of focus for lack of skill. They're still Uratha, and the hunt is

STEREOTYPES

Blood Talons: I've seen this *Band of Brothers* shit before. Didn't buy it in Afghanistan, not buying it now.

Bone Shadows: Did you miss the part where deals with the Devil always fuck you?

Hunters in Darkness: You're psychotic.

Iron Masters: If anybody but me is sane here, it might be you.

Storm Lords: Alpha-male macho bullshit? Pass.

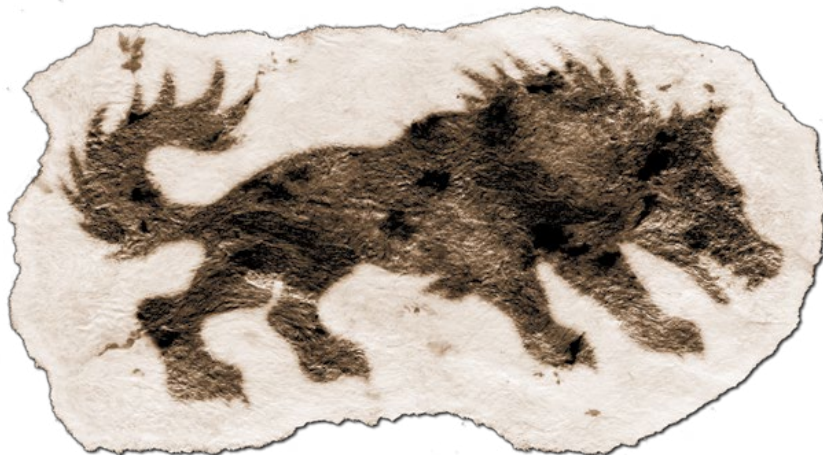
The Pure: No, I take it back. *These* guys are psychotic.

Vampires: Sure, why not? Wouldn't be the craziest thing I've heard.

Wolf-Blooded: Nobody gives *you* shit for not joining a crazy wolf-cult.

still in their souls. Without a sacred prey, Ghost Wolves are more flexible in their tactics. Where Blood Talons see every hunt as a study in group dynamics, or Hunters in Darkness make every hunt a chase, Ghost Wolves are more likely to adapt their tactics to the prey.

Off the Hunt: Ghost Wolves who don't fully understand what they are don't think of the world in terms of "hunting" and "not hunting." The conscious, human mind rebels against it and insists on thinking in terms of "cursed" and "normal," even as instinct howls in his bones. One might try to live his life and manage his "condition," another drives away anyone who might be hurt by her inevitable rage.



LODGES

Holding a nebulous place somewhere between tribe and pack, lodges honor lesser aspects of Forsaken society. Lodges can form around auspice or common ethos, but tribal lodges are common as well. Some focus on one particular aspect of the tribe's oath or sacred prey, like the Storm Lords' Lodge of Thunder, whose members believe that only the mightiest werewolves are worthy of leadership. Others have a broader purview, like the Iron Masters' Lodge of Wires, whose devotees pledge themselves to understanding the strange new spirit broods birthed from the technological revolution.

Despite being smaller than tribes, lodges have a wider social net. A given Blood Talon likely knows (and sees at moots) most of the *Suthar Anzuth* in her state, and maybe the states surrounding it, but she probably knows every member of her lodge on the same continent – and with rise of global communication, even beyond. As lodge members move around and spread their teachings, they're more likely to keep in touch.

LODGE OF THE EINHERJAR

Between the secrecy and the danger that come with being a werewolf, it's no surprise that entire packs are frequently wiped out in battle. The Blood Talons are never ones to shrink from a glorious death in combat, but when all the witnesses die alongside you, who will sing the songs of your Glory? The Lodge of the Einherjar, based in northern Colorado, devotes itself to uncovering the stories of these "lost packs" and sharing them with the Forsaken at large. Using a combination of Insight Gifts, spirit bargains, and good-old fashioned detective work, the Lodge of the Einherjar hunt down forgotten tales and honor the Glorious dead.

The Lodge of the Einherjar doesn't restrict its efforts to Blood Talon packs, either. All of the People deserve to be remembered for their deeds. Even when werewolves of other tribes don't fully appreciate the Glory of a final stand, they value the lodge for bringing them news of their brothers' fates. Of course, sometimes what the Einherjar uncover isn't a tale of Glory at all, but one of cowardice or betrayal. Those stories need to be told as well, even if some would prefer they stayed silent.

LODGE OF THE HUNDRED DAYS

From April to mid-July of 1994, the Rwandan Genocide killed some 800,000 people. For a hundred days, the forces of the Hutu-majority government slaughtered almost 20% of the nation's population, and nearly 70% of the Tutsi minority. The killings were highly organized and planned by the country's political elite. Many of the dead were noncombatants, women, and children.

Actions in the physical world ripple into the Shadow, and the Rwandan Genocide produced evils enough to poison the *Hisil* a thousand times over. The Lodge of the Hundred Days works tirelessly to draw that poison from the wound. Its members bind and destroy the spirits of pain and death and terror that grew fat on the Essence of atrocity, lay to rest the ghosts of victims and perpetrators alike, and hunt down stranger, darker things that crawled out of the shadows in the wake of the genocide. They cleanse the Wounds that formed during the hundred days and reunite families torn apart by the chaos. Twenty years on, the lodge is making progress, but much remains to be done.

LODGE OF THE HOOK HAND

"Let No Sacred Place In Your Territory Be Violated." That's the oath every Hunter in Darkness swears, and the tribe's members spend a good deal of their time hunting down violators. The Lodge of the Hook Hand, which started in rural West Virginia and has spread through much of the South, sees in that narrative a much, much older story – the kind used to warn children against talking to strangers or straying from the path. The lodge finds local legends and folklore, stories of murderous ghosts and psycho killers, and tweaks the stories to its own ends. With Gifts, rumor-mongering, and the occasional gruesome kill, lodge members add useful details to the legends: Old Bill can't smell you if you hide in the boughs of a pine tree. The Coulee Ridge Cannibal won't go back to the cabin where he ate his whole family. That sort of thing.

Naturally, these new details are complete bullshit. What they actually do is give the *Meninna* more tools for the hunt. A bunch of kids who think the Coulee Ridge Cannibal is chasing them know the legend, so they dash for the cabin, where the pack lies in wait. Thieving magicians carry shards of green glass bottles to deflect the attention of the Nursery Girl and think themselves safe. Everybody knows if you don't leave fresh meat out for Bloody Bones he'll drag you off to hell – and so a wounded Uratha can eat. The Hook Hand seeds its legends across the American South, and the nights get just a little bit darker. Fear is the first tool of the hunt, after all.

LODGE OF THE SHIELD

The Iron Masters move among the human herd, hunting their prey from the cover of anonymity. Is it any surprise, then, that many gravitate toward law enforcement careers? After all, a badge can get you into all sorts of places, and the police have access to information databases that make the hunt a hell of a lot easier. Idealistic Iron Masters even point to concepts like community policing as a perfect example of honoring their territory in all things.



The Lodge of the Shield serves as a support network for Uratha serving in law-enforcement. Originally it was just an informal “old-boys’ network” for the dozen or so Iron Masters in the LAPD back in the ‘50s, but it’s since spread to other local, state, and even federal agencies. Need to explain to your captain why you abandoned your patrol to go put down a Ridden killer? One of your brother officers will cover for you. Need backup that won’t question your “unorthodox tactics” like growling at a door till it opens? As long as you agree not to ask questions about that non-regulation knife with the bizarre runes Detective Kowalski carries, he’ll back your play.

Technically the lodge is open to werewolves of any tribe, but so far almost its entire membership are Red Wolf’s children. Since the late ‘80s, the lodge’s Wolf-Blooded membership has actually outnumbered its Uratha contingent, and the Lodge of the Shield is notable for the fact that Wolf-Blooded are permitted to hold positions outranking werewolf members.

LODGE OF THE ROMAN RITUAL

Ever since that movie came out back in the ‘70s, “exorcism” has been a pop-culture buzzword. The Storm Lords of the Lodge of the Roman Ritual pass themselves off as inheritors of an ancient tradition, but the truth is they were just as inspired by Max Von Sydow as anybody else. Using

a blend of Catholic ritual and Uratha animism, they “hunt” their sacred prey not by tearing them limb from limb but by forcibly extracting the spirits from their victims’ souls.

Members of the lodge are all priests of the Roman Catholic Church and all are authorized to perform exorcisms. They operate out of dioceses around the world, but the heart of the organization is Rome. Lay brethren (as the lodge calls its Wolf-Blooded members) also operate hospices where they treat the physical and spiritual scars all too often left in the aftermath of possession.

In most of the world where the Church has a presence, odds are at least one Storm Lord has a number she can call, and a lodge member will be there within a few days. The phone doesn’t ring all that often – too many Storm Lords see calling for help as a violation of their tribal oath – but when the prey is your son, your brother, or your best friend, that call can be mighty tempting.

THE EATERS OF THE DEAD

Not all Ghost Wolves are ignorant wretches, fearful of their natures and hiding behind their human faces. Some simply seek a different truth than those offered by the tribes of the Moon. The Eaters of the Dead – *Ki Anagh* – are such wolves. Their leader, a Mongolian Rahu named Dorj Tserendjav, believes

that somewhere in the Shadow of the vast steppes of Central Asia, he will find the lair of a forgotten Firstborn, *Isim-Ur*, Ravening Wolf. If he can bind her as a totem, the Eaters of the Dead will become a sixth tribe, equal in the eyes of the Firstborn. Where *Fenris-Ur* destroys, *Isim-Ur* consumes, and in consuming gains the knowledge and power of the prey. Tserendjav hasn't produced any evidence of *Isim-Ur*'s presence, or even existence, but his core of followers remains faithful.

Despite the "tribe's" lack of a totem, Tserendjav holds his followers to an oath: "Leave No Kill to Rot." They don't literally eat everything they hunt—especially not humans—but they are obliged to utilize every kill to maximum advantage. They claim as their sacred prey the hungry dead: As *Isim-Ur* consumes her prey to gain its power, vampires and their ilk steal the power from the living.

LODGE OF THE CHRONICLE

The Lodge of the Chronicle is open only to Cahalith werewolves, and is more than 700 years old. The story that accompanies its birth is somewhat fantastic, but given the nature of the lodge, the members believe it.

The tale goes that a young Cahalith was caught up in a Sacred Hunt that ranged across a continent, and involved chasing down a disease-spirit (possibly an *idigam*, though the lodge denies this) powerful enough to bring whole human populations to heel. It spawned Claimed, Hosts, hundreds of minor spirits, and even traitor Uratha who would rather live deformed than die sick. By the time the hunt was complete and the battle was won, dozens of werewolves had died, and the lore and history of two generations of Uratha was gone.

The lodge's founder, horrified, determined that this should never happen again, and formed the Lodge of the Chronicle.

Crying Owl, a wise spirit with a long, piercing song, agreed to act as patron to the lodge, and its numbers grew over time. The lodge seeks to preserve the history and knowledge of the Uratha as a whole, and members display perfect recall and a dazzling understanding of history and lore. They do, however, have an unfortunate tendency to become lost in interesting stories and are therefore easily manipulated.

LODGE OF GARGOYLES

This young lodge only admits Irraka, and has almost no following outside of the New England states. Formed by a werewolf who lost a leg in a battle with an *Azlu*, the Lodge of Gargoyles trains new-moon assassins in the art of striking from above. These werewolves use long-range weapons—rifles and bows, usually—to bring their prey low, silently and effectively. Many of the lodge members are practitioners of free-running, enabling them to leap from building to building with ease.

The patron spirit of the lodge is Black Rat. The story that the lodge founder tells is this: She was on the hunt one night, and found herself sitting on a gargoyle lining up a shot at her prey. The target was about to walk behind a door, breaking her sightline, but then a huge black rat emerged from the shadows and startled him. Her aim was true—one bullet did the job. The hunt completed, she found the rat...which was missing one of its hind legs. From that odd union, the Lodge of Gargoyles was born.

This lodge trains its few members in sniping, acrobatics, parkour, and using gravity and height to best advantage. Rumor has it that a member of the Lodge of Gargoyles cannot be killed by a fall of any height. Darker rumors suggest that Black Rat requires a sacrifice of flesh after a certain number of kills, and that the founder the lodge had both legs when she met that rat.



THE SCATTERED HOST (PART II)

Detective Arnie Svent was greeted with an out-of-order sign taped to the elevator as he entered the building. The notice was so old the lettering had begun to fade. He cursed the greedy bastard that was too cheap to fix the elevator, and speculated on the character of the shithead's mother. With a sigh he turned away and began to move slowly up the tenement house's rickety stairs. He puffed like a bellows, and occasionally paused to wipe his streaming face and shining bald pate with a red handkerchief that was already sodden with sweat. Svent was a large man with large appetites for cigarettes, greasy food, and import beer. Younger patrolmen and forensics personnel flowed around Svent up and down the stairs as though he were a particularly large boulder in the midst of a swiftly moving stream. One young and pretty forensics assistant passed by him with a laugh on her way back down to the street.

"Only three more floors, Detective."

"Thanks for the update," he grunted, and seriously considered pushing her down the stairs.

When he finally reached the fifth floor, Svent found his partner already waiting for him. Though no younger than Svent, Detective Chris Olk had a preference for jogging, health food, and weight training rather than fast food and couch surfing. His jet black hair hinted at further vanity in a man that should be showing some grey. Where Svent's suit might have been new around the same time man invented the wheel, Olk's outfit looked like it had been tailored for him, and the man's shoes were newly polished.

"Glad you could join us, Svent," said Olk.

"Fuck you, Olk," he said. "Your mother dress you again?"

"Bet my mother could beat your fat ass up those stairs."

Svent grunted and leaned against the wall, breathing hard. He noticed a small crowd had gathered further down the hallway and rolled his eyes. He motioned to a uniformed officer standing by the door.

"Clear out the looky loos. Sick fucks."

"You got it, Detective."

He watched the officer shoo people out of the hallway before straightening up and walking inside the apartment. No more than two steps inside the door he could already smell the blood. It was a coppery smell that lingered in the air and caught at the back of his throat. By dint of long practice, he banished the smell from his thoughts, rather than heave up the double cheeseburger and fries he'd eaten for lunch. He contemplated the tub of Vicks VapoRub in his pocket. It was an

old police trick to wipe a little of the stuff under your nose before heading into particularly unpleasant smell. Svent decided he could do without. He'd smelled far worse, and didn't relish the idea of whiffing menthol the rest of the day.

The apartment was tiny, consisting of a combination living room/kitchen, a bathroom, and two bedrooms each about the size of postage stamp. The furniture was cheap, but looked well cared for, and the place was far cleaner than most residences Svent had encountered, including his own. Inside the smallest of the two bedrooms, he found the body. It hadn't yet been moved and was partially on the bed, with its legs hanging off the edge and its feet askew on the floor.

It was a boy. No older than ten.

With an effort of will similar to that used to dismiss the smell of blood, he turned his mind from the fact a child had been murdered, and took in the scene. The body was dressed in the remnants of pajama bottoms, though they had been torn in multiple places. Bite marks had gouged out bloody chunks in his arms, chest and on his legs. Blood smeared the body's pale flesh and had collected in pools on the bed and floor. Another, larger, pool of blood was near the door, and was smeared halfway across the room.

Stepping carefully to avoid the blood he moved closer. Svent checked out the bites, narrowing his eyes, and resolutely breathing through his mouth. The bites had been made by human teeth. Anger dispelled any lingering nausea, and, slowly, he moved his eyes up the body to look at the kid's face.

Oddly, his face had been left undisturbed. The child's open eyes stared at him accusingly. Svent looked away quickly, and noticed one foot was turned just enough to show bruising on the heel. It was far too easy to picture the kid banging it against the floor in agony long enough to harm himself. None of the bites was deep enough or in the right location to have killed the poor bastard. No, he'd bled out while someone was chewing on his flesh.

After taking a cursory trip around the rest of the apartment, he walked back out to the hall and looked at his partner.

"Seen enough?" asked the other man.

"Someone chewed on him like he was a midnight snack."

"It's a fucked up, shitty world."

Svent grunted. "Too much blood for a kid that size. Who else was living here? Parents?"

"According to the super, the kid's name is Brandon Faciane. Lived with his mother, one Francesca Faciane. She's MIA. The super said she was standoffish, but I'll bet you 5-to-1 that just means she wouldn't screw him. He didn't know anything about the father."

"The neighbors?" asked Svent, pulling out his cigarettes and shaking one from the pack.

"You can't smoke in here. You wanna burn the place down?"

Svent ignored him and lit up. He blew smoke in Olk's general direction and asked again, "Neighbors?"

It was Olk's turn to scowl.

"No one saw nothing, but they did hear a ruckus and called the cops. First officer on the scene reported that the door was partially ajar and no one was home, excepting the victim."

"Guess we should find mom, then."



CHAPTER TWO: A WOLF TEAM

If you live among wolves, you have to act like a wolf.

Nikita Khrushchev

Werewolves aren't human.

Humans are taught some elementary rules from a very early age. Don't steal. Don't kill. These two are the rules with some of the most weight, and most humans follow them diligently. By contrast, werewolves simply aren't put together that way. If a werewolf possesses a thing — territory, a weapon, a vehicle — he must be strong enough to keep it. As for killing, the Uratha are born hunters and killers. Werewolves change form, heal at an astonishing rate, step into the spirit world, and call upon powers torn into their very souls, to name a few abilities. Their forms are all optimized for various roles in the hunt.

Almost every successful hunt ends with the prey's violent, bloody death.

THE FIRST CHANGE

The First Change — these three words carry so much weight. A young werewolf's First Change is a defining moment in her life. It is when she first sees the world as it truly is. She also realizes that her body has undergone exceptional changes. Her senses go into overdrive, and the world explodes in a dizzying palette of scents and sounds unknown to human senses. She starts to view humans less as friends and begins to organize them into "threat" or "prey" categories. At some point after the Change, the young werewolf learns that an entire spirit world lies atop the physical, "mundane" world.

These revelations pale before the shock of her body rebelling against itself. Before the First Change, a *nuzusul* — a werewolf about to Change — may believe he is going insane. Depending on his auspice, a young werewolf may catch glimpses of the *Hisil*, be accosted by spirits, or may start to hear or smell things well outside of his previous experience. Intimidating figures start to follow him as he walks to or from work or home. Gremlin-like creatures play in the corner of his

vision. These phenomena start small, appearing infrequently. These events occur with greater frequency the closer he comes to his Change.

The *nuzusul* is tormented like this until he reaches a breaking point. He either goes mad, or he must Change. The stereotypical First Change results in the new werewolf unleashing his Rage in a whirlwind of fang, claw, and tearing flesh. It's a stereotype for a reason, to be sure, but werewolves report different experiences during their becoming. While no Change is more or less "correct" than another, the event is unique and defining for each Uratha.

What phase the moon is in has a profound effect on the new werewolf. It determines her auspice — her defining role within the pack. A werewolf's auspice affects her Change more than any outside influence.

FIRST TONGUE

Werewolves share a proto-language with spirits called *Uremehir*, or the First Tongue. Legend holds that humans, spirits, and werewolves all used the language prior to the breaking of Pangaea. Immediately after the First Change, a werewolf can understand *Uremehir*, at least enough to get the gist of the speaker's message. He can learn fluency in the language from another Uratha who already knows *Uremehir*, or by bargaining for the favor from a spirit. Although spirits and werewolves speak slightly different dialects of First Tongue (due to the restrictions of the werewolves' vocal cords), they can understand each other readily enough.

For the Uratha, communication differs by form. Hishu form can obviously speak any human language the werewolf knows, and can communicate roughly in First Tongue. Uratha speak *Uremehir* most fluently while wearing the Dalu or Gauru forms. Werewolves may still speak First Tongue in Urshul form, but lose the facility in Urhan. Both wolf forms may communicate with wolves by using a combination of body postures and vocalizations.

Dani's Blog

I'd been out at the pool hall all night. My mom was going to be pissed when I got home. I knew it, but I did it anyway. Something in me just wanted to rebel, I guess. So I shot pool, enjoyed the attention from the "good ol' boys," and scored some hooch I'm not quite old enough to have yet. All in all, it was a good night.

I finally left around two. Halfway home, I heard something behind me. A few of those good ol' boys decided to tail me. They got it into their heads that for drinking some of their booze, I owed them a little something.

At first, I tried to avoid them. Once I panicked and started running, though, that's when I knew I was in trouble. They cornered me behind the old supermarket. I won't lie — I was scared of what was about to happen. But a part of me, a part deep in my gut, decided it wasn't having any of it. It refused to be prey. It refused to back down.

To this day, I still don't rightly recall the next few seconds. Everything else is plain as day, but I don't recall actually Changing. The next clear memory I have is looking down on their terrified faces. Whatever it was that was driving me right then, it just wanted to turn the tables. Show these assholes who was prey, I guess. I'll admit, I'm not quite sure what it was or what it wanted. It worked. I growled, low in my throat, and tightened my fists, each one almost the size of each man's head.

They turned tail and fled, and I swore I would never be frightened again.

NIGHT TERRORS

EIGNER RESEARCH CLINIC

Interview with Dylan T. (Transcription)

Dr. Miles: Dylan, I'm going to have to ask you a few questions, okay? Are you willing to answer?

Dylan: I guess.

Dr. Miles: We're here to help you, Dylan, that's all. We're like you, after all.

Dylan: Yeah?

Dr. Miles: Yes. We are. Why don't you tell me about your Change?

Dylan: Well, a bunch of us went to the outskirts of town, to this house. Everyone said it was haunted. It was a sort of...rite of passage, I guess. You know, prove how brave you are by spending a night in the haunted house?

Dr. Miles: Yes, absolutely. Go on.

Dylan: We got there, and the house was just like the stories said, all boarded up and old. I remember it smelled weird.

Dr. Miles: How so?

Dylan: I can't really explain it. It smelled like...memory? I don't know if memory has a smell, but that's how it smelled.

Dr. Miles: Alright. What happened next?

Dylan: We went in and explored the house. It was covered in dust, and falling apart. My friends kept bringing up all the stories we'd heard, about the murders and all. It freaked me out. I got scared, and I ran.

<Dylan starts to cry>

I never meant to Change! I was just trying to get out of the house, but I turned the wrong way and didn't know where to go, and...and...

Dr. Miles: It's okay, Dylan. That's behind you now. Can you tell me what happened next?

Dylan: My friends came to find me, and I was a big wolf. When I saw them, I...I howled, and...they ran. I...couldn't help it...I chased them. They were my friends!

<Dylan breaks down crying>

Dr. Miles: Dylan, it wasn't your fault. You couldn't have possibly known, or controlled it at the time.

Dylan: I just never want to hurt my friends again, Doctor.

WALKING BETWEEN

From the memoirs of Jonathan McAdams

I'm writing this down so I don't forget. Maybe it'll teach the kids something. I was hitting all the right parties — the boogie was flowing and I was having the time of my life. Everything seemed to be coming up roses.

If you're reading this, you know damn well that things don't come up roses for us for long. Plants grow best when fertilized with a layer of shit, after all.

Anyway, I saw this woman at the third party? Fourth? I lost track. She was a knockout — brunette, tall, legs that went on forever. She was wearing this red off-the-shoulder dress. Of course I went over to talk to her. That's when things got weird.

She turned toward me, and I swear even over the noise of the party, I could hear the sound of her dress on her skin. I could smell her perfume, the rum on her breath, her shampoo, her soap, the smell that was just hers underneath the rest. I could hear and smell it all.

I didn't know what the fuck was happening to me. I guess it was sensory overload all at once. I started shifting then, bones breaking and resetting in seconds. You probably know the feeling. If you don't, well, pray you never do. I shifted through all the forms, randomly, my mind and body both very confused.

I settled in Gauru. You can probably guess what happened next. The aftermath was on the news, but since they didn't have much evidence, my buddies on the force said it got closed up quick. Plus, I think someone somewhere wanted to put a lid on it. Either way, it was out of the public eye quickly.

I still have a swatch of that dress. I keep it close. It reminds me to keep my shit in check and stay balanced. I don't want anyone else needing to have a reminder like I have.

SLIVER OF LIGHT

Interview with Jason Williams

The whispers started when I was a kid.

I tried to ignore them, of course. Who wants the others at school to think they're crazy? And hearing whispers from the walls, from the trees, from the street? It's just not sane. So I tried my best to ignore them, to tune them out. I wore headphones everywhere.

Everyone still thought I was weird. But it was a normal, comforting kind of weird. It wasn't anything like the truth.

Of course, the whispers didn't stop. They only got stronger over time. Then I started seeing things. The big oak outside of Mrs. Whitaker's house, the one that's been there forever, tried to talk to me. It looked like a twisted wooden nest, branches tangled together, with an impossibly old face trying to get out. The streetlights yelled at me when I crossed the street. I could see little demons inside the light housings.

The crescent moon hung in the sky the night it happened. I'd stayed late at school for a project and was trying to go home. The streetlights went out,

one by one. I could see a dark cloud settling over each one, like a fog. When the lights were out, it came at me. I couldn't see and with my headphones in, I couldn't hear. The darkness was thick somehow. It was trying to choke me. I started flailing, trying to hit it somewhere, anywhere. The next thing I knew, I was flailing with huge claws at the end of gigantic, hairy arms. I drove it off.

My pack found me that night. They saved me from myself. I still hear them, the whispers. But now I know what they're saying. Now, I know their secrets.

HIDDEN SHADOWS

Transcript of a story told by Jimmy "the Sneak" Sanders

I noticed the stagger first, the bloodshot eyes next. He was favoring his left leg, that's for sure.

I stopped, and looked away. I was trying to find a hook-up, not plan murder. I wondered what the fuck was wrong with me.

My friends laughed at some joke Pete told. I barely listened, but glanced over at them. Pete was three sheets to the wind. I knew he didn't hear well out of his left ear, so I could approach from that side. John broke his ankle playing football a few years ago, so I knew he couldn't run as fast as before. Mike's eyesight was shit without his glasses. I could knock those off.

I shook my head to clear it. I was in Pete's wedding, for Christ's sake. I had to get it together.

I noticed a redhead going out the door, and the bar-leaner followed her moments after. I didn't have a good feeling, so I made an excuse and headed outside.

It was chilly outside, but not bad. Most of the lights were out, other than the bar sign saying "The Shadow," which I thought was pretty fucking weird. Still, I saw the woman and sure enough, there was the bar-leaner, too. I quietly snuck that direction until he grabbed her, and then I broke into a run. I started on two feet, but by the time I got there I was on four. That didn't even register at first. Next I knew, I had my wolf jaws locked securely on his hamstring, tearing it out with a meaty rip. When he fell, I tore out his throat.

Next thing I hear, it's her voice. "Thanks for screwing that up. A sting operation turned into a murder. My name's Victoria. Help me clean up your mess, then you're meeting the rest of my pack to answer for this fuck-up."

TOOTH AND CLAW

When a human breaks a bone, or gets a serious cut or some other injury, he goes to the doctor. A werewolf shrugs it off in short order. A normal human takes days to recover from an injury that, for the Uratha, is gone in hours at worst.

This doesn't mean that such healing is pretty, or painless. A werewolf's regenerative capabilities don't care about looks or pain, only fixing the body. Broken bones push through flesh, knitting back together. Torn skin seems to reach for itself, stretching into place and closing the wound. Healed injuries are white and pale for only a few moments as the body replenishes the lost blood, turning the meat a healthy pink once more.

The one exception to this is when an Uratha spends Essence to heal. Instead of feeling her body put itself back together, the werewolf feels a refreshing chill. It is almost euphoric. Much like a human can become addicted to morphine

for taking away the pain, a werewolf might become addicted to Essence-healing. Even the most superficial cuts become trials for the Uratha, as she is forced to choose between feeling her flesh pull and stretch, or the cool numbness.

Because of his regenerative capabilities, a newly Changed werewolf might feel as though he's invincible. Against normal, everyday humans, he's not far wrong. Even weak werewolves can, with Essence expenditure, go from the brink of death to fully functional and healed in less than 30 seconds.

MERCURIAL FLESH AND BONE

Like their spiritual mother, the Uratha have fluidity of form. Unlike their spiritual mother, the Uratha are limited to only five such shapes. From hiding within the herd to tearing out a spirit's throat, each form has its uses on the hunt.

HISHU

Most Uratha are most comfortable in human shape. Others see it as just another tool to use on the hunt. While wearing the Hishu skin, a werewolf hides amongst humanity. It's much harder for anyone to pick her out of a crowd or follow her through city streets, even if those attempts are supernatural in their own right.

The herd doesn't know. I can walk among them without notice. The proverbial wolf in sheep's clothing. They think themselves safe. They're wrong, of course. My prey is window shopping. I pretend to do the same. I keep an eye on him using his reflection. I'm not too tall, but I can still keep up with him well enough. My height helps me avoid his attention.

In the back of his mind, I think he knows he's being hunted. Some part of the lizard brain that holds forgotten survival instincts tells him that he is prey. He keeps checking his phone, his watch. He glances around as he's shopping. Good. Nervous prey makes mistakes.

My Bluetooth beeps in my ear and I jam the button. Ash is in place. The spirits of this place have told him everything we need to know. Gabby's ready to cut the video feeds. It's time.

As the gun clears the holster, I feel a slight pang of regret about how this is going to end up on the news. But dammit, our earlier warnings went unheeded. We tried the soft way, now we do it the hard way. This is one cog removed from the wheel. It's one less suit whose so-called "urban renewal" is screwing up the spirits in our turf. Kul kisura udmeda. Honor your territory in all things.

I pull the trigger.

DALU

When a werewolf hunts a human and doesn't want to draw too much attention, he wears the Dalu form. An Uratha uses Dalu to easily finish a fight, or intimidate the prey and make sure one doesn't happen in the first place.

I knew the place was a dive even before I walked in. I still don't have any idea why I did, other than the fact that I really needed a hard drink – the kind that burns your throat and lights a fire in your belly.

The inside was dim. Of course it was – it fit the idiom, after all. I ordered a glass of fire-water and found a corner of the place where I could be alone. True to form, it didn't take long for someone to start trouble.

He was a big guy, probably one of those regulars here so often it seems like he lives here. He got right up in my face, breath reeking of booze, saying that they didn't want "my kind" there. I'd heard that before, and thought I'd gotten past that. I was good, right up until he dropped the n-word. Then I lost my shit.

Right up into Dalu I went, grabbing his shirt (and probably a bit of skin, too) and slamming him against the wall. I didn't even notice his heels were a good three inches off the floor. Turns out I hit him against the wall hard enough to knock him out, so I let him drop. Then I turned to the rest of the bar and asked if anyone else wanted to start shit. They didn't, so I gulped back the fire-water and walked out. I didn't pay, but then the bartender wasn't asking, either.

GAURU

The quintessential werewolf form, Gauru ends the hunt. Uratha in the aptly-named "killing form" are terrifying foes,



ripping sinew and skin as easily as tearing paper. Bones shatter under the force of Gauru jaws. If the prey defends itself by striking back, it only serves to enrage the werewolf further.

For some of the People, taking the Gauru form completes them, makes them feel like they've found their place in the world.

The Beshilu's skull collapses with a loud crack as I slam its head against the concrete. Here the tunnel is wide enough to change to Gauru, which gives us the edge. If they weren't so satisfying to kill, I'd almost feel sorry for the little bastards.

The next one goes down as easily. Its bones crunch between my jaws, and I shake my head, flinging fur and blood to each side. I'm already drenched. First with sewer water, now that mixed with blood and...pieces, I guess. I don't have time to do an inventory. All I know right now is to kill. Each Host down is one less rat chewing at the Gauntlet, spreading disease and spiritual sickness.

I've heard that some werewolves fear the Gauru form. How can they? I'm tearing through these Beshilu with ease! Two rat-men leap at me and my claws tear into one's throat. The other rakes its claws across my face. The wounds close up, healing as fast as they were made. That Beshilu has its eyes torn out next. The first one is gurgling in the water, bleeding out through its torn throat. I grab its tail and use it as a bludgeon against its brother until both are dead.

Seriously, how could anyone fear this? It's exhilarating! This is power.

URSHUL

The near-wolf form is used to harry foes before tearing them apart with Gauru. Its huge jaws are nearly the size of the war form's, and are perfect for tearing flesh from prey. When the pack hunts larger prey, its members herd their quarry in Urshul. By ripping hunks of flesh from the prey, the werewolves weaken it over time, wearing it down before changing to Gauru to finish the hunt.

Sometimes, spirits need to be reminded who's really in charge. Once, we had to put down a mighty cougar spirit threatening the territory. We had to send a message, you see.

The pack entered the Hisil to hunt the spirit down. We knew it preferred the mountain on the north side of the territory, so we headed there first. Silent Howl, our Irraka, found the scent and the hunt was on.

It took nearly four hours to finally hunt the spirit down before the chase began. The pack howled as one and the cat took off down the mountain, jumping from ledge to ledge to get away. We barreled down the slope after it, keeping abreast of the spirit and tearing pieces from it when we got close.

The spirit made what would be a fatal mistake. Still new to the territory, the spirit couldn't know it turned into a box canyon. But this was our turf. We knew where it was going.

We padded into the canyon and watched as the spirit realized its mistake. Pieces of its ephemeral skin hung from our jaws, and the spirit was definitely on its last legs. We approached on padded feet as the cougar spirit bared its fangs in one last act of defiance. We leapt.

URHAN

Like Hishu on the other end of the spectrum, Urhan gives the werewolf perfect camouflage. Indistinguishable from a true wolf, the Uratha can hunt prey without undue attention in the

wild. Further, wolves are known to chase prey for miles if necessary, running it to exhaustion before even making the first attack.

I like times like this, when we take a break from the stress. We lay down the burden of territory, forget about the spirits for a while, and just hunt. I can let the human mind drift away. Its concerns are for someone else to deal with at another time. I can just live in the now, with nothing more than the scent of prey in my snout and the feel of the earth under my paws.

A rabbit bursts onto the trail. One of us flushed it out of its hiding place, and now the chase is on. I think about nothing else, letting instincts guide me. We scare up another rabbit, and now the pack has more prey. We howl, driving the rabbits before us, hemming them into an ever-shrinking ring of wolves.

After the rabbits, we chased a deer for miles. It gave us a worthy chase, leaping over fallen trees and weaving through brush. But we ran it down, nipping at its flanks and hindquarters until it finally stumbled. The pack leapt upon the deer, forcing it down and I clamped my jaws on its throat, finishing the hunt.

Later I'll have to go back to being Deanna, with all of her problems. For now, I have everything I could want.

BUILT TO HUNT

Wolves receive far more sensory input than any human. They hunt and harry prey over long distances. They send and receive subtle clues from other wolves through body posture and scent. Human experience simply isn't built to accommodate this extra flood of senses. How then, does a werewolf do it?

Werewolves come to accept the extra sensory input the wolf form provides. Certainly the ability to smell prey, to hear an enemy coming, or chase prey for miles help the Uratha survive in a world that fears them.

Still, a werewolf can't help but notice things that make people prey. Most humans are complacent and fail to keep alert to potential threats. They think themselves safe in comfortable housing developments or tidy apartment complexes. Without any overt predators, humanity thinks itself above such things.

While werewolves don't necessarily hunt humans as a matter of course — and certainly not all of humanity — Uratha notice prey behavior. People unconsciously notice any overt cycles of violence, and shy away. They keep together in herds for protection. A werewolf's instincts can't help but respond to the subtle prey cues humans exude. That these cues often come about from reacting to the werewolf's presence only feeds a vicious circle.

Worse, these senses don't turn off. They're always there, giving the werewolf more information than she ever wanted. Instincts notice nervous tics, eyes flickering to the side — is the prey looking for an exit? Is he about to run? The werewolf's muscles tense slightly in readiness to give chase. The werewolf can smell sweat, lingering smoke or drug residue, stale sex. Uratha can eventually discover almost anything that prey would want to hide. These all provide clues to the prey's behavior, aiding the werewolf in her hunt.

IN FOR THE KILL

Ephemeral blood gushes from a dozen gaping wounds. The deer spirit bounds through the forest's spirit reflection, eyes wide with terror. The wolves nip at its flanks, tearing off portions of the spirit's flesh.

The deer spirit shoots left then dodges right, in an attempt to evade its pursuers. It jumps over a log and lands in the middle of a pair of wolves lying in wait. Cornered, the spirit kicks and screams. The wolves are too much for it. Diving in, the pack tears the spirit apart, ripping the Essence from its body. The spirit fades away to reform elsewhere in the Shadow as the wolves howl the end of a successful hunt.

Fortunately, werewolves don't have to go it alone. They form packs, confederations of like-minded Uratha. Wolf-Blooded and sometimes humans may round out the pack, but werewolves always comprise the nucleus.

Why is this? First and foremost, packs defend their territory. For that, they need to hunt. Werewolves form the core nucleus of the pack because they are the hunting party. When the Gauntlet is littered with holes, the Uratha hunt down and kill the *Beshilu* responsible. When a murder spirit uses its Influence to perpetuate death in the territory, the werewolves cross into the Shadow to deal with it.

Still, the Wolf-Blooded perform valuable services. No pack survives on hunting alone. Pack members need places to stay and food to eat. As the hunt might call at any moment, holding down a full-time job is difficult for most any werewolf. Further, Wolf-Blooded provide moral and emotional support. They don't witness the horrors of the Shadow, and can provide a balancing point in the world of Flesh.

Still, some skilled Wolf-Blooded can, and do, hunt with werewolves. It is extremely rare for packs to take their *uragarum* cousins into the *Hisil*. Still, physical threats in the world of Flesh are as susceptible to a bullet or blade as they are to fang and claw.

For all their power, packs don't go unnoticed in the World of Darkness. Instead many eyes are upon them, from the eldritch spirits of the *Hisil*, to humans, to other, stranger creatures. In the end, against any of these threats, each member of the pack has only her packmates to rely on.

US AGAINST THE WORLD

A lone werewolf is a powerful, effective predator. A pack of werewolves is terror incarnate. The pack centers a werewolf. It lets her unload her problems to people who will understand. A pack acts as brothers and sisters, cousins, friends, and partners. Some packs are comprised of literal families.

Werewolves find that they can only truly be themselves with their packs. Nobody else has the frame of reference to understand what the People go through on a nightly basis. In fact, most people would think the werewolf insane. Her pack commiserates — often, they were there anyway.

In a very real sense, the Uratha are akin to soldiers. Soldiers in wartime go through hell, which often manifests as PTSD. They can recognize others who've seen front-line fighting, as those veterans have "the look." Werewolves are much the same. Make no mistake — the Uratha are fighting a long, protracted war defending the border of Flesh and Spirit. It doesn't take long for a werewolf to get "the look," and more-experienced Uratha recognize it clearly.

PACKS AND THE OUTSIDE WORLD

We have a gang problem. Literally. We have one gang, and it's a problem. They think they run the town, like we're some sort of sheep and they're the shepherds. I saw one of them beat an old lady half to death. I didn't know her, but my cousin used to babysit for her back in the day. My cousin says the old lady's in the hospital and they don't know if she'll pull through. The police don't help. Either the cops are on the take, or they're scared like everyone else. It looks like my pack's going to have to step in and deal with them. I almost pity them.

Almost.

If a pack has any contact with outsiders, concealing its activities is difficult. Sooner or later, someone — law enforcement, the nosy neighbor, and so on — will notice the group of people always in the area. That's absolutely what packs do. They're together constantly — hunting, patrolling the territory, maintaining contact with allies, and so on. It's rare that a pack member goes off by herself to do much of anything.

Still, werewolves weren't always werewolves. Before the pack, they had family, friends, or someone they knew and confided in. For young werewolves it's hard to just cut those ties, even if the pack ties flow much deeper. For the safety of those loved ones, those ties must be severed. Werewolves make enemies. Those enemies will strike at weak points, like human friends and family.

A young werewolf might attempt to go it alone. He hides his true nature from the rest of his family. He stays away from them as much as he can, especially when he feels the rage bubbling up inside his chest. He sneaks out at night to hunt, acting as a particularly vicious neighborhood watch. His activities draw attention. Spirits of paranoia, secrecy, and murder congregate around the werewolf. His room becomes claustrophobic and dark, almost refusing to even let light in.

The werewolf realizes what he's doing, and how he's drawing the spirits to his family. He knows he has to leave and take the spirits with him. His family won't understand or even know the circumstances behind his disappearance. He goes nonetheless, without saying goodbye and without a note. The spirits follow him, hoping to grow ever fatter. If the werewolf finds a pack, they can help him run the spirits off. If he doesn't, he must deal with them himself. And if he didn't drag all of the spirits with him when he left, he's put his family in jeopardy and he doesn't even know it.

RUNNING WITH THE WOLVES

You've felt the pull, haven't you? That tugging in your gut when you've been complacent too long? The instinct that tells you to take to four legs, run, chase down prey and eat its flesh?

It's a mighty temptation, isn't it? And it's a good feeling, too, when you're done. You find a sense of completeness, I think. A sense of...well, I don't want to spout off any of that New Age "one with the universe" bullshit, but you do know your place in the world I guess.

We were born to kill. To hunt. Never forget that, and you'll never go wrong.

The urge to hunt is strong in every werewolf. Every sense is tuned to finding and tracking prey. Just as vocal inflections indicate various subtleties of mood to humans, werewolves read body language and scent like an open book. A seemingly innocuous strain in the voice may indicate sickness to a werewolf, alerting him to potentially weaker prey. The subtle scent of certain drugs might indicate lassitude or the potential for hallucination, ensuring that the prey is not as capable of fighting back. And so on. Even newly Changed werewolves pick up on this quickly, understanding it as a survival tool.

Each tribe focuses on a particular prey, but they don't constrain themselves to a single quarry. A werewolf will hunt whatever she finds suitable, and she'll pull her pack along to drag it down if necessary. Hunting and killing prey bigger than the werewolf is thrilling. It's a reaffirmation that the pack can — and will — defend its territory against any threat.

It goes deeper than that, though. A werewolf hunts because she must, because it's a sacred task that reinforces the werewolf's place. What would she have been given a nose to track with, if not to follow her prey's trail? What would she have been given claws to rend with, and teeth to tear with, if not to pull the quarry down at the end of a hunt? By conducting the Sacred Hunt, a werewolf also continues in Father Wolf's footsteps, marking her place as the Great Hunter's descendent.

At no other time does an Uratha feel as much like, well, a werewolf as when on a hunt. Howling at the moon, running with his packmates by his side in pursuit of a mighty beast — this is when an Uratha knows for certain what he is and his place in the world. Instincts take over, and the werewolf is fully given over to his wolf side. When the pack corners its prey and the Uratha close in for the kill, they know that their Mother and Father smile upon them. They are doing what they were made to do.

The Wolf Must Hunt.

MYTHIC HISTORY

Werewolves have an oral history, passing stories and legends through packs, protectorates, and tribes. While that's a wonderful tool for keeping their culture alive, it does mean that when fact and narrative conflict, fact falls by the wayside.

Even so, almost every werewolf hears at least one tale of the time before, and how the Forsaken lost paradise. Just as many cultures and religions have a myth of the flood or the myth of how humans gained forbidden knowledge, werewolf history has a common theme. The worlds of Flesh and Spirit used to be so close that one could touch the other, then the werewolves came and brought ruin upon it. Among the Forsaken, this typically bears a lesson along the lines of "they fucked up so now we have to do better."

The common elements of these stories come together to tell of the Sundering.

THE SUNDERING

Once, the People could run and hunt through thin places and Border Marches, flickering between worlds in an instant.

Father Wolf maintained the balance through predation, hunting spirits when they grew too bold in crossing the borders of flesh, thinning the herd of humanity when it threatened to produce too much Essence and warring against other great spirits who would exploit the border for themselves — progenitors of the Hosts his descendants still hunt.

The Forsaken call the vanished world before the Sundering "Pangaea," and describe it as a universe where spirit and flesh could more freely commingle. Humans could wander into the quiet places of the world and cross the Border Marches into the Shadow, while spirits could freely enter the world of Flesh to gather Essence.

The Sundering — the end of Pangaea, and the great crime of the People — began with love.

Luna, *Amahan Iduth*, was the warding moon, the great *Ilusah* casting light into the darkness, protecting the earthly Shadow from the chaotic spirits of the void ahead of her army of Lunes. The Wolf, *Urfarah*, was the spirit of hunting, forever watching over the Border Marches with his brood of lesser wolf spirits and harrying those crossing between worlds. They were the two greatest guardian spirits in the Shadow, each preserving existence in their own way. How could they not fall in love?

Cahalith often call Moon "Mother Luna" and Wolf "Father Wolf," but in truth they were both spirits, beholden to no single gender or shape. The Moon's ever-changing, protean nature merged with the Wolf's guardianship of the borders, pack instinct, and predatory urge to create the People. Bound to the earth, unable to rise to the skies, the first werewolves joined Wolf's pack and received their "mother's" Gifts by way of Lunes.

Cahalith make many claims as to why Wolf began to weaken. Some say the effort of creating the werewolves somehow diminished him, or maintaining such a large brood of spirits and half-spirits reduced his Essence. Only the outcome matters — the god of the Border Marches grew slow and weak, and both worlds suffered for it. Spirits set themselves up as deities among human tribes, and the progenitors of the Hosts escaped total destruction by shattering themselves into too many pieces for Wolf to catch.

As wolves, the Uratha and their wolf spirit cousins knew that strong young hunters must replace a weak pack elder. Like all spirits, *Urfarah* had a ban and a bane — his ban was to not defend himself against a killing blow if challenged by those who could replace him, and his bane was the teeth of his children.

Only a killing blow would do, and so the Uratha — and five of the greatest wolf spirits — went for *Urfarah*'s throat. His death howl shattered the Border Marches, killing everything inside and raising a Gauntlet between the worlds. Flesh and Spirit were divided. Luna saw what Wolf's offspring had done, and cursed them with madness and to burn at the touch of silver.

The Sundering still divides the People. Those who believe killing *Urfarah* was a mistake follow the wolf spirits who did not take part in the murder. They call themselves "Pure" and follow the diktats of their inhuman masters. Those who take up Father Wolf's role, and have pledged to Luna that they will follow their creator's duty in guarding the divide between Spirit and Flesh, call themselves "Forsaken."

When the Uratha slew their Father, his death howl solidified the Border Marches, turning them into a Gauntlet that sundered Spirit from Flesh. Now, open crossings between worlds are vanishingly rare, and most travel across requires a locus: an object or person in the material world with a strong connection to the Shadow. Around a locus, the Gauntlet thins, and spirits flock to the fountain of Essence created on the Shadow side.

FANGS AT YOUR THROAT

Bloody context defines an Uratha. Her hunting grounds lie in many worlds: human and wolf, flesh and spirit, reason and instinct. As a werewolf, she finds her place within the pack. As a pack, she and her packmates find their place within a territory.

Werewolves act on a combination of powerful instincts and cunning reason. They choose what and *where* to hunt, but their choice of territory faces many complications. The most common one is the presence of other werewolves. Rivals and competitors fight one another, often literally, for the choicest territory. Because each tribe and even each pack decides what its most important prey must be, sometimes a “best” territory doesn’t exist. That doesn’t mean an end to conflict between packs, however—when groups of savage hunters coexist, eventually someone ends up with a neighbor’s fangs at her throat.

A pack stakes out a territory as large as its members feel they can hold and hunt in their own way. Borders too wide leave the pack stretched thin; too narrow and they feel hemmed in. Werewolves, like humans, use landmarks to help them master an area’s layout. A particular old tree with peculiar scratch marks might represent the far edge of a pack’s territory. So can an abandoned home in the poorest neighborhood. Given a werewolf’s mobility, even a “small” territory encompasses several neighborhoods. The largest and strongest packs cover most of a county or several rural towns. They hunt for days or weeks, traveling all throughout their territories. Only the most dangerous werewolves hold such large areas; their prey quickly learns not to overstep its bounds in their absence.

Territories are fluid. A pack that grows strong expands its borders over the course of a week or two. This is not a formal zoning process. The pack hunts further and comes to know the additional territory as well as its current one. Eventually the pack’s members simply understand that their territory now includes the new area. More importantly, so do the pack’s neighbors and their prey. The loss of pack members or the emergence of new threats — such as the Pure — diminishes a pack’s territory. Relations with neighboring packs sour, often as a consequence of expansion. If one pack feels another isn’t doing a proper job or can’t hold a given area, they aggressively intervene. Perhaps both packs favor the same prey, or the same locations, especially in the city where hunting is trickier. Their methods clash. What works for one pack might not be good for another. Some packs encourage crime and gang violence to cover up their own hunting, while others prefer things



quieter — easier for them to notice the arrival of an enemy. One pack wages bloody war against the Pure and drives them away, gaining three blocks in the process. Another pack *loses* three in a similar war. Three blocks seems minor to distance-running predators, but in a world of hungry shadows, it can be a war zone. And the Shadow is hungry, too; werewolves must always consider the *Hisil* in their territory. A pack might also strike a deal with its neighbors that doesn't reach as far as a protectorate, but gives both sides a little breathing room. The latter is especially important if one pack's favorite bar or even the closest convenience store lies within another pack's territory. Tread lightly and things are fine — until someone fucks up.

PACKS AND PROTECTORATES

Werewolves live in a world of black and white. A werewolf evaluates someone first on these instincts. Predator. Prey. Rival. Stronger. Weaker. True, they are not mad beasts overcome by a moon-crazed thirst for blood, but the Uratha filter everything through these terms. For all humans might talk of equality, it isn't the way of social hunters. One rises to power with others at her heels. If she is weak, another replaces her. So it is with territories. Most packs try to maintain at least neutral relationships with their neighbors. Few need any more enemies, but the give and take of borders must come at someone's expense. Humans, other packs, other supernatural predators like spirits and vampires, all are potentially rivals or prey.

This is what the older werewolves, the strong ones at the top, would have their lessers believe. Elders often espouse this “tooth and claw” philosophy, and they can enforce it. Younger or more thoughtful werewolves consider the idea so much bullshit. It's falling back on basest instinct of beasts and spirits, where dominance is its own justification. The Uratha can rise above such crude urges — at least in theory.

When multiple packs coexist, the idea of simple separation between “stronger” and “weaker” falls apart like a rotting carcass. The predator-prey dynamic requires that werewolves have prey to hunt. Any region worth sustaining multiple packs must have prey in abundance, which means dangers fill the night. Packs cannot afford to fight with each other all the time. It weakens them. Their enemies are opportunistic. Packs weakened by infighting become easy prey. Sometimes, they face challenges greater than any one pack can overcome. Thus werewolves form something called a “protectorate.”

At its most basic level, a protectorate is a gathering of Uratha packs. The packs do not travel or hunt together, except in the most extreme circumstances (like the arrival of an *idigam*, or a war against the Pure). It's not even a democracy, in the sense that humans know it, nor is it a peaceful alliance. Meetings bristle with arguments. Shifting blame comes to blows. In many ways, a protectorate's dynamic is that of a pack writ large.

What a protectorate truly embodies is *understanding*. Packs come together because they can't afford to be at each other's throats all the time. No one wants to try to hunt everything; no one *can*. Even a pack of the world's deadliest hunters cannot dominate a whole city. So protectorates form the basis of a larger hunting ground.

This is a bottom-up collaboration, unlike tribes or human hierarchies. Packs come together, exchange ideas, vie for territory, try for glory, or simply butt heads with someone in another pack for a change. While a few protectorates have a more formal system, with loose titles and looser duties to go with them, most simply operate on a basis of necessity. If one pack hunts the Hosts in the gutter-trash neighborhoods, they need their neighbors to keep their own prey in line. If they don't, the Host-hunters have to pick up the slack. The protectorate's packs exchange stories and experience, and sometimes small favors. Rather than a collection of disparate elements meeting only to challenge one another, the protectorate gives multiple packs a form of stability.

Protectorates overcome challenges too great or too abstract for any one pack to meet. For example, the city's corrupt political machine condemns the most rundown, minority-inhabited neighborhoods to drug-ridden destitution. A single pack finds it difficult to deal with the result; the spirits are too many, grown fat on sickness-born Essence. *Beshilu* thrive in moldy basements, and the people are apathetic or violent. A pack can't just kill its way to its goals there. Simply ripping a wicked mayor apart just opens the door for an even worse replacement.

A protectorate can devote multiple packs to the cause. They cull the worst elements like wolves choosing prey from the herd. Removing corrupt politicians is one part of it, and so is the hunting of the mayor's unscrupulous lawyers, the dirty cops running a drug racket out of the evidence room, and the greed spirits that feast on all of them. Multiple packs hit these elements simultaneously, striking when they are at their most vulnerable. The packs hunt like wolves but plan and communicate like insurgent cells.

Usually a protectorate has the entire region or city to worry about. A couple count areas the size of US states or small countries within their territories. Individual packs are expected to carry their own weight. When problems arise that concern the region's greater Uratha population, such as a burgeoning war or a new policy of urban expansion, the protectorate comes together. The packs lobby ideas, solutions, and decide which of them will tackle a given facet of the problem. If necessary they fight in numbers.

Protectorates mean just that, then: protection. Packs form protectorates for protection from outsiders as well as each other. Like territories, protectorates are fluid constructs born of need and ability. And like territories, they require maintenance by their members lest the whole thing fall into ruin.

SHAPES AND SHADOWS

Werewolves maintain their territories on both sides of the Gauntlet. The two halves of the world are linked, and each requires a different approach. A pack with territory in the heart of the city finds it more difficult to chase its prey down through the streets. One that holds its territory in the woods has room to run and howl without worry of authorities. In exchange, the pack at the urban center has access to tools, dark alleys, and lots of places to hide or dump bodies and mask their activities. They have contacts among various

communities. The wilderness-stalking pack makes do with less frequent opportunities. In either territory, the pack's spirit prey is more at home across the Gauntlet than the hunters. Spirits are every bit as dangerous as armed humans or wild animals – and just as important to the resonance of an area.

Packs vary in their approach to territories. Some realize that humans effect great change with the Essence born of their actions. The Shadow reflects and reinforces that in an endless cycle. A poor, rundown neighborhood attracts crime and reeks of misery. Its spirit reflection is a place of darkened alleys, sagging buildings, and grimy streets. Spirits take forms embodying that urban decay. They can be exaggerated personifications of misery and violence, things of greed and emaciated hunger gnawing at their own bones. Walking masses of flesh covered in weeping drug-sores or bleary, bloodshot eyes smother their prey in pleasure and pain alike.

Changing one realm requires change in the other. The process is neither swift nor easy. If it were, lesser creatures than Uratha would hunt these territories. Werewolves cannot simply kill troublesome spirits. The ephemeral health of an ecosystem is vitally important. Thoughtless violence won't change the resonance of an area. Nor can packs simply slaughter all troublesome human elements. In the past, such efforts brought on the wrath of hunters, enraged mobs, and other supernatural predators. Like a wolf pack on the hunt, the Uratha must choose their prey carefully, separate it from the herd, and run it to ground. The concept applies even if the "prey" is less a living thing and more of a concept, or even an attitude.

For the pack holding a territory in the rundown neighborhood, it's not possible to just kill the problem elements. Malnourished people wallow in filth and misery as their betters step on them to reach loftier heights. They prey upon one another not out of malice but out of need to survive. Many turn to drugs, prostitution, or theft. Their lives generate Essence of a similar resonance, feeding spirits of despair, anger, pain, and greed. These spirits then use their Influences across the Gauntlet to selfishly reinforce the status quo. Some werewolves want to end this cycle of abuse out of a notion of justice, but many just want to live in a better area. Killing or driving away the spirits won't solve the problem. Before long, misery creates or draws new spirits to the area and the cycle begins again. Killing all the humans draws attention from authorities and spreads more death and suffering. It does nothing to kill the root of the problem.

Some packs find the situation ideal – violent, bloodthirsty packs whose members don't care about leaving torn limbs in the street appreciate the cover it gets them. They enjoy the freedom to have their jaws at someone's throat. Other werewolves want to clean up the place. They've got their work cut out for them. If they attack the local spirits, they will quickly wear themselves out, but they can't let the spirits run amok. The pack's werewolves must establish themselves as the top predators, hunting the spirits whose gluttony goes too far. In the material realm they must cut away the infection that brings about these conditions. This means killing or driving out vicious gangs and corrupt politicians banking on human suffering. They can organize volunteer work among Wolf-Blooded and

human pack members to fix up homes and provide assistance to the destitute. Change comes slowly but steadily. The seed of joy-laced Essence planted in the *Hisil* grows into actual joy spirits. Fledgling spirits of joy and happier concepts are easy prey for the spirits of darker emotions, but werewolves can protect them. In this way, change blooms on both sides of the Gauntlet.

The balancing act is a tricky one. Even joy spirits can grow out of control, feeding on the rush a burglar feels while sneaking through a sleeping family's house, or the physical pleasures an addict finds in the needle. The spirits reinforce the things that give them strength, and have no ability to empathize with humanity or even other spirits. Careless werewolves might find the pendulum swinging too far in the other direction, and all their work rendered moot.

Shaping the pack's territory requires a mixture of reason and decisive action. Like all facets of a werewolf's life, it's brutally difficult and worth embracing with every panting breath.

RAISING YOUR NEIGHBOR'S HACKLES

Attitudes toward territories vary greatly even within a protectorate. If the average pack takes a more balanced approach, some gravitate to one extreme. Not all werewolves care for humans outside their own packs. One pack shapes the Shadow as it fits its vision, and eviscerates bothersome elements on the human side. People can die and steal and run around the rat maze all they like; the Uratha have more important things to do. Another pack encourages its members to maintain strong ties to their families, their packmates' families, even their communities. Wolves and humans alike are social creatures, and so these werewolves passionately embrace their place in both worlds. Humans are to be protected, to be guided like sheep and guarded against the other wolves. A healthy human community makes for a much more tenable spiritual territory.

A rare few packs hold to no territory. Often they still have somewhere to call home, a building or a park, even if it butts up against or occupies another pack's territory. From there they wander about an entire city or even county, hunting at will and asking no forgiveness for trespass. Such packs make many enemies. Only strong packs or those who hunt very specialized prey can keep it up for long.

Sometimes a pack that claims a fixed territory will leave on a wandering hunt. Its members go in pursuit of particularly dangerous prey, or one that has done them great harm. Vengeance drives them even to invade other territories to tear apart the one who wronged them – or anyone in their way. Werewolves are not always trusting creatures, even of each other. A pack might say it plans to move on, that it has been hunting for someone or something, but in truth it might have been scouting borders and probing for weaknesses. A few nights' stay or some moderate succor costs little and builds bonds between packs. Asking too much or treading too brazenly raises the hackles of the local pack. Fangs follow and the Uratha spill each other's blood.

Unfortunately, not all werewolves possess the foresight to see beyond their natural suspicions. They become lost in *Siskur-Dah*, viewing those outside their pack as obstacles to the hunt. Sometimes, they need something greater than themselves to help them find a place.

BRETHREN BY MOONLIGHT

Werewolves unite under the banner of tribes for reasons at once similar and different from those that bond packs. Tribes encompass much more than a single territory. They are one part a collection of traditions and one part a host of veterans. Each tribe upholds one prey as the most important to *Siskur-Dah*. Each tribe follows one of the Firstborn, who taught the first tribe members how best to hunt that prey. They embrace a body of rituals, beliefs, and historical tales. Tribe members experience the hunt differently from their packmates. Even her closest sister in arms within the pack just doesn't understand why a Hunter in Darkness' territory is so important to her, why it's her own sacred haven in this savage world. Her fellow *Meninna* will understand. They listen to her story about the hunt she led her pack into because no one else saw the threat, *felt* it in the earth. But the others in her tribe believe, and they have stories of their own.

Tribes provide a way of connecting with other packs, like protectorates, but one that extends beyond need. Werewolves join tribes by choice, because they believe that the tribe's codes, methods, even their chosen prey is the best path. They're almost religions unto themselves, with totems that embody certain laws and leaders who enact rituals that only members fully understand.

A werewolf might share a tribe with one packmate. She knows a dozen members of her tribe, maybe two dozen, in the state. At times, they all get together and share stories, lore, and news from other regions. They pass secrets to hunting the most dangerous prey among their members, and exult in their triumphs. Through this bond werewolves call on favors and resources beyond the pack level. They feel a sense of belonging to something greater than their own territory. They're able to express their beliefs in ways that prove difficult even among packmates. A werewolf finds that those in her tribe have suggestions and visions to match her own. They accept her, and in turn she proves her dedication to their ideals before the tribal totem: one of the mighty Firstborn. This recognition comes with more than simply a sense of pride; it makes the werewolf into a more efficient hunter of her chosen prey.

Tribes give rise to lodges, cult-like groups with even more specific purposes. Lodges share secrets with only one another and hold closer bonds than "mere" tribe members. To those within a lodge, a tribe might have one part of the truth, but the lodge members have seen it in its entirety. The Lodge of Sleepless Earth understands that not only is the territory itself important to a *Meninna*, it is a part of her as surely as her own claws. They know that if a werewolf coaxes it, listens, *feels* the land beneath her paws, she can learn to change it just as she herself shapeshifts.

A lodge ultimately represents an ideology even greater than the one espoused by a tribe. The bonds within are stronger; a werewolf can call on help from her tribe, but who among them understands her more than her fellow lodge members? When she acts in accordance with the lodge's goals, she deserves their support as much as they deserve hers. They all fight for the same beliefs, after all.

Beyond pack or protectorate, tribe or lodge, one set of laws and traditions binds all Forsaken together: the Oath of the Moon.

THE OATH OF THE MOON

Werewolves are creatures of burning passions. Theirs is a lust for life few humans can understand. They hunt to survive. They feel the rush of blood in their veins and from the open wounds of their prey. Death intertwines with life, and fury with joy. Bound not by human authority or morality, they are monsters who hunt monsters. Without a guiding purpose, many would descend into atavistic madness. All Forsaken have a purpose, however: the Oath of the Moon, sworn to their moon-god/dess in the name of their dead Father.

The Oath binds Uratha to a code of savage harmony. It defines *Siskur-Dah*, the legacy of *Urfarah*. It helps Luna's shapeshifting brood find its place in a world of animistic duality. Above all, the Oath is a weapon against degeneration into a mindless beast. By the Oath are Forsaken lifted above half-blind humans and mere wolves and spirits. Through it they gain strength, a creed, and an outlet through which to express their dedication. Even the Pure swear a version of the Oath, though each tribe has its own variations, and none of the *Anshega* would ever swear it to Luna. Other spirits, those that hate the Forsaken for their role in the death of *Urfarah*, judge each Pure based on the form of the Oath that he took.

The Oath is a silver chain binding the monster. Yet it also drives those it binds to be better than they are. Mother Luna watches over her children still, and they know it through the presence of Lunes, the mad moon spirits. Lunes judge the Oath, exalting its champions and condemning its transgressors. Each of the Lunes is as bipolar as its mother, and while one might decry a werewolf for not upholding the Oath strongly enough, it might also barely react when she achieves a great success. No one said adhering to a creed of primeval hunters and capricious spirits would ever be easy.

Not all punishments come from the Lunes. Werewolves who reject the Oath become lost in the hunt without guidance or support from the Firstborn. Some reject the Oath out of wickedness, and so become little more than cunning beasts who sometimes wear human skin. Ignoring the Oath is a sure way to lose one's grip on the things that make the Uratha *who*, rather than *what*, they are. Without balance, werewolves can become trapped in one form or even one world. In time, they forget even what they once were, becoming as single-minded and inflexible as spirits.

Several tenets comprise the Oath. Each tribe (indeed, each pack) places greater importance on some of the laws than it does the others. The added significance is in regard to tribe's favored prey and its view of a proper world. Some werewolves pay only lip service to one tenet. The more devout take every law as sacred. In the end, not even her packmates can determine how a werewolf approaches the Oath; it is a decision she must make for herself.

URUM DA TAKUS — THE WOLF MUST HUNT

No werewolf can transgress against this tenet, for it is the beating heart of his existence. The People hunt. They revere *Siskur-Dah* as their most holy purpose. To them, it is not just a way of life; the hunt is life. It is Father Wolf's greatest legacy.

Only werewolves can hunt like *Urfarah* once did. Every pack has its own rituals of the hunt, as does every Ghost Wolf.

Like any religious law, this tenet is a point of contention among rivals and enemies. A pack's solemn duty is to hunt, whether things of flesh or spirit or both. Failure to do so causes other packs to doubt the pack's commitment, using it as an excuse (real or feigned) to move on its territory. Bloody clashes under the moon usually follow, threatening the sanctity of the Oath's next most important clause.

IMRU NU FIR IMRU —
THE PEOPLE DO NOT MURDER
THE PEOPLE

A subject of many tribal debates and heated blood feuds, this tenet says that murdering other Uratha is a grave sin. It is both specific and ambiguous, which of course only adds to the confusion. Most agree the law makes it taboo to kill anyone with the blood of the Wolf except at great need. Many Uratha think of Wolf-Blooded and human pack members as part of the People, and thus their lives are equally sacred.

Nearly as many interpretations of this law exist as there are packs in the world. Open challenges of dominance resulting in accidental death might be considered acceptable to some, while murder of an unaware victim is a heinous crime. Lunes offer little help interpreting the law, their words every bit as contradictory as clashing Forsaken beliefs.

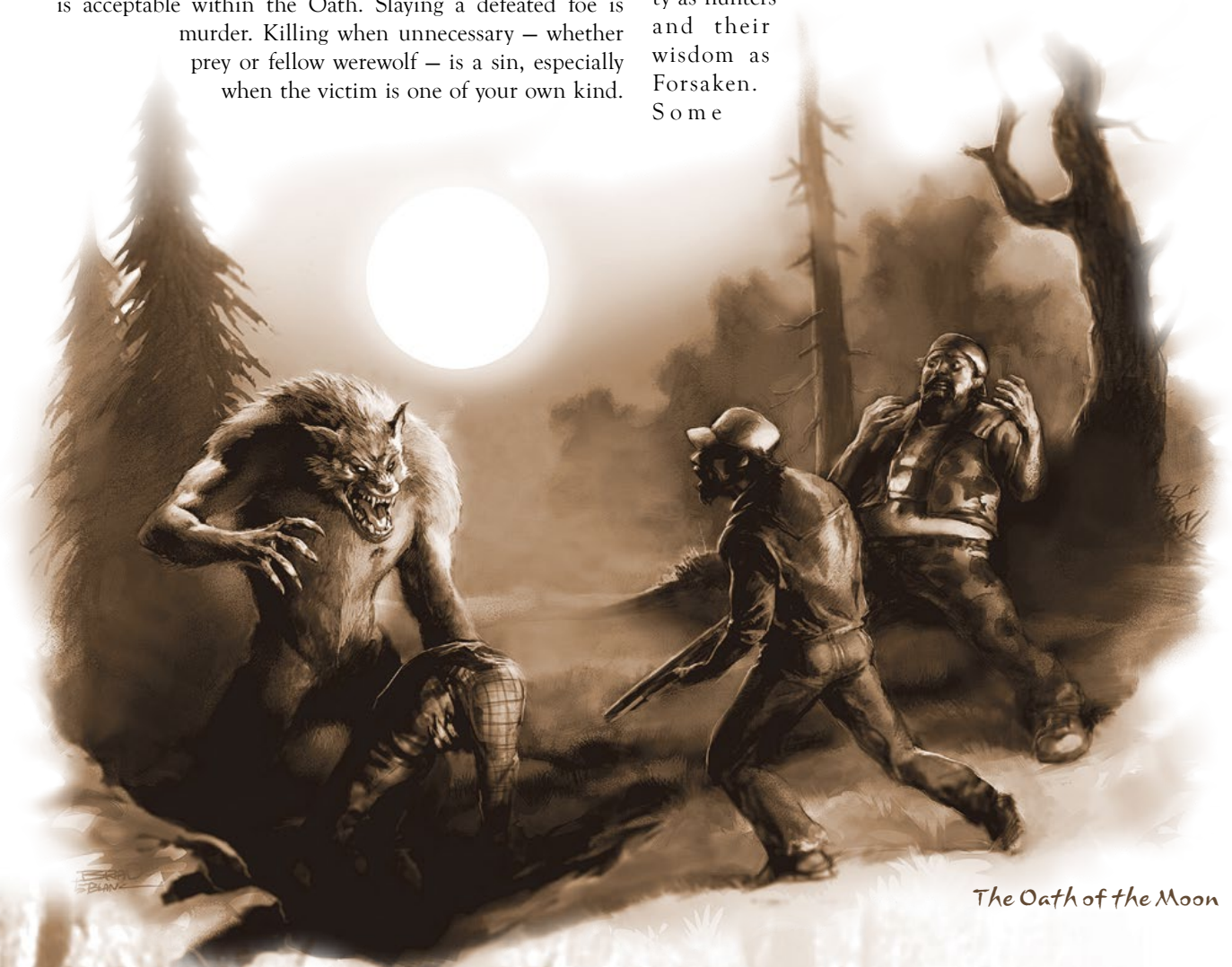
Most werewolves assume that beating another werewolf is acceptable within the Oath. Slaying a defeated foe is murder. Killing when unnecessary — whether prey or fellow werewolf — is a sin, especially when the victim is one of your own kind.

Elodoth argue with their packs and with one another about whether or not the law includes the Pure Tribes. Some Pure seem to believe that killing Forsaken is taboo, although torture doesn't violate the law. Likewise, some Forsaken refuse to kill the Pure except when the Pure would murder them, and even then sing their lament to wolf and moon.

SIA SEHE MAK; MAK NE SIA —
THE LOW HONOR THE HIGH;
THE HIGH RESPECT THE LOW

Uratha are intimately familiar with dominance and submission. Many humans and spirits feign distaste at the idea, but they, too, abide by hierarchies. The world simply won't allow equality for everyone, and the Forsaken know it. If the prey is stronger than the pack, the pack must bring it to its level. If one pack is stronger than another, the stronger will win out. It is the law of the wild. Younger werewolves with heads full of pride rebuke the authority of the elders. They feel the elders enforce this law, or perhaps made it up entirely, simply to wield power. In turn, the elders bear their scars, sing of their bloody glories, and take what they feel is their due. Wise elders know that the second half of the clause demands they show respect for pups and young hunters, and afford their less experienced kin that respect. Even the old and strong can have their throats torn out by angry pups.

Attitudes toward this law vary within protectorates. In some, elders are given proper deference both for their ability as hunters and their wisdom as Forsaken. Some



The Oath of the Moon

grow cruel or brutal. They fall out of balance and meet their ends at the claws of the oppressed. Some keep young werewolves in line when even the Oath can't always guide them. All respect the Firstborn and the ways that the Forsaken have followed since prehistory. If wise elders know that they should respect the young hunters, then wise pups know to respect the scarred veterans for their knowledge and prowess.

NI DAAA — RESPECT YOUR PREY

Humans long ago abandoned this law and suffer for it. Werewolves fully know the dangers of imbalance. Their ability to hunt suffers. Their territories fall into decline. They grow weak, as did *Urfarah* in his final days, and soon meet their ends.

Wisdom teaches that werewolves should respect their prey. Strong prey shapes strong predators, and vice versa. It is a precarious balance. A pack that kills callously gains enemies among spirits who see them as cruel barbarians. Indifference to the deaths of animals and spirits leads to losing respect for the hunt itself. A true predator kills out of necessity, not mere desire. Respect your prey, and it in turn respects your place as its predator. Spirits lash out at needlessly vicious werewolves, but those who properly respect the hunt earn the Shadow's begrudging respect as a necessary part of the natural order. Even the most selfish spirits can recognize the honor and savage nobility of the Uratha.

Some Uratha take this a step further. When one of these werewolves kills a deer, she understands that the animal has given its life that hers can continue. She respects the weight of the act. For most, killing is simply about necessity. Creatures like the Hosts and Claimed must be killed before they kill werewolves in turn. Respecting your prey means respecting the need for *werewolves* to hunt it. These creatures are deadly monsters in their own right.

Even humans are not exempt from Uratha predation, something which younger werewolves often have difficulty grasping. Humans can be prey, and in many cases *must* be, though the Oath forbids consumption of human flesh. Older werewolves, and those who quickly take to their roles as the ultimate predators, feel no more remorse for killing humans than they do for any other creature. Merciful werewolves might warn humans off first through various terrifying means. Just as many kill them as readily as they would their next meal.

**NU HU UZU EREN —
DO NOT EAT THE FLESH OF MAN
OR WOLF**

The act provides power and pleasure, a rush of Essence and a perverse satisfaction of basest urges. It is a surrender of honor and control, and no meat is sweeter upon the tongue of a hungry werewolf. The rush of power is too much, though. To a werewolf, eating her own kind, or her close kin, is a grave temptation that also drags her closer to the spirit than the flesh.

Forsaken lorekeepers have long wondered at the truth of the matter. This clause is one of the oldest and certainly the clearest. Some Uratha then wonder if the temptation has always existed, deliberately left by the mad moon-goddess — or born in Father Wolf's death at the claws and teeth of his own progeny. Perhaps it is an eternal reminder of that grave

act. Whatever its origin, it remains a temptation and a threat to a werewolf's soul. In the throes of *Kuruth*, even the most disciplined Uratha might devour her kill — and remember the taste through the mists of Rage. No werewolf is safe from this temptation, even those who have never tasted the power of the sweetest meats.

**NU BATH GETHAL —
THE HERD MUST NOT KNOW**

Werewolves are mightier than any human, but not invincible. Angry, determined humans threaten even a pack. Guns and bombs quickly even up the score, and those few hunters capable of standing against the Uratha know some of their weaknesses. Younger werewolves laugh at the thought, thinking themselves immortal. This law protects against that headstrong thinking; it was born of a need to protect werewolves, not humans. A large-scale war between humans and werewolves would end badly for the werewolves. Even if the Uratha won a protracted war against their human kin, the results would devastate the world.

Cunning werewolves stick to the shadows, hunting at night or across the Gauntlet. While it's easy to dismiss "Big-foot sightings" and isolated animal attacks, danger follows increased scrutiny. Werewolves already face enough challenges on the hunt.

**URATHA SAFAL THIL LUU —
THE URATHA SHALL CLEAVE TO
THE HUMAN**

Uratha mate among themselves and humans. They count humans among their packs, including the Wolf-Blooded. While they feel kinship with wolves, they crave socialization among humans. It grounds them, keeps them in touch with humanity, helps them maintain balance. Werewolves cannot forsake their human sides, lest they become remorseless monsters as selfish as spirits.

TRIBAL VOWS

The Firstborn stand apart from other spirits as the great totems of Uratha tribes. First among the children of *Urfarah*, the Firstborn exemplify different aspects of *Siskur-Dah*. They are older siblings and guides to the Forsaken. Their patronage provides knowledge, and tools to hunt specific prey. In turn the tribes honor their totems with vows sworn to the Oath of the Moon in their names.

Nu sum ghumur nu su ghid — Offer No Surrender You Would Not Accept

The Blood Talons lead violent lives even for werewolves. They offer no quarter and seek none. Sworn on *Fenris-Ur's* name is this oath: to offer no dishonorable surrender, and to accept none from their enemies. Blood Talons stand at the forefront of Uratha conflicts, where baring their throats means worse than death: It means *weakness*.

Su a sar-hith sa — Pay Each Spirit in Kind

Bone Shadows know that their path leads them through darkness, death, and terrible secrets. They stalk the Shadow, hunting the things that would hunt them. Sworn on *Kam-duis-Ur's* name is this oath: to pay each spirit with claw and

gathra, respect and rage. The Bone Shadows know what horrors await them if the Uratha grow weak.

Nu mus halhala—Let No Sacred Place in Your Territory Be Violated

Hunters in Darkness hold their territories sacred in a way other tribes don't understand. It is the land in which the *Meninna* are supreme, the apex predators. Theirs is an ancient legacy borne proudly in their savage hearts. Sworn in *Hikaon-Ur's* name is this oath: to never let friend or foe violate the Hunter's territory unchallenged. The *Meninna* shape their *mus-rah* in service to the hunt; a violation of that ground is a violation of the Hunter's very devotion.

Kulkisura udmeda—Honor Your Territory in All Things

The Iron Masters know that change is the only constant. The world tomorrow might only resemble today's world in passing. The Iron Masters know that they must adapt to the world. They ever search for ways to master their realm. Sworn in *Sagrim-Ur's* name is this oath: to remember that which defines a werewolf even in the face of change.

Nu si gid namtar — Allow No One to Witness or to Tend Your Weakness

Presence and power mean everything to the Storm Lords. They must stand as giants among their kin. To their enemies and to their rivals alike they show no weakness. To the *Iminir* themselves, they *have* no weakness. Storm Lords hold themselves to a higher standard, such that when anyone looks upon the face of the Uratha, they see a fearless wolf. Sworn in *Skolis-Ur's* name is this oath: to remain unbreakable in service to the hunt.

OATHBREAKERS

The People are fallible. Transgressions happen. Creatures as passionate as Uratha lash out in anger or the throes of desire. They fall prey to temptation. All too often, they willingly break the Oath. To do so invites punishment, ranging from atonement to disaster. An oathbreaker must answer first to her own pack, especially if her packmates did not take part in her crime. Breaking the Oath reflects poorly upon the rest of the pack. Most werewolf outcasts are rejected because of such blasphemy. Lone werewolves — already a sorry lot — answer to the pack most grievously injured by their transgressions. Custom forbids breaking laws in retaliation, but werewolves can certainly stretch the limits to their breaking point.

Less serious crimes still merit serious consideration. When one werewolf harms another pack, that pack has the right to call for judgment. If left to them, the pack so aggrieved might respond with overly brutal punishment. Bloodshed often results if the offender's pack still stands beside her, as is the case for lesser offenses. Elodoth of both packs might settle on a judgment. Failing that, the packs might turn to their neighbors, Lunes, or even tribal or lodge totem spirits for counsel.

Crimes range from minor to unforgivable. Foolishly challenging an alpha's authority or defacing the property in another pack's territory warrants light penalties. This might include minor injuries that are painful but temporary, like a broken leg or a ritual cutting. A harsh rebuke from an elder or the wronged pack can cut deep, staining the offender's honor

as those who were wronged sing of her transgressions for several nights. Temporary denial of some basic desire also serves as punishment, like denying the werewolf the right to see a human loved one or to leave her territory.

Willingly breaking the most important tenets warrants harsh penance. Cannibalism, slaying other werewolves for petty reasons, and betraying the Oath to satisfy personal urges all invite grievous punishment. Offenders may be cast out of pack and tribe, or have a limb cut off with a silver blade; the former is often a greater punishment to a werewolf.

Defiling the honor of the Forsaken and the Oath's very meaning earns the heaviest of all sentences. Only the worst sins count: Deliberately exposing the People to humanity or the willing betrayal of the werewolf's pack to the enemy stand as examples. Punishments can be death, exile, or imprisonment by Lunes. No werewolf dares guess what the wrath of Mother Luna inflicts upon oathbreakers.

THE SHADOW

Behind the skin of the material world lies another realm, pulsing with its own rhythms and cycles. The *Hisil*, or Shadow, is not simply a twisted copy of the World of Darkness, nor is material reality built on it. The two are in harmony, influencing one another since the first days. As half-spirits, the *Hisil* is the birthright and responsibility of all werewolves, who inherited their role as guardians and hunters of the boundary between worlds from Father Wolf.

RESONANCE

The first sign of the *Hisil* is in the material world, which feels its influence as undercurrents of emotion, unexplainable vibes, or odd feelings that subconsciously influence people and animals in the vicinity. Sensitives and psychics have a stronger sense for resonance, as do the Uratha and some Wolf-Blooded. The result of spiritual activity in the *Hisil*, resonance creates the conditions in the material world to generate Essence in the Shadow. It also sustains spirits who escape through the Gauntlet, so wise packs note well-established pockets of resonance and watch them for signs that they are becoming loci or have been compromised by prey. Areas with especially weak Gauntlets become targets for spirits using the ability to reinforce the resonance they feed from, compounding the effect.

For example, everyone "knows" that alley's haunted. Enough teens have felt the hairs on the back of their necks stand up, had nightmares about it after passing through, or shivered in a sudden drop in temperature. The pack that claims it in its territory knows better — once, years ago, three homeless men froze to death there. The alley isn't literally haunted, but the pain and the terrible cold birthed a spirit that lairs in the *Hisil* reflection of the alley. The resonance in turn creates Essence that the spirit feeds on in the Shadow.

THE GAUNTLET

The membrane between worlds isn't a simple barrier, but a medium of its own that those crossing between the material world and the *Hisil* have to push through. The Gauntlet's strength or thickness depends on a wide range of factors in both

worlds, not all of which are known. In general, Ithaur counsel newly Changed werewolves that the Gauntlet is thickened by human activity. While great shifts in human emotion lead to new Essence or new spirits, those shifts also prevent the *Hisil* and human world from meeting. It's in quiet, still places where resonance settles undisturbed that the Gauntlet begins to thin.

Uratha describe the effort of crossing the Gauntlet—either spiritually to use a power affecting the other world or literally to physically journey across — as “Reaching.” Reaching takes effort when merely using a power across worlds, while bodily crossing over from world to world takes both effort and time. To cross, most Uratha and spirits require a locus; a focal point of spiritual energy in the physical world. The seconds of travel in-between are spent hanging in a gray, mist-like void, feeling a claustrophobic pressure all around. Travelers are safe from attack while crossing, and can't move until they emerge on the other side.

Some Uratha tell tales about encountering bizarre entities inside the Gauntlet — ghostly “spirits,” unnatural corpses of no known creature, splashes of blood, and other signs that the barrier is somehow inhabited, always just on the edge of the paralyzed traveler's senses. Some Cahalith say that when the Sundering rent the Border Marches apart, anything trapped inside was changed as well.

The Hunters in Darkness know that the Gauntlet isn't only for ghost stories. The two most numerous Hosts — *Beshilu* and *Azlu* — both threaten the harmony of worlds by altering the Gauntlet. *Beshilu* gnaw the Gauntlet thin, tunneling into it in their mad need to join the worlds. *Azlu* spin their webs on the Shadow side, building on and reinforcing the Gauntlet, and trapping anything that tries to cross over.

Some supernatural beings—including a few Wolf-Blooded and Uratha who have grown more attuned to spirit than flesh — can Reach to cross between worlds without a locus. These methods vary in speed; Wolf-Blooded acting as crossing-points experience the same delay as Uratha stepping through at a locus, while powerful spirits or sorcerers ripping a portal right through the Gauntlet may cross instantly. Without access to these powers, a pack with no locus must deal with those who do possess such a place or item of power, bargaining for their assistance for the right to cross.

THE HISIL

Once through the Gauntlet, the *Hisil* awaits. Depending on where the traveler crossed over, the Shadow can seem very similar to the material world or obviously different. The thinner the Gauntlet in a location, the more the worlds resemble one another. In deep wilderness, far from humanity, the Shadow is only shaped by the simple feelings of animals and the environment. In the heart of a city, the crowds stir the Shadow into chaos.

Whether it's downtown New York or the Arctic tundra, the Shadow makes the inner nature of a place plain to see. Hidden drug labs that passersby don't even notice in the material world become festering hives of addiction spirits in the Shadow. A burned-out car wreck abandoned in the

woods becomes a site of idyllic joy and imagination — the thief who torched it never thought about it twice, but to the local children it's a secret fort and playground.

The *Hisil* remembers even when the material world has forgotten. Demolished buildings stay in the Shadow until something happens on the flesh side to replace them. Ancient forests long since logged sprawl across the Shadow wilderness, and remote regions host ancient spirits that remember the world before the Sundering.

To novice travelers, the Shadow seems empty. Despite the thronging spirits spawned by human activity, the *Hisil* does not contain any spirits of humanity itself. Roads, towns, cities, farms, and every other human creation are all reflected in the *Hisil*, but not people. Where humans haven't created enough spirits to push nature spirits back, the Shadow feels overgrown and wild — a busy highway in the material world that hasn't generated any new spirits might be a cracked, thin road in the Shadow.

The lack of people doesn't mean the *Hisil* is unpopulated, but human travelers often have difficulty picking spirits out from the landscape until they're close by, especially when the spirits are dormant. Tree branches sway lazily against the wind in response to their sleeping spirits' dreams. Animals watch visitors to the Shadow with too-intelligent eyes. Rivers and lakes whisper to one another in the First Tongue. To Uratha, spirits are obvious, given away by the scent of Essence unless deliberately hiding.

The Shadow has a hierarchy quite apart from the material world. All spirits belong to a broad collection or category that the Forsaken call an *umia* — a group of weather spirits, or animal spirits. Like-natured spirits group together into *ilthum*, close-knit groups that only accept those they trust. The spirits of any given area form a court, with the more powerful holding sway over the lesser.

SIGHTS, SOUNDS, AND SMELLS

To a human or Wolf-Blooded pack member who crosses over, the Shadow feels eerie and unnerving. The *Hisil* lives up to its name; light seems pale and thin, even at noon. Sounds echo and carry much farther than in the material world, and the sky is perpetually roiling with gray clouds that only occasionally part, allowing a glimpse of Luna or Helios hanging in the sky. The atmosphere has the charged feeling of an approaching storm. When the overcast sky changes it does so dramatically — flash floods, dust devils, and torrential downpours accompanied by multicolored lightning send most spirits hurrying for shelter.

To a werewolf, the *Hisil* feels like coming home. Colors shift subtly, and the Essence in her blood makes the Uratha feel alive and vital, as though every step has purpose. The instinct to run and hunt is intoxicating, as the part of her that's a wolf spirit rises. Scents are stronger and, like sounds, carry further. The spirit senses of Uratha interpret the varied nature of spirits as scent and taste, to the point of synesthesia. Werewolves can smell the euphoria in joy spirits, and taste the anger in a murder spirit when they consume it.

DAY

Older Ithaeur often advise newly Changed werewolves to stay out of the Shadow during the day. They are children of the moon, and the hunt is best performed at night. The demands of tending to one's territory and the needs of *Siskur-Dah* will eventually cause Uratha to cross over while Helios is in the sky.

The first thing travelers notice is that the Gauntlet is harder to cross in the day, at least when *entering* the Shadow. The Gauntlet has a current to it, pushing away from the *Hisil*. Once they've arrived, experienced travelers will note that the Shadow seems subdued. Fewer spirits are active, and those reflecting nocturnal creatures are sluggish. Gaps in the cloud cover are marked by great shafts of pale sunlight — and where they touch the surface, the Shadow's gravity increases, making spirits and travelers alike feel heavier. The effect grows stronger the higher up you are, but passes immediately once the moving clouds obscure the sun again.

NIGHT

At night, the Shadow comes alive. Essence flows a little more easily, dormant spirits twitch and stir in their sleep, and the changing face of Mother Luna casts her light into

THE MOON, SUN, AND WOLF

The current in the Gauntlet during the day and the effect of Shadow-sunlight have the same cause. While Luna is ever-changing and protean, guarding the earthly Shadow from alien void spirits, her brother Helios is steadfast, unchanging, and pushes everything within the lunar sphere "in," forcing Essence to ground, fixing spirits in place and creating the Shadow's "gravity." Werewolves who convince aerial spirits to carry them into the sky discover that they can't reach the moon no matter how hard they try — the increasing pressure of Helios' solar winds force them back long before they reach the void.

Ithaeur who've dealt with Helions know all too well that Helios hasn't forgiven the Forsaken as his sister has. Mostly, it's because it's not in Helios' nature to change his mind about *anything*, but partly, it's because of the Sundering. Just as Luna gives the *Hisil* its ever-changing, reactive nature, Helios provides the impetus for spirits attempting to leave. By his nature, he forces everything away. Before his death, Father Wolf hunted the spirits fleeing the Shadow, complementing both Luna and her brother. By killing him, the first pack destroyed that harmony, and made Helios the unwitting cause of the material world's woes.

SPIRIT NAMES

Uratha aren't the only beings to know the ways of spirits. Human occultists and dupes alike have some contact with the *Hisil*, though they do not speak the First Tongue. They do, however, talk to one another and write books. Over thousands of years of contact with the spirit world, humans have built their own language to describe spirits.

| First Tongue | Human Name |
|---------------|---------------------------|
| Muthurum | Mote |
| Hursih/Hursah | Gaffling (lesser/greater) |
| Ensih/Ensah | Jagging (lesser/greater) |
| Dihir/Dihar | Incarna (lesser/greater) |
| Ilusah | Celestine |
| Gathra | Chiminage |
| Umia | Choir |
| Ilthum | Descant |

the darkness. Werewolves enter the Shadow at night to hunt, bargain with spirits with their patron's authority in the sky, perform rites, and summon Lunes to cement their Renown. Their closest relatives — the wolf spirits — run in pack-like broods of their own in wild places. Some Uratha join them, wanting to emulate their tribal totems or shift the Harmony of their natures toward the Spirit.

While Helios drowns out all other powers in the Shadowed day, the sky glimpsed through the clouds in the Shadowed night is washed in color and light. More stars than human eyes can see in the material sky decorate the void around Luna, and in Northern and Southern skies the auroras constantly dance, casting the Shadow in ever-changing color.

THE URBAN SHADOW

If the *Hisil* is shaped by perception, then human beings shape and twist it out of all proportion. People dwell on pain and cling to happiness, they feel nostalgia for places they used to know, and they wonder about places they haven't been. The Shadow of a town or city is warped by all the conflicting viewpoints, birthing a horde of spirits organized (loosely) into a discordant collection of *umia*, *ilthum*, and spirit courts.

Counter to many werewolves' expectations, it's the edges of human civilization that pose the most danger in the *Hisil*, not the centers. The hearts of cities are usually old enough to have established courts. While the Shadowed landscape still changes more rapidly than in the wilderness, the largest and most powerful spirits are relatively stable and easier to deal with than their cousins in the mountains and deep forests. Outbursts of strong emotions upset the order of things as new



SIX URBAN SPIRITS

Blightlings (*Iri Thim*) are spirits of urban decay, feeding on the Essence of once-proud cities rotting. They resemble street people with broken, ruined bodies made of torn asphalt and garbage.


Glasseyes (*Anzah-Haz*) are spirits of surveillance cameras, serving as lookouts and watchdogs for more powerful spirits. Each resembles a tall, thin human made of steel with a cyclopean glass lens-eye, looking down on passersby. Glass eyes are notorious gossips and snitches, always eager to offer up things they've seen in exchange for Essence.

Vermin (*Nihilim*) are rat spirits, gathering in huge broods beneath the streets and behind alley fences. Many packs suspect that *Nihilim* serve the *Beshilu*, but they're too cowardly for that. They prefer to avoid werewolves' anger, creeping into the aftermath of hunts to pick at the remains.

Travels Below (*Thifulmatha*) are the spirits of subway systems, resembling skeletal, steel serpents with wide eyes. They are punctual to a fault, forcing anything that tries to delay them aside.

Allholders (*Gibsur*) are the spirits of big-box stores and supermarkets, the corpulent landowners and slum-lords of the spirit courts. Unlike their smaller, shadier cousins such as the spirits of gas stations and quick-marts, the spirits of out-of-town mass retail pride themselves on fair dealing, and see themselves as genial hosts for lesser spirits of money, family, and the many goods that pass through their doors. Packs more often see them as parasites, extorting Essence from the *hursahim* too weak to escape their clutches.

Darkenings (*Uthsu*) are some of the most common emotion spirits, drawing Essence from human grief. They congregate in hospitals, graveyards, funeral parlors, even war memorials. They appear as dark fog banks with churning black coils barely visible inside.



Hursahim burst into life, but at least the spirits of buildings and roads understand human perspective. For a new suburb, however, the land clearance may be the most traumatic change for a thousand years. New builds and demolitions orphan the spirits linked to the former landscape, often waking them from centuries of slumber, and they take out their rage on their surroundings. Those that don't starve find alternative sources of Essence, some becoming the twisted hybrid spirits that Ithaeur call *magath* in the process.

In the city proper, the established courts of long-standing spirits preside over countless *Hursahim* and *Ensihim* spawned by the ever-changing resonance of humanity. Urban packs must keep abreast of spiritual politics, not only maintaining relations with the courts but tracking the changes to lesser broods. The majority of urban spirits, and the members of most courts, are from the artificial *umia* like buildings, roads, and vehicles. The most powerful spirits in a city are those of landmarks, with rarer spirits of famous roads and even notable objects making up the remainder. Cities built on or near to a famous natural feature often also include its spirit in their politics, often one step removed from the other courts. The spirit of the Thames, for example, holds herself aloof from London's artificial *umia*, but all the spirits of the city know not to anger her. The true wildcards of the urban Shadow are the conceptual spirits, born and fed in response to unpredictable stimuli. Wise packs make note of murders, disasters, terrorist threats, and festivals, preparing for the inevitable upheavals in the *Hisil* that they herald. Even something as innocuous as a major concert or sporting event can keep werewolves hunting for months after all the revelers have gone home – the packs of Beijing, Athens, and London are still dealing with the aftershocks of hosting the Olympics.

Despite humanity's overwhelming resonance, the Shadow isn't only shaped by man even in the heart of the city. Parks, zoos, urban farms, botanical gardens, and even animal research centers are all enclaves of animal- and plant-sourced resonance. The slow, wasting, madness from imprisonment in badly kept zoos breeds potent spirits, while the spirit of a famous park may be in a nature *umia*, but can still dominate the Shadow on its (literal) turf.

THE RURAL SHADOW

Away from man's touch, the Shadow has a longer memory and a simpler, more straightforward nature. Rural spirits fit into *umia* and *ilthum* more cleanly than their urban counterparts, and spirit courts can be centuries or even millennia old – sometimes even older, in especially untouched parts of the world. The resonance from animals and plants is less complex than that churned up by humanity, and rural spirits are more likely to look like the phenomena they feed on than their city cousins. The combination of blunt simplicity and old, powerful spirits of natural features makes for simple spirit courts – in the *Hisil* wilderness might makes right, with spirits establishing a clear pecking order of personal power. That presents its own challenges to rural packs – the rulers of the wild courts are often *very* old and powerful, old enough to bear grudges for perceived or real slights by the Uratha of ages past. The very eldest remember the Sundering, although not always with anger. Father Wolf had enemies as well as friends, and the spirits of mountains and oceans that are old enough to remember him may have been either.

The *Hisil* changes very slowly in the wilderness, and spirits can hang on long after the features they represent are destroyed. A forest destroyed by fire or a dried-up lake may still be present in the Shadow. Distances can be deceptive, as the simple viewpoints of animals conceive of their ranges

SIX RURAL SPIRITS

Wolf-Brothers (*Uralath*) are the Uratha's half-siblings, the *ilthum* once ruled by Father Wolf and now led by the Firstborn. Appearing as large wolves with minor variations depending on which tribal totem they serve, packs of Wolf-Brothers are among the Uratha's greatest allies in the *Hisil*, teaching Gifts and sometimes joining the *Siskur-Dah* of their related tribe.

Swift Waters (*Dagukurum*) are river spirits, among the most approachable elementals. Usually appearing as the waterway itself, *Dagukurum* are highly sensitive to changes in their physical counterparts, changing personality in response to events on their banks or courses.

Old Men (*Kur-Abha*) are among the oldest and most powerful spirits werewolves will encounter; the spirits of mountains. Appearing as giant faces formed out of rock formations on the Shadow forms of their associated peaks, the Old Men don't move — supplicants have to go to them. Mountain spirits are *Ensa* at least — Everest, K2, and other globally-famous peaks are *Dihirim*, if not more powerful. Fortunately, the mountains are content to watch millions of years go by for the most part, but the exceptions are dramatic and extremely dangerous. The spirits of mountains that have killed too many mountaineers hunger for death-resonance, and packs in volcanic regions struggle to placate the spirits of fire-peaks that threaten to bathe the *Hisil* in lava unless their demands are met.

Those That Wait (*Hiri Hufesi*) are the spirits of oak trees, with a reputation among *Ithaeur* for wisdom, impartiality, and patience. Those from regions where humans worshipped oak trees remember the sacrifices and prayers fondly, and werewolves can convince them to act as mediators in spirit court disputes by paying the proper respect.

Beach Carrion Thieves (*Bisugin Lagah*) are the spirits of gulls, opportunistic hunters who consume smaller spirits along the Shadowed coastline. Because of the proclivity of their physical counterparts to eat anything, these bird spirits can safely consume a wide variety of Essence without becoming *magath*, meaning they can force other spirits out of their hunting grounds through strength of numbers.

Iron Horses (*Anfarsisu*) are the spirits of trains; half-horse, half-snake monsters made of dark steel. Long since usurped as the ruling *ilthum* of the Vehicle *Umia*, they are single-minded in purpose and obsessed with traveling down the lines from city to city. Anything in their way gets crushed beneath their hooves or swept aside as they pass.

as the whole world and the Shadow equivalents stretch in response.

HUNTING GROUNDS

The Shadow encompasses many powerful sites and dangerous locations, each a boon or burden to a pack claiming it in its territory. Wise Uratha take note of these places and plan their hunts in response.

~~PLACES THAT AREN'T~~

In most places, the Shadow conforms to the same proportions as the material world — if it would take a werewolf three hours to run from one place to another through a material forest, running through its spiritual reflection will take about as long. If a location is regarded as larger or more important than it actually is, the spiritual version usually grows in response — and conversely, if two places are thought of as close together, the distance between them shrinks. For the most part, these changes are minor details noted by experienced packs and used as shortcuts or advantageous hunting routes.

Places-That-Aren't are locations which bend distance out of all semblance of the material world. The murderer's basement may be 500 square feet in the material world, but in the Shadow it's a vast space the size of a warehouse, filled with gore and the spirits of pain and blood attracted by its resonance. Some Places-That-Aren't are entirely apocryphal — if enough people *hear* that there's a mysterious island in the Great Lakes, or that a building on the edge of town hides a secret nuclear bunker, then the Shadow might include those locations even if the material world never did.

Places-That-Aren't make excellent fortified locations in the *Hisil*, both for Uratha on the hunt and spirits seeking a place of safety. Many powerful spirits desiring privacy inhabit them, and Cahalith tell stories of the *Ilusahim* dwelling in vast, shadowed palaces that don't have physical reflections and can only be entered by secret routes.

SHOALS

Some upheavals in the Shadow are so terrible they injure the very fabric of the *Hisil* and disrupt its connection to the material world's resonance, forming a wasteland of nihilistic emptiness called a shoal. Within a shoal, listless and withdrawn spirits lurk in a colorless, fragile landscape. Travelers feel their emotions and interests draining away the longer they stay, until they can't muster the willpower to leave and the shoal claims another victim. Brave packs trick prey into shoals as part of the *Siskur-Dah*, like driving an animal into quicksand, and trust to their own strength of will to let them enter, make the kill, and leave without being trapped themselves.

GLADES

Some parts of the world are so blessed that their Shadow reflections are idylls of peace and harmony, filled with resonance of growth, healing, safety, and friendship. Glades are rare and prized by packs who claim them — within a Glade, the clouds are always parted allowing the light of Luna or Helios to shine on those inside, violence seems unthinkable, and *Kuruth* is a distant memory. Many packs attempt to create

Glades, but provoking the needed changes in the material world to have somewhere *known* as an oasis of peace is extremely difficult, so most don't succeed.

WOUNDS

Some shoals become so damaged the *Hisil* ruptures, opening holes to somewhere *else* in the midst of tortured landscapes filled with the most negative, destructive spirits. Wounds open at sites of atrocities and prolonged cruelty, suffering, and hatred — gulags, torture chambers, or sites that have seen genocide and ethnic cleansing. Spirits of pain, hatred, violence, and every other sort of malevolent conceptual spirit flock to Wounds, but the resonance flowing from the wound itself is not that of the material world. Spirits of any sort feeding from a Wound become tainted, twisted, and violent, overcome by the negative energies found within.

Packs avoid Wounds unless they have to — to hunt a powerful spirit lairing inside, or to try to counteract and heal the Wound by changing the material world.

BARRENS

When the Gauntlet grows unnaturally thick, choking the *Hisil* of Essence, or the Shadow has been so scoured of Essence by devastation, the rampage of an *idigam* or the presence of an *Ilusah*, it results in a spiritual desert called a Barren. Barrens only contain Essence in faint traces around the edges, forcing spirits to evacuate or starve. They're so spiritually dead that even using Gifts is difficult. Some Barrens slowly heal over the course of decades or centuries. A few packs have succeeded in weakening the Gauntlet and using rare rites to flood the Shadow with Essence, jump-starting the process of recovery at great cost.

In the Shadow, a Barren seems bleached and sterile, the bare landscape made more pronounced by the lack of spirits. In the material world, animals flee and plants wither, while humans living in the vicinity feel passionless and apathetic.

MAELJIN

The little-understood Lords of Wounds, or *Maeljin*, are the *Diharim* ruling *ilthum* of negative concepts and emotions, demigods of vices and evil. Cahalith name dozens of *Maeljin*, but some names seem to belong to the same entities, and the lore of the Forsaken doesn't include a comprehensive list. Also, these monstrous beings don't seem to be entirely spiritual. They're either invading entities from whatever lies through the Wounds, or *Diharim* of humanity's dark impulses that have been infected by that other place. The Forsaken aren't sure which would be worse, but the tribes can't allow the *Maeljin* to spread their influence in the *Hisil*.

TONGUE OF WOLVES

Like any culture, Uratha have their own collection of names, slang terms and sayings that defy common understanding. They use titles and phrases, often spoken in First Tongue, to describe the many things of their world. Even when spoken in a local human language, the meaning of such speech is unclear, so that the herd remains blind to the wolves in its midst.

Abni-Gur: The “crucible of becoming.” Storm Lord philosophy that by overcoming hardship they might one day become like *Urfarah*.

Anshega: The Pure Tribes.

auspice: The moon phase that marked a werewolf's First Change; a specific role within Uratha society.

Azlu (ahz-loo): The Spider Hosts, a swarm entity of spirit-shards in spider forms.

Basu-Im: Hard Rage, the second stage of *Kuruth*, when the werewolf is a mindless berserker.

Beshilu (beh-shee-loo): The Rat Hosts, a swarm entity of spirit-shards in rat forms.

Blood Talons: A tribe of fierce and glorious warriors.

Bone Shadows: A tribe of wise searchers of dark places.

Cahalith (kuh-hall-ith): The auspice role of storyteller, vision-quester, and lorekeeper.

Cahalunim (kuh-hall-oo-nim): The *umia* of Lunes tied to the gibbous moon.

Dalu (dah-loo): The bestial humanlike form of a werewolf.

Dihar (pl. *Diharim*): A spirit of such rank that individual Uratha cannot confront it directly.

Dehir (pl. *Dihim*): A spirit of great rank and power.

duguthim: Spirit-Claimed

Elodoth (ell-oh-doth): The auspice role of judge and arbiter between Uratha and the spirit world, and among each other.

Elunim (ell-oo-nim): The *umia* of Lunes tied to the half moon.

Ensih (pl. *Ensihim*): A spirit of intermediate rank and power. Higher-ranking examples are *Ensay*.

Essence: The energy of the spirit world that composes spirits and empowers werewolves.

far'huf: to Reach.

Father Wolf: The legendary spirit forefather of the werewolf race, *Urfarah*.

fetish: An object given supernatural power by a spirit bound within.

First Tongue: The ancient language of the spirit world.

Firstborn: The great wolf totems of the Uratha tribes.

Forsaken: Term for the Tribes of the Moon given by the Pure Tribes. Coined in reference to the murder of *Urfarah* and the loss of Pangaea.

gathra: An offering made to a spirit in exchange for good will or favors.

Gauntlet, the: The mystical boundary between the spirit world and the physical world.

Gauru (guh-roo): The half-human, half-wolf killing form of a werewolf; carries with it the burden of Rage.

Ghost Wolf: A werewolf who has not sworn the Oath of the Moon or been adopted into a tribe.

Gift: A spiritual blessing given to a werewolf that allows her to wield spirit magic.

Hisil: The Shadow.

Hishu (hīh-shoo): The human form of a werewolf.

hithimu: Spirit-Ridden. Also, *hithisu*, “Spirit-Urged.”

Host: A monstrous amalgam of animal and spirit; see *Azlu* and *Beshilu*.

Hunters in Darkness: A tribe of stalkers who keep sacred hunting grounds.

Hursih (pl. Hursihim): A spirit of low rank and power. Higher-ranking examples are *Hursah*.

idigam: Moon-banished. Bizarre spirits exiled to the moon in prehistory.

ilthum: A group of spirits of similar aspect that choose to group together to consolidate their power. Unlike an *umia*, belonging to an *ilthum* is a choice on the spirit’s behalf.

Ilusah (pl. Ilusahim): The highest and most exalted rank of spirit; the spirits of planetary bodies like Earth, the Sun and the Moon.

Iron Masters: A tribe of cunning wolves who maintain close ties to their human side.

Irraka (ir-rah-kah): The auspice role of scout and silent hunter.

Irralunim (ir-rah-loo-nim): The *umia* of Lunes tied to the new moon.

Ithaeur (ih-thay-ur): The auspice role of occultist and master of the spirit.

Ithalunim (ih-thah-loo-nim): The *umia* of Lunes tied to the crescent moon.

Kuruth: The Death Rage, the rising instincts of the ultimate predator through *Wasu-Im* to *Basu-Im*.

locus: An object in the physical world around which the Gauntlet is weaker; a source of Essence.

lodge: A specialized sub-faction within a tribe, which venerates a spirit tied to one particular aspect of the tribal philosophy.

Luna: The spirit of the Moon; legendary foremother of the werewolf race.

Lunacy: The moon-madness that overcomes humans who see werewolves.

Lune: Lesser moon spirits; servants of Luna.

magath: A hybrid, unnatural spirit.

mus-rah: “Holy killing ground,” a Hunter term for territory.

muthrum: The smallest and weakest spirits, comparable to insects.

“Ni-zu Tag?”: “What are you hunting?” A standard greeting among the *Meninna*.

Oath of the Moon: The sacred code of conduct by which Forsaken swear.

Sanghba’zir: An oathbreaker, especially one who violates the Oath of the Moon.

Pangaea: The ancient world before the Sundering.

People, the: A werewolf term for their own kind.

Pure Tribes: The three tribes who reject the idea of atonement and Mother Luna. Also “the Pure.”

Mir: “Rage,” the killing fury that overcomes werewolves in Gauru form.

Rahu (rah-hoo): The auspice role of warrior and bloody reveler.

Ralunim (rah-loo-nim): The *umia* of Lunes tied to the full moon.

Reach: To cross over into the spirit world.

Shadow Realm: The spirit world. Also “The Shadow.”

shartha: A Host.

Siskur-Dah: “The Sacred Hunt,” both as a ritual hunt against defined prey, and as the very lifestyle Uratha lead.

Spirit-Claimed: The monstrous result of a person or animal completely possessed by a spirit.

Spirit-Ridden: Anyone possessed by a spirit; spirit possession in general.

Spirit-Urged: A person or animal under the influence of a spirit.

spirit wilds: The vast majority of the spirit world; specifically, the sections not mastered by werewolves.

Storm Lords: A tribe of fearless, intimidating alphas who reject weakness.

Sugrah: A Storm Lord game of spotting weaknesses in one’s tribemates to show off cunning and strengthen the tribe.

Sundering, the: The ancient act of patricide, responsible for the rise of the Gauntlet and the assumption of Father Wolf’s duties by the Uratha

Thu Ibiru: “All War,” a Blood Talon philosophy that all of life is conflict.

totem: A spirit that has been forced or convinced to support and aid a pack.

Tribes of the Moon: The five tribes that venerate Luna and attempt to atone for their forebears’ sins.

umia: A taxonomic category of spirits, identified by their nature. Depending on the spirits involved, an *umia* may be “weather spirits,” “wind spirits,” or “storm spirits.”

Uratha (oo-RAH-thah): Werewolves.

Urdaga: The Forsaken tribes.

Urdur: “Pup,” term used for young Uratha. Sometimes used in a disrespectful manner for other werewolves.

Urfarah: Father Wolf.

Urghir: “Dog,” derogatory term for high-Harmony Uratha. Someone who clings too closely to the world of Flesh.

Urhan (ur-hahn): The wolf form.

Urshul (ur-shool): The bestial wolf-like form.

Uzahal: “Fade,” derogatory term for low-Harmony Uratha. Someone who becomes too spirit-like.

Wasu-Im: “Soft Rage,” the first stage of *Kuruth*, when the werewolf maintains some control.

Wolf-Blooded: Humans with a measure of werewolf blood.

Wound: A place of horrifically negative energy in the Shadow.

Zathu: The Gauntlet.

THE SCATTERED HOST (PART III)

Teddy watched until he was sure the last cop had left the building. It was fully dark by that point, which made evading the notice of certain porcine entities that much easier. True to form, the cops had left a single unmarked car with a pair of watchers to keep an eye on the building in case their suspect returned to the scene. If what he suspected were true, Teddy thought that scenario to be pretty unfucking-likely.

Calling on his true nature to make himself less obvious, Teddy strolled past the waiting cops and into the building like he owned the place. The elevator sported an "out-of-order" sign old enough it had turned yellow. Shrugging, he turned his back on it and started up the stairs, mounting them two at a time.

Not even winded by the time he reached the fifth floor, he stopped in front of the apartment door that had been sealed off with crisscrossing lines of crime scene tape. He stopped, concentrated, and took a sniff of the air, raising his nose slightly upward.

He smelled the musk of too many people living in close proximity. He smelled the acrid scent of fear, the mingled smells of cooking food. He smelled blood. The blood smell was electric, even nearly a day old. It pulled at his senses, filling him with a frenetic excitement that bordered on lust. He felt a growl growing in his chest.

Teddy balled his hands into fists and closed his eyes, turning his thoughts inward and away from the smell. He twitched slightly before gathering his composure. In that near meditative state, the voice that came from behind him startled him enough he almost reacted with violence, instinctively reaching for the knife hidden in his jacket.

"Who are you? No one is supposed to go in there. I'll call the police!"

He turned, slowly, and stared into the eyes of an old lady who had stuck her head out a door on the other side of the hallway. Teddy growled at her, just once, and let the predator inside him echo in the sound.

The old lady gave a sort of muffled groan and whipped her head back inside the door before slamming it shut. He heard multiple locks turn, and noticed a new smell in the hallway. Urine.

Grinning to himself, Teddy swatted aside the crime scene tape and tried the door. Locked. With a quick glance around to ensure no other witnesses were present, he leaned back, raised one foot and, with suddenly swelling muscles, kicked straight through the door. He went inside.

He stared at the heap of bloody rags and clothing that had once been a child's pajama top and linens. Scowling, he took in the sight of the holes in the plaster, and the blood on the floor. Unless the cops had a Wolf-Blooded on the force, they'd have about zero chance to figure out what had actually happened. Plain folks could never see those holes. He counted at least fifteen holes and, sniffing at one of the largest, could detect the scent of rat droppings.

"Beshilu."

He carefully shuttered away the predator that lurked inside and sniffed the blood nearest him. Female. Moving cautiously not to disturb anything, he stepped over to the bed and sniffed again. Male. Two people had died here. If he was really lucky, the cops had carted away two bodies. Teddy wasn't feeling particularly lucky.

Leaving the bedroom he stalked around the apartment taking in the scents. The cops had muddled things with their chemicals and sweat, but he was able to get a good whiff from the towels hanging in the bathroom. He pulled each one off the rack in turn, burying his face in the rough cloth. Here was the female, here was the male. He folded up the towels and tucked them under his arm. He might need to track these people, later.

One last trip around the place turned up a picture in the second bedroom. It showed a woman with black hair with her arms around a boy with hair the same color. She was pretty, in a poor, tired sort of way, and the boy looked healthy enough. He slid the photo from its frame and shoved it in a pocket.

He took a quick trip back down the stairs, and hammered on a door labeled 'Superintendent' in black stenciled paint. He could hear a TV muttering away inside, and heard footsteps as the occupant moved toward the door.

"Keep your pants on! Jesus Christ. If someone else has been murdered it can wait until morning."

The door swung open to reveal a bare-footed man wearing a dirty wife beater and wrinkled jeans. He'd shaved his head to conceal the fact he was going bald, but couldn't be bothered to keep his head clean-shaven, resulting in patches of uneven stubble. He was a big man, with large meaty hands and a gut that strained against the front of his wife beater. He wore a frown as well, and it was clear he was used to wielding it as a weapon to discourage people from bothering him.

"Hi, Louie!" said Teddy brightly. He poked the man in the stomach. "You expecting?"

The scowl vanished. Louie sucked in his gut and backed away from the door, hunching his shoulders and nearly cringing. He rolled his head to one side, exposing the throbbing veins on his throat.

"Why you gotta be so mean, Ted?" he whined. "I called you didn't I? I did."

"Let's talk about this inside," said Teddy.

He started moving forward, forcing Louie to scurry out of the way. Teddy strode into the living room, and Louie closed the door behind him. Excepting the recently vacated armchair, empty pizza boxes and beer cans littered the sofa and chairs, overflowing on to the floor. The TV was playing something that looked like the beginning of an old-fashioned porno. A young woman with breasts the size of bowling balls was just opening the door for a man dressed like a plumber.

"This place is a mess, Louie. You're supposed to have the blood of a wolf, not a pig."

Louie hurried over to the remote and turned off the TV.

"I'm not even gonna sit down," said Teddy. "Luna alone knows what's happened on that sofa."

Louie pouted.

"Why you gotta be like that, Ted?" he said. "You want a beer? I got plenty."

"No," said Teddy. "What I want is information. What happened upstairs? How many bodies did the cops take out? Who lived there? And what did you see that you didn't tell the police?"

Louie sat down in his armchair and cracked open a beer.

"Fine, fine. I'll tell you. Keep your hair on. It all started when that old biddy that lives upstairs came pounding on my door yelling someone had been murdered."



CHAPTER THREE: LAWS OF THE KILL

Like most animals, we spent a large part of our lives engaged in the three Rs of basic survival. Feeding, fighting and...reproduction.
Kelly Armstrong, *Stolen*

You've opened the world of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. Previous chapters explored auspices, tribes, the *Hisil*, and what it means and feels like to be Uratha. Now, it's time to rip through the meat, and look to the bones that hold the game together: the rules.

MAKING A MONSTER

Who are you playing? After reading the auspices and tribes, you may already have an idea. However, these rules will supplement that spark of inspiration, and help you to define that character into something deeper, and something ready to face the World of Darkness in active gameplay. You're coming in with raw spirit stuff. You're coming out with a hunter.

During these seven steps, you're not just making a character, you're telling a story about that character. You're telling the story of who your character was before moment zero, before the chronicle officially starts. So don't just think of the character sheet as a bunch of dots and traits. Think of it as a map for how your character became the person she is tonight.

As a point of note: Your game will work out better if you sit down as a group and design your pack together. It isn't absolutely necessary, but it will help to offer a more cohesive experience. You'll end up merging and finishing up the pack in *Pack Creation* (p. 89), but it's good if you're all on the same page when creating your characters.

STEP ONE: CONCEPT

You might already be done with this first step and not even know it. Your character's concept is the first step. It's the spark of inspiration that gives a framework for building your character. It's a simple statement of your character's identity, as she appears in your imagination.

Express concept as a few words, a short epithet. Think about your character as the protagonist of a novel. How would a reviewer describe your character's role in the story? Is she the *Disgruntled Ex-Cop*? Is he the *Penitent Thug*? Is she the *Startup CEO With*

A Heart of Gold? Keep it simple, but unique enough that your character doesn't sound like just anyone from off the streets. This should imply some identity, some individuality. Your concept doesn't need to have anything to do with your character's identity as Forsaken, though. It can, if that's core to her very being.

ASPIRATIONS

Choose three Aspirations. You don't need to come up with all three right now; just keep them in mind as you craft your character. They might come up at any time. For example, when you choose Skills or Gifts, you might get a better idea of what you want your character to do in the chronicle.

Aspirations are goals, both for you as a player and for your character. They're simple statements of things you want to happen in your character's story. This serves two very important purposes. First, it's a way to set up your character's arc. It gives you motivation and direction to move forward. Second, it's a clear communication to your Storyteller about the types of stories you'd like to see. The Storyteller should take note of all chosen Aspirations, in order to seed them into her plots.

Consider one or two short-term Aspirations, and one long-term Aspiration. This way, your character can progress in the immediate, while working toward greater, more defining goals. Don't make them so specific you can't accomplish them if any one thing goes wrong.

For a full primer on Aspirations, including extensive examples and advice for crafting your own, look to the *World of Darkness Rulebook* or *The God-Machine Chronicle*.

STEP TWO: ATTRIBUTES

The next step is to define your character's Attributes. Attributes are raw capabilities every character possesses in some degree. They come in three categories; Mental, Physical, and Social. The Mental category includes Intelligence, Wits, and Resolve. The Physical category includes Strength, Dexterity, and Stamina. The Social category includes Presence, Manipulation, and Composure. Every character gets one free

dot in each of these nine Attributes, and you get extra dots to allocate however you wish.

Look at the categories, and prioritize them. Which is most important to your character concept? Which is least? In whatever you chose as the most important category, distribute five dots. In the second category, distribute four dots. And in the last category, distribute three dots. No Attribute can be raised above five dots at this time.

An Attribute at two dots is considered about average. Three is above average, four is excellent, five is world class. A single dot represents an Attribute with a deficient or substandard ability; it's a point of weakness.

You can find more explanation of each of the nine Attributes on p. 153.

STEP THREE: SKILLS

Skills are abilities your character has learned over her lifetime. Skills are rated from one to five dots, like Attributes; but unlike Attributes, characters don't receive free dots in their Skills. They're also grouped into Mental, Social, and Physical categories, with eight Skills in each.

Choose priorities, like you did with Attributes. The first category has eleven dots. The second gets seven. The last gets four. Now, keep in mind that if your character attempts an action for which she has no Skill dots, she'll suffer a penalty. So if you want your character to do something, she should probably have the Skills to reflect it. Even a single dot is a significant improvement over none. Two dots is roughly professional level. Three dots reflects a specialized level of training. Four and five dots represent characters of near unparalleled competency in their fields.

When choosing Skills, think about what they mean for your character. For example, if you're playing a soldier, does Crafts reflect gunsmithing? Or maybe it reflects a whittling hobby? Or cooking? Maybe sewing? How do those tie into your character's identity?

Skills cannot be increased beyond five dots at character creation. You can find more explanation of each of the twenty-four Skills on p. 154.

STEP FOUR: SKILL SPECIALTIES

Specialties refine your character's knowledge, giving more specific definition to a Skill. For example, your character might have three dots in Firearms, but a Specialty in Rifles. This gives her an additional die any time she's using the Firearms Skill with a rifle. Your character receives three Specialties to start.

Look to the Skills section on p. 158 for some sample Specialties. Specialties should help you to define your character, but not be so narrow that they are only very rarely useful. As a rule of thumb, look to the things you expect to see your character do frequently, and name them. Those are Specialties.

STEP FIVE: ADD FORSAKEN TEMPLATE

You have the foundation of a character. You have most of their identity as a person. Now, you're going to add the things that make her Forsaken.

AUSPICE

Auspice, the moon under which a werewolf changes, is her first defining trait as one of the Forsaken. Auspice helps guide her in her expected role among the Uratha. A character's auspice offers certain advantages in fulfilling that role, and Uratha often look down upon those who deviate too far from their expected roles.

From a character creation standpoint, auspice offers you a free dot of one of three Skills, and one of your starting Renown dots. You can choose any of the three auspice Skills, but this free dot cannot take the Skill beyond five dots. Mark the Renown dot in the relevant Renown category.

Also note your character's Auspice Ability and hunter's aspect.

Cahalith are lorekeepers, bards, dreamers, and motivators. They Changed under the gibbous moon. They hunt with howls and tradition, with songs and with passion. Cahalith auspice Skills are Crafts, Expression, and Persuasion. Their Renown is *Glory*.

Elodoth are diplomats, mediators, negotiators, and community builders. They Changed under the half moon. Where others fight with stealth and weaponry, they wield influence. Elodoth auspice Skills are Empathy, Investigation, and Politics. Their Renown is *Honor*.

Irraka are stalkers, assassins, spies, and thieves. They Changed under the new moon. They move through the shadows, striking quickly and quietly. Irraka auspice Skills are Larceny, Stealth, and Subterfuge. Their Renown is *Cunning*.

Ithaeur are spirit masters, ritualists, fetish crafters, seers, and advisors. They Changed under the crescent moon. They deal with the denizens of the *Hisil* with an instinctive mastery. Ithaeur auspice Skills are Animal Ken, Medicine, and Occult. Their Renown is *Wisdom*.

Rahu are warriors, tacticians, and defenders. They Changed under the full moon. They hunt with claws and fangs, and with brilliant plans and glorious zeal. Rahu auspice Skills are Brawl, Intimidation, and Survival. Their Renown is *Purity*.

TRIBE

Next, choose your character's tribe. Characters belong to one of five tribes – or your character may be a Ghost Wolf, without a tribe. Remember, unlike auspice, your character chooses her tribe. Generally, characters align relatively closely to their tribe expectations.

Each tribe has an associated Renown. Mark a dot in that Renown.

Blood Talons exist for the kill. They revel in the violent end of the hunt. Their Gifts are Inspiration, Rage, Strength. Their Tribal Renown is *Glory*.

Bone Shadows take to heart Father Wolf's duty to shepherd the *Hisil*. Their hunt is one of another world. Their Gifts are Death, Elemental, and Insight. Their Tribal Renown is *Wisdom*.

Hunters in Darkness watch the edges of territory. To them, territory is as sacred as the darkness in which they wrap themselves. Their Gifts are Nature, Stealth, and Warding. Their Tribal Renown is *Purity*.

Iron Masters are like water. They flow. They adapt. They deal with the context of a given situation, and versatility is their greatest weapon. Their Gifts are Knowledge, Shaping, and Technology. Their Tribal Renown is *Cunning*.

Storm Lords endure. Their strength is in pushing on when all others would give in and roll over. Their Gifts are Evasion, Dominance, and Weather. Their Tribal Renown is *Honor*.

Ghost Wolves have no tribe. They have no Gifts or Tribal Renown, so they start with one fewer Renown dot than other Forsaken.

RENOWN

By this stage, you should already have two dots of Renown; one for your character's auspice, and one for her tribe. Choose another dot in a Renown of your choice, but note that you cannot take a third dot in a single Renown at this point. Ghost Wolves receive this dot of Renown, for a total of two.

BLOOD & BONE

Your character possesses traits called Blood and Bone. They reflect a core dichotomy of the Uratha condition. A Blood archetype reflects your character's behavior and identity on the hunt, when claws are out, and lives are on the line. A Bone archetype reflects your character's sense of self-identity. It's who she is behind the instincts, fur, and fury.

You can find a list of archetypes on p. 85.

TOUCHSTONES

Every Uratha possesses two Touchstones. These are things that pull her between the spiritual and the physical, and maintain a balance between the two extremes. You can find more on Touchstones on p. 87, including numerous examples.

GIFTS AND RITES

Spirits afford the Forsaken abilities called Gifts. They're not taught; they're given. At this stage in character creation, choose Gifts. Your character receives the first dot of a Moon Gift according to her auspice. She also receives a Facet of two Shadow Gifts from her tribe or auspice. If she has two dots in her auspice's Renown, she gains the second-dot Facet of that Moon Gift. Otherwise, she gains a facet of a Wolf Gift. Your character can't take a Facet of a Gift in which she has no dots of Renown.

Your character also begins play with two dots in rites. These are detailed further on p. 138.

STEP SIX: ADD MERITS

Your character receives ten dots of Merits. You can choose from any of the Forsaken Merits starting on p. 105, or the general Merits on p. 110. Use these Merits to flesh out your character's relationship to the world around her. They reflect her friends, allies, holdings, and experiences. They let you add a custom touch on top of all the abstract numbers.

You can also use starting Merit dots to raise Primal Urge. If you choose to do so, each Primal Urge dot costs five Merit

dots. Starting at Primal Urge 2 costs five dots, starting at Primal Urge 3 costs ten dots.

You can trade up to five of your starting Merit dots for extra dots of rites. One dot of rites costs one Merit dot. If you want a three-dot rite, you can get it by spending three Merit dots.

Additionally, every character receives one dot of Totem, and the Language (First Tongue) Merit.

STEP SEVEN: ADVANTAGES

To add the final touches to your character sheet, calculate advantages. On your character sheet, notice that many of these advantages change depending on your character's form.

DEFENSE

Defense protects your character from incoming attacks. Defense is based on the lower of your character's Dexterity and Wits, plus her Athletics. So, if her Dexterity is 4, her Wits is 2, and her Athletics is 3, her Defense is 5. Defense may increase in Gauru, Urshul, and Urhan form.

HEALTH

Health determines how much punishment your character can take before falling. Health is determined by your character's Size trait (which changes in different forms) + Stamina. Health increases in Dalu, Gauru, and Urshul forms.

WILLPOWER

Willpower represents your character's inner reserves. It can be used to improve the odds of an action, and it fuels certain abilities. Willpower is equal to your character's Resolve + Composure.

INITIATIVE

Initiative determines your character's ability to respond to threats, and her place in the order of actions in a fight. Initiative is your character's Dexterity + Composure.

PRIMAL URGE

Primal Urge is the force of the primal beast within your character. If you didn't purchase Primal Urge with Merits, it starts at 1.

HARMONY

Harmony reflects your character's balance between flesh and spirit. A Forsaken character starts with seven dots of Harmony.

SIZE

A character's Size is 5, unless a Merit or other trait modifies it.

SPEED

Your character's Speed is equal to her Species factor (5) + Strength + Dexterity.

AFTERWARDS: THE PACK

After your character is created, work with the other players to design the pack and their Touchstones.

CHARACTER CREATION QUICK REFERENCE

STEP ONE: CONCEPT

Choose your character's concept. Determine three Aspirations.

STEP TWO: ATTRIBUTES

Prioritize categories. Spend 5/4/3 dots by category.

STEP THREE: SKILLS

Prioritize categories. Spend 11/7/4 dots by category.

STEP FOUR: SKILL SPECIALTIES

Choose three Skill Specialties.

STEP FIVE: FORSAKEN TRAITS

Choose auspice, auspice Skill, tribe, Blood, Touch-stones, Kuruth triggers (1 set), Gifts, rites, Essence (7) and Renown.

STEP SIX: MERITS

Add ten dots of Merits. Merit dots also can be spent on extra dots of rites, or on increasing Primal Urge

STEP SEVEN: ADVANTAGES

Willpower is equal to Resolve + Composure. Harmony is 7. Size is 5. Health is Size + Stamina. Speed is 5+ Strength + Dexterity. Defense is the lower of Dexterity and Wits. Initiative is Dexterity + Composure.

PRIMAL URGE

Primal Urge starts at 1 dot. Additional dots may be purchased with five Merit dots each. A character cannot start with Primal Urge higher than 3.

GIFTS AND RITES

Start with one Facet of your auspice's Moon Gift. Choose one Facet each of two Shadow Gifts from tribe or auspice. Choose one facet of a Wolf Gift, or the second Facet of your Moon Gift if you have two dots in your auspice Renown. You cannot choose a Facet in which your character has no dots of Renown.

Start with two dots of rites.

EXPERIENCE COSTS

| Trait | Experience |
|-------------------|------------|
| Attribute | 4 |
| Skill | 2 |
| Skill Specialty | 1 |
| Merit | 1 |
| Affinity Gift | 3 |
| Non-Affinity Gift | 5 |
| Additional Facet | 2 |
| Wolf Gift Facet | 1 |
| Renown | 3 |
| Rites | 1 |
| Primal Urge | 5 |

FORSAKEN TEMPLATE

| Auspice | Auspice Skills | Renown | Gifts |
|-----------------|----------------------------------|---------|--------------------------------------|
| Cahalith | Crafts, Expression, Persuasion | Glory | Gibbous Moon, Inspiration, Knowledge |
| Elodoth | Empathy, Investigation, Politics | Honor | Half Moon, Insight, Warding |
| Irraka | Larceny, Stealth, Subterfuge | Cunning | New Moon, Evasion, Stealth |
| Ithaeur | Animal Ken, Medicine, Occult | Wisdom | Crescent Moon, Elemental, Shaping |
| Rahu | Brawl, Intimidation, Survival | Purity | Full Moon, Dominance, Strength |

| Tribe | Renown | Gifts |
|----------------------------|---------|--------------------------------|
| Blood Talons | Glory | Inspiration, Rage, Strength |
| Bone Shadows | Wisdom | Death, Elemental, Insight |
| Hunters in Darkness | Purity | Nature, Stealth, Warding |
| Iron Masters | Cunning | Knowledge, Shaping, Technology |
| Storm Lords | Honor | Evasion, Dominance, Weather |
| Ghost Wolves | None | None |

EXPERIENCE

Players earn Beats for their characters in a number of ways, including those listed below. When your character has gained five Beats, they convert to one Experience. You use Experiences to develop your character's abilities.

BEATS

Take a Beat when your character hits one of these criteria.

- If your character fulfills an Aspiration, take a Beat. Replace the Aspiration at the end of the session.
- When you resolve a Condition, per the description of the Condition, take a Beat.
- Persistent Conditions provide Beats for actions other than resolution.
- Once per scene, when you fail a roll, you may opt to make it a dramatic failure and take a Beat.
- If your character takes lethal damage in one of her rightmost Health boxes, take a Beat.
- At the end of each session, take a Beat.

GIFTS AND RITES

Unlocking new Gifts takes Experiences. Characters can also use Experiences to purchase additional Facets. Buying the first Facet of a Shadow Gift that your auspice or tribe has an affinity for (per their description in Chapter One) costs three Experiences. Buying the first Facet of any other Gift costs five Experiences. Having bought that first Facet, the character has unlocked the Gift, allowing the werewolf to buy additional Facets with Renown or Experiences. A character learns a Facet of the appropriate Renown when she gains a dot in that Renown; this costs no Experiences. If she wants to buy additional Facets, each one costs two Experiences. An Uratha always counts all Wolf Gifts as unlocked, even if she has not bought any Facets. Apart from that, Wolf Gifts work

PACK BEATS

Werewolves are pack hunters, and the actions of one hunter frequently benefit her packmates more than her. If the whole group agrees, consider using pack Beats. Under this system, all of the Beats earned during a given chapter go into a pot (you may want to use poker chips or spare dice to represent them). At the end of the chapter, split the Beats evenly among all of the players.

like Shadow Gifts — she can always pick a Facet of a Wolf Gift to buy with Renown, and each Facet costs two Experiences.

A werewolf always has one Moon Gift associated with her auspice. She gains the appropriate Facet every time she gains a dot in her auspice Renown without spending any further Experiences. If she should pick up another Moon Gift at a future point, she may unlock the first dot in that Gift for five Experiences, and further Facets for two Experiences each. Unlike Shadow and Wolf Gifts, she must purchase each Facet in order, and can never have more dots in a Moon Gift than she has in her associated Renown. Uratha must have a teacher to learn a rite. If she has one, she can learn the rite at a cost of one Experience per dot in the rite.

PRIMAL URGE

A werewolf's Primal Urge doesn't improve on its own. It reflects her progress through the *Siskur-Dah*, following the footsteps of *Urfarah* to become a bodhisattva predator, a true inheritor of Mother Wolf's legacy. This is reflected by purchasing Primal Urge with Experiences. Five Experiences buys one dot of Primal Urge.



SOUL OF THE WOLF



These rules supplement the core rules system, adding the ways Uratha vary from humanity.

ANCHORS

Anchors keep Uratha grounded. They're concepts, philosophies, people, places, and things that help her find herself when lost. **Werewolf: The Forsaken** characters have three Anchors: Blood, Bone, and Touchstones.

Blood and Bone act as a dichotomy. Blood is the visceral, hot instinct brought on from deep within. Bone is the personal firmament that identifies the fleshy human under the fur and claws.

Touchstones are concepts that remind the Uratha that she is neither fully flesh nor spirit, but forever something in-between.

BLOOD & BONE

Blood and Bone offer up two competing facets of a **Werewolf: The Forsaken** character. Blood is wild chaos. Bone is her conscious identity, when the haze of instinct isn't getting in the way. When she's on the hunt, she is her Blood archetype. She's on autopilot, behaving in accordance with her innermost, darkest self. Everything she does has a little hint of the unknown, and that's both terrifying and exciting at the same time. When she's

in her home element, she's her Bone archetype. She knows herself. She can rely on her own behaviors.

When your character makes a clearly bad choice in the heat of the moment in accordance with her Blood archetype, she regains a spent Willpower point. If she takes it a step further, submitting to *Kuruth* or calling a hunt on a whim in accordance with her Blood archetype, she refreshes all her spent Willpower points.

When your character forces down her rage, and takes action with what she fundamentally knows as true, if it's in accordance with her Bone archetype, she regains a Willpower point. When she stands her ground and lets her rational mind interfere with the hunt, or cause conflict within the pack, she refreshes all her spent Willpower points.

The Willpower gained from these Anchors comes from a reinforced sense of identity. In taking a dangerous action in support of who she is, either by instinct, or by sense of self, she strengthens her resolve.

This section offers six examples of Blood and six examples of Bone archetypes. These lists are far from exhaustive. Feel free to make your own, using these as models. You just need to know some reasonable situations in which they would cause a Willpower refresh, both on the small scale and the large scale.

BLOOD ARCHETYPES

Alpha—The Alpha must be in control. He demands rigid hierarchy, even if he's not inherently on top of that pile. He needs order. The wolf inside him is a tool for establishing and maintaining that order. Anything violating his idea of order sends him into a rage.

Your character recovers a point of Willpower when he puts order above free-thinking logic. He regains all Willpower when he uses the force of his bestial nature to put subordinates in line.

Challenger—A Challenger never settles for second place. When things look bleak for the Challenger, he steps up his game. For Uratha, this means overwhelming force. Uratha dominate on the hunt, so the hunt is a tool in the Challenger's pursuit of victory.

Your character recovers a point of Willpower when he ignores safety and reason to look superior. He recovers all Willpower points when he uses *Kuruth* or the hunt to dominate a rival.

Destroyer—The Destroyer is an embodiment of devastation. He's a tidal wave, a hurricane, a force of nature. To the Destroyer, anything worth doing is worth doing hard enough to leave rubble in his wake.

Your character recovers a point of Willpower when he causes significant, lasting damage in pursuit of success. He recovers all Willpower when he abandons himself to *Kuruth* without exploring any other options.

Fox—A Fox is a survivor. A Fox is clever. A Fox will evade, lie in wait, and wait for the right time to strike. A Fox always favors flight over fight, because dead Uratha can't hunt. This can cause problems for a pack that expects action. It can devastate a pack if he leaves them in a time of dire need.

Your character recovers a point of Willpower when he drops everything and flees the scene. If he falls into *Kuruth* while trying to escape from a violent situation, he replenishes all Willpower.

The Monster—A Monster revels in the shadows, using terror and shock to cripple the victims of his hunts. It's less important to overwhelm a victim by force than it is to overwhelm it psychologically. By the time his jaws clamp down, the fight should already be over.

Your character recovers a point of Willpower when he resorts to disgusting or frightening someone into submission. He recovers all Willpower when using the hunt or *Kuruth* as a terror tactic.

Soldier—The Soldier obeys orders. The Soldier is a weapon for his pack. When his alpha speaks, he becomes a tool for the hunt. His own safety means nothing to the greater plan, and his pack's tactics.

Your character recovers a point of Willpower when he ignores his own safety in favor of a leader's order. He recovers all Willpower when engaging in a hunt or entering *Kuruth* to fulfill his alpha's orders, against his own good sense.

BONE ARCHETYPES

Community Organizer—The Community Organizer wins the day through groups and networks. She knows one person is never enough to ensure success, so she navigates interpersonal relationships and bureaucracy to achieve greatness.

Your character recovers a point of Willpower when she convinces a group to focus on its internal problems before external ones. She regains all spent Willpower when she convinces her pack to eschew the hunt, in favor of social or political solutions.

Cub—The Cub hasn't quite finished baking. She isn't ready to take on full responsibility for herself, and relies on the help of others to get by. Her own answers aren't the best, so she leans on others' answers to get by.

Your character recovers a point of Willpower when she ignores her own impulses in favor of another's advice. She regains all Willpower when she puts life and limb completely into another's hands, when she could alternatively use the blood of the wolf to achieve her goals.

Guru—The Guru prides herself in knowing practical answers, and sharing that information with others. She guides because her wisdom is valuable.

Your character recovers a point of Willpower when someone achieves success by following her advice. She regains all spent Willpower when her practical advice leads her pack to an alternative solution to the hunt.

Hedonist—The Hedonist finds truth and answers in immediate gratification. When you're a fucking werewolf, the world's your oyster. You're bigger, stronger, faster, and hotter than everyone around you. Why not revel in that fact?

Your character recovers a point of Willpower when she eschews greater success in favor of personal indulgence. She regains all Willpower when she abandons the hunt for personal pursuits.

Lone Wolf – The Lone Wolf knows that sometimes, the answer lies not with the pack, but with the individual. She's not inherently bad at working with a team, but she's much more willing to handle something herself if she feels it's the best recourse.

Your character recovers a point of Willpower when she acts independently of her pack to solve a pack problem. She regains all Willpower when her pack is on the hunt, and she subverts their plans and solves the problem alone.

Wallflower – The Wallflower prefers to deal with issues through subtlety and consideration, avoiding the spotlight whenever possible. She walks the quiet road, the safe road, and among the Uratha, the lonely road. But not every pack member needs to be a superstar.

Your character recovers a point of Willpower when she acts from the shadows, outside any attention her pack draws. She regains all Willpower when she operates independently to complement her pack that's on the hunt.

TOUCHSTONES

Touchstones are things a werewolf wants, but cannot have. An Uratha walks a fine line between flesh and spirit, and some things will remain forever outside her grasp, unless she falls off that line irrevocably. Her nature pulls her away from the material, and away from the spiritual simultaneously. This unending tug of war leaves the Forsaken feeling as if she can never truly belong anywhere.

A physical Touchstone keeps the Uratha from slipping too far away from humanity and civilization. It may be a person, place, thing, or even an idea. But to give that thing the attention the Uratha feels it deserves, he'd have to forsake his spiritual side.

On the other hand, a spiritual Touchstone is a spirit, a totem, a locus, or a philosophy that draws the Uratha to the *Hisil*. But the devotion required to truly dedicate himself would leave him a hermit, estranged from humanity.

Touchstones are not recognized formally in-character. A werewolf knows that he has important relationships that anchor his Harmony, but the associations remain abstract. Packmates will never discuss "their Touchstones." They will discuss the people and things important to each other, though.

When choosing your Touchstones, consider how they bring conflict to your character. Consider her flesh side, and her spirit side, and think about the struggles she'll face. Touchstones are the end of the spectrum; they're the promise on either side of potential.

Example: Picture the dedicated police officer married to his job. He wants to propose to his boyfriend, but it's just not fair. He's never home. He's always in danger. And it's not like he can just give up the job; it's who he is. The boyfriend is close enough to touch, but too far to hold.

TOUCHSTONES IN PLAY

In game terms, a Touchstone helps bolster rolls to resist breaking points (see p. 104). As long as he has a physical Touchstone, a werewolf gains +2 to any rolls to resist Harmony

loss. As long as he has a spiritual Touchstone, he gains +2 to any rolls to resist Harmony gain.

However, Uratha can go too far out one end of the spectrum to benefit from their Touchstones. With 8 or more dots of Harmony, Uratha lose access to their spiritual Touchstones, since they're too human at that point to connect with their spiritual sides. With 2 or fewer dots of Harmony, Uratha cannot access their physical Touchstones, since they're only tangentially creatures of flesh at that point.

Uratha can lose Touchstones. Buildings burn. People die. Whenever a character loses his Touchstone, he falls one level of Harmony away. If a physical Touchstone dies, he slips toward his spirit side. If a spiritual Touchstone fades, he slips toward the flesh. He can replace the lost Touchstone, but establishing a new relationship is a breaking point in the other direction, since the effort necessary taxes the balance further.

As well, any time your character reinforces his bond to a Touchstone, he regains a point of Willpower. This should be a meaningful interaction, but err on the side of allowance. If your character puts his life or pack on the line in defense of that relationship, he can regain all spent Willpower.

EXAMPLE TOUCHSTONES

Here are twelve example Touchstones, six physical, six spiritual. Each features a built-in conflict to complicate your character's life. Feel free to use these, or let them inspire your own creations.

The Abuser (Physical Touchstone) – She hurt your character. Deeply. Regularly. Your character knew it was wrong, but didn't know how to walk away. When your character Changed, he tried his best to avoid his abuser. After all, that kind of damage could certainly trigger *Kuruth*. From a practical standpoint, murder is complicated. From an emotional standpoint, murder is murder. However, she won't take "no" for an answer. She insists on forcing her way back in, to take advantage of what she sees as a weakness in your character. She has a need, and that need could turn your character into a murderer.

The Ambitious Totem (Spiritual Touchstone) – Your character has a personal totem, a wild spirit that follows him around everywhere. The spirit is a primal one; it encourages reckless, chaotic abandon. It wants him to lose himself in the wolf. More importantly, it wants to grow. It wants to prey on smaller spirits with his help, and become something fearsome. Little does your character know, but his totem is slowly attempting to bring him into the folds of the Pure; the spirit believes it'll become a great pack's totem if it can seduce one of the Forsaken into the Pure tribes. Alternatively, the pack totem tests and tries your character further than the others; it thinks he has pent up potential to be something greater, something unfettered from his flesh entirely.

The Buddy Spirit (Spiritual Touchstone) – She's a wolf spirit; she's a minor member of your character's tribal totem's *umia*. Most importantly, she's a friend. She's a confidante. She's a companion. She's like a drinking buddy, in wolf form. She's the perfect listener. Any time your character has problems, she hears them out. She never judges. She just asks your character

to run with her through the woods, to feel the warm wind against his fur, and to hunt for the sake of the hunt. She tells him to sell his house, to burn his possessions, and to just be happy. How can he say no to that?

The Ex (Physical Touchstone) – He was always there. This was supposed to be one of those ‘for life’ things. All signs said it would be. That was, until you Changed. You had to withdraw. Every time you were with him, you risked losing control and destroying the only person you ever truly loved. So you pushed him away. But he wouldn’t stay away, and you couldn’t let him stay away. Every month or so, when the moon’s not pulling your strings, you end up sweaty in a bed next to him. Now, he thinks something’s up. When you see him, he finds excuses to poke through your text messages and read emails over your shoulder.

The Future Self (Spiritual Touchstone) – Your character is followed by a spirit that represents her future. It shows her an idealized, perfect form of herself as Uratha. It shows her what she could be, if she just lets herself be the legend. She could fill the role of her glorious ancestors, standing proud as the very image of Father Wolf’s power and grace. When she takes steps toward advancing her human existence, the spirit, this epic statue, weeps, crumbles, and fades. When she steps into her “destiny,” the statue becomes golden, pure, perfect. How does she look upon herself as she sees failure in her future?

The Locus (Spiritual Touchstone) – The locus represents everything your character loves about the *Hisil*. It creates. It stands strong. It needs her. Unfortunately, the wellspring of the locus has a physical side, and it needs tending just as much as the spiritual. The locus favors her. If your character spends more than an hour a day there, it will only offer up its Essence to her; it denies her entire pack and anyone else. While she can curb this with a bit of avoidance, this causes local spirits to see the locus as a challenge to be overcome.

The Lune (Spiritual Touchstone) – Your character has a dangerous affinity for Lunes, representatives of Luna herself. Forsaken warn every young Uratha to never take a Lune for a totem, because down that path lies madness. However, early on, your character met a Lune, and the two clicked like fast friends. Her pack might not know, but even if they do, they don’t know the depth of it. If they find out just how close the two are, they’ll stage an intervention. They’ll offer ultimatums, threats, or straight-up violence.

The Old Gang (Physical Touchstone) – Your character used to run with a tight-knit clique of friends. Sounds great, doesn’t it? It’s a group of people who have your back, who will lie for you, who will give you a place to crash in times of need, and who will put up with your drunken ramblings. The truth of the matter is, their love is their biggest drawback. They will never just accept “I’m going away for a week” without an explanation and text messages. If her Facebook relationship status changes and they didn’t know first, she’ll never live it down. They’re up in her business, because they care. And that new crew she’s running with? Her friends know they’re dangerous, and are looking for the lead to prove it.

The Parents (Physical Touchstone) – Your character’s parents loved him very much. But like most everything in the world, that love was not unconditional. It had its limits. Like

for example the time your character had his First Change, and left two of his high school friends dead. He didn’t tell his parents everything, but he told them enough that they couldn’t handle the truth, and disowned him. Over the past couple of years, he’s connected with them a few times, and is starting reconciliation. But if he wants them back, they’re going to need to see progress. They’re going to need him to move back in to his own room, so they can monitor his drug use. He can’t even tell them he’s not on drugs, let alone move in.

The Prey (Spiritual Touchstone) – Your character takes her tribal prey seriously, more seriously than most other Uratha. She obsesses over them. She hunts them in all her spare time. She studies them whenever she finds the opportunity. It becomes an obsession; it becomes the core of her identity. She views everything through the lens of that prey. Even when she deals with humans in mundane interactions, she relates to that experience through the hunt, and through her ancestral enemy. She can see the enemy’s claws in everything, and enemy action will always be her first assumption when the fires ignite. She will not stop until her tribe has no prey left to hunt.

The Religion (Physical Touchstone) – Your character was – and is – deeply religious. The reason this Touchstone is physical, though, is that it flies in the face of everything he’s learned about the *Hisil*, about Father Wolf, and about the world beneath the surface. It’s a human establishment of religion, and it keeps him from delving too deeply into his new identity. Not only that, but he’s beginning to see hints of his old beliefs confirming themselves in contrast to the animist reality of his existence as Forsaken. Last week, he saw an angel who told him that the world of spirits is a lie; that to find grace, he must eschew heathen practices. An Ithaeur told him he had the taint of a *Maeljin* on him after the encounter. But the angel told him to expect such heresy.

The Sponsor (Physical Touchstone) – Your character was in recovery for cocaine addiction. The First Change curbed the addiction, and that was wonderful. She finally shook that problem. Unfortunately, her sponsor doesn’t know any better. He sees the rage inside her. He sees the late night meetings. He sees her sneaking out, lying to her employers, and threatening that asshole next door. To him, it looks like she’s fallen off the wagon, and is hitting the coke again. He cares. To him, helping her is the next step in his personal recovery. He’s considering staging an intervention. She’ll be surprised when she comes in with blood on her hands after a hunt, only to see her closest friends and family ready to help her kick the blow.

The Wilds (Spiritual Touchstone) – The wilderness calls to your character. Those places where humans fear to tread, where the Gauntlet runs thin, where the only rule is the rule of nature, those places resonate as home for her in a way no city can hope to. However, she has a life in that civilization. She has a pack, friends, family, and an entire context she can’t just abandon and hope to maintain Harmony. Worse, the wilds demand her attention. Any time she spends a full day in the city, some awful coincidence occurs with the nature around her. Yesterday, a tree fell and nearly crashed her car. Today, flooding caused her to be late and lose her job.

FAMILY MATTERS: CREATING THE PACK

Pack creation comes directly after character creation. You've made your characters; now tie them together. This communal discussion is where you determine Touchstones, and decide the packmembers' relationships. You create the pack in tiers, from the Uratha themselves, to the Wolf-Blooded around them, to the humans, who don't quite understand the true nature of the group they are part of. Then you move on to the pack's unifying totem spirit.

During this process, keep the totem spirit in mind. It fills a conceptual space that brings the pack together, so it may come up at any point in the process. You may already have an idea for the totem for the pack. That's fine. You'll define it mechanically after the rest of the pack.

Also, during these steps, you'll want to come up with Touchstones, both physical and spiritual. Many of the Touchstones, particularly the physical ones, can be parts of the pack. But it's important that Touchstones emerge as part of the conversation, so they're better integrated into the setting at large and don't just exist as traits on a single player's character sheet.

You'll be making a handful of characters per player: the main Uratha character, a Wolf-Blooded, and a few humans. Who portrays them all? Usually, the player who makes the character portrays him or her. This can get complicated, if the player needs multiple characters that she made to interact. She can offer up the character to any other player who is currently available, or she can offer the responsibility to the Storyteller for the scene's immediate needs. But the pack is an ensemble cast; it should be treated with that level of fluid importance. Many characters won't see play during every game session. Some will stay out of play for entire stories.

Spirits, wolves, and other characters that aren't Wolf-Blooded or mundane humans can also be part of a pack. If you choose to use these options, determine the character's role in the pack, and use either Wolf-Blooded or Periphery character creation rules to reflect them.

THE URATHA

First, you create the core cast, the Uratha in charge of the pack. Use the rules in the previous section to create them. Players may choose to play Wolf-Blooded as their primary characters instead of Uratha. If they choose to do so, you can find the rules on p. 296.

Before you make characters, it's worth looking at any roles or functions you'd like to fill in the pack. If you want an espionage-capable pack, for example, it's worth making certain there's an Irraka and an Elodoth in the pack at very least. Consider the kinds of Skills and Gifts the characters will need as a group, and individually, in order to accomplish those goals. Also look toward Merits, particularly Social Merits. Be aware of any potential overlap, and assess whether or not the pack might need its characters to branch out instead.



OTHERS

This section assumes a pack of Forsaken includes Uratha, Wolf-Blooded, humans, and a totem. That's not the whole story. Some packs try to get closer to Wolf or Moon, bringing in wolves or spirits to their fold. These packs are more common among the Pure — the Fire-Touched bring spirits into their packs, while the Predator Kings boast of canine packmates. Some Forsaken take the same path, but they're rare.

The World of Darkness has stranger denizens besides. A sorcerer, a vampire, or a patchwork creature could join a pack of werewolves. Unless a totem has a particular prejudice, there's no reason it couldn't happen.

Most of the time, such creatures fit in on the level of Wolf-Blooded — they have supernatural awareness, but not the same spiritual imperative to hunt that the Uratha possess. In some even rarer cases, a formidable creature may find themselves on the level with the pack's Uratha, allowed to join in (but not benefit from) the *Siskur-Dah*.

If the players want to include these stranger packmates, take some time to ask and answer some questions that arise. What does the pack do when its vampire member must sleep during the day? What about when they must hunt a spirit of the same *umia* as a packmate? The earlier you address those questions, the better these fringe cases will integrate into your chronicle.

STEP ONE: INTRODUCTIONS

Once you have characters, it's time to link them together. Go around the table. Everyone should introduce their own primary character. Use the opportunity to get into your character's voice. Give her name, auspice, tribe, a few of her personal specialties, anything others might know about her, and the way you expect her to relate to her pack. This is all about getting to know the cast. Ask questions, bring up potential hooks, take notes.

STEP TWO: CONNECTIONS

Then, go around the table and build at least one connection per character. When it's your turn, propose a connection, whether superficial or deep.

For example: "Sally thinks Taylor's a thief. She knows Taylor's an Irraka, but suspects her of stealing from the pack. So she's always following her, trying to catch her doing something stupid."

The other player gets to come back at the pitch, and try to add to it. "Taylor thinks Sally has a thing for her. She sees Sally following her around, and looks at it like a schoolgirl crush. Once or twice, Taylor's confronted her, and they've

had a little fling because Sally was too embarrassed to admit why she was really following Taylor around."

Go back and forth a couple of times. Build the tie. Sell the story. If anyone doesn't like an addition, they can veto it, and propose something else. This is all about collaboration.

Go through at least once around the table, so everyone ties to another character. If the inspiration strikes, you don't have to stop there. But don't take too long with this. You'll flesh out these relationships in play.

These connections don't all have to be positive. As the example noted, suspicion is a viable relationship. But watch out, or the pack can fall quickly to infighting. Unless that's your goal, it can make for a very frustrating chronicle. As a guideline, consider keeping two "positive" relationships to each "negative" relationship.

THE WOLF-BLOODED

Next, you create the Wolf-Blooded who support the pack. These are characters who both share the blood of the Uratha, and know they're part of a pack. They have strong roles to play, roles of which they're aware. We'll create one per player at this juncture. If anyone wants to make more than one, they can. But keep in mind, every additional character runs the risk of diluting the roles of all the others.

Note that here, we're making supporting-cast Wolf-Blooded. If you want to use them as primary protagonists in place of Uratha, refer to the rules on p. 296, and add them in the first step of pack creation, not this one.

Go around the table. Come up with ideas for some of the Wolf-Blooded characters within the pack. Not everyone needs to make one, but everyone contributes to the conversation. Then, use Supporting Character Sheets to create them.

ASPIRATIONS

Each Wolf-Blooded receives two Aspirations. One must relate directly to his role (official or unofficial) in the pack. The other helps to define him personally.

VIRTUE AND VICE

Instead of Blood and Bone traits, Wolf-Blooded characters possess a Virtue and a Vice. Virtue is something fundamental within the character which reaffirms her inherent strength and integrity. Vice is a point of vulnerability or weakness within her. These are descriptive traits, one or two words that offer anchor points for the character. More information on Virtue and Vice can be found in Chapter Four.

ATTRIBUTES AND SKILLS

Attributes and Skills are identical traits for Wolf-Blooded characters and Uratha. Wolf-Blooded receive 5/4/3 dots in Attributes. Skills receive fifteen dots, distributed however you see fit among the three categories.

TELL

All Wolf-Blooded bear the mark of the Moon or the Wolf in the form of a Tell, a supernatural talent that marks them out from normal humans. Pick a Tell from those listed in Appendix One. Wolf-Blooded characters never fall victim to Lunacy.

MERITS

Wolf-Blooded receive five dots of Merits. You can find Wolf-Blooded-specific Merits in Appendix One. Supporting Wolf-Blooded may only have one dot in the Totem Merit.

DERIVED TRAITS

Determine all the same derived traits that the Uratha receive. Calculate them using the steps on p. 83.

FINISHING TOUCHES

Once you have character sheets for these Wolf-Blooded, go back around the table, and establish connections the way you did in the last step between the Uratha. These Wolf-Blooded can have relationships between each other, or to the Uratha.

THE PERIPHERY

Next, you create the humans who are in the pack, but aren't quite aware that they're in a formal pack, or that Uratha even exist. They're friends, family, coworkers, and other people who fall under the pack's auspices and protection. Every player should make one, two, or even three of them. They're bit-part characters, for the most part. They can be elevated in play, but they are mostly there to help define the setting and expand the pack.

They're also far simpler characters to create than other characters. Use the Supporting Character Sheets. You need a name and a concept, just like any other character. Then

SUPPORTING WOLF-BLOODED QUICK REFERENCE

Step One: Choose Name, Concept, and Aspirations

Wolf-Blooded characters have two Aspirations.

Step Two: Choose Virtue and Vice

Note a Virtue and a Vice.

Step Three: Attributes

Assign 5/4/3 Attribute dots.

Step Four: Skills

Wolf-Blooded receive 15 Skill dots, divided however you choose.

Step Five: Tell

Choose a Tell from those listed in Appendix One.

Step Six: Merits

Choose five Merit dots.

Step Seven: Derived Traits

Determine Speed, Initiative, Defense, Health, and Willpower.

HUMAN PACK MEMBER QUICK REFERENCE

Step One: Name and Concept

Step Two: Aspiration

Choose a single Aspiration for the character.

Step Three: Choose Dice Pools

Supporting cast members get three dice pools, one at 3 dice, one at 4, and one at 5 dice.

Step Four: Willpower

Supporting cast members get two dots of Willpower.

choose a single Aspiration, reflecting the character's role in the pack.

DICE POOLS

Supporting characters are heavily truncated characters. They receive a handful of essential dice pools, instead of a collection of Attributes and Skills. With the other players, choose three actions (rather than Skills) that are core to the character's role in the pack. A mechanic shop owner might have Repair, Business, and Procurement, while a member of biker gang might have Deal Drugs, Dirty Fighting, and Ride. Specialties are a good baseline for what can constitute an action. Prioritize these three actions; the character receives one with five dice, one with four dice, and one with three dice. Any other actions the character takes are at two dice.

A supporting character has two dots of Willpower.

Keep in mind that unless you decide that this is everyone in the pack, you have only detailed those who will show up early on. They're the beginning. The pack may have other humans and Wolf-Blooded invested, either directly or indirectly. You can flesh them out as the need arises.

CREATING THE TOTEM

By now, you should have a solid idea about who the pack members are, in general. The totem serves to wrap all that up in a simpler package. The totem helps to define the pack as a whole, to give it purpose and identity.

The totem is effectively a member of the pack, playing a highly specific role. The totem helps with the hunt while in the Shadow. In return, the pack always has the Resonant Condition (see p. 188) for their totem spirit.

STEP ONE: NAME AND CONCEPT

By now, you should have an idea of what the totem is, conceptually. As a group, come up with the concept for the totem,

in the same way you would for an Uratha character. The totem's name should be a short epithet, reflecting that concept. Keep the name on the shorter side; longer names typically denote immensely powerful spirits, beyond those that the Uratha bind as totems.

For more inspiration on common spirit types, look to the spirit examples on p. 74-75. A totem is a unique creature, but is sometimes part of an *ilthum* of similar spirits.

STEP TWO: ASPIRATION AND BAN

Totems have Aspirations, just like any other character. The totem's Aspiration acts as a fourth Aspiration for each pack member. A totem's ban is appropriate for its Rank, as described on p. 185. Pack members must uphold the totem's ban; a pack member who disregards the totem's ban once will suffer it as a Ban Condition. If she breaches the ban again, she loses her dots in the Totem Merit.

Choose the Aspiration based on the totem's and the pack's goals. The ban should be something that logically, the totem cannot do. A fire spirit, for example, cannot immerse itself in water, so a pack to a fire spirit may have a similar prohibition.

STEP THREE: DETERMINE TOTEM POINTS

Add up the total number of dots that pack members have in the Totem Merit. That's the total number of points the pack has to spend to bolster the totem's abilities and the gifts it grants the pack members. While Wolf-Blooded may have the Totem Merit, remember that supporting Wolf-Blooded may only have a single dot.

STEP FOUR: DETERMINE ADVANTAGE

The total number of Totem points determines the benefit that the totem grants every member of the pack, whether or not they possess the Totem Merit themselves. The players buy a benefit – an Attribute, Skill, Skill Specialty, or Merit – with a pool of Experiences, with the number of Experiences based on the number of Totem points.

| Totem Points | Advantage |
|--------------|-------------------|
| 1-8 | One Experiences |
| 9-14 | Three Experiences |
| 15-20 | Five Experiences |
| 20+ | Ten Experiences |

Whatever trait the players buy, every member of the pack gains it. If they have 15 Totem points, they have five Experiences to spend. They agree on a dot of Strength and the one-dot version of the Fleet of Foot Merit. Every member of the pack – including Wolf-Blooded and human members – gains one dot of Strength and the one-dot version of the Merit.

Merits: If the character already has the Merit, or the maximum allowed level, choose another relevant trait of the same value. For example, A totem can't grant dots of Dedicated Locus or Totem; any characters implied by Social Merits such as Allies or Retainer are not themselves members of the pack.

Skill Specialties: If the chosen trait is a Skill Specialty, define it when creating the totem. If anyone already has that

Specialty, they gain the Area of Expertise Merit (see p. 111) relating to that Specialty.

Skills or Attributes: If the chosen trait is a Skill or Attribute, it adds a single dot to every pack member. This can take werewolves and Wolf-Blooded one dot above their normal limits (usually five dots, barring an exceptional Primal Urge score). Human packmates with five dots in the trait gain 8-again on all rolls involving the trait.

STEP FIVE: DETERMINE TOTEM TRAITS

The combined Totem points determine the totem's traits. As spirits, totems use a different set of traits; these are detailed on p. 183.

For each Totem point, the totem receives one Attribute dot. The totem must have at least one dot in each Attribute, and no more than half the total Attribute points can go into a single Attribute. Use these Attributes to determine the spirit's derived traits. The Attributes also determine the totem's Rank, determined by the chart on p. 183; the spirit starts with one dot of Influence per Rank as normal.

The spirit's maximum Essence is the lower of the total number of Totem points or the maximum Essence for its Rank. The spirit starts with one Numen. Every four Totem points grants the spirit an additional Numen.

THE PACK PRELUDE

Playing through a prelude helps seal everything up and forge the pack as a cohesive unit. This is just a short scene or series of scenes to answer a few remaining questions about how the pack operates from day to day, so everyone's on the same page. Keep this scene loose and easy. Avoid dice rolling if at all possible, and let the players have whatever narrative control they see fit. The idea here is to establish a foundation for later stories, not provide challenges to overcome.

During this scene or series of scenes, you will want to answer at least the following questions:

- How does the pack organize itself? Traditionally, packs have three tiers, the highest with the Uratha, the totem, and the occasional spiritually attuned Wolf-Blooded, the middle with the remaining Wolf-Blooded, and the bottom with the mundane humans. Some packs maintain powerful matriarchs, some have committee rule, some act as communes with open discussion.
- How does the pack operate on the hunt? Once on the hunt, do they appoint alphas, betas, and omegas? Do the different members take charge whenever their specialties arise? Is their organization more chaotic, relying on in-the-moment decision-making?
- Does every Uratha in the pack have both a physical and spiritual Touchstone at this point? If not, establish them during the prelude. Players should take note of all the Touchstones for the pack, so they can bring them up when relevant and use them within the story.

PRIMAL URGE LEVELS

| Primal Urge | Attribute/Skill Max | Max Essence/Per Turn | Regeneration | Basu-Im Time | Feeding Restriction | Hunt Time | Lunacy Penalty | Tracking Bonus |
|-------------|---------------------|----------------------|--------------|--------------|---------------------|-----------|----------------|----------------|
| 1 | 5 | 10/1 | 1B | 10 minutes | None | 3 months | 0 | 0 |
| 2 | 5 | 11/2 | 1B | 10 minutes | Meat | 3 months | 0 | 0 |
| 3 | 5 | 12/3 | 1B | 15 minutes | Meat | 1 month | 0 | 0 |
| 4 | 5 | 13/4 | 2B | 20 minutes | Raw meat | 1 month | -2 | +1 |
| 5 | 5 | 15/5 | 2B | 30 minutes | Raw meat | 3 weeks | -2 | +1 |
| 6 | 6 | 20/6 | 3B | 1 hour | Carnivore | 3 weeks | -2 | +2 |
| 7 | 7 | 25/7 | 3B | 2 hour | Carnivore | 1 week | -2 | +2 |
| 8 | 8 | 30/8 | 4B | 3 hours | Essence | 1 week | -3 | +3 |
| 9 | 9 | 50/10 | 5B | 6 hours | Essence | 3 days | -4 | +3 |
| 10 | 10 | 75/15 | 6B | 12 hours | Essence | 3 days | -5 | +4 |

PRIMAL URGE

Primal Urge is the Uratha's innermost instinct; it's the fire inside that yearns to overwhelm, kill, and consume. To the wolf inside the Uratha, everything is pack, prey, mate, or territory. It sees everything in shades of meat. Normally, this instinct is a whisper in the back of her mind. When she sees her auspice moon in the sky, it becomes a constant, bellowing voice. As her Primal Urge increases, a werewolf sheds her human upbringing. She becomes closer to the Goddess of the Hunt, the ultimate predator. A few werewolves, those who follow the raging beast within, feel the drive to become something more — akin to the Firstborn, or even to Father Wolf himself.

A werewolf's Primal Urge is the breath that rises in her breast, the tang of fear in the air, the fire that runs through her veins, and the delicious taste of her prey's blood on her tongue. This rushing spiritual power gives her a number of benefits — and weaknesses.

In game terms, a high Primal Urge allows a werewolf to hold more Essence, spend more Essence in a turn, and develop her Attributes and Skills to superhuman levels. It also measures

how quickly a werewolf regenerates, and how well she can track her prey. All werewolves begin with Primal Urge 1. At character creation, players can buy extra dots, at a cost of five Merit dots for each. After play begins, a player can only increase her character's Primal Urge by spending five Experiences per dot.

As her Primal Urge increases, so do the hardships of a werewolf's hunt. She cannot recover from the crashing wave of *Kuruth* for as long as she once could, as the bloodthirsty predator lurks closer to the surface. She becomes an obligate carnivore, at first able to only digest meat, then having to feast on the flesh of other carnivores, and finally needing the Essence-soaked ephemera of spirits — or the meat of humans and wolves — to sate her hunger. While she can ingest other foods she cannot gain nourishment from them, and loses a point of Essence each day that she goes without. She also cannot spend long without the thrill of the Sacred Hunt, for fear of losing her predatory edge. The chart above sets out how long she can go without being on the *Siskur-Dah*. If she exceeds that time, she loses a point of Essence each day, and suffers a breaking point towards Flesh.

BODY OF THE WOLF

Every Uratha shares certain physical traits that define what she is. These advantages help fulfill her role as apex hunter, and accomplish her destined duties to the *Hisil*.

REGENERATION

Few things compare to watching your own bone snap in half. Most people never have to consider this truth, but the Uratha confront it frequently. For them, the snap is awful, but watching the body pull taut and knit back together is far worse. Werewolf regeneration is not a peaceful healing process. Uratha regeneration is the body's stark defiance against anything that would destroy it. It's the wolf's wild instincts to survive, taken to a rapid and violent

extreme. For anything but a superficial wound, regeneration looks unnatural and perverted to the average person. Muscles grind and twist to return to where they need to be. Bones fuse with a faint hiss as cells split apart and grab one another eagerly. Torn skin whips around until it finds its match across the wound. Needless to say, Uratha avoid hospitals at all cost — witnessing the regeneration of lethal damage causes Lunacy in onlookers as though the werewolf were in Dalu, regardless of the Uratha's form. The effects of a werewolf's regeneration depend on the wound inflicted.

Bashing Damage: Uratha heal at least one point of bashing damage per turn, depending on their Primal Urge. See the chart on above for the exact amount.

Lethal Damage: Uratha heal their regeneration rate in of lethal damage every 15 minutes. By spending a point of Essence as a reflexive action, she may regenerate lethal damage instead of bashing damage for the turn.

Aggravated Damage: Aggravated damage regenerates much slower, closer to the speed of human wounds. Uratha heal one point of aggravated damage every four days. Only silver and supernatural powers (including Gifts, mage spells, and vampiric Disciplines) can cause aggravated damage to Uratha directly. Any source of harm that would cause aggravated damage to a human, including massive bodily devastation, only causes lethal damage to Uratha. As such, most unwitting attackers must do enough lethal damage to cause it to “roll over” into aggravated damage before it poses a real problem for werewolves.

Tilts: Werewolves who suffer from Tilts inflicted by aggravated damage, like missing arms or missing eyes, heal those Tilts when they heal the associated wound.

Gauru: When in Gauru form, Uratha heal all bashing and lethal damage at the start of each turn.

Toxins: Toxins can still affect Uratha. Subtract the Uratha’s Primal Urge from the Toxicity rating of any poison or disease that would ail her.

SENSES

Humans have one set of senses, but some rare humans can peek beyond to see more than their five traditional senses allow. But a peek is just that—the most attuned only receive glimpses of a truth beyond the flesh. Uratha have three sets of senses; they have those of a human, those of a wolf, and those of a spirit. Bound together, these three make for an ideal hunter. A werewolf has all her senses in all of her forms. Even when walking in a human’s skin, she can tap into the senses of wolf and spirit.

HUMAN SENSES

I see a street. I see a man with a gaudy coat. He smells like cheap malt liquor. He’s probably a drug dealer. It’s dark, but the bars just closed, so he won’t be out for long.

Uratha have human senses that work like any other human’s. The First Change does perfect any existing imperfections. Uratha have 20/10 vision, impeccable hearing, and keen senses of smell. If a werewolf had lost a sense prior to the First Change, it comes back within days of the Change. This will force the regeneration of lost eyes or other sense organs. Even if she was born blind or deaf, the Change brings senses that she has never experienced before.

Human senses are considered the werewolf’s default senses in Hishu and Dalu form. If she wishes to activate her other senses, she must consciously choose to, though this is a reflexive action that doesn’t require a roll.

WOLF SENSES

The pavement smells of blood and semen. The same blood and semen on that man. He victimized someone close by, not long ago. His hand trembles with fear. He’s afraid someone knows. My territory is close; he was on my grounds when he committed his crime. He knows he won’t live to hurt another person.

An Uratha’s wolf senses are still constrained by the limitations of the world of Flesh. But a wolf’s senses are based

more on intuitively knowing and understanding what they experience. They don’t smell the details; they smell a holistic, deep picture.

Wolf senses are considered the werewolf’s default senses in Urhan and Urshul form. Wolf senses offer a bonus to Perception-based rolls depending on her form. Further, if she would normally suffer penalties due to deprivation (blindness, strong scents, or deafness), her other senses compensate, negating those penalties entirely.

Smell: A wolf’s sense of smell is important for identification, for navigation, and for self-defense. Uratha may use Primal Urge as her dice pool to identify a character she remembers, even if he’s hiding or disguised. If she smells a scene, then later meets another Uratha who was present, she can identify the connection with a Wits + Primal Urge roll. If the Uratha has intentionally left his scent on a scene, no roll is necessary.

Werewolves can also identify each other and Wolf-Blooded by smell. Doing so requires a Wits + Primal Urge roll, though this takes an instant action and she has to get in close to the character to be sure. Whether she uses the close press of a nightclub crowd or a tight-knit mob at a riot, she has to invade her suspect’s personal space.

Hearing: Wolves’ hearing is second only to their sense of smell. When accessing her wolf senses, an Uratha can hear from a distance of one mile (or two kilometers) per dot of Primal Urge. She may also hear frequencies denied to human ears. Ignore penalties based on quietness or range of hearing.

In the city, the distance of a wolf’s hearing is mostly academic. Since the city has so many sounds, focusing on a single sound is nigh impossible. The werewolf can only discern the sounds in her immediate surroundings.

Vision: Wolves see fewer colors than humans, but have excellent vision in the dark, and can see movement with frightening acuity. They see things too fast for human eyes. Uratha using their wolf senses halve all penalties for darkness, rounded down. Ignore any penalties to vision due to rapid movement; Uratha can read the license plates on a speeding car with ease.

Blood: If a werewolf has tasted her quarry’s blood, she can sense her prey’s location. This ability is not limited by distance, but it only gives the exact direction — which may be through walls, across oceans, or through danger. This applies to humans, animals, and any other living thing with blood. A werewolf can only follow one victim at a time; she loses the trail when she tastes another creature’s blood or after a lunar month.

SPIRIT SENSES

Behind the caul, a spirit urges him. It’s a glob of flesh, with tendrils that look like slender fingers with red, polished nails, and a sheen and honeyed scent of a woman’s wetness. But he knows. He’s looking over his shoulder toward her. He made a deal with it. He smells of its stink, and blood will be the only thing to wash it.

Uratha are Uratha thanks to their connection to the world of Spirit. They’re attuned to the Shadow, and can peek across to experience it, extending any or all of their senses across the Gauntlet. However, the Forsaken are forever denied existing in both places at once, thanks to their sins.

With an instant action to focus, the Uratha can send any of her senses across the Gauntlet. If she wishes to do so reflexively, she must spend a point of Essence. This can extend her human or wolf senses across in either direction. Without a Gift, each of her senses is binary; she can see or smell or hear in either spirit or flesh. If she sends some but not all of her senses to the Shadow, she suffers a -2 penalty to all actions that rely on Perception or concentration, and loses her ability to ignore sensory penalties from her wolf senses. A werewolf can only send her form's default senses across the Gauntlet — she cannot pass her wolf's sense of smell to the *Hisil* in Dalu form. The Gauntlet poses a further barrier; her Perception rolls suffer a penalty determined by the Gauntlet's strength (p. 101)

The werewolf does not need to focus in order to sense spirits in Twilight. Unless the spirit is intentionally trying to hide, Uratha sense spirits in Twilight as well as they would manifested.

TRACKING

Werewolves are excellent hunters. With the right conditions, an Uratha will track her prey wherever he hides. It's only a matter of time — but the hunter may not always have the luxury of time.

Resistance to a tracking maneuver is either passive or active, depending on whether the quarry knows he is being tracked and if he tries to avoid his pursuer. Which skill tracking rolls use depends on the environment the prey moves through — Survival for wilderness and Streetwise for urban areas. For pursuits that move between each, the Storyteller decides which environment dominates.

Tracking takes time, and other events don't stop just because the hunter tracks her prey. The Storyteller should add encounters, distractions, and narrative obstacles to challenge the character and make tracking an exciting and integral part of the chronicle, rather than just a series of dice rolls.

The Storyteller may decide that tracking is impossible because the distance between hunter and prey is too great, or that too much time has passed since the prey left the trail. Some Gifts such as Impossible Spoor (p. 137), or the innate tracking ability of an Uratha who has tasted her prey's blood, can surpass even these physical tracking limitations.

SUGGESTED TRACKING MODIFIERS

| Circumstance | Modifier |
|---|-------------------------------|
| Prey leaves unusually strong/weak trail | Up to +/-3 |
| Time since trail was made | -1 per day |
| Prey size 1-3 | -1 |
| Prey size 4-6 | 0 |
| Prey size 7-9 | +1 |
| Prey size 10+ | +2 |
| Prey is bleeding | +1 |
| Hunter is Uratha | Add Primal Urge bonus (p. 93) |

UNCONTESTED TRACKING

Even when the quarry doesn't actively try to conceal his trail, his knowledge and habits still subconsciously make him minimize the spoor he leaves. If the prey learns he is being hunted, the tracking maneuver may become contested (see below).

Dice Pool: Wits + (Streetwise or Survival) - Streetwise or Survival

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic failure: The hunter loses trail and is shaken by her failure, gaining the Lost Tracker Condition.

Failure: The hunter loses the trail, but may try to find it again.

Success: The hunter will find her prey. The Storyteller determines how long this takes, depending on the distance to be covered and how mobile the prey is. Extremely long distances or major changes in the environmental conditions may require further rolls to keep the trail.

Exceptional Success: The hunter will either find her prey in half the time, or gains the Invisible Predator Condition (p. 308).

CONTESTED TRACKING

Contested tracking maneuvers are more involved than uncontested tracking, as the prey tries to eliminate his traces or give out false trails, while the hunter tries to find enough of the prey's spoor to find where he hides.

The hunter must find an amount of spoor equal to the prey's Resolve + Streetwise or Survival. She starts the hunt with spoor equal to her Wits.

The Storyteller determines the time between each roll from the distance between hunter and prey — as a guide, rolls should take an hour per mile of distance. A werewolf can use her forms to help with contested tracking; depending on her main form during a given hour, add her form's Perception bonus.

Time is always against the hunter as all trails go cold. For every day of tracking, subtract -1 from the hunter's total. If this reduces the total to zero she loses the trail. This assumes cool, mild weather conditions. Under deteriorating conditions the trail decays much faster. Subtract -1 from the hunter's total every 12 hours in warm, dry conditions, 6 hours in snow, 3 hours in light rain and every hour in heavier rain. The Storyteller may also decide that other factors alter the rate of decay, for example if the trail is subject to high traffic, or strong winds confuse the detection of scent.

Dice Pool: Wits + Streetwise or Survival versus Resolve + Streetwise or Survival

Action: Extended and Contested (see above)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: Hunter — gains the Lost Tracker Condition (p. 308); Prey — gains the Easy Prey Condition (p. 307).

Failure: If both hunter and prey fail, neither gains the upper hand. Either one may choose to change the Failure to a dramatic failure and take a Beat.

Success: Hunter — adds +1 to her total. If she has gained enough spoor she has located her prey; Prey — subtracts -1 from the hunter's total. If this reduces the total to 0 he successfully breaks the trail and escapes.

Exceptional Success: Hunter — adds +2 to her total. If she has gained enough spoor she gains the Invisible Predator Condition (p. 308); Prey — subtracts -2 from the hunter's total. If this reduces the total to 0 or less he escapes the hunter and gains the Untraceable Condition (p. 311).

SHAPESHIFTING

An Uratha is not a person who can take on animal features, or even shift into an animal's form. They're ultimate hunters, able to take on five different forms depending on the needs of the hunt from one moment to the next. Though it may take a while to get used to, a werewolf's human form is only a "default" in that it provides the best camouflage among humans.

The five forms of the Uratha are perfectly natural, within their own context. In Urshul, a werewolf is an enormous wolf. She is a living, breathing creature. Her claws are made of keratin. Her teeth are forged of enamel and dentine. Until she changes to another form, she is an exceptionally large, exceptionally powerful, entirely natural wolf.

An Uratha with high Harmony struggles with the change. To say it's painful is an understatement on the level of saying that the universe is large. The body, mind, and soul shatters and reforms at once. Muscles tear and rebuild themselves. Bones have to find new places to fit. Sure, everything regenerates instantaneously, but every single nerve in the Uratha's body screams out in agony for those few seconds. She quickly gets used to the sensation, but the first few times, it's jarring like nothing else, and removes her consciousness from her surroundings.

A balanced-Harmony Uratha feels discomfort, but it's a natural discomfort, like the first time she invited a lover inside her. It's not ideal, but it's *right*.

A low-Harmony Uratha feels no pain. In fact, the change brings with it a warm relief. The spirit-attuned Uratha feels discomfort any time she spends more than a few hours in one form, and every chance she has to shed a long-held form is like a foot rub after a marathon, or a hot bath after a prize fight. She must change shape at least once every scene. She can spend Essence to avoid this shift, as long as she isn't stressed.

When the character is stressed – during combat, a chase, or when she feels threatened – she shifts one form towards an appropriate form each turn. The stress means she cannot resist. Her goal form depends on what she wants to do: Running away uses Urhan, hiding requires Hishu, while the need to fight forces her into Gauru.

The exact mechanics of shapeshifting depend on a werewolf's Harmony:

- At Harmony 9-10, spend 1 Essence as an instant action to change form.

BELONGINGS

At Harmony 9 or above, the character's clothes and belongings do not shift with her. Below that, assume her clothing and immediate possessions shift with her, subsuming into her body in Gauru, Urshul, or Urhan form, or stretching to fit Dalu, whatever makes the most sense for the scene.

- At Harmony 7-8, spend 1 Essence to shift as a reflexive action, or take an instant action to shift at no cost.
- At Harmony 4, 5, or 6, shapeshifting is a reflexive action that requires no Essence.
- At Harmony 2-3, spend 1 Essence as a reflexive action, or take an instant action at no cost to *avoid* changing form.
- At Harmony 0-1, spend 1 Essence as an instant action to *avoid* changing form.

THE FORMS

Each Uratha can take five forms. Each modifies certain character traits, and adds distinct advantages. Where a character's Attributes change, the subsequent alterations to derived traits are summarized in parentheses.

HISHU

Hishu looks every bit the human being. It's the *homo sapiens* shape Uratha are born into. While it doesn't afford any trait benefits over what a human normally possesses, a Hishu Uratha is more human than human, and blends into a crowd.

- **Perception:** +1 die to Perception rolls using wolf senses.
- **Sheep's Clothing:** Any efforts to pinpoint the werewolf in a crowd or pursue her through populated areas suffer her Primal Urge as a penalty.

DALU

Dalu is a somewhat subtle monster. It's a human and half again: larger, stronger, with about 150% body mass. A Dalu's muscles are like rocks all over her body. Her jaw extends subtly. Her teeth elongate and sharpen. Her fingernails become hard, vicious claws. Her wolf senses sharpen compared to her Hishu form.

Functionally, Dalu is a form for urban hunts. Without much scrutiny, a werewolf in Dalu can walk among humanity undetected. She's larger and less appealing, but not outside the realm of human possibility. Drawing too much attention can cause problems, since the Dalu form is far stronger than most people, and a powerful werewolf can rend limbs from a victim's body with little effort.

- **Teeth and Claws:** Unarmed attacks with the werewolf's claws deal lethal damage to humans. While in a grapple, successful bite attacks (see p. 167) deal lethal damage.
- **Defense:** Apply Defense against Firearms attacks, as her instincts jerk her out of the way before shots are fired.
- **Perception:** +2 dice to all Perception rolls using wolf senses.
- **Lunacy:** Inflicts Lunacy (see p. 101); +2 to roll.
- **Traits:** Strength +1, Stamina +1, Manipulation -1, Size +1 (Health +2, Speed +1).
- **Badass Motherfucker:** The Dalu form is imposing, intense, and overbearing. This can force a crowd to give up the Uratha's prey. Roll Presence + Primal Urge

contested by the prey's Composure + Primal Urge. If successful, anyone surrounding or protecting the prey will back down, or offer him up.

GAURU

Gauru is the classic wolfman of legend. Enormous, fearsome, and devastating, Gauru Uratha weigh almost four times their Hishu counterparts. While bipedal, they stand one and a half times their Hishu height. They're bulky, with arms the size of most people's waists, legs like tree trunks, and teeth like chef's knives.

Gauru is a form to take and to dodge killing blows, and to end a hunt or a battle quickly and efficiently. The Gauru form only communicates to help with the kill. A werewolf can only hold on to the primal beast for so long. She can take Gauru once per scene, and then only for a number of turns equal to her (Hishu) Stamina + Primal Urge. After that point, she must choose: Shift down into Dalu or Urshul, or fall into *Kuruth*. If she does not shift, roll Resolve + Composure as a reflexive action. If she succeeds, she has one more turn in Gauru, then must shift to Dalu or Urshul, and enters *WasuIm*. If she fails, she enters *BasuIm* immediately.

- **Regeneration:** Uratha in Gauru form regenerate *all* bashing and lethal damage each turn.
- **Teeth and Claws:** Claw attacks deal +2 lethal damage. Bites deal +2 lethal damage and do not require a grapple. Bite and claw attacks can establish grapples in addition to causing damage. Increase Initiative by +3 when using teeth or claws.
- **Defense:** Apply Defense to Firearms attacks.
- **Perception:** +3 dice to all Perception rolls using wolf senses.
- **Lunacy:** Sight of the Gauru form inflicts Lunacy (see p. 101); -2 to roll.
- **Rage:** A Gauru-form Uratha must attack an active opponent within striking range each turn. She does not have to continue to attack a crippled opponent as long as another opponent exists. If an opponent is out of reach, she can move toward or throw things at opponent. If she has no opponents, she will attack anything she can reach. If she does anything else, roll Resolve + Composure or fall into *Kuruth*.
- **Traits:** Strength +3, Dexterity +1, Stamina +2, Size +2 (Health +4, Initiative +1, Speed +4). Gauru automatically fail any Social roll not based on Intimidation, and any Mental roll that isn't Perception- or Resistance-based.
- **Primal Fear:** Gauru force all lesser enemies — including most humans, spirits of lower Rank, and non-supernatural animals — to use Down and Dirty combat (see p. 165). If the prey hides in a group of more powerful enemies, resolve the combat as normal. In normal combat, opponents count only their Dexterity or Wits to their Defense; they may not add the appropriate Skill (normally Athletics).

THE KILLING FORM

Each of the Uratha's forms has a specific purpose in the Sacred Hunt. Hishu identifies the prey, Dalu flushes it out of hiding, Urhan chases it down, Urshul harries and weakens the prey, and Gauru deals the killing blow.

Some Uratha see Gauru as being more than just a form for killing — it's for honoring Father Wolf above all others. If that appeals to your troupe, see "The Father's Form" on p. 136.

URSHUL

Urshul is a beast of legend. It looks the part of a wolf, but with the size of a horse. It's double the body mass of the Hishu form, and its shoulders stand at the same height her human shoulders do. Urshul harries the prey, wearing it down and leaving vicious wounds that set it up for the Gauru form to finish the job. Urshul cannot communicate with humans, but can use the First Tongue with ease.

- **Teeth and Claws:** Claw attacks deal +1 lethal damage. Bites deal +2 lethal damage and do not require a grapple. Bite attacks can establish grapples as well as cause damage.
- **Defense:** Apply Defense to Firearms attacks.
- **Perception:** +3 dice to all Perception rolls using wolf senses.
- **Lunacy:** Inflicts Lunacy (see p. 101).
- **Traits:** Strength +2, Dexterity +2, Stamina +2, Manipulation -1, Size +1, Species speed factor +3 (Health +3, Initiative +2, Speed +7).
- **Weaken the Prey:** Werewolves in Urshul are devastating to physical prey. Once per scene, the Urshul can apply one of the following Tilts when she damages her prey with her teeth or claws: Arm Wrack, Leg Wrack, or Knocked Down. This does not require a targeted attack.

URHAN

Urhan is the form of a normal wolf. In a pack of wolves, an Urhan blends in seamlessly, depending on her regional markers and coat. Urhan is for covering long distances quickly, for tracking prey, and for blending in to nature. The Urhan form can't communicate with humans and can't manage more than a few simple words in the First Tongue.

- **Teeth:** Bite attacks deal +1 lethal damage and do not require a grapple. They can establish a grapple as well as cause damage.

- **Perception:** +4 dice to Perception rolls using wolf senses.
- **Traits:** Dexterity +2, Stamina +1, Manipulation -1, Size -1, Species speed factor +3 (Initiative +2, Speed +5).
- **Chase Down:** Spend 1 Essence to pre-empt another character's action in combat with your own; usually an attack. This takes the place of a normal action. If other characters are capable of pre-empting actions, it becomes a Clash of Wills (see p. 115). If your character has already acted in a turn, she cannot use this ability. In a foot chase, an Urtha uses Speed in place of Stamina + Athletics.

HUNTER'S ASPECT

Uratha know each other at a glance. Apex predators smell their own. When inflicting her hunter's aspect on a victim every single sense can identify one Uratha to another, as the man, the wolf, and the spirit all carry a prominent, forceful aura. The hunter's aspect forces her aura on her prey. The Uratha lets loose her predatory bearing, in order to confront and cow an onlooker. Her auspice determines just how that bearing manifests itself.

These aspects allow the Uratha to demolish her prey's resolve. Coupled with her pack's communal efforts, she can annihilate the prey's chances before a fight even breaks out. The hunter's aspect works against humans, spirits, Uratha, and other supernatural creatures. The hunter's aspect is rarely subtle. Unleashing the hunter's aspect against Uratha leads to grudges at best, and can set two packs against one another for years. It's a clear statement that the offender sees his victim as prey, not as an equal.

When a character calls on the hunter's aspect, roll a Power Attribute + Skill + Auspice Renown as an instant action.

The Power Attribute depends on the context of the interaction. If invoking the aspect while in physical pursuit, use Strength. If it's a staredown, use Presence. If your character outsmarts her prey, use Intelligence. In forms other than Hishu, werewolves set up situations where they can use Strength.

The Skill should similarly reflect the nature of the interaction. Usually, Skills such as Intimidation, Persuasion, and Subterfuge will make the most sense for the hunter's aspect. Sometimes Brawl, Athletics, or Survival may work. Theoretically, any Skill could be tied into the hunter's aspect, so both player and Storyteller should be creative in deciding what's appropriate.



THE PREDATOR'S JAWS

Uratha bite to kill. Their teeth carry the deadly resonance of Father Wolf, the ultimate hunter. As such, their bites in every form count as mystical sources to foes that are vulnerable to such sources. Even in Hishu, a werewolf's bite causes lethal damage to vampires.



If a character is chasing down her opponent through the city streets, the hunter's aspect could use Intimidation if she's attempting to threaten him into engagement, Streetwise if she's trying to cut him off at the pass, Stealth if she's trying to leap out and surprise her prey, or Survival if she's homing in on her prey's scent.

The prey contests the roll with Composure + Primal Urge. If the hunter succeeds, she gives her prey the hunter's aspect Condition appropriate to her auspice for the rest of the scene. With an exceptional success, it ends after one day per dot of your character's Primal Urge. This 'time out' resolution does not afford a Beat. A character can only suffer from one hunter's aspect Condition at once; should she be affected by one, other attempts to inflict a hunter's aspect fail. Each auspice inflicts a specific hunter's aspect Condition.

Cahalith: The Monstrous Aspect. When successful, it offers the Resigned Condition

Elodoth: The Isolating Aspect. When successful, it offers the Isolated Condition.

Irraka: The Blissful Aspect. When successful, it offers the Unaware Condition.

Ithaeur: The Mystic Aspect. When successful, it offers the Mystified Condition.

Rahu: The Dominant Aspect. When successful, it offers the Swaggering Condition.



SPIRIT OF THE WOLF



The other half of an Uratha is her spirit side. While many (though not all) of an Uratha's physical qualities are simply enhanced versions of familiar things, her relationship with the *Hisil* is entirely unique to the Forsaken. Her very nature mystifies. She bubbles with spiritual energy and resonance. She can traverse the *Hisil* the way some people go to the train station. To her, the spirit world is as real as a hamburger, a car crash, or a foreclosure. It's half of her being, disconnected from the other half in many ways, connected in others.

RENOWN

Renown tracks an Uratha's progress and accomplishment over the course of her life. Unlike many character traits, Renown is a palpable, measurable thing. Lunes award Renown for a Forsaken's achievements, and brand that record into the werewolf's flesh with glowing silver runes. These mysterious First Tongue runes only appear in the *Hisil*, but mark the Uratha as Forsaken to any onlooker.

BUYING RENOWN

If a werewolf completes a Renown-worthy task but does not have enough Experiences available to increase her Renown, the Storyteller has two options available. He can allow her to increase Renown at the cost of "pre-allocating" her next Experiences until the Renown is paid for. While this ties her increase in Renown to her deeds, it makes the character's next Experiences less rewarding. Alternatively, the Storyteller can allow the player to "bank" the renowned deed, using it as a reason to spend Experiences at a later date. While this allows the player flexibility to buy Renown when she needs it, the achievement can become disconnected from events in the story. The player and Storyteller should discuss what they want to do when the situation arises.

In game terms, when a character has achieved a Renown-worthy task, the player may spend 3 Experiences to seal the deal. Renown comes in five categories, Cunning, Glory, Honor, Purity, and Wisdom. Each type is rated between one and five dots.

As your character increases in Renown, she also increases her Gift dice pools and hunter's aspect rolls, and she also gains Facets of her Gifts. Each time your character increases her auspice Renown, she unlocks a Facet of her Moon Gift. Every time she increases any Renown, she gains a Facet of a Shadow or Wolf Gift. Her total Renown also determines her effective Spirit Rank (p. 183), according to the chart below.

| Total Renown | Effective Rank |
|--------------|----------------|
| 0-3 | 1 |
| 4-7 | 2 |
| 8-12 | 3 |
| 13-18 | 4 |
| 19+ | 5 |

Once per story, an Uratha can intensify her spirit brands by spending a point of Essence, letting her Renown speak for itself. This even makes the brands faintly visible in the physical world. Uratha, spirits, Wolf-Blooded, and others attuned to the spirit world intuitively understand not only what Renown the brands reflect but the deeds she accomplished to get them. When a werewolf displays her brands in this manner, choose a Renown category. She gains a Condition based on that Renown. She does not have to choose her auspice Renown, but the Renown rating determines the degree of the Condition's effects, so her auspice or tribal Renown will often be her strongest option.

The werewolf is taking a stand by calling on her Renown in this way. She tempts the crowd to challenge her. Most Forsaken

do not consider this a hostile action. If an Uratha pushes her Renown to the surface, she expects others to respond, to challenge, in order to allow her to show her ability. To outsiders, including some Wolf-Blooded, this interaction looks like confrontation, backtalk, and hostility. To the Uratha, it's a sign of mutual respect. In fact, a leader who punishes such a challenger tends to face censure, mutiny, or at very least dissent.

INCREASING RENOWN

An Uratha might, soon after his First Change, undertake massive efforts to impress his peers. Many young Forsaken die less than a year after the First Change in efforts to impress their new families. Sometimes, success results in downright epic accomplishments that shower a young werewolf with Renown. The problem is, a character sets her own bar for Renown. With every increase, she raises that bar. To go further, she must improve upon her previous achievements. Some Uratha accomplish themselves into a proverbial corner this way; They do something so remarkable that they can't hope to do better. Particularly during character creation, consider how the character achieved her starting Renown dots. Did she shoot too high? Did she block herself out of future advancements? Or did she barely make the grade? Particularly consider this if she has multiple dots in one category at the start of play.

What constitutes an additional dot comes down to the fickle natures of Lunes, and how the Uratha spin the tale. It's a pack Cahalith's job to sing the virtues of her mates, but the Lunes favor sacrifice most of all. Acts of great virtue mean nothing if the Forsaken had nothing to lose by the act. Loss, or the great risk of loss, impresses the Lunes like nothing else. As a Storyteller, look to the stakes when making that judgment call. Without stakes or sacrifice, there is no Renown.

CUNNING

Uratha hunt things greater than they are. They can't always win through brute force or superior numbers. Sometimes, raw creativity and clever planning win the day. Cunning, Renown of the Irraka and the Iron Masters, governs these behaviors.

Sample Acts of Cunning: Infiltrating an enemy nest, luring prey into a trap, convincing the Pure's Wolf-Blooded to bug their territory, tricking a spirit into accepting an unbalanced deal, using legal loopholes to secure the deed to a territory, proving a task doesn't need to be accomplished instead of accomplishing it, baiting spirits away from a locus.

Renown Condition: Cunning

GLORY

Uratha stand strong, and fight until their muscles tear apart. They boil with epic fury, storm into battle, and remain in the fray in spite of overwhelming threats. Glory, Renown of the Cahalith and the Blood Talons, reflects these behaviors.

Sample Acts of Glory: Defeating a superior foe, facing overwhelming numbers (victorious or not), holding a daunting foe off to save innocents, confronting an Uratha in *Kuruth*, participating in a suicide mission (with the intent to survive) to remember and tell the story, challenging an Uratha leader.

Renown Condition: Glorious

HONOR

The Forsaken fight not because they must, but because it's right. A werewolf could eschew her ancestral duties, and find a place to hide away from her role. An honorable Uratha grabs that role and owns it proudly, standing as a judge and shepherd. Honor, Renown of the Elodth and the Storm Lords, rewards these behaviors.

Sample Acts of Honor: Acting as a neutral party when a packmate is judged from outside, standing as mediator for an in-pack dispute, submitting yourself to judgment, making restitution to a victim, announcing an attack beforehand, seeking diplomacy with rivals, hampering your abilities for a fair fight, remaining honest even when it could hurt your pack, ceding territory to a more suitable owner, refusing to hunt an inferior foe.

Renown Condition: Honorable

PURITY

The Forsaken represent Father Wolf, Luna, and the First-born in everything they do. Uratha espousing Purity adhere strictly to the Oath of the Moon, to the exclusion of other concerns. They put their ancestral duty before friendships, work, love, and even territory. Purity, Renown of the Rahu and the Hunters in Darkness, governs such behaviors.

Sample Acts of Purity: Sacrificing in the name of the Oath of the Moon, showing deference to a higher-Renown enemy, showing respect to prey, taking a mate, killing witnesses to an Uratha revealing her nature, sparing an enemy Uratha, fasting outside of the hunt, losing face to uphold your tribal oath.

Renown Condition: Pure

WISDOM

The Uratha favor Wisdom as a counterpoint to their savage fury. Sometimes, it's better to take a holistic approach to a problem, even when the blood of the wolf rears its violent head. After all, Uratha are beings half of spirit, and have esoteric answers to many questions. Wisdom, Renown of the Ithaur and the Bone Shadows, governs this.

Sample Acts of Wisdom: Making a deal with a dangerous spirit, healing negative resonance, seeking the nonviolent answer, creating a fetish, uncovering and exploiting a spirit's ban, helping another uncover and earn a rare Gift, securing a territory, creating a new rite, discovering hidden lore, bolstering a locus' Essence.

Renown Condition: Wise

ESSENCE

Essence is the ephemeral energy of the *Hisil*. It's the food and fuel of spirits. It's the manna that keeps the Shadow pulsing. It's a currency, a resource that motivates an entire food chain to predate. To the Uratha, it fuels Gifts, it heals, it speeds shapeshifting, and it activates fetishes.

It flows through every spirit, and comes into existence usually at loci, but sometimes in other, stranger places.

GAINING ESSENCE

Uratha gain Essence through a few key places:

- They can absorb Essence through the wellspring of a locus. In the physical realm, this means physically touching the locus at its heart. In *Hisil*, this means devouring the strange bits of meat and vegetation that appear near the locus.
- The Sacred Hunt rite, the *Siskur-Dah*, allows a pack to hunt and devour spirits in the *Hisil*. When eaten, the spirit's Essence flows through the Uratha.
- They can eat the flesh of wolves and humans. For every point of damage caused by an Uratha's bite, they can choose to ingest the flesh and gain a point of Essence. This is a stark violation of the Oath of the Moon, and always a Harmony breaking point toward the spirit. When devouring flesh for Essence, the Uratha causes aggravated wounds.
- Fetishes store Essence. By destroying a fetish, the Uratha can take the Essence within.
- The first time an Uratha sees her auspice moon at night, she gains a point of Essence.

USING ESSENCE

Uratha use Essence for numerous purposes. How much Essence a werewolf can spend in a turn is dictated by her Primal Urge score, as detailed on p. 93. If a Gift or other effect would require she spend more Essence than she may in a turn, she can spend the required Essence over a number of turns, with the ability activating once she has spent the total needed.

- Uratha normally regenerate bashing damage every turn. By spending a point of Essence, the werewolf regenerates lethal damage instead. See p. 93 for details.
- Uratha can reach across the Gauntlet with time. Spending Essence can speed the process. See p. 101 for details.
- Depending on Harmony, some werewolves need to spend Essence to change shape. See p. 104 for details.
- Certain Gifts require Essence to activate.
- Fetishes often require Essence for use.

REACHING

Reaching is the art of pushing through the caul of the Gauntlet, anchoring oneself, then pulling through into the *Hisil*. To an outsider, it looks like vanishing into nothingness, with a quick rush and pop of air coming in to fill the void.

Normally, werewolves need to Reach at a locus. The dice pool depends on which direction the werewolf is traveling. To enter the world of Spirit, roll 10 - Harmony. To enter the world of Flesh, roll Harmony. Apply the modifier from the Gauntlet to the dice pool. Werewolves with Harmony 3 or lower do not require a locus to enter the Shadow. Werewolves with Harmony 8 or higher do not require a locus to enter the physical world.

SUGGESTED MODIFIERS

| Circumstance | Modifier |
|--|----------|
| Staring into reflective surface | +1 |
| Crossing into Shadow during the day | -2 |
| Crossing into the Flesh during the day | +2 |

Bodily crossing from one world to another takes a locus and time; two turns per level of Gauntlet strength. A character crossing over vanishes at the start of the transition and reappears on the other side at the end. An exceptional success or spending a point of Essence results in crossing instantly.

THE GAUNTLET

The membrane between worlds isn't a simple barrier, but a medium of its own that those crossing between material and *Hisil* have to push through. The Gauntlet's strength or thickness depends on a wide range of factors in both worlds, not all of which a werewolf can know. The Gauntlet is generally strengthened by the presence of humans. The tumult of human emotion and activity keeps the worlds of Flesh and Spirit apart, and simultaneously generates new spirits and the Essence they feed on.

THE BALANCE:
WEAKNESSES

Uratha cut through enemies like paper. They heal gunshots the way we heal paper cuts. However, they're hardly invincible. They have their faults and weaknesses.

SILVER

Silver, the metal of Luna, burns Uratha flesh like nothing else. Silver weapons always deal aggravated damage to Uratha. A non-damaging touch with silver doesn't cause damage, but causes intense pain so long as the werewolf remains in contact, and leaves lasting scars as if from aggravated wounds. The item has to be real silver (not compounds like silver nitrate), and alloys or mixtures need to be at least 80% silver. Weapons with silver coatings only work for one damaging hit before losing effectiveness. A silver item not designed as a weapon counts as an improvised weapon (see p. 168).

LUNACY

Lunacy is the deep down, ancestral fear of the wolf at the door. When a person sees a werewolf in Dalu, Gauru, or Urshul up close, or witnesses a werewolf shapeshifting or regenerating damage, she suffers a breaking point. The roll doesn't necessarily come immediately; it comes at the dramatically appropriate moment when the witness would otherwise take a rational breath and come to her senses.

The witness's roll takes a penalty from the werewolf's Primal Urge (see the chart on p. 93), and is further modified by the werewolf's form. Dalu adds a +2 bonus to the observer's dice pool, while Gauru inflicts a -2 penalty. A werewolf's prey is less likely to respond to the Lunacy than an average bystander. If the Uratha has caused lethal damage to the witness, she

GAUNTLET STRENGTH

Gauntlet strength is both a number and a dice modifier. Each has different uses. The following chart isn't a definitive guide to Gauntlet strength; areas of high or low activity can create thin or thick spots — a deserted graveyard in an inner-city borough, for example, may have a lower Gauntlet than the surrounding blocks.

| Location | Strength | Dice Modifier |
|-------------------------|----------|---------------|
| Dense urban areas | 5 | -3 |
| City suburbs, towns | 4 | -2 |
| Small towns, villages | 3 | -1 |
| Wilderness, countryside | 2 | 0 |
| Locus | 1 | +2 |
| Verge | 0 | n/a |

gains a +1 bonus to the roll. If the victim is suffering a wound penalty, add that penalty as well (instead of subtracting it). After all, wounded animals show alarming clarity.

If the character succeeds in the breaking point, she gains a Guilty, Shaken, or Spooked Condition. She acts with a -2 penalty on all actions for the scene, as the Lunacy pushes at the back of her mind. She's likely to reinvent events in her mind in order to better understand what happened, in keeping with her understanding of the world.

With exceptional success, the witness does not gain a Condition or suffer a penalty to her actions. She also regains all her spent Willpower, to redouble her efforts against the monster before her. She remembers the scene with perfect clarity.

If the witness fails, she loses a dot of Integrity, and also gains a Lunacy Condition — Atavism, Delusion, or Reception (see pp. 306-310), dependent on the circumstances. She will either flee or panic, and after the events she will rationalize what she's seen, building a story to fill in the blanks and keep her world intact. If the Lunacy Condition persists for a number of days equal to the Uratha's Primal Urge dots without resolution, it fades without offering a Beat.

On a dramatic failure, she becomes Wolf-Blooded.

When groups of witnesses work together, they suffer lessened Lunacy. When two characters are focused on the same task together, each receives a +1 bonus to his breaking point rolls. When a small group (usually around five or less) works

Chapter Three: Laws of the Kill

together, they each receive +2. Large groups (ten or fewer) gain +3. Any larger mob receives +4.

Wolf-Blooded do not suffer Lunacy, nor do creatures that do not use Integrity. This includes vampires, spirits, other Uratha, and stranger creatures besides.

SPONTANEOUS WOLF-BLOODED

Sometimes, just sometimes, Wolf-Blooded arise from the taint of Lunacy, not from genetics. Any time a human suffers a dramatic failure on the Lunacy breaking point roll, she becomes Wolf-Blooded. This doesn't take instantly. It occurs at a seemingly random moon phase over the course of the next lunar month. This disproportionately favors the auspice of the Uratha she witnessed. As the change slowly overtakes her, she becomes Wolf-Blooded, with a Tell and all the other defining traits of the blood. She also becomes eligible to purchase Wolf-Blooded Merits. See Appendix One for rules on Wolf-Blooded characters.

DEATH RAGE: KURUTH

Death Rage, *Kuruth*, is a monster lying in wait in the back of every Uratha's mind. It is power and fury incarnate; it's a ticking time bomb all Uratha risk with every waking moment. *Kuruth* is called Death Rage for a reason. Entering *Kuruth* always results in death – usually to the werewolf's enemies, sometimes to her friends, and often to herself.

When Death Rage overtakes the Uratha, it comes in phases. The first phase is *Wasu-Im*, the Soft Rage. It's the last gasp of control for a werewolf who will soon have the

monster overcome him. It allows for a short period when he can find a safe place to unleash the brunt of his rage. *Basu-Im*, the Hard Rage, is what most Uratha think of as *Kuruth*, the instinct and urge to kill and destroy. *Basu-Im* is a total loss of control. It's a period where the Forsaken becomes an unbridled, rampaging monster.

The two stages rely on a werewolf's Harmony and Primal Urge as a foundation. Both what draws him into Death Rage and how long he can maintain control in *Wasu-Im* depends on the Uratha's Harmony. *Basu-Im*'s minimum duration depends on his Primal Urge. Normally, a werewolf who encounters a *Kuruth* trigger enters *Wasu-Im*. If he takes Gauru at any point, or falls into *Kuruth* while already in Gauru form (such as by taking Gauru outside of combat), he immediately enters *Basu-Im*.

WASU-IM: THE SOFT RAGE

In *Wasu-Im*, the werewolf shifts immediately into Urshul or Dalu form and remains in that form for the duration. He suffers from a modified form of Gauru's Rage (p. 97). If he fails the Resolve + Composure roll for taking other actions, he enters *Basu-Im*.

Instead of attacking, he can roll Resolve + Composure as an instant action to get some breathing room. Each success on the roll to resist offers him a turn of lucidity. If he rolls an exceptional success, he can end *Wasu-Im*.

He remains in *Wasu-Im* for a length of time determined by his Harmony (see p. 105). If he hasn't pulled himself out of it, he enters *Basu-Im*. Alternatively, he can enter *Basu-Im* voluntarily at any time during *Wasu-Im*.



TRIGGERS

What causes Death Rage depends on the Uratha's level of Harmony. When he's centered very few things set him off. As he slips in either direction, he becomes more and more unstable.

At the extremes of Harmony, almost anything can send a werewolf into *Kuruth* – his auspice moon in the sky, a murderer passing him in the street. He may work out his trigger and lock himself in a reinforced room when he suspects it will happen – but even though he does not see the moon in the sky, he still enters *Kuruth*. These *passive* triggers happen regardless of the werewolf's actions.

As he becomes more centered, common things may set the werewolf off, but he has to be aware of them – he has to see the moon in the sky, or smell the blood soaked into the murderer's clothes. If he finds a safe place where he cannot see the sky, the moon cannot force him to *Kuruth*. Such a *common* trigger is a common event, but the werewolf can avoid it.

When he is close to balance, only specific things draw the predator to the fore. Being spat on, smelling wolfsbane, or having silver pressed into his flesh can set him off, but the circumstances are rare. These *specific* triggers do not happen often, though a werewolf's enemies will find a way to use them against him.

Each werewolf has a set of *Kuruth* triggers that apply just to him. Which trigger affects him at any given time depends on his Harmony. A player should pick one of the following sets of triggers so she knows what will affect her character when his Harmony changes. Werewolves also have general triggers, events that will push any werewolf into Death Rage. All of the general triggers affect every werewolf; though she only suffers her personal triggers once a night, general triggers have no such limit.

BLOOD

Passive: Smelling human blood.

Common: Tasting human blood.

Specific: Swallowing human blood.

MOON

Passive: Your auspice moon is in the sky.

Common: You witness your auspice moon in the sky.

Specific: Hear a wolf or werewolf howl when your auspice moon is in the sky.

THE OTHER

Passive: You come within 10 yards of a supernatural creature.

Common: You witness a supernatural creature doing something obviously inhuman.

Specific: You are the target of a supernatural power.

PACK

Passive: A pack member takes lethal damage.

Common: Seeing someone attack a pack member.

Specific: You cause lethal damage to a pack member.

TERRITORY

Passive: A werewolf you don't know enters your territory without permission.

Common: You see a werewolf you don't know in your territory.

Specific: A werewolf you don't know challenges your pack's ability to do its duty.

WOUNDS

Passive: Being in the area of a Wound.

Common: Interacting with a Wound-born spirit.

Specific: Being attacked by a Wound-born spirit.

GENERAL TRIGGERS

Spending too long in Gauru.

Taking Gauru outside of combat.

Taking damage from silver.

Forced into *Kuruth* by an Elodloth.

BASU-IM: THE HARD RAGE

After a period of *Wasu-Im*, a raging Uratha falls to *Basu-Im*, the true Death Rage. He immediately shifts into Gauru form, and remains in that form for the time specified by his Primal Urge (see p. 93). This happens even if he has already taken Gauru earlier in the scene, and ignores the normal time limit on using the form.

While in *Basu-Im*, the werewolf ignores wound penalties, and any attempts to influence, intimidate, or otherwise change the Uratha's course of action by mundane or supernatural means suffer twice the werewolf's Primal Urge as a penalty. This is over and above any Supernatural Tolerance (p. 160) applied to supernatural powers.

When an Uratha falls to *Kuruth*, the fire of the hunt rouses his packmates to a frenzy as well. Werewolf packmates within 10 yards who can see or smell the raging werewolf fall into *Basu-Im* after a turn. Each packmate can attempt to resist with

a Resolve + Composure roll, needing one success per character in the scene currently in *Kuruth* – but he must make this roll every time a packmate falls into *Basu-Im*.

When in *Basu-Im*, a werewolf suffers rage as though in Gauru, but *everyone* is a victim except other werewolves in *Basu-Im*. He will happily attack packmates, especially Wolf-Blooded and humans, until they join him or die. If no prey presents itself, he'll cause property damage until he can find fresh meat.

After his time in *Basu-Im* is up, he collapses into Hishu. He has no memory of what happened. He will likely suffer a breaking point toward Spirit if he learns the terrible things he did.

FADING TO BLACK

Some players may prefer not to play through every minute of *Basu-Im*. After all, their characters are no longer in full con-

trol of their actions, and part of the horror of falling prey to *Kuruth* is finding out what happened after the fact. For more ways to handle this fade-to-black portrayal of Death Rage, see “Putting It On the Line,” p.292.

HARMONY

Every Uratha finds herself torn between two extremes. On one hand, she’s a hunter wearing the skin of human and wolf, a creature of nature unlike anything else in the natural world. She’s flesh incarnate. On the other hand, she’s a creature of spirit, an entity that exists among the denizens of the *Hisil*, feeding on the ephemeral Essence of the world of Spirit. These two extremes pull the Forsaken in two directions. Harmony reflects her ability to balance these two sides of her identity.

In game terms, Harmony is a trait that ranges from 0 to 10, with 0 being a werewolf limited to the world of Spirit, and 10 being a werewolf locked in the world of Flesh. The ideal point, the balance, is five dots. All werewolves begin play with Harmony 7 – closer to balance than at the First Change, but still mired in the physical. Players can’t spend Experiences to raise or lower Harmony – it can only change by experiencing breaking points.

Harmony replaces the Integrity trait used by human characters (see *The World of Darkness Rulebook* or *The God-Machine Chronicle*). It fills a different niche, as Uratha struggle with a dualist nature, while human characters muster the mental fortitude to withstand trauma. Humans who go through the First Change replace Integrity with Harmony, and start with nine dots regardless of their Integrity. The two traits are not equivalent; a werewolf with seven dots of Harmony is in a very different state from a human with seven dots of Integrity.

Werewolves suffer two kinds of breaking points: those that break them towards Flesh and those that break towards Spirit. The base dice pool is Resolve + Composure. Willpower cannot modify this dice pool. Where a breaking point lists a modifier, apply that penalty to the breaking point roll.

When a character hits a breaking point towards Spirit, he subtracts one die from the roll for each point of Harmony below 5. If the roll fails, he loses a point of Harmony. When he hits a breaking point towards Flesh, he gets a penalty for each point of Harmony above 5. If the roll is a failure, the character gains a point of Harmony. This means an Uratha’s Harmony can fluctuate wildly over the course of play.

The breaking points below apply to all Uratha. They’re a starting point rather than a definitive list. The player and Storyteller should work together to define one or two breaking points in each direction for her character based on her auspice, tribe, and Touchstones. Breaking points toward Flesh involve actively denying her Uratha nature. Breaking points toward Spirit instead require her to turn her back on her heritage in the world of Flesh.

A character’s Harmony trait affects how much effort and spiritual power she must invest into changing shape – or not shapeshifting in a stressful situation. The Shapeshifting section on p. 96 has more detail.

Harmony also determines a character’s ability to cross into the Shadow. At Harmony 10, he cannot Reach at all. At Harmony 0, he is stuck in the Shadow and cannot Reach into

BREAKING POINTS

TOWARD FLESH

- Defiling a locus.
- Refusing to participate in *Siskur-Dah*.
- Staying out of the *Hisil* for a week.
- Using a silver weapon against another werewolf.
- Violating the Oath of the Moon. (Forsaken only, -2)
- Staying out of the *Hisil* for a month. (-3)

HARMONY 3 OR LOWER

- Allowing a spirit safe passage into the physical world.
- Eating processed food.
- Mating with a human.
- Staying out of the *Hisil* for a day.

TOWARD SPIRIT

- Killing a human or wolf.
- Staying in the *Hisil* for a week.
- Hunting humans or wolves for food (-2)
- Killing a packmate. (-2)
- Eating human or wolf flesh for Essence (-3)
- Staying in the *Hisil* for a month. (-3)

HARMONY 8 OR MORE

- Inflicting Lunacy on a loved one.
- Leading the *Siskur-Dah*.
- Spending more than two days away from your pack.
- Staying in the *Hisil* for a full day.

the physical world. A character’s Harmony is used to determine the dice pool for Reaching; those with Harmony 8 or above do not need a locus to enter the world of Flesh, while those with Harmony 3 or less do not need a locus to enter the world of Spirit.

With four or fewer dots of Harmony, your character is struck with a ban much like a spirit. The ban may have something to do with a spirit your character has interacted with, her personality, or events in the story. She gains a persistent Ban Condition, which is only resolved when she raises her Harmony high enough to discard it. A character with particularly low Harmony must deal with more than one spirit ban; when her Harmony rises enough that she may discard one, the player decides which is resolved.

Finally, the severity of a character’s *Kuruth* trigger and the length of time she can remain in control during *Wasu-Im* depend on her Harmony dots. If she has Harmony 5 she’s not affected by her personal trigger.

HARMONY LEVELS

| Harmony | Bans | Kuruth Trigger | Control |
|---------|------|----------------|------------|
| 10 | — | Passive | 3 seconds |
| 9 | — | Common | 10 seconds |
| 8 | — | Common | 30 seconds |
| 7 | — | Specific | 1 minute |
| 6 | — | Specific | 5 minutes |
| 5 | — | — | 15 minutes |
| 4 | 1 | Specific | 5 minutes |
| 3 | 1 | Specific | 1 minute |
| 2 | 2 | Common | 30 seconds |
| 1 | 3 | Common | 10 seconds |
| 0 | 4 | Passive | 3 seconds |

MERITS

These Merits are specific to Uratha, without Storyteller approval otherwise. You can find Merits allowed for any character on p. 110, and Wolf-Blooded specific Merits on p. 304. If a Merit lists a prerequisite, your character must have those traits at the listed dot ratings in order to purchase the Merit.

SANCTITY OF MERITS

While Merits represent things within the game and your character, they're really an out-of-character resource, a function of the character creation and advancement mechanics. These Merits often represent things that can go away. Staff can die. Mentors can get impatient and stop dispensing wisdom. So while Merits may represent temporary facets of your character, Merit points continue to exist. At the end of any chapter where your character has lost Merits, you can replace them with another Merit.

For example, your character has a two-dot Staff, human pack members in a local design firm, who die when the firm's offices are firebombed. At the end of that chapter, you may re-allocate those Staff dots. You may choose to purchase Contacts among the fire department and local criminals. When the character stiff his buddies in the fire department, you can replace that dot with something else.

When replacing a Merit, consider what makes sense in the story. Pursue the new Merit during the course of the chapter if possible, and make the new tie something less superficial than a dot or two on a sheet.

With Storyteller permission, you may "cash in" a Merit voluntarily and replace it with Experiences. This should not be used as a way to purchase a Merit, take advantage of its benefits, and then cash it out for something else. If a Merit has run its course and no longer makes sense for your character, however, you may use those points elsewhere.

Merits such as Ambidextrous, Eidetic Memory, and the various Fighting Style Merits reflect abilities and knowledge that your character has and therefore shouldn't be cashed in or replaced. Then again, if an Ambidextrous character loses his left hand....

GENERAL WEREWOLF MERITS

ANCHORED (• OR ••)

Prerequisites: Harmony

Effect: Your character has a stronger association with one of her Touchstones than the other. Choose one of her Touchstones when purchasing this Merit. When calling upon that Touchstone to resist a breaking point, take +3 bonus dice. With the two-dot version of the Merit, take +4 dice.

Drawback: The strength of this association means neglecting the other half. When calling upon the opposite Touchstone, take only +1 die. With the two-dot version of the Merit, the other Touchstone affords no dice bonus, only potential drawbacks.

BLOOD OR BONE AFFINITY (•• OR •••••)

Prerequisites: Harmony between 3 and 8

Effect: Choose Blood or Bone when choosing this Merit at the two-dot version. The five-dot version encompasses both Blood and Bone. Once per chapter, when taking an action that would replenish all Willpower from the chosen Blood or Bone trait, you can apply the rote quality to the roll (see p. 162).

Drawback: Your character is strongly tied to her chosen trait(s). Any time she has the choice to fulfill one of them, she must spend a Willpower point not to.

CODE OF HONOR (••)

Prerequisite: Harmony 8+

Effect: Your character has established and held onto a code of human behavior. Maybe she follows a knightly tradition, or maybe she was part of a generational secret society before her Change. When purchasing this Merit, choose a Virtue (p. 158) that reflects her Code of Honor. In addition to the advantages of a Virtue, such as Willpower replenishment, she gets +3 dice to any Stamina, Resolve, or Composure roll to uphold the integrity of her code.

Drawback: A rigid belief system has its drawbacks. Any time the character is faced with a challenge to her beliefs or an opportunity to betray them, she must spend a Willpower point or uphold or defend her beliefs at any cost. She cannot gain the benefit from this Merit or regain Willpower until she's made a show of defending her beliefs in the face of significant adversity.

CONTROLLED BURN (••)

Prerequisites: Resolve ••, Composure ••

Effect: Your character suffers from a dampened form of *Wasu-Im*, the first stage of Death Rage. When she goes into *Wasu-Im*, she shifts to Hishu or Urhan form, not Dalu or Urshul. If she succeeds in getting a turn of lucidity (see p. 102), she can spend a point of Willpower to shrug the Rage off entirely.

Drawback: Your character can only change to those two forms in *Wasu-Im*, which could cause complications that could push her toward *Basu-Im*.

CREATIVE TACTICIAN (•••)

Prerequisites: Purity ••

Effect: Your character has an intuitive mind for strategy. Any time she acts as the tactician or organizer in a teamwork action

(see p. 162), the participants ignore circumstantial penalties up to her Purity dots. As well, once per chapter, the primary actor can gain a Beat if he follows your character's strategic guidance. Your character does not have to be the primary actor to use this Merit.

DEDICATED LOCUS (• TO •••••)

Prerequisites: Safe Place •

Effect: The pack has a locus on its territory that's attuned to their totem's resonance. While most packs protect a locus, a Dedicated Locus represents one they've invested deeply into, which provides significant and highly quickened Essence. The locus' rating is equal to the dots in this merit. Additionally, the pack can use the filtered, focused Essence faster than other Essence. Collectively, pack members with this Merit can spend a number of points of Essence equal to the Merit cost in a day, above and beyond their normal per-turn limits.

For example, a Primal Urge 1 Uratha in a pack with Dedicated Locus at three dots can spend four Essence in a turn, but that uses up the ability for the entire pack for the rest of the day.

A pack can share in the dot rating of this Merit, splitting the cost between any number of characters. Only characters contributing dots can use its benefits. It must be anchored to a Safe Place of at least the same dot rating.

Drawback: The locus is powerful enough that it draws excessive attention from local spirits seeking a prime feast.

EMBODIMENT OF THE FIRSTBORN (•••••)

Prerequisites: Cannot be a Ghost Wolf

Effect: Your character is the perfect likeness of one of Father Wolf's brood. She looks the part so very closely that she shakes the souls of her onlookers. Choose an Attribute that reflects her relationship to the Firstborn. She gains a dot in that Attribute, and that Attribute can go one above the normal maximum – normally six dots, unless she has an advanced level of Primal Urge. She can draw on her bearing to cow her opponents. When the player spends a point of Willpower, anyone who tries to attack the character that turn gains the Shaken Condition.

Drawback: Your character draws unwanted attention. Wrathful spirits with old memories will attempt to settle old scores with her likeness, through her.

FADING (•••)

Prerequisites: Cunning ••

Effect: Your character has a kinship with the shadows, and her ethereality compounds with each person who does not see her. Each time an individual fails to notice your character in a scene, all future attempts in that same scene suffer a cumulative -1 penalty. Once per scene, add your character's Cunning to any rolls to act unnoticed or unobtrusive.

FAVORED FORM (• TO •••••)

Prerequisites: Primal Urge at the Merit rating +1

Effect: Your character favors one of her four forms aside from Hishu, and when she takes that form, it's larger, stronger, and faster than most Uratha. With each dot in this Merit, he gains a specific, additional advantage in that form. Attribute increases from this Merit apply to derived traits.

- Choose a Physical Skill. When using that Skill in the favored form, exceptional successes occur on three successes instead of five.
- Choose an Attribute. Take an additional dot in the favored form. This cannot be an Attribute normally penalized in the form (such as Manipulation in Urshul form).
- Choose a Facet. When using that Facet in the favored form, exceptional successes occur on three successes instead of five.
- Choose a different Attribute. Take an additional dot in the favored form. This cannot be an Attribute normally penalized in the form.
- Choose a relevant Skill. Apply the Advanced Action quality (see p. 162) to uses of that Skill in the favored form.

Drawback: Her other forms suffer due to her reliance on the favored form. For each dot in this Merit, choose a Mental or Physical Attribute dot for a different form. When taking that form, reduce that Attribute by one, including all derived traits. These penalties may be divided among different forms.

Note: You may only choose this Merit for a single form.

FORTIFIED FORM (•••, ••••, OR •••••)

Prerequisites: Stamina •••, Survival ••

Effect: Your character has one form that's particularly durable compared to her others. Choose a form other than Hishu when purchasing this Merit. That form has tougher hide, thicker fur, and stronger bones. At the three-dot version, this offers 1/0 armor in that form. The four dot offers 1/1 armor. The five dot offers 2/2 armor.

You can take this Merit multiple times, reflecting armor in different forms.

HEARING WHISPERS (••)

Prerequisites: Bone Shadow

Effect: Your Bone Shadow sees the deep, dark, and embarrassing in people. With a turn of scrutiny, she can identify the subject's Persistent Conditions. If your character suspects additional weaknesses, she can identify them with a Wits + Skill roll. Each weakness requires a separate roll, and at least a turn of scrutiny; the Storyteller determines the Skill by the weakness your character suspects. Having no dots in a Skill qualifies as a weakness for this purpose, as well as does anything else the Storyteller deems fit. This can't identify a spirit's ban.

Drawback: Outside the Condition ability, she must have reason to suspect a weakness to use this Merit. This suspicion often requires legwork on the back-end before the Bone Shadow can take advantage of her keen senses.

IMPARTIAL MEDIATOR (•••)

Prerequisites: Honor ••

Effect: Your character can cut to the heart of an argument. She can intervene between arguing parties to cut to the truth – or favor one side over another with nobody doubting her

impartiality. When she steps into an argument or debate and spends time listening to both sides, roll Presence + Persuasion + Honor versus the highest Resolve + Honor on each side. If you score more successes than one side's contested roll, that side accepts your interpretation of the truth.

LIVING WEAPON (•••, ••••, OR •••••)

Prerequisites: Stamina •••, Survival ••

Effect: Your character has enhanced natural weapons in one form. Maybe her jaws are larger, her teeth are sharper, or her claws are hard as stone. Choose a form (Dalu, Gauru, Urshul, or Urhan) when purchasing this Merit, and choose either bite or claws. With three dots, the attack gains two levels of armor piercing (see p. 169). With four dots, increase the attack's damage by 1 atop its normal advantages. With five dots, it ignores any non-magical armor.

You can take this Merit multiple times, reflecting different enhancements in different forms.

MOON-KISSED (•)

Prerequisites: Auspice Skill at •• or higher

Effect: Your character's auspice affects her more than most. When taking this Merit, choose one of her three auspice Skills. That Skill has the 9-again quality. If you already have 9-again available, use 8-again. When her auspice moon is visible, spending Willpower gives +4 dice to rolls using that Skill instead of +3.

You can take this Merit multiple times, reflecting different auspice Skills.

Drawback: When taking this Merit, choose a non-auspice Skill your character has dots in. Rolls requiring that Skill do not benefit from the 10-again quality.

NOWHERE TO RUN (••)

Prerequisites: Hunter in Darkness

Effect: Any Hunter in Darkness can track prey. Your character, however, has an instinctive awareness of his prey, and the places his prey considers "safe." Using subtle clues about his prey—like smells, fibers, and tracks—he can identify where his prey hides and recuperates. With a turn of scrutiny, he immediately knows basic details and a rough location of any Safe Place the prey has. With a Wits + Investigation roll, he can identify other dedicated sites, boltholes, and hiding places. Every success offers one such hangout.

Drawback: Your character's instincts peak when he knows his prey's safe places. Your character must leave his mark on the location when he visits. This can be as subtle as a scent, but must be something the prey can notice if she returns.

PACK DYNAMICS (•••, ••••, OR •••••)

Effect: Your character works with her pack the way she works with her own limbs. She intuitively understands their behaviors, and can instinctively compliment their actions with ease. Any time she participates in a teamwork action (see p. 162), add +1, +2, or +3 dice to her rolls at the three-, four-, and five-dot versions of this Merit, respectively. This bonus also adds to rolls using her Resistance Attributes (Resolve, Stamina, and Composure) when defending her pack.

Drawback: When she doesn't know where a member of her pack is, she becomes restless and worried. The bonus acts as a penalty to all rolls when a member of the pack is missing.

RESIDENTIAL AREA (• TO •••••)

Effect: Your pack's territory encompasses a residential area, and your character has secured it well. This area may be an apartment complex, a gated community, or any place where diverse groups of people lay their heads. Once per game session, you can access a number of Merit dots equal to your Residential Area Merit dots. These Merits can be split however you wish between Allies, Contacts, and Retainers. These Merits must make sense within the scope of the territory. A tenement in the slums probably won't have high-level Medical Allies, for example.

Drawback: Any time you access a Merit through Residential Area, the characters reflecting those Merits will demand some token favors for their assistance.

RESONANCE SHAPER (•••)

Prerequisites: Wisdom ••

Effect: Your character is adept at the way Essence flows and reshapes. To her capable hands, Essence is clearly mutable. Roll Manipulation + Occult as an extended action; each roll requires one hour of work on a small wellspring of Essence, or one day's work on a locus. She can change a single point of the Essence's resonance with five successes. With ten successes per level of the locus, she can change its resonance. How she does this is unique to her relationship with the *Hisil*. Some Uratha perform shaping through music, some through dance, some through literal molding of their surroundings.

SELF-CONTROL (••)

Prerequisites: Resolve •••

Effect: Your character can stave off her spirit nature. When compelled to shift in a stressful situation due to low Harmony (see p. 96), you may spend a point of Willpower to allow her to remain in her current form for the scene. Doing so is a breaking point toward Flesh.

SONG IN YOUR HEART (•••)

Prerequisites: Glory ••

Effect: Your character sings, howls, and tells stories like none other. Her words echo and reverberate through listeners, and inspire them to learn from her tales. This Merit acts as the Inspiring Merit (see p. 111). Your character does not need to meet the prerequisites for that Merit, and it can only be used when singing, howling, or storytelling. Listeners may take the Inspired Condition (see p. 308) as a Persistent Condition, gaining a Beat every time they take a significant action inspired by your character's tale.

SOUNDS OF THE CITY (••)

Prerequisites: Iron Master

Effect: Your Iron Master has his fingers on the pulse of the city, and can see the flow of its currencies. Not just money, but favors, popularity, and standing. With subtle manipulations, he can cut off that flow. The player rolls Wits + Politics; with success and a turn of scrutiny, the character can identify one Social Merit the prey possesses, chosen by the Storyteller.

Additionally, with a scene's effort, he can shut down a number of Social Merit dots equal to his Cunning Renown. These must reflect human influences, such as Allies, Contacts, Fame, Resources, or Status in the human world. His prey loses access to those Merits for as long as your Iron Master wishes. However, he can only lock out that number; he must abandon previous efforts if he wants to deny different Merits.

Drawback: His level of intimacy with the city's interactions leaves your character vulnerable. While he's shutting down Social Merits, his own Social Merits in human spheres are considered one dot lower. This includes their relative levels for defending against others' attacks and scrutiny.

STRINGS OF THE HEART (••)

Prerequisites: Storm Lord

Effect: The first trick to making someone do what you want is finding out what they want, and promising it, threatening it, or offering it. Your Storm Lord has a knack for finding that very thing. After a turn scrutinizing her prey, ask his player, "What does your character want most?" Your Storm Lord instinctively knows the answer, even if she doesn't understand the context. "I want Davis's hand in marriage" is more useful if she knows who Davis is, but she doesn't have to know him to know that answer.

When leveraging that bit of information, she's considered one stage of impression better in Social maneuvers against the prey (see p. 163), and ignores one Door. As well, the prey cannot defy the Storm Lord's threats, offers, or temptations without spending a point of Willpower.

Drawback: That degree of intimacy creates a lasting relationship between the Storm Lord and her prey, whether she wants it or not. That sympathy leaves her open to later influence. The Storm Lord always has one fewer Door when the prey initiates a Social maneuver against her.

TOTEM (• TO •••••)

Effect: Your character has a relationship to a totem spirit, either personally or to a pack totem. Each dot invested in this Merit adds a totem point to create the totem (see p. 91). Note that any character can only have five points in this Merit. A pack totem is limited by the number of pack members, but can be massive with enough invested members. The Totem Merit also adds dice equal to its dots to any Social action with the totem spirit in question.

Drawback: Being tied to a totem leaves a character beholden to the totem. If your character angers the totem, the invested totem points fade. This may require the pack to re-negotiate their totem advantage. The points can return if your character makes reparations with the totem, but must be re-purchased.

WEAKEST LINK (••)

Prerequisite: Blood Talon

Effect: Your character can immediately work out the weakest points in a social dynamic. With a turn of scrutinizing two or more associated characters, your character identifies the weakest of those characters by whatever criteria the Storyteller feels is most appropriate to the situation. This doesn't require a roll.

As a guideline, Skills, Merits, Gifts, Renown, and Primal Urge can determine the weakest. This depends on the context; a character's lack of Resources doesn't make her weak when battle looms.

Drawback: This ability depends on the narrative context. The criteria the Storyteller uses will be those most relevant to the situation at hand; she does not have to identify the criteria by name. For example, at a tech conference, Computer is an obvious choice, but Status: Komputerkorp Inc. might be more relevant if the Blood Talon is looking over the Komputerkorp Inc. staff.

WEREWOLF FIGHTING MERITS

These Merits specifically add combat options for werewolves. Unless otherwise noted, they require the character to be Uratha, and may require a certain form to use (noted in the prerequisites). Prerequisites are determined by Hishu form statistics; increased Attributes and traits given by another form do not count toward prerequisite requirements.

CALL OUT (••)

Prerequisites: Honor ••, Intimidation ••, Composure •••

Effect: Your character fights with honor and dignity. When he calls out his opponent, it must abide by his challenge. When he uses an instant action to call out a potential combatant, that opponent suffers your character's Honor as a penalty to attack anyone else. If the opponent does attack someone else, you can add your character's Honor to any attacks against him.

Drawback: If anyone else attacks your chosen opponent, it breaks the challenge. When that happens, your opponent gains your character's Honor as a bonus to dice pools against your character for the remainder of the scene.

EFFICIENT KILLER (••)

Prerequisites: Purity ••, Brawl •••, Medicine ••, Strength •••, may only be used in Gauru form

Effect: Your character is a master of immediate, merciful killing. She knows exactly where to clamp down to end a life in one swift blow. When in Gauru form, any time an opponent is completely denied her Defense – for example, if she's sacrificed it for an all-out attack, during a successful ambush, or when activating certain Merits – you can use Efficient Killer. Sacrifice your Defense for the turn, and you can deal a Killing Blow (see p. 168).

Drawback: This Merit only works on living targets with discernible weak points. Additionally, this is a common *kuruth* trigger.

FLANKING (••)

Prerequisites: Cunning ••, Wits •••, Stealth ••, Brawl ••

Effect: Your character can support another character by poking at an enemy's flanks. She grabs, bites, or otherwise restrains an opponent, setting it up for an opportune strike from a packmate. Any time your character makes a successful attack you can choose to apply successes as a penalty to the victim's Initiative and Defense for the turn instead of causing damage.

INSTINCTIVE DEFENSE (••)

Prerequisites: Primal Urge ••, Athletics ••

Effect: Your character's instincts protect her when in her canine forms. In Urhan and Urshul, use the higher of your character's Wits and Dexterity when figuring her Defense, instead of the lower.

RELENTLESS ASSAULT (STYLE, • TO •••••)

Prerequisites: Strength •••, Stamina •••, Brawl ••

Effect: Your character fights with complete abandon. She throws herself at her opponents without thought or hesitation, turning herself into a ruthless killing machine. She's the first into the fight, and the last out of a fight. While this Style is more useful in Urshul and Gauru form, an Uratha can use it in any form. It only applies to attacks using the Brawl Skill, but can be used when in *Kuruth*.

Drop of a Hat (•): Your character goes from zero to ballistic at the start of a fight. She always goes to strike first. In the first turn of a fight, your character gets +3 to her Initiative score so long as she makes an all-out attack (see p. 168). After the first turn, this bonus goes away.

Eye of the Tiger (••): Your character can focus on a single target to the exclusion of all others. This tunnel vision makes her fearsome against her primary target, but vulnerable to others. Choose a target. When making an all-out attack against that target, your character retains her Defense against him.

Dig Deep (•••): Your character doesn't strike for her enemy's skin; she strikes for a

kill. You can choose to remove one die from your dice pool before rolling an attack. If you do, increase your character's claws or teeth weapon modifier by +1.

Grin and Bear It (••••): Your character stops caring about her own safety in order to take down her opponents, and this single-minded lethality helps her to shrug off blows that might cripple others less ferocious. Any time she makes an all-out attack, she gains 1/1 armor against all attacks for the turn. This combines with any other armor she may benefit from.

The Warpath (•••••): Your character kills, but this does not stop her assault. Any time she fills an opponent's last health box with lethal or aggravated damage, she may immediately make an additional attack against any other character within her reach. If her second attack deals damage, she immediately enters *Basu-Im* without a chance to resist.

SPIRITUAL BLOCKAGE (••)

Prerequisites: Wisdom ••, Brawl •, Occult •••, Wits •••

Effect: Your character can sense the ebb and flow of Essence in her opponents. With well-placed strikes, she can curb the flow of Essence in the body, denying a victim access to his spiritual fuel. You can choose to use Spiritual Blockage any time your character makes a Brawl or Weaponry attack against a creature that uses Essence. Make an attack with a -2 penalty. If the attack deals damage, the victim loses a point of Essence; on an exceptional success the victim loses two points. This Essence is considered spent, not lost. As such, it limits the amount a victim can spend in a turn.



spot a few feet behind it. To her, overkill is the only acceptable

Merits

Tom Spence 14

TACTICAL SHIFTING (STYLE, • TO •••••)

Prerequisites: Wits •••, Dexterity •••, Athletics ••

Effect: Your character knows how to shift her form rapidly to maximize her effectiveness in a fight. She can slink down in form in order to evade an oncoming attack, or she can make a swift change in order to add force to a blow.

For the purposes of this Merit, “shifting up” means shifting to a form with a higher Size. “Shifting down” requires losing Size. If your character shifts in the proper direction, she can take advantage of multiple maneuvers in a turn. For example, Springloading and Fluid Movement can both be used in the same turn your character shifts down.

Springloading (•): Your character can leap forward in a larger form, then shift to a smaller form to move forward using the larger form’s strength and the smaller form’s mass to move quickly in small bursts. Shift down using this move at the start of the round; your character gains +2 Initiative and +5 Speed for the turn.

Broaden (••): Your character increases quickly in size, forcing nearby opponents to move or be pushed back. When you shift up, anyone within close-combat range who doesn’t Dodge suffers bashing damage equal to the difference in Size between your two forms. Anyone who takes damage must make a Dexterity + Athletics roll or suffer the Knocked Down Tilt (see p. 313).

Fluid Movement (•••): When attacked, your character shifts down rapidly to a smaller form, making her harder to hit. Shift down. For every level of Size your character removes with the shift, all opponents suffer a -1 penalty to any rolls to hit her.

Suck it Up (••••): When struck, your character can shift upward, maximizing the amount of flesh to hit, and minimizing the amount of relative harm caused. Shift up when attacked to ignore one point of bashing or lethal damage.

Crush (•••••): When your character grabs or bites an opponent she can shift up. Her larger form crushes her foe. When your character has another grappled, shifting up reflexively causes automatic lethal damage equal to the difference in Size between her two forms.

Drawback: Each of these maneuvers requires the character to shift forms as a reflexive action. If she is unable to do that, she cannot use this Merit.

WARCRY (••)

Prerequisites: Glory ••, Presence •••, Expression ••, Intimidation ••, may only be used in Gauru, Urshul, or Urhan form

Effect: Your character can howl out sharply and shake opponents to the core. Her howls reverberate on both sides of the Gauntlet, quaking spirit-stuff and flesh alike. Roll Presence + Expression as an instant action. The howl affects a number of listeners of your choice equal to the successes rolled. Those affected suffer a -1 penalty to Defense and attack rolls, and -2 to Initiative for the remainder of the scene. A character may only be subject to this effect once in a given scene.

Drawback: This Merit causes alert throughout the *Hisil*. Within three turns, curious spirits will arrive on the scene. Depending on the location, they may also be hostile.

HUMAN MERITS

Any werewolf can possess these Merits, but they’re also available to and relatively common choices for players portraying human characters.

For additional Merits available to all characters, see *The World of Darkness Rulebook* or *The God-Machine Chronicle*

ALLIES (• TO •••••)

Effect: Allies help your character. They might be friends, employees, associates, or people your character has blackmailed. Each instance of this Merit represents one type of ally. This could be in an organization, a society, a clique, or an individual. Examples include a covenant, the police, a secret society, crime, unions, local politics, and the academic community. Each purchase has its own rating. Your character might have Allies (Masons) ••, Allies (Carter Crime Family) •••, Allies (Lodge of Gargoyles) ••••, and Allies (Catholic Church) •.

Each dot represents a layer of influence in the group. One dot would constitute small favors and passing influence. Three could offer considerable influence, such as the overlooking of a misdemeanor charge by the police. Five dots stretch the limits of the organization’s influence, as its leaders put their own influence on the line for the character. This could include things such as massive insider trading or fouling up a felony investigation. No matter the request, it has to be something that organization could accomplish.

The Storyteller assigns a rating between one and five to any favor asked. A character can ask for favors that add up to her Allies rating without penalty in one chapter. If she extends her influence beyond that, her player must roll Manipulation + Persuasion + Allies, with a penalty equal to the favor’s rating. If the roll is successful, the group does as requested. Failed or successful, the character loses a dot of Allies. This dot may return at the end of the chapter. On a dramatic failure, the organization resents her and seeks retribution. On an exceptional success, she doesn’t lose the dot.

One additional favor a character can ask of her Allies is to block another character’s Allies, Contacts, Mentor, Retainer, or Status (if she knows the character possesses the relevant Merit). The rating is equal to the Merit dots blocked. As before, no roll is necessary unless the target’s Merit exceeds the character’s Allies. If the block succeeds, the character cannot use the Merit during the same chapter.

ALTERNATE IDENTITY (•, ••, OR •••)

Effect: Your character has established an alternate identity. The level of this Merit determines the amount of scrutiny it can withstand. At one dot, the identity is superficial and unofficial. For example, your character uses an alias with a change of clothes and adopts an accent. She hasn’t established the necessary paperwork to even approach a bureaucratic background check, let alone pass. At two dots, she’s supported her identity with paperwork and identification. It’s not liable to stand up to extensive research, but it’ll turn away private investigators and internet hobbyists. At three dots, the identity can pass thorough inspection. The identity has been deeply entrenched in relevant databases, with subtle flourishes and details to make it seem real even to trained professionals.

The Merit also reflects time the character has spent honing the persona. At one or two dots, she gains a +1 to all Subterfuge rolls to defend the identity. At three dots, she gains +2.

This Merit can be purchased multiple times, each time representing an additional identity.

ANONYMITY (• TO •••••)

Prerequisites: Cannot have Fame.

Effect: Your character lives off the grid. She might live as a wolf in a wild area, making getting new forms of identification difficult. This means purchases must be made with cash or falsified credit cards. She avoids any official authoritative influence in her affairs. Any attempts to find her by her paper trail suffer a -1 penalty per dot purchased in this Merit.

Drawback: Your character cannot purchase the Fame Merit. This also may limit Status purchases, if the character cannot provide sufficient identification for the roles she wishes to take.

AREA OF EXPERTISE (•)

Prerequisite: Resolve •• and one Skill Specialty

Effect: Your character is uncommonly specialized in one area. Choose a Specialty to assign to this Merit. Forgo the +1 bonus afforded by a Specialty in exchange for a +2.

BARFLY (••)

Prerequisite: Socialize ••

Effect: Your character is a natural in bars and clubs, and can procure an open invitation wherever she wishes. Whereas most characters would require rolls to blend into social functions where they don't belong, she doesn't. Rolls to identify her as an outsider suffer her Socialize as a penalty.

CONTACTS (•)

Effect: Contacts provide your character with information. This Merit can be taken multiple times; each instance represents a sphere or organization with which the character can garner information. For example, a character with three dots of Contacts might have Bloggers, Drug Dealers, and Vampire Hunters for connections. Contacts do not provide services, only information. This may be given face-to-face, by email, by telephone, or even by séance in some strange instances.

Garnering information via Contacts requires a Manipulation + Social Skill roll, depending on the method the character uses. The Storyteller should give a bonus or penalty, dependent on how relevant the information is to that particular Contact, whether accessing the information is dangerous, and if the character has maintained good relations or done favors for the Contact. These modifiers should range from -3 to +3 in most cases. If successful, the Contact provides the information.

One use of a Contact is to dig up dirt on another character. A Contact can find another character's Social Merits and any relevant Conditions. If someone attempts to block Contacts with Allies, add up all Contacts dots to determine the effective rating, to a maximum of five.

FAME (• TO •••••)

Effect: Your character is recognized within a certain sphere for a certain skill, or because of some past action, or just a stroke of

luck. This can mean favors and attention, but it can also mean negative attention and scrutiny. When choosing the Merit, define what your character is known for. One dot reflects local recognition or reputation within a confined subculture. Two dots means regional recognition by a wide swath of people. Three dots means worldwide recognition to anyone who might have been exposed to the source of the fame. Each dot adds a die to any Social rolls among those who are impressed by your character's celebrity.

Drawback: Any rolls to find or identify the character enjoy a +1 bonus per dot of the Merit. If the character has Alternate Identity, she can mitigate this drawback. A character with Fame cannot have the Anonymity Merit.

FLEET OF FOOT (• TO •••)

Prerequisite: Athletics ••

Effect: Your character is remarkably quick and runs far faster than her frame suggests. She gains +1 Speed per dot; anyone pursuing her suffers a -1 penalty per dot to any foot chase rolls.

INDOMITABLE (••)

Prerequisite: Resolve •••

Your character possesses an iron will. The powers of the supernatural have little bearing on her behavior. She can stand up to Lunacy, a witch's charms, or a ghost's gifts of fright. Any time a supernatural creature uses a power to influence your character's thoughts or emotions, add +2 dice to the dice pool to contest it. If the roll is resisted, instead subtract -2 dice from the monster's dice pool. Note that this only affects mental influence and manipulation from a supernatural origin. A werewolf with a remarkable Manipulation + Persuasion score is just as likely to convince your character to do something using mundane tricks.

INSPIRING (••••)

Prerequisite: Presence •••

Effect: Your character's passion inspires those around her to greatness. With a few words, she can redouble a group's confidence or move them to action.

Make a Presence + Expression roll. A small clique of listeners levies a -1 penalty, a small crowd a -2, and a large crowd a -3. Listeners gain the Inspired Condition. The character may not use this Merit on herself.

IRON WILL (••)

Prerequisite: Resolve ••••

Effect: Your character's resolve is unwavering. When spending Willpower to contest or resist in a Social interaction, you may substitute your character's Resolve for the usual Willpower bonus. If the roll is contested, roll with 8-again.

LANGUAGE (•)

Effect: Your character is skilled with an additional language beyond her native tongue. Choose a language each time you buy this Merit. Your character can speak, read, and write in that language.

MENTOR (• TO •••••)

Effect: This Merit gives your character a teacher who provides advice and guidance. He acts on your character's

behalf, often in the background and sometimes without your character's knowledge. This may be an older werewolf in the same protectorate, a lodge-mate, or other figure. While Mentors can be highly competent, they almost always want something in return for their services. The dot rating determines the Mentor's capabilities, and to what extent he'll aid your character.

When establishing a Mentor, determine what the Mentor wants from your character. The dot rating chosen should reflect the importance of the objective to him. A one-dot Mentor might always be on the *Siskur-Dah*, and wants to live vicariously through your character. This might mean coming to him and telling stories of your character's exploits. A five-dot Mentor would want something beyond price, such as an oath to find and kill the *idigam* that murdered the rest of his pack.

Choose three Skills the Mentor possesses. You can substitute Resources for one of these Skills. Once per session, the character may ask her Mentor for a favor. The favor must involve one of those Skills or be within the scope of his Resources. The Mentor commits to the favor (often asking for a commensurate favor in return); and if a roll is required on the Mentor's part to secure the favor, he is automatically considered to have successes equal to his dot rating. Alternately, the player may ask the Storyteller to have the Mentor act on her character's behalf, without her character knowing or initiating the request.

PARKOUR (STYLE, • TO •••••)

Prerequisites: Dexterity •••, Athletics ••

Your character is a trained and proficient free-runner. Free-running is the art of moving fluidly through urban environments with complex leaps, bounds, running tricks, and vaulting. This is the type of sport popularized in modern action films, where characters are unhindered by fences, walls, construction equipment, cars, or anything else the city puts in the way.

Flow (•): Your character reacts instinctively to any obstacles with leaps, jumps, and scaling techniques. When in a foot chase, subtract your Parkour from the successes needed to pursue or evade. Ignore environmental penalties to Athletics rolls equal to your Parkour rating.

Cat Leap (••): Your character falls with outstanding grace. Normally, characters take 1 point of bashing damage for every 10 feet fallen. Every success on a Dexterity + Athletics roll reduces the effective height by 10 feet; if the character would take lethal damage from the fall, the roll doesn't reduce the damage. Parkour removes this limitation, and can mitigate lethal damage. Additionally, add your Parkour rating to the threshold of damage that can be removed through this roll. Parkour will not mitigate damage from a terminal velocity fall.

Wall Run (•••): When climbing, your character can run upward for some distance before having to traditionally climb. Without rolling, your character scales 10 feet + 5 feet per dot of Athletics as an instant action, rather than the normal 10 feet.

Expert Traceur (••••): Parkour has become second nature for your character. By spending a Willpower point, you may designate one Athletics roll to run, jump, or climb as a rote action. On any turn you use this ability, you may not apply your character's Defense to oncoming attacks.

Freeflow (•••••): Your character's Parkour is now muscle memory. She can move without thinking in a zen-like state. The character must run for at least a full minute in order to establish Freeflow. Once established, your character is capable of taking Athletics actions reflexively once per turn. By spending a point of Willpower on an Athletics roll in a foot chase, gain an additional three successes instead of +3 dice.

RESOURCES (• TO •••••)

Effect: This Merit reflects your character's disposable income. She might live in an upscale condo, but if her income is tied up in the mortgage and child support payments, she might have little money to throw around. Characters are assumed to have basic necessities without Resources.

The dot rating determines the relative amount of disposable funding the character has available, depending on your particular chronicle's setting. The same amount of money means completely different things in a game set in Silicon Valley compared to one set in the Detroit slums. One dot is a little spending money here and there. Two is a comfortable, middle class wage. Three is a nicer, upper-middle-class life. Four is moderately wealthy. Five is filthy rich.

Every item has an Availability rating. Once per chapter, your character can procure an item at her Resources level or lower without issue. An item one Availability level above her Resources reduces her effective Resources by one dot for a full month, since she has to rapidly liquidate funds. She can procure items two Availability levels below her Resources without limit (within reason). For example, a character with Resources •••• can procure as many Availability •• disposable cellphones as she needs.

RETAINER (• TO •••••)

Effect: Your character has an assistant, sycophant, servant, or follower on whom she can rely. Her retainer isn't part of the pack; their relationship is strictly one-to-one. Establish who this companion is and how he was acquired. It may be as simple as a paycheck. He might owe your character his life. However it happened, your character has a hold on him.

A Retainer is more reliable than a Mentor and more loyal than an Ally. On the other hand, a Retainer is a lone person, less capable and influential than the broader Merits.

The Merit's dot rating determines the relative competency of the Retainer. A one-dot Retainer is barely able to do anything of use, such as a pet that knows one useful trick or a homeless old man who does minor errands for food. A three-dot Retainer is a professional in his field, someone capable in his line of work. A five-dot Retainer is one of the best in his class. If he needs to make a roll within his field, double the Retainer dot rating and use it as a dice pool. For anything else use the dot rating as a dice pool.

This Merit can be purchased multiple times to represent multiple Retainers.

SAFE PLACE (• TO •••••)

Effect: Your character has somewhere she can go where she can feel secure. While she may have enemies that could attack her there, she's prepared and has the upper hand. The dot rating reflects the security of the place. The actual location, the luxury,

and the size are represented by equipment. A one-dot Safe Place might be equipped with basic security systems or a booby trap at the windows and door. A five-dot bolthole could have a security crew, infrared scanners at every entrance, or trained dogs. Each place could be an apartment, a mansion, or a hidey-hole.

Unlike most Merits, multiple characters can contribute dots to a single Safe Place, combining their points into something greater. A Safe Place gives an Initiative bonus equal to the Merit dots should the location come under attack. The bonus only applies to a character with dots invested in the Safe Place.

Any efforts to breach the Safe Place suffer a penalty equal to the Merit dots invested. If the character desires, the Safe Place can include traps that cause lethal damage to intruders equal to a maximum of the Merit rating (player's choice as to how much damage a given trap inflicts). This requires that the character has at least a dot in Crafts. The traps may be avoided with a Dexterity + Larceny roll, penalized by the Safe Place dots.

SLEIGHT OF HAND (••)

Prerequisite: Larceny •••

Effect: Your character can pick locks and pockets without even thinking about it. She can take one Larceny-based instant action reflexively in a given turn. As well, her Larceny actions go unnoticed unless someone is trying specifically to catch her.

STAFF (• TO •••••)

Effect: Your character has a crew of workers or assistants at her disposal. They may be housekeepers, designers, research assistants, animators, thugs, or whatever else makes sense. For every dot in this Merit, choose one type of assistant, and one Skill. At any reasonable time, her staff can take actions using that Skill. These actions automatically garner a single success. While not useful in contested actions, this guarantees success on minor, mundane activities.

Note that you may have employees or human packmates without requiring the Staff Merit. Staff simply adds a mechanical advantage for those groups.

STATUS (• TO •••••)

Effect: Your character has standing, membership, authority, control over, or respect from a group or organization. This may reflect official standing or informal respect. No matter the source, your character enjoys certain privileges within that structure.

Each instance of this Merit reflects standing in a different group or organization. Your character may have Status (The Luck Gang) •••, Status (Drag Racing Circuit) ••, and Status (Police) •. Each affords its own unique benefits. As you increase dot ratings, your character rises in prominence in the relevant group.

Status only allows advantages within the confines of the group reflected in the Merit. Status (Organized Crime) won't help if your character wants an official concealed carry firearms permit, for example.

Status provides a number of advantages:

First, your character can apply her Status to any Social roll with those over whom she has authority or sway.

Second, she has access to group facilities, resources, and funding. Dependent on the group, this could be limited by red tape and requisitioning processes. It's also dependent on the resources the particular group has available.

Third, she has pull. If your character knows another individual's Mentor, Resources, Retainer, Contacts, or Allies, she can block their usage. Once per chapter, she can stop a single Merit from being used if it's of a lower dot rating than her Status, and if it makes sense for her organization to obstruct that type of person's behavior. In our Organized Crime example, if your character knows that the chief of police has Contacts (Criminal Informant), you may opt to block its usage by threatening the informant into silence.

Drawback: Status requires upkeep and often regular duties. If these duties are not upheld, Status may be lost. The dots will not be accessible until the character re-establishes her standing. In our Organized Crime example, your character may be expected to pay protection money, offer tribute to a higher authority, or undertake felonious activities.

STRIKING LOOKS (• OR ••)

Effect: Your character is stunning, alarming, commanding, repulsing, threatening, charming, or otherwise worthy of attention. Determine how your character looks and how people react to that. For one dot, your character gets a +1 bonus on any Social rolls that would be influenced by his looks. For two dots, the benefit increases to +2. Depending on the particulars, this might influence Expression, Intimidation, Persuasion, Subterfuge, or other rolls.

Drawback: Attention is a double-edged sword. Any rolls to spot, notice, or remember your character gain the same die bonus. Sometimes, your character will draw unwanted attention in social situations. This could cause further complications.

SYMPATHETIC (••)

Effect: Your character is very good at letting others get close. This gives him an edge in getting what he wants. At the beginning of a Social maneuvering attempt, you may choose to accept a Condition such as Leveraged or Swooning in order to immediately eliminate two of the subject's Doors.

UNSEEN SENSE (••)

Prerequisite: Human character (not werewolf or Wolf-Blooded)

Effect: Your character has a "sixth sense" for a type of supernatural creature, chosen when you buy the Merit. For example, you may choose Unseen Sense: Werewolves, or Unseen Sense: Fairies. The sense manifests differently for everyone. A character's hair stands on end, she becomes physically ill, or perhaps she has a cold chill. Regardless, she knows that *something isn't right* when she is in the immediate proximity of the appropriate supernatural being. Once per chapter, the player can accept the Spooked Condition; in exchange, the character can pinpoint where the feeling is coming from. If the target is using a power that specifically cloaks its supernatural nature, however, this does not work (though the Condition remains until resolved as usual).



SPIRIT MAGIC



Creatures halfway between Flesh and Spirit, werewolves carry some of the blessings of each. Individual Uratha wield spirit Gifts, while packs work rites that call on ancient spirit-ties.

GIFTS

The Uratha are creatures of change, with quicksilver flesh that flows and dances between forms. The spirit is no less malleable a medium, bearing Gifts torn in channels of blood and Essence. These symbol-scars gird the werewolf with power, bringing strange abilities to life as easily and naturally as breathing or hunting. Gifts reshape the rivers of Essence that run through the very being of the Uratha.

Despite their source, Gifts are not alien powers grafted onto the soul of a werewolf. They undeniably reflect the nature of the Uratha as predators. The power of these symbols shines through the lens of the werewolf's spirit to cast a shadow suited to the hunt and the kill.

Moon Gifts tear into a werewolf's spirit during the quicksilver communion of the First Change. These Gifts are Luna's mark and reward, a scar left in the supplicant from that instant of harmony with a vast and powerful god.

Shadow Gifts are granted by spirits, or ripped from them at the culmination of a Sacred Hunt. Lacking the Moon's ties to the Uratha, such entities must rend both Essence and flesh to make their mark, a painful and wounding experience — but one that grants power.

Wolf Gifts are fundamental to the Essence of the Uratha. As manifestations of the lineage of Wolf and Moon, these Gifts arm the Uratha with the tools they need to be lethal predators and consummate shape shifters.

USING GIFTS

The use of a Gift is utterly instinctive for an Uratha. She does not need to utter an incantation or focus her mind. She simply wills it, and her Essence pours through the Gift's mark on her spirit. The simple presence of that Gift's symbolic power is not enough to grant an Uratha complete mastery of it, however. Each Gift is split into five Facets, expressions of its meaning reflected through the Renown of the werewolf. The Facets are intertwined with the brands that the Uratha bear, and draw strength directly from them.

An Uratha who bears the mark of a Gift can only use those Facets within it that she has acquired. Some Facets affect the Essence flows of the recipient at such a fundamental level that they are permanently in effect, while others require the Uratha to expend Essence to activate them. For those Facets that require a dice pool to activate, it is made up of an Attribute, a Skill, and the Facet's Renown. Some Facets have specific modifiers or take the form of an opposed roll against the prey.

A number of general modifiers can affect a Facet's dice pool. Note that these only affect dice pools, not static modifiers based on Renown.

FACET MODIFIERS

| | |
|----|---|
| +1 | In the area of influence of a locus (rated 1-3) |
| +1 | Using a Facet against a target whose blood she has tasted |
| +2 | Using a Facet against her tribe's favored prey |
| +2 | Using a Facet during her auspice moon phase |
| +2 | In the area of influence of a powerful locus (rated 4+) |
| -2 | In the presence of an Uratha in Death Rage |
| -3 | In contact with silver |

GAINING GIFTS AND FACETS

Gifts are not lessons that can be taught. They are not magic tricks that can be learned. They are symbolism made real in the meat and spirit-stuff of the Uratha. They are vital and primal, and must be carved into the recipient, not handed out like a dainty little revelation. The gaining of a Gift is a moment of pounding heartbeat, racing adrenaline, and invigorating pain.

An Uratha's first Moon Gift writes itself into her when she receives her auspice. This is Luna's touch, the moment when the Moon lays claim to her. It resonates intensely with the Renown brands that mark the auspice's greatest virtue.

A new werewolf gains a single Moon Gift associated with her auspice. Moon Gift Facets are all associated with the auspice's Renown, and are ranked from one to five dots. Whenever the Uratha gains a dot in her auspice Renown (including during character creation) she gains the Facet of equal dot rating to her new Renown total. For example, an Ithaeur with Wisdom 3 would have the first three dots of the Crescent Moon Gift unlocked as her achievements cause the Gift within to bloom into vibrant power. Gaining Facets in this way costs no Experiences. A werewolf may discover other Moon Gifts that are associated with her auspice at a cost of 5 Experiences, which unlocks the first dot Facet of the Gift. Gaining further Facets costs 2 Experiences each, and they must be purchased in ascending order. An Uratha can never raise the dots in a Moon Gift above the rating of her current auspice Renown.

Uratha glean Shadow Gifts from spirits whose symbolic nature matches the Gift that is desired. A werewolf can acquire a Gift from the denizens of the Shadow through various means. Some of the People coax, coerce, and bargain. Others force a spirit to comply with the rites of *Siskur-Dah*. A rare few manage to trick or dupe spirits into granting Gifts. The one constant is that a spirit cannot grant a Gift that does not reflect its own symbolic truth. A charred, drifting thing of ashen flesh

and embers might know the butcher's work needed to slice the Elemental's Gift or Death's Gift into a werewolf, but the secret of the Gift of Warding is beyond its ken.

Once the spirit agrees to bestow a Gift, it physically tears the symbol into the recipient. Luna's ties with the Forsaken are close and pure, and the Moon can mark its children from afar. Other spirits possess no such connection and must work the canvas of the werewolf's Essence with more primal tools. A spirit inflicts one point of lethal damage in an oft-agonizing process, as it claws, rips, or carves both flesh and spirit of the beneficiary. This grisly painting can sometimes leave scars that refuse to ever properly heal. It's not unknown for Uratha to tattoo over the healing flesh of a Gift-mark, or to have the wounds freshly opened and ritually scarified. Such werewolves bear their Gift-marks with pride and as a warning of their power.

Unlocking a Shadow Gift costs 5 Experiences, or 3 if it is favored by auspice or tribe. Once it is acquired, the Uratha gains a single Facet within that Gift immediately. She may then freely purchase additional Facets for 2 Experiences each at any time she wishes. One limitation applies: she may never unlock a Facet associated with a Renown in which she possesses no dots. Every time the Uratha gains a new dot of any Renown, she may unlock the respective Renown Facet in a Gift that she possesses at no cost. This spiritual development causes the Gift's marks to squirm and cut their way deeper into the Uratha's being, opening up the fresh Essence flows of the new Facets. If the werewolf has already unlocked all the Facets associated with that Renown in the Gifts she possesses, the free unlock is stored until she gains a new Gift with a suitable Facet.

Wolf Gifts require no spiritual intervention from Moon or Shadow. They represent natural paths of spiritual development that Uratha commonly undergo, inflicting changes born of their hybrid inheritance. An Uratha can unlock a Facet from a Wolf Gift at any time, provided she possesses at least one dot in the relevant Renown. This always costs 1 Experience.

SUPERNATURAL CONFLICT

In the World of Darkness, Uratha sometimes call the *Siskur-Dah* against strange and unusual supernatural creatures that lie outside the usual prey of the tribes. Some Facets call for contested rolls and allow the prey to add its Primal Urge to its dice pool. In the case of other supernatural beings, the prey may add its closest equivalent, such as a vampire's Blood Potency or a changeling's Wyrld.

CLASH OF WILLS

When two Uratha bring the supernatural might of their Gifts to bear against one another, conflicts can arise where it is unclear which spiritual symbol will prove triumphant over the other. When the effects of Facets clash directly in this manner, a Clash of Wills takes place.

The players of all characters using conflicting powers enter a contested roll-off, each using a pool of her Primal Urge plus her dots in the Renown associated with the Facet she is using or her auspice Renown for other abilities. Ties reroll until one player has accrued more successes than all others. The effect invoked by that player's character wins out and resolves as

usual, while all others fail. The victory of one power in a clash does not mean the immediate cancellation of the others, except in cases where only one power can possibly endure.

A player may spend Willpower to bolster the contested roll, but only if the character is physically present and aware that powers are clashing. Certain powers, such as those with exceptionally long durations, are more enduring in a clash. Day-long effects add +1 die to the clash roll, week-long effects +2, month-long +3; effects that would last a year or longer add +4.

Clash of Wills also applies to power conflicts with other supernatural creatures. The traits involved depend on the creature in question – vampires use Blood Potency in the contest, for example. Where a werewolf's inherent abilities clash with another creature, such as the supernaturally swift reactions granted by both the Urhan form and a vampire's Celerity Discipline, the werewolf uses her Primal Urge plus her dots in her auspice Renown.

A spirit in a Clash of Wills uses its Rank as its dice pool. If the Clash comes from the spirit using an Influence, it adds its dots in that Influence to the dice pool.

MOON GIFTS

CRESCENT MOON'S GIFT

This Gift is only available to Ithaeur.

SHADOW GAZE (•)

This Facet forces the Shadow to spill forth its secrets before the baleful gaze of the Ithaeur.

Cost: 1 Essence

Duration: 1 scene

The Ithaeur adds her Wisdom Renown to all Empathy rolls made when interacting with spirits and the Ridden. Shadow Gaze can also be used directly against any spirit that the Ithaeur can perceive, revealing the symbolic truth buried at its heart. Second and subsequent uses of this ability in the scene cost 1 Essence each.

Dice Pool: Wits + Occult + Wisdom versus Resistance

Action: Instant, may be Contested

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Ithaeur is unable to read the spirit, and the spirit becomes aware of the Ithaeur's attempt to do so.

Failure: The Ithaeur is unable to read the spirit.

Success: The Ithaeur learns the spirit's ban or bane.

Exceptional Success: The Ithaeur learns both the spirit's ban and bane.

SPIRIT WHISPERS (••)

The Ithaeur can whisper a command that stirs sleeping spirits to mutter their secrets.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Persuasion + Wisdom

Action: Instant

The Ithaeur may use Spirit Whispers against a single object or dormant spirit that she can perceive and that can

hear her words. She phrases a simple question of at most one sentence. This is generally used to ask the sleeping spirit of a mundane object (such as a door, traffic light, or so forth) for information relating to its immediate area of influence.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The spirit gives the Ithaeur an outright false or misleading answer.

Failure: The spirit remains dormant and does not reply.

Success: The spirit whispers a short, one-sentence answer to the Ithaeur's question. It can only provide information about its immediate environs or influence – a door's slumbering spirit might know the code that humans use to open it, and descriptions of who has passed through recently, but that is all. "I don't know" is a perfectly valid answer.

Exceptional Success: The spirit provides a longer answer, not limited to just one sentence.

SHADOW HUNTER (•••)

When the pack howls the Hunt, it is the Ithaeur who leads the chase through the Shadow and who corners spirit-prey.

This Facet can only be activated when the Ithaeur gains the *Siskur-Dah* Condition.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: This power requires no roll

Action: Instant

Duration: The full duration of *Siskur-Dah*

For the duration of the Facet's effects, the Ithaeur adds her Wisdom Renown to the following dice pools as long as she is in the Shadow and taking actions to pursue the *Siskur-Dah*'s prey.

- Perception rolls
- Rolls to resist spirit Numina and Dread Powers
- Rolls to travel or chase through the Shadow

SHADOW MASQUERADE (••••)

The Ithaeur dons the Essence of a spirit like a mask. She passes amongst the denizens of the Shadow as one of their own.

Cost: 2 Essence

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Occult + Wisdom versus Resistance

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 hour per success

The Ithaeur may use this Facet against a single spirit that she can perceive.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Ithaeur fails to mimic the spirit, and gains the Ban Condition (see p. 306). The ban she gains corresponds to the spirit's own ban.

Failure: The Ithaeur fails to mimic the spirit.



Success: The Ithaeur copies a number of Influence dots from the spirit equal to successes rolled, as well as gaining either its ban or bane. She uses her Shadow Masquerade dice pool for copied Influence use. To other spirits, the Ithaeur appears as a spirit of the same type as the prey as long as she acts in an appropriate fashion. If she behaves suspiciously, other spirits may make a Finesse + Resistance roll penalized by the Rank of the mimicked spirit to pierce the deception. If this succeeds, Shadow Masquerade immediately ends.

Exceptional Success: Any attempts by a spirit to see through the illusion are also penalized by the Ithaeur's Wisdom Renown.

PANOPTICON (.....)

The Ithaeur opens the spiritual font of her Essence and reaches out with her consciousness. She leashes the denizens of the Shadow to serve as her eyes and ears.

Cost: Essence equal to the maximum Rank of spirit to be affected

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Occult + Wisdom

Action: Extended (10 successes; each roll represents 1 minute)

Duration: 1 scene; can be extended for an additional 1 Essence per scene

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Ithaeur's senses are overloaded and she gains the Confused Condition.

Failure: The Ithaeur accumulates no successes and gains the Stumbled Condition.

Success: The Ithaeur accumulates successes. If the target is met, the Ithaeur immediately becomes aware of all spirits of up to the maximum Rank targeted within Wisdom Renown x 100 yards, and suffers a -3 penalty to her own Perception rolls for the Facet's duration. The Ithaeur gains a rough indication of what each spirit perceives, whether they are in combat or injured, and so forth. As an Instant action, the Ithaeur may focus on a single spirit and fully immerse herself in (or withdraw from) that spirit's senses. This blocks out her own senses and those of the other spirits in the panopticon. She perceives everything that the spirit does with perfect clarity, and may spend a point of Essence to apply a penalty equal to her Wisdom Renown to all Perception rolls that the spirit makes for one scene.

Exceptional Success: The Ithaeur suffers no penalty to Perception from the Facet.

FULL MOON'S GIFT

This Gift is only available to Rahu.

KILLER INSTINCT (•)

The Rahu is a Moon-forged killer. This Facet brings his deadly instincts to the fore.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

Duration: 1 scene

The Rahu benefits from the 8-gain rule on Brawl and Weaponry dice pools for the duration of the scene.

WARRIOR'S HIDE (••)

Battle is a crucible. The Rahu must be tough enough to stand up against the very worst the foe can offer, and deliver a killing blow in return.

Duration: Permanent

The Rahu adds his Purity Renown to his Health, gaining an extra point of Health each time he increases his Purity. This increase is permanent.

BLOODY-HANDED HUNTER (•••)

A Rahu on the hunt is terrifying to behold — a blood-spattered figure utterly devoted to the kill. Woe betides anyone foolish enough to get in his way.

This Facet can only be activated when the Rahu gains the *Siskur-Dah* Condition.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

Duration: The full duration of *Siskur-Dah*

For the duration of the Facet's effects, the Rahu adds his Purity Renown to his attack rolls against anyone who is serving as an obstacle to successfully pursuing *Siskur-Dah*. Whether the obstacle is an ally of the prey who seeks to kill the Rahu, or just a hapless, troublesome human whose bureaucracy is causing an obstruction, the Rahu gains the bonus. Bloody-Handed Hunter does *not* grant its bonus to attacks against the Hunt's prey itself.

BUTCHERY (••••)

Girded with this Facet, the Rahu exults when faced with many foes. It's a chance to paint the scene red with slaughter.

Cost: 2 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Brawl + Purity

Action: Reflexive

Duration: 1 turn per success

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The blood-hungry Rahu overextends himself. His Defense becomes 0 for one turn, during which he cannot take actions that would involve giving up his Defense.

Failure: The Facet has no effect.

Success: For the duration of the Facet and as long as the Rahu is engaging more than one enemy, whenever the Rahu hits a foe with an unarmed attack (including teeth and claws), or is hit by a foe, he may apply one of the following Tilts to it regardless of whether the attack deals any damage: Arm Wrack, Blinded, Deafened, Knocked Down, Leg Wrack. Whenever the Rahu takes an enemy out of the fight by killing it or rendering it incapacitated, the duration of Butchery is extended by a single turn.

Exceptional Success: The Rahu inflicts *three* of the Tilts against the first enemy who strikes or is struck by him after activating the Facet.

CRIMSON SPASM (•••••)

The Rahu lets the full and primal lunacy of the Moon fill him with quicksilver rage. His flesh buckles, warps, and spasms as it twists into a primal form of destruction.

Cost: 1 Essence per turn

Dice Pool: Stamina + Survival + Purity

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Rahu loses control of the raw lunar power pouring into him. This counts as a breaking point towards Spirit and the Rahu involuntarily shifts into another form.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: Each success allows the Rahu to add two dots to Strength or Stamina, to add a point of general armor, or to increase the lethal damage done by his natural weapons by +1. These benefits stack on top of those granted by other Facets and forms. The Spasm lasts as long as the Rahu fuels it by paying 1 Essence each turn. If the Rahu uses this Facet while in Hishu or Urhan, he will cause Lunacy in that form as if he were in Dalu.

Exceptional Success: The Rahu also regenerates a point of lethal damage for free every turn he fuels the Spasm.

GIBBOUS MOON'S GIFT

This Gift is only available to Cahalith.

WAR HOWL (•)

The Cahalith howls her defiance and spurs her pack to greater heights of violence and fury.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Expression + Glory

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 turn per success

Dramatic Failure: A single enemy who can hear the howl regains 1 spent Willpower point.

Failure: The Cahalith's howl fails to inspire her pack.

Success: All members of the Cahalith's pack within earshot gain +1L rating on their Brawl and Weaponry attacks for the duration of the Facet. This bonus damage is always lethal, even if the attack deals bashing damage.

Exceptional Success: The Cahalith gains the Inspired Condition.

VOICE OF GLORY (••)

The voice of the Cahalith is powerful, reassuring, and inspiring. She holds audiences in thrall to her words, both her allies and hapless prey who don't understand the threat she poses.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 scene

The Cahalith adds her Glory Renown to all her dice pools for Expression and Persuasion. If using this Gift when meeting someone for the first time, the Cahalith automatically improves her first impression (p. 164) by one step. If she is attempting to inspire or incite violence and aggression, increase her impression by another step.

DREAM HUNTER (•••)

It doesn't matter that the prey hides behind thick walls. It doesn't matter how many guards and traps they have set

between themselves and their hunters. When they sleep, when they dream, it is then that the Cahalith comes for them.

This Facet can only be activated when the Cahalith gains the *Siskur-Dah* Condition.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Empathy + Glory versus Composure + Primal Urge (when invading the prey's dreams)

Action: Contested

Duration: The full duration of *Siskur-Dah*

Upon activating this Facet when a hunt begins, the Cahalith becomes attuned to the waking state of her prey. Should her prey fall into deep, dreaming sleep, the Cahalith immediately becomes aware. She may attempt to fall asleep naturally, meditate herself to sleep, or spend 1 Essence to immediately slumber. She then tracks down the prey's mind in the moonlit dreamscape that her dream-self prowls.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Cahalith loses herself in strange, alien dreams of sky and moon, gaining the Exhausted Condition when she wakes.

Failure: The Cahalith fails to track down the dreams of the prey, and awakens. She may not try again until the prey has woken and then returned to sleep once more.

Success: The Cahalith follows the dream-spoor of her prey into his subconscious. The prey experiences this as a terrifying wolf that flits through his dreams, and he *will* remember this when he awakens. The Cahalith may choose one of the following effects:

- Dreams become predatory nightmares, forcing the prey awake. He regains no Willpower from resting, and gains the Exhausted Condition.
- The Cahalith maintains a distant but unnerving presence that plants the seeds of fear, inflicting the Paranoid Condition on the prey when he awakens.
- The prey's dreams are shaped with Essence, rendering him an inviting target for spirits. He gains the Open Condition.
- The Cahalith hunts through the dream for fragmentary thought-beasts and figments, discovering one of the following about the prey: roughly where the prey is in the physical world, his Blood and Bone (or Vice and Virtue or other equivalent traits), any steps he is taking to try to protect himself from the hunt, an impression of his immediate surroundings.

Exceptional Success: The Cahalith awakens refreshed and reinvigorated, regaining one spent Willpower point.

THOUSAND-THROAT HOWL (••••)

The Cahalith throws back her head and howls. A thousand voices cry out with her, throwing prey into confusion and disarray.

Cost: 2 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Intimidate + Glory versus Resolve + Primal Urge

Action: Contested

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Cahalith's discordant howl chokes and she feels the weight of failure, gaining the Demoralized Condition.

Failure: The Cahalith's howl has no effect.

Success: Any prey who hear the howl and who fail to roll as many successes as the Cahalith are struck by the Demoralized Condition.

Exceptional Success: All prey suffering the Demoralized Condition also lose one Willpower point.

END OF STORY (.....)

The Cahalith knows when it's time for the story to end and the hunt to come to a gratifying, brutal conclusion. It doesn't matter whether the prey agrees. He's doomed already.

Cost: 3 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Persuasion + Glory versus prey's Composure + Primal Urge

Action: Contested

Duration: 1 day

The Cahalith names the prey of this Facet as she relates the victim's impending fate to her pack-mates.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The story that is ending may be that of the Cahalith herself. She suffers a penalty to Defense against the prey equal to her own Glory Renown. This bane persists for one day.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: Doom falls upon the prey. If he flees or hides from the Uratha or her packmates, he suffers a penalty to Speed, chase rolls, and Stealth rolls equal to the Cahalith's Glory Renown. He suffers her Glory Renown as a penalty to his Initiative if he faces her in combat, as well as to his Defense against her attacks. The first time in a scene that he deals damage to the Cahalith or her packmates, the damage inflicted is also reduced by her Glory Renown.

Exceptional Success: The Cahalith gains the Inspired Condition.

HALF MOON'S GIFT

This Gift is only available to Elodoth.

SCENT BENEATH THE SURFACE (•)

The keen senses of the Elodoth thresh truth from the chaff of lies with ease.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Empathy + Honor versus Composure + Primal Urge

Action: Contested

Duration: 1 scene

The Elodoth can use this Facet after at least one turn of conversation with or observation of another character.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Elodoth believes whatever the prey says as the truth; after all, his keen senses would never lie.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The Elodoth can sense whether the prey's words and actions are deceptive or truthful. He can discern whether they are lying outright or by omission, if they are attempting to mislead or trying to dissemble.

Exceptional Success: It becomes trivially obvious how to manipulate the prey. For the remainder of the scene, the Elodoth can add his Honor Renown to all Manipulation-based dice pools targeting the prey.

BLINDING OATH (••)

The world is a network of favors, dominance, and submission. With this Facet, the Elodoth can strengthen those ties with Essence.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Resolve + Persuasion + Honor versus Resolve + Primal Urge

Action: Contested

Duration: 1 month

The Elodoth can use this Facet as part of a binding oath on an agreement between two parties. He may be one of the agreeing parties, or may oversee the pact for others. Sealing the oath requires a symbolic act from those swearing to it – such as signing a document or cutting palms and shaking hands. Usually this oath is voluntarily taken but, when an Elodoth attempts to trick another into such an agreement, the victim of the subterfuge subconsciously attempts to resist the roll.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Elodoth's will is not strong enough to bind the oath, and breaking it proves the strength of those whom he would have chained. The first party to break the oath regains two spent Willpower points.

Failure: The Elodoth fails to bind the parties to the oath.

Success: The Elodoth's will binds both parties. Any attempts to break the oath by either party must fight against the Facet's power. An action that would break the oath, even unknowingly, suffers a penalty to its dice pool equal to the Elodoth's Honor Renown. This penalty represents circumstances conspiring against the would-be oathbreaker as the world flings obstacles in their path.

Exceptional Success: The Elodoth becomes immediately aware if the oath is broken, and by which party.

SLY HUNTER (•••)

The Elodoth hunts with a net wrought not of rope but of connections, favors, and allies. It is so terribly easy for the prey to become snared.

This Facet can only be activated when the Elodoth gains the *Siskur-Dah* Condition.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

Duration: The full duration of *Siskur-Dah*

For the duration of the Facet's effects, the Elodoth adds his Honor Renown to the following dice pools as long as he is taking actions to pursue the *Siskur-Dah's* prey.

- Actions involving his Allies and Contacts to track down the prey or obstruct them.
- Social rolls to attack or hamper the prey's own Allies, Alternate Identity, Contacts, Resources, and Status Merits.

TIES OF WORD AND PROMISE (.....)

The Elodoth needs only a little time to draw on the strands of his web. It takes but a few moments of convincing promises and assurances.

Cost: 1 Essence per Merit dot

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Persuasion + Honor

Action: Extended (10 successes; each roll represents 1 minute)

Duration: 1 day

The Elodoth chooses Allies, Alternate Identity, Contacts, Resources, or Status when using this Facet, spending 1 Essence per dot of the new Merit that he wishes to gain. The group with which he gains the new Merit must be one that he or his existing Allies and Contacts have some sort of friendly link to. He must also contact at least one member of the group to use this Facet through. Attempting to gain dots in a Merit with a group that is explicitly hostile to him imposes a -3 penalty on the roll.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Elodoth is rebuffed, and the targeted group attempts to block an existing Ally or Contact Merit that he possesses.

Failure: The Elodoth accumulates no successes and gains the Stumbled Condition.

Success: The Elodoth accumulates successes. If the target is met, the Elodoth gains the desired Merit for one day.

Exceptional Success: The Elodoth gains the Merit for one week.

TIES OF BLOOD AND BONE (.....)

The strongest ties of all are those that bind the pack together. This Facet lets the Elodoth draw on those connections at a deep and visceral level, exchanging places in a shiver of fleshy metamorphosis.

Cost: 3 Essence

Dice Pool: Stamina + Empathy + Honor versus Stamina + Primal Urge

Action: Instant, may be Contested

When using this Facet, the Elodoth chooses a single packmate within his Honor Renown in miles. If the packmate wishes to resist the Facet, she may do so with her Resolve + Primal Urge. If the Elodoth chooses a packmate out of range, the Facet simply fails.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Facet fails, and the backlash of metamorphic power inflicts the Arm Wrack or Leg Wrack Tilt on the Elodoth.

Failure: The Facet fails to work.

Success: In a moment of shifting flesh and bone, the Elodoth and packmate simply *become* each other, exchanging places. Both retain all garb and equipment they were previously carrying. This facet does *not* give the Elodoth awareness of his packmate's condition or situation before the exchange.

Exceptional Success: Both the Elodoth and packmate heal two points of lethal or bashing damage during the exchange.

NEW MOON'S GIFT

This Gift is only available to Irraka.

EVISCERATE (•)

The Irraka's first strike is often the last of the fight.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

The Irraka may activate this Facet as part of a Brawl or Weaponry attack against an unaware or surprised opponent, turning her attack into a rote action.

SLIP AWAY (••)

The Irraka may use this Facet to leave no memories of her passing.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 scene

Any character who perceives or interacts with the Irraka while this Facet is active finds it extremely hard to remember her presence. If the Irraka takes no memorable actions toward the individual — she was only a face in a crowd, or a dog in the alley, or the other half of a brief conversation — he simply dismisses any recollection. If the Irraka was memorable — she started a fight, asked extremely strange questions, or engaged in an obviously suspicious activity — or if the witness is prompted to examine his memories closely, he suffers a penalty to any dice pools to remember her equal to the Irraka's Cunning Renown, even if the witness has an otherwise perfect memory. The witness will not simply forget that he had a fight while guarding a building, but he may forget the details of his opponent or recall only a blur.

RELENTLESS HUNTER (•••)

No matter how well the prey believes that they have secured themselves, the Irraka always finds a way.

This Facet can only be activated when the Irraka gains the *Siskur-Dah* Condition.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

Duration: The full duration of *Siskur-Dah*

For the duration of the Facet's effects, the Irraka adds her Cunning Renown to the following dice pools as long as she is taking actions to pursue the *Siskur-Dah's* prey.

- Stealth dice pools against the prey.
- Attempts to overcome any obstructions and security the prey may have placed between themselves and danger, such as Larceny rolls to break into a building where they are hiding.

- Dice pools to determine entry points to boltholes where the prey are hiding, alternate paths to reach them, and other means of getting to the prey despite their best efforts.

DIVIDE AND CONQUER (••••)

The Irraka sees no need to attack the prey when they are strong and numerous. Better by far to pull them apart with distractions and lures, then pick them off one by one.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Subterfuge + Cunning versus prey's Composure + Primal Urge

Action: Contested

The Irraka may use this Facet on a single individual whom he can see and who is part of a group. The Irraka has to supply some sort of distraction of movement or sound as part of the Facet, but it can be incredibly minor and only the chosen target will notice it – at least at first.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The prey becomes fearful, gaining the Spooked Condition and desperately clinging to the company of her fellows.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The prey gains the Lured Condition. She will willingly split up from the group and leave their immediate presence to investigate, despite her better instincts.

Exceptional Success: The Facet also affects a number of other characters in the group equal to the Irraka's Cunning, applying the Lured Condition to them all and scattering them in pursuit of phantasmal figments.

BREACH (•••••)

The Irraka slips across the Gauntlet like a shadow between worlds.

Cost: 3 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Stealth + Cunning

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Irraka's attempt to breach the Gauntlet is violently rebuffed. She suffers the player's choice of the Arm Wrack, Leg Wrack, or Stunned Tilts.

Failure: The Facet fails and the Irraka is unable to cross the Gauntlet.

Success: The Irraka breaches the Gauntlet and reaches the other side, arriving at the corresponding point in Flesh or Shadow. The Irraka does not need to be at a locus to do this.

Exceptional Success: The next time the Irraka uses Breach this scene, it costs her no Essence.

SHADOW GIFTS

GIFT OF DEATH

COLD EMBRACE (CUNNING)

With this Facet, the Uratha embraces the chill of the grave to still the beat of her heart. Her flesh grows cold. To all intents and purposes, she appears dead.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Stamina + Medicine + Cunning

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 hour per success

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha brings herself too close to death, and suffers one point of aggravated damage.

Failure: The Uratha fails to still her body's vital signs.

Success: The Uratha successfully stills her body's vital signs. She appears to be freshly dead, displaying no pulse or respiration, and her natural regeneration ceases for the duration. Wounds clot and the body displays all the signs of being a corpse.

An Uratha can act while affected by Cold Embrace. Any being with the ability to detect pulse and vital signs will likely interpret her as being an undead creature, perhaps a vampire or other revenant. Acting while the spark of life has been quenched imposes a penalty on all actions equal to (5 - Cunning Renown).

Exceptional Success: The Uratha's morbid flesh also becomes more resilient, reducing all damage she suffers by one.

BARGAEST (GLORY)

Merely being dead is not enough to save prey from the hunt.

Cost: None

Duration: Permanent

The Uratha can perceive ghosts and other disembodied undead or death-infused beings in Twilight. While in Gauru, Urshul, and Urhan, she is able to attack such Twilight beings and damage them by spending 1 Essence per scene. She adds her Glory Renown to Perception and Empathy dice pools against undead of any kind and, if she damages a corporeal undead while in the above forms, she may reflexively spend 1 Essence to drain it of a single Willpower point. Prey with no Willpower points remaining suffer two additional points of lethal damage instead.

MEMENTO MORI (HONOR)

Life is fleeting. Hold on tight to what matters right now, the burning ties of life and blood that make up the pack.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

Duration: 1 scene

For the Facet's duration, the Uratha is aware of exactly how much damage her packmates have suffered and can, as a Reflexive action, transfer wounds onto herself. Each turn, she may absorb up to her Honor Renown in points of bashing or lethal damage from packmates who she can perceive, or a single point of aggravated damage. The wounds immediately open up on her own body, and it is quite possible for a foolish or desperate Uratha to kill herself in this way.

BONE GNAW (COURAGE)

Crack the bone, eat the marrow, and chew the splintered fragments down. There's power to be had there.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

By devouring or gnawing on human or werewolf bones, the Uratha can use this Facet to gain one of the following benefits. It doesn't matter how old the bone is, but it must be relatively intact, and it is consumed or destroyed in the process. If the bone is fresh, this Gift is a violation of the Oath of the Moon, but if it's stripped of meat and more than six months old, it has lost any of its previously tempting flavor.

- Basic knowledge of the dead: name, age, sex, if he was ill or poisoned or drugged when he died, the broadest strokes of his life. The Uratha also becomes aware of the rough time and date of his death, although the older the bones the more vague it gets.
- A single secret or piece of knowledge that the dead deemed important in life. This requires the Uratha to succeed at a Presence + Empathy + Purity roll to discern a specific piece of desired information. If the dead left a ghost and it is present, it may contest this roll with its Resistance.
- If the bone comes from a human, the Uratha may temporarily gain one dot in the highest Skill possessed by the dead, lasting for one scene.
- If the bone comes from a werewolf, the Uratha may temporarily gain one dot in the highest Renown possessed by the dead, lasting for one scene.

EYES OF THE DEAD (WISDOM)

The last moments of life reflect in the eyes of the dead.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Occult + Wisdom

Action: Instant

The Uratha can use this Facet on any remains – human or otherwise – that still possess eyes. The eyes do not need to be totally intact, but they must be present. The state of the rest of the corpse is irrelevant.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha is overwhelmed with the cold touch of death and gains the Ban Condition. She cannot look directly into the eyes of another for the Condition's duration.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The Uratha gains a vision of the last thing the victim saw before he died in clear detail. She also gets an impression of what he was feeling at the time (pain, fear, confusion etc.). If she sees any people in the image, she gets a sense of how the victim felt about that person in general and the person's name, if the victim knew it.

Exceptional Success: The Uratha gains the victim's memories leading up to his death, imparting a vision of the Uratha's Wisdom Renown in minutes' length.

GIFT OF DOMINANCE

PRIMAL ALLURE (CUNNING)

Even when the prey knows that *something* is wrong, it's hard to resist the raw magnetism of the predator who speaks in such alluring tones.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Subterfuge + Cunning versus Resolve + Primal Urge

Action: Contested

Duration: 1 scene

This Facet can be used against prey with whom the Uratha has been socially interacting for at least one turn, enough time to form a first impression.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The prey becomes unnerved by the Uratha's presence. Add two Doors to any attempts by the Uratha to socially influence her for a week.

Failure: The Facet fails to influence the prey.

Success: The Uratha beguiles the prey with his personality, coaxing her to follow his desires. He has a perfect impression (p. 164) with the prey for the rest of the scene, but only for social goals aimed at making the prey take actions on an immediate time-scale (such as "come outside with me and get away from this crowd" or "sign this contract"). Any attempt to use a Social maneuver that would cause the prey to suffer a breaking point immediately ends Primal Allure and forces a reassessment of the prey's impression of the Uratha.

Exceptional Success: The Uratha can try to coax the prey to take an action that would cause a breaking point. Primal Allure ends *after* the action has been taken, as the prey comes to her senses in the face of the consequences.

GLORIOUS LUNACY (GLORY)

Radiating the raw, glorious might of Luna, the Uratha causes awe in those who would face him.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

Duration: 1 scene

When entering a form that inflicts Lunacy, the Uratha may activate Glorious Lunacy to inflict the Awestruck Condition on all prey rather than another Lunacy Condition.

LAY LOW THE CHALLENGER (HONOR)

Sometimes there's no choice but to establish dominance through blood and violence.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Intimidate + Honor versus Composure + Primal Urge

Action: Reflexive and Contested

This Facet may be used when the Uratha damages an opponent with a Brawl or Weaponry attack.

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha's disdain stirs the fires of defiance in the prey. The opponent regains a single spent Willpower point.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The opponent gains the Cowed Condition. The Uratha may also add his Honor to the next Presence-based dice pool he rolls this scene.

Exceptional Success: Having asserted his dominance, the Uratha's sense of power and self is reassured, and he regains a single spent Willpower point.

SNARL OF THE PREDATOR (PURITY)

When the wolf snarls, the herd hurries to obey.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

The Uratha may use this Facet when attempting to force Doors during a Social maneuver, his snarled demand backed by his dominating presence. Reduce the penalty for the current number of remaining Doors by the Uratha's Purity Renown.

LEAD THE LESSER PACK (WISDOM)

At times, outsiders must be brought into the fold of the hunt, whether allies of convenience or fellow hunters of terrible prey.

Cost: 1 Essence per character

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 day

The Uratha can add a character to the pack. She must be informed that she is being brought into the pack in some way, from a simple snarled "you're in" to a complex ritualistic induction. If the target verbally accepts the offer — even if she's not really aware of what she's signing up for — she becomes a member of the pack for one day. The character is now treated as a packmate for all benefits and drawbacks such as Gifts, totem boons and Death Rage triggers. The new pack member feels a strong tie of loyalty to the pack, gaining a bonus equal to the Uratha's Wisdom Renown to all dice pools resisting coercion and Social maneuvers from outside the pack. She also gains a strong sense of belonging, and may return in pursuit of that feeling once the Facet's effects have faded. The Uratha can have up to his Wisdom Renown in temporary pack members added at any one time; attempts to use the Facet to add more than this cause it to fail.

GIFT OF THE ELEMENTALS

BREATH OF AIR (CUNNING)

With this Facet, the Uratha is mistress of the air. The winds howl and dance at her call.

Cost: Varies

The Uratha gains Influence (Air) equal to her dots in Cunning. She can use this Influence in the same way as a spirit. Her dice pool for Influence (Air) rolls is equal to her Wits + Athletics + Cunning.

CATASTROPHE (GLORY)

The Uratha can call down cataclysmic levels of elemental destruction.

Cost: 5 Essence per level of Influence being used.

Dice Pool: Presence + Survival + Glory

Action: Extended (15 successes; each roll represents 1 hour)

This Facet is used in conjunction with the Influence granted by another Elemental Facet, augmenting the Influence on a drastic scale. An Uratha who possesses this facet is also unaffected by the Catastrophe-augmented Influences of other Uratha. She can stride down burning streets unharmed or face down the wielder of a howling gale almost untouched by the winds.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha suffers the Essence Overload Condition.

Failure: No successes are acquired, and the Uratha gains the Stumbled Condition.

Success: Successes are gained. If the target number of successes is hit, the Influence is unleashed on a massive scale, affecting an area of a radius in miles equal to twice the Uratha's Glory Renown. Even minor manifestations of elemental power can be catastrophic on this scale, from floods to out-of-control blazes.

Exceptional Success: The Uratha is infused with raw elemental power. She can use any of her Elemental Facets' Influences at no cost in Essence for the next day, although further uses of Catastrophe still cost Essence as normal.

FLESH OF EARTH (HONOR)

This Facet grants the Uratha mastery over the earth. Rock and ground become an extension of her body and will.

Cost: Varies

The Uratha gains Influence (Earth) equal to her dots in Honor. She can use this Influence in the same way as a spirit. Her dice pool for Influence (Earth) rolls is equal to her Strength + Survival + Honor.

TONGUE OF FLAME (PURITY)

The Uratha who possesses this Facet is mistress of flame and smoke. She is a fire-walker to whom the blaze pays obeisance.

Cost: Varies

The Uratha gains Influence (Fire) equal to her dots in Purity. She can use this Influence in the same way as a spirit. Her dice pool for Influence (Fire) rolls is equal to her Presence + Empathy + Purity.

HEART OF WATER (WISDOM)

This Facet grants power over wave and water, over rain and river. At the Uratha's call, it surges, strengthens or recedes.

Cost: Varies

The Uratha gains Influence (Water) equal to her dots in Wisdom. She can use this Influence in the same way as a spirit. Her dice pool for Influence (Water) rolls is equal to her Manipulation + Occult + Wisdom.

GIFT OF EVASION

FEET OF MIST (CUNNING)

Sometimes, the hunter becomes the hunted. When an Uratha with this Facet is the quarry, all trace of her passing simply disappears. She might as well not exist.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 hour

For the duration of the Facet, all attempts to track or locate the Uratha fail. She leaves no tracks, no device can give up her location, and even the Gifts and divinations of the most powerful supernatural hunters falter. When Feet of Mist causes a Clash of Wills against another supernatural power that would track or locate her, the werewolf benefits from the rote quality on her Clash of Wills dice pool. The Facet does not make her invisible, however – she can be perceived normally by anyone who comes across her.

FOG OF WAR (GLORY)

In the chaos of a battle or a crowded street, it's easy to miss the intended mark.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Subterfuge + Glory versus Composure + Primal Urge

Action: Reflexive and Contested

This Facet causes the delivery of something specific to reach the wrong target. It could be a bullet fired from a gun, a text message, a bunch of flowers, or a package. Fog of War only works when there is enough ambient activity and confusion present that the mistake could be a legitimate one – a distraction causing a wrong key press, the confusion of battle resulting in a tragic mistake, the bustle of a sorting office, and so forth. Whoever is delivering the object resists the Facet – the sniper, deliveryman, or the woman who just sent that text to her fellow monster-hunters about seeing a werewolf.

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha gains the Ban Condition. She cannot willingly give any of her possessions to another for the Condition's duration.

Failure: The Facet fails to work.

Success: If used against a ranged attack, Fog of War causes the attack to switch to another target within a number of yards of the original equal to the Uratha's Glory Renown. The attacker then rolls his dice pool with appropriate modifiers for the new target's circumstances. If used on a less lethal form of delivery, the object will be given to the wrong person through an unfortunate happenstance. When the werewolf spends a point of Essence, she may choose the new recipient for the item, as long as it is vaguely probable given the means of delivery. A package might end up in the hands of another tenant in the same block, or possibly in the Uratha's own hands if she positions herself in the lobby at the right time.

DENY EVERYTHING (HONOR)

In the hunting ground of influence, interrogation and manipulation, this Facet provides an excellent defense. Its power elevates dissembling and general evasiveness to an art form.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

The Uratha may add her Honor Renown to a single roll to resist a Social maneuver or Manipulation-based action.

HIT AND RUN (PURITY)

An Uratha with this Facet can disengage from battle and leave her prey in fearful confusion.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Dexterity + Stealth + Purity versus Composure + Primal Urge

Action: Reflexive

This Facet can be used to interrupt an attack action that is aimed at the Uratha. Before the action is taken, the Uratha may immediately disengage and move up to her full Speed away. This alone may foil an attack, but if she is able to move to a location that takes her out of line-of-sight of all of her prey, she then rolls the Facet's dice pool against the highest Composure of those prey who could previously see her. The Uratha can only interrupt one action per turn in this way.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The prey know exactly where the Uratha has fled to, and gain a +2 bonus to resist all further attempts by the Uratha to use this Facet or any other method of deceiving them for the remainder of the scene.

Failure: The Facet has no further effect.

Success: The prey utterly lose track of the Uratha's current position. Enemies with Composure equal to or fewer than successes achieved are affected by the Shadow Paranoia Condition for turns equal to the werewolf's Purity Renown.

Exceptional Success: Not only does the Uratha evade the foe, she may also immediately move her Speed again.

EXIT STRATEGY (WISDOM)

An Uratha with this Facet can always sniff out an escape route or bolthole.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Streetwise + Wisdom

Action: Instant

Simply by paying the Essence cost of this Facet, the Uratha immediately assesses her surroundings for escape routes. She becomes aware of all the escape routes she could use, including whether some apparent routes are actually false leads (like a doorway that is blocked or bolted shut, or a tunnel that doesn't actually lead anywhere). Alternatively, the Uratha may focus on a specific feature she desires in a bolthole, and roll the Facet's dice pool.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Facet directs her to somewhere utterly unhelpful and possibly outright dangerous, like a dead-end or trap.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The Facet grants one of the following as instinctual knowledge:

- The location of the nearest uninhabited, safe bolthole that the Uratha can lie low in, up to a range of Wisdom Renown in miles away.
- A particularly well-concealed or obstacle-strewn escape route that will penalize any foot chase rolls on the part of pursuers by the Uratha's Wisdom Renown.

- A route to a vehicle or a specific piece of useful equipment of dots equal to or less than the Uratha's Wisdom Renown, such as a car with keys in the ignition or a crowbar to pry a grille loose.
- The closest method of passing a specific obstacle, such as an underpass for a busy street or a fallen log that crosses a river, up to a range of Wisdom Renown in miles away.

The Uratha cannot explain to others the details of what she knows, but the Facet will lead her to what she seeks.

Exceptional Success: The Uratha may add her Wisdom Renown to any physical dice pool to escape her current surroundings, apart from attack rolls.

GIFT OF INSIGHT PREY ON WEAKNESS (CUNNING)

This Facet tears away the facade behind which the prey hides, revealing his frailties to the hunter.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Empathy + Cunning versus Composure + Primal Urge

Action: Instant

The Uratha may use this Facet against an individual whom he has been able to observe for at least one turn.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The prey remains opaque to scrutiny and gains a +3 bonus to all Subterfuge rolls against the Uratha for the remainder of the scene.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The Uratha immediately becomes aware of the following information about the prey: her Blood and Bone (or other equivalent traits); how much damage she is currently suffering from; any frailties she possesses (including physical and mental Conditions and Tilts); if she is sick, poisoned, or drugged; and whether she is currently in the grip of strong emotions such as anger or grief. If the Uratha uses any of this information against the prey in a Social roll or maneuver during this scene, he gains a +3 bonus to his dice pool.

Exceptional Success: If the Uratha plays on the information gleaned in a Social maneuver against the prey, he automatically opens one Door in addition to the action's other results.

READ THE WORLD'S LOOM (GLORY)

The world is filled with a deluge of seemingly trivial information that offers insight to the initiated.

Cost: 5 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Streetwise + Glory

Action: Instant

If this Facet is used while the Uratha is in his pack's territory, its cost is reduced to 3 Essence.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha reads a false message in his surroundings; a flight of birds makes him fear a hostile pack approaches when no such threat exists.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The Uratha gains insight from his surroundings, hearing of a coming threat from the growling engines of a traffic jam, reading secrets from amidst the gang tags on the walls, or seeing the sorry state of the Gauntlet in the patterns of scurrying cockroaches. The character learns of a single event, threat, or circumstance of meaningful relevance to the Uratha within his Glory Renown in miles. The information gained relates to the present or the near future, although anything beyond 24 hours is likely to be extremely vague.

Topics that the character can choose to have insight into (along with sample answers) include:

- Threats. (The police chief is planning a raid on the pack; werewolves come seeking a showdown; the tenement is unstable and will soon collapse; the old spirit *Thurizag* has returned)
- The supernatural. (Something preys on human residents in the area; something dwells in the high-rise; something numbs the minds of residents)
- The Gauntlet. (It lies in tatters; swathes are thick and stifling; spirits are breaching it)
- The Shadow. (Someone is cultivating a particular spiritual resonance; the *umia* are at war; interlopers have entered the Shadow)
- Violence. (A riot is brewing; there is a pattern to the murders; a hunt is taking place)
- Conflicts. (Gangs are feuding over drug territory; the big corporation is under financial attack, the mayoral election is turning nasty)
- Weather. (A storm is coming; the blazing heat will not abate for a week; the heavy rain hides murders)

If the character chooses a topic to which there are no meaningful answers, he can choose a different topic instead.

Exceptional Success: The Uratha can choose two topics to gain insight into.

ECHO DREAM (HONOR)

The world is filled with spiritual echoes of what has come before, patterns worn into its fabric. An Uratha with this Facet can hear those echoes and glean insight from them.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Investigation + Honor

Action: Instant

The Uratha focuses on a single object or location that he is handling or touching, no larger than a medium-sized room.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: Unable to focus on the visions that wash into his mind, the Uratha is left dazed and loses a Willpower point.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The Uratha gains a spiritually significant vision from the object's past such as a murder, intense emotional outburst or other event. Echoes usually only linger for a few years, but very potent impressions can persist for much longer, such as a tree where a serial killer strung up a dozen of her victims, or the fetish with which a lesser god of the Shadow was struck down. The vision granted by Echo Dream is clear but often highly symbolic in its depictions of what occurred.

Exceptional Success: The vision provides a wellspring of insight; not only is the symbolism reduced in favor of straight-forward truth, but the Uratha can use Prey on Weakness or Scent the Unnatural on any characters that he perceives in the vision.

SCENT THE UNNATURAL (PURITY)

The Uratha who possesses this Facet can smell the tainted presence of creatures and powers that defy the natural order of Flesh and Shadow.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Occult + Purity

Action: Instant

The Uratha can use this Facet to detect supernatural creatures and effects within 10 yards per dot of Purity Renown he possesses. Scent the Unnatural will not detect Uratha or the use of Gifts, nor will it detect spirits and their powers if in the Shadow. It will sense Ridden, Hosts, vampires, ghouls, mages, and other supernatural creatures, as well as active spells, items, enchantments, or other powers of such creatures.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha gains the Ban Condition. He must carry a scented or perfumed object with him and must breathe from it at least once per scene.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The Uratha catches scent of a supernatural presence nearby. Each success indicates a single supernatural being or effect that is in the Facet's range, including where it is (and, in the case of an effect or power, what area it covers). The Facet offers no further information about the supernatural being's true nature, except for Hosts and Claimed. The Uratha becomes immediately aware of the latter's classification, although the Facet does not specify what type of Host, or what spirit is Claiming a victim.

Exceptional Success: The Uratha gains the specific scent of the supernatural individuals or effects nearby, and will easily recognize them without requiring the use of this Facet should he encounter them again.

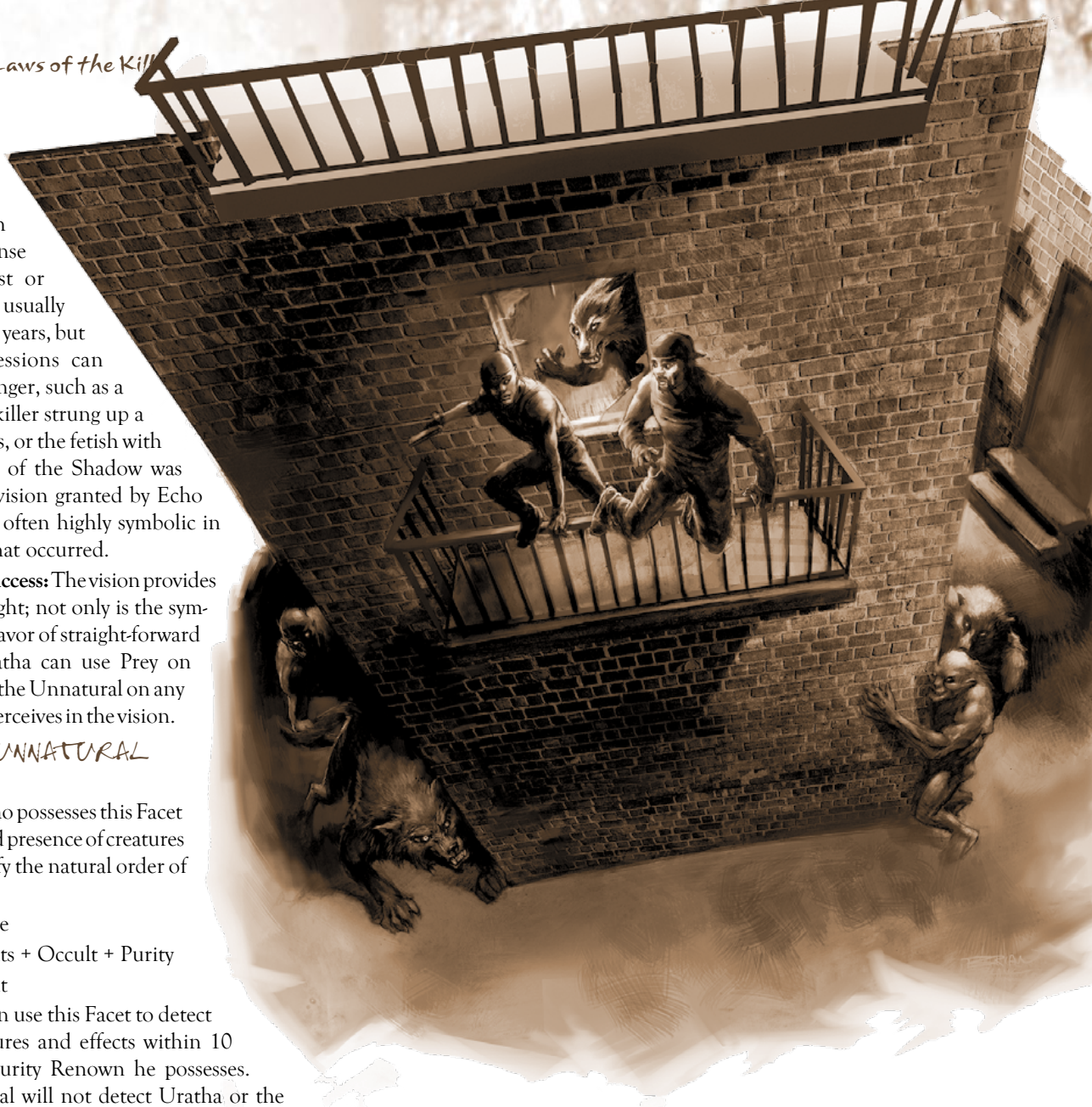
ONE STEP AHEAD (WISDOM)

Wherever the prey runs, wherever they flee, the predator is always one step ahead.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

When using this Facet, the Uratha must be able to perceive his prey, the building or location that they are currently within, or a map of an area on which the prey's current location is marked. He gains insight into what the prey's likely next steps will be on the scale in which he is observing, particularly in terms of the hunt. In person, he can tell which exit the prey might run for in the room, or where her patrol or ambling walk will take her. When observing a building or bolthole, he



can tell which exit she will come out of if alarmed, flushed, or lured out. On the scale of a map, he gains an impression of to where she will attempt to flee or travel. The Facet provides information on the basis of current events and can become out-dated if the situation changes dramatically.

GIFT OF INSPIRATION

LUNATIC INSPIRATION (CUNNING)

With a touch and a whisper of encouragement, the Uratha can serve as a maddening muse.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Empathy + Cunning versus Composure

Action: Instant

Duration: Until the next full moon

This Facet allows the Uratha to infect a human or Wolf-Blooded she touches with Moon-granted inspiration.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha suffers the Ban Condition. She must mark herself with paint, color or dye in startling patterns, and must seek to alter the patterns she bears each scene.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: After the prey next sleeps, he gains both the Inspired and Madness Conditions (see pp. 308-309). He is assailed each night with mad dreams that spur him to new heights of creativity and revelation, refreshing the Inspired Condition each day for the Facet's duration. The prey is driven to create a work of art of some sort by the culmination of the Facet, one that reflects his dream-visions. If he succeeds in doing so, then the Madness Condition is resolved by completing the work.

The resulting work of art may, possibly, contain a message, clue, or hint from Luna or the Lunar *umia* to those who know what to look for.

Exceptional Success: The inspired human gains the Swooning Condition towards the Uratha.

FEARLESS HUNTER (GLORY)

The Uratha is the big, bad wolf, the fiercest of predators. She cannot afford to falter in the face of her prey, no matter how terrifying, and must lead by example.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 scene

For the duration of the Facet, the Uratha adds her Glory Renown to all dice pools contesting mind-influencing powers and fear, as well as to her Composure and Resolve when resisting such effects. If she succeeds at contesting such a roll, any other packmates who can see her and who are subject to the same effect automatically withstand the effect as well.

PACK TRIUMPHS TOGETHER (HONOR)

When the pack hunts together, it does so as a well-oiled machine. The voice of the Uratha with this Facet is a key cog within the pack's engine.

Cost: 1 Essence per packmate affected (minimum 1 Essence)

Action: Reflexive

Duration: 1 scene

This Facet may be activated when rolling Initiative at the beginning of a combat. After all Initiative scores are rolled, the Uratha and all targeted packmates may move their Initiative up to match the highest Initiative rolled by any packmate. Alternatively, the Facet may be activated outside of combat during a teamwork action, granting all targeted packmates 8-again on teamwork rolls towards the accomplishment of that action for the rest of the scene.

UNITY (PURITY)

The pack is tighter than a family and more devoted than a cult. With this Facet, those bonds are almost unbreakable.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

This Facet can be used during a Social maneuver that targets a packmate. The Uratha gives the packmate a word or comment of support, or rebuffs the prey who is attempting the maneuver in some way. The packmate then adds the Uratha's Purity to the number of Doors which the Social maneuver must break through for it to be successful. Unity can only be used once against a particular maneuver.

STILL SMALL VOICE (WISDOM)

Words spoken with this Facet pierce through the raging flames of *Kuruth* with calm assurance.

Cost: 1 Essence per Uratha targeted

Dice Pool: Presence + Persuasion + Wisdom versus Resolve + Primal Urge

Action: Instant

This Facet can be used against any number of Uratha in *Wasu-Im* who can hear the speaker's words. Targets cannot choose not to resist even if they sorely desire to indulge the oncoming fury.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The infectious nature of *Kuruth* strikes the Uratha and forces her into *Wasu-Im* herself.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The Uratha's calming words drag the targets out of *Wasu-Im* and return them to normal.

Exceptional Success: All Uratha present who can hear the speaker add her Wisdom to dice pools resisting Death Rage for the rest of the scene.

GIFT OF KNOWLEDGE

NEEDLE (CUNNING)

Hunting for deliberately hidden knowledge can be like seeking a needle in a haystack. This Facet ensures that it is so.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Subterfuge + Cunning versus Composure + Primal Urge

Action: Contested

Duration: One month

The Uratha chooses a single piece of information that he is in the presence of a copy of, and the prey from which

it will be concealed. It may be a fact, a specific book, a map, or a timetable for local public transit – anything is fair game.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha gains the Ban Condition. He must carry a copy of the information that he targeted on him, and must closely examine it or read out a fragment of it each scene.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The prey loses any copy of the hidden information that she has on her person; she drops it without noticing, manages to mislay it, or finds the file on her computer has been corrupted. If the prey seeks the hidden information, spiritual activity and random happenstance conspire against her. All dice pools to reveal or discover the knowledge in question suffer a penalty equal to the Uratha's Cunning, and research times are doubled. Humans find they can't quite remember exactly where that house was, or the relevant books in a library are all out of stock at the moment.

Exceptional Success: The penalty inflicted is doubled.

THIS STORY IS TRUE (GLORY)

Tales of the past can teach important lessons in the present. It doesn't matter if the story is factually true, as long as the symbolic meaning is *true enough*.

Cost: 2 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Academics + Glory

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 hour per success

When the Uratha uses this Facet, she relates a story that has an important meaning or lesson pertaining to a current problem or challenge. She may grant the story's lesson to herself or to one packmate who hears her words.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha suffers the Ban Condition. She feels compelled to speak entirely in stories and verse, answering even the simplest of questions with poetry, meandering tales, or rhyme.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The Facet grants a number of dots equal to successes rolled in a single skill that the target has two or fewer dots in. This Story Is True cannot raise a skill above five dots. The Uratha may not use this Facet on more than one target at a time; attempting to do so immediately removes the previously bestowed skill dots.

KNOW THY PREY (HONOR)

This Facet whispers in the ears of the Uratha as he looks upon his prey, revealing what others know of it.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Socialize + Honor

Action: Instant

This Facet can be used on any character present whom the Uratha can perceive. The Anonymity Merit *does* penalize the dice pool for this power, but the target otherwise gains no resistance – Know Thy Prey reaches out to the wider world for its answers.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha gains the Ban Condition. He discovers the prey's names as for a success, but lays claim to one of those names himself, answering to it and trying to inscribe or ink it on his possessions.

Failure: The Facet fails, and cannot be used on the same target this scene.

Success: The Uratha immediately knows every name that the prey is known by, as long as someone else other than the prey knows it. He also knows any Alternate Identity or Fame Merits that the target possesses. In addition, he becomes aware of every Allies, Contacts, Retainer, Resources, Staff, and Status Merit that the target possesses with equal or fewer dots than successes rolled.

Exceptional Success: The Uratha gains an additional piece of knowledge that someone, somewhere knows about the prey. This is likely to be something valuable or relatively secret, such as a compromising piece of information about something the prey did or a Social Security number.

LORE OF THE LAND (PURITY)

The bond between Uratha and territory is deep, and this Facet draws upon it in search of answers.

Cost: 2 Essence

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Survival + Purity

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 scene

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha gains the Ban Condition. He wishes to maintain skin contact with the ground, will remove any footwear to do so, and ideally will seek out bare earth to wriggle his toes in.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: Each success reveals a single rite, spiritual resonance, or other supernatural, widespread effect affecting the territory that the Uratha is currently in. If used in the territory of the Uratha's pack, the Facet also reveals the presence of all creatures within Purity x 100 yards of his current position, as well as other threats such as fires, traps, pitfalls, or explosives. Only physically present creatures are detected, so Lore of the Land does not reveal spirits, ghosts, or other beings in Twilight.

Exceptional Success: The Uratha may add his Purity to all rolls to navigate and move through the territory he is in for the remainder of the scene.

SIFT THE SANDS (WISDOM)

When the wise Uratha calls, knowledge itself heeds his cry. Seated amongst the collated knowledge of others, complex research takes a matter of minutes and hidden lore reveals itself willingly.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Academics + Wisdom

Action: Extended (10 successes; 1 roll per minute)

This Facet can only be used in the presence of a store of knowledge – whether a library, room of secure deposit boxes or a humming server rack. The Uratha chooses a particular piece of information that they seek and sets the spirits about

the task of finding it. Spirits that come to the Uratha's commands manifest signs of their passing — pages whisper and flutter, servers crack or snap with lightning, and entire books may dance up from shelves and hurtle around.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha suffers the Ban Condition. He cannot read, nor can he comprehend visual glyphs and symbols like those on road signs. Having someone read to him is unsettling and he feels a desire to flee in such circumstances.

Failure: The Uratha accumulates no successes and gains the Stumbled Condition.

Success: The Uratha accumulates successes. If he hits the target, the Uratha immediately discovers if the information he seeks is present and, if it is, it is delivered to him regardless of any security, locks, encryption or other obstacles. In the case of data, the Uratha receives the information directly into his mind. By touching a blank book or data storage of some kind within one hour and spending 1 Essence, he may cause the information to transcribe itself across immediately.

Exceptional Success: Any research rolls performed using the sifted store of knowledge for one month occur at double speed and add the Uratha's Wisdom to the dice pool.

NATURE'S GIFT

NATURE'S LURE (CUNNING)

The call of the wild can be alluring, drawing the unwary into its clutches.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Survival + Cunning versus Composure + Primal Urge

Action: Instant

Duration: One scene

This Facet can be used on an isolated person or small group of up to the Uratha's Cunning Renown in number. It does not work on Uratha, and cannot draw people away from a larger group. The prey must be at the edge of an area of wilderness. Nature's Lure works just as well in the parks and wasteland of the city as it does woodland in the countryside.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: Fear strikes the prey and leaves them with the Spooked Condition. They refuse to heed the lure and become aware that something called to them.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The prey is lured into the wilderness, suffering the Lured Condition and feeling a strong urge to try to travel to its heart for the rest of the scene. She may see a desirable object like fruit or discarded money; she may hear interesting sounds that bring her running to the aid of someone she fears is in danger; or she may simply feel the urge to explore the cool darkness beneath the boughs of trees. The prey suffers a penalty to Initiative rolls equal to the Uratha's Cunning Renown as long as they remain in the wilderness.

Exceptional Success: The prey also suffers a penalty to Perception rolls equal to the Uratha's Cunning Renown as long as they remain in the wilderness.

BLACK EARTH, RED HUNGER (GLORY)

Feed the hungry earth with blood and Essence, and reap its red harvest.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

A riotous eruption of vegetation tears up from the ground where the Uratha spatters a few droplets of her blood — or the blood of someone else. Over the course of a minute, the plant growth fills an area of up to 10 x the werewolf's Glory Renown yards in radius. This rampant growth can be guided as the Uratha wishes, sending vines climbing up a wall, filling the area with a thicket of thorns, calling up a maze of unruly hedges, or causing new trees to burst upwards. Any dead bodies within the area when this Facet is used are utterly consumed by plants, moss, and fungus, leaving not even bones behind.

Until the next sunrise, the Uratha is perfectly aware of the presence of all creatures with a heartbeat within the overgrown area, as well as creatures that lack a heartbeat but are bleeding. During any turn when another creature suffers an injury within the area and resultantly spills blood amidst the plants, the Uratha's regeneration heals lethal damage without having to pay Essence.

KNOTTED PATHS (HONOR)

Once caught in the trap, the prey cannot escape. Every path she flees down just leads her back to the hunter's waiting jaws.

Cost: 1 Essence per prey targeted

Dice Pool: Wits + Survival + Honor versus Composure + Primal Urge

Action: Contested

This Facet is used against prey who are within an area of wilderness and whom the Uratha can perceive.

Duration: 1 day

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The prey is easily able to leave without obstruction, and benefits from a +3 bonus to Initiative if the Uratha attacks before he leaves.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: No matter what they do, the prey cannot escape the area that they are in for the Facet's duration. Winding woodland paths leave them back at the clearing where they started; crumbling urban wasteland just seems to turn in on itself no matter where they run. A road winding through a remote valley never actually delivers them to the valley's border.

Exceptional Success: If the prey is in a group, then they rapidly end up split apart, losing track of each other. A lone prey soon gives in to fear, gaining the Shadow Paranoia Condition.

RACK KIN (PURITY)

This Facet calls to the hunter's instincts in a predatory animal, forging a bond with the Uratha.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Animal Ken + Purity

Action: Extended (5 successes; each roll represents 30 minutes)

With this Facet, the Uratha can bring a predatory animal into the pack, rendering it a full and loyal packmate. The target animal must at least tolerate the Uratha's presence and not be hostile; the Beast Speaker Hunting Facet may help with achieving this.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The beast becomes scared and angered, turning hostile to the Uratha and ending the Facet.

Failure: No successes are gained, and the Uratha gains the Stumbled Condition.

Success: Successes are gained. If the target is hit, the animal is bound to the pack. It is now permanently a full packmate and benefits from the following additional effects:

- It can understand any command given to it by any pack member.
- It is extremely loyal to the pack, and will willingly follow any command given by a pack member that is not obviously self-destructive.
- It gains a +3 bonus to resist all mind-affecting supernatural powers and Conditions originating from outside the pack.

The Uratha may have up to his Purity Renown in predators added to the pack at any one time. Multiple Uratha with Pack Kin can each add their own group of predators to the pack.

Exceptional Success: The animal's spiritual connection with the pack is deep. Any Facets that cost Essence for each packmate targeted can include the animal as a target for free. It also gains the Open Condition, but only for the pack's totem spirit.

BEAST RIDE (WISDOM)

This Facet lets the Uratha spin out her spirit to ride the mind of another creature.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Animal Ken + Wisdom - animal's Resolve

Action: Instant

This Facet can be used on a single mammal, fish, bird, or reptile that the Uratha can perceive.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha gains the Ban Condition. She takes on some of the mannerisms of the creature she attempted to ride, and finds all such creatures enthrallingly fascinating.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The Uratha's mind rides the animal for as long as she wishes, immersing her senses in those of the beast. She can let the animal take its own course, or directly take control of it. While riding the beast, she cannot perceive with her own senses at all and appears to be in a state of deep sleep. Returning to her own senses takes an instant action and ends the Facet. Should the animal be killed while she is riding, she is ejected back to her own body and treats it as a breaking point towards Spirit. Should the Uratha be slain while she is riding, a fragment of her spirit becomes subsumed into the animal, creating a unique Claimed.

Exceptional Success: The Uratha remains somewhat aware of her own surroundings and is alerted if her real body is injured.

GIFT OF RAGE

INCITE FURY (CUNNING)

It's easy to goad the prey into foolish rage when the tongue has a supernatural sting to it.

Cost: 2 Essence

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Subterfuge + Cunning versus Composure + Primal Urge

Action: Instant

This Facet may be used against a single target that the Uratha can perceive and who can hear the mocking or challenging snarl that he gives.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha enters *Wasu-Im*.

Failure: The Facet has no effect.

Success: If the prey is an Uratha, she enters *Wasu-Im*. Humans and other supernatural beings gain the Berserk Condition. An Uratha can only be targeted with this Facet once per scene, after which her rage tamps down against outside influence.

Exceptional Success: The Uratha adds his Cunning to his next dice pool to resist Death Rage in the scene.

BERSERKER'S MIGHT (GLORY)

Girded with this Facet, the werewolf becomes a horrifying juggernaut who simply shrugs off the most grievous of wounds.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

This Facet can be used once per turn when the user is in Dalu, Gauru, or Urshul. He may either reduce the damage inflicted by a single source by his Glory Renown, or may immediately heal a single Tilt that is a physical injury such as Arm Wrack, Blind, or Leg Wrack. If the Uratha is in *Basu-Im*, Berserker's Might costs no Essence to use and he will use it instinctively.

PERFECTED RAGE (HONOR)

The raw, overwhelming fury of Gauru is too much for an Uratha to bear for long, unless his very Essence has been carved with new channels of rage.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

By activating Perfected Rage upon entering Gauru form, the Uratha may add his Honor Renown to the number of turns that he can maintain the form.

SLAUGHTERER (PURITY)

Rage is just another source of strength. Drink deep of its power and let the blood flow free.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

This Facet can only be used when the Uratha is in Gauru form and hits with a Brawl attack. The Uratha adds his Purity Renown to the damage he inflicts. If the Uratha is in *Basu-Im*, Slaughterer costs no Essence to use and he will use it instinctively.

RAGING LUNACY (WISDOM)

Bathed in the maddening vision of Luna, the Uratha is a spark that ignites a blaze of unreasoning fury in the soul.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

Duration: 1 scene

When entering a form that inflicts Lunacy, the Uratha may trigger Raging Lunacy to inflict the Berserk Condition on victims rather than another Lunacy Condition.

GIFT OF SHAPING**WOLDYWARD (CUNNING)**

Turning the power of the Shaping Gift inwards, the Uratha molds herself into a strange burrowing hybrid.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 scene

This Facet can only be used while in Dalu. The Uratha's hands transform into broad, powerful claws that can tunnel through solid materials at a steady pace. She easily tears aside earth, rock, and concrete. The Uratha gains a tunneling Speed equal to her Strength + Cunning Renown.

SHIELD-BREAKER (GLORY)

Under the hammering strike of the Uratha, shields shatter and armor buckles.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

The Uratha may activate this Facet when she strikes a foe with a Brawl or Weaponry attack, granting the attack an armor piercing rating equal to her Glory Renown.

ENTROPY'S TOLL (HONOR)

The scouring howl of the Uratha shatters windows, crumbles stone, and leaves metal collapsing into rust.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Expression + Honor

Action: Instant

The Uratha may use this Facet against an object or structure that she can see. She howls and unleashes the destructive power of entropy against the target; her cry is obviously audible to anyone nearby.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha is scourged by entropic energy, suffering one point of aggravated damage.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: Each success causes two points of damage to the object's Structure, ignoring any Durability that it may have.

Exceptional Success: As well as the additional damage inflicted, the Uratha may choose to transfer successes onto other nearby objects.

PERFECTION OF FORM (PURITY)

With just a whisper and a caress, the Uratha hones the form of a tool to a state of perfection.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Craft + Purity

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 day or until used

This Facet targets a single item that the Uratha is holding and which grants an equipment bonus.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The item is destroyed or ruined beyond use.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The item has its equipment bonus increased by the number of successes rolled. This additional bonus is applied the next time the item is used, after which it is lost. If the object is damaged, the Facet repairs Structure damage equal to successes rolled.

Exceptional Success: As well as the bonus dice, the item also gains the 9-again rule for one roll. If it already has 9-again, it gains the 8-again rule.

SCULPT (WISDOM)

This Facet forces even the hardest of substances to yield to the Uratha's intent.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Crafts + Wisdom

Action: Instant

Duration: 30 minutes

This Facet targets a single object or part of a larger structure; the item or component affected must be of Size equal to or less than the Uratha's Wisdom Renown. The werewolf must touch the object to be affected.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Facet fails, and the object or structure cannot be affected by Sculpt again for one day.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The object or material becomes malleable and workable like clay. The Uratha can easily twist, mold, and sculpt it, no matter what it is actually made out of. She can make a sculpture, change something's shape to suit her, or simply push the substance of a wall out of the way and make a rent in it. After half an hour, the object returns to its usual solidity, although the Uratha may spend another Essence at this stage to maintain its malleability for another 30 minutes. She can continue to do this indefinitely as long as she has the Essence to pay the cost. Mechanical and electronic objects are unlikely to still work after being reshaped; a cellphone twisted into the shape of a pretzel will no longer function when it solidifies, for example.

Exceptional Success: All Crafts rolls made to shape, sculpt and work the softened substance add the Uratha's Wisdom Renown.

GIFT OF STEALTH**SHADOW BELT (CUNNING)**

This Facet calls the shadows themselves to mask the hunter's presence.

Cost: 1 Essence
Action: Instant
Duration: 1 scene

When this Facet is activated, the Uratha may treat a number of Stealth rolls equal to his Cunning Renown as Rote Actions.

PREDATOR'S SHADOW (GLORY)

The wise fear the dark where the hidden hunter may lie in wait. The unwise let that fear overwhelm them.

Cost: 1 Essence per prey

Dice Pool: Presence + Intimidation + Glory versus Composure + Primal Urge

Action: Instant

This Facet can target any number of prey that the Uratha can perceive.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The prey gains the Steadfast Condition.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: Each prey who rolls fewer successes than the Uratha suffers the Shadow Paranoia Condition.

Exceptional Success: The Uratha may add his Glory Renown to Stealth rolls against the prey for the remainder of the scene.

PACK STALKS THE PREY (HONOR)

The skilled stalker must lead the way, his fellows following in his paw prints.

Cost: 1 Essence per packmate

Action: Reflexive

The Uratha may use this Facet when he succeeds at a Stealth roll but a packmate fails. The packmate automatically succeeds instead of using the result of her original roll.

THE HUNTER WAITS (PURITY)

The wily predator knows when to wait and when to strike. The perfect ambush requires patience.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 scene

As long as the Uratha remains relatively still and does not draw attention, this Facet inflicts a penalty on all Perception rolls and supernatural power rolls made to spot him equal to his Purity Renown. If he successfully launches a surprise attack, he may add his Purity Renown to his Initiative.

RUNNING SILENT (WISDOM)

Sometimes the hunt demands both swiftness and silence, even over the most precipitous landscapes.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 scene

For the Facet's duration, the Uratha reduces all damage from falling and all penalties to Athletics and movement inflicted by terrain by his Wisdom Renown. He can attempt Stealth rolls even when moving at full speed.

GIFT OF STRENGTH

UNCHAINED (CUNNING)

The People are not domesticated dogs to be chained or leashed. Nothing can contain their rage and might.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

The Uratha may use this Facet to shatter or tear free of any binding or chain that holds her, regardless of the material that it is made of – even supernatural or magical bindings. When Unchained causes a Clash of Wills against another supernatural power that would bind or hold her, the werewolf benefits from the rote quality on her Clash of Wills dice pool. She may also use the Facet to add her Cunning Renown to grappling rolls. If the Uratha is in *Basu-Im*, Unchained costs no Essence to use and she will use it instinctively.

PREDATOR'S UNMATCHED PURSUIT (GLORY)

The People are already swift predators. This Facet harnesses the werewolf's raw strength to the purpose of pursuit.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 scene

Once this Facet is activated, the Uratha gains several benefits for the rest of the scene. She can leap great distances, multiplying the distance of any jump she makes by 1 + Glory Renown. She also adds her Glory Renown to her base speed in Urhan and Urshul, and may reflexively spend 1 Essence to double her Speed in any form for one turn. If the Uratha falls into *Basu-Im*, she will instinctively activate this Facet at no cost.

CRUSHING BLOW (HONOR)

With a punishing strike, the Uratha leaves the prey reeling.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

This Facet may be activated when the Uratha successfully hits her prey with a Brawl attack, even if the strike deals no damage. The prey suffers a penalty to his Defense equal to the Uratha's Honor Renown. This penalty only applies to the next attack made against him by the Uratha or a packmate. If used while in Hishu form, the werewolf's unarmed attack deals lethal rather than bashing damage.

PRIMAL STRENGTH (PURITY)

With this Facet, the Uratha's spiritual strength is poured into her blood and bone.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

Duration: 1 scene

The Uratha adds her Purity Renown to her Strength for the duration of this Facet. If the Uratha falls into *Basu-Im*, she will instinctively activate this Facet at no cost.

RENDING CLAWS (WISDOM)

This Facet strengthens the talons and jaws of the Uratha into cruel, rending form. The werewolf's savagery parts steel, brick, and wood as easily as flesh and bone.

Duration: Permanent

While the Uratha is in Gauru or Urshul, she ignores up to her Wisdom Renown in Durability of any object or building that she strikes. She also deals additional points of Structure damage equal to her Wisdom Renown.

GIFT OF TECHNOLOGY

GARBLE (CUNNING)

Modern technology is supposed to help, not to hinder. The Uratha with this Facet can turn it against its user, a frightening experience for those who rely on humankind's ingenuity.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Science + Cunning – Composure

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 scene

This Facet can be used against a character whom the Uratha can perceive.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The prey finds all technology becomes remarkably effective, gaining a +1 equipment bonus from any technological item he uses for the rest of the scene.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: Technology turns against the victim, to the benefit of the Uratha. An elevator that he gets into lets him off at the floor the werewolf chooses, not the one that he intended. Phone calls seem to get through, but it's a spirit speaking rather than a real human; it whispers lies and misdirection to him. Emails and text messages carry conspiratorial and cryptic utterances or horrible viruses, not their original content. The prey cannot trust any technological device to do what he wants or tell him the truth.

Exceptional Success: The first time the prey uses a technological device that should give him an equipment bonus, he suffers a dramatic failure.

UNMAKE (GLORY)

With a snarled command, the Uratha condemns a device to self-destruction.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Crafts + Glory versus Resolve + Primal Urge (only Contested if item is being used)

Action: Instant, may be Contested

This Facet targets a single item possessing moving parts that the Uratha can perceive. Unmake can affect an object with Size of up to 5 x Glory Renown. If unattended, no resistance roll is made to oppose the Facet's use.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha gains the Ban Condition. He feels obsessively compelled to repair and fix damaged objects



and devices that come into his hands, regardless of his actual capability to do so.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The targeted object disassembles itself immediately into its separate moving parts. A car collapses into a pile of plates, pistons, and electronics; a moving car becomes a death-trap of hurtling shrapnel. An aimed gun falls into its components, down to ejecting the chambered round.

Exceptional Success: The targeted object cannot be repaired and reassembled for one month; attempts to do so result in a dramatic failure.

COMMAND ARTIFICE (HONOR)

A mere whisper with this Facet, threaded with urging Essence, and technology leaps to comply.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Science + Honor

Action: Instant

This Facet targets a single technological device that the Uratha can perceive.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The device breaks irreparably. This Facet cannot be used on it again.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The Uratha speaks a one-sentence command and the device obeys if possible. Even if it is malfunctioning or broken in a minor way, it will carry out the command. A command of “sleep” will render the device inert for up to the Uratha’s Honor Renown in hours, during which time it will not work at all.

Exceptional Success: The Uratha may give a more complex command, including conditions or triggers for the device to react to.

SHUTDOWN (PURITY)

This Facet turns the modern landscape into the perfect hunting ground. It denies the prey any sanctuary offered by light or surveillance.

Cost: 2 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Intimidate + Purity

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 scene

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha gains the Ban Condition. She feels compelled to turn off any technological device she encounters, from light-switches to car engines.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: All lights within the structure that the Uratha is in, or within an area equal to his Purity Renown x 100 yards (whichever is larger), immediately extinguish, apart from an occasional ominous and disorienting flickering. CCTV, cameras, and other recording devices cut out, delivering nothing but a screen of static. Security and detection systems refuse to work. Phones die or crackle with impenetrable feedback. The Uratha may choose to reduce the area of effect of Shutdown,

limiting it to only a particular floor in a building or just a specific back-alley in an area.

Exceptional Success: If the prey of *Siskur-Dah* is in the affected area, she gains the Shadow Paranoia Condition.

IRON SLAVE (WISDOM)

This Facet forces even snarling beasts of iron and gears to heel and to bear the Uratha’s spirit.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Crafts + Wisdom

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 scene

This Facet can be used on a single mechanical vehicle or other piece of significant engineering (such as a crane, production line, or similar) that the Uratha can see.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha gains the Ban Condition. She wishes to venerate machines of the type targeted, and will try to lay offerings to their spirits or paint them with glyphs that honor them.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The Uratha immerses her senses into the machine, and is able to perceive its surroundings. She can allow the machine or vehicle to continue its operation as normal, or can directly take control of it. While riding the machine, she has only the vaguest perception with her own senses and appears to be in a daze or sleeping. Returning to her own senses takes an instant action and ends the Facet. Should the vehicle or machine be destroyed while the Uratha is riding it, she is ejected back into her own body and treats it as a breaking point towards Spirit. If the Uratha dies while she is riding, the fragment of her spirit becomes subsumed into the machine and may create a unique and bizarre Claimed.

Exceptional Success: The Uratha remains fully aware of her own surroundings.

GIFT OF WARDING

MAZE WARD (CUNNING)

This Facet twists the very geometries of the world, warding a site from unwanted approach.

Cost: 5 Essence

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 month

This Facet affects all or part of a single structure, or an area of up to the Uratha’s Cunning Renown x 100 yards in radius. Intruders (anyone apart from a packmate) who enter the area have to fight the landscape itself to make any progress. All attempts to navigate the area, foot chase through it, or track through it suffer a penalty equal to the Uratha’s Cunning Renown. Anyone who fails such a roll ends up back at the edge of the warded area.

WARD THE WOLF’S DEN (GLORY)

The wolf must have a sanctuary, a den to which he can return and slumber in safety.

Cost: 5 Essence

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 month

This Facet affects all or part of a single structure, or an area of up to the Uratha's Glory Renown x 10 yards in radius. Within this area, all attempts to cross the Gauntlet, open a doorway to another realm, or use any other form of scrying window, portal, or otherworldly breach suffer a penalty equal to the Uratha's Glory Renown. The Uratha becomes immediately aware of any gateway or opening forming in the warded area and may reflexively spend 1 Essence to force a Clash of Wills to close it. Using this Facet at a locus in the area seals it shut for a number of hours equal to the Uratha's Glory Renown.

ALL DOORS LOCKED (HONOR)

No matter where the prey runs, this Facet ensures that they can only cross a threshold if the hunter wills it so.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 scene

This Facet affects all of the doors, windows, and other entryways in a building or vehicle that the Uratha is touching or is inside. The Uratha becomes immediately aware of all such doorways, where they are, and whether they are open or closed. With a mere thought, he can seal or open any of them, including locking them fast if so desired. This Facet is often used to channel panicked prey in the direction that the werewolf desires, or prevent them from easily escaping a structure. It also finds use when the Uratha simply wants to open all the doors in a building and walk through unobstructed.

PREDATOR'S CLAIM (PURITY)

This ward daubs an area with the Essence of the Uratha, empowering him within it against all spirits that would challenge his dominance.

Cost: 5 Essence

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 month

This Facet affects an area of up to the Uratha's Purity Renown x 10 yards in radius. The Uratha's honorary Spirit Rank is increased by +2 for the purpose of attacking any spirit within the warded area. This can allow the Uratha's Spirit Rank to temporarily rise over 5, though she still cannot physically challenge spirits of Rank 6 or more.

BOUNDARY WARD (WISDOM)

The wolf must watch his borders for those who would defoul his territory.

Cost: 5 Essence

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 month

This Facet affects all or part of a single structure, or an area of up to the Uratha's Wisdom Renown x 100 yards in radius. The area can be increased to up to Wisdom Renown in miles if used within the pack's territory. The Uratha designates a type of being – humans, Uratha, Claimed, Hosts, spirits in Twilight, or other supernatural beings – which the ward detects when they enter its area. The Uratha senses this

as a tingling within his mind along with a notion of the specific area where the border was crossed, although the ward does not track them once they're inside the area. Obviously, setting up a Boundary Ward to detect humans in the middle of a city will rapidly result in a headache and a constant deluge of nonsense information.

GIFT OF WEATHER

CLOAK OF MIST AND HAZE (CUNNING)

The Uratha howls up a haze that cloys the air and muffles sound – the perfect cloak for a predator's hunt.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Dexterity + Stealth + Cunning

Action: Extended (5 successes; each roll represents 1 minute)

Duration: 1 hour per success

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha gains the Ban Condition. He desires silence and refuses to speak.

Failure: The Uratha accumulates no successes and gains the Stumbled Condition.

Success: Successes are accumulated. If the target is met, a clouding haze descends across the area. Depending on the local climate, this may be a thick mist, or a dust- or sand-storm. All aural and visual Perception rolls and ranged attack rolls under the effect of this haze suffer a penalty equal to the Uratha's Cunning Renown.

Exceptional Success: The haze is so dense that characters caught in it can barely see beyond the reach of their arms. A successful roll of Wits + Survival – Cunning Renown is necessary to avoid getting lost while in the affected area.

HEAVENS UNLEASHED (GLORY)

A howl to the heavens is answered by rolling thunder and the rage of the storm.

Cost: 5 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Survival + Glory

Action: Extended (10 successes; each roll represents 1 minute)

Duration: 1 hour per success

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha gains the Ban Condition. He is compelled to be loud and constantly making noise; silence of any kind disquiets him intensely and he seeks to break it.

Failure: The Uratha accumulates no successes and gains the Stumbled Condition.

Success: Successes are accumulated. If the target is met, the sky unleashes a torrential downpour, punctuated by the snarl and crack of roiling lightning. Even if the sky was previously clear and blue, clouds race from the horizon in a black thunderhead to deliver the Facet's effects. Characters caught in the storm suffer a penalty to their Speed and Initiative equal to the Uratha's Glory Renown. If Cloak of Mist and Haze is also used during the storm, that Facet's effects cause the sheer deluge of rain to become overwhelming to the senses.

Note that Heavens Unleashed drenches the area in rain, which may cause other effects: rivers flowing over their banks, cellars flooding, and similar property damage or destruction. While unlikely to be as destructive as the Catastrophe Facet, repeated use of Heavens Unleashed can have very serious results.

Exceptional Success: The storm also inflicts a penalty on uses of the Allies, Contacts, Retainer, Staff, and Status Merits to get aid or help during the Facet's duration.

HUNT UNDER IRON SKIES (HONOR)

The werewolf with this Facet carved into his spirit is the very exemplar of the rugged hunter, undaunted by storm, rime, or parching heat.

Cost: None

Duration: Permanent

The Uratha reduces all penalties that he would suffer from weather or environmental conditions, including Environmental Tilts, by his Honor Renown. He is completely unimpeded by his own Weather Facets, and never suffers any penalties from them. He can also render packmates unimpeded by his Weather Facets for a scene at a cost of 1 Essence per character.

GRASP OF HOWLING WINDS (PURITY)

The Uratha's howl becomes a roaring blast of Essence-laced wind.

Cost: 2 Essence

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Survival + Purity - Stamina

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 turn per success rolled

This Facet can be used against a single prey that the Uratha can perceive.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha gains the Ban Condition. He cannot keep still, and must constantly be in motion.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The prey is struck by a blast of howling wind that screams around him, battering his body and forcing him to struggle for every step. He suffers a penalty equal to the Uratha's Purity Renown to his Speed and all Physical dice pools as long as the Facet lasts or until he manages to escape the view of the Uratha responsible.

Exceptional Success: The Uratha may also move the prey up to twice his Purity in yards directly away from him when the Facet first takes effect.

HUNT OF FIRE AND ICE (WISDOM)

The blazing sun and the chill of ice both sap the strength of the prey, leaving them weakened and desperate for sanctuary from the elements.

Cost: 5 Essence

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Occult + Wisdom

Action: Extended (10 successes; each roll represents 1 minute)

Duration: 1 hour per success

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha gains the Ban Condition. He must carry a source of extreme heat or cold about him at all times.

Failure: The Uratha accumulates no successes and gains the Stumbled Condition.

Success: The Uratha accumulates successes. If the target is met, then the local area is rapidly subjected to either the Extreme Cold or Extreme Heat Environmental Tilt, depending on its normal climate. Hunt of Fire and Ice affects an area with radius of up to the Uratha's Wisdom Renown in miles.

Exceptional Success: The sheer heat or cold works against the werewolf's prey in other ways. A human fleeing the Uratha finds that the engine of a car has frozen and refuses to start; a desperately thirsty character finds that a water supply has spoiled.

WOLF GIFTS

GIFT OF CHANGE

SKIN THEFT (CUNNING)

Although grisly, an Uratha with this Facet can don the skin of a kill as if it were his own natural hide.

Cost: 5 Essence

Action: Instant

The Uratha can only use this Facet while in Hishu form. He must skin a human or predatory animal of roughly the same size as a wolf, enough to wear across his shoulders at least, and then don the skin. Once he has paid the Essence cost of the Facet, the Uratha's skin warps and ripples before settling into a copy of the deceased's appearance, bone structure, and muscle. In the case of a human, the Uratha becomes a physically perfect mimic of the prey until such a time as he willingly sheds the stolen skin or shapeshifts, bloodily tearing his way out of the sheath. In the case of an animal, the werewolf's Urhan form now becomes a copy of the slain predator for one lunar month, although its traits do not otherwise change. If the werewolf spends a Willpower point, his Urhan copies the predator indefinitely, until he chooses to copy another animal with this Facet or decides to return his Urhan to the form of a wolf. Whether the mimicked prey is human or animal, the Uratha's eyes never change to match the new shape — they remain his own.

GAZE OF THE MOON (GLORY)

An Uratha with this Facet can draw the Moon's bright madness into his gaze, eyes flickering pure silver for a moment.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

When using this Facet, the Uratha targets a single human who can clearly see his eyes. The prey is subjected to the full effects of Lunacy as if the Uratha was in Gauru form, and the Uratha may choose which of the three Conditions is inflicted by the Lunacy.

LUNA'S EMBRACE (HONOR)

The Uratha with this Facet can change sex as easily as he or she changes form.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

This Facet changes the Uratha's sex until the next time Luna's Embrace is used to change back again. The change is biologically complete and functional. The Uratha's appearance changes so that he or she now looks very much like a twin brother or sister to his or her old self.

THE FATHER'S FORM (PURITY)

The Uratha may take Gauru form without having to constantly attack or risk falling to *Kuruth*. This Facet brings forth Father Wolf's form while suppressing Mother Luna's bloodthirsty madness.

Cost: None

The Uratha can shift to Gauru form outside combat without falling to *Kuruth*. The character loses several of the form's advantages using this Facet – she regenerates as per other forms, she does not automatically benefit from Down and Dirty combat, and she inflicts Lunacy as if she were in Urshul form.

The suppressed rage burns fierce and builds pressure beneath the flimsy locks. If the Uratha makes an attack, or suffers more than her Purity Renown in lethal damage during the scene, this Facet ends and she follows the normal rules for Gauru (p. 97). Further, taking Gauru form and not engaging in combat goes against Father Wolf's ancient expectations; shifting to another form to end this Facet is a breaking point towards Flesh.

QUICKSILVER FLESH (WISDOM)

The Uratha's flesh flows like mercury at her urging, blurring the boundaries between the shapes that she can take.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 scene

The Uratha can change a portion of her current form to match that of another, selecting a single benefit from the list below each time she uses this Facet. Each benefit indicates which forms it is available with.

- Honed Senses – +3 to Perception checks (Hishu)
- Grasping Hands – Paws change to hands that can grip and manipulate (Urshul, Urhan)
- Loping Stride – +2 Speed (Hishu, Dalu, Gauru)
- Razor Talons – Claws that deal 1L (Hishu, Dalu, Urhan)
- Maw of Man – Can speak human languages clearly, loses any bite attack (Urshul, Urhan)

Other changes are also possible, based on agreement between the player and Storyteller. Changes while in Urhan or Hishu that are obviously unnatural cause the werewolf to inflict Lunacy as if he were in Dalu form.

GIFT OF HUNTING

HONED SENSES (CUNNING)

Any detail, no matter how small or subtle, could be the difference between the success of the hunt or its failure.

Cost: None

Duration: Permanent

The Uratha achieves an exceptional success on Perception rolls with three successes instead of five.

COW THE PREY (GLORY)

Everyone trembles when werewolves hunt. The prey knows the Uratha with this Facet is an implacable foe who cannot be stopped.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

The Uratha spends 1 Essence when activating her hunter's aspect. The associated Condition becomes Persistent; the prey gains a Beat when she turns a successful roll against the werewolf into a dramatic failure.

BEAST TALKER (HONOR)

The primal tongue of the Uratha easily masters the languages of beasts and birds.

Cost: None

Duration: Permanent

The Uratha can communicate with and understood any known animal. Animals may have limited understanding of the world around them and are likely to be afraid of a werewolf, but this Facet does allow the Uratha to engage in Social maneuvers against an animal.

TIRELESS HUNTER (PURITY)

No matter how long the hunt or where it takes her, the hunter endures.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 day

While this Facet is active and the Uratha has the *Siskur-Dah* Condition, she ignores up to her Purity Renown in penalties from tiredness, fatigue, and poor morale. She may also ignore any Conditions that would prevent her from spending Willpower, as long as the action in question will bring her closer to the hunt's culmination. She does not even need to eat or drink, although she cannot maintain this benefit from the Facet for more than her Purity Renown in successive days; after that, she must gorge herself and drink over at least one day of rest.

IMPOSSIBLE SPOOR (WISDOM)

All Uratha are superb hunters – those with this Facet surpass their fellows. The Uratha's senses are attuned to unusual or otherwise impossible traces. The lingering photons disturbed by the prey's shadow; the slowly settling ripple of air currents disturbed by the prey; the electromagnetic handshake of the prey's smartphone with a wireless hotspot – all leave a trail this werewolf can follow.

Cost: None or 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

Duration: Scene

This Facet grants superlative tracking skills, as the werewolf notices traces invisible to others. When making Tracking rolls

(p. 95) the Uratha adds two successes to every successful roll. No successes are added if the character fails the roll.

Additionally, the character may spend 1 Essence to remove any negative modifiers due to the age of the trail, and may spend additional Essence to negate the penalty each time the trail would degrade from environmental conditions (p. 95). No matter how old the trail or how hostile the weather, Uratha with this Facet can always find something to track.

GIFT OF PACK

REFLECTED FACETS (CUNNING)

A werewolf is a weapon armed with Gifts. Like an artillery strike, this Facet grants the Uratha's pack the ability to guide her power.

Cost: +1 Essence

Duration: Special

The Uratha may use her Gifts even against prey she cannot personally sense as long as one of her packmates can. This costs 1 additional Essence on top of the Facet's normal cost. The werewolf gains no special ability to know when her packmate can see the prey and must use other Gifts, signals, or technology to coordinate.

The character may also transfer Facets that enhance the individual rather than target prey. The Uratha activates the Facet while paying 1 additional Essence, and the effects appear on the chosen packmate. The Uratha can't reactivate the Facet while it is in use, but may cancel the transfer with a reflexive action.

Both uses of this Facet have a range of the Uratha's Cunning Renown in miles.

DOWN THE PREY (GLORY)

A pack of Uratha working in concert is a glorious and often lethal sight to behold.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

The Uratha may use this Facet when she hits an enemy who has been injured by a packmate since her last turn. She may pick one of the following effects to apply to the prey:

- A -2 penalty to the next dice pool that the prey rolls.
- A +2 bonus to the Uratha's Defense against the prey for one turn.
- The Knockdown Tilt, as long as the prey's Defense against the attack was 0.

TOTEM'S WRATH (HONOR)

The werewolf injects Death Rage into the totem and forces it to physical form, where a Gauru-like shell hastily forms around it. The totem isn't itself at that moment – it is a murderous foe in the throes of *Kuruth* that can only distinguish “pack” from “not pack.” Most totems believe that using this Facet violates their bargains with their packs, even those that enjoy violence and conflict. Use of this Facet can have a dramatic effect on the relationship between totem and pack.

Cost: 5 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Occult + Honor versus Power + Finesse + Resistance

Action: Contested

The totem immediately gains the Materialized Condition. This Facet forces it into a shell of flesh that resembles an Uratha's Gauru form. The totem gains Power +3, Finesse +1, Resistance +2 and Size 7 (changing derived traits by Corpus +2, Initiative +1, Speed +4). It applies Defense to Firearms attacks, inflicts Lunacy, and uses the Primal Fear ability like a Gauru werewolf.

Powered by rage, the totem follows the rules for a werewolf in *Basu-Im*, but will not attack any packmate with the Totem Merit. Other packmates may fall into *Basu-Im* as a result of the spirit's actions.

The spirit loses 1 Essence per turn. Once it hits 0 Essence, or the werewolf using the Facet dismisses it, the totem explodes into ephemera with a final howl.

Once dismissed, the totem withdraws from the pack. For one day per turn it was active, the pack cannot use any bonuses provided by the totem, nor can they use Gifts or rites that rely on its presence, including this Facet.

MAW OF MADNESS (PURITY)

The jaws of the Uratha become a source of maddening taint, infecting the prey with a spasm of the Moon's mad love.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

When the Uratha successfully inflicts damage with his bite on a living victim who is not an Uratha, the victim suffers the Moon Taint Condition.

PACK AWARENESS (WISDOM)

The pack is an extension of the Uratha's own spirit, its life intertwined with her own. The pack is *everything*.

Cost: None or 1 Essence

This Facet grants the Uratha a permanent general sense of where each of her packmates is in relation to herself, as well as his or her general state and wellbeing. The effects reach up to a range of her Wisdom Renown in miles. She cannot be surprised by any enemy that any of her packmates are aware of, making it extremely hard to ambush her when she is with her pack. Finally, the Uratha may spend 1 Essence to speak mind-to-mind with any packmate she can see for one scene.

RITES

The Shadow is a strange, animistic landscape woven from taboos and bans. Spirits caper and clash in accordance with ancient pacts and laws. Werewolves are kindred to these otherworldly beings and can draw upon those same pacts. They do so in the form of rites – supplications and demands that take the form of symbolic and ritual practices.

Wolf Rites are powerful pacts that rely on the spiritual nature of the Uratha. Some are dangerous, many are prized secrets, and they all require werewolf ritemasters.

Pack Rites are reliant upon the spiritual bond that ties a pack together, amplifying or using it as a channel. Such

shamanic rites empower all within a pack, whether they are Uratha, human, or otherwise.

USING RITES

Symbolism lies at the core of every rite. It invokes the spirit pact and compels a response. Most rites require some sort of ceremony or ritual performance, but the exact details of that performance vary wildly between regions, tribes, and packs. When a ritemaster teaches a student one of these occult secrets, the rite changes; the student adds her own interpretations of its practice, her own understanding of its symbolism.

Any Uratha who knows a rite may lead it as a ritemaster. Other characters who know the rite may aid her as a teamwork action. Uratha from different packs can come together to perform a Wolf Rite, but Pack Rites require all participants to be from the same pack. Pack Rites can also involve pack members who do not know the rite itself. These participants do not contribute any teamwork bonus but may benefit from the rite's effects.

Each rite has a specific set of symbols that the ritemaster must include in the performance. This incorporation must have meaning to the ritemaster, but the meaning does not need to be obvious to outsiders. A writhing dance amidst the serpentine coils of a pack's sinuous totem may fulfill a rite's symbol of rain because the pack acquired their totem during a thunderous deluge. Failure to incorporate all of a rite's symbols causes a dramatic failure.

The dice pool used to perform a rite depends on how the ritemaster and participants incorporate the required symbols. The dice pool consists of Attribute + Skill. A pack whose performance is a frenzied song and dance would use Dexterity + Expression; a rite of clattering talismans and whispered eldritch invocations to command a spirit instead uses Presence + Occult. Packs gravitate towards ritual performances that play to their strengths, and it is up to the Storyteller and players to agree on the appropriate dice pool for a specific ritual performance.

Most rites are extended actions and require the participants to meet a target number of successes during the performance. If the performance of a rite breaks at any point — such as a participant being attacked and injured — a dramatic failure ensues.

ROLL RESULTS:

Dramatic Failure: The rite fails and immediately ends. The ritemaster suffers the Shadowlash Condition.

Failure: The rite accumulates no successes, and the ritemaster gains the Stumbled Condition.

Success: Successes are accumulated. If the number of successes meets the rite's target number, its Success effect takes place.

Exceptional Success: The symbolism of the rite is extremely strong, and the ritemaster gains the Symbolic Focus Condition.

A number of general modifiers can affect a rite's dice pool.

SUGGESTED MODIFIERS

- +1 Ritemaster's auspice moon is in the sky
- +1 Ritemaster's tribe is symbolically represented in the rite
- +1 All participants are in Dalu form
- +1 All participants are wearing or showing symbols that indicate their shared purpose
- +1 A pack's totem is involved in the rite in a manner that draws on its symbolic nature
- 1 Distracting environment
- 1 Between dawn and dusk
- 1 Rite performed on territory of another pack
- 2 Very distracting environment (e.g. combat)

LEARNING RITES

A werewolf usually learns of a new rite through an Uratha or spirit teacher. Sometimes werewolves record rites on cuneiform cylinders or charred, sigil-scratched bones. The teaching might be a carefully codified lesson, or just a torrent of vital symbols that the student must figure out how to use on her own.

A character who wishes to learn a rite must find a source of knowledge to provide it; she then expends 1 Experience per dot of the rite. Of course, finding such a source can be difficult — she may need to chase down a wise spirit in a Sacred Hunt, or seek membership in a tribe or lodge to access its hidden knowledge. While the People freely teach some common rites, most werewolves carefully guard their hoarded lore and will only trade it for significant recompense.

Very rarely, a character might discover the existence of a forgotten or previously unknown rite. This can take careful, years-long observation of the laws and bans that shape the Shadow, revealing the underlying patterns of a rite's existence. Sometimes, the appearance of new spirits can create new rites, such as the spirits that reflect humankind's technological development. A werewolf cannot simply invent a new rite, but they can pry such valuable knowledge free from the Shadow and its denizens.

Only werewolves can learn Wolf Rites, but both werewolves and Wolf-Blooded can learn Pack Rites.

WOLF RITES

CHAIN RAGE (•)

This pact with spirits of rage forestalls fury, but only for a time. In the end, the chained beast must be free.

Symbols: Rage, calm, binding, dawn

Sample Rite: Certain northerly Scandinavian packs work themselves into a frothing fury under the light of the new day's sun, scream their anger into etched jars and rend their own flesh until exhausted. Then they hurl themselves into frigid waters. (Stamina + Survival)

Action: Extended (10 successes; each roll represents 1 minute)

Duration: 1 month

Success: The rite affects all Uratha who take part. It binds a container or focus to each participant, such as a bottle or piece of chain. As long as the Uratha keeps the focus about her person, then achieving five turns of lucidity during a period of *Wasu-Im* (not continuous) immediately ends the rage. At the end of the month, or should the focus be broken or taken, the Uratha immediately enters *Wasu-Im*.

WESSENGER (••)

A gift from Luna to the Moon's children, this rite is a staple of communication amongst the Tribes of the Moon. The Pure shun its use.

Symbols: The moon, wind or breath, music, connections

Sample Rite: The participants climb atop a mountain or tall building under the night sky, bound together with chains hung with bells. They yank and pull at one another in mimicry of howling winds; the ritemaster forces the others to their knees in this battle of chains, then sings to the sky. (Strength + Brawl)

Action: Extended (10 successes; each roll represents 5 minutes)

Success: The ritemaster sends a message that takes up to five breaths to speak. Lunes deliver the message to a target werewolf named during the rite; it comes to the recipient as a gentle, melodic recitation of First Tongue in his ear, spoken without any of the original emphasis or the ritemaster's accent. The rite has no limit on its range; it can target a werewolf anywhere in the world, arrives almost instantly with flawless precision, and cannot be detected or intercepted.

BOTTLE SPIRIT (••)

Death Wolf taught her followers many occult secrets; this rite is a strange form of the laws of binding, a loophole that those in the know can exploit.

This rite is only taught to Bone Shadows.

Symbols: Bottles, stasis, air, death

Sample Rite: This rite is generally performed amidst jingling bone-chimes, with heady fumes wafting from braziers that burn pieces of amber, preferably with insects locked within them; some ritemasters use ice instead. An etched bottle serves as the focus of the chanted rite. (Intelligence + Occult)

Action: Extended (5 successes per Rank of spirit that the bottle can contain; each roll represents 10 minutes)

Success: The rite turns a single bottle into a container that will draw in a spirit when opened. It only affects the nearest spirit, and the maximum Rank of spirit that can be sucked in depends on the power of the rite. The spirit cannot resist the pull of the bottle, but it has one turn per Rank to either escape the area, kill the bottle-wielder, or destroy the bottle; once its time is up, it is bound into the bottle.

The spirit within remains aware and can communicate with the bottle's holder. If the bottle smashes or is opened, the spirit is immediately free. Additionally, after a full day in the bottle the spirit's bindings loosen and it can escape if it wishes. While bottled in the material world, however, the spirit does not need to spend Essence hourly to maintain itself.

The ritemaster can only have a single bottle empowered in this way at a time. Imbuing a new one causes the old one to crack.

SACRED HUNT (••)

The Sacred Hunt, the *Siskur-Dah*, is the most holy of all rites. Many werewolves believe that it draws upon the laws of the hunt that the Wolf-Mother herself personified.

Symbols: The hunt, prey, claws or weapons, blood

Sample Rite: Blood Talon ritemasters commonly use a circling dance of participants, with the Urathas' claws marked with blood or ash. The ritemaster wears a mask representing the intended prey, and what follows is a mock-hunt around the dancing circle as the ritemaster seeks to break free. (Dexterity + Athletics)

Action: Extended (10 successes; each roll represents 1 minute)

Success: The rite binds hunters and prey into the *Siskur-Dah*. All werewolves present are cast as the hunters. The ritemaster must indicate the intended prey during the rite, which can be an individual or a group, but they do not need to be identified with precise details or names.

The rite has three effects:

All participating werewolves gain the *Siskur-Dah* Condition.

If the Uratha bring down a spirit that is the prey of this rite, they may divide its remaining Essence amongst themselves as they see fit; this can be used to destroy a spirit by draining all its Essence and disincorporating it, but doing so is usually a breaking point toward Spirit and is seen as disrespectful if done without good reason.

If the Uratha chase down spirit-prey that knows the symbols of a rite or can carve the secret of a Gift, any Uratha hunter present can expend the necessary Experiences to be marked with the Gift or learn the rite from the spirit. If this is done, the hunters do not get any Essence if they then bring the spirit down, and doing so is a breaking point toward Spirit.

KINDLE FURY (•••)

This rite draws on the ancient pact between *Fenris-Ur* and the Blood Talons, granting the *Suthar Anzuth* the power of their patron.

This rite is only taught to Blood Talons.

Symbols: Rage, blood, fire or ignition, consumption

Sample Rite: The Blood Talons of Bristol come together in a crumbling basement where they carouse and drink and brawl amongst themselves. The ritemaster guides each to tell a story of unsated fury, building an atmosphere of barely-restrained violence; she mixes blood and alcohol in a bowl, and pours it onto a fire at the culmination of the rite. (Presence + Expression)

Action: Extended (10 successes; each roll represents 10 minutes)

Duration: 1 month

Success: All Uratha present during the rite gain the Destroyer Blood archetype in addition to their usual Blood. If they already have the Destroyer archetype, double the Willpower gain from indulging it.

SHADOWBIND (••••)

With this rite, the ritemaster seeks to bind a spirit in a weave of ancient law that it cannot easily pierce.

Symbols: Cage, binding, a key, the spirit's type

Sample Rite: Iron Masters in industrial cities often bind spirits of electricity and information. The old methods involve circles of wire with sigil-scribed copper keys dangled like the lure of freedom. These days, modern *Farsil Luhai* buttress their rites with radio emitters that squeal and warble at occult frequencies, making a wall of repulsing sound around the spirit. (Intelligence + Science)

Action: Extended (10 successes; each roll represents 1 minute); potentially contested by the spirit's Resistance

Success: The rite targets a single spirit that is present on the same side of the Gauntlet. The participants must define a binding space that the spirit is currently within. If the rite reaches the target number of successes before the spirit does, then the spirit can no longer leave the binding space, cannot cross the Gauntlet and cannot use any of its Numina against targets beyond the space. The spirit cannot break free unless the ritemaster verbally releases it, an outside force breaks the binding space's border, or someone outside the space fulfils a specific condition expressed by the ritemaster. The ritemaster must tell at least two others of how to break the binding within an hour of the ritual, or the power fades and the spirit goes free.

FETISH (••••)

This rite binds a spirit into a sacred receptacle – a fetish. It's an ancient pact born from the symbolism of humankind's first artifice, and one that many spirits resent.

Symbols: Craft, purpose, chains, blood, the spirit's type

Sample Rite: A common ceremony for weapon-crafting involves an old forge and furnace wherein the ritemaster chains the fetish; the spirit is bound over blazing fires through ritual magic. As the smith-ritualist hammers and works and chants sacred mantras, he spills his blood upon the hot metal. (Strength + Crafts)

Cost: 1 Essence per dot of the fetish to be created.

Action: Extended (20 successes; each roll represents 1 minute)

Success: The spirit is bound into the receptacle, creating the desired fetish (see Fetishes p. 146).

TWILIGHT PURGE (••••)

Drawing on Shadow-laws of passage and dominance, this rite scours Twilight and snares those within it.

Symbols: Sight, mirrors, corrosion or acid, the sun

Sample Rite: The ritemaster sits with legs crossed, her face and arms daubed with bright markings of staring eyes. She places down a piece of jagged mirror so that it catches the light of the sun. The werewolf holds a little pot into which



she carefully pours acrid chemicals and acids; they fume and smoke as she stirs them together. Once the brew is ready, she carefully smears sigils from the mixture onto the mirror; then she takes hold of the mirror and shatters it. (Wits + Science)

Cost: 3 Essence

Action: Extended (5 successes; each roll represents 1 minute)

Success: This rite affects an area of up to 100 yards around the ritemaster, although she can limit it to a smaller area or even a specific creature in Twilight that she can perceive. All creatures in Twilight in the area are immediately torn out of it, suffering the Stunned Tilt and forcibly becoming materialized at no cost even if they do not possess the Materialize manifestation. Furthermore, they cannot enter Twilight again for a full hour.

FORGE ALLIANCE (.....)

Calling on the Firstborn, this rite replicates an ancient pact amongst those primeval wolf-spirits and burdens the Uratha with it instead.

Symbols: Packs, alliance, shared purpose, blood

Sample Rite: Most ritemasters keep alliances simple but public; the representatives joining the alliance must convince not just the audience but the Firstborn themselves of their sincerity and shared purpose. It is common to mingle blood and share gifts. (Presence + Persuasion)

Cost: 1 Essence per pack joined in alliance

Action: Extended (10 successes; each roll represents 1 minute)

Duration: 1 month

Success: At the rite's culmination, every pack of which at least one member is present is joined in the alliance. For the remainder of the month, the entire alliance is treated as a single pack for the purposes of Gifts (but not rites), Death Rage triggers, and other supernatural effects, although they do not share totem advantages. The ritemaster may declare a specific prey during the rite; if this is the case, the alliance will dissolve the moment the prey is brought down, but all members of allied packs gain an additional Aspiration to hunt that prey.

URFARAA'S BANE (.....)

Father Wolf's death at the hands of his offspring was an event of vast consequences, a moment that sundered the worlds. This rite is but an echo of that moment.

Symbols: Betrayal, Father Wolf's death, shattering, echoes

Sample Rite: The chosen champion stands apart from her pack as the ritemaster anoints her cheeks with painted tears for the Great Wolf's death. The ritualists invoke loss and the breaking of bonds, drawing on the champion's own grief as she feels the bonds of pack and totem slip away. (Wits + Empathy)

Cost: 5 Essence

Action: Extended (15 successes; each roll represents 10 minutes)

Duration: Until sunrise

Success: The rite targets a single Uratha present, enhancing her natural weaponry. For the duration of the rite's effects, she deals aggravated damage to other werewolves with her claws and bite. At the end of the rite's duration, the enhanced Uratha

suffers a single point of aggravated damage herself and gains the Guilty Condition. Furthermore, for the duration of the rite's effects, the enhanced Uratha is cut from all pack-ties; she is not treated as a pack member for the benefits of Gifts, rites or totem advantages.

VEIL (.....)

This rite was born from the emergence of new spiritual laws as symbols of technology began to infest the Shadow of urban centers.

This rite is only taught to Iron Masters.

Symbols: Blinding, deletion, technology, shadow or veils

Sample Rite: An ancient Iron Master Ithaeur in Iraq throws herself around in a frenetic state during the rite, trailing dark veils and billowing silks as she claws at her blinded eyes. Apprentices collect the blood, chanting mantras of code and data and smearing the gore on photos and computer screens. The Blood Talons of Basra are keeping her busy as their violent depredations threaten to draw down human attention. (Presence + Occult)

Cost: 5 Essence

Action: Extended (20 successes; each roll represents 10 minutes)

Success: Veil targets a single recorded supernatural event of up to 30 minutes duration that occurred within the last lunar month, such as a spirit manifestation or rampaging Uratha. A flurry of lesser spirits of technology, destruction, and information find all recordings of that event and eliminate them. Pictures on smartphones delete themselves; a camera crew finds reels of scrambled footage; a hand-written police report becomes an ink-smear blur; surveillance networks show only static for the duration that they were focused on the event. The rite does nothing to affect human memories of what has happened, it merely clears up the evidence.

PACK RITES

BANISH (.)

This rite invokes the pack's authority as guardian between the two worlds, casting intruders out from realms to which they do not belong.

Symbols: Warning, the two worlds, the Wolf's last howl, bitterness

Sample Rite: A growing trend amongst North American Uratha is a subtle invocation of banishment, where the ritemaster warns the interloper and challenges them with paradoxical demands. During the rite, the ritemaster chews on a paste of bitter berries, spitting it out to daub sigils of warding and the two worlds. Whatever answer is given by the spirit is wrong by its very nature, and the ritemaster's mocking howl chases it across the Gauntlet. (Manipulation + Subterfuge)

Action: Extended (5 successes; each roll represents 1 minute); spirits may contest with their Resistance, but other creatures cannot resist

Success: This rite banishes a targeted spirit from the physical world into Shadow, or a creature in the Shadow that is not a

spirit or werewolf to the world of Flesh. The banished creature appears at the corresponding point in its appropriate realm.

There are reports that this rite also works on Wound-tainted spirit servants of the dread *Maeljin* if conducted in the Wound in question, pushing them out of the Shadow and into somewhere else beyond the Uratha's ken.

HARNESS THE CYCLE (•)

The cycle of the changing seasons bears immense power. This rite compels spirits of the seasons to give up a tithe of the burgeoning Essence that they gorge themselves on as the world turns.

Symbols: The season, consumption, blood, earth or sky

Sample Rite: It's a common rite repeated across the world; come harvest time and the Autumn equinox, the pack comes together to celebrate the time of plenty. They feast on freshly killed meat, mark themselves with the fertile earth and howl to the sky as the fire burns late into the night. They share with each other the bounty of the season, and paint themselves with the blood of the kill to show their prosperity. (Presence + Socialize)

Action: Extended (10 successes; each roll represents half an hour)

Success: This rite draws Essence from the changing of the seasons. In temperate regions, it can only be performed on the seasonal equinoxes and solstices. All Uratha participating in the rite gain a bounty of Essence equal to half their maximum Essence pool. Humans and Wolf-Blooded regain all spent Willpower and heal at twice the normal rate for a full month.

In tropical regions, the rite is performed on the two days that mark the turnings between wet and dry seasons. Uratha gain enough Essence to fill their entire Essence pool. Humans and Wolf-Blooded gain the same benefits as above, but also gain a single dot in Allies, Contacts or Resources for a full month.

TOTEMIC EMPOWERMENT (•)

Drawing deep on the pack-bond's power, this rite turns a pack member into a vessel for the totem.

Symbols: The totem, the pack, blood, strength

Sample Rite: The Blood Foxes' totem is a creature of pain; the rite to embrace its power is equally painful. The subject pierces his own flesh with long spines, driving them in with relish; the ritemaster paints the flowing blood into an image of snarling foxes. Embrace the pain, know the precise places to cause the most agony and yet take it without flinching, and the totem comes flowing in with the sensation. (Stamina + Medicine)

Action: Extended (10 successes; each roll represents 1 minute)

Duration: Until the next sunrise

Success: The rite causes something akin to a temporary — and voluntary — Claiming by the totem. The totem must be present on the side of the Gauntlet in which the rite takes place; it then rides the target until the end of the rite's duration.

The empowered pack member gains both the totem's ban and bane, +1 to her Strength, Dexterity and Stamina, and a

OTHER RITEMASTERS

While Wolf-Blooded usually serve as ritual assistants, certain spiritually-attuned Wolf-Blooded can lead rites as if they were werewolves. Wolf-Blooded with the Horse, Spirit Double, or Waystone Tells may serve as ritemasters for Pack Rites only.

Certain worrying stories pass amongst the Uratha, tales of packs without any werewolves in them at all — only Wolf-Blooded and humans — but capable of wielding the power of Pack Rites against the People. Quite how these groups acquire the totem necessary to form the pack bond is unclear, and their reasons for conflicting with Uratha vary greatly — some are "monster-hunters," others think themselves the equal of the Uratha, and yet others seek occult secrets from the Shadow.

Upon very rare occasions, werewolves discover humans who are performing Pack Rites by themselves. Such "packs" are usually cults or occult practitioners aided by spirits that they have managed to bind or that are manipulating them. Worryingly, Claimed seem able to hold a similar position to werewolves in such groups' ceremonies, and there are stubborn rumors that they practice Pack Rites completely unknown to the People.

+2 bonus to her Perception rolls. She can perceive spirits in Twilight clearly. Her Essence pool is increased by 5 and, in the case of a pack member who does not normally have an Essence pool, she temporarily gains a pool of 5 points from the totem's own Essence. The pack member also gains the totem's Influences and Numina.

If the pack member is a human, she becomes immune to Lunacy for the duration of the empowerment. If she is an Uratha, then the totem takes over her body if she falls into *Basu-Im*. The totem must burn 1 point of Essence each hour that it controls the Uratha, but is free to do whatever it wants in the meantime. The Uratha has no memory of this period when the "rage" ends.

Being empowered by the totem is a breaking point toward Spirit for an Uratha, and an Integrity breaking point for a human or Wolf-Blooded.

HUNTING GROUND (••)

This rite invokes the old rights of Father Wolf to sanctify a claim of territory and ownership. The Shadow must bow before *Urfarah* even now.

Symbols: Territory, pack totem, the pack, boundaries



Sample Rite: Many packs in Britain follow the tradition of beating the bounds. They travel around the border of the territory on foot, striking boundary markers with staves bearing the markings of their pack and totem. Great gouges that mark corner-stones and ancient tree trunks are clear indications of old territories. (Strength + Occult)

Action: Extended (10 successes; each roll represents half an hour)

Duration: 1 season

Success: The area is sanctified as the pack's territory. Certain Facets and Rites are affected by territory. All pack members gain a +2 bonus to foot chases and tracking while in their territory, whether in pursuit or escape. All pack members also gain a +2 bonus to Animal Ken, Empathy, and Politics rolls made on inhabitants of the territory – human, spirit, and otherwise.

If the pack fails to complete at least one hunt each month, whether normal or *Siskur-Dah*, the rite immediately ends.

MOON'S MAD LOVE (••)

This rite is powerful and dangerous, drawing upon a pact with Luna herself to invest some of her presence into a human soul. The Pure mostly shun it.

Symbols: Silver, the auspices, love, change

Sample Rite: Bone Shadows across the Maghreb traditionally hold a moonlit masquerade at the grave of a wise and revered Uratha. Participants wear auspice-masks as the human supplicants are subjected to a meandering, ritualized debate about change and love. The supplicants are granted a token of silver when the ritemaster feels they have shown understanding. (Presence + Academics)

Action: Extended (15 successes; each roll represents 1 minute)

Duration: 1 month

Success: This rite can only be performed at night. Those humans present at the rite's culmination do not suffer Lunacy from werewolf packmates, and can remember what happens even when afflicted by Lunacy from another source. The first time an affected human sees the full moon during the rite's duration, she gains the Inspired Condition.

At the end of the month each human must succeed at a Resolve + Composure roll or gain the Madness Condition.

WELLSPRING (••)

This rite invokes a pact between a pack and the spirit *umia* that reflect a locus' resonance. In return, the locus becomes a wellspring that washes the Shadow with power.

Symbols: Fountains or ignition, cleansing, energy, the resonance type

Sample Rite: Ivory Claws in Canada make use of loci of plants and nature to slowly flood built-up areas with conflicted resonance. They conduct their vigorous dances clad in nothing but tangled stems of vegetation, thorns piercing flesh to mix blood and sap. The ritemaster collects this drooling flow of fluid in a bowl, and all the pack washes and daubs themselves in a frenetic ritual "cleansing" with the gory mixture. (Dexterity + Occult)

Action: Extended (20 successes; each roll represents 10 minutes)

Duration: 1 month

Success: The rite must be performed at the site of a locus, amplifying it. This has several effects: Spirits and Uratha within one hundred yards per dot of the rating of the locus, or within the entire territory (whichever is larger), add the locus' rating

to all rolls for Influences that match its Resonance. Any pack member standing within the area of effect of the locus itself may wield Influence over the locus' Resonance, with dots equal to the locus' rating. She can spend the locus' Essence to fuel the Influence if she doesn't have any herself. She uses Presence + Wits in place of Power + Finesse for Influence dice pools.

The Resonance becomes pervasive in general, applying the Resonant Condition; a locus of pain would cause low-level symptoms across the entire affected area, aggravating minor aches and intensifying the pain caused by an injury. This will have long-term effects on the Shadow and the material world.

The entire pack gains a persistent Ban Condition for the duration of the rite's effect. The ban gained will reflect the Resonance of the locus. Pain might mandate that pack-members must have at least one point of lethal damage each dawn (forcing humans to remain wounded and Uratha to harm themselves each day). Death might demand that pack-members carry a pouch of bones from a close relative at all times. If the ban is ever violated, the effects of the rite immediately end and it cannot be subjected to Wellspring again for a year and a day. The Condition lifts when the rite ends.

RAIMENT OF THE STORM (•••)

Spirits of storm and rain respond to the call of this rite, empowering those who walk in their embrace.

This rite is only taught to Storm Lords.

Symbols: Rain, lightning, blood, sky

Sample Rite: When the heavens split, the pack gathers out in the courtyard, its members stripping down and letting the rain pour over them. As the dim electric lamps sputter and spark, a lightning serpent writhes and coils amongst them; the totem dances madly as each Uratha and human slashes a hand and pools the blood. The trick is to watch and see the storm's wrath reflected in the totem; that's the spark that pours power into the ritemaster. (Wits + Occult)

Action: Extended (15 successes; each roll represents 1 minute)

Duration: Until the storm ceases.

Success: This rite can only be performed during a storm that has unleashed lightning or thunder. While outside in the rain, all participants have +2 to dice pools to contest supernatural attacks and effects. They gain two points of general armor, and do not take any damage from electricity or lightning. They also gain the Ban Condition; they cannot sleep, rest, or relax until the storm has passed.

SHADOWCALL (•••)

This rite summons up a spirit through ancient laws that force it to heed the call.

Symbols: Circles, a call, lights, the spirit's type

Sample Rite: A disturbing manual is floating round the Internet. In it is detailed the complex circuitry, the exact sequence of disorientating light pulses, and the occult computer code needed to build a "gateway server," an arrangement of technology that can call weird tech-spirits into the world. It's just a weird bit of creepypasta in the hands of a human, but the *Farsil Luhal* fear it will eventually get into the hands of an

unwitting Wolf-Blooded who will try it out with disastrous consequences. No-one knows where the manual originated. (Intelligence + Computer)

Action: Extended (20 successes; each roll represents 1 minute); potentially contested by the spirit's Resistance

Success: This rite targets a single known spirit by name, or the nearest spirit of a desired type. The spirit becomes immediately aware once the rite begins, and can try to resist or can voluntarily respond to the call. If the rite succeeds, the spirit immediately appears within a delineated summoning spot that has appropriate *gathra* in it. Unlike most rites, the local Gauntlet strength *does* affect the dice pool for Shadowcall if the called spirit is on the opposite side of the Gauntlet to the ritemaster when the rite begins.

If the summoning takes place in the material world, the area within the delineated space gains the Open Condition and the spirit appears in Twilight. If it has the Materialize Manifestation, then it may use this power at no cost when it appears.

SUPPLICATION (•••)

This rite is an invocation of balance, an exchange of respect in return for favor. Some Forsaken see it as groveling to the denizens of the Shadow, but many understand the wisdom in appeasing certain *umia* of the *Hiril*.

Symbols: Territory, smoke, balance, the spirits' type

Sample Rite: A Hunter in Darkness ritemaster weaves little trinkets of dry straw and bone during this rite, painting them with sigils of blood to appeal to spirits of death. She walks the boundaries of her territory, an incense burner in hand that leaves a trail of fumes behind her. She hangs the little poppets under the eaves of buildings, announcing the presence of each one with a howl to the night. (Presence + Crafts)

Action: Extended (10 successes; each roll represents half an hour)

Duration: 1 season

Success: This rite must include physical anchors for the rite, offerings that reflect the nature of a specified type of spirit, such as fire spirits or nature spirits. During the performance, the ritemaster and other participants place them around the pack's territory. Once the rite is completed, all spirits of the appropriate type move up one level on the impressions chart towards pack members. If at least half of the physical anchors are damaged or removed, the supplication immediately ends.

Additionally, the ritemaster gains the persistent Ban Condition, taking on a ban that reflects the type of spirit supplicated. The Condition resolves when the rite's duration ends.

HIDDEN PATH (••••)

Calling upon the spirits of wolves and places to fulfill their side of an ancient pact, this rite sets hunters on a swift path to their prey – or to safety.

This rite is only taught to Hunters in Darkness.

Symbols: Paths, shadow, doorways, the destination

Sample Rite: A network of *Meninna* packs across Europe shared this rite amongst themselves; their rite is performed in

an abandoned building filled with empty, gaping doorways. The pack performs a mock hunt amidst the dusty halls and empty, echoing rooms while the ritemaster paints symbols of their desired destination around the exit through which they will pass. (Wits + Survival)

Action: Extended (15 successes; each roll represents 10 minutes)

Success: The ritemaster nominates a specific destination. All participants can follow a hidden path, one that worms its way between Flesh and Shadow and that hurries along hidden routes and deserted streets. As long as the pack follows this path, it will take only a tenth of the time it normally would to reach the destination on foot, and it will evade mundane barriers and attempts at interception. The destination must be reachable via land alone; the path will not cross the sea or major bodies of water. If at any point any of the participants leave the path, the rite's effects end.

EXPEL (••••)

This rite lays spiritual claim to a person or object with the pack's bond, forcing a possessing spirit out.

Symbols: Ownership, dominance, shattering, scourging

Sample Rite: The *Iminir* ritemaster screams in rage and punches the man in the face. As he staggers back, the rest of the pack piles on. In a few moments, they've wrapped him in clattering chains. As he thrashes and shouts, the ritemaster punches him again and rakes her claws across his cheeks. She ignores the spitting, cursing, and crying as she uses the drawn blood to mark him with her pack's sigils of ownership, gives him one final punch, and commands him to shut the hell up. The rest of the pack tear away the bindings that hold his body; as the chains break, so does the spirit's hold on him. (Presence + Intimidate)

Action: Extended (10 successes; 1 roll per minute); contested by the spirit's Resistance

Success: The rite targets a spirit that is possessing a human or object. If the rite reaches the target number of successes before the spirit does, it forcibly breaks the spirit's fetter or possession. If the spirit possessed a living creature, as a side effect that creature is considered a pack member for the next hour. Expel has no effect against the Claimed; the spirit's synthesis has dug too deeply into flesh.

GREAT HUNT (•••••)

Amongst the most potent of Pack Rites, the Great Hunt calls upon the Firstborn to empower lesser hunters that they might match the Uratha.

Symbols: Blood, transformation, wolves, silver

Sample Rite: Few packs have the ability to use this rite, but there are persistent rumors of a *Meninna* pack somewhere on the Pacific coast at the head of a cult of human "skinchangers." The humans don wolf-skins and imbibe mind-altering drugs in shamanic ceremonies, while the Uratha stalk amongst them, dealing out bites and silver coins. (Presence + Occult)

Action: Extended (20 successes; each roll represents one minute)

Duration: Until the next sunrise

Success: At the rite's culmination, all human and Wolf-Blooded members of the pack immediately shift to Urhan form, gaining the full range of bonuses that the form offers, the senses of a werewolf and regeneration as if they had Primal Urge 1. They also gain the Ban Condition until the sun rises: They are compelled to hunt the pack's prey. Taking part in the Great Hunt is an Integrity breaking point for humans, but not Wolf-Blooded.

FETISHES

Fetishes and talens are powerful tools in the Forsaken armory. These spiritually infused charms and trinkets show how the People can harness the Shadow to the cause of the hunt, binding its denizens into service. Werewolves value such items; packs and tribes barter talens in return for favors, Essence, and information. They guard fetishes more jealously due to their relative permanence and accrued history, and a gift of such an item is a matter of deep symbolism, emotion, and honor.

Fetishes often look rather unusual. Their forms reflect the symbolism of the power bound within them, and glyphs, runes, and sigils are all common decorations. A knowledgeable Uratha who has time to study a fetish or talen can identify its general nature with a successful Intelligence + Occult roll, but any werewolf who touches one of these items can immediately sense the spiritual power held within.

The creation of a fetish is not a simple act, nor casually done. It involves invoking old rites and caging a spirit within an item. Some spirits willingly partake in such ceremonies, trading their power to the Forsaken in return for protection or oath-sworn rewards after a period of service. Werewolves hunt other spirits down, chaining the them into their new homes by force. A fetish made in this way is a risk — feeding it Essence to fuel its powers will one day lead to the spirit breaking its ritual chains and escaping. Uratha who relentlessly abuse the spirits of a region by herding them into fetishes rather than negotiating and bargaining can expect to earn the fear, mistrust, or outright ire of the Shadow over time.

Talens are another matter entirely, as they only require a fraction of a spirit's power. While some talens contain petty spirits caged within, most form from a spirit feeding some of its energy into a vessel. Spirits will not acquiesce to making a talen without good cause as it still reduces their power, but some packs enforce a monthly or yearly talen tithe from the spirits in their territory. Tribute from the spirits is one of the main sources of talens amongst the Forsaken, although too heavy a burden can push the spirits into rebellion.

CREATING AND USING A FETISH

The Fetish Rite is used to create fetishes — a powerful ritual that binds a spirit into a physical prison and harnesses its Essence flow. A fetish possesses unique and often rather strange powers and benefits that are born from the symbolic power of the caged spirit. Fetishes have a dot rating from one to five that indicates the Rank of the spirit bound into the item

and just how powerful the fetish is. Possible effects include (but are by no means limited to):

- A weak fetish with a minor or specialized effect. A minor dice bonus under certain circumstances, such as a bonus Specialty or two, access to an Influence at a single dot (or maybe two for something niche), or a very simple utility like a sturdy padlock that chews up lockpicks used on it.
- A useful fetish. A weapon with a minor bonus like inflicting a minor Tilt on its first strike in combat, a moderate bonus to a particular Facet such as a +3 to its dice pool, or something that replicates the benefits of a modern technological item and improves on them by adding its rating to the item's equipment modifier.
- A potent fetish with serious impact. An entire vehicle benefitting from minor bonuses like a +3 bonus to its Handling or traffic lights always showing green, a serious movement enhancement that only works in the Shadow like the ability to spider-climb or even fly for short bursts, a moderate Influence at three dots, or a modification to a specific Facet that allows it to be used in new ways.
- A strong fetish with either very potent or very broad application. A weapon with a powerful enhancement such as increased damage, a moderate bonus to all Social maneuvers – perhaps +3 and 9-again – or a large bonus to resistance against spirits of certain types such as a +3 bonus to Defense and contested rolls.
- A legendary fetish of great power. A truly deadly weapon like one that cuts Essence or Willpower as well as flesh, 8-again and the rote quality on particular dice pools, a major bonus to an entire Gift, or something that allows the Uratha to outright break some rules such as using their Defense against mental attacks or to count themselves as the bane of something that doesn't usually suffer a bane.

Using a fetish normally requires the Uratha to succeed at a Resolve + Composure roll penalized by the fetish's dot rating. This attempt to will the bound spirit into action can be circumvented by spending a point of Essence instead.

CREATING AND USING A TALEN

Talens can also be created through a rite, although they rarely involve binding anything but the most minor of spirits. Usually, a talen's power comes from a spirit spinning off part of its being into the item, a painful process that deals lethal damage equal to the talen's rating to the spirit but which requires no rite. Very rarely, talens form from items that have naturally gathered power in a place saturated with strong Resonance.

Talens have a dot rating of one to five that indicates the power stored within. A talen generally contains the power of a

single Facet or spiritual Influence, although some have more unusual effects. An Uratha who activates a talen containing a Facet may use that Facet as if he possessed it, substituting the talen's dot rating for his own Renown in determining the Facet's effects. Facets that have a permanent duration only last a single scene. Activating a talen containing an Influence allows the Uratha to use that Influence for a single scene as if it had a rating equal to the talen's dot rating. In place of Power + Finesse, the Uratha uses his own Presence + Wits.

No roll is necessary for an Uratha to activate a talen. Influences take an instant action to use, while Facets are instant or reflexive as indicated in their entries. Talens expend their power after a single use.

SAMPLE FETISHES & TALENS

WITCH-POPPET (TALEN •)

A Witch-Poppet is a weak but common talen amongst wilderness packs that want to trap intruders until the Uratha can muster a response. Usually appearing as a little charm or doll, an activated Witch-Poppet is hung from a tree or bush.

Effect: The first person to touch the Witch-Poppet after activation is the victim of the Knotted Paths Nature Facet.

DAWN SHARD (FETISH •)

Carrying a Dawn Shard is a good idea if an Uratha wants to deal with the volatile, unpredictable spirits of the sun.

Effect: The first impression of all Helions that the Uratha encounters improves by one level as long as they can see the sigil-carved fragment of mirror on his person.

STALKER'S LAMENT (FETISH •)

A Stalker's Lament is a very popular fetish amongst Irraka, who often find themselves far from their packs. Usually fashioned in the form of a necklace or choker, the Lament awakens when the wearer howls.

Effects: No matter the distance to the Uratha's packmates, all other werewolves in the pack immediately hear the howl loud and clear, and know the direction of and distance to the howler. The Lament does not transmit any other information, and is often used as a pre-arranged emergency signal.

TRACKER'S LANTERN (FETISH •)

The Tracker's Lantern is a simple little lamp or torch that blazes with a slightly odd violet light.

Effect: Where the lantern casts its illumination, all hand and foot prints made within the last hour light up with a phantasmal shimmer.

CHARRED DEATH-RATTLE (FETISH ••)

Charred Death-Rattles are common amongst Bone Shadows. They are little charms of scorched bone that chatter and clatter when shaken.

Effect: The Death-Rattle is used when activating the Tongue of Flame Elemental Facet, and adds a +3 bonus to the Uratha's pool for Influence (Fire).

DEVOURER'S FANG (FETISH **)

A Devourer's Fang looks like a gnarled, twisted tooth, and is quite painful to use; the Uratha must yank out one of his own teeth and press the fetish in its place.

Effect: When the werewolf changes to any of his hybrid forms, his entire mouth is filled with vicious, grinding teeth capable of chewing through pretty much anything. He becomes able to chew any material, even rock, concrete, or metal, and gains sustenance from anything he eats regardless of its actual quality as food.

RUST-TALON BINDINGS (FETISH **)

Rust-Talon Bindings are heavy chain manacles, covered in a patina of red and brown corrosion.

Effect: Anyone bound by the fetish takes a point of lethal damage whenever she tries to use any supernatural power. She must then succeed at a Clash of Wills against the fetish, which has a dice pool of 5 – the only exception to this is the Unchained Strength Facet, which works as normal. Attempting to break or pick the bindings with a tool or weapon inflicts one point of Structure damage on the object in question, ignoring Durability.

DRAGON'S EGG BEZOAR (TALEN **)

Swallowing down a rough-surfaced Dragon's Egg Bezoar hurts, but when it hits the gut the lump starts to emanate invigorating heat.

Effect: Consuming the bezoar activates the Primal Strength Facet of the Gift of Strength.

BRINE BOTTLE (FETISH ***)

Brine Bottles see use amongst werewolves on the coast.

Effect: An Uratha with the Heart of Water Elemental Facet can leap into seawater to use his Facet in a startling new way. Rather than Influence (Water), the Uratha can instead spend 1 Essence and gain the ability to breathe underwater for the duration of the scene.

GRIDLOCK PUZZLE (FETISH ***)

A Gridlock Puzzle is a mesh of interlocking metal rings and squares.

Effect: An Uratha with the All Doors Locked Warding Facet can pull, yank, and reconfigure the puzzle to unleash the Facet in a very different way. Rather than doors and windows, the Uratha can instead control all traffic lights and other forms of traffic control within a radius of 100 yards x Honor Renown. If he wants to unleash mayhem in a busy city's rush hour, it's as simple as setting every nearby light to red.

STEEL WOLF (FETISH ***)

Steel Wolves see use with a few modern packs, especially those with Iron Masters in their ranks.

Effect: These fetishes are usually solidly built cars or vans. **Road Shadows** produce no noise when activated – their engines and wheels are entirely silent – while **Ironhides** have their Durability increased by +3 against attackers.

WHISPER KNIFE (FETISH ***)

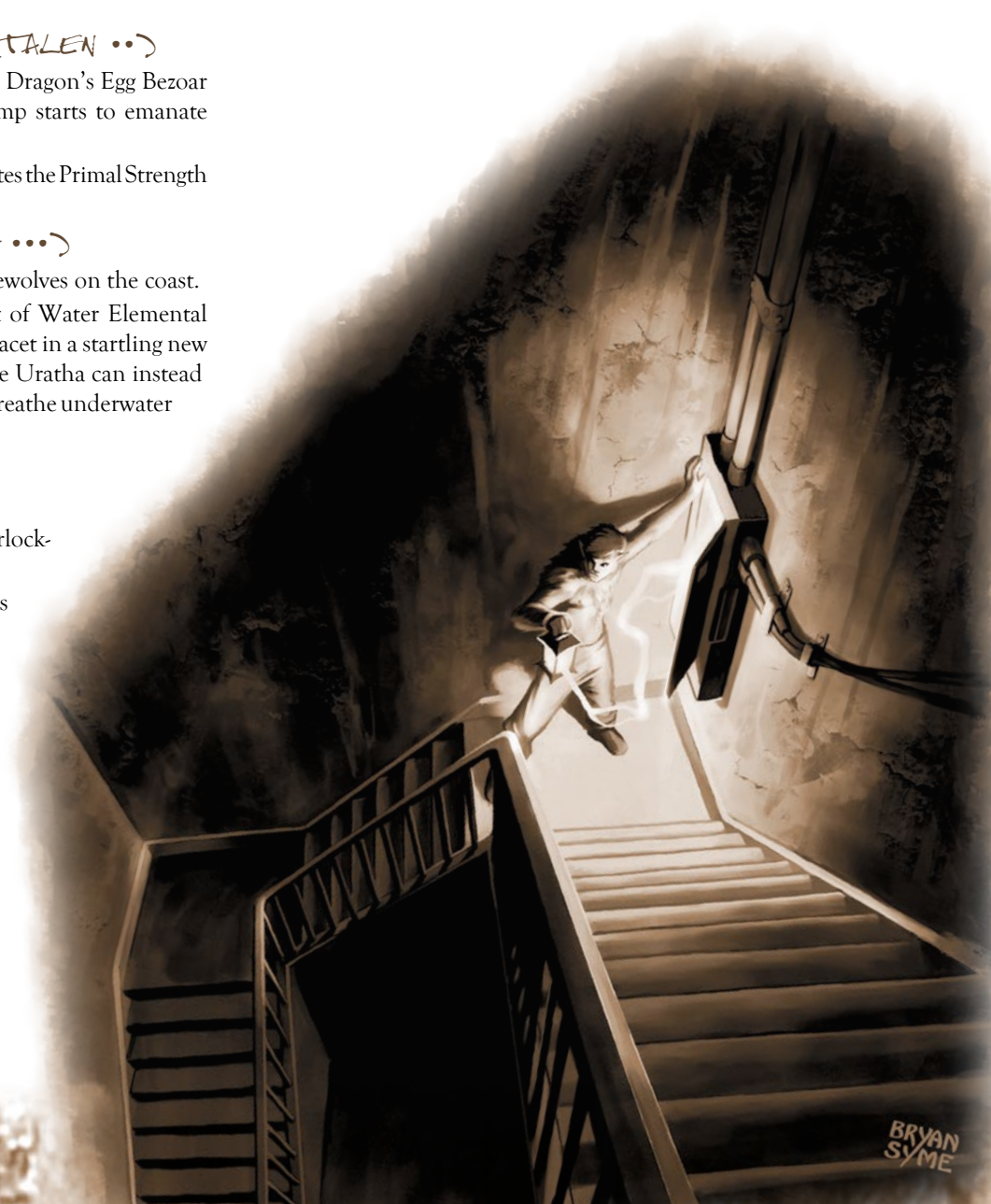
While it does nothing to let its wielder see such beings, a Whisper Knife allows an Uratha to strike entities in Twilight with the weapon.

Effect: When an attack against a Twilight being hits home, the blade whispers in the user's mind, telling him the nature of the being he has wounded.

STORM COIL (TALEN ***)

A Storm Coil usually looks like an odd little lamp of copper or iron, housing a metal coil at its heart.

Effect: The talen allows the use of Influence (Electricity) 3. Storm Coils are usually used to overload a building's power



with a surge, or to ground electricity from a live system to let an Uratha tamper with it.

CRIMSON FALX (FETISH ••••)

A Crimson Falx is a brutal weapon with a curved blade that's sharp on its inner edge — usually a glaive or sickle. These weapons are most commonly found in Blood Talon and Storm Lord hands.

Effect: After activation, the first enemy struck with the Falx in a scene suffers the Arm Wrack or Leg Wrack Tilt (attacker's choice) permanently, as the weapon chops the limb clean off.

SHADOW THUNDERHEAD MASK (FETISH ••••)

Shadow Thunderhead Masks are glowering depictions of snarling Uratha or spirit-beings. While wearing such a mask, spirits scarcely dare to try to work subtle enchantments or witchcraft against the wielder.

Effect: An Uratha wearing a Shadow Thunderhead Mask adds his Presence to all of his dice pools to resist any Influence, Numina, or Dread Power from a Claimed or spirit short of actual physical attacks.

SKY-CALLER TRINKET (TALEN ••••)

Sky-Caller Trinkets are bundles of feathers and avian bones, usually tangled together with brightly colored thread.

Effect: These Talens allow the use of Influence (Birds) 4. Enterprising Uratha have made great use of being able to conjure loyal birds or to control entire flocks in the vicinity.

CUNEIFORM CYLINDER (TALEN ••••)

Cuneiform Cylinders are imprinted with the claw-sigils of the First Tongue, each one telling a powerful story of Forsaken history that grants deep insight.

Effects: Reading the clay cylinder's outer surface activates the This Story Is True Knowledge Facet. Some rare, ancient cylinders may be the work of the First Pack themselves, and such a talen would have an even greater effect if unleashed.

DRUM OF THE HEAVENS (FETISH ••••)

The Drum of the Heavens resounds with a deep, beautiful note at each strike. While fairly hefty, the Drum makes music that spirits love.

Effect: For every minute that a spirit that is not outright hostile listens to the Drum, its impression of the drummer improves by one level. This has its downsides; the Fetish's owner is likely to be relentlessly pestered by spirits that just want to hear the divine, musical echoes of creation itself.



THE SCATTERED HOST (PART IV)

"Hey chubby. We may have a breakthrough in the Faciane case." Svent turned in his office chair and stared balefully at his partner. He raised one eyebrow in question.

"The old biddy, Mrs. Uderzo, that lives across the hall from the scene says she saw an intruder go into the place late last night. Says the guy scared the shit out of her, my words not hers, and was gone by the time she'd recovered enough to call us."

"Guys on the scene see anything?"

"Not a damn thing. But the crime scene tape was mangled and the door busted in, so I had some uniforms bring in Mrs. Uderzo to take a look at mug shots. Wonder of wonders she actually recognized one of them. Seems our uninvited guest is one Theodore "Teddy" Walters. Got a couple priors for assault."

"Any chance he's the kid's father?"

"No idea. What do you think? Should we have the unis round him up?"

Svent pondered for a couple minutes, absently turning back and forth in his chair. It began to squeak. Finally, he came to a conclusion.

"No, not yet. Let's go have a little talk with Teddy first, see what he has to say. If he's already on the books, he'll lawyer up as soon as he sees a hint of blue at the front door."

Olk shrugged. "Works for me."

A short drive into the suburbs found the detectives in front of a modest two-story house. The combination of careful landscaping and cheerfully painted mailbox almost screamed peaceful domesticity. Svent spotted a two-car garage nestled behind the house.

"Our suspect lives here? Really?"

"This is the address," said Olk.

Svent grunted, levered his way out of the car and began to trundle up the walk leading to the front door. Olk caught up with him as he reached out to ring the doorbell. He heard a faint ding dong come from further in the house. The sound of running feet preceded the front door being flung open only by a couple of seconds, and the detectives found themselves looking into the face of an adolescent girl.

"You aren't the pizza guy."

Svent pulled out his wallet and displayed his badge, Olk mirrored him.

"Sorry kid. I could go for a slice myself," he said.

The girl stared at them and the badges before turning and yelling into the house.

"Moooom! There are cops at the door!"

An attractive blonde woman in her mid-thirties came hurrying into the room, wiping her hands on a kitchen towel. She was barefoot and wearing yoga pants and a tight tank top that showed off her toned body. Her muscles were lean and taut, as though they had been formed through hard work and physical labor rather than trips to the gym.

"Amber. Go to your room," said the woman. The kid ran off, looking back over her shoulder as she went.

"I'm Dorothy Rudel. Can I help you gentlemen?"

???

"What did they want?" asked Teddy.

He sat in what the pack jokingly called the Den. It sported a couple of sofas, several comfortable chairs and a desk with neat stacks of documents. A map of the city hung on one wall. Dorothy sat down on a sofa, curling her legs up underneath her, never moving her gaze from him.

"They wanted you."

Dorothy continued to stare at him. Finally, grudgingly, he looked away and she nodded.

"What are we hunting?" she said.

"Call up the pack first. I don't want to repeat myself."

Almost an hour passed and the pizza had arrived before the rest of the pack assembled. Dorothy's daughter, Amber, sat on the floor, contentedly munching away. Dorothy had resumed her spot on the sofa, and was speaking in low tones to her adopted brother Ohta, who had dressed down in tennis shoes, khaki shorts, and a polo shirt. The last member of the pack, Raul, slumped in a chair apparently asleep, his long hair ragged, his clothing clean but a short step up from the rags you'd expect from the homeless. Teddy wore his customary black jeans and black T-shirt, and sat on his haunches in the middle of the room, waiting.

Dorothy finished her conversation, took quick stock of the group, and nodded to Teddy. He rose and faced his pack. They quieted, expectantly, Raul cracking open an eyelid.

"This story is true," he began.

"In days long past, Father Wolf strode Pangaea like unto a bloody-handed god, hunting those of the spirit that strayed too near the Flesh, and those of the flesh who strayed too near the Spirit. No spirit had the power to defy Urfarah and those that roamed from the Shadow feared his coming, and feared more his fangs and claws that would rip them asunder.

"Again and again mighty spirits challenged the will of Father Wolf to enforce the boundary, and again and again they were cast down while he stood triumphant, bathed in the light of Mother Luna. Frustrated by the strength and ferocity of Father Wolf, and equally by their desire to travel the physical realm, a few spirits turned to cunning. These spirits split their essence into multiple forms, and moved in packs across the boundary. They became shartha.

"While none of the shartha was mighty on its own, they retained the cunning of their forebearers and scattered whenever Urfarah approached, never giving him the chance to capture or kill all of their numbers. Between battles, the shartha multiplied again and again, always forming new bodies to join to the packs. In this manner they eluded Father Wolf, and though he hunted them relentlessly, he could never lay all of them low.

"When the Gauntlet arose, the shartha were trapped, some in the Shadow, some in the physical. The Beshilu, rat-like in appearance, sought to open the way for their squeaking brothers and sisters and began to gnaw at the Gauntlet. The holes they opened filled with disease and death, and since the beginning, Uratha have hunted them."

He paused and, in turn, looked each member of the pack in the eyes.

"Beshilu have burrowed into our territory and consumed human flesh. They seek to spread disease and death. They plan to open the way for more of their kind. Our hunt begins."



CHAPTER FOUR: RULES OF THE HUNT

*You not only are hunted by others, you unknowingly hunt yourself.
Dejan Stojanovic, The Sun Watches the Sun*

This section contains the core rules for playing **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. More information, system variants, and examples can be found in **The World of Darkness Rulebook** or **The God-Machine Chronicle**.

TRAITS

In addition to the traits possessed by Uratha and Wolf-Blooded, all World of Darkness characters have a set of mundane traits. Attributes are raw potential, Skills are trained abilities, and Skill Specialties cover specific areas of training in which a character excels. Willpower is the extra effort a character can bring to bear in a stressful or dangerous situation, when success is crucial or hangs by a thread. Willpower is also used by some supernatural powers.

Finally, humans and Wolf-Blooded possess personal Virtues and Vices from which they can draw strength and refill their Willpower, much the same way a werewolf derives Willpower from Blood and Bone.

ATTRIBUTES

Attributes represent essential traits that every character possesses by default. These serve as the foundation to most rolls in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. The nine Attributes are split into three categories: Mental, Physical, and Social. If a game rule refers to a “Social roll,” or a “Mental action,” that means an action that uses the appropriate Attribute category.

All Attributes start with one dot. This reflects a below-average capacity. Two dots are about human average. Three and four reflect a high level of competency, while five reflects the height of human potential in that field. When creating your character, prioritize each category. The primary category receives five extra dots above the one dot in each, the secondary four, and the tertiary three.

MENTAL ATTRIBUTES

Mental Attributes reflect your character’s acuity, intellect, and strength of mind.

INTELLIGENCE

Intelligence is your character’s raw knowledge, memory, and capacity for solving difficult problems. This may be book smarts, or a wealth of trivia.

Attribute Tasks: Memorizing (Intelligence + Composure, instant action)

WITS

Wits represents your character’s ability to think quickly and improvise solutions. It reflects your character’s perception, and ability to pick up on details.

Attribute Tasks: Perception (Wits + Composure, reflexive action)

RESOLVE

Resolve is your character’s determination, patience, and sense of commitment. It allows your character to concentrate in the face of distraction and danger, or continue doing something in spite of insurmountable odds.

Attribute Tasks: Resisting coercion (Resolve + Stamina, reflexive action)

PHYSICAL ATTRIBUTES

Physical Attributes reflect your character’s bodily fitness and acumen. A werewolf’s Physical Attributes change as she shifts shape.

STRENGTH

Strength is your character’s muscular definition and capacity to deliver force. It affects many physical tasks, including most actions in a fight.

Attribute Tasks: Breaking a barrier (Strength + Stamina, instant action), Lifting objects (Strength + Stamina, instant action)

DEXTERITY

Dexterity is your character’s speed, agility, and coordination. It provides balance, reactions, and aim.

Attribute Tasks: Keeping balance (Dexterity + Composure, reflexive action)

STAMINA

Stamina is your character's general health and sturdiness. It determines how much punishment your character's body can handle before it gives up.

Attribute Tasks: Staying awake (Stamina + Resolve, instant action)

SOCIAL ATTRIBUTES

Social Attributes reflect your character's ability to deal with others.

PRESENCE

Presence is your character's assertiveness, gravitas, and raw appeal. It gives your character a strong bearing that changes moods and minds.

Attribute Tasks: Good first impressions (Presence + Composure, instant action)

MANIPULATION

Manipulation is your character's ability to make others cooperate. It's how smoothly she speaks, it's how much people can read into her intentions.

Attribute Tasks: Poker face (Manipulation + Composure)

COMPOSURE

Composure is your character's poise and grace under fire. It's his dignity, and ability to remain unfazed when harrowed.

Attribute Tasks: Meditation (Resolve + Composure, extended action)

SKILLS

Whereas Attributes represent innate ability, Skills reflect behaviors learned and honed over a lifetime. These are things that could be practiced or learned from a book. Similarly to Attributes, Skills are divided into Mental, Physical, and Social categories.

Skills do not receive free dots at creation. Skills without dots are deficient or barely capable. Skills with a single dot reflect a cursory training. Two dots is sufficient for professional use. Three is a high level of competency. Four is outstanding, and five is an absolute master in the discipline. When creating your character, prioritize categories. The primary category receives eleven dots, the secondary receives seven, the tertiary four. An Uratha gains an extra dot in one of three Skills depending on her Auspice.

The sample actions for each Skill are common actions, not comprehensive guides to what each Skill can be used for. It's important to look at the context of the scene, and apply the best Attribute + Skill combination for the events at hand. Remember that equipment and environmental modifiers can change a dice pool. Each Skill lists sample equipment and factors that could enhance Skill usage. More rules for equipment are in **The World of Darkness Rulebook** or **The God-Machine Chronicle**.

When using a Skill with no dots, it incurs a penalty. For Physical and Social Skills, it levies a -1 to the roll. For a Mental Skill, it's a -3 penalty.

MENTAL SKILLS

Mental Skills are largely learned, not practiced. They reflect knowledge and procedure, lore and understanding.

ACADEMICS

Academics is a broad Skill representing your character's higher education and knowledge of the arts and humanities. It covers language, history, law, economics, and related fields. Many werewolves don't have much use for Academics themselves, preferring to foist book-learning on human packmates who have the patience for long-term research.

Sample actions: Recall trivia (Intelligence + Academics, instant action), Research (Intelligence + Academics, extended action), Translation (Intelligence + Academics, extended action)

Suggested equipment: Internet access (+1), Library (+1 to +3), Professional consultant (+2)

Specialties: Anthropology, Art History, English, History, Law, Literature, Religion, Research, Translation

COMPUTER

Computer is your character's advanced ability with computing. While most characters in the World of Darkness are expected to know the basics, the Computer Skill allows your character to program computers, to crack into systems, to diagnose major problems, and to investigate data. This Skill reflects advanced techniques and tricks; almost everyone can operate a computer for email and basic Internet searches. Hard-line werewolves like the Predator Kings resist using human technology, but most Uratha are too busy organizing over the Internet to care.

Sample actions: Hacking a system (Intelligence + Computer, extended action, contested if against a security administrator or other hacker), Internet search (Wits + Computer, instant action), Programming (Intelligence + Computer, extended action)

Suggested equipment: Computer system (+0 to +3, by performance), Custom software (+2), Passwords (+2)

Specialties: Data Retrieval, Graphics, Hacking, Internet, Programming, Security, Social Media

CRAFTS

Crafts reflects your character's knack with creating and repairing things. From creating works of art, to fixing an automobile, Crafts is the Skill to use. Since spirits find appropriate objects pleasing, many Ithaeur have at least a basic knowledge of Crafts. Those Uratha who focus on making Fetishes find that using a hand-made item makes binding a spirit easier.

Sample actions: Appraisal (Wits + Crafts, instant action), Counterfeit item (Intelligence + Crafts, extended action), Create art (Intelligence + Crafts, extended action), Repair item (Wits + Crafts, extended action)

Suggested equipment: Point of reference (+1), Quality materials (+2), Tools (+1 to +3, depending on utility and specialty), Well-equipped workplace (+2)

Specialties: Automotive, Cosmetics, Fashion, Forging, Graffiti, Jury-Rigging, Painting, Perfumery, Repair, Sculpting

INVESTIGATION

Investigation is your character's skill with solving mysteries and putting together puzzles. It reflects the ability to draw conclusions, to find meaning out of confusion, and using lateral thinking to find information where others could not. A werewolf's heightened senses complement the Investigation Skill, allowing them to gather information by scent as well as sight.

Sample actions: Examining a crime scene (Wits + Investigation, extended action), Solving riddles (Intelligence + Investigation, instant or extended action)

Suggested equipment: Forensic kit (+1), Unrestricted access (+2), Reference library (+2)

Specialties: Artifacts, Autopsy, Body Language, Crime Scenes, Cryptography, Dreams, Lab Work, Riddles, Werewolf Senses

MEDICINE

Medicine reflects your character's knowledge of the human body, and of how to bring it to and keep it in working order. Characters with Medicine can make efforts to stem life-threatening wounds and illnesses. While Medicine is of little use to creatures who regenerate, some werewolves train as medics to treat their more fragile packmates, and wounds inflicted by silver.

Sample actions: Diagnosis (Wits + Medicine, instant action), Treating wounds (Intelligence + Medicine, extended action)

Suggested equipment: Medical tools (+1 to +3), Trained assistance (+1), Well-stocked facilities (+2)

Specialties: First Aid, Pathology, Pharmaceuticals, Physical Therapy, Surgery, Uratha Physiology

OCCULT

The Occult Skill is your character's knowledge of things hidden in the dark, legends, and lore. While the supernatural is unpredictable and often unique, the Occult Skill allows your character to pick out facts from rumor. This is a common Skill for werewolves interested in the Shadow; being able to piece together the nature of a spirit from all manner of stories and tales can give insight into the *Hisil*.

Sample actions: Identify the truth in a myth (Wits + Occult, instant action), Relate two similar myths (Intelligence + Occult, instant or extended action)

Suggested equipment: Common library (-2)

Specialties: Casting Lots, Firstborn, Ghosts, *Hisil*, Lodges, Phrenology, Places-That-Aren't, Revenants, Sorcery, Spirits, Superstition, Witchcraft

POLITICS

Politics reflects a general knowledge of political structures and methodologies, but more practically shows your character's ability to navigate those systems and make them work the way she intends. With Politics, she knows the right person to ask to get something done. Some werewolves develop a measure of Politics, especially if their packs tie in to local government or law enforcement.

Sample actions: Cut red tape (Manipulation + Politics, extended action), Identify authority (Wits + Politics, instant action), Sully reputations (Manipulation + Politics, extended action)

Suggested equipment: Official position (+1 to +5, by Status)

Specialties: Bureaucracy, Bristol Protectorate, Church, Democracy, Local, Organized Crime, Scandals

SCIENCE

Science is your character's knowledge and understanding of the physical and natural sciences, such as biology, chemistry, geology, meteorology, and physics. Werewolves with a knowledge of science often use their knowledge to come up with non-intuitive uses for Gifts or shapeshifting.

Sample actions: Assess variables (Intelligence + Science, instant or extended action), Formulate solution (Intelligence + Science, extended action)

Suggested equipment: Reference library (+1 to +3), Well-stocked laboratory (+2)

Specialties: Physics, Neuroscience, Virology, Alchemy, Genetics, Hematology

PHYSICAL SKILLS

Physical Skills are those practiced, trained, and learned through action.

ATHLETICS

Athletics reflects a broad category of physical training and ability. It covers sports, and basic physical tasks such as running, jumping, dodging threats, and climbing. It also determines a character's ability with thrown weapons. Due to their very physical natures, most werewolves develop at least the rudiments of Athletics, as they run their prey to ground.

Sample actions: Acrobatics (Dexterity + Athletics, instant action), Climbing (Strength + Athletics, extended action), Foot chase (Stamina + Athletics, contested action), Jumping (Strength + Athletics, instant action, one foot vertically per success)

Suggested equipment: Athletic Shoes (+1), Rope (+1)

Specialties: Acrobatics, Archery, Climbing, Jumping, Parkour, Swimming, Throwing

BRAWL

Brawl reflects your character's ability to tussle and fight without weapons. This includes old-fashioned bar brawls as well as complex martial arts (**The God-Machine Chronicle** offers numerous Merits to complement unarmed fighters). Werewolves use the Brawl Skill to attack with their teeth and claws, so most werewolves develop at least a rudimentary skill at tearing their prey apart.

Sample actions: Breaking boards (Strength + Brawl, instant action), Hand-to-hand combat (covered in the combat section, p. 165).

Suggested equipment: Brass Knuckles (+1)

Specialties: Biting, Boxing, Claws, Dirty Fighting, Grappling, Martial Arts, Threats, Throws

DRIVE

Drive is the skill to control and maneuver automobiles, motorcycles, boats, and even airplanes. A character can drive a car without Drive dots; the Skill relates to moments of high-stress, such as a high-speed chase or trying to elude a tail. It's assumed that most characters have a basic ability to drive. As well, Drive can reflect your character's skill with horseback riding, if appropriate to her history. Werewolves in the wild often prefer to run in Urhan form, but the majority prefer to drive in order to save their stamina for the hunt.

Sample actions: Impressive maneuvering (Dexterity + Drive, instant action), Pursuit (Dexterity + Drive, contested action), Tailing (Wits + Drive, contested action)

Suggested equipment: Performance vehicle (+1 to +3)

Specialties: Defensive Driving, Evasion, Off-Road Driving, Motorcycles, Pursuit, Stunts

FIREARMS

Firearms reflects your character's ability to identify, maintain, and otherwise use guns. This Skill covers everything from small pistols, to shotguns, to assault rifles, and anything else related. While a werewolf's preternatural reflexes allow her to dodge bullets in many of her forms, guns are an easy way to take out a rival gang or pack without leaving tell-tale claw wounds. Loading guns with silver bullets turns Wolf-Blooded and even human packmates into a lethal threat against most Uratha.

Sample actions: Firearms combat (see p. 167 for more on how firearms combat works).

Suggested equipment: See p. 168 for a full list of firearms

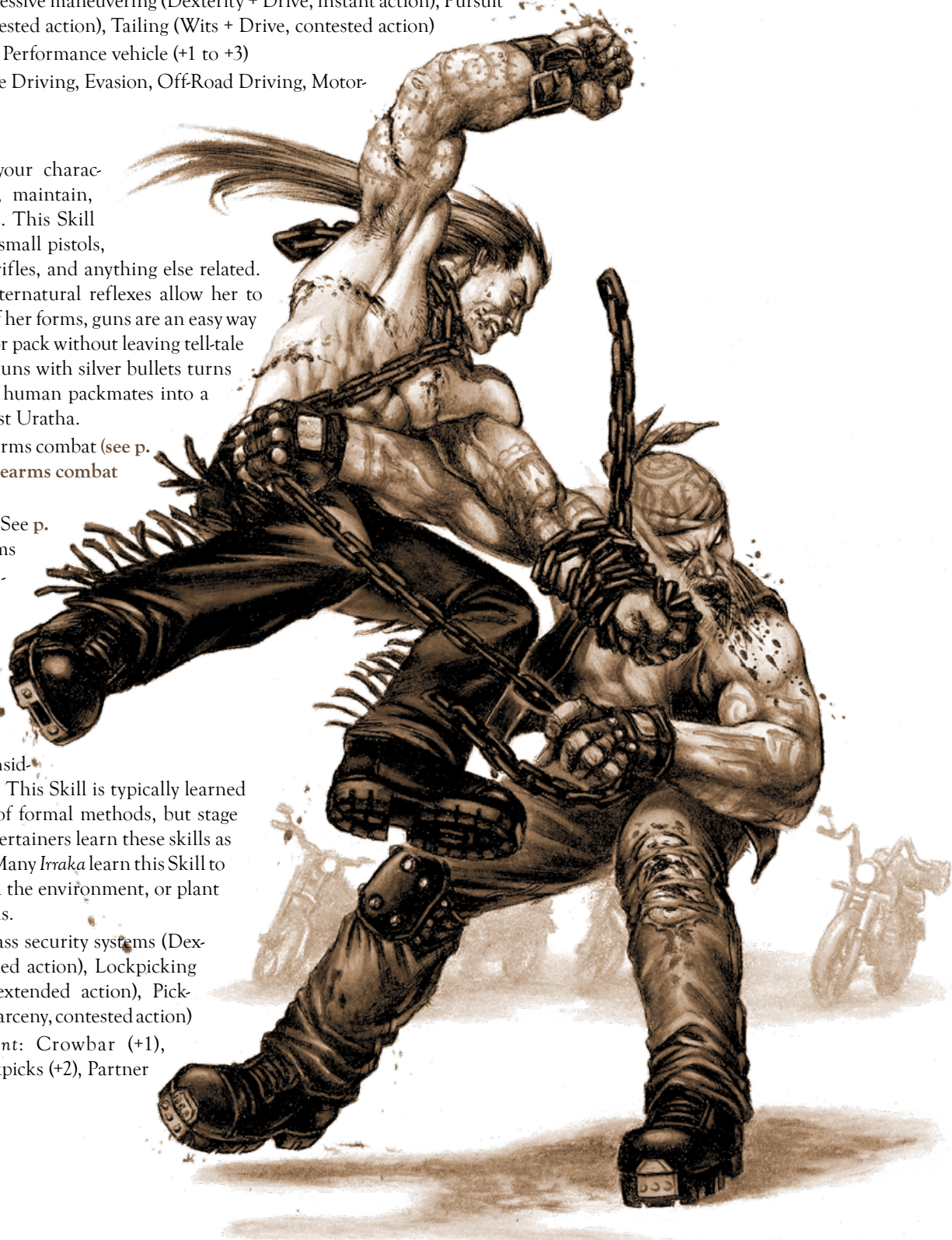
Specialties: Handguns, Rifles, Shotguns, Trick Shots

LARCENY

Larceny covers intrusion, lockpicking, theft, pickpocketing, and other (generally considered) criminal activities. This Skill is typically learned on the streets, outside of formal methods, but stage magicians and other entertainers learn these skills as part of their repertoire. Many *Irraka* learn this Skill to find new routes through the environment, or plant evidence on their victims.

Sample actions: Bypass security systems (Dexterity + Larceny, extended action), Lockpicking (Dexterity + Larceny, extended action), Pickpocketing (Dexterity + Larceny, contested action)

Suggested equipment: Crowbar (+1), Crowded area (+2), Lockpicks (+2), Partner in crime (+1)



PAN SPONK 14

Specialties: Breaking and Entering, Concealment, Lockpicking, Pickpocketing, Safecracking, Security Systems, Sleight of Hand

STEALTH

The Stealth Skill reflects your character's ability to move unnoticed and unheard, or to blend into a crowd. Every character approaches Stealth differently; some use distraction, some disguise, some are just hard to keep an eye on. While any Uratha can find the value in a solid escape, Irraka use the Skill to avoid their prey before leaping from the shadows, while Rahu use it to plan and execute lightning-fast surprise attacks.

Sample actions: Losing a tail (Wits + Stealth, contested action), Shadowing (Dexterity + Stealth, contested action)

Suggested equipment: Binoculars (+1), Dark Clothing (+1), Smokescreen (+2), Spotters (+1)

Specialties: Camouflage, Crowds, In Plain Sight, Rural, Shadowing, Stakeout, Staying Motionless

SURVIVAL

Survival represents your character's ability to "live off the land." This means finding shelter, finding food, and otherwise procuring the necessities for existence. This could be in a rural or urban environment. Most werewolves possess at least a modicum of this Skill from spending time in rural areas hunting for food. In urban areas, the Survival Skill is a blessing for packs made up of the homeless or destitute. With their hatred for everything humanity has wrought, almost every Predator King needs the Survival Skill to live.

Sample actions: Foraging (Wits + Survival, extended action), Hunting (for animals, Wits + Survival, extended action)

Suggested equipment: Survival Guide (+1), Survival Knife (+1)

Specialties: Foraging, Hunting, Navigation, Shelter, Weather

WEAPONRY

Weaponry is the ability to fight with hand-to-hand weapons, from swords, to knives, to baseball bats, to chainsaws. If the intent is to strike another and harm him, Weaponry is the Skill. As with Firearms, some werewolves – and many non-Uratha pack members – pick up a measure of Weaponry to fight rival packs, though using knives, tire irons, and chains doesn't have a gun's advantage of range.

Sample actions: Attacking another (see p. 168 for more on Weaponry combat).

Suggested equipment: See p. 170 for a full list of weapons.

Specialties: Batons, Chains, Clubs, Knives, Improvised Weapons

SOCIAL SKILLS

ANIMAL KEN

Animal Ken reflects your character's ability to train and understand animals. With Animal Ken, your character can cow beasts or rile them to violence under the right circumstances. Many rural werewolves develop Animal Ken, especially if they use other animals in their hunts.

Sample actions: Animal training (Manipulation + Animal Ken, extended action), Cowing an animal (Presence + Animal Ken, contested action)

Suggested equipment: Treats (+1), Whip (+1)

Specialties: Canines, Felines, Reptiles, Threatening, Training

EMPATHY

Empathy represents your character's ability to read and understand others' feelings and motivations. This helps discern moods, or read deceptive behavior in discussion. It is not inherently sympathetic; one can understand another's positions without agreeing with them. Many Iron Masters develop Empathy as a hunting tool; knowing what their prey is feeling helps them harry him more effectively.

Sample actions: Finding someone's pain (Wits + Empathy, contested action), Sense deception (Wits + Empathy, contested action), Soothing nerves (Manipulation + Empathy, instant action)

Suggested equipment: Muted clothing (+1), Relaxing environment (+2)

Specialties: Calming, Emotion, Lies, Motives, Personalities

EXPRESSION

The Expression Skill reflects your character's ability to communicate. This Skill covers written and spoken forms of communication, journalism, acting, music, and dance. Cahalith use Expression to disorient their foes, while some Ithaeur and Elodoth find knowing a range of ways to communicate helps them deal with spirits.

Sample actions: Composing (Intelligence + Expression, extended action), Performance (Presence + Expression, instant action)

Suggested equipment: Quality instrument (+1 to +3)

Specialties: Dance, Drama, Journalism, Musical Instrument, Performance Art, Singing, Speeches

INTIMIDATION

Intimidation reflects your character's ability to influence others' behavior through threats and fear. It could mean direct physical threats, interrogation, or veiled implication of things to come. While all of the Uratha have an overwhelming physical presence in Dalu form, Irraka and Rahu both use the Skill to frighten and cow weaker prey.

Sample actions: Interrogation (Wits + Intimidation, contested action), Staredown (Presence + Intimidation, contested action)

Suggested equipment: Fearsome tools (+2), Gang colors (+2), Isolated room (+1)

Specialties: Direct Threats, Interrogation, Stare Down, Torture, Veiled Threats

PERSUASION

Persuasion is your character's ability to change minds and influence behaviors through logic, fast-talking, or appealing to desire. It relies on the force of your character's personality to sway the listener. Elodoth use Persuasion to smooth over disputes between werewolves and spirits, or to bring rival packs back from the brink of violence; the Fire-Touched use it to convert the Forsaken to their cause.

Sample actions: Fast Talk (Manipulation + Persuasion, extended action), Firebranding (Presence + Persuasion, instant action), Seduction (Manipulation + Persuasion, extended action)

Suggested equipment: Designer Clothing (+1 to +3), Reputation (+2)

Specialties: Confidence Scam, Fast Talking, Inspiring, Sales Pitch, Seduction, Sermon

SOCIALIZE

Socialize reflects your character's ability to present herself well and interact with groups of people. It reflects proper (and setting appropriate) etiquette, customs, sensitivity, and warmth. A character with a high Socialize is the life of the party. Socialize is a survival tool when dealing with powerful spirits and the packs of a Protectorate.

Sample actions: Carousing (Manipulation + Socialize, instant action), Fitting in (Wits + Socialize, instant action), Getting attention (Presence + Socialize, instant action)

Suggested equipment: Drugs (+1), Knowing People (+1), Money (+1 to +5)

Specialties: Bar Hopping, Church Lock-In, Dress Balls, Formal Events, Frat Parties, Political Fundraisers, The Club

STREETWISE

The Streetwise Skill is your character's knowledge of life on the streets. It tells her how to navigate the city, how to get information from unlikely sources, and where she'll be (relatively) safe. If she wants to get something on the black market, Streetwise is how. Werewolves who specialize in Streetwise typically run packs made of gang members, criminals, or the homeless, using their understanding of the streets to survive.

Sample actions: Finding a shortcut (Wits + Streetwise, instant action), Working the black market (Manipulation + Streetwise, instant action)

Suggested equipment: Burner phone (+1), Known nickname (+2), Valuable Contraband (+1 to +3)

Specialties: Black Market, Gangs, Navigation, Rumors, Undercover

SUBTERFUGE

Subterfuge is the ability to deceive. With Subterfuge, your character can lie convincingly, project hidden messages in what she says, hide motivations, and notice deception in others. Irraka frequently use it to gain their prey's trust before tearing out his throat, but every werewolf can benefit from knowing how to hide among humanity without using their supernatural edges.

Sample actions: Disguise (Wits + Subterfuge, instant action), Lying (Manipulation + Subterfuge, contested action)

Suggested equipment: Costume Supplies (+2), Fake ID (+1),

Specialties: Detecting Lies, Doublespeak, Hiding Emotion, Little White Lies, Misdirection

SKILL SPECIALTIES

In addition to Skills, your character possesses Skill Specialties. These are refinements of the broader Skills. These should be narrower than the main Skill, and help to

define your character's particular expertise. For example, your character might have three dots in Firearms, but a Specialty in Rifles. He's capable with all guns, but particularly good with rifles. The Skill descriptions contain example Specialties. The Storyteller is the ultimate arbiter of what constitutes a Specialty and what doesn't; Specialties that are too broad or too narrow can hurt the story or never come into play.

If a Specialty applies to your roll, add a die. Multiple Specialties may apply to a single roll, within reason. If you find yourself going to great lengths to justify a Specialty, it probably shouldn't apply.

Skill Specialties let you flesh out your character and offer a mechanical benefit. When creating your character, let Specialty choice guide his development. For example, there's a huge difference between a character with Brawl 4 (Bar Fights) and Brawl 4 (Aikido).

VIRTUES AND VICES

Virtue and Vice are traits human characters possess instead of Blood and Bone. Virtue is a point of strength and integrity in the character's life, Vice is a place of weakness. This is just a brief touch on the topic, for more, look to **The World of Darkness Rulebook** or **The God-Machine Chronicle**. When choosing Virtues and Vices, use the following guidelines:

- Both should be adjectives that describe dominant personality traits. Don't use physical descriptions.
- Using traits that describe existing Advantages, Attributes, or Skills similarly do not apply. For example, "Strong," and "Composed," would not work as Virtues.
- Virtue should be a point of self-confidence and self-actualization, but something easy and tempting to ignore. It's a higher calling, if she chooses to listen to it.
- Vice should contrast Virtue as a short-term, quick source of distraction from the world. It should be a hiding place when you're weak.
- Virtue and Vice must be different. The same adjective may work as both a Virtue and Vice, but nobody's so defined by just one facet of her personality.

Whenever a mortal character acts in accordance with her Vice, she regains one spent Willpower. When she takes meaningful actions in accordance to her Virtue, she regains all spent Willpower. She can only recover Willpower from her Vice once per scene, and her Virtue twice per chapter.

SPEED

Your character's Speed is the number of yards or meters she can travel in a single turn. This trait is a combination of her Strength, Dexterity, and a species factor that reflects how fast her body can move. Other species, such as horses, cheetahs, and spirits have physical configurations that lend themselves to high travel rates; likewise, werewolves benefit from a wolf's species factor when in a quadrupedal form.

| Factor | Species |
|--------|---------------|
| 1 | Turtle |
| 3 | Human toddler |
| 5 | Human adult |
| 8 | Wolf |
| 10 | Caribou |
| 12 | Horse |
| 15 | Cheetah |

ROLLING DICE

When your character's trying to accomplish something and the outcome is in doubt, you roll a pool of ten-sided dice based on his relevant traits, and read the results to determine success. Most of the time, you roll a number of dice equal to an Attribute plus a Skill. For example, to get the cop off your back you use your character's Manipulation Attribute of 4 and Subterfuge Skill of 3, so you roll seven dice. If you have a Specialty (p. 158) that's relevant to the roll, add an extra die to your pool.

Each die that shows an 8, 9, or 10 is a success. Normally, you only need one success to achieve your goal. It's always better to get more successes — especially if you want to hurt someone, since your successes add to your damage in combat.

Every die that comes up 10 is a success. You also roll the die again, potentially scoring another success. If this second roll comes up as another 10, count the success and roll it again, on until you roll a number other than 10.

Many rolls have modifiers, whether from equipment, circumstance, or someone working against your character. Most modifiers are within the range of +3 to -3, though they can range as low as -5 or as high as +5. Apply the modifiers to your dice pool before you roll. Add all the bonuses first, then apply penalties.

If your pool drops below 1 die, you instead roll a single chance die. The chance die only counts as a success if you roll a 10. Any other result is a failure. If you roll a 1 on the chance die, your character suffers a dramatic failure.

ROLL RESULTS

Your roll can succeed and fail in a few different ways:

Success: Your character's action goes off as planned. Achieved by having at least one success (a die showing 8, 9, or 10; or a chance die showing 10).

Failure: Your character's action fails. This doesn't mean "nothing happens," just that she doesn't get what she wants and complications are headed her way. Occurs when you roll no successes.

Exceptional Success: Your character's action succeeds beyond her expectations. Achieved by rolling five or more successes. Your character gains a beneficial Condition. (See "Conditions," p. 178) Usually, the Inspired Condition (p. 308) is most appropriate. You can pass this Condition on to a packmate or another player's character when it's appropriate to the story.

Dramatic Failure: Your character fails badly, and things are about to get a whole lot worse. Suffered when you roll a 1 on a chance die. Alternately, you can take a Beat in exchange for turning a normal failure into a dramatic failure.

WHEN TO ROLL DICE

You don't need to roll dice for many actions. If your character isn't in a stressful situation — nobody's actively trying to tear his throat open, nor is the building being demolished as he works — you don't need to roll. When the dice hit the table, the Storyteller should have some idea of what will happen if the roll fails as well as if it succeeds. Sometimes, that's coded in the rules. If you fail on an attack roll, you don't deal any damage. Other times, it's up to the Storyteller. If you fail a roll to jump between buildings when chasing after your prey, do you make it but fall on the other side, grab the next building by your fingertips, or plummet to the alley below?

CIRCUMSTANCE AND EQUIPMENT

Sometimes, fortune favors your character. Other times she gives it a helping hand by packing the right tools for the job. The Storyteller should weight how the circumstances affect a character's chance of success. A slight advantage — picking an old and damaged lock — might be worth a bonus die, while a stressful situation — trying to pick a lock while people are shooting at you — might subtract three dice from your pool. Most of the time, the modifier from circumstances will be between +3 and -3, though in very rare cases — picking a lock while your character is *on fire* — it can range from +5 to -5.

Bringing the right equipment for a task also gives you extra dice to roll. A sharp suit might give bonus dice when trying to convince the CEO that your character knows the best plan, while a good pair of running shoes will help her escape from the things lurking in the shadows. Most equipment offers a +1 to +3 bonus. A top-of-the-line or custom item might give a +4 or +5 bonus, but such items often cost more than just money. When a task is impossible without some kind of equipment — hacking a computer, or driving a car — equipment bonuses indicate how far your tools are above the baseline. A beat-up old station wagon might not add any dice to a Drive roll, but a top-of-the-line sports car may add +4 or even +5 dice.

WILLPOWER

A character's Willpower represents her determination and her ability to go above and beyond what should be possible to achieve her goals. Spending a point of Willpower adds three dice to most dice pools, or increases her Resistance trait by two when she's the victim of a resisted action. You can only spend one point of Willpower per action.

ATTRIBUTE TASKS

Some actions require no special expertise to perform. Mostly, these come in the form of Wits + Composure rolls to notice something that doesn't seem right, or using Strength + Stamina to lift something. In these rolls, you add two different Attributes together to make your dice pool. If an action doesn't seem to involve any particular Skill, it can be handled by an Attribute Task.

MUDDLING THROUGH

If your character has no dots in an applicable Skill, the Storyteller may allow you to roll your Attribute as a dice pool. Your character's dice pool suffers a penalty for being untrained: if the roll would involve a Mental Skill, you take a -3 penalty, while a Physical or Social Skill applies a -1 penalty.

ACTIONS

The majority of actions in the game are *instant* actions. They represent acts that only take a couple of seconds. In combat, an instant action takes up your turn.

A *reflexive* action is the sort of thing you don't even need to think about doing. Most rolls to resist supernatural powers are reflexive. You can take a reflexive action at any time, and it doesn't take your turn in combat.

When two people fight over a specific goal, they engage in a *contested* action. You roll your dice pool and the Storyteller (or other player) rolls the dice pool for the other party. Whoever rolls the most successes is the victor. Note that you count the total number of successes rolled when working out if you scored an exceptional success – don't subtract the other party's successes from yours. A contested action takes up the action of the person initiating the action; resisting it is a reflexive action.

EXTENDED ACTIONS

An *extended* action is an attempt to complete a complex task. You roll your dice pool multiple times. Each roll takes a certain amount of time, and represents a step in the process – your character either makes significant progress or faces a setback. You determine your dice pool for the action as normal – Attribute + Skill + Modifiers. Make a note of your Attribute + Skill + Specialty (if any); that's the maximum number of times you can roll before the action fails.

When you take an extended action, the Storyteller determines how many successes you require. Most actions require between five and twenty successes. Five reflects a reasonable action that competent characters can achieve with the right tools and knowledge. Ten represents a difficult action that's still realistic for a professional in a field. Twenty represents a very difficult action that even a particularly skilled character will have trouble pulling off.

The Storyteller also determines the interval between rolls. If an action would take weeks to complete, she might consider one roll per week. If it's likely to take a day's work, one roll per hour makes for a solid timeframe.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: In addition to the effects of a failure, the first roll on a further attempt suffers a -2 penalty.

Failure: You face a setback. The Storyteller will offer you a choice: take a Condition of her choice or abandon the action. You can offer a different Condition if both of you think it makes sense (see "Conditions," p. 178). If you refuse the Condition, you lose all accumulated successes.

Success: Add the successes scored on the roll to your running total. Work with the Storyteller to determine what steps your character has taken towards his goal.

Exceptional Success: Choose one of: reduce the number of successes required by your character's Skill dots, reduce the time on each following roll by a quarter, or apply the exceptional success result of the action when you complete your goal.

RESISTANCE

Sometimes, an action is resisted. You roll your Attribute + Skill, but apply a modifier of one of your opponent's Resistance Attributes (Resolve, Stamina, or Composure), or their Defense. This resistance is over and above any other modifiers applied to the dice pool.

If you're not sure whether to use resistance or a contested action, use this guideline: Resistance applies in situations where the number of successes on the roll is an important factor. If what matters is just whether the roll succeeds or not, use a contested action. For example, combat applies Defense as a Resistance because the number of successes on the roll determines how badly the attacker messes up his victim. A supernatural power that puts a victim in your thrall uses a contested action, because the number of successes that you roll doesn't matter to the power.

When uncanny powers are involved, supernatural creatures can sometimes add an additional trait, called Supernatural Tolerance. The Supernatural Tolerance trait for Uratha is Primal Urge.

COMMON ACTIONS

Here are some sample ways you can apply your Skills. Remember, you can invent your own at any time.

ARGUMENT (INTELLIGENCE + EXPRESSION - VICTIM'S RESOLVE)

You try to sway someone with a rational argument. If arguing with a crowd, use the highest Resolve in the crowd. (See also *Social Maneuvering*, p. 163.)

- **Dramatic Failure:** You convince them of quite the opposite.
- **Failure:** They listen, but are ultimately unaffected.
- **Success:** They accept the truth (or apparent truth) of your words.
- **Exceptional Success:** They're convinced, and become recruits to your point of view. Though they might change their minds if they find themselves at risk.

CAROUSING (PRESENCE + SOCIALIZE OR STREETWISE)

You mix with a group, bringing high spirits with you and using them to loosen tongues.

- **Dramatic Failure:** A faux pas reveals that you don't belong...and maybe even hints at your supernatural nature.
- **Failure:** You end up a wallflower, with a drink in your hand that you don't even want.
- **Success:** You make a friend for the night, who might be willing to pass secrets or go with you somewhere private.
- **Exceptional Success:** You make a friend you can contact again.

FAST-TALK (MANIPULATION + SUBTERFUGE - VICTIM'S COMPOSURE)

You may not be able to win the argument with facts, but you can try to get out of trouble with a little judicious spin.

- **Dramatic Failure:** The other party has a good idea what the truth is.
- **Failure:** The other party doesn't believe you.
- **Success:** The other party swallows your story.
- **Exceptional Success:** The other party believes you so thoroughly that they're even willing to offer a little aid... though they won't put themselves at any kind of risk.

INTERROGATION (MANIPULATION + EMPATHY OR INTIMIDATION - VICTIM'S RESOLVE)

You try to dig secrets out of a reluctant informant. (See also *Social Maneuvering*, p. 163.)

- **Dramatic Failure:** The informant is alienated, or injured beyond the point of revealing information.
- **Failure:** The informant blabs a mix of truth and falsehood – even he may not know the difference.
- **Success:** You get the information you were looking for.
- **Exceptional Success:** You get the information you were looking for, and the informant is willing to continue cooperating.

INTIMIDATION (STRENGTH OR MANIPULATION + INTIMIDATION - VICTIM'S COMPOSURE)

You try to get someone to do what you want by making them afraid of you.

- **Dramatic Failure:** He doesn't take you seriously, even if you knocked him around a bit. He won't be doing what you want.
- **Failure:** He's unimpressed with your threats.

- **Success:** He's coerced into helping you.
- **Exceptional Success:** He develops a lasting fear of you, which could make him easier to coerce in the future.

INVESTIGATING A SCENE (INTELLIGENCE + INVESTIGATION)

You look for clues to what's happened in the recent past... or tidy up so that no one else can find them.

- **Dramatic Failure:** You find clues, but you contaminate them, or you leave evidence of your presence.
- **Failure:** You find evidence, but it's damaged and hard to interpret. Or you miss a spot in your cleanup that you won't find out about until later.
- **Success:** You find a clue of exactly the sort you need, or manage to significantly confuse future investigators.
- **Exceptional Success:** You find a clue, and know exactly how it fits in, or you leave the scene immaculate and impossible to decipher.

JUMPING (STRENGTH + ATHLETICS)

To get past an obstacle or get out of danger, you leap into the air.

- **Dramatic Failure:** The task not only fails but your character loses her balance.
- **Failure:** Your character doesn't achieve any significant distance at all – she jumps too early, has a false start or loses her nerve.
- **Success:** Your character leaps a number of feet equal to the successes rolled, or a number of meters equal to the successes rolled divided by three.
- **Exceptional Success:** Your character leaps an impressive distance. If successes gained exceed the amount required to make the jump, your character may attempt another instant action in the air (say, firing a shot) or upon landing (maybe running up to her Speed), at the Storyteller's discretion.

REPAIR (INTELLIGENCE + CRAFTS)

You try to fix something that's broken down.

- **Dramatic Failure:** The broken object's a lost cause. It'll never work again.
- **Failure:** You're stymied by the problem, but could come back to it in another scene.
- **Success:** You get the thing working...for now.

Chapter Four: Howls in the Night

- **Exceptional Success:** The object works better than before. It won't break again anytime soon.

RESEARCH (INTELLIGENCE + ACADEMICS OR OCCULT)

Using your existing knowledge, you look for information on a current mystery.

- **Dramatic Failure:** You learn something, but it doesn't help. In fact, it sets you back. If using Occult, it might also give you nightmares.
- **Failure:** You turn up a lot of promising leads, but they're all dead ends.
- **Success:** You find the basic facts you were looking for.
- **Exceptional Success:** You find what you were looking for, and leads towards a much bigger score of information.

SHADOWING A MARK (WITS + STEALTH OR DRIVE VS. WITS + COMPOSURE)

You follow someone, perhaps in the hopes of ambushing them, or of finding out their destination.

- **Dramatic Failure:** You're caught, either by the mark or some observer that's become suspicious of you.
- **Failure:** The mark senses he's being followed, and manages to lose you.
- **Success:** You follow the mark to his destination.
- **Exceptional Success:** You find some means by which you can continue following the mark, such as an unlocked entrance into the building he entered.

SNEAKING (DEXTERITY + STEALTH VS. WITS + COMPOSURE)

You're trying to avoid notice by someone...or multiple someones. Maybe you want to get into a place undetected. Maybe you're trying to break out.

- **Dramatic Failure:** You attract a lot of attention...enough that now it's going to be hard to get out.
- **Failure:** You're noticed, but still have the chance to slip away.
- **Success:** You avoid notice and get closer to your goal.
- **Exceptional Success:** You avoid notice and get away before anyone has another chance to catch you.

PERMUTATIONS

The Storytelling System has a few variations in how dice rolls work. This section lists the ones used most commonly

in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, for a fuller list see the **World of Darkness Rulebook** p. 134-135.

- **9-Again:** You re-roll dice that show 9 or 10, as opposed to just 10. Keep rolling until you get a result that isn't a 9 or 10.
- **8-Again:** You re-roll dice that show 8, 9, or 10 – any successful die – and keep rolling as long as your dice show successes.
- **Extra Successes:** Assuming your roll succeeds, you get a number of extra successes added to your total. This permutation mostly applies to weapons, which add their damage bonus as extra successes on your attack roll.
- **Advanced Actions:** You have the luxury of trying an action over and over again without repercussions, or you're so used to the action that you can run it multiple times in your head. When you make a roll, you roll your dice pool twice and choose the most beneficial result.
- **Rote Actions:** When you've got plenty of training and the steps you need to follow are laid out in front of you, you've got a significant chance of success. When you make a roll, you can re-roll any dice that do not show an 8, 9, or 10. If you're reduced to a chance die on a rote action, don't re-roll a dramatic failure. You may only re-roll each die once.
- **Successive Attempts:** When you fail a roll, you may be able to try again. If time is not an issue and your character is under no pressure to perform, you may make successive attempts with your full dice pool. In the far more likely situation that time is short and the situation is tense, each subsequent attempt has a cumulative -1 penalty – so the third time a character tries to break down the door that's keeping her inside a burning building, her roll has a -2 penalty. Successive attempts do not apply to extended actions.
- **Teamwork:** When two or more people work together, one person takes the lead. He's the primary actor, and his player assembles his dice pool as normal. Anyone assisting rolls the same pool before the primary actor. Each success gives the primary actor a bonus die. If one of the secondary actors rolls a dramatic failure, the primary actor gets a -4 penalty.

TIME

When you're playing **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, time in the story can speed past or slow to a crawl compared to time in the real world. Weeks or months might pass in the space of few words, while a tense negotiation plays out in real-time – or takes even longer.

In addition to years, days or nights, and hours, **Werewolf** also uses six units of dramatic time. These build upon one another, from shortest to longest.

- **Turn** – The smallest increment of time, a turn lasts for about three seconds. A character can perform a single instant action in a turn. Turns normally only matter in combat or other dramatic and stressful situations.

- **Scene**— Much like a scene in a play, a scene in a roleplaying game is the time spent dealing with a single, specific event. The Storyteller frames the scene, describing what’s going on, and it’s up to the players to resolve the event or conflict. A scene might be played out in turns, progress in real-time, or skip forward depending on dramatic necessity.
- **Chapter** — A chapter is the collection of scenes that happen during one game session. From the moment you sit down and start playing to the point where you pack up your dice, you’re playing out a chapter of your story.
- **Story** — A story tells an entire tale, following the dramatic arc of a related series of events. It might comprise several chapters or be completed in just one. It has an introduction, rising tension, a number of twists, and a climax that brings things to a conclusion.
- **Chronicle**— The big picture, a chronicle is the collection of interlinked stories that involve your characters. They might be linked by a common theme or overarching plotline, or they may only share characters and locations. As your story progresses, the players and Storyteller work together to create an ongoing chronicle.

SOCIAL MANEUVERING

People often won’t do what you want just because you ask them to. You need to persuade them, make your offer or request as enticing as possible. You don’t have to use positive enticements — “your wife won’t find out about your affair” is often more effective than “here’s fifty bucks for your trouble.” You just need to find out what the other person wants.

Under a strict reading of these rules, one character could use Social maneuvering to get another to do whatever she wants. That’s not quite right, since it’s the persuader’s player making the rolls. His victim doesn’t get any option to say “no.” As such, this system should only be used by player-controlled characters on Storyteller characters. Leave the manipulation of other player’s characters to roleplaying, and let the players determine their characters’ responses. Suggestions for using Social maneuvering on other player-controlled characters can be found in *The World Darkness Rulebook* or *The God-Machine Chronicle*.

GOALS & DOORS

First, you need to declare your character’s intended goal: what you want the victim to do, and how your character is going to make that happen. At this point, you only need to announce the initial stages. The Storyteller will determine if the goal is reasonable — while a suave werewolf could convince a rich victim to hand over a large sum of money, he probably can’t convince her to abandon all her wealth, at least, not without supernatural powers.

Each victim has a number of Doors, which reflects her resistance to coercion, her skepticism, and her mistrust of



other people. A character has a base number of Doors equal to the lower of her Resolve or Composure. If the goal would be a breaking point for the victim, add two Doors. If the goal would prevent the victim from resolving an Aspiration, add a Door. Acting against a victim's Virtue (or Bone, in the case of werewolves) also adds a Door.

The number of Doors can change as the situation alters. If the goal seems mundane at first but ends up being reprehensible, it will probably increase the number of Doors required. If your character changes his goal, any Doors that he's opened remain open, but assess Aspirations, Virtues, and breaking points in case of a potential increase.

A character has to open Doors one by one. Every successful roll opens one Door – not one per success. As doors represent a victim's unwillingness to do what your character asks, they're strictly a one-way relationship.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

The Storyteller determines the first impression based on past history between the characters, the circumstances when the persuader first asks, the nature of the favor being asked (assuming the persuading character is up front with what he wants) and other relevant factors.

Absent any other factors, two characters start off with average impressions of each other. If the persuading character influences the interaction – wearing appealing clothes, playing appropriate music, or meeting in a pleasant environment – that moves up to a good impression. If they really get off on the wrong foot, they may start with hostile impressions of one another, in which case the persuader must attempt to increase the victim's impression at another meeting, or force the Doors (see below).

When the characters meet, the persuading character can make an appropriate roll to increase his victim's impression of him – Wits + Socialize to create the perfect guest list, or Manipulation + Persuasion to get the best table in a restaurant. A successful roll moves the impression one step up the chart.

If your character knows his victim's Vice (or Blood), he can use that to his advantage. He can make an offer that tempts his victim, enough that agreeing to it would replenish a Willpower point. If the victim accepts, move the impression one step up the chart.

If all else fails, apply leverage in the form of gifts or bribes. Offer something, and if the recipient accepts, move the impression one step up the chart. What you can offer is limited by your Merits; an accepted offer gives the recipient the use of the Merit for a designated amount of time.

| Impression | Time per Roll |
|------------|---------------|
| Perfect | 1 Turn |
| Excellent | 1 Hour |
| Good | 1 Day |
| Average | 1 Week |
| Hostile | Cannot roll |

OPENING DOORS

At each interval, the persuading character meets his victim and moves closer to his goal. He makes a roll based on the situation and how he's persuading his victim in order to open a Door. This roll need not be a Social roll. Fixing a mark's car with Intelligence + Crafts could open a Door just as easily as writing her a song or poem with Presence + Expression. The Storyteller should present situations that demonstrate the range of possible options, mixing up the dice pools involved. In some cases, she might make the roll into a contested action – having the victim roll Wits to detect a lie.

A successful roll opens one Door. An exceptional success on this roll opens two Doors. Failure imposes a cumulative -1 on all further rolls with the same victim; the Storyteller can also worsen the impression level by one, but if she does, the player takes a Beat. If that lowers the impression level to "hostile," the persuading character had better find some way to improve his chances.

If your character knows one of his victim's Aspirations, he can use that to his advantage. He has to present a clear path to and reasoning for how he'll help his mark achieve her Aspiration. Doing so opens one Door. If the stated opportunity presents itself and the persuading character doesn't help, two Doors close.

FAILURE

Social maneuvering fails when the victim no longer trusts the persuading character. This can happen when the player rolls a dramatic failure on an attempt to open a Door, though the player takes a Beat as usual. Otherwise, the victim has to realize that she's been lied to and manipulated – not just that the persuading character was trying to talk her into something, but that he's only ever used her for that goal and doesn't care about anything else. Finally, the attempt fails if the impression level reaches "hostile" and remains there for a week.

FORCING DOORS

Sometimes, subtlety just won't cut it. A character needs something right now, and will do anything to persuade his victim to do what he wants. He can attempt to force his victim's Doors, but it's a high-risk method. Forcing Doors is a sure-fire way for a character to burn bridges and leave lies and mistrust in his wake.

To force a victim's Doors, state your goal and your approach. Make a roll for your approach as you would to open a Door normally, but apply the current number of closed Doors as a penalty to the roll. If you succeed, you open all your victim's Doors. If you fail, your victim won't ever trust you again; you can't use Social maneuvering against her again.

To make things easier for the persuading character, he can apply Hard Leverage – a catch-all euphemism for threats, intimidation, drugging, blackmail, and other heavy-handed forms of coercion. If the persuader uses a form of Hard Leverage, it's a breaking point towards Flesh. Against humans Hard Leverage removes one Door if the character's Harmony is 8 or more; used on spirits remove one Door if the character's Harmony is 2 or less. Otherwise, it removes two Doors. Hard Leverage can only be used in conjunction with forcing Doors; remove the Doors before rolling for the character's approach.

RESOLUTION

Once her final Door is open, the victim has to do something. Storyteller characters abide by the intended goal and do what the persuading character wants.

If a character tries to use Social maneuvering on the same mark again, his previous attempts affect how many Doors she throws up in his path. If the attempt succeeded by opening Doors, subsequent influence attempts begin with one fewer Door. If the attempt failed, or the persuader used Hard Leverage, successive influence attempts begin with two additional Doors. A victim always starts an influence attempt with at least one Door.

COMBAT

Werewolves aren't nice creatures. Born of the original predator, inheritors of Mother Wolf, a werewolf lives to hunt and kill her prey. Every werewolf has a need to feel blood flow over her claws, bones snap in her jaws, and that sudden thrill as a living creature that she has hunted dies by her hands.

Combat is a catch-all term for what happens when two perfectly reasonable people find that they cannot reach agreement like rational individuals and instead beat the living shit out of one another until one of them gets what she wants.

Everybody has a reason for fighting. The very first thing you need to do – before worrying about who attacks first or anything like that – is to determine what each character wants to get out of the fight. Boil it down into a simple sentence that starts with the words “I want”: “I want to kill Johnny,” “I want the book that Frances is holding,” or “I want what's in Larry's wallet.”

A character's intent has to be something she could achieve through an act of violence in the current scene – even a gunman on the White House lawn couldn't get away with “I want to be President of the United States.”

By stating her character's intent, a player is setting out how much her character is willing to hurt – even kill – someone else in order to get it. If your intent has nothing to do with hurting people and you end up killing someone, you lose a point of Willpower.

BEATEN DOWN & SURRENDER

Any character who takes more than his Stamina in bashing damage, or any amount of lethal damage, is Beaten Down: He's had the fight knocked out of him. He must spend a point of Willpower every time he wants to take a violent action until the end of the fight. He can still apply Defense against incoming attacks, can Dodge, and can run like hell, but it takes a point of Willpower to swing or shoot back.

Before that happens, he can surrender, giving his attacker what she wants according to her intent. If he gives in, he gains a point of Willpower and takes a Beat, but he takes no more part in the fight. If the other side wants to attack him, they've got to spend a point of Willpower to do so and probably suffer a breaking point. If everyone on one side has surrendered, the fight's over and the other side gets what they want.

If one side's intent involves brutalizing or killing the other, surrender isn't an option – not without the losers dying. If that's the case, their intended victims don't get Beaten Down, and gain no benefit from surrendering. When someone wants to kill you, the only thing you can do is to try to stop her, whether you run like hell or unload a shotgun at her.

These rules only apply to people who would incur a breaking point for committing (or attempting) “murder.” Most Uratha – along with other creatures that don't have a problem killing people – can ignore surrender without penalty and don't get Beaten Down.

DOWN AND DIRTY COMBAT

The Storyteller might decide that your character can get what she wants without focusing on the details of the fight. Maybe she's picking on people weaker than her, like a Gauru werewolf faced with a mob of normal people. Maybe she's internalized the mechanics of violence. Or maybe the fight's not the important thing going on with regards to the character's intent. If that's the case, the Storyteller can opt to use a Down and Dirty Combat. This system resolves the entire fight in a single roll. Storyteller characters might deal some damage, but they're never able to initiate a Down and Dirty Combat.

Action: Contested; resistance is reflexive

Dice Pool: Combat pool (Dexterity + Firearms, Strength + Brawl, or Strength + Weaponry) versus either the opponent's combat pool (as above) or an attempt to escape (Strength or Dexterity + Athletics). Ignore Defense on this roll.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The character's opponent gets the upper hand. This usually includes the opposite of the character's intent – if she wanted to disable the guards so she could escape, she is stunned instead.

Failure: The opponent wins the contest. If the opponent used a combat pool, deal damage equal to the difference in successes plus weapon modifier. Also, the opponent escapes unless he wants to press the combat.

Success: The character wins the contest. She deals damage equal to the difference in successes plus her weapon modifier and achieves her intent – if her intent includes killing her opponents, then she does so.

Exceptional Success: As a success, and the character also gains a point of Willpower from the rush of inflicting violence on an inferior opponent.

INITIATIVE

When a fight's inevitable, it helps to know who acts first. Time in combat is always tracked in turns. At the start of combat, determine your character's Initiative by rolling one die and adding her Initiative Modifier.

When your character is using a weapon, apply its Initiative penalty for as long as she's got the weapon ready. The only way to avoid this modifier is to sling it or drop it. Dropping a weapon is a reflexive action, but picking it back up takes an instant action. A character wielding two weapons subtracts

the largest Initiative penalty from her score, and then reduces it by a further -1. Wielding a baton (Initiative penalty -2) and a riot shield (Initiative penalty -4) thus applies a -5 penalty.

SURPRISE

Characters who don't realize that they're about to be on the receiving end of bloody violence have a chance to notice the ambush by rolling Wits + Composure, contested by the attacker's Dexterity + Stealth. Any character who fails the roll cannot take an action in the first turn of combat, and can't apply Defense for that turn. Determine Initiative in the second turn as normal.

ATTACK

On your turn, your character can attack using one of the following dice pools:

- **Unarmed Combat:** Strength + Brawl - Defense
- **Melee Combat:** Strength + Weaponry - Defense
- **Ranged Combat:** Dexterity + Firearms
- **Thrown Weapons:** Dexterity + Athletics - Defense

Resolve the attack roll like any other action. Determine damage by adding the successes rolled to any weapon bonus. See "Injury and Healing," below.

DEFENSE

Subtract your character's Defense from any unarmed, melee, or thrown attacks that the character is aware of. Every time your character applies his Defense against an attack, reduce his Defense by -1 until the start of the next turn. Spending a point of Willpower increases her Defense by +2, but only against one attacker.

You can choose not to apply your character's Defense against some attacks. If two unarmed gangbangers attack before a chainsaw-wielding lunatic, you might want to let the gangbangers get their blows in, and apply your full Defense against the maniac swinging a chainsaw at your head.

Normal humans and Uratha in Hishu and Urhan form don't apply Defense against firearms attacks.

DODGE

At any point before your action, your character can choose to Dodge. Doing so gives up her normal action. When Dodging, double your character's Defense but do not subtract it from attack rolls. Instead, roll Defense as a dice pool, and subtract each success from the attacker's successes. If this reduces the attacker's successes to 0, the attack does no damage. Apply successes from Dodging before adding any weapon bonus.

Against multiple opponents, reduce Defense by one for each opponent *before* doubling it to determine your dice pool. If your Defense is reduced to 0, you roll a chance die. A dra-



matic failure when Dodging leaves your character off-balance; reduce her Defense by -1 for her next turn.

UNARMED COMBAT

These rules present special cases that come up when fighting without weapons.

BITE

A human's teeth do -1 bashing damage. Animals and werewolves in some forms treat their teeth like weapons, dealing lethal damage to mortals (see "Weapons," below). Depending on form, a werewolf's bite deals from +0 to +2 lethal damage (see "The Forms," p. 96). Animals have a weapon bonus depending on the kind of creature: a wolf applies +1, while a great white shark gets +4.

Humans can only bite as part of a grapple, using the Damage move.

GRAPPLE

To grab your opponent, roll Strength + Brawl - Defense. On a success, both of you are grappling. If you roll an exceptional success, pick a move from the list below.

Each turn, both grappling characters make contested Strength + Brawl versus Strength + Brawl actions on the higher of the two characters' Initiatives. The winner picks a move from the list below, or two moves on an exceptional success.

- **Break Free** from the grapple. You throw off your opponent; you're both no longer grappling. Succeeding at this move is a reflexive action, you can take another action immediately afterwards.
- **Control Weapon**, either by drawing a weapon that you have holstered or turning your opponent's weapon against him. You keep control until your opponent makes a Control Weapon move.
- **Damage** your opponent by dealing bashing damage equal to your rolled successes. If you previously succeeded at a Control Weapon action, add the weapon bonus to your successes.
- **Disarm** your opponent, removing a weapon from the grapple entirely. You must first have succeeded at a Control Weapon move.
- **Drop Prone**, throwing both of you to the ground (see "Going Prone"). You must Break Free before rising.
- **Hold** your opponent in place. Neither of you can apply Defense against incoming attacks.
- **Restrain** your opponent with duct tape, zip ties, or a painful joint lock. Your opponent is immobilized. You can only use this move if you've already succeeded in a Hold move. If you use equipment to Restrain your opponent, you can leave the grapple.

- **Take Cover** using your opponent's body. Any ranged attacks made until the end of the turn automatically hit him (see "Human Shields," below).

TOUCHING AN OPPONENT

Sometimes, a combatant doesn't want to do damage. Maybe she wants to plant a bug, or deliver some supernatural power. Roll Dexterity + Brawl, or Dexterity + Weaponry to tap an opponent with a weapon. A successful roll deals no damage.

RANGED COMBAT

These rules present special cases that come up when shooting at people.

AUTOFIRE

An automatic weapon can fire a short, medium, or long burst in place of a single shot.

- **Short Burst:** Three bullets fired at the same target. Add +1 to the shooter's dice pool.
- **Medium Burst:** Ten bullets, which can hit one to three targets standing close together. Add +2 to the shooter's dice pool. If firing at more than one target, subtract the total number of targets from the shooter's pool, then make one attack roll per target.
- **Long Burst:** Twenty bullets at as many targets as the shooter wants. Increase the shooter's dice pool by +3. If firing at more than one target, subtract the total number of targets from the shooter's pool, then make one attack roll per target.

RANGE

The firearms chart (below) lists the short, medium, and long ranges of some sample firearms. Shooting a target at medium range imposes a -1 penalty, while shooting a target at long range increases that to -2. Shooting at targets beyond long range reduces the attack dice pool to a chance die.

Thrown weapons have a short range of (Strength + Dexterity + Athletics - object's Size), doubled for medium range, and doubled again for long range. Aerodynamic objects double each range - so an aerodynamic object's long range is ((Strength + Dexterity + Athletics - Size) * 8). A character can only throw an object with a Size lower than his Strength.

COVER AND CONCEALMENT

Hiding behind something is a good way to not get shot. How effective it is depends how much the cover hides. Concealment penalties apply to a shooter's dice pool.

- **Barely Concealed:** -1 (hiding behind an office chair)
- **Partially Concealed:** -2 (hiding behind the hood of a car, with upper body exposed)
- **Substantially Concealed:** -3 (crouching behind a car).

A character who is concealed and wants to fire at someone else takes a penalty to her Firearms attack that's one less than the penalty afforded by the character's protection - so if he's substantially concealed, he can fire back with a -2 penalty.

If a target's entirely hidden by something substantial, he's in cover. If the cover's Durability is greater than the weapon modifier, the bullets can't penetrate the cover. Otherwise, subtract the cover's Durability from the attacker's damage roll. If the cover is transparent (bulletproof glass, for example), subtract *half* the cover's Durability, rounding down. Both the object and the target take any remaining damage.

HUMAN SHIELDS

Sometimes, the only available cover is another person — be they a terrified member of the public or a life-long friend. Characters who use human shields treat them as cover, with Durability equal to the victim's Stamina + any armor. Unlike normal cover, the victim takes all of the damage from the attack.

Using a human shield is a breaking point for most people. For a human, this means a pretty severe modifier (-3 or more) if the victim dies; most werewolves do not face a breaking point unless the shield is a packmate.

RELOADING

Reloading a firearm is an instant action. If you need to load bullets separately, you cannot apply your Defense on the same turn. If you have a magazine or speed-loader, you don't lose your Defense.

GENERAL COMBAT FACTORS

Some conditions apply to all kinds of fights.

MOVEMENT

A character can move his Speed in a single turn and still take an instant action. He can forsake his action to move at double his normal pace.

ALL-OUT ATTACK

When making a close-combat attack, a character can sacrifice her Defense for the turn to gain +2 dice on the attack roll.

GOING PRONE

When a character can't find cover, the next best thing when bullets are flying is to drop flat to the ground. Ranged attacks against him suffer a -2 penalty. A standing attacker using Brawl or Weaponry to attack instead gains a +2 bonus.

A character can drop prone at any point before his action. Dropping to the ground costs his action for the turn. Getting up from being prone also takes your character's action.

SPECIFIED TARGETS

Attacking specific body parts has its benefits. In addition to ignoring armor, strikes to limbs and the head can inflict Tilts (p. 312).

- Arm (-2): A damaging hit can Arm Wrack the victim if it deals more damage than the target's Stamina.
- Leg (-2): A damaging hit can Leg Wrack the victim if it deals more damage than the target's Stamina.
- Head (-3): A damaging attack can Stun the victim.

- Hand (-4): On a damaging hit, the victim suffers Arm Wrack.
- Eye (-5): On a damaging hit, the victim is Blinded.

KILLING BLOW

When performing a killing blow, you deal damage equal to your full dice pool plus your weapon modifier. You've time enough to line up your attack so it avoids your victim's armor.

While people who kill in combat can justify their actions based on the heat of the moment, performing a killing blow is a premeditated attempt to end a human life without the target having a chance to do anything about it. Going through with a killing blow is a breaking point for humans whether the victim survives or not.

WEAPONS AND ARMOR

Weapons are one of the fastest ways to turn a fight into a murder. Sometimes, that's what you want: Pulling a gun shows you're serious about killing people.

A weapon's damage rating adds bonus successes to a successful attack roll. When a weapon might help out in other ways — using a chain to grapple someone, or a gun to intimidate them, add the weapon's damage rating as an equipment modifier.

Every weapon deals lethal damage. A baseball bat, club, or mace does just as much serious trauma to the body as an edged weapon or a bullet.

IMPROVISED WEAPONS

The weapons charts can only go so far. Characters who grab an improvised weapon still stand a chance of doing serious damage.

If your improvised weapon is close enough to one of the weapons above, use the associated weapon profile. Otherwise, an improvised weapon does (Durability - 1) damage, with an initiative penalty and Strength requirement equal to the weapon's Size.

Using an improvised weapon reduces your attack dice pool by -1. On a successful attack, the weapon takes the same amount of damage as it inflicts; Durability reduces this damage as normal. Once the weapon's Structure is reduced to 0, the object is wrecked.

ARMOR

Armor provides protection against attacks, including bullets and knives. Though it's rare to find werewolves wearing armor, police officers and other law enforcement agencies rely on it.

- Ballistic armor applies to incoming firearms attacks. Each point of ballistic armor downgrades one point of damage from lethal to bashing.
- General armor applies to all attacks. Each point of general armor reduces the total damage taken by one point, starting with the most severe type of damage.

If armor has both ballistic and general ratings, apply the ballistic armor first.

RANGED WEAPONS CHART

| Type | Damage | Ranges | Clip | Initiative | Strength | Size | Availability | Example |
|------------------|--------|-------------|------|------------|----------|------|--------------|---------------------------|
| Revolver, lt. | 1 | 20/40/80 | 6 | 0 | 2 | 1 | •• | SW M640 (.38 Special) |
| Revolver, heavy. | 2 | 35/70/140 | 6 | -2 | 3 | 1 | •• | SW M29 (.44 Magnum) |
| Pistol, lt. | 1 | 20/40/80 | 17+1 | 0 | 2 | 1 | ••• | Glock 17 (9mm) |
| Pistol, heavy. | 2 | 30/60/120 | 7+1 | -2 | 3 | 1 | ••• | Colt M1911A1 (.45 ACP) |
| SMG, small* | 1 | 25/50/100 | 30+1 | -2 | 2 | 1 | ••• | Ingram Mac-10 (9mm) |
| SMG, large* | 2 | 50/100/200 | 30+1 | -3 | 3 | 2 | ••• | HK MP-5 (9mm) |
| Rifle | 4 | 200/400/800 | 5+1 | -5 | 2 | 3 | •• | Remington M-700 (30.06) |
| Assault Rifle* | 3 | 150/300/600 | 42+1 | -3 | 3 | 3 | ••• | Stery-Aug (5.56mm) |
| Shotgun** | 3 | 20/40/80 | 5+1 | -4 | 3 | 2 | •• | Remington M870 (12-gauge) |
| Crossbow*** | 2 | 40/80/160 | 1 | -5 | 3 | 3 | ••• | |

Damage: Indicates the number of bonus successes added to a successful attack to determine the amount of lethal damage dealt.

Ranges: The listed numbers a short/medium/long ranges in yards/meters. Attacks at medium range suffer a -1 penalty. Attacks at long range suffer a -2 penalty.

Clip: The number of rounds a gun can hold. A "+1" indicates that a bullet can be held in the chamber, ready to fire.

Initiative: The penalty taken to Initiative when wielding the gun.

Strength: The minimum Strength needed to use a weapon effectively. A wielder with a lower Strength suffers a -1 penalty on attack rolls.

Size: 1 = Can be fired one-handed; 2 = Must be fired two-handed and can be hidden in a coat; 3 = Can be fired two-handed but not hidden on one's person

Availability: The cost in Resources dots or level of Social Merit needed to acquire the weapon.

* The weapon is capable of autofire, including short bursts, medium bursts, and long bursts.

** Attack rolls gain the 9-again quality

*** Crossbows take three turns to reload between shots. A crossbow can be used to deliver a stake through the heart (-3 penalty to attack rolls; must deal at least 5 damage in one attack)

When applying armor to an attack dealing lethal damage, you always take at least one point of bashing damage from the shock of the blow.

ARMOR-PIERCING

Some weapons have an armor-piercing quality, usually between 1 and 3. When attacking someone wearing armor, subtract the piercing quality from the target's armor. Subtract from ballistic armor first, then general armor. Armor-piercing attacks in close combat subtract from general armor only.

When shooting at an object – or a person in cover – subtract the piercing quality from the object's Durability.

INJURY AND HEALING

Characters can suffer three types of damage. Fists and feet, along with other kinds of low-impact trauma, deal *bashing* damage. Brass knuckles, knives, and speeding trucks deal *lethal* damage.

Silver weapons and the horrific powers of spirits and *idigam* deal *aggravated* damage. When something deals aggravated damage directly, it's quite obvious. The skin bubbles and blisters, peeling away from the flesh underneath. The flesh turns black, then white, and sloughs away at a terrifying rate. Black-green streaks stab out into the victim's body from the site of the injury.

If a character's Health track is filled with bashing damage, his player must make a reflexive Stamina roll each turn for him to remain conscious. If it fills with lethal damage, then each minute thereafter in which the he receives no medical attention – mundane or supernatural – he suffers one more injury. One Health box currently marked with an X is upgraded to an asterisk for aggravated damage, from left to right on the character's Health chart. Once all boxes are filled with asterisks, he's dead.

A werewolf in Gauru form does not suffer wound penalties or need to roll to remain conscious, nor does he bleed out. In other forms, werewolves take damage as humans do, though they have incredible regenerative powers ("Regeneration," p. 93).

MELEE WEAPONS CHART

| Type | Damage | Initiative | Strength | Size | Availability | Special |
|----------------|--------|------------|----------|------|--------------|------------------------|
| Sap | 0 | -1 | 1 | 1 | • | Stun |
| Brass Knuckles | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | • | Uses Brawl to attack |
| Baton | 1 | -1 | 2 | 2 | n/a | |
| Crowbar | 2 | -2 | 2 | 2 | • | |
| Tire Iron | 1 | -3 | 2 | 2 | •• | +1 Defense |
| Chain | 1 | -3 | 2 | 2 | • | Grapple |
| Shield (small) | 0 | -2 | 2 | 2 | •• | Concealed |
| Shield (large) | 2 | -4 | 3 | 3 | •• | Concealed |
| Knife | 0 | -1 | 1 | 1 | • | |
| Rapier | 1 | -2 | 1 | 2 | •• | Armor piercing 1 |
| Machete | 2 | -2 | 2 | 2 | •• | |
| Hatchet | 1 | -2 | 1 | 1 | • | |
| Fire Ax | 3 | -4 | 3 | 3 | •• | 9-again, two-handed |
| Chainsaw | 5 | -6 | 4 | 3 | ••• | 9-again, two-handed |
| Stake* | 0 | -4 | 1 | 1 | n/a | |
| Spear** | 2 | -2 | 2 | 4 | • | +1 Defense, two-handed |

Type: A weapon’s type is a general classification that can apply to anything your character picks up. A baton might be an antique mace, a metal baseball bat, or a hammer, while a hatchet might be a meat cleaver or an antique hand-ax.

Damage: Indicates the number of bonus successes added to a successful attack to determine the amount of lethal damage dealt.

Initiative: The penalty taken to Initiative when wielding the weapon. If using more than one weapon, take the higher penalty and increase by 1.

Strength: The minimum Strength needed to use a weapon effectively. A wielder with a lower Strength suffers a -1 penalty on attack rolls.

Size: 1 = Can be hidden in a hand; 2 = Can be hidden in a coat; 3+ = Cannot be hidden.

Availability: The cost in Resources dots or level of Social Merit needed to acquire the weapon.

Concealed: A character who wields a shield but doesn’t use it to attack can add its Size to his Defense, and uses its Size as a concealment modifier against ranged attacks.

Grapple: Add the chain’s damage rating to your dice pool when grappling.

Stun: Halve the victim’s Size when aiming for the head with intent to stun (p. 168).

Two-handed: This weapon requires two hands. It can be used one-handed, but doing so increases the Strength requirement by 1.

* A stake must target the heart (-3 penalty to attack rolls) and must deal at least 5 damage in one attack.

** The reach of a spear gives a +1 Defense bonus against opponents who are unarmed or wield weapons of Size 1.

MARKING DAMAGE

When a character suffers bashing damage, mark it with a slash (/) in the leftmost empty box of his Health track.

When a character suffers lethal damage, mark it with a cross (X) in the leftmost box of his Health track that doesn’t contain lethal or aggravated damage. If you mark over a point of bashing damage, it moves one box to the right.

When a character suffers aggravated damage, mark it with a large asterisk (*) in the leftmost box that doesn’t already

contain aggravated damage. If you mark over a point of bashing or lethal damage, it all moves one box to the right.

Always mark the most severe injuries at the left of a character’s Health track, and push any less severe injuries to the right. Characters heal their rightmost Health boxes first and progress left.

Example: Persephone has seven dots of Health. She’s just taken two points of bashing damage. Her Health boxes look like this:



ARMOR CHART

| Type | Rating | Strength | Defense | Speed | Availability | Coverage |
|----------------------|--------|----------|---------|-------|--------------|-------------------|
| MODERN | | | | | | |
| Reinforced clothing* | 1/0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | • | Torso, arms, legs |
| Kevlar vest* | 1/3 | 1 | 0 | 0 | • | Torso |
| Flack Jacket | 2/4 | 1 | -1 | 0 | •• | Torso, arms |
| Full Riot Gear | 3/5 | 2 | -2 | -1 | ••• | Torso, arms, legs |
| ARCHAIC | | | | | | |
| Leather (hard) | 2/0 | 2 | -1 | 0 | • | Torso, arms |
| Chainmail | 3/1 | 3 | -2 | -2 | •• | Torso, arms |
| Plate | 4/2 | 3 | -2 | -3 | •••• | Torso, arms, legs |

Rating: Armor provides protection against normal attacks and Firearms attacks. The number before the slash is for general armor, while the number after the slash is for ballistic armor.

Strength: If your character's Strength is lower than that required for her armor, reduce her Brawl and Weaponry dice pools by -1.

Defense: The penalty imposed on your character's Defense when wearing the armor.

Speed: The penalty to your character's Speed when wearing the armor.

Availability: The cost in Resources dots or level of Social Merit needed to acquire the armor.

Coverage: The areas of a character protected by the armor. Wearing a helmet increases the armor's coverage to include a character's head.

* This armor is concealed, either as normal clothing (e.g. biker leathers) or being worn under a jacket or baggy shirt.

If she's later stabbed and takes a point of lethal damage, her Health track would be:



If Persephone next suffered a point of aggravated damage, her Health boxes would look like this:



WOUND PENALTIES

As your character takes damage, it impairs her ability to act. When one of her three rightmost Health boxes has damage marked, she suffers a penalty accordingly. Subtract this penalty from every action she performs, including rolling for Initiative, but not including Stamina rolls to stay conscious.

| Health Boxes Marked | Penalty |
|---------------------|---------|
| Third-to-last | -1 |
| Second-to-last | -2 |
| Last | -3 |

UPGRADING DAMAGE

If your character's Health track is already full of bashing damage, any further bashing or lethal damage upgrades the leftmost point of bashing damage to lethal – turn one of the slashes into a cross.

If your character's Health track is full of lethal damage, any further damage upgrades an existing point of lethal damage to aggravated. Turn the leftmost X into an asterisk.

When a character's rightmost Health box has bashing damage marked in it, she has to make a Stamina roll each turn or fall unconscious. If it has lethal damage, she takes another point of damage each minute (upgrading existing lethal damage to aggravated) until she receives medical attention.

HEALING

Characters need time to heal once they've been beaten to a pulp. Werewolves heal damage at an incredible rate, with minor injuries closing in a matter of seconds and even major trauma knitting together in a couple of hours. Humans, however, rely on time and medical care to set broken bones and heal bullet wounds.

Human characters heal their rightmost Health box at the following rate. The healing time is enough for the wound to fully recover – lethal damage doesn't "downgrade" into bashing. Normally, a character can heal without medical attention, though use of the Medicine Skill will doubtless help him recover. The only exception is if a human character has started bleeding out because her Health boxes are full of lethal damage. She can't recover from that without urgent medical attention and emergency surgery. As long as a werewolf can regenerate her rightmost Health box, she won't bleed out.

Wounds recover at the following rates.

Bashing: One point per 15 minutes.

TEMPORARY HEALTH DOTS

Some characters, werewolves included, can acquire extra Health dots that make them more robust for a temporary period of time. Add bonus Health dots to the right side of your character's Health chart, with a corresponding box to record wounds.

What happens when the effect wears off? The extra Health dots go away, but wounds in them do not. Any wounds from his "lost" Health dots now upgrade the least severe wounds that he already has, from left to right.

A werewolf in Dalu form has had the shit kicked out of him, and has nine of his 10 Health boxes filled with lethal damage. When he's forced to shift into Hishu, his Health returns to 8 dots, all full of lethal wounds. The remaining one point of lethal damage upgrades the left-most point of lethal damage to aggravated damage.

Lethal: One point per two days.

Aggravated: One point per week.

Example: After a scuffle with an off-duty cop, Persephone's out of harm's way for now. She isn't looking for another fight. Her Health track is the same as it was at the end of the fight.



Her rightmost wounds heal first. Each point of bashing damage takes 15 minutes to heal. Her lethal damage then heals over the course of the next two days. Finally, her aggravated wound heals over the course of the next week. In all, it's taken a little over a week and two days for her to recover from her injuries.

OBJECTS

Objects in the Storytelling System have three traits: Durability, Size, and Structure. Mostly, these relate to how easy the object is to destroy.

Durability: How hard the object is to damage. Subtract Durability from any damage dealt to the object. Durability has no effect against attacks that deal aggravated damage.

| Durability | Material |
|------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 | Wood, hard plastic, thick glass |
| 2 | Stone, aluminum |
| 3 | Steel, iron |
| +1 | per reinforced layer |

Size: How large the object is. Objects smaller than Size 1 can fit entirely in a person's palm.

| Size | Object |
|------|---------------------------|
| 1 | Pistol |
| 2 | Crowbar, sawn-off shotgun |
| 3 | Assault rifle |
| 5 | Door |
| 10 | Sports car |
| 15 | SUV |

Structure: An object's Structure is equivalent to its Health and equals its Durability + Size. Each point of damage removes a point of Structure. Once it's taken more damage than it has Durability, anyone using the object suffers a -1 penalty. When its Structure hits 0, the object is destroyed. Objects do not differentiate between bashing and lethal damage, and can be repaired with an appropriate Crafts roll.

SOURCES OF HARM

Many things other than direct violence can hurt or even kill people. Whether it's a heroin overdose, trekking through the desert, or being hit by a speeding truck, people get hurt and die in all manner of ways.

CAR WRECKS

If you try to hit someone when driving a car, roll *Dexterity + Drive + the vehicle's equipment modifier - Defense*. If you succeed, roll the vehicle's Size to determine damage, and add one additional success per 20 miles per hour (28 yards per turn) — the vehicle's speed acts as a weapon. A moving car always deals lethal damage. If you ram another car or a solid object, all participants take damage from the crash; in a head-on collision, add the speed of both vehicles together to determine damage. Wearing a seat-belt when in a car downgrades the damage to bashing.

DISEASE

Outside of combat, a character who suffers from a disease suffers damage over a period of time. Resisting the damage inflicted by a disease requires a reflexive *Stamina + Resolve* roll modified by the severity of the disease. Only one success is necessary to avoid damage each time.

Some diseases are the kind that people don't heal from. A character's cancer could go into remission, or he can hold his HIV back with medication, but time alone won't cure them. The Storyteller should set a benchmark of how many rolls the character has to succeed at in a row for the disease to go into remission. Medical treatment can offset any penalties to the *Stamina + Resolve* roll applied by the disease — but might inflict penalties on other rolls, as the cure is almost as bad as the disease.

DRUGS

A character who has taken drugs, willingly or not, must fight off the effects of the drug. Resisting the effects is a reflexive *Stamina + Resolve* roll. This roll is not contested but is modified

by the potency of the drug. Only one success is necessary for a character to regain her senses. In the case of some drugs, this roll must be made once per hour, once per scene – or even once per turn, in the case of strong hallucinogens or narcotics.

OVERDOSE

Characters who overdose on drugs treat the drug like a poison, with a Toxicity somewhere between 3 and 7. The overdose deals damage once per hour until the drug has run its course – if a character's spent 8 hours drinking, then the poison takes another 8 hours to fade, with Toxicity between 3 (beer or wine) to 5 (rubbing alcohol).

POISON

Outside of combat, a character who is the victim of a poison or toxin suffers lethal damage over a period of time equal to the poison's Toxicity. Some substances deal this damage only once. Others deal this damage once per turn or once per hour until purged – or until the poison has run its course. To resist the damage, make a reflexive Stamina + Resolve - Toxicity roll. Each success reduces the damage taken by one point. This roll must be made every time the poison deals damage, unless the character gives in.

EXTREME ENVIRONMENTS

The human body is not conditioned to withstand extreme heat, cold, air pressure, or radiation. When exposed to a harsh environment, the Storyteller assigns a level to the environment, using the chart below as a guideline. Survival gear can reduce the effective environment level.

While characters are exposed to these conditions, they suffer the level of the environment as a penalty to all actions. After a number of hours equal to the character's Stamina, he takes bashing damage equal to the environment's level once per hour. In the case of a Level 3 exposure, the damage is lethal instead of bashing. A Level 4 environment causes lethal damage each *turn* after a number of turns equal to the character's Stamina. In combat, use Environmental Tilts (p. 178) instead.

Any damage caused by exposure to Levels 2-4 leaves lasting marks, scars, and tissue damage. Damage caused by extreme environments cannot be healed until the character is back in a safe environment.

EQUIPMENT

Equipment, tools, and technology help to solve problems. Having the right tool for the job can mean the difference between life and death, or in the World of Darkness, the difference between life and a fate worse than death. This list is not comprehensive, but features many of the tools characters in the World of Darkness might have at their disposal.

Equipment is divided up by the Skills the items typically assist with. Mental Equipment typically assists with Mental Skills, for example. More equipment options can be found in *The World of Darkness Rulebook* or *The God-Machine Chronicle*.

ENVIRONMENT LEVELS

Level Example Environs

| | |
|---|--|
| 0 | Safe Environment |
| 1 | Light snow, heavy storms; too cold to sleep safely; air pressure causes shortness of breath; sweltering sun can cause first-degree burns |
| 2 | Heavy snow; cold causes physical pain and potential hypothermia; sun quickly causes first degree burns, can cause second degree burns with time; minor radiation poisoning |
| 3 | Desert exposure; heat rapidly causing second-degree burns; moderate radiation exposure |
| 4 | Desert sandstorm; severe hurricane; tornado; tsunami |

AVAILABILITY AND PROCUREMENT

The dot cost of a piece of equipment reflects directly on the Resources cost if your character wishes to purchase it (or the components, for some things). It also reflects the level of Allies or other Social Merit required to find the item, and the Skill level required to procure it with a single dice roll. For example, if a Party Invitation has Cost •••, a character with Larceny •• should not be able to find and steal the item with a dice roll, but a character with Politics •••• might be able to get one by virtue of saying the right words to the right organization. If your character wishes to obtain higher Availability items with her Skills, it requires a deeper effort.

SIZE, DURABILITY, AND STRUCTURE

These are guidelines that represent common, standard examples of the items in question. For most items, characters could procure better examples, at a higher Availability rating.

DICE BONUSES

Most equipment offers a bonus to dice rolls pertaining to its use. Multiple items can influence a given roll, but a roll should not receive more than a +5 bonus.

GAME EFFECT

A character with the item can use these Effects. Any restrictions, costs, or parameters are listed individually.

MENTAL EQUIPMENT

Mental equipment is all but essential for many character types. Mental Skills without the proper tools are almost useless in most cases. A doctor without medicine is hardly capable

Chapter Four: Howls in the Night

of healing, and an auto mechanic without a toolbox couldn't change some minor belts on a car.

AUTOMOTIVE TOOLS

Basic (Kit): Die Bonus +1, Durability 2, Size 2, Structure 3, Availability •

Advanced (Garage): Die Bonus +2, Durability 3, Size 7, Structure 8, Availability •

Effect: Automotive tools are a bare necessity for all but the simplest automobile repairs. A fully stocked garage with heavy equipment is required for more complex tasks, such as engine or transmission replacement. If time is not a factor, any trained character with a Crafts Automotive Specialty can repair a vehicle's mundane issues without rolls. Complex modifications and enhancements, or massive damage always requires a greater effort (an extended Intelligence + Crafts roll) to work out.

CRIME SCENE KIT

Die Bonus +2, Durability 2, Size 3, Structure 2, Availability ••

Effect: A Crime Scene (CSI) kit is a toolbox full of investigative aids such as magnifiers, fingerprinting dust, cameras, tape, testing chemicals, and sample bags. While the kits offer a dice bonus to Investigation rolls, the more important benefit of the CSI kit is that it allows evidence to be moved and digested elsewhere. Properly applied, it allows investigators to do the bulk of their work off-site, and at their own pace.

CRACKING SOFTWARE

Die Bonus +2, Durability N/A, Size N/A, Structure N/A, Availability •••

Effect: Crappy software's a dime a dozen. Good, reliable cracking software is hard to come by. With solid software, a hacker can force passwords, breach firewalls, and otherwise make a nuisance of herself in computer systems. Beyond the dice pool modification, the benefit such software offers is a sort of buffer between the hacker and security. Any efforts to track the hacker takes two steps; one to identify the software, then one to trace it back to the source. Functionally this means two rolls on behalf of the security personnel, with an opportunity for the hacker to withdraw before detection.

DIGITAL RECORDER

Die Bonus +1 or +2, Durability 1, Size 1, Structure 2, Availability • or ••

Effect: In the last decade, digital audio recorders have gotten smaller, more effective, and more affordable. Now, any student can carry a coin-sized device that would have put intelligence agencies to shame in the 1980s. The cheaper model of recorder gives its +1 bonus to any rolls to catch words or sounds. The bonus also applies to concealment rolls. The more expensive model gives +2. With an Intelligence + Computer roll (with the listed dice bonus), a character can contest any rolls to obscure discussion or mask noises.

DUCT TAPE

Die Bonus +1, Durability 1, Size 1, Structure 2, Availability •

Effect: Duct tape has as many uses as one can think of, and just as many you never would. It can reinforce barricades, stabilize weapon handles, bind prisoners, repair broken pipes, and so much more. In most cases, duct tape can offer a +1 bonus to Crafts-related rolls. Alternatively, it can add a point of Durability to almost anything. If used as a restraint, rolls to break free suffer a -3 penalty, and must overcome the duct tape's Structure.

FIRST AID KIT

Die Bonus 0 or +1, Durability 1, Size 2, Structure 3, Availability • or ••

Effect: A first aid kit contains all the necessary supplies to stabilize an injury and stop wounds from getting worse until the victim can find proper treatment. The one-dot version of the first aid kit does not offer a die bonus, it simply allows for treatment. The two-dot version offers a +1 to treatment rolls due to superior supplies.

FLASHLIGHT

Die Bonus +1, Durability 2, Size 1, Structure 3, Availability •

Effect: In a world of darkness, a flashlight can be a person's best friend. It generally does what it's supposed to; it helps cut a path through the unknown. Its die bonus subtracts from any penalties due to darkness, and adds to any rolls to search in the dark. A good flashlight can serve as a club in a pinch. As well, it can blind an unfortunate subject. A Dexterity + Athletics roll, subtracting an informed opponent's Defense, will put the beam where it needs to be. The victim's player may make a contested Stamina roll. If your character scores more successes than the subject, they're blinded for one turn. Victims with super-sensitive senses are blinded for two turns.

GLOWSTICK

Die Bonus +2, Durability 1, Size 1, Structure 1, Availability •

Effect: Glowsticks use a chemical mixture to summon forth enough light to see in a small area. Most commercial glowsticks last a couple of hours; police and other professional varieties can last 12. Because they're small, airtight containers, they serve the added benefit of being useful underwater or in the rain. Functionally, they work the same as a flashlight. However, they cannot be used to blind a target, since their soft glow is far less obtrusive than a flashlight's beam. They're also very conveniently worn, which can serve strategic purposes for a group operating in low-light conditions. A member will not go missing without being noticed so long as she has a glowing neon bar on her belt.

GPS TRACKER

Die Bonus +3, Durability 2, Size 2, Structure 2, Availability ••

Effect: With the advent of the modern cellular phone, most modern people have a GPS-enabled device on their person at any given time. With a bit of know-how, and access to the phone, your character can track her prey's every move (provided those moves are not in caves, tunnels, or sewer

systems). Some characters will trade GPS data in case one of the group becomes lost or has to follow someone without notice. Planting a phone on an unwitting subject can serve as a highly effective tracking device.

MULTI-TOOL

Die Bonus +1, Durability 3, Size 1, Structure 4, Availability •

Effect: Sometimes, need for mobility doesn't allow for your character to carry around a full tool kit. In these cases, a multi-tool can be a lifesaver. From sawing, to stripping wires, to opening bottles, to filing off serial numbers, a multi-tool can do the job in a pinch. The multi-tool offers a negligible die bonus on numerous Crafts and other assorted tasks, and most importantly, allows for rolls when sometimes they couldn't be made for lack of proper equipment. While not made for use as a weapon, it can serve as one with a damage rating of +0 and a -1 penalty to hit.

PERSONAL COMPUTER

Die Bonus +1 to +4, Durability 2, Size 3, Structure 2, Availability • to •••

Effect: In the developed world, almost every household has access to a personal computer. They vary in size, functionality, and price, from decade-old models that can barely surf the Web to high-end machines that can process gigabytes of data per second. In today's world, many lives revolve around computers. For some people, their entire careers and personal lives exist within digital space. The Availability of the computer determines its dice bonus.

SMARTPHONE

Die Bonus +1 to +2, Durability 2, Size 1, Structure 1, Availability • to ••

It's difficult to live a day in the modern world without some exposure to smartphones. They've revolutionized personal computing, interpersonal messaging, and media consumption. This is no different in the World of Darkness. But what about a smartphone brings solid horror to the table?

We rely on smartphones. We give them our data, our statistics, our identification, our money. Ultimately, we give them control. When the unexpected hits, we lose that control, and there's nothing more frightening than loss of control.

Effect: By themselves, smartphones can make calls, send text messages and emails, take pictures, maintain an agenda, and search the web. With a bit of software, the smartphone becomes the multi-tool of the electronic age. While it cannot accomplish the raw computing power of a full-sized personal computer, higher-end smartphones can manage almost all the same tasks with ease.

Most major gadgets have been successfully replicated with smartphone applications. GPS scanning and tracking are staples of the amateur investigator. Facial recognition software can find a face in a crowd with relative accuracy. Smartphones can photograph and transcribe text, then translate ancient tomes. They can store a library's worth of text, and allow for automated searches. They offer directions, with photographic

assistance. The value of a mindless video game on a stakeout is often underestimated.

With creative application, a smartphone's dice bonus can apply to a myriad of tasks. Within cellular range, a character should be able to drag up an application to handle almost any problem, given a little time. As a Storyteller, it might be tempting to go for a smartphone user's device in order to shake her up. That smartphone is a tool, and it's that character's method of problem solving. Would you cut the hand off a character who relies on her gun to solve problems? Instead, consider using the frequently used smartphone as a plot device.

SURVIVAL GEAR

Die Bonus +1 or +2, Durability 2, Size 2 or 3, Structure 3, Availability • or ••

Effect: Survival gear is the catch-all term for the various kits of equipment needed to survive in harsh environments. This could encompass tents, canned foodstuff, raingear, sleeping bags, potable water, or any of the various things a person can use to survive the world outside her cushy home. Gear comes in two levels, a basic level and an advanced level. The basic level offers +1, and subtracts -1 from the effective level of environment, (see **Extreme Environments**, p. 173), while the advanced offers +2, and subtracts -2 from the effective environment level. This will not affect a Level 4 environment. A resourceful character can jury rig or scavenge for the necessary supplies for basic survival gear, but an advanced set of gear requires very specialized equipment. Basic survival gear can assist with most any environment, but advanced survival gear must be specific to one particular type of environment.

PHYSICAL EQUIPMENT

Physical equipment enhances the use of Physical Skills. This often means the use of simple and complex machines to make things easier, or simple tricks to heighten the effectiveness of a character's inherent talents.

BATTERING RAM

Die Bonus +4, Durability 3, Size 4, Structure 8, Availability ••

Effect: The purpose of the battering ram is to bring down doors and other barricades with direct, focused force. A battering ram uses a teamwork action (see the **World of Darkness Rulebook**, p. 134), allowing up to four participants. The primary actor adds the ram's die bonus to her roll. A ram ignores two points of Durability.

BEAR TRAP

Die Bonus +2, Durability 3, Size 2, Structure 5, Availability ••

Effect: A bear trap is a large metal contraption that looks something like a set of deadly jaws. For this reason, they're also commonly called jaw traps. When a human or large animal steps into the bear trap, it snaps shut on its leg. Due to the serrated edges on the trap, this can cause massive bleeding or even broken bones.

The jaw trap causes three points of lethal damage, and ignores two points of armor or Durability. A character trapped

Chapter Four: Howls in the Night

in the jaws can attempt to escape as an instant action. Doing so requires a Strength + Stamina roll, with the trap's dice bonus as a penalty due to the distracting pain and the strength of the jaws. Failure on this roll causes another point lethal damage as the jaw digs in further. Creatures without opposable thumbs cannot escape this way, and must rip themselves free.

Any rolls to hide a bear trap suffer its dice bonus as a penalty. They're difficult to hide due to their awkward shape and weight.

CALTROPS

Die Bonus +2, Durability 2, Size 2, Structure 3, Availability ••

Effect: Caltrops are small, pointed pieces of metal, arranged in such a way that one point is always facing upward. This makes walking (or driving) through a patch of caltrops inconvenient and painful. These traits assume enough caltrops to fill a doorway or other narrow corridor.

Moving through caltrops causes one point of lethal damage per turn. Caltrops ignore a point of armor or Durability. To move through safely, a Dexterity + Athletics roll is required, with the caltrops' dice bonus applied as a penalty to the roll. A character may only move half her Speed (rounded down) while moving safely through caltrops.

A character may hide caltrops, although it is difficult. A Wits + Larceny roll with a -3 penalty is required; the caltrops' dice bonus does not apply to this roll.

CAMOUFLAGE CLOTHING

Die Bonus +2, Durability 1, Size 2, Structure 3, Availability ••

Effect: Camouflage clothing allows its wearer to blend in with her surroundings enough for the untrained eye to pass over. Effective camouflage must be designed for the environment; greens and browns in the woodlands, shades of grey in an urban area. Proper camouflage adds its bonus to rolls to remain unnoticed.

CLIMBING GEAR

Die Bonus +2, Durability 3, Size 2, Structure 2, Availability ••

Effect: Climbing gear includes ropes, pulleys, handles, carabiners, hooks, and other assorted tools for scaling things. It serves a twofold purpose. First, it adds its bonus to the normal Strength + Athletics rolls for climbing. Second, if properly applied (with a Wits + Athletics roll), climbing gear prevents a character from falling more than 10 feet at a time.

CROWBAR

Die Bonus +2, Durability 3, Size 2, Structure 4, Availability •

Effect: A crowbar is a curved piece of steel used to pry open shipping pallets, jammed doors, and other things a normal person would be incapable of doing by hand. It adds to any dice rolls used to establish leverage. When prying things open, it also allows your character to ignore two points of Durability on the lock or barricade. Additionally, a crowbar can be used as a weapon (see p. 170).

HANDCUFFS

Die Bonus +2, Durability 4, Size 1, Structure 4, Availability •

Effect: A solid pair of steel handcuffs is made to restrain even a remarkably strong person. Applying handcuffs to an unwilling combatant is an additional option in a grapple. Roll Strength + Brawl - the opponent's Strength. Success means the handcuffs are where they need to be.

To break out of successfully applied handcuffs requires a Strength + Stamina roll with a -4 penalty. Each success on the roll causes one point of Structure damage to the cuffs. Cuffs reduced to 0 Structure snap open. Each attempt to escape causes one point of bashing damage.

A character may also try to finagle her hands out of the cuffs. This requires a Dexterity + Athletics roll with a -4 penalty. Success allows for an escape, and causes one point of bashing damage. Failure on this roll causes one point of lethal damage, as her thumb is jerked out of its socket.

Attempting to do anything requiring manual dexterity while cuffed incurs a -4 penalty, or -2 if the hands are cuffed in front. Witnesses are unlikely to behave favorably around a cuffed character; Social rolls against strangers incur a -3 penalty.

Many police forces and security companies now prefer heavy-duty plastic zip ties in place of handcuffs. While they're slightly less durable (Durability 3), they impose a -5 penalty on dexterous actions when cuffed behind (-3 from the front), because they can be far tighter on the wrists. Zip ties are much easier to cut free.

LOCKPICKING KIT

Die Bonus +2, Durability 2, Size 2, Structure 2, Availability ••

Effect: A lockpicking kit consists of picks, tools, and rods for manipulating tumblers and opening locks. A good kit contains a wide array of tools, to all but guarantee intrusion on an analog lock. With such a kit, and at least a dot of Larceny, a character can pick a lock without a roll if time is not an issue. If time is an issue, the kit's bonus applies to any Dexterity + Larceny rolls. At Availability •, a character may procure a portable lockpick. It has Size 1, Structure 1, and is far more concealable. However, it only offers a +1 bonus, and doesn't allow for picking without rolls since the kit realistically may not have the right tools for a given job.

A lockpicking kit only works on mechanical locks. Digital locks require more specific hacking and code prediction tools. A character may procure a digital lockpick at Availability •••, but it typically only works on one type of lock, such as the keycard locks used in hotels. They can be Size 2, or Size 1 if crafted as an extension of a laptop computer or smartphone.

MACE (PEPPER SPRAY)

Die Bonus +1, Durability 2, Size 1, Structure 1, Availability •

Effect: Pepper spray, or "mace," as it's commonly called, is a blend of chemicals (mostly capsaicin, the "hot" part of a chili), in a small spray can, made to debilitate threats. Civilians

use these devices in self-defense; police use them to subdue unruly criminals. Use of pepper spray requires a Dexterity + Athletics or Dexterity + Firearms roll. Each yard is a range category, so one yard is short range, two yards is medium, three yards is long range. An opponent's Defense applies, but in normal wind conditions, the equipment bonus applies to the attack roll.

Upon the first attack, the victim suffers the Stunned Tilt (see p. 313). An opponent struck suffers a -5 penalty to all actions. This penalty can be reduced by one for every turn spent washing out the eyes with water. Commercial chemicals designed to clean the eyes will fully remove the penalty after a turn.

ROPE

Die Bonus +1, Durability 2, Size 3, Structure 2, Availability •

Effect: Rope is one of the oldest tools known to humankind, and it's never left prominent use because of its simple and efficient utility. A good rope adds its die bonus to relevant Crafts rolls, and anywhere else it would assist. As a binding agent, it resists breaking with a Durability (or effective Strength) equal to its user's Crafts score, due to the multiplicative effect of solid knots. An applicable Specialty adds one to the user's Crafts score for this purpose. Interrogators, shibari fetishists, and Boy Scouts alike specialize in remarkable knot-tying, potentially rendering subjects completely and hopelessly immobile.

STUN GUN

Die Bonus +1 to +3, Durability 2, Size 1, Structure 2, Availability •, ••, or •••

Effect: A stun gun is designed to deliver an overwhelming amount of electricity to an assailant, in order to shut down her muscles and send her to the ground. As a defensive item, this gives the would-be victim time to run or get help. As an offensive item, it leaves the victim ready for restraint, or worse.

These devices come in two varieties – hand-held and ranged – and three intensities (1-3, corresponding to Availability). The hand-held model has live leads on the edge of a handle, and can be used as many as 50 times on one battery charge. The ranged model fires small wired darts up to 15 feet away. While the ranged model has a similar battery life, it uses a compressed air cartridge that requires replacement after each shot.

Use of a handheld stun gun requires a Dexterity + Weaponry roll, penalized by the victim's Defense. The ranged model uses Dexterity + Firearms, also penalized by the victim's Defense. On a successful hit with either, the victim takes one point of lethal damage. The successes subtract from the victim's next dice pool. With the ranged version, the darts remain in the victim's body, adding three successes automatically each turn. They can be removed with a Strength + Stamina roll, with the initial successes penalizing the action. With the hand-held version, the attacker can attempt to maintain the shock, which takes a Strength + Weaponry roll, penalized by the greater of the opponent's Strength or Defense. Once the accumulated successes exceed the victim's Size, the victim

collapses in neuro-muscular incapacitation. Once the shock ends, this lasts for (10 - victim's Stamina) in turns.

SOCIAL EQUIPMENT

Social actions deal with people. Social Equipment offers tools for leverage, influence, and manipulation. In a social situation, equipment is almost a standard. Characters are at a stark disadvantage approaching these challenges naked.

CASH

Die Bonus +1 to +5, Durability 1, Size 2, Structure 1, Availability • to ••••

Effect: This represents a wad of cash, a briefcase of money, an offshore bank account number, or some other lump sum. It can't be reflected in the Resources Merit, since it's not a regular income. However, it can be expended to offer a bonus equivalent to its Availability on any social roll where a bribe could benefit. As well, it can be expended to purchase one item of equal Availability. For more complex uses, consider it a single month's allotment of the same Resources.

CONTRABAND

Die Bonus +1 to +5, Durability 1, Size 2-4, Structure 1, Availability • to ••••

Effect: Similar to cash (above), contraband reflects a lump sum of valuable materials. In this case, it's not monetary, it's illegal. This might mean guns, drugs, or even smuggled truffles. Contraband can be used identically to cash, except only within certain circles. Not everyone will take stolen goods for payment. However, in a group that has a high demand for the item, the contraband is worth one dot rating higher (maximum 5).

FASHION

Die Bonus +1 to +3, Durability 1, Size 2, Structure 1, Availability • to ••••

Effect: Never underestimate the value of high fashion – fashionable clothing allows a character to fit in. However, the point of fashion is to draw attention, not to fade into the crowd. As opposed to anonymity, fashion means notice. Note that the clothing chosen must be appropriate to the setting. Punk chic will not work at a Senator's fundraiser, for example. When improperly dressed, the dice bonus applies as a penalty to all Social Skill rolls. When properly dressed for an event, your character enjoys the 9-again quality on any Social Skill rolls with participants, as well as its dice bonus.

The dice bonus for fashion is equal to half the Availability, rounded up.

HOUSING

Die Bonus +1 to +5, Durability 4+, Size 12+, Structure 8+, Availability • to ••••

Housing reflects a place to lay one's head. The Availability score determines the size, location, and relative luxury of the building. One dot may reflect a tiny apartment in a terrible part of town, three dots a three bedroom home in a suburb, and five could mean a penthouse condo downtown, or a sprawling mansion.

CONDITIONS

Conditions represent ways in which the story has affected your character, and what she can do to move past those events. Players don't buy Conditions, events in the game apply them and they remain until certain *resolution* criteria are met. A character can't have more than one copy of the same condition unless each applies to a distinctly different thing – for example you may be Delusional about both spiders crawling under your skin and your friends plotting to kill you. You'd have to resolve each independently.

Characters can gain Conditions as a result of various factors. Gifts and rites can impart a number of Conditions. A player can also choose to take a Condition relevant to the situation as a result of an exceptional success, and breaking points can cause Conditions as your character deals with them. Sometimes, the Storyteller will inflict Conditions based on the circumstances of the story.

The listed resolutions for each Condition are the most common ways to end its effects; other actions may also resolve it if they would reasonably cause the Condition's effects to end. Work with the Storyteller to determine Condition resolution. When your character resolves a Condition, take a Beat. If a Condition has a natural time limit and then fades away, don't take a Beat – just waiting the Condition out isn't enough to count as resolving it.

Some Conditions are marked as Persistent. These Conditions typically last for a long time, and can only be resolved permanently with a specific and impressive effort. Once per game session, a character can gain a Beat when a Persistent Condition impacts her life.

IMPROVISED CONDITIONS

Storytellers shouldn't feel limited by the list of Conditions in Appendix Two (p.306). As a rough guideline, a Condition typically consists of a modifier between +2 and -2 to a certain type of action, or to any action taken with a certain motivation. A Condition is removed when the character's done something significant to act on it, or when she addresses the original source. The sample Conditions later in this book have examples of how to resolve them, but you can also resolve them after other events if it makes sense in the story.

If play would bog down as you search for the right Condition, just improvise one and keep things going.

LINGERING CONDITIONS

Conditions are designed as reminders that events earlier in the story have repercussions later. Usually, Chekhov's rifle applies – if you put the Condition on stage, it should fire by the end. But storytelling games are slippery things, and sometimes a story thread represented by a Condition is better to drop for the sake of the ongoing narrative.

For example, an emotional state like Wanton might no longer be relevant to events in the game because a long time has passed, or it might have been the result of a conflict with a character you don't care about anymore. In those cases, it's perfectly fine to just cross off the Condition. We recommend awarding a Beat as if resolving it, but that's at the Storyteller's discretion.

We recommend doing this sparingly, but bottom line: if a Condition doesn't feel relevant to the story anymore, just let it go.

TILTS

A Tilts is a special kind of Condition that applies in combat. However your character ends up blinded – whether through a werewolf Gift or blood pouring into his eyes – the Blinded Tilt tells you everything you need to know. Tilts can apply to just one character, or to everyone in a scene. Tilts provide a way of handling drugs, poisons, sickness, and environmental and weather effects, but *only as they apply to combat*. Out of combat, use the normal rules for these effects.

APPLYING TILTS

Some Tilts come about as a result of atmospheric conditions – fighting during a tornado or in the middle of a burning building poses a number of problems to everyone present. Others are the result of a particular injury that prevents a character from seeing, hearing, or using a limb. When an attack dealing bashing or lethal damage inflicts such a Tilt, mark the leftmost point of damage from the attack. When that point of damage is healed, the Tilt's effects end. Tilts dealt with aggravated damage cause permanent disability – to humans, at least. A werewolf's regenerative powers can re-grow even missing limbs.

TRACKING TILTS

To keep track of who is affected by what Tilt, sticky notes or index cards come in very helpful. Environmental Tilts sit somewhere that everyone can see it, while Personal Tilts should be close to hand for the player of the affected character. When a Storyteller character is hit with a Tilt, jot the character's name down on the card as well.

Tilts come in two forms: Personal and Environmental. Personal Tilts only apply to one character, and include ways in which that character can overcome the effect. Environmental Tilts affect the whole scene, and offer ways for individual characters to mitigate their effects.

A list of sample Tilts can be found in Appendix Two.

THE SHADOW AND SPIRITS

Within the *Hisil*, teeming *umia* of spirits prey on one another, scrambling for the Essence leaking through the Gauntlet, waxing and waning in response to humanity's blind actions and emotions. In their own world, spirits are dangerous. When they break *Urfarah's* law and cross the Gauntlet, they can be deadly. The ephemera forming spirits' "bodies" is invisible and intangible to those blind to the Shadow, and humanity is not equipped to deal with an enemy it can't see, hear, or touch – one that's driven by hunger to rouse Essence, anchor itself, and above all *not go back* at any cost.

Dividing the twinned worlds was Father Wolf's task. Now it falls to the Forsaken.

The Wolf Must Hunt.

THE SHADOWED LANDSCAPE

While traversing the Shadow brings its own dangers, from the spirit courts to the uncertainty of distances compared to the physical world, most of the time it follows the same rules as acting in the physical world. Uratha can smell Essence while in the Shadow, revealing spirits that aren't actively hiding themselves, and the dim light and strange sounds of the *Hisil* make them rely on their spiritual senses more.

The unusual areas of *Hisil* geography described in Chapter Two bring their own effects, however, which a wise pack bears in mind while on the Hunt.

Shoals provoke lethargy in travelers, trapping them in the region of emptiness. Leaving a shoal requires a successful Resolve + Composure roll, and every failure imposes a -1 penalty on subsequent attempts. Dramatic failure means the character can only be rescued by being physically forced out of the shoal.

Glades are sought-after places of bargaining and peace, offering surcease from the People's rage. Fighting in a glade requires a successful Resolve roll, and all violent actions (even entering Gauru form) are at a -2 dice penalty. Uratha must roll to shapeshift into Gauru, even when in the grip of Death Rage, and if the roll fails the rage ends.

Wounds drain life and energy out into the *Maeljin's* hidden lairs. Within a Wound, rolls to avoid *Kuruth* are at a -2 penalty, and all injuries suffered inside are worsened by one point of Health or Corpus.

Barrens require great effort to stir up the dregs of Essence left within their borders. Gifts, rites, Numina, Manifestations, and other powers drawing on the spirit world suffer a -3 penalty within the area of a Barren.

LOCI

Some material objects, and even people, have such a strong connection to the Shadow that they focus spiritual energies, forming a locus of a particular kind of Essence. Loci are individual objects or creatures; loci affect increasing areas around the focal point in both the material and Shadow worlds as they grow in power.

| Locus Rating | Zone of Influence |
|--------------|--|
| • | 2 yards |
| •• | 15 yards |
| ••• | A floor of a building, a forest clearing |
| •••• | A whole building, a section of forest |
| ••••• | A city block, a lake |

Loci are prized by both Uratha and spirits as crossing points, vital territory, and oases of Essence.

- The zone of influence of a locus is permanently under the Open Condition linked to its resonance.
- Spirits of matching resonance within the zone of influence heal Corpus at twice the normal rate, and gain +2 dice to attempts to cross the Gauntlet

- No spirits require the Reaching Manifestation effect to use their powers across the Gauntlet in a locus' zone of influence.
- Spirits of matching resonance may conceal themselves within the zone of influence. A spirit merged into a locus in this way can't take any actions except reveal itself, but while concealed it is impossible to perceive without supernatural powers that reveal spirits, even to Uratha in the *Hisil*.
- Uratha can use a locus to Reach and cross between worlds, as described in Chapter Three.
- Finally, loci generate three times their level in Essence on the *Hisil* side per day, which often results in a brood of spirits vying for the chance to feed. The Essence matches the resonance of the locus.

Loci arise naturally (if rarely) when large quantities of Essence build up around the focal point without attracting any spirits. Individual ecstasy or private tragedy is more likely to form a locus than a publically-known event. Uratha can simulate the necessary conditions by clearing an area of spirits while allowing Essence to gather. After around 150 points of same-resonance Essence collect for over a week, it settles into an object or person in the vicinity and becomes a one-dot locus. Loci increase in power if they continue to accumulate Essence – 150 points per dot, or 50 days of uninterrupted growth.

If the focal item is destroyed, the Essence bound up in it is released. Unless the Essence is all removed quickly, the locus will reform into a new item within a few weeks – especially as the area is still Resonant. Packs wanting to be certain they've destroyed a locus have to counteract the resonance and remove the Essence, or flood the space with equal quantities of differently resonant Essence.

THE HUNGRY SHADOW

Animist religions describe the world as being full of spirits, every object, animal, and place hiding a spirit within it. They're partly right; everything in the world apart from humans *does* cast a spiritual reflection, even transitory events and strong emotions, but all spirits apart from the cunning or a powerful few are confined to the *Hisil*, and most never achieve self-awareness.

Spirits come into being alongside the thing they're a reflection of, but they're dormant, barely-living, tiny lumps of ephemera at first. As well as creating new spirits, actions in the physical world and any emotions associated with them create Essence in the physical world, some of which crosses over into the Shadow. Once enough Essence crosses the Gauntlet near an embryonic spirit, that spirit rouses into activity. By absorbing Essence, the spirit remains active. By consuming other spirits, it merges those spirits into itself and grows larger and more powerful.

As spirits become more powerful, they become less pure as reflections of their origins and more thematic in nature. For example, the spirit of a single owl grows by consuming other owl spirits. As it consumes spirits of night, hunting, the prey its owl eats, and other owl spirits, the spirit subtly changes. By the time it becomes an independent, thinking being that no longer follows around the physical creature that created

it, it has warped into an exaggerated spirit of silent nocturnal hunting. The Essence it consumes also has an effect — an owl spirit evolving in an urban area feeds on different Essence to one in the countryside, and its diet colors its appearance.

SPIRIT POLITICS

Once they evolve into independent beings, spirits enter into the complex society of the *Hisil* as members rather than resources. Spirits of similar natures pay fealty to more powerful spirits of compatible resonance, tithing a small portion of their Essence, and those lords tithe in turn to even stronger spirits, all the way up to the distant, mighty gods of Shadow. In any given area, the handful of high-ranking spirits who are actually present dominate the Shadow landscape, cutting across the hierarchies of type to commanding other spirits in the region in courts.

RANK

Spirits are all inherently aware of their relative power to one another, intuitively comparing hundreds of tiny differences. Uratha group them into five main ranks:

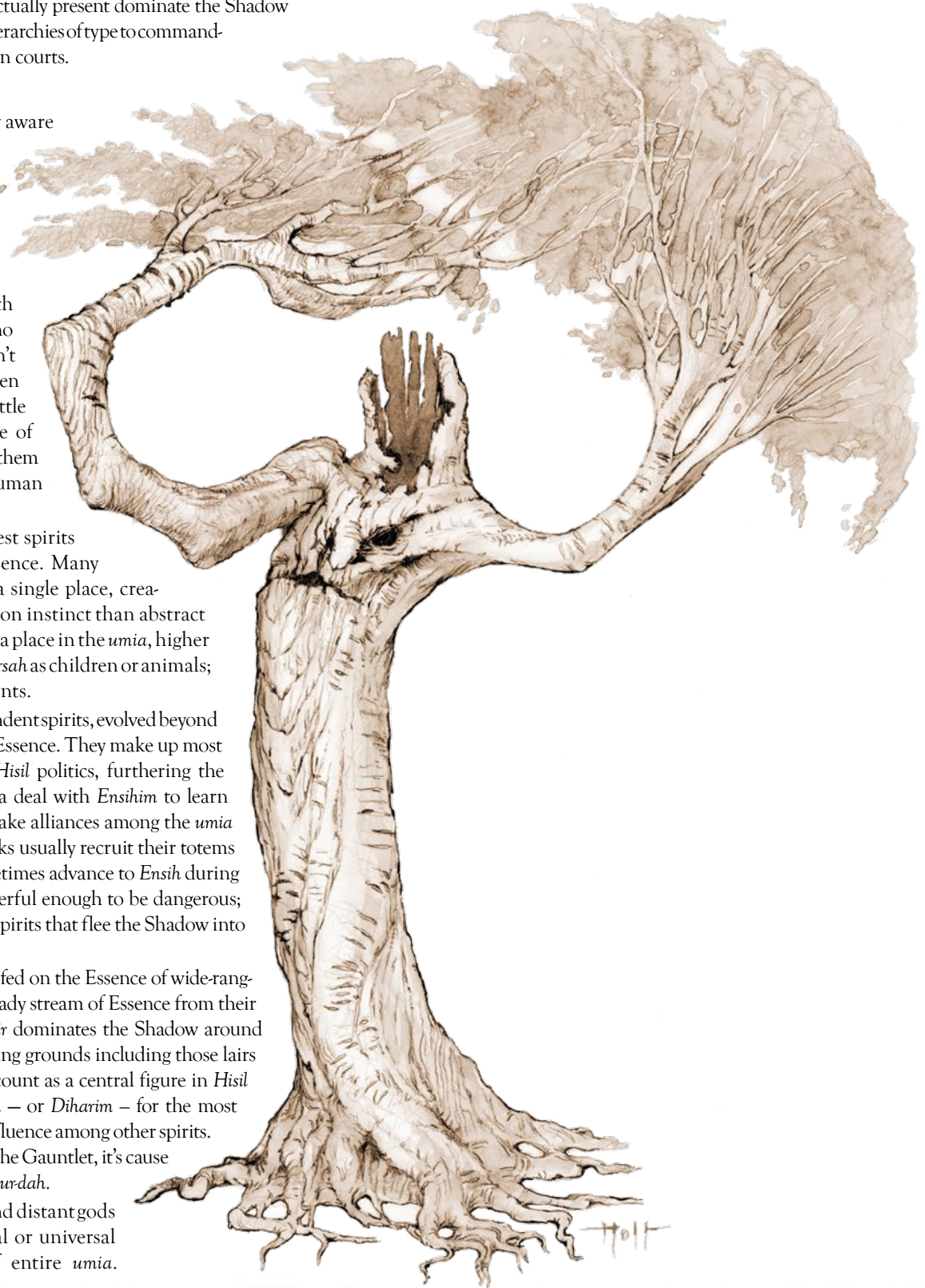
Muthra are barely formed, new-born spirits, with no minds of their own and no rank in the *umia*. They aren't even powerful enough to awaken from dormancy, and simply settle in the *Hisil* close to a source of Essence. Other spirits feed on them with no more care than a human shows toward fruit.

Hursihim are the weakest spirits to awaken and hunt for Essence. Many *Hursihim* are still bound to a single place, creature, or object, and act more on instinct than abstract thought. Although they have a place in the *umia*, higher spirits think of *Hursih* and *Hursah* as children or animals; useful, but not full participants.

Ensihim are fully independent spirits, evolved beyond their ties to a single source of Essence. They make up most of the spirits involved with *Hisil* politics, furthering the agendas of their *umia*. Uratha deal with *Ensihim* to learn Gifts, gain informants and make alliances among the *umia* in their hunting grounds. Packs usually recruit their totems from *Hursah*, but totems sometimes advance to *Ensih* during their service. *Ensihim* are powerful enough to be dangerous; they make up the majority of spirits that flee the Shadow into the world of Flesh.

Dihim are potent spirits, fed on the Essence of wide-ranging phenomena and paid a steady stream of Essence from their lessers. Even the weakest *Dihir* dominates the Shadow around its lair, and Uratha with hunting grounds including those lairs have to take the *Dihir* into account as a central figure in *Hisil* predation. Uratha seek *Dihim* — or *Diharim* — for the most potent Gifts, or to use their influence among other spirits. When a *Dihir* breaks through the Gauntlet, it's cause for alarm and a call to the *Siskur-dah*.

Ilusahim are the aloof and distant gods of Shadow — spirits of global or universal phenomena, and rulers of entire *umia*.



The “weaker” *Ilusah* are spirits like the Firstborn; patrons of entire tribes. Mother Luna and her brother Helios are the best-known greater *Ilusahim*. Spirits of this rank are almost never seen in person, preferring to make their lairs in deep, protected Places-That-Aren’t, and are too powerful for the world of Flesh to support them—they can’t cross the Gauntlet. Their servant *umia* of *Dihim*, *Ensahim*, and *Hursahim* enact their will across the *Hisil*.

UMIA & ILTHUM

Spirits of similar resonance feel kinship and rivalry with one another; they’re born in response to the same circumstances, can consume one another in a bid for higher rank and feed from the same Essence. Ithaeur, especially among the Bone Shadows, describe *umia* of broad similarity and *ilthum* of more focused kinship within them. They don’t see the fundamental difference between the two — that spirits must actively join an *ilthum*, but are part of an *umia* just by existing. Spirits themselves use the terms only rarely, preferring simpler descriptions like “those born of rain,” or “those of darkness.”

Nature spirits represent every living thing in the world of Flesh, taking on archetypal and metaphorical resonances and influences as they develop. Uratha often feel drawn to the *umia* and *ilthum* of predatory animals, especially the dog and wolf spirits that remain distant relations through Father Wolf and the Firstborn.

| Umia | Ilthum |
|-------------|-----------------------------|
| Animals | Horses, Wolves, Bovines |
| Fish | Salmon, Sharks, Eels |
| Birds | Gulls, Raptors, Eagles, |
| Reptiles | Snakes, Crocodiles, Lizards |
| Trees | Oaks, Pines, Birches |
| Plants | Vines, Crawlers, Grasses |
| Fungi | Molds, Mushrooms, Yeasts |
| Insects | Flies, Ants, Cockroaches |

Artificial spirits are born from humanity’s influence, children of plastic and metal. Despite their origin, they’re still spirits and hunt for Essence through their resonance. Car spirits, for example, are the herd “animals” and predators of the roads, crash-killing prey spirits for sustenance. The spirits of big-brand supermarkets “hunt” money spirits in the manner of anglerfish, luring prey into their gaping maws with bright advertisements and discounts.

| Umia | Ilthum |
|-------------|-------------------------------|
| Vehicles | Cars, Trains, Boats |
| Structures | Houses, Shops, Offices |
| Tools | Knives, Hammers, Drills |
| Weapons | Pistols, Missiles, Swords |
| Information | Books, Televisions, Computers |
| Objects | Toys, Statues, Street Lights |

Elementals are primal spirits, relatively straightforward and patient. Their sources of Essence are either more fleeting or long-lasting than other *umia*; transient phenomena like flames, rainstorms, and gales spawn spirits that have to adapt quickly or starve when their source of Essence ends, while rock formations, lakes, and oceans last a relative eternity. For this reason, elementals that survive to be *Ensahim* have a longer life expectancy than other spirits. The Elemental *umia* regard other spirits as passing concerns at best, and are unimpressed with the brief lives of fleshy beings.

| Umia | Ilthum |
|-------------|----------------------------|
| Air | Wind, Cold, Pressure |
| Fire | Flames, Explosions, Lava |
| Earth | Granite, Sandstone, Basalt |
| Water | Rain, Rivers, Lakes |

Lunes and **Helions** are the servants of Luna and Helios, spirits of moonlight and sunlight. Ithaeur suspect that rather than being two *umia*, each is actually a collection of related *umia* and *ilthum*, emissaries from the alien Shadows of the Moon and Sun that cross the void with the light of their *Ilusah*.

Of the two, Lunes are the less dangerous to Forsaken thanks to Luna’s patronage — Lunes burn Renown into the People’s souls and teach them Moon Gifts — but they aren’t safe to deal with. Packs who persuade Lunes into the totem role go mad with the changing influence of the moon’s phases, and warlike Lunes make formidable foes.

Helios has never forgiven the People for his sibling’s lover’s death, and his Helions range from disdainful to hostile to werewolves.

Conceptual spirits are born from actions or reactions rather than physical phenomena. Most lead fleeting lives as *muthra* before starving, as temporary as the events that spawned them. Sustained or heightened resonance allows a few to merge and grow strong enough to break free of their birthing Essence. Conceptual spirits are rarer than other *umia*, but perhaps understand humanity better than their cousins — and are better at manipulating humans into feeding them.

| Umia | Ilthum |
|-------------|-------------------------|
| Emotions | Fear, Love, Joy |
| Ideologies | Obligation, Faith, Work |
| Reactions | Pain, Lust, Hunger |

Magath are shunned by the *umia*, exiled from the spiritual hierarchy for their twisted resonance. The result of a spirit feeding on improper Essence through starvation, desperation, or accident, *magath* are crossbreeds and amalgams of wildly different concepts, fitting into neither *umia*. Many *magath* hunt and consume other spirits, evolving even further away from their former *umia*.

GATHRA

Werewolves often have to negotiate with spirits in order to manage their hunting grounds, conducting diplomacy in the First Tongue. Spirits are often willing to deal despite their

BROODS

Spirits have packs of their own, or something similar to the concept. While all the spirits in a region answering to the local *Ensa* or *Dihim* regardless of *umia* are called a court, they're more acknowledgments of strength and the ruling spirit's dominance over the Shadow than organizations. A brood is an association of spirits that have banded together for common purpose — carrion spirits following predatory spirits, for example.

distrust of the half-fleshed, but require something in return — a gift *Ithaeur* call *gathra*. The more powerful and high-ranking the spirit, and the more it hates the Uratha, the greater its price. Some spirits require service, tasks that will either generate sources of Essence or further the spirit's position in the courts and *umia*. Others simply require Essence as a one-off or repeated donation.

Treat negotiations with a spirit as a Social maneuvering action (see p. 163). Most spirits have average or hostile first impressions with Forsaken, and require Soft Leverage in the form of *gathra* to Open Doors. Unlike mortal subjects of Social maneuvering, spirits *can't* agree to deals unless they've been paid — until then, the Uratha's player doesn't roll to open Doors. Hard Leverage — threats of *Siskur-Dah*, and other strong-arm tactics — might force a spirit to accept a proposition after a perfunctory gift.

The scale of *gathra* varies, decided by the Storyteller, but in general two points of Essence, removing a *Hursih* from politics, or a change to the material world that will produce a small amount of Essence are the bare minimum, and would move the first impression of a *Hursih*. Any lesser offering requires Hard Leverage.

CROSSING OVER

A spirit that is capable of using its powers through the Gauntlet might, as its self-awareness grows with power, decide to create food sources for itself by influencing what sort of spirits and Essence will be created around it. The true culprit behind an unusual pattern of domestic murders, for example, might be a murder spirit using its abilities to heighten arguments to homicide.

Other spirits cross over completely, fleeing predation from others of their kind, attempting to create sources of Essence, or even out of simple curiosity. Once in the physical world, spirits find themselves refugees and escapees. They constantly strive to maintain their Essence, desperate to avoid returning to their own world. Without an easy source of Essence, spirits must anchor themselves by finding objects or people that reflect their nature, and tying their ephemeral bodies to them. The

spirit remains intangible — and is often actually “inside” the host — but is safe from starvation as long as the host generates enough Essence to feed it. Many items thought of as having “wills of their own” or as being cursed actually house spirits; and although living victims' loved ones might notice their unusual behavior, spiritual possession is only understood by a rare few human occultists. By influencing the host, or humans interacting with a material host, to more closely reflect its nature, the spirit gets a ready supply of Essence and may move on to more permanent forms of possession. If allowed to continue unchecked, the process of possession sometimes evolves into twisted half-flesh, half-spirit Claimed.

MANIFESTATION AND POSSESSION

In the *Hisil*, spirits are as at home as humans are in the physical world. If they cross the Gauntlet, they enter a state of Twilight. Instead of bodies formed of flesh and bone, spirits are made up of spiritual matter called ephemera. This substance is invisible to most beings and intangible to anything not comprised of the same sort of ephemera — spirits can see and touch one another, but are invisible to most living people and pass through solid objects. They happily float through walls and ignore mundane dangers, but are incapable of interacting with people without help.

Almost every spirit powerful enough to Reach also has the ability to Manifest — to make its presence known and to affect the physical world. Manifestations range from remaining invisible but using powers, appearing as insubstantial but visible images, or even possessing a victim, sending his soul into hibernation and warping the commandeered body to suit the spirit's own uses. Some are more skilled at it than others — those so weak they can't Manifest at all are essentially impotent in the physical world and can't interact with humans — but all require certain appropriate conditions before they can use these powers.

A spirit that wants to shift into physical form or to inhabit an object, animal, or person requires the emotional resonance of the area or victim-host to match its own, represented as an increasingly potent set of Conditions.

The more powerful Manifestations require stronger Conditions. The most powerful physical forms and tightly-held victims are the result of careful husbandry by the Manifesting spirit, slowly building up the necessary Condition by leveraging whatever Manifestation it can produce at first. Unless Conditions are very strong or the possessing spirit extremely powerful, a human being falling victim to a possession is first Urged to follow the spirit's wishes instead of his own, then later forced to do its bidding, and only then physically mutated into a bizarre amalgamation of nature and supernatural power.

Rites to summon or exorcise spirits from the physical world are a matter of creating or destroying the appropriate resonance for the creature, preferably near to a place it can Reach across the Gauntlet. Most spirits waste away as though starving outside of the needed Conditions, so breaking those Conditions is a sure-fire way of forcing the being to abandon its attempt at Manifestation and sending it fleeing toward either a way “home” or another appropriate vessel.

OTHER ENTITIES

The various World of Darkness games have used the spirit rules to represent many different beings, from ghosts, to demonic owls made of smoke with a strange connection to vampires, to the inhabitants of an astral world visited by mages.

Although some beings have rare powers that affect other “ephemeral entities,” for the most part the different types of ephemera are mutually exclusive — spirits and ghosts are both made of ephemera, and both exist in a state of Twilight when in the physical world, but they remain “out of phase” and can’t see or interact with one another without a Numen to allow it.

GAME SYSTEMS

Spirits do not use the same systems as material beings, instead using simplified Attributes and a system of Conditions and Manifestation powers.

THE STATE OF TWILIGHT

Unless they Manifest or use a power to appear, a spirit remains in its insubstantial state when in the material world. This state is described as “Twilight.” To beings in Twilight, physical objects appear pale and semi-transparent, light appears dimmed, and sound is distorted as though underwater. Twilight isn’t a place, though; it’s more of a description of how ephemera interacts — or fails to interact — with material reality.

When in Twilight, only items, creatures, and phenomena that are also in Twilight and comprised of the same kind of ephemera can touch an ephemeral being. Attacks simply pass through the Twilight being; solid concrete and steel are no more hindrance than fog.

Spirits in Twilight can move at walking pace in any direction. Gravity has no sway, though a spirit can only truly “fly” if it’s appropriate for its form — most hug the material terrain.

DORMANCY AND AWAKENING

Only conceptual spirits and nature spirits of most animals, fish, and birds begin existence as mobile and active *muthra* or *Hursihim*. Most spirits are born from the Essence of objects, plants, and natural features, and begin existence sleeping. They exist in the *Hisil* as faint outlines of the earthly phenomena they draw Essence from, but if they aren’t consumed by other spirits, they eventually develop into dormant *Hursihim* with the capacity to awaken.

Dormant spirits sometimes awaken when an object they’re tied to is destroyed, instinctively rousing to seek new Essence rather than starve. Major upheavals in the Shadow such as the presence of an avatar of one of the *Ilusahim*, a battle between the Uratha and a spirit court, or the death of an *Dihir* can awaken all the sleeping spirits in the vicinity. Other spirits of the same *umia* can deliberately rouse dormant spirits.

In all cases, the act of waking up from dormancy consumes one point of Essence.

SPIRITUAL TRAITS

Spirits aren’t alive the way humans or even the half-spirit werewolves are alive. They aren’t biological creatures and don’t have a divide among body, soul, and mind. In game terms, spirits are represented by simplified game traits.

RANK

All spirits have dots in an Advantage called Rank, which notes how self-aware and powerful the spirit is. Rank technically ranges from one to ten dots, but spirits with more than Rank 5 are so powerful and alien they can’t support themselves in the Conditions lesser beings use. They can only be brought into the world by story- and chronicle-defining maneuvers, conjunctions, and events. The Gods of Shadow are out of the scope of the Storytelling system. If they appear at all, they do so as plot devices. On rare occasions, a Rank 6 or 7 spirit

RANK

| Rank* | Trait Limits ** | Attribute Dots | Maximum Essence | Numina | Title |
|-------|-----------------|----------------|-----------------|--------|-----------------|
| 0 | 0 dots | 0 | 5 | 0 | <i>Muthra</i> |
| • | 5 dots | 5–8 | 10 | 1–3 | <i>Hursih</i> |
| •• | 7 dots | 9–14 | 15 | 3–5 | <i>Hursah</i> |
| ••• | 9 dots | 15–25 | 20 | 5–7 | <i>Ensih</i> |
| •••• | 12 dots | 26–35 | 25 | 7–9 | <i>Ensay</i> |
| ••••• | 15 dots | 36–45 | 50 | 9–11 | <i>Dihir***</i> |

* Each Rank levies a –1 modifier on attempts to forcibly bind the spirit and acts as a Supernatural Tolerance trait like a werewolf’s Primal Urge (see p. 160.)

** These represent permanent dots, not temporarily boosted ones.

*** *Dihir* (Rank 6) and Lesser and Greater *Ilusah* (Rank 7 & 8) are too potent to represent in game mechanics.

creates a Rank 5 “Royal Avatar,” an intermediary puppet weak enough to interact with lesser beings. Luna, Helios, and other *Ilusahim* are too powerful or aloof to even do that, relying on the *umia* of lesser spirits serving them instead.

Rank determines the maximum ratings in other game traits a spirit can have, as described in the table below, along with how many dots of Attributes it can have. All spirits have the ability to sense the relative Rank of other spirits, and may attempt to conceal their own Rank by succeeding in a contested Finesse roll. Success means that the spirit appears to be the same Rank as the being sensing the relative Rank.

ESSENCE

Combination food, oxygen, and wealth, Essence fuels spirits’ powers, sustains their insubstantial bodies, and allows them to continue existing. As a game trait, Essence resembles Willpower in that each spirit has a permanent maximum Essence rating and an equal number of Essence points it can spend to achieve effects. Maximum Essence is determined by Rank.

Spirits can use Essence in the following ways:

- Spirits must spend a point of Essence per day to remain active, even when in the *Hisil*. If they have run out of Essence, they fall into hibernation until something happens to let them regain at least one point, which they can then spend on returning to activity. Such dormancy is dangerous—the spirit remains in Twilight and can be destroyed if it loses all Corpus and Essence at the same time (see p. 186). When spirits enter hibernation in the physical world, they slowly move back across the Gauntlet into the Shadow, crossing over in the local Gauntlet’s dice penalty in hours.
- Spirits in the material world but outside of a suitable Condition bleed one point of Essence per *hour*. The Influence and Manifestation Conditions starting on p. 187 state whether they protect from Essence bleed. Spirits that run out of Essence due to bleed suffer a single lethal wound and enter hibernation.
- Spirits can spend Essence to boost their traits for a single scene on a point per dot basis. They can’t boost a single trait by more than Rank + 2 dots; boosting takes a turn, and they can only boost a single Attribute in a turn.
- Spirits can sense sources of Essence appropriate for their needs from up to a mile away, even across the Gauntlet without penalty. The “Seek” Numen (p. 193) increases this range.
- Spirits regain one point of Essence per day they are in proximity to any Condition relating to them – even across the Gauntlet.
- Spirits can attempt to steal Essence from one another. The attacking spirit rolls Power + Finesse, contested by the victim’s Power + Resistance. If the attacker succeeds, it steals up to the successes in Essence, as long as the victim has Essence remaining to lose.

SPIRITS AND REACHING

Whenever a spirit attempts to cross between the material world and the Shadow, uses an Influence or Manifestation to Reach across, feeds from the material world’s Essence while still being in the Shadow, or uses a Reaching Numen (see p. 191), the dice pool is penalized by a number of dice according to the Gauntlet Strength chart on pg. 101.

Loci (see p. 179) are especially close to the *Hisil*. Spirits don’t need the Reaching Manifestation Effect to use their powers across the Gauntlet at a locus, attempts to cross over are at +2 dice, and spirits whose nature matches the locus’ Resonant Condition heal at twice the normal rate.

- Spirits may attempt to gorge themselves on a source of appropriate Essence. Once per day, when in proximity (even if it’s on the other side of the Gauntlet) to a suitable Condition, a spirit can roll Power + Finesse, regaining successes in Essence. If the spirit is still in the *Hisil*, the dice pool is penalized according to Gauntlet strength.

ATTRIBUTES AND SKILLS

Spirits don’t have the nine Attributes familiar in material characters, but use a simplified set of the Power, Finesse, and Resistance categories other Attributes fall into. When creating a spirit, look at the Rank chart earlier in this section for guidelines on how many total dots it should have, and what its trait maximum is.

Power describes the raw ability of the spirit to impose itself on other beings and the world at large. It is used in all rolls that call for Strength, Intelligence, or Presence.

Finesse describes how deft the spirit is at imposing its desires with fine control. It is used for all rolls that call for Dexterity, Wits, or Manipulation.

Resistance describes how well the spirit can avoid imposition from its peers and how easily it is damaged. It is used for all rolls that call for Stamina, Resolve, or Composure.

Spirits don’t possess skills, but don’t suffer unskilled penalties as long as the action they’re attempting is appropriate to their nature. They roll the appropriate Attribute + Rank for actions relating directly to their concept, or Attribute + Attribute for actions like surprise and perception.

ADVANTAGES

Spirits don’t have an Integrity trait, or a Virtue or Vice. Instead, they regain one point of spent Willpower per three points of Essence they consume by gorging or stealing as described above.

OTHER TRAITS

Because they have simplified traits, spirits calculate derived traits a little differently to other characters.

Corpus: A spirit doesn't have Health, but measures how intact its ephemeral form is using Corpus. Permanent Corpus is equal to Resistance + Size and grants Corpus boxes that act like Health boxes, filling when the spirit suffers injury. Corpus boxes don't have wound penalties associated with them.

Willpower: Spirits have Willpower dots equal to Resistance + Finesse, with a maximum of ten dots for spirits of Rank 1 to 5. As well as being able to gain Willpower by gorging on Essence, all spirits regain one point of Willpower per day.

Initiative: Initiative is equal to Finesse + Resistance.

Defense: Defense is equal to Power or Finesse, whichever is lower, except for Rank 1 spirits which use the higher of the two Attributes, and dormant spirits which do not have Defense at all. The more a spirit is driven by raw instinct, the more animal defense it displays in combat.

Speed: Speed is equal to Power + Finesse + a "species" factor. Spirits of inanimate objects usually have a species factor of 0.

Size: Spirits can be of any size and shape, though most grow larger as they increase in potency and self-determination. If in doubt, use Rank as Size.

Language: Spirits all speak the native tongue of the *Hisil*, a strange, sibillant language, but often learn the human languages common around their Essence-feeding grounds. Uratha are capable of speaking the spirit tongue, but do so with a discernible accent.

BANS

All spirits suffer from a mystical compulsion known as the ban, a behavior that the spirit must or must not perform under certain conditions. Bans increase in both complexity and consequences with Rank.

Rank 1 spirits have mild bans that are easily triggered but don't endanger the spirit. A spirit of bliss can't resist an offering of opiates.

Rank 2 and 3 spirits have moderate bans that curtail their activities in a more serious way than mere distraction. The murderous spirit of a car that has run down multiple people loses all Willpower if it doesn't kill one person a month.

Rank 4 and 5 spirits have complicated bans that put an end to whatever the creature is trying to do – often in an explosive fashion. They have consequences in game traits or long-term actions, but esoteric requirements. The spirit of Mount Iliamna, a volcano in Alaska, must use its Numina to kill a victim named by anyone who makes it an offering of platinum that was mined from its foothills.

BANES

Spirits are not of the material world and react strangely to some elements of it. The interaction between a spirit's ephemeral Twilight form and physical substance always contains a flaw – a bane – that damages the spirit's Corpus through symbolic or mystical interference. The bane is a physical substance or energy that the spirit can't abide.

- A spirit voluntarily attempting to come into contact with the bane must spend a Willpower point and succeed on a Power + Resistance roll with a dice penalty equal to their Rank.

- Banes are solid to spirits, even when they are in Twilight. They do not, however, affect spirits on the opposite side of the Gauntlet.

- Simply touching the bane – even voluntarily – causes one point of aggravated damage per turn if the bane is in the *Hisil* or the spirit is Materialized, and causes any relevant Condition to end unless the spirit succeeds in a roll of Rank in dice. Repeat the roll every turn if contact holds.

- If the bane comes into contact with an item or person linked to a Fettered spirit, the spirit suffers one point of lethal damage per turn as long as contact holds. The spirit must use the Unfetter Manifestation Effect to escape.

- Touching the bane while in Twilight causes one point of lethal damage per turn to non-Manifest spirits.

- If the bane is used as a weapon against the spirit, the spirit suffers aggravated wounds if both bane and spirit are in the *Hisil* or the bane is in the physical world and the spirit is using a Manifestation. The wounds are lethal for spirits still in Twilight when the bane is physical.

Banes are increasingly esoteric and obscure for spirits of increasing Rank.

Rank 1 spirits have common substances and phenomena as banes. The spirit of a forest is poisoned by the fumes of burning plastic.

Rank 2 and 3 spirits have difficult to obtain but still "natural" banes. A wildwood spirit must be killed by a sharpened stake made of pine.

Rank 4 and 5 spirits have highly-specific banes that require great effort to acquire. The spirit of the US Treasury (the building) can be killed by a silver bullet made from a melted-down original dollar.

The hierarchical nature of spirits also plays a part – Rank isn't a social convention for them but a fundamental part of their natures. Spirits of two Ranks or more higher than an opponent (a Rank 5 spirit attacking a Rank 3 spirit, for example) count as their opponent's bane when using unarmed attacks, claws, or teeth.

COMBAT

As noted earlier, spirits use the lower of Power or Finesse for Defense unless they are Rank 1, in which case they use the higher. They apply Defense against *all* attacks, even firearms.

Spirits roll Power + Finesse to attack. The spirit's attacks inflict bashing damage unless its nature (a spirit with metal fists, for example) indicates that it should inflict lethal wounds instead. Some spirits use ephemeral weapons, in which case

TOOTH AND CLAW

Uratha have one great advantage in the Hunt against weaker spirits — the spiritual deference to Rank extends to the honorary Rank werewolves earn through Renown (see p. 99), but only *against* spirits. A werewolf who “outranks” a minor spirit will deal devastating wounds to it with his claws and bite, but a high-Rank spirit can’t burn that werewolf by touching him. High-Ranking spirits have other ways to assert dominance over the half-fleshed.

roll Power + Finesse and then apply weapon damage on a successful attack.

Spirits in Twilight can only attack or be attacked by other spirits, unless the attack utilizes the spirit’s bane.

Physical attacks on a Manifest spirit, or one in the *Hisil*, that would normally cause lethal damage only cause bashing damage unless the attack utilizes the spirit’s bane. Even a spirit that’s solid to its attacker doesn’t have any internal organs to injure.

Spirits record and heal from wounds the same way as human characters, but in addition lose one point of Essence for every aggravated wound they suffer.

Spirits that lose all Corpus from lethal or aggravated wounds explode into bursts of ephemera stylized to their natures. For example, a forest spirit dies in a hail of rapidly vanishing pine needles. The spirit isn’t actually dead, though, merely returned to dormancy unless it has also run out of Essence. If it has even a single Essence point remaining, it reforms in a safe place (a Resonant location, usually), hibernating. Once it has regained Essence points equal to Corpus dots, it can spend an Essence point to reawaken. As the spirit can’t act while hibernating, this means waiting for the one point of Essence a day that it receives for being in a suitable area to slowly build up to the spirit’s Corpus — which means that more powerful spirits take longer to recover from being “killed.”

INFLUENCE

All spirits have a degree of Influence over the world that they can leverage to control and shape the basis of their existence, control their environment, and encourage the phenomena they were born from.

Spirits begin with dots in Influence equal to their Rank. Although a spirit’s Rank is also the maximum rating for an Influence, a spirit can split its dots to have more than one Influence. A Rank 4 spirit of dogs, for example, might have Influence: Dogs ••• and Influence: Loyalty •.

Spirits may reduce their number of Numina granted by Rank to increase Influence dots at a cost of one Numen per dot.

Spirits have Influences that relate to their natures, but that may be used in multiple circumstances — the dog spirit, for example, has Influence over Dogs as a whole, not merely over a *particular* dog.

The People have a sense for spiritual Influence. When an Uratha has a spirit’s scent, roll Primal Urge minus the spirit’s Resistance. Success reveals the spirit’s highest-rated Influence, while exceptional success reveals them all.

Influence is measured in both scale and duration. To use an Influence, compare the spirit’s Influence rating to the total dots of the intended effect and how long it is to last. The total must be equal to or less than the spirit’s Influence rating in order for the Influence to be attempted.

The spirit pays the listed cost in Essence and rolls Power + Finesse, with success creating the desired effect. If the Influence is altering the thoughts or emotions of a sentient being, the roll is contested by Resolve or Composure (whichever is higher) + Primal Urge.

INFLUENCE DURATIONS

| Level | Duration | Cost |
|-------|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| 0 | One minute per success | No additional Essence cost |
| • | Ten minutes per success | No additional Essence cost |
| •• | One hour per success | 1 additional Essence |
| ••• | One day per success | 2 additional Essence |
| •••• | Permanent | 2 additional Essence |

MANIFESTATION

Spirits can interact with the mortal world in many different ways, from lurking in the *Hisil* and Reaching across the Gauntlet to physically Manifesting or merging into a human soul. Just as Influence traits determine what level of control the spirit has over its environment, Manifestation traits note which forms of Manifestation are possible for a particular spirit.

Spirits begin with the Twilight Form Manifestation and a number of Manifestation Effects from the list below equal to Rank. Spirits may increase their capabilities by reducing the number of Numina they possess, at the cost of one Numen per Manifestation Effect.

Most Manifestation Effects have prerequisite Influence or Manifestation Conditions — a spirit can only Fetter to something with an Open Condition, for example.

All Manifestation Effects require a Power + Finesse roll to use. Most have an associated cost in Essence, and some are contested or resisted.

SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE AND MANIFESTATION CONDITIONS

If something falls into a spirit’s sphere of influence, this is handled mechanically by declaring an Influence Condition.

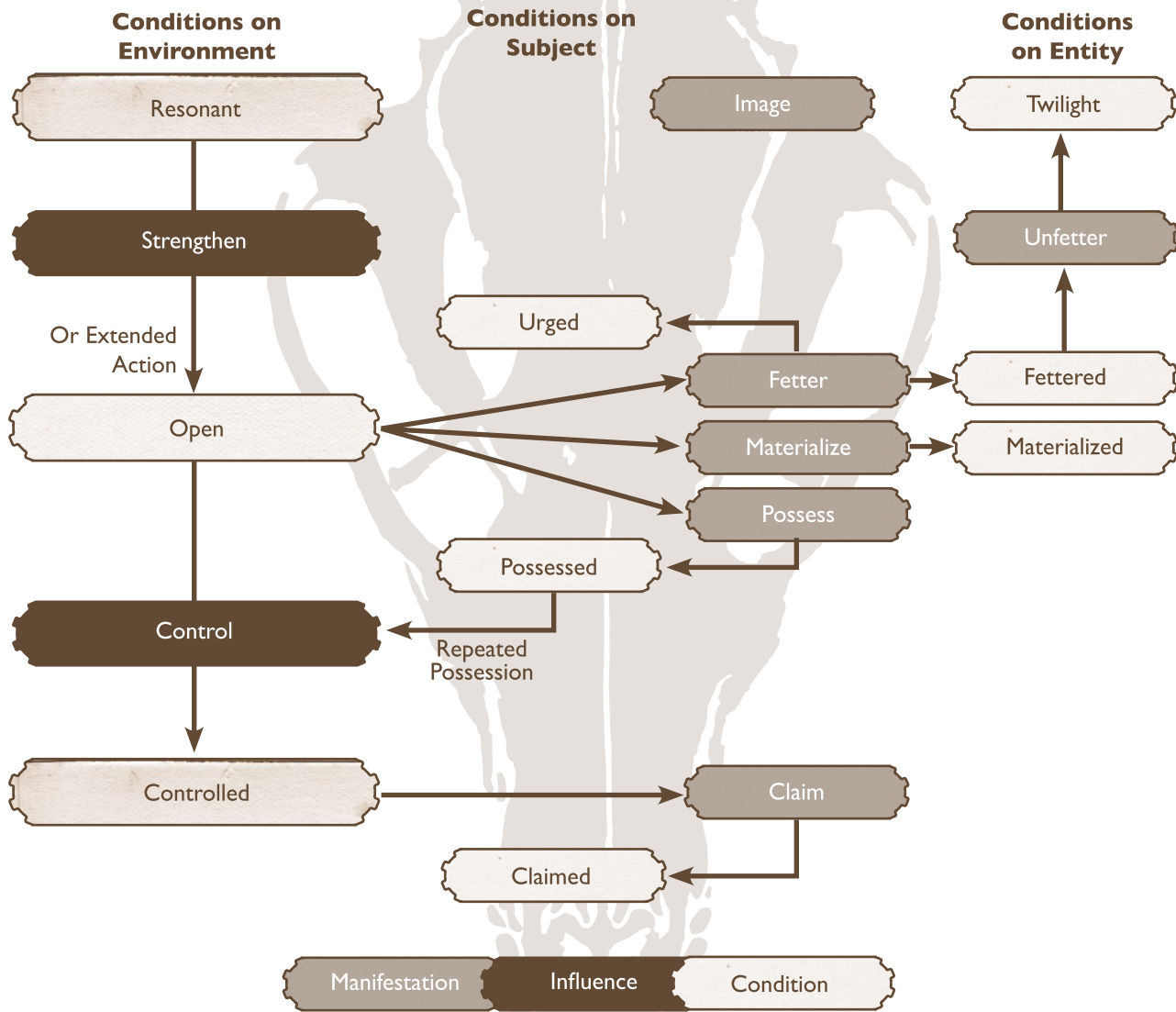
INFLUENCE EFFECTS

| Level | Effect |
|-----------------------|--|
| • Strengthen | The spirit can enhance its sphere of influence; it can add to the Defense of a beneficiary, make an emotion stronger, an animal or plant healthier, or an object more robust, gaining the spirit's Rank in Health or Structure. This Influence can shift the Resonant Condition to Open for its duration. The cost is 1 Essence. |
| • • Manipulate | The spirit can make minor changes within its sphere of influence, such as slightly changing the nature or target of an emotion, or making minor changes to an animal's actions, a plant's growth, or an object's functioning. The cost is 2 Essence. |
| • • • Control | The spirit can make dramatic changes within its sphere of influence; twist emotions entirely; or dictate an animal's actions, a plant's growth, or an object's functioning. This Influence can shift the Open Condition to Controlled for its duration. The cost is 3 Essence. |
| • • • • Create | The spirit can create a new example of its sphere of influence; instill an emotion; create a new sapling or young plant, a young animal, or brand-new object. The spirit can cause a temporary Resonant Condition in a subject for the duration of the Influence. The cost is 4 Essence. |
| • • • • • Mass Create | The spirit can create multiple examples of its sphere of influence; trigger emotions in multiple people; or create new copses of trees, small groups of animals, or multiple identical items. The cost is 5 Essence. The number of examples of the Influence created is equal to Rank. Alternatively, the spirit may create one instance of its sphere of influence — including creating the Resonant Condition — permanently, without spending additional Essence for duration. A spirit can't permanently alter the mind of a sapient being through Influence. |

MANIFESTATION

| Manifestation | Effect |
|-----------------|--|
| Twilight Form | If the spirit enters the material world, it does so in Twilight (see p. 183). The Effect has no cost. |
| Discorporate | In emergencies, the spirit can voluntarily Discorporate as though it had lost all Corpus to lethal injury — a painful way to escape a greater spirit threatening to permanently kill it. The Effect has no cost. |
| Reaching | By spending one Essence, the spirit applies the Reaching Condition to itself. The activation roll is penalized according to the local Gauntlet Strength. |
| Gauntlet Breach | (Requires Resonant Condition) By spending three Essence, the spirit forces itself through the Gauntlet — returning to the Hisil from the physical world, or appearing in Twilight Form by entering the material world. The activation roll is penalized by the local Gauntlet Strength. |
| Shadow Gateway | (Rank 3+ spirit only — Requires Open Condition) By spending Essence equal to Gauntlet Strength, the spirit opens a portal to the Hisil that it and other creatures may use, applying the Shadow Gate Condition to the location. The activation roll is penalized by the local Gauntlet Strength. |
| Image | (Requires Resonant Condition) By spending one Essence, the spirit may make its Twilight Form visible to material beings for a scene. |
| Materialize | (Requires Open Condition) By spending three Essence, the spirit may shift from Twilight Form into the Materialized Condition. |
| Fetter | (Requires Open Condition) By spending two Essence, the spirit adds the Fettered Condition to itself. Living beings targeted by this Effect contest the roll with Resolve + Composure + Primal Urge. If the Effect is successful, living targets gain the Urged Condition. |
| Unfetter | (Requires Fettered Condition) By spending one point of Essence, the spirit temporarily suppresses the Fetter Condition for a Scene, allowing it to use other Manifestation Effects or roam in Twilight. When the Scene ends, any Manifestation Effects used during it immediately end. If the spirit isn't back within range of its Fetter (see p. 190) when Unfetter ends, it immediately goes dormant. |
| Possess | (Requires Open Condition) By spending three Essence, the spirit gains temporary control over an object, corpse, or creature, applying the Possessed Condition to the subject. Living subjects contest the roll with Resolve + Composure + Primal Urge. |
| Claim | (Requires Controlled Condition) By spending five Essence, the spirit gains permanent control over an object, creature, or corpse, applying the Claimed Condition to the subject. Living subjects contest the roll with Resolve + Composure + Primal Urge. A spirit must be capable of both the Fetter and Possess Manifestations to buy Claim. |

Spirit Flowchart



Influence Conditions resemble Tilts and character Conditions – they may be applied to locations and objects as Tilts, or to characters as Conditions.

The different forms of Manifestation Effect create or require Conditions applied to the location, object, or character the spirit is Manifesting into or – in cases like Reaching – to the spirit itself.

Unlike many Conditions, Influence and Manifestation Conditions are tiered and interrelated; Manifestation Conditions have Influence Conditions as prerequisites and vice-versa. The lower tiers occur naturally, while the later ones must be created by spirits using Influences and Manifestations.

In the most advanced forms of Influence and Manifestation, a spirit may attempt to create a long-lasting Condition that has a prerequisite of a very temporary one. When one Condition is advanced into another, the remaining duration of the prereq-

uisite Conditions is “frozen.” For example, a spirit can use its influence to temporarily create the Open Condition. If it then uses the Fetter Manifestation to create the Fettered Condition, the remaining duration of Open is frozen until Fettered ends.

If a prerequisite Condition is removed from a character (for example, a Fettered spirit’s Open Condition is removed by exorcism) any Conditions relying on it, any relying on them, and so on are immediately removed. The most advanced remaining Condition then resumes its duration.

RESONANT

The subject of this Condition is within the sphere of influence of a spirit.

Causing the Condition: This Condition is common and naturally-occurring – if an object, phenomenon, person, or

place matches the spirit's purview in some way, it has this Condition. Anything matching the description of one of a spirit's Influences counts as having this Condition tagged to the spirit. Summoning rites intended to entice a particular spirit to a location work by instilling the qualities that result in this Condition. Finally, a high-Rank spirit can use a Create Influence to cause the prerequisites for the Condition itself.

Ending the Condition: The Condition ends if the phenomenon creating it ends. A forest stops being Resonant for a tree spirit when humans fell all the trees, a grief spirit can't Influence someone who has healed and let go of his pain, and a fire spirit must move on when the fire is extinguished. Banishing rites may temporarily suppress the Condition.

OPEN

The place, object, animal, or person covered by a Resonant Condition is now conditioned to accept the resonant spirit. That spirit can now attempt to Fetter itself to the subject of the Condition, or, if the Condition is on a location, Materialize.

Prerequisites: The Resonant Condition for the same phenomenon to which this Condition is tagged.

Causing the Condition: This Condition is usually the result of fine-tuning the Resonant Condition as part of an extended action, involving the subject and spirit acting in concert for a number of scenes equal to Rank or a living subject's Resolve, whichever is higher. Using a Strengthen Influence allows a spirit to temporarily upgrade Resonant to Open as an instant action. Last, both Lunacy and some Wolf-Blooded Tells can cause Open spontaneously, offering the subject up to a spirit without any effort on its part.

Ending the Condition: The Condition ends if the prerequisite Condition is removed. Exorcism rites work by removing this Condition, reverting it to the prerequisite.

CONTROLLED

The object, creature, or person covered by an Open Condition has now been so conditioned that the spirit may attempt to Claim it, permanently merging with it.

Prerequisites: The intended subject of this Condition must have the Open Condition, tagged to the spirit attempting to cause it.

Causing the Condition: This Condition is the result of repeated use of the Possess Manifestation Effect by the causing spirit. It must have succeeded in possessing the subject on a number of separate occasions equal to the Willpower of spirit or subject (whichever is higher). If any Possessed Condition is removed before its duration ends, the spirit loses any progress on building to the required number of possessions.

Ending the Condition: Successfully ending the Controlled Condition, or a Claimed Condition resulting from it, against the spirit's will removes this Condition and reverts the subject to Open.



REACHING

The spirit has opened a conduit through the Gauntlet, allowing it to use Influences and Numina to affect the other side. Numina with [R] after their name can be used with this Condition. Characters capable of perceiving spirits in Twilight can sense the conduit's presence with a successful Wits + Composure roll.

Causing the Condition: This Condition is the result of the Reaching Manifestation Effect and lasts for one Scene.

Ending the Condition: At the end of the scene, the Condition fades.

SHADOW GATE

The location has a hole punched through the Gauntlet. Spirits, packs – and even incautious humans – can cross through it without the use of any powers. The Shadow Gate is visible even to material beings, as the Shadow world and material worlds mix.

Causing the Condition: This Condition can be created by using the Shadow Gateway Manifestation Effect on an Open Condition.

Ending the Condition: At the end of the scene, the Condition fades.

MATERIALIZED

The spirit has shifted from ephemeral to material substance, Manifesting in physical form. All the rules for ephemeral spirit's traits still apply except for the effects of being in Twilight. This Condition protects the spirit from Essence bleed for its duration.

Causing the Condition: This Condition is created by a spirit using the Materialize Manifestation Effect on an Open Condition. If the Open Condition used is on an object or person, the spirit must materialize within its Rank in yards.

Ending the Condition: Materialization lasts for one hour per success on the activating roll. When the duration ends, the spirit fades back into Twilight. Physical contact with a Bane or removal of a prerequisite Condition causes the Condition to end early.

FETTERED

The spirit has secured itself to an object or creature. As long as it remains Fettered, the spirit is safe from Essence bleed. The spirit remains in Twilight and must stay within five yards of the Fetter. Most spirits Fettering themselves literally hide inside their Fetters if they are small enough.

The spirit pays one less Essence for using Influences on the Fetter, but may not use them or Numina on another target as long as the Fetter lasts.

Prerequisites: The intended subject of this Condition must have the Open Condition, tagged to the spirit attempting to cause it.

Causing the Condition: This Condition is created by a spirit using the Fetter Manifestation Effect.

Ending the Condition: Fetters are permanent unless the prerequisite Conditions are ended, or if the subject of the Fetter is destroyed or killed (if a living being). The spirit can voluntarily end the Condition by using the Unfetter Manifestation Effect.

URGED

This animal or human host has been used as a Fetter by a spirit. The spirit may read the subject's thoughts with a successful Power + Finesse roll, contested by Resolve + Primal Urge. Success reveals surface thoughts. The spirit may urge the host to take a specified action with a successful Power + Finesse roll contested by Resolve + Composure. If the spirit wins, it creates the urge. Following the urge rewards the host with a Beat.

Causing the Condition: This Condition is created by a spirit using the Fetter Manifestation Effect.

Ending the Condition: The Urged Condition ends whenever the linked Fetter ends.

POSSESSED

This object, corpse, or living being is temporarily controlled by a spirit. Living hosts are put into a coma-like state while being possessed – they experience the possession as missing time, except for flashbacks that might come out in dreams or times of stress such as losing Integrity. The spirit may not use Numina or Influences while controlling the host, but is safe from Essence bleed as long as the possession lasts.

The spirit may pay one Essence per turn to heal one lethal or bashing wound or a point of structure lost to damage. A corpse that died through damage begins Possession incapacitated.

Spirits possessing inanimate objects or corpses have a great deal of control over their host. A spirit controlling an object can't make it do anything it couldn't do while being operated, but it can turn switches on and off, operate machinery, use keyboards, and turn dials. Use the spirit's Finesse if dice rolls are necessary.

Corpses and other articulated hosts capable of movement, such as shop mannequins or industrial robots, use their own Physical Attributes but the spirit's Attributes in Social or Mental rolls. By spending a point of Essence, the spirit can use its own Attributes instead of the host's for Physical tasks for a turn, but doing so causes one point of lethal damage or structure loss to the host.

Living hosts require more time for the spirit to gain full control and always use the host's own Attributes. The spirit may read the host's mind with a Finesse Roll at a -4 penalty, use the host's Physical Skills at a -3 penalty, and the host's Social and Mental Skills at -4. Reduce these penalties by one die per day that the spirit has been Fettered to the host. Most possessing spirits Fetter themselves to their intended hosts and use the Possess Manifestation Effect to take full control only in emergencies.

To possess a host, the spirit must remain in Twilight, superimposed over the host. This means that if the host touches the spirit's bane or is injured by a weapon made of the bane, the spirit will suffer wounds to its Corpus.

Causing the Condition: This Condition is created by a spirit using the Possess Manifestation Effect. The object or victim must be under the Open Condition, tagged to the spirit.

Ending the Condition: The possession lasts for a single scene, unless the spirit abandons it early or the host is killed or destroyed. Abjurations, exorcisms and forced contact with banes and bans can all motivate a spirit to release a host.

CLAIMED

A Claimed object, corpse, creature, or person is permanently possessed and merges with the spirit involved. Unlike victims of Possess, a living Claimed isn't put into a fugue state, but remains mentally active while his soul and the Claiming spirit merge together over the course of several days. During the period of fusion, the subject is under all the effects of the Urged Condition, described above. Once per day, starting with the moment the Claimed Condition is created, add one dot of the spirit's Attributes to the host's, permanently raising them. Power may be assigned to Strength, Intelligence, or Presence, Finesse to Wits, Dexterity, or Manipulation, and Resistance to Stamina, Composure, or Resolve. The host's physical form begins to mutate, taking on an appearance influenced by the original host and the spirit.

Claimed corpses add dots to Attributes as above, but start with all Mental and Social Attributes at 0. Inanimate objects begin with Dexterity 0, but use Structure and Durability instead of Strength and also start the claiming process with all Mental and Social Attributes at 0. Corpses and inanimate hosts don't spend the claiming period under the Urged Condition, having no minds of their own to warp.

Claimed may use the spirit's Influences, but not Numina or Manifestation Effects. They may develop unique Dread Powers (p. 210). From the moment the Claimed Condition starts, the spirit is safe from Essence bleed. The hybrid being that results has the spirit's Essence trait, ban, and bane, but is a material being. Claimed that were once spirits may cross the Gauntlet at a Locus with a successful Intelligence + Presence roll. Claimed that were inanimate objects are fully animate, fusions of spiritual power, metal, and plastic.

Causing the Condition: This Condition is created by a spirit using the Claim Manifestation Effect.

Ending the Condition: Claim is permanent in living hosts unless the spirit decides to detach itself, rolling its original Power + Finesse penalized by its own Rank and contested by the Claimed host's Resolve + Composure – including any dots gained from being Claimed. If the spirit succeeds, it separates from the host. Former hosts are physically and mentally scarred – their physical appearance changes back at the same rate it mutated and the extra Attribute dots fade at a rate of two per day. The Essence trait and any Dread Powers the Claimed developed immediately vanish.

In nonliving hosts, Claim is only temporary – once the Claim has fully formed, the host loses one dot of a Physical Attribute (or equivalent for formerly inanimate objects) per three days. When any of these Attributes reaches 0, the host disintegrates and the spirit is released into Twilight.

NUMINA

In addition to Influence and Manifestation, all spirits have a number of discrete supernatural powers called Numina. Each Numen is a single ability linked to the spirit's nature – activated by a successful Power + Finesse roll unless stated otherwise.

The Numina described here are deliberately generic. An individual spirit displays a Numen in a way that reflects its type, theme, and biases – a winter spirit's Blast is a empty, freezing cold in the bones of its victim, while a faith spirit's Awe manifests as a terrible, holy aura.

Numina with **R** next to their names are usable in conjunction with the Reaching Condition.

AGGRESSIVE MEME

The spirit speaks to a person (it must be in a Condition capable of doing so) and plants an idea in her mind. When that person tells someone else the idea, it takes hold in his mind, too. And whoever *he* tells wants to spread the idea, and so on. Those affected aren't compelled to act on the idea, but they're thoroughly "earwormed" by it, and their thoughts turn to it when idle until their Willpower in days has passed. The Numen costs seven Essence to activate and is contested by Resolve + Composure + Primal Urge.

AWE

The spirit causes terror in anyone who can see it. The Numen costs three Essence and activation is contested individually with Presence + Composure + Primal Urge by anyone looking at the spirit. Anyone gaining fewer successes than the spirit is unable to move or speak for a turn. If the spirit gains an exceptional success, the effect lasts three turns.

BLAST

The spirit may wound opponents at a distance. Range is equal to 10 yards per dot of Power and the spirit does not suffer range penalties. If the activation roll succeeds, the Blast wounds as a +0L firearm. The spirit may increase the lethality of its Blast by paying Essence – every two Essence spent increases the "weapon" by +1L. The maximum weapon bonus is equal to the spirit's Rank.

DEMENT **R**

The spirit may torture its victim's mind via psychic assault. This Numen costs one Essence. The activation roll is contested by the victim's Intelligence + Primal Urge. If the spirit succeeds, the victim suffers the Madness Condition (p. 309) for the rest of the scene.

DRAIN

The spirit can steal Essence or Willpower (chosen at activation) from a material being. The activation roll is contested by Stamina + Resolve + Primal Urge. Whichever character – spirit or target – gains the most successes receives points

of Willpower or Essence equal to the number of successes, while the other party loses the same number.

EMOTIONAL AURA **R**

The spirit sends out a wave of powerful — and distracting — emotion. This Numen costs one Essence and lasts for a scene or until the spirit uses another Numen. The activation roll is made once, but anyone coming within 5 yards of the spirit must make a Resolve + Composure + Primal Urge roll. If the activation roll has more successes, the victim suffers a -2 penalty to all actions as long as the aura remains. If the victim gains more successes, he is immune to the aura unless the spirit uses the Numen again.

ENTROPIC DECAY **R**

The spirit accelerates the natural processes of decay in a target. This Numen costs 3 Essence. The activation dice pool is resisted depending on the subject of the Numen — living creatures penalize the roll by Stamina, spirits by Resistance, while inanimate objects use Durability. Each success on the activation roll inflicts one point of lethal damage.

FIRESTARTER **R**

The spirit causes flammable materials to combust. This Numen costs one Essence and causes one small fire to break out per activation success within the spirit's Power in yards.

GHOST EATER

The spirit may sense ghosts in Twilight, and consume their Essence as though they were spirits. This Numen is rare, usually only found in spirits of death or grief.

HALLUCINATION

The spirit may create an illusion experienced by a single target: It can be anything from a sight or sound to an imaginary person who holds a conversation. The Numen costs one Essence and is contested by the victim's Wits + Composure + Primal Urge.

HOST JUMP

The spirit may leap from host to host when using the Possess or Claim Manifestations. The current host must touch the intended host while the spirit spends 3 Essence; the new host must be under all necessary prerequisite Conditions. If both prerequisites are met, the spirit immediately transfers the Possessed or Claimed Condition to the new host, although Claimed hosts must begin the process of Claiming again. The spirit does not need to re-spend Essence on the Manifestation Effect when jumping hosts with this Numen. Living Claim victims who are vacated with the use of this Numen still suffer the aftereffects listed under the Claimed Condition.

IMPLANT MISSION **R**

This Numen grants a mortal a vision of a task the spirit wishes him to accomplish as well as a mystical determination to see it through. The spirit pays 2 Essence and rolls Power + Finesse. On a success, the subject receives a short vision of whatever the spirit wishes him to do and is under the Obsessed Condition regarding carrying that mission out.

INNOCUOUS

The spirit is very good at being overlooked. Perception rolls to notice the spirit suffer a -2 penalty. This Numen does not require a roll to activate and has no cost.

LEFT-HANDED SPANNER

The spirit positions itself over a device, touching it if Manifest or moving its Twilight form to superimpose over it. Once in position, the spirit disables the device by paying one Essence. The device must be a human-manufactured object with at least three moving parts. If the activation roll succeeds, the device malfunctions for a number of turns equal to the successes rolled. Using this Numen in combat requires the spirit to grapple and gain control of the object, and so can't be used this way in Twilight unless the target is in Twilight as well.

MORTAL MASK

This Numen disguises a Materialized spirit as a human and can be used at the same time as the Materialize Manifestation Effect. Using the Numen costs 1 Essence and the human seeming lasts for activation successes in hours. The human "costume" is flawed — witnesses may make a Wits + Composure - Finesse roll to realize that something is wrong. Characters able to sense the spirit in Twilight do not suffer a penalty to the roll.

OMEN TRANCE

Once every 24 hours, the spirit may enter a trance in order to gain a glimpse of the future. The Numen costs one Essence if the spirit is using it on its own behalf or 3 Essence if it is searching for omens for another. If the activation roll succeeds, the spirit sees a vision of an event sometime in the next week, with a bias toward warnings of danger.

PATHFINDER **R**

This Numen allows a spirit to know the quickest route to a destination. The fastest route isn't always the safest, of course; the Numen doesn't reveal any dangers on the way, only a set of directions to the target. If the destination is the subject of the Safe Place Merit, the activation roll is contested by the lowest Resolve + Primal Urge among any owners. The Numen costs 1 Essence and lasts for a scene. If the destination is too far away to reach that quickly, the spirit must use the Numen again.

RAPTURE **R**

The spirit forces a response from the pleasure centers of a living being's brain, granting ecstatic visions, a feeling of communion with the universe, and sensations of bliss. The Numen costs 2 Essence to activate. If successful, the victim suffers the Stunned Tilt (p. 313). If the victim fails a Resolve + Primal Urge roll, she gains a temporary Condition for the spirit's Power in days, in a form that binds her closer to the spirit's wishes. Uratha do not add Primal Urge to their resistance roll against this Numen if it is used by a Lune.

REGENERATE

The spirit can use Essence to heal bashing and lethal wounds on its Corpus. This Numen does not require a roll to activate, but costs 1 Essence and heals one point of bashing

or lethal damage — the spirit must reactivate the Numen each turn to heal more severe wounds. Bashing damage is healed first, then lethal.

SEEK **R**

The spirit can sense the presence of suitable Conditions from a distance. The base range is two miles per Rank; spirits may spend 1 Essence to multiply this by 10. By making a successful Finesse roll, the spirit becomes aware of the direction and distance to the nearest suitable Resonant Condition.

SPEED

The spirit accelerates into a blur of movement. The spirit chooses whether to spend 2 or 4 Essence when activating this Numen. Spending 2 Essence doubles its Speed for the remainder of the scene, while spending 4 Essence triples it.

SIGN

The spirit creates messages or images in any media — it can write in the condensation on cold glass, produce images on computer screens, and send audible messages via phone lines. The Numen costs one Essence to activate, and if successful creates a single message.

STALWART

The spirit appears armored, and uses Resistance as its Defense score instead of the lower of Power or Finesse.

TELEKINESIS **R**

The spirit can manipulate objects without using a Manifestation Effect. This Numen costs one Essence. Successes on the activation roll become the spirit's "Strength" when attempting to lift or throw an item. Fine motor control is impossible using this Numen.



THE SCATTERED HOST (PART V)

"What else do we know?" asked Dorothy.

Amber and Raul had scattered around the house, leaving Teddy, Dorothy, and Ohta alone in the Den. Teddy looked away from her intense stare while he organized his thoughts.

"After I checked out the apartment I talked with the building superintendent. His name is Louie, and he's Wolf-Blooded. He keeps an eye out for me - for us - in that part of town. I might not like him, but it's thanks to his phone call that we know what's going on."

"Our cousins are a blessing to us all," murmured Ohta.
Dorothy snorted.

"I've met Louie," she said. "He isn't anyone's idea of a blessing. I about had to break his hand when he put it someplace it didn't belong."

Teddy grinned.

"I'd loved to have seen that. Anyway, Louie said the apartment was rented by a woman and her kid. Names are, or were, Fran and Brandon Faciane. He told me the cops only pulled the kid's body out of the apartment, which isn't good news for us."

"Why not?" said Dorothy.

"The rats have taken the mother," said Ohta. "Very unfortunate for her."

"Ohta is right," said Teddy. "She'll have become something much harder to deal with than a pack of rats."

"That's fantastic," said Dorothy. "Do we at least know where the Beshilu have gone?"

"No," said Teddy. "But I did swipe some towels from the apartment. If they haven't completely shed the woman's skin, I can probably track her."

"Sounds like a plan," said Dorothy. "Get to it. Ohta, you go with him."

"One more thing," said Teddy as Ohta began to stand, obedient to his sister's wishes. "Louie told me he was pretty sure the woman was wolf-blooded and didn't know."

"So it's not just humans they've attacked," said Dorothy, eyes narrowing.

"No," said Ohta. "They have attacked family."
⦿ ⦿ ⦿

Svent and Olk watched as the Prius sped away.

"That look like our boy to you?" asked Olk.

"Yep," said Svent. "Him and that Asian guy that showed up about an hour ago."

"What was that bundle Teddy Walters was carrying?"

"Beats me. Looked like rags."

Olk started the car and pulled out after their suspect.

"Let's see where they're going," he said.

The Prius stopped a block away from the crime scene. It parked, and Teddy got out, carrying the same bundle under one arm. His accomplice hopped out as well, and they headed down the street.

"Call it in," said Svent. "But tell them not to bring the parade. A couple black-and-whites should be plenty."

Olk nodded and speed dialed a number on his cell. A few seconds later the two men hurried down the street after their quarry.

Teddy and his buddy stopped at the mouth of an alley, and their suspect pulled the bundle from under his arm and held it up to his face. It looked like he was sniffing it. He pointed down the alley and the two men started walking again, entering the alleyway.

"What the fuck was that about?" said Svent. Olk shrugged.

Pausing to make sure they wouldn't be spotted, the detectives peered down the alley after them. Teddy was busy at work prying up a sewer grate while his accomplice stood nearby, apparently staring blankly at his surroundings. Svent could've sworn his eyes were twinkling oddly. He was holding the bundle now, which looked like a couple of folded up bath towels. Once Teddy got the grate up he climbed down, and was quickly followed by the second man.

The two detectives approached the sewer entrance and peered into the darkness. An unpleasant smell wafted upwards from the hole.

"Fuck me. You think I'll fit?" said Svent.

"Better let me do it, chubs. I don't need you having a heart attack halfway down and getting stuck."

Svent grunted. "Don't do anything stupid. You think they see you, get your ass back here and wait for backup."

His partner rolled his eyes, but pulled out a flashlight and his gun and racked a round. He scrambled down the grate.

Olk climbed carefully down the ladder, and switched on his flashlight when he hit bottom. He looked around and, not seeing anyone, listened. He could just make out the sounds of footsteps to his left. Careful not to step on anything too disgusting, he followed the sounds. He peeked around a corner, took a step, and almost screamed when something scrambled over his foot. He kicked at it and heard a squeal.

"Goddamn rats!" he breathed.

He waited a second to let his hammering heart and ragged breathing calm down, then continued on, listening for the sound of voices. Indistinct murmuring came from just ahead, and Olk zeroed in on the noise. He could feel more rats skittering around him in the darkness, but he gritted his teeth and continued to advance.

Teddy poked the woman's body with one toe. It seemed oddly deflated, as though it were an ugly blowup doll rather than the remains of a human.

"Damn. Too late," he muttered.

"There are some holes here, Teddy," said Ohta. "I think more have come through from the Shadow."

"Fantastic. We'd better get moving and report back to Dorothy."

A light suddenly shone out of the darkness, directly into his eyes.

"Hold it right there," a voice commanded. "Put your hands above your heads and kneel on the ground."

"I'm not kneeling in this place," said Ohta, calmly. "I'm wearing shorts."

Teddy peered around the light and caught the anxious expression on the face of one of the detectives that had visited Dorothy's house. The man also held a gun pointed at them.

"You shouldn't be here, Detective. Leave now and you might even live."

The man ignored him and repeated his order.

"Hands up! Kneel down!"

"Uratha," hissed a voice from the darkness. The sound scratched at Teddy's ears like nails on a chalkboard. "You are not welcome here, Uratha."

"Shit," muttered Ohta. "That can't be good."

"Who's there?" shouted the detective. "Show yourself! This is the police."

He shone his flashlight around in flat arcs. The light illuminated the glittering eyes of rats. A lot of rats. Suddenly, they rushed forward in a wave. Olk panicked and began to fire into the swarming mass of bodies. A few rats exploded into gore, like water balloons filled with red paint, but it wasn't enough. They flowed over the detective, burying him.

Teddy could sense a malign intelligence directing the rats. Very few actual Beshilu had yet attacked, preferring to let their cousins do their dirty work. Roaring with fury, and no small amount of fear, he embraced his rage and shifted to Gauru. Instantly his fear was replaced with the desire to hunt and kill, to defend his territory and his pack from these intruders. He waded into the rats swinging his claws and stamping down with his feet. Dozens of rats died with every attack but it wasn't enough. Ohta fought behind him in Dalu, calmly keeping the swarm from attacking Teddy's back. Rats continued to pour forth from the sewers, like an endless tide. Teddy switched to Dalu. Putting his will into the effort, he forced words from his distorted mouth.

"Run!" he shouted, and put deed to words, closely followed by Ohta and the squeaking horde.



CHAPTER FIVE: PREY

*Hunting is not a sport.
In a sport, both sides should know they're in the game.*
Paul Rodriguez

For a pack of werewolves to hunt, it must have prey. Often, the half-seen faces in the shadows are the Uratha themselves, stalking human prey. Other times, those half-hidden forms belong to less-salubrious creatures.

Werewolves form packs to hunt things far more powerful than they are — immense spirits of entire buildings or even cities, *shartha* that would be the Plague King, or human institutions that have no throat to cut and no body to kill.

Out in the darkness, once kept prisoner by the Moon, lurk things that even the Uratha do not know how to hunt. These Moon-Banished creatures, the *idigam*, are spirits of concepts that do not exist, forced into a life of perpetual change just to exist.

Each *idigam* is unique, shaped by its nature and by the anchor that gives it a point of stability in the world. Each *idigam* hates Father Wolf for imprisoning it on a lifeless rock. Each *idigam* is quite content to take that frustration out on his bastard children.

WEREWOLVES

We are the unsullied.

We are the inheritors.

We are the Pure.

The Pure scout's fast, I'll give him that. I'm faster. He can't shake me, no matter how the gray-furred shadow jinks and dives amidst the moonlit alleys. He hits a dead end — no, wait, he's through a door with a shiver of shifting shape and a cloud of wooden splinters. I'm on his tail, into the dingy confines and confident I have him cornered and then I smell the fur and the blood and see the eyes glinting all around...

No prey is more dangerous for the Uratha to hunt than their own reflection — another werewolf. They have the same strength, resilience, and spiritual prowess, the same tight bonds of pack and totem. The Forsaken may clash with other *Urdaga* and Ghost Wolves over territory or spiritual resources, over grudges and contrary schemes, but it is the Pure who provide their greatest foes.

The Pure Tribes reject the creed of the Forsaken and their bonds with Luna. Their reasons are many — some yearn for a return of the hunter's paradise of Pangaea and blame the Warden Moon and the Forsaken's forebears for its fall, while others refuse to believe that the Shadow must be kept in balance and see the *Hisil* as their true heritage. This rift between the Pure and the Forsaken is no mere family squabble — it is a bloody and brutal conflict, a guerrilla war that has been chewing up werewolves and spitting out their broken remains for millennia.

The Pure of the **Fire-Touched** — the *Izidakh* — are mad-eyed zealots filled with fervor and faith, the disciples of Rabid Wolf. They are creatures of the Shadow, serving as prophets and priests for that otherworldly realm, and they choose as their sacred prey those who they see as dishonoring and disrespecting it. The Fire-Touched see the Forsaken as deluded betrayers, but believe that some *can* be saved — if they would only listen to the feverish words of Fire-Touched preachers.

Those who would hunt the Fire-Touched must deal with their incredible armory of rites and esoteric Shadow lore — the high priests and templars of the tribe can warp the Shadow and break its laws with ease. They are extremely numerous, and adherents often wield spiritual magics of disease and madness that they will not hesitate to use against the Forsaken and their allies. Worst of all are the insistent promises and persuasive offers of salvation; the Fire-Touched want to *talk*, and they wield words as adeptly as any weapon.

The **Ivory Claws**, called *Tzuumfin* in the First Tongue, are the devotees of Silver Wolf and are obsessed with purity of lineage. They believe that the heritage of Father Wolf lies in the blood, and from that they might build a new Pangaea. Through immaculate records of descent and inheritance, the Ivory Claws track the ebb and flow of all manner of supernatural taint through the human population, and cull and prune where they see fit. Those who do not honor their lineage are the sacred prey of the tribe — which, by most Ivory Claw definitions, includes all of the Forsaken.

To hunt the Ivory Claws is to hunt a wealthy foe that wields humanity as a weapon, drawing on human resources and organizations to fight the Forsaken by proxy. The tribe aggressively hunts for *nuzusul* and Wolf-Blooded in Forsaken territory, tearing such prizes away from the grasp of the *Urdaga*. Worse, Silver Wolf's followers are masters of pain and blood, using elaborate rituals to tap into the full potential of the Great Wolf's inheritance. Some claim that the Ivory Claws practice cannibalism like Hosts, consuming the Essence of other Uratha for power. Their tapestry of bloodlines aims to cultivate a new, superior Uratha species through breeding a messianic figure.

Even amongst the Pure, the **Predator Kings** – the *Ninna Farakh* – are a byword for brute force and savagery. The worshippers of Dire Wolf care only for the Hunt, and see the efforts of humanity to tame and master the world as a direct affront to the once-and-future paradise of Pangaea. The Predator Kings choose those who fail to appropriately honor the hunt as their sacred prey; they judge modern humanity as guilty, and the Forsaken too.

How does one hunt a monarch of predators? The Predator Kings practice unrivalled physical brutality but they are canny foes who can surprise would-be hunters on a number of levels. The Predator King message – surrender to the predator within, free yourself from all burdens but the hunt – is an attractive one that has swayed many a Forsaken to the other side. The tribe's detachment from matters of civilization leaves them unbridled in the savagery of their attacks against human allies and resources that a pack might depend on. Strangest of all are the stories that the Predator Kings just might be right about Pangaea; that their Sacred Hunts can change the relationship between Flesh and Shadow.

The Pure know rites that can tear the very auspice from a Forsaken's soul. It's bad enough when they coax converts to their cause, but they'll happily use torture and madness to twist captives into "willing" subjects too. I've heard a rumor, though, that those severed auspices don't just vanish. No, the Pure lock them away in hidden vaults around the world, whole galleries filled with bottles and jars of dancing moonlight. They're slowly bleeding Luna dry. One day they'll bring the moon down.

"Pure," eh? They claim we're all sullied by the sins of our forefathers and our veneration of Luna, whereas they're without guilt. The first Pure weren't just sitting on their hands when our own ancestors were shouldering the burden of duty and bringing down the Great Wolf, though. Let me tell you, those vultures were off looting the den of their parent. Even today, Pure packs still guard what they stole – reliquaries and shrines filled with ancient trophies.

They have their tribal oaths just like we do, and it's a weakness worth exploiting. The Fire-Touched can never knowingly lie, so trick and mislead them with false information. The Ivory Claws cannot call an "impure" Uratha their brother, so set rumors going that their allies come from Forsaken bloodlines and watch the rifts open up. The Predator Kings can't use the fruits of human labor, which puts them on the back foot already, but you can tighten the screws further – chase or lure them into human buildings, that sort of thing. Make them choose – break their oath or suffer.

The Pure have a number of strengths and weaknesses that differentiate them from Forsaken and Ghost Wolves:

- The Pure reject Luna's blessing, and do not have an auspice or Moon Gifts.
- The Pure have stronger ties with the Shadow and its denizens through worship and pacts. Pure start with an additional Shadow Gift to replace the Moon Gift they lose, and all Pure gain a bonus dot in the Totem merit.
- Pure werewolves suffer a greater reaction to silver than Forsaken do. Simply touching silver deals one point of bashing damage per turn and, under nights of the full moon, this is increased to one point of lethal damage.

As enemies and prey, Pure packs tend to have powerful totems and unusual spiritual powers at their behest. Forsaken hunters can expect to face spiritual enemies at the side of the Pure; disease spirits crippling human allies, pain spirits unleashing debilitating agony during battles, and spirits of rage trying to goad the Forsaken into *Kuruth* on their own territory. The addition of rites and fetishes gives the Pure a huge toolbox with which to strike at the Forsaken.

FIRE-TOUCHED TRUTH-SPEAKER

"The truth I speak purifies your mind. The fire I wield purifies your flesh."

Background: The Truth-Speaker is a missionary of sorts, a Fire-Touched preacher on the front line against the Forsaken. She seeks out those amongst the *Urdaga* whom she believes she can sway to the cause, and offers them a chance to hear the truth. She goes after the downtrodden, the dispossessed, the outsiders, and anyone in whom she can see weakness and doubt. Where words fail, she brings the rather more direct purification of fire and pain and blood.

Description: The Truth-Speakers slips easily into the sheep's clothing of human garb, fitting into whatever environment in which she finds herself. Underneath such a false skin are the signs of her true piety; tattoos of Rabid Wolf, seared burn-marks of purification, savage scars earned beneath Forsaken claws. She's lean, confident, powerful, and proud. She never lies, and has *absolute* certainty in every statement she speaks.

Storytelling Hints: She talks first, and always tries to negotiate because it's a chance to spread Fire-Touched gospel to the unbelievers. The offer the Truth-Speaker makes is a simple one: join the Pure, set aside Luna's madness, and embrace the Shadow. Purify the self, set aside sin, and serve the tribe so that when you die you pass to *Taga Dan*, the Paradise of the Hunt. Pain, suffering, and disease are tests in the now, but the reward lies in the hereafter. Still, those who reject the teachings find that the Truth-Speaker is no coward. Better, after all, to pray for the souls of the dead than let them continue to live in sin.

Tribe: Fire-Touched

Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 4, Strength 3 (4/6/6/3), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 3 (4/6/5/4), Presence 4, Manipulation 4 (3/4/3/3), Composure 3

Skills: Academics 3, Investigation 2, Medicine 2, Occult 4, Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Survival 2, Empathy 4, Expression 3, Intimidation 2, Persuasion 3

Merits: Allies (Fire Spirits) 3, Call Out 2, Favored Form (Urshul) 1, Iron Stamina 2, Iron Will 2, Living Weapon (Urshul) 3, Sympathetic 2, Totem 4

Primal Urge: 4

Willpower: 7

Harmony: 6

Essence: 13

Health: 8 (10/12/11/8)

Initiative: 5 (5/6/7/7)

Defense: 4 (4/5/5/5)

Speed: 10 (11/14/17/15)

Renown: Cunning 2, Honor 2, Purity 3, Wisdom 3

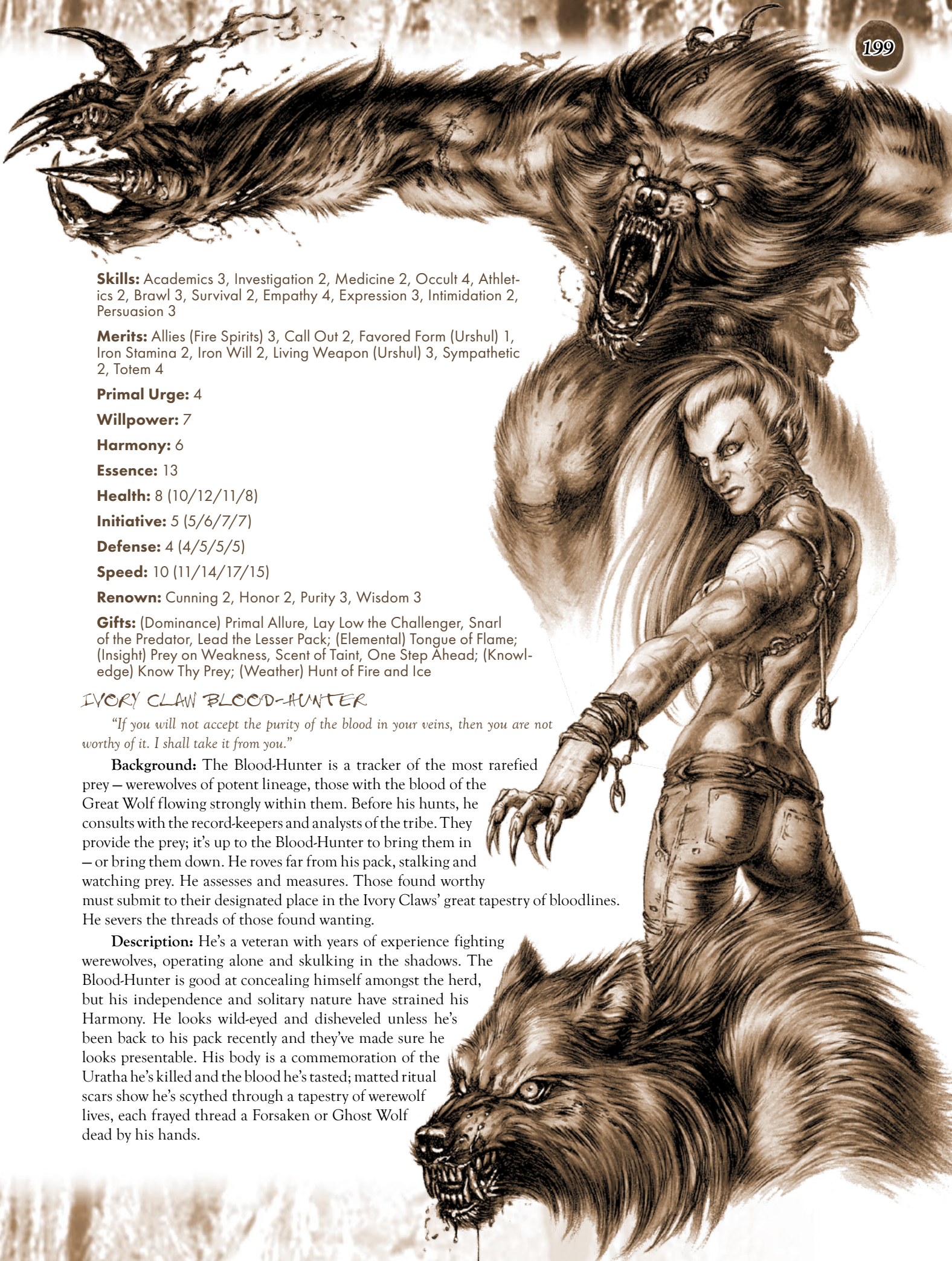
Gifts: (Dominance) Primal Allure, Lay Low the Challenger, Snarl of the Predator, Lead the Lesser Pack; (Elemental) Tongue of Flame; (Insight) Prey on Weakness, Scent of Taint, One Step Ahead; (Knowledge) Know Thy Prey; (Weather) Hunt of Fire and Ice

IVORY CLAW BLOOD-HUNTER

"If you will not accept the purity of the blood in your veins, then you are not worthy of it. I shall take it from you."

Background: The Blood-Hunter is a tracker of the most rarefied prey – werewolves of potent lineage, those with the blood of the Great Wolf flowing strongly within them. Before his hunts, he consults with the record-keepers and analysts of the tribe. They provide the prey; it's up to the Blood-Hunter to bring them in – or bring them down. He roves far from his pack, stalking and watching prey. He assesses and measures. Those found worthy must submit to their designated place in the Ivory Claws' great tapestry of bloodlines. He severs the threads of those found wanting.

Description: He's a veteran with years of experience fighting werewolves, operating alone and skulking in the shadows. The Blood-Hunter is good at concealing himself amongst the herd, but his independence and solitary nature have strained his Harmony. He looks wild-eyed and disheveled unless he's been back to his pack recently and they've made sure he looks presentable. His body is a commemoration of the Uratha he's killed and the blood he's tasted; matted ritual scars show he's scythed through a tapestry of werewolf lives, each frayed thread a Forsaken or Ghost Wolf dead by his hands.



Storytelling Hints: The Blood-Hunter is absolutely single-minded. He watches, verifies, then strikes. If he can intimidate or sway the prey, he'll escort them back to his pack, but if he suspects they have an ounce of backbone he resorts to extreme and brutal violence to overwhelm their resistance. Those who would rather die than submit are killed without hesitation. Some Forsaken who have crossed his path claim that the Blood-Hunter, and others like him, have the power to drink the very strength from a dying Forsaken's body, stealing part of her soul. He's certainly willing to consume human and werewolf flesh; operating alone for so long can leave him hungry for Essence.

Tribe: Ivory Claw

Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 2, Strength 3 (5/6/5/3), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 4 (5/7/6/5), Presence 2, Manipulation 3 (2/3/2/2), Composure 3

Skills: Crafts 3, Investigation 4, Occult 2, Athletics 4, Brawl 4, Larceny 3, Stealth 4, Survival 4, Empathy 2, Intimidation 4, Persuasion 1, Streetwise 2

Merits: Contacts (Archivists, Genealogists) 2, Fast Reflexes 3, Favored Form (Dalu) 1, Fortified Form (Dalu) 4, Grappling 3, Iron Stamina 3, Living Weapon (Dalu) 3, Patient 1, Spiritual Blockage 2, Totem 3

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 3

Essence: 12

Health: 9 (11/13/12/9)

Initiative: 10 (10/11/12/12)

Defense: 8 (8/8/8/8)

Speed: 12 (13/16/19/17)

Renown: Cunning 3, Glory 3, Purity 3

Gifts: (Evasion) Feet of Mist, Fog of War, Hit and Run; (Insight) Prey on Weakness; (Stealth) Shadow Pelt, Predator's Shadow, The Hunter Waits; (Strength) Predator's Unmatched Pursuit, Primal Strength

SPIRITS

*Your presence, wolfling, is no surprise —
But to pass my woods, you must pay my price —
Today, wolfling, Crow asks for eyes.*

The moment before the breach happens, the smell of ozone fills the air. The lights of the underground car park stutter and spark. Darkness falls as they burn out one by one; everything is humming with power. Then it's here, oozing through into the world as if coming round a corner from nowhere. A conglomeration of lightning and twisted metal and hatred, it roars like thunder.

We stand, and draw tight the trap; rusted lengths of chain clatter and jangle as we pull them taught, binding the spirit amidst them. Where the rust touches it, the spirit burns and crumbles. It screams in rage, but we have it.

How can any prey be more dangerous than the multifarious denizens of the Shadow? No hunter can catalogue every shape and form of spirit, every manifestation of these single-minded

symbols given drive and hunger. They are the inhabitants of an entire other world, and to stalk them is to become bound up in the eldritch laws and politics of the *Hisil*.

Even a single spirit can possess great power, wielding an arsenal of Numina, Influences, and raw physical strength; the mightiest *Ensaahim* demand the efforts of an entire pack to bring low, and even then at bloody cost. A spirit slips between worlds, an elusive foe that can pass unseen or strike at the physical realm with impunity. A battered pack must bring its knowledge of a fire spirit's bane, its mastery over rites, and its raw spiritual strength against the prey as it capers through Twilight in a burned-out old building. No one and nowhere is safe from spirits — a werewolf who tries to stem the tide of fear spirits in an area finds his own family haunted by flickering shadows and menacing whispers, driven to panic and despair.

Knowledge lies at the heart of the spirit-hunt. Study a spirit's origin, where it lies in the labyrinthine web of laws, symbols, and obligations; delve into lore to discover its ban and bane, and the hunter will learn how to bring the prey down. A web-spinning spider spirit is willing to tell an Ithaeur the weakness of a hated wind spirit, for a price. An ancient spirit of the Black Death has risen from an excavated plague-pit; tracing the history of the disease in the city's past will reveal the place where the last victim died, where the spirit is at its weakest. A Bone Shadow archive offers a trove of spirit-secrets, but a would-be seeker of knowledge must placate its tribal guardians.

The tangled world of spirit politics can be as troublesome a snare as any spirit's taloned grasp. Powerful spirit nobles and ambitious lesser spirits claw at any advantage they can gather in the brutal struggles of the Shadow. Many seek to use Uratha as pawns or agents in the wars amongst *umia* and *ilthum*. Totems are particularly notorious for their attempts to use the strength of their packs as bargaining chips in their own ascent to power.

You must have noticed it spilling into the material world — the Ridden running around, the mass hysteria amongst the humans and their media, even Uratha fighting each other. Two powerful Fear ilthum are at war in the Shadow, and their clash is bleeding through into the city. One of the ilthum represents the fear of what lies beyond the circle of firelight, the fear of the dark that kept humans alive back in the day. The other is bloody terror, the visceral panic of slaughter and gore-spattered murder. The spirit lords both court werewolf packs, offering rich rewards and influence in return for perpetrating their type of fear.

When you hunt in the Shadow you encounter all manner of spiritual phenomena; storms of raw emotion, Places-That-Aren't and bizarre spirit behavior. Ever experienced a spirit crowd? You'll be stalking down a deserted street with your pack and then suddenly spirits pour out everywhere, all types and *umia* just rubbing shoulders and pressed in close. Hated enemies, predators, and prey will all ignore each other for a few minutes; they're all going somewhere, a reflection of human crowds. Terrifying the first time it happens, but truth is that it's weirdly peaceful, and a great opportunity to examine some of these spirits up close.

Turn that shit off! Yeah, I mean the radio, man. There's a spirit brood that hides in garden-nests of metal and antennae and

flesh on top of the Shadow's tower blocks. They stab their razor-fingers through the Gauntlet and dredge the airwaves, listening to the buzz of information. Those spindly fuckers contaminate it with memes for other spirits that pay them with Essence, and when they find a weak-minded human they like to stick those claws right into his mind and control the poor bastard. Next thing you know, weird radio-shrines and shit start popping up, making Shadow gates for more spirits to come through. No, I'm not calling you weak-minded, just better safe than sorry, right? And get rid of that mobile phone too. The spirits are always listening.

Spirits hold a key role in the lives of the Forsaken; not only are they prey, they are also allies, totems, and raw resources. The Forsaken use the Sacred Hunt to predate on spirits for Essence, Gifts, and rites; they impose tithes on dominated spirits for talens and bind them into fetishes.

Spirits rarely do anything for free unless forced to; given their bans and laws, some aren't capable of doing so even if they wanted. Even so, prey and Forsaken alike can benefit from the aid of spirits to augment their capabilities. Spirits can serve as spies and scouts in Twilight, act as vicious supernatural fighters striking through the Gauntlet in monstrously powerful forms, and use their Influences and Numina to swing a conflict.

Influences in particular are potent and oft-overlooked tools in a spirit's armory. Conceptual beings like rage spirits can Manipulate and Strengthen emotions amongst Uratha, causing internal conflicts as anger flares up; a fire or electricity spirit offers obvious aid in battle by causing flame to strike or machines to overload; a mighty raven spirit manifests entire circling clouds of corvids that harry prey or swoop overhead to spy across the hunting ground.

SPARKBLOOD SENESCHAL

"IF YOU HAVE NOT BROUGHT ME MY DUE TRIBUTE
— I WILL BURN IT OUT OF YOUR FLESH"

Background: Iron Masters and Bone Shadows have noticed the increasing level of organization and structure amongst spirits of electricity and technology. As far as they can tell, these new hierarchies are born of the interdependency of modern human technology. The power grid is ubiquitous to developed countries, and powerful nobles like the Sparkblood Seneschal stand at important nodes in its spiritual reflection. The Seneschal serves as local ruler of a power substation or other major site of electricity and energy, and rushing tides of traveling spirits pour through its court with a stream of tithed information and Essence.



Spirits

Description: The Seneschal is an utterly inhuman mass of shining wire-threads and gleaming, almost organic-looking metal, its form pock-marked by blazing spheres of light. Electricity cracks and sparkles throughout its impossible shape. It's a cross between a Giger-esque nightmare and a Tesla coil. It's big, with trailing veils of cables and reaching talons of bronze-bound lightning that can rip a man in half. The air around the Seneschal warps and shimmers with the weight of its presence and the information roiling through its flesh.

Storytelling Hints: The Seneschal is arrogant, prideful and extremely powerful. It is bloated on the tithes of Essence that its electrical brood provide for it, and it has no particular love for Uratha who try to stem its efforts to send minions into the physical world. It is also an information-broker; Sparklings and elementals dance through its den, spitting and stuttering a vast amount of data into their liege's lap. It can be a valuable source of knowledge. It fears two things: power-plays by underlings that want to supplant it as spirit-noble; and the wrath of its parent, Mother-Clad-In-Glory-And-Light, the spirit of the nuclear power plant that feeds the city's grid.

Rank: 4

Attributes: Power 12, Finesse 10, Resistance 8

Willpower: 10

Essence: 25

Initiative: 18

Defense: 10

Speed: 22

Size: 9

Corpus: 17

Influences: Electricity ●●●, Information ●

Manifestations: Gauntlet Breach, Image, Materialize, Reaching, Shadow Gateway, Twilight Form

Numina: Awe, Blast, Implant Mission, Left-Handed Spanner, Pathfinder, Rapture, Regenerate, Speed, Sign

Ban: The Sparkblood Seneschal must attempt to turn on any electricity-powered device in its presence that is inactive. If it is unable to do so within four turns, it begins to bleed 1 point of Essence per round until either the items are all on or it flees the scene. Uratha seeking an audience should make sure that any such objects they bring into its presence are already on.

Bane: Wires and cables from a decommissioned power station.

SHADOW WRAITH

"...we are watching you..."

Background: Fear is omnipresent in the world: the creeping anxieties of modern humanity, the raw panic of knowing there's something in the shadows, the visceral terror of violence and pain. It's no surprise that fear spirits are common across the Shadow, and especially so around werewolves. Uratha stir up the rich resonance of fear among humans without even thinking about it, and they themselves have much to fear. This spirit represents the rising panic of whatever it is

that lies beyond the circle of firelight and howls in the night, whatever it is that waits in the darkest corner of the room, whatever that shape is that follows people down the road. It, and its brothers and sisters, are legion.

Description: The Shadow Wraith is a vaguely-humanoid figure wrought of inky black shadow that drips and flows. It has almost no discernible features apart from the bright, round eyes that blaze like a car's headlights. Some of its kin take on the impression of a strong local fear — where werewolves spread Lunacy and panic, the wraiths often appear more bestial or hunched. This wraith drifts serenely through the Shadow, but its cruel talons are quite capable of chilling the soul and rending flesh at the same time.

Storytelling Hints: The Shadow Wraith wants to spread fear and to reap the rich Essence that results. If it sees a werewolf, it is likely to follow at a distance, always at the edge of vision, perhaps gathering others of its kind to stir fear in the stalked Uratha. In conversation, it asks a stream of questions, and makes insinuations and suggestions aimed at unsettling its prey and bringing her fears to the fore. An odd habit among these fear spirits is that they tend to gather in trios with the unnerving habit of rapidly switching among themselves during conversation, slicing up sentences in disorienting fashion. Even when faced with a vulnerable or weak Uratha, the wraith would rather wound it and let it escape than go for the kill — a dead wolf tells no tales and spreads no fear.

Rank: 2

Attributes: Power 4, Finesse 6, Resistance 3

Willpower: 9

Essence: 15

Initiative: 9

Defense: 4

Speed: 10

Size: 5

Corpus: 8

Influences: Fear ●●

Numina: Awe, Dement, Drain, Emotional Aura, Seek

Manifestations: Claim, Possess, Twilight Form

Ban: A shadow wraith cannot enter a circle of illumination cast by a fire or light that a scared human has lit.

Bane: Fire

HOSTS

Welcome to my parlor.

The flesh of your kind is so delicious.

Last week, the Beshilu poisoned all the casks of beer at the pub with their tainted blood, just to try and get at us. Some of us ended up sick. Half the human regulars died.

Three days ago, a man with a rat instead of a heart lured us to a meeting down near the docks. He was one of the Red Terror's Wolf-Blooded, and we didn't smell through the disguise. A dozen crazed rat-horrors jumped us.

Today, we've found the tunnels they've been digging under the city with some sort of monstrous mole-rat things they've bred from their own kind. Now we're coming for them with fire, and we'll scour the tunnels clean.

The Hosts are the most dangerous prey that any werewolf can hunt. These blasphemous fragments of ancient gods — beings that survived even Father Wolf's rage — are caught in an eternal effort to forge their progenitors anew from their spiritual shards. They are a foe that can hide, coiled in the carcasses of humanity, and at the same time they are terrible abominations of immense size and strength. They twist the Gauntlet with ease, befouling the two worlds. Just killing a *shartha* is rarely enough to truly finish it off.

The *Azlu* are the Spider-Hosts, shards of the Spinner Hag. Each shard is a spider that seeks out others of its kind to devour; a tiny threat, but one that can crawl into a human's head through mouth or nose or ears, burrow into the brain, and puppet the victim with ease. Soon enough the body swarms with spiders; and, absorbing more shards, the transformation into a true horror accelerates — a horrific, hulking spider-human hybrid that can sever limbs with the flick of a bony scythe-arm.

The *Azlu* seek to completely split the Shadow and the Flesh apart, weaving deadening threads and webs into the Gauntlet to thicken and strengthen it. In *Azlu*-infested areas, werewolves must watch for webbed loci that trap and snare those who pass through, for near-invisible threads that drape an area and deaden its spiritual connection, and for *shartha* hunters literally cocooned in the Gauntlet and waiting for prey to pass by. Those regions affected by *Azlu* webs become spiritually lifeless, bereft of Essence and affecting humans and animals with a sense of listlessness and apathy. There are rumors of entire *Azlu* settlements hidden in the Gauntlet's fabric, colonies of spider-hybrids that are spinning web-bridges to somewhere the Uratha cannot go.

The *Beshilu* are the Rat-Hosts, hiding in the shadow of humanity. Like the *Azlu*, they seek to reunite the shards of their lost monarch — the Plague King. What starts as a man with a rat nestling in the devoured cyst of his heart is soon a bag of rotting skin roiling with rats. In time, the transformation grows further. The result is a frothing hybrid of rat and man, with flashing, pestilential jaws and a mind torn between fear and madness.

The *Beshilu* possess a combination of panic and religious mania; their insane society is riven by schisms and heresies. They frantically gnaw at the Gauntlet, trying to bring about the merging of the two worlds and the return of the Plague King before the Uratha can give rise to a new Great Wolf that will finish their destruction. *Beshilu* hives are often evident through sprawling tunnel networks, nests in dilapidated buildings, and the spread of madness and disease amongst humans and animals. Denizens of the Shadow easily spill across the punctured, gnawed Gauntlet and anchor themselves in the material world. The Flesh becomes a madhouse.

So there's this story about an Azlu, right. You know that the crawlers, the little spider-shartha, absorb the memories of the person into whose skull they lodge themselves? Well this Azlu's a

brain-gourmet. It carefully picks its prey, dining on the minds of scientists, artists, politicians and philosophers. It never goes after other shards or tries to grow into a hybrid, because it's happy with its lot. It settles into the victim, then starts screwing with the local Uratha, and it's smart as hell; has its fun then moves on once a few werewolves are dead. Most Meninna get twitchy whenever they hear someone's had a brain aneurysm or a stroke in cast it's a brain-spider, but this crawler's been chewing its way through the heads of the clever and the famous for forever. I hear that writer from your town keeled over last week from a brain tumour.

Watch out for the Ministers. They're like Beshilu alphas or royalty, the high priests of rat-kind. They're crazy but they're smart, and they've got some sort of ability to fuck with other shards too — not just eating them, but chewing them up and spitting them out. That's why we keep seeing all sorts of freaky new Beshilu like those tank-sized tunnellers, and the vomit-spitters the Bright Lights ran into last week. The Ministers are walking, talking manifestations of the worst horror stories of GMO bullshit.

It's hard to kill a shartha, but we manage it often enough. Now if the Hosts were all created when the Plague King and the Spinner Hag died, there'd be a limited number of them, and by now we'd have wiped them out, right? So where do they keep coming from? If you ever encounter a spider-hybrid with a bloated abdomen full of eggs, or you see a living nest of rats all intertwined and merged with each other, you damn well better burn the whole place down with fire. The Hosts can reproduce, and if we don't kill their brood-mothers we'll be fighting them forever.

Shartha go through a rough life-cycle as they infest a human. At first just a single shard pilots the body; the Host largely retains the Attributes and Skills of the victim and gains the Discorporate Dread Power, as well as either Gnaw Gauntlet or Gauntlet Webs. As the body becomes more infested, it becomes clearer to the close observer that what they're actually looking at is a skin-bag filled with aberrations. The Host's capabilities increase; *Beshilu* tend towards Dread Powers like Beastmaster and Venomous Ichor, while *Azlu* commonly possess Gauntlet Cloak, Snare, or Wall Climb.

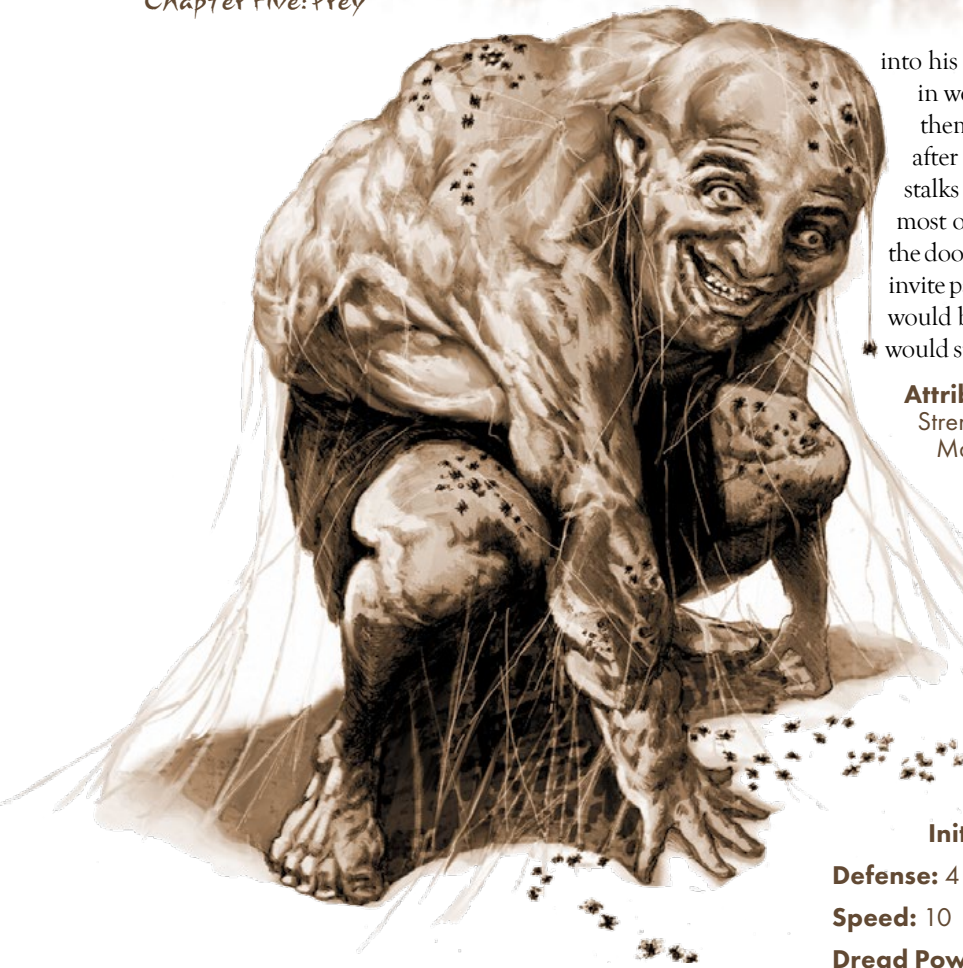
Eventually, with enough consumption of shards, Essence, and meat, a Host grows into a true abomination. The shards merge their own flesh with what's left of the human to become an increasingly monstrous hybrid; the original victims are only an echo now in the hybrid's new Attributes and Skills. Both *Beshilu* and *Azlu* often manifest Armored Hide, Natural Weaponry, and Toxic Bite.

Shartha are very hard to kill. The early stages of a Host's presence can be hard to spot, and hybrids often possess unnatural resilience. The Discorporate Dread Power is common to all *shartha* and poses a real challenge for would-be Host hunters. Werewolves need to be ready with a method of catching and killing the tidal wave of spiders and rats that emerges from a Host's corpse. If even a single one escapes, the shard lives on. The Hosts have long memories and plenty of vindictiveness.

FUNNEL-WEB

"Welcome into my home. I'm just locking the door because we can't be too careful around here. Would you like something to drink? Yes, please sit down. Yes, that chair, there. Isn't it soft and welcoming?"

Background: A little knot of spiders crawls through what's left of his brain. The first one chose a human who had a reason



into his home. Some victims he drugs; others he snares in webs; with a rare few he indulges himself and lets them run round the house, faced with locked door after locked door, enjoying their rising panic as he stalks them. Still, business is falling off as he's eaten most of his clientele. Now he's started to loiter round the doorway of his house, grinning creepily and trying to invite passers-by in for refreshment or a chat. A werewolf would be a prize above all others; its Essence-rich flesh would start him on the next stage in his transformation.

Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 4, Resolve 3, Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2, Presence 2, Manipulation 3, Composure 2

Skills: Crafts 4, Investigation 2, Occult 2, Science 3, Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Stealth 3, Survival 1, Weaponry 3, Animal Ken 1, Empathy 1, Persuasion 2, Subterfuge 3

Merits: Danger Sense 2, Fast Reflexes 2, Fast Talking 2, Improved Weaponry 3, Patient 1

Willpower: 5

Essence: 4

Health: 7

Initiative: 7

Defense: 4

Speed: 10

Dread Powers: Discorporate, Gauntlet Webs, Snare

to stay at home and let people come to him – a psychiatrist or chiropractor who runs his business from home, perhaps. As far as the *Azlu* is concerned, this is the easy life; succulent human flesh literally walks into the trap. It's started seeding lures to draw in other *Azlu* too, and it's been somewhat successful; the local werewolf pack has noticed that *Azlu* activity appears to have dropped as the Host hoovers up its weaker kindred. Now it's thickening the Gauntlet around its home and digging itself in further; it knows that, sooner or later, the Uratha will come knocking.

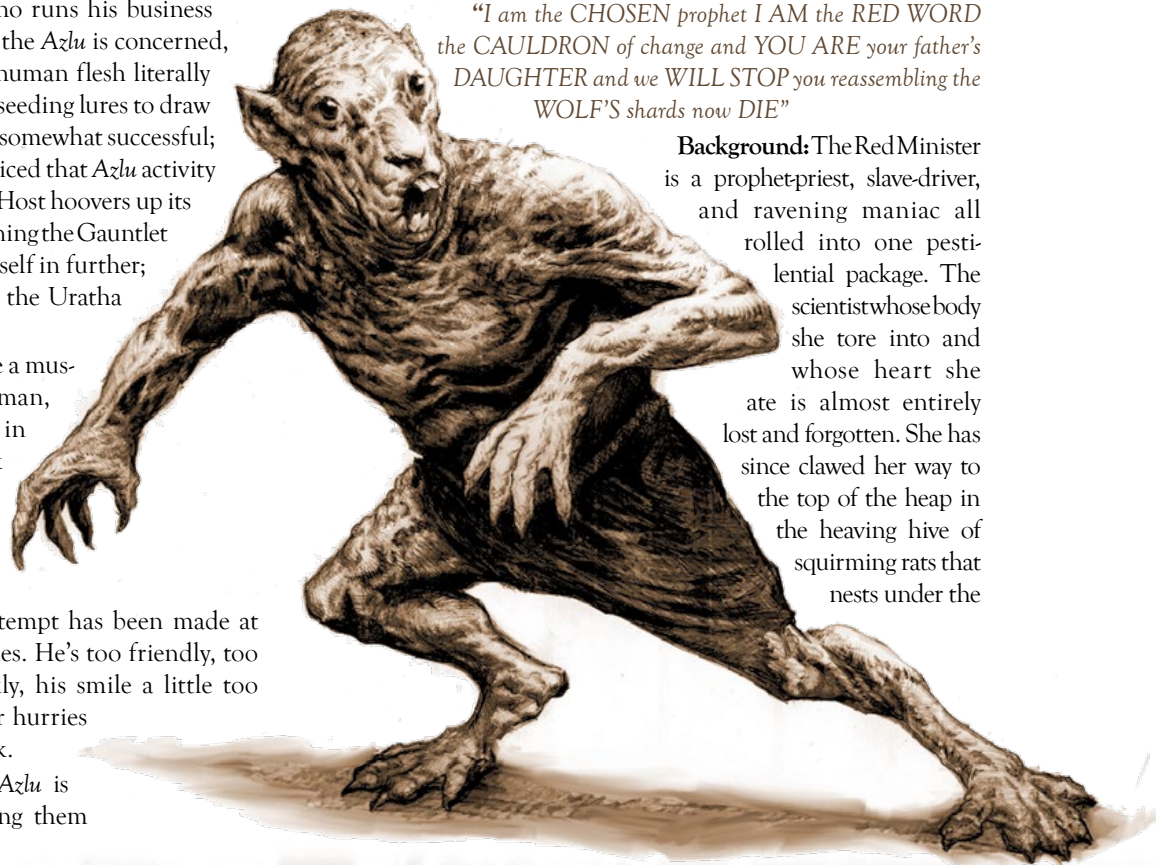
Description: He was once a muscular and healthy middle-aged man, a self-employed 30-something in his prime. He's losing that look now; skin is paler, face is more drawn and sometimes goes slack like he's had a stroke. He has more of a paunch on him too. Only a desultory attempt has been made at washing and ironing his clothes. He's too friendly, too close and personal too quickly, his smile a little too hungry. Occasionally, a spider hurries down his sleeve or up his neck.

Storytelling Hints: The *Azlu* is eager to trap more prey, luring them

RED MINISTER

"I am the CHOSEN prophet I AM the RED WORD the CAULDRON of change and YOU ARE your father's DAUGHTER and we WILL STOP you reassembling the WOLF'S shards now DIE"

Background: The Red Minister is a prophet-priest, slave-driver, and ravening maniac all rolled into one pestilential package. The scientist whose body she tore into and whose heart she ate is almost entirely lost and forgotten. She has since clawed her way to the top of the heap in the heaving hive of squirming rats that nests under the



metro. The Red Minister is determined to have her particular gospel of plague and madness be exulted over the other *Beshilu* scriptures. She holds the fervent belief that Uratha are Wolf Hosts, shards of the Great Wolf, and it is therefore imperative to stop them from reforming. Hearing news that a werewolf has consumed another Uratha's flesh is enough to send her into absolute frothing mania.

Description: Nothing is left of the bag of skin and bones that the rat swarm hollowed out. The Red Minister is *big*, a bulky, monstrous rat-human hybrid that's been warped in unbelievable fashion. Her talons are cruel blades, her tail splits into a nest of thrashing tendrils, and pores and buboes dribble ichor from her hide. She's usually accompanied by one or two twisted *Beshilu* hybrids born of shards that she has consumed, transmuted, and retched back up; they're "watchdogs" of a kind, their distended and mutated snouts honed to smell the approach of Uratha.

Storytelling Hints: The Red Minister is a complete lunatic and terrorizing overlord to the brood of *Beshilu* that she commands, but there *is* method to her madness. Her brood is worming through the Gauntlet, deluging the Uratha with rogue spirits that come through the rents, and it's drawing more of the local Forsaken into the area. This terrifies her, but she knows it is necessary. After all, she has no intention to fight fair against the wolf *shartha*. She's tunneled under the main meeting ground of the local packs and filled it with crude explosives. When the packs convene to discuss alliance against the growing *Beshilu* threat, she'll take them out in one fell swoop. Just because she's a fragment of an ancient god-monster and utterly inhuman in appearance doesn't mean she's stuck in the past.

Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 5, Strength 7, Dexterity 6, Stamina 8, Presence 5, Manipulation 2, Composure 2

Skills: Academics 3, Investigation 2, Medicine 3, Occult 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 5, Stealth 2, Science 2, Survival 3, Animal Ken 2, Expression 3, Intimidation 4, Persuasion 3, Subterfuge 4

Merits: Allies 4 (Disease Spirits), Iron Stamina 3, Parkour 5, Trained Observer 3

Willpower: 7

Essence: 20

Health: 14

Initiative: 8

Defense: 7

Size: 6

Speed: 18

Dread Powers: Armored Hide 2, Burrow, Discorporate, Gnaw Gauntlet, Monstrous Resilience, Natural Weaponry 3, Venomous Ichor, Warp Shard

HUMANS

Grab your gun, kid!

There's a goddamn huge wolf in the paddock!

I've learned the hard way not to underestimate humans; still got the scars from the claymore mine. Sure, we've shut down the power,

turned all the exits inside out so they can't leave the building and disarmed their traps, but don't count them out yet. Don't assume they're only as strong as their technology. Their backs are to the wall now, pup, and I assume you know about cornered animals.

Humanity—the constant companion of the Forsaken and the most dangerous prey of all. They're smart, numerous, and wield incredible technology. They're survivors and hunters. Humans have endured for millennia and only grown stronger in that time.

The reasons to hunt humanity are manifold — as are the ways that humans can pose a threat to werewolves in the modern world:

On the last morning of his life, Jack Scours-The-Flesh has an explosion for an alarm clock. The wall of his bedroom blows in as flame roars through the house. The hunters come in moments later, clad head to toe in fireproof suits, and gun Jack down with silver bullets as he screams and rages.

Surveillance is everywhere, cameras on every street corner, satellites watching overhead. The pack's careless; monstrous forms get spotted too many times in the area. Next thing they know, any sign of anything wild and canine brings animal control descending on the area. They can barely change shape without someone breathing down their neck.

Pawel's in trouble. Lukasz, the local asshole drug boss, has taken a severe dislike to him after Pawel carved up a dealer who was a madness spirit's main source of Essence. Now, Pawel could carve Lukasz up too, and his pack could take the entire drug-dealing enterprise, but that would be messy and attract too much attention. Lukasz is doing his best to make the werewolf's life hell by sending thugs round to menace his family, vandalize his car, and smearing his name throughout the criminal underworld.

A new cult has sprung up in town under some suitably pretentious name — the Brilliant Dawn, the Brothers of the Sacrament, the Children of the New Age. They seem to be in the know about spirits and the occult just enough to be a big problem. They're going after werewolf packs, but not by attacking them face-to-face; cultists are stealing fetishes and talents, trying to perform rituals at loci and endeavoring to summon spirits. This cannot continue.

It's not clear whether the woman at the top is in the know about the Uratha, is someone else's pawn, or if this is just the cruel, grinding wheels of bureaucracy, but the local government is giving the pack a hammering. Derelict buildings that the pack uses for boltholes are getting bulldozed; the police are watching packmates closely and bringing them in for the slightest provocation. A supermarket is going to be built right on top of a vital locus after the pack lost the land to a compulsory purchase order.

You gotta watch what you do, man. Don't want to bring hunters down on us. Sure they're just human, but that don't mean they can't do any damage. I heard that this Pure pack over the other side of the state got taken apart by a Forsaken alliance, and then a few weeks later a hunter cell popped up, going after werewolves with silver and crazy hate. Turns out it was run by a Wolf-Blooded, the sister of one of the Pure. She didn't know jack about Uratha 'til the Forsaken came knocking, but she managed to kill three Iron Masters before they cornered her cell in a house and put them down.



When you mess with humanity, understand that everything is interconnected. Three years ago the Bezants pack ended up in a gang war – yes, that’s the one, the killings were all over the headlines. It’s not like the Bezants had a hard time rolling through the local criminals, but the drug cartel they started slaughtering were part of a network of favors, contacts, bribery, and influence. The gangs had bribed the police; the traffickers had crossed the palms of bureaucrats with silver; the politicians were on the take. The entire edifice of corruption turned against the Bezants and hit them on every level – gang attacks, vandalism, arson, arrests, evictions, the whole works.

Just keep an eye on the locals, and remember that humans feed the Shadow with their emotions and their actions. I know, you don’t want to worry yourself about some shopkeepers and poor people, you’re a big bad wolf, growl and roar and all the rest. But these people all around you, on the street? If they’re afraid, the Shadow will be full of fear, and you’ll be up to your eyeballs in spirits stirring up terror. If there’s worthy prey amongst them – a serial killer, an occultist who knows too much, someone who threatens to shape the Shadow in turn – then you’ll get your first clue by how they react, through their small-

talk and petty little friendships. And if they learn who you are, what you are? It’s some of these shopkeepers and poor people who’ll be the first to take up the torch and the silver bullet and come looking for you.

An individual human won’t be much of a challenge for a werewolf character, let alone a whole pack, even if the human’s a hunter and tooled up with guns. However, humans can still be a real threat – they have to play smart if they’re going to have a chance.

Groups of humans acting in a pack-like fashion can help overcome Lunacy – cells of hunters, armed response units and military squads can have great effect through co-ordination, focusing fire and knowing when the hell to get out of Dodge. Even then, they need to stack the deck in their favor. Hunters must target the weak points of a pack – the allies, the resources – and strike with overwhelming force. They must build traps and ambushes, use explosives and excessive violence to take an Uratha out of the fight. Humans who have an inkling about the existence of werewolves and a motive to fight them have to play dirty to win.

Humans also make a great threat on playing fields other than the physical. Bureaucrats, politicians, and other influential community figures can wreck a pack's schemes quite effectively—often by mistake—and are harder to deal with than a hunter with a shotgun; it's hard to get away with killing them, and others may take up their cause. Cultists or investigators can gather dangerous information about a pack and spread it to other enemies, or steal fetishes and sacred objects that end up in vaults or museums. These problems can't be easily solved through slaughter.

THE HUNTER

"It's fine, we're ready for this, I – what the fuck is THAT?"

Background: She saw something, or she lost someone. Whatever it was that happened to her, it transformed her life. The dead-end job, the complacent relationship, the never-ending daily grind all fell away. She has new priorities now. Things go bump in the night, and it's down to people like her to bump right back.

Description: She's lean and solidly-built; physical training and exercise has taken on a radical new importance. She's part of a team and she can't afford to be the weak link, not with what they're up against. The hunter looks like a manual laborer from the roughness of her hands, the scars and the scrapes—maybe she is, in her day job, but the hunt is pretty damn physical too. Her eyes, though, they burn. Some people end up haunted and broken by what they've seen. Not her. She's angry.

Storytelling Hints: The hunter is really dangerous for a human. She's not an expert combatant but she's rapidly learning from hard experience, and she'll bring a duffel bag full of firearms and incendiaries. She knows how to rig traps; she managed to bring down a whole house on something hideous once, and it didn't walk out of that. She's smart, has her ear to the ground, and has the right connections to pick up on the weird and the strange. Worst of all, she comes with another half-dozen hunters who are all just as determined as she is.

Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 3, Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3, Presence 2, Manipulation 2, Composure 3

Skills: Academics 2, Computer 2, Crafts 4, Investigation 3, Medicine 2, Occult 2, Science 1, Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Drive 1, Firearms 3, Larceny 1, Stealth 2, Weaponry 2, Intimidation 1, Persuasion 2, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Allies (Hunters) 3, Contacts (Criminals, Homeless, Manual Workers) 3, Improvised Weaponry 2, Iron Stamina 1, Resources 1, Safe Place 3, Street Fighting 1

Willpower: 6

Health: 8

Initiative: 6

Defense: 6

Speed: 11

THE INFORMATION BROKER

"Yes, I can provide that information – for a price, of course."

Background: The information broker has spent long years building up his web of contacts and influence. He might

be steeped in the criminal underworld, or perhaps has his hooks into the highest levels of society and gets invited to all the best parties. Maybe he has pull in the bureaus and the halls of governance. He could be the man you go to talk with if you need to know about weird things. Whoever he is, almost nothing happens in the area without him knowing. That makes him very dangerous.

Description: His efforts have made him rich, and made him enemies. The information broker keeps his appearance smart and professional, and his bodyguards are expected to follow suit. He keeps up a confident demeanor, even in the face of threats; he'd never have gotten this far if he easily lost his cool.

Storytelling Hints: The information broker probably knows things the Uratha don't want him to. He's whip-smart, easily capable of putting two and two together when he sees the traces of the supernatural at work. That information could be devastating in the wrong hands, but he's a potentially useful resource himself. Ultimately, the information broker is not a zealot or a desperate man; he's in this for himself, and won't take stupid risks that might get him killed if he doesn't need to.

Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Resolve 2, Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2, Presence 3, Manipulation 4, Composure 4

Skills: Academics 4, Computer 3, Investigation 3, Occult 3, Politics 4, Science 3, Athletics 1, Brawl 1, Drive 1, Firearms 1, Empathy 3, Persuasion 4, Socialize 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 3

Merits: Allies 4 (Any), Contacts (Any four) 4, Resources 4, Retainer (Bodyguard) 3

Willpower: 5

Health: 7

Initiative: 6

Defense: 3

Speed: 9

SPIRIT-RIDDEN

I will not go back.

When I see the Claimed, I know I've failed. I failed to catch it when the spirit was just Urging him, before it could burrow its claws into his soul. I failed to notice the blasphemy walking amongst the populace in time. I failed to uphold the Great Wolf's law. I have to try harder in future, honing my senses further, and let not one more spirit slip past into a frame of stolen flesh.

For now, though, I have a Claimed to kill.

One prey is so dangerous that they are a violation of Father Wolf's most basic laws—the Ridden. Every single one of them has breached the Gauntlet, defied the Great Wolf and intruded into a world where it does not belong. Faced with a reality that tries to reject it by bleeding out its Essence, it anchors itself in stolen meat and bone. It fuses human and spirit together into something that has all the strengths of both. It is on a path of transformation, becoming something truly monstrous.

The **Urged** are challenging prey to track. A human with a spirit fettered to her — with strange urges and weird whispers in her head — doesn't necessarily stand out that much from other people in a modern world of anxieties and mental health issues. An Urged is already a menace; every day that the spirit spends worming its way deeper and twisting the victim to its purposes makes it stronger. Soon it has enough influence over its steed to take more direct control, and it starts plotting to protect itself and hide.

The **Claimed** are what becomes of those Urged who are Ridden for too long. The two beings fuse into one, inflicting mental and physical changes as a new entity comes into existence. Claimed can be terrifyingly potent, the apogee of Ridden power. A Hatred-Claimed, snarling faces pushing out of its torso, inflicts rabid and violent loathing with a touch or a word; it whips up a frenzied crowd to come lynch a pack member. A Fire-Claimed arsonist exhales flame as he laughs, walking unharmed through the towering inferno he has lit. The Forest-Claimed murderer easily batters through a wall, grunting with irritation as bullets thud into her unfeeling, bark-covered flesh; she smashes the security guard's face with a fist then drags the corpse off to add to her bathing mound of human fertilizer. The actions of a Claimed often lead to an imbalance between Flesh and Shadow; as the *duguthim* change their environment to fit their desired resonance, other spirits are likely to follow suit.

Spirit Thieves are desperate refugees from the Shadow, fugitives with no time for Urging or Claiming. They just jack control of a victim outright, shoving the host's consciousness aside as they seize the controls. *Nanutari* are often easy to track because the disoriented body-thief leaves a trail of mayhem, but a canny werewolf knows that it usually precedes something worse. After all, the spirit thief was running from something.

Don't ever believe the Lunas are on our side. Oh, they serve Luna, but they've got their own agendas. I heard of a pack that came across a man who was Claimed by a Lune. It's a blatant violation of the Wolf's law but the Lune said it was performing the Warden Moon's work. What would you do if you were faced with that?

Get in the truck and buckle up, Iminir, it's time to earn your scars. You know that sect out north of town that have been ranting about salvation and sin? The Iron Masters have been watching them close for a while, and things kicked off last night during the storm. Lightning kept hitting the chapel during the head honcho's sermon, and he started rambling about divinity made manifest in his flesh. He did something to the sect's inner circle and

they all started jabbering about hearing the voices of the heavens. Pretty sure we're dealing with a Storm-Claimed of some sort. Talk about an insult to our tribe.

The old asylum on Broadmead Avenue closed down years ago, and has just stood there slowly crumbling into ruin ever since. Still, if you keep your eyes open, you'll see a janitor going round the grounds every day, cleaning things up, doing his best to fight back the decay. He's Ridden. The spirit of the building knew it was about to be abandoned, so it sunk its claws into the maintenance man, and it's held him there ever since, just going about the same routines, day in, day out. Why don't we go hunt him down? We've tried. The asylum's his home ground. Go in there after him and it's like a maze, corridors going nowhere, room after empty room. Still, we're waiting for him to slip up. He's started trying to repopulate the place with homeless he collars on the street, dragging them in and locking them up in the old patients' cells.

The Ridden combine many of the strengths of their component parts — humans and spirits. By combining the enhanced Attributes, Influences, and Dread Powers of a Ridden, it's easy to make an antagonist capable of facing down an Uratha in any area of conflict.

A Stone-Claimed could offer extremely high physical Attributes, appropriate elemental Influences to help it shape its environment, and Dread Powers like Armored, Earth Elemental, and Juggernaut — a real threat to werewolves who face her down on her wild mountainside territory. A Passion-Urged uses his significant social skills and the spirit's influences of Lust and Love to sow mayhem amongst a pack's human allies, posing as a simple human at the clubs they frequent. The razor-keen mind of a Data-Claimed combines with her Influences over technology and the Interface Dread Power; she is capable of spying from any surveillance camera in the city and masters machines simply by walking near them.

HATE-MONGER

"Let me tell you who's to blame for your misfortunes, friend."

Background: Two things have been true for as long as he can remember. The first is that someone is to blame for the state of the world — it could be the rich, the Jews, the blacks, the foreigners, the poor, the ignorant. The second is that he's always been very, very good at persuading people. He has a gift for speaking, a knack for oratory, and people listen when he speaks. He's at the heart of a whole organization now, people who all hate whoever he tells them to hate. When the hatred spirit began to Urge him, very little changed. His transformation to Claimed is proceeding apace.

Description: The Hate-Monger could come from any walk of life — that's what's so terrifying



about him. Maybe he's a banker who sneers at the poor and drives his fellows to become more and more callous about the "little people." Maybe he's a tattooed racist who prefers to keep back from the violent end of things and let his thuggish fellows do the job. Maybe he's a quiet but intense voice in the congregation, or the wild-eyed anti-fascist philosopher who inspires the blunt edge of the movement. Whoever he is, something about him makes his words carry weight.

Storytelling Hints: The Hate-Monger is on the verge of becoming Claimed. He's increasingly aware of his spirit-passenger and he doesn't care — in fact he revels in the power it gives and the way it uses its Influences to stir the flame of hatred in the hearts of those he talks to. Truth is, the Hate-Monger long since lost faith in whatever cause he espouses — he just wants people to hate, driven by the passionate madness of his Urging spirit.

Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 4, Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3, Presence 4, Manipulation 3, Composure 3

Skills: Occult 2, Politics 3, Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Weaponry 2, Empathy 1, Expression 4, Intimidation 3, Persuasion 4, Socialize 4, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 4

Merits: Allies (Varies) 3, Fame 1, Fast-Talking 5, Resources 3, Status (Varies) 3, Striking Looks 1

Willpower: 7

Health: 8

Initiative: 5

Defense: 3

Speed: 9

DEVOURER HOUND

snarl

Background: The rumors call it the Processing Plant. Whoever it is who runs the place — and the stories variously claim it's a pack of Uratha, a cult led by Wolf-Blooded, or a butchery business that's been taken over by Claimed — uses it to cultivate the Devourer Hounds. They pen in the dogs they catch and starve them, beat them, drive them to ravening hunger. A feast of meat pours past their senses on conveyor belts and rich blood washes the floor as the carcasses are butchered. The dogs turn on each other in their famine until only the strongest survive. In the Shadow, the resonance bubbles and simmers with the formation of hunger spirits. The Processing Plant's owners then bind these spirits and force them to Claim the hounds, creating a steady flow of expendable monstrosities. The story's hard to believe, but it might explain the growing numbers of Devourer Hounds in the region.

Description: A Devourer Hound is something out of a nightmare. It was once a starved dog that has been Claimed by a hunger spirit, but now it barely looks canine at all. The head is slashed by a twisted, slaving maw filled with jagged teeth, and other dribbling mouths mark its scabrous hide. Teeth erupt through the skin, forming jagged mats of dental



plating or sharp spines that bristle and clatter as it moves. Wounds mar its flesh where it has turned on itself in ravenous hunger. The hound's twisted limbs give it a disturbing lope but it's very fast, and capable of skittering up walls like a grotesque spider.

Storytelling Hints: Devourer Hounds are always hungry, and they always want to eat. They'll eat just about anything, but prefer meat — especially human flesh. Hounds aren't totally animalistic — the Claiming spirit endows it with more intelligence than that — but negotiating with them is extremely difficult unless the werewolf is willing to serve up a lot of fresh meat, ideally human. That said, most Devourer Hounds are slaves, serving as monstrous guards or hunters fully capable of ripping a human apart.

Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 2, Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4, Presence 3, Manipulation 1, Composure 1

Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Stealth 2, Survival 3

Merits: Iron Stamina 3

Willpower: 3

Essence: 10

Health: 9

Initiative: 5

Defense: 7

Speed: 15

Influences: Hunger •

Dread Powers: Armored Hide 2, Natural Weaponry 3, Regenerate 1, Wall Climb

DREAD POWERS

Some prey use supernatural abilities called Dread Powers. These represent a variety of eldritch magic, spiritual transfigurations, and warping changes to flesh and bone, most commonly found amongst the Claimed and the Hosts. This section lists a selection of Dread Powers for Storytellers to use when creating antagonists for their chronicles.

AIR ELEMENTAL

The creature can turn itself into a gaseous form by spending 1 Essence, whether becoming pure air, some sort of misty miasma, or a cloud of blowing leaves. This form lasts for a scene or until the creature leaves it, allowing it to fly at its base Speed, slip through cracks, and flow around obstacles.

ARMORED HIDE (• TO ...)

The creature's hide is heavily armored; it may be covered in carapace or have a skin that's literally made of steel. The creature gains Armor equal to the dots in the Dread Power.

BEASTMASTER

The creature has mastery over lesser beasts. By spending 1 Essence, it can conjure up a swarm of vermin, small animals, fish, or birds as appropriate to its nature. These animals will obey its commands, and it can communicate with them clearly. It can also use this power on a single larger animal; the creature rolls Presence + Animal Ken versus the target's Resolve. If successful, the animal will obey the creature's commands for an hour.

BLINDING SPRAY (• TO ...)

The creature can discharge a spray of stinging bile, venom, or thick ink to cloud an opponent's vision. The spray is a ranged attack using Dexterity + Athletics with a -3 penalty for targeting the eyes; each rank in Blinding Spray adds a +1 bonus to this roll. The victim's Defense applies unless grappling with the creature. If the attack is successful it inflicts the Blinded Tilt in one eye; an exceptional success blinds both eyes.

BURROW

Burrowing through earth and rock is easy for the creature. It can tunnel through such materials at a speed equal to its Strength dots in yards per turn.

CHAMELEON HORROR

The creature can blend into its surrounding environment, matching not just the colors but even the textures and characteristics of what lies around it; this applies a -3 penalty on all rolls to perceive it, increased to -6 if it remains still.

DISCORPORATE (HOSTS ONLY)

All Hosts have this power. If a *shartha* suffers damage that would kill it, the host body shrivels and withers as rats or spiders pour out of it in a flood, running in all directions. If even one escapes, the Host's spirit survives.

EARTH ELEMENTAL

The creature can turn its flesh to stone, or its body has a hardy, earthen nature to it. By spending 1 Essence reflexively

when attacked, it can downgrade up to its Stamina in lethal damage to bashing.

EYE SPY

The creature has a specific form of remote viewing that it can practice. It might be able to see through any surveillance camera attached to a network that it is accessing, or view from the eyes of a raven that it has touched; perhaps it can pluck one of its eyes out and leave the bloodied organ behind to observe. Using this ability requires the expenditure of 1 Essence per hour. The creature remains aware of its surroundings while surveilling.

FIRE ELEMENTAL

The creature spends 1 Essence to turn its body to fire or cause its flesh to ignite for the scene. Anyone within a yard of it suffers three points of lethal damage per turn from the blaze. The creature reduces all fire damage that it suffers by its Stamina + Resolve.

GAUNTLET CLOAK

By spending 2 Essence, the creature can reach into the Gauntlet and draw the barrier around itself as an instant action, concealing and hiding it just parallel to the physical world. The creature is effectively invisible; when it emerges by taking any action it becomes visible again. If it enters combat from its cloak by making an attack, then it adds a +3 bonus to its Dexterity + Stealth roll to make a surprise attack.

GAUNTLET WEBS (AZLU ONLY)

With each hour of constant work, costing 1 Essence in the process, an *Azlu* can spin ethereal webs into the Gauntlet that increase both the Gauntlet Strength and the penalty to cross or perceive across the Gauntlet by +1. This affects an area of 10 square yards. The *Azlu* can repeat this effect on a single area up to five times, increasing the penalty commensurately. The webs are evident in the Shadow, and physical force can tear them apart; one square yard of webs has 3 points of Structure and no Durability.

GNAW GAUNTLET (BESHILU ONLY)

With each hour of constant work, costing 1 Essence in the process, a *Beshilu* can gnaw the Gauntlet apart to reduce both the Gauntlet Strength and the penalty to cross or perceive across the Gauntlet by -1. This affects an area of 10 square yards. The *Beshilu* can repeat this effect on a single area any number of times, increasing the bonus until there is effectively no Gauntlet left.

HOME GROUND

The creature has a specific form of home ground on which it gains supernatural bonuses. This might be a certain building or grove, or it could be the blood of a fresh kill or ash from a house it has burned down. While on its home ground, the creature adds +3 to all its physical dice pools and Influence rolls, reduces all damage suffered by 3, and adds +3 to its rolls to resist supernatural effects.

HUNTER'S SENSES

The creature has incredibly honed senses for a specific type of prey. Against that prey – Uratha, humans, *Azlu*, fire

spirits, or some other appropriate category – the creature gains a +4 bonus to all Perception rolls, and applies 9-Again to the dice pool.

HYPNOTIC GAZE

The creature's gaze can charm and beguile. When meeting the target's gaze, it can spend 1 Essence and roll Presence + Persuasion contested by the target's Composure + Primal Urge. If successful, the creature counts as having a perfect impression against the target for Social maneuvers until the end of the scene.

INTERFACE

The creature can easily interface with technological objects and computer systems. It can use its skills with such items just by touching them. By spending 1 Essence, it only has to look at them to allow access.

JUGGERNAUT

Not much can stop the creature; bricks, concrete, steel, it brushes all aside. The creature adds its Strength as automatic points of damage when it strikes an object or structure.

LEAP

The creature can make great, bounding leaps; by spending 1 Essence, it triples its jumping distance and height for the rest of the scene.

MAZE

The creature can turn a structure into something out of an Escher painting, creating an insane maze. By spending 3 Essence and touching the building, its interior chambers become a tangled mess of corridors and rooms that lead back on themselves; this effect lasts for an hour. Anyone other than the creature who attempts to move through the building must succeed at a Wits + Composure check minus the creature's Resolve each time they attempt to leave the area or progress through it to somewhere specific; if they fail they are unable to progress and simply get more lost.

MONSTROUS RESILIENCE

The creature is incredibly sturdy and can shrug off grievous wounds. When it suffers a physical Tilt it may spend 1 Essence as a reflexive action, ending the Tilt immediately.

NATURAL WEAPONS (• TO •••)

The creature is armed with formidable natural weaponry, whether savage jaws, rending talons, bony spurs, or metallic blades. The weaponry has a weapon modifier and armor-piercing quality equal to the number of dots in this Dread Power.

PIERCE MIND

The creature can see minds as bright as lanterns. Like a lantern, it can peer close and see what is illuminated – or snuff a mind out. By spending 1 Essence and succeeding at a Presence + Resolve roll contested by the prey's Resolve + Primal Urge, the creature can either read the target's current thoughts for the remainder of the scene, sift through their memories for turns equal to successes rolled, or inflict bashing damage equal to the successes rolled.

REALITY STUTTER

The creature's presence sets reality stuttering and judging, allowing it to flicker amongst disoriented enemies. By reflexively spending 1 Essence when it moves, the creature can translocate itself to any location it can see up to its Speed away, seeming to observers to just spasm in and out of reality as it goes. Doing so adds +2 to its Defense for the turn.

REGENERATE (• TO •••••)

The creature possesses incredible powers of regeneration. As a reflexive action once per turn, the creature can spend 1 Essence per dot in the Regenerate Dread Power, healing one point of lethal damage or two points of bashing damage for each Essence expended in this way.

SNARE

The creature can create a snare that will entrap victims, whether sticky webs, grasping roots or whipping metal cables. By spending 1 Essence, the creature denotes an area of up to 10 square yards; it can attempt to grapple any victims in the area using the snare, using its own Attributes and Skills with a +3 bonus to the dice pool.

SKIN-TAKER

The creature can steal the face and skin of another. It must kill the victim first, then spend 2 Essence and merge the features of the corpse with its own. The change is permanent; it cannot return to an earlier face and appearance.

SWIFT

The creature is lightning-fast; it applies its Defense against ranged attacks and can reflexively spend 1 Essence to double its Speed for 1 round.

TOXIC BITE (• OR ••)

The creature has a poisonous or diseased bite. The one-dot version of this Dread Power inflicts the moderate version of the Poisoned Tilt when it deals damage with a bite attack; the •• version inflicts the grave version of the Tilt.

VENOMOUS ICHOR

The creature's blood and flesh is poisonous. Anyone biting the creature suffers the moderate Poisoned Tilt. The creature's blood can be used to taint, food, drink or surfaces, making consuming the tainted substance inflict the grave Poisoned Tilt; surfaces smeared with the blood inflict the moderate Tilt if touched within an hour.

WALL CLIMB

The creature can walk up walls or even cling to the ceiling; it can move its full Speed while doing so.

WARP SHARD (BESHILU ONLY)

The *Beshilu* can consume another shard and spend 3 Essence to transmute it over the course of a full day. After this time, it vomits up the shard again. The *Beshilu* chooses a specific Dread Power that the warped shard will manifest if it advances to become a hybrid. The *Beshilu* does not need to possess the Dread Power that it instills.

WATER ELEMENTAL

The creature can liquefy itself into a fluid by spending 1 Essence. This lasts until the end of the scene, during which time the creature can flow down drains, under doors, or immerse itself into another body of liquid and swim through it at twice its normal Speed.

FORMS OF THE FORMLESS

"It is true that all of us are the beneficiaries of crimes committed by our ancestors, and it is true that nothing can be done about that now because the victims are dead and the survivors are innocent. These are good reasons for keeping our mouths shut about the past: but tell me, what are our reasons for silence about atrocities still to come?"

– Damon Knight, *One Side Laughing: Stories Unlike Other Stories*

History is catching up with the Uratha, and it comes girded with madness and a burning desire for vengeance.

The *idigam* are inconceivably ancient. They are impossibly young. The *idigam* are a threat from the dawn of time itself. They are a sudden new danger that has sprung upon the People from the shadows. The *idigam* are contradictory, ever-changing beings that shatter the stasis of the world around them. Each of the Formless is a chrysalis from which something new and startling will emerge.

The *idigam* are spirits, yet unlike other denizens of the Shadow. In their natural states, the Formless are roiling maelstroms of Essence. Each passing moment sees their chimera shape change and adapt in an eternal quest for perfection. Then, an *idigam* finds a spark of obsession, an indefinable *something* that holds its attention and begins its path of metamorphosis. It anchors itself and calms the waves of its being in an instant of coalescence. The inner turmoil turns outwards. Now the world begins to change.

They slink from their ancient prisons and bindings now, these primeval beings. The Formless find that the world has become a rich hunting ground, a new paradise of experience and experimentation through which they can cavort and slither and writhe. Oh, there are those who might hunt them, it is true. Already the werewolves come stalking in the wake of the *idigam*, assuming that the spoor they follow must belong to prey that they can understand and bring down. They don't yet comprehend what they're up against, an enemy that the God of the Hunt could not slay and that the Warden Moon could only seal away.

The *idigam* are returning to the world, and they *hate* the Uratha.

THE MOON-BANISHED

The wilds of Pangaea played witness to an eternal hunt. Father Wolf stalked the *idigam*, offended by their natures, but it was a struggle he could never win. Each time he caught one of the Formless it would change and slither away, defeating his every attempt to corner or run it down. He could not complete his hunt but nor could he give it up. To do so would run counter to his very being.

After the Great Hunt had gone on for countless years, it was Luna who brought about a solution. Perhaps Father Wolf

entreated the Warden Against The Void to aid him. Perhaps the Moon sought to protect the *idigam* from the endless pursuit. Perhaps she sought another, unknown goal. Whatever the truth, Luna gathered up the Formless and imprisoned them upon her lifeless surface.

The prison of the Formless was a place with no Essence, no spirits, nothing at all. They stared at the void reaching beyond Luna's patrolling path, and the glimmering, mocking light of Earth lying far below. Some Moon-Banished fell into slumber. Others danced upon their captor's surface in mad loneliness, or squatted and crooned to the void and those distant, twinkling lights.

Sometimes, they heard answers.

The ages pass. In 1969 the first human stands on the Moon. To the quiescent, mad brood of *idigam*, the lander's arrival shatters the silence of the void. Many Formless flee the initial, burbling rush of spirits and Essence, unable to cope with the return of life and light. The hardiest stay and glut themselves on the sustenance that pours forth. Four *idigam* rode back with the departing humans and came splashing down in the North Pacific.

The *idigam* had returned to Earth.

Several lunar missions have since returned other *idigam* to the world. Some of the Formless escaped when they reached out to the information streams pouring between satellites. Ecstatic and exulting, these refugees hurtled to their freedom at the speed of data transfer. The few *idigam* still waiting in Luna's embrace are nearly berserk from how close freedom is – and terrified that the Lunes will soon perfect a new prison for them.

THE EARTH-BOUND

Luna did not gather up all the *idigam* into her embrace. Those that remained in Pangaea became the Earth-Bound, captives of an entirely different kind. The Moon-Banished remained truly Formless, but the Earth-Bound had a thread of constancy woven through them from an unlikely source – humanity itself.

Only a few scraps of half-remembered, contradictory stories offer explanations as to the nature of the Earth-Bound, often taken from the messages of cryptic Lunes:

- This story is true. The Earth-Bound took on the duty of serving as monsters for humanity to hunt and battle. Their changing natures made them the perfect opponents to test the species' mettle, always returning in a new form when defeated. Perhaps Father Wolf looked fondly on the people amongst whom his Uratha children dwelt, and wanted to give them the only gift he understood – the hunt. Perhaps the *idigam* were just supposed to be a distraction for humanity from deeper horrors in the darkness, defeated puppets set to an undignified task.
- This story is true. It was humanity that saved the Earth-Bound. Far from being ignorant primitives, humans were hewing their claim to the world through strength of arm and mind. They saw the hunted *idigam* and offered

the spirits a pact — they would protect and conceal the *idigam* in return for the Formless Coalescing to help humanity. Humans would need many new concepts to gird themselves against the world, concepts that did not exist yet. The first of the *idigam* to agree to this pact eventually became the spirit of tamed fire.

With the passing ages, the *idigam* sunk into obscurity. Humanity had less need of monsters to slay, with war, disease and the rise of empires serving as far more effective distractions. The keystone concepts of civilization became filled and set, underpinning all that would come forth in future. The few remaining *idigam* laid in quiet slumber. They still feared Father Wolf's relentless jaws and a lifeless lunar prison.

The return of the Moon-Banished has unleashed ripples of wakefulness through the Earth-Bound. Now these slumbering horrors rise from their lairs and find that the Great Predator is long dead. The world is their playground once more, and only the Uratha stand in their way.

ON THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES

Where did the *idigam* come from in the first place? They were present during the age of Pangaea, but these strange, ever-changing spirits reflect nothing in the physical world. They are an utter mystery to most Uratha, and even learned lore-keepers amongst the

People have only managed to assemble a few theories that might explain the *idigam*. Thus far, none of these theories are based on strong evidence:

- The *idigam* are spirits of pure change: The *idigam* do, in fact, reflect the concept of change. Since change is present and constant everywhere in the world, everything serves as their reflection.
- The *idigam* are spirits of concepts that no longer exist: The *idigam* once had reflections in the world of Flesh, but they were the spirits of concepts or creatures that no longer exist. They were such powerful spirits that they have managed to cling to existence even beyond the demise of their reflections, but at the cost of their identities.
- The *idigam* are the spirits of *potential* concepts: *Idigam* are left-overs from the Shadow's earliest history, when it was a state of pure potential as yet unscarred by symbolism. These primeval fragments seek something to be, and may yet pupate into new and bizarre concepts. It's entirely possible that they may be servants or children of the slumbering planet itself.
- The *idigam* are spirits of humanity: Humanity has no direct spiritual reflection in the Shadow, although it cre-



ates a constant deluge of powerful Resonance that spirits feed from. The *idigam* symbolized the human species but somehow became cast adrift from their progenitors.

- The *idigam* are the children of Luna: Luna paired with other spirits than the Great Hunter. Being such a powerful spirit of change, however, it was only the Mother Wolf's Essence that could match that of Father Moon and produce children of balanced nature. The *idigam* are the Moon's offspring by other mates, flooded with mercurial lunar power that overwhelms any other heritage they may possess.
- The *idigam* are truly alien: Luna patrols the wide orbit of the moon to ward the world's Shadow from the void beyond. Sometimes, though, things slip past – things like the *idigam*. They rode to Earth aboard immense vessels, meteors that tore into the planet's surface in a cataclysm of destruction.
- The *idigam* are Uratha: Perhaps the strangest theory of all. The *idigam* are Uratha who have utterly lost themselves to Luna's maddening love and have degenerated into pure, protean Essence. They were amongst the first generation of Uratha, bearing too much of their lunar parent's chaotic power within their veins. Father Wolf hunted them down because he felt a parental duty to do so; Mother Luna gathered them in her embrace because, whatever else they might be, they are her children.

CHRYSALIS TALES

The *idigam* transform a chronicle into a tale of change and evolution. The Uratha have no context to frame their struggle against the Formless. They must adapt and learn or they will die. The Formless themselves are chaos incarnate, travelers on a journey of metamorphosis.

FIGHTING THE IDIGAM

The tragedy of the *idigam* is that most Forsaken who fall victim to the Moon-Banished never really understand what they're up against. Unlike other prey, no deep well of lore or repeated history of the hunt exists for the *Urdaga* to draw upon. The *idigam* are too old and too young. Werewolves who hunt the *idigam* assuming that they are just spirits soon find themselves caught in a nightmare. The Forsaken don't yet know the rules of this game, and the nature of the enemy keeps changing.

Formless *idigam* – those in the natural protean state – are fortunately rare. However, they are also exceedingly hard for Uratha to defeat. Whatever a hunter throws at a Formless, the spirit will just slough off its old vulnerabilities and adapt with new strengths. No plan survives contact with the Formless, because no plan can account for their infinite variation.

The Coalesced are far more powerful but have shed such constant turmoil of form and focus. They display surprising and often catastrophic capabilities on a scale that the Forsaken rarely ever encounter, warping the world around them with ease. These primordial beings may have a retinue of eerie,

twisted creatures that they have forged with their corrupted Essence, minions that don't conform to Uratha hunting lore.

Above all else, Forsaken who would successfully hunt an *idigam* must exploit its ban and bane. Unfortunately, a werewolf's usual tricks are of little use against the Moon-Banished. An Ithaeur attempting to use her Shadow Gaze upon an *idigam* may find that it is too potent for the Facet to pierce. Even getting close enough to the *idigam* to use the Facet is a risky venture. Seeking wisdom from spirits is equally unlikely to help because the *idigam* are as alien and monstrous to the other beings of the Shadow as they are to the Uratha.

Some *idigam* do offer an unusual opportunity, however. They make use of servitors and spawn, and these far weaker beings can offer a chance for occult research and even vivisection that might reveal some of the master's nature.

The ban and bane of a Coalesced *idigam* are often only tangentially related to its form and purpose, if at all. Instead they are rooted in the physical and metaphysical surroundings of the Coalescence. This means that wily Uratha investigators and hunters might track down an *idigam*'s Coalescence site and delve into the traces that the Moon-Banished left behind. The "birthplace" of a Coalesced offers clues that may decipher its weaknesses.

The ban and bane of a Formless *idigam* is as ever-changing as its quicksilver shape. Even were the Uratha to discover the spirit's vulnerabilities, they would be washed away again a moment later. Against Formless, the best hope is to bring as much spiritual strength to bear as possible, driving the *idigam* off or damaging it so grievously that even a spirit of change cannot adapt fast enough.

HUNTERS

Over four decades have passed since the first of the Moon-Banished returned. Even for so mysterious and devastating a foe, stories have had the time to circulate and build the first accumulations of *idigam*-lore. Many of the wider Forsaken communities are awakening to the disturbing realization that something out there possesses immense power and unbridled hatred for their kind.

They whisper many names born of the confused half-truths that survivors spread: *idigam*, Formless, ur-Lunes, Terrestrials, Tunguskans. No two lodges agree where these spirits came from or what they want, beyond that they desire the destruction of the Uratha. Some wonder if they are the planet's own anger, or corrupted Lunes lost to the *Maeljin*, or actual aliens from space. No one yet sees the overall canvas of this new hunt in its full, horrific glory.

It's time for the Forsaken Tribes to step up and do what the Great Predator could not – to successfully hunt the *idigam* down.

- The Blood Talons are outraged and exultant wherever they encounter the blasphemous Empty Wolves – terrible prey that demand all the strength and might of the Uratha to defeat. The tribe spreads words of such creatures through its ranks, and seeks answers as to how these monsters come to be.

- The Bone Shadows have learned enough to fear that they are the prey, not the hunters. They possess much lore that helps with fighting the spiritual servants of the Moon-Banished, but it's not enough to tackle the idigam themselves. More than any other tribe, the Hirfathra Hissu are taking steps to plumb the ancient history of the Shadow, seeking out Lunes and the most primordial of spirits in hope of understanding this new foe.
- The Hunters in Darkness often find themselves drawn to the aftermath in the wake of an idigam's passing. The Moon-Banished inevitably warp the Gauntlet and corrupt sacred places of power that they visit, and the Meninna are beginning to understand that the nature of these horrors might be puzzled from the places that they form.
- Iron Masters are disturbed by the reflection of their tribe's philosophy in the idigam. Adapt, change, become a better predator — but can the Farsil Luhul defeat something even more capable of adaptation than they are? The Iron Masters see terrible and profound sources of change that are afflicting humanity, and some wonder if the idigam are a great opportunity to learn.
- Amongst the Storm Lords, some say that this is the age of Father Wolf's ultimate test for his children, an ancient challenge set in motion when he gave his last howl. Strange, terrible spirits plague the Forsaken and entirely new forms of warped prey emerge. This, the Iminir say, is the crucible in which the tribe will be tested and their worth as successors finally judged.

PREY

The wise amongst the Forsaken listen to the weird, disturbing stories that circulate through their tribal networks, and look to their territory and their prey in search of warning signs:

- The Pure, where they encounter idigam, tend to suffer worse than the Forsaken. Too many of the Anshega react to the arrival of a powerful spirit by assuming they can seek its patronage. The results are disastrous. The Pure are finally piecing together the wider picture of what they're up against, and they're both outraged and terrified.
- Spirits are by no means friends or allies to the idigam. They often flee from the spiritual bow-wave of an idigam if they can, and a Moon-Banished's arrival drives many to cross the Gauntlet and seek refuge as Claimed. Those that cannot or dare not leave the Resonance that sustains them largely try to hide. The Hisil around an idigam's lair can be a desolate place indeed.
- The Hosts have an ancestral memory of the idigam. Their shards are too incomplete and scattered to truly understand the Moon-Banished, but they are possessed with fear when they encounter these primordial beings. A suitably powerful Host that has consumed many shards might actually

remember enough to recall the true nature of the idigam, but for now most Hosts flee an idigam's arrival like rats from a sinking ship — sometimes literally so.

- Humans are often a good barometer of an idigam's presence. They become disturbed and erratic should one of the Moon-Banished exert its influence. More than once, human communities have started to spit out cults and conspiracies around the activities of an idigam. Animals are equally unsettled by the influence of the Moon-Banished but have less complicated means of expressing it. Notably, some Meninna seers have started charting the migratory patterns of birds around areas of known idigam activity, gleanng secrets and insight from the changes inflicted on nature by the chimeric spirits.
- The Lunes play a strange role in this new Great Hunt. It seems that many Lunes served as jailors and wardens over the void-prison, and the idigam often react poorly to the presence of one of these spirits. Their interventions in aiding and informing the Forsaken of this new threat, though, seem infuriatingly erratic to the Tribes of the Moon. Had the Lunes descended in 1969 and told the Forsaken of what was coming, they could have avoided many deaths. Even now, the spirits show no particular interest in enlightening Luna's children about the full extent of the threat that has returned to the world. The Lunes have their own agenda and their own purpose, and the Forsaken are only tangential to that.

METAMORPHOSIS

The *idigam* change the world wherever they walk. Hunting grounds warp with entirely new species of life, and the Shadow buckles and twists. The war against the Moon-Banished and the Earth-Bound will force the Forsaken to adapt, and the battles they fight will scar the Flesh and Shadow. It's inevitable that, with such powers unleashed, an avalanche of consequences will come tumbling down. How long before humanity becomes aware of the primordial beings worming through their midst? What happens when the herd finally *does* know?

In and of themselves, though, the Moon-Banished have the potential to become something more. Each Coalesced is invariably obsessive, rooted in the world that now embraces it yet ever pursuing an answer. The nature of the question varies, but it is that sparking need to understand that first pushes the *idigam* to give in to the world's urge to take form.. They seek something that they cannot quite name, and push themselves in a direction that they cannot fully explain.

What will happen if an *idigam* ever finds what it truly seeks? If an *idigam* reaches that enlightening answer to its question, if it ever becomes *content*, then such a creature may enter a new phase of being. What might emerge from a chrysalis born of the *idigam*? A new concept entirely, a new symbol that will change the world, something even more monstrous and devastating than the primordial spirits already are?

Only the future can tell.

THE LODGE OF QUICKSILVER CHILDREN

The Lodge of Quicksilver Children is a cross-tribe fellowship of Forsaken scholars and historians who have been plagued by one particular question over the ages—if the Uratha are children of the spirits of Mother Wolf and Father Moon, why are they born of humanity? If their inheritance is from two spirit-gods, why are the Uratha themselves not spirits?

The lodge finally believes it has pieced together the answer from scraps of lore about the Formless and the Coalesced. The startling conclusion of the Quicksilver Children is that the offspring of Wolf and Moon was, in fact, an *idigam*. That *idigam*—the true progenitor of the Uratha—coupled with a human sorcerer in a pact or ritual that remains a mystery to the lodge. From that union, Uratha were born with less of the Moon's changing Essence roiling through their bones. They were truly half-human.

The lodge believes it has pinpointed the location where this very *idigam* is slumbering. Unlike the other Formless, they believe this one was left unharmed because the Wolf refused to harm its own child. The Quicksilver Children have dispatched agents to Gevaudan in France.

The Children intend to raise up their progenitor and study it. Some, though, plan to go even further. They want to petition the *idigam* to serve them as a totem, heralding a new era wherein the Forsaken can be unified under their true parent.

Unsurprisingly, the Quicksilver Children are keeping quiet about their revelations for now.

LAWS OF THE LAWLESS

This section covers the game mechanics for using *idigam* as antagonists and characters in a Werewolf chronicle. As strange and alien as they may appear, the *idigam* are spirits and broadly follow the same rules (see pg. 183). *Idigam* do possess several specific traits that are detailed below.

TWIN STATES OF BEING

An *idigam* is either Formless or Coalesced. All *idigam* begin as Formless, ever-shifting spirits of change and chaos. Some *idigam* that the Forsaken encounter may still be in this protean form because they're recently descended or awoken. Hunting a Formless is a confusing, surreal battle against an ever-changing and truly mercurial enemy, but such an *idigam* has not yet reached its full potential.

The modern world exerts a subtle pressure on *idigam* to Coalesce. Perhaps, once, the *idigam* could prowl the spirit wilds without difficulty. In this era, following *Urfarah's* death-howl and the raising of the Gauntlet, the ancient spirits experience an urge to take form. The Formless have no physical analogue or fleshly reflection and, thus unanchored, they are weak. Coalesced *idigam* have relatively stable manifestations, taking substance and purpose from the world around them.

The differences between Formless and Coalesced *idigam* are as follows:

- Formless *Idigam* have no Influences.
- Formless *Idigam* lose Essence at twice the normal rate while in the physical world.
- The ban and bane of a Formless change every scene.
- Formless cannot target others with Essence Shaping, only themselves.
- Formless only possess the Shifting Dread Power.
- Upon Coalescing, an *idigam's* Rank increases by one.
- Upon Coalescing, an *idigam's* Influences, traits, ban and bane become set.
- A Coalesced *idigam* possesses a full selection of Influences, Essence Shaping, and Dread Powers.

Both Formless and Coalesced are immune to supernatural powers that would command them, master them, or reshape their abilities, whether from Gifts, rites, or the witchcraft of other beings. The *idigam* can be bound or forced into dormancy, but they can never simply be leashed like a dog and forced into obedience. Their ancient, ever-flowing Essence simply shrugs off any such attempts to chain them to docility.

A Coalesced can return to Formlessness by spending Willpower points equal to twice its current Rank when it is sent into dormancy due to damage or a lack of Essence. This is extremely rare; most Coalesced have no desire to descend into Formlessness again.

RANK

The weakest *idigam* encountered have been Formless, usually freshly descended onto the world from their lunar prison. Such *idigam* are merely as powerful as an *Ensih* (Rank 3). The most powerful of the *idigam* that the Forsaken know of, the terrifying *Gurdilag*, was a *Dihar* (Rank 6) once Coalesced, but even more potent Moon-Banished may still wait in the shadows. Most Coalesced are *Ensaahim* (Rank 4) or *Dihim* (Rank 5).

ESSENCE

Idigam possess deep wells of spiritual power. An *idigam's* Essence Pool is double what it would normally be for a spirit of its Rank. *Idigam* do not lose Essence daily in the Shadow, although in the world of Flesh, Formless bleed Essence at twice the usual rate. Coalesced lose Essence in the Flesh at the normal rate suffered by spirits.

INFLUENCES

While the Formless entirely lack Influences, a Coalesced *idigam* possesses Influences as a normal spirit of its Rank. Lacking physical reflections, the *idigam* takes on Influences that reflect either its own agenda and drives or the location in which it Coalesced.

Sul-Kushiri Coalesced in a rusting junkyard under the beating summer sun. Its barbed limbs and oil-slick beard of corroded chains and spines emanate intense heat, all fine tools to hunt down the Uratha and add them to its blade-covered

trophy-tower. It impales them like a shrike. *Sul-Kushiri* has Influences over Rust, Metal, and Fire.

Guhinim Thirih'Lulul gave in to the urge to Coalesce while it watched a strange human gathering – a conference of businesspeople all caught up in networking, hunting for future business leads, and glibly coughing up buzzwords. Fascinated, the *idigam* gave itself form, and ever since has chased the path of money and favors through the web of human interaction. *Guhinim Thirih'Lulul* has Influences over Money, Information, and Deception.

BAN & BANE

An *idigam* possesses a ban and bane appropriate to its Rank, as other spirits do. The ban and bane of a Formless shift to something new every single scene. Despite the best documentation efforts of those Uratha unfortunate enough to encounter a Formless, there is no discernible pattern to these changes. They have no relation to the surroundings, the activities of the *idigam*, or the powers brought to bear against it.

A Coalesced's ban and bane are set. These vulnerabilities reflect the world around the *idigam* at the moment it Coalesced, and thus can be highly esoteric or bizarre – but they are unchanging and can be exploited by those who would hunt the Moon-Banished. They reflect both the physical and metaphysical environment in which the Coalescence happened.

After it returned from the moon, *Eguriduth-Dar* stumbled around the Shadow like a drunken man, overwhelmed by all the light and color and feeling of the world. It Coalesced during a prison riot that led to several convicts escaping, drinking down the rush of Essence that the chaos produced. *Eguriduth-Dar's* ban is that it cannot abide to be within an enclosed space and must seek to escape. Manacles are its bane.

Rough, frigid seas welcomed *Sehendenna Gaskalla* to the world. It plunged down into the water, rose up beside a storm-tossed sea-vessel, and threw itself into Coalescence with wild abandon. Its ban is that it cannot stand heat and must flee from sources of warmth that are hotter than blood. The bane of *Sehendenna Gaskalla* is metal from the hull of that self-same ship, an Arctic research vessel.

One exception to these rules exists. Unlike their Moon-Banished kin, Earth-Bound *idigam* do have a thread running through their bans and banes, regardless of whether Formless or Coalesced. For these *idigam*, their vulnerabilities always involve humanity in some way.

Lulusumhul Coalesced amongst a herd of wild goats on an arid, desolate hillside. Its ban is that it must leave human animal-herders unharmed. Its bane is goats-wool that has been spun and worked by human hands.

ESSENCE SHAPING

All *idigam* have the ability to manipulate and shape Essence to an astounding degree, although the Formless can only ever target themselves with these powers. An *idigam* usually has a number of Essence Shaping powers equal to its Rank, but this is by no means a hard rule.

DREAD POWERS

As well as the usual Numina that spirits possess, *idigam* often express unique and horrific Dread Powers. Formless *idigam* only possess the Shifting Dread Power, allowing them to constantly alter their traits. Coalesced *idigam* may have many more, usually between three and six Dread Powers in total.

ESSENCE SHAPING

All *idigam* have the power to shape and channel Essence in ways that seem strange and alien to other denizens of the Shadow. The Formless can only remold their own Essence in this way, but the Coalesced possess the ability to turn their Essence Shaping powers against the outside world.

This list offers a wide selection of Essence Shaping powers, but is not comprehensive. The *idigam* are diverse beings once Coalesced, capable of all manner of bizarre and unnatural accomplishments. Storytellers are encouraged to create new Essence Shaping powers that match the themes and role of an *idigam* in their chronicle.

ESSENCE ATTACK

While in a grapple with a living foe (including other spirits), the *idigam* can brutally alter her Essence flow to inflict horrific wounds. As a move that it can select upon winning a grapple, the *idigam* can reflexively rip a single point of Essence out of its opponent, inflicting one point of aggravated damage in the process. The *idigam* may then consume the Essence itself or allow the spiritual energy to dissipate.

ESSENCE TRAP

By touching a victim with an Essence pool, the *idigam* can scar his Essence flow with a malign mark. If the *idigam* succeeds in a Power + Finesse roll opposed by the prey's Resolve + Primal Urge (Resistance for spirits), it causes the victim to suffer horrendous hemorrhaging when he tries to spend Essence. The Essence trap inflicts one lethal point of damage for each point of Essence the victim expends. The mark remains until the *idigam* is destroyed or the victim empties his Essence pool entirely.



ESSENCE VENOM

By grappling a resisting target or touching an unresisting victim, the *idigam* may pour corrupted Essence into him, transferring up to the *idigam*'s Rank in Essence per turn. Until he uses up or bleeds off the Essence, the victim must roll Stamina + Resolve + Primal Urge minus the number of envenomed Essence points still in his system each day. Failure means that a spiritual disease afflicts the victim, inflicting the Poisoned Tilt on them.

ESSENCE VOID

By touching an object or location with a Size of up to twice the *idigam*'s Rank, the Moon-Banished can create a void that draws in spiritual energy. Touching or entering the void causes a character with an Essence pool to lose a single point of Essence every turn as it is bled away into nothingness. The *idigam* itself, its servants, and those who have its tainted Essence in their system (including victims of the Essence Venom ability) are unaffected. The *idigam* may have up to twice its Rank in Essence voids active at any given time.

GAUNTLET MANIPULATION

With a Power + Finesse roll affected by the local Gauntlet modifier, the *idigam* can tear a rift through the Gauntlet, allowing movement between the Shadow and the Flesh. The *idigam* must expend 1 point of Essence per turn to keep the rift open.

Instead of such a brutally direct approach, the *idigam* may attempt to weaken or strengthen the Gauntlet in the local area. With a Power + Finesse roll, the *idigam* can raise or lower the Gauntlet strength rating and the accompanying modifier by one for each success rolled.

GHOST MANIPULATION

The *idigam* can perceive and interact with the deathly energies of ghosts and, with a Power + Finesse roll opposed by a ghost's Finesse + Resistance, the *idigam* may attempt to resculpt a hapless ghost that it touches. This attack costs Essence equal to the ghost's Rank, but if it succeeds the *idigam* can perform one of the following:

- Shift a number of dots equal to the *idigam*'s Rank in the ghost's Attributes and Influences.
- Swap a single Numen for another.
- Change a single Anchor that the ghost possesses.
- Alter the ghost's memories, Vice and Virtue.
- Alter the ghost's ban and bane.

LOCUS MANIPULATION

By regurgitating its Essence into a locus, an *idigam* can taint that locus and gain influence over it. Doing so requires the *idigam* to expend three times the locus's rating in Essence, after which it corrupts the locus until the Essence is removed or the locus is destroyed.

An *idigam* that has corrupted a locus can drink from its Essence at any range. It can also reflexively attune its senses

to any locus that it has corrupted and detect what is occurring there as if it were present. By transferring Essence from one corrupted locus into another it can link them together, building a web of corrupted Essence that grows more powerful—linked loci have their ratings increased by 1. Once linked, the *idigam* may move between one locus and the next at triple its normal speed. It can also use a network of corrupted loci to unleash certain Dread Powers with devastating effect.

Any being unfortunate enough to take Essence from a corrupted locus becomes vulnerable to the *idigam*'s power. The *idigam* can now reflexively gain a rough idea of the victim's location as long as the corrupted Essence is in his system, and gains a +5 bonus to the dice pools of all Essence Shaping, Numina, and Dread Powers that target the victim.

ONE MILLION EYES

The *idigam* can reflexively extend its senses through any servant that it has created through Forge Servant, and any creature that bears its infected Essence. This grants it the full perceptions of the creature, including what she is thinking at the time the *idigam* focuses its attention on her. On a wider scale, the *idigam* immediately becomes aware whenever a servant is attacked or injured, and servants can call their master's attention with a panicked thought.

SHADOW WARP

The *idigam* can transform an area of the Shadow into a nightmarish maze, spending 5 Essence and affecting a radius equal in miles to its Rank. Within this area, time and space fold in confusing ways and paths turn back in on themselves. The *idigam* can inflict up to two of the following effects on the area, afflicting any being other than itself and its servants:

- A penalty to Initiative equal to the *idigam*'s Rank.
- A penalty to Speed equal to the *idigam*'s Rank.
- A penalty to Perception rolls equal to the *idigam*'s Rank.
- A penalty to all foot-chase and navigation rolls for the area equal to the *idigam*'s Rank.
- Anyone leaving or entering the area must make a Resolve + Composure check minus the *idigam*'s Rank or find themselves unable to do so as paths turn aside or loop on themselves, delivering them back to where they began.
- Any spirit of lower Rank than the *idigam* that attempts to use a Numen or Influence suffers one point of lethal damage.

SPIRIT MANIPULATION

With a Power + Finesse roll opposed by a spirit's Finesse + Resistance, the *idigam* may attempt to resculpt a spirit that it can perceive. This attack costs Essence equal to the spirit's Rank, but if it succeeds the *idigam* can perform one of the following:

- Shift a number of dots equal to the *idigam*'s Rank in the spirit's Attributes and Influences.
- Swap a single Numen for another.

- Alter the spirit's ban and bane.
- Alter the nature of the spirit by infusing its Essence with that stolen from another spirit. This changes the Resonance of Essence that the spirit can feed from, and often turns it into a magath.

THIEF OF GIFTS

Whenever the *idigam* successfully strikes an Uratha with a melee attack and deals damage, it may also tear into the Uratha's very spirit and steal a Facet from her. The stolen Facet becomes imprinted in the *idigam*'s own Essence pattern, allowing it to use the power once as if it were the werewolf from whom the Facet was stolen. The werewolf does not lose the mark of the Gift carved in her spirit, but cannot use the lost Facet until the *idigam* is either killed or discharges the Facet itself.

FORGE SERVANT

One of the most terrifying aspects of the *idigam* is their ability to create powerful and bizarre servants through the manipulation of Essence. There are several discrete Essence Shaping powers under this category, but they all share certain qualities. Victims of a Forge Servant power must be incapacitated or unresisting, and performing the transformation takes 10 turns. Some Forge Servant powers remove the victim's soul; the *idigam* may then discard the soul to whatever fate awaits it, or may store it. An *idigam* may retain up to twice its Rank in stored souls. The souls appear upon the *idigam* in some form, such as lanterns, chain-wrapped boxes, or moaning spheres of light.

Servants created through Essence Shaping are usually highly loyal and gain the ability to understand and communicate with their new master, even if the *idigam* is not normally capable of communicating coherently.

FORGE CLAIMED

The *idigam* may touch a human and, with a Power + Finesse roll contested by the victim's Resolve + Composure, tear his soul free. It may then insert a spirit or soul of the *idigam*'s choice into the body. In the case of a spirit, this immediately creates a Claimed. If the *idigam* does this with a soul, the victim suffers the persistent Madness Condition.

An *idigam* of a more experimental or unhinged bent may attempt to pack multiple spirits into a single human body. This creates a bizarre fusion called a Hive-Claimed. Such monstrous *duguthim* are mad, cunning, and ravenous creatures that burn through Essence at a ferocious rate. The sheer spiritual power contained in such a creature's frame causes its flesh to warp, twist, and split, resulting in a hulking monstrosity. Hive-Claimed do occur "naturally" in the world, but only under very rare circumstances.

A Hive-Claimed follows the usual rules for a Claimed with the following exceptions:

- When enhancing the subject's Attributes, for each of Power, Finesse, and Resistance use the highest score amongst all the spirits Claiming the victim. Add an additional dot to either Strength or Stamina for every spirit Claiming the victim after the first.
- Depending on the number of spirits Claiming it, the subject's size increases: two to three spirits increase Size by 1, four to six increase it by 2, seven to nine increase it by 3 while any number of spirits over that will increase it by 4. This Size increase is not immediate, occurring at a growth of 1 point per month while the body transforms and bloats.
- Spirits in a Hive-Claimed cannot release themselves; and if the host is killed, they are permanently destroyed.
- Hive-Claimed possess an Essence pool equal to the highest amongst the Claiming spirits, plus an additional 2 points for each spirit after the first. They may also regain Essence points by consuming human or werewolf flesh.
- If a Hive-Claimed runs out of Essence, its hunger turns inwards; it takes one point of lethal damage every day as it begins to consume itself.

FORGE EMPTY WOLF

The *idigam* may touch a werewolf and, with a Power + Finesse roll contested by the victim's Resolve + Composure + Primal Urge, tear the soul free and replace it with a spirit or soul of the *idigam*'s choice. If it replaces the werewolf's soul with a spirit, this immediately creates an Empty Wolf, a unique type of Claimed that retains some of the Uratha's supernatural abilities. If the *idigam* does this with a soul, the werewolf suffers the persistent Madness Condition.

An Empty Wolf follows the usual rules for a Claimed with the following exceptions:

- An Empty Wolf retains the Uratha's senses, shapeshifting, and regeneration.
- It retains all Gifts, Facets, and Renown brands, but can no longer gain any new ones.
- It retains the ability to perform rites and use fetishes and talens.
- An Empty Wolf no longer treats silver as a bane. Instead, it takes on the *idigam*'s own bane, which has all the effects of silver.

FORGE FLESH-BOUND SPIRIT

The *idigam* may target a spirit and, with a Power + Finesse roll contested by the victim's Resistance, force the spirit to manifest permanently in the physical world. The spirit is forcibly ejected from the Shadow and cannot re-enter it. It becomes constantly Essence-hungry, needing to consume the energy of living creatures directly. Flesh-bound spirits tend to be dangerously unhinged by their traumatic metamorphosis into beings of the world of Flesh.

A flesh-bound spirit follows the usual rules for a spirit with the following exceptions:

- The spirit is permanently manifested and cannot enter Twilight or the Shadow.
- The spirit can consume the flesh of any living creature, gaining one point of Essence for each point of damage

that it inflicts on a victim via a grapple. The spirit cannot gain Essence from any other source.

- The spirit automatically heals up to its Rank in lethal or bashing damage each turn.
- The spirit loses Essence at twice the usual rate for spirits in the world of Flesh.
- The spirit gains a number of Dread Powers (see pg. 210) as if it were a Claimed, usually two or three powers relating to its nature. It retains its existing Numina and Influences.
- If forced to return to the Shadow, for example through the Banish Rite, the spirit returns to its normal state and ceases to be Flesh-Bound.

FORGE HERALD

By targeting a willing human or Uratha, the *idigam* may make a herald to serve as an ambassador and agent of its will. Heralds may serve as lethal assassins or silver-tongued envoys, possessing enough of their own intuition and initiative to pursue the *idigam's* goals at a distance from their master. No herald is ever allowed to think that they are anything other than a slave, even for a moment.

A herald follows the usual rules for a human or werewolf with the following exceptions:

- The herald adds twice the *idigam's* Rank to its Essence pool. In the case of a human, it gains an Essence pool equal to twice the *idigam's* Rank, and may spend one point of Essence per turn to heal a point of bashing or lethal damage.
- The herald may hold a copy of a single Numina or Dread Power that the *idigam* possesses. It uses Presence + Wits in place of Power + Finesse rolls for the Dread Power. If a herald is killed while holding a Dread Power, the *idigam* suffers a number of points of lethal damage equal to its Rank in spiritual feedback.
- The *idigam* can focus its attention on any of its heralds, gaining a sense of what he is seeing, hearing, and feeling.
- The herald may speak mind-to-mind with its *idigam* at any range.
- With a Power + Finesse roll opposed by the herald's Resolve, the *idigam* may directly take control of the herald at any time. Doing so inflicts one point of lethal damage on the herald.
- If an Uratha, the herald no longer treats silver as a bane. Humans and Uratha alike gain the *idigam's* bane as their own.

FORGE SPAWN

By vomiting out a portion of its own Essence, the *idigam* can attempt to create a new spirit — a spawn-creature in its own image. The *idigam* can only make spawn that are below

its own Rank in power, at a cost of 5 Essence per Rank of the newly created spirit.

A spawn follows the usual rules for a spirit with the following exceptions:

- It can only have Influences that the *idigam* possesses.
- Its ban and bane are the same as the *idigam*.
- It may replace all of its Numina with a single Dread Power that the *idigam* possesses.

DREAD POWERS

This list offers a selection of sample Dread Powers appropriate for *idigam*, but should not be taken as comprehensive. Storytellers are encouraged to create new Dread Powers that match the themes and roles of the *idigam* in their chronicles. Storytellers may also select Dread Powers from the list for Claimed and Hosts (see pg. 210) for the *idigam*.

BANE-SALVE

The *idigam* can empower a werewolf or spirit that it touches, transferring 1 point of tainted Essence to the recipient. As long as the recipient retains that point of Essence in her pool, she reduces all damage that she suffers from her bane by one point.

CALL VOID SPIRIT

The *idigam* can call to the stars and the void beyond Luna's boundary, summoning alien spirits to the world. This process takes one hour and costs 5 Essence, at the end of which the Storyteller rolls Power + Finesse. If it is successful, the *idigam* must then wait a further week for a small meteor or other fragment of material to come crashing down within one mile of where it was called. Clinging to the meteor are void spirits of total cumulative Rank equal to the successes that the *idigam* rolled. These spirits are willing allies of the Moon-Banished.

A void spirit follows the usual rules for a spirit with the following exceptions:

- Void spirits gain a +3 bonus on all dice pools to contest the Facets and supernatural powers of creatures of this world.
- Void spirits are entirely unaffected by existing rites; entirely new ones will need to be discovered to banish or bind them.

COLOSSUS

The *idigam* is immense of form, a towering spirit-monstrosity that can simply shrug off lesser attacks. The *idigam* increases its Corpus by its Size, and gains general Armor equal to its Resistance. This armor is completely ignored by attacks made with the *idigam's* bane. Against creatures and objects of smaller Size than the *idigam*, its attacks benefit from the 8-Again rule.

DEVOURER

To this *idigam*, everything is just raw material to be shoveled into its hungry maw. Whenever the *idigam* inflicts



damage in a grapple, it regains 1 point of Essence per point of damage inflicted and heals one point of Corpus. The *idigam* can consume any material without suffering harm, no matter how corrosive or poisonous, and can devour up to its Power in Structure of objects per turn, ignoring the object's Durability.

DEVINE CLAY

Flesh is as clay to the touch of the *idigam*. It can mold and sculpt meat, sinew, and bone with ease if it has an incapacitated or unresisting living victim. When working on a living creature of the Flesh, the *idigam* can move one Attribute dot each minute that it works, or turn an Attribute dot into one of:

- A point of Armor
- 1L of natural weaponry rating
- A sense that the victim does not normally possess (such as echolocation, infrared vision, or similar)
- A Dread Power that suits the change in question

ELEMENTAL FURY

The *idigam* gains Influence (Fire, Storms, Earthquakes, Floods, Gales, or Drought) 5. When using this Influence, it can affect an area as large as its Rank in diameter in miles.

CRAZED EVOLUTION

The *idigam* is a spiritual font of rampant mutation, its very presence causing riotous change and flesh-warping. Each week generates a number of bizarre warped creatures in the local area equal to the *idigam*'s Rank, which can rapidly overwhelm a region with madspawn. The *idigam* has no direct control over the bounty of mutation that occurs, although it is likely to reflect the *idigam*'s nature.

A warped creature suffers the following changes:

- All of its Attributes are increased or reduced by one.
- It gains one of: a +1 increase to the damage rating of its natural weaponry, a point of Armor, a new sense, or a new form of locomotion (such as wings, burrowing, climbing etc).
- It gains a Dread Power.
- All attempts to use a skill based on Animal Ken to interact with a warped creature suffer a penalty equal to the *idigam*'s Rank.

FURIOUS MADNESS

The *idigam*'s presence tears at the mind with maddening talons. When an Uratha in the presence of the *idigam* enters

Death Rage, the *idigam*'s Rank is added to the Uratha's Primal Urge for the purposes of calculating the duration.

MAD FECUNDITY

The *idigam*'s mere presence causes the natural world to rise up in revolt. Plants erupt into growth and overwhelm buildings in mere hours, while animals become ferocious and aggressive. Creatures of all kinds become incredibly fecund and fertile, often accompanied by murderous levels of territoriality and competitiveness. Each hour that the *idigam* is present in an area of radius equal to its Rank in miles, all stationary mechanical objects and artificial structures suffer one point of Structure damage as vines wrap them, mold blooms amidst their workings, and concrete shatters from rising roots. Animals are aggressive to all human beings, Uratha, and supernatural beings. Any attempts to influence them — including supernatural powers — suffer a penalty equal to the *idigam*'s Rank.

NIGHTMARE PLAGUE

The *idigam* is a font of nightmares, its presence a heavy weight in the world of dreams. Each night, anyone attempting to sleep within the *idigam*'s Rank in miles must succeed at a Resolve + Composure roll or suffer debilitating nightmares, regaining no Willpower from rest and gaining the Paranoia Condition.

PURIFICATION

The *idigam*'s caress mends wounds and purifies flesh, cleansing the body. By spending 5 Essence and succeeding at a successful Power + Finesse roll, the *idigam* can heal all damage that a target has suffered, neutralize venoms and poisons, and cure all diseases that the target is suffering. However, anyone who receives the *idigam*'s benediction suffers a penalty equal to the *idigam*'s Rank to resist any of its other Dread Powers or Essence Shaping abilities in the next month.

SOUL FURNACE

By destroying a captive soul that it possesses as a reflexive action, the *idigam* may add its Rank to a single dice pool for a Dread Power, Numen, or Essence Shaping power.

SOUL SLAVE

The *idigam* can use captive souls as servants, enslaving them to its whims. These tormented souls go forth to steal bodies or attack Twilight spirits.

Although it is not actually a spirit, a soul slave follows the same rules for spirits with the following exceptions:

- It does not have a ban, bane, or Influences.
- It is always Rank 2.
- Its natural state is Twilight, and it cannot enter the Shadow. A soul slave in Twilight can, however, interact with both ghosts and spirits.
- It gains a +3 bonus to the dice pool for the Possess Manifestation as long as it is targeting a normal human.
- It cannot be negotiated with or bound. It is unaffected by wards or protections against either spirits or ghosts.

SHIFTING

The *idigam* can reform its shape in accordance to its needs. Once per turn, as a reflexive action, the *idigam* may change itself in a significant manner. The possibilities are endless, but include:

- Developing Armor equal to its Rank.
- Growing limbs or means of locomotion that add +10 to its Speed (and possibly allow it to fly, swim, climb, or tunnel with ease).
- Changing appearance to perfectly copy a person or animal.
- Break apart into a swarm, suffering only half damage from most attacks but double damage from area of effect attacks.
- Dissolve into a liquid or gas, allowing it to escape a grapple and move through tiny gaps, grilles and channels.
- Shift dots from one trait to another on a one-for-one basis, up to its Rank in dots per round. It can change Attributes and Influences in this way.
- Exchange one Numen for another.

Some *idigam* possess limited forms of shifting — some can only turn into water, for example, or can only mimic human beings. Such *idigam* gain a +5 bonus to dice pools where their new form should benefit them, such as disguise and deception for an *idigam* mimic attempting to pass as a human.

SPIRIT DOMINION

With an instant action, the *idigam* can sense all spirits within its Rank x 100 yards. By spending 1 Essence, it can immerse its senses into any one of the spirits it can perceive, letting the *idigam* see what the spirit sees and hear what it hears. Doing so does not inflict any penalties on the *idigam*'s usual perception, but it can only view through one spirit in this way at a time.

SPIRIT INTERROGATION

With a successful Power + Finesse roll opposed by a spirit's Resistance, the *idigam* can strip the will away from a spirit that it touches and force it to yield up its secrets. If successful, the spirit is forced to answer any question the *idigam* puts to it with the absolute truth as the spirit understands it.

THE DECEIVER LUNE — LU'IM IDUTH

"The Mother offers forgiveness, but nothing comes without sacrifice. Through me, you may yet learn, and never again be Forsaken."

The Deceiver Lune never appears the same way twice. Light and shadow play over its pristine skin as it flickers along the edge of sight. Tendrils trail behind it, disappearing in the distance as its lithe body moves quickly through the Shadow. In another instance, its rippling muscles shine with the moon's

light. The *idigam* can appear as any of the Lunar *Umia*, and is often mistaken for them. Its servants believe that it is powerful enough to have transcended any distinct moon phase. Those among the *idigam*'s disciples who have heard the word mistake *Lu'im Iduth* for one of the *maslunim* – the hidden Lunes.

These masks hide the *idigam*'s true appearance, which even it has forgotten. The spirit's assumed identities conceal an amorphous, quicksilver-like creature. The blob changes shape and color on a continual basis, as if it can't settle on a final appearance.

Werewolf scholars who have delved into the history of Pangaea believe they have found the Deceiver Lune's origins. Stories speak of a spirit whose nature sat somewhere between breaking and madness, in the empty spaces between thought and reality. If these scholars cannot put a firm name to the phenomenon, it is because there simply is no proper term. They posit the stories refer to this *idigam*; a spirit broken beyond the pale, latching onto anything and everything it can in order to continue its existence.

The Deceiver Lune hides amongst its followers, moving with them as it sees fit. An entourage of at least three werewolves accompanies the *idigam* at all times, all driven mad by its constant presence. It refuses to stay in one place for long. The *idigam* reasons that if it becomes stationary, the Forsaken may hunt it down. Remaining constantly on the move is a safety measure. It also allows *Lu'im Iduth* to add to her growing collection of devotees.

How the *idigam* plans to use these devotees is both complex and simple. The Deceiver Lune reckons that a werewolf's life is fraught with peril and hardship. Would it not be simpler to give in? Isn't it better to take an offer of forgiveness and rise above one's peers? The *idigam* can't be everywhere, so it needs mouthpieces to spread the message to the Uratha. To that end, it possesses servants called the *Urdam*, or Believer Wolves. These werewolves spread the *idigam*'s message to their brethren. Ghost Wolves one and all, they believe that the *idigam* is a powerful Lune. *Lu'im Iduth* considers the *Urdam* valuable servants. The Believer Wolves bring in converts, aiming to create an entirely new tribe of Uratha with the *idigam* as the tribal "totem." The Deceiver Lune will use its tribe to destabilize and destroy Uratha society. Once its followers have performed their tasks, the *idigam* will drive them mad so that they may destroy each other.

The *idigam* isn't truly certain what it wants. It destabilizes and deceives not out of a cognizant agenda, but because it must. Perhaps this behavior calls back to its original nature. Or, as some Uratha think, the spirit is so inherently broken that it sees building a tribe as putting itself back together.

MANY YEARS, MANY FACES

When man first set foot on the moon, tales say the *idigam* fought to be the first back to Earth. The Deceiver Lune was not one of them. Had the Lunes set some sort of trap? Was the potential for freedom a lie? The spirit held back and observed as some of its brethren fled Luna's surface.

With that in mind, *Lu'im Iduth* waited. The humans returned again and again. Each time, a few *idigam* went with

them, without intervention from the Lunes. The Deceiver Lune was convinced that freedom was not a lie. When Apollo 15 landed on the moon's surface in 1971, *Lu'im Iduth* took advantage of its preparation. For the first time in millennia, the *idigam* returned home.

Once on Earth, the *idigam* fled far from the return module's splashdown. It resisted the push to Coalesce, to root itself firmly in reality. The Deceiver Lune found solace in the night. The dark was comforting and familiar. Still, it was not without its dangers. A Lune discovered the *idigam*, surprising *Lu'im Iduth*. Exhausted by maintaining its Formless nature, and believing itself cornered, the *idigam* struck out, Coalescing around the Lune and absorbing it. As it took the hapless spirit into its being, the Deceiver Lune searched through its memories. It absorbed fragments of thought, piecing together how the Uratha and the Lunes interacted, and filling in the gaps with its own conclusions.

In the Shadow of the Himalayan foothills, *Lu'im Iduth* discovered a profoundly broken werewolf who was more spirit than flesh. Piercing the werewolf's mind, the *idigam* discovered that this Uratha had been part of a pack under constant assault from the Pure. Pushed against the wall, the pack started killing. As the pack's loci dried up, killing the *Anshega* turned to eating them for Essence. Eventually, the pack turned on itself, and this was the only survivor. The werewolf, quite mad, retreated into the Shadow to endlessly hunt for Essence.

The *idigam* recognized a sort of kindred spirit, making this Uratha its first servant. It called him *Ili Sugin'dab*, the Penitent.

PUPPETS IN THE SHADOWS

The majority of *idigam* warp the spirit world around them. Essence is as clay to them and shaping ephemera comes as easily as breathing. In contrast, the Deceiver Lune has almost no effect on the world around itself, at least not due to its mere presence. Oddly, it gives almost no mark of its presence whatsoever. It's as if the world tries to forget the creature.

Conversely, the *idigam*'s followers mark the world in their passing. This group of Ghost Wolves has been suckered in by the Deceiver Lune. Each one of them fully believes in the goal of forgiveness and gives the "Lune" his ardent devotion. Many of these devotees are more spirit than flesh. Because of this, the *idigam* is assured an entourage of bodyguards in the *Hisil*.

In order to help keep its servants at their peak, the *idigam* uses its Essence Shaping powers to taint any loci it comes across. As the *Urdam* absorb Essence from these tainted loci, they become more and more faithful to the *idigam*. So long as a werewolf holds this tainted Essence, she is somewhat protected from silver's terrible bite. In this way, the *idigam* "proves" its claims of forgiveness, claiming the boon is one step toward absolution.

Despite its lack of raw physical power, the Deceiver Lune possesses the horrifying ability to create *Su'ur*. *Lu'im Iduth* uses this process to create the Devoted. The *idigam* uses only Lunes as the spirit-half of this process. The resulting *Su'ur* are driven insane by the intimate contact. Even so, the bulk of the tribe considers the Devoted to be a sort of "holy order," a station that they might rise to if they show the proper faith in their totem.

The result depends largely on what kind of Lune the Deceiver bonds to the werewolf. The *Ralunim* produce a slaving monster that flies into *Kuruth* at the slightest provocation. There is no *Wasu-Im* for these creatures – they snap directly into *Basu-Im* instead. Used as shock troops against the tribe's enemies, these werewolves are seemingly unstoppable. The *Cahalunim* spawn a Devoted who must draw out the Hunt, nipping at prey until it drops from fear and exhaustion. A werewolf bonded with an *Elunim* retains most of its intelligence and personality. It insists on constant contact with either the *idigam* or other Devoted, recognizing them as the only social circles it can accept. An *Ithalunim*-bound werewolf becomes indistinguishable from a spirit, developing powers along spiritual lines rather than as a werewolf. Finally, a Devoted created from an *Irralunim* is nearly invisible and silent. A raspy whisper from the shadows, the soft puncture of claws through skin – these are all others tend to notice from this Devoted.

Otherwise, the *idigam* only warps the world around it through its Essence Shaping to realize some immediate goal. It prefers to avoid the Lunes' attention by maintaining a light personal touch on the world. *Lu'im Iduth* thinks nothing of risking its followers' lives, however, using them to lure Lunes into traps. Once caught, the unfortunate spirit is either consumed for Essence or becomes the spirit-half of a new Devoted.

CHASING DOWN THE MOON

No pack has claimed the west side of town in years. That is, until the newcomers arrived. A small pack of Ghost Wolves, with no Wolf-Blooded or human members, has set up shop there.

After a while, they visit the neighbors. They're friendly enough. The pack has no grandiose plans on grabbing more territory than it can handle. Other packs have good relations with them as well. At a seasonal *ungin* – a meeting of neighboring packs – the Ghost Wolves bring up philosophical issues, and that's when the warning flags go up.

The Ghost Wolves claim that following the Firstborn is a fool's errand. If those mighty spirits didn't have the loyalty to stand with their own Father, why would they be loyal to the Uratha? The only real solution is to follow Mother Luna. She at least did something about Father Wolf's death and inflicted silver's curse on the Uratha. The only way to redeem the People is to search for Luna's forgiveness.

The pack deflects accusations that its members are mad. They claim that they have close contact with a Lune and it hasn't driven them mad. Clearly redemption is possible. A penitent only needs to seek it with a true heart. They claim to know the path to redemption. The People simply need to seek it honestly, with no malice or deceit in their souls. On that bombshell, the pack returns to its territory.

The other packs in the area are at odds on how to proceed. Some want to talk to these Ghost Wolves and find what they're up to. Others want to spy on the new pack instead. Still others want to drive them away or maybe even kill them. But here and there one werewolf or another may want to talk to the Ghost Wolves. He wants to listen to the pack's message and, perhaps, walk the path of forgiveness himself.

The characters have an extremely volatile situation on their hands. The characters need to defuse the situation and look for a proper solution. Do they side with one of the presented views? Or do they have another idea in mind? Nobody knows what's really going on with the Ghost Wolves. No other pack has an inkling what spirit acts as the pack's totem, if any.

If any characters enter the Ghost Wolves' territory, the neighborhood is not quite as they remember. The shadows are slightly longer and darker. People are less friendly and far more guarded than before. The entire neighborhood seems more furtive, somehow. Investigation – or an honest desire to seek Luna's forgiveness – will reveal that the *idigam* is active in the area. The pack may or may not know, or be able to discover, that *Lu'im Iduth* is an *idigam*. When the characters bring that information back to the other packs, will the others believe them without proof? With several werewolves all with different solutions, how do the packs come together under one answer?

THE MOON'S TRIBE

The characters encounter tales of a new tribe. The stories conflict on the specifics, but one thing is clear: The tribal totem is not one of the Firstborn, but is somehow the key to Luna's forgiveness. The stories fail to mention how to gain that redemption. Some say that to earn Mother Moon's full favor, a werewolf has to renounce her current tribe and join the new one. Others claim that simply undergoing a special rite the tribe possesses is enough. Some few claim that a werewolf has to die by silver first and will be reborn with Luna's forgiveness. Most Uratha scoff at the notion. Luna has not seen fit to offer forgiveness for millennia. What could have changed?

If the characters investigate, they eventually find their way to an enclave in Northern Canada. Through the Penitent, the *idigam* has gathered all of the *Urdam* to one place. *Lu'im Iduth* has built its army. Scores of werewolves patrol the physical world. In the *Hisil*, werewolves imbalanced toward spirit keep watch, using enslaved spirits as fodder against intruders.

The tribe is spreading in concentrated waves across the globe. While the pack investigates the situation, the *Urdam* find the characters. They give the pack a very simple choice: they can join the *Urdam* and seek Luna's forgiveness, or they can be the first heretics to die. Can the characters escape from the *Urdam* and bring warning to the rest of the Uratha? Are the People capable of uniting in response to this threat? Does the pack even *want* to stop the *idigam*, or do they seek the forgiveness it's giving?

THE CAPTIVE MOON

After the pack returns from a Hunt, a Lune approaches them. Another spirit of the same *umia* has gone missing, and the Lune asks the characters to help search for the wayward moon spirit. If the characters agree, the Lune takes them to the last place it saw the lost spirit. Once there, they can easily find the trail. The scent of werewolves permeates the area. Who were these Uratha? What do they want with the Lune? Did the spirit go willingly?

A pack of *Urdam* hunted the Lune down and is bringing it to their master so the *idigam* can "promote" one of them to the ranks of the Devoted. The characters must follow the

trail to track down the Lune before the *Su'ur* creation process destroys it. During the hunt, the pack encounters the *Urdam*, who are happy to explain their dogma to the characters. The Believer Wolves won't explain what they're doing with the Lune. In fact, they aren't entirely sure what the process entails. All they know is that they need this spirit in order to join the Devoted.

The *Urdam* are deeply entwined in their own belief system. They do not react well to outsiders revealing loopholes and issues in their creed. For some, this is enough to drive them to *Kuruth*. Engaging in combat with the *Urdam* is problematic. It alerts the *idigam* that it's been found, causing it to panic. It might flee, or it might hasten the process, potentially creating something neither werewolf nor *Su'ur*. Can the pack even make it before the Lune is doomed to the *idigam*'s ministrations?

DEATH OF AN IDEAL

Combat with *Lu'im Iduth* is a confusing affair. The Deceiver Lune is not a warrior. Instead, it will use all of the means at its disposal to disorient its opponents. The *idigam* fights in order to escape and live to fight another day. When push comes to shove, it is by no means a coward. If a pack of werewolves can sift through the smoke and mirrors to confront the *idigam*, it will fight like a cornered beast. Even so, its strength does not lie in direct confrontation, so a straightforward assault on the *idigam* will be relatively easy for a dedicated pack.

The real trouble when it comes to killing the *idigam* is not the *idigam* itself, but its servants. The Oath of the Moon says *Imru Nu Fir Imru*. The People Do Not Murder The People. While the *Uratha* have argued the semantics between "murder" and "kill" for centuries, it remains that killing another *Uratha* strains a werewolf's Harmony. Assaulting the *idigam* and its followers becomes more of a moral dilemma than a tactical concern.

For their part, the *Urdam* are more than willing to kill to protect the *idigam*. Most are already horribly imbalanced, and may not feel anything at all while tearing out another werewolf's throat. The more bloodthirsty Devoted are perfect for the task.

Worse, the *Urdam* are shackled to an ideal. If the *idigam* dies, the Believer Wolves will search out an actual Lune and attempt to repeat the process. Some are so caught up in their own madness that they are likely to disbelieve the Lune when it tells them the Deceiver Lune's story is false.

Apart from hunting Lunes, the *Urdam* will continue to bring new werewolves into the fold. Things may be more difficult for them without *Lu'im Iduth*, but they are still very convincing. If not stopped, they will eventually find some other way to regain momentum and once again become a threat.

SEEKERS OF REDEMPTION

The Deceiver Lune desires only one kind of servant — werewolves. It has stubbornly ignored humans and Wolf-Blooded in its single-minded pursuit to rid itself of its most potent threat. Even if part of a pack, the *idigam* pays no attention to either humans or *uragarum*. The *idigam* has fooled its servants

into following it willingly. They believe that *Lu'im Iduth* is exactly as it says it is, and that the spirit will lead them into Luna's forgiveness. Nothing is further from the truth.

Most of the *idigam*'s followers are normal werewolves who call themselves the *Urdam*, the Believer Wolves. Despite leaning dangerously close to the spirit, they are fully functional. Some become leaders in the tribe. In truth, most of the tribe's leadership has been changed by the *idigam*, hollowed out and replaced by suitable spirit within, creating *Su'ur*. The remainder of the tribe calls these unfortunates the Devoted or *Zid Gissu* — literally, "loyal shadows."

BELIEVER WOLVES — URDAM

Fenris-Ur does not accept the weak. The weak are prey, nothing more. When your claws are stained red with blood and you can't get that coppery taste from your mouth, you know the Destroyer Wolf is pleased with you. Still, it's a rough life. Even the most hardened warrior yearns for peace, if only at times. When you have to hunt down what is obviously one of the People too far gone to save and they tell you that the Mother can and will forgive you... well, it makes you pause a second. Sometimes that second is just long enough to let your guard down and lose your arm. Fangs and claws aren't the only weapons in war. In the right mouth, a tongue is the deadliest weapon. Never forget that.

Ghost Wolves have it harder than other werewolves. As they aren't a tribe, they have no Firstborn patron. Some even refuse to join a pack. Lone wolves have it the worst in a world that fears them. Some believe they have found a way out. These *Uratha* have discovered a powerful Lune they call *Numun Sala*, the Lune of Mercy. She has offered the Mother's forgiveness as a balm to soothe their unquiet souls. Many of these Ghost Wolves come to her willingly, others less so, but she has bound them together. The werewolves now think of themselves as a tribe and call themselves the *Urdam*.

The tribe's doctrine is simple. The *Urdaga* are wrong. The *Anshega* are wrong. The truth has eluded them all. Each of those factions has spurned the Mother. The Forsaken align themselves with the Firstborn. The Pure spit invectives at Mother Luna. Instead, the *Urdam* teach that Luna can grant forgiveness to any werewolf who seeks Her out in her heart.

To join, a prospective tribe member must undergo a rite called Purity of Moon's Heart. Under the premise of the old saw that "true character is who you are in the dark," this sham of a ritual is performed only during a new moon. The supplicant must stand naked in a circle of his peers and confess his sins. Only by opening up to one's soon to be brothers and sisters can a werewolf rid himself of his previous burdens. For each sin confessed, one of the *Urdam* pours water from a silver container over the confessor to represent cleansing. If at any point the purity of the water burns the rite's subject, the ritual fails and the supplicant dies.

It's all bullshit, of course. The "peers" are all Devoted, and the *idigam* decides the outcome prior to the rite's performance. If it discovers that a prospective tribe member isn't sincere in his devotion, it informs the ritemaster. That werewolf then exchanges one of the water containers for one filled with acid. To the faithful, the burns clearly show the prey's unworthiness.

The “tribe” is still small enough that it has a sort of pecking order. Unless the *idigam* chooses a werewolf for membership in the Devoted, more senior werewolves garner the most respect. Abuse of authority runs rampant. Only a handful of the Devoted exist, and they look to an elderly werewolf known as the Penitent for leadership in cases where their totem is not around.

ILLI SUGIN'DAB — THE PENITENT

“You are all so misguided. The Mother can show forgiveness. You only have to let her into your heart to hear the song. Let me show you.”

Background: The Penitent has been a werewolf for a long time. He claims to remember fighting against the Pure in the year 1300 in Germany, though no werewolf has lived anywhere close to that long. Sometimes he claims he was one of the Pure, but that Luna forgave him and returned his auspice. Those who speak with him aren't sure if he's lying or if his memory is going. The only common thread in his many stories is the Pure.

Sugin'dab is fixated on the Pure. They are one of the few constants in his muddled remembrances. No doubt this is due to his history with them. The *Anshega* had harried his former pack, which was too stubborn to retreat from its hunting ground. Instead, it fought back against overwhelming odds, despite an ever-shrinking territory and dwindling resources. Soon, the pack began killing its foes, and then eventually the members of the pack started eating those Pure they'd slaughtered.

The Penitent is the last surviving member of his pack. He doesn't remember how they all died, although he suspects it was at his own claws. When he met the *idigam*, it claimed the name *Numun Sala*, the Lune of Mercy. It convinced him that Luna's forgiveness was possible, even for someone like him. He has been its creature since.

Description: The Penitent is old and wizened, suggesting a very great age for one of the Uratha. In Hishu, what hair he has left is gray and stringy. This bleeds over into his wolf forms. His pelt is a threadbare patchwork that suggests either great age or significant mange. Despite this, his reflexes and strength have not waned.

Storytelling Hints: Due to his great age, the Penitent has seen it all, or at least he believes he has. What is true, a mistaken memory, or the result of the *idigam's* hallucinatory meddling is up for conjecture. The werewolf is utterly given over to *Numun Sala* and is the only member of the Devoted who has not been transformed into *Su'ur*. Still, due to years of being in the *idigam's* presence and his imbalanced Harmony, the difference is negligible at best.

Auspice: Cahalith

Tribes: Ghost Wolves (formerly Bone Shadows)

Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 4, Strength 2 (3/5/4/2), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4), Presence 5, Manipulation 5 (4/0/4/4), Composure 4

Skills: Academics 1, Crafts 2, Occult (Spirits, *Hisil*) 5, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Firearms 2, Stealth (*Hisil*) 3, Survival 3, Weaponry 1, Expression (Proselytizing) 5, Persuasion 4, Subterfuge 5

Merits: Allies (*Urdam*) 5, Anonymity 5, Danger Sense, Inspiring, Resonance Shaper, Safe Place 5

Primal Urge: 7

Willpower: 8

Harmony: 2

Essence: 25

Health: 8 (10/12/11/8)

Initiative: 7 (7/8/9/9)

Defense: 6 (6/6/6/6)

Speed: 10 (11/14/17/15)

Renown: Cunning 1, Glory 5, Honor 2, Purity 1, Wisdom 5

Gifts: (Gift of Change): Gaze of the Moon, Luna's Embrace, Quicksilver Flesh, (Gift of Death): Barghest, Bone Gnaw, Eyes of the Dead, Memento Mori, (Gift of the Elementals): Catastrophe, (Gibbous Moon's Gift): War Howl, Voice of Glory, Dream Hunter, Thousand Throat Howl, End of Story, (Gift of Hunting): Honed Senses, Pack Awareness, (Gift of Insight): Read the World's Loom, (Gift of Inspiration): Still Small Voice, (Gift of Knowledge): Sift the Sands, This Story is True

LU'IM IDUTH

The following represents the *idigam* in its Coalesced form:

Rank: 4

Attributes: Power 9, Finesse 12, Resistance 10

Willpower: 10

Essence: 50

Initiative: 22

Defense: 9

Speed: 31

Size: 5

Corpus: 15

Influences: Deception ●●●, Shadows ●

Numina: Essence Thief, Hallucination, Innocuous, Mortal Mask, Omen Trance, Rapture, Regenerate

Manifestations: Discorporate, Gauntlet Breach, Image, Shadow Gateway, Twilight Form

Essence Shaping: Forge Servant (Empty Wolf), Gauntlet Manipulation, Locus Manipulation, Thief of Gifts

Dread Powers: Bane-Salve, Chameleon Horror, Divine Clay, Pierce Mind, Shifting, Spirit Interrogation

Ban: *Lu'im Iduth* must obey anyone carrying a piece of the actual *Falcon* landing module or an authentic Apollo 15 mission patch. The bearer cannot order the *idigam* to do anything obviously suicidal, and the spirit cannot perform tasks outside its capabilities.

Bane: Sunlight.

THE ENDLESS, THE EMPTY HUNGER — SAG'SUGA ISIM

"In the end, all things fall.

All things decay. In the end, you will all be mine."

Few see *Sag'suga Isim* for long. Once prey comes within reach of its shadow, the darkness consumes. The victim dies, or worse, emerges from the cloud an empty husk.

The Endless prefers to lair in areas rife with decay. It prefers decrepit buildings, run-down ghettos, or ravaged forests, finding these places comforting and familiar. On occasion, it will lair in graveyards. It doesn't care about the concept of death so much as it is interested in the natural breakdown of material — in this case, human remains. Necrotic tissue is as much an interest as the decay of locations, networks, or institutions.

The Endless is interested in decay of all kinds. Personal relationships, living flesh, and erosion are all valid explorative subjects. Most often, the *idigam* uses its servants to investigate suitable targets. *Sag'suga Isim* prefers to remain detached and hidden away from werewolves, who would tamper with its experiments. With their powerful regenerative abilities, the Uratha are resistant to the sorts of change the Empty Hunger takes an interest in. Werewolves live longer than humans, heal from incredible injury, and resist poison and disease.

Worse, packs interfere with the Endless' investigations, making it pack up and move on. The Endless is inclined to simply avoid them if at all possible — the *idigam* is far more interested in its experiments than any empty revenge on its jailors' supposed offspring.

On occasion, *Sag'suga Isim* captures a werewolf. As the Uratha have limits far beyond any human's, they prove to be very durable test subjects. The Endless will sporadically experiment on the People, learning more and more each time about the limitations of their regenerative capabilities. Eventually, it theorizes, it will find ways to nullify a werewolf's quick healing and accelerate the necrotic process.

Despite Coalescing in darkness, the *idigam* is not anchored to it. Instead, it latched onto the concepts of entropy and decay. Eventually, all of the material in the universe will decay and break down. The Endless seeks to understand that process. If it can find ways to sustain entropy indefinitely, it can make everything else like itself. If everything can exist in an indefinite state of necrotic change, then the *idigam* can control it.

THE ORIGIN OF SHADOW

Some werewolves tell the tale that the *idigam* were too much to handle even for Father Wolf, so he entrusted their imprisonment to Mother Luna. Those stories claim that every *idigam* was trapped thus.

Those stories are not true.

Hiding deep in the earth, Father Wolf could not hunt them. Concealed in the farthest reaches of the *Hisil*, Father



Wolf could not smell them. Instead, these *idigam* simply bided their time until it was safe. When Father Wolf died and the world was torn asunder, they came forth. The *idigam* became the monsters of myth and legend. They became creatures for humans to hunt and kill to show their worth. They became distractions. They are known as the Earth-Bound.

One *idigam* did not leave the dark so easily. Instead, it remained; examining how all forms of life broke down, it was enamored by entropy. Eventually all things came to it, even spirits born of the darkness and of entropy itself. In an attempt to understand the process, the *idigam* took the spirits apart. Despite its best efforts, it couldn't discover how entropy worked. All it found was that the more that it consumed the more empty it became. The emptiness called to it, promising its own version of change, and the *idigam* could not resist.

It Coalesced in the darkness, trying to know entropy by becoming it. It began shaping spirits to its will, creating the first entropy elementals from spirits similar to those it had disassembled. Coming forth from its lair, the *idigam* found a world much different from the one it had left behind millennia ago. Its brethren were gone, having left hiding too early. A few of the banished *idigam* had returned, and the Empty Hunger could sense them out in the world. It avoided contact, preferring to continue its own plans.

Local packs are unlikely to notice the Endless itself in their territory. Werewolves are almost certain to notice the effects it has instead. *Sag'suga Isim* can't help but disrupt everything around it. Entropy and chaos follow the *idigam* wherever it goes. It selects prey as it can find them, preferring humans with set, regular schedules. The Endless disrupts those schedules – subtly at first, but then with increasing frequency. Only when the prey is disoriented and at its wits' end does *Sag'suga Isim* strike. It consumes most of its prey for Essence. Some few, it saves to turn into the Empty.

This chaos makes the *idigam's* activity easy to track. The downside is that werewolves are often one step behind the Empty Hunger. A more proactive or lucky pack can get ahead of the *idigam* by paying strict attention to the people and spirits in its territory. As things start to break down, the pack might be able to track the disturbances back to their source.

Experiments are useless unless observed. This may prove beneficial to the pack, if they can catch the *idigam* observing the fruits of its labors. The Endless sows its dissent, breaks apart networks, and moves on. Like the guilty party returning to the scene of the crime, the *idigam* comes back to view the results of its work. It may leave the experiment to stew for a week, month, or maybe years at a time on some timetable only it knows. Packs that survive the first round know all too well what to look for when the *idigam* inevitably returns to see how its test subjects are faring.


BREAKING THE WORLD APART

The Empty Hunger can't help but inflict entropy on the world. Its very nature relies upon breaking down everything around it. The spirit's inquisitiveness adds to this, as it tries


to understand the process. It picks things apart carefully, studying each piece before putting it back. Those pieces return changed and tarnished.

Items that suffer the *idigam's* ministrations later appear excessively worn. Metallic objects gain a dull patina, wood chips and splinters, and plastic weakens and bends. To the eyes of an experienced Ithaeur, the clues point toward a spiritual culprit.


The Endless doesn't limit itself to physical objects. It is more than happy to investigate relationships or other intangible things. When it finds something – physical or otherwise – that interests it, the *idigam* wastes no time in manipulating it. Anything that has any semblance of order or resistance to decay is fair game. In fact, the *idigam* seems to delight in breaking down what it perceives as challenges.





ShakestheGround
Hey, anybody know anything about some entropy spirit thing?




ShakestheGround
Our pack Ithaeur hasn't seen anything like it – and she knows her shit.


Cassandra81 
What's it doing? Maybe that will give you a look into its general behavior.

Watchdog 
If you have pictures or video, that'll help too.


Cassandra81 
And where's your Ithaeur? Shouldn't she be on here instead?



ShakestheGround
She won't touch a computer. Something about "the lines shouldn't be crossed" or whatever. So I'm relaying.



ShakestheGround
Sorry, no pictures yet, Watch. I'll hit you up if we get any.

Cassandra81 
K, so what's it doing?

KICK AT THE DARKNESS

Watchdog

Got ya. If you get something, I'll get the boys to analyze it, see what we can find.

**ShakestheGround**

Anyway, things are just weird. Or weirder than usual. We've seen a few spirits that look like shadows of what they should look like. Like, a shadow of a dog spirit instead of an actual dog spirit, y'know? And the locus off of Sycamore is deteriorating. It's weird – that one's been steady the whole time we've claimed this territory.

Cassandra81

Any sign of spirits feeding there more often?

**ShakestheGround**

Not that we can tell. Our Ithaeur says it's poisoned, but she's not sure by what.

Watchdog

I'll send you a few small remote cameras you can set up. Usual drop?

**ShakestheGround**

Yeah, that works. Thanks.

Cassandra81

If things are poisoned, whatever you have is worse than a few spirits. I'll talk to a few people and get back to you, k?

**ShakestheGround**

Yeah, that works for me. Thanks guys. I owe ya one.

The Endless doesn't destroy or destabilize things randomly. Each action is a deliberate one, designed to test some new changing aspect of entropy. *Sag'suga Isim* wants to understand entropy intimately. Through that knowledge, it reasons that it will comprehend its own state as well.

Part of that understanding comes from observing how entropy works in others. It is rare for someone to volunteer as the proverbial guinea pig. Instead, the *idigam* forcibly infuses victims with its Essence. Only then does the Endless have its servitors.

The Endless is subtle and hard to find. It stays in the concealing shadows and uses puppets to work its will. It experiments. It nudges. Perhaps as a result of being Earth-Bound, it has no particular grudge against the Uratha. It tends to ignore them unless it gets the idea to insert dissent into a tightly-knit pack. The spirit's machinations can all too easily disrupt a carefully maintained territory. This brings it into conflict with Forsaken and Pure alike as it travels the world seeking answers.

Despite this, a dedicated pack can find the *idigam*. It leaves a trail of brokenness behind it. Weaving *Sag'suga Isim* into a chronicle is a subtle matter. The *idigam* does not act in an overt, ham-fisted way. Everything it does is carefully planned out. Its influence is detached and hard to detect, or at least not obvious at first. Perhaps the pack believes some other kind of spirit is behind things, or the Hosts, or a different antagonist altogether.

Where once sat a thriving community with friendly neighbors is now a nest of bickering and in-fighting. Wives accuse husbands of cheating on them. Friends talk about one another behind each other's backs. Some folks have gone missing, vanishing from their lives and tidy schedules without a trace.

In the next county over, an investment banker walked out of his office window on the 20th floor. The first responders still won't talk about how his body was simply crumpled in on itself on the ground, or how the blood seemed to make some sort of pattern on the sidewalk. The firm is still trying to make sense of why the deceased made the disastrous investments he did just before his death. The position is still vacant as the company attempts to find answers.

North of the city, a biker gang is still picking up the pieces from a civil war. A drug deal gone wrong, a word in the wrong ear, and all hell broke loose. The gang is fragmented, although now that the violence is over, cooler heads are talking it out. One member, influential in the peace talks, receives an anonymous message. The information implicates several patches' desire to take over the entire gang. And so the cycle begins anew.

A pack investigating this series of events can track the trail back to the biker gang. As the *idigam* is making a second round, checking up on its experiments, the pack could track it down. At least, the pack may discover just what it's really up against. The *idigam* maintains a light touch, both to not contaminate the results and for its own safety. It will attempt to flee in any contact with Uratha, leaving behind anything it can to slow them down.

Still, it is not infallible. Its curiosity can get the better of it, and a savvy pack can lure it into situations where it cannot easily escape. The most difficult task for a pack is determining the culprit behind the disturbances. The key to finding this information is through determined investigation. If the pack has spirit contacts within its territory, it should leverage those – especially if the *idigam* is using entropy elementals in the area. Tracking down disturbances and connecting the pieces becomes a long process, perhaps pulling the pack into other werewolves' territories.

NO TRESPASSING

Instead of the pack hunting *Sag'suga Isim*, another pack arrives, chasing the *idigam*. How does the pack respond? The invading pack is determined to track down *Sag'suga Isim* regardless of who stands in the way. The *idigam* was responsible for the death of the pack's previous alpha and they are out for blood.

The invading pack claims a nearby territory and proceeds to make life very difficult for everyone in the area. Every one of them sees each problem as a nail and the pack is the hammer. The pack constantly pushes for violent solutions to area concerns, sure the *idigam* is involved.

After some time of this, rumors start to pass from pack to pack (if they haven't already). The "new" pack has become twisted somehow. One of the humans in the pack went missing, but returned some sort of monster. The pack didn't consider the monster their prey. Instead, they're acting diplomatic. This abrupt turn in behavior is alarming to say the least. Investigation reveals that the pack is unwilling to destroy what they think is their packmate. Instead, they've agreed to serve *Sag'suga Isim* in the belief that it will return the pack member when its job is done and it has moved on. So far, the pack hasn't connected what they've been chasing with this new spirit.

This gives the characters several problems. Can they find the *idigam* and reveal the lie? Do they assassinate the mouthpiece themselves? If so, can they get away with it without being found out? Or worse, do they just kill or drive off the entire pack?

HOME SWEET HOME

For a more extreme example, the *idigam* might decide to stay put for a while. Unfortunately, it's decided on the characters' territory as a destination. If the hunting ground itself isn't very large — such as in the case of an urban pack that holds a block or so — the *idigam* sets up nearby.

Regardless of the specific location, in due time the Empty Hunger's experiments leak into the pack's turf. Associates turn up missing. Spirits turn against the pack, or are subsumed by the *idigam*. Everything the pack has worked for slowly breaks apart. Investigation into the disturbances leads to more typical causes, such as the Pure or Bale Hounds, but not to the *idigam*. After a suitable amount of time, various members of the pack notice stalkers watching them in both the physical and spirit worlds. The observers attempt to flee if confronted. Capturing one may serve as the best lead into the actual culprit the pack might have. A better option would be to follow the observer and try to find its origin point. If the characters are stealthy enough, the servant may well lead them to its master.

Sag'suga Isim is manipulating the pack's territory against it. The *idigam* wants to destabilize a protectorate to gauge the werewolves' reaction. It begins by affecting the territory, then observing pack members, and then finding ways to turn one member of the pack against another. The Endless is interested to see if the pack can withstand this breakdown and remain together or shatter. If sisters go against brothers and the blood starts to flow, the *idigam* has its answer.

END OF THE ENDLESS

Like all creatures, the Endless has a sense of self-preservation. Everything it does is predicated on keeping itself safe while pursuing its goals. It uses layers of subterfuge to mask its actions, preferring avoidance to all other solutions. If its pursuers can't find it, the *idigam* reasons, they can't possibly harm it. It's a tactic that has served *Sag'suga Isim* well for many years.

Discovering the *idigam*'s lair is just one step in the Hunt. While the Endless seeks the secrets of entropy and decay, it has no intention of experiencing them itself. It is the experimenter, not the experiment. In that vein, it won't engage in combat if it can help it. First, *Sag'suga Isim* will simply offer to leave the territory. It will agree to any reasonable condition, knowing full well that it is immortal while creatures of flesh are not. With so many other subjects to inflict suffering on, the *idigam* sees no issue with returning to the area once the current guardians are dust.

If the hunters are unwilling to let it go, it has more indirect weapons at its disposal. *Sag'suga Isim* is a cunning monster, and during the course of its manipulation will often uncover information about the area's residents — all the better to destroy their networks, after all. It leverages those secrets to create distrust among its pursuers. If multiple packs are present, it's even easier to widen any cracks between them. Lies mixed with truth sting worse than swords, and most werewolves have prickly tempers at the best of times. Turning the hunters against themselves gives the Endless a chance to escape and wreak havoc elsewhere.

Should all else fail, the *idigam* is still a formidable foe. The enveloping darkness makes it a difficult target. The Endless knows its lair's features and doesn't need to see to move about with ease. Its powers and servants, if any remain, lend it direct physical prowess. The Empty Hunger never intends to fight to the bitter end; proud last stands are not its style. *Sag'suga Isim* fights with terrified strength, always looking for a way out of combat. It wants to escape to manipulate matters another day. It will certainly kill, but laments that it cannot examine the decaying process after the fact. Unless the monster's pursuers are weaker than they thought and the *idigam* kills them all. In that case, the area nearby the *idigam*'s lair is safe for a time as it has had ready-made experiments essentially delivered to it.

TENDRILS OF DECAY

The Empty Hunger is an inquisitive creature. As such, it requires servants to be places it cannot. A few spirits come to the *idigam* as supplicants. The *idigam* mostly captures and changes spirits by force, infusing them with Essence. In the world of Flesh, the *idigam* preys upon human and, vary rarely, animals to use as servants. Some act as the spirit's hands in the material world, keeping it safe while pushing its plans forward. The rare animal servant is almost always a guardian of some sort for a human tool. The Endless sends some of the Empty to find more subjects for experimentation.

In all cases, these beings double as servants and experiments in their own right. *Sag'suga Isim* studies the rate of necrosis in its minions — how the flesh sloughs off a man's body, how a dog still limps along on three rotting legs, or how a spirit continues to function as it forgets what it is and grows more dependent on the creature destroying it.

The Endless keeps some servants at a distance and pulls others closer as it deems necessary to its present experiments and plans. It rarely uses other spirits as attendants. More often, *Sag'suga Isim* exudes portions of itself into the world, creating heralds to act as its eyes and ears. In the physical world, the *idigam* happily gouges out a human's soul and sense of self, replacing it with a cold, endless void within. Werewolves studying this *idigam* have incorrectly labeled its servants as entropy elementals. Physical vessels are known as the Empty.

ENTROPY ELEMENTALS

"This is the end, flesh-thing."

Spirits are, for the most part, predictable. An average spirit wants to eat, it wants to not be eaten, and it wants more appropriate Resonance around it. A fire spirit wants heat and kindling. A bee spirit wants flower spirits and more of its kind to connect with in a hive-mind.

When spirits act outside of expected behaviors, they are dangerous. The so-called "entropy elementals" are extreme examples of that. Some packs incorrectly assume the spirits are *magath*. Accurate information is hard for a pack to gather, as *Sag'suga Isim* is a secretive and careful sort. Since this extends to its servants, the Uratha often make wrong assumptions about what they hunt, leading to disaster.

These example traits are for an Entropy Elemental that used to be a dog spirit.

Rank: 3

Attributes: Power 7, Finesse 7, Resistance 8

Willpower: 10

Essence: 15

Initiative: 15

Defense: 7

Speed: 21

Size: 4

Corpus: 12

Influences: Dogs ••, Entropy •

Numina: Drain, Entropic Decay, Essence Thief, Pathfinder, Seek

Manifestations: Discorporate, Gauntlet Breach, Twilight Form

Ban: As the *idigam's* ban, but without the Skill requirement.

Bane: As the *idigam's* bane, but the item does not have to be freshly created, so long as it was hand-crafted by the user.

THE EMPTY

A dark, blank stare as it walks resolutely forward.

When it needs to act in the physical world, the Endless prefers to act through the Empty. While it remains safe in the *Hisil*, it puppets its minions to perform whatever tasks it requires of them. Packs are unaware of what they're dealing with until after the first encounter. When these creatures die, they simply deflate. The energy keeping them mobile escapes them, leaving behind nothing more than an empty sheath of skin. While that might not mean much to the werewolf members of the pack, the

Wolf-Blooded and human packmates aren't so lucky. Apart from the horror of shooting another person, shooting what looks like a human only to see it collapse inward is even worse.

Mechanically, the Empty are identical to normal humans, with some exceptions. Physically the host is mostly unchanged – except where the eyes should be there are just two gaping holes into nothingness. Even the skeleton is seemingly gone, the host's skin supported by the unholy power of the Endless.

As the Empty are simply soulless husk-puppets of the *idigam's* will, they are immune to any form of domination or mind-control. The Empty uses the host's Physical and Social Attributes, but its Mental Attributes are replaced by those of the *idigam* – replace each stat with the *idigam's* Power, Finesse, and Resistance as appropriate. The host retains any Skills he had in life, but loses any Mental or Social Merits. Physical and Fighting Merits are unchanged. If the host possesses any Supernatural Merits, the *idigam* can access them.

Of particular note: The Empty are *not* shambling zombies. Although they do not retain their memories, they possess all of the physical skill of the deceased. Instead, they possess whatever mental acuity the *idigam* wishes to allow. The Empty are capable of communication if *Sag'suga Isim* desires it.

This Empty used to be an average office worker.

Attributes: Intelligence 9, Wits 10, Resolve 12, Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3, Presence 2, Manipulation 2, Composure 3

Skills: Academics 1, Computer 2, Investigation 2 (Paper Trail), Politics (Office) 2, Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Drive 1, Empathy 2, Intimidation 1, Persuasion 2, Socialize 3, Subterfuge (Excuses) 3

Merits: None

Willpower: 10

Integrity: 0

Health: 8

Initiative: 5

Defense: 4

Speed: 9

SAG'SUGA ISIM

The traits below represent *Sag'suga Isim* while Coalesced.

Rank: 4

Attributes: Power 9, Finesse 10, Resistance 12

Willpower: 10

Essence: 50

Initiative: 22

Defense: 9

Speed: 24

Size: 4

Corpus: 16

Influences: Entropy ••••

Numina: Dement, Drain, Emotional Aura, Entropic Decay, Innocuous, Seek

The Endless, Empty Hunger – Sag'suga Isim

Manifestations: Discorporate, Gauntlet Breach, Materialize, Reaching, Twilight Form

Essence Shaping: Essence Void, Forge Servant (Claimed, Spawn), One Million Eyes

Dread Powers: Nightmare Plague, Pierce Mind, Shifting, Spirit Dominion

Ban: Against a truly inspired creation, the *idigam* cannot defend itself. It cannot apply Defense to attacks from those who create or repair. Doctors, construction workers, artists, chefs, and performers of all stripes are some career examples. Anyone with at least three dots and a Specialty, or four or more dots without the Specialty, in the following Skills can be an inspired creator: Crafts, Expression, or Medicine. The importance is in the symbolism of the act — a demolition technician does not benefit from this bonus, as his skills lie in destruction, not creation.

Bane: A freshly-created handcrafted item. A newly-forged sword still warm from the fire would count, but a mass-produced discount sword is right out. This needn't be a weapon. A hand-crafted wicker basket completed seconds before bashing the *idigam* with it counts, although it won't survive the abuse long.

THE FALSE FATHER — LUL'AYA

"He is gone. Your mother is lonely. Hunt beside me. Know me as Father, and we will be complete."

The *idigam* now called *Lul'Aya* was once a creature dedicated to change, to chaos, called *Imadih Shedu*. It sought to tear open the boundaries between Flesh and Spirit, and allow a maelstrom of matter and ephemera to spill from the wound. The *idigam* was weak for its kind but ambitious. *Imadih Shedu* delighted in the rearranging of flesh and spirit, in breaking the rules of life. Eventually *Urfarah* came for the *idigam* and cast it to the moon with little challenge. *Imadih Shedu* could not stand against Father Wolf's fury.

At first the imprisoned *idigam* raged impotently against its jailer and the great hunter. After millions of years of indulging its every desire, the end had come so swiftly that *Imadih Shedu* only burned with hatred at first, while Father Wolf hunted down and cast other *idigam* into imprisonment. Each brought with it memories of Father Wolf's power and fury. In time, things changed for *Imadih Shedu*. The *idigam*'s rage subsided as more *idigam* filled the lunar prison. Father Wolf's strength and dedication were something pure, simple, something the spirit had never matched in its creations. *Urfarah* became something to envy in his power to affect the world. His consort was Luna, capable of quicksilver form and yet maintaining her own identity. Chained to Luna's breast, *Imadih Shedu* desired both to take the moon goddess and the role of *Urfarah*.

When humans trod upon the lunar prison, *Imadih Shedu* saw its chance to take Father Wolf's place. It rattled the chains that bound the Moon-Banished, and managed to escape by piggybacking on a communications stream of excited spirits of information and discovery. Once it finally returned to Earth, the *idigam* fled deep into the spirit wilds and cast aside the name *Imadih Shedu*. The *idigam* took shape after shape, unable to stay

in one form. Something gnawed at its mind, too, an envy and desire. It remembered all too well the savage power of *Urfarah*. From captured spirits it learned that the Great Wolf was dead, slain by his own kin. Driven to know the truth for itself, the *idigam* stalked the Wound in which the bones of *Urfarah* lay. To those werewolves it captures and adopts against their will, *Lul'Aya* tells that it found Father Wolf's bones rotting in the First Wound. It was witness to his weakness, and realized that the peerless hunter it admired for eons had failed. Something better, stronger needed to take the wolf spirit's place.

At last the *idigam* knew what great form it must take. It coalesced into something befitting an alpha hunter. It became *Ghal'urfarah Aya*, "Great Wolf-Father." The Uratha who later encountered the creature dubbed it *Ninglul Aya*, "the False Father," the *idigam* who would be Father Wolf. Eventually it became known as *Lul'Aya*, and the Uratha despised it for soiling the name of *Urfarah*.

Lul'Aya first coalesced in the presence of Father Wolf's bones, or so it says. Even in death, the merciless *Urfarah* held the *idigam* in his spell of majesty, and *Lul'Aya* refused to desecrate that unhallowed place any further. It copied his skeletal remains and then covered them with flesh and blood. *Lul'Aya* added what it considered improvements to the lupine form. Fur melted away to become fleshy tendrils covered in stinging barbs. Its slavering jaws lengthened to impossible proportions, full of crooked needle-teeth. Exposed musculature drives a bizarre loping gait. Sunken eyes burn with a pale yellow light, like moonlight filtered through a fleshy membrane. The *idigam*'s true nature belies even this terrible imitation of a wolf, at times manifesting eyes, sucking mouths, or grasping appendages along its body. *Lul'Aya* shares none of Father Wolf's bestial yet noble features.

To those who listen — most of them unwillingly — *Lul'Aya* offers visions of a newer, greater pack. With the *idigam* at its head, the pack will hunt the greatest prey — prey that *Lul'Aya* molds itself in order to provide the truest hunt. It even shapes its adopted children in its own image, twisting them into freakish wolf-things whose will is that of their Father. These Empty Wolves provoke the bloody Rage from any Uratha who encounter them. The *idigam*'s heralds plant seeds of belief in a new Father Wolf and a new hunter's paradise in their victims.

HOWLING HORRORS

The Uratha first learned of *Lul'Aya* when they heard rumors of a great wolf-god hunting the spirit wilds. Some claimed to hear the baleful howl of a terrible beast in the distance, a sound that chilled even the fiercest Rahu to her core. It sounded *wrong*, like something imitating a huge wolf but lacking the notes present in a true wolf's song. At first the Forsaken suspected a totem of the Pure, or perhaps a predatory spirit grown fat on the Essence of its rivals. Forsaken spies confirmed that the Pure Tribes also hunted for this creature, especially when fearful spirits whispered the name "Father Wolf."

Wherever the titanic wolf appeared, so did equally monstrous prey. Forsaken packs following the trail found evidence of truly savage battles. The hunter left the landscape broken and covered in blood, ephemera, or pieces of quivering flesh.

It wasn't until the Forsaken encountered Pure on the same hunt that both factions realized it was a third force imitating *Urfarah*. The Pure would not tolerate such an affront to Father Wolf's honor, but neither group realized just what they were dealing with. It wasn't until the first Empty Wolves appeared in the False Father's trail that the descendants of the real *Urfarah* knew the magnitude of the evil they hunted.

Lul'Aya found Ghost Wolves, struggling every day to survive in an uncaring world. It sang to them of a place in the mightiest pack, of strength and acceptance. Many refused the call and became the *idigam*'s first victims, as it tore their souls from their bodies and replaced them with spirits bound to its will. Those who willingly joined *Lul'Aya*'s pack became its heralds, called *Inim-Galag*, whose words are laced with silver poison. Some feigned allegiance to Mother Luna and the Forsaken, while others sought to ingratiate themselves among the Pure. Both found minor success with the most desperate werewolves, but *Lul'Aya* never ceased in its tireless mission.

Many of Father Wolf's greatest foes no longer exist in the world, so *Lul'Aya* must create prey worthy of the Hunt. When the False Father arrives in an area, it tracks down the apex predators among spirits and animals. Once it catches them, the *idigam* alters them with its powers of spiritual and bodily manipulation, creating *magath* and short-lived abominations of blood and warped bone. Its very presence poisons the founts of Essence in an area, spawning even more tainted spirits and oddities that reflect into the physical world. The *idigam* then rips open the flesh of its favored prey and seals the tainted spirits within, creating terrible monsters akin to those that once hunted Pangaea.

Lul'Aya does not acknowledge the consequences of its actions. It recklessly tears asunder the precarious balance between worlds that *Urfarah* once preserved. It looses monsters upon the world and leaves them if they prove insufficiently challenging, or another prey catches its eye. In an effort to win the favor of Luna and her children, *Lul'Aya* seeks the greatest hunts. The *idigam* creates more monsters than it hunts down, including horrifically warped werewolves, but never realizes that these things forever keep it apart from the "family" it seeks.

THE WOLF WHO CRIED "FATHER"

Lul'Aya is a perversion of the very concept of *Siskur-Dah* and the balance *Urfarah* preserved. The *idigam* respects not its prey nor the laws that bind spirit and flesh. Every action undermines everything for which *Urfarah* or his progeny worked. *Lul'Aya* does not understand the thing it covets most. Though it claims to seek rule over the greatest pack in the world, *Lul'Aya* wants only to dominate. The *idigam* dominates and tears worlds apart to enforce its will. It treats werewolves like wolves in captivity, seeking to rule a brutal hierarchy.

Most favored among the False Father's servants are the heralds who flock to its banner. By feeding them a measure of its tainted Essence to ensure their continued loyalty, *Lul'Aya* gains devoted servants whose poisoned words seep into the minds of their fellows. Werewolves foolish or desperate

enough to buy into the *idigam*'s false promises quickly find it impossible to defy their master's will. They are as bound to *Lul'Aya* as the *idigam* were once bound to the moon.

The creatures called Empty Wolves fill the ranks of the *idigam*'s pack alongside corrupted spirits. Anything the *idigam* can catch and transform into predator or prey bears the scars of its hideous imagination. The spiritual landscape wilts and shrivels into gnarled forms in the False Father's presence. In the material realm, human and animal disappearances, mysterious mass die-offs, and plagues all follow in the *idigam*'s wake. The natural world on both sides of the Gauntlet recoils from the malformed Moon-Banished.

Lunes go mad with rage when confronted by the *idigam*'s atrocities. The unholy lust of *Lul'Aya* for their mother drives them to murderous fury. They cry out in the name of *Urfarah*. The Lunes lash out ferociously at anything perceived impure in an area beset by *Lul'Aya* — including werewolves.

Lul'Aya delights in tainting Lunes. It does so not out of pure malice — rather, it feels that it's improving them, perfecting them for the hunt. In the aftermath the wolf-thing sings its victory to Mother Luna, though she ever turns her face from the impostor *Urfarah*. In its alien mindset the *idigam* fails to understand why the object of its obsession spurns such offerings and so its sickening hunts continue.

Only its adherence to what it sees as the proper *Siskur-Dah* keeps *Lul'Aya* from running wild through the *Hisil*. Despite perverting the natural order, its desire to be the true Father Wolf gives it a purpose that the Uratha can understand. Revolting as that purpose might be, it gives werewolves a trail to follow — and the burning need to tear the monster limb from limb for its mockery.

HUNTING THE HUNTER

How can werewolves hunt the ultimate hunter? *Lul'Aya* is dangerous prey, for it follows no natural law in its predation. Though the *idigam* lacks Father Wolf's full strength, it alters the balance of the world around it in ways *Urfarah* would have fought to his last breath. The things it creates and the damage *Lul'Aya* inflicts on the Gauntlet leave a clear trail for even a blind werewolf to follow. Actually catching the beast is another matter entirely. Uratha cannot afford to leave the *idigam*'s creations to run free, but by the time they have dealt with the *duguthim*, *magath*, and Gauntlet damage, the would-be Father Wolf has moved on.

The False Father presents a pressing reason for multiple packs, even a whole protectorate, to band together. Once the Uratha have become aware of the *idigam* and its blasphemous acts, they can gather to form battle plans. In a protectorate this is easy. Outside of one it proves much more difficult; whole legends might spring up around stories of disparate packs uniting against a common foe. Some packs might take care of the monsters left in the *idigam*'s wake while the others track down *Lul'Aya* itself. This is the most efficient way in which werewolves can hunt down the False Father. They might also use spirit allies to track *Lul'Aya*'s movements, but doing so is fraught with risk; few spirits can stand up to an *idigam* for any length of time. Werewolves who send their allies ahead may

catch up only to find that their totem has become the latest victim – and now a fierce enemy.

Lul'Aya tests werewolves in every aspect of the hunt. Its form, that of a hideous giant wolf, lends it speed on the run and its senses are as sharp as those of the Uratha. Running such prey to ground requires the coordination of multiple packs and an intimate knowledge of the territories involved. One advantage that werewolves possess over the creature is that they know their territories, but *Lul'Aya* is a stranger, passing through like a storm. Clever packs can maneuver the *idigam* into traps set ahead of time by their allies.

Uratha have one other major advantage: the pack. Though *Lul'Aya* employs minions and monsters on its hunts, it has no true pack. Even the werewolves who run with it are not its family, not in the way that Uratha understand it. The False Father speaks of becoming a family with Mother Luna at its feet, but for all its words the Moon-Banished cannot understand the truest meaning of such bonds. *Lul'Aya* knows only dominance, not cooperation. The nuances of a pack relationship and the cooperation engendered thereby find no purchase in the spirit's twisted mind. Conversely, Uratha understand family, and bonds beyond those of blood. Their packmates include humans and Wolf-Blooded, creatures deemed too weak and inconsequential to be part of the *idigam's* pack. *Lul'Aya* is blind to the power of their ingenuity and the strength of purpose they grant to their Uratha packmates. Bringing the advantages of numbers and teamwork to bear is how wolves bring down larger prey. Werewolves use the same tactics even against prey as powerful as spirits or the ghostly *idigam*. Where the False Father sees only brutal dominance, true packs unite as family. This inability to understand the very essence of the Wolf forever denies *Lul'Aya* the thing it envied most of *Urfarah*.

Many packs are not so lucky as to have a protectorate to which they can turn. With few allies to help confront an enemy as dangerous as *Lul'Aya*, they must pursue some unorthodox methods.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

Most Uratha have few or even no other neighbors to call upon for aid. They cannot allow the *idigam* to go unchallenged, but cannot take it down on their own. Their first recourse is to seek the aid of other Forsaken packs. Uniting groups of savage hunters is difficult in the best of circumstances. Doing so under the stress of the death and destruction left in the *idigam's* wake is a herculean task. The packs might realize that their foe is old and powerful, and neither a spirit nor a *duguthim*; it is unlike anything they have faced before. Even knowing this, actually working together can be much more difficult than it is for humans in disaster scenarios. Packs see each other as rivals and competitors. Some might see themselves as weak for their inability to stop this creature on their own, and seek to hide their shame. All too often, packs simply underestimate the threat posed by the *poseur Urfarah*. Few werewolves know anything concrete about the *idigam*, after all. Those that do have heard only rumors and mad spirit utterings. By the time the werewolves realize the magnitude of the threat, many have already fallen to *Lul'Aya*. Left with

precious few allies and facing a terrible foe, these packs may grow desperate in their hunt.

Such packs might find themselves willing to enter an alliance with their most vicious foes: the Pure Tribes. Even the *Anshega* cannot abide such a stain on the name of *Urfarah*. They care not for bitch Luna; to the Pure, she deserves a mate like foul *Lul'Aya*. Something that feigns the role of *Urfarah* as the greatest hunter, father of wolves, is an insult no proud werewolf can bear. The Pure would sooner hunt beside their Forsaken brethren than allow *Lul'Aya* to stain the legacy of Father Wolf.

Allying with the Pure is easier said than done. Approaching them is dangerous enough. Like many wolf communications it begins at a distance, with howls. The Pure may already be under siege by *Lul'Aya*, and have little understanding of what foe they face. In their weakened state the Pure packs will lash out all the more readily, but Forsaken packs seeking peace can announce themselves as allies on the hunt. Meeting with the Pure is fraught with danger. Even Forsaken who show proper reverence to Father Wolf's memory and offer information on the nature of their prey are still hated enemies. The Ivory Claws would just as soon gut a Forsaken negotiator and use their revulsion at touching such filth as motivation to hunt down the False Father. More level-headed Pure – that is, the ones who won't immediately slaughter their Forsaken brethren – might at least hear out offers of temporary alliance before attacking. A rare or desperate few will accept, desiring the death of *Lul'Aya* even more than spilling Forsaken blood.

Any such alliance is tense and brutal. Negotiations are cruel. Tensions flare up and even the slightest insult can result in a fight to the death. Both factions hate one another, and the only thing that can bring them together is a common enemy they despise even more. *Lul'Aya* is such an enemy, but opportunistic packs might simply strike while their enemies are weak. Let the Forsaken packs go in first and take the brunt of the fight, and then fall easily before the Pure. In this way, *Lul'Aya* has survived alliances that might have resulted in its death, simply because the warring factions could not rein in their hatred of each other.

While successful alliances are rare, they are perhaps the greatest threat to *Lul'Aya*. Pure bring powerful totems and their own unique Gifts to the effort. Savage Predator Kings lead the battle against the *idigam's* monstrous creations. Fire-Touched inspire their allies, and Ivory Claws lead as well as any Forsaken. The Pure may especially despise the silver their brethren use as a weapon but respect its efficacy. The Forsaken may likewise be on edge around the strong and scornful totems of the Pure.

Fortunate Uratha might have allies among other supernatural predators. Perhaps a human or Wolf-Blood packmate turned out to be a powerful shaman. She can help garner allies and manipulate the *Hisil* to their advantage. Or maybe stranger bedfellows exist: the Hosts. These creatures have a vested interest in *Urfarah* remaining dead. *Lul'Aya* preys upon them just as readily as it does any other creature. Its powers make it far more unpredictable than any wolf spirit, and even Father Wolf did not destroy the essence of the *shartha* in the way that *Lul'Aya* does. They might be convinced or coerced

by force into helping the Uratha hunt the *idigam*. The Azlu, more patient and cunning than the *Beshilu*, are much more likely to aid the werewolves in this manner — but not before extracting oaths allowing them to escape in the aftermath. Binding the False Father in webs and sapping his vitality with venoms echoes the great battle of *Urfarah* and the Spinner Hag. It's an effective tactic even against a false Father Wolf, allowing werewolves to overcome the weakened monster.

Other creatures might prove capable of aiding a battle with the *idigam*, even if indirectly. Vampires have little in the way of spiritual powers but can lend impressive resources to a pack in need. Manipulating human agencies to buy room to maneuver or providing weapons can help. Any hunt for *Lul'Aya* is certain to result in catastrophic damage and bring down all kinds of attention from authorities, but savvy vampires can help mitigate that. Few are potent enough or foolish enough to actually join in on the hunt itself. Other supernatural entities might contribute to the hunt. Creatures of fae glamour shudder when confronted by a being capable of ripping out a person's soul and warping it. They have already encountered such monsters. Most would just as soon flee the hunter for as long as they can, but others stand and fight. Their magic is potent, allowing them to pull weapons and knowledge from dream or strengthen those who take a vow to slay this terrible beast. Spirits of the dead can tell werewolves about their killer, even if they cannot fight *Lul'Aya*. Considered beneath a true Wolf-Father, ghosts pass all but unnoticed in the *idigam's* bloody wake.

KILLING THE FALSE FATHER

Enemies of *Lul'Aya* gather for the final hunt. Spirit allies skirt the *idigam's* territory and hem it in with ephemeral claws and magic. Howling werewolves lope along a trail littered with the bodies of inhuman aberrations and scattered *magath*. The False Father Wolf runs, but it cannot run forever. Even the true *Urfarah* could not escape the fangs of his own progeny at his throat.

Lul'Aya cannot evade werewolves forever, even if it knows they mean to kill it. By its own chosen purpose it would lead the greatest of packs and serve as alpha to all werewolves. The *idigam* is not blind to the danger its adopted kin present, however, and it is not brave enough to die for the cause like Father Wolf was. It will always turn tail if endangered, though it also knows that few can escape the Uratha. If cornered, *Lul'Aya* will fight viciously, rending spirit and flesh in a desperate effort to tear free of its pursuers.

Perhaps lacking in *Urfarah's* raw strength and courage, *Lul'Aya* lacks none of his viciousness. With gnashing teeth, burning venom, and great size, the monster proves challenging even for a mighty gathering of packs. In battle it spews out ephemera that solidifies into spirits of blood and fury. Its heralds and Empty Wolves lope into battle alongside their Father, fighting with stolen spirit-magic and twisted Rage. The most unfortunate Uratha find themselves slaying people they once knew — friends, family, even former packmates. Nothing is safe from an *idigam's* dark appetites. *Lul'Aya* might even spawn a spirit of grief or anguish in the midst of battle to amplify and feast on the emotions of distraught werewolves. *Lul'Aya*

is even capable of ripping the emotional resonance right out of a foe's heart and using it against her.

Silver is a powerful weapon against *Lul'Aya*. Loath as the Uratha might be to use the weapon on one of their own, the False Father is not of the People. The Forsaken feel no reluctance in using silver to scour the unholy impostor from the world.

FALSE PACK

Lul'Aya commands a "pack" that contains spirits, werewolf heralds, and Empty Wolves. Some of its favored progeny are werewolves ripped from their humanity; *Lul'Aya* tore part of their souls from them, and replaced them with spirits of the wild. The resulting beasts represent nothing but predatory ferocity. Tempered by neither instinct nor reason, they are berserkers driven only by the lash of their master's will. The spirits *Lul'Aya* spawns grow fat on the Essence generated by the *idigam's* actions. They happily flee into the physical realm when *Lul'Aya* slashes open the Gauntlet or forces them into materialized bodies.

MASH'NG-IDUD — "EYES OF THE MOON"

"I see you, Wolf-child. Come here. Your Father has a message for you."

Spirits of owls and other nocturnal hunters often serve (unwillingly) as scouts for *Lul'Aya*. If it cannot find any in the area, the *idigam* can warp any spirit into the servants it desires. *Mash'ngidud* often appear as a large, pale owls whose overlarge eyes appear to be unblinking twin moons.

Rank: 2

Attributes: Power 2, Finesse 5, Resistance 2

Willpower: 7

Essence: 15

Initiative: 7

Defense: 2

Speed: 12 flying (species factor 5), 7 ground

Size: 2

Corpus: 4

Influences: Light ••

Manifestations: Discorporate, Fetter, Twilight Form

Numina: Innocuous, Seek

Ban: The spirit must flee any source of sunlight.

Bane: Weapons fashioned from any hard part of a prey animal (bones, teeth, antlers, etc.)

BERSERKER WOLVES — "GIR'SHEDU"

<Slavering snarls punctuated by trembling howls.>

Gir'Shedu represent the basest savagery. They are werewolves whose souls *Lul'Aya* tore from their bodies. In the place of their souls, the *idigam* inserted spirits of wolves and Rage. The creatures remain in Gauru form permanently, lost to *Kuruth* and yet slaves to *Lul'Aya*. Many were originally Ghost Wolves who joined the False Pack out of desperation, but became playthings when *Lul'Aya* grew bored or dissatisfied with them. A few are the remnants of fallen Uratha enemies.

Most appear as scar-riddled Gauru werewolves whose fur has grown thick and wild, bristling with the ceaseless rage that drives them. They resemble a hybrid sort of *duguthim*, but the monstrous transformation has no end except through death.

Attributes: Intelligence 1, Wits 3, Resolve 4, Strength 6, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5, Presence 3, Manipulation 1, Composure 1

Skills: Athletics 4 (Running), Brawl 4 (Claws), Intimidation 4 (Outnumbered Prey), Survival 3 (Tracking)

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 0

Essence: 10

Health: 12

Initiative: 5

Defense: 7

Speed: 15

Renown: Cunning 1, Glory 2, Honor 1, Purity 1, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (1) Berserker's Might, Predator's Unmatched Pursuit

Rage: *Gir'Shedu* exist in a constant state of *Basu-lm*.

Bane: Attacks with silver weapons cause an additional aggravated wound to *Gir'Shedu*. They cannot stand the touch of silver; even contact with pure silver burns their skin and inflicts lethal damage like a chemical fire (use the amount of bodily contact like the size of the fire to determine damage).

LUL'AYA

The following traits describe the *idigam* in its Coalesced form.

Rank: 4

Attributes: Power 11, Finesse 12, Resistance 11

Willpower: 10

Essence: 50

Initiative: 23

Defense: 11

Speed: 30 (species factor 7)

Size: 14

Corpus: 25

Influences: Hunting ●●●

Numina: Drain, Implant Mission, Pathfinder, Regenerate, Speed

Manifestations: Gauntlet Breach, Materialize, Reaching, Shadow Gateway, Twilight Form

Essence Shaping: Essence Trap, Forge Servant (Claimed, Empty Wolves, Flesh-Bound Spirit, Herald, Spawn), Gauntlet Manipulation, One Million Eyes, Spirit Manipulation, Thief of Gifts

Dread Powers: Crazy Evolution, Devourer, Furious Madness, Soul Slave

Ban: *Lul'Aya* must hunt worthy prey every lunar cycle and can refuse no challenge to hunt worthy prey. Images of

Father Wolf's death repel the *idigam*, as it sees therein the possibility of its own demise.

Bane: Silver harms *Lul'Aya* much as it does werewolves. Attacks by werewolves of Purity 5 also cause aggravated damage to it. Theirs is the true legacy of *Urfarah* and their fury exposes the *idigam's* blasphemy as a false Father Wolf.

THE HEAVENLY FIRE — ANSAR-ZALAG

"You may have forgotten us, half-flesh mongrels, but we have not forgotten you. The universe contains much more than you can possibly fathom. And it will destroy you."

An intensely bright light precedes it. The light and fire herald the *idigam's* coming. *Ansar-zalag* glows from within, seemingly holding the heart of a star in its chest. Flames spread out from its body in a multi-colored corona and lick at the air. The core of its body is vaguely human-shaped but indistinct within the fiery glow. For all that, *Ansar-zalag* appears heavily muscled, a monster of radiation and flame. When the Heavenly Fire deigns to speak, it does not manifest a mouth. Its booming voice seems to come from everywhere and nowhere at once, reverberating through the air with a loud echo. The *idigam* rarely speaks, however, except to extoll its own virtues. It considers all other creatures beneath it.

Those in the Heavenly Fire's presence feel a heat emanating from it in waves. The heat isn't sufficient to cause damage, but may be uncomfortable to some. The spirit has a certain presence about it, making it seem to fill any area it inhabits. The Heavenly Fire's presence carries a sort of *heaviness* to it. *Ansar-zalag* is notoriously unsubtle. Even its very being demonstrates this attribute.

The *idigam* delights in taking territory from werewolf packs. Like many of its brethren, it holds a grudge from its imprisonment. Without *Urfarah* to inflict its fury upon, the Heavenly Fire redirects its rage to Father Wolf's descendants. Truth be told, it doesn't much care where the territory is or what the environment is like. With its immense power, *Ansar-zalag* is perfectly capable of changing the territory to suit its needs.

Such immense presence is nothing without something to ground it. Still, an *idigam* rarely, if ever, chooses the thing that anchors it to the world. This was the case for *Ansar-zalag*. While imprisoned on the moon, *Ansar-zalag* had called out to the void. Eventually, something answered. A weak star spirit, the remnant of a star gone supernova, had traveled the expanse on a chunk of rock. It emerged from slumber in time for the *idigam* to take it into service. When the Heavenly Fire descended to Earth, it brought its servant along, for no reason other than to consume it for Essence if necessary.

When the *idigam* Coalesced while attempting to eat the star spirit, it did so while on a small island in the Moruroa atoll in the Pacific Ocean. At that moment, the Heavenly Fire was reborn in fire and light. The process charred the local plant life. All that remained were the smoking ruins of a once-lush forest. The ash and dust hide remnants of the trees that once populated the area. Should a dedicated hunter locate

this place, she could use its concealed bounty as powerful weapons against the *idigam*.

After this resplendent rebirth, *Ansar-zalag* now travels the globe. It wants nothing more than to execute its vengeance on the Great Wolf and its former jailor. Without them to hand, the Heavenly Fire is just as happy to destroy Father Wolf's legacy instead. The *idigam* wanders where it will, seeking out Forsaken to terrorize. *Ansar-zalag* wastes no time in diplomacy. At times, it may exult in its prowess over the lesser beings it hunts. The *idigam* may try to intimidate its prey into surrender so that they might give themselves into its all-consuming core. *Ansar-zalag* wants nothing more than to destroy, kill, and consume. For thousands of years, the *idigam* felt nothing but rage and loneliness. It will not stop until it visits the pain it felt on its victims. It is as implacable and unapologetic as the void from which it came.

HISTORY OF THE COSMOS

The debate on whether or not humanity is alone in the universe has gone on for centuries. The endless void of space stretches further than anyone can imagine. It seems almost unfathomable that, even if other living creatures are out there, that humanity could make contact.

Human scientists do not know of the Shadow's existence. The *Hisil* follows its own laws. Werewolves debate about whether the heavenly bodies have their own spirits. No werewolf

has ever conversed with the spirit of Saturn, at least not according to any reliable source. There are perhaps "friend of a friend" stories, but these are difficult if not impossible to substantiate.

Regardless, on rare occasions, those with the power to do so can call out to the reaches and receive a response. Some few *idigam* trapped on the moon learned this trick. *Ansar-zalag* was one of them, and received a response. A spirit, weak from slumber and lack of Essence, crashed into the moon on a piece of debris. It flickered and sputtered, occasionally expelling a burst of heat and light. The spirit was the remnant of a far-off star gone supernova. It retained the Resonance of its destruction, heat and radiation roiling in its gut.

Examining the dying spirit, *Ansar-zalag* saw horrifying potential. The remnant of one of the universe's most powerful phenomena was ripe for enslavement. The *idigam* nurtured the spirit as best it could. Fortunately for *Ansar-zalag*, it didn't have to wait long.

Apollo 11 was the first manned moon landing. The astronauts were not alone. With them came spirits of technology, faith, inspiration, and more. The *idigam* had a ride home, and they fought amongst themselves for the privilege. *Ansar-zalag* managed to be among the first of the few Moon-Banished to escape its lunar prison. Uniquely among the escapees, it brought a spirit along with it.

Separating from the command module, the *idigam* and its would-be protégé landed upon the Moruroa atoll in the



Pacific Ocean, far away from where *Columbia* splashed down. The French government used the atoll as a nuclear test site. Perhaps the *idigam* was drawn by a Resonance that was similar to that of the star spirit. More likely, the star spirit was drawn to the atoll and pulled the *idigam* along with it. Whatever the reason, the star spirit gained some strength from the experience — enough to fight off the *idigam*'s attempts to consume it.

The star spirit resisted. *Ansar-zalag* was also battered by the world's imperative that it take a finite form. Too weak from escaping, the *idigam* gave in and Coalesced into its present form. The rare few who have learned of the *idigam*'s origin posit that the star spirit escaped and is out in the *Hisil* somewhere. Others suggest that the *idigam* consumed the star spirit, at least in part. The truth is known only to the *Ansar-zalag* itself — and the star spirit, if it did survive.

The atoll experienced great heat and flame yet again as the *idigam* lashed out in a fiery conflagration. It now roams the Earth. Whether this is expressly to exact its vengeance on the Forsaken, or if the *idigam* has a secondary goal in mind isn't known. Rare observers have noticed that the *idigam* seems to be searching for something. They posit that this is proof the star spirit escaped and is hidden somewhere in the *Hisil*.

A STAR ON EARTH

The Heavenly Fire consumes. It destroys and lays waste to everything in the vicinity. It can't help it, as its nature is to consume and combine in a spiritual equivalent to nuclear fusion. Fortunately, the *idigam* is not strictly bound to the laws of science. If that were so, it would have consumed and destroyed a gigantic amount of material over the years. The *idigam* would have sterilized the planet in a blinding flash of heat and light.

Still, the *idigam*'s core is a chaos of heat and fire that breaks down almost anything that enters it. In its arrogance and power, *Ansar-zalag* rarely deviates from whatever course it has set. Instead, it simply moves through an obstacle, destroying it as it passes. The spirit world is left with a burning, charred path in the *idigam*'s wake. Few spirits stand against the Heavenly Fire for long. Not only is its power immense, it has no exact analog on Earth. Other spirits mistake it for a powerful fire elemental or perhaps a Helion at first, but soon realize their error.

In cases where the Heavenly Fire is stationary, it occasionally can be seen in the company of lesser spirits. These spirits spawn from the *idigam*'s own Corpus and closely resemble their progenitor. In rarer cases, *Ansar-zalag* encounters people or spirits who want to worship it as a god. Often it simply destroys the would-be supplicants. Occasionally, it will stop to listen instead. If it has a need for a mouthpiece or expendable tool, it creates a herald. These unfortunates are bound to the *idigam*'s will for the remainder of their lives.

Mira: Let me know when you're there.

Shareef: Okay, here. I don't see the bastard though.

Mira: Hold tight. Let me check with the others.

Shareef: Never mind. Eyes on target. He just came out through the market.

Shareef: Looks like he's planning on meeting someone.

Mira: Do not engage until the rest of the pack gets to you.

Mira: Understood?

Shareef: Roger that. Holding fast, maintaining position.

Victoria: Wait. I see Arnaud entering the other end of the market. Why is that Pure bastard here?

Mira: What? Anyone see any other known Pure?

Shareef: Not yet, no. Want me to perimeter sweep or stand fast?

Mira: Stay put. Vic, you and Condor check our flanks and report back. I don't want this to turn into an ambush.

Shareef: Arnaud is now in sight. He's... oh, shit. He's talking to the target, boss.

Mira: New plan. Once Arnaud is out of the way, cross off the target. We can't let him get back to his master. Too many territories have fallen. I'll be damned if ours is next. When this thing is either dead or gone, we take the fight to the Pure. Out.

While *Ansar-zalag* seemingly exists to consume and destroy, it will on occasion skip a territory entirely. The *idigam*'s pattern seems completely random to observers. So far, no one has come up with any theories to explain the spirit's reasoning. None of the territories so far have any discernible similarities. The *idigam* has avoided the territories of freshly Changed werewolves and veteran packs alike. To those of the People following the Heavenly Fire's movements this is significant. Now if they could only figure out the reason, they might have a chance to uncover damning information to destroy the *idigam* for good.

HUNT THE SECOND STAR TO THE RIGHT

The Heavenly Fire is obviously a powerful foe. It is not subtle, and its rage over its imprisonment has had millennia to burn bright. Werewolves who decide to Hunt this *idigam* will have a fight on their hands, and are probably best served by gathering other packs if possible to help hunt and kill it.

Somewhere in the world, *Ansar-zalag* is killing Uratha. It is inevitable. Few packs are strong enough to fend off the *idigam*'s assault for long. One pack has had enough, and is howling for war. Calling themselves "The Family," they consist of an aging patriarch named Euan Brandt and his extended progeny. The core of the pack consists solely of immediate relations. As pack membership becomes more distant, so too are the family ties. The pack fringes include distant cousins,

husbands or wives who married into the pack, or in rare cases very trusted companions.

The Family sees all *Urdaga* at least as extended relatives of a sort. Opinions differ on the Pure, but if they're willing to bring the hurt to *Ansar-zalag*, then the Family will tolerate them. The pack itself is diverse. Its members' interests range from quick, guerilla combat, to hacking, to negotiation and diplomacy, to straightforward ass-kicking.

Still, they are accepting of other packs' views, to a point. One thing they insist upon is that any packs who want to go along on the Hunt defer to Euan when the fighting goes down. He'll accept advice and input during the planning, especially as the leaders of other packs will know their people best. But when the claws come out, bones crack, and blood flows, he expects that everyone will follow his orders.

Euan's worn down, though. Grizzled and beaten down by a lifetime pursuing the *Siskur-Dah*, he carries worry and pain constantly. Unfortunately, he doesn't have the *idigam*'s ban. Not yet. None of his Ithaeur have managed to get close enough to see the Heavenly Fire. He wonders if the news will be detrimental to his efforts. Will this tenuous alliance of packs hold? Will they all be forced to face the *idigam* on its terms? Or will the patriarch's allies find the ban in time? His daughters suspect he plans to go down fighting. He worries about the legacy he'll leave behind.

SCORCHED EARTH

A nearby pack has gone quiet. Investigations into their hunting grounds reveal the spiritual landscape is scorched clear. Other packs in the area that might respond to the characters' messages have no idea what happened either.

In the *Hisil*, the trail is clear. The landscape is charred in a wide swath like something huge moved through the area. Native spirits have scattered. If the pack can track them down, the spirits will readily inform the werewolves what happened. *Ansar-zalag* attacked the territory and killed the entire pack. It struck without warning or mercy. It didn't want supplication or validation beforehand, nor did it seek glory after the fact. The *idigam* acted not unlike a force of nature, like a tornado that destroys a building but leaves the one next to it intact.

The characters can't save the dead pack, but they might be able to save whatever pack crosses the *idigam*'s path next. And if they find clues or hear rumors that the *idigam*'s activity was only its first pass through the area and it'll be back, they can prepare for that, either by evacuating or organizing a resistance.

CHURCH OF THE STARS

Some Chilean immigrants have moved into a neighborhood in the pack's territory. On the surface, they're model citizens. The crime rate fell hard when they moved in. Kids play on the sidewalks freely, and folks are friendly and welcoming. Even so, the *Hisil* is troubled. Strange faith spirits stalk that neighborhood, growing fat on something. As the spirits grow, they start to resemble animals with constellations shining in their pelts.

With a bit of research, the pack can discover that the constellations align with those the Incas identified during the

height of their empire. Even so, while the spirits may seem odd to the pack, they aren't acting unlike other spirits. On the surface, the faith spirits don't seem like a serious problem so long as they stay on their side of the Gauntlet.

The faith spirits aren't the problem. The real problem is one of prophecy. Many of the immigrants are members of the Church of Inti, who believe that *Ansar-zalag* will be traveling through this hunting ground. Through visions or occult formulae, the cult has predicted the *idigam*'s arrival and has placed itself in the area to await their god's coming. If they're wrong, the pack has little to worry about — unless the faith spirits get out of control. On the other hand, if the cultists are correct, the pack will have more on their hands than they can comfortably deal with alone.

AND STRAIGHT ON 'TIL DYING

Killing *Ansar-zalag* is no easy feat. Whether attacked by a single extremely powerful pack, or more likely an alliance of several packs, the Heavenly Fire is more than capable of defending itself. It shrugs off lesser attacks, and even those that manage to strike it don't often do much damage. With its Size and Resistance, attempting to wear the *idigam* down over time is a dangerous proposition.

Fortunately for any attackers, *Ansar-zalag* rarely uses servants of any kind. This allows a large collection of werewolves to harry the *idigam*, striking as often and deeply as possible. It is possible that this prolonged Hunt can work — although the *idigam* can, if pressed, simply create fire everywhere around it for miles. In addition, vast stores of Essence mean the *idigam* can heal and power its Numina and other powers far longer than normal spirits.

TO SERVE THE HEAVENS

Unlike most *idigam*, *Ansar-zalag* rarely keeps servants. The *idigam*'s arrogance doesn't allow it to regularly delegate any authority or task to a servant. The Heavenly Fire prefers to perform tasks on its own. In that way, it knows that the job has been done to its satisfaction.

In the rare cases in which the *idigam* does use servants, it most often simply creates spiritual offshoots. The *idigam* finds it easier to trust its spawn than other creatures, even those forced into servitude. As such, it gives these creatures — the *Lilia'izi* — more important tasks than any other minion.

STELLAR OFFSHOOTS — THE LILIA'IZI

"Flesh makes such a lovely sizzling sound when it burns, don't you think?"

The *Lilia'izi* are used for several purposes. The Heavenly Fire uses them first and foremost as scouts. They search wide areas looking for werewolf territories, preferably Forsaken. Pure hunting grounds are attacked occasionally, but only when they sit directly in the *idigam*'s path or hold something it desires. Otherwise, *Ansar-zalag* ignores the Pure. Nobody is sure why, but the *Anshega* claim that it's because their ancestors had no part in jailing the *idigam*, whereas the Forsaken were accessories to Father Wolf.

To them, the Heavenly Fire's attacks on the Forsaken are well deserved. When a *Lilia'izi* discovers a hunting ground, it pokes as subtly as it can at the defenses. It seeks out loci, investigates any allied spirits — especially the pack totem — and takes note of any other significant spiritual defenses. If possible, the spirit talks to other spirits in the area, looking for potential allies in the attack. When the attack comes, the indigenous spirits are used as fodder to weaken the defenses. When its reconnaissance is done, the *Lilia'izi* returns to the *idigam* with a report and awaits orders to attack or to let the territory pass.

Less often, *Ansar-zalag* uses the *Lilia'izi* as a way to soften up its prey. This method is only used if attacking a particularly strong pack or territory. Self-preservation is not the *idigam*'s driving motive here. Rather, it is simply good sense. The *Lilia'izi* weakens the defenders and *Ansar-zalag* moves in to finish them off.

Rank: 2

Attributes: Power 6, Finesse 4, Resistance 4

Willpower: 8

Essence: 15

Initiative: 8

Defense: 4

Speed: 20

Size: 4

Corpus: 8

Influences: Fire ••

Numina: Blast (Fire), Firestarter, Seek

Manifestations: Twilight Form, Materialize

Ban: as the *idigam*

Bane: as the *idigam*

SPEAKER OF THE STARS

"You may kill me here, wolf-thing, but Inti will burn everything you hold dear in His cleansing fire. I have felt it and survived. Are you strong enough to survive the power of the sun?"

Throughout the ages, numerous civilizations have worshipped the stars and heavenly bodies. The Incas held that each animal had a constellation, and the stars in that constellation protected the appropriate animal. The Greeks and Romans had Apollo, who drove the chariot of the sun across the sky each day. The Egyptians worshiped Amun-Ra, the sun god.

In modern-day Chile, a secret society traces their ancestry back to the Incas, and they are resurrecting the ancient ways. One of their founding members, a self-described seer called Ignacio Contreras, the Sun Prophet, witnessed a massive shining form in the sky. The vision drove him to create a new Church of Inti, the Incan sun god. Since the church's inception, dozens of people have joined. Each year on the summer solstice, they make a pilgrimage to Machu Picchu and perform supplications at sunrise. The church has pieced together what it can from Incan pictographs and historical investigation. The founders have simply created the remainder of the church's practices nearly from whole cloth. The faithful haven't noticed so far.

The *idigam* isn't consciously projecting any such visions to the Church. In fact, it isn't even truly aware of them. So far, the visions are unexplained phenomena. It could be that the star spirit lives somewhere in the *Hisil* and is trying to communicate somehow. Perhaps the Sun Prophet simply witnessed the Heavenly Fire itself and drew some incorrect assumptions. It's possible that the Sun Prophet is making the entire story up for some goal of his own. What that goal could be is anyone's guess.

Regardless of the true origin of the visions, *Ansar-zalag* has acquired an unwitting cult. From time to time, they search for "Inti." Occasionally, they find him and supplicate themselves. Usually the *idigam* atomizes them. Rarely, the Heavenly Fire permits the cultists to speak. The adherents have stroked the spirit's ego enough that it allows them to live and worship it. Through the cult, the *idigam* has a ready hand into human society. It now uses that worship for its own ends.

When a suitable supplicant discovers the Heavenly Fire, the *idigam* may choose to create what it calls a *Mulan Namnigir*, or "Star Herald." The *idigam* pours its fiery Essence into the servant, reworking the victim to reflect what the *idigam* wants. As the Essence enters the body, it suffuses the would-be servant. The victim feels like he's burning from the inside out, even though no actual damage is inflicted. The supplicants who can push through the pain and get back up to stand in front of their god are made *Mulan Namnigir*. The others are consumed on the spot.

Antonio Munoz is just the latest Star Herald; his traits are appropriate for similar fanatics.

Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve 2, Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3, Presence 3, Manipulation 3, Composure 2

Skills: Academics (Incan History) 2, Crafts 1, Investigation 2, Occult (Incan Mythology) 2, Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Drive 1, Expression 2, Persuasion (Convincing Skeptics) 3, Socialize (Pressing the Flesh) 3, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Direction Sense, Mystery Cult Initiation (Church of Inti) 1, Pusher, Resources 3, Safe Place 1

Willpower: 4

Health: 8

Essence: 5

Initiative: 5

Defense: 4

Speed: 10

Numina: Rapture

ANSAR-ZALAG

The following represents the *idigam* in its Coalesced form:

Rank: 5

Attributes: Power 15, Finesse 12, Resistance 12

Willpower: 10

Essence: 100

Initiative: 24

Defense: 12

Speed: 37

Size: 8

Corpus: 28

Armor: 12

Influences: Fire ●●●●, Radiation ●●

Numina: Awe, Blast, Firestarter, Implant Mission, Pathfinder, Rapture, Seek, Speed

Manifestations: Gauntlet Breach, Image, Materialize, Reaching, Shadow Gateway, Twilight Form

Essence Shaping: Essence Attack, Essence Venom, Forge Servant (Herald, Spawn), Locus Manipulation

Dread Powers: Call Void Spirit, Colossus, Devourer, Elemental Fury (Fire), Spirit Interrogation, Spirit Dominion

Ban: *Ansar-zalag* is incapable of harming anyone carrying a piece of meteoric iron. The iron protects its wielder from any of the Heavenly Fire's attacks. It cannot grapple anyone carrying the iron. The carrier is immune to any of the spirit's ranged or area attacks. Powers that target the victim's mind or emotions still function normally, such as Awe, Implant Mission, and Rapture. The meteoric iron only repels physical attacks.

Bane: Any natural material from the Moruroa atoll. In addition to dealing aggravated damage to the *idigam*, weapons formed from the atoll's rocks, coral, or wood bypass the beast's Armor rating.

THE MOUTH OF THE DEPTHS — GAGH-AZUR

“Little dirtwalker, from the depths came your ancestors. To the depths you return. My hunger swells like the tide. Let your hope ebb just the same.”

Gagh-Azur takes a form akin to a whirlpool that moves with a malevolent intelligence. Often it appears as a maw swallowing everything into a briny darkness. Its voice is the gurgling cry of a drowning man mingled with the sloshing growl of a hungry belly. Every movement is slow and deliberate, like an aquatic predator bearing down on helpless prey.

Once materialized, *Gagh-Azur* embodies that primal hunger. It is a misshapen amalgam of ancient and slimy creatures from the deep. The leviathan's flesh is dark and oozes greenish clouds of foul liquid from suppurating orifices. Its toothless maw opens impossibly wide to swallow everything: sea animals, plants, sediment, and even whole sections of beach. Curling tentacles ensnare nearby prey and feed it into the beast's cavernous mouth. Razor-edged fins slice flesh as easily as water. The venom it secretes paralyzes even the hardest of beasts. *Gagh-Azur* is the most basic sort of terror given nightmarish form: The fear of being eaten.

Gagh-Azur resides off a coastline, far enough out that it can lie in darkness beneath the waves. There it feeds and experiments, just as it did in prehistory. *Gagh-Azur* consumes

with an endless appetite. Within its titanic belly it works Essence and flesh, shaping and reshaping the things it devours. In time, *Gagh-Azur* vomits forth new creations in strange new forms. Human scientists know its earlier works through fossil records like those at the Burgess Shale.

Down in its kingdom of kelp and coral, surrounded by freakish hybrids birthed in its roiling gut, the spirit watches and yearns. The colorful life forms that fill its domain, with their symmetry and endless variety of shapes, fill the Maw with envy. Its own body is imperfect, no matter how many aspects erupt and decay from its titanic form. Life around the *idigam* continues to change and create new features, but *Gagh-Azur* can only steal the traits of those it consumes. Perhaps in mockery of Gaea's natural life, or maybe in search of life's secrets, *Gagh-Azur* consumes and creates, its belly churning with the flesh and Essence of spirits and animals.

When the moon grows full, *Gagh-Azur* crawls forth to spit its creations upon the land. Fish-men, squid-faced abominations and glistening amphibious monsters all invade the boundary between land and sea. Many die shortly after their birth, but not before dragging the unwary into the unforgiving waves. *Gagh-Azur* has not yet mastered the creation of life. Its children only inherit their father's insatiable hunger.

During these times whole groups of humans disappear as the Maw attacks and devours beach parties, boats, isolated homes, and anyone caught unaware. Humans are the *idigam*'s favored prey, because while their own forms are fixed, they can shape the world around them in fascinating ways. By devouring humans and their secrets, *Gagh-Azur* hopes to learn how to create true life.

ANCIENT APPETITE

Gagh-Azur came from the depths of the oceanic *Hisil* in a time before Father Wolf's great hunts. Its original form, if indeed it ever had one, is lost to the darkness. It may have started as one of the first *magath*, born in a time when it was forced to prey on anything it could catch in the lonely depths. Perhaps it has always been a spiritual maw hungry for Essence, a remnant of the raw creation from which primordial life emerged.

When *Gagh-Azur* rose into waters teeming with life, it ate everything in its path. Within itself it converted flesh, inanimate matter, and Essence into new forms. Its purpose was the creation of perfect life. Its motives remain murky since few survive long enough to communicate with the *idigam*. Possibly it seeks an end to its roiling hunger. Or perhaps it desires a perfect, stable form. By creating something permanent and pure, it can learn how to shape its own form into something static and symmetrical. Or maybe it desires newer and more varied prey to devour and gain new traits and insights.

The *idigam*'s earliest works were some of the strangest creatures known to the fossil record. Many of the odd fauna from the Burgess Shale and similar fossil assemblages exemplify its experiments. More still exist now only in the memory of *Gagh-Azur*, as it devoured them once they weakened or died. As it fed and grew and regurgitated monsters, *Gagh-Azur* drew the attention of *Urfarah*. The great hunter followed the *idigam*'s

The Mouth of the Depths — Gagh-Azur

trail straight to the ocean's edge, and there he waited until *Gagh-Azur* came forth as its hunger demanded. Their battle turned the waves red for many days, but at last *Urfarah* cast the monster into the sky.

Gagh-Azur returned to its ocean home on the back of the Apollo 11 spacecraft. At first the *idigam* fled, formless, to the depths, where it could escape Father Wolf. In time its hunger drove it ever upward, and from the currents it learned of Father Wolf's death and the raising of the Gauntlet. Furiously *Gagh-Azur* took form from the briny, oozing depths. It gnawed away the Gauntlet itself, that it might glut itself equally on flesh and spirit.

The cycle continues, following the lunar progression. *Gagh-Azur* rises to feast upon everything that it can swallow, then sinks into the depths to digest, dissect, and reshape the matter and ephemera it consumes. When it rises, people, animals, and sometimes coastal formations disappear. Strange sightings of sea monsters or unexplained oceanic phenomena make headlines. Local Uratha notice these things, and the spirits grow frightened when the tides rise on the full moon. They speak of horrid hybrids of flesh and spirit, *duguthim* and foul *magath* spawned in the lightless depths, and a Maw from which there is no escape.

An alarming increase in supposed shark attacks and rogue waves creates panic among the coastal population. This results in attention where local Uratha might not want it. The Forsaken normally care little about these things, but when sharks and their prey in both worlds disappear, signs point to something sinister. The entire ecosystem on both sides of the Gauntlet falls prey to the Tidal Maw's appetites. If left unchecked, disaster will follow in its wake like a tidal wave.

PULL OF THE TIDES

While *Gagh-Azur* lies sleeping in the dark, its creations poison the ecosystem around it. Hideous *duguthim* birthed in its belly hunt anything they can catch. They haunt the waters near the *idigam*'s sleeping form. Their forms are myriad and revolting: Crustaceans with bodies of razor-sharp coral tear victims apart. Fish with gaping, void-like eyesockets unnaturally suck in light around them. Jellyfish sport tentacles surrounding distended, toothy jaws. Many lash out in pain and fury, killing not out of hunger but anguish. These are the simple ones, the creatures that *Gagh-Azur* leaves to guard it while within its belly grows a new generation of monsters. Ripping the spirit from one creature's flesh and inserting another spirit is too easy to sate the Maw's appetite. Even altering spirits into *magath* does little to satisfy the *idigam*. It desires to give shape to new things, reformed out of the soup of matter and ephemera that roils in its gut.

When *Gagh-Azur* wakes and rises into the shallows it has a much more pronounced effect on the area. Whole populations of sea life diminish or go extinct as it greedily devours them. Though *Gagh-Azur* won't venture long onto land, it devours "dirtwalkers" with special fondness. The creatures it vomits up onto land are the strangest and deadliest of its creations, and *Gagh-Azur* needs the greatest variety of prey in order to make them. Those Claimed that venture onto land often drag victims screaming to the water's edge, where *Gagh-Azur* hungrily awaits.

The variety of abominations *Gagh-Azur* vomits forth defies reason: Shambling humanoids with bodies of kelp whose guts open up with sphincter-like mouths lined with teeth. Ichthyoid bodies covered in slime-oozing suction cups, dragging themselves across the sand with human hands. Jellyfish who float through the air with human features stretched across their undulating bodies, ensnaring prey in electric tentacles. Squid-faced humans and human-faced cephalopods.

Gagh-Azur delights in the seemingly endless ways living things have of killing and consuming one another, but it hungers for even more dangerous prey – werewolves. An ancient fear of the great hunter who once imprisoned it keeps *Gagh-Azur* afraid to venture far onto land. Though it knows now that *Urfarah* is eons dead, it also knows his descendants hunt the world with spirit magic and shifting flesh. *Gagh-Azur* hungers for werewolves, to use their changing flesh and bestial spirits to create something truly worthy of the Maw's legacy. Perhaps in their regenerative abilities the *idigam* will find traits to create enduring life. Even if not, the spirit can take its revenge on the descendants of Father Wolf.

Human communities beset by *Gagh-Azur* spin tales of seafaring superstition and dangerous waters. They fail to recognize the ebb and flow of an alien spirit's hunger. News stories of whale sightings or shark attacks catch headlines for a day or two and then fade from public consciousness, swept away like bodies in a current. Able to cross the Gauntlet in order to fuel its driving imperative to consume, *Gagh-Azur* continues its cycle of killing and spawning, unopposed but for the kin of Father Wolf.

PREDATOR BECOMES PREY

Gagh-Azur presents an incredible challenge for werewolves. Its natural environment is the sea, where wolves do not belong. There, *Gagh-Azur* possesses every advantage in power and adaptation. In its domain, the *idigam* surrounds itself with all manner of monstrosities better suited to killing beneath the waves. No single pack can overcome these obstacles to slay *Gagh-Azur* with brute force.

Despite its advantages, Father Wolf once caught the Tidal Maw and banished it to the moon. In the modern world his descendants must follow his lead. Driven by an overwhelming urge to take form and feed, *Gagh-Azur* cannot remain hidden forever in the depths of the *Hisil* seas. Once it surfaces, werewolves can notice its activities in a number of ways.

Spirits of the coast fear the rising of the tides when the moon is full. Rumors abound of terrible *magath* and a current that sweeps spirits through the Gauntlet. They may approach the pack for protection from a hungry "Maw" that devours anything in its path. Whether or not the characters believe these stories they may witness the aftermath of a *Gagh-Azur* attack. Whole stretches of beach on both sides of the Gauntlet look gouged as though bitten. A multitude of spirits and animals have gone missing without a trace. Sometimes humans have disappeared, which is sure to stir up local authorities.

The pack may even encounter one of *Gagh-Azur*'s creations without warning. A strange new spoor reeks of brine and soil. The trail leads to a *duguthim* formed of a spirit of the sediment inserted into a stray dog's flesh. Or perhaps the pack finds itself

suddenly under attack by a horde of hermit crabs Claimed by spirits of the ocean's crushing pressure. The trail in any case leads to the sea's edge and a danger lurking within.

Tracking the *idigam* once the pack has found its trail is simple. As *Gagh-Azur* moves up and down the coast, the devastation that follows in its wake makes it easy to track, if the characters know the proper signs, though tracking it will likely lead them through other packs' territories. *Catching* the *idigam* is extremely difficult. *Gagh-Azur's* methods are visceral, not subtle, but it spends half its time sleeping in the depths. A pack might make a deal with oceanic spirits to aid them in tracking its movements and even hunting the *idigam* underwater, though many spirits refuse to get too close for fear of its Essence-shaping powers. Werewolves pay a high price for such aid, because they have normally have nothing to do with oceanic spirits. The spirits demand exorbitant favors, depending on the level of aid rendered, from casting a treasured belonging into the deep or even as much as sinking a whole boat full of humans.

Uratha can harry *Gagh-Azur* by stalking it when it comes on land to disgorge its creations. Though it would flee any losing battle, canny werewolves might deal with spirits to help drive the *idigam* away from the water. A tidal spirit might send crashing waves to keep *Gagh-Azur* beached and vulnerable. Werewolves can also try to deny *Gagh-Azur* its favored prey by warning spirits and chasing away animals from the area, and ruthlessly hunting its creations before they can get far in either realm.

Other possibilities exist for the *idigam's* horrific emergence. One possibility is that *Gagh-Azur's* gluttony renders a section of the coastal shallows devoid of life. Werewolves notice when something in their territory devours spirits, animals, geological formations and even the Gauntlet. Perhaps its cycle began only recently, as the *idigam* moved in from another part of the world. As the coast in both realms suffers from the gaping spiritual wounds, new entities appear: hybrid spirits, Claimed, materialized spirits of oceanic creatures and forces. These freakish horrors appear overnight and threaten to destabilize an area already reeling from the *idigam's* gargantuan appetite. Werewolves might track them back to the water's edge and realize that something powerful lies in the waves, something capable of reshaping the coastal landscape in terrifying ways.

A tragic event like the disappearance of a boat full of passengers garners a lot of attention. The media eagerly spreads such a story, all the more so when it involves the wealthy. A boat full of Hispanic fishermen gone missing is a shame. The sinking of a private yacht is a divine tragedy. Divers, newshounds, and aerial searches put pressure on werewolves who prefer discretion for their activities. Amateur hunters search for the wreckage, or any sea life suspected of harming survivors.

In one of the most extreme cases, *Gagh-Azur* might encounter and devour a ghost ship. The *idigam's* attack may even have created the ghostly vessel. Within *Gagh-Azur's* belly the anguish of these ghosts feeds its gnawing hunger. It merges their deathly ephemera with that of their ship and anything else it has engulfed. Ghostly *magath* and fleshy beings Claimed

by the restless spirits of the drowned make for some of the most horrific of the Maw's creations.

All of these things leave the Uratha in a dangerous position. They cannot allow *Gagh-Azur* to live, but they face great challenges in hunting the monster down. Spirit magic can help them turn its oceanic home against it or bolster werewolves to face *Gagh-Azur*. Human tools prove exceptionally useful in tracking or battling the monster. Wolf-Blooded sailors and modern technology make for an effective weapon against *Gagh-Azur*. Sonar can help locate the creature and pin down its activities, which observant hunters will realize follows a predictable cycle. Even a leviathan must regard modern aquatic weapons and trapping systems warily.

Though few would welcome the comparison, some werewolves might even realize that they share something with *Gagh-Azur*: the need to hunt. The *idigam* spent eons in stasis, imprisoned on the moon, hunger gnawing at it. Now its driving purpose is to change and grow and unleash its spawn upon the world. It can no more lie in dormancy beneath the waves than Uratha can choose not to hunt. Werewolves can use this instinct against the *idigam*, setting up traps in the form of irresistible bait (like other werewolves) or a network of tools and spirit spies to track the monster's movements.

The transitory nature of *Gagh-Azur's* surface activities reinforces the impetus to hunt it down and destroy it. Because the *idigam* can cause so much damage over a wide area in so short a time, Uratha cannot afford to miss their opportunity when it comes. *Gagh-Azur* can move on to a new area if not caught and the entire cycle begins again. Once they've baited the hook and set their nets, the Uratha must reel in their prey or lose their only chance to kill it.

BLOOD IN THE WATER

Once the hunt reaches its conclusion, the werewolves must face *Gagh-Azur* in all its fury. The most important thing is to keep the monster beached, on either side of the Gauntlet. In the water it is free to move and free to escape, but its chosen form is not built for land. Fang and claw are useless underwater. With the aid of heavy weapons or spirit allies, the packs gathered to kill *Gagh-Azur* might drive it further onto land and away from its domain.

Though it is more suited to aquatic battle, the *idigam* is still dangerous on land. Desperation makes it even more fearsome. When cornered it will belch forth its gut contents and send its spawn into battle. *Gagh-Azur* can also catch unprepared foes in its gaping mouth and swallow them whole. It fights with a savagery that would dismay a werewolf in the grip of *Kuruth*, slicing with its razor-sharp fins and spraying flesh-eating venom from the orifices covering its body. *Gagh-Azur* can manifest at will nearly any plant or animal trait that aids in the consumption of other creatures. Viny tentacles lined with stinging hairs might erupt from its back even as a spiny exoskeleton bursts from its slimy flesh to meet an enemy's claws.

Wolves hunt in concert to bring down prey larger and more dangerous than the individual. Unlike the more alien Moon-Banished, at least *Gagh-Azur* fights in ways that were-

wolves can understand. Its great size and power lend it devastating force, but the Uratha can fight it like a beast. They might strike from the flanks while those in Gauru form and their strongest spirit allies keep in front, drawing the monster's attention. If at all possible, the strongest combatants should lie between *Gagh-Azur* and the ocean to prevent retreats. Any spirit allies the Forsaken have gathered to fight *Gagh-Azur* prove invaluable in keeping it trapped on land. Spirits are reluctant to aid werewolves, but when pressed or bargained with properly would rather aid the Uratha than face *Gagh-Azur* and its hunger.

If the werewolves can discover *Gagh-Azur's* bane, weapons made of coral prove the most effective. Spirits of coral could possibly aid any attempts to use the bane against *Gagh-Azur*, manifesting reef formations or enhancing any coral weapons. The weapons are fragile, but it's possible that a powerful spirit might be able to create enough coral to help fence the prey off from retreat.

Once the hunters succeed in killing the *idigam*, an impossible amount of gore spills out from its rupturing body. Innards rush out like tidal waves. Half-formed bodies wriggle in a flood of thick, noxious fluids. The Maw's very skin sloughs off its bones and dissolves into gelatinous goo. The *idigam's* remains become a primordial ooze. Perhaps even microscopic organisms dwell in the ooze of *Gagh-Azur's* passing, acting on the most ancient imperative: feed.

SPAWN OF THE DEEPS

Gagh-Azur employs a startling variety of servants as guardians, hunters, and playthings for its twisted experiments. Its colorful menagerie rivals that of its undersea home, creatures and spirits unable to escape the *idigam's* clutches. Land animals Claimed by seagoing spirits, *magath* hybrids of land and sea spirits, and alien creatures that defy explanation.

Fearful spirits call these favored servants "Mawspawn." The Mawspawn represent the terrifying unknown — spirits at least understand the process of becoming *magath* by consuming improper Essence. *Gagh-Azur* devouring flesh and spirit and creating something wholly new from the components is frighteningly unknowable. The very makeup of a being is completely broken down and digested by the *idigam*. What it expels no longer resembles its original form in memory or personality. In the case of spirits and animals, especially humans, no trace of the original soul remains.

Werewolves who learn the truth of this hunger feel a wrath toward *Gagh-Azur* like that *Urfarah* must have felt. In seeking to create a new natural cycle, it defies and warps the existing cycle, destroying Essence and souls with gluttonous greed. If the pack knows any victims of the Maw — humans or Wolf-Blooded or other werewolves, perhaps part of the pack themselves — their horror at the victim's fate can drive them berserk.

BRINE WALKERS — GI'ENDUMUN

<A burbling cry like words of the First Tongue drowning in its throat.>

Uratha use the name "Brine Walkers" for all the *duguthim* created by *Gagh-Azur*. Often it uses aquatic spirits in land-based bodies, perhaps seeking the secret of life's ancient migration onto land. They are hideous and ill-suited to hunting for long on land, but extremely dangerous during their short lives. They inherit their creator's endless appetite and attack anything nearby, feasting until their bellies are swollen. Humans are the *idigam's* preferred hosts for these *duguthim*. *Gagh-Azur* finds their forms the most malleable and delights in shaping them around a spirit core.

See the section on Claimed on p. 207 for rules on creating *duguthim*. Two examples of the *idigam's* creations and some possible bans and banes for them follow.

Ig'amargha — "Suckling Face"

The *Ig'amargha* are disgusting creatures with slumped, humanoid bodies and squid-like faces. Writhing tentacles surround their suppurating mouths, dripping slime and ink. Suction cups with talons help them grapple their chosen prey. They prefer to surprise their victims from the waves, blinding them and dragging them under.

Sample Dread Powers: Blinding Spray, Natural Weapons, Toxic Bite

Ban: An *Ig'amargha* must return to the water within six hours or suffer a cumulative -1 penalty to all rolls per hour it remains on land.

Bane: Weapons made or improvised from dense, unchanging materials like stone and metal.

MUR'HAL GUSHU — "SHELLED CRAWLER"

This wretched being has a lower body like that of a monstrous crab, but an upper body of a human or other animal protruding like a fleshy lump. The crab's clicking jaws ooze stinking fluid and lie just where the upper creature's belly would be. They continually utter pained moans in their inhuman, gurgling voices. *Mur'hal Gushu* live extremely short and violent lives before dying as their exoskeletons rupture and spill out their innards. In battle they are ferocious and difficult to kill thanks to their armored carapaces.

Sample Dread Powers: Armored Hide, Juggernaut, Leap, Natural Weapons

Ban: *Mur'hal Gushu* must attack any living thing within sight, regardless of its size or danger.

Bane: Boiling water for its cleansing properties and connection to the consumption of sea creatures.

HASHBAR'DUMU — "MAWSPAWN"

"Eyes! It...it has Jason's eyes!"

Background: The malformed "Mawspawn" represent *Gagh-Azur's* attempts to beget a new cycle of life in its own image. They are born from the base components of fleshly and ephemeral life alike after *Gagh-Azur* devours spirits, animals, even landscape. Deep in its belly the digestion breaks down and reforms the *idigam's* prey. Flesh merges with ephemera, soul with spirit, purpose with form. When the process is complete, *Gagh-Azur* surfaces to regurgitate its creations and swallow new victims.

The *Hashbar'dumu* remember nothing of their previous lives. They are driven by hunger alone. Reason finds no hold in their simple minds. Mawspawn are almost like the first predatory organisms given complex form, brutally direct and insatiable.

Neither spirit nor Claimed, *Hashbar'dumu* exist apart from other living things. Their lives burn out quickly, because *Gagh-Azur* has yet to create lasting life. No Mawspawn leaves behind a ghost or creates a spirit reflection. Werewolf mystics find it difficult to classify the creatures – a fact that makes them even more terrifying.

Description: Mawspawn can take nearly any hideous form imagined by *Gagh-Azur*. The one described here is a sleek, agile hunter capable of stealthy forays onto land. Its body is tall and slender, covered in an exoskeleton adorned with wavy fins. Several small tentacles surround its beak, and a row of colorful compound eyes help it locate its prey, capable even of seeing across the Gauntlet. Its arms consist of bony, razor-sharp blades that it uses to quickly eviscerate its prey so that it can feed.

Storytelling Hints: The Mawspawn is an *almost* perfect predator. It is swift and maneuverable on land and in the water. With keen senses and vicious natural weapons, it hunts down creatures that inhabit the coast. Humans are its favored prey. Beachgoers and lone sailors make for easy targets. The creature is cunning enough to avoid well-armed or large groups, and instinctively knows to flee superior predators like werewolves. It strikes and then vanishes back into its ocean home, claiming as many as a dozen lives over its month-long lifespan. When confronted by a hunting pack, the creature will attempt to escape, but if cornered it will try to cripple its attackers before moving in for a kill. These creatures rarely travel in groups, but in numbers they are a serious threat even to a werewolf pack.

Attributes: Intelligence 1, Wits 3, Resolve 2, Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3, Presence 2, Manipulation 1, Composure 2

Skills: Athletics 3 (Swimming), Brawl 4 (Targeting Vitals), Stealth 3 (Water), Survival 3

Willpower: 3

Essence: 10

Size: 5

Health: 8

Initiative: 6

Defense: 6

Speed: 12 (land, species factor 4), 16 (water, species factor 8)

Dread Powers: Armored Hide 2, Home Ground (the beach where it was born), Hunter's Senses (humans), Leap, Natural Weapons 2, Toxic Bite, Venomous Ichor

GAGH-AZUR

The traits below represent *Gagh-Azur* while coalesced.

Rank: 5

Attributes: Power 15, Finesse 9, Resistance 15

Willpower: 10

Essence: 100

Initiative: 24

Defense: 9

Speed: 31 in water, 9 on land (species factor 7 in water; *Gagh-Azur* calculates its land Speed solely with Finesse)

Size: 18

Corpus: 50

Armor: 15

Influences: Hunger ●●●●●

Numina: Awe, Drain, Essence Thief, Left-Handed Spanner, Pathfinder, Regenerate

Manifestations: Fetter, Gauntlet Breach, Materialize, Reaching, Shadow Gateway, Twilight Form

Essence Shaping: Essence Attack, Essence Venom, Forge Servant (Claimed, Mawspawn, Spawn), Gauntlet Manipulation, Locus Manipulation

Dread Powers: Chameleon Horror, Colossus, Devourer, Mad Fecundity, Shifting (limited to plant and animal traits)

Ban: *Gagh-Azur* must rise into the shallows and remain there at least one week at the end of every lunar month. If it doesn't, it loses Essence equal to its Rank per day. During this time, it must devour at least a number of spirits and living things equal to its Rank.

Bane: *Gagh-Azur* first Coalesced near the ocean floor and the coral formations that grew thereupon. Coral is the creature's bane, and cuts through its nearly impenetrable hide.

THE SCATTERED HOST (PART VI)

Svent heard the muffled sound of gunfire coming from the sewer grate. He swore, dropped his cigarette, and peered down into the gloom. Backup had to be close, and he wouldn't do any good blocking up the hole with his girth.

"Olk? Are you alright? Chris?" he shouted.

A pair of baleful yellow eyes appeared at the bottom of the ladder and moved with dreadful speed toward him. Svent's mind rebelled.

What appeared to be a large, shaggy humanoid creature bounded out of the hole. It was snarling and snapping with gleaming fangs at the rats swarming over it. Its claws raked holes in its own fur-covered flesh as it tore rats away. It snarled as it sprang past him, slamming into a wall and crushing a dozen rats in the process.

A second creature appeared out of the grate, this one more man-like in appearance, though still covered in more hair than could be possible. It, too, was covered in rats and was methodically skewering them with quick movements of its claws. The two creatures growled at each other, then slammed together, clawing and biting. Rat bodies flew.

Furious moments later, the creatures had slain the last of the attacking rodents and fled out of the alley. Svent's legs went weak and he staggered backward, crashing down on his flabby ass. He babbled, tears streaming from his eyes. His bladder let go with a warm rush.

Still awash in madness, Svent didn't notice the large, scabrous rat scuttling toward him until it reached his legs. He absently swatted at it, but the thing danced aside, squeaked shrilly, and pounced on his chest. Sharp teeth bit into his flesh, and a crimson stain spread across his shirt as he flailed at the rat. Within moments it had burrowed into his fat chest, its tail vanishing from sight as it took the first bite of his heart. His head fell back and he gurgled out a dying breath.

For a moment all was still, then the detective sat up. The light reflected off his now-red eyes. He stood with a show of agility that would have amazed anyone who knew him. Staggering only slightly, he walked to the end of the alley, digging around in his jacket pocket. His hand came out with a cell phone. He punched a number.

"This is Detective Svent," he said into the receiver. His voice sounded scratchy, as if he hadn't spoken in days.

"Detective Olk and I were attacked by one Theodore Walters. Olk is down and I am in pursuit. Suspects are considered armed and dangerous. Requesting tactical support at the following address."

He relayed Dorothy's address into the phone, then dropped and stepped on it, grinding the plastic and silicon into a barely recognizable lump.

Svent's face cracked in a broad grin. The grin stretched across his face further and further, until blood seeped from the ripped corners of his mouth. New teeth sprouted from his jaws, and he shuddered as his hands began to twist into claws.

"Uratha," the Beshilu whispered, with a voice like the scratching of a hundred claws.

Night had arrived when Teddy and Ohta returned to Dorothy's house followed by the sound of approaching sirens. The pair rushed inside, shouting for their pack.

"We've got trouble!" yelled Teddy as he slammed through the front door.

Dorothy hurried into the room and stalked past them to twitch open the drapes. She swore. Flashing blue-and-red lights were moving toward the house.

"Idiots! Even if we kill all the cops we'll have to move again."

She punched Teddy in the face hard enough to crack bone. He fell to the floor. Ohta stepped forward, hands raised.

"Sister. The Beshilu laid a trap for us."

"And you walked into it!"

Raul helped Teddy to his feet. They stumbled into the Den followed closely by Dorothy. The pack gathered around them.

"Out the back," Dorothy said. "Quick! Before they surround the house. You all know the drill."

They moved as one toward the rear of the house, all shifting to Urhan as they went. Before they reached the glass patio doors, flesh had been replaced with fur and a pack of wolves was racing forward, moving as one. With an oddly delicate movement, the lead wolf pulled the door handle with one paw and they raced outside. Only the faintest hint of motion betrayed the attack before it came.

A swarm of lesser vermin preceded the rush of two creatures that looked half-man, half-rat, followed by what remained of the detective. Svent's twisted rat form chased its brethren into the fray, now fully transformed into a shape that mocked the Uratha's Gauru form.

Ignoring the wave of rats, Ohta and Dorothy launched themselves at the Beshilu, twisting in mid-air into the killing form. Each buried one of the half creatures beneath a swirl of slashing claws. The first died with Ohta's jaws clamped around its neck. Dorothy's calculated attacks deftly disabled her prey before she tore it apart.

The Svent-thing screeched in anger and kicked Ohta in the ribs, launching him across the yard. A tide of rats immediately descended on him. Amber bounded forward, assuming her Dalu form to fling rats from her uncle.

Dorothy swung a clawed hand at the Svent-thing, which dodged and returned a back-hand blow that sent her sprawling. As it advanced toward her, Raul stepped forward in Hishu and swung a bat at its knees. The Beshilu hopped back just in time for Teddy to appear from the shadows to tear at its hamstrings.

Back and forth the pack worried the shartha. They attacked and retreated, refusing to give the thing a stationary target. Finally, hobbled and bleeding from a dozen wounds, it screeched and fell. The Svent-thing hit the ground and dissolved into a horde of lesser rats that all scurried to get away. The pack bit, stomped and clawed as many of the Host as possible, but couldn't hope to kill them all.

"It'll be back," Teddy snarled, the words barely recognizable coming from a fanged mouth.

Dorothy looked back toward the house as the sound of a voice on a loudspeaker began instructing them to exit the building with their hands up.

Shifting for a moment to Hishu she said, "We have to go, but the hunt is on. That thing will wish Father Wolf had eaten it long ago."

A pack of wolves leaped over the fence in the backyard, startling the hell out of a small team of police moving to surround the property. The pack vanished before anyone could raise a single gun, heading into the night.



2014

CHAPTER SIX: HUNTING GROUNDS

The border between the Real and the Unreal is not fixed, but just marks the last place where rival gangs of shamans fought each other to a standstill.

Robert Anton Wilson

BEYOND THE LAND BETWEEN TWO RIVERS

Basra, Iraq

Iraq has long been destabilized by wars, political and religious tensions, and the constant tug of foreign interests. The southern port city of Basra is the seed for Iraq's future — if it can contain the violence and unrest. Opportunists make fortunes from the foreign construction and energy companies pouring money into the city, while security contractors extort high fees for heavily armed protection. Locals just try to live and gain some advantage from the corporations' money. They are luckier than most Iraqis; extremists are more interested in the lucrative business of kidnapping foreigners than bombing the local people.

Some Uratha, inspired by the tenacity of the humans' rebuilding efforts, cull spirits of despair, misery, and suffering that want humans to wallow in their ruined hell. The wolf must hunt, but beneath this the Uratha of Basra feel the need to build something better. This is an unfamiliar urge to the *Suthar Anzuth*, but it speaks to something deep and ancient in their connection with *Fenris-Ur*.

The Blood Talons came to Basra at *Fenris-Ur*'s urging. They harried other tribes from the city because *Fenris-Ur* demanded it. They keep Ghost Wolves in because *Fenris-Ur* wishes it. They cleanse the Shadow to make way for something not yet understood. They confront every obstacle with tooth and claw as any less would not be worthy of the *Suthar Anzuth*.

Now, the Blood Talons are the only tribe in the city. They stalk Basra, arrogant in victory, confident that they're more than a match for any threat. This overconfidence has killed more than one Blood Talon — improvised explosives and human crossfire kill just as well as werewolf claws. Even the Uratha's healing can only do so much. Heavily armed humans are everywhere — though they're mostly beneath the Talons' notice, wolves know that cornered prey can bite back.

THE DESTROYER'S HOWL

Uratha are creatures of history. History fuels their hunts, their Shadow duties, and the war between cousins. Ancient Sumerian artifacts hint that werewolves may have once ruled the land that became Iraq. The ancient legends of wolf-man god-kings mean little to the modern Uratha of Basra. A more urgent force drives them, a force that pumps fiery bloodlust or icy terror through their veins. Swept up in these passions the Uratha don't realize how much ancient history guides their situation.

One legend the Blood Talons should heed speaks of *Dana-Ur*, the Creator Wolf. According to the oldest tales, *Dana-Ur* was the other half of a duality with *Fenris-Ur*. Destroyer Wolf tore down the old and stagnant and Creator Wolf filled the void with renewal and revitalization. Different stories call *Dana-Ur* the sibling of *Fenris-Ur*, or his mate. Some describe her as the forgotten aspect of a single destroyer/creator spirit. The details don't matter to the Talons. *Fenris-Ur* left *Dana-Ur* behind when he gave the *Suthar Anzuth* his patronage.

Destroyer Wolf is not known for introspection. His hunt is primal, urgent, and bloody. He is not stupid though. He now knows something is missing, but it has been gone for so long he forgot it existed.

Fenris-Ur doesn't know what caused him to remember the missing part; it was lost to the chaos of war. The moment came sometime after the Americans had invaded Iraq, but wasn't linked to any major event of the war. *Fenris-Ur* didn't care what made the feeling return, all he cared about was finding the cause of this sudden emptiness, and he knew the answers were in Iraq.

Destroyer Wolf's first instinct in Iraq was to revel in the destruction that is his nature. He feasted on hordes of lesser spirits of violence, bloodshed, and suffering but the feeling did not subside; it grew stronger and more urgent. *Fenris-Ur*'s second instinct was to call the Blood Talons to his side.

Across the globe, Blood Talon Cahalith woke in cold sweat, fangs bared, from vivid dreams of blood and fury. The dreams repeated each night, growing in urgency and clarity. The *Suthar Anzuth* were summoned to Iraq.

Not every individual or pack had the means or appetite to follow the call. Entering the war zone required skill, cunning, and often violence, but over time Blood Talons flooded into the country. They contributed to the war's destruction and to the turmoil and terror in the aftermath. Many once-great Iraqi cities were laid to waste. When the dust finally settled after nearly a decade of fighting most Blood Talons drifted back out of the country. The urgency of *Fennis-Ur's* call had faded.

Those who remained watched for more signs. *Fennis-Ur's* next wave of portents came in the summer of 2009 when huge construction projects began rebuilding Basra. The force of the new dreams was such that every Blood Talon in the region felt the call, not just the Cahalith, and the message was clear – seize Basra for *Fennis-Ur*, drive out the other tribes and make all submit to the Blood Talons.

The first *Suthar Anzuth* to the city embraced the challenge with the violent passion of apex predators urged on by their Firstborn's proximity. The Blood Talons focused first on the city's Pure. The Forsaken tribes were wary but welcomed the help. They soon learned their error when the Destroyers turned and forced them from their territories. The Blood Talons tore their multi-tribal packs apart in solidarity with *Fennis-Ur's* wishes. The rare few Blood Talons who chose pack loyalty over their patron's urge became targets for those who embraced the savage release. The *Suthar Anzuth* were fierce and implacable – Uratha blood soaked the streets of Basra and werewolf flesh rotted in the gutters.

After years of hostility and a stream of Blood Talon reinforcements, the *Suthar Anzuth* succeeded in driving the last of the other tribes from Basra. The Blood Talons own the city and surrounds. They allow Ghost Wolves to remain in the city – *Fennis-Ur* has some unshared plan for the *Thihirtha Numea*. The other tribes circle Basra and probe the Blood Talons' defenses and commitment. The Blood Talons have repelled every assault, but cracks have appeared in the tribe's unity.

HUNTERS

The Blood Talons believe their actions were necessary, however regrettable. *Fennis-Ur's* call led them to a smorgasbord of destruction and encouraged them to partake of their patron's nature.

The *Suthar Anzuth* are driven to near frenzy by *Fennis-Ur's* attention. It does not excuse their sins, but they feel Destroyer Wolf's heavy presence like the taste of blood in everything they do. Though they retain free will, few Blood Talons can, or care to, resist their patron's thirst for destruction. Most revel in the primal release of their natures and the pure driving force of their tribe.

The Ithaeur believe *Fennis-Ur* didn't just call his tribe to Basra; they say he personally stalks the Shadow of the city, rending every spirit that crosses his path. No Blood Talon claims to have seen him – none that have survived, anyway. The tribe believes the carnage and destruction in the *Hiril*

marks his passage. Though they are brave, the Destroyers are not stupid enough to go looking for their patron. They know he will destroy them as readily as any other obstacle on his hunt. *Fennis-Ur* cannot temper his nature, even for his followers.

Even non-*Suthar Anzuth* feel the furious strength of *Fennis-Ur's* presence. They have difficulty finding compassion or tolerance while under this influence. The hunt is too visceral and too urgent. The power that drives Destroyer Wolf's tribe to greater heights of bloodshed evokes terror in the hearts of other Uratha. Every non-Blood Talon knows that the hunters of werewolves are nearby; they know how it feels to be prey.

Two tragedies now loom before the Blood Talons. The first is that they have driven off all opposition, just as *Fennis-Ur* desired. With the other tribes gone, the spirits apparently cowed into submission, and the humans posing no real threat, nothing presents a challenge to the Uratha. Still, the fire in their blood demands a fight. Small disagreements between packmates swiftly turn into bloody duels. Sights between packs lead to clashes for territory. Every fight weakens the tribe.

Secondly, the Blood Talons are burning out on their own strength – even Uratha physiologies can't sustain their patron's bloodlust and adrenaline surge year after year without end. Either the Uratha or *Fennis-Ur* must leave Basra before it is too late, but neither will occur. The *Suthar Anzuth* have difficulty accepting any surrender with *Fennis-Ur* so close so are incapable of offering to yield. Leaving Basra would be an unacceptable surrender, an insult to their patron. For *Fennis-Ur*, it is not in his nature to relent. He is Destroyer Wolf and he will annihilate any obstacle to achieve his goal, even his own tribe.

The small population of Ghost Wolves, as the only other Uratha allowed in Basra, lives in fear of the Blood Talons, amplified by the visceral terror of *Fennis-Ur*. They saw the Destroyers drive out and kill the other tribes. Some Ghost Wolves try to flee Basra but the Blood Talons force them to stay. Now they watch the Blood Talons turn on each other and they know the *Suthar Anzuth* could decide to hunt the *Thihirtha Numea* at any time.

PREY SPIRITS

The spirits who survived the Blood Talon's predations fall into three broad types – insignificant *Hursihim* beneath the Uratha's notice, members of *Fennis-Ur's* brood nominally allied with the Blood Talons, and the powerful *Ensaahim* and minor *Dihim* who are strong or canny enough to fight the Blood Talons. The *Suthar Anzuth* mistakenly believe only this last group poses a threat.

One of the most powerful spirit survivors is **Vahestabad**, the ever-evolving spirit of the city. It does not claim every aspect of Basra's Shadow but does consider the lesser city spirits part of its brood. Vahestabad was a dwindling, insignificant survivor of the Persian settlement whose ruins would one day become Basra. The foundation of the military encampment Al-Basrah on the site gave the old spirit a new opportunity. It devoured the slumbering and fledgling spirits of this new settlement and tied its fate to the shifting tides of the new camp.

Vahestabad changed with the evolving city from war-weary soldier to frustrated imam, romantic storyteller to greedy merchant, and from tyrant to terrorist spirit of chaos and ruin. With each shift the new Vahestabad discards its old self. The Vahestabad of a crumbling, war-torn Basra welcomed the Blood Talons and the violence they brought, but now the spirit has changed again and looks to the regrowth of the city. The Blood Talons are incompatible with this goal. Vahestabad feels the powerful destructive force that stalks the city's Shadow and is not foolish enough to challenge it directly. Instead, Vahestabad draws in its surviving brood and uses its power as a *Dihim I* to obstruct the Blood Talons wherever possible.

HUMANS

The heavily-armed humans in Basra are largely unaware of the Uratha, but they do whisper tales of monstrous hunters who attack swiftly and without warning. These humans, including security contractors, local gangs, and extremists have learned to use coordinated tactics to improve their survival chances. To Luna, these human groups move and act much like Uratha, so much so that she sometimes grants them a powerful boon. Humans using pack-like tactics are sometimes resistant to the Uratha's Lunacy and are able to remain clear-headed when fighting werewolves. Most groups still suffer from the madness and the survivors don't recall what they faced, but some are beginning to put together half-remembered scraps of shared memory. These humans aren't willing to name their monsters as werewolves — they know the reaction they'd receive from those who weren't there — but they remember their movies and horror stories. These humans have started collecting and looting silver to turn into ammunition.

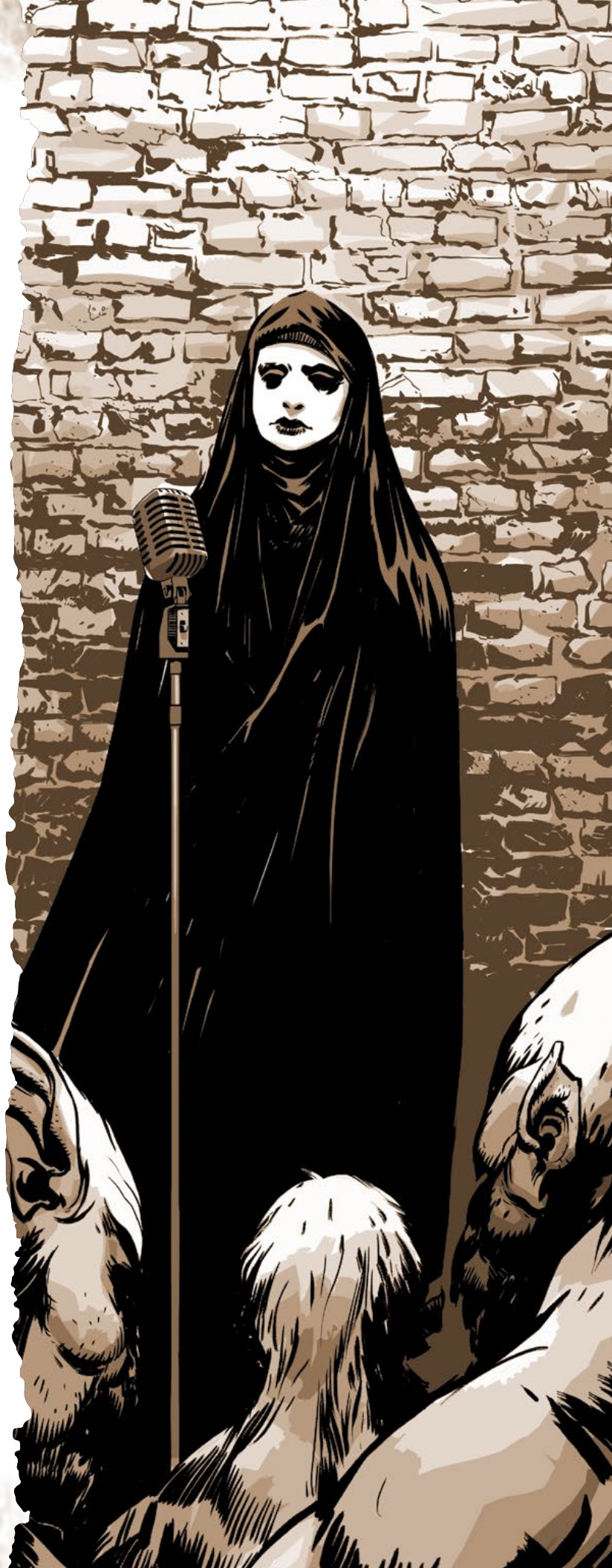
The Uratha haven't confronted these silver-equipped groups yet, but it's sure to change the Blood Talons self-assured supremacy when they do.

APEX PREDATORS

Fatima 'Ahlaam al-Dam is a young Iraqi Blood Talon Cahalith whose dreams were strong even for her auspice. She foresaw *Fenris-Ur's* coming in vivid shades of blood and fury even before Destroyer Wolf knew he would act. Fatima travelled Iraq by stealth, circumventing checkpoints and searching for every Blood Talon she could find. She approached each with what she had seen. Most ignored her tales, but when *Fenris-Ur's* howl came they remembered her words.

When the Blood Talons arrived in Basra, Fatima was waiting. She had spent several months discovering the territories, strengths, and weaknesses of the other Uratha. She passed this information to her fellow Blood Talons and joined their *Siskur-Dah*.

The Basran *Suthar Anzuth* call her 'Ahlaam al-Dam (Dreams of Blood) and look to Fatima for Destroyer Wolf's guidance. She dreams and speaks of a healed wound that she doesn't yet understand. The cult of personality formed around her is one of the few things preventing the tensions



among the Blood Talon from breaking into a citywide civil war. Fatima's death or capture would leave the Blood Talons enraged, divided, and confused — and easier prey for other Uratha.

Hassan ibn al-Ab al-Dh'ib leads **al-Khiyaanatin** (the **Betrayed**), a large pack formed from survivors betrayed by their Blood Talon packmates and driven from Basra. They don't understand the cause of the betrayal but they do feel the spiritual fear and know something's wrong. The Betrayed hold territory in the deep-water port of Umm Qasr, about 40 miles south of Basra. Hassan has made contact with other displaced packs to the north and west of Basra, all of which wait for the chance to hunt the intruders from the area. The extraordinary circumstances mean al-Khiyaanatin are willing to take on new packmates or share its territory with other packs, as long as the newcomers are willing to share the risk of probing for cracks in the Blood Talons' defenses.

Hassan knows his extended pack would splinter without a common foe. As much as he burns to reclaim his former territory, he enjoys the leadership of such a large group of Uratha. True to his Elodoch nature, Hassan arranges the personalities and skills of his pack into smaller teams who each look to his leadership. When al-Khiyaanatin retakes Basra, Hassan hopes these teams will form packs all indebted to their former leader.

Nat Dory suspects he knows what the Blood Talons want, but hasn't yet figured out why. A year before the *Suthar Anzuth* forced everyone from the city Nat found a hidden passageway in the *Hisil* leading to a confused pocket of half-finished construction and strange chimeric spirits. These chimeras chased him from the area but he thinks he could find it again if given enough time. Nat's an Iron Master Ithaeur and a member of the Lodge of Scrolls. He came to Basra posing as a security contractor to recover as much lost lore as possible — the lodge found so much was lost to violence. The rest of Nat's pack, all lodge members themselves, are still in the UK. The Blood Talons' strange behavior and the circling tribes have forced Nat to call for his pack to join him to rediscover the spiritual pocket before the Blood Talons destroy it.

The **Ghost Wolves of Basra** aren't numerous, and most never belonged to a pack. Many *Thiirtha Numea* fled the city when the Blood Talons arrived, but those who stayed are now thrust together by circumstance. They live hand-to-mouth, trying to keep out of the Talons' way and not understanding why the *Suthar Anzuth* force the Ghost Wolves to stay. **Abdul Rahman bin Ishaq** was an engineer who tried to live without the demands of the moon, to be left alone to mourn the loss of his wife and children. The wolves always found him. Now something else has found him as well. Wherever he turns he sees Basra as it could be — working infrastructure and new buildings with cutting edge design. His words of renewal give the Ghost Wolves hope despite their fear. They do what they can to remove threats against the humans and believe their efforts strongly support the restoration. Their newfound self-belief is almost a match for the terror they feel.

PLACES

A network of **canals** weaves through Basra and its outskirts. They may have once carried fresh water but are now filled with foul-smelling sewage and trash. The humans can't do much to avoid the

stench but they stay away from the disease-ridden waterways. The Forsaken refugees use the canals to infiltrate the city and confound the Blood Talons, trusting their Uratha immune systems to keep disease at bay. As disgusting as the practice is, the other tribes are willing to do it to force the Blood Talons to release their hold on the city. Once a werewolf leaves the canals, she has to deal with leaving a stinking trail that any Uratha could follow, and having her own sense of smell ruined for hours afterwards.

Several small streets back from Basra's Indian bazaar is the **coffeehouse** where the monsters meet. It doesn't have a name and normal humans avoid the predatory atmosphere of the place despite its cleanliness, large size, and comfortable benches. Before the Blood Talons forced everyone out the coffeehouse was neutral ground where Uratha could meet without violating another pack's territory. It is still a meeting place under the Blood Talon occupation. Many Cahalith come here to discuss *Fenris-Ur's* latest signs, and large numbers of *Suthar Anzuth* converge when 'Ahlaam al-Dam attends. The Wolf-Blooded owner carefully maintains neutrality and watches the shifting tides of Uratha politics and pack rivalries; he knows the dangers of upsetting any werewolf. He is nervous that the Blood Talons have made his venue a target but doesn't know how to solve this problem without choosing a side.

The Shatt-al-Arab River is still littered with dozens of **shipwrecks**. The Iraqi military scuttled some as makeshift defenses; the invading forces sunk others in the battles for the city. Rumors say the rusting wrecks hold valuable scrap just waiting to be salvaged. Many also harbor angry ghosts that hunger for the warmth of the living. Several have grown powerful over the years and now roam across the river and encroach upon the shores and nearby streets, taking victims where they can. The *Suthar Anzuth* haven't yet noticed the problem and are ill-experienced to deal with it if they do.

The rich neighborhoods of the Al Fursi district showcase the new wealth of Basra. Just beyond their boundaries **rubbish heaps** line the streets. These piles are gold-mines of discarded food, barely-worn clothes, and accidentally cast-off valuables. The street gangs sift through the refuse, paying police to look the other way and garbage collectors to run late. The larger trash spirits have noticed the interest in their domains and whisper in the ears of scroungers, promising greater riches in exchange for access to the physical world.

A CITY DIVIDED

Belfast, United Kingdom

Humans have occupied the land around what is now Belfast, Northern Ireland since the Bronze Age. The first serious effort at organizing a settlement came in the 17th century when Sir Arthur Chester established a town settled by Protestant English and Scottish migrants at the time of the Plantation of Ulster. The city continued to grow throughout the 18th and 19th centuries, becoming a center of industry, particularly for businesses that were involved with linen, rope-making, tobacco, engineering, and shipbuilding.

In 1922, Belfast became the capital of Northern Ireland, the section of the island that owes its allegiance to the United Kingdom. This was the beginning of nearly a century of strife

known as the Troubles. Irishman fought Irishman, as well as the forces of occupying United Kingdom, as Northern Ireland struggled to establish its own identity. Fingers can point blame at both sides as the cause for the fighting, but neither side was without its share of heroes and villains.

Uratha have been a part of Belfast since the first rude shack was constructed along the banks of the River Fast where it dumps into the sea. The People have not only been caught up in the human political turmoil, but in their own struggles over turf and leadership. Although the Troubles have mainly calmed, friction between packs remains.

EXTINCTION

St. Patrick is famous around the world for his mythical (and metaphorical) feat of driving the snakes out of Ireland. What is less well known outside Ireland is the island also features a distinct lack of wolves.

Unlike England, which had made it a point to hunt wolves to extinction, the wolves in Ireland suffered a slow demise as encroaching humans pushed further into their hunting grounds. Wolves weren't particularly reviled or feared, but a farmer who lost his livestock to a pack usually killed them. More generally, wolves were traditionally respected in Irish mythology. The Morrigan, a goddess, took the form of a red-furred wolf during battle, and Cormac mac Airt claimed to have been raised by wolves and to understand their tongue. The last recorded wolf in Ireland was destroyed in 1786 by a farmer and his hands after it had killed a sheep.

As is often the case, even though the wolves may have departed the physical realm of Ireland, the *Hisil* remembers. Wolf spirits still exist in the Shadow, though a number of them have become *magath* in order to survive. Many Forsaken packs actively seek out the remaining wolf spirits to act as totems. Those packs seeking a wolf spirit have the best luck at finding their quarry near the outskirts of town where city begins to meld with country.

THE TROUBLES

For most of a century, Belfast has been shaped by the strife over the fate of Northern Ireland. People became accustomed — though not oblivious — to explosions that sometimes rattled the windows of houses for miles around, and to the increased level of security that followed outbreaks of violence. Some older men raised in Belfast still refuse to answer either the door or the telephone for fear of giving a lurking gunman their exact location inside the house.

The Troubles began in 1920 following the Government of Ireland Act that made Northern Ireland a part of the UK. Almost overnight, factions formed to either oppose or uphold the decision, mainly formed along religious lines (though the fighting was never really over religion). Catholic Republicans formed armed resistance groups that fought against Protestant Loyalists and their British allies. Even the citizens who didn't pick up guns took sides, entering the political fray as unionists (Protestant) or nationalists (Catholic).

Belfast became a city of warring territories, with each neighborhood offering allegiance and support for one side or

PEACE LINES

In Belfast, the Shadow mirrors the geography with a great deal more regularity than is usual for most cities. This is likely the result of so many fierce emotions being bottled up in the same place for nearly a century. One particularly irksome bit of geography that has extended into the Shadow are the peace lines.

In the *Hisil*, the peace lines literally divide one territory from the next. Small gateways offer ingress or egress from a territory, but most are guarded. It is possible to climb, jump, or even fly over some sections of the peace lines, but most local spirits are banned from doing so, and don't look kindly on those who can take shortcuts.

Anyone or anything attempting to damage a peace line is apt to draw the wrong sort of attention. The walls that make up the peace line have a fearsome spiritual guardian that no Uratha has yet to encounter and live to tell the tale.

the other. Streets where Republican and Loyalist neighborhoods intersected became known as interface areas and were common sites of violence. A number of interface areas featured so-called "peace lines" in an effort to reduce bloodshed. The peace lines were walls made from iron, brick, or steel, up to 25 feet high, with some running for miles.

One concept werewolves surely understand is that of territory. The death or injury of packmates or relatives drew Uratha into the fighting. Packs began to define their territories along the same lines as Loyalist and Republican forces, and fought turf wars over city streets. These skirmishes between Uratha only increased the general violence in the city, drawing in unpleasant spirits of the type who thrive on strife and bloodshed.

The Troubles officially came to an end with the Good Friday Agreement on April 10, 1998. The British government agreed to allow Northern Ireland a general referendum on the issue of its independence. High voter turnout resulted in a large majority in favor of remaining part of the United Kingdom. The alliance government took the first steps toward bringing the various factions together, and the majority of the violence ceased.

HUNTERS

The Troubles may be over, but factional loyalties still remain among Belfast's citizens, including its werewolf population. This means the tribes aren't as cordial as might normally be the case, with Loyalist Uratha showing reluctance at best to work with Republican wolves in all but the direst of circumstances. Blood

Talons and Hunters in Darkness in particular are distrustful of any werewolf on the other side of the ideological divide. Those Tribe's tendencies toward fighting rather than talking has resulted in lower numbers of surviving members which, in turn, tends to make them even more paranoid.

The Iron Masters and Storm Lords are more likely to be willing to cooperate, and have begun to assume leadership positions in the packs to make this more likely. These tribes are on the upswing, being attractive to younger Uratha weary of the constant conflict and who are looking toward the future rather than the past.

Both the Iron Masters and the Storm Lords have also begun to take a close look at the humans in their territories. The decline of the semi-organized militias that formed the body of both sides of the dispute left behind groups of trained fighters without much to do. This has led to the rise of gangs and gang fighting that mirrors the old territorial disputes only without the political overtones. Rather than fighting for or against independence, the gangs now fight turf wars over the most lucrative criminal activities.

The Bone Shadows are frequently too busy dealing with the Shadow to worry about anything other than direct threats to their packs. The violence and bloodshed associated with the Troubles left behind a spiritual residue that draws spirits of pain and suffering like mice to cheese. Distracted by their battles with each other, the Hunters in Darkness haven't been keeping as close an eye as they might on the movements of the *shartha*. Rather than let the *shartha* fester, the Bone Shadows have picked up the slack, using their affinity with the Shadow to hunt the Hosts.

Belfast holds a larger than usual number of Ghost Wolves. Not only are these Uratha not keen on being werewolves, they are uninterested in dealing with either the politics or violence that result from factional quarrels. Werewolf tribal allegiances seem nearly identical to Belfast's old sectarian ways to the cynical eye of a Ghost Wolf.

PREY

The nearly constant territorial squabbling that goes on in Belfast has had one – accidental – positive effect. With everyone keeping one beady eye on their neighbors at all times, nary a single Pure pack has had any luck establishing itself in the city. The last attempt by the Predator Kings to enter the city ended spectacularly poorly for the Pure when they were almost absently gunned down and ripped to shreds during a turf war between two Forsaken packs.

SELKIES

A more substantial threat comes in the form of water spirits that have taken the appearance of selkies to prey on male victims. In the traditional tales, selkies behaved similarly to Homer's sirens, using the shapes of beautiful women to lure unwary men to their deaths. Belfast (and the rest of Ireland) has many legends about the merfolk, including a local tale about a fisherman hooking a selkie in his nets then deciding to marry her. It's rumored around the city that the seahorse in the Belfast coat of arms is actually a selkie.

Though most werewolves take it as an amusing legend, the selkie threat is real. The River Fast still runs through the city, though most people don't realize it. The river is buried under tons of concrete and acres of steel, and can only really be seen entering and exiting the city by intrepid individuals who know where to look.

Drowned in darkness, many of the river spirits have become *magath*, devouring readily available lust and anger spirits for their Essence. The selkies then play their ancient game of luring drunk or particularly stupid and horny men into the waters to drown them. This is even less pleasant than usual in Belfast owing to the quality of the water flowing through the River Fast.

Selkies have been spotted in places where the waters of the river are closest to the surface, including sewer grates, flooded cellars, and water processing facilities. Whenever the Uratha notice a spike in missing adult men and teenage boys in their territories, they assume the selkies are behind the disappearances and take steps to remedy the situation.

THE URBAN JUNGLE

While it might seem odd in the midst of a large, modern city, Belfast's werewolf packs occasionally hunt exotic prey that has slipped loose in their territories. For a number of years, a loophole in local laws allowed anyone to purchase and retain any sort of pet they desired. This included dangerous animals such as bears, tigers, and a variety of snakes –so much for the legends of St. Patrick.

Eventually Belfast closed the loophole, and the majority of the animals were handed over to the Bellevue Zoo for keeping. Those citizens who opted to ignore the new laws hid their pets and, occasionally, one gets loose. The zoo itself has suffered a number of mishaps over the years, leaving the people of Belfast with the unusual experience of hearing a lion roar at sunset on the streets outside their homes.

ALONG CAME A SPIDER

It could be the unusually structured nature of the *Hisil* in Belfast that draws *Azlu* to the area, but whatever the reason, the spider Hosts are a common and persistent threat. Even the humans have noticed something strange is going on. Human authorities have found enough desiccated corpses that superstitious people have begun whispering rumors of vampires.

It isn't enough to burn their webs and crush their eggs; the spiders always regroup and refocus their efforts on a different section of town. Bone Shadows and those Hunters in Darkness who can be bothered to do their jobs are constantly on the watch for areas where the Gauntlet has thickened. Some werewolves have begun to wonder about the possible connection between the peace lines, the thing that guards the lines, and the density of *Azlu*.

PACKS

The instinctive desire to protect a territory that resides in all the People is particularly fierce in the werewolves of Belfast. Decades of border wars and fighting over scraps of land have led to very precise delineations of territory. Many of these territories overlap Loyalist or Republican neighborhoods, and share their boundaries. Some werewolves have even taken to the local custom of marking the edges of their territories with murals.

In Belfast, murals play a role similar to American gang tags, but with far more panache. They mark neighborhoods, declare loyalties, and are frequently more artistic than threatening in nature. The murals are one remnant of the Troubles in which many residents of the city can take pride. New murals are still produced, promoting tolerance and peace, or artistic expressions of popular culture.

THE IRREGULARS

The pack calling itself the Irregulars has claimed territory in the New Lodge neighborhood, in what has traditionally been a Republican stronghold. New Lodge abuts the Loyalist Tiger's Bay neighborhood. During the worst of the Troubles the area around the corner of New Lodge Road and the Antrim Road was one of the most dangerous locations in Northern Ireland.

Recently, an Elodth Iron Master named Nathan Herron challenged and defeated the previous leader, an aging Cahalith Blood Talon. Upon cementing his position, Nathan moved quickly to come to peaceful terms with the neighboring packs, eyes already on what he considered a more dangerous threat.

Fractious ex-IRA members, unwilling or unable to give up their violent pasts, had formed into a criminal organization called the Brigade. Unable to rely on the old terrorist networks for funding and support, the Brigade began selling drugs in New Lodge to complement their protection rackets.

Even during the worst of the Troubles, neither side of the debate had much truck with selling drugs on the street. Loyalist or Republican, most considered themselves part of the community, and narcotics trafficking didn't fit into that image. Now more interested in money than reputation, the Brigade has slipped the bonds of propriety. Nathan has begun a subtle campaign against the Brigade by ambushing suppliers and seizing any cash or weapons found in his territory, using Gifts and Lunacy to distort the memories of the pack's targets.

BLOOD OATH

Most unusually, the leader of the Blood Oath pack is a Wolf-Blooded woman named Laura Fitzpatrick. The pack consists mainly of Wolf-Blooded humans and their full-blooded werewolf children. The pack's territory lies in West Belfast in the area surrounding the Shankill Road.

All the Uratha members of the pack were wiped out in a bloody struggle between rival packs, leaving their Wolf-Blooded relatives to raise a number of children, most of whom would turn out to be werewolves. Laura divides her time between the difficult task of raising teenage Uratha and protecting the pack's borders.

Neighboring packs see the Blood Oath as a weak pack, and have attempted to seize parts of their territory. Using guile to set the packs at each other's throats while maintaining a friendly relationship with the local police, Laura has, so far, guarded her children's inheritance until they are old enough to hold it on their own.

PLACES

With every inch of territory mapped out and fought over, many of the locations most important to Belfast's werewolf population are actually outside the city. Some of these places

include the ancient groves that all Irish people feel a desire to protect; others are places built in much older times, but still used by the People.

GIANT'S RING

The Giant's Ring is a Neolithic earthwork ring 11 feet tall, some 590 feet in diameter, occupying almost seven acres of land. Five irregularly cut gaps in the ring offer entrance to the interior, which contains at least one tomb. The land inside the Giant's Ring is mainly flat and covered in grass, as is the earthwork ring itself.

Belfast Uratha use the Giant's Ring as a neutral meeting ground and as a place to settle disputes away from prying human eyes. Meetings are conducted at night when few humans are likely to wander into the area. For particularly aggressive disputes, watchers stand at the entrances to the center.

CAVEHILL

Cavehill, also known locally as Ben Madigan, is a hill overlooking Belfast. Topping 1,200 feet, the hill offers a view of the entire city. The Belfast Castle estate takes up the lower east side of the hill, but the remainder is covered in newly replanted deciduous and coniferous trees.

As might be guessed from the name, Cavehill is home to three caves, none of which is very deep, and all are man-made. Human geologists believe the caves were formed by early iron ore mining and they are partially correct. Early Uratha travelers in the area found Cavehill a useful and defensible place to camp that gave them a good view of the surrounding area.

One pack that stayed the night found its dreams haunted by visions of the Shadow. Suspecting a locus might lie inside the hill, the wolves began excavations, only to find no locus in place. Instead, the interior of the hill was a thin place in the physical realm, one of the few places that even humans could cross over without difficulty. The pack attempted to close the way, but was only partially successful. Even now, when the moon, stars, and season are just right, the Gauntlet becomes elastic, allowing passage to or from the *Hisil*.

THE KRAKEN WAKES

Bristol, United Kingdom

Bristol is built on the wealth of merchants and maritime trade. It's a cultural center of art and music, and home to two universities. It was once known as the City of Spires before the Blitz bombed half the churches flat. The River Avon's course is the lifeblood that Bristol has long depended on — although the waterfront these days is a place of bars and nightclubs now that the heavy industry has all moved off down to Avonmouth. Even its darker past — all that coin harvested from the human suffering of the slave trade and a history of riots stretching back centuries — can't eclipse the city's modern prosperity.

The Forsaken know the dark history of Bristol still bubbles and boils away under the mask. They're an integral part of it. Hemmed into the city on all sides by the greater numbers of Pure who dominate the countryside, the Forsaken have been herded together for hundreds of years. Too many packs are all jammed into one small city, cheek to jowl, teeth to throat.

Somehow, despite the simmering rage, the Forsaken have built one of the longest-lasting Protectorates in the world.

Now something is waking out to sea that'll bring it all crashing down.

BLOOD AND WATER

This story is true. It's the story of how our Protectorate came to be. Best listen well, young one.

1753 was a bad year for Bristol. A failed harvest, disease running rampant through livestock, and food riots in the streets. Our forebears were taking a battering. Not many of us corralled in the city at that time, see, but the Shadow's going mad with all the strife and the packs were under attack by disease and famine spirits. A withered old bastard of a spirit noble called Seham Nih-Saharra was working with the Pure of Wiltshire and Somerset, wanting revenge for when the Forsaken kicked its arse in 1709.

We were losing, and bad. A whole pack of Iron Masters called the Turnpike Wolves ended up desiccated corpses, strung up on the trees lining the road to Bath. Everyone was afraid that they'd be next.

A Bone Shadow by the name of Thomas Carr comes forwards and suggests the packs all stand together. That much, everyone can agree on, but Carr has another suggestion, and it's controversial. He says the Forsaken need an ally strong enough to stop Seham Nih-Saharra, one that symbolizes the city enough to sanctify the Protectorate's pact and keep it strong.

He suggests the spirit of the River Avon.

Now, that doesn't go down well at first. People were afraid of Her, and with good reason too. Some said Carr wanted them to be no better than the Pure, kowtowing to a spirit like that. But even standing together, they were still losing. In the end, they swallowed their fear and their pride and they agreed.

Down to the river's edge they go, under the light of the moon. They draw up this document in blood, and up rises Old Jenny, Lady Avona. She demands the sacrifice due, and Carr doesn't even flinch. He goes into the river and never comes out. The Old Lady's happy and the pact is sealed.

That's how the Protectorate began, and that's how it is today.

Two and a half centuries on from that first agreement with the spirit of the River Avon, the Protectorate still holds strong. It's turned from a huddle of packs into a bastion of order and tradition. The packs in Bristol do things the traditional way, overseen by the Protectorate's Council. Any Forsaken who try to rock the boat get a swift lesson from the Blood Talons. Keep pushing, and the Protectorate pushes back hard. There's not much to keep an *Urdaga* safe when the Protectorate revokes its protection and its territory.

The Protectorate is organized to an astounding degree for a werewolf community. The Council assigns all territory. It allocates the duty of specific rituals and observances of spirit-bans to different packs to ensure that the city-wide process of managing the Shadow is smooth and effective. It actually taxes packs' spiritual resources in order to fuel its efforts. The Council expects werewolves to respect the traditions, follow the old forms and generally be a cog in the machine rather than a rogue element.

That sort of overarching structure doesn't sit well with plenty of the Forsaken. Thing is, it *works*. For all their gripes, all the enforced order and tradition has mostly managed to keep the rage of its participants in line. Clearly the Protectorate is doing *something* right.

Thomas Carr never told the other Uratha his full plan, not even his own tribe. Well before the Protectorate came to her for her blessing, Carr had sought out the dangerous, unpredictable spirit of the river to forge his own pact at the cost of his willing death. The rituals and forms of the Protectorate are a symbolic pattern that draws power to Lady Avona, and Jenny Greenteeth drinks deep whenever the Forsaken of the city shed blood. In turn, the twin aspects of the spirit leech away some of the rage of the People, cooling it with their watery nature. The yearly sacrifice of blood that the Protectorate offers to the river just cements the bindings that keep her as the community's totem.

The Forsaken know that Jenny is a volatile but powerful spiritual protector. They don't realize that she's the sole reason the Protectorate can exist without tearing itself apart in a blaze of fury.

HUNTERS

In Bristol, nobody fucks with the Blood Talons. As the Council's favored heavies and the first line of defense against the Pure, the Talons represent authority, tradition, and order. Every pack knows that the Blood Talons have command when the Pure attack.

The Talons have an odd tradition around Wolf-Blooded, holding that they can earn their way to the status of a true Uratha through violence and victory. A Wolf-Blooded who beats down a werewolf in combat gets offered an honorary place among her pack's Uratha, and in the tribe. Other werewolves resent Wolf-Blooded swaggering around with authority, but it's a hard-earned reward.

The small numbers of Bone Shadows are run ragged by the complacency of the other tribes about the Shadow. The major Protectorate-organized rites largely keep the spirit world in line, but the fetish-laden, ban-bearing *Hirfathra Hissu* are the engineers who deal with all the little problems that crop up, the grease between the gears that keeps the machine going. Of late, the Bone Shadows have noticed the increasing number of snarls in the system that they need to fix. They suspect something is wrong with Jenny, but don't dare provoke the volatile spirit by delving into the matter.

As a port, Bristol has always had a problem with rats. The Hunters in Darkness have over two centuries of collated rituals, sacred practices, and hunt-lore when it comes to the *Beshilu*. They know the habits and patterns of the gnawing menace, and dealing with the Rat Host is just a routine task for them. The Drowned, though, are more of a challenge. The *Meninna* believe the shambling corpses to be a form of sea-dwelling Host, and worry that the attacks along river and coast only hint at the true strength of whatever squirms and flops blindly in the mud of the Bristol Channel.

The Iron Masters are too comfortable, too set in their ways. The *Farsil Luhai* are supposed to be exemplars of adaptation and change but the weight of traditions and established practices

keep them on the Council's leash. The last big risk the Iron Masters took is also their greatest secret. During the Industrial Revolution, they snared and bound the Thousand Steel Teeth, a terrible spirit of industry and progress. They chained it in the Shadow of a cave in the Avon Gorge, and thus sought to control the impact of industrial change on Bristol and its population.

Look at the images of Saint Christopher depicted with a dog's head, say the Storm Lords. Listen to the human stories of the South-West of Saints doing battle with giants and monsters. To the *Iminir*, these are clear signs of their tribe's battles against terrible Claimed. Of course those days are long past and the Claimed in Bristol are few and far between. Still, the Storm Lords drench themselves in symbolism and practices lifted from Christianity and interwoven with animism. They crave the day when the bastion of Bristol finally becomes command center of a new crusade against the Pure and the Claimed that roam their territory. The Storm Lords are *very* literal when they call it a crusade.

PREY

The Protectorate's efforts mean that the Shadow of Bristol is well-tended and mostly under control. The only spirit with free reign is the twin-aspect spirit of the river, **Jenny Greenteeth** and **Lady Avona**. She shifts and flows between her personas as the tide surges and retreats, a monstrous yet beautiful *Ensa* fat with Essence from the rites of the Forsaken. Jenny is a blood-hungry old water spirit, and even the spirit-totems of the Pure

packs fear her anger. As long as she's in a good mood she's disturbingly chummy with any werewolf she comes across, because she loves the Uratha — they kill people, and that blood washes inevitably down into the river. Lady Avona is serene but cold, seeing even life as something that has a price and can be traded away. The Forsaken haven't realized that the lantern she carries is Carr's soul, trapped by the spirit as a bargaining chip for some future trade.

The Ministers of the *Beshilu* preach the mad word of the Plague King to frenzied warrens of their kin. No matter how many *Beshilu* the Uratha kill, more always come, but the Forsaken are blasé about the threat. These days the Hunters in Darkness lead a seasonal cull of the Rat Hosts, and it's treated as more of a celebratory chance to let loose than a serious hunt — a dereliction of duty that may soon cost all of Bristol's Uratha dearly.

Shambling, soaked corpses that have returned from the sea's embrace, the **Drowned** come wading from the surf or haul themselves up onto docks and snatch unwary victims away in the night. The water-logged dead are always missing a hand, eye, or foot, but they can manage a good enough pretense of human mannerisms to lure prey close. They've menaced the United Kingdom for centuries, but numbers seem to be increasing these days, and the Hunters in Darkness are getting worried. Something's stirring out to sea. If the Drowned are the early stage of a sea-borne Host, they fear what piscine horrors are yet to emerge from the dark waters.



Older than the Protectorate, the **Gull** clan was born from the city's slave trade. As far as the Uratha can tell, the first of these vampires rose amongst the crew of slave-ships, though what caused sailors killed by violence or disease to rise again is a mystery. Ever since, the gaunt, weather-beaten Gull vampires have stalked their prey across stormy seas and night-clad docks. In Avonmouth, the vampires have their briny claws sunk into the modern business of slavery; they oversee the import of desperate souls packed into reeking cargo containers, imprisoning them in moldering old basements under Bristol's riverside until buyers can be found. **August Selsby**, patriarch of the Gull, was a slaver captain when he fell to the curse. Whispered rumors have it that when the sea is cloaked in fog, the captain sails once more in the creaking, rotting hulk of his ship, attended by a court of weeping ghosts chained to his will.

The Forsaken tell themselves that Bristol is an unassailable bastion that challenges the power of the **Pure**. The Ivory Claws and Fire-Touched of the countryside tell themselves that they couldn't care less as long as the filthy *Urdaga* keep to their cramped little urban ghetto. They prefer not to think too closely about their totems being afraid of the Protectorate's own watery patron. They occasionally mount punitive raids when the Forsaken start to think too highly of themselves or overstep the boundary of what is supposed to be their prison. A few amongst the Ivory Claws are finally realizing that the Protectorate has cultivated a real bounty of loci and spiritual resources within their territory, and that perhaps the countryside's superiority as a hunting ground isn't all it's cracked up to be.

PACKS

The **Council** rules the Protectorate with an iron hand. Five Uratha sit on the Council, one from each of the Tribes of the Moon. The relative numbers of each tribe in the city don't matter because that's how the original treaty document outlines the make-up of the Council, and the Council doesn't like change. Each tribe picks its Councilors by its own methods, and there's no rule that Council members have to come from different packs; most Councilors have come from four particular packs that have been the heart of the Protectorate since its founding. It's an uneven power balance, and the smaller or less influential packs often chafe at the authority being imposed on them.

The Council meets every month to outline the assignation of rite-duties, the border patrols, and the doling out of communal resources, talents, and Essence. It expects everyone to respect its authority and toe the line, but inside its chamber the five Uratha often clash in fierce argument that never quite manages to slip into violence. The current Councilors are strongly divided about the future of the city but, thus far, have managed to hammer out a compromise each time. They are desperate to avoid any public showing of division or uncertainty.

The **Rising Tide** and **Redcliffe Vigilants** handle the management and defense of the River Avon. The Rising Tide consists of Blood Talons and Hunters in Darkness, performing the blunt end of the job when Pure or *shartha* come calling. The Vigilants, for its part, is a small group of Bone Shadows that the Council expects to keep Jenny Greenteeth happy and to arrange the correct yearly rituals of blood tribute.

The members of the Vigilants are beginning to realize that something is wrong with Jenny and Avona. They've carefully monitored the increasing numbers of Drowned that the Rising Tide keep encountering, and can see the river spirit is becoming more erratic as the frequency of attacks grows. There's something new in the water, a power or presence they can't pin down, but the Protectorate's patron seems unaware of it.

Foremost of the Ivory Claws in the region, the **Rutherford Estate** is growing increasingly unsettled. Something is wrong in the Shadow around the waterways, and the Drowned come lurching from the sea in greater numbers. **Jonathan Rutherford**, patriarch of the most respected Ivory Claw bloodline in the entire southwest, fears that they've left the Forsaken to their own devices for too long. The Protectorate and its spirit-ally have clearly cooked up something powerful in the water — it's the only explanation that fits how the spirit world is turning against the Pure. The Estate has started to rally the *Anshega* for war, but storming the bastion of Bristol will be a hard and bloody task. Fortunately, Jonathan intends for the other Pure packs to take the brunt of the fighting while the Estate oversees the operation.

PLACES

The **Floating Harbour** was finished in 1809, providing ships with deep waters that wouldn't leave them stranded when the tide went out. For the Forsaken, it's both the spiritual center of the Protectorate's power and a vulnerable point in the city's defense. The threat from the water is increasingly real, and the other tribes admit that the *Meninna's* fears of the Drowned may well be justified. The Rising Tide regularly patrols the area.

Each year, in April, the Protectorate commemorates its creation and renews the agreement with Jenny Greenteeth or Lady Avona, whichever aspect the spirit happens to be wearing at the time. The ritual takes place at night out on the Floating Harbour's waters, and the Council demands that every pack has a single representative present on the riverboat that sails out to appease the city's patron. Tradition indicates that the representative be an Uratha, but the lesser packs have taken to sending Wolf-Blooded as a minor form of rebellion against authority. The ritual is only a symbolic repeat of Carr's sacrifice, so there's no need for a werewolf to be offered up to the hungry water. A human's lifeblood will do just fine.

The **Bear Pit** is the weirdest locus in the city, and the Bone Shadows still haven't figured it out. It's a sunken area at the heart of a major roundabout in Bristol's center, with the locus at its heart — right out in the public eye, and difficult for the Uratha to secure or use. Its Resonance is a swirling, changing mélange of anything and everything around it, and *something* about it has infected the concrete and stone of the Bear Pit. No engineer or town planner intended all the hexagonal, almost insectoid patterns that somehow ended up being built into the design of the place, nor can they explain the eerie quiet of the Bear Pit despite the roaring traffic all around. A few Uratha swear they've seen something large and angular scuttling around the concrete arena at night, feeding from the drunks and the homeless who gather in the Pit's pedestrian tunnels. There have been a few attempts

to flush it out, but it just skitters into the locus and Reaches back into the *Hisil*. The hunters never find any trace of the thing on the other side.

Temple Meads is a marvel of architectural work from the early 1800s and Bristol's main rail station. As a symbolic point of connection and travel, the Forsaken watch its Shadow closely for any changes — the station is a direct line into the Protectorate's carefully tended spirit territory and a likely source of any unwanted spirits that make their way into the city. The station's named after the nearby **Temple Church**, a bombed-out church ruin that was hit during the Blitz. Like most such churches in Bristol, the place is still plagued by a few tenacious ghosts of those slain in the bombing, but that's not what the Storm Lords are particularly concerned about. There's an imprint of something ancient there, a power that causes rare but spontaneous possessions of hapless human victims. They become Ridden, but the spirits responsible aren't natives of the Bristol Shadow — they seem to be conjured out of nothing.

FLASHPOINT — AFZU'UMM'IA

Out in the cold, dark waters of the Bristol Channel, *Afzu'Umm'la* wallows and waits. It is in the nature of this Earth-Bound *idigam* to be patient — after all, millennia have already passed. What is a little more time to such an ancient creature? It will have its vengeance soon enough.

In the days before its kindred were imprisoned, *Afzu'Umm'la* walked the boundary between land and sea, plunging into the murky depths for safety whenever the Great Wolf came prowling by. After the Wolf's last howl rent the Gauntlet into existence and the *idigam* became Earth-Bound, it encountered a village of humans upon the ocean shore and became utterly fascinated by them. *Afzu'Umm'la* Coalesced into a piscine being that would emerge from the waters before coastal communities, demanding bloody worship and servile adoration in return for teaching the primitive humans to hunt, to fish, and, in rare cases, the secrets of arcane power. It spawned stories of Oannes, of Fomori, Atlanteans, and a myriad other tales of advanced civilizations of sea-people. In time, as the ages passed and the Earth-Bound faded into obscurity, *Afzu'Umm'la* fell into deep slumber amidst the muck and slime of the sea floor.

Now, though, the *idigam*'s kindred are returning, and the tide of change stirs the waters once more. *Afzu'Umm'la* has woken and travelled to its old territories, looking for the civilizations that it believes it built and delighting when it finds surviving, watery progeny. Bristol will be its first victim; it will crush the arrogant Forsaken by ripping their precious river-totem from them and forcing them to confront their own Rage. It is disgusted to see them playing at civilization and, as their precious community implodes, its children will come from the water and hunt them through the moonlit streets.

Then it will be time to remind humanity of the debt it owes its teacher, time to give the sea its due in blood and sacrifice and servitude.

THE DECAYING STRENGTH OF INDUSTRY

Detroit, Michigan

To put it mildly, Detroit has seen better days. Visitors to the city feel an almost tangible sense of decay, and feel a vague apprehension as though danger is lurking just around the corner. Entire sections of the city lay abandoned, whole buildings left to rot. Unemployment has climbed higher and higher, and a once-booming population has shriveled up as the result of economic setbacks and white flight. Unsurprisingly, crime is a serious problem in the city, with Detroit ranking in the top five most dangerous cities in the US.

The situation is little better for the Forsaken. Detroit has become a haven for the Pure and is one of the few known cities where their hostile kin outnumber the Forsaken. The Predator Kings are the most numerous of the Pure, and their violent behavior is both cause and symptom of the city's continual decline. Fighting a constant uphill battle, the Forsaken have made an unlikely alliance with a band of humans to take back the city.

MOTOR CITY

Detroit was founded in 1701 by a group of French-Canadians led by the French officer Antoine de La Mothe Cadillac. The settlers named their new home Fort Ponchartrain du Détroit, honoring both the comte de Pontchartrain, and the Detroit River which bordered the new settlement to the east. The British captured Fort Ponchartrain du Détroit in the French and Indian War, and shortened its name to just Detroit. By 1778 the population had expanded to over 2,100 citizens, and it was ceded to the newly founded United States in 1796 as part of the Jay Treaty.

A number of the city's new inhabitants were Uratha, looking for fresh hunting grounds, and attracted by the pristine wilderness offered by the New World. Founded in 1800, the first pack forged its territory in and around the settlement. Much to the pack's surprise, they could find but the barest of hints that the land had ever been controlled by another pack. Even the spirits claimed not to remember dealing with the People before the pack's arrival.

THE GREAT FIRE OF 1805

According to the recollections of witnesses, the fire started around 9 AM on June 11 when baker John Harvey stepped outside his shop to smoke a pipe. Harvey tapped his pipe on the bottom of one boot to clear it, and the wind carried the coals off into a nearby barn. Fed by the near constant winds that blow through the city from proximity to the Detroit River and Great Lakes, the coals set fire to the hay inside the barn, and quickly swelled to an unquenchable blaze. By the time the fires had died out, nearly the entire city had burned to the ground.

Uratha remember the events slightly differently. If not for the spirits attracted to the excitement, the fires, though

apt to spread as the result of thatched roofs, could have been contained. Previously limited to the occasional wildfire, the smithy, or tame cook fires, the local fire spirits gathered in force and exerted their influence over the flames, cavorting in the fires of burning buildings.

The founding pack attempted to battle both the spirits and the flames, but found it a losing proposition until they formed a hasty pact with the water spirits in the Detroit River. Armed with protection against the flames, the werewolves drove the fire spirits back into the Shadow, and managed to keep the blaze from spreading to the nearby forest. Since that time, the fire spirits require careful management. Their long memories ensure they remember the joy of a city aflame, and they seek out every opportunity to escape the *Hisil* to wreak havoc.

THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY

In 1903, Henry Ford made history when he received his documents of incorporation for the Ford Motor Company. Ford was hardly the first auto manufacturer to set up shop in Detroit, but he possessed a vision his competitors lacked. Prior to Ford, the majority of automobiles had been manufactured to appeal to the wealthy elite, and required hand-crafted parts which resulted in a low rate of production. Ford designed his cars for the average consumer, dumbing down the controls so that anyone could drive one. Along the way he also invented the assembly line, which dramatically increased his company's production numbers.

Unbeknownst to Ford, his factory also profited from employing several members of a local pack. To assist with manufacturing, the pack (always on the lookout for ways to control Detroit's rambunctious fire spirits) made a deal with the spirits. As a result, the plant's fires burned hotter and purer than Ford's competitors. The carrot that made the deal possible offered the spirits a single night each year to escape the *Hisil*. Every year on October 30 from dusk until dawn, the spirits were permitted to burn any building not currently owned or occupied by a resident of the city.

DECLINE

The good times for the city waned in the decades following World War II, eventually culminating in the white flight of the 1970s. Bereft of most of its tax base, the city's infrastructure began to decay, and some neighborhoods turned into virtual ghost towns. Beginning in the 80s, the city's Forsaken began to notice an increase in Pure activities, particularly the brutal work of the Predator Kings.

An upswing in gang violence in the 90s masked a vicious battle in the shadows as Uratha fought Uratha in a war to determine dominance over the city. Pack by pack, and block by block, the Predator Kings drove Forsaken from Detroit. Other Pure tribes followed in the *Ninna Farakh's* bloody wake, establishing new territories in the vacuum left by the defeated Forsaken.

If it hadn't been for a chance meeting between one of the sole surviving packs and a group of hunters during a battle on Belle Isle, the blessed of Luna might have been purged from the city altogether. Confronted by a common enemy, human and

werewolf battled the Pure side-by-side and managed to emerge victorious. The cautious alliance formed in the wake of the battle eventually led to full cooperation, and even some level of trust, between the pack and the compact, with all involved determined to reclaim their city from the Pure.

HUNTERS

Precious few Forsaken remain in the city and those who do are under nearly constant siege from the Pure. The largest surviving pack is called Cadillac's Company, and claims it descends from the original pack that settled in Detroit. Fighting alongside the Uratha are the members of the Rock City compact, which has multiple cells and greater numbers than its Forsaken allies.

CADILLAC'S COMPANY

The pack named Cadillac's Company (or just the Company) lives entirely on a wartime footing. Never staying in the same place for long, the pack is constantly alert for ambushes and attacks from the Pure or gangs associated with the Pure. The Company claims all of Detroit as its territory, regardless of the current realities of its situation. Smaller packs of Forsaken that have managed to survive don't make an issue of the claim, preferring to bicker over turf after defeating the Pure.

An Irraka Blood Talon named LeShawn White is the leader of Cadillac's Company. He leads the pack on nightly hunts, attacking in guerilla-style raids before melting back into the darkness. LeShawn knows he can't possibly win in a straight-up fight against the Pure, but believes he *can* eventually win a war of attrition, particularly if he targets known Wolf-Blooded family members of the Pure. Under his leadership, the pack has become adept at drive-by shootings, poisonings, and even nastier methods of shadow warfare.

ROCK CITY COMPACT

The Rock City compact began as a slightly atypical neighborhood watch. With budget cuts leading to police response times measured in hours or days, the original members of the compact decided it was up to them to protect their neighborhood from criminals and addicts. The watch took to wandering their self-appointed beat in groups of three or more, armed with baseball bats, tasers, and the occasional pistol.

It didn't take long before addicts knew not to come to the neighborhood, and drug dealers found easier corners from which to peddle their wares. Police turned a blind eye to the watch's activities, often lamenting at how often criminals happened to fall down and hurt themselves if they started trouble.

Eventually their success caught the attention of the Predator Kings, who didn't like humans messing with their business. Figuring a group of poorly armed cattle wasn't much of a challenge for an Uratha, the Pure sent in two werewolves to deal with the problem. The ensuing battle ended with both Predator Kings dead along with several members of the watch; several more members of the watch were sent to the hospital for an extended stay.

Rafeeq Jackson, leader of the watch, remembered enough of the fight to realize something weird was going on. Determined digging resulted in more information on the true nature of

the threat, and several Internet searches eventually put him in touch with Network Zero.

Armed with information from the hunters he communicated with online, Rafeeq mobilized additional chapters of the watch, and trained them to fight werewolves. Eventually the watch renamed itself Rock City, mainly to confuse eavesdroppers or werewolf spies. When a cell led by Rafeeq was following a pack of Predator Kings and discovered the Company already giving battle, it only took him a second to decide to pitch in.

While no member of Rock City would claim hunting werewolves is easy, even with inside information provided by the Company and Network Zero, they have discovered some unusual tactics that aid in the fight. For starters, and purely by coincidence, the compact discovered that use of low-grade downers (such as marijuana), combined with a manic survival instinct, actually blunts the worst of the fear caused by a werewolf's presence. The compact has also discovered that the judicious use of an SUV equipped with a silver-plated grille will knock down all but the toughest of opponents, making it easier to finish them off.

When working in concert with the hunters, the Company makes special efforts to plan an attack so that the humans don't suffer from friendly fire or additional exposure to Lunacy. Generally, the Company will act as bait to lure Pure werewolves into an ambush executed by Rock City hunters with assault weapons and the aforementioned SUVs. This allows both sides to contribute to the fight without the problem of potentially fatal accidents.

PREY

No one can deny that the Pure are the biggest threat in the city, but the occasional spirit problem also crops up and the Predator Kings usually can't be bothered to fix it. In fact, the Forsaken suspect the Pure of facilitating some of those troubles.

PREDATOR KINGS

For over 20 years, the Predator Kings have basically ruled the city. They might not be the cause of the hard times that have come to Detroit, but they've certainly contributed to the mess. The *Ninna Farakh* control the largest territories, and occasionally clash with other Pure tribes that encroach on their borders. A number of tightly controlled gangs and other criminal underlings assist the followers of Dire Wolf in their pursuits. In the main, their human slaves are used as spies and cannon fodder in their battles with the remaining Forsaken and the troublesome Rock City compact.

If anyone can be said to control the Predator Kings, their leader in Detroit is a werewolf named Enrique "Reek" Lopez. Originally from Mexico, Reek brought his pack, called *La Muerte Negra*, north when he heard about the opportunities offered by Motor City. His arrival heralded an increase in the brutality of the Predator Kings, and his pack led the way in the war against the Forsaken. Reek operates in the worst slums to be found in the city, acting almost openly as a local warlord.

DEVIL'S NIGHT

Once they arrived in the city, it didn't take the Predator Kings long to discover the existing agreement between the

Forsaken and the local fire spirits. Rather than attempting to dissolve the pact, the Pure co-opted it, loosening the terms of the deal to increase the number of buildings the spirits could burn. In Detroit, the night before Halloween had long been considered the time to pull pranks and commit casual vandalism. With the urging of the Predator Kings, October 30th became known as Devil's Night and was associated with apparently random acts of arson throughout the city.

Freed from their normal constraints, the fire spirits burned down any building not obviously claimed or inhabited, assisted by gangs that reveled in the chaos. Though the fires never threatened the safety of the city as a whole, each year they crept closer and closer to the suburbs and other valuable real estate. Community efforts to rename October 30th Angel's Night and promote arson prevention failed utterly.

Even outnumbered, the Forsaken still see it as their duty to battle the fires of Devil's Night. Drawing on old, nearly forgotten agreements with the river spirits, they spread out each year to drive the fire spirits back into the *Hisil*. For their part, the Predator Kings use this opportunity to attack Forsaken on the one night of the year their enemies are forced to move in the open.

PLACES

Detroit is characterized by its ruins. Countless photographers have documented the urban decay, covering and re-covering the same ground. A few areas of Detroit do remain vital, however, though usually they are outside the bounds of the city proper.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL STATION

The Michigan Central Station (locally known as the MCS) was completed in 1913 at the then mind-boggling cost of \$15 million. Located just under a mile from downtown in the Corktown district of Detroit near the Ambassador Bridge, the station's location was meant to promote development as part of Detroit's expansion. At its peak in the 1940s, the station served some 4,000 passengers daily, and was a major transportation hub. Ironically, the rise in popularity of the automobile eventually led to declining use of the station, and it was officially closed in 1988.

Built in the Beaux-Arts Classical style of architecture, the interior of the MCS was designed to emulate an ancient Roman bathhouse, with marble walls and vaulted ceilings. One of the most interesting features of the main waiting room was a scale model of the MCS building and its immediate environs complete with miniature trains and railroad tracks, set into the floor under a sturdy pane of glass. The MCS attracted spirits to sample the emotions of so many people moving through the station, and eventually the model began to collect its own spiritual energy, forming a locus with a resonance of expectation.

A Detroit pack calling itself the Movers discovered the locus as it was forming in their territory and moved to protect it following the station's closure. Unsurprisingly, the locus was one of the first locations the Predator Kings attacked in the opening days of their war against the Forsaken. Normally a locus only produces a small amount of Essence that is shared

with the spirits surrounding it in the *Hisil*. Certain obscure rites can force more Essence from a locus, but at the risk of permanently damaging the spiritual oasis.

When the Predator Kings attacked the Movers, they chose to completely drain the locus rather than let it fall into enemy hands. The resulting Barren remains to this day, the spiritual desolation mirroring the ruins of the once-grand MCS. The Rock City compact has used the location as a place to battle werewolves, the Barrens offering the slightest touch of an advantage to the hunters.

BELLE ISLE

Belle Isle rests in the Detroit River, nearly equidistant from both the Motor City and the Canadian city of Windsor. Used for recreation since the early 1900s, the island is currently run as a state park following Detroit's financial difficulties. Belle Isle boasts the Belle Isle Casino, a golf course, and the Belle Isle Nature Zoo, which includes one of the oldest aquariums in the United States.

The only access to Belle Isle is via the MacArthur Bridge, or a number of small ferry companies that launch from both sides of the river. Given its status as a hub for entertainment, Belle Isle is one of the best-patrolled areas near Detroit. All of those factors add up to a place that is fairly safe for both humans and Uratha, even given the current state of affairs in the city.

No one can fight everyday without some downtime, and Belle Isle is where Cadillac's Company comes to relax. A single watcher (drawn by lot and rotated hourly) can keep an eye on the bridge in case the Pure come calling. The pack enjoys the security of the island, but also travels there to hunt.

When the island first opened to the public, the city imported a number of fallow deer from Europe to liven up the grounds. This included a number of pure white deer and, for whatever reason, the white deer bred truer than the standard browns. Eventually the deer died out due to disease in the 1950s, but pure white stags still remain in the Shadow. Months can pass without anyone seeing a single stag, but when one is spotted, the pack drops everything to take up the *Siskur-Dah*. A successful hunt is considered a good omen, and conveys the blessings of Luna.

THE HUNT IN THE HEARTLANDS

Holmes County, Ohio

If asked to describe Holmes County in one word, most people would probably choose "rustic," or maybe "bucolic." The area is filled with rolling hills, acres of farmland, and the occasional small town to break up the scenery. Alongside farmers and other rural dwellers, Holmes County boasts the largest population of Amish in the US. Nearly half of the population is made up of these conservative, deeply religious folks with either a Dutch or Germanic ancestry.

For the Uratha, Holmes County is the kind of rural environment to which they feel a deep connection. Unlike the cities, the majority of the spirits in the county have remained pure and are similar to those that have existed since Pangaea,

bringing a sense of responsibility to maintain the old ways. The urge to protect territory, to safeguard its purity, is very strong in the werewolf residents, as is, unusually, their dedication to the humans with whom they share the land.

WILDERNESS TAMED

Holmes County was formed in 1824 by redistributing parcels of land from the surrounding, larger, counties. It was named after Major Andrew Holmes, a decorated hero of the War of 1812. The county was further divided into 14 townships, with the county seat set in the small town of Millersburg.

At the time of its founding, the county was mainly wooded, though reasonable amounts of farmland had already been cleared. The vast woodlands dwindled more and more over the next two centuries, but development left behind acres and acres of forest, and certain areas, such as Mohican State Park, were set aside as wilderness preserves. To this day, a drive through Holmes County involves traveling between large tracts of farmland, interrupted by miles of forest.

The People arrived with the first Dutch and German settlers, who were mainly known as Amish. Uratha and Amish co-existed fairly peaceably, though without the latter's knowledge. The humans cleared land, built infrastructure, and created trading posts, while the local packs kept the county free from *hithim luzak*. Only rarely did the Uratha need to discourage the local human population from meddling with the Shadow, as the majority of the people living nearby were deeply superstitious, distrustful of outsiders, and unlikely to stick their noses where they didn't belong.

Over time the population slowly changed, with more displaced or adventurous Europeans and East Coast settlers moving to the area. The increased population didn't change the county's timbre. Amish or not, most folks (including Wolf-Blooded and other werewolf kin) who set down roots in Holmes County desired to be left alone to tend their crops, hunt, fish, and raise their families. A vein of deep conservatism ran through the county, which sported more churches than taverns (and still does). The residents had little patience for rabble rousers, con men, and thieves, and the Forsaken dealt with the more troublesome sorts of human pests.

THE COMING OF THE PURE

The idyllic life enjoyed by both humans and Uratha in Holmes County was interrupted in 1851 by the coming of the Pure. Like the Forsaken, the Pure tribes found an echo of Pangaea in the wilderness, and began to set down roots. The two most numerous packs that moved into the area were the Ivory Claws and Fire-Touched.

The Ivory Claws were mainly content to build their isolated homesteads and maintain the purity of their blood, but the Fire-Touched looked around with hunger at the deep religious roots they saw in the local communities. Slowly, cautiously, the *Izidakh* began to infiltrate the most conservative Amish farmsteads, subtly altering their beliefs to serve the will of their new werewolf masters. Inevitably, disease broke out in the county, but not among those families protected by the Fire-Touched. They claimed God had rewarded them for their

THE AMISH

For those readers unfamiliar with the Amish, or those with erroneous preconceptions, it's worth noting a few facts. At the most basic, the two touchstones of Amish life are modesty and devotion to God. Anything that draws attention to an individual or distracts from the worship of God is anathema to the Amish. They dress in simple clothing, sans buttons, with the favored colors being blue, black, and white. Women wear bonnets to hide their hair, and married men universally wear beards.

The Amish don't allow any technology beyond simple mechanics in their homes, though you can find the occasional refrigerator or portable stereo in their barns. They drive horse and buggy nearly everywhere, and for trips that are too extensive for that rather slow form of travel, they hire drivers (colloquially called Amish haulers) to taxi them around in large vans. While the Amish reject most conventions of modern life and live in the country, don't assume country means dumb.

devotion, and the plague running through the rest of the county was God's judgment of their sins.

Rightly suspicious of these claims, the Forsaken investigated and discovered the machinations of the Fire-Touched. A brief, vicious war broke out between the Uratha dwelling in Holmes County, and both sides had human allies. The Pure poisoned wells, fomented disease in livestock, and butchered the unwary. For their part, the Forsaken burned entire farmsteads to the ground and slaughtered any human who parroted the beliefs of the *Izidakh*.

The situation threatened to attract the attention of human authorities when, out of the blue, the Ivory Claws appeared from their hidden places and arbitrated a peace between the two sides. Although the *Tzuumfin* had no love for the Forsaken, the conflict had the potential to drive all Uratha from the county — an outcome no one desired.

Since the time of the Accord, a wary peace has existed between the Forsaken and the Pure in Holmes County. Other than the occasional personality conflict, or minor border skirmish, the Uratha haven't fought a serious battle against one another in over 100 years.

FORT FIZZLE

In 1863, declining numbers of volunteers for Civil War service forced President Lincoln and the Congress to implement a draft. The Conscription Act was a generally unpopular move throughout the north, but few folks were as riled by it as the citizens of Holmes County. Not only were the Amish

likely to refuse service, even at gunpoint, Uratha and their Wolf-Blooded kin were just as likely to resist when called up.

On July 5th of the same year, a mob of Holmes County residents attacked Elias Robinson — a draft official who had been working locally to enforce the Conscription Act. Whether this attack was orchestrated by local werewolves or not depends on which Cahalith you ask, but it's fairly likely at least some Uratha were involved.

The situation quickly escalated until some 900 dissidents holed up at the hastily fortified farm of Lorenzo Blanchard. Colonel William Wallace and 420 soldiers from the 15th Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry were sent in to quell the rebellion and enforce the draft.

Even outnumbered, the 15th Regiment held the advantage in both training and equipment, but that equation didn't account for the presence of werewolves. Unwilling to see their kin sent off to fight in a human war, the Uratha had prepared an ambush for the 15th. Following a single volley of fire from the men at Blanchard's farm, the wolves would attack. What could have turned into a bloody slaughter was only averted through the actions of the Ivory Claws.

The Pure threatened the Forsaken with a cessation of the Accord, noting the US government might take umbrage at the destruction of an entire infantry company. Reluctantly, the Forsaken backed off; and when no ambush appeared after their initial attack, the dissidents at Blanchard's farm scattered rather than face an organized opponent. The entire incident became known as the Battle of Fort Fizzle, and further cemented the *Tzuumfin* in a position of authority in Holmes County.

HUNTERS

Although the Ivory Claws might be the most prominent tribe in the county, they aren't the most active, nor do Pure and Forsaken mix on a regular basis. Among the Forsaken, the Hunters in Darkness and Bone Shadows are the most numerous. Between them they stalk the night, maintain a watch on the Gauntlet, and ensure both the physical and Shadow realms remain apart.

The *Meninna* beat the bounds of each pack's territory, watching for incursions from the Shadow and for humans who wander where they don't belong. In place of traps, these Uratha deploy numerous "Private Property" and "Armed Response" signs to mark and maintain their borders. Humans who show up unexpectedly on a pack's turf are likely to meet a shotgun toting Hunter in Darkness, day or night, and given an even chance to run or suffer a "hunting accident."

The Bone Shadows, meanwhile, watch the local spirits carefully for signs of trespass, and travel the Shadow monitoring for spiritual malaise. A few truly old and powerful spirits survive in Holmes County, and much of the *Hirfathra Hissu's* work includes discovering bans and reinforcing centuries-old pacts. While the majority of the residents of Holmes County are environmentally responsible, the Uratha occasionally make an example of fools who threaten to upset the spiritual balance in the Shadow with fire or pollution.

Among the Forsaken, the least represented tribe in the county is the Blood Talons. The countryside is just too quiet for their form of hunt to go unnoticed for long. Additionally, the Accord with the Pure reduces the need to deal with rogue or enemy Uratha on anything like a regular basis. When the occasional problem does arise, the other tribes have taken it upon themselves to police their own numbers, often forming multi-pack hunting parties for the purpose.

The last serious threat to werewolves from another Uratha came when a small pack of transient werewolves was discovered hiding in the town of Charm. Several particularly brutal murders had drawn national attention to the area, and even the Ivory Claws came out of hiding long enough to hunt down and execute the threat. A sole Hunter in Darkness named Steven Yoder that claimed one member of the pack escaped the hunt. Unfortunately, Yoder died of wounds suffered during the battle, leaving the Uratha uncertain whether his dying words were truth or pain-induced hallucinations.

The Accord continues to function, keeping the Pure and the Forsaken from each other's throats. Leaders from the two sides meet once a year to discuss grievances and potential threats to the county as a whole, but the peace has never produced anything like friendship between Uratha on separate sides of the fence. Any werewolf caught trespassing is considered fair game, so each side takes great pains to clearly define boundaries.

PREY

As it turns out, Steven Yoder was absolutely correct in his assertion that a single werewolf had escaped the battle at Charm. Her name is Janice Haven, and she'd been on a beer run when the combined might of the Holmes County Uratha descended upon her packmates. Yoder had been guarding the lane leading to the Bale Hounds' trailer residence, and Janice ran him over with her truck when she saw a werewolf in her pack's territory. She jumped out of the truck and laid into Yoder with her claws before realizing a more general attack was underway. Rather than die with her pack, she managed to escape before anyone else took note of her.

Enraged by the loss of her pack, Janice nevertheless played it smart, and rented an apartment in the teeming metropolis (for Holmes County) of Millersburg. She played at being a Ghost Wolf on the few occasions another werewolf noticed her. The ploy was successful partially because no one had ever seen her before, and also because a number of other Ghost Wolves had also made Millersburg their home.

Janice has been biding her time since she took up residence in Millersburg, attempting to corrupt the other Ghost Wolves in the city. She dreams of bloody revenge against those responsible for the death of her pack. Uncovering details about the raid hasn't been particularly difficult since those involved have been happy to brag about their exploits while in the company of other Uratha. As soon as Janice feels she's put together enough strength to begin hunting werewolves, she intends to exact her vengeance.

On the spiritual side, continued development of the county has aroused the ire of the Mohican River, which travels for a

short distance through western edge of Holmes County. The river spirit, *Uru Kaith*, has thus far displayed its displeasure with increased levels of flooding, destroying construction projects near its banks, and forcing occupants to abandon several homes. *Uru Kaith* is far enough away from the majority of the packs' territories that its activities haven't yet drawn any attention.

Not content with local destruction, *Uru Kaith* has begun to up the ante by thinning the Gauntlet around its banks. This will eventually allow all manner of nasty spirits to flood into the physical realm. The presence of these spirits will devastate the area around the Mohican River, both spiritually and physically, ensuring peace for *Uru Kaith* at the cost of human lives. The first warning of *Uru Kaith*'s intentions local packs are likely to receive is the first trickle of spirits passing through the Gauntlet. Without interference from the Uratha, that trickle will quickly become a flood.

PACKS

Holmes County has three major packs that control the majority of the terrain, and two smaller packs (one of which is the Fire-Touched) that have picked up the remainders. The packs are generally on good terms with each other, even considering the usual antagonism between Pure and Forsaken, thanks to the Accord. Friction generally only occurs between individual members of packs, rather than between packs as a whole.

ABSENT THE FATHER

The Ivory Claws refer to their pack as Absent the Father, but other Uratha generally shorten the name to Absent. Located in the deep wilderness south of Welcome, the members of Absent are mainly content to work the land, mind their duties, and ruminate on the purity of their blood. The pack leader, Larry Reber, is getting long in the tooth, but is still well-respected by the rest of his pack.

When not dealing with the day-to-day problems of the pack, or treating with the Forsaken, Larry spends his time carefully scrutinizing the Ivory Claws' extended human family, searching for Wolf-Blooded to breed back into the pack. Wary of the potential for mutation to creep into the line due to inbreeding, Larry ensures regular human members of the family marry outsiders to bring in new blood.

The Ivory Claws take their obligation to maintain the Accords in Holmes County seriously, and will respond rapidly to any potential problem. Occasionally a younger member of the Forsaken will conclude it is his duty to cleanse the county of the Pure and trespass on Ivory Claws territory, looking for trouble. Larry ensures these foolish youngsters receive a sound beating, but delivers them alive back to their packs.

SHADOW STALKERS

The Shadow Stalkers are a Hunters in Darkness-only pack that operates out of the village of Mt. Hope. Its territory extends over most of the western half of Holmes County, and members of the pack maintain day jobs as county maintenance employees to give them a good excuse to be seen in locations that are off-limits to the public. Following a serious *Azlu* breakout a few years past, the pack is fanatical about hunting down any remaining *shartha* that remain in its territory.

The leader of the pack is a young Elodoth named Jennifer Yutzy. A noted warrior and manipulator in her own right, Jennifer harbors suspicions other packs think her weak for inheriting the role of pack leader from her mother, who was killed fighting the *Azlu*. This makes her even touchier than most Elodoth, and even more likely to look for even the slightest advantage in her dealings with others.

Jennifer maintains good relations with the Holmes County Sherriff's Department, several of whom are Wolf-Blooded. She's considered running for political office, giving her even more authority to deal with problems, but is worried the demands of office will interfere with her duties to her pack.

Jennifer is also concerned that any move toward additional power on her part might be construed as aggressive action by the Pure.

SILVER SCARS

The pack known as the Silver Scars controls the southwestern portion of Holmes County, which mainly consists of farms and forests. Though not the biggest territory in the county, the pack is respected for controlling a major locus called Wolf Run on ground that used to belong to an extinct Native American tribe. The pack is made up of Hunters in the Darkness and Bone Shadows in about even numbers. The former watches the physical boundaries, while the latter protect the locus and the Shadow.

The leader of the Silver Scars is a skinny little *Ithaeur* Bone Shadow who goes by the name of Two Moon Smith. As ridiculous as the name sounds to outsiders, Two Moon becomes indignant when people snicker at it, and claims he has Native American blood. Regardless of his particular idiosyncrasies, Two Moon exerts extraordinary power over the spirits of the locus, and is frequently seen in the company of Lunes.

The pack jealously guards access to Wolf Run, and humans in particular are expressly forbidden, due to a ban. Several parts of Holmes County are marshy, and it isn't terribly difficult to make bodies vanish into the muck. Two Moon will occasionally allow other packs to visit the locus, but always keeps a close eye on them.

PLACES

An unusual number of places in Holmes County are rumored to be haunted, including several houses, bridges, and a smaller number of natural glens (locally known as runs).

CRY BABY BRIDGE

Local legend claims that Cry Baby Bridge is haunted. According to the story, a woman — distraught over her husband's cheating ways — drove out to the bridge and hanged herself from it, leaving her baby locked in the car to die a slow death of dehydration. Since that time, the myth claims that people driving over the bridge at the dark of the moon can hear a baby crying; if they park, they will later find baby-sized handprints on the car.

BRYAN
SYME

The Uratha find that story particularly entertaining. According to them, the crying heard by travelers over the bridge is the sound of a railroad/river *magath* wailing against the bonds imposed on it by the Forsaken. The werewolves claim the spirit was bound into the bridge by an earlier pack to keep it from wandering the Flesh, looking for human victims to feed upon. They also say the *magath* would be freed if the bridge ever collapses.

WOLF RUN

Wolf Run is the most powerful locus discovered in Holmes County, and in most of northern Ohio. Situated on grounds holy to a vanished Native American tribe, the locus is an ancient mound in the shape of a wolf that carries the resonance of the hunt. It attracts spirits associated with negative emotions such as pain, blood-lust, and fear, as well as those more often associated with positive emotions, such as exhilaration and triumph.

The locus is guarded by Two Moon Smith of the Silver Scars pack, and humans are barred from entry as the result of a ban. Unaltered humans attract attention from the violent spirits that are attracted to the locus, and since most humans would have no way of knowing about the ban, the end result is usually a pile of rotting meat.

Two Moon has speculated that humans in a particular frame of mind — i.e. high on drugs — might be able to approach without activating the ban, and instead act as hosts to the spirits attracted to the locus. The extinct Native American tribe might have intentionally used the locus for that express purpose, lending their warriors greater strength and ferocity. In less rational moments, Two Moon has considered kidnapping some humans to test out his theory, but has refrained from acting for fear he'll be caught. Any human who happens to wander near enough the locus to be grabbed might be a different story.

THE RED CENTRE

The MacDonnell Ranges, Australia

Unknown to most Australians, the massive, flat, red-rock desert at the continent's heart has a mountain range that runs 400 miles east to west. Near-parallel lines of rocky ridges jut from the earth like armored spine scales from some prehistoric crocodylian. These rocky growths are scarred by millions of years of erosion, with bone-dry creeks and crumbling rock. Desert plants and lush waterholes thrive in hidden valleys while deep and ancient caves often hold secrets for those who know where to look.

The desert teems with hardy life but it is no place for most humans. Hot sun bakes the land each day before the temperature plunges at night. Thirst and exposure quickly kill the weak. The ranges and surrounding area might have 40,000 humans, most of whom live in the town of Alice Springs. The town mixes old and new ways but neither understands the other. Racism, poverty, addiction, privilege, and entitlement flare tempers on both sides.

Forsaken, Pure, and Ghost Wolves all hunt here. The Dreaming Lodge often surpasses bonds of pack and tribe. Wolf hunts wolf for supremacy in a battle to determine if ancient spirits will unleash predation on the physical world again.

THE URATHA DREAMING

Barbara Perruile Petyarre, Cahalith, Arlewatyerre Dreaming

Right, sit down. So you want to know about the People? No worries, you're young, still learning how to Dream what you need, so I'll tell you.

This story is true.

The Dreaming was a nightmare. The Diharim birthed everything from their blood, bone, and flesh, but have you ever seen a birth? No one's having fun, least of all mum, dad, and bub. Altjira gave us the land with water to drink and air to breathe. The Numakulla spread animals and plants across the world and Mangar-kunjer-kunja made people from the animals.

Like all births, more arrived than just the baby. Lesser spirits spewed forth to feast on this new world and preyed on the living. The Numakulla saw this and were angry. The flesh world was not for spirits. Any spirit destined to become flesh would be born into the world through flesh. The spirits cried, begged, and fought but did not have the strength to defy.

The Numakulla asked Altjira to make a Yenpe to divide the worlds of spirit and flesh, so he did. The Numakulla told Mother Luna and Father Wolf to protect this skin. Mother Luna guided Father Wolf as he hunted but both knew he needed help. He needed children with gifts of wolf and moon, so Mother and Father mated. Wolf birthed female Ingwarelthe and Moon birthed male Ingwartwe. They came together as the People, spirits born into flesh as the Numakulla said, made to watch over both sides of the Yenpe.

The Uratha were never numerous in Australia. Wolf blood was strong, but the werewolves were as thinly spread as the nomadic human tribes. For months or years much of the vast territories stood empty, devoid of Uratha — and the spirits were quick to take advantage.

During the Dreaming, spirits moved from *Hisil* to the World of Flesh with impunity. They toyed with humans and animals, changed the Essence of the land and demanded *gathra*. The Uratha waged bloody hunts to drive the spirits back into the Shadow, but seasons changed, humans and Uratha migrated for survival, and the spirits returned. Cycle after cycle the People fought the same conflicts and hunted the same prey.

The Uratha of this time were not Forsaken or Pure; they knew nothing of the Firstborn. Such distinctions were unnecessary to the ancient Uratha; they felt the Hunt in their blood. Some prey — usually animal spirits important for survival — were tolerated as long as they limited their predations. Spirits unwilling or unable to accept the werewolves' terms were given no quarter.

These Uratha never knew packs with more than one werewolf. A human tribe might have one wolf in its midst; most had none. The Uratha lived at the edge of their tribes — protecting humans who were uneasy with the predator's presence. The Uratha found kinship with the occasional Wolf-Blooded or other undesirables who occupied tribal niche roles.

The Uratha recognized each other by scent when tribes met, traded, and fought. They shared hunting experiences and tales of what worked and what didn't. The Dreaming Lodge grew from this network of Uratha songlines, spread across the continent with word of like-minded People, shared auspices,

and similar totems. Each geographic region and nation had different approaches and sacred practices for the hunt, but the lodge united the Uratha with shared purpose.

Even connected through the Dreaming, the Uratha of Central Australia knew they were too thinly spread to completely control spirit predations. Their solution was to expand tolerance of spirit activity, only reacting if spirits grew too strong or too arrogant, and to destroy loci that were difficult to patrol and weren't on their regular migration paths.

Most spirits embraced the increased freedom but hated having such narrow corridors of the world of Flesh open to their attentions. Some tested the resolve of the Uratha and were hunted with prejudice. The Uratha's message was clear: This is us being kind. Don't push it.

This arrangement made Wolf-Blooded Waystones especially valued on both sides. Spirits hungered for more physical access and the Uratha needed to be able to hunt the Shadow wherever they found problems.

The European arrival to Australia brought the Forsaken and Pure tribes. Both came in number to recruit the isolated *Thirtha Numea* by persuasion, coercion, or threat before enemies could claim them. Neither side understood the ancient Dreaming Lodge network or the way knowledge of the tribes would quickly spread across the land. These first recruits inducted fellow lodge members as the pragmatic native Uratha recognized the strength tribes gave to the Hunt. After early contact revealed no trace of tribes, the European wolves were surprised to find tribal werewolves anticipating their arrival as the colonists pushed further into the continent.

The lodge integrated Forsaken tribes more successfully than Pure. The *Anshega's* hatred of Luna and rejection of auspice were strange concepts to Australian Uratha. Most encounters between Dreaming Lodge and Pure were hostile but a rare few *Anshega* reconciled the differences. Of the Pure, the Predator Kings are most likely to join the lodge. The vast expanses of untouched wilderness and the overt influence of spirits on the landscape are as close to Pangaea as they have found.

The Dreaming Lodge's influence has weakened in modern times. The Uratha of cities and populated areas follow the new ways of packs and hunting smaller territories. In the Outback, humans and Uratha are still scarce so the lodge endures, keeping the People connected regardless of background, and helping them best serve Father Wolf's legacy.

HUNTERS

The Dreaming Lodge is the lynchpin of Uratha society in the Red Centre. Many Uratha hunt as lone wolves, and even those who are part of a permanent pack can spend weeks or months alone. The Dreaming gives them the means and purpose to endure despite this isolation.

Perhaps unique among lodges, the Dreaming Lodge does not have a singular totem. Rather, powerful Australian animal spirits came together as patrons. Uratha must choose which totem to follow, with different totems varying in importance between regions. The key Central Australian totems are Arlewatyerre (Goanna), Irretye (Eagle), Apmwe (Snake),

Artnwere (Dingo), and Aherre (Kangaroo). Inurle (Spider) fell out of favor with the migration of *Azlu* to the Red Centre. Inurle's followers work tirelessly to overcome this suspicion by uncovering *Azlu* nests for the lodge.

The Dreaming Lodge teaches all members a rite that allows them to call for assistance or share information and experiences. Every lodge member knows the general focus of each tribe and which lodge members belong to them. They may also know basic information about the strengths and weaknesses of new prey if the lodge has hunted it before. This knowledge isn't exhaustive or the same as first-hand experience, but has helped Uratha contain spirit incursions in the past.

Uratha hearing a lodge summons through the rite know who calls, the direction and distance to where they are needed, and the urgency of the call. Whether they can respond in time is always the biggest challenge. Temporary packs often form around specific threats, but these dissolve as new threats emerge or someone calls for the help of specific members. When the lodge calls, every Uratha close enough will answer. *Seek help when needed; respond when called* is the lodge's mantra.

You want tribes next? Sure. You've know what they do, right? You've Dreamed that much? Good.

Biggest around here was the Iron Masters, but they're probably second place now. They're adaptable and easily take on new good ideas. They knew the lodge was a good one as soon as they saw it and jumped in. They fit in with human cities too well for their own good though. They took the brunt of the Pure's fight when the zealots came to Alice.

The Masters' loss was the Blood Talons' gain. The Talons hunt werewolves; easy to understand but hard to do. Not too many of them around before the Pure. They gained supporters when the Masters got hit and now outnumber them. I guess a lot of people have a bone to pick with the Fire-Touched.

Hunters in Darkness are a distant third. They have a few people but they have trouble with desert territories – the spaces out here are too damn big to know everything that's going on all the time. What's more, when the lodge calls you have to leave territory behind and hope no one fucks with it.

The Bone Shadows are rare. They're in the lodge, but they always seem to favor their own goals rather than the lodge's ancient duty. They understand how to hunt spirits better than anyone else, but they also want to understand and work with the prey. They're also into death, and most people around here don't talk about the dead. The Hirthra Hissu remind me of the weird kid who you had to play with but no one ever liked. You want Bone Shadows, you'll Dream your own way to them, but don't say you weren't warned.

Storm Lords are also rare. A few have carved out desert territories but they're not in the lodge. The Lords have hang-ups about calling for help; they don't see that calling when needed is a sign of strength. Anyway, the lodge isn't a good fit.

PREY

Before the early 20th century, the desert Uratha's greatest challenge was protecting the land from malicious spirits. Now, new challenges come from the arrival of Fire-Touched and *Azlu*, while old spirits take advantage of the werewolves' divided attention.

PURE

The *Anshega* came to the Centre after hearing missionary tales of Pangaea-like lands. The Ivory Claws lost interest when they found the native Uratha were already polluted with the Moon's taint. The Predator Kings carved out far-ranging territories that caused conflict with the Dreaming Lodge. The Fire-Touched packs disappeared.

The *Izidakh* waited until Alice Springs' rapid growth in the 1970s to return. They quickly dominated the town through proselytization, intimidation, and murder, then set about destroying the Forsaken.

"Reverend" Lauren McLeroy leads the Fire-Touched. Her face and body language burn with warm charisma but a different, maniacal heat lights her eyes. Her impassioned words sway listeners, and she has a talent for coordinating the three permanent Fire-Touched packs in Alice Springs and the nomadic Pure who move through the area.

McLeroy allows any Forsaken the chance to repent and try to become Pure. The penitents are tested by fire to verify their intentions before being sent south to Fire-Touched enclaves for further purification and indoctrination.

Nick "Wildfire" May leads the Black Earth pack, a group of fanatical Fire-Touched, their pyromaniac Wolf-Blooded kin, and human followers. He's a pyromaniac, obsessed with the physical effects of fire and was responsible for several devastating summer bushfires that scorched the land and stretched human firefighting efforts to their limits. Nick can't stop, but has managed to channel his activities against Forsaken territories. He would be just as happy to see the entire town and all the Fire-Touched burn.



KAT Found more w-blood. Wat 2 do?



NICK Rev's standing orders. Bag n tag.



KAT Drop off?



NICK Truck depo. New shipment heading south 2nite.



KAT ok



NICK Check 4 waystones. Rev wants 2 keep in town. Has plans

SPIRITS

The **Kadaitcha** are just one old foe causing new troubles for the Forsaken. These ancient vengeance spirits have frustrated the Uratha's efforts to contain them for centuries.

The Kadaitcha's summoning rite is widely known among the men of several indigenous tribes. These men call on the Kadaitcha increasingly often to answer the rise of violence in town, and the alarming frequency of deaths and disappearances in communities. Someone must be to blame, and the Kadaitcha will punish the transgressors.

The ritual involves carving a killing bone used to curse the intended victim, which summons a Kadaitcha into the world. Unfortunately, the death of the victim doesn't end the Kadaitcha's physical presence. Spiritual serial killers, the Kadaitcha fixate on some theme from their cursed victim and use that to stalk and murder others until they're stopped. The Kadaitcha are talented shapeshifters who may take any human or animal form. Their ban prevents them crossing a line of feathers soaked in blood from the immediate family of their next victim. Their bane is the killing bone used in their summoning – but the version of the ritual taught today destroys the killing bone to prevent the victim from escaping vengeance.

APEX PREDATORS

Angepe (Crow) Ngalyarre is an old Rahu of the Spider Dreaming. He was a respected and fearsome warrior sought for his wisdom and strength but the arrival of the *Azlu* to Central Australia changed that. Calls for him to join the hunt faded. Young



warriors stopped seeking his counsel. The old crow didn't take Spider's loss of status well. Like a true Rahu he took the fight to the enemy. He travelled to the *Azlu's* usual hunting grounds in Australia's coastal and tropical regions and sought tactics from the Uratha there. He called through the Dreaming for Inurle's followers to join him and now leads five other Uratha to restore Inurle to glory. This group of Uratha is the closest thing to a "normal" pack the lodge has ever had.

The **Fire Walkers** are either the bravest or dumbest pack in the Red Centre. Comprised entirely of Wolf-Blooded and their human allies, this pack operates in Alice Springs behind the Pure's lines. They tell the Dreaming Lodge as much as they can about the Fire-Touched's movements and plans. The Wolf-Blooded hunt through fire because the Forsaken can't.

The Fire Walkers have people everywhere – it's not a large town, after all – but so do the *Anshega*. The Fire Walkers know they haven't identified all the Pure's followers and live with the constant fear that the *Izidakh* know who they are. The Fire-Touched's kidnapping and rendition of Wolf-Blooded has divided the pack. Some want to take the fight public and expose the Fire-Touched. The rest know that would be their doom.

Simon Weir was a recently changed Ithaeur Bone Shadow when Outback spirits ambushed and killed the rest of his pack. It didn't matter that the Uratha had just arrived in the desert and didn't understand how things worked, they had strayed too close to a hidden, out-of-the-way locus that the spirits didn't want destroyed. Weir survived by running until he couldn't run any more. The shock of the attack, the shame of abandoning his pack and the need for revenge broke his mind. The local Uratha now call him **Deathtrap** as he builds booby-traps across every part of his small, mobile territory. He leaves old traps behind, deadly but decaying, as he keeps moving to find the locus again and repay the spirits in kind.

Deathtrap's shifting territory now comes closer to populated areas and humans have fallen victim to his paranoia. Someone will have to deal with him, but reaching him on his own turf is sure to be painful – and possibly deadly.

PLACES

ALICE SPRINGS

The locals usually just call it Alice, or "the Alice," and there's a lot of affection for the town despite the isolation and social problems. It's not big – most people can walk across it in a few hours, or drive across in minutes. It's not flashy – two supermarkets and a bunch of specialty stores make up the shopping district. But it's the biggest thing for a thousand miles in any direction.

Within the urban confines the humans fool themselves into thinking it's like any other town. They scurry about, earning money, relaxing, looking for the next target or fix just like everywhere else. But just outside the town limits they're reminded of the isolation – cellphone signal drops to nothing and the roads become straight, flat, and speed limits don't apply.

The town has a strong spiritual side and that suits the Fire-Touched just fine. Reverend McLeroy converted an old warehouse into a place of worship; she likes to recruit desperate

humans searching for meaning. The town also has a couple of weak loci formed around the places where social tragedies are at their worst. These give the Fire-Touched a tactical advantage over any Forsaken who try to push into town.

THE CAVE LABYRINTH

The MacDonnell Ranges have hundreds of caves scattered across the ridgelines and sunk into the flat plains. A few dozen of these dark entrances lead to an extensive network running the length and breadth of the hunting ground.

The lodge has mapped out much of the labyrinth and sings songs about the prey hunted and defeated in the darkness. The tunnels run deep and long; even the lodge doesn't know every nook and cranny.

Many Alice Springs locals know of the bat caves that cut beneath town, but the humans have no idea of the extent of the network. Every few years some human tragedy leads to a new locus coalescing in the darkness, and the Forsaken pay close attention for clues of increased spirit activity in the caves.

At least once a year some horror will emerge from the depths to prey on fresh meat. The lodge fights back, but is usually too late to prevent an initial orgy of death and destruction. Many younger lodge members have suggested using modern human technologies for earlier warnings, but so far no one has found a solution that works.

MIND THE GAP — FLASHPOINT

Southwest of town there's **the Gap** – an American military base with 10-foot fences, machinegun nests, spotlights, and guards. The soldiers used to be friendly enough to the townspeople, but that spark of humanity seems to have disappeared.

A few years ago a cattle farmer found a burned and twisted metal container after a fireball crashed to the ground. He gave it to the police, who passed it to the military, where it disappeared into the Gap to be probed, scanned, and tested.

The Uratha sometimes slip onto the base in Urhan at night, looking like just another dingo in the dark. Last night a couple of Fire-Touched thrill seekers went in to toy with the humans. The humans opened fire as soon as the *Anshega* cleared the outer field. They didn't ask questions, and every fifth bullet was *silver*. The Pure bled out within seconds and the humans grabbed their corpses.

Today, the townsfolk who work at the base are locked out. Guard patrols have doubled. Unarmed soldiers move through the town, staring at everyone with cold gazes. Everyone is uneasy.

Some idiot's opened the container, and that which was bound is free to wreak havoc on the world once more.

FORSAKEN AND FORGOTTEN

Tokyo, Japan

Tokyo stands as the largest city in the world by its metropolitan area, and by the city proper. It's a city currently recovering from a stark period of downturn, and trying to find a new identity and foothold in the world arena. In many

ways, it's doing so by doubling down on the technological and economic processes that first made it successful in the 20th century. It does so by embracing very traditional Japanese ideas of nationalism and family. After all, if it worked once, can't it return to that glory again?

The Uratha of Tokyo are in a particularly challenging place. For whatever reason, the majority of Japanese Uratha used to be born among from the Ainu people — the indigenous people of the Japanese islands. While the proportion of ethnic Japanese werewolves is now no less than among other ethnicities, most people in the know still consider any werewolf to be Ainu. Given the at best strained relationship between the Japanese and the Ainu, this is often the source of discrimination and conflict between werewolves and other supernatural beings — and sometimes their own packmates.

HOW IT HAPPENED

A popular Ainu myth from Hokkaido showcases Retaruseta Kamuy, a White Wolf God. Retaruseta Kamuy wanted a wife, but couldn't find one anywhere on the island. So he summoned forth the force of his divinity, and howled across the island and across the oceans. A beautiful goddess answered the call, and rowed a boat across the seas to be with him. The two mated, and from that union, the Ainu people were born.

This is a regional myth with many variations. It fell out of popularity years ago, and now is told as a folk tale for some of the Ainu people and certain followers of pre-Buddhist Shintoism. But for the Forsaken in Tokyo, it's considered gospel truth. Retaruseta Kamuy, the White Wolf, or Ebbu-Ur, plays the role of a father wolf figure. Some debate his role as *the* Father Wolf, but most Uratha concern themselves with day-to-day survival too much to care. The Unnamed goddess serves as a mother spirit. Similarly, some Uratha — mostly foreigners — propose that she's *the* Luna.

In the extended myth the Uratha tell, the White Wolf's blood flows through all the Ainu people, and that is why Japanese Uratha come only from the Ainu, or from those with traces of Ainu heritage. The myth ignores the existence of rare foreign Uratha, often from Korea or China. Tokyo Uratha see foreign Uratha as inconvenient truths, less as a challenge to their myth. Some Japanese Uratha see foreign werewolves as a different line, a different creature entirely.

Tokyo has been home to Uratha for as long as anyone can remember. The Ainu people moved into the area early on, and while they've had a rocky history in the city, they've always contributed a recognizable population. They currently have a strong community, with recognized numbers upwards of 10,000. These numbers rely on self-identification, which tends to be low with the Ainu. Many openly claim to be Japanese and not Ainu, for fear of persecution. This problem extends into Uratha circles. Tokyo has a higher percentage of packless Uratha than most anywhere else in the world. Some packs have tried to integrate these lone wolves over the years, but have met with limited success.

From a historical standpoint, these issues have left Tokyo without much sweeping Uratha history. Tokyo has seen hundreds of packs, and numerous attempts at protectorates

over the years. But in time, they all dissolve. Like with coastal fault lines, islands drift away from the mainland.

Since the early 1990s, a massive, industry-spanning human corporation called the Hototogisu has taken to studying the Uratha. They maintain a business wing dedicated to finding, identifying, and engaging with werewolves. They investigate and uncover dark secrets and desires, offering both blackmail and bribes for information. Thanks to the relative disorganization of Tokyo's packs, the Hototogisu's efforts have gone unopposed thus far. Some Ithaeur have discovered that the company wishes primarily to uncover the secrets of fetish-crafting and travel through the *Hisil*.

SARINES

Uratha in Tokyo have no formal society. With few established packs, organization lacks. Sometimes, packs will interact. Sometimes, individuals will establish handshake alliances, territory agreements, and cease-fire treaties. One single tradition stands out among Tokyo's werewolves: The sanctity of religious shrines must not be violated. Mostly, this relates to the thousands of Shinto and Buddhist shrines peppered across the city, throughout temples, and on private land. The practice spreads to the few Catholic churches in the region, and most other religious establishments.

The Uratha look to these places as *tur*, as safe places. Most every local will fight to protect this sanctity, because it's the only stability many of these werewolves ever experience. It's a sole tradition on which to cling, so they cling tight. Anyone risking a shrine's safety will find her support networks drying up, and her welcome in nearby territories rescinded. For a near tribeless and packless city, this can mean a death sentence.

Many of these shrines and holy places occur on loci, or perhaps many loci occur at these shrines. For this reason, they require additional attention beyond just maintaining neutrality. These shrines stand as the battlegrounds for the border between worlds. They're sufficiently common that they outnumber Tokyo's Uratha population. Most of the Forsaken shepherd at least one shrine, if not more. This often happens through spirit dealings, and through strategic assignment of their Wolf-Blooded kin.

PACKLESS CULTURE

The packless culture in Tokyo works through informal interactions that look more the part of casual customs than established ritual.

For example, in Minato Ward, the Forsaken operate a series of dead-drop postal boxes. All recognized Uratha in the ward receive a key that will open any of these boxes. A handful of active Uratha photocopy makeshift newsletters which keep the area residents apprised of local threats and goings-on. These weekly newsletters also act as a communications venue, where individuals editorialize without the immediate fear of reprisal they would face in direct arguments.

The city's largest pack, The Few Against Many, facilitates communication by sneaking coded messages into the tape loops of gaisensha, which are trucks bearing loudspeakers that play political messages along the city streets.

TENGU

The Uratha find themselves with strange bedfellows in their pursuits to maintain the borders of the Gauntlet. Some spirits guard powerful loci in the way Uratha might otherwise. These *Tengu* are birds — possibly owls — crafted of smoke and shadow, with coal-red eyes. They're something of a variant form of Claimed, in that they possess humans. Unlike other Hosts, however, they possess only the bodies of the dead. In this part of the world, almost all corpses face cremation. Forsaken legends ascribe this practice to early Shinto reactions to the Tengu, to keep the dead from rising.

These mysterious bird spirits make deals with diplomatic Forsaken, sometimes fight with combative Uratha, and otherwise leave them to their devices, so long as the Uratha maintain their territories. Sometimes, Tengu will join Forsaken packs in order to learn, teach, and share in the wealth of knowledge necessary to defend the barrier between the worlds.

The Tengu have a particularly hostile relationship with local vampires, since vampire bodies are ideal shells for Tengu possession.

Less-organized Uratha use graffiti to spread messages. In Tokyo, this carries different functionality than in many other cities. In Tokyo, city officials regularly wash away or paint over graffiti. As a result, Uratha using graffiti as a communications tool can guarantee that when they see a message, it reflects current events. As well, they don't have to worry about long-term evidence of their goings-on if a werewolf hunter or savvy *shartha* picks up on their spray-painted codes.

HUNTERS

Because of Tokyo's very ronin, packless culture, the local Uratha recognize the five tribes as informal categories, but largely disregard them in the way modern people disregard horoscopes. Most Uratha acknowledge tangential membership to one tribe, but they don't organize along tribal lines.

Arguably the most peculiar phenomenon with Tokyo's Uratha is the relationship between the Forsaken and the Pure. Thanks to the less-antagonistic creation myth to which local Uratha clutch, the eight tribes maintain a tense but not open and warring relationship. This relationship is far from friendly; philosophical and spiritual differences keep the Pure Tribes from joining packs with Forsaken Tribes. The two groups have been known to work together against a large enough threat.

Currently, a pack of fierce, politically-minded Uratha, the Tazei Ni Buzei (the Few Against Many) is trying to consolidate the straggling packs and packless of Tokyo into a collective.

They propose it'll benefit the common welfare and defense. They've made some headway, but fight an uphill battle against disinterest, apathy, and mistrust.

PREY

Tokyo's Uratha have their work cut out for them not because of some great menace, but because of overpopulation. As with Tokyo's human population, the *Hisil* bubbles over with spirits of every type, shape, and size. In some places, the larger spirits cannot eat fast enough. As new spirits come into existence rapidly, they overwhelm the existing order. Unlike their human counterparts, spirits are not very organized, and cannot manage their space well.

MAGATH

If there's one main threat to the Forsaken from the *Hisil*, it's the *magath* that occur thanks to this overpopulation issue. When a swarm of creatures merge, something awful is bound to come out of the fray. Overcrowding forces these monsters' creation. These *magath* want nothing more than to grow up and out of the *Hisil*, into the much more inviting physical world. These spirits' strength is in chaos; most Uratha never know what to expect from the perverted amalgamations. Their weakness is in their defiance of reality; their wants are not necessarily in line with their capabilities, and they'll often fatally overextend themselves. When these *magath* overextend themselves, they die in a blaze, devastating their surroundings as they fall.

VOYAGERS

Whereas most Forsaken primarily deal with the creatures of the *Hisil* trying to break through to the physical realm, Tokyo's Forsaken also have a unique threat in the form of a large human cult with the ability to tear through the Gauntlet.

This cult literally has no name; it refuses to name itself because it believes there's power in words, language, and names, and nobody can exert power over them if they have no name. The cult's members practice something they call Kotoba-No-Kokai, or a Word Voyage. This is a series of chants that, if used correctly, temporarily shred the Gauntlet and open a short-term portal to the *Hisil*. They use their knowledge of language manipulation to deal with local spirits. They understand the flow of Essence, and can bribe spirits with their own blood. The leaders capable of this help their underlings to create ties and ingratiate spirits.

SHARTHA

Tokyo's humid subtropical climate brings with it a glut of small animal life. The island of Honshu acts as a breeding ground for the *shartha*. Tokyo werewolves struggle with the same *Azlu* and *Beshilu* as most Forsaken. Additionally, they sometimes run afoul of stranger, rarer *shartha* breeds.

Cahalith howl songs of corvid Hosts, called **Karasu** or *halaku*. These crows force humans into slavery, making them build nests of their neighbors' bones. A monster will move into a neighborhood, and physically force itself into a body by violently entering its eye sockets. The monster then tricks the Host's neighbors, friends, and family into its home. The creature murders the people, then leaves the body. The monster then

VOYAGER MEMBERSHIP

This Merit reflects membership within a Voyager cult. With each progressive dot, the member gains an additional advantage.

Initiate (•): Initiates receive an Occult Specialty in Spirit Tongues. This allows them to understand and use rudimentary First Tongue. They can only communicate very simple ideas with their human mouths.

(••): At this level, they gain a dot of Contacts, reflecting spirits they've interacted with who inform them of the goings-on in the *Hisil*.

(•••): Minor leaders in the cult can feed their blood to spirits in the *Hisil* for Essence. For every point of lethal damage they suffer, they can offer one Essence to spirits; for each point of Essence so given they receive an extra die on all Social actions with that spirit for the following month.

(••••): With this level, masters can open the Gauntlet with a few written and spoken words, and a volume of sacrificed blood. Roll Intelligence + Occult as an extended action; each roll requires one minute and a point of lethal damage. Success allows for one traveler to pass through the portal. Additional successes open the portal for an hour each, or make the portal allow one traveler access before closing.

(•••••): The greatest Voyagers can use their words to generate Essence. They can spend Willpower instead of blood to create Essence; each point of Willpower creates 2 Essence.

demands that the blind victim build a home with the corpses. In the rare cases where the tortured victim resists, the Karasu murders him and moves on to possess and repeat the process with another neighbor.

Cicada Hosts, the **Semi**, or *sidalaaghu*, deafen victims with their intense, clacking song. They only appear for a brief period in the later part of summer, through August and September. When they do appear, they come in force, and seem endless. For every Host you kill, three more take its place. The common saying is that the best defense against the Semi is thick walls, coupled with passionate, nubile neighbors to drown out the noise. Indeed, if the Semi take up residence on a pack's territory, relocation or holing up until the onslaught ends seem to be the only reliable options.

Kani, or *alaghidim*, crab Hosts, cause fishing boats to vanish without a trace. While rare in Tokyo, the Kani sometimes sneak into oceanfront and island districts. One known *alaghidim* nest stands as a veritable fortress along a well-hidden outcropping on the artificial island of Odaiba. For the human populace, Odaiba is an enormous shopping and entertainment district featuring nightclubs, malls, and giant replicas of cartoon robots and the Statue of Liberty. To the Forsaken, Odaiba is a battleground for the suicidal. Since its erection as an island fortress for the Tokugawa Shogunate, these *alaghidim* have claimed the land as their home. For over a century, "going to Odaiba" has been an Uratha phrase referring to the suicidal ennui some older werewolves experience.

PACKS

The **Few Against Many** is the most notable pack in Tokyo. It is a pack comprised of around one dozen Uratha, 20 Wolf-Blooded, and nearly 50 humans in the periphery. Its goal is to shepherd the other Forsaken into a loose alliance, an accord of packs to stand against the myriad of threats to the Gauntlet. It maintains the Ginza district of Chuo special ward as its territory. Its hand on the renowned commercial district affords the pack powerful access and resources. If anyone could bring Tokyo's Forsaken together, it's Few Against Many.

The only other widely recognized pack in Tokyo is **36LOVE**. It is a pack that stretches outside the confines of the city, comprised of 36 Forsaken spread all over Japan. Eight members reside in Tokyo, and four each organize cells across seven other cities. Their mission is to lock down influence over human media and entertainment. The strong-arm Wolf-Blooded family members into pop bands, newscaster positions, and film roles. They have a small handful of media executives within their pack, which guarantees success and attention. 36LOVE stands as a stark exception to the regular Ainu discrimination faced by many Uratha; these Forsaken have worked long and hard for recognition, and have forced themselves into undeniable positions of authority.

PLACES

Asakusa, Taito Ward: Asakusa stood as an entertainment hub for some time, before modern entertainments surpassed the traditional. Now, the district exhibits traditional entertainment, such as theatre and dance schools. Aside from a geisha house run by vampires, Asakusa is a stronghold for packless and often tribeless Uratha. They maintain it as a free zone where the unwanted can perform and impress humankind in peace, without the shackles of duty. The Few Against Many now preach against Asakusa's population, claiming they're risking letting the human populace in on their natures, since many of the Ghost Wolves perform using their Gifts and skirt *Kuruth* on stage.

Shinjuku Gyoen, Shinjuku Ward: Shinjuku Gyoen is a large park home to many of Japan's signature cherry blossom trees (*sakura*). For nearly two centuries, the Uratha maintained Shinjuku as neutral ground. Various packs and individuals keep it safe and clean, offering it up as a meeting place for any



time packs must debate or negotiate. When Few Against Many speak publicly, they always do so here.

Jail, Roppongi, Minato Ward: Jail is a BDSM nightclub that allows patrons to enjoy themselves and each other in a safe, secure environment. It was founded by a handful of Wolf-Blooded who specialized in capturing and protecting Uratha in *Kuruth*. They still practice that talent when called upon, but mostly use their skills to turn a profit by letting salary men unwind.

THE FIELD OF DOGS

Wroclaw and Lower Silesia, Poland

Lower Silesia has over one millennium of history piled up amidst its streets and forests and mountains, but barely 70 years of tradition. It shows its scars, repeatedly tossed back and forth between this Duchy and that kingdom, devastated during WWII and dragged under the Soviet boot-heel in the aftermath. Wroclaw, the city at its heart, has endured by eternally changing, a center of culture and architecture that alters itself each passing year. Shining modern buildings tower next to tightly-packed, crumbling German streets. Soviet high-rise apartment blocks stand amidst great swathes of park or wasteland – a pointless triumph of saving space. European

Union money gouges broad new highways across the region, slowly eradicating potted, cracked old roads.

The *wilkolakow* (werewolves) of Lower Silesia are as displaced as the human population. They too have little tradition to cling to or guide them; the lore and bans of their homelands help little with the spirits here. Forsaken and Pure alike are on the back foot, adrift, still struggling to consolidate themselves even seventy years after the chaos that wiped out their forebears. Both factions have learned a bloody and painful lesson – they are not the masters here. That role falls to Lycaon-Ur and his Ghost Wolves.

A HISTORY BORN OF HUNGER

This story is true.

It came to pass that a divine being visited the hall of King Lycaon in the land of Arcadia. The visitor was tall and beautiful, a terrifying vision of grandeur in gold and silver and lightning. It strode to where the king sat on his throne, scattering his fearful sons, and told Lycaon that it had a task for him.

At the god's command, Lycaon had his youngest son butchered and served as a feast. With heavy heart Lycaon obeyed, and ate of his own child's flesh and blood. The god told him thus:

“The spiritual essence of humankind lives within the body, within the heart and the meat. The gods need sacrifices to hold up the heavens and keep the world in order. For your devout obedience, I shall bless you to become a vessel for this essence, and your hunger shall become a sacrament.”

When the god left, Lycaon called after it, daring to name it Zeus. It said it was merely a messenger.

That night, as the moon rose, Lycaon became a wolf, and his hunger took hold.

This story is true.

It's the summer of 1109. Boleslaw the Wry-Mouthed has led the Polish to crush Imperial troops in an ambush near the Silesian capital, Wroclaw. The slaughter is so great that the bodies pile high, and fierce hounds gather in ravenous packs to tear at the dead flesh. People start to call the battlefield the Field of Dogs.

Many Ghost Wolves slink amongst the hounds, shamefully hunting wounded soldiers, prey barely worth the name. They are desperate for Essence, so desperate that they will eat human flesh. The Pure and the Forsaken have all the loci and all the territory of any worth in the region, and have no intention of sharing with the tribeless.

An ancient, proud hunter appears to them that day. He does not spit upon them or mock them. He claims to be Lycaon, the werewolf of myth; he claims that the Ghost Wolves are not pariahs but are blessed. The true purpose of the Uratha is to devour the flesh of humankind, becoming holy intermediaries whose consumption feeds the gods themselves.

The Ghost Wolves form a lodge that day, but keep the new cult of Lycaon secret. The Pure and Forsaken who rule Lower Silesia may bicker with one another over hunting grounds, but they will not stand for a heretical Lodge to exist openly. The Lodge of the Field must bide its time and wait.

This story is true.

It's 1945, and war is annihilating centuries of Uratha tradition and hard-won lore. Many *wilkolakow* are dead in the fighting that has taken hold of Lower Silesia. Wroclaw — then Breslau — is the last German city to surrender to the Allies, and the Siege of Breslau leaves it in ruins. As the fighting dies down, the People slink from their boltholes and dens to survey the carnage with horror, finding a Shadow overrun with mad spirits of fire and death.

They have no time to try to repair the damage. With a few strokes of a pen, Lower Silesia becomes part of the Peoples' Republic of Poland, and the symbolic identity of the land changes. The vast edifice of Communism rolls into action. It displaces the German inhabitants of the region entirely, replacing them with a wave of forced Polish immigrants. The tide of change sweeps away most surviving *wilkolakow* as they follow their human families. A few hole up in the forests and wilds, but the Red Army sweeps through on the hunt for partisans and Polish Home Army units. The forests echo with the screams of Ukrainian and Russian soldiers, but one by one they chase down the Uratha “partisans” and slay them with bullets and grenades.

All that is left of the People in the region are a few hardy Ghost Wolves. It should be pristine territory for the *wilkolakow* amongst the new immigrants, untamed land that needs to be brought to heel. But when they arrive, Lycaon-Ur and the Lodge of the Field are already waiting for them. They've moved fast, seized the prime territory and the vacated loci, and dug in. The Ghost Wolves are few in number but they have bolstered their forces with Wolf-Blooded and Claimed and, as the years roll forward, they prove preternaturally capable of finding *nuzusul*.

This story is true. This story is *now*.

The Pure and the Forsaken have made inroads into Lower Silesia, but they have to pay for every scrap of ground in blood and pain. Fanatical Lodge packs still hold most of the loci, and their numbers seem to swell with every passing decade. The Lodge's vile feasts of human flesh are a secret no longer, and the Ghost Wolves openly spread their blasphemies to any Uratha willing to listen. The reach of Lycaon-Ur's cult grows, and his message is spreading.

HUNTERS

The Blood Talons are spoiled for choice in Lower Silesia, with both the Pure and the Lodge of the Field as foes worthy of the tribe's claws. The other tribes need them to serve as the front line in the conflict. The problem is that the tribe itself eagerly helps perpetuate the violence, sabotaging any attempts at negotiations or temporary ceasefires with the other factions. Worse, some amongst Destroyer Wolf's children find the lodge's doctrine of cannibalism to have its appeal. Lycaon-Ur's promises spread quietly amongst a small number of the *Suthar Anzuth*.

Polish Bone Shadows in the region are faced with an enormous task. All of the old lore of the Silesian Shadow is either destroyed or in the hands of the lodge. The immigrants have spent the last few decades building well-protected Bone Registries that record every scrap of knowledge they have gleaned. It's still not enough, and the spirit wilds remain a dangerous, untamed place filled with bizarre entities. Itinerant Bone Shadows often leave their packs for brief journeys around Lower Silesia, finding those packs that dwell in the forests and farmland to trade news and fresh occult discoveries.

Silesian Hunters in Darkness are engaged in a grinding war of attrition with the *Azlu* that infest the region. The Spider Hosts have flourished after the fall of the Forsaken in the 1940s, and the modern landscape of Lower Silesia suits them well. Crumbling farmhouses, deep forests, and dilapidated urban homes all play host to fierce battles between the Hunters and their arachnid prey. The *Meninna* have also formed tight alliances with the *Suthar Anzuth* with the aim of reclaiming sacred sites and loci from the tenacious foot soldiers of the Lodge of the Field.

The Iron Masters of Wroclaw do their best to sabotage the Lodge of the Field, hunting Wolf-Blooded and human cult members. Embarrassingly, the *Farsil Luhai* wasted considerable time and effort in the 1950s stalking the ranks of Communist officials, convinced that the lodge had somehow orchestrated

the cleansing of the Lower Silesian *wilkolaki*. Now, with the Bone Shadows so preoccupied, many Iron Masters have decided to deal with the restless ghosts of war that still haunt the region themselves, and they consort with spirits of death to learn their Gifts at great cost.

It's the Polish Storm Lords who tie the entire Forsaken community together. Originally finding Lower Silesia to be a fine hunting ground due to the lodge's use of Claimed, the *Iminir* now focus on the bigger picture. Storm Lord efforts to build a protectorate are slowly succeeding. Those packs that include one of the *Iminir* benefit from the co-ordination and information-sharing of Winter Wolf's children across the region. The Storm Lords know that Lycaon-Ur must be stopped, before his utter rejection of the Forsaken's history leads any more *wilkolaki* astray.

PREY

Lower Silesia throngs with prey. Quite apart from the numerous boar and deer of the region's forests, the Uratha find no shortage of more dangerous beings to hunt.

Most Forsaken can't tell much difference between *rusalka* and *wodnik*, leaving the fine distinctions to Ithaeur and Bone Shadows. It's enough to know these dangerous water spirits throng near any major watercourse, particularly the great River Odra. They are capable of breaching the Gauntlet, often manifesting as an amalgamation of fish, water, and human

that will hungrily drag prey into the depths. Attempts to scatter or defeat these spirits have failed, and the great flood of Wroclaw in '97 may have been angry retaliation by the *wodniki* for a sustained campaign to keep them sealed in the Shadow.

Poludnica, or Lady Midday, is a terrifying *Ensah* who only appears under the steel-gray skies of summer's heat. She comes to reap her toll amongst the people of the countryside, and the Bone Shadows keep watch for the mounting cases of fatal heatstroke that herald her appearance. Lady Midday appears as a strange, feminine spirit bearing savage scythe-blades amidst roiling dust, emanating a wilting heat as she passes. Notoriously, she is merciless in hunting down and eviscerating those Ithaeur who try to learn her ban through the Warden Moon's Gifts.

The *Azlu* in Lower Silesia are widespread, and have a strange alliance with the *kikimory*. These spindly, spider-like spirits of empty and deserted dwellings often inhabit decrepit homes near the forests and try to drive out any remaining human inhabitants. The Hunters in Darkness are still unsure just why the *kikimora* willingly tell the *Azlu* of abandoned homes that would serve the Spider Hosts as good boltholes or lairs.

The *leshy*, hidden in the deep forests, remain a mystery. Many Storm Lords maintain that they must be a consistent form of nature-Claimed, but others believe they are a forgotten species of *shartha* or Claimed that have begun to breed true.



Territorial enough to confront Uratha interlopers and try to drive them off, the *leshy* are rough-skinned with bark or foliage, and are able to shed their forms for those of various forest animals. Some packs of old lineage to the west, across the German border, still tell stories of Silesian Iron Masters who knew the rites and forms to approach the *leshy* in peace – knowledge that was lost in the '40s.

While almost every one of the Tatra Mountains seems to have a human myth about a giant dwelling there, the Bone Shadows and Storm Lords are on the hunt for a real one. They're not sure exactly how *Gur Mussakana*, a bloated old Hive-Claimed (see p. 219) came to be, but the monster has a ravenous appetite for Essence-rich human flesh. Perhaps more worrying are the stories that Lycaon-Ur has learned how to create Hive-Claimed himself, and is assembling a revolting behemoth of hunger and meat.

PACKS

The **Bridge Witches** of Wroclaw exist because Lycaon-Ur isn't stupid. The Ghost Wolves of the Lodge of the Field largely eat human carrion during their sacred feasts – corpses disinterred from graveyards or stolen in other creative ways – but the cult needs the occasional fresh, bloody sacrifice to cement the lodge's bond. The Hounds have too many mouths to feed and can't just snatch people off the street at random. The death toll would soon alert humanity to the Uratha in its midst.

It falls to the Bridge Witches to be judge, jury, and executioner, choosing the prey that ends up on the lodge's table. They stalk the humans of the city and assess potential victims, looking for those who will not be missed and who can simply disappear with little comment. The sacred task that Lycaon has given them has won the Witches high status and envy from other lodge members.

The Fire-Touched and Predator Kings of the **Weles** are named after their powerful spirit-totem, an entity ensconced near Sobótka that claims it was worshipped as a god by Slavic pagans. The totem bears an unreasoning hatred of Lycaon-Ur and is utterly bent on his destruction, driving its servants against the lodge. The Welés are the most influential Pure pack in Lower Silesia and the other children of Rabid Wolf and Dire Wolf are happy to follow their lead – for now, at least.

The Pure are no less outraged by the Lodge of the Field than the Forsaken are. Quite apart from the fact that mere Ghost Wolves hold all the prime territory, the Fire-Touched are incensed by the rejection of Father Wolf's lineage and the disrespect they show the Shadow. The Predator Kings consider the Hounds of the Field to be pathetic, weak creatures that should be culled from the species – after all, lodge members willingly eat dead carrion like vultures. It is an insult to the hunt.

The Iron Masters and Bone Shadows of the **Amber Howlers** have decided that the Forsaken of Lower Silesia will never win this war with the hand they've been dealt. The lodge has more local occult lore, greater numbers, and too much of the Shadow chained to their purpose. The Howlers

know they risk looking weak and losing the wedge of *Ostrów Tumski* that they've seized at Wroclaw's heart, but the pack has been reaching out through tribal networks and straight up asking for help.

The Amber Howlers are counting on news of the Lodge of the Field to stir the People into a response, but they're not just sitting there and waiting to be saved. The *Farsil Luhai* of the pack are exploiting the explosion of new spirits in the region. If they can get the others of their tribe to co-operate, they think they might be able to turn the new highways and roads into a powerful network of spiritual allies.

PLACES

Psie Pole, the Field of Dogs, is the place where it all started. Looking at it today, a region of Wroclaw on the banks of the River Odra, an observer would be hard-pressed to imagine the piles of rotting corpses and the shattered and broken weapons littering the ground. The houses and shops and roads, though, they're just a mask; the Field of Dogs lives on behind it. The sheer carnage tore open a Wound, one that the Lodge of the Field has carefully nurtured and saturated in Resonance of hunger. People with sinister appetites find their way to Psie Pole.

It was also here that, in the 1500s, a human chronicler described a rain of fire striking the ground – a meteor. The lodge quickly recovered the artifice within it, an egg of lightning and gears, and delivered it to Lycaon's possession.

Sleza is a bastion of the Pure in Lower Silesia. This ancient mountain, near the town of Sobótka, served as a place of worship to pagan cultists, who held its woods to be sacred and erected religious stone sculptures on its flanks. Now, when night falls and the curious tourists are gone, Sleza plays host to cavorting *wilkolaki* who offer up sacrifices to their spirit-totems and supplicate the Shadow.

The **Lost Bunker** is the secret heart of the Lodge of the Field. The Germans built a number of hidden underground sites around Breslau, including entire airfields, and at least one has never been accounted for. It's in this forgotten old warren of damp concrete that Lycaon-Ur makes his lair, protected by wards and Claimed. To find it, the Forsaken or Pure will need to follow Lycaon's watchful servants on their journeys out to an inconspicuous field near Lesnica.

FLASHPOINT — LYCAON-UR AND THE LODGE OF THE FIELD

Whether or not Lycaon-Ur is who he claims to be – once-King of Arcadia, turned into a werewolf by Zeus – it is undeniable that he is an ancient and terrifying predator. He is eternally hungry, his maw a conduit to something else, some angelic furnace of raw Essence. If he is a werewolf, then Lycaon's Primal Urge long since reached such potency that he has begun to turn into something greater. He certainly has the spiritual power to serve as patron for the lodge that has gathered around him.

What happens next is anyone's guess. The Lodge of the Field is growing, and Lycaon has sent envoys to Ghost Wolves

in other regions. Perhaps he hopes that it will grow enough to become a fully-fledged tribe, spurring his transfiguration on and giving him the power of a true Firstborn – Devourer-Wolf, a ravenous, biomechanical hunter of metal, flesh, and lightning. Maybe he hopes that enough Uratha devouring in his name, enough Essence poured down his gullet, will finally free him from his alien hunger.

The Hounds of the Field themselves benefit from their lodge's centuries-long development of the spiritual alchemy of Essence. Lodge members gain double the usual Essence from consuming human flesh, and every time they do so Lycaon himself gains a single point of Essence. Lodge members add their Primal Urge to their maximum Essence pool. Spending a point of Essence as an instant action allows a Hound to inflict gnawing hunger on a human whom she

touches, and lodge members with very high Primal Urge can force spirits of hunger to Claim victims.

Lodge members are fanatically devoted to their holy cause, fuelling the divine workings of the world itself with their consumption of human flesh. They completely reject the myth of Father Wolf and Mother Luna, instead believing that werewolves were placed upon the world to devour Essence and feed it to the gods. Forsaken and Pure have various mocking names for them – vultures, carrion-eaters, and the like – but the Lodge of the Field remains unmoved. It spent long centuries in the shadows. Now is the time for its rise.



THE SCATTERED HOST (PART VII)

"Where do we go from here?" Teddy asked.

They pack had been running for almost an hour, weaving through gardens and empty lots. They'd finally slowed and taken Hishu, but that hadn't stopped them. Even the face of a wanted criminal wasn't as obvious a target as a wolf. They were in one of the remote suburbs, getting close to the farmland on the outskirts of the city - not a happy prospect.

"You tell us," Dorothy snapped. "If we keep going this way, we'll have more than the cops to worry about. Or did you forget about the Anshega who claim the fields and the forest?"

"She's right," Ohta said. "We've been less trouble to them than others, but if we barge in to their hunting grounds we're setting ourselves up as prey."

Raul grinned, an expression that didn't get anywhere near his eyes. "Why don't we ask Louie? I hear he's got an apartment free."

"You think I should have let this go? The shartha, on our territory?"

"Better than losing our home," said Raul. "You'd better hope that we haven't left anything incriminating behind. Luna alone knows what the cops will think. We're already murderers in their eyes."

"You've got me! Obviously, I should have ignored Louie. Hell, why didn't I invite the Beshilu to the Den, give them some pizza? They're prey. They attacked family. Why the hell am I at fault?"

"Because you were an idiot! You didn't think that the police would follow you? I thought you were smarter than that. We can't just kill a couple of detectives to make this go away. It's not like dealing with the Anshega or a possession, we're being hunted by something we can't kill."

Ohta shoved Raul's shoulder. "We have bigger problems. The Beshilu are still here. You think they're going to go away if we do nothing? We need to-"

The shriek of a car alarm cut him off. Across the street, the lights flashed on a high-end SUV. Amber was in Dalu, leaning into the open driver's door. Blood dripped down her arm from small cuts that were already closing. The broken glass from the driver's window twinkled where she'd swept it onto the street.

"Hey!" Amber shouted. "You can argue all night if you want, but do it in the car. We need somewhere to hole up, and we're not going to find it out here."

Ohta swore under his breath. "That alarm's going to bring the cops running."

"So get in the goddamn car. Let them look here while we drive someplace else."

"Fine. But I drive."

The alarm died as Ohta started the engine. Dorothy was last in, and had to haul the back door closed as he put his foot down.

A sullen silence settled over the pack as they drove. Despite the smashed window, Ohta stuck to the speed limit and stopped at each red light. He drove down back-streets, keeping to their home turf.

"We need a destination. Even with the cops focused on the house, they'll be looking for the car. Especially now. We're fugitives, so any stolen car's a link to us."

"I'm beginning to think Raul had a point about heading to Louie's building," said Dorothy.

"No," Ohta said. "We need to ditch the car, and we need somewhere to live."

"I can deal with the car," said Amber.

"What are you going to do?" Asked Dorothy, a note of incredulity in her voice.

"Please, mom. You think I don't know kids who'd kill for a chance to joyride this thing?"

"Good idea," said Teddy. "We still need somewhere to live."

"I have an idea," said Raul. "There's an old warehouse on Ferguson, down by the river. Some people I know started squatting there a couple of months back. We can take over some of the old offices so we have our own space, away from their eyes. It's not glamorous, but it's a start."

"Squatting? Seriously, that's your idea?" Amber looked horrified.

"No, I think it can work," said Teddy. "We need somewhere to sleep, and a place where we can work things out until we can get something more permanent."

"We need to get the police off our backs," said Dorothy. Teddy looked like he was about to interrupt, but a sharp glare cut him off. "If we're fugitives, that limits our movements. The Beshilu don't care if they bring the cops, but how long do you think we'll survive if we're fighting on two fronts?"

Teddy bit his tongue hard. He counted to ten, slowly. "Fine. You're right. We need to be free to walk down the street to hunt the shartha. I don't know how we're supposed to slip their notice, though. Raul's right. However many cops we kill we're just going to bring more on to our head."

Ohta cleared his throat. "This story is true."

"Long past the time of Urfarah, the Forsaken walked the world of Flesh, hunting those spirits who took refuge here. We tried, but we are not Urfarah. Luna offered us some aid, but it was not enough. For every spirit we hunted and chased back, two more slipped the barriers and attached themselves to people and to places."

"Over time, we grew into our role. With the blessing of Luna and the Firstborn, we started to stem the tide. Creatures of the Shadow learned that they could not hide in the world of Flesh forever. The Uratha would hunt them down, and chase them back into the Shadow. Some fled from our approach. Some looked forward to our hunt, choosing to match wits with us. And some stole human flesh as a disguise."

"A spirit of trickster-ravens had grown fond of life in the physical world. The ball of greasy feathers took a human host, and pushed him toward its ends. It knew that the Uratha would come for it, and it had an idea. It used the human it urged to entice other, less subtle spirits across the Gauntlet. It brought Nanutari to a world of plentiful victims. It enticed magath to the physical world. The spirit was just a Hursah, but the Uratha remained unaware of it for many years."

Ohta pulled up. They were four blocks from the warehouse

"Though the Uratha discovered the spirit of ravens and their hunt was glorious, it had spent many years in the world of Flesh without discovery. We can learn from that spirit."

"Amber, these friends of yours," said Dorothy. "Tell them to take the car as close to the Pure's farm as they can before they torch it. If we give the police enough distractions, we can buy enough time to get them off of us."

"When we've done that, the hunt starts again."



2014

CHAPTER SEVEN: STORYTELLING

Monsters are not naturally born. They are born through the darkness and hatred of humanity.

Emi Ishikawa, Scary Lessons 1

Werewolf: The Forsaken is a Storytelling game. At its heart, you use this entire book as a toolkit for telling stories about the Uratha, the Forsaken, the Wolf-Blooded, the *idigam*, and all the strange and exciting things in their periphery. To get you started though, this section addresses some very important rules for making your **Werewolf** stories work well. Then we address some of the specific tools the game provides, and how you can use them as a Storyteller to bring together a compelling narrative. Lastly, we offer a few detailed examples of how you can take those tools, shift some things, emphasize others, and bring them to your table for a unique experience.

TEN COMMANDMENTS

There are at least a hundred thousand stories to tell in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, and for each, a thousand ways to tell them. What follows are not the only things Storytellers need to keep in mind when they're running games at their tables. Nor are they the only techniques players should encourage from other players in the group. These are just a few places to start. These principles will help to keep you on track. When you're struggling, return to these guidelines for advice.

1. ENJOY THE EXPERIENCE

This is maybe obvious: a roleplaying game has the word "game" in it, and games bring to mind the idea of fun. Fun is a great goal for any game of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, and players and Storytellers are welcome to it.

Of course, some of the themes of **Werewolf: The Forsaken** are dark enough it may be hard to associate them with "fun." It's hard to have fun when the game has become sad, stressful, or dire. But, so long as players are invested and have a good emotional distance from those feelings, players can enjoy the experience of being stressed, sad, or scared. It's only pretend, and so these harder emotional experiences play out like riding a roller coaster. It's probably totally safe, but the pit in a rider's stomach, and the

screams that fly out of her mouth happen in spite of all the safety regulations. The rider enjoys the thrill for thrill's sake, without really endangering her own life in the process.

Storytellers and players should keep in touch with each other when the game hits hard and heavy with themes and storylines. It's okay to discuss these things out of character and make sure players are still enjoying the intensity. If some aren't, negotiate ways for them to back out of the scenes gracefully, or for the Storyteller to cool things off and go in a different direction. Storytellers and players should never punish each other for not enjoying the same things out of a game. They should find compromise.

2. PAY ATTENTION TO EVERYONE

It happens at every table. An enthusiastic, well-informed, or aggressive player can dominate the table. There's no reason to not let a spotlight-craving player grab at it from time to time. How else can you hope for him to enjoy himself?

But players and Storytellers alike should keep an eye out for players whose voices are lost in the shuffle. Some players prefer to stay quiet, observe, and intervene infrequently. These players should never be forced to engage, but check in with them frequently to be completely sure they're getting what they want out of the scene. For players who want more screen time but don't know how to get it, it should fall to the Storyteller and their fellow players to give them moments to shine. Move the spotlight around. Set characters up for important solo scenes. Set them up for successes and failures. Set them up to make a difference in the story, even if they don't do it with a grandstanding in-character speech or an amazing dice roll.

3. CONTRAST DARK WITH LIGHT

It can't rain all the time.

Getting caught up in the misery and struggle of the World of Darkness can be fun, to an extent. Without touches of light,

hope, and success, the character's moments of desperation seem bland and without purpose. Misery tourism is not the end goal of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, and while it's great if the Storytellers and players can enjoy moments of heartache and sadness along with their characters, or watch it from a safe distance, characters who are always down and always losing rarely hold interest for very long. Not all struggles need to be fruitless. Players invest effort, emotion, and energy when stories give both positive and negative notes.

Good things happen to even the most Forsaken.

4. DON'T SAY NO

Just that, literally.

No is the single most boring answer a Storyteller can ever give. It's the most boring answer a player can ever give. Gaming, in a lot of ways, is about improvisation, and saying "no" means shutting down the scene. Improvisation is all about taking the threads your partners leave, and building on them. "No" ends the thread, and denies an opportunity to build. It means limiting what can go on next. It means cutting off choice. Frankly, choices are best when they're hard, not when they're limited.

As a player, when another player or the Storyteller offers you a background tie, an character quirk, or a connection that's wasn't what you had in mind, find a way to make it true.

As the Storyteller, when players say something, do something, or make a choice that's "wrong" in your notes or in your head, find a way to make it right. By default, assume the choice your characters make is the right choice. Even if the end result of the "right" choice is tragedy, always treat that choice with respect.

Of course, sometimes "no" is essential. Sometimes, physical laws will stop something from occurring. In those cases, clarity will usually help, since it means the players and Storyteller aren't on the same page. If a player thinks something could happen which you think couldn't, that's because there's a difference in understanding.

As a player, if it's clear that your choice is wrong, your idea is wrong, embrace the wrong and run with it. Invest in making a mistake in character, and enjoy the fallout. Never let the phrase "but my character would never do that" get in the way of having a good time.

5. USE SENSORY CUES

In novel writing, if an entire page passes without any sensory detail, the writer is probably doing something wrong.

Roleplaying isn't exactly novel writing, it sits somewhere between theatre of the mind, short stories, and all sorts of other media, but we tend to push toward visual depiction of things because, as humans, we're visual creatures.

Of course, **Werewolf: The Forsaken** is not about playing humans. It's about creatures whose other senses are as strong and as important. Spiritual senses in particular don't fit mundane explanation, since we don't possess spiritual senses as humans in the real world. Your descriptions should reflect a character's senses.

Use short, simple details for human senses. Be factual. Be as scientific as makes sense. This is one of the few times you'll want to be a bit dull, to contrast the vivid imagery offered by the Uratha's other senses. Describe a scene in wolf senses using abstract terms. Give imagery aside from what a character might see in the immediate. Focus heavily on smells and sounds, and the stories those senses tell the character.

To reflect that, try this:

Anytime as a player or Storyteller you would use the phrase "you see" replace it with any other sensory detail. Don't talk about the blood on the walls, talk about the buzzing of flies feasting on the walls. Don't describe the verdant canopy, talk about the smell of fresh water and ozone in the air.

Especially when describing spirits, rely heavily on the other senses to describe the surreal and primordial nature of these creatures.

6. USE SYMBOLISM

While you're using sensory details, whether it's to solidify the strangeness of spirits or to express werewolf-specific concepts, remember that symbolism can go a long way to make game sessions memorable and powerful.

If the sound of a dripping light rain follows a totem of purity, then rain becomes a symbol for purity in the back of the players' minds. Let it rain in rare moments of spiritual understanding, or when the characters make a choice that's clean and somehow right. Mess with them by describing filthy muddy rain dripping from rooftops when rotten things are happening, or in places where *Azlu* and *Beshilu* wallow.

Symbolism becomes a shortcut to bringing everyone to moments of understanding. You don't have to keep describing the incredible anger and heat rolling off of a threatening Pure antagonist if you've tied those ideas to his glinting yellow eyes. When you cue those yellow eyes in your description, you put players in the right place. This also helps you to portray Storyteller characters consistently, since these symbols give anchors to fall back on.

Furthermore, symbolism is a great tool for a player to get across subtle truths about his character, whatever she might be thinking for feeling. Saying "the character is sad" is all well and good, but using symbols for sadness such as teardrops, graffiti of broken hearts, dark clouds, abandoned houses, or tombstones in the scene brings sophistication to character descriptions.

7. USE CALLBACKS

Bring it back.

If you need a witness to a Death Rage, don't use a random passerby, use a reporter the characters gave the brush-off to earlier in the chronicle. If the characters are looking for a spirit in the area, create consistency in your cosmology by using the same spirit they have confronted before. Build up relationships whenever possible instead of creating new ones. This makes the world the characters live in feel more alive and more real.

You can do this the other way too. Foreshadow threats characters could run into, but don't present them right away.

“You’re just lucky Tick Tick Clock isn’t here. If he was, you couldn’t push me around.” Seed suggestions as to who might be around next time, so that when you call back to that foreshadowing, it has more impact.

Players should use callbacks whenever possible as well. Never shake down a drug dealer when you can shake down Fast Dee with the glass eye.

8. USE ASIDES

Sometimes, important things happen that have nothing to do with the player characters. Sometimes Storyteller characters do things that shake the story. You can run this in several ways. Naturally, you can just choose to let the ripples affect the story and leave it at that; but if your group is adventurous, use asides.

Take a moment to pull the curtain back and show the players what the antagonists are planning. You don’t need to spill all the juicy details, but let them know that war is in the air, a betrayal is bound to happen, or someone is dead who shouldn’t be. This will add tension and create an air of cinema to the drama. Getting players and Storytellers to think cinematically can encourage players to take more risks with their characters and view the game not just as something to win, but as something to cheer for. Players and Storytellers aren’t just participants in the story, they’re the story’s main audience and biggest fans.

9. SHOWCASE THE STRUGGLES

Being a werewolf is hard. It’s deadly. It’s gruesome. That’s a thing that characters should angst over.

But it shouldn’t have to be something that players angst over.

Give attention to how hard it is in a way that celebrates the struggle instead of dumping in on dice and failure. Paint failure as heroic as often as you paint it as hollow. Paint success as success sometimes, not just pride before the fall.

10. CELEBRATE THE AWESOME

Being a werewolf is fucking awesome. You can turn into a wolf, and howl, and kill things with your hands, and see the spirit world, and go toe-to-toe with monsters.

Don’t be ashamed to kick back and embrace the awesome sometimes. Narrate a knock-down, drag-out fight where the members of the pack brutalize their enemies instead of leaning on dice. Break out the dice and let the players roll huge dice pools with almost perfect chances of success. Give the characters chances to do the things they’re good at.

As a player, set up fellow players for moments of extreme success. You’re a pack in-character, work together out of character to tackle obstacles like a pack would. Enjoy your buddy’s exceptional success the same way you would your own. Embrace the awesome that happens when your cohort accepts a dramatic failure because she’s just fed fire into the

story, instead of looking at it like another obstacle to your “winning” the game.

Above all, it’s the job of everyone at the table to be fans of the game and fans of each other.

STORYTELLING THE HUNT

The Wolf Must Hunt. This theme flows through everything in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. Thematically, it defines the Uratha. In game terms, it should take up a significant portion of play. Storytelling the hunt should always remain a chief challenge, and something that you constantly work to improve. After all, in something that defines the Uratha, it will differ wildly depending on the circumstances, and should always be unique. “Just another hunt” does not exist. Or, if it does, it’s not something you should focus on in your games. In this place more than any, you need to develop your own styles. Here are some guidelines to present the hunt well:

THE HUNT IS RITUAL

This is both literal, and figurative. Characters can undergo the Rite of *Siskur-Dah*. It carries with it mechanical guidelines and numerous implications. But outside *Siskur-Dah*, the concept of “hunt” is religious to Uratha. They hunt the way humans might pray or meditate. Some of them do it well. Some of them poorly. Some are hypocrites about the hunt. Everyone expresses it differently, while many attempt to force others to express it the same way.

THE HUNT IS IMMEDIATE

No matter the form the hunt takes, always build urgency. Even during a stake-out, maintain tension and show the threat of remaining idle. Don’t be afraid to use props. Pull out a clock. Give the players 20 minutes to solve a problem. They know how rolling dice can take a little longer than expected, so they’ll push forward.

THE HUNT BRINGS CONSEQUENCE

At the end of a hunt, a change has happened. Maybe the prey died. Maybe one of the pack died. Maybe territory switched hands. No matter what happens, no hunt should ever end at zero sum. Even if consequences aren’t obvious and immediate, you should have something in mind to hint at later. Build this expectation, and your players will go looking for those consequences when they’re not directly evident. The hunt is how your players enact change on the game world. You need to show them, and explore how those changes ripple outward.

THE HUNT NEVER ENDS

By virtue of being Forsaken, the Uratha are trapped in a cycle of perpetual hunt. One hunt brings another. By striking down the prey, a niche must be filled. Another creature fills that void. If the Forsaken look competent and confident, a bigger threat will step in. The world of **Werewolf: The Forsaken** is one of predation. The Uratha are undoubtedly predators, but sometimes you can make them feel like prey. This forces them to take the agency, and turn the hunt back around on their enemies.



THE HUNT BLURS LINES

When you have a hammer, everything looks like a nail. To the Forsaken, everything is a hunt. What does this mean for family? Friends? Careers? Everyone, everything to the Forsaken is prey, predator, ally, or enemy. Sometimes, these lines blur as the Forsaken pursue relentlessly. Use symbolism here. If a character is pursuing a job, the hiring manager might see her in the parking garage and run instinctively, thinking she's a mugger. A lover's father might answer the door protectively, threatening his baby's caller.

CONCEPTS IN WEREWOLF: THE FORSAKEN

These ideas are not meant to be comprehensive; they're intended to inspire and give you a foundation with which to work.

It's important to note that many of these concepts are just game traits on the surface — auspices, for example. But with the right emphasis, they can deliver a deeper experience. Look at this toolkit like a pantry; you don't want to throw everything in the pot, you'll just end up with mush. Showcase a few key ingredients, complement them with others, and your dish will sing.

AUSPICE

Auspice is more than just the moon sign an Uratha changed under. It's the predetermined role Uratha play in their packs, in their tribes, in their lodges, and in their society at large. Or do they? If you were told you were to fill the role of a shaman and spirit master, would you step away from the Internet, your modern conveniences, and devote yourself to learning the ways of spirits? You might. You might not. Uratha are the same way.

Challenge assumptions. If you want to emphasize the pressure of auspice in your chronicle, ask your players if you may choose their auspices for them. Have them make human characters, then choose auspices based on the least likely possible choice, or on the roll of a die. The computer hacker? Ithaeur. The pacifist priest? Rahu. The boisterous braggart? Irraka. Make the players and their characters make hard choices. Do they abandon who they are to fill these roles? Or do they disappoint everyone around them to keep true to themselves?

BLOOD & BONE

Blood and Bone archetypes reflect one of the many struggles Uratha face. On one hand, a beast inside every Uratha can solve most problems with one snap of the jaw. On the other, that beast lives inside a human brain and heart.

At the beginning of a scene, try asking each player to write down his character's Blood or Bone archetype, whichever he wishes to emphasize in that scene. He hides this note from the table. He must portray that archetype to the best of his ability. At any point, once during the scene, he can call for you to guess which he's emphasizing. Guess. If you choose correctly, he gains three dice to his action. If you choose incorrectly, he loses three dice.

This isn't made to screw over the players. This is there as a minor advantage for wearing archetype on one's sleeve. However, if you have an idea which archetype a player is choosing in advance, you can frame the scene to challenge their choice. If you know she's choosing her Blood archetype "Destroyer" because she expects a fight, throw her for a loop and have the enemy not there, but a Touchstone show up in his place. Then, she has to play up that archetype somehow, or have a penalty on an integral roll.

CANNIBALISM

The thing about cannibalism for the Forsaken is — it's not always so cut and dried. What if you're *really* hungry? What if you know your friend will ultimately regenerate the injury? What if your friend might die if you don't have the juice necessary to keep fighting? Feasting on your friend can be tempting with Forsaken variables in play.

Another important time cannibalism can come up is in a battle between werewolves. If two Uratha face off in Gauru form, they're highly unlikely to cause any lasting harm, until one of them can no longer maintain the form. The first to fall out of Gauru loses. Cannibalism offers a trump in that argument. Since eating from another Uratha causes potentially deadly aggravated damage, that's one way to stop a rampaging Gauru. Particularly for the less potent Uratha, taking a bite out of her enemy could turn the tide of battle completely.

ESSENCE & RESONANCE

Essence is the energy of the *Hisil*, and it takes a myriad of forms. Resonance reflects the look, feel, smell, and sensation of Essence. As Storyteller, Resonance is a way to communicate themes, moods, and story ideas to your players through indirect methods. Let Essence symbolize and foreshadow the stories you're telling. While the players might not pick up on it every time, when they do, they'll appreciate the effort, and they'll start looking for the hidden meaning in your stories. Sometimes, they'll come up with meanings of their own, assuming you intended them. Run with those! Don't marry yourself to plans. If the players give you deeper meaning, encourage them and reward them for their investment.

For example, to change the soulless, droning Resonance of a locus in the middle of an office complex, characters might fight the legal battles necessary to run the business into the ground, they might corral nature spirits in the area, or they might initiate a plan to change employee relations and morale.

GIFTS

Gifts stand as a unique facet of **Werewolf: The Forsaken** among many other games, and even other games set in the

World of Darkness. They're not skills to be learned. They're not powers, in the proper sense. They're modifications to the Uratha identity. They're switches, knobs, and levers on what defines the Uratha.

When describing Gifts, focus on the fact that these abilities are like limbs and organs within the Uratha. Think less of eldritch magics and strange powers. Describe these abilities in the way you'd describe a character's claw tearing through an enemy. It's always personal. It's always intimate. The character always understands exactly what's happening, because the very core of his being is acting.

HARMONY

Harmony is the Uratha's great balancing act. As a Storyteller, it's your responsibility to help them walk that balance or fall by the wayside. Fortunately, since Harmony triggers are relatively frequent, it isn't too challenging to present the characters with them. And since Harmony fluctuates without spending Experiences, you can challenge it without feeling like you're punishing players.

If you want to emphasize the shift, just plan and introduce one temptation toward either side in each scene. Make the characters make hard choices. Offer punishments along either path. Offer rewards along every road. Offer both, and offer them both in the same consequence. For example, offer territory. Tempt the Uratha to drop Harmony with offer of a wilderness shrine featuring a strong locus. Simultaneously show them a strong residential area with useful shop fronts and numerous Wolf-Blooded in the neighborhood to tempt her towards Harmony gain.

IDIGAM

The *idigam*, as Alfred Hitchcock put it, are your bomb in the room. They're a powerful tool, one that you can use to keep the suspense building indefinitely. But once you've dropped that bomb, once you've revealed your *idigam*, you cannot hide it again. Chapter Five offers great ideas for using *idigam* in your stories, but these are very direct tools. Leaving the threat of the *idigam* dangling over the pack's head morphs the *idigam* from a monster into a dramatic device for maintaining tension. The second the characters see the monster's face, that tension fades.

Play with expectations. You can easily present the *idigam* as a faceless, unrelatable monster. Certainly, an *idigam*'s motivations are not of this world. That doesn't mean they can't make sense. Even strange beasts can offer very human motivations. Look to nature. Most animals will defend their young or their lairs. All animals will do what they need to do to survive. This is rarely an act of malice. With the proper symbolism, you can make the players think twice about their characters' actions.

KURUTH

Kuruth is drama in a nice, messy package. Once the characters have seen it in play once, it'll haunt them and tempt them all the time. You don't even need to do much besides reminding the players when it should rear its head, and calling for rolls when relevant.

But if you want it to take a front seat in your chronicle, experiment with starting chapters *in media res*, right as *Basu-Im* takes over. Give a conflict. “You’re in a nest of *Beshilu*.” Ask who is present. Then, ask who is in *Death Rage*. Don’t give them time to think. Offer a Beat to any volunteers.

Then, twist the knife: Ask which of their packmates they’re attacking.

Let them start in the middle of an enormous mess. Don’t use the opportunity to kill any of the pack off, but let them see the worst and use that as the jumping-off point for their story.

LUNACY

Lunacy’s a defense measure. It protects the Uratha from the public eye. It pushes back hunters. It keeps the media from digging in too deep. But what else does it do for a story? It can emphasize the “forsaken” part of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. It assures that no matter what occurs, the Forsaken will never truly be able to connect honestly outside of her own kind. When humans see who she honestly is, they run in fear. They break down and cry. They forget what it was they saw.

If you want to bring those elements forward and make it punch, expand Lunacy. Make hints of honesty about her Forsaken nature trigger Lunacy. This is more than just forgetfulness: Characters might recoil and lash out as they’re presented with the truth. The truth is dangerous, damaging, and just too much to handle. “It’s the full moon. I have to go out to my monthly bowling club,” might usually get a benign but suspicious response. If you want to hit home with Lunacy, that character might wake up with a broken car window and a missing spouse who won’t answer her phone. This shouldn’t be a constant occurrence, but should help to hit home that the Forsaken are not human, and they do not belong.

PRIMAL URGE

Primal Urge has a series of clear benefits already, and openly dictates ways in which it influences the Uratha’s day-to-day life. But here’s a minor hack to bring it out: Any time a player wants, she can swap her dice pool after modifiers for a pool of 3 + her Primal Urge dots. For characters with low Primal Urge, this really only helps when they’re reduced to tiny pools. This is intentional; those are times when the character would be facing stress anyway. This often happens in combat scenes, for example. High Defense scores can be hard to overcome. This guarantees at least four dice to attack.

Any time a player uses this option, they must roll to resist *Kuruth*, and mark once above a Primal Urge dot. When they use this option with a track full of these marks, they don’t get a roll to resist *Kuruth*.

REGENERATION

Regeneration is a rather obvious point. Things hurt. Things heal. If you consider the implications for a moment, regeneration is one of those concepts that just speaks volumes without much effort. Werewolves are tough. Werewolves can survive terrifying injuries like most people survive papercuts.

How do you make this stand out? Contrast.

Every now and again, when a character suffers from an immense, life-threatening wound, where another strike might just put her down for good, she doesn’t regenerate for the turn. Explain how the body just...stops. The flesh falls flaccid. Blood sprays. Nothing changes. It’s as if she was human. Make her think it’s gone. Then, next turn, when she’s panicked, it comes back double.

Why? Twofold reasoning.

First, you’re adding tension. Tension is a good thing. Second, you’re delivering the unexpected. Medical science isn’t exact; doctors can only guess and hope for the best given the data they have. Why should regeneration be more reliable? The body is a mystery, it should be more so for Uratha.

RENOWN

Renown’s all about stories. They’re literally stories branded into the character’s flesh. How do you top that? How about you force them to the front. Any time the characters meet a new Uratha, or when you’re going around the table introducing your characters as part of pack creation (see p. 89), tell stories of their Renown. Don’t say, “Bob walks into the living room.” Say, “Bob rent the spider-beast’s throat wide open. It sprayed caustic green blood in his face, leaving a scar that not even his Uratha spirit could ever fully heal. But in removing that throat, right then, right there, he saved the Houston Hearthfire from being forever extinguished.”

Clearly, this only works a certain number of times. You don’t want to be the guy who tells the same stories over and over. But, it builds a sense of context. It gives gravity to those past actions that the Lunes felt worthy of recognition.

RITES

Rites are one place the Uratha can learn a thing, commit that thing, and cause responses in the world on a mystical level. This is the place where trappings are your best friend. In the rites section of this book, rites are relatively simple. But there’s nothing to say that the Uratha aren’t taught highly specific practices, using elaborate behaviors and strange objects as part of their usage.

Play these up. Offer a bonus die for each peculiar behavior or implement used in the description of the rite. Particularly weird, esoteric, or disgusting additions warrant +2 dice.

SENSES

There’s more about how to describe senses on p. 94. You can shift to less visual, more sound, hearing, and touch easily. It just takes a little getting used to. But another way to handle this is to give a Beat per game session to something the players pursue based on sensory cues. This has to remain new and interesting; “I track it by scent” gets repetitive quickly. If you want an additional perk, or you’re running a one-shot game, allow them to add their successes from sensory rolls to actions using the information gleaned from the sense.

THE SHADOW

The Shadow is a complicated concept, one that receives much more in-depth treatment elsewhere. But if you want to

put the Shadow at the heart of your game, one easy way to emphasize it is to offer the flesh world as something other than normal. Make it the variable, make the *Hisil* the control. When describing how long it takes to get from point A to point B, belabor how the trip would be quicker or just more interesting in the *Hisil*. When describing a bland, lifeless building, talk about the life you might expect on the other side of the Gauntlet. Make the characters yearn for the danger and the chaos in the Shadow.

SILVER

An Uratha in Gauru form can be nigh untouchable. Against Uratha, silver stands as a great equalizer. Silver should not be part of the action movie werewolf hunt checklist. If your characters grow to expect silver, it loses its power, and they just find ways to one-up the person resorting to silver. Silver should be the desperate act of an irrational person. Something's charging them, so they put their faith in pop culture, fairy tales, or whatever else told them that silver hurts werewolves.

What about the Uratha who chooses to wield silver? Even against the Pure, the choice to carry silver means you're willing to kill the People. To the Forsaken, this isn't like a human choosing to carry a gun. This is more like a human choosing to carry a pipe bomb; you look at that person as unstable and willing to maim or kill everyone around him in pursuit of his agenda. If two packs face off, and one member of a pack carries silver, his enemies will focus on him first. He's shown his intentions. If he's willing to murder, he's willing to die for his convictions.

TOTEMS

To the Forsaken, totems are like diplomats to the *Hisil*. Good totems can foster positive relationships with nearby spirits. Hostile totems can guarantee the pack a long, drawn-out struggle with the local Shadow.

If you want to showcase the totem, let it narrate your stories. Describe everything in-character, from the totem's point of view. Show the pack what their totem sees, how it experiences everything around them. Let that unreliable narrator bias give an artistic style to the story. It can be hard to narrate from a biased, limited point of view. Spend a little time coming up with quotes the totem would use, and specific words the totem would understand things with. Dig out your thesaurus. If the pack follows a fire spirit, make a list of synonyms and antonyms for fire and burn, and try to integrate them into basic descriptions whenever possible.

TOUCHSTONES

Touchstones are both anchoring points and temptations. They rest at either extreme of the Uratha's Harmony. It's an easy temptation to threaten them, and threaten the Uratha's relationship toward them. It's easy to give ultimatums. But if you want to showcase Touchstones, you also have to talk *opportunities*. In a World of Darkness chronicle, it's easy to fall into a trap where everything's soul-crushing and drab. But what if the temptation to run away to your Touchstone isn't because of negativity elsewhere, but because the opportunity

with the Touchstone just feels god-damned delightful? Sure, the Uratha's been putting off commitment for years. But what happens when that Touchstone inherits an island mansion and a glut of money? How do you say no to running away to a safe, secure place with a loved one? Maybe you don't. Maybe you try to drag the pack along with you. Maybe you put it off as long as you can. But eventually, you have to face the fact that the chance looks wonderful.

THE FATHER'S FORM

Some groups want werewolves who can take Gauru form as often and as long as they like without the risk of killing everyone they love. They want the power and freedom to explore the Uratha culture that embraces the hybrid wolf, to engage in rituals – including rites and pack gatherings – where Gauru werewolves interact beneath the moonlight and dance and entreat with each other as they imagine Father Wolf wanted.

Other groups hate the idea. They believe Gauru has a time limit for a reason. After all, they don't call it the father's form for nothing. It's the embodiment of Rage, the purest expression of Father Wolf's fury at prey that defies the natural order. These groups don't deny that Gauru is a deeply spiritual form; they just believe werewolf spirituality involves tearing someone's head from his shoulders. The werewolf's primal nature is the cycle of blood and death and regret.

Neither group is wrong, but it helps to know which kind of group you're playing with. Players should discuss which kind of story is most fun for the group.

The Father's Form Facet from the Change Gift allows Uratha to assume Gauru form without triggering the associated fury. It's not a perfect reflection of Father Wolf – the Facet suppresses the instinctive Rage and need to kill. Unfortunately, that Rage is the source of the Gauru form's enhanced regeneration and the bone-deep terror it inflicts. A character using The Father's Form heals as she would in any other form and the Lunacy she inflicts is no greater than if she were in Urshul form.

Note the Facet suppresses the *need* to kill; the desire to kill is still as strong as ever – bubbling beneath the surface, bound by the silver brands burned into the Uratha's spirit-self. Like an addiction, the temptation is ever-present and Gauru makes it so very easy to surrender. Outside combat, Gauru is the equivalent of casually pointing a loaded shotgun at everyone. A finger may not be on the trigger just now, but it only takes the wrong shock, the wrong impulse, and blood will flow. Most Uratha are wary around werewolves who use the war form for anything other than killing.

The Father's Form gives the freedom to take Gauru outside combat situations, and is specifically incompatible with violence. The metaphoric barrier keeping the Rage suppressed is paper-thin. Taking too much damage or attacking others ends the Facet and subjects the character to the usual rules for Gauru, which may find the character immediately in Death Rage.

Despite the risks, some packs do hang out in Gauru, growling at each other in the First Tongue and luxuriating in the feeling

of power that comes from being the apex predator. They aren't human, and spending time with the only other people who understand, in a form only they could know, reinforces their community. They may be monsters, but they're not lonely monsters.

Some lodges insist their members learn how to control themselves in Gauru because of the sacred connotations it holds. They practice rituals and ceremonies in Gauru that they believe bring enlightenment. Even if not strictly true, these practices foster closer bonds between lodge members. Furthermore, the Gauru form is a powerful and undeniable symbol of the essence of the werewolf, and many ritemasters use it for their rites. Uratha who embrace Gauru for ritual purposes tend to hold a dim view of werewolves who profane the sacred form, and have no time for those who only use Gauru for fighting and killing.

Of course, this won't suit every group.

The group that wants all Uratha to have free access to Gauru may be unhappy having to spend the single Wolf Gift they receive at character creation on what they see as an intrinsic ability. Also, what if they have a character concept that doesn't call for taking a dot of Purity Renown? Should that character be barred from taking the Facet? By the letter of the rules, yes — but if that's the style of game the group wants, give the characters the Facet for free. Alternatively, the Storyteller may

choose to go further, allowing every werewolf to take Gauru without the need to attack or risk of *Kuruth*.

Changing the game like this is fine. These rules are a toolbox on how to roleplay werewolves in ways that evoke the themes of the World of Darkness. Other groups may disagree, and that's also fine. Their game is fun for them, yours is fun for you.

This change seems small, but it ripples throughout the game and it's worth exploring how it affects the world. Werewolf existence has several core assumptions; one is that when Uratha take the hybrid form, shit just got real and someone's about to die. Gauru is an explosion of Rage that burns out fast. Like every other form it has a place in the *Siskur-Dah*, and that place is to kill the prey when it needs to die.

What if werewolves can use Gauru for whatever they like? The first questions you should think on are what do werewolves use Gauru for, and does every werewolf do this? If not, why not? We've touched on the answer to the first question — power, spirituality, rituals, rites, lodges, belonging — but what of those who save Gauru only for the kill? Are they purists? If so, are they lauded for their restraint or reviled for spurning the "blessed form?"



What do the tribes think about Gauru? Do the Iron Masters embrace all forms for the adaptability they give, while the Storm Lords revile those who demonstrate weakness by using *Urfarah's* form unnecessarily? Does each tribe have a single view, or are they splintered in their opinions, leaving the decision to lodges, regions, and individual packs?

What if only Forsaken could use Gauru this way, and not the Pure? What does this say about the two cultures? Is this a part of Mother Luna's forgiveness to the Forsaken that the Pure are proud to shun, or is it a dying gift passed from Father Wolf as he recognized the courage of his true inheritors? What lies do the Pure tell each other about that?

You could flip the divide and have Uratha lost to Gauru madness while *Anshega* can control their Rage. Unless you play Pure characters this could be unsatisfying, as the Forsaken still can't safely take Gauru out of combat. This choice does raise interesting questions — is the Pure's control a blessing of their powerful totems, or does the icy hate in their veins chill the Rage and keep it in check? Perhaps they retain Father Wolf's favor; did he curse his treacherous children with the Gauru form's Rage, truly casting them as the forsaken?

Consider also the dangers of your characters being too comfortable in Gauru. This doesn't just refer to Lunacy and the trauma they inflict on the humans they encounter. Prey fights back when it is pushed too far into madness. Tales of monsters destroyed by mobs with pitchforks and burning torches exist for a reason. Also, Gauru isn't subtle, and other monsters aren't affected by Lunacy. Hishu is the werewolf's form to blend in with the herd until it is time to strike. The other predators that stalk the World of Darkness may find it difficult to find a wolf that looks human — finding an Uratha in Gauru form is much easier.

When all you have is Gauru, every problem looks like something to kill. This is the rush of power that comes with overusing the killing form. The character is stronger, faster, and tougher, and that drug is hard to quit.

None of these points should stop you making changes in the name of fun. Small changes ripple outwards and lead to big changes which can be fun to explore. Knowing what impact the change will have on your game will ensure it stays fun for the long term.

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH

This Storytelling technique builds on the Character and Pack Creation rules outlined in Chapter Three. Instead of having it a strictly out-of-character discussion that happens in a neutral setting, the Storyteller starts the game *in media res* with something important happening. In this case, the characters start the session out at a funeral. As the first game session proceeds, the players will showcase and outline their characters. The group will create Storyteller characters of importance one of the group will focus on most important themes of Werewolf the Forsaken, is placing it front and center.

SETTING UP THE FUNERAL

This formalized character creation assumes that the characters know each other by and large, and have come together to form a pack at some time in the past. It assumes they already have a territory and a totem, though neither is defined at this stage.

It's acceptable for your players to come to the session with vague character concepts or setting aspects they'd like to explore, like wanting to play an Intimidation specialist or a Ghost Wolf building a lodge. They should not come to the table with complete characters in mind. If they have time, players can bring pictures of actors or models they'd like their characters to look like as a fun way to inspire character creation.

Make a list of 20 or so character names and have it available to the players to inspire them during play. You may give them a set of 20 or so related nicknames instead of mundane names, implying that the nickname should influence the character's relationship to her pack. If you pick first names instead of nicknames, include names that would inspire players to play characters outside their own ethnicities or regional backgrounds.

To start, each player should have a character sheet, something to write with, dice, maybe a character portrait, and have picked a name from the list or otherwise have a name or nickname ready for when her character takes the spotlight. Tell your players that as the story gets started, they're welcome to fill in dots or flip through the book for Merits and such, but shouldn't feel pressured to complete anything just now. It's important that they leave room for inspiration in the game, and so nothing on the sheet is set in stone just yet.

SETTING UP THE FIRST SCENE

Now that players have the tools they need to get started, set the stage. They are gathered at a funeral. There is a body in a box in the room or area where they are all gathered. A man in a dark suit is saying quiet words meant to soothe and comfort. If your players would be comfortable with it, read a short passage, regionally appropriate psalm, or poem in the voice of the officiant standing beside the coffin. Now, ask the players leading questions to establish the scene. Nothing about their characters yet. Is it a lush, wealthy funeral home, or a bare-bones gathering beside a poor person's cemetery? Is the officiant a priest of an official church, a civic functionary, or just a willing friend of the deceased? Is the funeral crowded? Is it just a few people? Is it, so far as they can tell, just the pack? Does the pack sit up front, taking the family position as the funeral proceeds, or do they lurk at the back, possibly unwanted at the event? Is a member of the pack outside, barred entrance? How are people dressed? Appropriate to any funeral, or appropriate only to this funeral? Or inappropriate all together? What about the characters? Are they dressed for the event or in defiance of it?

Now, talk about the body. Ask the players, man or woman, young or old? Why is the casket closed? What's been released

In the Shadow of Death

as far as the cause of death goes? Are there police watching the funeral and it's participants? In life, was the body human, Wolf-Blooded or Uratha? Were they pack?

SPOTLIGHTING

Everyone now has an idea of what the scene looks like, a little bit about the body, and about the extras on hand. Next, look in closer at the characters.

Describe how the funeral has now shifted to a time when the bereaved are expected to come up and say a few words. Ask each player, one at a time, if his character wants to speak, and if she doesn't, what force is driving her to anyway? Guilt? Fear of the police watching? A desire to really wreck the memory of the dead? For whatever reason, each character is going to stand up and say a few words, whether she wants to or not. If a character was not admitted to the funeral, take a moment to move out to where he's at and ask him what he'd say about the dead person, even if he's only muttering to himself.

Instead of actually having the player act out the speech, ask them to show you a flashback to a time she's remembering while giving the speech. Tell her it should be a time when she and the dead were in the same place at the same time. Ask her what she was doing, tell her she should focus on something she wants her character to be really very good at. As she describes the scene, suggest an Attribute + Skill pool appropriate to what she's doing with the dead person. Tell her she should make this her highest pool, Somewhere around six or more dice. Be willing to negotiate the exact traits with the player. It is her character after all. Once you're settled on it, and she's thrown some dots down on her sheet to reflect the pool, have her roll her pool. How well did she do? Did she fail? Does she want it to be a dramatic failure if so? Win or lose, ask her: How did the scene that just transpired hurt the person who is dead? What problem or danger did it put him or her in?

Now, move on to the next player and set them up for the same scene and dice pool determination.

CONNECTIONS

After all the main characters have connected themselves with the dead person, connect them to each other as per the Connections step in Pack Creation on page 90. The flashbacks above should help to create a sort of chronology for the players to draw character ties with one another.

SPIRALING OUT

After you've gone over each player character, it's time for the few other members of the pack to go up and speak. Ask the players, "Who steps up next? What do they look like?" Give ideas if the players aren't sure, maybe have extra character pictures and names on hand in case the players run dry or to inspire ideas. Let a player claim the next speaker. Using the Wolf-Blooded section of Pack Creation on page 90, the player should now outline a Wolf-Blooded character who has

a tie to his Uratha character as well as the body. Have the player describe a scene with his character, the Wolf-Blooded, and the deceased. Ask the player what the Wolf-Blooded is good at, what's key about her, a character concept. Use that to influence the basic character creation for Wolf-Blooded suggested in the Pack Creation section. Instead of having the player roll that pool, though, ask him to define how that defining factor about the Wolf-Blooded helped or hindered the deceased. If the Wolf-Blooded is a doctor, did she ever treat the dead person? If the Wolf-Blooded is a loner, did she ever go to the deceased for comfort? Or did she alienate the deceased entirely?

After you have had all of the players describe a short flashback between their characters, the Wolf-Blooded and the dead, take some time to examine how those characters and the Wolf-Blooded relate. Have each player establish a brief connection not to the Wolf-Blooded they described, but to one other Wolf-Blooded described in the scene. It's best to keep this short — a sentence is great.

DUST TO DUST

Now describe the funeral ending, people filing out, people going to wakes, bars, or home. Now, like the Periphery section of Pack Creation, the players will outline the human members of the pack. To do this, each player should describe one person who left the funeral, where they go, what they're doing "right now." What does what they're doing have to do with the deceased, and how does it help place them in their position in the pack? Open it up and let the players discuss ideas if anyone is struggling with setting these little scenes. After each player describes a character, he should describe his Uratha character's connection to the human and, should he wish, one other human member of the pack.

ASHES TO ASHES

The funeral is over. The group has seen, through the course of the funeral, a basic idea of who their characters are, who their friends and family are. The final stage solidifies what happened to the deceased and what that means during the opening arc of your chronicle. Ask your players leading questions like "How did you contribute to the person's death?" and "Why did the body show evidence of violence long after he was already dead?" and "Who caught the unfamiliar scent at the scene of the crime?" or "Which human pack member saw too much on the night of the incident?" By the time you're done drawing out from the players the final night of the deceased's life, you should be well set up to continue your chronicle with antagonists and conflict. Now let your players finish up their sheets, discuss totems, and fill in the blanks about their territory. While they do that, take notes and prepare for the next session. It should be something hard-hitting, since this intro is an aftermath to a violent event. The next session should be a prime example of escalating consequences.

THE FIRST CHANGE STORY

‘So what’s this all about, Vern?’ Teddy asked. He and Chris were still playing cards; I was reaching for a detective magazine. Vern Tessio said: ‘You guys want to go and see a dead body?’

Everybody stopped.

– Stephen King, The Body

The First Change Story presented below gives Storytellers an idea of how to take the heightened tension of being a teenager, and add the themes of both coming of age stories as well as the beats and rhythms of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. It introduces a timer system, the Tension pool, meant to track the characters’ stress and arousal as they go about their normal lives that lead up to the inevitable: the First Change, or a Wolf-Blooded’s first real breaking point.

CHARACTER CREATION

Run through character creation as normal. Since these characters are all pre-First Change, the players should create Wolf-Blooded, complete with Tells from p. 300. If you want to limit the Tells to the less obvious shape-changing sort, or remove any others that don’t appeal to you as a Storyteller, let the players know up-front of any limitations. Limited choices can speed up character creation and reinforce the themes you want to bring forward as a Storyteller.

If you want to leave all Tells on the table, just make sure your players understand that most Tells don’t manifest until early puberty. For your teenage characters in this story, anything particularly strange, like seeing spirits or speaking the First Tongue, should have just started happening. A Tell coming up in-scene should add to the Tension pool.

While the players are having a good time discussing Tells and deciding which they want for their characters, ask them to write you a note in secret, telling you if you they plan on having their characters go through the First Change or would rather the character remained Wolf-Blooded. Encourage them to remain quiet about the choice. If your players are okay with the idea, make the choice yourself. Just remind them while they’re choosing Tells that their characters lose their Tells if they Change. Be open to them changing their mind as the story progresses.

THE TENSION POOL

The Tension pool reflects the ticking time bomb inside all young Wolf-Blooded. It is an idea of just how close – and how dangerous – puberty, stress, and lycanthropy are when mixed together.

This is the meat, and the teeth, of this First Change Story.

Mark down on the character sheets a box for the Tension pool. Tension ranges from 1-10, and starts equal to (10 - Willpower), but the player and Storyteller should discuss raising or lowering it by a point or two depending on the character’s personality.

Any time a character experiences a heightened sense of arousal or stress, she runs the risk of increasing her Tension pool. The Storyteller makes the player an offer. The player

can add a point to his character’s Tension pool and take a Beat, or else suffer a Condition.

If the player accepts the Beat and the Tension, he adds one to his character’s Tension pool. The Storyteller then rolls the Tension pool, contested by the character’s Resolve + Composure. If the Storyteller rolls more successes, she should ask if the player stands behind the decision in her note. Depending on his choice, the scene should probably fade to black, skipping ahead to the aftermath of the Change. (See **Putting it on the Line**, below, for more ideas on how to handle **Death Rage and blackouts on page 292**.)

If the player refuses the Tension, the Storyteller selects a Condition that seems fitting to the situation and applies it to the character, to be resolved normally per the Condition. Broken, Embarrassing Secret, Shaken, Swooning, or Guilty can all fit depending on the circumstances.

Tension might come from anything that suits narratively; but in general any event that would cause a player to spend a Willpower point, either to boost his roll or as a cost, would cause Tension. Further, heavily physical encounters that cause body to body contact – from a wrestling match to heavy petting – should lead to Tension. Calling a teacher out for unfair treatment. Asking dad for the use of the car. These might seem like pretty mild interactions, but for the chemical-filled Wolf-Blooded, any scenario can grow into an issue where no real issue existed. Any encounter in the locker room. Getting a new lab partner. Smelling raw meat. Seeing something dead with a face. Skipping a meal for any reason. Masturbation. Your friend turning into a werewolf. All these sorts of things might call for Tension.

If the player decides she’d like her character to remain a Wolf-Blooded instead of suffering a First Change, the character suffers a Integrity breaking point as if it were a dramatic failure. Then she selects a second Tell.

Once the character either suffers this breaking point or his First Change, the Tension pool vanishes. This is growing up.

EARLY ARC

To start, establish that the characters are a bunch of teens in the mundane world dealing with their mundane problems. Showcase each character separately dealing with something important to a teen, but small in the grand scope. An argument with a teacher. A confrontation with a bully. An uncomfortable moment with a coach. Very real, very legitimate stressful situations, but nothing earth shattering. This is a good time to let your players feel out their characters as everyday people. Each scene should include Tension. Explain it when it comes up.

After that, get the characters together in one place. Have them confront something mundane and tragic. Let them come across a dead body. There shouldn’t be anything supernatural about this dead person. There’s signs of violence, maybe, but it’s a very human death. Naturally, confronting a body breeds Tension.

From there, follow with scenes where the characters deal with people accusing them. Try to solve whatever mysteries

they uncovered when confronted with the body, or deal with those who have been damaged by the loss of life. Focus in on this idea – when a person dies, even in the World of Darkness, she leaves a sucking vacuum in her community, and someone somewhere pays the price for the loss. Carry these mundane scenes forward, sprinkled with the day-to-day life of these teen Wolf-Blooded, and before too long you should hit a First Change.

RUSH IT

Teenagers tend to think the world is out to get them when things are going wrong. They see every slight, every accident, every bit of bad luck as part of a grand universal conspiracy to hold them back or smash them down.

In the case of the player characters in this story, they're kind of right.

The dice mechanic built into the Tension Pool should create a natural escalation of Tension rolls to speed a First Change right along. That said, if things are not fast enough for the Storyteller, she should pile it on. Focus on one character specifically. Allow him to be right when he thinks the universe is out to get him; at least, until he snaps and Changes – or snaps and breaks – the universe is.

THE FIRST CHANGE AND BEYOND

After all the Changes and breaks have happened, this story ends, Tension is gone, and the Storyteller may wrap things up. She may transition into a more standard chronicle at this point, exploring pack building in game instead of as an out-of-character discussion. The Storyteller can take things in many different directions from here, but consider letting the budding pack spend some time running wild as Ghost Wolves before each one is pulled toward one tribe or another. Play out the characters swearing the Oath of the Moon – it's an event that should leave an impression on the characters forever. If you have any characters who remain Wolf-Blooded, give them an opportunity to discover a long-lost aunt or other mentor who can fill them in on Forsaken lore – with a Wolf-Blooded bias, of course. This allows the character to fill an important niche in the pack, and further drives home that while Uratha operate on instinct, Wolf-Blooded operate on community. From there, really, anything goes.

PUTTING IT ON THE LINE

There's more than one way to play **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. Especially when it comes to Death Rage. Violence for its own sake and a celebration of moral ambiguity with anti-heroes spiraling downward fast is one way to go. That's valid.

Not every group wants to play that way. For some players, the unknown is where it's at. They want the dread of worry and the guilt of unconscious choices. These players crave the moment of "Dear God, what have I done?" It's not an easy thing to emulate. To pull it off, you need some sacrifices to put on the table, and you need very willing players.

THE DISCUSSION

Before using this system in your chronicle, talk to your players about it. Make sure that players understand they'll be picking where below the belt the Storyteller is hitting them. The players retain agency even as the characters lose it. Explain outright that whatever players put on the line for their characters, it is to benefit the players, as it tells the Storyteller exactly what sort of game, challenges, and drama they want to see.

Discuss techniques for keeping trust levels high between Storyteller and players. Give players keywords or notes they can pass to indicate that they need the story to go in a different direction. Make sure everyone knows it's okay to walk away, or ask for a break, if scenes have grown too intense.

HOW IT WORKS

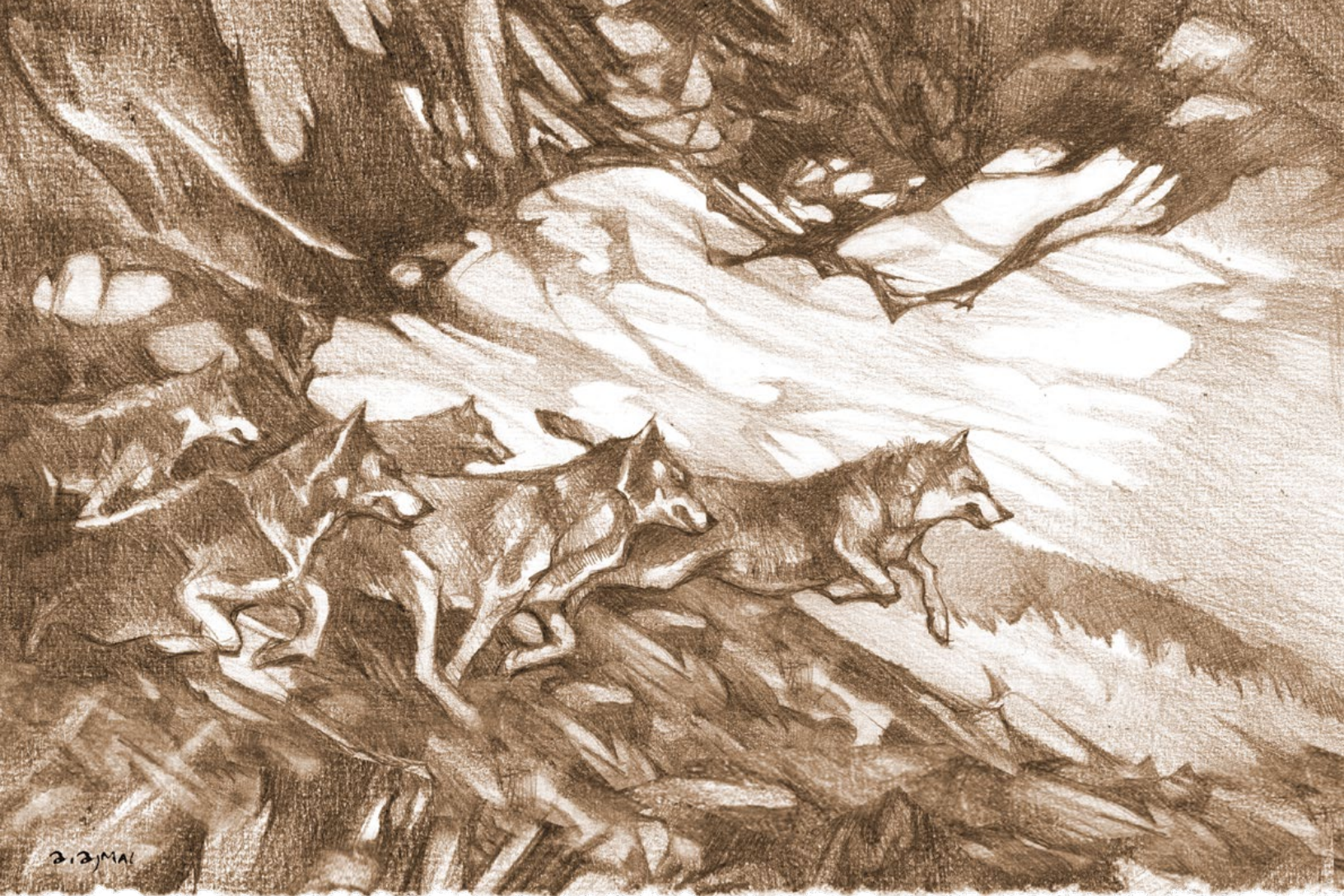
Before each game session, the Storyteller hands out a number of index cards or sticky notes to each player. As play starts, each player needs to write down a person or thing that means a great deal to his character. Any Storyteller character the player character has a connection to should go on a card. Any place or organization the character has reflected in Merits can go on a card. Touchstones belong on a card. At that point, each player looks at his hand of cards and chooses one to put on the line. He lays out a card in the center of the table or hands it to the Storyteller. By doing so, he gives the Storyteller implicit permission to ruin the character's relationship with whatever's on the card. A Death Rage may cause murder, or at best frighten away people forever. The Rage can destroy businesses. A rampaging Rage might cause fire and burn important locations to the ground. Death Rage is a brutal, terrible thing, and thus it can wipe away more than just Health and antagonists.

Then, at any point the Storyteller likes, when the characters are experiencing high stress, failure, or are in combat (especially if the character is alone), the Storyteller may call for a black-out on the scene. For the character, everything goes black. This tweak works with the existing *Wasu-Im/Basu-Im* system as it comes up in play.

Then, the Storyteller describes the aftermath. She describes the blood on the walls. She paints pictures of the remains of the library fluttering to the ground like confetti. She should tell the players about the dead locus fading away, it's spirit slain. As she describes it, she tears up the card on the table.

What happened? The characters must work it out from the evidence left behind. The character suffering the loss has no memory of what happened during her Death Rage. Any other player characters who happened to be nearby don't have a firm idea of what happened. Things happened too fast. Too brutally.

Once the card is off the table, destroyed, the player who lost the card should put something else on the line to replace it. Just because you've killed the love of your life doesn't mean your mom is suddenly out of harm's way. All Uratha are ticking time bombs.



GAINING AND LOSING CARDS

Any time a player chooses to, she can put another card on the line. If she does so, she can get the benefit of a spending a Willpower point without actually expending the point. This might be to power a special ability, or to gain a bonus on a roll.

At any time, one player can challenge another to accept a dramatic failure on an action. If he does, the challenger must put another of her cards on the line to add tension and drama. Ideally, the players should make a loose connection between the danger to the thing on the card and the other character's incredible failure.

If players are gambling with their cards in this way, the Storyteller can and should invoke a black-out Death Rage scene more than once a session. This will cause things to escalate quickly, and so this style of game may not be ideal for every game session and every group. Space between this style of play gives the characters time to pursue other storylines, as well as resolve the fallout from their Death Rages.

Characters can spend time building up their relationships to have new cards. Buying Merits is the shortest way, but roleplaying-heavy scenes with Storyteller characters, or between game bluebooking (writing short scenes or fiction that takes place between sessions) can work as well. So long

as the player has her character build new relationships, the Storyteller should allow her to replace lost cards with new ones rather than let her run out completely.

EMPTY HANDED

What do you do if a character gambles hard and runs out of cards as the result of a particularly hard session, or simply doesn't try to build up new relationships between Death Rage incidents? If she's really not working to replace her cards, the character becomes detached. Cold. Alone. The character can't replace what she's lost, and frankly, the pack likely fears the character on many levels. The player should probably retire a character this detached, with a suitably dramatic ending.

WHO GOES OVER THE EDGE

For the player, picking which character should lose it can be tricky. Following the story helps in many cases; the Storyteller should take the first good opportunity to catch a character alone and ready to Rage. That said, Storyteller and player alike have other things to consider. Has the player spent a lot of Willpower? Is the character close to succeeding or failing at an Aspiration? What tribe and auspice are they? A Storyteller can also consider out-of-character matters. If Rick is having a great week, and is ready and itching for some drama, his

Storyteller should give it to him. If Sandra is having a rotten time with her boyfriend, killing off her character's husband might be cathartic but it might also be a little too close to home. Whenever things could cut too close to home, ask the players involved and listen to their answers.

CHILDREN OF WOLVES

Werewolves get pregnant. So do Wolf-Blooded. It's a necessary part of the continuation of the species. The Pure, the Forsaken, and even spirits give birth after a fashion, and so players can tell amazing stories about pregnancy, childbirth, and offspring in a game of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. Pregnancy, or playing pregnant characters, has a sordid history in modern storytelling games about werewolves. Sometimes this is due to a lack of understanding in regard to the reality of how pregnancy works. Sometimes it's due to bias and assumptions about the people who want to feature it in their games. Sometimes it's genuinely meant as an expression of body horror. Body horror is an important part of **Werewolf** and a valid theme within the game. This section is not to discourage using pregnancy as a potential catalyst for body horror, but offers alternative views and points for a Storyteller to consider when using pregnancy within a story.

Limiting choice for a character, and therefore the player, is not often the best way for a Storyteller to handle a situation, even one like pregnancy, and following that childbirth and parenthood. Removing a character from play, or limiting her access to the story before the player is ready, can alienate the player. It also feeds into all sorts of dull tropes about pregnant people and, by extension, women at large.

Any game should, at every turn, give the players more choices to make, not fewer. They may be hard choices, but straight up limitations – preventing the choice from even coming up – limits the group's ability to tell exciting and powerful stories. As such, players and Storytellers alike should treat pregnancy in your game not as an obstacle for the character, but as a new series of challenges. If, as the Storyteller, you can keep that single concept in mind, you will be able to encourage powerful stories about new life, and the fear and exhilaration of bringing a child into the world.

Talk to all your players about this sort of storyline. The sad fact is, one in nine women in the US alone has experienced a miscarriage in her life. Chances are good you already know women who have experienced trauma related to pregnancy and childbirth, or you know people who love women with these experiences. Make sure everyone is on board with this sort of story taking place, and discuss how much focus the story should have. Perhaps it can be a side story, played one-on-one with the Storyteller, or separate from the main game sessions with just the player or players interested, that doesn't come up much in the main game. Maybe it's a thing better left to a different mix of players than your current group. Don't be invasive; just ask how the players feel about pregnancy storylines before you go down that road.

GENDER AND PREGNANCY

Gender is fluid and gender expression does not always relate to reproductive capability in the real world. For the supernatural creatures of the World of Darkness this is even more true. When discussing creatures like Wolf-Blooded and werewolves with powers like Luna's Embrace, gender should have no bearing on whether or not a character can become pregnant. The only thing that should stop a male character's pregnancy should be a player who doesn't want to tell that story.

Keep player agency in mind. Never force a pregnancy on a character unless the player has agreed to it. Likewise, the Storyteller should never bring in any trauma to that character that might result in damage to the fetus or the process of the pregnancy – unless the player chooses that as the best option. That's not to say pregnant characters should be immune to bullets, but rather you should offer Beats or plot hooks in exchange for heightened drama with the pregnancy, and let the player decide how much he or she wants to deal with.

Pregnant people do amazing, heroic, and terrible things all the time. History is full of examples of pregnant women living exciting and even dangerous lives while expecting. If you're in doubt, look into the story of Mary Ann Patten, Isabella I of Castile, and Phung Thi Chinh for an idea of just how much adventure a pregnant person can get into. Pregnancy is a set of new challenges, not one insurmountable obstacle.

PREGNANCY CONDITIONS

Players do not need to express pregnancy mechanically for it to be successfully depicted. If, however, players and Storytellers would like to use this optional rule, these Conditions inform play without making heavy demands of the players. The details of the pregnancy can be played on-screen or off while using these Conditions.

FIRST TRIMESTER (PERSISTENT)

The first three months of the pregnancy. A person at this stage may not realize she's pregnant. She may experience nausea, fatigue, and flu-like symptoms. As a result of that fatigue, she suffers a -1 to Initiative and any Stamina-related rolls. She can still do just as much physically; she's just worn out.

Most pregnant people also report extraordinarily vivid dreams. As a result of these dreams, the character regains an additional point of Willpower when she can sleep for four hours or more.

Beat: When you come to the realization that you are in fact pregnant, take a Beat. This Beat can only be earned once this trimester.

Resolution: Start of the second trimester, or end of the pregnancy.

SECOND TRIMESTER (PERSISTENT)

The second trimester is freeing. A pregnant person feels energetic and creative. She gains an additional dot of Stamina for this trimester. This cannot take her above her normal maximum, but does affect other static traits like Health levels. She also suffers a -2 modifier to all extended action dice pools, as any given task can turn quickly to thoughts and worry over the future.

Beat: When the character first feels the baby move, or quickening, take a Beat. This Beat can only be earned once this trimester.

Resolution: Start of the third trimester, or the end of the pregnancy.

THIRD TRIMESTER (PERSISTENT)

Now the pregnant person turns inwards. Her thoughts take on stillness as she prepares for coming changes to her life. She gains an additional die to all Wits and Composure rolls during this trimester. Her body has experienced some of the most dramatic changes imaginable. Even her brain changes to accommodate the growth of her fetus, so that she grows more forgetful and sometimes confused. She has one less dot of Dexterity and one less dot of Resolve over the course of this trimester. This does change related static traits like Willpower.

Beat: When the character gives birth, in a scene or during downtime, take a Beat. This Beat can only be earned once this trimester.

Resolution: Birth or, otherwise, the end of the pregnancy.



APPENDIX ONE: WOLF-BLOODED

*Despite thousands of years of manmade evolution,
every dog is still only two meals away from being a wolf.
Neil Gaiman and Terry Pratchett, Good Omens*

Where do Werewolves come from? Not in the grand scheme, but in the immediate, visceral, bodily sense?

Short and sweet, they come from Wolf-Blooded. Though “how” is rarely sweet, and the pangs of it are only so short as the lives of those involved. If werewolves are half-spirits tied to the earth and the spirit, then Wolf-Blooded are three-quarter-humans tied to the earth and yearning for the spirit. Or tied to the spirit and clinging to the earth. It all depends on the type.

DAUGHTERS OF THE WOLF

The stories go that all Wolf-Blooded are essentially the children of either the Wolf or the Moon, but not both, and that’s why they aren’t full werewolves.

The Wolf-Blooded who favor the spiritual side of things, those who can dance the line along the *Hisil*, who tempt or control spirits, are said to be children of Father Wolf. From birth onward, wolf children see things no one else can. Their wide, pale eyes trace movements over their mother’s shoulder while nursing, like someone is walking by, and send chills down mother’s spine. They’ll speak to no one at all before they’ll speak to other people, and sometimes they whisper things in words that sound so foreign to human ears that they must be possessed or demonic. Surely the connection between the “satanic” and the werewolf came from these Wolf-Blooded for this and many other reasons.

As these Wolf-Blooded grow, even if they find homes with packs and territories, family and friends, they never cease to be strange. They remain off-putting in ways that are hard to put a finger on. They talk to themselves, they twitch, they eat their meals strangely or eat things not food and it’s always as if they’re in on some cosmic joke no one around them knows about, let alone gets the punch line to.

SONS OF THE MOON

If the wolf-child types look to the spirit world and feel its pulse, then Luna’s children among the Wolf-Blooded can hear only their own heartbeats, and it terrifies them. The rush of blood, the potential within their own flesh and bone is a ticking time bomb. Any moment, any time, they may go off, and they have no hope to control it, only endure it. A baby Wolf-Blooded, rejected by his mother because he was born with a full set of teeth. A child who kills another on the playground when she simply doesn’t understand her own strength. A teenager who flies into a rage and wakes days later, in another town, covered in human blood and little else. These special, suffering souls are the bastard and beloved children of Luna.

As they grow, these Wolf-Blooded rarely spend their lives bemoaning existence. They find ways to cope, and often, revel in their condition. Some spend their lives aching to be Forsaken so that at least they have something like control – that is, if they know that the Forsaken exist. Those who never find a pack to join have the worst, most tragic stories to tell.

ADOPTIONS

On occasion, Luna or Father Wolf adopts a perfectly normal person. A run-in with the world of the Forsaken or the spirit changes a perfectly mundane human being, turning her into a Wolf-Blooded. This is always traumatic; no one is adopted into the world of wolves without blood and screaming, and it is a miracle that any of these fresh-born Wolf-Blooded survive with anything like their lives and minds intact. Lunacy, possession, sexually transmitted pseudo-lycanthropy, and sometimes a severe reaction to the bite of a werewolf can create a Wolf-Blooded where one did not exist before. Uratha who research these things have found no pattern, and the circumstances that cause this to happen can’t be machinated. It just happens sometimes at random, or sometimes with a strange poetry of fate. This is why so many Forsaken blame their spiritual Father and Mother for the existence of these spontaneous Wolf-Blooded.

ORPHANS

Perhaps the saddest and most difficult to understand are those rare Wolf-Blooded who seem to come from nowhere. Trace their family back, if you can, a hundred thousand years and you'll find no record of werewolf blood. No brush with the spirit world. No connection at all to anything but the most mundane families and life. These Wolf-Blooded just are. Often, they are isolated and as a result, strange. Many orphaned Wolf-Blooded have not internalized their connection to that Tell, the supernatural manifestation of their odd heritage. So while a son of the moon might know and angst endlessly over his ability to shapechange under the full moon, an orphan who also has to change under the full moon will have nothing but denial and emotional barriers up to protect himself from that knowledge. A daughter of the wolf will understand on some level that she's speaking with spirits, whereas an orphan who can do the same will mostly likely just believe herself schizophrenic even if she can't be diagnosed.

WHERE ARE YOU RUNNING?

All human stories end in death on a long enough timeline. In between the birth of a Wolf-Blooded, her creation or transformation, and her death, she may follow a few possible paths. Few buck the trends, although how an individual Wolf-Blooded follows those trends could tell a hundred thousand stories.

PACK LOYALTY

Wolf-Blooded draw werewolves, and werewolves draw Wolf-Blooded. They are the same, or maybe two parts of the same whole, and they complement each other. A Wolf-Blooded can both understand the feelings and needs the werewolf experiences and remain grounded enough in the mundane that he offers a bridge for the werewolf, so that she can maintain some grip on reality. For the Wolf-Blooded, finding werewolves exist is a revelation. All of the madness of their nightmares, the voices only they can hear, the blood they've shed – it all looks positively mundane when confronted with the existence of the Forsaken. Being pulled into a pack is as natural a thing as most Wolf-Blooded will ever feel in their lifetimes. This is why so many Wolf-Blooded are fiercely loyal to the pack. Not to any one member, but to the pack itself. It is a home and family and lifeline and sanity that some of them have never fully experienced before. This is why it's not unusual for Wolf-Blooded to protect their pack from danger with a ferocity that rivals their werewolf cohorts without and within. Nothing's going to screw up what they have going. Nothing. No matter what they have to stop, fight, or kill in order to hold on to what's theirs.

ISOLATION

Those who don't find werewolves to share a bond with sometimes go into complete isolation. The path of the hermit may

seem the safest when a Wolf-Blooded doesn't know exactly what he is, except dangerously different. Some Wolf-Blooded seek isolation on their own; especially in the past, some were driven to isolation by frightened people who understood the Wolf-Blooded even less than he himself did. For every local legend of a crazy woman in the woods, there's an isolated Wolf-Blooded trying to get by the only way she knows how. And maybe she did murder a few children, but what could she do? They threw rocks too close to sunset on the full moon and sealed their own fate.

These days, a Wolf-Blooded may be isolated as result of incarceration. The system doesn't have rules for the strangeness that is Wolf-Blooded, and they tend to find themselves deeper and deeper in internal abandonment in prisons or psychiatric facilities. A lifer who has spent a total of six of the last seven years of his incarceration in solitary confinement might well be a Wolf-Blooded lost in the mechanisms of the system.

MONSTROSITY

Just as mundane humans come in all temperaments, a Wolf-Blooded doesn't always see her state as cause for angst and sorrow. Even those with violent manifestations of their heritage sometimes grow to accept what they are instead of resisting or rejecting it. Those who grow instead to enjoy their strangeness, embrace and enjoy the bloodlust and the violence – the monstrous – well, they tend to become monsters. These Wolf-Blooded are not just bad people with strange powers about them, but sometimes, full-blown monsters. Rarely, a Wolf-Blooded warps further and further until he is unrecognizable as anything but a unique beast that is a danger to anything he comes across.

A VIGIL

Other Wolf-Blooded go in the opposite direction. Perhaps they ran across the Pure, or a particularly twisted pack of Forsaken, but whatever the reason, these Wolf-Blooded had a terrible experience with werewolves and decided enough is enough. Their memories of the event may be confused, misguided, or completely spot on, but the result is the same. These Wolf-Blooded become werewolf hunters. With their unique abilities and understanding, no matter how limited, they are uniquely qualified to hunt down and destroy werewolves. Worse still, they still have the instinct to make and form packs, as they would with werewolves under better conditions.

THE CHANGE

Sometimes Wolf-Blooded Change. Late in life, early on, with no rhyme or reason, some Wolf-Blooded just become werewolves. So far as anyone knows, the First Change cannot be triggered. Even the most talented crescent-moons cannot chart or estimate the possibility of the Change occurring. Most people assume it's just the choice of Luna alone. Of course, beseeching Luna directly is pointless, as he'll never take credit or blame for the occurrences. Sometimes Lunes may appear to Wolf-Blooded and imply there are ways, methods, and rituals to garner Luna's favor in choosing the First Change. To date, any Wolf-Blooded who has tried to follow through on the Lunes' advice has wound up dead or worse.

TIES THAT BIND

The closest thing to stability Wolf-Blooded can hope for is membership in a pack. Their lives, and the lives of those capable of hanging on to them, are always in flux. What follows are suggestions, ideas, and plot hooks, but none of it should be taken as the “right way” for a Wolf-Blooded to operate within in a pack.

ROLES

Wolf-Blooded run the gamut, from practically mundane hangers-on with little to no influence on the actual works of the pack to the occasional, but necessarily rare, Wolf-Blooded-only pack that pops up briefly from time to time. While it is usual for mundane humans to outnumber the werewolves in a pack, Wolf-Blooded rarely do – though occasionally, if the territory is strong enough, they may outnumber the werewolves two to one. Most roles that Wolf-Blooded fill are well understood and delineated by necessity, but aren’t so formalized as to have titles – unless the werewolf structure lends itself to such formality. If a werewolf does have a “Den Mother” or “Gardener,” that title doesn’t necessarily translate in a way that werewolves of another pack would understand what it meant.

That said, spirits – being creatures who love simplicity of purpose and hierarchy – tend to look favorably on giving Wolf-Blooded pack members titles, even if they serve no other purpose but to make the spirits happy.

Resource Management: In Nevada, the pack that runs the Strip is busy, no question. Between dealing with a local vampire “problem” and the over-running spirits of greed and money, the werewolves are busy 24/7. That’s why they’ve got Vinnie. He’s not an especially pretty man, and most people were pretty surprised when he didn’t go through his First Change. He’s a thug, but he’s a loyal one, and he makes sure the people who owe the pack money pay up. And they better hope they don’t owe when Vinnie’s been drinking. He’s not a mean drunk – he’s a hairy, violent one.

Fire Tenders: Deloris and Terri Perkins are twins who share a unique bond: they’re not just Wolf-Blooded, but also share a Tell. They have incredible difficulty operating separately, to the point where they can’t communicate with other people if their twin isn’t nearby. But, when they’re together, loci in the area flare with power and sisterly affection. As a result, their pack does whatever they can to keep the girls safe and happy near the territory’s locus. This is becoming more difficult as the girls are growing into teenagers who crave, more and more, a sense of self separate from their twin.

Research and Development: Members of an infamous pack that lives in Silicon Valley have their fingers in some of the most cutting-edge technology in the world. Of course, delicate lab equipment and temperamental scientific geniuses are not the sorts of things and people that benefit from having werewolves around, and so it falls to Ricardo Fernandez, the pack’s Director of R&D, to run communications and management between the pack and the various technology development firms that the pack depends on. If anyone wants to know how to acquire a smartphone that can sense spirits, the answer is Ricardo.

The Midwife: In Las Cruces New Mexico, the lone Forsaken pack is especially fertile. Considering the looming threat of Pure surrounding them, having a lot of babies and potential babies is both necessary and a frightening prospect. So Suzi is without a doubt, the most important Wolf-Blooded, if not member, of the pack. She’s into her 50s now, and has been delivering babies for almost 40 years. Her ability to assist through pregnancy and childbirth isn’t just skill, it’s also supernatural; the children she delivers are all touched by the spirit world in a positive way, even if they don’t end up Wolf-Blooded.

WOLF-BLOODED, BLOOD OF THE WOLF

Egalitarian werewolf packs are rare. The human side of the werewolf craves order and labels, hierarchy and organization. People are social animals who tend to operate this way in groups, and even werewolves can’t escape that. Naturally, werewolves have additional strength, knowledge, and responsibility; it seems logical for werewolves to be “in charge” when a pack is grossly conflicted. Some packs even favor a strict pecking order, and in those cases, Wolf-Blooded seldom come up high in the order.

Still, it would be a costly mistake to treat Wolf-Blooded like cattle. Any Forsaken who goes about claiming “ownership” over Wolf-Blooded in his pack is the sort of Forsaken the others keep an eye on. It’s suspicious, and most of all, dangerous.

After all, Wolf-Blooded are just that. They have the blood of wolves, spirits, and of the wild in them. While they may be bound to werewolves for mutual survival, they do not see themselves as submissive. Attempts to tie them down, bind them, or control them almost always end in tragedy for the Forsaken who tries. Even the Pure rarely subjugate their Wolf-Blooded. Humans are shock troops. Family is family, and the Wolf-Blooded of the Pure are fierce and dangerous and useful so long as they aren’t broken and spineless. No Wolf-Blooded is good for a pack if he is feckless.

WORKING THE LAND

Tending the land, maintaining game, harvesting and culling. That’s what a person does when she owns the land. While it’s true that territory belongs to the pack as a whole (and to some minds, the werewolves in particular), it is most often the Wolf-Blooded who put the hard work into the territory. The Forsaken are often caught up in other matters. Without the extended pack, without the Wolf-Blooded and even the human members of the pack, territories would fall to pot. Most smart Forsaken know who tends the land, and that’s why no wise werewolf leaves her Wolf-Blooded kin’s loyalty to chance.

TENDING

All territory must, necessarily, produce something. Territory must produce in order to keep the pack alive and functioning. That might be through literal farming, running businesses, or organized crime. The werewolves of a pack might bring in much of the money and stuff the pack needs to survive

if they're ambitious enough, but that often leads to unstable packs as too much is expected of the Uratha. It's best if a territory somehow produces for itself. Making that happen tends to fall on the Wolf-Blooded to manage. Whether that means running the protection racket, or manipulating local politics to bring better business to the area, or working with ancient spirits to promote the fertility of the soil, the Wolf-Blooded members of the pack find a way to make it happen.

This could promote a troupe style of play, or concurrent plot lines running in which the pack's Wolf-Blooded must tend the territory while the Forsaken do their jobs.

MAINTAINING

Things fall apart, and entropy is a natural part of life. Left alone, no territory will run on its own. The pack can build and build, but without maintenance the territory is likely to fall in on itself. This is the daily grind, the gross and dull jobs that the Forsaken often cannot handle themselves. Frustration and a lack of patience mean that while Forsaken can see the long view, they may not be able to approach the day-to-day delicately enough. These jobs, from cutting the grass to chasing out rival drug dealers, are rarely satisfying in the way destroying a large and obvious threat may be — but they need to be done.

Generally, a Storyteller shouldn't focus too much on drudgery, except to use it to set the scene or introduce plot. Rather than putting Wolf-Blooded characters through an endless series of meaningless rolls to reflect their thankless work maintaining territory, start off with "You're exhausted from a long day arguing with the health inspector. Your patience is thin, you're hungry, and that's when the front window of the coffee shop explodes inward, glass shards everywhere."

HARVESTING

The gardener plants the seeds, they've been tenderly protected and allowed to thrive — eventually it becomes necessary to collect what is being produced within the territory. This responsibility still falls to the Wolf-Blooded because time can be slippery for the werewolf. The banks close at 6 PM, and time moves forward in the real world at a regular, unforgiving interval. To werewolves, who venture into the *Hisil* and beyond, time isn't so static. The Uratha might have every intention of being gone a few hours, and end up leaving the Wolf-Blooded in charge of the territory for weeks or months instead. Being on time, hitting important meetings, collecting checks, and paying bills? Another series of tasks for the Wolf-Blooded.

Wolf-Blooded can collect and harvest the more esoteric and most rewarding of any crop. Some Wolf-Blooded are able to collect from loci, tending those flames while the werewolves are gone. *Gathra* can come from spirits as well as to them, and if the werewolves are not around to collect, the Wolf-Blooded may find themselves receiving special gifts from the Spirit World in the werewolf's stead. This is why a smart werewolf deals with spirits in terms of the pack and not as an individual.

A Storyteller could easily run a story where a prominent spirit arrives and demands some payment from the pack when the Uratha are nowhere to be found. Or what does a pack

do when they find out that one of the Wolf-Blooded has been collecting "gifts" from the spirit world and hoarding?

CULLING

For the Wolf-Blooded, the most satisfying, or at least, invigorating task around the territory is the culling of threats. This is never a matter of simply killing anything and everything that could be a threat to the pack. Wolf-Blooded live with both feet in the human world, and know that there are cops and family and reporters — there is no such thing as the perfect murder. Thus, the Wolf-Blooded needs to be clever in ways werewolves rarely bother with when it comes to mundane, or at least human-like, threats to the pack and the territory. Cleaning up after a werewolf kill is one of the hardest tasks any Wolf-Blooded should hope to perform. Using human systems and criminal tactics alike help the Wolf-Blooded rid the pack of threats. But sometimes what they're dealing with isn't mundane. Sometimes, it's monstrous, spiritual, or both.

Drop a body in the territory — killed by a werewolf, no question about it. Tell the Uratha none of them have any memory of how or when it happened. Set up the Wolf-Blooded to solve the murder, cover up the murder, and if necessary, protect their cousins from the fallout, if they're responsible.

TRAPS AND LURES: WHEN WOLF-BLOODED HUNT

All Wolf-Blooded could potentially be werewolves. Not some, or some under special conditions, but all of them, at any time, and with no perceivable pattern. Just like their werewolf relatives, the Wolf-Blooded dream of the hunt. The difference is, they are not supernaturally compelled to the hunt in the way that werewolves are.

That doesn't mean Wolf-Blooded don't crave hunting in their own way. Maybe it's just that their dreams of running, hunting, catching, killing are too much to leave in the realm of fantasy. Maybe they hope, deep in themselves, that with the right hunt they could be freed of their halfway status and become full-blown werewolves. Or maybe the Wolf-Blooded just want to prove themselves, and move out of the shadow of their werewolf cousins and siblings.

While werewolves hunt by harrying, chasing, and killing, the Wolf-Blooded must be more cautious and not put themselves in direct danger. They're rarely as stalwart as werewolves, and their abilities differ considerably. Instead, they lean on traps, lures, research, and study, and whenever possible capture instead of kill.

Traps and Lures: Spirits and dangerous humans tend to be drawn to Wolf-Blooded as readily as werewolves are, and so the clever Wolf-Blooded takes advantage of that. She tends to stick close to her pack's territory whenever possible, so instead of chasing, she draws her enemies into traps. This may be literally drawing a spirit into a sacred circle from which it can't escape, or she might trick a political rival into hiring a hit man on tape.

Research and Study: Wolf-Blooded often have the benefit of time and patience werewolves never experience. Taking a trip to the library, visiting an expert, or beseeching the advance of a

friendly and knowledgeable spirit can turn bad for a werewolf quickly. Calmer, more grounded Wolf-Blooded can excel in this hunting technique, becoming experts in their quarry. Because they have more of a chance to live in the mundane world, they may also be able to come up with research avenues that a werewolf wouldn't think of, or know how to manage.

Capture: Killing is, in many ways, either the "easy path" for the hunt, or an actual impossibility for the Wolf-Blooded. In either case, it's less than ideal for a Wolf-Blooded to kill. Killing brings attention. Sometimes, it's a pride thing for Wolf-Blooded. Bringing a dead rabbit to the human master is a thing broken house pets do. Bringing a live bird in for pets to hunt is the mark of a superior hunter, and a gesture of nurturing. It establishes an interesting dynamic between werewolf and Wolf-Blooded. More practically, of course, there are some things that werewolves can handle better than Wolf-Blooded. Capturing instead of killing grants the werewolves of the pack a chance to deal with the threat when they can manage it. Any werewolf knows, though, in many cases, capturing and holding a thing is actually harder than outright killing, and that's why capture by Wolf-Blooded is highly regarded among the People even though it's dangerous.

CREATING WOLF-BLOODED

Character creation for Wolf-Blooded follows the rules in Making Monsters section of this book (p. 81) except where noted.

Virtue and Vice: Wolf-Blooded characters, being mostly human, must select a Virtue and a Vice as per the character creation rules in *The World of Darkness Rulebook* or *The God-Machine Chronicle*.

Integrity: Wolf-Blooded characters do not have Harmony. Instead, they use the Integrity trait detailed in *The World of Darkness Rulebook* or *The God-Machine Chronicle*.

Tells: Each Wolf-Blooded may select one Tell to start. Characters may purchase the Tell Merit to start with additional Tells. Having a Tell is what, essentially, makes a Wolf-Blooded a Wolf-Blooded.

Wolf-Blooded Merits: Wolf-Blooded can select any Merits they have the prerequisites for, including the new Merits presented here.

CHANGES

Sometimes within the course of a chronicle, a Wolf-Blooded character may change her core nature. She may experience the First Change, be ghoulled or Embraced by a vampire, be drawn into the Hedge, or even Awaken as a Mage, should the story benefit from those changes. In any of these cases, the Storyteller may require the character lose any Wolf-Blooded Merit she has to reflect her disconnect from Father Wolf and Luna. In this case, consult the Sanctity of Merits rules on p. 105. Unless she goes through the First Change, a Wolf-Blooded character retains her Tell if she becomes another kind of supernatural creature.

TELLS

A Wolf-Blooded is a Wolf-Blooded because of her Tell. It is what separates her from the mundane – no matter how mundane her upbringing and life may be. It separates her, and while it doesn't reveal her nature in any detail, it is often enough to make humans suspicious. It alienates and isolates.

But these Tells always come with some kind of benefit. It may not seem like a benefit to the Wolf-Blooded, who may suffer for her gifts, but they are gifts none the less. The Boon of each Tell is listed below its description.

A WOLF'S MEAT

The Wolf-Blooded is vulnerable to silver. She suffers aggravated damage from silver just as a werewolf does. Silver also blocks any regeneration just as it would to a werewolf. Furthermore, she breaks out in itchy red rashes if she comes in physical contact with silver.

Boon: The Wolf-Blooded's meat is different, more like her stronger cousins. She regenerates just like a werewolf with Primal Urge 1. The Wolf-Blooded can spend a Willpower point to heal lethal damage.

ANGER ISSUES

Plenty of Wolf-Blooded have bad tempers. For this Wolf-Blooded, that temper isn't just a problem, it's potentially deadly. This Wolf-Blooded has a specific *Kuruth* trigger. She can remain in *Wasu-Im* for 15 minutes, but spends the same duration in *Basu-Im*.

Boon: The Wolf-Blooded takes Dalu form in both stages of *Kuruth*, and has all the benefits of that form, including heightened traits and regeneration.

BITE

The Wolf-Blooded has a thick jaw. When she's described, people use words like "square" and "brick" and probably "tough" even if she's otherwise not much of a brawler. She looks like she can take it on the chin. Her teeth are remarkably white, strong, and sharp.

Any attempt to be underestimated or appear innocent are penalized. The Wolf-Blooded suffers a -3 penalty on any such roll.

Boon: Her teeth aren't just sharp, they're dangerously sharp. And by way of that unusual biology, she can distend her jaw and deliver a devastating bite to anything or anyone she can get her mouth around. Not only can she perform a bite attack without grappling, she deals +1 lethal damage when she succeeds.

BITTEN

Whether the cause or the result of being a Wolf-Blooded, a werewolf has bitten the character. The events that lead up to the bite could have come up in a thousand ways, but in the end, it has left the Wolf-Blooded with a terrible, unnatural scar at the site of the bite that's never quite healed right. Werewolves and other creatures that can track by scent have a +3 bonus to follow her.

Boon: The blood that slowly leaks from the bite wound creates visions when tasted by anyone. The vision grants the

character knowledge of where to find the body of the nearest and most recent victim of a werewolf attack in the area. If no one has died in the area, it will instead reveal living victims of attack.

CLEVER FINGERS

There's something strange about the Wolf-Blood's hands. Her fingers are too long, her index finger is longer than her middle, they are all the same length, or they are unusually jointed. Whatever the manifestation, her hands twitch and move strangely. They flutter about when the Wolf-Blooded talks, and fold in odd ways when the character can manage to keep them still.

Boon: Something about the way those fingers move, and the general postures and movement common to these Wolf-Blooded, make her naturally beneficial to have around during a ritual. The Wolf-Blooded can perform natural mdras. Rituals just go smoother when she's involved. When working a ritual, she uses the Advanced Action mechanic (p. 162). This includes rituals she leads, and rituals where she supports another.

DEVIL INSIDE

The Wolf-Blooded has an edge of evil about him. He isn't inherently demonic, satanic, or even evil, but others perceive him that way. He may have strange birthmarks, a single eyebrow, or other classic signs of demonic affiliation, but he's really just a Wolf-Blooded.

Boon: Just as Wolf-Blooded influenced the mythology that rose up around werewolves, the mythology that's risen up around werewolves has, on occasion, affected the Tells of Wolf-Blooded.

In this case, in specific, exposure to prominent religious iconography when it's presented forcefully to or at the Wolf-Blooded causes him to shift into a Dalu form. He remains in Dalu until he leaves the scene, and enjoys the physical benefits granted. Brandishing crosses or even offering the Wolf-Blooded a religious pamphlet is enough.

EVIL EYE

One of the Wolf-Blooded's eyes is different – it may be red, white, or pale blue, but it stands out as not normal in the character's face. She can try to hide it or conceal it, but that's always awkward with eyes.

Boon: Just like the legends say, the Evil Eye can produce something like a curse if the Wolf-Blooded stares at someone. Determine a specific action. Spend a point of Willpower and roll Manipulation + Occult. The victim can resist with Resolve + Primal Urge. If successful, the next time the victim engages in that action, it's automatically a dramatic failure, though the victim receives a Beat. Successive uses of the Evil Eye on a given character suffer a cumulative -1 penalty.

EXCITING

The Wolf-Blooded gives off a sort of invigorating scent when he sweats that is as compelling as it addictive. The character is often physically attractive, but these two things are not necessarily synonymous.

Boon: Once per scene, engaging with the Wolf-Blooded in any physically exhausting activity (so long as skin to skin touching happens between Wolf-Blooded and the other character) has a euphoric quality for both. This can be anything from willing sexual contact to a rough game of basketball. The moment that sweat is exchanged, both characters gain a point of Willpower.

However, the scent and feeling is addictive. The next time the character who isn't the Wolf-Blooded can share the same experience, no matter how inconvenient it might be, they must, or lose a point of Willpower until the Wolf-Blooded again willingly engages in the activity.

FAMILIAR

The Wolf-Blooded is never alone for long. Be it a spirit or an animal, the Wolf-Blooded is always followed by a familiar creature she did not invite into her life. Each time the familiar is hurt, the Wolf-Blooded takes the first point of damage instead of the familiar.

Boon: The familiar is a smart example of its type, but doesn't exhibit unnatural intelligence. It is loyal to the Wolf-Blooded. If a spirit, the familiar is a *Hursih* (p. 183). If an animal, it can be anything up to the size of a small dog. It's not hostile to the Wolf-Blooded, but doesn't always help her. When the Wolf-Blooded takes damage, the first point is instead dealt to the familiar – unless that would kill the creature.

FUCK UGLY

The Wolf-Blooded's arms are too long. She's hairy, though the hair might be well groomed or particularly soft, healthy, and silky. She's hunched and has an overbite. Her brow grows together. She has fangs instead of teeth. The end result is, she's in no way attractive or appealing, and tends to put people off if they only have a surface interaction with her. Any first impression roll made by the character doesn't benefit from 10-again.

Boon: There is something tragic in the Wolf-Blooded's condition, and that point of sympathy can go a long way for the character if people look past the surface. As a result, any time after the first meeting, the Wolf-Blooded can spend a Willpower point to add another character's Empathy score to any social action against that character.

HORSE

The Wolf-Blooded often hears the whispers of spirits, and can invite them to speak through her. If she does so, she suffers from the spirit's ban either from dusk to dawn of that day, or dawn to dusk.

Boon: The Wolf-Blooded can invite spirits in Twilight to speak through her. Doing so is not possession, and does not give the spirit a chance to Fetter to her. She can also become Resonant or Open to a particular spirit. No roll is necessary, only a willingness on the part of the Wolf-Blooded and an interest on the part of the spirit.

HOSTACHE

Sometimes, the Wolf-Blooded just aches. Her head hurts, her stomach throbs, or she experiences cramps. Nose bleeds are com-

Appendix One: Wolf-Blooded

mon, as is spontaneous menstruation. There's nothing random about the aches and pains, though — they are in direct relation to the presence of Hosts. For some reason, the Wolf-Blooded is unusually sensitive to the existence of the *shartha*, and her pain grows increasingly uncomfortable the closer she gets to the alien presence.

Boon: The Wolf-Blooded needs no roll to sense Hosts. If a Host is within 10 miles, the ache begins and may confer a -2 to Composure rolls. Using the pain to “track” the Host is possible, but requires Stamina + Survival rolls in place of the usual tracking rolls. Failed rolls can be turned into dramatic failures if the player wishes, in which case the Wolf-Blooded suffers actual damage in proportion to the strength of the Host she's tracking.

LIAR'S SKIN

Slashing the Wolf-Blooded's skin does not reveal tissue or bone, but thick fur. He'll still bleed, but the blood will spill over matted wolf fur that smells strongly of the woods and fresh raw meat. Anyone seeing the fur beneath the flesh suffers Lunacy as though seeing a werewolf's Urshul form.

Boon: The additional layer of flesh gives the Wolf-Blooded 1/1 armor at all times.

MARKER

There's something about the Wolf-Blooded's secretions that are unique to him. He leaves his mark, literally, through sweat, tears, blood, or other bodily fluids. A sweaty handprint can leave an impression on even human senses. Stronger secretions leave a stronger impression.

Boon: The Wolf-Blooded can “mark” any area that she has access to via the Safe Place Merit. Anyone entering that area may make a Resolve + Composure roll as a reflexive action in order to enter the marked area. On a success, they become aware this area “belongs” to the Wolf-Blooded; if they fail, they suffer the Demoralized condition. Furthermore, if the owner of a Safe Place Merit in the area fails to contest the “mark” for a month, it causes them to temporarily lose one dot of the Safe Place Merit.

MOON MARKED

The Wolf-Blooded has a tattoo-like birthmark somewhere on his body that is visible only when a certain moon-phase is in the sky. It's usually in a place that's hard to hide, or else the character feels very uncomfortable covering the mark,



and must spend a point of Willpower to hide it when the corresponding moon is in the sky.

Boon: When the Mark is visible because its corresponding moon is in the sky, the Wolf-Blooded can inflict that auspice's Hunter's Aspect on a victim.

PHANTOM PACK

The Wolf-Blooded belongs to a pack that exists only for her. A pack of phantom wolves, possibly spirits or ghosts, lurk at her periphery at all times. They won't invade human space and so won't appear in her classes or workplace, but they'll make their presence known with howls and glinting eyes through a window even if she's inside.

Boon: A Wolf-Blooded with a Phantom Pack is never really alone. She gets a +2 to any rolls to resist fear, and she can purchase the Pack Dynamics Merit (see p. 107) but does not suffer the drawbacks.

PIERCING EYES

The character's eyes, literally, pierce the Twilight. She has unusually colored, uncommonly vibrant eyes that catch the light in the way a wolf's might at night. They are difficult to conceal, and the shine happens even if she's wearing contact lenses. She can see things that normal people think aren't there, and can't stop seeing them.

Boon: Her eyes see through to the other side. She can perceive all manner of Twilight creatures. Ghosts, spirits, and angels are as clearly visible to her as other human beings are to everyone else. She cannot deactivate this ability.

SECOND SKIN

The Wolf-Blooded was born with the pelt of a wolf. Not attached to her, but a living skin that rushed from her mother at the same time as the Wolf-Blooded. It breathes, in a way, has a sort of heartbeat, and is clearly alive. It doesn't think, but it does feel, and the Wolf-Blooded has a sense for its feelings. They're connected on a deep level, and the Wolf-Blooded cares for the pelt. She will feed it and keep it safe, and every week she must let it run. If she wears the pelt once a week, she's fine. If seven days have passed and she has not run with her pelt, she must roll Resolve + Composure when in a stressful situation, with a cumulative -1 to the roll for every week that's passed. If she fails, she must flee the scene, running back to her pelt so she can let it loose.

Boon: When the Wolf-Blooded puts her sibling pelt on her bare skin, she transforms into Urhan form. She has all of the benefits of that form, including enhanced traits and regeneration like a werewolf. As long as she has her pelt, she can transform at any time.

SHARE-SHIFTED

The full moon controls the Wolf-Blooded's body just like in the old myths. For the night before, of, and following the full moon, at night, the Wolf-Blooded goes through a painful transformation and takes an Urshul form. She can't resist the transformation. It simply happens at twilight, and ends at dawn.

Boon: While in Urshul, the Wolf-Blooded enjoys all the benefits of the form including enhanced traits and regeneration; she also causes Lunacy like a werewolf.

SHADOW TWIN

You should have been a twin, but your twin didn't make it to birth. Instead, she went to the Shadow and grew up there. You have a deep connection.

Boon: Atalocus, you and she may switch places, allowing you to Reach.

Of course, she is your twin, with her own will and her own mind. She prefers her life in the Shadow, and she may not always be happy about the exchange.

SKINNER

The Wolf-Blooded's skin is unusually thin and pink and has a shine to it at all times. It almost looks like the top layers of his dermis never grew in, or like he's been skinned. His skin weeps fluid even when it's covered up by makeup or clothes.

Boon: The Wolf-Blooded's skin can accept the skin of others easily and readily. If the Wolf-Blooded has the skin of another human being of roughly the same height and weight, he can attach that skin to his own body and take on the appearance of the person to whom the skin once belonged. The false skin confers no supernatural ability to mimic the previous owner of the skin. This skin lasts as long as the Wolf-Blooded keeps it on, but falls apart when he takes it off.

SPIRIT DOUBLE

When under stress, or frustration — or sometimes just at random — the Wolf-Blooded doesn't sleep. Instead, her spirit leaves her body and runs around causing mischief and violence, as if her id were in control. Her spirit runs wild any time the character falls asleep with half of her total Willpower or less. In the morning, she's sore and achy, but often fulfilled. She wakes with only fuzzy memories of what she's done the night before.

Boon: While the character is bodiless, she is driven by her Vice. She can interact with the world like a normal person, but is actually disembodied. Any physical damage to her doesn't hurt her, it simply disincorporates her spirit, sending it back to her sleeping body. While in this state, fulfilling her Vice grants her two points of Willpower instead of one, and fulfilling her Virtue grants her nothing.

STRONG SCENT

The Wolf-Blooded has a noticeable scent about her. It's unmistakable and unmistakably her. It's not a bad smell, just a potent one that allows even the human nose to identify her by scent alone.

Boon: The Wolf-Blooded isn't the center of attention because of her healthy scent, but people are aware of her. As a result, any attempt to notice anything about her other than her scent and that her presence in the scene has a -2 modifier. She could be lying, stealing, or cheating, but no one is paying attention to that.

THIRD NIPPLE

In the Dark Ages, they might have called it a witch's teat, while modern medicine would just call it vestigial. The Wolf-Blooded has a third nipple somewhere on his chest. Sometimes, the nipple weeps milk or blood. The Wolf-Blooded, like witches of old, can use his extra nipple to feed spirits, which might have given rise to the image of a familiar in the old days.

Boon: By spending a point of Willpower and suffering a point of bashing damage, he may leak a point of Essence.

TONGUES

Sometimes strange, profane, and alien words fall out of the Wolf-Blooded's mouth instead of the language she's trying to speak. Anytime a character fails a roll that involves speaking or singing, he can turn it into a dramatic failure. He takes a Beat and suffers the results of stumbling mutters accidentally said in the language of the Shadow. To humans, it sounds horrific and impossible. To werewolves and spirits, it seems impossible that a human mouth could form the words that the Wolf-Blooded just has.

Boon: The Wolf-Blooded can force herself to speak in tongues. By spending a point of Willpower, she can speak in the First Tongue for the rest of the scene.

WAYSTONE

The Wolf-Blooded is a sort of vortex where the line between Flesh and Spirit is weak. Spirits and creatures of flesh that seek the Twilight tend to be drawn to the Wolf-Blooded unconsciously.

Boon: The Wolf-Blooded is a one-dot locus for the purposes of spirits and others Reaching across to the opposite side. She can shut off the hole she creates by her existence, but doing so requires concentration and opens her up to possession by giving her the Open Condition.

WOLF SIGN

It isn't the Wolf-Blood's doing, but whenever he stays in a place for too long, signs of wolves and wolf activities appear over time. Tracks, scat, leaves, and dead rabbits appear anyplace he stays for more than a few hours. Any naturalist looking at his apartment would think he's housing a pack of wolves, no matter how impossible that might be.

Boon: Aside from causing the Wolf-Blooded to need to learn a great deal about cleaning mud out of carpets, he's impossible to track by scent. The wolves – that don't exist – have no consistent smell, but whatever they leave behind can baffle the scent of anyone trying to find the Wolf-Blooded specifically.

MERITS

These Merits are available to Wolf-Blooded characters.

TRIBAL AFFILIATE MERITS

Some Wolf-Blooded can track their lineage down through werewolf families, even for generations. Patterns emerge, and it isn't uncommon for a Wolf-Blooded who comes from a strong tribal background show to affiliation for that tribe in deep, organic ways. That said, sometimes, a Wolf-Blooded will have a tribal affinity that follows no pattern, or a generations-deep Wolf-Blooded will show no sign of her heritage.

FENRIS-UR'S BLOOD (••)

Prerequisites: Wolf-Blooded

Effect: Those Wolf-Blooded who share distant ties to the brood of *Fenris-Ur* crave the hunt like no other Wolf-Blood-

ed. While it would be suicide to track and attack the Pure, they have an affinity for silver, which is the Pure's true bane. Characters with this Merit have the 8-again quality any time they're crafting or wielding silver weapons.

KAMDUIS-UR'S BLOOD (••)

Prerequisites: Wolf-Blooded

Effect: In their blood, those Wolf-Blooded of *Kamduis-Ur*'s brood know how to trap ghosts. The rites, rituals, and superstitions they know vary from Wolf-Blooded to Wolf-Blooded. The end result is that the Wolf-Blooded can create a mark or sigil that traps a ghost and holds it in place until something can be done with the restless dead. Roll Intelligence + Occult as an instant action to create a trap tuned to a specific ghost. A successful roll means the ghost is trapped within the seal for a number of hours equal to the successes rolled.

HIKAON-UR'S BLOOD (••)

Prerequisites: Wolf-Blooded

Effect: The Wolf-Blooded of *Hikaon*'s line can see in the dark. They suffer no penalties for operating in total darkness. Furthermore, if they are denied any sense, they get a +2 bonus to rolls involving any of their other senses. Sometimes, a pack will have Hunter in Darkness Wolf-Blooded patrol their territory with ear plugs or a nose-clip to benefit from this blessing.

SAGRIM-UR'S BLOOD (••)

Prerequisites: Wolf-Blooded

Effect: The curiosity and inventiveness of Wolf-Blooded affiliated to the Iron Masters has no rival. Thus, the territories of these Wolf-Blooded packs are some of the most dangerous places on Earth. Using technology and her familiarity with systems to her advantage, the character adds her Safe Place Merit to any rolls to craft traps and security measures with the Crafts or Computer Skills, and has 8-again on those rolls.

SKOLIS-UR'S BLOOD (••)

Prerequisites: Wolf-Blooded

Effect: Grandchildren of *Skolis* with this Merit cannot be subject to the Urged Condition. Furthermore, no supernatural ability can force them to show weakness, though they may be driven to fail or die. Up to the moment of death, they appear strong, vital, and enduring.

GHOST CHILD (••)

Prerequisites: Wolf-Blooded

Effect: Some Wolf-Blooded aren't just unaffiliated, but straight up resist any tie or bind to a Firstborn's family line. In these rare cases, the Wolf-Blooded can show intense commitment to the pack, but little else. They excel at resisting commitment. Any Skills they have at one to three dots gain the 9-again quality. Any Skills they have at four or five dots lose the 10-again quality. They excel at being noncommittal.

MOON BIRTH MERITS

On those Wolf-Blooded with strong ties to Luna, he leaves her mark. Many packs pay careful attention to the moon under which a new child in the pack is born, just in case.

CRESCENT MOON'S BIRTH (••)**Prerequisites:** Wolf-Blooded**Effect:** Wolf-Blooded born under the crescent moon with this Merit are the left hand of the fetish-crafter. Any fetish they're involved in crafting gains +3 Durability and +3 Structure.**FULL MOON'S BIRTH (••)****Prerequisites:** Wolf-Blooded**Effect:** Without a full understanding of what it is to be a werewolf, full-moon-born Wolf-Blooded will never be the tacticians the Rahu are. And yet, a Wolf-Blooded with this Merit can manage and lead the rest of the pack in times when the Uratha are gone or otherwise occupied. Once per scene, when making a coordinated action that was planned in advance, spend a point of Willpower and an instant action. A number of characters equal to your character's Presence can benefit from the +3 bonus from the Willpower expenditure, as well as the 8-again quality. Your character does not gain dice from Willpower as normal.**GIBBOUS MOON'S BIRTH (••)****Prerequisites:** Wolf-Blooded**Effect:** Those Wolf-Blooded born under the gibbous moon aren't the natural lore masters that the Cahalith are, but they index and organize stories like the spirit of the Library of Alexandria. Select a Mental Skill. She gains 8-again on all rolls involving that Skill, and any extended actions with that Skill takes only half the normal amount of time.**HALF MOON'S BIRTH (••)****Prerequisites:** Wolf-Blooded, Safe Place •**Effect:** A Wolf-Blooded born under a half moon has a wide view of his pack and especially its territory. The wide view means that the territory is just a chess board for him, and his pack half the pieces. He gets +2 on all breaking point rolls when in his territory, and once per chapter he can choose to add his Safe Place dots and 8-again to a roll.**NO MOON'S BIRTH (••)****Prerequisites:** Wolf-Blooded**Effect:** Wolf-Blooded born under no moon are natural double agents. When out on a formal mission spying for his pack, any roll to detect where the no-moon came from or who sent her automatically fails. He carries no scent from his pack, and cannot be followed back to his home. The orders must

be direct from a pack leader or specifically assigned by the Wolf-Blooded's parental figure.

WOLF-BLOODED MERITS

These Merits are available to Wolf-Blooded, and potentially to human characters should the Storyteller see it as fitting to the story.

PACK BOND (• OR •••)**Prerequisites:** Wolf-Blooded**Effect:** Wolf-Blooded belong in packs, it's a natural pull. However, how strongly they bond with the pack depends on their investment in serving the pack and the territory.

Wolf-Blooded with one dot in this Merit are treated with the same level of respect as important Storyteller-character Wolf-Blooded, such as those created during Pack Creation (p. 90). They may purchase one dot of the Totem Merit and enjoy all the benefits of it.

Wolf-Blooded characters with three dots in this Merit have proven themselves to the pack, or otherwise gain a natural respect from their Uratha cousins, and are a natural part of the hunting party. These respected and vital members of the pack can purchase up to five dots in the Totem Merit.

RAISED BY WOLVES (•)**Prerequisites:** Wolf-Blooded**Effect:** The character grew up in a pack, not an outsider alone and unaware of what he was. That sense of belonging went a long way to ease the character's internal horror over what he was, but added a new level of stress. The Wolf-Blooded has an exact idea of what werewolves are, how dangerous the spirit world is, and how the mundane world is a lie. The Wolf-Blooded character does not need to succeed at Composure, Stamina, or Resolve rolls to withstand the mystical or biologically strange. This accounts for both physical and psychological responses.**TELL (•••)****Prerequisites:** Wolf-Blooded**Effect:** The character develops a second Tell, chosen from those available to Wolf-Blooded. While the player chooses the new Tell, the character has no choice in how Father Luna or Mother Wolf's touch develops.

With Storyteller permission, a human character can buy this Merit with Experiences to represent a character who spontaneously becomes Wolf-Blooded.

APPENDIX TWO: CONDITIONS

The list below includes a range of common Conditions that can be applied to characters through events in the story.

ATAVISM

You suffer ancient, ancestral memories that rouse anger and violent urges; the cause of these memories must be destroyed. When facing the source of the Atavism, your character must make all-out attacks each turn (see p. 168), or spend Willpower points to avoid attacking. When in danger or heavy stress, she lashes out violently. She must spend Willpower points to take nonviolent actions in response to threats or stressors.

Possible Sources: Succumbing to Lunacy.

Resolution: Your character achieves an exceptional success against the source of her rage, or the source of her rage achieves an exceptional success against her. Alternatively, she can suffer a breaking point for harming an innocent person.

Beat: n/a

AWESTRUCK (PERSISTENT)

Your character sees before her a glorious and terrifying figure, and something in her brain kicks her to kneel and grovel. She suffers a -2 penalty to attack rolls against the source of the Condition. She also suffers a -3 penalty to contested rolls against social actions from the source of the Condition, and a -3 penalty to her Composure and Resolve against actions and powers that the source of the Condition uses on her.

Possible Sources: Compulsion from supernatural powers.

Resolution: The source of the Condition leaves your character's presence, or stops inflicting Lunacy.

Beat: Your character takes an action that serves the demands of the Condition's source.

BAN

Your character suffers from a powerful spiritual compulsion that demands specific behavior. It is difficult to contravene the ban, and attempting to do so elicits a sense of revulsion or wrongness in the character. She suffers a -3 penalty to all dice pools that are rolled as part of an action that breaks the ban's dictated behavior. If breaking the ban's compulsion would not involve any dice pools, she instead suffers a -2 penalty to all dice pools until she corrects her breach or the Condition ends.

In the case of a ban imposed by a pack totem, the totem immediately becomes aware that a breach has occurred and loses a single point of Essence. If it has no Essence remaining, it instead suffers the Deprived Condition until it regains any Essence.

Possible Sources: Low Harmony, violating a totem's ban, or a number of Gifts and rites.

Resolution: If the ban is not persistent then the Condition is resolved when your character's adherence to the ban causes her a significant setback. Otherwise, the resolution depends on the nature of the ban.

Beat: Your character's adherence to the ban causes her a significant setback.

BERSERK

Your character has had a spark of berserk rage lit within her. The fury inside demands that she lash out, and the descending red mist makes it hard to tell friend from foe. Each turn, she must succeed at a Resolve + Composure roll or attack the nearest target with whatever weapons she has to hand. Even if she succeeds, she suffers a -3 penalty on all actions other than attacking the nearest target.

Possible Sources: A number of Gifts and abilities that kindle a form of the Uratha's rage in non-werewolves.

Resolution: The character becomes unconscious. There are no targets left to attack. The source of the Lunacy leaves your character's presence, or stops inflicting Lunacy.

Beat: n/a

CONFUSED

Your character cannot think straight. She suffers a -2 penalty to all Intelligence and Wits rolls.

Possible Sources: Facing overwhelming sensory information, some Gifts.

Resolution: Take half an hour to clear the mind. Take any amount of lethal damage.

Beat: n/a

COWED

Your character has been put in her place through the violence and dominance of another. She suffers a -2 penalty on any Physical and Social rolls to oppose the character who inflicted this Condition if she does not spend Willpower.

Possible Sources: Having another character determine her superiority to yours, some supernatural powers.

Resolution: The character successfully injures or intimidates the character who inflicted the Condition. The character regains Willpower through her Blood Archetype.

Beat: n/a

CUNNING

Your character is Cunning. She beguiles, tricks, sneaks, and charms. This makes everyone around her suspicious of her because they know she's shifty and clever. Characters trying to detect lies or notice your character sneaking enjoy a +2 bonus to any relevant Empathy, Investigation, or other rolls. Your character knows this, and can use this as a diversion for her true goals.

Possible Sources: Flaring Cunning Renown brands with Essence.

Resolution: Once at least one individual has used the +2 bonus, you may choose to shed this Condition to add the character's Cunning Renown in automatic successes to any Larceny, Stealth, or Subterfuge action, even if she rolls no successes.

Beat: n/a

DELUSION

Your character cannot make sense of the world she perceives, and because of this, she avoids that which would make her question. When facing the supernatural, or something she suspects to be the source of this Condition, she flees. If she cannot flee, she shuts down. Every action she takes that is not fleeing requires a Willpower point.

Possible Sources: Succumbing to Lunacy.

Resolution: Your character reaffirms her sense of reality by expending Willpower and learning something new, something deeply secret about the source of the Condition.

Beat: n/a

DEMORALIZED

Your character is demoralized and hesitant in the face of the enemy. Spending a Willpower point only adds one die to her attack pool rather than the usual three. She also suffers a -4 penalty to her Initiative, and a -2 penalty to her Resolve and Composure whenever they are used to resist or contest a dice pool.

Possible Sources: Attempting something momentous and failing at the last hurdle, some Gifts.

Resolution: The character achieves an exceptional success on an attack roll, wins a combat, or survives a combat unharmed. A week passes.

Beat: n/a

EASY PREY

Through carelessness or ignorance, your character leaves a clear trail for any hunter to follow. All attempts to find the character through searching or tracking gain +2 dice.

Possible Sources: Dramatically failing in a contested tracking action.

Resolution: A hunter locates your character and harms him – physically, mentally, or socially – raising his awareness of his carelessness.

Beat: n/a

ESSENCE OVERLOAD

Your character has attempted to channel immensely powerful forces through her Essence, and has lost control. Sparks and heatless flame sputter and limn her. Whenever she spends a point of Essence, she must succeed at a Stamina roll or suffer one point of lethal damage. Whenever she suffers an injury from an attack, she also bleeds out one point of Essence.

Possible Sources: Some Gifts.

Resolution: The character empties her Essence pool or earths the overloaded energies through a powerful spiritual conduit.

Beat: n/a

EXHAUSTED

Your character has been run ragged and desperately needs a good rest. She suffers a -2 penalty to all physical actions and rolls to remain conscious.

Possible Sources: Sleep deprivation or persistent nightmares, some Gifts.

Resolution: The character has restful sleep.

Beat: n/a

GLORIOUS

Your character is Glorious. She's faced down superior opponents, committed great acts of courage, and lived to tell the tale. This impresses onlookers, and draws their attention. Individuals so impressed will confront your character first. Arguments and attacks against your character gain +2 dice. Your character may impress witnesses by weathering the storm and turning it around on her opponents.

Possible Sources: Flaring Glory Renown brands with Essence.

Resolution: Once at least one individual has used the +2 bonus, you may choose to shed this Condition to add your character's Glory Renown in automatic successes to any Expression, Intimidation, or Persuasion action, even if she rolls no successes.

Beat: n/a

GUILTY

Your character is experiencing deep-seated feelings of guilt and remorse. This Condition is commonly applied after a successful breaking point roll (p. 104). While the character is under the effects of this Condition, he receives a -2 to any Resolve or Composure rolls to defend against Subterfuge, Empathy, or Intimidation rolls.

Possible Sources: Encountering a breaking point

Resolution: The character confesses his crimes and makes restitution for whatever he did.

Beat: n/a

HONORABLE

Your character is Honorable. She wields honesty the way some Uratha wield their claws. She fights fairly, and pursues fair prey. She does not abuse the already downtrodden, or take advantage of the innocent. Individuals knowing of her Honor will attempt to fool or take advantage of her. Any such rolls gain +2 dice. When your character bears that weight, her humble dignity gives her an aura of grace and respect.

Possible Sources: Flaring Honor Renown brands with Essence.

Resolution: Once at least one individual has used the +2 bonus, you may choose to shed this Condition to add your character's Honor Renown in automatic successes to any Empathy, Politics, or Socialize action, even if she rolls no successes.

INSPIRED

Your character is deeply inspired. When your character takes an action pertaining to that inspiration, you may choose to resolve this Condition. An exceptional success on that roll requires only three successes instead of five and you gain a point of Willpower.

Possible Sources: Exceptional success with Crafts or Expression, the Inspiring Merit.

Resolution: You spend inspiration to spur yourself to greater success, resolving the Condition as described above.

Beat: n/a

INVISIBLE PREDATOR

Your character has so successfully infiltrated her prey's domain that he is oblivious to her presence. The prey suffers -2 to all rolls to detect or prepare for the hunter's arrival while this Condition is active.

Possible Sources: Exceptional success in a tracking action.

Resolution: The hunter deals damage or otherwise hurts her prey, either through attack, social manipulation or stealing her possessions.

Beat: n/a

ISOLATED

Your character has been split from his crew, drawn and called out, cornered and quartered. His friends hesitate to assist him; they're resigned to his fate. With this Condition, your character cannot benefit from or participate in teamwork rolls (see p. 162). Additionally, your character cannot take advantage of the Defense reduction for multiple attackers; every enemy he faces has access to its full Defense, no matter how many times it's been attacked in a turn.

Possible Sources: The Elodoth's Isolating hunter aspect.

Resolution: Suffer a wound penalty from lethal or aggravated wounds, or suffer a lethal wound in your character's last Health box.

Beat: n/a

LEVERAGED

Your character has been blackmailed, tricked, convinced, or otherwise leveraged into doing what another individual wishes. You may have the Leveraged Condition multiple times, imposed by different characters. Anytime the specified character requests something of you, you may resolve this Condition if your character does as requested without rolling to resist.

Possible Sources: Another character finds out damning information about your character.

Resolution: Your character may either resolve the Condition by complying with a request as above, or if you apply the Leveraged condition to the specified individual.

Beat: n/a

LOST TRACKER

Your character has lost faith in her abilities because she failed to find her prey. She suffers -2 to all tracking rolls while this Condition remains.

Possible Sources: Dramatic failure on a tracking action.

Resolution: The hunter succeeds in tracking her quarry despite the penalty, regaining faith in her ability.

Beat: n/a

LURED (PERSISTENT)

Your character has been lured into an action; she is absolutely convinced she saw or heard something over there that she needs to check out, or has seen something she wants to investigate, becoming completely focused on it. She will move away from a group of allies who are not also Lured without informing them; calling for back-up won't even cross her mind until an actual threat makes itself real. If she investigates the distraction and finds nothing, she will react the same way to any other distractions of the same sort that she encounters while under the Condition.

If allies who are not Lured notice what she is doing and try to get her to stay with the group, she will give the best argument she can as to why they should let her split off, and attempts to convince her otherwise suffer a -5 penalty. Attempts to forcibly restrain her or prevent her from going will likely convince her that something is wrong with her allies — they're being blinded to the danger that she has to check out, or they're going mad and they're now a danger that she needs to get away from. She will attempt to do so as intelligently as she can.

Possible Sources: Some Gifts.

Resolution: The character investigates the lure and encounters a threat. An hour passes.

Beat: Your character causes disruption and confusion amongst her allies.

MADNESS (PERSISTENT)

Your character saw or did something that jarred her loose from reality. This isn't a mental illness born of brain chemistry — that, at least, might be treatable. This madness is the product of supernatural tampering or witnessing something that humanity was never meant to comprehend. The Storyteller has a pool of dice equal to 10 - (character's Integrity). Once per chapter, the Storyteller can apply those dice as a negative modifier to any Mental or Social roll made for the character.

Possible Sources: Supernatural visions, losing a dot of Integrity.

Resolution: Regain a dot of Integrity, lose another dot of Integrity, or achieve an exceptional success on a breaking point.

Beat: The character fails a roll because of this Condition.

MOON TAINT

Your character has been infected with the warping taint of Luna. From time to time, her skin crawls or shivers in strange and unpleasant ways. She suffers from the Poisoned Tilt while the Condition lasts. The first time she sees the full moon after suffering Moon Taint, she is afflicted by spasming agony and must achieve 5 successes on an extended Resolve + Composure roll with each roll representing 1 minute. If she succeeds then the Condition ends and the pain ceases. If she fails any of the rolls, she immediately enters Dalu and gains regeneration as if she were a werewolf with Primal Urge 1. She also enters *Wasu-*

Im. She returns to normal when the sun rises, whereupon this Condition ends.

Possible Sources: Being bitten by a werewolf using some Gifts.

Resolution: Resisting the change. The sun rises after changing. The character poisons herself with wolfsbane.

Beat: n/a

MYSTIFIED

Your character faced an Ithaeur, and now he feels the dread of the spirit wilds wherever he goes. He finds solace only in the Gauntlet. Subtract the current Gauntlet rating (see p. 101) from 6. That number acts as a penalty to all your character's Mental actions. If that penalty exceeds your character's Composure dots, your character does not benefit from the 10-again quality on any rolls. If used on a spirit, this works in reverse. Subtract the Gauntlet modifier from all actions, as the spirit becomes afraid of the human world.

Possible Sources: The Ithaeur's Mystic hunter aspect.

Resolution: Suffer a wound penalty from lethal or aggravated wounds, or suffer a lethal wound in your character's last Health box.

Beat: n/a

PARANOID

Your character has been reduced to a state of rampant paranoia. She jumps at shadows, sees threats everywhere, and finds it hard to trust. She suffers a -2 penalty to Perception rolls, Social actions, and dice pools to draw upon the Allies, Contacts, Mentor, Retainer, Staff, and Status Merits.

Possible Sources: Some Gifts.

Resolution: A week without any threat actually manifesting; a friend or ally achieving an exceptional success on a Social action to convince you of their trustworthiness.

Beat: n/a

PURE

Your character is Pure. She adheres to the Oath of the Moon in all things. She's known to put her ancestral duties above everything in her life. To some, this looks a weakness to exploit. It tempts others to challenge her adherence to her Oath. Sometimes this is due to malice, sometimes jealousy, sometimes disbelief. Any such rolls to tempt her to disgrace gain +2 dice. When your character stands up to that temptation, she carries the terrifying mantle of her ancestors.

Possible Sources: Flaring Purity Renown brands with Essence.

Resolution: Once at least one individual has used the +2 bonus, you may choose to shed this Condition to add your character's Purity Renown in automatic successes to any Athletics, Brawl, or Survival action, even if she rolls no successes.

Beat: n/a

RECEPTION

Your character has opened to the spirit world, as result of her experience with Lunacy. She cannot resist possession (see p. 190), and she bleeds Essence. Every day, she generates Essence equal to her Resolve score. Spirits can consume the Essence by touching her, but werewolves must eat her flesh – gaining the Essence in addition to the amount normally given by eating human meat. If she dramatically fails an action, she may slip into the *Hisil* instead of suffering the normal dramatic failure for the action.

Possible Sources: Succumbing to Lunacy.

Resolution: Your character experiences grave danger as result of her experience with the *Hisil*.

Beat: n/a

RESIGNED

Your character faced down his hunter, and the frightening beast has shown him the essence of doom. While he may still fight or flee, there's a part of him inside that welcomes the release of death. Your character may not spend Willpower to add dice or resistance for any action to defend himself from a deadly threat. He can fuel Gifts or use other actions, but his self-defense becomes lackluster at best.

Possible Sources: The Cahalith's Monstrous hunter aspect.

Resolution: Suffer a wound penalty from lethal or aggravated damage, or suffer a lethal wound in your character's last Health box.

Beat: n/a

SHADOW PARANOIA

Your character has been afflicted with a supernatural panic; she is jumpy and on edge, afraid that every shadow might contain sharp teeth and sudden death. She suffers a -2 penalty to all Perception rolls. Any failure on a Perception roll becomes a dramatic failure as she thinks she sees an attacker or threat out of the corner of her eye, and she will react with panic; if she's carrying a firearm she will likely start firing at shadows. Thinking rationally is difficult in the face of such fear and she suffers a -2 penalty on all Intelligence- and Wits-based dice pools.

Possible Sources: Some Gifts.

Resolution: The character reaches a place of safety. The character achieves an exceptional success on a Perception roll.

Beat: n/a

SHAKEN

Something has severely frightened your character. Any time your character is taking an action where that fear might hinder her, you may opt to fail the roll and resolve this Condition. This Condition can be imposed by undergoing a breaking point roll.

Possible Sources: Facing a breaking point.

Resolution: The character gives into her fear and fails a roll as described above.

Beat: n/a

SHADOWLASHED

Your character failed to master the laws of the Shadow and now suffers for her hubris. For as long as the Condition lasts, she suffers a -2 penalty on all rolls involving interaction with the Shadow and its denizens.

Possible Sources: Dramatic failure on a rite.

Resolution: Successfully perform a rite. Have a meaningful interaction with a spiritual Touchstone. Meditate in the Shadow.

Beat: n/a

SISKUR-DAH (PERSISTENT)

Your character is on the *Siskur-Dah*, the Sacred Hunt. She gains a specific benefit depending on the ritemaster's tribe.

The Blood Talon Sacred Hunt grants your character the ability to perceive the Renown brands of werewolf prey. She can see them as a clear silver glow (or a fiery red for Pure) and can read the prey's value in each Renown with a reflexive action.

The Bone Shadow Sacred Hunt grants your character the ability to touch and strike ephemeral entities nominated as prey with her natural weapons.

The Hunter in Darkness Sacred Hunt grants your character the ability to sense the state of the Gauntlet in your presence; you are constantly aware of its current strength and if it has been increased or decreased compared to its normal strength; if the hunt's prey is responsible then you know this. You can also sense any other breaches in reality that your prey has moved through in the last lunar month – gateways to places and realms other than the Shadow.

The Iron Master Sacred Hunt grants your character the ability to choose which of the Lunacy Conditions she inflicts on humans while hunting the prey.

The Storm Lord Sacred Hunt grants your character the ability to clearly perceive prey that is possessed, Urged, or Claimed. If your character looks at a Ridden human who is the prey of the hunt, for example, she will see the spirit coiled up within him.

Possible Sources: The Sacred Hunt rite, or being personally blessed by a Firstborn.

Resolution: The prey is brought down (a kill is not necessary) or the pack breaks off the *Siskur-Dah* by taking any significant actions towards ends other than the hunt.

Beat: Your character achieves an exceptional success on an action involving the prey.

SPOOKED

Your character has seen something supernatural – not overt enough to terrify her, but unmistakably otherworldly.

How your character responds to this is up to you, but it captivates her and dominates her focus.

Possible Sources: Facing a breaking point, encountering the supernatural.

Resolution: This Condition is resolved when your character's fear and fascination causes her to do something that hinders the group or complicates things (she goes off alone to investigate a strange noise, stays up all night researching, runs away instead of holding her ground, etc.).

Beat: n/a

STEADFAST

Your character is confident and resolved. When she fails a roll, you may choose to resolve this Condition to treat the result as if you'd rolled a single success. If the roll is a chance die, you may resolve this Condition and roll a single regular die instead.

Possible Sources: Facing a breaking point.

Resolution: You use this Condition as described above.

Beat: n/a

STUMBLER

Your character has hit a complication during an extended action. Each successive roll on the extended action is at a -3 penalty.

This condition does not grant a Beat when resolved.

Possible Sources: Failure during a rite or Facet use.

Resolution: The extended action ends.

Beat: n/a

SWAGGERING

Your character faced the full bore of a Rahu's essence. He's sure that he can win in the face of the Rahu's fury. He can not prepare himself to face the Rahu or her pack in any way – buying weapons, laying traps, or changing his normal routine – without first spending a Willpower point and making an extended, reflexive Resolve + Composure roll. You may make one roll per turn, but each roll requires an additional point of Willpower. The target number of successes is equal to the Rahu's Purity.

Possible Sources: The Rahu's Dominant hunter aspect.

Resolution: Suffer a wound penalty from lethal or aggravated wounds, or suffer a lethal wound in your character's last Health box.

Beat: n/a

SWOONING

Your character is attracted to someone and is vulnerable where he or she is concerned. He may have the proverbial "butterflies in his stomach" or just be constantly aware of the object of his affection. A character may have multiple

instances of this Condition, reflecting affection for multiple individuals. He suffers a -2 to any rolls that would adversely affect the specified individual, who also gains +2 on any Social rolls against him. If the individual is attempting Social maneuvering on the swooning character, the impression level is considered one higher (maximum of perfect; see p. 164).

Possible Sources: Be on the receiving end of an exceptional success of a Persuasion or Subterfuge roll, have another character help you fulfill your Vice (if human).

Resolution: Your character does something for his love interest that puts him in danger, or he opts to fail a roll to resist a Social action by the specified character.

Beat: n/a

SYMBOLIC FOCUS

Your character is filled with the symbolic power of the rite that she has invoked, becoming a channel for it. She achieves an exceptional success on interactions with spirits with three successes instead of five, and her effective spirit Rank is increased by one.

Possible Sources: Exceptional success during a rite.

Resolution: Exceptional success on an interaction with a spirit. Falling into *Wasu-Im*. Breaking any ban she possesses.

Beat: n/a

UNAWARE

Your character has been dazed and confused, distracted, and internalized. He's so withdrawn inward, that he cannot notice the proverbial (or literal) wolf at his door. Reduce his Composure by (the Irraka's Cunning - 1), with a minimum of -1 – if the Irraka has Cunning 4, it reduces Composure by -3.)

Possible Sources: The Irraka's Blissful hunter aspect.

Resolution: Suffer a wound penalty from lethal or aggravated wounds, or suffer a lethal wound in your character's last Health box.

Beat: n/a

UNTRACEABLE

Through care and attention to detail, your character leaves little evidence of her passage for others to follow. All attempts to track her suffer -2 dice.

Possible Sources: Exceptional success on a tracking action.

Resolution: This Condition hampers a number of tracking attempts against her equal to the greater of her Survival or Streetwise.

Beat: n/a

WISE

Your character is Wise. She seeks the intelligent, reasoned answer in all things. She looks to past successes and failures, and those successes and failures of others so as to take a smarter

course of action. This inspires others to challenge her wisdom, and question her foundation of knowledge. Any rolls to defy or question her advice gain +2 dice. When she's proven her reason sound, she's redoubled in her understanding of the world.

Possible Sources: Flaring Wisdom Renown brands with Essence.

Resolution: Once at least one individual has used the +2 bonus, you may choose to shed this Condition to add your character's Wisdom Renown in automatic successes to any Investigation, Medicine, or Occult action, even if she rolls no successes.

Beat: n/a

TILTS

The list below includes some example Tilts that can be inflicted through extreme environments, werewolves in Urshul, or canny combatants.

ARM WRACK

Description: Your arm burns with pain and then goes numb. It could be dislocated, sprained, or broken, but whatever's wrong with it, you can't move your limb.

Effect: If your arm's broken or otherwise busted, you drop whatever you're holding in that arm and can't use it to attack opponents — unless you've got the Ambidextrous Merit, you suffer off-hand penalties for any rolls that require manual dexterity. If this effect spreads to both limbs, you're down to a chance die on any rolls that require manual dexterity, and -3 to all other Physical actions.

Causing the Tilt: Some supernatural powers can cripple a victim's limbs or break bone with a touch. A character can have his arm knocked out by a targeted blow to the arm (-2 penalty) that deals more damage than the character's Stamina. A targeted blow to the hand inflicts this Tilt if it does any damage.

Ending the Tilt: If the Tilt is inflicted as a result of an attack, mark an 'x' under the leftmost Health box inflicted in that attack; the Tilt ends when the damage that caused it has healed. If the damage that inflicts this Tilt is aggravated, the character loses the use of his arm (or straight up loses his arm) permanently.

BLINDED

Description: The character's eyes are damaged or removed.

Effect: The character suffers a -3 penalty to any rolls that rely on vision — including attack rolls — and halves his Defense if one eye is blinded. That penalty increases to -5 and losing all Defense if both eyes are affected.

Causing the Tilt: The normal way to inflict the tilt is to deal damage to the target's eyes — a specified attack with a -5 penalty (see *Specified Targets*, p. 168). A successful attack normally damages one eye. It takes an exceptional success to

totally blind an attacker. An attacker can inflict temporary blindness by slashing at her opponent's brow, throwing sand into his eyes, or kicking up dirt. This requires an attack roll of Dexterity + Athletics with a -3 penalty; the victim's Defense applies to this attack. If it succeeds, the target is Blinded for the next turn.

Ending the Tilt: If an attack against the character's eye does any points of damage, mark an 'x' under the leftmost Health box inflicted in that attack. If the damage inflicted is aggravated the character loses vision in that eye permanently. Otherwise, the condition ends when the damage that caused the Tilt is healed.

EARTHQUAKE

Description: Everything shudders and shakes, and rents tear the ground wide open.

Effect: Earthquakes don't last long, but they don't have to. When the quake's actually occurring, all Dexterity-based dice pools (and Defense) suffer a -1 to -5 penalty depending on the quake's severity. Characters take between one and three points of lethal damage per turn of the quake's duration, though a reflexive Stamina + Athletics roll can downgrade that damage to bashing — or cancel it entirely on an exceptional success.

Causing the Tilt: Without tremendous supernatural power, it's almost impossible to cause an earthquake. A character who detonates a powerful explosive underground might simulate the effects over a city-block for a few seconds.

Ending the Tilt: Earthquakes are fortunately very quick events. It's very rare for one to last more than a minute (20 turns), so waiting them out is the best course of action.

HEAVY WINDS

Description: Howling winds buffet at the characters, whipping street furniture into the air, tearing the roofs from buildings. Powerful winds can toss cars around like toys. Anyone out in the winds feels like they're taking a beating just for walking down the street.

Effect: Heavy winds are loud, so characters suffer a -3 modifier to aural Perception rolls. Also the wind inflicts a penalty to all Physical rolls when out in the winds — including Drive rolls. Grade the wind from one to five — one is tropical storm level (around 40 MPH), three is hurricane level (around 80 MPH), and five is tornado level (150+ MPH). This is the penalty applied to Physical dice rolls. Characters outside in the maelstrom take damage from flying debris, taking bashing damage each turn equal to the wind's rating. A characters can make a reflexive Dexterity + Athletics roll to avoid damage.

Causing the Tilt: Heavy winds are a fact of life, from siroccos in the desert to tornados in the Midwest to wind shears everywhere.

Ending the Tilt: Getting out of the wind is the best way to end this Tilt. Sometimes that's as easy as sheltering in an automobile — as long as nobody tries to drive. Buildings provide more permanent shelter.

KNOCKED DOWN

Description: Something knocks the character to the floor, either toppling her with a powerful blow to the chest or taking one of her legs out from under her.

Effect: The character is knocked off her feet. If she hasn't already acted this turn, she loses her action. Once she's on the ground, a character is considered prone. The character can still apply Defense against incoming attacks, and can attempt to attack from the ground at a -2 penalty.

Causing the Tilt: Some weapons list "Knockdown" as a special effect of a damaging hit. Otherwise, a melee weapon with a damage modifier of +2 or greater, or a firearm with a damage modifier of +3 or more can be used to knock a character down with the force of the blow. Alternatively, a melee weapon or unarmed attack can knock an opponent down with a targeted attack against the legs (-2 modifier). The attacker declares that he wants to knock his opponent down, and halves the total damage done (rounding down). On a successful attack, the target is knocked down.

Ending the Tilt: The easiest way to end this Tilt is to stand up, which takes an action. A character who hasn't yet acted can make a Dexterity + Athletics roll, minus any weapon modifier, instead of her normal action. If successful, she avoids the effects of this Tilt altogether. On a failure, she falls over and the Tilt applies as normal.

LEG WRACK

Description: Your leg feels like it's going to snap clean off whenever you move; when you stop moving you feel a burning numbness that encourages you to avoid moving.

Effect: If your leg is broken, sprained, or dislocated, halve your Speed and suffer a -2 penalty on Physical rolls that require movement (and Defense). If both of your legs are wracked, you fall over – taking the Knocked Down Tilt – and cannot get up. Your Speed is reduced to 1; if you want to move at all, you cannot take any other action. Physical rolls that require movement are reduced to a chance die.

Causing the Tilt: Some supernatural powers can cripple a victim's limbs or break bone with a touch. A character can have his leg knocked out by a targeted blow to the leg (-2 penalty) that deals more damage than the character's Stamina.

Ending the Tilt: If the Tilt is inflicted as a result of an attack, mark an 'x' under the leftmost Health box inflicted in that attack. The Tilt ends when the damage that caused it has healed. If the damage that inflicts this Tilt is aggravated, the character loses use of his leg permanently.

POISONED

Description: You've got poison or sickness inside you. It's tearing you apart from the inside; burning like acid in your gut and making your head swim.

Effect: This Tilt applies a general sense of being poisoned to a character without worrying about Toxicity during combat. For the purposes of this Tilt, a poison is either "moderate" or "grave" – a moderate poison causes one point of bashing damage per turn of combat, while a grave poison ups that to one point of lethal damage per turn. If the Storyteller cares to continue the effects of the poison outside of combat, he can apply the standard rules for handling poisons and toxins when combat is complete.

Causing the Tilt: It's possible for a character to not know that he's been poisoned. It could be as innocuous as switching drinks with a pretty girl who is the target of a mob hit, or as simple as walking into a house with a carbon monoxide leak. That said, the main time poison comes up in combat is when one combatant inflicts it on another. Injecting your opponent with a syringe full of drain cleaner or snake venom is a Dexterity + Weaponry attack, suffering a -1 modifier for the improvised weapon.

Ending the Tilt: Short of immediate medical attention – and how many fights take place in an emergency room? – all a victim can do is struggle on. Roll Stamina + Resolve as a reflexive action each turn that your character is poisoned. If your character intends to act (meaning, takes a non-reflexive action), the roll suffers a -3 penalty. Success counteracts the damage for one turn only.

STUNNED

Description: Your character is dazed and unable to think straight. Maybe her vision blurs. If she's stunned as a result of a blow to the head, she's probably got a concussion.

Effect: A character with the Stunned Tilt loses her next action, and halves her Defense until she can next act.

Causing the Tilt: A character can be stunned by any attack that does at least as much damage as her Size in a single hit. Some weapons have a "stun" special ability. These double the weapon modifier only for the purpose of working out whether the attacker inflicts the Stunned Tilt. Attacks against the target's head (see "Specified Targets," p. 168) count the character's Size as one lower for the purposes of this Tilt. The Storyteller might determine that additional effects cause this Tilt, like being caught in the blast area of an explosion.

Ending the Tilt: The effects of this Tilt normally only last for a single turn. The character can end the Tilt during her own action by reflexively spending a point of Willpower to gather her wits, though she suffers a -3 modifier to any actions she takes that turn.

THE SCATTERED HOST (EPILOGUE)

Teddy watched with satisfaction as the last wire was connected on the bomb. His face had a new scar that ran from eyebrow to jawbone, curving slightly. It too would fade in time, but for now he picked at it, relishing the small bursts of pain. It had been two years since the pack had been forced from their home. Two years of battling the Beshilu in the shadows and sewers of the city. Every battle has casualties, and his heart still twisted when he remembered the death that had come for Ohta. Captured alive, the Host had fed on him, torn him slowly apart. By the time the pack found where he was being kept, the only thing left to bury was his gnawed skeleton.

Nor had the years been pleasant for the city. The Beshilu left pestilence in their wake, spreading sickness and decay. Thousands had died from what human scientists had labeled a resistant outbreak of tuberculosis. Panic and disorder followed the disease's spread, eventually forcing the governor to declare martial law and send in the National Guard to restore order.

The time for mourning was past. Now was the time for vengeance. The weight of deals made, and bargains struck with spirits, Wolf-Blooded, other packs, and even human criminals weighed on his mind. Dorothy had become even less tolerant of mistakes or excuses following her brother's demise, her mind holding no room for anything but revenge. It had fallen to him to sort out the complex web of alliances required to get what they needed, when they needed it. This was his night.

He waited patiently, distractedly killing any rat that ventured too near with his high-powered air rifle. No need or use to waste bullets on vermin. A small pile of reeking corpses had started to form at the sewer junction. Soon enough they would come. He was eager to hear their voices, to hear them speak words of sneering victory in their squeaking First Tongue. Soon.

"This place is freaking me out, man," said the human trash that had brought the bomb. "Are we good, 'cause I'm out of here."

"Go."

The fool actually believed he'd escape. Teddy watched him go and smiled grimly as he left. Human meat was as much part of the bait as he was. The human scooted around the corner of the sewer junction, gagging as he stepped over the dead pile of rats, and out of sight. Teddy counted to five before the screaming began. He hadn't reached seven when it ended.

"Tough luck, pal."

More rats slunk around the corner, sticking to the shadows or burrowing into the pile of their own dead. They watched him. He watched them back, and made no move to shoot them. It was enough.

"Anytime, asshole," he called.

"Uratha," hissed a voice back to him. "You are welcome here, Uratha. Your flesh will become meat for the many, your bones will be used to build our nests. Come, Uratha. We are ready for you."

"Come and get me, dickhead."

More hissing and squeaking, then a wave of rats poured around the junction, followed by the Beshilu. The thing still held something of Svent's features in its twisted visage, as though it somehow devoured a portion of the man's soul when it invaded his flesh. Teddy gamely shot the rats as they approached, then clubbed them with the gun when they got too close for shooting. The swarm buried him, not really biting yet, just holding him in place with weight of numbers for their master to destroy. The Svent-thing approached closer, closer. It bent down to look at Teddy in the eye.

"You were a fool to challenge me, Uratha," it hissed.

"Goodbye," he said, and detonated the bomb.

Two years ago...

"The problem," said Dorothy, "is that it's nearly impossible to kill every piece of the Host when it scatters. We need to find some way to keep it contained when it attempts to flee."

The pack was hunkered down in an abandoned warehouse along the river. Following the disappearances of detectives Svent and Olk, the police had hunted them nearly nonstop. Raul was teaching Amber to skip rocks across the water, leaving Dorothy, Ohta, and Teddy to discuss strategy.

"It's also nearly impossible to hunt it down in the sewers," said Teddy. "Too many regular rats running around, too many ways for it to escape."

The group was silent for a minute, listening to the splashes and giggles as Amber finally managed to get a rock to skip.

"Perhaps we can use the sewers to our advantage," said Ohta.

"How?" replied Dorothy and Teddy in unison.

"Rats can be drowned just like any other animal. If we flood the sewers, we destroy the Beshilu's advantage, and drive it out of its lair."

"I'm not sure the Host can drown," said Teddy, frowning. "Even if we drive it out of the sewer, how do we keep it from escaping?"

Ohta pointed to the river.

"We are guardians of two worlds. Perhaps Brother River will assist us, if we ask politely." Now...

The bomb tore through Teddy, the rats, and the Svent-thing with savage force. It blew a hole five feet deep into the wall, cracking the thin concrete barrier between river and sewer. Water surged through the hole carrying away the shredded remains of Teddy and the rats, and swallowing the scattered Host. As the water rushed through the sewers it scoured every nook and corner, sometimes acting as if it had a mind of its own. The Beshilu was pulled along by its force, battered against stone, its squeaks of pain literally drowned.

Two years of preparation found the usual flood barriers damaged and inert. Two years of work and no small amount of bribery had resulted in new barriers put in place to channel the flood back toward the river. The water swelled just below sewer grates, never spilling over, never giving its prisoner a chance to escape as it roared back to its source. Along with the Host came a deluge of sewage, detritus, and effluvia that turned the waters black.

As the stain spread across the river, it flowed past a fishing boat with its nets in the water. Upon closer inspection, these particular nets might have seemed an odd choice for fishing. Instead of lightweight rope, the nets had been fashioned from braids of metal chains. The squirming, struggling mass of the Host was shoved into the nets by the power of the still surging sewer current, with every part of its essence accounted for as the nets closed around it. Dorothy and Raul hauled in the nets and secured them, the Beshilu thumping down on the metal deck with a squeal.

Amber stood alone at the prow of the ship, speaking with a featureless humanoid face that had formed on the water's surface.

"The bargain is sealed," she said in First Tongue. "In return for your service this day, I agree to serve you for twenty years. For that time, any favor you ask will be granted, any desire, fulfilled."

"Better you than me," panted Raul, as he continued to secure their catch. "Who knows if I'll even live twenty more years."

"You won't live twenty more seconds if you let a single rat escape," snapped Dorothy.

They finished securing the nets on the deck by snapping four locks into place, each one fastening into a bolt that had been installed for just that purpose. When she was sure the Host was trapped, she turned to face it. Raul hurried off to dig in a large, metal box.

"Where Urfarah failed, we have succeeded. Two members of our pack have sacrificed their lives for this day."

She kicked the Beshilu with a booted foot.

"Any last words, vermin?"

"We still live, our essence in Shadow, scattered."

"That might be true," said Dorothy. "But you're done in my territory. Raul?"

Raul handed her a flamethrower, the words 'PROPERTY OF U.S. ARMY' still painted on the side. He helped her seat the tank's straps on her shoulders, and stepped back. Dorothy took the weapon, adjusted the igniter, and pulled the trigger. Flame bellowed forth and the pack almost swore they could hear Teddy's voice speaking from the crackling fire.

"Burn, motherfucker."

And it did.

INDEX

B

36LOVE Pack 272

A

Abni-Gur 46, 76
 Absent the Father Pack 264
 Academics Skill 154
 Actions 160
 Common 160
 Extended 160
 Resistance 160
 Advantages 83, 84
 Afzu'Umm'la 259
 Aggressive Meme 191. *See also* Numina.
 Air Elemental 210. *See also* Dread Powers.
 All Doors Locked 135. *See also* Warding Gift.
 Allies Merit 22, **110**
 Alternate Identity Merit 110
 Amber Howlers Pack 276
 Am sa namguli. *See* Elodoth.
 Anchor Merit 105
 Anchors 85
 Angepe (Crow) Ngalyarre 268
 Animal Ken Skill 29, 84, **157**
 Anonymity Merit 111
 Ansar-zalag. *See* Heavenly Fire, the.
 Anshega 76. *See also* Pure, the.
 Antonio Munoz. *See* Star Herald.
 Archetypes 83, **86**. *See also* Blood and Bone.
 Alpha 86
 Challenger 86
 Community Organizer 86
 Cub 86
 Destroyer 86
 Fox 86
 Guru 86
 Hedonist 86
 Lone Wolf 87
 Monster 86
 Soldier 86
 Wallflower 87
 Area of Expertise Merit 111
 Armor **168**, 171

Armored Hide 210. *See also* Dread Powers.

Aspirations 81, 84, 85

Athletics Skill 155

Attack. *See* Combat, Attack.

Attributes 81, 84, 104, **153-154**

 Mental 81, **153**

 Physical 81, **153**

 Selecting 82

 Social 81, **154**

 Tasks 159

Auspices **15**, 57, 76, 82, 84, 85, 100, 114, 284

Awe 191. *See also* Numina.

B

Badass Motherfucker. *See* Forms, Dalu.

Banes 185

Bane-Salve 220. *See also* Idigam, Dread Powers.

Banish 142. *See also* Rites, Pack.

Barfly Merit 111

Barghest 121. *See also* Death Gift.

Basra, Iraq 249

Basu-Im. *See* Death Rage, Hard.

Beast Master 210. *See also* Dread Powers.

Beast Ride 130. *See also* Nature's Gift.

Beast Talker 137. *See also* Hunting Gift.

Beats 85

 Gaining **85**, 165

 Pack 85

Belfast, United Kingdom 252

Believer Wolves. *See* Urdam.

Berserker's Might 130. *See also* Rage Gift.

Berserker Wolves 235

Binding Oath 119. *See also* Half Moon's Gift.

Biting 167

Bitten 9

Black Earth Red Hunger 129. *See also* Nature's Gift.

Black Rat 53

Black Wolf. *See* Hikaon-Ur.

Blast 191. *See also* Numina.

Blinding Spray 210. *See also* Dread Powers.

Blood Affinity Merit 105

Blood Anchor 83, 84, **85**, 284

Blood Oath Pack 255

- Blood Talons 18, 22, 26, 29, 32, **34-36**, 39, 42, 43, 45, 48, 50, 51, 76, 82, 84, 214, 249
 Firstborn 34
 Gatherings 36
 Gifts 36
 Hunt 36
 Merits 108
 Nu sum ghumur nu su ghid 34, **70**
 Prey 35
 Rites 140
- Bloody-Handed Hunter 117. *See also* Full Moon's Gift.
- Bone Affinity Merit 105
- Bone Anchor 83, 84, **85**, 284
- Bone Gnaw 121. *See also* Death Gift.
- Bone Shadows 19, 22, 26, 29, 32, 36, **37-39**, 42, 43, 45, 48, 50, 76, 82, 84, 215
 Firstborn 37
 Gatherings 39
 Gifts 39
 Hunt 39
 Merits 106
 Prey 38
 Rites 140
 Su a sar-hith sa 37, **70**
- Border Marches 64, 65
- Bottle Spirit 140. *See also* Rites, Wolf.
- Boundary Ward 135. *See also* Warding Gift.
- Brawl Skill 32, 84, **155**
- Breach 121. *See also* New Moon's Gift.
- Breath of Air 123. *See also* Elementals Gift.
- Bridge Witches Pack 276
- Brine Bottle 148. *See also* Fetish.
- Brine Walkers 244
- Bristol, United Kingdom 255
- Burrow 210. *See also* Dread Powers.
- Butchery 117. *See also* Full Moon's Gift.
- C**
- Cadillac's Company Pack 260
- Cahalith **16-19**, 22, 25, 29, 32, 53, 76, 82, 84
 Auspice Benefit. *See* Prophetic Dreams.
 Auspice Renown 18, 84
 Auspice Skills 18, 84
 Gifts 18, 84
 Hunter's Aspect 18
 Hurmas-hi 16
- Call Out Merit 108
- Call Void Spirit 220. *See also* Idigam, Dread Powers.
- Cannibalism 274, 285
- Car Wrecks 172
- Catastrophe 123. *See also* Elementals Gift.
- Chain Rage 139. *See also* Rites, Wolf.
- Chameleon Horror 210. *See also* Dread Powers.
- Change Gift 15, **136-137**
- Changing Forms 100
 Full moon 9
- Chapter. *See* Time.
- Character creation **81-85**, 291
 Concept 81, 84
 Quick Reference 84
- Charred Death-Rattle 147. *See also* Fetish.
- Chase Down. *See* Forms, Urhan.
- Chronicle. *See* Lodge, Chronicle. *See also* Time.
- Circumstance Modifier 159. *See also* Dice.
- Claimed 23, 47, 76, 77, 191, **208**. *See also* Conditions, Claimed.
- Clash of Wills. *See* Gifts, Clash of Wills.
- Cloak of Mist and Haze 135. *See also* Weather Gift.
- Closer Than You Thought 26
- Code of Honor Merit 105
- Cold Bastards. *See* Storm Lords.
- Cold Embrace 121. *See also* Death Gift.
- Colossus 220. *See also* Idigam, Dread Powers.
- Combat 165-169. *See also* Biting, Damage, Defense, Grapple, and Initiative.
 Attack 166
 Beaten Down 165
 Cover 167
 Dodge 166
 Down and Dirty Combat 165
 Human Shields 168
 Ranged 167
 Specific Targets 168
 Spirits 185
 Surprise 166
 Touching an Opponent 167
 Unarmed 167
- Command Artifice 134. *See also* Technology Gift.
- Composure. *See* Attributes, Social.
- Computer Skill 154
- Conditions 85, 99, 159, **178**, 182, 188. *See also* Tilts.
 Atavism 101, **306**
 Awestruck 306
 Ban 92, **306**
 Berserk 306
 Claimed 191
 Confused 307
 Controlled 189
 Cowed 307
 Cunning 99, **306**
 Delusion 101, **307**
 Demoralized 307
 Easy Prey 307
 Essence Overload 307
 Exhausted 307
 Fettered 190
 Glorious 99, **308**
 Guilty 101, **308**
 Honorable 100, **308**
 Improvised 178
 Influence 183, 186, **188**
 Inspired 107, **308**
 Invisible Predator 308
 Isolated 308. *See also* Hunter's Aspect, Isolating.
 Leveraged 308
 Lingering 178
 Lost Tracker 308
 Lunacy 101
 Lured 309
 Madness 309
 Manifestation 183, **188**
 Materialized 190
 Moon Taint 309
 Mystified 309. *See also* Hunter's Aspect, Mystic.
 Open 179, **189**
 Paranoid 309
 Possessed 190
 Pure 100, **309**
 Reaching 190
 Reception 101, **310**
 Renown 99
 Resigned 310. *See also* Hunter's Aspect, Monstrous.
 Resonant 188
 Shadow Gate 190
 Shadow Paranoia 310
 Shadowlashed 310

Shaken 101, **310**
 Siskur-Dah 310
 Spooked 101, **310**
 Steadfast 311
 Stumbled 311
 Swaggering 311. *See also* Hunter's Aspect, Dominant.
 Swooning 311
 Symbolic Focus 311
 Unaware 311. *See also* Hunter's Aspect, Blissful.
 Untraceable 311
 Urged 190
 Wise 100, **311**
 Contacts Merit 22, **111**
 Controlled Burn Merit 105
 Corpus 185
 Cow the Prey 137. *See also* Hunting Gift.
 Crafts Skill 18, 84, **154**
 Crazy Evolution 221. *See also* Idigam, Dread Powers.
 Created 45
 Creative Tactician Merit 105
 Creator Wolf. *See* Danu-Ur.
 Crescent Moon's Birth Merit 305. *See also* Wolf-Blooded.
 Crescent Moon's Gift 84, **115-117**. *See also* Ithaeur.
 Crimes. *See* Oath of the Moon, Oathbreakers.
 Crimson Falx 149. *See also* Fetish.
 Crimson Spasm 117. *See also* Full Moon's Gift.
 Crushing Blow 132. *See also* Strength Gift.
 Crying Owl 53
 Cuniform Cylinder 149. *See also* Fetish, Talens.
 Cunning. *See* Renown, Cunning.

D

Damage 94, 96, **169**. *See also* Healing, Regeneration.
 Aggravated 94, **169**
 Bashing 93, 165, **169**
 Bite 98
 Claws 96, 97
 Killing Blow 168
 Lethal 94, 96, 97, 165, **169**
 Marking 169-171
 Shifting Forms With Damage 172
 Silver 94, 169
 Teeth 96, 97
 Wound Penalties 103, 169
 Danu-Ur **34**, 249
 Darkness Into Light 22
 Dawn Shard. *See also* Fetish.
 Death Gift 39, 84, **121-122**
 Death Rage 9, 18, 22, 34, 36, 46, 50, 57, 70, 77, 97, **102-104**, 105, 179
 Fade to Black 103
 Hard 76, 97, **103**
 Soft 77, 97, **102**, 105
 Storytelling 285, 292
 Triggers 103
 Deathtrap 269
 Death Wolf. *See* Kamduis-Ur.
 Deceiver Lune, the **222**, 226. *See also* Idigam.
 Dedicated Locus Merit 106
 Defense 83, 84, 96, 97, **166**
 Spirits 185
 Dement 191. *See also* Numina.
 Deny Everything 124. *See also* Evasion Gift.
 Destroyers. *See* Blood Talons.
 Destroyer Wolf. *See* Fenris-Ur.
 Detroit, Michigan 259
 Devourer 220. *See also* Idigam, Dread Powers.
 Devourer Hound 209

Devourer's Fang 148. *See also* Fetish.
 Dexterity. *See* Attributes, Physical.
 Dice 10, 159
 Modifiers 159
 Permutations 162
 Pools 159
 Rolling 159
 Success 159
 Discorporate 210. *See also* Dread Powers.
 Disease 172
 Divide and Conquer 121. *See also* New Moon's Gift.
 Divine Clay 221. *See also* Idigam, Dread Powers.
 Dodge. *See* Combat, Dodge.
 Dominance Gift 32, 47, 84, **122-123**
 Doors 164. *See also* Social Maneuvering.
 Failure 164
 Forcing 164
 Opening 164
 Resolution 165
 Down the Prey 138. *See also* Pack, Gifts.
 Drain 191. *See also* Numina.
 Dragon's Egg Bezoar 148. *See also* Fetish, Talens.
 Dramatic Failure 159. *See also* Dice.
 Dread Powers 210-212, 220-222
 Dream Hunter 118. *See also* Gibbous Moon's Gift.
 Dreams. *See* Prophetic Dreams.
 Drive Skill 156
 Drowned 257
 Drugs 172
 Drum of the Heavens 149. *See also* Fetish.
 Duguthim 29
 Durability. *See* Objects.

E

Earth Elemental 210. *See also* Dread Powers.
 Eaters of the Dead. *See* Lodge, Eaters of the Dead.
 Echo Dream 125. *See also* Insight Gift.
 Efficient Killer Merit 108
 Einherjar. *See* Lodges, Einherjar.
 Elemental Fury 221. *See also* Idigam, Dread Powers.
 Elementals Gift 29, 84, **123**
 Elements 39
 Elodoth 18, **20-23**, 25, 29, 32, 76, 82, 84
 Auspice Benefit. *See* Darkness Into Light.
 Auspice Renown 22
 Auspice Skills 22
 Gifts 22
 Hunter's Aspect 22
 Am sa namguli 20
 Embodiment of the Firstborn Merit 106
 Emotional Aura 192. *See also* Numina.
 Empathy Skill 22, 84, **157**
 Empty, the 231. *See also* Endless, the.
 Empty Hunter, the. *See* Endless, the.
 Endless, the **227**, 231. *See also* Idigam.
 End of Story 119. *See also* Gibbous Moon's Gift.
 Entropic Decay 192. *See also* Numina.
 Entropy Elementals 231. *See also* Endless, the.
 Entropy's Toll 131. *See also* Shaping Gift.
 Ephemera 182
 Equipment 159, **173-177**. *See also* Resources Merit.
 Availability 173
 Bonus 159, **173**
 Mental Equipment 173-175
 Physical Equipment 175-177
 Social Equipment 177
 Essence 38, 47, 51, 64, 65, 67, 70, 71, 76, **100**, 178, 182
 Gaining 100

- Locus 106, 179
 Spending 100
 Spirits 184
 Storytelling 285
 Using 100
- Essence Attack 217. *See also* Essence Shaping.
 Essence Shaping 217-219. *See also* Idigam.
 Essence Trap 217. *See also* Essence Shaping.
 Essence Venom 218. *See also* Essence Shaping.
 Essence Void 218. *See also* Essence Shaping.
 Evasion Gift 26, 47, 84, **123-124**
 Eviscerate 120. *See also* New Moon's Gift.
 Exceptional Success 159. *See also* Dice.
 Exit Strategy 124. *See also* Evasion Gift.
 Expel 146. *See also* Rites, Pack.
 Experience 84, **85**
 Costs 84
 Gifts 115
 Totem 92
- Expression Skill 18, 84, **157**
 Extreme Environments 173
 Eyes of the Dead 122. *See also* Death Gift.
 Eye Spy 210. *See also* Dread Powers.
- F**
- Fae 42
 Fading Merit 106
 Failure 85, **159**. *See also* Dice.
 False Father, the **232**, 236. *See also* Idigam.
 Fame Merit 111
 Family Pack, the 238
 Farsil Luhul. *See* Iron Masters.
 Fatima 'Ahlaam al-Dam 251
 Father Wolf 9, 33, 35, 37, 38, 40, 43, 44, 46, 47, 48, 49, **64**, 76, 97, 178, 212, 232
 Father's Form, the **137**, 287. *See also* Change Gift.
 Favored Form Merit 106
 Fearless Hunter 127. *See also* Inspiration Gift.
 Feet of Mist 123. *See also* Evasion Gift.
 Fenris-Ur 33, **34**, 35, 46, 53, 249. *See also* Blood Talons.
 Fenris-Ur's Blood Merit 304. *See also* Wolf-Blooded.
 Fetish 27, 76, **146-149**
 Creating 146
 Effects 147
 Identifying 146
 Rite **141**, 146
 Storing Essence 100
 Talens 146, **147**
- Few Against Many Pack 272
 Finesse 184
 Firearms Skill 156
 Fire Elemental 210. *See also* Dread Powers.
 Fire Walkers Pack 269
 Firestarter 192. *See also* Numina.
 Firstborn 15, **33**, 34, 37, 40, 43, 46, 53, 68, 76, 106
 First Change 17, 21, 25, 27, 28, 32, 49, **57**, 99, 104, 291, 297, 300
 First Impressions 164
 First Tongue **57**, 76, 98
 Flanking Merit 108
 Fleet of Foot Merit 111
 Flesh of Earth 123. *See also* Elementals Gift.
 Flesh, world of 8, 33, 63, 64, 65, 104
 Fog of War 124. *See also* Evasion Gift.
 Forge Alliance 142. *See also* Rites, Wolf.
 Forge Claimed 219. *See also* Forge Servant.
 Forge Empty Wolf 219. *See also* Forge Servant.
 Forge Flesh-Bound Spirit 219. *See also* Forge Servant.
- Forge Herald 220. *See also* Forge Servant.
 Forge Servant 219-220. *See also* Idigam.
 Forge Spawn 220. *See also* Forge Servant.
 Fortified Form Merit 106
 Forms 57, 60-62, **96-98**, 106
 Dalu 31, 61, 76, 94, **96**
 Gauru 31, 44, 61, 76, 94, **97**, 102, 103, 108, 179, 287
 Hishu 32, 61, 77, 94, **96**
 Urhan 25, 62, 77, 94, **97**
 Urshul 62, 77, 94, **97**
- Forsaken 76. *See also* Uratha.
 Full Moon's Birth Merit 305. *See also* Wolf-Blooded.
 Full Moon's Gift 84, **117-118**. *See also* Rahu.
 Funnel-Web 203
 Furious Madness 221. *See also* Idigam, Dread Powers.
- G**
- Gagh-Azur. *See* Mouth of the Depths, the.
 Garble 133. *See also* Technology Gift.
 Gargoyles. *See* Lodge, Gargoyles.
 Gathra 181
 Gauntlet. *See* Shadow, Gauntlet.
 Gauntlet Cloak 210. *See also* Dread Powers.
 Gauntlet Manipulation 218. *See also* Essence Shaping.
 Gauntlet Webs 210. *See also* Dread Powers.
 Gaze of the Moon 136. *See also* Change Gift.
 Ghost Child Merit 304. *See also* Wolf-Blooded.
 Ghost Eater 192. *See also* Numina.
 Ghost Manipulation 218. *See also* Essence Shaping.
 Ghost Wolves 33, **49-50**, 52, 69, 77, 82, 84
 Firstborn 49
- Gatherings 50
 Gifts 50
 Hunt 50
 Prey 50
- Ghosts. *See* Hunters in Darkness.
 Gibbous Moon's Birth Merit 305. *See also* Wolf-Blooded.
 Gibbous Moon's Gift 84, **118-119**. *See also* Cahalith.
 Gifts 64, 76, 77, 83, 84, 85, 99, **114-138**, 285
 Activating 100
 Clash of Wills 115
 Facets 85, 114, 147
 Facet Modifiers 114
 Moon 84, 85, 99, 114, **115-121**
 Shadow 84, 85, 99, 114, **121-136**
 Supernatural Conflict 115
 Unlocking 85, 99
 Using 114
 Wolf 84, 85, 99, 114, **136-138**
- Gir'shedu. *See* Berserker Wolves.
 Glorious Lunacy 122. *See also* Dominance Gift.
 Glory. *See* Renown, Glory.
 Gnaw Gauntlet 210. *See also* Dread Powers.
 Goals. *See* Social Maneuvering.
 Grapple 96, 97, **167**
 Grasp of Howling Winds 136. *See also* Weather Gift.
 Great Hunt 146, 212. *See also* Rites, Pack.
 Gridlock Puzzle 148. *See also* Fetish.
- H**
- Half Moon's Birth Merit 305. *See also* Wolf-Blooded.
 Half Moon's Gift 84, **119-120**. *See also* Elodoth.
 Hallucination 192. *See also* Numina.
 Harmony 9, 16, 29, 36, 39, 46, 83, 84, 87, 102, **104-105**.
See also Touchstones.
 Bans 104
 Breaking Point 87, 100, **104**

- Levels 105
 Reaching **100**, 104
 Shapeshifting 96, 100, 104
 Storytelling 285
 Harness the Cycle 143. *See also* Rites, Pack.
 Hassan ibn al-Ab al-Dh'ib 252
 Hate-Monger 208
 Healing 60, 100, **171**
 Essence 60, **100**
 Regeneration 60, **93**, 97, 100, 286
 Hearing. *See* Senses, Wolf.
 Hearing Whispers Merit 106
 Heart of Water 123. *See also* Elementals Gift.
 Heavenly Fire, the **236**, 240. *See also* Idigam.
 Heavens Unleashed 135. *See also* Weather Gift.
 Helions 181
 Helios 72, **73**, 181
 Health 83, 84
 Hidden Path 145. *See also* Rites, Pack.
 Hikaon-Ur 33, **40**, 41, 46. *See also* Hunters in Darkness.
 Hikaon-Ur's Blood Merit 304. *See also* Wolf-Blooded.
 Hira-fathra Hissu. *See* Bone Shadows.
 Hisil. *See* Shadow, Hisil.
 History 64
 Hit and Run 124. *See also* Evasion Gift.
 Holmes County, Ohio 262
 Home Ground 210. *See also* Dread Powers.
 Honed Senses 137. *See also* Hunting Gift.
 Honor. *See* Renown, Honor.
 Hook Hand. *See* Lodge, Hook Hand.
 Host Jump 192. *See also* Numina.
 Hosts 29, 33, 34, 40, 41, 42, 62, 64, 77, **202-205**, 215
 Azlu 72, 76, **203**, 254
 Beshilu 40, 72, 76, **203**, 257
 Kani 272
 Semi 272
 Humans **205**, 215
 Hundred Days. *See* Lodge, Hundred Days.
 Hunt of Fire and Ice 136. *See also* Weather Gift.
 Hunt Under Iron Skies 136. *See also* Weather Gift.
 Hunter's Aspect 98
 Blissful 26
 Dominant 32
 Monstrous 18
 Mystic 29
 Isolating 22
 Hunters in Darkness 19, 23, 26, 29, 32, 36, 39, **40-42**, 43,
 45, 48, 50, 51, 77, 82, 84, 215
 Firstborn 40
 Gatherings 42
 Gifts 42
 Hunt 42
 Merits 107
 Nu mus halhala 40, **71**
 Prey 41
 Rites 145
 Hunter's Senses 210. *See also* Dread Powers.
 Hunter Waits, the 132. *See also* Stealth Gift.
 Hunting Gift **137-138**
 Hunting Ground 15, 143. *See also* Rites, Pack.
 Hurmas-hi. *See* Cahalith.
 Hypnotic Gaze 211. *See also* Dread Powers.
- I**
- Idigam 9, 77, 197, **212-214**
 Ban & Bane 214, **217**
 Coalesced 216
 Dread Powers 217, **220-222**
 Earth-Bound 212
 Essence 216
 Essence Shaping 217
 Formless 216
 Influence 216
 Moon-Banished 212
 Rank 216
 Storytelling 285
 Ili Sugin'dab 226. *See also* Deceiver Lune, the.
 Ilthum. *See* Spirits, Ilthum.
 Imadih Shedu. *See* False Father, the.
 Iminir. *See* Storm Lords.
 Impartial Mediator Merit 106
 Implant Mission 192. *See also* Numina.
 Impossible Spoor 137. *See also* Hunting Gift.
 Incite Fury 130. *See also* Rage Gift.
 Indomitable Merit 111
 Influence. *See* Spirits, Influence.
 Initiative 83, **165**
 Spirits 185
 Innocuous 192. *See also* Numina.
 Insight Gift 22, 39, 51, 84, **125-127**
 Inspiration Gift 18, 36, 84, **127**
 Inspiring Merit 111
 Instinctive Defense Merit 109
 Integrity 101, 104
 Intelligence. *See* Attributes, Mental.
 Interface 211. *See also* Dread Powers.
 Intimidation Skill 32, 84, **157**
 Investigation Skill 22, 84, **155**
 Iron Masters 19, 23, 26, 29, 32, 36, 39, 42, **43-45**, 48, 50,
 51, 77, 83, 84, 215
 Firstborn 43
 Gatherings 45
 Gifts 45
 Hunt 45
 Kul kisura udmeda 43, **71**
 Merit 107
 Prey 44
 Rites 142
 Iron Slave 134. *See also* Technology Gift.
 Iron Will Merit 111
 Irraka 18, 22, **24-26**, 29, 32, 53, 77, 82, 84
 Auspice Benefit. *See* Closer Than You Thought.
 Auspice Renown 26
 Auspice Skills 26
 Gifts 26
 Hunter's Aspect 26
 Silih'mamu firha 24
 Irregulars 255
 Isim-Ur 53
 Ithaeur 18, 22, 25, **27-30**, 32, 37, 77, 82, 84
 Auspice Benefit. *See* Spirit Howl.
 Auspice Renown 29
 Auspice Skills 29
 Gifts 29
 Hunter's Aspect 29
 Duth thu Uremehir 27
- J**
- Jenny Greenteeth. *See* Lady Avona.
 Juggernaut 211. *See also* Dread Powers.
- K**
- Kadaitcha 268
 Kamduis-Ur 33, **37**, 38, 43, 46. *See also* Bone Shadows.
 Kamduis-Ur's Blood Merit 304. *See also* Wolf-Blooded.
 Karasu 271

Kig-Ur 38
 Killer Instinct 117. *See also* Full Moon's Gift.
 Kindle Fury 140. *See also* Rites, Wolf.
 Knotted Paths 129. *See also* Nature's Gift.
 Knowledge Gift 18, 45, 84, **127-128**
 Know Thy Prey 128. *See also* Knowledge Gift.
 Kuruth. *See* Death Rage.

L

Lady Avona 257
 Language Merit 111
 Larceny Skill 26, 84, **156**
 Lay Low the Challenger 122. *See also* Dominance Gift.
 Lead the Lesser Pack 123. *See also* Dominance Gift.
 Leap 211. *See also* Dread Powers.
 Left-Handed Spanner 192. *See also* Numina.
 Legends 9
 Lilia'izi 239
 Living Weapon Merit 107
 Locus 44, 65, 71, **72**, 77, 100, 104, 106, **179**. *See also* Shadow, Gauntlet.
 Creating 179
 Locus Manipulation 218. *See also* Essence Shaping.
 Lodges **51**, 68, 77
 Chronicle 53
 Dreaming 267
 Eaters of the Dead 52
 Einherjar 51
 Field, of the 274, **277**
 Gargoyles 53
 Hundred Days 51
 Hook Hand 51
 Quicksilver Children 216
 Roman Ritual 52
 Shield 51
 Sleepless Earth 68
 Lore of the Land 128. *See also* Knowledge Gift.
 Lost Pups. *See* Ghost Wolves.
 Lu'im Iduth. *See* Deceiver Lune, the.
 Lul'Aya. *See* False Father, the.
 Luna 9, 15, 33, 49, **64**, 72, 73, 77, 181, 212
 Luna's Embrace 136. *See also* Change Gift.
 Lunacy 77, **101**, 104
 Breaking Point 101
 Forms 96, 97, 101
 Groups 101
 Storytelling 286
 Supernaturals 102
 Witnessing Regeneration 93
 Lunatic Inspiration 127. *See also* Inspiration Gift.
 Lunes 68, 71, 73, 77, 98, **181**, 215
 Cahalunim 76
 Elunim 76
 Irralunim 77
 Ithalunim 77
 Lycaon-Ur 273, **276**

M

Macdonnell Ranges, Australia 266
 Mad Fecundity 222. *See also* Idigam, Dread Powers.
 Mages 39, 44
 Maeljin 76, 179
 Manifestation 179, 182, **186**, 187
 Conditions 186
 Effects 186, 187
 Manipulation. *See* Attributes, Social.
 Mash'ng Idud 235
 Maw of Madness 138. *See also* Pack, Gifts.

Mawspaw 244
 Maze 211. *See also* Dread Powers.
 Maze Ward 134. *See also* Warding Gift.
 Medicine Skill 29, 84, **155**
 Memento Mori 121. *See also* Death Gift.
 Meninna. *See* Hunters in Darkness.
 Mentor Merit 111
 Merits 83, 84, 92, **105-113**
 General Werewolf Merits 105-108
 Human Merits 110-113
 Losing and Replacing 105
 Werewolf Fighting Merits 108-110
 Wolf-Blooded 90
 Messenger 140. *See also* Rites, Wolf.
 Moldywarp 131. *See also* Shaping Gift.
 Monstrous Resilience 211. *See also* Dread Powers.
 Moon. *See* Luna.
 Moon-Banished. *See* Idigam.
 Moon-Kissed Merit 107
 Moon's Mad Love 144. *See also* Rites, Pack.
 Moot 36
 Mortal Mask 192. *See also* Numina.
 Mother Wolf 15, 40
 Mouth of the Depths, the **241**, 245. *See also* Idigam.
 Movement 168. *See also* Speed.
 Going Prone 168
 Mus-rah 40

N

Nat Dory 252
 Natural Weapons 211. *See also* Dread Powers.
 Nature's Gift 42, 84, **129-130**
 Nature's Lure 129. *See also* Nature's Gift.
 Needle 127. *See also* Knowledge Gift.
 New Moon's Gift 84, **120-121**. *See also* Irraka.
 Nick "Wildfire" May 268
 Nightmare Plague 222. *See also* Idigam, Dread Powers.
 Ni-zu tag 42
 Numina 186, **191**
 No Moon's Birth Merit 305. *See also* Wolf-Blooded.
 Nowhere to Run Merit 107

O

Oath of the Moon 20, 22, 31, 35, **68-71**, 77, 100
 Do Not Eat the Flesh of Man or Wolf 70
 The Herd Must Not Know 70
 The Low Honor the High, the High Respect the Low

69

The People do not Murder the People 69
 The Uratha Shall Cleave to the Human 70
 The Wolf Must Hunt 68
 Oathbreakers 71, 77
 Respect Your Prey 70
 Tribal Vows 70-71

Objects 172
 Occult Skill 29, 84, **155**
 Omen Trance 192. *See also* Numina.
 One Million Eyes 218. *See also* Essence Shaping.
 One Step Ahead 126. *See also* Insight Gift.

P

Pack 8, 15, 63, 65, 83, **89-92**, 103, 104, 107. *See also* Totem.
 Creating 89
 Composition 90
 Gifts 138
 Humans 91
 Hunting 64, 65
 Judgement 71

Prelude 92
 Prey 65, 70
 Protectorate 66
 Solitary werewolves 63
 Territory 65, 66, 103, 107, 298
 Wolf-Blooded 90, **297**, 298
 Pack Awareness 138. *See also* Pack, Gifts.
 Pack Bond Merit 305. *See also* Wolf-Blooded.
 Pack Dynamics Merit 107
 Pack Kin 129. *See also* Nature's Gift.
 Pack Stalks the Prey 132. *See also* Stealth Gift.
 Pack Triumphs Together 127. *See also* Inspiration Gift.
 Pangaea 57, **64**, 77, 212
 Panopticon 117. *See also* Crescent Moon's Gift.
 Pathfinder 192. *See also* Numina.
 Parkour Merit 112
 Penitent, the. *See* Ili Sugin'dab.
 People, the. *See* Uratha.
 Perfected Rage 130. *See also* Rage Gift.
 Perfection of Form 131. *See also* Shaping Gift.
 Perception 94, 96, 97, 98
 Persuasion Skill 18, 84, **157**
 Pierce Mind 211. *See also* Dread Powers.
 Plague King. *See* Hosts, Beshilu.
 Poison 173
 Politics Skill 22, 84, **155**
 Power 184
 Predator's Claim 135. *See also* Warding Gift.
 Predator's Shadow 132. *See also* Stealth Gift.
 Predator's Unmatched Pursuit 132. *See also* Strength Gift.
 Pregnancy 294
 Presence. *See* Attributes, Social.
 Prey on Weakness 125. *See also* Insight Gift.
 Primal Allure 122. *See also* Dominance Gift.
 Primal Fear. *See* Forms, Gauru.
 Primal Strength 132. *See also* Strength Gift.
 Primal Urge 46, 83, 84, 85, **93**, 102
 Essence 100
 Levels 93
 Purchasing 85, 93
 Senses 94
 Storytelling 286
 Prophetic Dreams 18
 Protectorate. *See* Packs, Protectorate.
 Punishment. *See* Oath of the Moon, Oathbreakers.
 Pure, the 33, 36, 39, 42, 45, 48, 49, 50, 64, 68, 69, **197**,
 215, 234
 Fire-Touched **197**, 262
 Ivory Claws **197**, 262
 Predator Kings **198**, 261
 Purification 222. *See also* Idigam, Dread Powers.
 Purity. *See* Renown, Purity.
 Putting it on the Line 292

Q

Quicksilver Flesh 137. *See also* Change Gift.

R

Raiment of the Storm 145. *See also* Rites, Pack.
 Rage Gift 84, **130-131**
 Raging Lunacy 131. *See also* Rage Gift.
 Rahu 18, 22, 25, 29, **30-32**, 35, 82, 84
 Auspice Benefit. *See* Tenacious.
 Auspice Renown 32
 Auspice Skills 32
 Gifts 32
 Hunter's Aspect 2
 Nu muth, nu zu-tha 31

Raised By Wolves Merit 305. *See also* Wolf-Blooded.
 Range. *See* Weapons, Range.
 Rank 99, 186
 Rapture 192. *See also* Numina.
 Ravening Wolf. *See* Isim-Ur.
 Reaching 72, **100**, 179. *See also* Shadow, Gauntlet.
 Gauntlet Strength 101
 Modifiers 101
 Read the World's Loom 125. *See also* Insight Gift.
 Reality Stutter 211. *See also* Dread Powers.
 Red Claw 35
 Red Minister 204
 Red Wolf. *See* Sagrim-Ur.
 Regenerate 192, 211. *See also* Dread Powers and Numina.
 Regeneration. *See* Healing, Regeneration.
 Reflected Facets 138. *See also* Pack, Gifts.
 Relentless Assault Merit 109
 Relentless Hunter 120. *See also* New Moon's Gift.
 Rending Claws 133. *See also* Strength Gift.
 Renown 83, 84, 85, **98-100**, 114
 Buying 99
 Cunning 26, 45, 83, **99**
 Facets 85, 114
 Gifts 114
 Glory 18, 36, 51, 82, 84, **99**
 Honor 22, 48, 83, 84, **100**
 Increasing 99
 Purity 31, 32, 35, 82, **100**
 Storytelling 286
 Wisdom 29, 39, 82, **100**
 Residential Area Merit 107
 Resistance 184. *See also* Actions, Resistance.
 Resolve. *See* Attributes, Mental.
 Resonance Sharer Merit 107
 Resources Merit 112
 Retainer Merit 112
 "Reverend" Lauren McLeroy 268
 Ridden 34, 47, 77, **207-209**. *See also* Claimed and Urged.
 Rites 83, 84, 85, **138-146**
 Learning 85, **139**
 Other Ritemasters 143
 Pack 142-146
 Roll Results 139
 Storytelling 286
 Suggested Modifiers 139
 Using 139
 Wolf 139-142
 Rock City 260
 Roll. *See* Dice.
 Roman Ritual. *See* Lodge, Roman Ritual.
 Running Silent 132. *See also* Stealth Gift.
 Rust-Talon Bindings 148. *See also* Fetish.

S

Sacred Hunt, the 9, 20, 27, 64, 100, **140**. *See also* Siskur-Dah
 and Rites, Wolf.
 Safe Place Merit 112
 Sagrim-Ur 33, **43**, 44, 46. *See also* Iron Masters.
 Sagrim-Ur's Blood Merit 304. *See also* Wolf-Blooded.
 Sag'suga Isim. *See* Endless, the.
 Scent Beneath the Surface 119. *See also* Half Moon's Gift.
 Scent the Unnatural 126. *See also* Insight Gift.
 Science Skill 155
 Sculpt 131. *See also* Shaping Gift.
 Seek 193. *See also* Numina.
 Seeking Wolf. *See* Kig-Ur.
 Self-Control Merit 107
 Senses 62, **94**

- Across the Gauntlet 95
 Human 94
 Spirit 94
 Storytelling 286
 Wolf 94
 Shadow, the 8, 15, 20, 27, 29, 33, 37, 38, 43, 50, 51, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, **71-76**, 104, 178
 Barrens 76, **179**
 Day 73
 Distance 75
 Gauntlet, the 38, 41, 47, 63, 64, 65, 66, 71, 73, 76, 94, 100, **101**, 178, 202
 Glades 75, **179**
 Hisil 72, 77, 98, 100, 104, 178
 Night 73
 Places-That-Aren't 75
 Resonance **71**, 285
 Rural 74
 Shoals 75, **179**
 Storytelling 286
 Urban 73
 Wounds 76, 77, 103, **179**
 Shadowbind 141. *See also* Rites, Wolf.
 Shadowcall 145. *See also* Rites, Pack.
 Shadow Gaze **115**, 214. *See also* Crescent Moon's Gift.
 Shadow Hunter 116. *See also* Crescent Moon's Gift.
 Shadow Masquerade 116. *See also* Crescent Moon's Gift.
 Shadow Pelt 131. *See also* Stealth Gift.
 Shadow Stalkers Pack 264
 Shadow Thunderhead Mask 149. *See also* Fetish.
 Shadow Warp 218. *See also* Essence Shaping.
 Shadow Wraith 202
 Shaping Gift 29, 45, 84, **131**
 Shapeshifting 96. *See also* Forms.
 Belongings 96
 Shartha 15, 33, 41, 42, **203**, 271
 Sheep's Clothing. *See* Forms, Hishu.
 Shelled Crawler 244
 Shield. *See* Lodge, Shield.
 Shield-Breaker 131. *See also* Shaping Gift.
 Shifting 222. *See also* Idigam, Dread Powers.
 Shutdown 134. *See also* Technology Gift.
 Sift the Sands 128. *See also* Knowledge Gift.
 Sign 193. *See also* Numina.
 Silver 9, **101**, 104, 287
 Silver Scars Pack 265
 Siskur-Dah 15, 28, 34, 35, 37, 40, 43, 45, 46, 68, 77, 100, 104
 Primal Urge 93
 Storytelling 283
 Sin-Eaters 48
 Size 83. *See also* Objects.
 Spirits 185
 Skills 82, 84, **154-158**
 Mental 154-155
 Pack 92
 Penalty 154, **160**
 Physical 155-157
 Social 157-158
 Specialties 82, 84, 92, **158**
 Starting 82, 84, 154
 Skin-Taker 211. *See also* Dread Powers.
 Skin Thief 136. *See also* Change Gift.
 Skolis-Ur 33, **46**, 47, 48. *See also* Storm Lords.
 Skokis-Ur's Blood Merit 304. *See also* Wolf-Blooded.
 Sky-Caller Trinket 149. *See also* Fetish, Talens.
 Slaughterer 130. *See also* Rage Gift.
 Sleight of Hand Merit 113
 Slip Away 120. *See also* New Moon's Gift.
 Sly Hunter 119. *See also* Half Moon's Gift.
 Smell. *See* Senses, Wolf.
 Snare 211. *See also* Dread Powers.
 Snarl of the Predator 123. *See also* Dominance Gift.
 Social Maneuvering **163**, 182
 Socialize Skill 158
 Song in Your Heart Merit 107
 Soul Furance 222. *See also* Idigam, Dread Powers.
 Soul Slave 222. *See also* Idigam, Dread Powers.
 Sounds of the City Merit 107
 Sparkblood Seneschal 201
 Speed 83, 84, **158**
 Numina 193
 Species 159
 Spirits 185
 Spinner-Hag 40
 Spirit Dominion 222. *See also* Idigam, Dread Powers.
 Spirit Howl 29
 Spirit Interrogation 222. *See also* Idigam, Dread Powers.
 Spirit Manipulation 218. *See also* Essence Shaping.
 Spirit Master. *See* Ithaeur.
 Spirit Thieves 208
 Spirit Whispers 115. *See also* Crescent Moon's Gift.
 Spirit, world of 8, 33, 65, 77, 104. *See also* Shadow, the.
 Spirits 38, 39, 67, 71, 179, 200, 215. *See also* Banes, Essence and Manifestation.
 Artificial 181
 Bans 185
 Conceptual 181
 Court 72
 Crossing Over 182
 Dormancy 183
 Dihar 76, 180
 Elementals 181
 Ensih 76, 180
 Gifts 114
 Healing 179
 Hursih 77, 180, 182
 Ilthum 72, 74, 77
 Ilusah 77, 180
 Influence 186, **187**
 Language 185
 Magath 74, 77, 181
 Muthrum 77, 180
 Names 73
 Nature 181
 Politics 180
 Possession 182
 Resonance 179
 Rank 180, **183**
 Rural 75
 Umia 72, 74, 77, 181
 Urban 74
 Spiritual Blockage Merit 109
 Spooks. *See* Bone Shadows.
 Spoor. *See* Tracking.
 Staff Merit 113
 Stalker. *See* Irraka.
 Stalker's Lament 147. *See also* Fetish.
 Stalwart 193. *See also* Numina.
 Stamina. *See* Attributes, Physical.
 Star Herald 240
 Status Merit 113
 Stealth Gift 26, 42, 84, **131-132**
 Stealth Skill 26, 84, **157**
 Steel Wolf 148. *See also* Fetish.
 Still Small Voice 127. *See also* Inspiration Gift.
 Storm Coil 148. *See also* Fetish, Talens.

Storm Lords 19, 23, 26, 29, 32, 36, 39, 42, 45, **46-48**, 50, 52, 77, 83, 84, 215
 Firstborn 46
 Gatherings 48
 Gifts 48
 Hunt 48
 Merits 108
 Nu si gid namtar 46, **71**
 Prey 47
 Rites 145
 Story. See Time.
 Storyteller 10, 281
 Responsibilities 10
 Ten Commandments 281-283
 Streetwise Skill 95, **158**
 Strength. See Attributes, Physical.
 Strength Gift 32, 36, 84, **132-133**
 Striking Looks Merit 113
 Strings of the Heart Merit 108
 Structure. See Objects.
 Subterfuge Skill 26, 84, **158**
 Success 159. See also Dice.
 Sundering, the 64, 77
 Supplication 145. See also Rites, Pack.
 Supporting characters 91
 Surprise. See Combat, Surprise.
 Survival Skill 32, 84, 95, **157**
 Suthar Anzuth. See Blood Talons.
 Swift 211. See also Dread Powers.
 Sympathetic Merit 113

T

Tactical Shifting Merit 110
 Talens. See Fetish, Talens.
 Technology Gift 45, 84, **133-134**
 Telekinesis 193. See also Numina.
 Tell Merit 305. See also Wolf-Blooded.
 Tells 90, 291, **300**. See also Wolf-Blooded.
 A Wolf's Meat 300
 Anger Issues 300
 Bite 300
 Bitten 300
 Clever Fingers 301
 Devil Inside 301
 Evil Eye 301
 Exciting 301
 Familiar 301
 Fuck Ugly 301
 Horse 301
 Host-Ache 301
 Liar's Skin 302
 Marker 302
 Moon Marked 302
 Phantom Pack 303
 Piercing Eyes 303
 Second Skin 303
 Shape-Shifted 303
 Shadow Twin 303
 Skinner 303
 Spirit Double 303
 Strong Scent 303
 Third Nipple 303
 Tongues 304
 Waystone 304
 Wolf-Sign 304
 Tenacious 32
 Tengu 271

Tension Pool 291
 Territory. See Packs, Territory.
 Themes 8
 Thief of Gifts 219. See also Essence Shaping.
 Thihirtha Numea. See Ghost Wolves.
 This Story is True 128. See also Knowledge Gift.
 Thousand-Throat Howl 118. See also Gibbous Moon's Gift.
 Thu Ibiru 36
 Ties of Blood and Bone 120. See also Half Moon's Gift.
 Ties of Word and Promise 120. See also Half Moon's Gift.
 Tilts **178**, 312-313
 Applying 178
 Arm Wrack 132
 Blinded 312
 Earthquake 312
 Heavy Winds 312
 Knocked Down 313
 Leg Wrack 313
 Poisoned 313
 Regeneration 94
 Stunned 22, **313**
 Tracking 178
 Time 162
 Tireless Hunter 137. See also Hunting Gift.
 Tokyo, Japan 269
 Tongue of Flame 123. See also Elementals Gift.
 Totem 77, 89, 91
 Advantage 92
 Aspiration 92
 Attributes 92
 Ban 92
 Creating 91
 Essence 92
 Merit 108
 Points 92
 Storytelling 287
 Totemic Empowerment 143. See also Rites, Pack.
 Totem's Wrath 138. See also Pack, Gifts.
 Touchstone 83, 84, 85, **87-88**, 105
 Losing 87
 Pack 89
 Physical 87
 Spiritual 87
 Storytelling 287
 Toxic Bite 211. See also Dread Powers.
 Toxins 94
 Tracker's Lantern 147. See also Fetish.
 Tracking 95
 Blood 95
 Contested 95
 Modifiers 95
 Uncontested 95
 Traits 153, 184
 Tribes **33**, 68, 84
 Of the Moon. See Forsaken.
 Triggers. See Death Rage, Triggers.
 Turn. See Time.
 Twilight 183
 Twilight Purge 141. See also Rites, Wolf.
U
 Umia. See Spirits, Umia.
 Unchained 132. See also Strength Gift.
 Unity 127. See also Inspiration Gift.
 Unmake 133. See also Technology Gift.
 Unseen Sense Merit 113
 Urdam 225. See also Deceiver Lune, the.

Uremehir. See First Tongue.
 Urfarah. See Father Wolf.
 Urfarah's Bane 142. See also Rites, Wolf.
 Uratha 9, 33, 57, 64, 77, 89, 283
 Urged 23, 77, 182, 190, **208**. See also Conditions, Urged.



Vahestabad 250
 Vampires 36, 44, 50
 Gull 258
 Veil 142. See also Rites, Wolf.
 Venomous Ichor 211. See also Dread Powers.
 Vice 158
 Virtue 105, **158**
 Vision. See Senses, Wolf.
 Visionary. See Cahalith.
 Voice of Glory 118. See also Gibbous Moon's Gift.
 Voyager Cult 271-272



Walker Between. See Elodoth.
 Wall Climb 211. See also Dread Powers.
 Warcry Merit 110
 Wardens. See Iron Masters.
 Warding Gift 22, 42, 84, **134-135**
 War Howl 118. See also Gibbous Moon's Gift.
 Warp Shard 211. See also Dread Powers.
 Warriors. See Rahu.
 Warrior's Hide 117. See also Full Moon's Gift.
 Wasu-Im. See Death Rage, Soft.
 Water Elemental 212. See also Dread Powers.
 Weaken the Prey. See Forms, Urshul.
 Weakest Link Merit 108
 Weapons 168-169
 Armor-piercing 169
 Autofire 167

Firearms 169
 Improvised 101, 168
 Melee 170
 Range 167
 Reloading 168
 Silver 101

Weaponry Skill 157
 Weather Gift 47, 84, **135-136**
 Weles Pack 276
 Wellspring 144. See also Rites, Pack.
 Whisper Knife 148. See also Fetish.
 Willpower 83, 84, 85, **159**, 165
 Bonus 159
 Regaining 85, 87, 101, 158
 Spirits 184, 185
 Winter Wolf. See Skolis-Ur.
 Wisdom. See Renown, Wisdom.
 Witch-Poppet 147. See also Fetish, Talens.
 Wits. See Attributes, Mental.
 Wolf-Blooded 9, 20, 22, 28, 47, 50, 52, 63, 69, 70, 77, 89,
 90, 91, **296-305**. See also Tells.
 Becoming 101, 102, 296
 Creating 300
 Lunacy 102
 Moon Birth Merits 304-305
 Moon-children 296
 Quick Reference 91
 Spontaneous 102
 Supporting 90
 Tribal Affiliate Merits 304
 Wolf-Blooded Merits 305
 Wolf-children 296
 Wound. See Damage.
 Wroclaw, Poland 273



Zathu. See Shadow, Gauntlet.

WEREWOLF

THE FORGOTTEN SECOND EDITION

Name:
 Player:
 Chronicle:

Blood:
 Bone:
 Concept:

Auspice:
 Tribe:
 Ledge:

ATTRIBUTES

| | | | | | | |
|------------|--------------|-------|-----------|-------|--------------|-------|
| Power | Intelligence | 00000 | Strength | 00000 | Presence | 00000 |
| Finesse | Wits | 00000 | Dexterity | 00000 | Manipulation | 00000 |
| Resistance | Resolve | 00000 | Stamina | 00000 | Composure | 00000 |

SKILLS

Mental (3 Unskilled)

Academics _____ 00000
 Computer _____ 00000
 Crafts _____ 00000
 Investigation _____ 00000
 Medicine _____ 00000
 Occult _____ 00000
 Politics _____ 00000
 Science _____ 00000

Physical (1 Unskilled)

Athletics _____ 00000
 Brawl _____ 00000
 Drive _____ 00000
 Firearms _____ 00000
 Larceny _____ 00000
 Stealth _____ 00000
 Survival _____ 00000
 Weaponry _____ 00000

Social (1 Unskilled)

Animal/Ken _____ 00000
 Empathy _____ 00000
 Expression _____ 00000
 Intimidation _____ 00000
 Persuasion _____ 00000
 Socialize _____ 00000
 Streetwise _____ 00000
 Subterfuge _____ 00000

Merits

_____ 00000
 _____ 00000
 _____ 00000
 _____ 00000
 _____ 00000
 _____ 00000
 _____ 00000
 _____ 00000
 _____ 00000
 _____ 00000
 _____ 00000

Renown

Purity _____ 00000
 Glory _____ 00000
 Honor _____ 00000
 Wisdom _____ 00000
 Cunning _____ 00000

Aspirations

Conditions

OTHER TRAITS

Health

(+2 Dalu Form, +4 Gauru Form, +3 Urshul Form)

00000000000000000000
 □□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□

Willpower

0000000000
 □□□□□□□□□□

Primal Urge

0000000000

Essence

□□□□□□□□□□
 □□□□□□□□□□

Flesh Touchstone

Harmony

0000000000

Spirit Touchstone

Kuruth Triggers

Passive: _____

Common: _____

Specific: _____

Beats: □ □ □ □ □ Experiences: _____

WEREWOLF

THE FORSAKEN
SECOND EDITION

HISHU
(Human)

DALU
(Near-Human)

GAURU
(Wolf-Man)

URSHU
(Near-Wolf)

URHAN
(Wolf)

| | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| Strength(+1): _____ | Strength(+3): _____ | Strength(+2): _____ | Dexterity(+2): _____ |
| Stamina(+1): _____ | Dexterity(+1): _____ | Dexterity(+2): _____ | Stamina(+1): _____ |
| Manipulation(-1): _____ | Stamina(+2): _____ | Stamina(+2): _____ | Manipulation(-1): _____ |
| Manipulation(-1): _____ | Manipulation(-1): _____ | Manipulation(-1): _____ | Manipulation(-1): _____ |
| Size: _____ | Size(+2): _____ | Size(+1): _____ | Size(-1): _____ |
| Defense: _____ | Defense: _____ | Defense: _____ | Defense: _____ |
| Initiative: _____ | Initiative(+1): _____ | Initiative(+2): _____ | Initiative(+2): _____ |
| Speed: _____ | Speed(+4): _____ | Speed(+7): _____ | Speed(+5): _____ |
| Armor: _____ | Perception(+3): _____ | Armor: _____ | Armor: _____ |
| Perception(+1): _____ | Perception(+2): _____ | Perception(+3): _____ | Perception(+4): _____ |

Sheep's Clothing

Teeth/Claws +0L
Defense vs. Firearms
Mild Lunacy
Badass Motherfucker

Teeth/Claws +2L
(Initiative +3)
Defense vs. Firearms
Full Lunacy
Regeneration
Rage
Primal Fear

Teeth +2L/Claws +1L
Defense vs Firearms
Moderate Lunacy
Weaken the Prey

Teeth +1L
Chase Down

TOTEM

Attributes:

Power: _____

Finesse: _____

Resistance: _____

Willpower: _____

Essence: _____

Initiative: _____

Defense: _____

Speed: _____

Size: _____

Corpus: _____

Influences: _____ 00000
 _____ 00000
 _____ 00000

Aspiration: _____

Numina: _____

Bonuses: _____

Ban: _____

Bane: _____

GIFTS AND RITES

Moon Gifts

_____ 00000

_____ 00000

Shadow Gifts

Wolf Gifts

Rites

EXPANDED MERITS

Allies

Contacts

Language

Mentor

Resources

Retainer

Status

Other(_____)

POSSESSIONS

Gear(Carried)

Fetishes

Equipment(Owned)

Misc

Auspice Ability

Name: _____

Notes: _____

Experience

Total:

Total Spent: _____

COMBAT

| Weapon/Attack | Damage | Range | Clip | Size | Strength | Cost |
|---------------|--------|-------|------|------|----------|------|
| | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | |

Armor

Rating: _____

Strength: _____

Defense: _____

Speed: _____

Description: _____

WOLF BLOODED

Name: _____

Virtue: _____

Concept: _____

Vice: _____

ATTRIBUTES

| | | | | | | |
|------------|--------------|-------|-----------|-------|--------------|-------|
| Power | Intelligence | 00000 | Strength | 00000 | Presence | 00000 |
| Finesse | Wits | 00000 | Dexterity | 00000 | Manipulation | 00000 |
| Resistance | Resolve | 00000 | Stamina | 00000 | Composure | 00000 |

SKILLS

Mental (3 Unskilled)

| | | |
|---------------|-------|-------|
| Academics | _____ | 00000 |
| Computer | _____ | 00000 |
| Crafts | _____ | 00000 |
| Investigation | _____ | 00000 |
| Medicine | _____ | 00000 |
| Occult | _____ | 00000 |
| Politics | _____ | 00000 |
| Science | _____ | 00000 |

Physical (1 Unskilled)

| | | |
|-----------|-------|-------|
| Athletics | _____ | 00000 |
| Brawl | _____ | 00000 |
| Drive | _____ | 00000 |
| Firearms | _____ | 00000 |
| Larceny | _____ | 00000 |
| Stealth | _____ | 00000 |
| Survival | _____ | 00000 |
| Weaponry | _____ | 00000 |

Social (1 Unskilled)

| | | |
|--------------|-------|-------|
| Animal/Ken | _____ | 00000 |
| Empathy | _____ | 00000 |
| Expression | _____ | 00000 |
| Intimidation | _____ | 00000 |
| Persuasion | _____ | 00000 |
| Socialize | _____ | 00000 |
| Streetwise | _____ | 00000 |
| Subterfuge | _____ | 00000 |

OTHER TRAITS

Merits

| | |
|-------|-------|
| _____ | 00000 |
| _____ | 00000 |
| _____ | 00000 |
| _____ | 00000 |
| _____ | 00000 |
| _____ | 00000 |
| _____ | 00000 |
| _____ | 00000 |

Aspirations

| |
|-------|
| _____ |
| _____ |
| _____ |
| _____ |

Notes

| |
|-------|
| _____ |
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Health

| |
|----------------------|
| 00000000000000000000 |
| □□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□ |

Willpower

| |
|------------|
| 0000000000 |
| □□□□□□□□□□ |

Integrity

| |
|------------|
| 0000000000 |
|------------|

Tell: _____

Size: _____

Speed: _____

Defense: _____

Initiative: _____

HUMAN

Name: _____ Concept: _____

Dice Pools:

| | |
|-------|-------|
| _____ | 00000 |
| _____ | 0000 |
| _____ | 000 |

Willpower

| |
|------------|
| 0000000000 |
| □□□□□□□□□□ |

HUMAN

Name: _____ Concept: _____

Dice Pools:

| | |
|-------|-------|
| _____ | 00000 |
| _____ | 0000 |
| _____ | 000 |

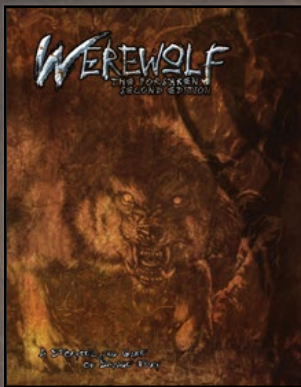
Willpower

| |
|------------|
| 0000000000 |
| □□□□□□□□□□ |

WEREWOLF

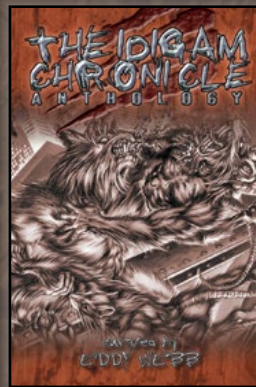
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The need to hunt burns
in your heart and in your soul.
To chase down prey with your blood pumping
fire through your body.
Yesterday you didn't know what that felt like,
but today you're sitting in a room,
with the bodies of your family and you need to hunt.

You are a HUMAN,

A WOLF,

A KILLER,

A MONSTER.

THE ULTIMATE PREDATOR.

You must hold the balance between the moon and the wolf.
Between the flesh and the spirit.
Between the pack and the prey.

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