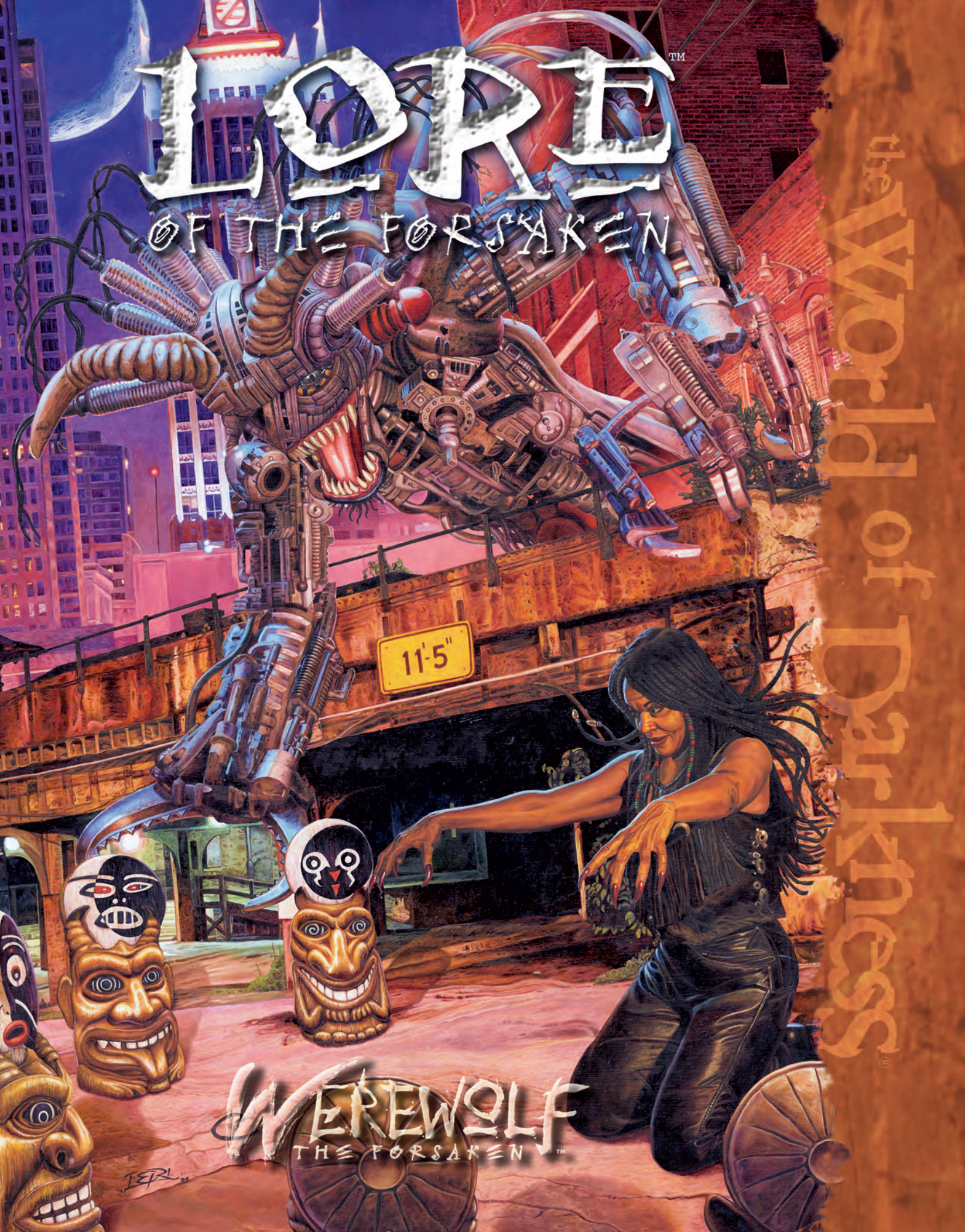


LORE

OF THE FORSAKEN

TM

the World of Darkness



WEREWOLF

THE FORSAKEN

IERL

LORE™

OF THE FORSAKEN



BY JAMES COMER, AARON DEMBSKI-BOWDEN, WAYNE PEACOCK AND STEWART WILSON
WORLD OF DARKNESS CREATED BY MARK REIN•HAGEN

THE TAROT OF EIGHT PACKS

THE FOOL

The traitor breathed out slowly, whispering prayers to a deity that was born of hate. In one hand, he held the eyes of a murdered packmate, clutched close to his heart. After the prayers, he put the cold eyeballs in his mouth, savoring the copper saltiness before swallowing them with two audible gulps. He had performed the task set to him, and he waited for his reward.

A sudden warmth spread throughout his body, tingling his skin and prickling his fingertips. He felt his nails aching, and knew he had received his master's blessing. His claws would rip through steel and stone as easily as flesh now.

"Thank you, my prince. I feel the warmth of your gift,



and it gladdens my heart. Thurifuge, my master, I remain your dutiful servant."

The werewolf started as his cell phone rang. He answered with a too-casual "Hi there." In the silence of the basement, he nodded three times. "Yeah. Sure. I'll see you at the square in a couple of hours. No, I can't get there any earlier ..."

The werewolf's eyes strayed to the coiled tongue that lay on the table. He had pulled it from the corpse himself, and it was beginning to blacken with rot.

"... no, sorry, I've got some stuff to take care of first."

STRENGTH

The winter winds howled in a chorus of banshees. The werewolf pulled his thin jacket closed and swore into the icy air for the ninth or tenth time.

“Where are you?”

He wasn't sure if he thought or spoke the words. He doubted it mattered. The snowfall soon intensified. A dozen snow-spirits circled him, whispering reassuring words to his frost-addled senses. They reminded the walker of how he had loved playing in the snow as a child. They muttered honestly how easy it would be for him to just abandon this search and rest for a while. They whispered of how pleasant it would be to sleep in the clutches of the snowstorm, and never have to worry about anything again.

He felt wetness against his cheek, leaking into his eye. His swimming vision focused for a single heartbeat — long enough for the werewolf to see that he had fallen over into the knee-high snow. The pure whiteness hurt his already aching eyes. As he breathed out the last of his body heat, he heard the soft speeches of the snow-spirits above him. *Rest, they told him. Sleep now, and worry no more. In death, we will warm you. As the ice takes your skin, our touch will be as balm to your pain.*

Death?

The single thought broke through his miasma of weariness. *No. No, he could not die here. That would be a betrayal of all he held dear.*

He stood. His body flushed with a few seconds' warmth as he drew up the familiar, beloved power of the Dalu form. Half-hearted as it was, his low snarl was still threatening enough to repel the snow-spirits and their morbid poetry. Once again, the walker moved through the deep snow.

Hot air like a furnace blast hit his skin, and he cried out, raising his arms. The blasts of heated air came in rhythmic surges, like the breathing of a great animal. The werewolf lowered his hands and cracked open his teary, frost-sealed eyes.

A white-furred wolf stood before him. It was the size of a horse. No, a truck. Or was it the size of a bus? With an inclination of its great head, the wolf bared arm-length fangs and growled.

Greetings, Storm Lord. Through your strength, you have found me. Welcome to my realm.





DEATH

The beast roared. A thick string of drool hung from its Gauru jaws, and its fur was thick and sticky with more saliva. The beast was beyond reason now, standing straight and tall in the bloody remains of his own family. His Rage was no longer pure, and a sinister influence was breeding behind his eyes, poisoning his mind.

His pack stood aghast, watching in horror.

“Daniel, please, listen...”

The beast roared again. Its mind worked only on a primal, savage level, and those that confronted it numbered too many to attack directly. It staggered to the side, seeking a chance to strike at the smallest prey’s flanks. There was a wet noise as its feet squelched through something that had been inside his brother.

“The Cahalith was right; I smell Dire Wolf in this, too. This has to be the False Fury.”

None of the pack answered their alpha. None of them took their eyes from the berserk packmate.

“Daniel, listen. You’ve got to fight it. You’ve got to...”

The alpha’s words were drowned out by another roar, and the Rage-poisoned werewolf unleashed his killing fury again.



THE MOON

He hadn't slept in three days. His parents were a month dead; he'd found the bodies himself, hanging in the house like dark, stinking fruit. In the realm between sleep and awareness, he could still smell the room.

Three days had passed in nightmare-wracked sleeplessness. His nights were spent tending to the demands of his hunting grounds, most recently battling a nest of highly-evolved *shartha*. He hated the Azlu most of all. One of the big ones had lopped Karen's arm off with a single chop of its bony scythe limbs. Rather than offering a respite from the night's troubles, his days were now a sleepless time of nightmares and sick memories.

He dreamed of another werewolf — a woman he had seen on the periphery of his land. The other shapeshifter was a hunched crone and part of the pack in the neighboring territory. They were Pure, not Forsaken, and the two packs rarely crossed paths.

In his nightmares, he saw this old woman boiling a pint of blood in his parents' kettle. He saw her in a ragged and skinny wolf shape, and she howled in many of the places he had played as a child. He saw her chasing down his childhood friends and leaving them scarred with her yellow teeth.

Moonrise blanketed the city in silver-white light, and the dreamer pulled free of his sleep-terrors to face another hunt. He saw Luna's bright face through his bedroom window, shining down from the heavens themselves. It was as though she was watching him personally.

Then he knew, without a shadow of doubt that the Goddess was watching. Luna sailed across the sky and saw all that transpired below. And she wanted him to know something... something important...

He met with one of his brothers an hour later. "Howl to the pack," he began with a grim nod. "I know who killed my parents. We're going hunting."

"Who told you? How can you be sure?"

He had expected such doubts. With a sigh, he looked up at Luna's crescent face. It was a silver slice in the black sky. It was a smile. Anger and righteousness flooded through his veins like fire.

"The Mother told me. Now howl to the pack."

JUSTICE

The spirit watched its children with inhuman patience. It made no secret of its difficulties in comprehending the needs and desires of the hot-blooded individuals that shared its bond. It watched them now, each of them little more than sticky red water wrapped in a thin membrane of skin, and listened to their pleas and demands.

“Tell us why we must do this.”

“It makes no sense. You are crazy, spirit.”

“Malcolm has been dead for seven months. Why does this matter now?”

The spirit looked again at its pack. These werewolves — these half-spirit warriors — had honored the spirit and performed deeds and duties for many years. It had grown in power and ability, nourished by their dedication and affection. In return, it offered them a link to the greater spirit world and had battled alongside them a hundred times and more.

The fox-spirit willed itself to change shape, altering its appearance to that of a sharp-featured, red-haired human with eyes black as pitch. It was accustomed to conversing with its fleshly allies in this manner.

“It must be done because I wish it so. I have taken injury alongside you



many times in the past. I have entered the deepest slumbers to restore myself after battling to the last in your defense. I have served as envoy to the local choirs when your own spirit-talker was poisoned by the *shartha*.”

The werewolves bowed their heads, acknowledging the deeds of their pack totem. They could not argue, for the spirit spoke truly. Still, the alpha stepped forward once more. Argument chilled his gaze, and there was the frost of mistrust in his words.

“Tell us why we must do this. Malcolm has been dead for over half a year. It’s not like he cares anymore.”

The fox-spirit reverted to its true shape and sniffed the earth of the spirit wilds.

“Just because Night’s-Last-Blood is gone does not mean our bond is broken. I believe he would wish this done. It is my belief this would have pleased him. And more than this, it is my belief that he would wish his own pack to be the ones to do it.” The werewolves regarded their totem in a new light. They exchanged glances with each other as the fox-spirit scampered away towards the eerie reflection of the city.

As their eyes met, they nodded as one.

THE CARIOT

The man moved around the office with newfound charm. All his co-workers smiled and nodded and talked amongst themselves about how he'd changed. The man looked at them all with a detached intelligence, forcing facial expressions of calm and humor — two things he no longer understood. He did not see their faces and personalities as he watched them. Now he saw only the press of a crowd — a hiding place — and the chance to feed.

He spoke to the humans, pretending to be one of them, until it was time to leave the office.

Once outside, he walked to his car. Massive scratches lined the hood of the vehicle, torn — clawed — into the steel to make a twisting rune of tortured metal. The man recognized the symbol; it marked the territory of the wolf-changers in the area.

It seemed that his new hiding place was no better than the last.



THE HERMIT

The younger ones only came to him when they wanted something. Advice perhaps. A reading, maybe. Most likely, they wished to learn a new trick, and they believed that he was the most likely to give in and teach whatever they asked.

Not so, not so. The old Ghost Wolf could feel the final winter in his bones, and he had no inclination to spend his last nights teaching impatient younglings the proper way to chant the magic into already murderous claws.

“So,” the young werewolf added after clearing his throat, “Will you teach me as you taught Gareth Night-Haunter of the Quick Raven pack?” The old man sighed before he replied. Tonight he felt every minute of his seventy-one years.

“No. But if you truly wish to learn, return here tomorrow night with your pack’s Crescent Moon. I will teach him how to call the spirits that may serve as your instructors.” The younger werewolf nodded after a significant silence. He was displeased. He wanted the knowledge now. The elder injected a note of sharpness into his next words. “And boy? Make sure your Ithaeur brings a handful of Lenten rose petals. It will not be an easy summoning without them.”



THE WORLD

Joanne was alone. Now she looked up at the night sky, no longer sitting by the small fire and sharing the warmth with her pack. The warming touch of the flames never reached her. Her friends were all dead — gone on to whatever fate held in store for creatures who were apparently descended from spirit gods.

Joanne had never believed that. She didn't know what she believed. She'd always been a "show me" kind of girl, and all that life as one of the Uratha had shown her so far was horror and death — though now she had evidence of a new lesson. Tonight's lesson was loneliness.

Joanne moved back from the fire. The light of the moon made her skin a silver-white, and she closed her eyes to its scentless and cold touch. She remained that way for some time, trying not to cry.

The soft sounds of booted feet treading lightly on the forest floor reached her senses through her grief. She raised her head slowly, tensing her muscles and crouching as David had taught her — all the quicker to change into her wolf form or spring into attack with her pocketknife.

A figure emerged from the trees, moving cautiously, but not overly quietly. Joanne swallowed nervously and hissed out a questioning greeting. The figure froze, then moved forward into the firelight. It was an older man, about middle-age, with a few days of stubble on his cheeks and chin.

"Hi," he said. He didn't smile. He didn't look threatening. He just said, "Hi," and left it at that.

"Hi." Joanne replied.

The third "Hi," when it came, was spoken by a younger man who



emerged from the trees to the left. Joanne recognized him as the alpha of a pack from out of town.

The three Uratha stared at each other around the fire, watching each other and trying to think of something to say. In the silence, the crackling flames intensified momentarily, and a shape manifested within the flickering fire. A face. A wolf's face. When it spoke, its growls were the dry cracks of burning wood.

"I have brought you together through tragedy and toil. You swore an oath to me, and I serve you in turn."

The face vanished into the flames, though its voice remained for a few heartbeats more.

I wish you well, children.

The younger man, alpha of his own pack, crossed his arms as he stared into the flames. He nodded once, curtly, and looked from Joanne to the older stranger and back again.

"I'm Mark Freerunner, last survivor of the Stone Killers."

The older man cleared his throat. "I'm Gerard the Last-Howler, last survivor of the Route 49 pack."

Joanne looked into the fire a moment longer, remembering the wolf's face. Then she introduced herself, surprised at the emotional crack in her voice. "I'm Joanne Lassiter. Last one of the Downtown Hunters."

And you are all Blood Talons. Fenris-Ur, the Destroyer Wolf, will be proud of the pack he has brought together this night.



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LORETM

OF THE FORSAKEN

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INTRODUCTION

THE TIGERS OF WRATH ARE WISER THAN THE HORSES OF INSTRUCTION.

— WILLIAM BLAKE, PROVERBS OF HELL

We hope you're hungry.

We've laid out a ton of meat for your chronicle in this book: answers, story hooks, how-to's, myths, madness, horror, whimsy, pathos — everything from awakened baseball bats to Carnala, the Lady of Lust.

By now, you've figured out that the scope of **Werewolf: The Forsaken** is huge. You can play an entire chronicle based around a small town or plumb the depths of the spirit wilds. Your pack can fight against their fellow werewolves for dominance, try their hand at taking back some portion of their lost human lives, clean up a blighted neighborhood or unravel the Machiavellian plots spun by the inhuman Azlu.

The potentialities of such an immense game mean that you're going to run into a lot of questions. This book is about answers. Can a vampire or mage can use a fetish? How does our pack find a locus to take for our own? What is my character's relationship to the totems? How do I learn new Gifts? Why do I want to use the Wake the Spirit rite on my computer? What happens if you piss off your fetish or awakened PDA? The answers are here.

What are the ramifications of a setting where everything from the oak tree to the toaster to chthonic horrors from beyond reason can be enemies, and are sometimes allies? How has that affected werewolf society? What are the implications for the characters' actions (or even lack thereof) in a setting where despair can stain the spirit of a town, where mere violence can create foes greater than the ones the characters slay? This book is a look at how the animistic world of **Werewolf: The Forsaken** impacts the lives of the werewolves themselves, how it saturates their society and informs their decisions.

In a game where all the players can turn into gigantic engines of furred destruction, it may seem like it's easier for the characters to inspire horror than to face it. **Werewolf: Lore of the Forsaken** arms the Storyteller with a lot of ideas about how to do more than just come up with bigger baddies for your players to slaughter. We'll tackle the enormity of the terrors the players face, the awesome responsibility that

werewolves are burdened with, their legacy of treachery, the scale of their task to restore harmony and the price of their failure.

ANIMISM

This book will investigate the specifics of what it means to run a horror game based on the principles of animism. **Werewolf: The Forsaken** is more than a game in which your character discovers the “hidden truth” — that animistic horror is real. Werewolves are *part* of that animistic horror. Cursed by the actions of their forefathers to dwell in two worlds, part of both, they are truly at home in neither. They are cursed as well to sometimes be part of the problem, rather than its solution. If a werewolf doesn't learn (or care to learn) how to live a harmonious life, she herself will become more beast and less human, a monster that hunts indiscriminately.

The most fundamental aspect of animism is that the reality the characters experience is linked to the unseen world of the spirits. One world is not more powerful or morally superior to the other, but both exist in a state of mutual influence and interdependence. One quite *naturally* affects the other. It's not wrong that murder attracts murder-spirits or spiritual incarnations of death. Actions in the physical world create forces in the spiritual world, and spirits act on reality for their own ends. This is the way of things in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

Everything that your characters can touch or experience has a potential spirit and at least the possibility for some form of intelligence or will — some motivation or volition of its own. Even ideas, emotions and other non-material phenomena, like light, also have potential spirits.

Spirits naturally congregate around the things or phenomena that gave them birth and feed their existence. This is incredibly important to keep in mind. This means that *everything* matters. Your characters' actions, as well as their inactions, have import. Kings, accountants, racism, toadstools, garbage, TV, love — it all friggin' matters. It's all potentially wonderful or horrific, all filled with meaning and, most importantly for this game, all crammed with potential

stories. We're going to show you some of the potentials and give you some pointers and tools to translate these concepts into your games.

But first remember that this world is not our own, it's the World of Darkness. It's a little more desperate, more corrupt, more violent and more poignant. So, if "reality" is darker, what does that mean for the spirit world? That's right, you've got it. It ain't Candyland, or some primordial neo-pagan Nirvana. At best, the spirit world needs work, and, in some places, it's a nightmare — a nightmare that can exert very real power over reality to ensure its food supply.

Everything (every action) is a potential ripple in the pond that might grow into an unstoppable spiritual wave. This should not paralyze characters, but rather elevate them and empower them, and also make the wise cagey.

Animism is the lens through which werewolves perceive reality. Let's take an example using a mundane postal carrier and an Uratha who live in the same town. The postal carrier notices something strange over the period of a week: her car stalls three times as she drives on a certain stretch of road. Her first thought is that the incline of the road, the time of day, the amount of dust, the temperature — some strange, but causal set of circumstances — is logically interacting with the engine and causing the problem with the car. She dutifully reports the problem and has the vehicle serviced. In the World of Darkness, maybe this solves the problem, but maybe not.

An Uratha observing the same phenomena is likely to consider the cause spiritual. Now, an Iron Master might first check out the engine, but even then a spiritual cause would still be kicking around in the back of his mind. A werewolf would probably check out the area for some kind of spiritual interference or a problem with the car's spirit.

What's more, as animists and the Forsaken, werewolves can never be sure that the local spirits are on their side. Even when the pack is doing a good job, spirits are notoriously fickle and liable to kowtow to a more powerful spirit that enters the pack's territory — especially one that outranks the Uratha. Fetishes and klaives can take offense and rebel if they feel betrayed or merely ignored. In short, the political whirlwind of the spirit courts makes real-world politics look staid.

CONSEQUENCES OF ANIMISM

Yes, characters can turn into a slavering giant of inchoate fury and tear the heads off a coven of murderous spirit worshippers, but is that going to

make the situation better or worse in the long run? Killing may be the best solution — it certainly comes naturally to werewolves, but if it's the players' *only* solution, watch out. The spirit world will bite back — or worse yet — you could find out your pack's nothing more than a pawn for darker powers on the other side of the Gauntlet. It'd be unpleasant to find out your pack's reign of terror over the "evildoers" has merely been cleaning house for the *real* threat that's been looking for a place to put down some roots. Spirits can be subtle too.

Consequences in the werewolf world extend beyond the physical. Ignore spiritual consequences and that bitch will eventually bite most packs in the ass. Werewolves' violence can't help but attract the attention of spirits of violence, of predation or ones bent on revenge.

The Uratha's deeply emotional nature and the ever-present force of Rage mean that the dark spirits of the Emotional Choir often form parasitic relationships with violent packs, feeding off the delicious resonance created by their savagery. Remember, it does not matter if these actions are justified or not. These spirits are normally little more than an annoyance showing up to feed, perhaps goading the pack's foes into greater acts of violence, or prolonging combat to extend their feeding.

Rural packs will have to deal with the surprisingly ruthless world of the alpha plants, like the Choir of Trees, which include xenophobic old growth forests and the often-perverse cloned woodlands of the timber industry.

The most numerous and alien of the natural Choirs, the Choir of Insects, cannot be ignored by rural packs. Spirits of the Fly and Beetle descants are incredibly valuable to rural packs. They are key informants as to the location and state of recent kills in the pack's territory. Unexplained corpses often point to the involvement of interlopers — supernatural or not. In a few cases, these lowly spirits have given insightful packs enough clues to uncover the early stirrings of Beshilu or Azlu activity.

Some rural packs will also run into members of the primordial Elemental Choirs, beings that see the world of man and the deeds of the Uratha as mere aberrations — small stirrings of the secondhand on their immortal clock. These beings are often aloof and callous, but they have deep minds and long memories. Wherever they stir, often in the least despoiled areas of the world, they must be factored into the pack's assembly of spirits, hopefully not as enemies.

Urban packs must negotiate the often-dangerous world of the Artificial Spirits. Chapter Four of **Lore of the Forsaken** will deal with these spirits in detail.

Overall, the one spiritual force that no pack can escape is the relationship to their totems — the totems of tribe and pack. These important relationships are covered in Chapter One.

MASTERS OF ANIMISM?

Werewolves don't rule the material or spiritual world — they're important players, but, for all their vaunted powers, they have many superiors and a lot of competition. **Lore of the Forsaken** will show you some different sides of that.

Another implication of the animistic worldview of **Werewolf: The Forsaken** is that the werewolves are not the only manipulators of the spirit world, nor are they the only beings that have an animistic worldview.

Humans have spiritual power, whether they know how to use it or not. Think of it this way: their emotions and actions create spiritual energy. The items they create can have spiritual lives of their own. They shape the landscape of the spirit world and reality with equal ease — and are normally equally ignorant of its consequences. Humans can act as hosts to spiritual forces (the Ridden). Humans can also turn into supernatural beings of great power such as mages and vampires. Even without blatant supernatural power, some humans essentially “get” animism's import — either through natural instinct or as part of their culture. This gives them a measure of power, even if the loa the voodoo priest thinks he's communing with is actually a spirit of vengeance. Imperfect as their interpretation of the *real* Shadow World may be, humans can wield substantial power through the spiritual forces they have some kind of relationship with (even if the humans are merely pawns.) Only foolish Uratha discount this possibility.

Mankind in the World of Darkness have as many animistic religions and customs as we have in our own — perhaps more. These include voodoo, New Age spirituality, neo-paganism, Santeria, ancestor worship, Shintoism and even the cargo cults of Melanesia — all types of animistic systems. There are many others beside the Uratha who have an animistic worldview — imperfect as it may be.

• **Chapter One: Lords of the Hidden World** — With the Change comes exhilaration, the heady realization that you have been gifted with superhuman abilities of strength, perception and even magic

far beyond any human scale. Then, with the initiation into the spirit world's dusky mysteries, comes humility as that scale of power changes again. The strength of the war form is weak compared to that of many of the denizens of the Shadow Realm. The most powerful cub is merely the equal of the weakest spirits, and the mightiest of the Uratha will never compare to the awesome might of the spirit world's strongest.

The werewolf must learn that trepidation will win you no more friends in the spirit courts than arrogance or ignorance. There is a subtle dance, conducted to an inhuman beat. This chapter will deal with some of the rules of this dance, what's accepted and expected from the spirits. This chapter will help you begin to learn their ways.

It's essential to learn their ways. The most important spiritual relationship your character is going to have is with his or her pack totem. This chapter will detail the brass tacks of that relationship for you. While an ally, is this totem a mentor or a taskmaster? Is it possible to call your pack's totem a friend? This chapter will answer these questions, and hopefully spark some new ones for you to investigate in your chronicle.

Finally, this chapter provides insight into the motivations and goals of some of the greatest spirits that are intertwined with the People — Luna, the Firstborn (including those who favor the Pure) and even the lords of the Maeljin. Actual traits for these entities are not provided, and are indeed unnecessary. If a pack picks a fight with Dire Wolf, he's gonna eat everyone and their pack totem and shit them through the side of a mountain. The World of Darkness is a place where some foes can't be fought, only foiled — for a time.

• **Chapter Two: Pull of the Moon** — This chapter shows what it *means* to be influenced by the sign of the moon. Without Luna's gift of auspices, the werewolf's life wouldn't be worth living. While tribes, lodges and packs are all bonds that a werewolf must ultimately choose to forge herself, the auspice is a bond that is her birthright, a most innate collection of impulses and affinities.

This chapter details the practical aspects of an auspice — how it can influence pack dynamics, the auspice subcultures that may develop within a tribe, some basic tactics for the hunt against certain foes, and so on. In addition, a sampling of archetypes that match an auspice are also provided to showcase the diversity of character concepts available to each

moon sign. Finally, the chapter ends with five new auspice Gift lists, rarer blessings granted to those who impress the lunar choirs.

• **Chapter Three: Spirit Magic** — Discovering new Gifts is an important creative outlet for Uratha, but just how does a werewolf learn about the possibility of a particular Gift's existence? How do you find a spirit willing to teach a particular Gift? What kind of bargain do you have to strike, and what are some interesting (at least for the Storyteller) things a spirit may ask in return? Rites are one of the foundations of werewolf society, but what do they mean? What kind of variation is appropriate during a rite? This chapter goes into the whys and wherefores surrounding the

spirit magic of the Uratha, from detailing story hooks related to Gifts and rites to even presenting a few new Gifts and rites to plug into a chronicle.

• **Chapter Four: The Living World** — The Uratha see the world as it really is — alive. They know that everything has a potential spirit, and the last chapter is about the things with spirits that the Uratha have to deal with on a day-to-day basis: loci, awakened objects and fetishes. More information is presented on the care and feeding of loci and on variations on their theme. The concept of awakening an object's spirit has been expanded upon, as has the system for fetish creation. And finally, a mass of fetishes rounds out the book . . .

Dig in.





CHAPTER 1

LORDS OF THE HIDDEN WORLD

Carter knew it was a dream because there wasn't any scent. The hallway was distorted, yes, its angles more appropriate to a funhouse than a – what was this, a decrepit mansion? Probably. But Carter had first torn out of his human skin when the moon overhead was a razor crescent, and the distorted reality on the other side of the mirror was something he'd come to be familiar with. He could have been in the Shadow, yes. But even in the Shadow there was scent, and so he knew he was dreaming.

And that troubled him, because the dream was so clear. In the last bloody year since his Change, his dreams had come less and less often, and had become more and more savage. Dreams of the wolf, dreams of the hunt. Not dreams where he walked on two legs – not human dreams.

I shouldn't be having this dream, he thought as he drew nearer to the window at the end of the hallway. There's a message here. I'm drawing closer to it, I can tell. But this message shouldn't be for me.

He looked out the window, and saw the crescent face of Luna, with a single crimson teardrop hanging from between her horns.

He woke up howling.

THE MOON IS NO DOOR. IT IS A FACE IN ITS OWN RIGHT,
WHITE AS A KNUCKLE AND TERRIBLY UPSET.
IT DRAGS THE SEA AFTER IT LIKE A DARK CRIME; IT IS QUIET
WITH THE O-GARE OF COMPLETE DESPAIR.
— SYLVIA PLATH, "THE MOON AND THE YEW TREE"

Even the most enlightened occultist or experienced wolf-blooded could not truly fathom the depths of the Uratha's unique reality. Through countless centuries the People have battled in two realms — always seeking to protect their hunting grounds from the threats of both flesh and spirit. And yet though it is a fight for survival on a night-to-night basis, there is more to this endless conflict. To those who believe, this struggle fulfills Father Wolf's duty of protecting the mortal realm and watching over the vast and variable world of Shadow. This conflict, whether rooted in duty or not, is at the heart of why the Tribes of the Moon are known as the Forsaken.

But although each werewolf's relationship with the denizens of Shadow is colored by this conflict, not all are defined by it. Complicated bonds run between the Uratha, Mother Luna and the Sun Lord Helios. On a personal level, the werewolves feel the strength of the tie with a tribal wolf totem throughout their daily lives and nightly hunts. At the other extreme, the vicious Maeljin ravage through the packs' hunting grounds as a sickening influence bleeds out from the Wounds, the very embodiment of the ongoing decay of the spirit world.

This chapter deals with those bonds and ties, specifically relating them to individual packs and characters. How might a werewolf hold a spiritual relationship with his race's ancient mother, Luna? Would she communicate with the descendants of her first children — and what sort of omens might werewolves see as signs from their distant, mad patron? What are the layers of trust and reliance between individual Uratha and their primal Firstborn cousins, the spirit wolves? What spiritual servants do the totem spirits count as subservient slaves and merciless enforcers? How do these beings of unimaginable power communicate with the People and what omens are associated with each of them?

This chapter also delves into the complexities of interactions between the Forsaken and mighty Shadow Realm entities known as the Maeljin, and their dark lieutenants known as the Maelinet. What exactly is it about the tainted Essence of a Wound that has drawn the attention of these beings or, indeed, spawned them? How do werewolves regard the influence of the Maeljin in their own territories?

This chapter offers some potential answers for those questions. More than that, it does so with a personal element in mind. One werewolf's relationship with Mother

Luna will not be exactly the same as another's, and no pack can ever share an identical totem. At the pack level, the adopted children of Razor-Clawed Owl are a different group entirely than those who share a bond with the owl-spirit Seer-in-the-Night. But what is the nature of the bond between a werewolf and his totem? In paying homage to a pack spirit, no werewolf can ever ignore his allegiance to the Firstborn. No Blood Talon forgets his bond with Fenris the Destroyer. No Bone Shadow ignores her ancestral link to Kamduis-Ur. Such bonds might be distant and thin, but they remain ever present in a werewolf's awareness. In turn, each one of these mighty spirits relates to their adopted children in a different manner.

BONDS OF FLESH & SPIRIT

The Shadow is a world in turmoil: a realm of chaos and confusion, alien savagery and unknown horrors. Here and there, packs cross the Gauntlet to repel any strong influences that threaten to bleed over into the physical realm. In turn, the werewolves hunt discord in the world of stone and flesh, seeking to purify and clean the local Shadow. Though the battle to protect their territories is often a bitter and merciless one, the Uratha are not without allies of their own.

The alliances the werewolves form with totem spirits are complicated agreements that create complicated relationships. Even the totems that are largely benevolent to the Uratha are still unknowable entities, possessing inhuman powers and mindsets. At the very least, they are strange, aloof and not entirely humane. This makes for mysterious allies — even at the pack totem level, where the spirit might be little more than an intelligent, reasoning reflection of an animal's traits (biological or symbolic).

Some beings of the Shadow have associated themselves with the Uratha in the spirit of mutual gain or dire enmity since time out of mind. The bond between werewolf and totem is a powerful link of heart and deed. The spirit offers hidden lore and stalwart protection, while the adopted children devote themselves to honoring the totem's attitudes and performing deeds that please the spirit. Any bond is a two-way street, and both sides of the deal are always ready to call up a favor. Sometimes the bond borders on slavery, employment or a crippling responsibility. It is sometimes a friendship, often a duty and always a great boon.

THE BARE BONES

The key to any agreement between Uratha and spirit is to remember that totems have interests and desires just as developed as those of their flesh-and-blood allies. All spirits wish to grow in power, stature and ability (if further advancement is possible), and they want to further their own plans or drives over the course of their immortal existences. Any agreement between a werewolf and a spirit that will serve as a totem is essentially a pact: "You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours." But with every pack or tribe there's a degree of added flavoring to the deal.

Just as a deal between people can go wrong or turn sour, there's no guarantee that the bond between werewolf and totem will remain tight and strong. Deaths in the pack might affect a totem in unpredictable ways, and private rituals that mean nothing to the spirit might mean a great deal to the Uratha who insist the totem be present. Like any relationship, there is a great deal of give, take and occasional misunderstanding.

PACK TOTEMS

Most packs will likely seek out a spirit in the local area to serve as pack totem. This approach has several advantages, the foremost being that the spirit eventually bound as a totem will also be familiar with the lay of the land on the darker side of the Gauntlet. Lesser, but certainly not without merit, is the fact that a spirit from the surrounding region is less likely to trust or tolerate intruders, and likely already has a good grip on siphoning Essence from the nearby loci.

But actually hunting for a totem is rarely easy. The werewolf race remains Forsaken in more than name — spirits continue to bear a strong animosity toward the half-flesh, beast-human hybrids who are of both worlds and of neither. Finding a totem that is part of one of the tribal totems' broods is an interesting way of bypassing the hatred most spirits feel for the Uratha, but it is by no means a certainty; many lesser spirits accept that their Firstborn master acknowledges the werewolves, but refuse to do so themselves.

Animal-spirits and other nature-spirits are the most common beings to be bound as pack totems. Werewolves simply relate better to them; it's easier to understand how something like a cat with intelligence might react than to anticipate the wants and needs of a being of living glass. That said, there's nothing preventing a pack from taking a spirit of war or stone as their totem. Overall, though, the Pure Tribes manage to have more success with such spirits.

The totem of a Pure pack is often a primal, ferocious thing further removed from the beasts and birds of the common age.

Ancestor-spirits, as incarnations of an entire bloodline, might make interesting totems for a pack, as long as the spirit's standards are met from the outset. These spirits tend to idealize aspects of family history, so an ancestor-spirit from a lineage that bred at least one great hunter of the *shartha* would be likely to press for similar deeds by the pack.

Confronting a potential totem is only the first stage. Some spirits will try to flee no matter the chances of success, while others will be merciless in defense of their independence. Still more won't even understand why the Forsaken could possibly be trying to deal with them. No matter the initial reaction, the werewolves will have to move into attack or negotiation quickly. Uratha outline their offers, bargains and promises, or immediately assault the spirit to bring it to heel.

Few potential pack totems will choose to judge the Forsaken by an account of their adherence to their own laws. The Oath of the Moon represents the Tribes of the Moon's recognition that certain acts will set them out of balance — it is not a code of laws that binds the beings of Shadow. That the werewolves even need such laws at all is an acknowledgment that they are *not like spirits*. Potential spirit patrons will instead be concerned with the werewolves' dealings within the territory, the Uratha's relations to other spirits and the pack's future plans. In the end, any totem that seeks or considers a bond with the Uratha is seeking hearts and minds that are compatible with its own. Not similar, not matched, for such things are impossible — but compatible.

WORTHINESS

Totems might not necessarily advocate forced obedience to any kind of "true way," but each spirit seeks to deal with Uratha who prove worthy of criteria that the spirit deems appropriate. As alien beings far beyond the comprehension of any mortal, the concept of worthiness is a difficult one to reliably predict. If a spirit is forced to deal with the Uratha, then it has been tricked into the situation, beaten into submission or deems the werewolves to be *worthy* — worthy of the spirit's time and, especially, worthy of the spirit's attention.

Most spirits, even at an individual level, have various ideals of worthiness. Each and every reflection of a spirit will seek different examples of worth in a potential Forsaken pack. While Bright-Eyed-Magpie might seek children who are always alert and ready to seize any opportunities that present themselves, the pack that binds itself to Magpie-the-Graceful-Flyer are seen as worthy by their totem because of their smooth pack tactics in the hunt and strong running speed over long distances. Some of the Ithaeur, already learned in the proclivities of the denizens of the Shadow, ask a totem what it desires in its

adopted children. It might bruise a Crescent Moon's pride to lower himself to begging for an answer in this manner, but everyone has to learn at some point, and the answers sought aren't always forthcoming in other ways.

THE LONG RUN

A relationship with a pack totem is largely determined by the spirit's basic personality and how much attention is paid to the spirit. Totems with regular gifts and infusions of Essence will actually be better disposed to the generous werewolves within the pack, which can even lead to a significant weakness in the bond with the rest of the Uratha. Accordingly, a totem frequently honored through private rituals or tasks performed to please the spirit can often be more selective with its attention. Such a totem might work to assist one of the pack more often than others — perhaps forcing a wedge between several werewolves.

Personal rituals of respect would involve gathering a minor chiminage of effects and items that please the totem and establishing a permanent shrine to the spirit near any locus the pack might control. In these instances, a werewolf can expect a great deal of obedience and devotion in return, perhaps in the form of the totem serving in tasks such as carrying messages to other pack totems or watching over wolf-blooded relatives as an ethereal guardian. When it comes to the Shadow, a powerful and devoted totem is a pack's finest and most treasured ally.

Pack totems will almost certainly be of Gaffling rank, with some rare and experienced packs managing to boost their totem to Jagglng. At these levels, a spirit will know a great deal of information about the local Shadow Realm and will have access to a variety of Gifts and Numina. The spirit will almost always be there in support of its pack, and its combat assistance can be impressive. While some spirits serve as distant allies, many more become closely bonded "brothers" to the werewolves, working as Shadow-dwelling scouts, lore-gatherers and even emissaries to overtly hostile spirits. Such is the strength of a bond once the werewolves have instigated it and given it reason to bloom.

Talking to the totem is often as easy as talking to another pack member, provided the werewolf can speak the spirit tongue. Talking to the Shadow deities is another matter.

ADDRESSING THE GODS

The Uratha have many names for the various beings that hold the most power across the Gauntlet. These entities have little in common beside their relative spiritual might. Though the tribal totems are akin to forces of nature themselves, they hold nothing of the influence that the Celestines of the Sun and Moon possess. The gulf between Jagglng, Incarna and Celestine is too vast for mere words to encapsulate.

Ithaeur and most experienced Uratha grow familiar with one extremely pervasive element in dealing with the

most powerful denizens of the spirit realm: these deals and negotiations take place with utterly inhuman entities. While werewolves are well-versed in living, thinking and acting as inhuman predators for their entire adult lives, spirit logic is still a difficult concept to grasp. No matter how much an Uratha's disconnection from humanity gives the werewolf an advantage in spiritual dealings, the Shadow denizens are more than inhuman — they are *alien*.

In the Uratha's world, reputation can spread quickly through the Shadow. As much as any werewolf can rely on his Gifts and glib tongue to negotiate with a creature from across the Gauntlet, there is every chance the spirit knows of the shapechanger's deeds and past actions in the region. Unsurprisingly, this forms a distinct first impression in the spirit's mind, and it could be one that proves impervious to change, for better or worse. This possibility is magnified for the vastly more aware and influential spirit lords such as Helios and Luna, who are often eerily attentive of all that transpires beneath their bright gazes. One would expect no less of the spirit gods.

While honor is held close to the heart of any Uratha, a werewolf who intends to deal with the lords of the hidden world will likely keep his passions in check as best he can and keep his claws red with the blood of those who threaten his territory. Noble deeds speak volumes to the few spirits that are benevolent to the People. Such actions speak of redemption, diligence, duty and atonement.

Luna herself is the most difficult to predict in this manner. As far as anyone can tell, an audience granted by Mother Moon herself is the stuff of legend. Some werewolves believe that no being of flesh, even partly flesh, could endure her cold presence. Others question whether or not any Celestine truly cares about the affairs of any mortal, no matter how renowned. Luna is rightly regarded as a changeable, mutable reflection of divinity. Werewolves see her hand in many indirect omens, and try to divine her mood from the behavior of the Lunes.

Luna is called a source of faith and love, but never *entirely* trusted — a living Goddess of an ancient and less chaotic era but also a constant reminder that the era had to change with the cataclysmic Fall. The Queen of the Night is imperious and distant, but she holds court over a great many lower spirits and servitors that bless the Uratha as the auspice choirs.

Helios, brother to Luna, is technically the uncle of the werewolf race. Lord of the Day, his is a strange face to many of the nocturnal Uratha, who go about their hunts under the light of their ancient mother. Legend paints him to be as unchanging as Luna is contrary, standing fast through the millennia in his distant and seemingly amused distaste for his sister's children. He grants them rare favors when they do his bidding, but maintains a guarded, casual watch over the Uratha. If Luna has any particular love or forgiveness for the Uratha, it is likely that Helios acknowledges that as a part of her contrary

nature, rather than as the result of any actual virtue on their part that would matter to him.

The Firstborn, the totems of the tribes, are the only spirits of Incarna level or beyond that will descend to grant audiences from time to time. The Forsaken look on them with a passionate mixture of bitterness and reverence, and the Firstborn return that grudge-laden love back to their adopted children. While the first Uratha are long-dead, the tribal totems claim to still remember the bonds and agreements forged with those half-flesh children. The totems watch over and bind their followers together; a tribe of werewolves is in many ways a celebration of the legacy that its totem grants. Yet these mighty totems are known to possess an edge of maliciousness in some of their dealings. The Firstborn may see the Uratha as dirty, fleshly half-siblings, but something about the People compels them to keep to the old pacts. These mighty beings judge worth based on their own ideologies and see merit in those that hold to their bans and beliefs.

The Firstborn totems of the Pure are a breed apart, as they have ever been and ever shall be. The passing of millennia has neither dimmed their hate nor diminished their fury. As Pure clash with Forsaken, the totems of the Moon clash with the totems of the Pure. Predicting the behavior of any spirit can be an exercise in futility, but Dire Wolf, Silver Wolf and Rabid Wolf are at least consistent in their eternal hatred. The chances are next to nothing that they would ever find something of worth in the Forsaken.

Lastly, of the highest spiritual beings present in the Shadow, the Maeljin offer up a twisted, dark mirror to the power of the tribal totems. These spirits of darkness and sin relish infecting the Shadow from the haven of the Wounds, feeding on tainted Essence as they poison the world around them. Similarly, the Maeltinet – faithful servants and lieutenants of the Maeljin – see worth and value in any of the Forsaken who show the potential for corruption.

HOMES OF THE GODS?

Contacting these mighty spirit gods is a grueling challenge in and of itself, close enough to impossible that the players will never see proof that another pack has achieved such a thing. While the Firstborn will communicate to those they deem worthy, actually attracting the attention of such a spirit can be a complicated and difficult matter. A pack of the Forsaken who wish to deal with a powerful totem spirit have a few options available. Firstly, they can at least try to ensure that a Call Jagging rite functions smoothly by offering vast amounts of chiminage applicable to the totem in question. Once they have summoned one or more servant spirits associated with the powerful totem, they can tie in their questions and requests to the spirits' known attitudes and desires. For new packs that



simply wish to share a totem bond, the hunting down of a potential spirit is a savagely exultant experience, and perhaps they only wish to call the Jaggling with the intent of pursuing and fighting it to the point of surrender.

In terms of most Incarnae and certainly all the Celestines, there is no easy way of racing through the spirit wilds and seeking out the spirit's hiding place. These are the spirits that contact the Uratha when they wish to, and rarely is it the other way round. To come face-to-face with the gods of the spirit world and force a confrontation, a pack of werewolves must either somehow send a spiritual messenger to the totem in question in order to attract its attention, or they must breach the Shadow and hunt deeper — deeper into the world's reflection.

Ultimately, the odds of success lie with your group. For some chronicles, it may be appropriate to seed an atmosphere of doubt so thorough that the players cannot even be sure that any spirit of Incarna level or above even exists, much less in the forms ascribed to them by werewolf lore. Another troupe may focus on an audience with an Incarna as the turning point of the chronicle, a terrifying event that leaves the pack shaken and perhaps on the brink of going mad, yet grants them the focus they need to achieve a grand and final victory over their foe. It's really up to the troupe to decide whether the chronicle will eventually scale upwards far enough that such an event would be possible without straining plausibility. By default, it's assumed that no werewolf pack will meet a Celestine face-to-face and that an audience with one of the Firstborn is about as "epic" as a **Werewolf: The Forsaken** chronicle will get. As always, your mileage may vary.

THE TOTEM BOND

Each spirit will have a different relationship with its children, but they all desire the same thing: a useful and positive bond. What does any spirit stand to gain by allying (or even conversing) with an Uratha pack? How many local spirits would consider bonding as a pack totem? The answers from the werewolf standpoint are often depressing. Even the weakest denizens of the spirit wilds still show significant dislike of the Uratha and carry ancient grudges over the rigid division of substance and Shadow. This taints local spirits against the People from the outset.

Many packs quickly grow to accept this, and, as long as the spirits in their territory aren't creating trouble and bleeding their influence across the Gauntlet, they are left to their own ends. If such a pack wishes to bond with a totem, they rarely see it as a problem to force a spirit into submission. Led by their Ithaeur, they spirit-quest for a

prospective totem and either bribe or command it into obedience. Common sense dictates that when the totem realizes just how dedicated and useful the pack is, it will become less an unwilling prisoner and more a willing patron.

A good bond — auspicious from the beginning — involves a pack offering something that a certain spirit positively responds to, be it a massive infusion of Essence, a promise to fulfill some regular duty in the years ahead, or an increase in the spirit's standing in the Shadow choirs by repeated, great and far-reaching deeds. It is not the deeds themselves that increase a spirit's power and respect, but the fact that it is known to have such active and dangerous *werewolf* allies. Other spirits respect and fear pack totems for obvious reasons.

KNOWING SPIRITS

Storyteller's Note: No matter how often it's said that totems don't think like people or animals or werewolves, there will likely come a time when your players (and their characters) are reasonably certain they have their pack totem figured out. Do your level best to encourage this, at least for a time. The dynamic relationships between totems and their werewolf allies make for some excellent roleplaying when allowed to blossom, and it's no fun to play a game where one of your closest friends is ridiculously unpredictable and contrary — or worse, appears unstable and detrimentally insane. So let the characters learn about their spirit allies, let them feel secure with the alien attitudes they witness and *then* hit them with a fresh dose of the spirit's otherworldly nature.

You don't need to suddenly present something necessarily offensive or negative. Just show another facet in the inhuman being's personality — perhaps one that has gone unnoticed until now, or was just bubbling below the surface.

HONOR THY ALLIES

The Bone Shadows cleave to a particular tenet of the Oath of the Moon — one that can well apply to all Uratha when dealing with the powerful spirits that act as totems or allies.

Pay each spirit in kind.

Chiminage comes in many forms, perhaps as many as there are spirits themselves, perhaps even more. Chiminage varies in degree as well as with the spirit's own tastes and the Uratha's devotions. While a pack totem can expect regular attention and frequent interaction with its adopted children, a tribal totem such as Fenris Wolf ex-

pects a different degree of devotion. Rather than constant contact, Fenris-Ur, for example, would prefer battle-howls in his name, sincerely honorable actions for an entire lifetime and proven adherence to the Oath of the Moon. In return, the werewolf gets to live as a member of a tribe, feeling the sense of belonging that comes with such a bond and sharing in the culture, the lodges and the Gifts of the Blood Talons.

At lower levels, a pack totem desires advancement, improvement and growth in knowledge and strength. It wishes to be regarded with awe by other spirits (and often fear), and have its name spread across the spirit wilds as the powerful patron of an efficient, talented pack. At this level, if the totem wishes to speak with its children, it will likely manifest and make its needs clear. Tasks given are often blunt and quickly achievable, and the totem will work tirelessly to fulfill whatever it is asked in return. Some pack totems will be renowned for their temperamental and mercenary demeanor, and while they spare no effort in pleasing their followers, they expect similar dedication in return.

Spirits at the Incarna level don't *need* the degree of devotion and attention that a pack totem would require, but they often desire it anyway. This devotion will rarely impinge on the werewolf's life in a truly negative way, nor is it necessarily time consuming: this devotion is not weekly church attendance or praying to Mecca five times a day. Werewolves live busy lives after nightfall, and a bond that reduces the chance of defending a hunting ground would benefit neither werewolf nor totem. Although it would seem that there is no viable way above Incarna status short of a re-ordering of the universe, these spirits still wish to receive praise as part of the bond. They are as powerful as they will ever become, but wish that fact to be honored. In the case of the tribal totems, this is a great boon for the Forsaken. Incarnae are mighty beings to have as allies. In terms of the Pure's own tribal totems and the Maeljin, it is a sad fact that the Uratha's enemies have their own powerful patrons.

At higher levels, spirits become ever distant, but increasingly powerful. While they may want their adopted children to survive and prosper, they wish to see their own laws and bans followed and obeyed and, in return, they offer much in the way of tribal allegiance or even the blessings of an auspice. At the Incarna and Celestine level of power, the spirit has unimaginable personal might and influence. It would rarely demean itself by ordering a werewolf pack to fulfill a task or duty, nor would many of these mighty beings manifest in person to interact face-to-face with their followers. Luna, Helios and the Firstborn interact by much more subtle means, if indeed these means are their work. Omens, visions, dreams and nightmares, signs and portents — these are the languages of a communicative Incarna or Celestine.

WAYS OF THE GODS

Storyteller's Note: It may feel natural to portray the Incarnae and Celestines as beings akin to the Greek or Roman gods — interesting, sympathetic in scope and essentially human, despite all their vaunted power. These beings are not like that, though. Certainly the Celestines (and even the Incarnae) are godlike figures and wield colossal, near-unlimited power, but, even when concerning themselves directly with the Uratha, they are not remotely human in their mindset or desire. They are things that were never children, that never felt the needs of the flesh. Even if such a being appears in a humanlike form, their speech, their language, their gestures and their movements are all those of an incarnate force *copying* a human. The bald truth is that your players and their characters might never honestly be certain that they know what a totem wants.

The trick for you is to make the spirit seem interesting in the similar sense that a serial killer is fascinating *because* we never really, truly know why he does what he does. Why did he act the way he did? Are the reasons he gives the ones he sincerely believes himself? Why does he present those reasons in such a manner? What advantages does he gain for doing so? These questions can be applied to totems with just as much ease and applicability, and therein lies their deepest mystery when interacting with werewolf characters.

THE TRUTH OF A BOND

A serious facet to consider in the multisided bond between werewolf and totem is that, in truth, neither side *needs* the other. They might be firm allies, seeing eye-to-eye in all things and working as a fluid, practiced team — but at no point does the very existence of one side depend entirely upon the other's goodwill and presence.

The bonds — the *agreements* — that form the crux of the relationship must therefore be useful to both parties involved, or the bond will fragment before long. Pack totems constantly give and take with the development of influence and power. Even as closely bound to the moon as the People are, they apparently managed to survive before the gift of auspice was given to them, and the Pure have managed to thrive even by actively rejecting the blessing of the moon. The benefits of the Uratha's bond with their ancient matriarch are obvious, but what Luna gets out of the bond with her Forsaken children is unknown — and thus the source of much speculation and even faith.

The Firstborn and individual pack totems adhere to this mercenary-style agreement with vicious intensity. Altruism does not burn in the heart of the primal wolf lords, but pack loyalty and the strength of a spirit ban does. They maintain the ancient bonds with the tribes because they were bound in a near-legendary time to do so, and the tribes are still holding up their end of the bargain in the modern era.

Each of the wolf totems was drawn into a bond with a single tribe, and they watch over their adopted children as the Forsaken continue to honor their vows of protection and redemption. In the impossible event that an entire tribe of Uratha failed to uphold the totem's own honor, they would find their bond with their totem utterly and forever destroyed, just as a traitorous or negligent pack find their bond broken if their totem is ignored and abused.

A totem has significant effect on a werewolf's life. A totem spirit is almost always watching, almost always seeing and almost always aware of its children. And yet totems are not omniscient. Spirits (even great spirits) are fallible beings with their own spheres of knowledge and areas of weakness. Above all, they have their own duties to attend to and their own existences to lead. They are not paternal or maternal avatars looking out for their charges, but rather mysterious and dangerous allies — or grave and threatening enemies.



EVER-AWARE ALLIES

Storyteller's Note: The mystery of totems is a difficult theme to emphasize but definitely a rewarding one. Werewolves deal with the strange and supernatural every time they cross the Gauntlet — with each possessed human encountered and nest of the loathsome *shartha* that bursts open nearby. Even when characters change shape they are in the realm of the supernatural, and it can become all too easy for the denizens of the spirit wilds to appear quirky, but utterly natural, after a while. The last thing any Storyteller wants is for a dramatically pivotal character to come across as boring and aware of absolutely everything that goes on. Omnipotence and omniscience, in these instances, are not fun. Totems offer a way around this.

They are among your players' truest allies — to a point. They are changeable, yet reliable, and communicative, if mysterious. Also, they are mostly aware of what your players' characters are getting up to, and they usually have a vested interest in those actions. They have opinions on those actions, albeit alien and strange opinions. Totems don't communicate in the spirit of giving orders, and sometimes it can work fine if a pack totem just honestly wishes to learn more about its adopted children, or wishes to help them deal with a personal problem. Few inhuman spiritual beings are equipped to think in human terms,

and this can create interesting problems. Don't screw over your players with their totem allies, but if you play up the totems' alien methods of communication and their strange needs in your games, you immediately swing the balance of the supernatural back into the realm of the unnatural and unknowable.



LUNA

The moon tugs at the blood of a werewolf in ways that stir both faith and resentment. A werewolf merely has to look up into the night sky to see a living Goddess in all her glory. Such a sight can trigger a rush of emotions. *Exultation*, the feeling that the werewolf is the descendant of a Goddess and feels her power within his blood. *Humility*, a sense of being very small and distant from the presence of an entity so powerful that she can stir the blood even from her seat in the sky. *Fury*, at the legend of the Fall itself and the resulting chaos that threatens his life from the spirit wilds. *Madness*, the seductive call of the ever-changing, lunatic moon. The sight of Mother Luna is a powerful moment each and every time a werewolf raises his eyes to the night heavens. The animal within his soul stirs, his heart beats faster and a surge of emotion floods his mind for a few fleeting seconds.

More than this, Luna makes her presence felt in the auspices themselves — in the choirs that respond to Uratha summons, in the teaching of Gifts, in the dreams the werewolves dream and the visions the Cahalith and the Ithaeur see. To those Forsaken who believe, these events affirm that Luna listens to her children, and that she answers their howls. Others wonder if Luna herself cares, if the Lunes are not in fact operating out of some measure of autonomy — but to the Tribes of the Moon, at least it is certain that Luna has touched the soul of each werewolf that has Changed under her face.

Much of Luna's presence in Pangaea is entirely the stuff of Uratha legend, but the Goddess herself is still very much present in the modern era. She is unarguably distant and always unknowable — but still there. Her light blazes down on her children as they protect their loved ones, cleanse their territories and hunt their prey. She *sees* them. She sees them battling the sickness from the Shadow in echoes of Father Wolf's own battles. She sees the Forsaken striving to earn their redemption and fighting to stay alive. She must see them.

The mirror image to this is that she also sees them fail. She sees their struggles and trials, and she sees her children losing ground every night. Forsaken packs battle each other over territory, Bale Hounds extend their cancerous reach into insecure domains and the ceaseless bleeding of malicious spirit influence across the Gauntlet claims the lives of the Uratha.

THE FACES OF LUNA

The spiritual mother figure of the Uratha is renowned for her contrary nature. Her changing face, never the same from night to night, represents her fickle attentions and affections. Werewolves never truly know which facet of Luna they are dealing with, even when the Goddess communicates “directly” through the intervention of a spirit servitor or in the form of dreams and visions. The five auspice faces provoke immediate reactions from the Uratha, and the tribal histories are ripe with lore pertaining to the significance of these sides of their Goddess. But they are not the only shards of the whole. Luna, ever-changing, never static, is a beautiful and dangerous mystery to even the most enlightened Ithaeur.

The various aspects of Luna can be used in several ways. Certainly they may figure in omens or dreams, but they can also be used to define how a particular pack, lodge or even subculture of werewolves look on their distant mistress. The Widow isn't a new sort of Storyteller character that wanders in and out of a chronicle, but she may be the focus of an exclusively Bone Shadow cult in rural Louisiana. No werewolf may ever receive an edict from the Queen of the Night, but her face may haunt the dreams of a Cahalith who obsessively tries to recapture her beauty in murals. In this way, even the distant face of the aloof Luna takes a very personal role in the lives of her children — and you can use such ideas to power your chronicle and its characters in any scale of activity.

THE FIVE MASKS

The most commonly spoken-of aspects of Luna are the five that reflect the phases of the moon and the auspices of the Forsaken alike. Legend holds that the Lunes granted the blessings of the auspices with the intention of empowering the Uratha with the five primary duties of their forefather. But werewolf folklore also ascribes a certain amount of the auspices' affinities and quirks to Luna herself. It can't be said for sure whether these five masks were recognized before or after the legendary beginning of the auspice roles. Perhaps the masks were always there, and the roles of Father Wolf are the invention, or perhaps they are the creation of Uratha who ascribed a portion of their moon-ruled personalities to the moon herself. The Lunes themselves cannot and will not answer.

The five masks are, in truth, closer to innumerable. The full moon is called Luna the Destroyer, the Enraged, the Lunatic, the Hateful, the Warlike. The gibbous moon is Luna the Dreamer, the Young Mother, the Lover, the Singer, the Queen of Dementia. The half-moon is Luna the Judge, the Divided, the Stern, the Empress, the Measurer. The crescent moon is Luna the Seer, the Mystic, the Crone, the Witch Queen, the Madwoman. The new moon is Luna the Shadowed, the Child, the Trickster, the Silent, the Murderess. The five masks take countless names in the tales of Uratha around the world, sometimes pictured as the faces of a tragic yet still loving mother, sometimes the grotesque visages of a cruel and fickle goddess. The forms the masks take always say as



much about the werewolves who describe them as Luna herself — and, perhaps, much more.

But these are not the only aspects of Luna that Uratha recognize, common as these aspects are. There are also aspects that seem to have little to do with the turning of the moon's phases, and are thus even less predictable.

THE WIDOW

Luna was once betrayed by her children. This legend of Luna reflects her bitterness and disappointment in the Uratha. She remains above Creation, while her beloved consort and protector of the world is naught but dust because of their children's treachery. No matter what other feelings she holds for her children, Luna the Widow remembers that her husband died because of their actions. She may have forgiven, but she has never forgotten. Human philosophy often states that such a paradox indicates a false forgiveness, though a being as mighty as Luna writes her own rules.

Werewolves who recognize Luna the Widow can be flooded with negativity, bitterness or some other dark emotion. Perhaps they are negative themselves — abused or fighting losing battles day in and day out — and they draw the attention of the bitter Widow. It could also be that the werewolf sees this facet of the Goddess in order to learn something about dark emotions. And perhaps Luna herself has no control over displaying this side of her personality — or she simply doesn't care to hide it.

THE MOTHER

Beloved creator of the Uratha and forgiving matriarch, Mother Luna watches her children's battles against their foes and wishes them well in their eternal conflicts. She sees in each werewolf a shard of the primal, powerful wolf-god that she once loved. Clearly she forgives these children for her lover's murder, but why? Is it because she sees their mortal logic — that Father Wolf could no longer fulfill his duty and had to be replaced? Or is it, in truth, because she knows that all children make errors? Is it because she knows that her children must live and learn, and, through her pain, she knows that these half-mortal, half-spirit creations are striving to do the work of their fallen father? This is an aspect that is held dear by werewolves who have come to believe that there is still some beauty in the world, and that a chance for better things has been given to them.

Compassion and love — at times thinned from bitterness and misunderstanding, but always present: this is the face of Luna the Mother. Werewolves who see this side of the Celestine are often possessed with greater hope and faith than their compatriots. She may be high in the Heavens and near-unreachable, but she is still present to watch over her children. She has forgiven the blackest of sins, and, though time may not truly heal all wounds of the heart, the Goddess accepts her children for what they are. Flawed, but *hers*.

THE FICKLE WOMAN

She is a trickster that changes her face every night. The deity that sends visions and omens to her children on a whim, she who — for many hundreds of years — was blamed for the infrequent madness within the human race: lunacy. She is the being that acts with the rashness of a deity's impulses, and finds great amusement in any chaos.

Uratha who recognize the Fickle Woman are well aware that beneath her exterior is a goddess that has no concept of human (or even mortal) sanity. Her moods and inclinations change each night, just as her face goes through the monthly cycle of new moon to full moon and affects the moods of the Uratha. She is above the laws of rational thought and far beyond the human concept of common sense. She is often forgetful (or simply doesn't care to remember some things) and frequently random in her affections. Any werewolf dealing with the Fickle Woman is all too aware that his race's forgiveness for the Fall comes from a capricious and inhuman deity — a deity that is, at all times, still watching very closely.

THE QUEEN OF THE NIGHT

Immortal, invulnerable, ruler of the Earth's black hours: Luna the Queen of the Night is the ultimate reflection of authority, responsibility and divinity itself. In this aspect, she controls the oceans with her gravity. She illuminates the dark physical world below with the altered gift of her brother's light. In the Shadow Realm, her face glares down through the spirit storms and across the alien vistas below. She directs her choirs about their business, sending Lunes to attend to her numerous children. Luna the Queen of the Night is a busy, energetic goddess that has her own duties to attend to, and has little time for the howling whines of thousands of her great-grandchildren.

When the Uratha contemplate such divine power, they may well feel awe. The prayer for a blessing that must be an insignificant thing to such a vast goddess may make a werewolf feel a little like a tiny child tugging for attention at his busy mother's skirt. It is an uncomfortable position for a werewolf, contemplating this face of the goddess. It reminds him that for all the forgiveness and the nightly struggles he faces, despite the gifts of auspices and the generations of Forsaken who have loved Luna, she is still a distant deity. The Uratha are her children, but how important, truly, are half-mortal offspring to a spirit god?

LUNAR TASKMASTERS

Luna rules over an infinite number of servant Lunes. Many of these are small, weak or otherwise insignificant. For example, Glimmerlings and Secrets are incapable of performing much more than their appointed tasks, and would be of little use to a Forsaken pack in terms of help-

ing placate a powerful spirit or battling a nest of *shartha*. The Uratha often have no time for these minor spirits and, in turn, they rarely have anything to say to the werewolves. However, the Lunes of Lesser Jagglings rank and above often have a great deal to say to the Uratha, and the auspice choirs have a tendency to request tasks to be performed for seemingly little reason.

While werewolves must generally be proactive in seeking out spirits to coerce into granting them favors, Lunes can reverse the process. Lunes occasionally approach the Forsaken in the Shadow and offer Gifts as rewards for the completion of tasks. If questioned as to why they wish these tasks done, all Lunes can cite the reasoning that they are slaves to Luna's will and act in her grace. Even so, many packs think twice about haring off into the spirit wilds at the request of a lunar Jagglings. These journeys frequently end in battle as the "task" involves crossing the path of some potent spirit, Ridden, Host or even hostile werewolf outside the pack's territory. Why these spirits ask for such tasks is a mystery, but some Ithaeur have suggested it is Luna's amusing way of "prodding" a slovenly pack into action or helping her children indirectly.

WEREWOLVES & LUNA

With the uncertainty that surrounds any contact with the lunar Incarna, it would be easy to think that the Uratha dislike their Mother. Certainly they are reluctant to draw her direct attention, but *no one* should really want to draw the attention of a god. Because she is so alien and powerful, her children are understandably uncomfortable when in contact with her. But it goes deeper than that.

Even though she has offered only a partial forgiveness for the murder of *Urfarah*, that is more than most spirits have done. That factor, no matter how buried it is behind trickster mania or imperious majesty, is the unifying factor for the Tribes of the Moon. They are paradoxically beloved as well as Forsaken. Only one lone spirit in all of the hundred billion beings in the Shadow offers this love, but it is a mighty spirit indeed. This assurance means that, although the Uratha may never understand Luna's faces or feel comfortable with her fickle nature, some yet accept these things as part of her glory.

CONTACT WITH THE MOTHER

Luna is in sporadic, irregular contact with her children. If she bestows her influence on an Uratha pack, let alone a single werewolf, it is because she has something to say. Legend has it that the Mother is always watching (and, indeed, she appears to be), but whether she sees all and doesn't tell her children or simply lacks omniscience

is a truth that will never be known. What is known is that when she contacts the werewolves, they listen.

If they can interpret the message. If it's even Luna at all.

Luna is said to work most often through the dreams of her children. The Cahalith are sometimes said to touch the hand of Luna as they dream of the future or the past, for there's no denying that their gift is tied to the gibbous moon. More rarely, werewolves of other auspices may be visited with painfully strong nightmares that some say are warnings from Luna herself. Receiving such a warning is a pivotal moment in a werewolf's life, for these warnings are like no other prophecy in the world. Not every werewolf is so "favored."

A werewolf might dream of a vicious argument that will sunder his pack's bond, and perhaps the disagreement will turn violent, causing the pack to disband and leave the territory. Such a dream might involve images of loved ones calling out for their spouses and receiving no answers, walking alone through dark forests at night or, without Uratha protectors, being threatened by spirit terrors in their homes. A nightmare might show a pack in a neighboring territory laughing as they make their way through a place the werewolf recognizes as the heart of his own pack's domain. It might even be as blunt as to show the arguing werewolves facing each other in human form as blood begins to drip from their hands. Sometimes Luna's Warning is subtle in imagery, sometimes less so — but the emotional context is raw, and the dreams always leave a significant impact on the sleeper's mind. And they are always remembered with an eerie clarity unknown in most natural dreams.

These sleeping visions are far, far rarer than the Cahalith auspice's prophetic dreams, and more gruesome to boot. There may be some doubt as to the interpretation, but a werewolf wakes from such a night terror with a savage headache, bloodshot eyes and a searing urge to act on what he has seen. Stigmata may even open up on his flesh, or he may claw at himself as he dreams (assigning a wound or two of bashing or lethal damage is not inappropriate). These nightmares often inspire a frantic energy in the dreamers, and, throughout the following nights, the images of what he has dreamed will stick solidly within the werewolf's mind. The Goddess has seen darkness ahead and blessed her child with the foreknowledge to do something about it. Or perhaps she has done nothing consciously — but *she* dreams, and a werewolf has brushed up against her nightmare.

THE TRIBAL WOLVES

Even the children of Father Wolf were among the mightiest creatures in Pangaea. Before the Fall, the First-born ran as a pack. Splintered and divided in the modern era, all of the Incarna maintain their bonds with the Forsaken and Pure tribes, offering the patronage and wis-

dom of beings with the experience of millennia and the power of demigods. The Forsaken are watched and guided by Destroyer Wolf, Black Wolf, Death Wolf, Red Wolf and Winter Wolf.

It is not a one-way offering. In return for patronage and spiritual might, the Forsaken must live up to their end of the bargain each night and day, doing the work of the slain Father Wolf. In general, a pack merely protecting its own territory and holding to the Oath of the Moon is enough to fulfill this ancient duty. A single pack can only do so much against the chaos of the Shadow. The Firstborn know perfectly well that their half-mortal cousins do all they are able, opposed as they are by a legion of hindrances, territorial rivals and blood enemies.

Though a tribal allegiance is not an unbreakable bond, it is certainly one of the most significant ties in a werewolf's life. Certainly the closest and most immediate bond is between a pack and its totem, but the ties between werewolf and tribe are vital and binding to different degrees. Unlike an auspice, a tribal allegiance is a definite choice made by each Uratha. It is their decision of how they view themselves and which way they believe is best for confronting an uncertain future.

A pack is a tightly-knit brotherhood of close individuals. No tribes are as tightly bound in this manner, instead being a loose connection of many thousands of people whose only unifying bond is a dedication to a certain way of confronting life as a werewolf. A tribe might not share the warm bonds of a pack, but represents a more expansive and varied link with a great many different werewolves. In an existence defined by the limited territory that a werewolf pack can safely hold, this is the one choice that breaks all limitations of location and geography.

That is the strength of a tribe. The tribal totems respect that bond, just as they help create it.

WHAT THE TRIBE OFFERS

Though each tribe has a different relationship with its totem, generally speaking, the werewolves offer several similar advantages.

Lore has it that in the era directly after the Fall, the Forsaken were weakened from both the battle with Father Wolf and the hatred of all the world's spirits. The Forsaken battled the retributive incursions from the Shadow Realm as best they were able, but the incessant and insidious bleeding over began to overwhelm the Uratha. It is almost certainly a fact that the newly bonded and self-righteous Pure Tribes also attacked and killed the Forsaken at every opportunity — their hatred was fresher back then, and all signs point to the Pure Tribes having formed before the Tribes of the Moon. The Uratha have never been closely allied and at war against a unified foe, though this was one of the eras that came close to the concept.

In those ancient times the werewolves and the five Incarna were likely allies of necessity. The Uratha needed powerful allies and forcing the spirit children of Father

Wolf into alliances was a series of actions that assured that *Urfarah's* duty could continue. In the modern world, it is more an alliance of convenience, with both the totem spirits and the Uratha benefiting greatly from each other. The original bonds and bans still hold strong, but the Firstborn are much less inclined toward escaping from their patronage than they once were.

By taking up the role of Father Wolf, a tribe ensures that the wolf totem remains relevant in the Shadow Realm. Once Pangaea faded into memory, the endless spirit wilds were irrevocably altered and the Firstborn were part of a much-changed world. It was a world increasingly dependant upon changes within the physical realm, a world that no longer held the relatives of Father Wolf in high regard, no matter whether they were fully spirit or half-mortal.

The tribal Incarnae can each lay claim to the fact that they are utterly feared by almost all the denizens of the spirit wilds. Though much of this may be due to an ancestral, eternal fear of the Shadow's greatest predators, certainly part of the awe is sustained in the modern era because the Firstborn have such potent agents in the mortal realm.

The totems have no shortage of bestial pride in their adopted children. For hundreds of generations, the werewolves have cleaved to the tenets of the Oath of the Moon and carved their territories according to their own desires. This only increases the relevance of the tribal Incarnae, for few other spirits can claim that their mortal agents lay claim to so much of both the realms of substance and Shadow. Tribes offer not only spiritual power but also the opportunity for a mighty spirit to see its interests carried out across the Gauntlet, where it would otherwise be weak.

If one of the Shadow-dwelling Incarnae has an interest in something in the physical realm, it is but a small matter to have one of their brood contact their bonded followers and have them attend to it — in exchange for an appropriate reward, of course. Though spirits of this rank are rarely in need of slavishly loyal servitors to undertake heavy-handed tasks or to succeed at certain appointed challenges, every spirit thrives with the following of dedicated mortal agents. With the exception of the Pure totems, the tribal Incarnae have the most powerful of these followers. The Maeljin can call upon throngs of tainted spirits, but in the end it is the werewolves who hold the territory against their foes.

WHAT THE TOTEM OFFERS

First of all, a totem offers a bond through its devotions. Undergoing the Rite of Initiation and swearing the Oath of the Moon to an Incarna (along with its own additional tenet) means that the werewolf is part of a loosely organized but vastly varied family of like-minded souls.

This bond offers additional support and ties beyond the pack, and, of course, it offers the chance to join cer-

tain lodges and learn unique Gifts. It also means that the spirit brood that nominally serves the Incarna totem are also better disposed toward the werewolf — though not necessarily his pack. Such spirits are more likely to teach Gifts without demanding that exceedingly difficult challenges be met or masses of chiminage be offered.

Those advantages stay with the werewolf for as long as he lives. Though they are simple enough, they are invaluable to the Uratha's survival — both individually and as a race.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN

Tribes are legacy. That's why they're in the game. It's not just a matter of having neat Gift lists to pick from and a set of entertaining stereotypes about the other tribes to read — thematically, the tribe reinforces the primal feel of the game. One of the most striking things about the werewolf myth is that it's an old one — werewolves are the predators that stalked the night when the ancestors of the human race huddled around their fires in their caves. To an extent, playing a werewolf is about having a link back to those predators, and the tribal organization of **Werewolf: The Forsaken** is meant to reflect that ancient, primeval feel. Accounting for that mood and texture is something that bears considering, as it's one more way to determine just how modern or how primal your character is. What his relationship with his tribe is (if he has one), how he views his tribemates and their shared purpose — these things can help you figure out aspects of your character that his life as a human wouldn't suggest.

FENRIS-UR

Fenris the Destroyer.

It is a curious name for a wolf-spirit. Wolves are not ravagers by nature — they are hunters. The Fall was conceived in the hearts of half-human wolf-changers, and though a wolf will turn on its alpha, the actions of the Forsaken rang of treachery and malice throughout the two worlds. Fenris, too, is unlike other wolves.

Fenris-Ur was not the mightiest nor the most ruthless of the Firstborn spirit wolves, for those honors fell then and fall now to Dire Wolf. But Fenris was the most ferocious, the most blood-hungry and the most relentless slayer. He bears an unusual title, for even as a wolf hunts its prey, it does not destroy.

Fenris does.

Blood Talon legends tell that Fenris Wolf was unpopular on the hunt. The other Firstborn cursed when their ferocious sibling chased down the prey first, for it

meant that the meal would come in the form of chunks of Essence that covered a small area as Fenris bodily tore apart any and all of his prey. Rather than a whole body brought down with a hunter's skill, Fenris feasted on the torn remains of creatures slaughtered with a ravaging fury. And some things never change.

To be bonded with Fenris is to feel — in your blood and in your bones — that you are accepted and respected by one of the most ferocious creatures that ever existed. When a person's heart beats faster, it is because of a biological and emotional reaction. When a Blood Talon's heart beats faster, it is because he is the chosen son of Creation's fiercest killer. His blood runs fast and hot because he has the soul of a slayer.

This bond does not by default make a werewolf a crazed, uncontrollable berserker. Despite Fenris' awesome killing fury, he was not a creature that hunted without cunning and intelligence. He knew discipline as well, as does his chosen tribe. But his capacity for infinite fury passes down into each of his adopted children. Even if they themselves are quiet or caring or shy people when they are not running in the Wild Hunt, each of them knows what it feels like to bear the fury of Creation's fiercest killer. They have chosen to carry a shadow of that fire in their hearts.

THE LEGEND OF BINDING

In the age after Pangaea, when the Forsaken went to the Firstborn to seek their alliance, Fenris laughed loudest and hardest. He shook his great head in amusement as the killers came in their hundreds, and he watched with growing admiration as they pledged to take up their fallen father's duties, if only they could be aided by the mighty Incarna.

Fenris was not the first of the spirit wolves to react. This honor again fell to Dire Wolf, whom many legends paint as Urfarah's oldest and most ruthless scion. If Dire Wolf had acted differently, the Blood Talons would never have been born. But, as the oldest of the Firstborn turned his back on the pleading Forsaken, Fenris-Ur stepped forward and accepted their offers. Purely to spite Dire Wolf or so some say, Fenris agreed to bond with the werewolves — and then only if they had the prowess to triumph over him in battle. Blood Talon tales speak of the moment the tribe received its name. The Suthar Anzuth were born with the binding after the battle, but the words of Destroyer Wolf rang out like prophecy: He would stand with "any werewolf who could bloody his talons in a true god's flesh."

To this day, a commonly heard (and insulting) battle oath has the Blood Talons roaring that they will respect none who fail to bloody their talons in an enemy.

FORSAKEN & PURE

Fenris-Ur has always harbored a hatred for Dire Wolf. The elder spirit wolf's ferocity was tempered by malice, turning it to the colder, more spiteful traits of ruthlessness and viciousness. Fenris, the most headstrong of the Firstborn, has had many dealings with his elder brother over



Dire Wolf's lack of purity in this regard. Dire Wolf sees no sin in the Forsaken's actions; he merely despises them for the destruction of Pangaea, the predator's paradise. His fights with Fenris have always been personal, for Dire Wolf sees his younger sibling as the most foolish and ineffective hunter of all the Firstborn. There is no love lost between either of them, and this translates all too often into some of the most savage, Rage-driven battles imaginable when the totems' children meet in battle. For most Forsaken werewolves, divisions within the Pure tribes are meaningless. And yet there is still a thrill of primal anger when a Blood Talon clashes with a Predator King.

Of his allied brothers and sisters, Fenris-Ur works closest with Winter Wolf, the alpha of the Forsaken Incarnae. The totem of the Blood Talons respects Winter Wolf's commanding lead and instinctive leadership, for while Fenris-Ur is a proud beast, he has never been too proud to admit to his own failings. Many Uratha among the *Suthar Anzuth* do well to follow this wisdom.

Destroyer Wolf is many things, but rarely is he a planner or a balanced leader. To do either would forfeit his position at the far-reaching vanguard of the Firstborn. Fenris appears to have little affection for Sagrim, the Red Wolf, as the inquisitive Incarna offers up a thousand questions that Fenris sees as irrelevant. Rather than explore the natural world for answers in the manner of Death Wolf, Red Wolf looks to more oblique, unknown places to tie up the loose ends of mysteries. There is something in that attitude that Fenris feels lacks purity. This, too, can bleed down the spiritual link to some Uratha, coloring relationships between Blood Talons and Iron Masters in the same pack.

RITE OF INITIATION

It's held that Fenris frowns upon any of his children attempting to coerce another Uratha into joining the *Suthar Anzuth*. When a werewolf wishes to join the Blood Talons, it must be because he truly wishes to do so. Some Blood Talons may still attempt to act as press gangs, but they succeed only when their prospective initiate has the drive to stand among Fenris' children of his own free will.

While the actual Rite of Initiation varies greatly from region to region, the Blood Talons have several traditions that they frequently observe to please Fenris-Ur. Before most initiates swear the Oath of the Moon and promise to uphold Fenris' own tenet, the local Blood Talons will have helped the applicant prepare himself for the Ordeal.

The Ordeal is the part of the rite where the Ghost Wolf is judged by Fenris. Though it is in the hands of each ritemaster whether he sets an Ordeal that lasts an hour or a week, the ferocious totem is fond of his ritemasters setting short, quick and bloody Ordeals that last no longer than a few hours. Each and every one of these trials involves the shedding of blood, though curiously, not always in battle. Fenris approves of difficult and frantic, hour-long hunts through dangerous locations that end with the killing of cunning prey, just as he finds glory in an Ordeal where the werewolf spends three minutes trading claw slashes with another werewolf — mock-battling one of the Forsaken or seeking to best one of the Pure. The only caveat Fenris puts on these trials is that any who wish to be his children must bloody their claws under Luna's light. It



need not even be in battle. Some werewolves are accepted after they have symbolically shed their own blood to show their devotion.

The Oath is usually sworn while the werewolf is still wet with the blood of his prey or enemies and still bearing any serious wounds that have not regenerated yet. Though no Blood Talon loses face before his new tribe or pack if he is unable to stand for the rite (it is the injuries he bears that are the proof of his worthiness and efforts), it is still considered truly noble to keep upright no matter how injured the Uratha may be. Some few ritemasters even hold to the ancient supposed tradition that all oaths to Fenris must be sworn quickly, snarled out in the Gauru form. This event is watched over by a tribal elder, and often witnessed by a summoned wolf-spirit of Fenris' brood. This red-furred, hulking wolf will watch silently throughout.

Many Blood Talons cleave to a peculiar custom of oath-swearing that sees a great deal of use in initiation rites. The werewolf holds out both of his hands (or claws), and shows as he swears the Oath that one hand is wet with the blood of his enemies and the other is wet with a few drops of blood from each of his pack-to-be. This signifies the Uratha's acceptance that in losing himself to berserk frenzy, the blood on his hands could easily become that of his packmates. The werewolf swears an addition to the Oath that this will be the first and last time his claws are wet with his pack's blood. This is known as the Blood Vow.

As the Ghost Wolf speaks those final words, if he has successfully completed the rite, he feels the heat of Fenris' presence behind his eyes. He then receives his ritual scar and is free to howl his success to the night sky.

BLOOD TALON MODIFIERS

Fenris looks with differing favor upon those who seek to become Blood Talons. The ritemaster may add the following modifiers to his Harmony roll to perform the Rite of Initiation.

Modifier	Situation
+1	Subject performs the Rite in Gauru form.
+1	Subject performs the Oath while wearing his opponent's blood.
+1	Subject stands despite grievous injury.
+1	Subject performs the Blood Vow.
+2	Subject battled a Predator King during the Ordeal.
+3	Subject killed a Predator King during the Ordeal.

TOTEM OF THE BLOOD TALONS

Fenris asks much of his children, but gives much in return. One of the most active of the Tribal Incarnae, he

watches the actions of his Blood Talons with great interest and greater pride.

He does not simply take joy in the battle prowess of his followers — or else he would have respect for his Rahu children above all. This is far from the case. Fenris is a totem with close ties to all his bonded tribe members, and many is the time in battle or calm that they feel his presence. The fiery presence of their totem builds like a barely-contained pressure within their minds. Fenris joins with the werewolf in this manner for several heartbeats, then moves on. The Talons have a name for this sensation, and it is a moment of pride when a werewolf shivers or smiles and says he feels *Fenris-nu* — Fenris' Fire.

Blood Talon Ithaeur speculate that this is a symbol of their totem's continued devotion. While most tribe members experience the feeling a dozen or so times over the course of their lives, each and every werewolf feels it the moment he swears the Oath of the Moon to Fenris in the Rite of Initiation.

Beyond that, most Blood Talons who have had the honor insist they have felt Fenris' Fire when they were performing the duties of their auspice. Irraka have felt a burning sense of righteousness when they wisely question an important alpha's decision or lead the pack blindly through treacherous territory. Ithaeur feel the touch of Fenris' Fire when they begin construction of a particularly inspired fetish or negotiate with a powerful spirit. An Elo-doth might feel the presence of his totem when he lays out an attack plan or mediates between two packmates, while a Cahalith feels the sensation when he howls over the body of a fallen foe. Rahu, unsurprisingly, feel Fenris' Fire when they are embattled and on the cusp of losing themselves to the Death Rage. In the latter instance, Fenris' Fire often cools the white-hot intensity of *Kuruth*. It is known that the totem, for all his savagery, sees strength in controlling and enjoying the fury within rather than losing oneself to it.

INSPIRATION

Fenris' Fire, like the other tribal inspirations listed here, has no real game mechanic; it's a roleplaying concern more than anything else. However, it can be used as a sort of "special effect," adding just a bit more roleplaying spice to a dramatic event such as achieving an Exceptional Success in battle or spending or gaining a Willpower point. By no means is Fenris' Fire necessary for roleplaying out such an event, but it may add a bit more emotional intensity to a scene if the player is willing.

TASKS & TRIALS

Fenris watches closely — and the benefits of tribal allegiance are many — but he also demands great loyalty in



return. Obedience to the Oath of the Moon is all well and good, but Destroyer Wolf is far more concerned with his personal tenet: *Offer No Surrender You Would Not Accept*.

Beyond any oath, Fenris is one of the Incarnae that most enjoys setting his children trials and challenges. Spirits of this rank are by and large beyond the level of continuous interference, but each of the tribal totems has some degree of give and take with its followers. Fenris, bloody-minded as can be expected, sets his Blood Talons the kind of challenges that other tribes would regard as occasionally dangerous or potentially suicidal.

Blood Talons accept that Fenris disdains the subtlety of altering his children's dreams such as Luna might. When their patron sends them a message, it tends to be in a somewhat obvious form. Portents are common, but no matter what sign the werewolf sees, he feels a sudden feeling of cold dread that seems to come from a certain direction. A werewolf sworn to Fenris might suddenly see importance in the drawing of an enemy's blood, feeling increasingly aware that every wound he inflicts sends a blood spray in the same direction — *away* from him, or out to the left. When the foe falls dead, the body crashes to the ground in such a way that the blood leaks out in the same direction as it sprayed. After the battle, as the hours pass, the werewolf feels a rising sense of dread focused on the direction the blood has taken.

He can choose to ignore this feeling — and it will usually fade with the rising of the sun — perhaps returning the following night, perhaps not. If he obeys the feeling of dread and (alone or with his pack) investigates the territory in the direction of the blood flow, it's anyone's guess just what he will discover. A newly formed nest of powerful *shartha*, an encroaching pack of the Pure, or a Spirit-Ridden human possessing a fearsome array of magical powers: all these and more are the dangerous threats that Fenris points out to his children on these occasions.

Fenris is not a slave driver. If his children ignore the obvious portents, then he will not repeat the omens. It is a single feeling of dread that usually lasts until dawn, and a tugging sense of direction that indicates the vague location of the danger. If the werewolf chooses to follow that sensation, he can expect his totem to lead him into a serious battle. That may be a battle that he fights alone if he cannot convince his pack to follow him: they do not feel the aching dread of encroaching danger, and it's up to the Blood Talon to sway the members of other tribes to follow his lead.

Suthar Anzuth who have experienced this rare feeling refer to it as getting the "Killer's Call," and no werewolf ever refers to the feeling as a comfortable or pleasant one.

OMENS AND PORTENTS

Storyteller's Note: Direct omens given from a Firstborn totem should, of course, be very

rare. It cheapens the feel of these great, primal spirit wolves if they're constantly meddling in the affairs of the Uratha; they become more like nosy great-aunts than primeval ancestor-gods. Furthermore, if omens and portents are handed out left and right, it cheapens the effect of things like the Cahalith's ability to dream of the future or the Gift: Echo Dream, thus undercutting the characters who possess such abilities. There are mechanisms already in place for incorporating omens and prophecy into a chronicle, and throwing a few more into the mix should not be done lightly.

That said, it wouldn't be entirely fair to say that the possibility doesn't exist. Werewolves view their wolf-totems with awe, reverence and no small amount of dread, and for one of the Firstborn to stretch out its paw and leave a distinct omen is a strong way to make a player feel like his character is at the heart of a dramatic turning point. The Firstborn logically have this power, and it's conceivable they might use it if the stakes are high enough to get their attention. Used cautiously and sparingly — really, if a character gets more than one such omen over the course of the chronicle, that's probably too many unless you're telling a modern-day epic — such things can contribute quite a bit to your game.

FENRIS' BROOD

Blood Talon legends tell of a "place that isn't" where Fenris dwells far from the mortal world. It is a reflection of the world's reflection, a shadow of the Shadow. Here, Fenris-Ur runs in a pack with a hundred red-furred wolves known in Uratha tales as the Flesh-Tearing Hounds. The legend of the realm may or may not be true, but the truth of the spirit wolf allies of the totem is known.

The Flesh-Tearing Hounds serve as Fenris' most common and reliable servitors, message-bearers as well as his eyes and ears in the Shadow. Each of them varies in power from Greater Gaffling to Greater Jaggling status, and the more powerful the spirit, the more likely it is to stand and fight any threat it meets, rather than run. Some Blood Talon Cahalith have been known to learn the names of all the Flesh-Tearing Hounds, and a rare few *Suthar Anzuth* carry one of the spirits' titles as a hard-earned deed name. The titles given by Fenris reflect some aspect of the wolf's ferocious personality.

Flesh-Tearing Hounds are often the spirits that watch over a Blood Talon's Rite of Initiation. Occasionally, a rare and worthy *Suthar Anzuth* will earn one of the spirit's fangs as a reward for duty performed or an action that pleases Fenris. The fang of a Flesh-Tearing Hound is commonly used in one of two ways. It can be used to bind any predator-spirit and be made into a fetish necklace, or it can be used *once* to summon a pack of Flesh-Tear-

ing Hounds when the owner is in need of potent allies or messengers. The Storyteller might wish to lower the difficulties of creating the fetish, as long as an appropriately savage or ferocious predator-spirit is bound within the fang. In the case of summoning the Flesh-Tearing Hounds, the ritemaster who uses Call Gaffling or Call Jagging need not offer any chiminage. The fang turns to dust after one use in this manner.

Fenris is also served by his own children — some of whom watch over the Uratha as lodge totems, such as Garm or Cerberus. These beings never answer the calls of the Blood Talons unless summoned by their own lodges. Unsurprisingly, Fenris is also bound to a host of more commonly encountered spirits of war, hunting, predator, prey, nature and joy. If the occasion does not warrant the appearance of a Flesh-Tearing Hound, it is likely to be one of these more familiar (and potentially more hostile) spirits that comes to the Uratha's call.

RITE OF RENUNCIATION

If there is one aspect of Fenris' patronage where his well-known Rage is in full force, it is when a Blood Talon seeks to renounce him and follow another totem. Though the rite itself is designed to offer praise and beg forgiveness of the totem spirit, any Blood Talon who begins the ritual speech of renunciation hears a distant roar in his ears — a cross between a lion's challenge and a wolf's howl. Fenris has heard the werewolf, and has answered in kind.

Fenris pays little attention after that moment. Uratha who have undergone the Rite of Renunciation from the Blood Talons maintain that once the ritual has begun and they hear the final roar of Fenris, their totem immediately leaves their hearts and minds without question. He is a proud totem and has no love for those who wish to turn their backs upon his ways. The werewolf finishes the ritual and offers his throat and belly, but no spirit wolf servitor of Fenris or tribal elder acknowledges the supplicant at all. Whoever traditionally witnesses the ritual will not even share words with the now ex-Blood Talon. The wolf-spirit observer will simply vanish, or the Blood Talon elder will turn his back on the Ghost Wolf.

FAMILY FEUDS

There is some talk in the tribal totem sections detailing conflict between the Incarnae allied with the Forsaken and the Pure. On a very primal, instinctive level, some of the wrath and bitterness felt by a Firstborn wolf-spirit will bleed down through the spiritual link of werewolf and totem. This is an evocative and powerful feeling — sharing the surging emotions of a near-god when confronting a hated enemy or deadly rival. But it is important to remember that there is no organized warfare-style global conflict occurring between, say the Blood Talons and the Predator Kings, just because the totems hate each other.

Some of the totems have held a great deal of hatred for their siblings for *millennia*. That is a powerful and abiding emotion, especially when projected by something as mighty as an Incarna spirit. Any werewolf bonded to a tribal totem will feel this roiling emotion as an itch under his skin, the heating of his blood or a sense of growing anger. But there are no Blood Talon crusaders who dedicate their lives to fighting the Predator Kings in Fenris' name. Werewolf life presents a thousand horrors to deal with, and the totems themselves are far beyond any concept of a war by proxy. It would be meaningless to them. Use the feeling between the totems to flavor interactions in the game. A Blood Talon sees little difference between any of the Pure in the enemy pack, but a rush of anger and bitterness takes hold of him whenever he glares at one in particular ...

KAMDUIS-UR

It is said that in the Firstborn pack, despite the bonds of family and the thrill of the unified hunt, Death Wolf was always alone. More so than any of the fragmented, separated Incarna, Kamduis is a being apart. She is defined by her differences.

Urfarah encouraged her questioning of the way of things, for he saw wisdom blossoming in her eyes. At his word, she left the pack to seek answers to her questions. Alone she traveled across the vast expanses of Pangaea, hunting in the physical realm and the layers of Shadow that lay across the Border Marches.

Her journey was epic in scope and made in an effort to understand but a single concept. This spirit wolf, the quietest and most withdrawn of *Urfarah's* children, sought to see how every creature walked the path of its life from beginning to end. Along life's journey, all predators eventually become prey to one thing: death. This fascinated the hunter who came to be known as Death Wolf. Her understanding and experience allowed her to forge pacts and alliances with many of the spirits she encountered, and in turn she began to serve Father Wolf as an emissary to many spirit courts. This deep understanding has evolved further through the millennia since *Urfarah's* murder, though Death Wolf still mourns the loss of all that he can never teach.

To be bonded to Kamduis-Ur is to feel the sickened heartbeat of the Shadow resonating in your body. It is to sense the chaotic roil of the spirit wilds in nearly every step of your hunting grounds. It is to share in an ancient spirit's knowledge that the dark places of the world must be entered and the perils within must become lessons learned.

This bond does not make a werewolf suddenly burn with the knowledge of an experienced Ithaeur, for each



of the auspices has its own path to walk in the Second World. The connection to Death Wolf strengthens the werewolves who walk these paths, guiding them through the bonds of tribe to the answers they seek.

THE LEGEND OF BINDING

Kamduis-Ur was the last to be bound and the most reluctant totem of all the Firstborn. The werewolves who beseeched her were the midwives, the healers, the shamans, the sky-watchers, the medicine-men and the spirit-warriors. Each of them sought Death Wolf as a patron for her great knowledge of the life and death of all things. But Kamduis did not wish to share her knowledge, for she did not trust these murdering half-mortals. Nor could she forgive them for depriving her of *Urfarah*, her greatest teacher.

She vowed to these inquisitive werewolves that the only way she would ever be bound would be if they could ensnare her with mystic rites and force her to appear before them. The Forsaken were aghast at this, for they would surely need the assistance of countless spirits. The denizens of the Shadow Realm had turned on the werewolves with loathing when their actions had broken Pangaea.

Death Wolf slunk away amused, little knowing that in a life's span of years, the next generation of Forsaken shamans would have forged enough pacts and created rituals of enough power to summon one of the Incarna. Though the ritual is now lost to time, it was powerful enough to drag Kamduis away from where she rested. She appeared before the gathered ritemasters, unable to resist their summons. Here, she relented to their ingenuity and might, and she acknowledged their desire to learn as akin to her own. The Bone Shadows, last of the Tribes of the Moon, were finally bound together.

FORSAKEN & PURE

Death Wolf has always walked alone. She is aloof to the lives and existences of her siblings, both those that watch over the Forsaken and those that are bonded to the Pure. It is said by some lorekeepers that Death Wolf harbors little love for Rabid Wolf and Red Wolf, seeing the former as a freakish weakling and the latter as a fool for so earnestly seeking the answers to the wrong questions. It is countered by just as many storytellers that Sagrim and Kamduis were kindred spirits, each looking for answers in ways the other spirit wolf respected and admired.

RITE OF INITIATION

A Ghost Wolf seeking a bond with Kamduis can rely on two well-known factors regarding the Bone Shadows' initiation rites: they are always difficult to comprehend, and they are never, ever dull.

Ordeals can take literally any form as long as the ritemaster believes that it is a fitting trial that challenges the werewolf's capacity to see through the mystery of the Second World. Especially challenging Ordeals involve

deep ventures into the spirit wilds or even a spirit's hidden personal realm, where the Ghost Wolf is judged on how tactfully and skillfully he negotiates with the ethereal beings he meets. Some of the spirits dealt with might be ancient allies of Death Wolf, as Kamduis-Ur is an Incarna with many alliances in the Shadow Realm. In other Ordeals, the werewolf must confront and deal with a being that has no love for the Uratha or their totems, and the trial itself might become a matter of life and death depending on the spirit's power and temper.

While these "paying court" Ordeals judge a prospective Bone Shadow's skills with certain spirits, there are others that are viewed with equal respect. Perhaps a werewolf can convince a hostile spirit to enter a fetish without having to subdue it first; such an achievement would certainly impress a Bone Shadow ritemaster. Dangerous or threatening spirits that are bound to a certain location in the spirit wilds are often seen as good trials for an Ordeal. Many packs have solved similar problems by sending their Bone Shadow-to-be out into such a region. If the werewolf returns after successfully negotiating with the spirit (or otherwise placating it in some manner) then the ritemaster will question the Ghost Wolf on how he performed the deed and what he has learned.

It is a misconception that that Bone Shadow initiations aren't violent. Plenty of them turn bloody, especially if the spirit lashes out at the Uratha, offering little chance of discussion and no indication that it will accept chimi-nage. In these cases, if the werewolf strikes back, it is not viewed as a failure. Only conflict that could otherwise have been avoided is frowned upon and is unlikely to earn Death Wolf's favor.

The Oath is often sworn with an austere sincerity that witnesses from other tribes can find unnerving. When a Bone Shadow swears Death Wolf's tenet of the oath, the werewolves are still fresh from their difficult and dangerous encounter in the Shadow. The werewolves are not merely tired from a hunt or exhausted from battle — they are physically and mentally drained from an experience that they might never even have imagined. They have literally experienced the reality of Death Wolf's oath, and, as they speak the binding words, they are all too aware that each spirit must be paid in kind. For good or ill.

BONE SHADOW MODIFIERS

Kamduis judges each of those who seek to join her tribe and abide by her laws. This judgment culminates in the Rite of Initiation. Apply the following modifiers to the Rite of Initiation roll:

Modifier	Situation
-1	Subject is given an easy Ordeal, such as defeating a minor local spirit.
+1	Subject successfully deals with a spirit that dislikes the Uratha.

- +2 Subject successfully deals with a spirit that hates the Uratha.
- +2 Subject forges a deal or oath with a spirit that no other werewolf has bound before in recent memory.

TOTEM OF THE BONE SHADOWS

Death Wolf watches over her followers but she bears little love for them. Her duty to bind the werewolves into a tribe is exactly that: a duty. Winter Wolf sees the rationality behind such alliances, and Fenris Wolf feels passion for his own bond, but Death Wolf is a strange and enigmatic totem even to her tribe. Despite the capacity for thought and reasoning, each of the tribal totem wolves is still much more wolf than human. And, as ever defined by her differences, Kamduis-Ur is more spirit than wolf.

The aura of *otherness* that surrounds her weaves throughout the bond of totem and werewolf. Each of her children feel this eeriness in their lives, knowing that they are bound to a godlike spirit entity that has little regard for the world — and the creatures — of flesh.

Bone Shadows feel very little strength in their bond with Death Wolf when they are in the physical realm. Despite her patronage, the mortal world is too far removed from her sphere of interest since the Fall. Where once she walked all Creation in her quest to understand the role of death at the end of life, she now remains within the

Shadow Realm, interacting with her many ethereal allies. Accordingly, her children feel the bond strongest when they are also in the spirit world. This sensation is nothing bluntly set for every individual, but sometimes when the werewolf first crosses the Gauntlet, he feels a *pulse* of awareness, a sudden clarity of thought at his surroundings. Most werewolves bonded to Death Wolf often feel this "pulse" when they step sideways, and it is always a weighty moment for a Bone Shadow to be reminded that his totem still walks that realm and is bound to him as long as he keeps his oath.

It is the nature of the werewolf to never feel entirely comfortable in either world, and yet Bone Shadows still feel a shiver of dark, cold welcome when they enter the Shadow.

TASKS & TRIALS

Kamduis asks little of her followers. Yet, despite her renowned ambivalence toward her tribe, she is one of the most communicative Incarnae. This aspect of her nature clashes significantly with the common Uratha view that she is a distant and cold totem. To the Bone Shadows — accustomed to her distance and aware of the subtleties within a spiritual bond — it is not such a paradox.

Death Wolf, though distant, may send omens for her followers, cryptic riddles of symbolism that inevitably warn of some serious occurrence in the Shadow. Very few of these difficulties are aptly solved with claws and Rage. Death Wolf, ever a cerebral being, warns her werewolves of dangers that need more than simple bloodlust and



bravery to overcome. A given threat may need extensive chinning, healing, infusions of Essence, rituals honoring them or even services performed before they can be restored to order. The local spirit wilds and physical area might even need to be altered somehow, depending on the crisis in question and the degree of its sickness.

Death Wolf sends these warnings through the spiritual resonance of the Gauntlet. Curiously, no other totem contacts its followers this way, barring perhaps individual pack totems with a flair for the dramatic. Kamduis appears to use the energy of the Gauntlet as a conduit for her messages. When a Bone Shadow werewolf crosses through the barrier between worlds, if Death Wolf has a message for him, he will feel a rising chill in his blood and see flickering images of locations in his mind's eye. The location might be difficult to interpret, for the flickering images appear and vanish in just a few heartbeats, but this is where the disturbance is occurring.

Receiving one of these visions often comes as a nasty shock, amplified by the already unpleasant push through the Gauntlet. Ithaeur bonded to Death Wolf often refer to this sensation as the "prophet's tears" for the sudden pressure behind the eyes as a werewolf sees the visions often makes his eyes water for several minutes afterwards.

KAMDUIS' BROOD

Bone Shadow legends insist that Death Wolf is the only tribal totem that does not dwell in a hidden Shadow domain of her own. Even the Pure totems allegedly lord over their own private hunting grounds in the spirit world, but Death Wolf — ever separate from her siblings — walks the Shadow alone.

Whether this is because she rarely visits her hidden domain or she truly lacks one is unknown, but whenever the Forsaken have managed to track her down, it has always been in the Shadow, and Death Wolf has always been wandering alone.

Kamduis-Ur has many thralls and allies in the spirit world, for despite her ties to the Uratha she was once *Urfarah's* own ambassador to many of the lower spirit courts. That reputation has stayed with her over the millennia, as have the bonds with many of those ancient allies. When one of the Uratha seeks to contact the Bone Shadow totem for any reason, the variety of Kamduis' allies can often be surprising. War-spirits and death-spirits of all power levels abound, as do elemental-, nature- and animal-spirits. When considering the span and breadth of Death Wolf's ties in the Second World, many proud Bone Shadows insist that several members of each and every choir and descant call this totem a friend. Others, perhaps of a more rational bent, state that Kamduis holds alliances and bonds with a great many surprising spirits, but is as distant in her dealings with them as she is with all others.

Any hunt for Death Wolf's wisdom must begin with picking up her trail, and there are many beings in the spirit wilds that must be bribed or otherwise coerced into

revealing anything they know of the wandering Incarna's whereabouts. Many spirits will simply not care to help the werewolves find their totem. Many more will not even know how to help, unless Kamduis has walked nearby recently, and they are aware of her travels.

Determined hunters spend a lot of time tracking the Incarna, and the chain of spirits that must be bargained with, bribed, challenged and even served for a short while is long and daunting. Many werewolves get some of the way after Death Wolf and abandon the search out of frustration or the pressing need to return to their hunting grounds. It is a foolish pack that leaves their territory unguarded for too long, but the werewolves who continue the search must deal with many deceitful, hostile and uncooperative spirits for the information they hold.

Those Uratha who finally manage to track Death Wolf and appear before her have been gone days, weeks, perhaps months from their homes. Here they meet the totem in whatever shape she sees fit to assume, though it is usually an unassuming and skinny, gray-furred she-wolf that stands before the Uratha. The Incarna respects the degree of dedication needed to find her, and she is warmed by any werewolf who confronts so many different spirits in order to achieve his goal. Her wisdom is ancient and extensive, and given freely to those who have traveled so far to hear it. Most often, her children seek her advice and knowledge of rectifying a dangerous imbalance in the spirit wilds — one that they cannot remedy themselves. She responds plainly to such conscientious questioning, though her knowledge encompasses far more than that, for Bone Shadows claim that Death Wolf has perhaps the greatest Shadow knowledge of any entity in existence.

RITE OF RENUNCIATION

Death Wolf cares nothing for those who renounce her. Though the Rite of Renunciation itself is little more than a formal apology, and no true magic is behind the ritual, those few werewolves who have undergone the ceremony often report at least some sense of their totem's presence as they severed the bond. Those werewolves who were once Bone Shadows feel nothing when they renounce Death Wolf and the tribe. Some ritemasters comment that it seems as though Death Wolf isn't even paying attention, though even this distant Incarna must surely hold some feeling for those who choose to break bonds with her.

HIKAON-UR

In the Firstborn pack, as the spirit wolves hunted, Black Wolf was everything her brother Destroyer Wolf was not. She stalked her prey even when Luna's face showed little light. Her paws covered miles of ground without once betraying her preternatural silence. She was the embodiment of the wolf's stealth, the tracker's wisdom and the patient hunter's skill. Legends say that in the time before time, Hikaon even acted as the unseen, unheard guardian of her siblings' lairs, and none could hope to rival her ability to strike from the shadows and return to them undetected.

To be bonded to Black Wolf is to feel the pulse of the world under your feet and in the air you breathe. Darkness becomes sanctuary, shadows become allies and the knowledge of the worlds' primal soul is yours — as is the duty to defend it. Bonding to Black Wolf also means feeling her patient, predatory instinct and her unique sense of comfort in the darkest places.

This bond does not immediately change the werewolf into an efficient nocturnal hunter, though most of the Uratha are aptly described as such anyway. This is a bond between werewolf and totem that bestows knowledge and acceptance, and a sharing of the same savage yet patient hunting urge. These werewolves have chosen to carry the knowledge that truth is hidden — and purity is found — in the places even beasts fear to tread.

THE LEGEND OF BINDING

As Pangaea ended forever, the Gauntlet rose and the werewolves came to plead at the feet of the Firstborn. Destroyer Wolf laughed and Death Wolf had her questions, but Black Wolf merely watched and listened. She saw Dire Wolf turn away, forsaking Urfarah's heirs much as the rest of the spirit world had done. She saw Fenris challenge many of the werewolves to battle, and she listened to Kamduis' never-ending questioning snarls and initial refusals. But Hikaon silently admired the Forsaken. They had swallowed their pride and anger, they had acted in the name of preserving the balance and they knew all too well that they now needed assistance in the chaotic new age.

"Find me," she whisper-growled to a small group of the remaining werewolves. "Track me, hunt me, and find me. Then I shall know you are worthy of the challenges you set yourself." And ever-patient Hikaon stalked into the spirit wilds and beyond. She made good speed to her legendary hidden lair, a lightless forest said to exist deep in the world's soul.

Though many abandoned the search, the werewolves who eventually succeeded in the epic hunt tracked the Incarna through the Shadow and into the blackest, darkest forest ever conceived. In this strange place, even the moonlight rarely shone through the arching trees. It was here in this primal, eternal night that Black Wolf acknowledged the successful werewolves as the Hunters in Darkness, and a new tribe was born.

FORSAKEN & PURE

Black Wolf suffered in the breaking of the Firstborn, for she greatly admired the predatory experience and ruthless wisdom of Dire Wolf. Conversely, she has always felt disgust for Rabid Wolf. That hate has carried down the centuries to this day, to the point where even her bonded children can sense her loathing for the frantic, disease-spreading beast and his Fire-Touched children. Like their totem, she sees that particular Pure tribe as tainted with some inner disease and driven by insanity.

Among the Forsaken totems, Hikaon is highly regarded by all. Her strangest tie has always been with Red Wolf. These totems have never understood one another's beliefs or mindset, but they have always admired and respected

the importance of each other's duties along the opposite paths they walk.

RITE OF INITIATION

Of all possible Ordeals, the werewolves who wish to be bound to Black Wolf must usually perform either a "stalking hunt" or a "hiding hunt." In the case of the former, the Ghost Wolf is the hunter. In the latter, the werewolf is the prey. Success in either of these hunting styles assures entry into the tribe; it need not be both.

Stalking hunts often involve the ritemaster bargaining with a minor spirit ally in advance, and ordering the Gaffling to hide from the cub until sunrise. The spirit might feasibly hide anywhere in the local Shadow, and may even change hiding places more than once, leading the werewolf on a long and difficult hunt. If the werewolf manages to track the spirit before the sun shows his face with the dawn, then it is a success. Other variations on the stalking hunt include seeking a minor fetish hidden somewhere in unfamiliar territory, or tracking down each member of his pack-to-be in an allotted time.

Hiding hunts are tense affairs. On these, it is the Ghost Wolf who hides from either the ritemaster, the ritemaster's spirit allies and, sometimes, even the pack he wishes to join. He must stay unseen (or at the very least, uncaught) until the next night. If the werewolf manages to stay hidden for the entire night and the following day, he returns to the ritemaster and declares his success. If he has failed and been discovered, then it is down to Hikaon herself to decide just how skillful the Ghost Wolf was and whether she will accept him.

After the Ordeal comes the Oath of the Moon, sworn in addition to Black Wolf's own tenet: *Let No Sacred Place in Your Territory Be Violated*. Though Hikaon is renowned for placing a great deal of her potential favor on the outcome of the Ordeal, it is also said she can read the hearts of her adopted children and may turn down a werewolf who does not truly hold fast to the Oath he swears. If she believes he is paying lip service to her own tenet, she will not allow him to join the Hunters in Darkness. Many ritemasters instruct the Ghost Wolf to explain at length why he believes Black Wolf's tenet to be the most important addition to the Oath of the Moon. This part of the rite is often referred to as the Final Vow.

HUNTERS IN DARKNESS MODIFIERS

Black Wolf pays close attention to the deeds, hearts and minds of any werewolf who seeks to join her children. Apply the following modifiers to the Rite of Initiation roll:

Modifier Situation

- | | |
|----|---|
| -1 | Subject was discovered during the hiding hunt but performed well. |
| -1 | Subject performs poorly when explaining the Final Vow. |



- +1 Subject performs well when explaining the Final Vow.
- +1 Subject entered Pure territory and survived.
- +2 Subject entered Pure territory and managed to stay undetected.
- +3 Subject manages to count coup on each pack member in a stalking hunt.

TOTEM OF THE HUNTERS IN DARKNESS

Distance is a unifying theme with the tribal totems. Though Hikaon-Ur watches, as all totems do, her attention turns to her adopted children only when they act in ways that arouse her interest. She does not watch every moment in a werewolf's life, instead preferring to exert her influence on the rare occasions she believes it is wise to do so.

Werewolves bonded to Black Wolf do feel her within them, but not in a direct manner. When the Hunters in Darkness are utterly involved and engrossed in the Wild Hunt, they feel their totem's blessing in the closeness of the shadows around them. Her presence is the comfort of the surrounding blackness and the rightness of the primal, stalking hunt. It is a reassuring feeling for any *Meninna* to know that he is not only emulating but *exemplifying* his totem's own skills and its way of life.

It is in this shared bond that the werewolf feels the presence of his totem, even though Black Wolf is not physically turning her attention upon him. That is the strength of this totem bond. Hunters in Darkness call this sensation "living the night," and tell fond tales of times they have lived the night in the past.

TASKS & TRIALS

Black Wolf communicates with her children in a uniquely distinct manner. As each of her bonded werewolves must defend and guard the sacred places in their hunting grounds, the tribal totem is always aware of which places the Hunters in Darkness protect from violation. Hikaon knows these sacred sites, and she knows the werewolves who watch over them. If she decides that she has some need to contact the Hunters in Darkness, she sends her loyal servants (called shadow-wolves) in her stead. These Gafflings race to the sacred grounds in a pack's territory, and wait for the werewolf bonded to Black Wolf. They do not seek him out — they wait patiently. These are weak spirits, suited for little more than carrying messages, and Black Wolf sends out a dozen or more when she wishes to contact her followers.

The shadow-wolves are slim, lean wolves comprised of flickering shadow, but, despite their impressive appearance, they are no stronger than any standard Lesser Gaffling. Once they have sped to the sacred place, they await the arrival of the pack's Hunter in Darkness. Should any other werewolf approach, the spirits will snarl and

growl that they carry a message for one werewolf and no other, and they will name the Hunter in Darkness whom they seek. When their target arrives, the shadow-wolves will deliver their message through whispers and snarls that only the Hunter in Darkness present can understand.

HIKAON'S BROOD

There is a saying among the Hunters in Darkness: *Fenris runs through the endless fields in pursuit of prey that has nowhere to hide. Hikaon stalks silently through the endless forest, tracking prey that has nowhere to run.*

The existence of Hikaon's forest is a secret that has fallen into myth and legendry. Nobody knows which long-lost forest it might have reflected, if indeed it ever had a reflection in the physical world. And yet, stories circulate of packs walking forests that are darker and more threatening than could naturally occur in the spirit wilds.

If the Hunters in Darkness wish to contact their totem, they must first get a message to her via her favored servants. This involves summoning a shadow-wolf with the Gift: Call Gaffling, and somehow convincing the spirit that this message is worthy of an Incarna's ears. Chiminage in the form of Essence infusions frequently succeed, for the shadow-wolves are fleeting, short-lived spirits that relish the chance at a longer, stronger life force. In addition, many of these Gafflings enjoy listening to exciting stories of werewolf hunts or taking part in a mock hunt themselves, where they will agree to the Forsaken's demands if the Uratha pack can catch the spirit.

While Hikaon freely gives her patronage to the Hunters in Darkness and is wise about the dark places of the spirit world, she has never felt truly comfortable in the presence of the half-flesh Uratha. Black Wolf is a spirit that dwells extensively upon the concept of purity. In her eyes, she is pure. Few other beings reach that exalted standard. This can color her dealings even with her own tribe, and the message imparted to a shadow-wolf will have to be of devastating importance to make her appear. More often than not, she will send additional servitors in the form of the shadow-, night-, darkness-, hunt- and predator-spirits that serve her. These emissaries are the frequently seen face of the totem to all *Meninna*.

RITE OF RENUNCIATION

When a Hunter in Darkness undergoes the Rite of Renunciation, Black Wolf seethes with shame. She sees it as a personal failure that her children would ever stray from her path. She is the alpha of the tribe, and, though she is a distant being, she sees herself as a fair and loyal patron. There is a pulsing, savage joy to be found in hunting and living as Black Wolf does, and she is incapable of understanding why a half-flesh werewolf would stop trying to emulate her and join the brood of another Incarna.

It is even said by some Ithaeur that Black Wolf sheds tears of shame and disbelief when her werewolf followers renounce her guidance, though many Uratha legends

paint Hikaon-Ur in such a cold, eerie light that it seems hard to reconcile these two facets of the great spirit.

SAGRIM-UR

The Iron Masters tell their legends in a hundred languages, but the core frequently remains the same. The Firstborn lived in the Eden of Pangaea and were each content with the balance of Creation. Only Sagrim the Red Wolf was dissatisfied with the way things were. He sought answers to unusual questions — questions that no other spirit wolf ever asked. He often wondered about the balance becoming disturbed in the future and wanted to know what would happen if things began to change. Day and night and day again — Red Wolf asked *Urfarah* a thousand questions.

Some tales seem to imply that Sagrim was his father's favorite, while others insist *Urfarah* loathed his son's inquisitive nature and strange desire to see the world altered. In these tales, even Death Wolf had no sympathy for her brother. In her vast travels and hunts she searched for the answers to the most natural question of all: how does every being face death? Red Wolf had no interest in considering such natural change. He wanted to see what would happen if Creation itself became irrevocably altered, and how every creature would react to it. He also wanted to know why things were the way they were. To every question he asked of how and why things happened, Father Wolf's reply was the same: "*They do, and it is good. Nothing more need be known.*"

Red Wolf was the Incarna that watched over the human herds. He stared over their settlements and observed

the many changes these little mortals inflicted upon the spirit wilds near their homes. He saw their ways of adapting to their surroundings, and he knew the wisdom behind such evolution.

To be bonded to Sagrim-Ur is to feel a god's love of change in everything you do. It is to be gifted with the sense that change must be embraced and accepted in order to better yourself. Without alteration, there is stagnation. Without adaptation, there is extinction. Werewolves bonded to Red Wolf feel this truth as they feel their own heartbeats.

THE LEGEND OF BINDING

Red Wolf was excited as Urfarah lay dying. Though he had no desire to end the Wolf Lord's life, neither did he feel any guilt that he had stayed his fangs in defense of his father. As Father Wolf breathed his last, it is said in some legends that his final words were for Sagrim's ears: "Things will not be as they ought. Note well how they go, and remember what I told you was good." Red Wolf knew then in his heart that not all change was for the better. Possibilities birthed and died behind his eyes as his wolf-mind considered the chaos ahead. He was now as scared by the altering world as he was excited, but he knew the only way to survive was to adapt and meet the coming changes. When the Forsaken came and begged for assistance in taking up Urfarah's sacred duty, Red Wolf saw that this was one of the most positive changes imaginable, and he stepped forward.

"I see with my own eyes that you are seeking redemption, not stagnating in bitterness, and that is good. Now prove to me why I should join with you, for though you are all now



possessed of noble intent, I have seen nothing but ignoble deeds in the past.”

He set a dozen riddles for the Forsaken, the likes of which all the other spirit gods had never managed to unravel. And when the werewolves had talked with each other and given their answers, Red Wolf merely laughed a howling cry and set them to making their case once again. In truth, he was impressed. These half-mortal cousins sought change in order that they might perform the sacred duty of their shared father. They, like Sagrim-Ur, were wise and knew they must adapt to meet the new world.

“Be it so.” Red Wolf growled as he agreed to the bond. “Be it so.”

FORSAKEN & PURE

Red Wolf bickers with his siblings. Every Pangaeon legend that tells of the Firstborn agrees on this, and many of the most common tales speak of the Iron Master totem repeatedly showing his throat to two of his siblings in particular: Fenris and Kamduis. The reverse is true in regard to Hikaon, for the totem of the Hunters in Darkness has always quietly admired Sagrim’s ability to walk his own complicated path, and the affection is returned. Skolis the Winter Wolf, the alpha of the Firstborn, apparently respects Red Wolf’s versatility and skill in adapting to new situations, and Sagrim is honored by this appraisal.

In some legends Red Wolf is the healthy twin of Rabid Wolf, though in just as many conflicting tales, each of the Firstborn had a different mother. No matter the truth of the tales, there is an air of tension between the two totems, and Iron Master werewolves have been known to feel their skin crawling when in the presence of the Fire-Touched. It is not known if the opposite is true.

RITE OF INITIATION

If any totem appreciates a host of ever-changing methods for seeking his patronage, it is Sagrim-Ur. Few Iron Master initiation rituals are the same, but at the heart of each is the same core precept: a werewolf seeking to bond with the totem must show initiative and versatility. Usually, but not always, this comes in the form of cheating.

Red Wolf does not see the honor or dishonor in cheating; he doesn’t need to. He sees the honor in *getting things done*. It is nobler to succeed through deception and versatility than it is to suffer defeat. Accordingly, he does not offer the bond to those who rigidly cling to the boundaries presented to them. Sagrim offers his guidance and patronage to those who break boundaries and succeed despite them.

Ritemasters often set extremely trying Ordeals that are likely to attract the totem’s favor. An example would be negotiating with a determinedly hostile spirit in the pack’s hunting grounds that none of the other werewolves have managed to deal with. Such an Ordeal might involve discovering the spirit’s ban and using it against the creature or it might simply involve the werewolf somehow banishing the spirit from the territory after a fight. No matter what the exact circumstances, an Iron Master

Ordeal presents the werewolf with a grave problem, and he must use any method possible to solve it.

In the case of an overwhelming enemy (such as a *shartha* nest or the presence of the Pure) it becomes quickly apparent that the usual rules do not apply. There are no honorable challenges, there is no calling to the pack for assistance, and there is no chance of surviving a screw-up. The werewolf must somehow turn the tide against this foe (or similar problem) and succeed. Perhaps he lures them out into an ambush by other spirits, or perhaps he convinces them to leave through bluffing. Nothing is certain about an Ordeal set by Red Wolf’s ritemasters other than that the werewolf will have one hell of a story to tell.

Though the Oath is sworn in sincerity and with occasional ceremony, Red Wolf pays greater attention to the Ordeal. Iron Master oaths are sworn with relieved cheer just as often as with whispered gravity.

IRON MASTER MODIFIERS

Red Wolf watches with keen senses when a werewolf seeks to join his Iron Masters and share in his totem bond. Apply the following modifiers to the Rite of Initiation roll:

Modifier	Situation
-2	Subject was offered an unchallenging Ordeal.
+2	Subject was offered a very challenging Ordeal.
+1	Subject came up against Fire-Touched werewolves during the Ordeal.
+2	Subject did not once resort to using his claws during the Ordeal.

TOTEM OF THE IRON MASTERS

Along with Fenris, Sagrim is a totem that involves himself considerably in the lives of his bonded werewolves. His attention wavers and flickers from individual to individual, but he takes care to be with his adopted children when they truly need him.

Many Iron Masters get a sense of someone watching them when they are performing something truly innovative, unique or otherwise irrational and unexpected. This feeling is not always an unpleasant one, though some werewolves insist with embarrassment that it feels like they have been caught doing something stupid. It is almost palpable, a sense of presence behind the individual, though turning to look reveals nothing unusual. Iron Masters have taken to calling this sensation “the Audience”. It most often manifests when they are undertaking something personally important, such as creating a fetish that no one in the territory has conceived before, or planning an attack using some novel ideas and risky gambles.

It is commonly regarded that this behavior strengthens the bond with Red Wolf, and the Audience is the resulting spiritual surge of their totem watching with interest. Indeed, it is seen as a lucky sign that a werewolf feels the Audience, though it is by no means a guarantee of the task's success.

TASKS & TRIALS

Sagrim sets few tasks for his followers to perform. It is simply not in this totem's nature to demand obedience or expect his children to serve him on a whim. On the rare occasions that Red Wolf communicates with his tribe, he does so by sending one of his trusted messengers: the Gafflings known as Farseers. These little spirits appear as fist-sized birds of various breeds, though all bear a shock of crimson feathers somewhere on their bodies. These Gafflings fly as fast as the wind, and unerringly seek out the werewolf whom Red Wolf wishes to contact. Upon locating the individual the bird delivers the message in chirping screeches. Only the intended recipient of the message can understand what the spirit says, even if Gifts are used to decipher the bird's calls. These little spirits are also capable of teaching some traditional Gifts to the Iron Master tribe, and are occasionally summoned with that idea in mind.

Farseers, as their name suggests, see a great deal as they fly around the spirit wilds and report back to Red Wolf. When the tribal totem uses these spirits as messengers, it is most often to warn of immediate — and very grave — trouble brewing within a werewolf's hunting grounds; trouble that would otherwise be unexpected. Perhaps the pack totem is close to breaking its bond to the werewolves, or a bound and previously defeated spirit has discovered a way of wreaking new havoc.

Farseers can also be summoned using the Rite: Call Gaffling, and are often an excellent source of information about Shadow geography. They are renowned for their short attention spans, and frustrated Ithaeur have been known to summon the same spirit repeatedly in an attempt to finish a conversation. Some Iron Masters have bound Farseers into fetishes before, and such items have acquired a great reputation for swiftness and the ability to discern locations.

Interestingly enough, it is rumored that Sagrim is the only one of the Firstborn who is always aware of Kamduis' whereabouts. More than a few werewolves who have sought the enigmatic Bone Shadow totem have done so with the assistance of Red Wolf and his Farseers.

The totem himself is rumored to dwell upon a colossal mountain peak somewhere in uncharted Shadow. If such a place truly exists, the Farseers must surely know the way, though getting one of them to remain with a pack long enough to give clear directions through the Second World and actually guide a pack would be no mean feat. Stories paint Sagrim-Ur as hospitable and knowledgeable, and always free with his advice. It is said that most often the

totem will speak at length of a pack's own territory, and how their visions of changing their territory to suit their purposes might eventually bear fruit. Some tales have also spoken of a sense of sadness in his stance as he endlessly watches the chaotic Shadow below his mountain. If asked about this, Red Wolf apparently says nothing.

RITE OF RENUNCIATION

It is often said that Sagrim holds few grudges. With the exception of the rumored hostility between the Iron Master totem and Rabid Wolf of the Fire-Touched, no Uratha can find a single legend that speaks of any real, lasting enmity between Red Wolf and another spirit. Even the tensions between Red Wolf and Rabid Wolf are mostly unsubstantiated, whispered talk that has no obvious evidence. This lack of bitterness and acceptance of change means that the totem of the Iron Masters holds no ill will toward those who decide to leave his tribe.

Ritemasters perform the ritual in peace, untroubled by their totem. Some werewolves who leave the tribe have even spoken of a silent sense of gratitude and acknowledgement that stems from their invisible bond, almost akin to feeling the Audience one final time.

SKOLIS-UR

The ruling alpha, noble and proud. The Storm Lords say there has always been one Firstborn willing to guide the other spirit wolves after *Urfarah* was slain. In Pangaea, Winter Wolf served as the loyal beta in the pack, always behind Dire Wolf, who was the oldest and most ruthless. Skolis ran shoulder to shoulder with his elder brother, and the two were as one when they hunted down prey.

In the era after the Fall, Winter Wolf led those who sought to join the Forsaken. He led, despite his own grief at *Urfarah*'s death, because he saw that the other spirit wolves were like leaves scattering in the wind, lost and out of control. It was his decision that the spirit wolves hear the pleas of the Uratha. No longer a beta behind the alpha, Winter Wolf was the Incarna that turned his back on the ignorant Pure. He was the mighty spirit that bound himself to those werewolves destined to lead the Forsaken towards redemption. He was the only one with the strength and foresight to serve as a true alpha.

To be bonded to Winter Wolf is to know, in the depths of your soul, that you are tied to greatness. Though not all Storm Lords are the alphas of their packs, their connection to their totem gives them a palpable sense of authority and inner clarity. This bond, forged in ancient era, now translates through the spiritual link of totem and follower in the form of a burning urge to see events through to fruition. Storms rage in the werewolf's heart, but he has the will to stand against anything and never show weakness before his brothers.

THE LEGEND OF BINDING

After Dire Wolf had turned his back on the Forsaken and taken Rabid Wolf and Silver Wolf with him, Skolis watched





the remaining Firstborn set challenges and tasks to the gathered werewolves. One group of these half-mortal shapechangers stood apart from the Forsaken, watching events unfold just as Winter Wolf himself did. The Incarna, the oldest and wisest of the remaining Firstborn, approached these aloof werewolves. With a voice that rumbled like the thunder that once rent the Pangaeon sky, Skolis-Ur demanded to know why these Forsaken stood apart from their kin.

"We are the alphas, lord. We are the battle planners and the pack leaders. We wish to bond with one of the Incarna we choose ourselves, rather than one that deigns to accept us."

The Firstborn witnessed the awe in their eyes, and Winter Wolf knew then that he would join his siblings in standing with these Forsaken werewolves. His laughter shook the ground itself, and his howl caused a storm in the heavens.

"I will serve, should you be worthy. Beat me with your strength and outthink me with your half-mortal logic. Prove to me why you lead your own brothers and sisters, and I will guide you as I lead mine."

FORSAKEN & PURE

Winter Wolf has a long and violent history with Silver Wolf, whom the totem of the Storm Lords allegedly regards as a posturing, ineffective creature. Uratha legends also tell of furious clashes over trivialities between Skolis-Ur and Fenris-Ur, though apparently the two have never angered one another beyond the point of forgiveness.

Curiously, though Red Wolf is considered unpopular by some of the other spirit wolves, Winter Wolf's guarded affection for the younger Incarna offers firm protection to the totem of the Iron Masters. Skolis knows all too well that any change must be accepted and understood if one is to lead effectively.

There is a palpable sense of responsibility and guilt that emanates from the second-oldest of Father Wolf's spirit children. This air of duty was born in the moments after *Urfarah's* murder, when Winter Wolf cried out his anger and hurt to the Pangaeon sky. In that moment, he showed weakness when his siblings needed to see support and strength; he showed the fury and pain of a lost beta when his pack needed a strong alpha. Skolis knows he must never show such weakness before his brothers and sisters again, and this sense of responsibility can translate into a heavy-handed relationship with the other Forsaken totems. Ultimately, Winter Wolf sees them as weaker than he is.

RITE OF INITIATION

Werewolves who wish to bond themselves to Winter Wolf face a savage Rite of Initiation. Blood Talons will usually bleed and Iron Masters will usually cheat, but the only way to bind oneself to Winter Wolf is prove to the totem that the werewolf can take *anything* thrown at him. The Storm Lords are renowned for their

Initiation Rites reaping the wheat from the chaff, and no matter what regional variations apply in a pack's territory, Skolis-Ur demands a show of preternatural endurance. Success means a bond with the alpha totem. Failure means the deep shame and knowledge that the werewolf was not worthy of the bond — at least at this time. All of the tribes contain members who could not meet the standards of Winter Wolf. All of the tribes except the Storm Lords.

These harsh Ordeals range in duration, whether they consist of enduring a week-long journey into the Shadow without food or withstanding an onslaught of psychological warfare without breaking. Duration is rarely important to Winter Wolf — it is the effort involved that counts. Whether it is suffering through ravaging storms without making a sound while naked and alone or running a hunt without rest for an entire night and day, a werewolf who proves himself to Winter Wolf has endured a physically and mentally draining trial. He who fails need only look at the Storm Lords to see his betters.

On the surface, this might seem a heartless method of culling the unworthy, and there is indeed a primal side to Winter Wolf that relishes bonding only to those he perceives as the strongest. But the Incarna is also a wise creature beyond his wolf-like disregard for the weak. Any werewolf who succeeds at the Ordeal is instilled with a surge of self-confidence and the knowledge that he can achieve great things under pressure. This, Skolis knows, is a powerful boost to a leader's image — both the self-image within the Uratha's mind and the image he projects to others in battle and diplomacy. Winter Wolf wants his Storm Lords to be strong — and to *know* they are strong.

After the Ordeal, the Storm Lord ritemasters always insist that both failed and successful werewolves take the Oath of the Moon. This is a shameful experience for those who performed poorly at the Ordeal, for they must still swear the Oath before they are formally told of their failure. Successful werewolves follow the same course, though they swear to Winter Wolf's own tenet of the bond immediately after the Oath of the Moon. Grave importance is placed on the actual swearing of the Oath. If a werewolf shows any hesitancy or reticence (even the slightest nervous stutter) Skolis-Ur watches with a sudden degree of distaste.

STORM LORDS MODIFIERS

The Storm Lords, though bound by formal ritual more than some tribes, still have several modifiers that can be applied to the Rite of Initiation depending on the werewolf's performance.

Modifier Situation

- | | |
|----|---|
| -2 | Subject stutters or hesitates when speaking Winter Wolf's oath. |
| -1 | Subject stutters or hesitates when speaking the Oath of the Moon. |

- | | |
|----|---|
| +1 | Subject demands an exceptionally challenging Ordeal. |
| +1 | Subject succeeds at an exceptionally challenging Ordeal. |
| +2 | Subject dramatically succeeds at an exceptionally challenging Ordeal. |

TOTEM OF THE STORM LORDS

Winter Wolf is the coldest and most austere of the Forsaken totems. Above all the other spirit wolves, the alpha has a purely mercenary relationship with his tribe: utterly loyal, to a point. Should the tribe as a whole ever fail to uphold that which he sees as important, Skolis would leave them within moments.

Few werewolves ever regularly feel the blessing or approval of their tribal totem, but a Storm Lord can live his entire life without feeling it *once*. On the other hand, Winter Wolf makes his displeasure known with eerie frequency — should the totem see it as necessary.

All the spiritwolf totems are wolves first and foremost, and the alpha of the Incarna is a primal leader down to his very core. He does not acknowledge success among his followers, for such action should be second nature to them. Instead, he shows his fury or disgust when his children make great errors. He is the patriarch wolf that cuffs his cubs when they cross him. Otherwise, how will they learn? In a way, Skolis-Ur is completely correct, for under his guidance the Storm Lords have led the Forsaken since the death of Father Wolf. The way the alpha spirit sees it, he is doing everything exactly right — never showing weakness and chastising those who do.

When a Storm Lord feels his totem's presence it comes in a sudden, chilling feeling of creeping flesh. It is the sensation of being watched when you are utterly alone. Unlike the Blood Talons, who boast and tell of how they feel Fenris' Fire, no Storm Lord wishes his fellows to know that he has felt the Alpha's Eyes. It is not a pleasant feeling to know that a god is disappointed in you.

Werewolves bonded to Winter Wolf feel the Alpha's Eyes when they have made a grave error in their lives. Perhaps a werewolf turns down involvement with a well-suited, wolf-blooded partner or he leads an attack on a *shartha* nest without careful preparation and pack unity. The creeping dread of Winter Wolf's ire never comes as a warning, only as an admonishment....

TASKS & TRIALS

Despite his distance and renowned disapproving presence, Winter Wolf does occasionally communicate with his children in indirect ways rather than casting a disapproving eye upon his tribe. Most often this is in the form of omens in the midst of a storm: quite a few Storm Lords are struck with inspiration or clarity during the raging of the heavens. A werewolf might interpret the



direction lightning repeatedly strikes as a pointer, or the icy rain might refresh his self-confidence as though it were cleaning him of past mistakes and doubts. Skolis-Ur is the lord of storms and uses the ravaging fury of nature to send messages to his children. A Storm Lord always knows he is closest to his totem at such times, and it is one of the rare moments he might feel a non-threatening contact with Winter Wolf, even if it is merely in the form of a spirit servant of the totem.

Storm omens often take the form of lightning flashes or forks that point in a certain direction, thunder that seems to speak words to the werewolf or winds that whisper the names of places and people that the werewolf should visit to seek the answers he needs.

Winter Wolf is a distant patron in a werewolf's night-to-night existence, but is rumored to be a welcoming host to those who reach his presence, whether they be Forsaken or Pure. He is a creature that has a primal side cooled by millennia of self-assurance and wisdom. The legendary frozen lands where he is supposed to dwell are as inhospitable a realm as can be imagined, with icy winds and snowstorms that reach blizzard conditions. The stories state that Skolis pads around this domain at all times, watching over his adopted children just as he watches over his personal, ice-wreathed hunting ground.

Many of the Uratha tales concerning Winter Wolf tell of a creature that is unmerciful and abrupt, but always willing to hear others ask their questions and tell of their trials, ambitions and hopes. It is said he rarely gives immediate advice, for he wishes his children to solve their own woes, but in truly dire circumstances he has been known to help unravel some of the mysteries shrouding a situation. Conflicting stories paint Skolis in a colder light, citing Storm Lords who have lost the respect of their packs by admitting weakness and seeking out the Incarna.

Winter Wolf does not have a pack of wolves made in his own image, such as some of his siblings possess. The Incarna's closeness to the winter element means that Skolis-Ur has made strong alliances with many spirits associated with the season, and they serve as his eyes and ears (but never his warriors) throughout the Shadow. Strange and aloof spirits of duty, pride and vanity also do the totem's bidding, taking any number of appearances when they manifest and seeming to resent any involvement they have with the Uratha.

RITE OF RENUNCIATION

When a Storm Lord undergoes the Rite of Renunciation, the tribal elders say that Winter Wolf immediately forgets that the werewolf ever existed. The Storm Lords are notably savage in weeding out the undedicated and unworthy right from the outset, so it is unlikely that this is an exaggeration intended to dissuade Uratha from leaving their tribe.

What is known — and rarely shared — by every werewolf who has renounced Skolis is that upon complet-

ing the rite, he feels a slow-building icy ache in his bones that lasts around an hour. This, perhaps, is one last sign of Winter Wolf's displeasure as he begins to forget the werewolf entirely.

THE PURE WOLVES

One of the oldest of werewolf tales says when the murderous werewolves caused the destruction of Pangaea, three of the Firstborn turned their backs on the Forsaken. These great spirits would not be bound to traitors and kin-slayers, nor would they show their throats to those who had doomed and broken Creation.

All of these Firstborn had their own reasons for refusing to help the Forsaken, and all of them had their own views on the breaking of the Firstborn pack, be it for better or worse. Over time, as the Forsaken and their allies took up *Urfarah's* work and gained Luna's forgiveness, the three remaining wolf Incarnae came to side with the werewolves who called themselves the Pure. These proud shapeshifters won the favor of the totems because of their twisted beliefs that conflicted with the choices of the Tribes of the Moon. The so-called Pure werewolves wished for the resurrection of Pangaea through the sacrifice of every last Forsaken werewolf. Once the great debt was erased, Father Wolf's true work could be done once more. The three totems listened, agreed, and the Pure Tribes were born.

As spirits with incredible power, the Pure totems are hardly silent in their seething hatred for the Forsaken. There is a living, but unchanging, enmity that has lasted thousands of years and outlived a hundred human civilizations. Their hatred is above such pettiness as time and the concept of forgiveness. These totems speak to their tribes just as the tribal totems speak to the Tribes of the Moon.

And sometimes, when these god-like entities deign it worthwhile, the Pure totems speak to the Forsaken directly.

DIRE WOLF

Oldest and most ruthless of the spirit wolves, Dire Wolf was *Urfarah's* savage nobility given form. But what appeared as wisdom and temperance was often tainted with spite, for Huzuruth — utmost predator among predators — is one of the few Firstborn touched with true malice. It is the malice of a creature that knows its own power and fears nothing. The malice eats into his very being, souring his great wisdom and tainting all who bond with him.

Dire Wolf did not howl in sorrow at *Urfarah's* death. He scuffed dirt over the body of his father, knowing that a creature weak enough to be destroyed by its own children deserved such a fate. The strong prosper and the weak die. Dire Wolf lives by the code of nature at its most primal: ultimately, the individual's life is all that matters. He was the first to turn from the pleading Uratha — not because he felt rage at their slaughter, but because they

had brought about the end of Pangaea. Selfish to the last, Dire Wolf cared nothing for those who wanted to follow in *Urfarah's* empty steps. It did not matter to him that the two worlds were in chaos. What mattered to Dire Wolf was that his hunting ground — his predator's paradise — was no more.

And he hated those responsible.

DIRE IN NATURE

But is Dire Wolf the reflection of the actual extinct "dire wolf" out of the fossil record? Not precisely, no. There are no extant spirit counterparts to the prehistoric *canis dirus*, just as there are no spirit glyptodonts, megatheriums, Tyrannosaurs or Dinichthys.

There may be spirits that share some similarities with these long-vanished physical beasts, though. It's entirely possible that an animal-spirit from the Pleistocene era managed to survive to the modern era on nothing but its predatory prowess and sheer will to live. However, without contemporaries of its own kind to feed upon or reflections of its physical counterpart's prey, such a spirit would by necessity become a magath as it preyed upon other spirits. It might still retain a portion of its original nature — a Smilodon-spirit might continue to be a feline-like predator through the ages — but it would surely change.

Those Forsaken with a mild grounding in paleontology tend to theorize that Dire Wolf

was the offspring of Father Wolf and a powerful *canis dirus* spirit, or even that once all the Firstborn had more in common with historical dire wolves than they did with *canis lupus*. Over the millennia, as the Firstborn grew into their aspects, so did Huzuruth. He is not the reflection of a specific canid beast from before history — he is more.

DIRE WOLF & THE FORSAKEN

Dire Wolf's contact with the Forsaken is always a very rare and dangerous event when it occurs. Stories are told for years after his dread influence touches a local pack. Of all the Pure totems, Dire Wolf's hatred is the most savage and ferocious, enforced and strengthened as it is by the primal selfishness of a predator god. It is rumored that he dwells in a "place that isn't" that reflects ancient Earth, where huge spirit beasts reminiscent of prehistoric animals are his prey, cowering before Dire Wolf's roar. Legend has it that this realm of tumbled stones and savaged carcasses can be visited by even the Forsaken, and that packs have lost their way in the Shadow, getting a terrible surprise when they realize the old story is true.

It is mostly werewolves with a lot of inner bitterness or fury who feel the spiritual touch of Dire Wolf. Though he nearly matches Fenris-Ur in ferocity, Huzuruth-Ur tempers his savagery with instinctive cunning and primal wisdom rather than discipline. He has his own children, the Predator Kings, to rend the Forsaken to pieces and



sees no need to spend his time manifesting to accomplish what his own tribe already excel at doing. So Dire Wolf, with the presence of an ancient and angry Incarna, enters the hearts of the bitterest and most furious Uratha. Once within, he feeds their Rage with his own depthless fury.

First, the werewolf feels a sudden clarity of sense, as his mind frees itself from the intricacies of human logic. Life becomes simpler. Cause, effect, action, reaction, the cycle of nature — all thought is reduced to seeing the world around on a purely animal level. This freedom vanishes as the werewolf feels his Rage building beyond measure. He feels anger thinking of every time a packmate has slighted him in the past and of every kill that has managed to escape his claws. Soon, suffering under Dire Wolf's malicious fury, he sees his closest friends and family — even his own pack — by their faults and weaknesses, not their strengths.

This invasion of the mind is not a sudden surge of Rage: it is in an insidious bubbling of emotion that comes to a head over the course of a few nights or an entire week. Come dawn on the last night, as Luna hides her face, the werewolf lashes out at those dearest to him in Death Rage. Worse, if those he truly wishes to inflict harm upon are not nearby, he will stalk the city seeking them. This hunt is performed in a state of near-Rage, and the werewolf will enter the Death Rage at the sight of his targets.

His Rage is no longer pure, and remains tainted until the next moonrise. This is the False Fury.

It is not just Rage-driven warriors who suffer this invasion. Any werewolf who is consumed with sorrow and bitterness or who has suffered through a harrowing recent experience is vulnerable to Dire Wolf's influence. Worse, whenever one of the People endures the False Fury, the Predator Kings may follow soon behind, knowing exactly where to find the Uratha and his pack.

Dire Wolf rarely interferes with the Forsaken, especially compared to Rabid Wolf and Silver Wolf. When he does, his presence always leaves the most horror in its wake. After a werewolf feels the False Fury, revenge against any Predator Kings in the neighboring territories often comes quickly. And, of course, the Pure know perfectly well that the Forsaken are coming...

THE FALSE FURY

The touch of Dire Wolf occurs only rarely, usually to characters who have suffered significant emotional trauma. In effect, Dire Wolf is using the equivalent of an Influence to increase the bloodlust within a werewolf. This can be handled in much the same way (see "Influences," **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 274); the Storyteller rolls from 5 to 15 dice in order to represent the False Fury's effects, and the player may roll Resolve or Composure + Primal Urge as a reflexive action to contest the roll. The exact number of the dice

rolled for the Influence depends on the recent circumstances. Only 5 dice are appropriate if the character has so far met his challenges without giving in to his bloodlust, while 15 dice would be appropriate for a character who's already on the verge of Death Rage. (Obviously, this roll does not represent the full traits of Dire Wolf as if he were present and using a true Influence at full power. Not that Dire Wolf, if he were actually present, would bother with Influences . . .)

If the Influence roll wins the contest, the character is tainted. For the rest of the night, the character's Harmony is treated as if it were 4 points lower (to a minimum of 1) for purposes of the stimuli that call for a Death Rage check (**Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 174).

This is a serious curse to inflict on a player, and should not be imposed lightly. Under no circumstances should Storytellers use this as some sort of random event or, worse, as a means to "punish" a player, as there's no effective way to fight back and take revenge. Use carefully, if at all; events such as this could serve to bind a pack closer as they band together to take revenge for a relative, mentor, ally or packmate who has suffered the False Fury.

RABID WOLF

Rabid Wolf was one of the youngest spirit wolves, and is a crazed and vicious creature in every legend that speaks his name. Tales of Uratha history that have managed to survive through the years tell that the union that produced Gurim was a difficult one. The wolf-spirit mother sickened and wasted away as her Essence became tainted as if by a Wound, and her child was created from this corrupted Essence. After his birth, it soon became clear that Rabid Wolf was affected by his diseased parentage.

His hunts had a sadistic streak from the beginning. Rabid Wolf would toy with prey and sometimes forget all about consuming it. His howl was not a long, ululating call like those of his brothers and sisters, but a broken and wheezing chuckle that sounded more like a hyena's cry. And yet, at times he nearly put the ferocious Fenris-Ur in the shadows — so great was Rabid Wolf's seemingly random savagery.

When the Forsaken came to beg alliance, Rabid Wolf did not turn away immediately, nor did he stand with the Firstborn that accepted the werewolves' challenges. Legend puts this down to cowardice. Uratha stories speak often of Rabid Wolf as a vicious coward, whose sole emotion at hearing of Father Wolf's murder was simple fear. Without the presence of the domineering alpha, Rabid Wolf was afraid that one of his fiercer siblings would kill him for his instability and weakness on the hunt. Following the oldest of his brothers — like a drooling, confused

cub at Dire Wolf's heels — Rabid Wolf soon bound himself to the Pure.

This is how the Fire-Touched totem is seen by the Uratha who pay heed to the ancient stories. It is likely that the Pure speak of Rabid Wolf in a very different light.

RABID WOLF & THE FORSAKEN

Of all the Pure totems, Rabid Wolf has the most dealings with the Tribes of the Moon. His tribe, the Fire-Touched, are the most likely to speak openly with the Forsaken, as they attempt to win converts to the Pure by speaking of the “rightness” of their cause. Gurim is also known to send omens and portents of doom to the Forsaken — though never for good purpose.

When an unnaturally heightened atmosphere of mistrust and discomfort spreads, this is Rabid Wolf exerting his influence. The *Izidakh* see the Forsaken as heretics and blasphemers that venerate Luna instead of *Urfarah*, but Rabid Wolf may in turn see a pool of warriors that could strengthen his own pack. Uratha legends deal with yet another sign of this cowardice, telling of Rabid Wolf's ambition to rule the largest tribe so the other wolf Incarnae will have to show their throats before him. If this is so, Rabid Wolf seeks converts to his tribe's cause purely so he can one day stand above his siblings — beyond their distaste, beyond their mockery and, above all, beyond their pity.

The totem is surprisingly subtle when he deigns to meddle with the Forsaken. His favored method of turning the People to his cause is to affect the prophetic dreams of

a Cahalith or the omen-readings of an Ithaeur. Somehow, despite the total lack of a connection to Luna, the Pure totem is able to manipulate the abilities of the auspices. Some Crescent Moons have speculated this power is an extension of Rabid Wolf's inner disease, whereby the corruption of his own Essence can subtly infect anything and anyone. His choice to affect the Luna-given auspices shows all too clearly that an Incarna's reach knows few bounds.

The moon-blessings are more difficult for Rabid Wolf to manipulate than the tie between packs and their spirits. Whatever portents or omens have been granted to the Uratha are soon revealed as lies when the werewolf leads his pack straight into the waiting claws of a Pure ambush. The survivors of such an insidious trick are likely to receive a sermon at the feet of a Fire-Touched speaker, and, in some cases, the Forsaken are even freed afterwards to carry their lessons with them back to their hunting grounds.

RABID WOLF'S TOUCH

Like the False Fury, Rabid Wolf's ability to sour a prophetic dream or omen is treated as an Influence used very remotely, usually with about 10 dice contested by the target's Resolve + Primal Urge. Gurim cannot or will not infect omens directly sent by the other Firstborn, but those who come as a result of a werewolf's inborn ability (be it auspice blessing or Gift) are



fair game. As with all interventions, this Influence should be used sparingly. If a character resists the twisted sending and manages to stay on the straight and narrow, Rabid Wolf will almost certainly abandon this tactic where that pack is concerned.



SILVER WOLF

Each of *Urfarah*'s Firstborn children was born to a different mother. Uratha legends say that among these female wolf-spirits, the most noble and regal mother bore in turn the most noble and regal child: Silver Wolf. The tales tell of a creature obsessed with keeping Pangaea pure of corrupting influence. Here was a silver-furred wolf Incarna so kingly in bearing that he believed he should lead the spirit wolf pack, even above Dire Wolf and Winter Wolf. Even above *Urfarah* himself. That was Hathis-Ur.

"The Howl of Silver Wolf's Failure" is a song that echoes with resonance throughout the fractured streams of werewolf history; it is most notable because it sings of treachery long before the end of Pangaea. "The Twilight Hunt" tells of *Urfarah* falling victim to the poisonous bite of the Spinner-Hag and is known to many Cahalith who howl of the before times. Songs of the Fall itself are too many to ever learn, and they have their own place in Uratha history. And yet there is one song that tells of a murder attempt that went awry — *before* the werewolves struck the killing blow to their alpha.

This song tells of how Silver Wolf also noticed his father's weakness, and made his move to replace *Urfarah* as alpha. The two wolves did not battle for long. Though Father Wolf was greatly weakened in the final days of his life, Silver Wolf was a preening, posturing creature that stood no real chance against the God of Wolves. He fled like a yelping cub, and only after he had licked his wounds and returned did he learn that the Uratha had succeeded where he had so completely failed. Father Wolf was dead.

When the werewolves asked for patronage, the Firstborn were divided in answer. Dire Wolf held a weighty grudge for the destruction of Pangaea, and Rabid Wolf felt nothing for the werewolves, being too wrapped up in the instinctive fear of being the weakest in a pack. Silver Wolf stood alone from all the others and regarded the pleading Uratha with nothing short of jealous scorn. He hated his brothers and sisters that bonded to the Forsaken — a hate that stretches to this day — and he followed Dire Wolf and Rabid Wolf into alliances with the werewolves who had not struck out at *Urfarah*. There was little else to do but quench his jealous hate in the bitterness of those who had also been cheated of their dreams.

SILVER WOLF & THE FORSAKEN

Silver Wolf would never demean himself to physically manifesting and hunting Luna's weaklings. It is said

by the Uratha that Silver Wolf winces in disgust even as the Ivory Claws kill the Forsaken, for he loathes that his children must touch the heretics at all. The totem of the Ivory Claws is a self-righteous and sneering deity in every surviving tale told by the Tribes of the Moon. A true wolf cannot hate, but a god can. This god certainly does.

The Incarna's involvement with the Forsaken is a complicated one. Above all, Silver Wolf desires the complete destruction of the Tribes of the Moon and will accept no bonds from those descended (or defecting) from them. To do so would open himself to what he believes is the Uratha's corruption. The Forsaken were too weak, too foolish and too few in number to assume Father Wolf's duties without needing assistance. According to Forsaken lore, Silver Wolf believes that he alone could have destroyed *Urfarah* and still kept the two worlds closely bound. Pangaea would never have broken if it had been Silver Wolf striking the killing blow. Far past mere jealousy, the Incarna's hatred reaches deep into hatred of those weaker and lesser than he. The Luna-blessed werewolves ruined everything because of their inner weakness. Beyond his seething hatred for their filthy Moon-touched souls, Silver Wolf wants to eradicate their history and scourge it from the face of Gaia. Nothing less will satisfy him.

If any pack makes efforts to learn about Forsaken legends they may be victims of their own curiosity. When he does turn his attention towards the Uratha, Silver Wolf concentrates on denying the werewolves any links to their primal past. Learned elders are attacked by the Ivory Claws before they can pass knowledge on to young packs, and spirits that were present at historical times of interest have been extensively honored by the Pure so that the spirits never speak to the Forsaken. The songs of an Uratha Cahalith might draw malicious spirits, bound by unknown Ivory Claw magic and herded into Forsaken territory. "The Howl of Silver Wolf's Failure" is a song sung very softly — or howled to the night sky by brave (or foolish) werewolves looking for trouble.

Silver Wolf cares nothing for songs or howls that venerate a pack's recent deeds. What attracts his attention are the stories of the Pangaeian era, especially those concerning himself. He has a host of strange owl-spirits that sweep across the Realm and spirit wilds, seeking evidence of werewolves who work to preserve Forsaken history. One of the Uratha noticing that a Silver-Eyed Owl is watching from the trees or rooftops is wise to call to his pack immediately. Silver Wolf himself is aware of what the werewolf is doing.



SILVER-EYED OWLS

These Lesser Gafflings are the spirit servants of Silver Wolf. They resemble natural owl-spirits of all kinds of breeds and sizes, and their only unnatural aspect is the bright silver of their eyes.

These spirits apparently have exceptionally keen sight and hearing, and are skilled at tracking the Uratha through most locations, even cities. If confronted with violence, the Silver-Eyed Owls will usually flee to report back to their master — or attack as a host of shrieking birds of prey.

No Uratha has ever managed to bind a Silver-Eyed Owl into a fetish. Some kind of spiritual link or Ivory Claw magic means these spirits disincorporate into nothingness when a Forsaken werewolf attempts to bind one of them.

THE MAELJIN

Some see them as demons. To others they are manifestations of the Old Gods. To the werewolves, they are the Maeljin. Malicious spirit lords that grow fat on the suffering that takes place in the world. These are the creatures that carry a title unknown and meaningless in the First Tongue, for none can trace the origins of the word “Maeljin”. That is these Incarnae’s unique distinction, and the source of no small amount of worry for the Forsaken.

These spirits make their horrific domains in the Wounds — cancerous regions of the Shadow where the memory of every local act of violence and terror turns the spirit wilds sour. Werewolves find a great deal of chaos in the world’s spiritual reflection, from *shartha* nests and malignant spirits to invading Pure and locus-stealing Forsaken seeking to get an edge over the local guardians. But few things are as much trouble to a pack as an open Wound in the nearby Shadow. Any hunting ground might have several minor rents in the spirit wilds, and this is to be expected in a world where every action can affect the spiritual reflection of a city. Glades, Shoals and Wounds are part of the Shadow geography. It is only when a grave imbalance occurs that the danger mounts.

There is no concerted or unified effort behind the Maeljin infestation. It is simply a cycle of cause and effect. If a given region endures a great deal of suffering in the physical realm, this sorrow and pain will bleed into the Shadow. If a part of the Shadow falls into severe chaos and the spirits battle each other and grow sick, the acts are reflected across the Gauntlet and the physical realm is affected. This is a cycle of negativity that most Uratha are intimately familiar with. Territories need to be defended, and a balance must be maintained between the worlds of spirit and flesh. If a pack are lax in their duty or have recently entered a new domain, the possibility of the Shadow Realm being poisoned is strong. Once the spirits become tainted and the local Essence is corrupted, a Wound will open. Here are the exposed injuries of Shadow — rotting, festering and infecting as they spread.

It is in these havens of poison and misery that the Maeljin and their servants enter the world. These In-



carneae do not wish for the world of man to topple into the dust of history, nor do they wish for the world's soul to die and Creation to end. The Maeljin feed from the negative emotions and malicious acts that take place. To grow stronger means that everything must remain in the current state, rather than deteriorate to the point of destruction.

Some packs destroy and cleanse Wounds as they are first opening, though in truth a minor Wound isn't always a thing to fear in a territory. In dealing and negotiating with the tainted spirits, a pack can learn of the nearby evils that occur. Many packs aren't even aware of *how* to seal a Wound. This creates a cycle of violence that escalates again and again, in which the repeated attacks on the area sicken the Shadow even further and generate stronger, more malicious spirits in the future. Other Forsaken are too engaged in troubles elsewhere or are too few in number in their pack to make a concerted effort against a spreading Wound. A Wound can certainly become a grave threat, but it is merely one of *many* grave threats to a werewolf pack.

And in hunting grounds where Wounds begin to spread uncontrolled, it is a good time to be a creature that feeds on suffering.

THE MAELTINET

The Firstborn are bonded to the Tribes of the Moon but are too vast in power and scope to bare their full force into the Shadow. As above, so below; the Maeljin are no different from the tribal Incarna in that they too most often work through spirit servants and proxy influences.

Most of these servants are spirits that have become fouled or tainted beyond easy measure. A pain- or murder-spirit can be dangerous and violent enough purely by virtue of its nature, but if it is infected by the Essence of a Wound it can devolve, growing rancid with malice. Spirits that dwell too long around a Wound or feed from the Essence of a Wounded locus are likely to fall into corruption. Even pack totems succumb to this fate from time to time, and a werewolf pack that is aware of nearby Wounds must be careful to provide their patron with uncorrupted Essence.

WOUNDED SPIRITS

The Essence of a Wound (and a Wounded locus) is pervasive and malignant, affecting a spirit's emotions, decisions and personality. Spirits of negative concepts such as violence, suffering and despair find their Influences heightened by one point when they are within a Wound, and become increasingly irrational and unpredictable — even by spiritual standards. Spirits with no immediate negative concept start to sicken and turn malicious as they begin to either disincorporate entirely or warp into negative spirits.

Most Wounded spirits recover once they

leave the Wound and feed on uncorrupted Essence once again, though not all do. These infected spirits have been known to take the taint to other loci or infect other spirits over time. Werewolf characters within a Wound use the rules established on p. 259 of the **Werewolf: The Forsaken** rulebook, or the modified rules on p. 58 of this chapter.

Though spirits might cluster within and around a Wound, eventually becoming infected, the Maeljin are present perhaps from the outset. At least, their emissaries and slaves are. These beings, weaker manifestations of the Incarna that can move through the Shadow like any lesser spirit, are known as the Maeltinet. This word also means nothing in the First Tongue. No werewolf understands its literal meaning or origin.

The Maeltinet creatures serve the Maeljin as avatars, manifesting to allow the Incarna themselves to feed on the Shadow's Wounds. Uratha stories tell that each time one of the Maeltinet is destroyed, it is simply born again in the heart of another Wound. In this way they exist and serve their masters for eternity.

Each manifestation of one of the Maeltinet is known as an incarnation. These creatures are the faces of the Maeljin that the Forsaken most often deal with in their territories. They are lesser shards of the Maeljin themselves: immortal but flawed, powerful but not without weakness. While the Maeltinet are potentially infinite in number, the Maeljin Incarna certainly have their favorite creations that see constant use. These avatars of the Maeljin have even allied with particularly honored Bale Hound cultists at times.

A HOST OF POSSIBILITY

Storyteller's Note: The Maeltinet can serve any number of functions in your chronicles. They are manifestations of the distant spirit gods that feed upon sin, and can be as hellish or as deceptively innocent as the Storyteller's imagination allows. Their presentation below takes this into account, listing their basic abilities and mechanics, leaving much of the supernatural customization open to individual Storytellers to decide just how they feature and act in individual chronicles. No book could ever list all the ways the servant of an Incarna of suffering could interact with the setting. Suffice it to say that any negative emotion or dark act that could be reasonably turned into an Influence is applicable — even recommended.

Note that virtually any Gift is also possible for use as a Numen; the Maeltinet have access to powers far beyond the abilities of most spirits.

Likewise, though all Maeltinets have bans that is somehow tied to their Maeljin masters, each incarnation suffers under a slight variation from any other. Storytellers should feel free to play fast and loose with the Maeltinets' bans, making them as easy or as difficult for players to unravel as he likes. Though there is no ingrained hatred or hostility between Maeltinets and Forsaken, their opposing interests frequently clash. One or more of these spirits easily can become intriguing and well-developed antagonists for a pack over the course of a chronicle. While the werewolves recognize these beings as the *product* of a sickened Shadow Realm and not the *source*, the Uratha see no need to restrain their claws when these creatures spread their cancerous influence into werewolf hunting grounds.

CARNALA, LADY OF LUST

Though her form is as mutable and changeable as the other Maeljin, what might be Carnala's true shape is occasionally glimpsed in the dreams of Cahalith that slumber near open Wounds. She is most often described as a slender female figure with violet eyes, plum-colored lips and a cat-like purr to her voice, but her skin twitches as if worms roil beneath the surface, and she is surrounded by a stench of flesh gone foul.

Carnala is the Incarna of all shallow loves, of all the worthless, degrading sex in the world, of all the filthy passion that turns violent and abusive — of all the desiring affection that ever turns impure. She knows that the humans are often weakest when dealing with matters of the heart and delights in exploiting that weakness to feed from the results. Visitors to her Wounds — those werewolves who return — speak of areas in the Shadow where screams and laughter mix in the air, and maddened spirits devour each other in frantic battles.

THE LADY'S ATTENDANTS

Carnala is served in the Realm and spirit wilds by many lust-spirits, but the highest among her slaves is the Maeltinets known as the Beloved. The Beloved manifests in Wounds near sources of mortal population, and feeds from human lust like a spiritual parasite. This creature exists to siphon desire and grow strong from it in a shadowy reflection of its Maeljin mistress.

Though the Beloved is a creature of lust, it cannot generate these feelings itself. It must use its many servants in order to feed and grow, for it is a receptacle for desire, feeding the emotion in turn to Carnala. Other Maeltinets are capable of using lust as an Influence, but the Beloved cannot. It is also said by some loremasters that the Beloved does not gain great sustenance from the amount of humans feeling the lustful urges, but from the depths of their desires and the ferocity of their lusts.



The Beloved itself favors an unusual form. The packs that have seen the creature manifested claim it appears as a tall, pale, genderless figure, completely without hair and with eyes that are sewn shut. In the physical reflection of the Wound, most packs that have found the Beloved located the creature hiding in empty, windowless rooms, decaying buildings and even the sewers. It offers little resistance when discovered, and the tales tell that the Beloved always dies laughing — no doubt amused at the chaos it has spread in this incarnation.

The Beloved is served in turn by any number of lust-spirits known as tempters. These are Lesser Jagglings that use their Harrow Charm to force mortals into situations where they are easily overwhelmed by their own lust and desire. Many tempters delight in possessing mortals and using the controlled body to seduce other humans. These Spirit-Ridden are among the most populous and dangerous, and a rare few have allegedly possessed the malice and intent to locate wolf-blooded families. The Beloved is easily gripped by a need for revenge if the opportunity presents itself. Like all Maeltinet, it is content to exist unbound and attend to feeding its mistress. This quickly changes if a Forsaken pack makes it a point of repeatedly interfering with the spirit's interests. The Beloved is greatly enamored of destroying the relative sanctity of a werewolf's family life and confronting the Uratha partner with the truths of a loved one's infidelity. Such situations are tailor-made to evoke the Uratha's killing fury.

THE BELOVED

"Ah, you have come at last. And is that your wife's blood I smell on your claws?"

Rank: 4

Attributes: Power 10, Finesse 12, Resistance 4

Willpower: 14

Essence: 20

Initiative: 16

Defense: 12

Speed: 27

Size: 5

Corpus: 9

Influences: Hate ••, Anger ••

Ban: Varies with each incarnation; often associated with an inability to lie, flee or defend itself.

Numina: Harrow, Materialize and any 7 that the Storyteller deems appropriate for this incarnation.

MAMMON, FEEDER OF GREED

Greed is the desire to possess other things — whether they are power, adoration or worldly fortune. Nightmares of the Maeljin Mammon are commonplace amongst all Cahalith with this Maeljin's Wounds in their territory, and the creature himself appears most often in these visions as a skeletally thin angel, with alabaster skin and emaciated bat's wings extending from his shoulder blades. The bones of his wings seem thin and brittle, and the flap-

ping, patchwork wings appear sewn from a dozen victims, both human and animal.

THE FEEDER'S MINIONS

Mammon is a great believer in giving those who ask everything they desire. In this way, humans learn to want ever more. Mammon instructs the Maeltinet and their servants to establish groups of dedicated human worshippers. Tied to this, his most favored projection of his presence is known as the Dying Priest, and this Maeltinet is in turn served by a legion of Gaffling desire-, greed- and pain-spirits. The Dying Priest fulfils many functions, but chief among these is that of a cult leader. This Maeltinet incarnation appears as an emaciated young man, gray-skinned with a death's head grin and golden teeth. It is also known that the Greater Jagglings joints click and crack with every movement. Sometimes the being disguises its appearance when performing sermons for its cultists. Sometimes it does not.

As a greed-spirit, the Dying Priest moves through human cities, gathering and tending to its flock. It calls to the city's desperate and downtrodden, the unlucky and the foolish. Streetwalker or businesswoman, gambler or thief, all types of human life can be found in the Dying Priest's cults. The only link these people must share is a burning belief that they deserve more than they have. The Dying Priest gives it to them, assisted by its host of lesser spirits. Rivals are killed, bank balances swell, love is found and protection is given.

In ruined dockside warehouses and towering inner city offices alike, there are gatherings of people who kneel to the Dying Priest and chant praises to Mammon of the Maeljin. They beg for more, and they always receive it — until it is too late to turn back. After a while, many people have generated so much power for the greed-spirits around them that they become worthless human husks all too easily open to becoming Spirit-Ridden. The Dying Priest moves on to attend another flock, leaving a trail of possessed humans and power-demented spirits in its wake, spilling out from the edge of the Wound.

THE DYING PRIEST

"Chant his name, my children. Pray to the Great God of Giving. Pray to Mammon of the Maeljin."

Rank: 4

Attributes: Power 11, Finesse 9, Resistance 7

Willpower: 18

Essence: 25

Initiative: 16

Defense: 9

Speed: 25

Size: 5

Corpus: 12

Influences: Greed ••, Hunger ••

Ban: Varies with each incarnation; often relating to never refusing a desire or resisting temptation.

Numina: Materialize and any 8 the Storyteller deems appropriate for this incarnation.

MAASTRAAC, MASTER OF ENVY

Maastraac is a particularly grotesque member of the Maeljin. Uratha who see him in visions have said that Maastraac drools acidic spittle in every form he assumes, and is incapable of coherent speech. His mouth is rumored to be filled with the ill-fitting teeth of a variety of animals, including sharks, jaguars, crocodiles and bears, which only adds to his horrific wet-snarl of a voice.

Where Mammon feeds mortals their desires to turn them into worshippers, his twin brother Maastraac prefers to starve those who feel jealousy. From his Wounds — where sometimes exquisite monuments and buildings made from bone can form over time — the Maeljin senses the desires of those nearby who fall into envy. Once the mortals are gripped by their jealousy of what others possess, they are ripe to seethe with ever-deepening envy the more undesirable their own situation becomes. Maastraac starves them of joy and builds this jealousy, holding back on the edge of breaking the mortal completely.

THE MASTER'S SLAVES

Maastraac has many servants, but projects himself most often into the Maeltinet that calls itself the Artist of Spirals. This incarnation appears outwardly nondescript, seeming as human as everyone else when it enters the physical realm. Use of the Gift: Two-World Eyes reveals that the “mortal’s” skin is actually covered in a network of otherwise invisible spirit scars, each shaped into spirals of varying length, size and coil thickness. The Artist of Spirals does not betray its presence with a host of spirits trailing it around — the markings carved in its flesh are the only sure way to spot the creature.

Hidden like this, the Maeltinet makes its way around the area of a Wound, seeking out those who harbor deep-seated cores of envy. The Artist of Spirals will remember each of these people as it marks them with a touch, gently “drawing” a spirit spiral upon their skin. It will later summon several of its spirit servants to follow the mortal and interfere with his life. Its merest touch is enough to draw the mark; it need not call upon whatever Numina it possesses in this incarnation.

The spirits (often a petty and unintelligent group of destruction-, fortune-, anger- and envy-spirits no higher than Gaffling rank) then proceed to ruin the person’s life. By the end of this treatment, the marked mortal is often reduced to an emotional wreck who seethes with jealousy over the way his life has turned. He hates his co-workers for getting big raises while he was overlooked. He hates his brother for marrying a beautiful, loyal wife while his own girlfriend got knocked up by another man. He hates his neighbor for winning a Ferrari in a magazine competition, while his shitty car is costing him hundreds a month in mechanic’s fees. The spirits remain bound to the mortal for the rest of his life, delighting as the human suffers increasing bouts of irrationality and ill-judgment as the jealousy of others eats away at his soul. Clearly Maastraac

feeds well when the Artist of Spirals is at work. Experienced and aware Uratha often discover something is amiss in their territory when the Gift: Two-World Eyes reveals a normal human with a fiery spiral mark upon his skin and plagued by petty spirits.

THE ARTIST OF SPIRALS

“I move from here to there, leaving my mark where I wish. Who are you to try and stop me?”

Rank: 4

Attributes: Power 8, Finesse 8, Resistance 10

Willpower: 18

Essence: 22

Initiative: 18

Defense: 8

Speed: 21

Size: 5

Corpus: 15

Influences: Envy ••, Money ••

Ban: Varies with each incarnation; frequently related to cowardice or generosity.

Numina: Materialize and any 8 the Storyteller deems appropriate for this incarnation.

BAALPHEGOR, KING OF GLUTTONY

Baalphegor is the demon-king ruler of those who become addicted to overindulging their senses. A glutton need not be one who gorges on food — any vice can be indulged to the point of gluttony — though it is often the case that gluttons are addicted to feasting their tastes and bellies. Uratha tales speak of Baalphegor as a gigantic, fattened serpent with bleeding gums and rust-red scales that are split and weeping from being overstretched. His hissing and crying echoes around the massive craters he digs for himself, broken off when the giant serpent opens his jaws to feast. With each cavernous mouthful of spirits and suffering taken, Baalphegor swallows massive chunks of the Wound’s burning dirt.

THE KING'S COURT

Baalphegor is served by the legions of hunger-, famine-, gluttony- and desire-spirits that one would expect, and is lord over many weaker spirits. When he manages to focus his energies into one of the Maeltinet, he incarnates most frequently as a creature known as the Bloodworm. This evocative name belongs to a foul creature that appears as an exceedingly long, scarlet-scaled centipede as thick around as a man’s thigh. In powerful Wounds, the Bloodworm can grow as long as thirty feet or more. All the while the warped spirit scuttles around the spirit wilds, feasting on any spirits it comes across. Rather than generate glutton-spirits itself, the Bloodworm hunts them down and digests them (along with anything else that happens to be in its way — spirit or Uratha alike) and grows stronger by consuming their Essence. It is entirely without tact and patience, and as it grows from Lesser Jagglings to Greater Jagglings rank, it becomes increasingly hungry and ferocious.

Wise Uratha are aware that the Bloodworm incarnating in the Shadow of their hunting grounds is a weighted event. The creature is renowned for eating the infected spirits it comes across and serves as a natural cleansing for a Wound as it consumes all other spirits present. However, it also eats the natural spirits in a territory, and grows increasingly more dangerous as it does so. Eventually, a werewolf pack will be left with a spirit-dead domain, and a ravaging Maeltinet spirit infecting more of the nearby Shadow Realm.

Despite the Bloodworm's stupidity, it is also a savage and deadly opponent for even well-prepared Forsaken packs. The Bloodworm has been known to suddenly leap at opponents, coiling around one or more werewolves like a massive constrictor snake. In the few moments it takes for the centipede-demon to crush a foe to death, it also eats away at the werewolf's flesh and bone with four-sided jaws that can bite through rock- and steel-spirits with ease.

THE BLOODWORM

"Delicious... yes... (sounds of mucus-moistened jaws chomping)... yes... delicious..."

Rank: 4

Attributes: Power 12, Finesse 7, Resistance 12

Willpower: 24

Essence: 25

Initiative: 19

Defense: 12

Speed: 29

Size: 10

Corpus: 22

Influences: Hunger ••••

Ban: Varies with each incarnation; frequently related to never turning down the opportunity to feed or abandoning a hunt.

Numina: Any 9 the Storyteller deems appropriate for this incarnation.

LAMASHTU, CALIPHA OF PRIDE

The Maeljin of Pride goes by many names, gathering them to itself like jewels and treasuring each as a reflection of its infamy. Of these, "Lamashtu" is most commonly used. Some legends state that the creature is a blue-skinned fallen angel that was once overseer of all beasts in the ocean depths. Whatever the truths of its origins, the Maeljin is lord of very subtle Wounds that appear more as pervasive, aching injuries in the Shadow rather than infected sores.

Lamashtu's entire attention is devoted to its own existence. Though the Maeljin have little reason to ever focus on the Uratha, it is said that particularly vain or proud werewolves can attract Lamashtu's attention. Such swaggering vanity could turn the Maeljin's attention to a werewolf's hunting grounds. Most Uratha, unsurprisingly, scoff at the notion of such parables holding truth.

THE CALIPHA'S AERIALS

The Calipha of Pride is served by a host of spirits, mostly consisting of pride-spirits and any other creatures that feed upon a mortal's vanity or narcissism. Lamashtu rarely bothers to take a personally active role in his agenda, instead overseeing his lesser-spirits with a casual air of leniency. A surprising number of pride-spirits create Ridden, and Uratha often have to deal with such beings in their domains when a Wound is nearby. Though these *Hithimu* are not among the most dangerous of foes, the pride-Ridden are almost always a threat when several of them exist at any one time in the local area and work to open other Wounds over time.

Lamashtu's most prized Maeltinet incarnation is known as the Glass Angel. This creature incarnates in the Shadow and watches the local spirits, doing little more to organize them than occasionally offering advice. The Glass Angel appears as a tall, hauntingly beautiful human with red-veined, pale skin. It is named for both the curious glass wings that extend from its shoulder blades (sometimes feathered, but not always) and the fact that wherever it walks, it leaves a faint trail of shining, glassy dust. The Glass Angel is easy to track due to this trail, though it is perfectly capable of flight in the Shadow and leaves no dusty path when it does so.

Unlike most of the Maeltinet, this incarnation of the Maeljin does not serve its own agenda. It merely oversees and watches, bearing silent witness to the spread of the Wounds. If threatened by the Uratha, the Glass Angel is a fearsome adversary and fights by summoning lashing winds filled with shards of razor-sharp glass. It exists as Lamashtu's eyes and ears — and sometimes assassin — in the Shadow.

THE GLASS ANGEL

"It does not matter why I am here, only that I am. Now leave, or I will peel your pelts from your bones and feed them to my master."

Rank: 4

Attributes: Power 10, Finesse 10, Resistance 5

Willpower: 15

Essence: 24

Morality: 1

Initiative: 15

Defense: 10

Speed: 25

Size: 6

Corpus: 11

Influences: Fear •••, Pride •

Ban: Varies with each incarnation; frequently related to never manifesting in the physical realm or being unable to lie about its master.

Numina: Blast (glass shards) and any 8 the Storyteller deems appropriate for this incarnation.

BELIAR, SLAVE TO SLOTH

Some ancient stories insist at one point that the Maeljin of Sloth was mistaken by the Christian faith as Satan himself. Though few Uratha believe this at face value, it is a legend that ties in well with Beliar's infamous reputation for offering irresistible temptations. It is thought that he is the weakest of the Maeljin, though he suffers no lack of spirit servitors or humans who fall into his vices.

THE SLAVE'S SERVANTS

In the Realm and spirit wilds, Beliar's Maeltinets establish cults of spirits and easily led mortals. Humans around a Wound are encouraged to live in indulgence and decadence where they may, or scrape through life in a state of laziness if their living conditions do not allow for wealth and waste. People who slave through their lives without offering anything to the world and without building meaningful relationships with others are prime targets for Beliar. Sloth is not just a physical concept, but also one of emotional and mental slackness. Accordingly, Beliar's minions create avenues for these people to remain in their current state of existence and be denied the chance to make friends, contact others or feel strong emotion. Lesser spirits trail these chosen people, nudging their lives away from stimulation, stunting emotional and physical development.

Sloth is stasis. In contrast, the Maeltinets must struggle and work to make sure this stasis happens. Beliar's efficient avatars are many in number, though perhaps the strangest of these is called the Messiah. The Messiah is a bloated spirit apparently made in image of its master, and it in the center of Wounds where it oversees the actions of any number of lesser spirits. Like the middle of a diseased web, the Maeltinets bind hundreds of spirits into its service. If the Messiah is present somewhere in an Uratha hunting ground, the werewolves are likely to discover that every single spirit for several miles either knows of the Messiah's existence, owes it at least nominal allegiance or serves it outright. The Maeltinets are generous with its Essence, and leeches it from nearby loci with the specific intent to feed it to other spirits.

The fat, mutated and monstrous octopus sits in a pool of tainted Essence, and feeds other spirits with its dozens of greasy tentacles. The Messiah is incapable of evasion or any real movement past slowly hauling its corpulent, grey body across the ground. Its power lies in its intelligence and cunning, for the Messiah is capable of orchestrating the actions of a great many spirits at once. If a Forsaken pack find the spirits of a Wound suddenly acting with precision and cohesion, it might just be that the Messiah is hidden somewhere in their domain, diligently ensuring that the Maeljin continue to be fed.

THE MESSIAH

"Foolish dog-men. You think that destroying me will unravel all the great work that I have set into motion?"

Rank: 4

Attributes: Power 12, Finesse 5, Resistance 11

Willpower: 23

Essence: 30

Initiative: 16

Defense: 12

Speed: 3

Size: 7

Corpus: 18

Influences: Sloth ••, Emotions ••

Ban: Varies with each incarnation; frequently related to remaining in one area or feeding from a single locus.

Numina: Chorus and any 8 the Storyteller deems appropriate for this incarnation.

ASMODAI, QUEEN OF WRATH

The Queen of Wrath draws much loathing from the Uratha. When she appears in the nightmares of those rare werewolves who seek her, she commonly takes the form of an ancient crone, aged beyond mortal possibility, wandering torn landscapes with a perpetual sneering grin. Her back is hunched over, and her palms are stained a dozen dark colors from flaying spirits as they pass her by. Uratha who study the fractured segments of werewolf history and myth may come across tales of many battles between Father Wolf and Asmodai. *Urfarah* evidently expelled her from the physical realm again and again for her invasive presence.

THE QUEEN'S SOLDIERS

Spirits that serve Asmodai have one overriding desire: they exist purely to make people fall to wrath. This is rarely a simple burst of anger or flash of murderous rage. If it were so, then Asmodai would probably turn her eyes to the Uratha with dangerous frequency.

Wrath — the true wrath that feeds the Maeljin — can spawn from a deep need for vengeance. Spirits and Ridden that work as her minions know this all too well, and they lead mortals into situations that generate the unquenchable desire for revenge.

This is a dark business. *Hithimu* and various spirits are capable of any number of horrific crimes to inspire wrath: People are raped or murdered, and the suspect evades police capture, sending the victim's partner into a spiral of depression and the need for revenge. Children are abducted and their bodies never found, though a pederast later confesses to the crime, focusing the family's bitter anger against him. These are the flavors of wrath that delight Asmodai, and leading her slaves in the Shadow are her Maeltinets avatars. Her favored incarnation is the twisted Jaggling known as the Returned.

The Returned is a demon with little personal power, but exists to strike disharmony and upset in the hearts of mortals. It takes the form of a shadowy, hooded figure that carries a bone-handled spirit knife in pale hands. It is a frail spirit, and, if attacked and wounded, it quickly discorporates, leaving nothing behind. Though it is not physically threatening to a werewolf pack, it has earned its name from its true power.

Asmodai, Queen of Wrath

The Returned visits sleeping humans who have been recently bereaved. Any mortal who has lost a friend, lover, parent or child to murder, crime or war is a potential victim for this Maeltinet. As the mortal sleeps, the Returned fills the sleeper's dreams with images and memories of the person who was killed. That can be upsetting enough, but these nightmares take on a more sinister note soon enough. The sleeper dreams of the dead person telling all about the horrors of Hell and how he can't rest until his killer is made to pay. After several weeks of these nightmares each and every night, even the most ardent skeptic will begin to have fears that his murdered relative is languishing in Hell. At this point, the dreams turn again. The dead person reveals who the murderer or criminal really was. This "revelation" is always a believable lie (such as the victim's boss, clumsy army buddy or ex-boyfriend). The Returned enjoys setting up this potential for a wrathful murder performed in heated revenge, and knows that such a murder often creates enough negativity to tear a small Wound in the Shadow.

THE RETURNED

"Yes, this one will do. A lover, lost in a shooting. Ah, sleep on, little human. Tonight she will be back to see you. And she has such stories to tell..."

Rank: 4

Attributes: Power 12, Finesse 7, Resistance 10

Willpower: 22

Essence: 26

Initiative: 17

Defense: 12

Speed: 24

Size: 5

Corpus: 15

Influences: Dreams ••••

Ban: Varies with each incarnation; frequently related to never manifesting or offering resistance to its own destruction.

Numina: Any 9 the Storyteller deems appropriate for this incarnation.

PSEULAK,

MINISTER OF DECEPTION

Pseulak is not as active as many of the Maeljin, instead spending his existence breeding deception-spirits and digesting those that return to him full of Essence. No two Maeltinet incarnations ever appear completely alike, and it is said that the deity itself has no true form. The deception-spirits he spawns appear like malformed humans, lumpy and bony in all the wrong places. They are among the ugliest spirits in the Shadow and easily recognizable as they shamle and moan throughout a Wound.

THE MINISTER'S CHAMBERLAINS

In the physical realm, Pseulak is often served by his favored Maeltinet incarnation: a creature known as the Connoisseur. Though never completely alike in any

incarnation, this Juggling appears as a stunningly handsome human male in early middle age. The only outwardly strange aspect to this being when it manifests in the physical realm is that it has no fingerprints. Though few people ever see the Maeltinet's diet in action, the spirit earned its name from a unique habit of eating cockroaches. Like a man peeling a fruit and eating small chunks, the Connoisseur pulls segments from cockroaches and eats the insects slowly, piece by piece.

The Connoisseur is a prince among liars. Its erstwhile duty is to lead and organize the thousands of deception-spirits that swarm around the cities of humanity, and it takes great pleasure in establishing rapport with mortals. These humans are rarely the slavish adherents and beggars that serve Mammon; indeed, the Connoisseur has been known to express disgust at the chanting fools who praise the Maeljin of Greed. Instead, the Connoisseur seduces or charms its way into the confidence of a great many people, and it forces them into a cycle of lies that can only end in severe discord. A wife repeatedly lies to her husband about her unfaithfulness, and, for as long as she maintains her false story of loyalty, she breeds more and more deception-spirits. The more emotionally laden the lie, the stronger the spirits it breeds, such as a lover keeping the fact of having been raped from her partners so as to keep the awful truth from anyone else. The Connoisseur delights in manipulating and carrying out such events, all for the greater glory of Pseulak. Strangely, some Uratha have come to know the presence of the Connoisseur by the host of cockroach-spirits that serve the Maeltinet as its eyes and ears throughout the Shadow. Just how this creature managed to gain the service of such a host remains a mystery.

THE CONNOISSEUR

"It is a shame you had to learn the truth, werewolf. Your lover's lies have made me strong, and they could have fed me for a while longer."

Rank: 4

Attributes: Power 8, Finesse 9, Resistance 12

Willpower: 20

Essence: 20

Initiative: 22

Defense: 9

Speed: 20

Size: 5

Corpus: 17

Influences: Deception ••, Insects ••

Ban: Varies with each incarnation; frequently related to eating cockroaches many times a day or never being able to tell the truth.

Numina: Any 9 the Storyteller deems appropriate for this incarnation.

THURIFUGE,

ARCHITECT OF VIOLENCE

Some loremasters and spirit-talkers have named Thurifuge as the mightiest of the Maeljin, and certainly

his Wounds are saturated with terror and conflict between infected spirits that frequently spills out into the surrounding Shadow. The Maeljin feeds on the spiritual resonance of every act of violence that has occurred since the dawn of time, and many Ithaeur with a twisted interest in the Maeljin have said that Thurifuge stands on the cusp of becoming a Celestine. He appears in visions and nightmares as a handsome human male who continually laughs as he cries blood. His black tongue lashes out and licks at each red trail as it slides down his face. It is said that each tear he sheds is cried in joy at another victim of violence.

Thurifuge holds a special place in the tales of the Uratha for two reasons. Many songs and howls that tell of the Fall often cite that Thurifuge was elevated to Incarna status upon Father Wolf's death. Previously, the legends paint Thurifuge as a relatively weak spirit that gathered what sustenance he could from the cycles of beasts and spirits hunting naturally. When the Forsaken struck their patron down, that one act of treachery stood out as the most outrageously violent act in history: the highest hunter of Pangaea laid low in a massacre. The tales say that in that single moment Thurifuge swelled in power to Incarna status. True or not, the Architect of Violence has had no shortage of servitors and worship since then.

Also, though no pack has ever reported with credible evidence, a sickening Uratha legend insists that the palace of Thurifuge rests in the First Wound, constructed on top of (and in some tales, constructed from) *Urfarah's* bones. "Howl of the Father's Fate" tells of how the newly em-

powered Maeljin used Father Wolf's remains to build the foundations of his castle on the very spot where *Urfarah* had been slain. It is a tale that the Maeljin's servitor spirits insist is truth, and, when such questions are posed to the deity himself through one of his Maeltinet incarnations, its reply is usually a mocking laugh at the werewolf brave enough to ask.

THE ARCHITECT'S WORKERS

Thurifuge reputedly enjoys a majority following among the Bale Hounds, and is served by all kinds of death-, murder- and violence-spirits. When Wounds open and he enters the Shadow, the Maeljin's malicious influence spreads by the use of fearsome Maeltinet avatars. Among the most grotesque and hated of these is known as the Dreadwolf. Served in turn by a legion of weaker spirits, the Dreadwolf holds court in the Wounds of a city or war zone, feeding off the violence generated.

The Dreadwolf is a creature that mocks the Uratha with every sliver of Essence in its body. It appears, when manifesting in a Wound, to be *Urfarah* resurrected. Standing over twenty feet tall at the shoulders, it resembles a massive wolf with black fur and bright green eyes that reflect the faces of those who stare into them. These mirror images always appear to be rotting and decaying the longer the watcher stares. The Dreadwolf also bears massive claw slashes across its throat, though no blood leaks from this injury. It is thought that this grisly wound pays homage to the final blow that felled Father Wolf. In



battle, the Maeltinet is a terrifying killer and knows no mercy. The Dreadwolf's massive jaws are easily capable of crunching a werewolf in two, and the fangs are jagged and cracked — breaking off in the wounds they inflict, while new teeth regenerate within the Dreadwolf's mouth a moment later.

THE DREADWOLF

"It is good to see you again, children..."

Rank: 4

Attributes: Power 12, Finesse 10, Resistance 10

Willpower: 22

Essence: 30

Initiative: 20

Defense: 12

Speed: 30

Size: 20

Corpus: 30

Influences: Anger ••, Murder ••

Ban: Varies with each incarnation; frequently related to never fleeing from battle or hiding from foes.

Numina: Any 9 the Storyteller deems appropriate for this incarnation (the Dreadwolf often displays mockeries of Uratha Gifts).

THE WOUNDS

A Wound is generally soured and sickened with general corruption. It is only when the Maeltinet tread the area that such a region becomes "flavored" with the sinful drives of the Maeljin behind the incarnation. Over the course of hours, days, months and even years, the region turns into a domain of the Maeljin's influence (and the Maeltinet's Influences) as the avatar works to feed its master and spread the infection further. At the Storyteller's discretion, the following optional rules may be used to supplement or replace the general Wound description found on p. 259 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

GASA IN THE SECRET WILDS

A minor Wound is unlikely to attract the presence of one of the Maeltinet, yet it is still a poisoned patch of Shadow that is festering with corruption. In addition to the description of a standard Wound, choose one or more of the following effects to represent how the area is affected:

- **Spiritual Imbalance:** The area resonates with impurity and sickness. All Harmony rolls are made at a -1 penalty.

- **Insidious Anger:** The corruption of the region bleeds into the Uratha's minds. All rolls to resist Death Rage are made at a -1 penalty.

- **Sinful Influence:** The personal influence of a particular Maeljin is detectable, creating a higher than usual number of the Incarna's personal servitor spirits.

- **Wounded Spirits:** The spirits of the region may become Wounded (see p. 50) by prolonged exposure to

the taint, and can spread the sickness to other spirits by contact with them.

- **Sour Locus:** The locus has become polluted with tainted Essence. Any spirits feeding from the fount become Wounded. Any Uratha drawing Essence from the locus lose a point of Willpower.

GRAVE WOUND

A serious Wound makes an attractive haven for one of the Maeltinet, and these creatures are frequently present in areas of Shadow tainted to this degree of severity. In addition to the description of a standard Wound, choose one or more of the following effects to represent how the area is affected:

- **Severe Imbalance:** The area resonates with grave impurity and deep sickness. All Harmony rolls are made at -2.

- **Poisoning Anger:** The corruption of the region bleeds into the Uratha's minds and makes it difficult to fight their Rage. All rolls to resist Death Rage are made at -2.

- **Maeltinet Influence:** One of the Maeltinet is present, and the health of the Wound is directly tied to its existence. As long as the creature lives, the Wound will regenerate and spread.

- **Sour Locus:** The locus has become fouled with tainted Essence. Any spirits feeding from the fount become Wounded and display signs of burns, injuries and sickness over their Corpus. Any Uratha drawing Essence from the locus lose 2 points of Willpower.

- **Maeljin Horde:** Dozens and dozens of lesser spirits directly serving the Maeljin are present, swarming at the edges of the Wound and seeking to carry their masters' will further.

- **Sickened Flesh:** The foulness of the area seeps into spirit and flesh alike, weakening all Uratha who enter the area. Any injuries suffered are increased by 1 Health point (or Corpus point in the case of spirits).

Eviscerated Shadow

When these ferociously infected Wounds appear, the spirits in the region deteriorate into instability and insanity. The region is poisoned almost beyond recognition or redemption. Few Wounds ever open to this degree, and those that do are often too strong for any single pack to deal with. Most Forsaken flee their territories rather than deal with the constant poison emanating from these areas. There are few game mechanics to represent this level of corruption, as the cancer in the hunting grounds is moving beyond the boundaries that most Forsaken can handle as part of their nightly hunts. The following points can be added in addition to every previous effect in a Grave Wound:

- **Saturated with Foulness:** The Rite of the Chosen Ground is no longer enough to cleanse the area. Werewolves seeking to cleanse the Wound must seek some

alternative to the ritual — one that is unknown to the majority of Uratha and will take no small amount of effort to uncover.

- **Loci Plague:** Nearby loci are succumbing to the spiritual “bleed” of the Wound. Slowly but surely, the Essence of the loci in the pack’s hunting grounds are going

sour, and measures must be taken to prevent them becoming Wounded.

- **Walking into Hell:** Several members of the Maeltinet have made their domains in the Wound. It is down to the Storyteller’s discretion whether these spirits are incarnations of the same Maeljin, or made up of one or more Incarna infecting the area with their favored servants.





CHAPTER II

PULL OF THE MOON

There wasn't a moon in the sky, and that was just the way Dana liked it.

Don't take this the wrong way, you stone-crazy bitch, she laughed to herself, but I like you a lot better when you're not around. Just like my real mother.

It was her kind of night. A little bit of starlight every now and again; the clouds didn't cover the whole sky. Mostly electric lights and darkness.

Dana liked the electric lights fine, too. Not really for herself. She hadn't been afraid of the dark for years, at least not in and of itself. Only when the dark came with a hellish scent, or when she thought she heard something but couldn't prove it. The yellow-orange streetlamps, just about the color of Elias' moon, they weren't there to make her feel safe.

They were there to make other people feel safe. People who believed that if they walked in the light, then they wouldn't be a target — that someone would see if they were pulled into the shadows. That someone would care.

That must have been what the youngish man was thinking, walking hurriedly from light to light. He was afraid, and smelled of it — but he hoped that playground rules would keep him from harm. Stay in the light. If you see someone, don't make eye contact. Don't step on any cracks.

Dana quickened her lope in the darkness alongside him.

My playground, though, sweetie. My rules.

You're It.

DON'T TELL ME THE MOON IS SHINING; SHOW ME THE GLINT OF LIGHT ON BROKEN GLASS.

— ANTON CHEKHOV

BLESSING OF THE MOON

Many stories have been told of the descent of the Lunes so long ago, and each story, they say, is true. I don't know about any of that, but I've talked with Lunes, and I feel the tug every time the moon rises. And it makes me wonder, you know? What it was like when they first came down. I imagine our kind didn't know what to expect: was this a boon, or another curse? And so many generations later, we know that we'd been given both, and neither. Something more complex. Another way of being.

The word "auspice" means protection and patronage, and also can mean an omen. A werewolf's auspice is true to both these definitions. Legend says they were given out by Luna as a blessing, if a somewhat double-edged one, that implied a certain level of duty. And they are omens, in a way. The moon a werewolf Changes under hints at his new incarnation, at his new life.

An auspice is a family relationship with other Uratha Changed under the same moon phase and with the mad lunar choirs of spirits who watch over them. It's an innate tie to the unique Gifts the Lunes bring. The Rahu look one another in the eye and find understanding — the common tie of those who were born to fight, for whatever cause. The Ithaeur draw aside and speak to one another of the things that are revealed to them under the razor light of the crescent moon. For werewolves, deprived of human families, this emotional bond is not unwelcome. Rarely, however, despite this level of attachment, will Uratha form packs of a single auspice. As much as the Forsaken find that there is understanding and sympathy in the company of one's own moon sign, the varied talents of the five combine and complement each other. The Rahu welcomes the cool wisdom of the Ithaeur; the Cahalith loves her Irraka packmate precisely because he isn't quite like her. And of course, *nuzusul* seldom Change and manifest the same auspice conveniently enough that entire packs of a single auspice would coincidentally form.

The five choirs of moon-spirits are the guardian angels of the Tribes of the Moon, each one manifesting one of the faces of Luna herself. They, too, bring the promise of kinship, though it is kinship to strange and capricious spirits harder to understand than any human or werewolf relative.

An auspice is also an aptitude: an inborn ability to do something, a wish (whether its bearer knows it or not) to do *that* and a feeling of satisfaction when you do. An auspice's abilities feel good, appropriate, like music to

a musician. The feeling is as though these talents have always been inside, waiting for the moon to rise. Any Uratha, and any human, can learn to stalk. But an Irraka learns more quickly, whether she is grim or detached about it, mercurial or saturnine by nature. All wolves howl, and all Uratha howl. But the howl is the Cahalith's reason for being. The auspices bring with them not approval from spirits, because spirits seldom or never *approve* of the People, but a degree of acceptance, an acknowledgement that the werewolf is suitable for some Gift or task.

It could be assumed, and inaccurately, that all Elodoth or Cahalith should be alike, all pondering judges or angst-ravaged singers. But an auspice is a gift, not a transplant. It does not define the personality of a character, and it isn't a substitute for thinking about and working on the character as a person. Remember that *nuzusul* live their whole lives as humans before the Change, as troubled as they may be. The auspice isn't a replaceable puppet head that redefines the character's way of thinking after the Change. A more suitable metaphor would be a dye, brewed slowly, often toxic, that saturates the fibers of the Forsaken's being and turns it a shade that others can recognize and that remains with them, coloring all that they do, see and feel. Even the colors themselves are never quite the same, ranging from dark to bright, from cool to warm. The auspices are not by themselves all that an Uratha is, any more than indigo is a pair of blue jeans, but they add that level of tint to the werewolf's personality. Some Irraka are silent killers, their faces never smiling, even with loved ones; some are sly wits, who relish tales of their own cleverness on the trail. A Cahalith may be a wildly enthusiastic itinerant college professor, a bitter solitary sculptor whose work is too "disturbing" for most galleries to sell or a wilderness trekker who sits atop a three-hundred-foot redwood to hear it creak and who answers back. But the essence of each auspice should be visible in the character, as the moonlight reveals and conceals the landscape of day.

FATHER'S HANDS, MOTHER'S FACE

Not everything is cut-and-dried where the auspices are concerned. The story of the descent of the Lunes seems to explain things well enough, but some werewolves wonder just how much of the tale is symbolism and how much is actual history. It isn't easy to separate the two, particularly given that where the Shadow Realm is concerned, symbolism can become reality and vice versa.

They say auspices are linked to Father Wolf, and represent the five great duties he had, the five great tasks he had to fulfill in order to pursue his hunt. He was warrior, visionary, judge, wise man and stalker, each task integral to deciding which prey to hunt next and how best to overcome it. Some have even suggested that the auspices also reflect the five incarnations of Father Wolf that became the Firstborn, but the analogy is a difficult one. Black Wolf is clearly the paramount stalker among these spirit wolves, yet she shares more in common with the Rahu's ties to Purity than the Irraka's affinity for Cunning.

But auspices also clearly reflect the five faces of Mother Luna — wrathful, passionate, dispassionate, analyzing, withdrawn. The Forsaken see their auspices reflected in the five choirs of Lunes that watch over them. Some wonder if Father Wolf truly had anything at all to do with the concept of auspice, or if the five inherited tasks are simply educated guesses at why the Uratha share this particular aspect of the moon's fivefold nature.

Maybe either one is true, maybe both. Certainly some of the Forsaken seem to neglect their father's duty even as they take advantage of their auspice's affinity; an Irraka might seek to hone the stealth skills she so favors without really putting them to work in the task of hunting down rogue spirits. How much is nature, and how much is learned? Is a Rahu dedicated to the pursuit of war, or simply warlike at heart? The answer really lies with you to decide for each werewolf.

THE PURE

Complicating the issue is the presence of the Pure Tribes. The Pure seemingly have no auspices — not because they are not connected to the moon, but because they renounce them. As striking as the advantages an auspice grants can be, it seems peculiar that all Pure would give them up.

Of course, it might not be entirely their choice. Rabid Wolf, Dire Wolf and Silver Wolf all seem to bear a grudge against Luna herself as well as the Forsaken tribes, and why not? She certainly isn't *their* mother. For a werewolf to accept Luna's blessing might be the sort of insult that these potent spirits would never endure, and so the renunciation of a moon sign may be part of the rituals of initiation into a Pure Tribe.

Furthermore, their Firstborn tribal totems are not the only spirits that the Pure court. Auspice is a mark of allegiance to Luna and therefore to the Forsaken — it would be a terrible handicap in attempting to negotiate a truce with a spirit that resents the Forsaken for their continual interference. Giving up Luna's blessing is likely a prerequisite for attaining the favor of the other primal, monstrous spirits that lend their strength to the Pure.

RAHU

The Rahu are the brightest of the Uratha in their purpose, as Mother Luna is brightest when she is full.

Light reveals the colorless landscape of the night, visible to the rods of the human and wolf eye in a panorama of shades and surfaces unmarred by color. She is the lamp of the Rahu's battles, though they will fight by any light or none. She shines in darkness and does not fear the night, the mother of monsters.

Father Wolf was a warrior, says the legend. The Moon lit his way as he chased the greatest and most ferocious prey across the plains of Pangaea. He understood fear but was never its slave; he exulted in his conquering rage but was always its master. He was a terrible killer, but he did not scorn the world at peace or its delights and joys. He did justly and was neither tyrant nor knave. The Rahu say that they're the Uratha most like him.

PURITY

Some Rahu say, and they may be right, that Purity is an older and stronger thing than the Oath of the Moon. The demands of Harmony came before the formation of the Oath, they say; even the First Pack knew not to eat the flesh of humans or to mate with one another. Harmony is the oldest and truest measure of a werewolf, and thereby of a warrior. Cunning and Wisdom are the tools of the tactician, and Honor and Glory are the mark of a leader, but Purity measures the heart of tactician and leader, alpha and omega alike. When the full moon rises and the People hunt, the Death Rage will take those whose hearts are weak, but the strongest of all will master the combat as they master themselves.

PACK DYNAMICS

The Gibbous Moons give reasons to fight, and add to the lore useful for shaping powerful tactics. They may see visions of the future that guide a Rahu's plan, or call on old lore to suggest ways that a foe has been beaten in the past. Some Rahu feel a twinge of envy toward the Cahalith as well, sometimes feeling that the Cahalith's share of Glory is something that the pack earned for them.

When a Rahu commands a pack for battle, making tactical and logistical choices, an Elodoth is the steady eye that evaluates the plan and its worth. The judges can also help Rahu determine the wisdom of each course of action and its likely non-military consequences: of course, the pack can take down the Ridden who haunts the museum, but the *duguthim* might guard an entity far worse. Misunderstandings tend to be founded in the Elodoth's seemingly too-cool behavior; a Rahu may feel that an Elodoth lacks conviction to a battle plan or running rivalry. A pack needs balance, but the Rahu sits at one of the extremes that must be balanced.

The Crescent Moons are darker and more reclusive as a general rule, which can conflict with the impulses bestowed by the bright full moons. However, their work overlaps in several places. Without a Rahu's fierce protection, an Ithaeur has little chance of making a magical working successful. Many Rahu charge themselves with



guarding the Ithaeur of the pack, particularly when the mystic is what the Rahu would figure as “weak.” Over the course of many particularly close-shared conflicts, some Rahu have even fallen in love with the Ithaeur they swear to protect — to no good end.

With the Irraka, the Rahu are two halves of a coin. One to strike from ahead, one from behind. One that exploits weaknesses, one that matches strengths. The *old moon in the new moon’s arms* is a venerable tradition, and a Rahu quickly learns how the Irraka’s advance information can shape a battle plan. A New Moon is just as helpful in the middle of a fight as well, although some Rahu conflict with their Irraka pack-mates over the Irraka’s tendency to strike without informing the pack of their full intentions.

There can be more than one Rahu in a pack (in fact, given a choice, Rahu often prefer the company of their own.) The Rahu work together better than one might expect, with the highest in rank making decisions in council with their junior companions in peace, and directing them in battle with few words (in Ga-uru, none at all). However, when the relationship between two Rahu in a pack goes sour, it goes violent almost immediately. The fight may end

with no hard feelings or with a bitter grudge; it all depends on the Rahu in question.

A pack without a Rahu can certainly survive. No werewolf is truly weak; every last Uratha can tear apart human prey with great ease.

What is missed in a pack with no Full Moon is the presence of someone who is just innately better at violence.

They are natural warriors,

officers as well as infantry. The Blood Talons see battle as a cause unto itself and make exceptional warriors for it, but their ways are still learned.

The Rahu’s ways are instinctive, awakened by the kiss of the full moon’s light. A Full Moon can size up an opponent with a glance, and most have a tendency to do the same for an entire situation — even without knowing it, they glance around for potential exits and cover when they enter a room. When the situation goes to hell, the Rahu will be the first one with his claws out.

He’s ready to fight even before he realizes it, and the pack that lacks that edge has an additional reason to think and stalk before they strike.



TRIBAL DYNAMICS

Some assume the Rahu are the heart of the Blood Talons, the killers who exemplify the tribe's ferocious beliefs. It is a Rahu's job to fight and kill perfectly, as is the tribe's ideal. A Blood Talon Rahu is under great pressure to live up to the orders of Fenris: polishing her own warrior skills and training others to fight and to work together. Blood Talon Rahu often volunteer to seek out and monitor potential *nuzusul*, evaluating their potential skill and hardiness. Sometimes the prospective recruit gains a chance for some warrior training: "winning" a certificate for free boxing lessons, or being invited to join her school's JROTC program. Blood Talon Rahu often express their pack and family ties roughly, with violent sports and impromptu duels a favorite pastime for many. Among the *Suthar Anzuth*, the Rahu ideal is the quintessential warrior with a strong instinct of protectiveness toward family and pack. Yet their worst are murderous beasts who combine the worst aspects of animal instinct and human cruelty, as savage as they can be for no reason better than sport.

The Bone Shadow Full Moons are intimately familiar with death, and greatly respect it. Merging Purity with Wisdom, they are frequently as good at strategy, scheming and gaming as they are at killing. They naturally train one another to fight against spirits and the Ridden in particular, as Death Wolf expects them to look after the affairs of the Shadow. Some Full Moons become interested in the affairs of the dead, and can be counted on to brutally avenge the restless spirit of a murder victim. Finally, there are many Bone Shadow Rahu who are interested in perfecting themselves as warriors through the aid of the spirit world: thin and haunted as these Uratha may be, they are deadlier than any on their chosen ground.

The Hunters in Darkness Rahu may be the purest of all — certainly "more pure than the Pure," as some say. Their tribe respects Purity above all, as an extension of the desire to see the flesh and spirit in healthy balance. The greatest and most powerful Hunters in Darkness usually have quite high Harmony, and may rise to positions of leadership among the tribe. It's their task to lead by example, not to preach. However, this high standard of Purity can also be punishing to those Rahu unable to keep up. A Hunter in Darkness Rahu who begins the slide of degeneration may fall quickly to bitterness, becoming the vengeful monster of the woods.

Among the Iron Masters, successful Rahu learn to be gregarious, clever and deadly with whatever weapons are at hand. The Full Moons who follow Red Wolf must be ready to take their enemies on at any time with any odds, and to win. Count on an Iron Master Rahu to collapse a wall on the enemy, lock them in a freezer, spray them with lamp oil and roast them, push them off a staircase, trip them into a ready spiked fence or simply rend them into bloody chunks. Some hold human jobs as bouncers or security guards at offbeat offices; some are union leg-breakers, gang members or kickboxing instructors; some work in

construction demolition. Among these Rahu, honor is defending your pack, wolf-blooded family, friends and lovers by every means. Rules of battle and bowing are less crucial than getting rid of a problem. Among the Lodge of Metal are many Rahu who make and design ingenious weapons, refining old designs and getting new ones into the hands of fellow warriors. These Rahu want to arm their tribemates as well as possible. The Iron Masters' Lodge of Scrolls contains Rahu gamers and strategists who preserve military science and ways of winning against various foes, while their Lodge of Lightning has warriors devoted to high-tech arms often "borrowed" from the military of several nations. All in all, the Iron Masters Rahu are among the most diverse that the Uratha can boast, and certainly the most cunning.

The Storm Lord Rahu are warriors par excellence and leaders as well. They call their lives the "endless training," as any weakness is utterly contemptible. More often they are the straightforward martial commanders that the tribe attracts (and produces), not the sly plotters who cluster in it as well. Many local Storm Lord subcultures favor ceremonial duels, contests in which proving superior skill at arms is almost as important as being the last one to resort to Rage. Many well deserve the positions of respect that they crave, being skilled and experienced leaders, but others are arrogant, even despotic alphas.

Among the Ghost Wolves, Rahu have a hard time of it. Those who didn't bother with the Oath of the Moon often have to learn the hard way what does and doesn't affect one's Harmony, which can have a detrimental effect on their ability to gain Purity. The number of Ghost Wolves who later join a tribe is probably highest among the Rahu — warriors born can no longer live without some sort of cause worth fighting for.

THE HUNT

As hunters, Rahu often apply their ability to read a foe and their self-mastery to the stalk and the chase. In this, they are similar to their opposite numbers, the Irraka, but while an Irraka will concoct a complex scheme to trap an Azlu in its own web, a Rahu will consider fighting and winning, and doesn't *need* to show off his cunning. While screaming and leaping works sometimes, a Rahu will often consider the possibilities of lying low in a blind while others drive the prey in, or of using strength and speed to encircle. Many Rahu almost by instinct can use the warrior's eye advantage together with their experience at fighting to concoct war and hunting tactics worthy of a Zhukov or Marshal Ney. Rahu are also often forceful, quiet negotiators in diplomatic situations: many principles are shared between warriors and ambassadors, and a human once said that war is politics by other means. Unlike an Elodoth, however, a Rahu will prefer to negotiate from strength and will always have other options (military and magical) in reserve.

When fighting other werewolves, a Rahu plays a game of swift, brutal chess: forces are often matched equally, and he must husband his pieces, coordinate soldiers, wizards and kings to attack and use them in combination. Weapons and vehicles are less important when fighting others who can run as fast and strike as hard. In such a battle, it's often necessary to balance clever strategy against the mindlessness of *Kuruth*.

The Ridden are usually softer targets than that, which the Rahu find welcome. A wise Rahu still learns what he can of his target before leaping into battle, however; if a Ridden's blood races with poison, then a brash Full Moon is sure to regret opening the battle with a savage bite. Spirits provide a different sort of dilemma, and most Rahu prefer to let their packmates take the lead when after such prey. Many Full Moons do what they can to learn the Blessing of the Spirit Hunt, ensuring that they'll be of the greatest use when their packs hunt the ephemeral.

The Hosts are physical in nature, but range so widely in power level that they're hard to anticipate. A given *shartha* might be no match for even the weakest werewolf, or it might be the kind of thing that could butcher an entire pack. The warrior's eye is the first line of defense for the experienced Rahu. To truly overcome a Host, each member of the pack will have to contribute, but the Full Moon's place is matching physical might with physical might. The resultant conflicts are bloody, frightening and glorious.

Against a foe they have not met before, the Rahu are useful simply because no one fights, defends and kills better than a Full Moon. Even those enemies who are immune to the mind-smashing terror that the Uratha induce will often flee out of rational caution or unreasoning fright from a raging Rahu. Many an immortal or ghost prince, alien spirit or materialized dream-king has fallen before the claws of a Rahu who reasons *if it can bleed, then, hell, it's going down*. The Full Moons are also useful as threats: "Get out before my man here gets *pissed*." The Rahu's skill at extemporaneous tactics means that they can counter a problem quickly. There are only so many ways to cause trouble, after all. And no matter how strong something is, no matter if it's an immortal, if you pump enough kinetic energy into anything physical, it is going to come apart. Rahu know more than one way to deal with attacks — they're not stupid. But killing something *usually* eliminates it as a threat.

ARCHETYPES

CHARGER

Some Rahu act like knights on the chessboard — their path across the board is crooked, leaping into unexpected places. They are cavaliers with no real need for chivalry; they run on four feet without need for a horse, their bodies' healing power protects them better than armor and their claws and fangs kill more effectively

than any lance, sword or machinegun. These knights of two worlds are unpredictable foes whose choices in battle sometimes seem chosen at random and sometimes seem the very definition of instinctual. The Charger is dangerous to his foes and sometimes dangerous to his pack. At his finest, he is the master of lightning warfare whose attacks cannot be predicted, and, at his worst, he's a loose cannon who puts his own pack at unnecessary risk. Most packs want nothing to do with the latter, but the former is an exemplar of fusing bestial werewolf instinct with the cunning tactical mind of a human.

COMPETITOR

The battlefield is not the only place where werewolves contend with one another. Rahu are not only killers, but the masters of other struggles as well. Some Uratha prefer matching themselves against one another through dueling, games and contests as both a form of entertainment and a means of gaining status. Werewolves have little use for forms of sport where "nobody wins" — they are competitive creatures, and the Rahu can be the most competitive among them. Though a quick and brutal struggle between packs remains the most indisputable way of establishing which pack has dominance, letting two "champions" settle disagreements is sometimes preferable, particularly when there's a danger that a gathering may come under attack. While most of the contests a Competitor may seek out are physical in nature, Rahu can have exceptionally intelligent and tactical minds, as those who have challenged them often discover.

RELUCTANT FIGHTER

It can be hard coming to terms with an instinctive affinity for battle. Some Rahu never had any interest in violent conflict before they Changed, and can't understand why Luna (or fate) would have marked them in such a manner. The Reluctant Fighter can be a Ghost Wolf who actively tries to avoid fulfilling his auspice "duties," or a Rahu of the tribes who does his best to avoid fighting when possible and to maintain total discipline when a combat actually breaks out. Some manage to fulfill their responsibilities and maintain a high Harmony and Purity in the process, careful not to take life unnecessarily. Others evolve away from the archetype, perhaps becoming desensitized to violence or simply accepting that they walk a brutal and savage path. The least fortunate bottle up all their Rage as best they can — until, eventually, it explodes.

SHADOW WARRIOR

The mystically inclined Rahu are an inevitable outgrowth of the ongoing clash with the denizens of Shadow. They struggle with the spirits, "wrestling the angel," as some Uratha of religious upbringing put it, and emerge defeated or victorious, but Changed regardless. Rahu may take the fight to a spirit for many reasons: to be allowed to learn Gifts or to learn how to make a fetish or talen, to avoid being possessed and to throw off those who (would)

possess them to gain answers to questions that no one with a body knows, to gain wisdom or even enlightenment. They tend to focus most of their energy on learning ways to best spirits, but should not be underestimated in the physical arena; some Shadow Warriors find a fleshy opponent refreshingly easy to tear apart after wrangling with potent spirits. Theirs is a struggle more dangerous than fighting with talons and fangs, as even the most deadly physical foes can only kill you. Squaring off against a spirit can cost you much, much more.

SOLDIER

A common soldier's life may seem dismal and without choice, as if he could do no more than march forward until he falls. But among the ranks of soldiers are frightened recruits, jesters with clever tricks, quiet wilderness hands, skilled engineers, weapon experts and barely reformed criminals. So, too, are the Rahu. The most successful Soldiers are those who bring a measure of skill and drive from their "civilian lives" to the discipline of the military. A true Rahu Soldier does the same — he fights not out of bloodlust or fanaticism, but because he knows it's his task. The best of the best temper pride with humility, always open to the idea that there's something more they can learn while never giving up the confidence that they can meet any challenge set them. The worst follow blindly, making grave mistakes or committing brutal crimes because "orders are orders."

WARLORD

Many packs and lodges acknowledge a Rahu as an authority. While the Full Moons' right to command normally begins and ends with battle, some packs consider themselves to be constantly at war and let the Rahu command at all times. This largely depends on the Rahu themselves, of course, but many are suited to coordinating and commanding an ongoing war effort: one Arkansas pack in the Depression era fought an incoming flood of pain and famine spirits for *fifteen years* under the leadership of Whirlwind Harness, a Full Moon of unbreakable will. Some Warlords are truly noble individuals, acknowledging that the leadership they have was granted to them by friends and allies and treating everyone under their aegis with fairness. Others become despots, attempting to force more and more packs to bow to their authority. It's rare that a Warlord can manage to unify multiple packs for more than a single war effort, and probably fortunate for the enemies of the Forsaken. The sheer power that a number of packs can bring to bear under the guidance of a capable leader is great indeed — perhaps enough so to corrupt absolutely.

WATCHDOG

Many Rahu are far from patient — many, not all. Some can stand vigil for days on end, watching for an enemy's movement. They walk the borders of their territories methodically and with great confidence. Where the Irraka stalks, the Watchdog patrols. She is the Rahu who is careful

to look before she dives in, who asks her pack to gather information and tries to see things with her own eyes. She likely maintains an internal list of the various threats to her territory, each one organized neatly by the level of danger it poses — whenever a particular threat is beaten back, she crosses it off or moves it down a few notches. The Watchdog hates being surprised, and takes whatever precautions she can to make certain it doesn't happen.

This archetype also sometimes applies to a Rahu without a pack. Without a pack to rely on, the wise Rahu heightens her self-sufficiency by being patient and observant. If she manages to last a few years on her own, she is likely one of the most dangerous creatures for hundreds of miles around — patient, knowledgeable and strong. She would make a potent ally for the pack that managed to win her trust — but she didn't get where she is by being too trusting.

CAHALITH

The Gibbous Moons howl to lament, to call for battle, to traffic with the spirits, to navigate and locate, to tell stories and teach and learn, to insult, to lie, to warn and to command. They dream of things yet to come, of things long past, of the wolf's heart, of the human's fears and of the spirit's urges. The Cahalith is the artist or musician who does not create because she wants to, but because she must.

The Gibbous Moon is set apart from her packmates by the visions they don't share, but, at the same time, she is also the one who holds them together. It frequently falls to the Cahalith to help ease newly Changed werewolves into their new roles, for the Cahalith is the one most able to say "*We understand. We know how you feel. It's strange and unfair, and the world just became much more dangerous for you, but you're not alone.*"

The Forsaken could give in to despair, and many do. But the Cahalith give voice to despair, and by howling they can overcome it.

GLORY

The song of Glory echoes unbidden in the Cahalith's soul. What good is a vision if you cannot share it? What good is a howl if nobody hears? Glory is not the path of the prideful and ambitious alone — it is joyous celebration, singing each hard-won triumph as the success it deserves. Many Cahalith see themselves as the bearers of hope for their kind — pregnant with the hope that someday their forgiveness will be complete, that their enemies will threaten them no more, that the People can choose to live freely as human or wolf or spirit. Each victory howl spreads that hope a little farther, another candle lit to defy the creeping darkness.

PACK DYNAMICS

Many Cahalith find themselves drawn to the Rahu in their pack. The Full Moons' clarity of purpose and pursuit



of battle sing to the Gibbous Moons and their appreciation of glorious achievements. Just as the two moon phases chase one another, the Cahalith and Rahu are frequently tied one to the other.

The Elodoth pay attention to other people, just as the Cahalith do. Where the Rahu and Irraka might see humans as prey, and the Ithaeur as a potential threat to balance with the Shadow, the Elodoth are likely to look at humans on their own merits, something the Cahalith appreciate. However, an Elodoth can also infuriate his Gibbous Moon packmate by playing the contrary — few things are more irritating to a Cahalith than pouring out her soul into an argument or demand, only to have the Elodoth coolly dissect her words like a fish on a table.

The Ithaeur share a common interest in lore and learning; they are the ones a Cahalith can go to after a haunting dream to ask advice, and they are best able to draw down spirits in order to wrest their lore from them. A Cahalith shares a great professional interest with her Crescent Moon packmate, even if the Ithaeur can be maddeningly close-mouthed and reclusive at times.

The Irraka can also be reclusive, and some Cahalith find their silent presence disturbing. The two might allow themselves to be separated by a gulf of misunderstanding — or they might become very trusting of one another. A Cahalith who trusts her Irraka packmate can howl in the confidence that even if she isn't answered, her No Moon brother is out there looking after her.

Two or more Cahalith in one pack can be wonderful or maddening, depending on the harmony of their howls. Many packs benefit from having one Gibbous Moon who is a loremaster and one who is an artist, or one who is a pack leader and one a prophet. Generally two or more Gibbous Moons will develop their talents in different directions or complementary ones: a warsinger might be packmates with a talecatcher who finds her tales of werewolf Glory long past from many different territories; a scholar of the spirit wilds might join in a pack with a fire artist who calls the spirits into his crazy sculptures of gasoline and dynamite.

Without a Cahalith, a pack may have to work harder to understand one another; they howl as a pack, but are not led by the voice of the Gibbous Moon. It falls to other auspices to delve into the lore of the past and find ways to read the future. They also may have more difficulty relating peaceably with the humans in their territory (should they be of a temper to do so). Some packs also find that they lack an emotional center, someone to remind them of their victories and to soothe their sorrows. A pack without a Gibbous Moon can wind up as a grim, dangerous pack indeed.

TRIBAL DYNAMICS

The Blood Talons' Cahalith are warsingers (dancers whose moves are also martial arts), lorekeepers and far-seers for this warlike tribe, their visions stretching back to

Fenris-Ur and on to the glorious battles yet to come. Their tribemates rely on them to make and remake the Glory that is the *Suthar Anzuth's* meat, drink and smoke. Each hero of this tribe wants her deeds remembered, and the Cahalith render them into tales or verse for the edification of future Uratha and anyone not lucky enough to be a Blood Talon.

The Cahalith of the Bone Shadows are riddlemasters, loreseekers, peddlers of esoterica and trance priests. Their dream-visions are often particularly cryptic, laced with bizarre symbols that make sense only to the tribe of Death Wolf. They howl in many worlds and are as much feared as respected, weird priests in a world that knows a hundred thousand sacred and profane things. Many aspire to the Lodge of Prophets, either as prophets themselves or as their scribes and rememberers.

In the ranks of the Hunters in Darkness, the Cahalith may stalk quietly through the dark places, expressing themselves in subtler art forms rather than announcing themselves to the world. Many follow the practice of "living as wolves" because they crave the sensation, adding to their experiences so that their songs can be richer. Some become speakers for the voiceless animals and plants in their territory, and others seek the tales of wild spirits in the remote areas often claimed by this tribe.

The Iron Masters' Gibbous Moons are often interested in human forms of expression, leaving complicated yet beautiful graffiti glyphs at the outskirts of their territory or drumming primitive rhythms into the night. Howling in the midst of huge cities will draw suspicion, but cities are also anonymous, and many Gibbous Moons in this tribe incorporate the howl into their music or novels. A Cahalith among this tribe will produce art that symbolizes, defines or encodes the pack's territory, such as a symphony that musically represents the course of a river or a fresco showing the spirits that haunt the area claimed by the pack.

Cahalith among the Storm Lords depend more on chanting, dance and impromptu acting. Their Cahalith devote themselves to honoring and glorifying the tribe, the pack to which they belong and, not least, themselves. They are creative (or "damned liars," as others describe them), knowledgeable and damned if they'll ever showcase their moments of weakness in their tales of glory. The art that they produce and the war howls they utter are among the finest to be found among the Uratha, even if somewhat self-serving. The roar of thunder drums in their voices, and their eyes flash with lightning strikes seen beyond the horizon.

Ghost Wolf Cahalith also learn to look after their own Glory, as there are frequently few enough allies who'd do it for them. Some take up roles as talecatchers who roam from one area to another, finding it easier to cross a pack's territory if they can offer news and stories of other packs and regions in return. Some appoint themselves as oracles or prophets of a sort, who recite mysteries that the

spirits have given them, and various packs of the area may take this loner seriously or not. Finally, the Cahalith who madly howls alone in the wilderness, becoming almost a real "ghost," is another path taken by a tribe-less Gibbous Moon. These lost souls are usually known as "the werewolf of Deep Creek Falls" or some other such place name.

THE HUNT

The Cahalith is sometimes the instigator of a hunt, due to her ability to receive a prophetic dream. Often this is the first warning a pack has that something is amiss and they must hunt. If a hunt starts for another reason, the Cahalith may deliberately invoke her prophetic dream in order to aid the hunt further. Once open battle begins, the Cahalith howls first and longest, rallying her packmates and encouraging them to press the attack.

When the pack comes into conflict with other werewolves, it's often the Cahalith's task to attempt any final negotiations before blood is spilled. The Cahalith may also be the one to negotiate a surrender, should it come to that (though not against the Pure, for obvious reasons). The Cahalith is also most likely to have her finger on the pulse of local rumor where werewolves are concerned; the Ithaeur may know the most about spirits and the Irraka may be able to scout out an area, but the Cahalith may have gathered information from other packs during many a gathering.

When a pack faces spirits or the Ridden, the Cahalith is useful in battle, before and after. Lore of the spirit and physical worlds will help the pack find the ban and weaknesses of the spirit. The pack can also gain additional advantage over a Ridden if the Cahalith is able to accurately predict its powers and behavior by drawing on her reservoir of lore.

Hosts are more problematic prey. They vary greatly in abilities and power, and Uratha lore doesn't contain quite enough information on the *shartha* to give a pack a decided edge. However, a Cahalith may be the best-suited among the pack to recognize a Host in human skin for what it really is; she often has the best nose for human emotion, and can recognize with something is acting on only a crude facsimile.

Against unknown prey, the Cahalith can be a great asset or at a severe disadvantage. There's a chance that the Cahalith may be the one to have heard some relevant story or urban legend about the target in question, which is more than the rest of the pack might contribute without physically stalking the creature in question. On the other hand, if the Cahalith's reserves of lore fail her, it can rattle her badly. No werewolf likes to face the unknown, but the Gibbous Moons in particular hate it.



ARCHETYPES

ECHO CHASER

The Shadow is not just a visual reflection of the physical world. It has substance, and scent — and sound. Uratha legend has it that in certain places of the Shadow, there are sounds that cannot be heard in the physical realm. The songs of growing mountains, the wails of dying seas. And, most elusive of all, they say, the death howl of Father Wolf still echoes from dusky hills and the shadowed sky. No one has verifiably found such a thing, or proven that it *can* be found. But still, it's something that has to be tried.

An Echo Chaser might not just be after the greatest and most mystical Shadow-sounds. For some, there's a certain wonder to be found in the voice of each spirit — words formed from inhuman throats, rising through the air-that-isn't-quite-air. The song of a spirit might hold the clue to a new Gift or rite. The speech of an Incarna might resonate with a timbre that, if duplicated, might stir the hearts of any listeners in the physical world. There's just so much to hear.

EMPATH

Werewolves may not be able to read minds, but some come close enough. Being a werewolf is tremendously empowering, but it is also crushingly difficult as well. It's a rare pack that doesn't see at least one packmate in emotional pain at some point. The Empath doesn't seek to erase the emotional and mental pain that can arise from the mere state of being Uratha, but she helps it to be borne. Many Cahalith act as confessors of a sort, "singing the souls" of their packmates and friends to help them understand what is happening to themselves and find solace.

Cahalith who take this path learn to howl by listening. They seek out the wounded and damaged among their packmates, family and friends, and hear what they have to say. A skilled Empath may also serve as a bridge between packs; a little sympathy and heart-ease at the right time can make an ally out of a rival. Glory is still important to these Cahalith, of course. They simply know that sometimes you must heal before you can inspire.

ENVOY

When dealing with spirits, Elodoth are the primary ones to do the peaceful negotiation. For most others, though, the skills of the Cahalith may work better. Werewolves are hindered by their own nature when attempting to deal socially with humans, yet the Cahalith's instinctual aptitudes can lessen this burden somewhat. An Envoy is the "face man" of the pack, the one who can best convince humans, rival werewolves or even vampires and warlocks to trust him. A particularly skilled Envoy might even aspire to opening some form of peaceful negotiation with the Pure, though this is the sort of thing that tends to demand either near-legendary negotiation skills or placing the Pure at a clearly inferior bargaining position.

A skilled Envoy possesses plenty of "people skills," but also benefits from a high Harmony — the fewer provocations that might send him into Death Rage, the better. Cahalith with notably high Primal Urge are naturally not well-suited for this task; then again, they're unlikely to even strive for such a role in the first place, as the rising beast sees less need for allies outside the pack.

ORACLE

Being able to dream the future, or at least a veiled glimpse thereof, is the birthright of every Gibbous Moon. Some, though, take this blessing (mixed though it may be) and attempt to build upon it. They search out Gifts and rites pertaining to prophecy wherever they can be found. Some Oracles are driven by a sense of duty, hoping to better serve their pack and their People. Others may have been driven to distraction by their all-too-clouded dreams of the future, and constantly pursue more knowledge of what is to come in order to soothe their own doubts and fears. A potent Oracle may find herself notorious in local circles, and other packs (particularly those without a Cahalith of their own) may come to bring her tribute in hopes of hearing some prophecy that will serve them well. Naturally, the Pure may seek the Oracle out as well — most likely to silence her wagging tongue for good.

SPEAKER TO BEASTS

Nothing hurts when you're howling. The howl is everything to Cahalith — the mark of pack unity in discord, the message to spirit and flesh, the vehicle of magic, the proof that they're *wolves*. *Humans* make tools; wolves only make howls, but that's enough. The howl, even to humans, is that awesome and divine.

Some Cahalith howl and are heard; some howl and are answered. The Speakers are Uratha who seek communion and perhaps communication with remaining packs of wild wolves and wolf-spirits. They will quest, perhaps alone, usually with their packs in Urhan form, into the wild, and join the wolfpacks in roaming and hunting the wilderness. Their goal is to understand the wolf half of being Uratha, the wild heart of their world. Of course, it's also true that patrolling the Marches is easier with a wolf's long-running body, and the Cahalith's packmates often view this as training for war.

Such a Gibbous Moon is usually versed in spirit lore, wilderness skills and knowledge of wolves and their ways. Naturally, he also needs to hold territory in an area where wild wolves are found, or at least have access to it.

TALECATCHER

The People are hunters. Plain and simple. But werewolves do not live by meat alone; the Wolf must howl. Each pack, each territory, has its own lore and war stories, some of which have been passed down through generations. A Talecatcher goes, alone or with a pack, to dig for stories. They are something like archaeologists, something like journalists, and something like gossips. One can never tell if the scary story making the rounds of the local

school's playground contains some hidden meaning — a clue to a spirit's ban or a hint at the location of a *nuzusul*. A Talecatcher has to have a powerful memory and good diplomatic skills; she must also be talented at making her way through deep rural and urban territory alike. Talecatchers flourish most in packs that tend to travel more often; even when they are tied to a given territory, they can often be found on its borders or arranging gatherings with other packs' Cahaliths in order to exchange and compare lore. Some are fervent trophy-takers as well, decorating their pack territories with prizes wrested from a hundred foes. And with each one comes a story....

TORMENTED SOUL

It's said that the Cahalith howls because otherwise he could not bear what he feels. The gibbous moon floods her children with passion, almost more than a half-flesh heart can endure. A Cahalith is at the mercy of visions dreamed under a lunatic moon and a heart filled with sorrow and anger. The Tormented Soul feels the weight of this burden more heavily than others, and finds it difficult to concern himself with other things. Most often, a Cahalith finds himself in this unfortunate state because he has no real outlet for his visions — he has a weak voice and cannot howl, or he has no artistic talent and cannot accurately reproduce the scenes in his dreams. This is an archetype that a Cahalith is unlikely to remain in for the duration of his life; eventually he must adapt to his circumstances, find an outlet that eases the tension or give in to the madness. A packless Tormented Soul may be the sort of creature that would give a troupe pause, perhaps by now even a *Zi'ir* with something oddly sympathetic in its strangled howling.

ELODOTH

The Elodoth stands with one foot in shadow and one foot in light. He is at the midpoint of the moon's shift, blessed (or cursed) with being the living incarnation of the duality of the People. He is equal parts wolf-mind and human-mind, and as much driven by the strange symbolism of the Shadow Realm as by the earthly needs of the physical world. He is expected to look and observe, to understand and finally to judge.

The Half-Moon is not indecisive, though; standing between two extremes is not a sign of inability to choose. The core of the most common Forsaken legend is the idea of the difficult choice — kill your father and damn yourself, or spare your father and damn the world. Such a decision cannot be made lightly; the two halves must be weighed.

The middle path is difficult to walk, and that's precisely why the Elodoth is needed. He walks the road of honor, discipline and balance not just for himself, but to show his pack the way. With the Elodoth to counsel them, they can avoid the traps of cowardice or lethal overconfidence. If they find the middle path, they may even reach salvation.

HONOR

They say honor is subjective, particularly among the Uratha. That may be, but the Elodoth know that honor is. There's no point in arguing whether it's subjective or not, because you cannot properly observe honor if you doubt its worth. By all means, a Half-Moon must observe either side to an argument, play contrary to his packmates and take the dark with the light. But honor must always remain in balance, in discipline. Without honor, the half-moon grants only madness.

PACK DYNAMICS

Elodoth, more than any auspice, gain the most out of belonging to a blessed pack. A blessed pack is a pack in harmony, each role filled and, it is to be hoped, in balance. In a blessed pack, an Elodoth is in her natural state — everything is as it should be, at least in theory. However, most packs aren't quite so lucky, and thus most Elodoth have their work cut out for them. They instinctually expect their packmates to live up to their auspice roles in at least some fashion, even if they profess the belief that every werewolf should be allowed to find his own way regardless of moon sign.

The Rahu's purity of purpose, even at its most bloody and savage, is a reassuring presence to the Elodoth. It is light at its brightest, even as the Irraka is the welcome presence of shadow. The Elodoth expects the Rahu to be first and foremost when it comes to bloodshed — if he isn't a leader, the Full Moon should at least be inspiring. If he isn't a tactician, he should at least understand the benefits of a decent plan or have good battle instincts.

Elodoth and Cahalith are often fairly close to one another, as they both tend to have a certain affinity for social interaction. The Elodoth who enjoys human contact may want to go drinking with the Cahalith, even if it means having to rein the Gibbous Moon in now and again before the night erupts into bloodshed. The Half-Moon expects the Cahalith to be open and passionate, giving the rest of the pack an emotional center. Even if the Cahalith is prone to songs of despair and sorrow, he's fulfilling his role better than if he were withdrawn and sullen.

Ithaeur are the counterpoint to the Elodoth where the spirit world is concerned. When the Half-Moon's overtures are rejected, it's the Ithaeur who steps in to take control of the situation. Their mastery of the spirit isn't just important to the pack, it's important to the Elodoth, who often finds the Ithaeur to be the best backup for a situation. Many Ithaeur are rather less than sociable, however, and so are less likely to have a common point of connection with the Elodoth.

The Irraka, like the Rahu, provide a strong role that's necessary for balance. The Elodoth usually expects the Irraka to provide at least one tidbit of new information per hunt; even if the New Moon isn't much of a physical stalker, he should still attempt to scout out their prey in some fashion. It's sometimes frustrating for an Elodoth to



deal with an Irraka, as the New Moons aren't always communicative at all times, and may abandon their part in a perfectly good plan if they find a more ... creative solution. If the Elodoth trusts the Irraka, he'll only drive her a little bit mad; if she doesn't trust him, his actions may push her over the edge. As it should be, perhaps, but not easy to take.

Two or more Elodoth in one pack work best when they balance one another out, each one specializing in a particular task. One might be skilled at investigation and detective work, a tracker who specializes in motive and media as well as scent, while the other takes on the role of negotiator and devil's advocate. In some cases, multiple Elodoth in a pack may even swap roles in

more than one way, each attempting the other's tasks for a month or even dressing in one another's clothes. The idea of living on the other side becomes even more appealing when you have a partner to watch over your own side for a time as well.

The pack without an Elodoth risks imbalance, but even more,

might not have the same

level of foresight. Rahu coordinate well, but are at their best only when struggling; Ithaeur can bind, command or trick spirits, but are less able to approach the spirits in a convincingly sympathetic fashion. Irraka may run too far ahead of the pack without an Elodoth's guidance, and Cahalith may give in to the strength of their emotions without considering the ramifications. Without the Elodoth to weigh the two halves equally, a pack runs a greater risk of making a fatal mistake.

TRIBAL DYNAMICS

The Elodoth of the Blood Talons coordinate the tribe's overall struggles and oversee diplomatic relations with the other tribes. They are frequently analytical and often the keepers of the tribe's discipline.

If any *Suthar Anzuth* calls for peace, it's likely to be an Elodoth — they are the ones most likely to recognize when a struggle is futile and to say as much aloud. They may catch some flak from their comrades for being the ones to play peacemonger, but they may also be respected by the wiser Blood Talons who sympathize with being in such a difficult position. It's hard to propose a course of action that seems to go against your tribe's principles, and it takes great strength to do so.

If the Bone Shadow Elodoth play devil's advocate for their tribe, they



usually do so to speak for the physical world. Sometimes a Bone Shadow becomes too immersed in the lore of the spirit world, and it falls to the Elodoth to point out the potential imbalance. The Half-Moon children of Death Wolf also tend to inherit the job of determining what the local priorities are — once a tribemate gathers sufficient information to identify a new threat out of the Shadow, the Elodoth decides how much reprisal said threat warrants.

For some Hunters in Darkness packs, the Half-Moons are the only ones their neighbors or visitors ever see. Many *Meninna* don't play well, or at all, with others, and the Elodoth inherits the task of explaining to visiting Bone Shadows or Ghost Wolves why the local alpha won't meet with them or telling the Blood Talons to leave before they're killed. Elodoth are essential to the tribe's functioning: they are often pack alphas and betas, they staff the Lodges and arrange for them to meet, find *nuzusul* whom the tribe may accept and speak to them about their future fate, and seek support from other tribes when it can be found.

The Iron Masters have Elodoth who, like the rest of their tribe, adapt to the maddening modern world. At the same time, they're the guardians of tradition, the ones who ask if the old tricks aren't in fact better than the new ones. They are often tightly involved in human society, keeping their eyes on local news and bulletins in order to keep track of any humans who are causing too much trouble.

The Storm Lords' focus on inner strength is manifest in their Elodoth. The Half-Moons of the tribe judge weakness harshly, and are particularly unforgiving of rank incompetence. If the Cahalith are the carrot of the tribal dynamic, the Elodoth are the stick. Their ability to read others also makes them particularly adept in the political arena, to whatever extent it exists locally. They would be untrustworthy in the extreme if it weren't for their devotion to Honor — the honor of the tribe, and the honor of the self. Some aspire to open leadership, while others find it more effective to become a power behind the throne, the beta whose words carry more weight than the alpha's words do. It is, of course, for the good of the tribe, and the stronger the Storm Lords are, the better off all the Tribes of the Moon will be.

Ghost Wolf Elodoth live with one foot out of werewolf society and one foot in. They are frequently wanderers, pilgrims, mockers of the loose order of Uratha society, dealers with vampires or other creatures on the fringe and sometimes even those who would lead others of their tribe-less kin. They do what they can to keep alive, like all their kind, and are more likely than other auspices to join a pack — yet they're also likely to spend half their lives attempting to live as simple humans or wolves. Gaining allegiance from whatever spirits they can and bargaining with anyone at all, they are often surprisingly knowledgeable about the world in which they live and the way in which it works. Cultivating these outcasts' friendship can often be a shrewd move.

THE HUNT

On the hunt, the Elodoth sometimes plays coordinator for the pack, making certain that all his packmates are contributing to their best extent. A wise Elodoth makes certain that the Irraka's advance information is fully distributed, and ensures that everyone knows their roles in the Rahu's battle plan. An Elodoth can also take over the role of strategist in general, if the Rahu is not as qualified for or interested in the role.

On the hunt against other werewolves, the Elodoth might take the lead, or at least the strong beta role. The Elodoth examine the werewolf condition from both sides every day of their lives, and, as a result, are exceptional at analyzing other werewolves' behavior. An Elodoth might be the first to suggest why an enemy pack is acting as aggressively as they are, or be able to point out the softest target for the benefit of his packmates. The Pure are harder for an Elodoth to predict than other devotees of Luna, but they are still werewolves at heart, man and beast, flesh and spirit. The Elodoth knows their hearts.

When a pack moves to actively hunt spirit prey, the Elodoth's role as spirit envoy is set aside — for the most part. Certainly the pack doesn't intend to negotiate with their chosen target, but there might still be information to be gained from parleying with other spirits. If the rogue had any rivals in the Shadow, the Elodoth has the best chance of convincing those rivals to play informer. In some cases, the Half-Moon may even be fortunate enough to walk away knowing her target's ban. This tactic can also be used when hunting the Ridden, though it's extra work trying to get the possessing spirit's name prior to the investigation. Elodoth are frequently very dedicated to the hunt when spirits and Ridden are the prey, for such threats out of the Shadow are the epitome of imbalance.

The Hosts are somewhat less of a specialty. An Elodoth possesses no particular insight into the mad swarm-creatures' behavior, and so may sometimes let his packmates lead when a *shartha* is in the pack's sights. Nonetheless, the same devotion to keeping Shadow and flesh in check that fuels an Elodoth's struggle against rogue spirits compels her to prevent the Hosts from doing any more damage to the Gauntlet. And yet, when the rare pack decides to parley with the Hosts and even attempt to cooperate for a time (before the inevitable betrayal from either side), it's often the Elodoth who proposes such an idea. For the moment, of course.

The Elodoth savor the challenge of unknown prey, even as they may fear their foe's strength. Half-Moons are particularly skilled at investigation, and know where to start looking for information on their enemy. There may not be time to properly research a foe and learn of its strengths and weaknesses, but a wise Elodoth takes what time she can to do so.

ARCHETYPES

CONTRARY

The Elodoth were made to see both sides of an issue, where the rest of the pack might see just one. There's no need to argue or weigh the side that the rest of the pack sees — they'll do that themselves. So, logically, it follows that the side that should be argued is the side they don't agree with. This is the Contrary's path, to question decisions made too hastily and to look at rules from the other end.

The Contrary isn't just the mentality of a werewolf who likes being disruptive; in fact, such an Elodoth would be terrible at his job. The Contrary is someone who takes the other side because someone must, because he believes that even the devil must have his advocate. His aim isn't to convince the rest of his pack that the opposite side is always right — he just wants them to think about it, so they're always making the right decision rather than the decision that first leaps to mind.

ENFORCER

Give a wolf power to judge the flock before it, and it may judge harshly. Some Elodoth consider it their foremost duty to bring punishment to the guilty, in brutal werewolf fashion. Some might focus on the humans around them, culling the worst offenders in hopes of improving the overall quality of the herd. Others apply this mentality to the charge of tracking down errant spirits and returning them to the Shadow — and the spirits they catch are bound to regret their actions. Still others consider themselves the arbiters of Forsaken law, even turning on their own packmates should they find themselves side by side with oath-breakers. The Enforcer is frequently a negative character, though in some chronicles she may be a positive force who genuinely relieves overall suffering even as she makes others suffer in the name of justice.

MARTYR

Sometimes to keep the balance, you have to make sacrifices. The Martyr is accustomed to the idea of giving things up — shedding blood to settle an already bloody dispute, or offering a gift that's painful to give up to impress a spirit. A Martyr may take the path of self-sacrifice out of low self-esteem, or because she is unhappy with her life as an Uratha and secretly hopes to be rid of it. Alternately, she may simply see the "other side" so clearly that she feels it would be wrong or disrespectful to attempt to settle a powerful dispute without paying a high cost. Though her packmates may disapprove of her methods, preferring to keep her safe, the Martyr knows that her actions are honorable. That in itself can be enough.

NEGOTIATOR

The People are a short-tempered, violent lot, hardly prone to trusting anyone outside their immediate packs. Diplomacy between rival packs can be a very tense affair, each neutral meet in danger of ending in bloodshed. This is even more true when a pack must deal with spirits,

vampires or some other third party with whom they share very little in common. An Elodoth Negotiator has the skills to take the lead in these affairs. She can empathize with what the other side wants out of the deal, yet be unyielding on points that her pack doesn't want to give up. The deals she negotiates are fair — sometimes brutally fair, conceding nothing to the other party that isn't absolutely necessary to close the agreement. She may be a silver-tongued devil who can easily con the other side into believing that she really would like to give them more than her pack will admit, or she may be brutally honest in explaining that the deal she's offering is better than what the opposing side could get by other means. Either way, she knows what she's doing.

PACK-KENNER

When a werewolf undergoes the First Change, the others of her kind know that she needs to be placed in a pack. She may find a pack of her own, but some werewolves prefer to take no chances. The Pack-Kenner dedicates his attention to keeping track of the various werewolves in the region, in packs or out, and keeps an ear out for any signs of people on the cusp of the Change. It's a role that requires people skills, contacts and the trust of other packs as well as some knowledge of psychology. When newly Changed werewolves show up, a pack-kenner can advise them on how to best join a pack or form one of their own. Packs that have lost members can replace them, but choosing the wrong person can lead to disaster. A seasoned Elodoth can make this much easier: many long-lived packs count someone with such skills among them.

Many Uratha aren't particularly interested in siring or bearing a new generation — if it happens, it happens, but it's hardly a priority — but some still think it's important to pay at least some attention to ensuring their bloodlines will live on. A Pack-Kenner may also be the local authority on which families seem to have some measure of the blood of the wolf, acting as an indirect matchmaker by pointing werewolves toward potential mates. Should the match be troubled or meet with disaster, the Pack-Kenner may also take any suddenly parentless offspring and have them placed with another family, remembering where to look should the children prove *nuzusul*. There may be one Pack-Kenner for an entire region, or there may be one for each locally strong tribe. Considering that a successful matchmaker is able to increase a tribe's strength even further, the tribes do what they can to promote other Elodoth to learn the Pack-Kenner's skills.

PROFELLER

It's critical that the Uratha understand their prey. And it often falls to the Elodoth to put himself in the prey's shoes, to walk into their mindset and predict what they'll do next. This is the more sinister aspect of seeing "the other person's point of view" — understanding their motives, wants and fears all the better to hunt them. A

Profiler may be highly educated in psychology or animal behavior (the latter of which is often as helpful as the former when dealing with spirits), or simply have a powerful instinct for empathy. A Profiler who focuses on the spirit world (most common among the Bone Shadows) studies bans and compulsions above all other aspects of spirit lore, looking for the common threads. Another may insist on taking certain foes alive for interrogation, hoping to learn something more of their enemies' ways by questioning a captured soldier or thrall. Some Profilers focus on a particular type of prey, and don't use this particular skill across the board; others see "thinking like the enemy" as their primary task. The oldest and most experienced Profilers are some of the most dangerous werewolves around — able to read an enemy with a glance and anticipate a rival's every move.

STRATEGIST

The task of devising strategies and battle plans is, first and foremost, given to the Rahu. However, some Elodoth prefer to take that role on for themselves, particularly if the Rahu of their pack is uninterested or incapable. The finest Strategists must possess foresight beyond even that of their Elodoth contemporaries. They anticipate their foes' moves as well as the conditions around them; a Strategist takes into account force composition, terrain, resources, third parties that might be present, even weather conditions. Sometimes there isn't enough time to formulate a plan ahead of time, and she must concoct a scheme on the fly — but if her ability to anticipate her enemies is strong enough, she can do so quite handily under pressure. She insists her packmates provide her with information when they can, and asks them to trust her when she gives them peculiar orders. The greatest challenge a Strategist faces is keeping her cool when the blood begins to spray. She may be wise and clear of vision, but she is still Uratha, and the heart of a raging monster beats within her.

ITHAEUR

Changing under the crescent moon means being reborn into a world where what you read can kill you, where triangles have four sides, where the answer to a question isn't a statement, where the shortest distance between two points is never a straight line. It's a world that not only doesn't make sense; sometimes it *can't* make sense. Spirits are sometimes greatly more intelligent than humans, and sometimes mindless creatures can *put on* intelligence when they see fit, as a human puts on a tie, but, in either case, their inhuman minds mean that nothing born alive can fully understand what they think or predict what they will do. She *must* learn the dangerous lore of the spirits to aid and guide her pack, but each piece of wisdom is paid for in blood and pain. Ithaeur die learning the secret names of spirits, their bans and powers, where they live and feed and how they can be hunted and killed. The knowledge is deadly even to pass on. As hard as Ithaeur

try to safeguard their traffic with the invisible ones, there is no way to make this work really secure.

The crescent moon's light, soft as it is, is the sharpest and clearest light for stepping across the wall into the Shadow Realm. An Ithaeur is a necessary guide, as native as the Uratha are going to get, in this deadly and insane otherworld.

WISDOM

Learning is not wisdom. Knowledge is not wisdom. Wisdom is the ability to take learning and knowledge and to use them correctly. This is the creed of the Ithaeur — entrusted with the knowledge the spirit world and the means to control it, they must be wise or else their power will run wild. It's said that the world is in the state it's in because Father Wolf grew senile and the spirits grew arrogant. By reflection, it is all the more important that the Ithaeur remain wise.

PACK DYNAMICS

The Crescent Moons are a pack's mystics, sages, spirit-hunters, its means of dealing with the *Hisil* from a position, or at least a pose, of strength. Some packs attempt to shelter their Ithaeur, rightly or wrongly assuming that the pack's mystic must also be the least skilled at physical combat. Some Ithaeur chafe at the treatment — no werewolf is exactly helpless — while others enjoy it as sort of a nod to their unique status within the pack. The Rahu are most often guilty of this sort of overprotective behavior, though it's usually welcome. The Full Moons give an Ithaeur safety for trances or meditation and guard at rites or when meeting with some enemy — or friend.

A skilled Cahalith is a prime resource for an Ithaeur — Cahaliths gather volumes of folklore and myth that may contain hints at forgotten knowledge; old tales might reveal the weaknesses, bans and desires of many creatures. The prophetic dreams of a Cahalith allow an Ithaeur to plan ahead; if a Cahalith dreams of a mighty storm and great flood, the Ithaeur can begin evaluating the pack's potential countermeasures against angry weather-spirits or a rival Storm Lords pack. A Cahalith and Ithaeur can sit up all night talking of things dreamed, remembered or unseen.

As bridges between worlds, the Elodoth make natural ambassadors and envoys to the Shadow. Many an Elodoth has played the good cop to the Crescent Moon's bad one in handling a recalcitrant spirit. The Elodoth's known fair-mindedness also aids when an Ithaeur's skills are in demand and must be bargained for or bought.

The No Moons are the closest to the Ithaeur in mood: werewolves of both auspices are often somber and reserved, beasts that hunt by little light. The two may not have many words for another, and they may not need them. The Ithaeur's trade all too often places her at a slight distance from the rest of her pack, and the same is true for the Irraka.



Two or more Ithaeur in a pack can have a difficult time getting along. Some prefer to keep their specialties separate, sharing only the most generally useful rites and tidbits of information among one another. In such a way, they reason, they can avoid being too redundant and spend the time they'd otherwise "waste" sharing becoming even more proficient in their areas of expertise. Others may decide to share every last rite, ban and scrap of information — after all, if one of them dies, and it's more than likely, the pack shouldn't lose their lore. In either event, the Ithaeur probably choose to share a portion of their knowledge with the rest of the pack. Their job is disorienting and dangerous enough to end in death or madness, and, if they did not teach their packmates, no lore would survive.

A pack without an Ithaeur is "tone-deaf," in a manner of speaking; they can hear and they can understand, but without the same affinity. All werewolves are capable of dealing with spirits, but the lack of a specialist is no small thing. Each member of the pack must be responsible for learning a few necessary rites, or else the pack becomes reliant on the hired services of an outside ritemaster — never a pleasant condition.

TRIBAL DYNAMICS

The Blood Talon Ithaeur embody two archetypes: warrior and mystic. The two are not as exclusive as one might think. Blood Talons marked by the crescent moon might be physically dominant warriors who hone their already formidable strength with occult rites or lean and wiry shamans who play the Shadow battlefield like a chess game. Blood Talon Ithaeur consider themselves in a state of cold war with the rogue denizens of Shadow, and weigh each new Gift or rite as a potential weapon.

Bone Shadow Ithaeur are almost the very stereotype of the crescent moon. They can draw on the support of the rest of their tribe for their endeavors, which, if the Bone Shadows are locally strong, can lead to a first-class education in the spiritual ways. Such Ithaeur are most often specialists, choosing to focus on a particular aspect of their path — one might learn all she can about the Ridden, while another attempts to perfect the art of forging fetishes. In an entire tribe of mystics, a specialist is often more useful than a general practitioner.

If the Hunters in Darkness are dedicated to defending the sacred places, their Ithaeur are often those who determine what "sacred" means. Some *Meninna* Crescent Moons become the equivalent of religious leaders, teaching their tribemates what they see as the spiritual demands of Black Wolf. Many focus on learning various mystical wards, the better to punish anyone bold or unlucky enough to cross the wrong border at the wrong time. Others spend time in the Shadow of the wilderness, hoping to learn ways to survive among the all-too-hostile spirits of nature.

Iron Master Ithaeur, both urban and rural, often devote their attention to understanding the newer choirs of spirits. Elementals of metal and electricity, war-spirits embodying new weapons and tactics and other such newcomers to the Shadow Realm are all of great interest to the tribe focused on adaptation. Their rites are frequently very different from one region to the next, each one inspired by the local texture of resonance.

Storm Lord Ithaeur believe in power governed by will. They resent the thought of bowing before any spirit save Winter Wolf or Mother Luna — they may still do so if need be, but the insult is always stored carefully away to be repaid at a later date. They may suffer great Ordeals in the name of chiminage, preferring to prove their own strength by making blood offerings rather than giving up resources that might prove useful later.

A Ghost Wolf Ithaeur has a hard road ahead of him, as he lacks the support networks that can help provide him with the training necessary to come into his own. Those who join packs find this problem somewhat alleviated, though they still have a harder time than an Ithaeur sworn to a tribe. Those who manage to make it without a pack are hard, dangerous wolves. A lone Ithaeur may be a hermit, a mad magician, a hunter or spirit-broker. Lacking a tribe's backing, she keeps alive by gathering spirit Essence, capturing spirits and making fetishes to trade, and by warding herself very warily and trusting no one at all.

THE HUNT

The Ithaeur is the heart of the hunt where spirits are concerned, and a valuable part of the hunt for all other prey. She is frequently the ritemaster for the pack, and thus the one most likely to distribute blessings such as the Rite of Shared Scent or Blessing of the Spirit Hunt. Many a hunt begins with the Ithaeur calling the pack together for a rite.

In battle, the Ithaeur are the ones to bring a Gift or rite to aid their pack, sometimes as a surprise to their foes or friends, to use the spirits of the land around them to their best advantage, to provide the equivalents of signal intelligence and air scouting and to fight like devils, as any werewolf would. Many an Ithaeur will deliberately seek battle with a spirit in order to strike fear into its choir or to make a fetish from it. "*Let' em hate, long as they're afraid*" is a motto that the werewolf spirit-seers know well. They will bring to the table a sense of what the magical world will do in response to any action, how the actions of the Uratha have affected the Shadow, and they'll be the first to see any disturbance in the forces that flow through the invisible world. Crescent Moons have a bad reputation for being secretive, even with packmates, but, in fact, the most common reason for their silence is either worry that no one will understand what they have to say or that their scheme won't work. On the hunting trail, they are the interpreters of unusual trace or spoor, the ones to notice something being suddenly wrong. Look for them to read

something into a heelprint or a dropped feather ground into the clay that an Irraka did not; expect them to know a man's name from seeing how he broke branches or wiped his hands on fresh grass.

Fighting other Uratha, an Ithaeur is air scouting and spirit scouting, combat intelligence and signal intelligence, special weapons and tactics — an irreplaceable part of the team. Her job is to outwit the enemy's Ithaeur, get and keep control of the local spiritscape, and bring Gifts and rites to bear on the foe. She coordinates with the Irraka to conceal his stealthy infiltration, with the Elodoth to give as much play as possible to diplomacy and with the Cahalith to see what spirits can be summoned or sung up at the last moment. Many a Gibbous Moon's song has lured a spirit to the Crescent Moons for capture or "death," or the spirit has been chased there by a war howl. An Ithaeur facing a pack without one of her own auspice tries to blindside the enemy; when an Ithaeur is on both sides, then the battle is always twofold, with flesh and spirit each deriving from the other.

When the enemy is a Pure pack, the Ithaeur is especially at risk. The Pure Tribes lack some of the specific spirit lore that the Crescent Moons teach each other. An Ithaeur may be slain simply to blind her pack spiritually, or she might be captured and tortured to get her to reveal names of spirits and their bans, what words of power that can command some spirits and what Gifts a spirit might be compelled to teach. The Pure will not simply slay Uratha outright when they believe that they can get something from them, but the prisoner's life has little value. When fighting the Pure, a back channel into their strategy can come from the local spirits. Spirits often resent their abuse by the Pure and will tell what they know in return for considerations, such as Essence or the release of a fellow member of their choir from a fetish.

When hunting rogue spirits, an Ithaeur is essential for a pack, to the point that a pack without one might borrow or hire one, paying in Essence. Such a hunt demands lore of the surrounding Shadow and also negotiations (conducted often enough at the equivalent of gunpoint) with local spirits to get information that the pack needs. When fighting one of the alien magath, a Crescent Moon might seek spirit gossip on which spirits came together to create the magath. Some Ithaeur make fetish objects and keep them handy during negotiations as a way of threatening recalcitrant spirits: "tell us or spend eighty years in this stone." Ithaeur can also help when a mad spirit is cornered: they can threaten, promise and threaten again, while an Elodoth butters the spirit up. A Crescent Moon may even have spare Essence or captive spirits to offer as food or a bribe to the rogue, to get it to leave, to get it to behave or to lure it into a situation where it can be captured and forced into a fetish. Ithaeur must be flexible, ready to give up captive spirits or prized



talens to placate a powerful being. Nanutari, the Spirit Thieves, can sometimes be lured and trapped in this way, and more than one thief has ended up serving a werewolf seer. The Nanutari's desperation can warp their judgment, leading them to be more vulnerable than a completely rational spirit entity (if such a thing exists).

To a lesser extent, all this applies to hunts where the Ridden are the prey. When dealing with the Urged, an Ithaeur is the one who has the best chance of successfully exorcising and dealing with the spirit without harming the human mount — if that's the pack's goal. The Claimed must usually be dealt with more forcefully, and the Ithaeur often waits while the rest of the pack tears their prey's physical form apart, ready to bind or break the spirit.

When the Hosts are involved, the Ithaeur is frequently more damage control than anything. She contributes to the hunt in the usual fashion, but it will often fall to her to attempt to undo whatever damage the *shartha* did to the local Gauntlet. If the Beshilu gnawed a new hole in the wall between worlds, the Ithaeur must be ready to deal with the spirit refugees flooding through the gap. If the Azlu spun their webs around a locus, the Ithaeur is the one entrusted with cleaning the locus and hopefully restoring it to a healthier state than it had. Such healing practices may require long-term territory management, but if anyone in the pack knows what would be involved, it would be the Crescent Moon.

Against wholly unknown foes, the Ithaeur devotes her attention to looking for signs of the Shadow. She watches their prey's behavior to see if it's obeying any bans, monitors the Shadow Realm wherever it passes and interrogates local spirits to see if they recognize it. If the threat turns out to be purely physical, then it can be dealt with physically — but if it conceals some measure of power derived from Shadow, then the Ithaeur has the responsibility of countering that power as best she can.

ARCHETYPES

BINDER

The mirror cracks and bleeds, and the Binder attempts to seal each fracture. She believes in the duty of defending the physical from the Shadow, and she knows that nobody in her pack is better qualified to use the necessary tools to do so. The threats who wear flesh — the Pure, the Hosts, stray humans — those are for her packmates to deal with. The Binder must struggle against the invisible. She may defend the status quo if a region is fairly free of danger, but more often she actively works to change things by isolating the most dangerous influences in the region and binding them with Gifts and rites.

The Binder is not exclusively concerned with trapping spirits. She may seal away potent fetishes that would be ruinous in the wrong hands, to the point of chasing rumors dealing with such dangerous artifacts. She seeks to close loci of particularly disruptive Essence before a

Wound or Barren can infect the Shadow. If she discovers that someone is actively trying to open something better left sealed, or call up something best left down, she will rouse her pack and strike without remorse — ignorance may excuse intent, but intent isn't what matters when the walls are coming down and the darkest tendrils of Shadow are coming through.

ECCLESIASTIC

The First Change tears open a human life to give birth to something new, something stronger and more perceptive. To the Ecclesiastic, it is also a baptism; the spirituality of the Uratha is not simply a means of understanding the world, it is something that demands awe and reverence. Such an Ithaeur offers worship to the spirits — most often Luna and perhaps the Firstborn — and encourages others to do the same. He may be a fiery preacher who exhorts other werewolves to sing out in praise, or he may possess a deep and abiding faith that he nurtures in introspective meditation. His Gifts are akin to blessings from the angels, and his rites are ceremonies of prayer just as they are tools. Every time he interacts with the Shadow, he has another religious experience — and with the crescent moon as his guide, these experiences add up.

The Ecclesiastic can be somewhat disturbing to other packs, no matter how well-meaning he may be. The tendency to look on the spirit world with religious reverence is something that's mostly seen among the Pure Tribes and the Bale Hounds. The Ecclesiastic may offer his worship to spirits that the Pure and Bale Hounds both reject, but the principle is uneasily similar. The Ecclesiastic is often surprisingly accepting of the mistrust of other packs, though; after all, it's natural to fear what you can't understand. And you can't really understand faith unless you have it within yourself.

GREAT MEMORY

All Ithaeur have a natural affinity for learning. Some have a drive for it that becomes almost their reason for being. It may have started in childhood, as the young *nuzusul* devoured everything she could get her hands on, only to be awakened in a wash of horror and pain by a moon that told her there was even more to learn. Or it might have come on like a hurricane wind after the Change — the feeling that every minute of human life had been a waste, that there are no longer enough nights left to learn everything about the *real* world.

A Great Memory may be powerfully intelligent, or of average intelligence but have great conviction. Great Memories tend to accumulate as much knowledge as they can, and may even have eidetic memory. A Great Memory makes a fierce and careful hunter of spirits: there is no way to drive her away when you can find out something new. She hounds the spirits of knowledge and memory whenever she can find them; they are not friends, but they can be bribed and forced into teaching her lore.

HEALER

As violent as the Uratha are, the profession of Healer is a badly needed one. Not all wounds can be quickly regenerated, particularly when Essence is scarce and a pack is unwilling to sink to the level of devouring human flesh. An Ithaeur who pursues healing as a principle may focus on physical medicine, empathy and psychology, spiritual remedies, or all three. She may have many specialties to her Skills, ranging from Uratha physiology to psychoactive drugs. Some Healers are experts on the subject of spiritual resonance, and work tirelessly to mend Wounds and Barrens. A Healer likely offers her services to packs other than her own; a few believe that it's their place even to offer their services to enemies such as the Pure. The Pure have no particular obligation to spare one of the Forsaken who offers them healing, however, and few packs are willing to let their Ithaeur risk herself in such a fashion. Another danger confronting the Healer is that sometimes she must take sickness and pain into herself to bring healing — and not all remedies work. An illness that can lay low a potent hunter can also slay the physician who mends it.

SCIENTIST

Some Ithaeur don't approach their tasks with the reverence of the devout. The Scientist may not have any particular scientific training, but he has the mindset of a human researcher — he wants to understand why rites work, why spirits behave the way they do, how best to use this knowledge for the benefit of the pack. The Scientist maps the symbolism of the spirit world with the intent of mapping the sympathetic connections. Some Ithaeur with this archetype may be skeptics who are actively searching for holes in the legend of Father Wolf and Mother Luna — and such holes do exist — but others simply want to learn and understand. The most brilliant and innovative of the Scientists are those who take nothing for granted, who are interested in learning the ways of the Shadow whether they particularly like the answers or not.

SPEAKER FOR THE DEAD

An Ithaeur may be as much necromancer as shaman, the sort of mystic who divines answers from a person's remains. The human dead are not wholly in the Ithaeur's purview, but the crescent moon is closer than any other to offering such a path. Nor do the "dead" have to be human; some Speakers for the Dead concern themselves with fallen Uratha or the legends of long-extinct spirits. The Ithaeur's magic does not compel ghosts (unless she's a Bone Shadow), but that's unimportant — the answers can lie in the Shadow proper. By tracking resonance and the patterns of appropriate spirits, the Speaker for the Dead can reconstruct murder scenes, divine the locations of lost corpses, even set the resonance of an area "right" to encourage a restless shade to slumber once more.

SPIRIT ALPHA

Some Ithaeur lead — not just taking the forefront when their packs are confronted with a menace from the

Shadow, but commanding their packmates in peace or in war. The Spirit Alpha uses his potent mystical power to justify his claim to leadership, and demands respect from local werewolves and spirits alike. Though this is an atypical role for a Crescent Moon, by no means is it automatically a poor choice for a pack. A potent Spirit Alpha governs according to the precepts of Wisdom, and may understand how to use his packmates' strengths and safeguard their weaknesses in ways an Elodoth would never recognize. A pack with a Spirit Alpha inevitably has a strong totem spirit as well, which may even act as the pack's beta if the alpha is inclined to treat it so. The Spirit Alpha may run his pack like a cult, or like a brotherhood dedicated to learning. He may work to educate each of his packmates in the spiritual arts as well, or he may hoard that knowledge for himself. If he manages to hold onto his pack's loyalty, though, they become a very dangerous group of werewolves to cross.

IRRAKA

All werewolves get to the prey, but the Irraka is there *first*. She moves unseen ahead of the pack bringing back vital information, whether she creeps through a forest or schmoozes at a cocktail party. She tricks and traps those she doesn't need to fight and softens up her enemies through sabotage, terror and assassination. She takes out foes with claws, knife or Gifts, silent and deadly as cancer; she outthinks and outwits spirits, humans and Uratha with equal ease.

Irraka live with many threats, obvious and otherwise. The daily danger is the easy one to spot: they are ahead of the pack, alone and sometimes unarmed. Any trouble will be far from the pack's safety. On a more emotional level, the isolation of stalking an enemy or lying in wait, sometimes for days, unable to give one's position away, wears on even the toughest werewolf. Their pack ties are real, but any tie can be broken, and the longer a New Moon runs ahead of the pack, the worse his situation gets.

CUNNING

To break rather than bend is no virtue. To cling to tradition because it is old is foolish — an old house can be strong, but it can also be rotten and about to collapse. Thinking as if your mind is on rails is a curse. The wolf who runs ahead of the pack must be quick of mind and fleet of leg, able to set an ambush at a moment's notice or escape one in less time. Strike from downwind, leave no tracks and always know where you are.

PACK DYNAMICS

An Irraka's work overlaps with that of almost all other moon signs. Irraka must know the spirits, be able to howl (if only to deceive), judge, evaluate and bridge gaps like an Elodoth and fight like a rabid animal. The difference in their approach is that an Irraka will use cleverness and lateral thinking to solve problems, doing



the unexpected and striking almost randomly in the darkness of their enemy's ignorance. The Irraka will rarely be the fighter that a Rahu is, or the shaman that the Ithaeur aspires to, but the New Moon can use their tricks in a whole new manner. Many Irraka actively seek the skills of the other auspices, just to use them to mess up anyone — enemy or friend — who thinks that they don't know something.

The Irraka and Rahu can be natural rivals — no moon against full moon, the white light of Purity against the darkness of Cunning. They may not voice their differences openly, but it can be very uncomfortable for the rest of the pack when the Full Moon and the New Moon are at odds. And yet, they can also cooperate with great efficiency. Rahu need information about the battlefield in order to plan their strategy effectively; Irraka need the security of a brute monster ready to tear into an enemy camp to extract them if something goes wrong. The skirmisher and the heavy infantry are each necessary for the other's success and survival.

The Gibbous Moons sing about the glory of the friends of darkness. Irraka hear their chants with a smile, listening for tips about how to hunt, about the foibles and quirks of a Host or some demon cult, then go their way. Both an Irraka and a Cahalith are seekers, and when an Irraka needs to take the hunt from the mountains into the world of human clubs or corporations, into the Internet or the library, the talesinger is the necessary ally. And even the New Moons can feel the lure of promised Glory and all that comes with it.

An Irraka's work overlaps with an Elodoth's in that a stalker and hunter needs to know something about the quarry, and whether they deserve capture, death or to be let alone. An Elodoth — to bridge, to study and to judge — needs an Irraka's information and grace. Many Half-Moons rely on the Irraka as their eyes and ears to build the lattice of evidence that supports any judgment. In return, the Elodoth provides the other side of the coin; they offer light where an Irraka can see only darkness, and know when to call the New Moon back to the pack. They are a constant reminder that the New Moon may stalk alone, but he does not hunt alone.

The Ithaeur are sympathetic to the Irraka in mindset — crescent moon and new moon as close as sisters. The Ithaeur's ability to provide Gifts or rites to aid the hunt is no small advantage to an Irraka, who can use the extra edge when they're well ahead of the pack. What's more, the Ithaeur is the greatest reserve of knowledge concerning the local spirit world, knowledge that can be crucial when the Irraka is following her pathfinder's sense into a potentially lethal area. When the Ithaeur talks, the Irraka is often the first to listen.

Two Irraka are not necessarily going to be close, even in the same pack. Irraka aren't terribly chummy (although there are few better friends in a tight spot) and don't spend as much time interacting one-to-one just for

the sake of doing so. Two No Moons will therefore either silently partner one another, getting day-to-day pack business done and keeping each other company, or will closet themselves and secretly plan some strange scheme for their next hunt or battle: their bag of tricks is as bottomless as the darkness of the sky. A pack with two or three Irraka can be downright horrifying in the cleverness of its strategy and its resourcefulness in carrying the plans out. Watch for "masquerade": misdirection as to the number of werewolves, their location and the equipment they carry and look for the pack where they aren't. Such a pack will also penetrate and pervert its enemies' computer, communications and spirit "systems," if such exist, and confuse or collapse what assets they bring to the field.

A pack without an Irraka will be forced to scout blindly, without their special skills, and to trust to its Rahu and Ithaeur to come up with the same information. They will have less ease infiltrating and destroying a foe from behind its lines, and rely more on force or mystical methods than those of wit and intuition.

TRIBAL DYNAMICS

The Irraka of the Blood Talons are cagey opponents, a lot more trouble in a fight than they might seem at first. Those who run well ahead of their packs train hard to be self-sufficient in a fight; if caught alone, they'll give their enemies the fight of their lives. Others prefer to fight with their packs, striking an occupied foe from behind or otherwise shifting the balance in the pack's favor. Most train themselves to be quick and hardy, trusting their bestial strength to cover the rest.

Bone Shadow Irraka have a particularly difficult task — learning to scout the Shadow Realm without coming to harm. Even in the physical world, the primary task of a Bone Shadow Irraka is to use her pathfinder's sense to map out the location and strength of nearby loci. Some prefer to focus on stalking physical threats, but even those Irraka are prone to spend extra time hunting down spirits for Gifts or taking careful note of the loci surrounding a target.

New Moons of the Hunters in Darkness are creatures out of human nightmare. They are the eyes a victim feels on his back, the noiseless sense of presence just a few yards away. They carefully watch those who enter their territory, then strike to kill with no warning. In urban environments, they may remain completely out of sight, or simply be the human nobody notices — the ragged homeless person in an alley, the wannabe club kid wandering the streets, the prostitute trying to get out of the rain.

The Iron Masters value Cunning, and their Irraka exemplify the concept. They, too, are adept at hunting in urban territories, always aware of the best places to shift forms and of how much they can get away with. They are masters of unorthodox ambushes, sometimes hitting their prey with a moving vehicle to pin them until the rest of the pack arrives. Some use high-tech gear to enhance

their hunts, while others relish their ability to improvise without any such “crutches.”

Storm Lord Irraka don't take the leadership position very often, but they demand utter obedience when the task at hand is a hunt. Many are skilled in subterfuge, choosing to hide their weakness by obscuring it under a veil of false emotions. Some even pretend to be weak in a particular area for the purposes of misdirection — allowing a rival to see a supposed “weak spot,” then blindsiding him when he foolishly attempts to strike at it.

Ghost Wolves who Change under the new moon are more likely than any to go packless. Their skills can keep them alive longer, and, potentially, one could survive to the end of his days without ever swearing an oath of brotherhood. Yet they are also often the loneliest of werewolves, running without Luna's light or the warmth of a pack. They don't howl often, but when they do, the sound is of isolation.

THE HUNT

The Irraka is typically at the forefront of the hunt, following the prey's trail or searching for other signs of its passage. They are often skilled trackers by scent or sight, but can also gather information in other ways. Many Irraka deal with others, including werewolves not of their own pack, by simply choosing a human role that they've played in the past and sticking to it: the Cheery Housewife, the Bright College Kid, the Businessperson Looking for a Date and so on.

Against the Pure, Irraka have the advantages of the Moon, but suffer against the sheer animalism of the Predator Kings. They will stalk a werewolf as readily as other prey, always looking for the straggler who can be caught away from his pack. When fighting other Forsaken packs, Irraka pay particular attention to any signs of another New Moon among their rivals. Because these conflicts are not as deadly as those with the Pure, Irraka enjoy the subtlety of sneak and countersneak, using spirits' Gifts and fetishes creatively and fighting to gain and regain territory. Although it can kill, inter-pack conflict is a kind of somber game to the darkness' children. In any work against other werewolves, a No Moon seeks to do exactly what his foes do (manipulate humans, crawl across slick rock, suborn spirit guardians and so on) better than the foe.

Spirits can be more problematic prey, as the spoor they leave is very different from the traces left by a physical thing. An experienced Irraka listens to everything the Cahalith or Ithaeur can tell him about his target, then begins to hunt with exceptional care. Anything could be a clue — a strange sigil hidden in a graffiti tag, a small pile of stones left by the door to a day care, a newspaper folded oddly on a bench. Whether the spirit moves in Twilight or has found a physical mount, the Irraka must take care that he doesn't overlook anything that might be a sign that something very inhuman has passed through. Hunting through the Shadow may well be a part of this task, but

most Irraka focus on the physical — after all, that's where the most problematic spirits try to work their ways.

The pathfinder's sense is a potent weapon when hunting the Hosts, pointing the pack to weaknesses or webs in the Gauntlet. A veteran Irraka may notice every rat and spider he sees, aware that an abundance can hint at the presence of one of the *shartha*. Here, local knowledge and city lore will help, as well as enough of a sense for gossip that he can pick up rumors of people “acting strangely.” The Irraka is also the one who has the best chance of observing a Host unseen, deducing its likely powers, mentally mapping its lair and trying to infer its weaknesses and blind spots — “damned few of 'em,” as Mandy Darkeye said, “on a thing with eight eyes!”

When a strange supernatural thing enters the pack's domain, it's a scout's job to get the initial information. It's arguably the worst of jobs — having to actively go out and stalk something that you can't prepare for, never knowing if it has some sort of trick that will let it see you coming no matter how careful you are. Yet, the Irraka is designed for this sort of task. What use is Cunning if it doesn't denote an ability to improvise? Facing an unknown foe is dangerous, but an Irraka's life — like that of any werewolf — is guaranteed to be unsafe.

ARCHETYPES

LURKER

The sniper without a gun, the hunter who waits — the Lurker suppresses the drive to chase in favor of remaining still and quiet. He takes each step one at a time, slowly and quietly. Once he gets into position, he can wait patiently for hours until he has “the shot.” The Lurker devotes his attention to stealth and perception — he must always know just the right place to hide. He may have Gifts and rites that disguise his face, scent or noise, or that enhance his already powerful senses. He must learn the land where he lives, knowing which trees have a full canopy and where streams dry up in July, where the earth is soft enough to burrow and what weight a log will bear. A Lurker will know the best places to strike from — the greatest amount of cover with the shortest open distance to cross to reach his prey — and the hardest hideouts to find.

Away from the trail, Lurkers are often soft-spoken people, for whom stillness and quiet are more natural than action and volume. They may sleep locked in one position and smile instead of laughing out loud. They rarely carry more than they absolutely need, and sometimes it can be hard to notice their presence even if they're sitting in the middle of a room.

MODERN SCOUT

It's a weak and foolish wolf who relies on tools and neglects his fangs, but there's nothing wrong with using tools if you have them. Some Irraka supplement their supernatural senses and tracking ability with human tech-





in Twilight on film. On the other hand, some prey doesn't know enough about such things to counter them effectively; a Ridden is very unlikely to notice if it sets off an electric eye.

RELENTLESS

Some people are no damned good, and some quarry just *need killing*. Some packs are willing to follow the creature that's the real problem anywhere that it flees or leads them. Some aren't. And some Irraka will follow prey anywhere under the sky or beyond the walls of the world, whether their pack does or not, whether or not they *have* a pack. Local packs might hear of the arrival of a

demon-haunted Irraka on an extended hunt; some may welcome her skills, while others refuse her entry to their territory, fearing (perhaps correctly) that she will bring trouble.

The truly Relentless are skilled in wilderness travel, know a great deal about how to deal with local human and werewolf authorities, and often are multilingual: raging monsters possessed by Hell do not always stop at national borders. Some want to kill their quarry, some to force it into servitude, some to learn from it and some to do something entirely different. They can be driven by almost any passion, including envy, lust and pride, to hunt their prey as long as they are able to do so.

REVAL

Some Irraka devote their attention to neighboring packs rather than focusing on incursions from the Shadow. Perhaps it's because their packmates specialize in the threats of spirits, Ridden or Hosts; perhaps their territory is well in hand. Such an Irraka is

nology with surprising effect. While the Iron Masters are the most prone to innovate in such a manner, such Irraka can come from all tribes. For example, many Blood Talons are ex-military or at least interested in the latest advances in modern warfare, and some Hunters in Darkness don't see anything wrong with using whatever tools they can to keep the sacred sites as secure as possible.

There are advantages and disadvantages to using modern surveillance devices and information technology. Human gear just isn't built to deal with the supernatural; a parapsychologist's camera may be an impressive bit of equipment, but it's still far from likely to capture a spirit

often politically minded, with an eye toward establishing a strong place for her pack in the local area. Alternately, she may have had some bad experiences with werewolves outside her pack, and thus isn't prone to trust anyone but her own. The Rival prowls cautiously along the borders of other packs' territories, noting where their hold is strongest and where it's weakest. She slides quietly through the local information networks of the People, and is usually the first to know of a recent victory or defeat. She may have malice in her heart, or simply want to be well prepared; she may devote her attention to the Pure Tribes and rumors of Bale Hound activity, or she may focus on the Tribes of the Moon (her own or others). She might even goad her pack to act on the information she collects, but, for the most part, the Rival avoids outright conflict, collecting information against the day she'll inevitably be called on to use it.

THIEF

Some Irraka thief like they were born to do so. The Change under the new moon didn't instill this impulse in them — it was already there. Maybe it started with some adolescent shoplifting, or maybe it went back even further. But the Thief doesn't respect the notion of property rights, only whether they can be enforced or not. Some think of themselves in high-minded terms, like Coyote stealing the stars or the dog from New Guinea legend who swiped fire. Others look at the state the People are in and the struggle that dominates the Forsaken and figure that hell, humanity owes them.

The Thief is still a werewolf, though. Tribemates may be off-limits; packmates are almost certainly so. If he disrespects the concept of property rights in general, he may fervently believe that his packmates deserve to hold on to whatever they've won — or whatever he's acquired for them.

WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

The very definition of the werewolf is a monster disguised in human skin. The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing wears her human guise comfortably, careful to hide her fangs. She may think of herself as "still human," and attempt to pursue a human life for her own peace of mind. She may in turn consider herself an inhuman beast, yet believe that her ability to take human form is her greatest asset. The more people who mistake her for human — ordinary humans or werewolves alike — the more she can see and do without interference. The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing probably keeps up with local human culture more than the rest of her pack, all the better to pretend that there's no greater concern in the world than last night's ball game or the recent school shooting. She may have a lower Primal Urge, refusing to feed the beast for fear it would grow too strong and give her away. Though some might try to move through ever higher social circles, most prefer to remain safely in the crowd, just one of the sheep in the herd.

WOLFHOUND

Some Irraka are fond of hunting one specific prey and earn nicknames for it: Zachary Ratkiller; Tam Wolfscalp. This can become almost an obsession, as the No Moons cajole their packmates into chasing the rumor of a snake-Host or a target that might be Ridden. The advantage of being packmates with such a wolf is that he has extensive knowledge of the enemy in question, to the point that other packs will hear of his exploits and seek him out for help and advice, winning renown and fame for him and his pack. He will also, of course, be a good hunter of his chosen target and his skills at stalking and cutting sign will help at other times also. As the notoriety of a Wolfhound spreads, some of the enemy whom he hunts will flee, but others will want to take him on, and so the pack's territory may see repeated incursions of a particular sort.

NEW AUSPICE GIFTS

The following Gift lists are treated as the auspice Gifts presented in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. Each one is exclusive to the auspice to which it is attached; only Rahu can learn Warrior's Moon Gifts, for instance. They are treated as affinity lists for the appropriate auspice for purposes of experience cost, and each list is taught by Lunes of the appropriate choir.

DREAMER'S MOON GIFTS

The Gifts of the Dreamer's Moon draw on the spiritual power of Luna as a nocturnal spirit of sleep and dreams — whether gentle or nightmarish. Some can be used to heal, others to harm, but all touch the power of the dreaming mind.

SENSE SLEEPER (◡)

This peculiar Gift allows the Cahalith to open her senses to the world around her, getting a sense for the sleeping and perhaps dreaming minds that might be nearby. It is particularly handy for werewolves conducting a nocturnal hunt: if a Beshilu is hiding in the basement of a home, the Cahalith can tell if there are any family members still awake who might have to be accounted for.

Cost: None

Dice Pool: Wits + Empathy + Wisdom

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Cahalith receives an inaccurate, potentially even wildly inaccurate result.

Failure: The Cahalith is unable to tell whether anyone is sleeping in her vicinity. She may retry the Gift in one minute.

Success: The Cahalith gets an accurate count of the number of sleeping creatures larger than a cat within a range of 5 yards per success, and can sense the rough location and size of each. She is able to tell the difference between a sleeping animal and a sleeping human. The Cahalith may maintain the Gift's effects for as long as she



concentrates; however, she counts as distracted and suffers a -1 penalty to other die rolls during this time.

Exceptional Success: As above, but the Cahalith can also sense whether any individual sleeper is experiencing some unusual sleep condition — in the grip of a nightmare, comatose or the like.

LOVER'S VOICE (••)

This Gift plays on both the Cahalith's affinity for vocalization and the influence dreams can have on a person. With Lover's Voice, a Cahalith can mimic the voice of someone important to the target, even if it's a voice she's never heard. The target hears the voice he most wants to hear, be it a family member, a friend or even someone he fantasizes about. Historically, this Gift was used to draw prey away from the herd and into an ambush — today, the same trick still works, but a creative Gibbous Moon can find other uses for the Gift as well.

This Gift can be used over a telephone or similar method of voice communication without establishing line of sight, but the Cahalith must know the full name of the target.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Subterfuge + Cunning
– subject's Composure

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Gift draws the wrong voice from the subject's daydreams: a security guard may hear the voice of a cartoon character rather than the pretty young thing who's the last to leave the building.

Failure: The Gift fails to work. The Cahalith speaks with her own voice.

Success: The target hears the voice he most wants to hear in place of the Cahalith's. The Cahalith may still need to fast-talk or otherwise convince the target of her identity, but the target wants to believe he's hearing the person he is, and therefore may not be as suspicious as is logical. (For instance, using this Gift on the aforementioned security guard might duplicate the voice of his co-worker if he's fantasizing about an after-hours sexual encounter with her, but also might duplicate the voice of his superior if he really wants to go home and is hoping he'll be told to take the night off.). The Gift's effects last for the duration of the scene; the Cahalith can alternate between being heard with her true voice or as the voice bestowed via the Gift.

Exceptional Success: The target is particularly susceptible to the Gift's effects. Any efforts to manipulate the target while "in character" receive a +2 bonus to the dice pool.

NIGHTMARE HUNT (•••)

The gibbous moon swells with dreams and nightmares, and the Cahalith are prone to share both. Sometimes a Cahalith wakes from a nightmare with the face

of the one hunting her in her mind. Some Cahalith choose to share this sensation with their prey. It may not be completely prudent to hound a foe in his nightmares before coming for him in the flesh, but the Cahalith find the concept glorious.

To use this Gift, the Cahalith must be able to see the target while he sleeps; watching remotely via live cameras will work, although in such a case the Cahalith must also know the target's full name. As she invokes the Gift, she conjures up a terrible dream-wolf from her imagination and sets it loose in the sleeper's dream.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Intimidate + Honor
– target's Resolve

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The nightmare turns on the Cahalith, savaging her in her imagination in a terrible waking dream. The Cahalith loses a point of Willpower.

Failure: The sleeper's dream is not altered in any significant way.

Success: The sleeper begins to dream of being hunted by a huge, savage wolf as much demon as animal. The wolf reflects the Cahalith's imagination — a Blood Talon Cahalith might send a dream of Fenris-Ur with bloody muzzle, while an Iron Master's sending might be a mongrel monstrosity that chases the target down blind alleys and empty streets. The target loses one point of Willpower upon waking, and suffers a -1 penalty to any rolls made to resist Uratha powers that inspire fear for the next 24 hours.

Exceptional Success: The target takes one lethal wound upon waking from the dream; a shadow of the wolf's bite appears on his flesh as stigmata.

SOUL-SINGING (••••)

The Cahalith's art, the embodied howl, is capable of more than communication; the highest of the Gibbous Moons can not only communicate but commune. A soul-singer is able to draw on the power of the pregnant moon to soothe and heal, to wipe away a person's trauma and nightmares and replace them with gentle sleep.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Empathy + Purity

Action: Extended (25 successes; each roll represents one minute of song)

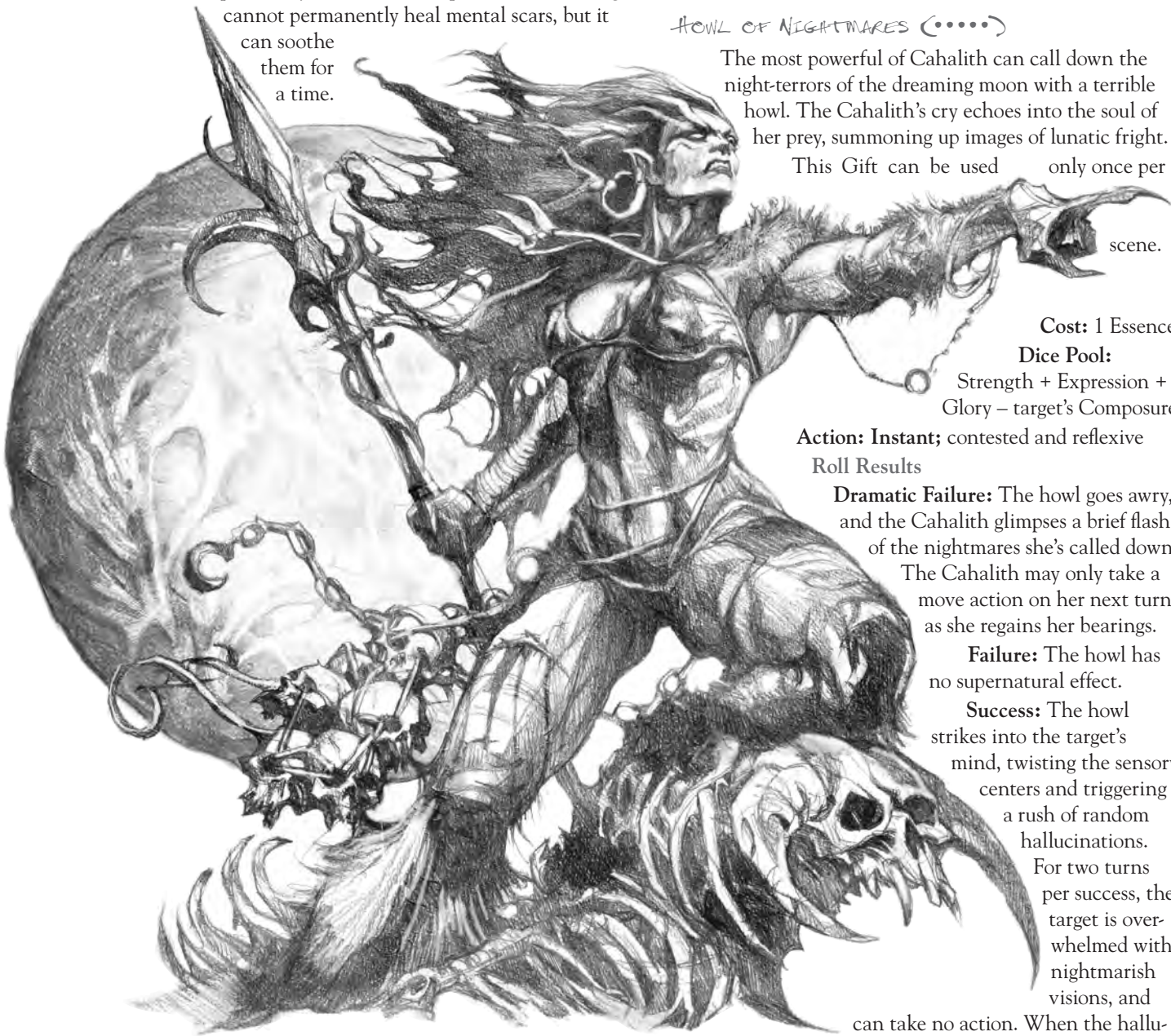
Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The song goes gruesomely wrong, stirring up more terrible memories or visions and twisting them into sharp relief. The subject temporarily gains a derangement of the Storyteller's choice; the derangement torments the subject until the next new moon, when the power of the gibbous moon has fully faded.

Failure: The song has no supernatural effect.

Success: Successes are gained; if the total reaches 25 successes or more, the song insinuates fully into the mind and memory of the subject. What the subject experiences is left to the Storyteller's discretion, but usually the song either assuages the pain of a terrible memory or reminds the subject of a sweeter memory that has been recently repressed by more terrible experiences. The song cannot permanently heal mental scars, but it

can soothe them for a time.



The subject regains one Willpower point. Any derangements that the victim suffers will be temporarily relieved; the subject of the Gift will not be affected by the derangements for the rest of the story. The subject is likely to fall into a dreamless sleep at the conclusion of the Gift's healing, unless he is deliberately attempting to remain awake for a specific purpose. Being exposed to this Gift may, at the Storyteller's option, be a sufficiently pro-

found experience that the subject may spend experience points to purchase another dot in Harmony (or Morality or the like) or Willpower.

Exceptional Success: Successes are gained; if the total reaches 30 successes or more, the song is particularly potent. The subject regains all spent Willpower in addition to the benefits listed above.

HOWL OF NIGHTMARES (•••••)

The most powerful of Cahalith can call down the night-terrors of the dreaming moon with a terrible howl. The Cahalith's cry echoes into the soul of her prey, summoning up images of lunatic fright.

This Gift can be used only once per

scene.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool:

Strength + Expression +
Glory – target's Composure

Action: Instant; contested and reflexive

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The howl goes awry, and the Cahalith glimpses a brief flash of the nightmares she's called down.

The Cahalith may only take a move action on her next turn as she regains her bearings.

Failure: The howl has no supernatural effect.

Success: The howl strikes into the target's mind, twisting the sensory centers and triggering a rush of random hallucinations.

For two turns per success, the target is overwhelmed with nightmarish visions, and

can take no action. When the hallucinations pass, the target must make

a successful Resolve + Composure check or gain a mild derangement of the Storyteller's choice. The derangement is only temporary, lasting for one week (or technically, a complete change from one moon phase to the next).

Exceptional Success: As above, save that if the target fails his Resolve + Composure check, the derangement gained is severe.

JUDGE'S MOON GIFTS

These Gifts enhance the Elodoth's ability to observe and pass judgment. A skilled Elodoth can gain a great understanding of a foe, enough to exploit a weakness personally or reveal it to his pack.

SEE THE SPIRIT BRANDS (•)

The spirit brands that denote the Forsaken's Renown are visible to any spirit, and burn with silver light when the Forsaken enter the Shadow Realm. This Gift allows the Elodoth to look with a spirit's eyes, seeing the brands of Renown while he and his target are in the physical world. In this manner, he can determine how Renowned a werewolf is in general, whether she is Forsaken or Pure, or even if she has been initiated into either faction.

Cost: None

Dice Pool: Composure + Politics + Glory

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Elodoth's vision clouds. He may not attempt to use this Gift again for the remainder of the scene.

Failure: The Elodoth must rely on his physical senses.

Success: The Elodoth is able to read the spirit brands of the subject, gauging roughly how much Renown the subject possesses and in what categories. The spirit brands

of a Forsaken werewolf burn like silver, while the brands of a Pure werewolf appear to be massive scars that glow faintly with internal heat.

Exceptional Success: The Gift remains in effect for a full minute, allowing the Elodoth to glance over multiple subjects or to make an accurate survey of a single subject's Renown.

DAMNING TONGUE (••)

The Elodoth has many tricks up his sleeve for judging and ensnaring prey, but this is arguably one of the most unusual. By invoking the Judge's Moon, the Elodoth attempts to have his prey damn herself with her own words. Once the Half-Moon manages to establish a link with a target, whatever she says, he says; he recounts her half of a phone conversation even as she says it, or repeats the orders she gives to her underlings. The typical use for this Gift is to spy on a target, the Elodoth repeating her words to the pack as the Irraka advances to watch her actions. However, some Elodoth even use it as an intimidation tactic. When confronted with a person (or werewolf) seemingly able to read your thoughts, it puts a subject at a disadvantage for the conversation.

The Elodoth must have line of sight to his target in order to invoke this Gift, but need not maintain line of sight in order to maintain the effects.

Cost: None



Dice Pool: Wits + Empathy + Cunning versus target's Composure + Primal Urge

Action: Contested; resistance is reflexive

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Elodoth temporarily loses control of his own tongue. The character cannot speak for the next minute, and cannot attempt to use this Gift again for the remainder of the scene.

Failure: The Gift fails to take effect.

Success: The Elodoth establishes a link to the target. For the remainder of the scene, anything that the target says, the Elodoth repeats simultaneously. The character doesn't actually "hear" the words in his mind and then choose to speak them; his mouth simply mimics the target's speech. The Elodoth may speak normally, but if he chooses to say something of his own at the time the target is speaking, his own words take precedence, and he misses whatever she's saying at that time. This Gift conveys no understanding of languages; if the target is speaking Portuguese, the Elodoth will repeat her words in Portuguese regardless of whether he understands the tongue or not.

The Gift lasts for a scene, or until the Elodoth chooses to end the effects.

Exceptional Success: The Elodoth actually "hears" the target's speech in his mind an instant before he echoes it, and can therefore speak without fear of losing the conversation's thread.

RANGS OF GUILT (•••)

Everyone is guilty of something. This Gift calls on the Judge's Moon to set things "right" by revisiting a person's cruelties on them; even tiny thefts and callous words can stab like knives. The more skeletons in the target's closet, the more pain that is visited upon him.

The Gift user subtracts the target's Harmony (or Morality, Humanity or whatever trait fills that particular role) from his dice pool. This Gift cannot be used on animals, spirits, Hosts or other creatures that do not possess such a trait. Though a low Morality score reflects a character's general comfort level with being increasingly cruel or callous to others, this Gift bypasses such mental defenses. It insinuates itself into a target's mind and assails her with unfamiliar feelings of empathy for others. A solipsistic serial killer who ordinarily could not even conceive of other human beings as creatures with their own emotions can be brought low as he learns otherwise.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Investigation + Purity — target's Harmony

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Elodoth relives a flash of his own worst moments instead. The player must make an immediate Death Rage check.

Failure: The target may feel a faint twinge of conscience, but nothing more.

Success: The target takes one point of bashing damage per success, and is at a -1 penalty to all actions during her next turn as she re-orientes herself. This Gift reveals no information about the target's previous sins to the Elodoth; only that she appears to suffer lightly or greatly.

Exceptional Success: The target's disorientation lasts for the entire scene. In some cases, the target may desire to critically re-examine her life if she survives the encounter.

ANTICIPATION (••••)

This Gift heightens the Elodoth's powers of observation and understanding to the point that he can predict his target's actions with uncanny accuracy. He can half-glimpse a strike before his opponent makes it, guess which way his target is going to run, even guess a password as his target moves to type it in.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Empathy + Wisdom — subject's Resolve

Action: Reflexive

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Elodoth greatly misinterprets his foe's actions. The character may take no action during his next turn save to defend himself, as he waits for a move that isn't going to happen.

Failure: The Elodoth is unable to perceive his opponent's actions in sufficient advance to gain any benefit.

Success: The Elodoth manages to accurately predict his opponent's action. The Storyteller describes the next action that the opponent plans to take to the player, in moderate detail: for example, "She's going to try to hamstring David with a bite, unless he moves beyond her reach or her packmate takes him down." The Elodoth gains a +4 bonus to Defense against the target of this Gift during the target's next turn only. If the Elodoth is linked to the pack via the Gift: Unspoken Communication (**Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 118), all other packmates share in the Defense bonus against the target. If he is able to warn his packmate vocally, a packmate may gain a +2 Defense bonus against the target's next action. Again, the bonus lasts only during the target's next action.

If used out of combat, this Gift can reveal certain key bits of information to the Elodoth; he may anticipate the number that the target punches into a keypad or guess the next sentence out of her mouth.

Exceptional Success: The Elodoth is able to anticipate the target's next two actions, and gain the Defense bonus against each. The Storyteller announces the first of the opponent's actions on the Elodoth's turn, and then announces the second of the target's planned actions on the Elodoth's next turn.



CURSE OF TALION (•••••)

An eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth. This is the law of Talion. The greatest Gift of the Judge's Moon grants the Elodoth the ability to curse a target with a punishment reflecting the suffering visited on the target's victims. A rapist may be mutilated, a murderer may die on the spot. The Elodoth has no control over what form the Curse of Talion may take — he simply opens the floodgates and lets the half-moon's idea of punishment flow out.

This Gift can be used only once against any given target, even if it fails. The Gift may also only be used on the night of the half-moon.

Cost: 2 Essence

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Politics + Honor versus target's Resolve + Primal Urge

Action: Standard

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Elodoth improperly calls on the Judge's Moon, and is rebuffed. The Elodoth may not use any more Judge's Moon Gifts until the next half-moon, or until he performs the Rite of Contrition.

Failure: The target feels a brief moment of unease, but is spared.

Success: The Curse of Talion is levied. The Curse takes a form determined by the Storyteller, and is personalized to the target's level of crimes. If the Curse is levied against a person guilty of no more than petty theft, the target may wind up misplacing something important to him but not vital. On the other hand, if the target is a murderer, wounds may open up on his body. A soldier who has killed only in wartime might be less vulnerable than a civilian who killed someone for vengeance.

As a general rule, humans are the most vulnerable to the Curse: a human murderer may die from this Gift. Supernatural entities are harder to affect. At the most, the Curse of Talion might do six points of bashing damage, four points of lethal damage or two points of aggravated damage to a supernatural target. The Curse may also manifest as a debilitating but temporary curse; a slanderer may lose her voice for a month, for instance.

Exceptional Success: The severity of the Curse is increased, even for supernatural targets.

STALKER'S MOON GIFTS

The lightless Stalker's Moon grants Gifts of stealth and tracking, ways for an Irraka to disguise his own presence even as he moves in for the kill.

SOUNDLESS STRIKE (•)

Using this Gift, the Irraka can strike in a single moment of blessed silence. Claws tear through flesh without a sound, a victim's mouth strains to form a scream that will not come. Though the moment of silence is fleeting, a cunning Irraka can turn it into a great opportunity.

This Gift must be invoked during the Irraka's turn.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Dexterity + Stealth + Purity

Action: Reflexive

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Gift fails, and the Irraka is rattled by its failure. The Irraka suffers a -1 penalty to the action in question.

Failure: The Gift has no effect.

Success: The Irraka's turn happens in complete silence. If he tears the leg off a victim, the victim's scream is without sound. If he fires a gun at point-blank range, the report is inaudible.

Exceptional Success: If the Irraka's target survives, her next turn is also spent in complete silence, preventing her from crying for help.

SEE HEAT (••)

There's more than one way to follow a trail, and this Gift opens the Irraka's eyes to an entirely new realm of experience. The Irraka becomes able to see his surroundings as patterns of heat — living creatures are warm, fire almost blindingly bright, landscape features much cooler.

Cost: None

Dice Pool: Wits + Survival + Wisdom

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Gift fails to work; the Irraka cannot use the Gift again for the remainder of the scene.

Failure: The Gift doesn't take effect.

Success: The Irraka shifts his visual perception to pick up heat rather than visible light. While this Gift is in effect, his eyes reflect a deep red-orange when light falls on them. While using this Gift, certain details may be hard or impossible to distinguish; the Irraka won't be able to read a book, for instance. However, lingering heat traces can be detected — if a footprint is still warm, the Irraka will know with a glance. The Gift lasts for the scene, or until the Irraka chooses to cancel its effects.

Exceptional Success: The outlines of objects or people become more clearly defined, although certain details remain impossible to distinguish. An Irraka might be able to tell what clothes a person has on, for instance, though not what color they are.

LIAR'S BRAND (•••)

One of the difficulties in deceiving other werewolves or spirits is that the spirit brands that mark Renown can give an Irraka away. The Irraka who learns this Gift can cheat a little in this regard, masking his brands and the Renown that they convey with illusion. Some are even skilled enough to alter their brands so that they can pass for a member of the Pure Tribes rather than appearing to be marked by Luna.

Though this deception is far from what's considered honorable, nonetheless it is accepted as part of the Irraka's

arsenal. An Irraka who uses this Gift too frequently to appear as more Renowned than he is might have difficulty gaining Honor Renown in the future, but no single use of this Gift (particularly to appear more humble than he actually is) carries dishonor by its very nature.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Subterfuge + Cunning

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Irraka's spirit brands flare and then grow dull, although they remain visible. The Irraka suffers a -2 modifier to all dice pools involving Renown, including rolls made to activate Gifts, for the duration of the scene.

Failure: The Irraka is unable to disguise the patterns of his spirit brands.

Success: The Irraka is able to conceal and even faintly alter the patterns of the spirit brands that shine on his coat. If the character mutes the patterns of his Renown, the werewolf may lower his visible Renown in one category per success achieved on the roll. The Irraka may leave his Renown in any given category where it is, or even conceal it entirely; an Irraka who conceals any sign of his spirit brands can pass for a werewolf who has not yet been initiated or even for an ordinary human.

If the Irraka is attempting to add to his brands temporarily, he may add one point of mock Renown, plus one additional point of false Renown for every two successes after the first. This may allow him rise in equivalency to the spirits' Rank, or to more effectively masquerade as a member of a different auspice or tribe. Note that although this mock Renown might convince a spirit that he is capable of learning a more potent Gift than he can actually master, the Liar's Brand Gift ceases working the moment a spirit begins trying to teach the Irraka a Gift. It would seem the Irralunim believe that such a deception can be allowed only so far.

The Irraka can attempt to disguise his Renown so that it resembles the very different scar brands of the Pure Tribes. If he is successful with this Gift, he may add his Purity Renown to any Social dice pools made to influence the Pure, as described on p. 78 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. However, this Gift conveys no knowledge of Pure customs and rituals, so the Irraka's disguise is only as good as his wits.

The effects of the disguise last for the scene, or until dispelled as described above.

Exceptional Success: The effects of the disguise last until the next moonrise, or until dispelled as described above.

Suggested Modifiers

Modifier Situation

- 1 Attempting to appear of higher Renown.
- 2 Attempting to emulate the spirit brands of Pure Renown.

STOLEN SCENT (••••)

It's one thing to leave no scent. It's quite another to leave a misleading one. The Irraka with this Gift can alter his scent however he likes, even going so far as leaving the scent of a rival at the scene of a murder. Given how many werewolves trust their noses before their eyes, this is no small thing.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Survival + Glory

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Irraka only enhances his own scent, smelling more pungent than usual for the duration of the scene.

Failure: The Gift fails to work.

Success: The Irraka leaves the scent of the target of his choice behind wherever he walks. He may duplicate any scent he is familiar with (that is to say, any scent he's reliably observed in Urshul or Urhan form) — human or animal, of any gender, even mimicking the scent of a wounded or sick creature. He may change his scent as many times as he likes while the Gift remains in effect. When coupled with the Stealth Gift: Feet of Mist, the Irraka can lay trails that even the most skilled Predator King would have difficulty unraveling.

The Gift lasts for one hour per success, although the Irraka may cancel its effects at any time as a reflexive action.

Exceptional Success: No additional effect.

STRIKE BLIND (•••••)

The Irraka strives to deceive the senses of others, but isn't above removing them entirely. This Gift enables the Irraka to strike a foe blind, to make her go deaf or to rob her of her sense of smell. Any one of the three is a terrible punishment for a werewolf, but human prey are particularly vulnerable to losing their sight.

Cost: 2 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Medicine + Honor versus target's Composure + Primal Urge

Action: Contested; resistance is reflexive

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Irraka catches a bit of backlash from the Gift. For the rest of the scene, the Irraka suffers a -1 penalty to all perception-related rolls.

Failure: The Gift fails to work.

Success: The victim is struck blind, deaf or scent-blind; the Irraka chooses which sense is affected. The sensory loss lasts for 24 hours.

Exceptional Success: The sensory loss lasts for an entire lunar month, although certain supernatural means may be able to restore the victim.



WARRIOR'S MOON GIFTS

The blessings of the Warrior's Moon, of course, have to do with battle. They focus the Rahu on his ability to overcome foes, as well as his ability to determine which battles shouldn't be fought.

WARRIOR'S INSIGHT (◉)

All Rahu are gifted with the ability to look an opponent square in the eye and estimate his strength. This Gift strengthens that ability, allowing the Rahu to see the measure of a person even if he's already drawn on the power recently.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: This Gift requires no roll.

Action: Reflexive

By spending a point of Essence, the character can use the warrior's eye auspice ability even if he has already used that ability during the session. There is no limit to the number of times that this Gift can be used per session, other than the Essence cost.

BATTLE MIND (◉◉)

On the battlefield, it is a grievous breach of discipline to be swayed into abandoning the fight. This Gift allows a Rahu to focus tightly on the task at hand, entering a mental state of disciplined near-Rage. While the Rahu is in the grips of Battle Mind, he becomes particularly difficult to influence with powers that would affect his mental control over his actions, such as Gifts that cause fear or vampiric Disciplines that attempt to control a victim mentally. But this is not a kind and forgiving state of mind, and a werewolf who enters this state finds it difficult to turn his attention to anything other than bloody conflict.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Resolve + Empathy + Purity

Action: Reflexive

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Rahu's urge to destroy is heightened beyond his ability to control it. The character must immediately make a Death Rage check (**Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 173).

Failure: The werewolf's mindset is unchanged. The player may attempt to use this Gift again next turn.

Success: The Rahu tempers his bloodthirst with discipline, and indulges both in full. For the duration of the scene, the Rahu gains +2 to all dice pools made to resist any powers that

would directly affect his control over his actions, such as Dominance Gifts. He also suffers a -1 penalty to any dice pools that do not directly relate to fighting and overcoming enemies.

Exceptional Success: The Rahu's purpose is forged even stronger. The bonus to resist mental control or influence is raised to +3.

HOBBLING GAZE (•••)

Rahu have no time for cowards. This Gift helps them keep a fight to a one-on-one basis by hampering their opponent's ability to flee. Of course, some Rahu have been known to use this Gift to promote their own cowardice, by hobbling a foe and then fleeing. The target must be within five yards of the Rahu, and the Rahu must have clear line of sight.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Dexterity + Athletics + Honor – target's Resolve

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Gift goes badly awry. The Rahu's Speed is reduced by 2 for the remainder of the scene.

Failure: The Gift has no effect.

Success: As the Rahu glares at his target, the strength drains from the target's legs. The target's Speed is reduced by 1 per success. A target can be affected by this Gift only once per scene. The Gift's effects last for one minute per success.

Exceptional Success: The Gift's effects last for the entire scene.

BLOODLETTING (••••)

A Rahu with this Gift has learned a truly savage trick from the warrior's moon. By invoking this Gift as he tears into an opponent, he curses the wound to hemorrhage greatly, sapping his opponent's strength as her blood drains from her body.

This Gift must be used on the same turn as a successful bite or claw attack.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Strength + Medicine + Cunning – opponent's Stamina

Action: Reflexive

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Rahu cannot use this Gift for the remainder of the scene.

Failure: The target suffers no additional ill effects.

Success: The target's wound begins to bleed rapidly. The target takes one additional level of bashing damage per turn, for a number of turns equal to the successes on the Gift's activation roll.

This Gift has no effect on creatures that do not "bleed" per se, such as vampires, spirits and certain types

of Claimed. The Rahu may use this Gift against a given target only once per scene.

Exceptional Success: No additional effect apart from the severity of the wound.

WIGHT OF THE FULL MOON (•••••)

Under the full moon, the warrior reaches his peak. With its blessing, he can wear the war form for as long as he chooses, tearing into his foes relentlessly.

When this Gift is activated, the Rahu shifts into Gauru form as a reflexive action. He may remain in Gauru form for the duration of the scene. He is still subject to Rage, however, and all the drawbacks of Gauru that come with it. If he shifts out of Gauru form, the Gift's effects end, and he cannot resume Gauru form without the assistance of some supernatural means such as the Rekindled Rage Gift.

This Gift can be used once per scene, and functions only under a full moon.

Cost: 2 Essence

Dice Pool: No roll is required.

Action: Reflexive

WITCH'S MOON GIFTS

The Gifts of the Witch's Moon focus on the interaction between the flesh and the Shadow, in ways that are often dangerous and, to outside eyes, even sinister. They allow an Ithaeur to entice and then disrupt the affairs of spirits, as well as hex victims of a more physical nature.

SHADOW-SPEAKING (•)

The idea that a spirit or spirits may choose to contact mortals by speaking through a mortal vessel is a concept as old as humanity — and likely older. This Gift allows the Ithaeur to become that vessel. The Ithaeur opens herself to contact with spirits on the other side of the Gauntlet, allowing willing spirits on the other side to speak through her. The spirit speaks with her voice, and looks with her eyes. This Gift is obviously at its most useful when the pack is unwilling or unable to cross the Gauntlet at a particular location, yet desire to interrogate the spirits of the area.

Cost: None

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Occult + Glory

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Ithaeur makes the wrong sort of contact, drawing the attention of something she shouldn't have.

Failure: The Ithaeur is unable to push her consciousness through the Gauntlet and make contact.

Success: The Ithaeur becomes a limited conduit between the physical world and the spirit. Any spirit that is within the Shadow reflection of her immediate area (such as in the same room with her) may choose to contact the pack through the Ithaeur. This is not possession, and the



spirit becomes no more able to affect the physical world than usual; the only thing that is facilitated is communication. Though nothing compels a spirit to take the Ithaeur up on her offer, it is an interesting enough invitation that usually a spirit will do so out of curiosity. Naturally, the spirit will speak in the First Tongue. The Ithaeur cannot herself speak while the Gift lasts, but she is awake and able to witness the entire conversation.

If multiple spirits are present across the Gauntlet, they may vie for the “honor” of parley. Usually the strongest spirit manages to establish and retain contact, but it’s also possible that the Ithaeur will speak in the garbled voices of multiple spirits.

The Gift lasts for as long as the Ithaeur is willing to maintain concentration.

Exceptional Success: The spirit is entranced by the experience. Any Social rolls made to influence the spirit during the conversation are made at an additional +1.

SHADOW DISCORD (••)

A skilled wolf-witch can call on the Shadow to jinx a material foe, but she can also make things more difficult for those entities trying to reach across the Gauntlet. This Gift causes a form of supernatural interference, countering a spirit’s ability to influence the things it exemplifies.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Occult + Purity

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Gift fails to take effect. For the next scene, the Ithaeur is at a -2 penalty to any rolls made to resist a spirit’s Influences.

Failure: The Gift has no effect.

Success: The Gift creates a field of spiritual static that radiates out from the Ithaeur for 10 yards per success and moves with her. For the next scene, any attempt by a spirit to use its Influences within the affected area is at a dice pool penalty equal to the Ithaeur’s Resolve + 2.

Exceptional Success: The penalty to any Influence dice pools is increased to the Ithaeur’s Resolve + 4.

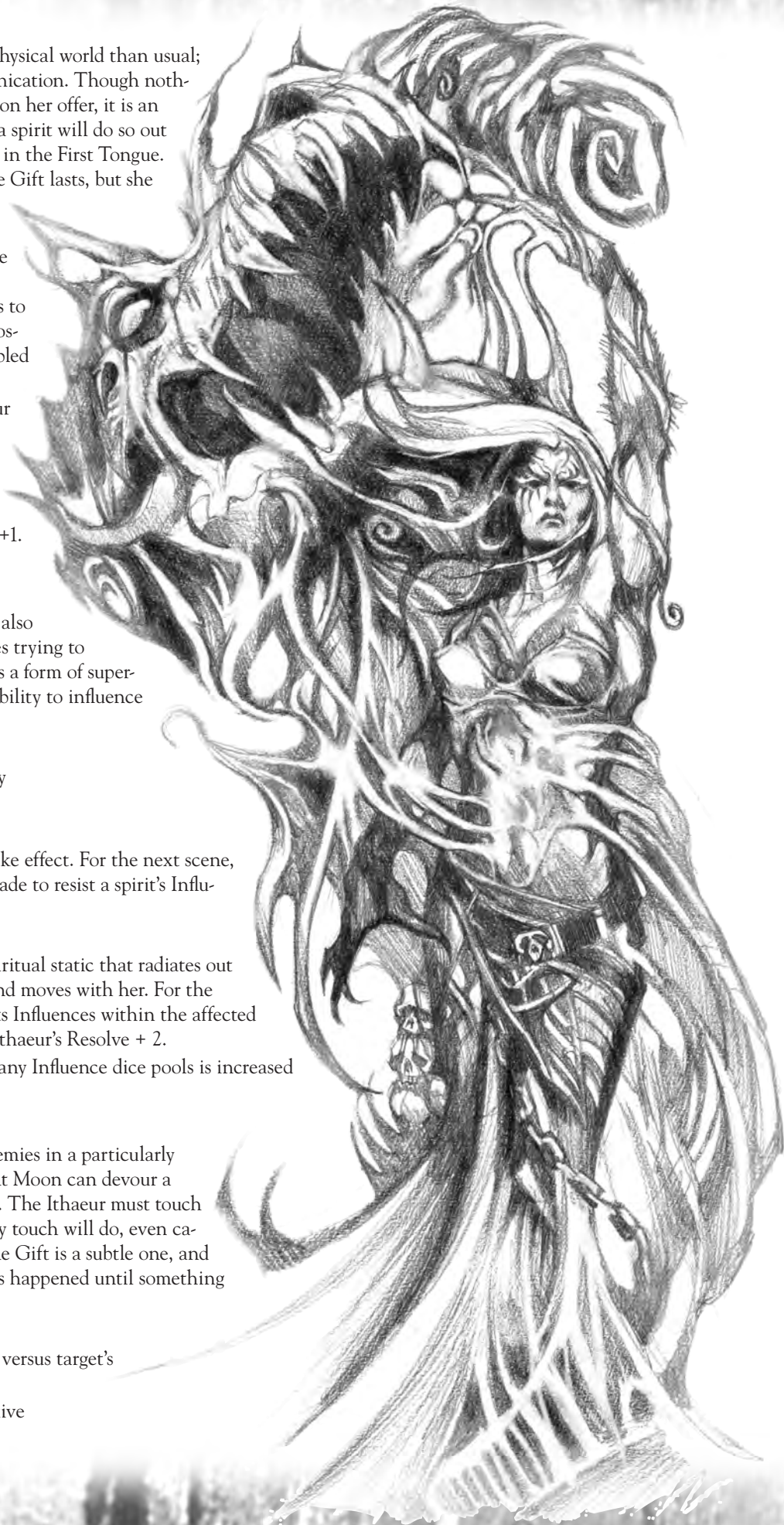
LUCK-EATING (•••)

Some Ithaeur are able to hex their enemies in a particularly subtle fashion. With this Gift, the Crescent Moon can devour a portion of her target’s luck for her own use. The Ithaeur must touch the target in order to activate this Gift; any touch will do, even casually brushing against him in a crowd. The Gift is a subtle one, and the victim fails to realize that anything has happened until something goes terribly wrong.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Occult + Cunning versus target’s Resolve + Primal Urge

Action: Contested; resistance is reflexive



Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Gift's effects fail. In addition, the target is now aware that the Ithaeur tried to do *something* to him, though he might not know just what.

Failure: The Gift's effects fail.

Success: The Ithaeur successfully establishes contact. At any point before the next moonrise, the Ithaeur may choose to devour a portion of the target's luck as a reflexive action. Once she does so, the target suffers a -3 penalty to his next dice roll, and the Ithaeur gains a +3 bonus to her next dice roll. An Ithaeur can only be "attached" to one victim at a time through means of this Gift.

Exceptional Success: The stolen luck rises to five dice rather than three.

CAGE THE RIDER (••••)

Many of the spirits that cause the most trouble for Uratha are those that attempt to Ride living creatures. This particularly risky Gift allows the Ithaeur to act as bait to such spirits and then to trap them within herself. Some Ithaeur refer to this Gift as "catching a spirit in my ribcage," while others liken it to swallowing a spirit for a time or caging a spirit within the mind. Most frequently, this Gift is used either to frighten a spirit into complying with the pack's demands, or as a temporary way to catch a spirit until a formal Rite of Binding or other means of disposal can be prepared.

Cost: 1 Essence to activate + 1 Essence per scene of entrapment

Dice Pool: Resolve + Intimidate + Wisdom

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The internal "spirit cage" does not form, but the enticing aura still manifests in a way, drawing the attention of nearby spirits without disguising the werewolf's nature. The Ithaeur is likely to suffer from unwanted spirit attention for the remainder of the scene.

Failure: The Gift does not work, and spirits regard the Ithaeur as different in no particular way.

Success: Until the next moonrise, the Ithaeur exudes a spiritual aura that is particularly enticing to spirits that possess the Living Fetter, Possession or Claim Numina. The werewolf appears to be the ideal host to such a spirit, and the spirit is unlikely to even notice that the Ithaeur is a werewolf at all. Obviously, this Gift is not used lightly; around a nest of spirits with such Numina, it could start a minor war. A spirit that is more than one Rank above the Ithaeur's effective Rank is not affected by this Gift, and most do not notice the lure (though it's possible that one might).

When a spirit attempts to fetter, claim or possess the Ithaeur via a Numen, the trap activates. The player rolls Intelligence + Occult + Wisdom as a reflexive action to attempt to trap the spirit; the spirit contests the roll by rolling Power. If the roll is a tie or the spirit gets more successes, the Gift effects end, and the spirit breaks free (and may attack or flee, depending on its mental state).

If the player gets more successes, though, the spirit is effectively trapped for a scene; the Ithaeur may extend the duration of the imprisonment by spending one Essence per scene. The spirit shares the same space as the Ithaeur, yet cannot break free or manifest itself. The spirit cannot use any Influences or Numina while bound within the Ithaeur. Once per day, at sunrise, the spirit may make a new attempt to break free by rolling Power contested by the Ithaeur's Resolve + Occult. If the spirit breaks free, or is released by the Ithaeur (the Ithaeur may do so at any time as a reflexive action), it wins free of the werewolf's body. If the Ithaeur is in the physical world at this time, the spirit will appear in a state of Twilight.

An Ithaeur can have only one spirit bound within her at a time by means of this Gift.

Exceptional Success: The trap is particularly cunningly crafted. The player gains two extra dice to the roll made to initially trap the spirit.

POISONED ESSENCE (••••)

The final trick taught by the witch's moon is a curse, and a dangerous one at that. The Ithaeur can levy a hex on an opponent that taints the very Essence within him. As the victim attempts to use his Essence reserve, the tainted energy sends painful shocks throughout his body, eventually causing physical damage as the poison worsens.

This Gift works only on targets that have an Essence trait, such as spirits or other werewolves; it cannot be used to poison a vampire's blood pool, for instance.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Occult + Honor versus Resolve + Primal Urge

Action: Contested; resistance is reflexive

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Ithaeur loses two points of Essence as her own spiritual reserve is partly tainted and must be expunged.

Failure: The target is unaffected.

Success: The hex takes hold. For the duration of the scene, the target takes one point of bashing damage for every point of Essence he spends.

Exceptional Success: As above, but the damage is lethal.





CHAPTER III

SPIRIT MAGIC

It's the same every time I start one of these things. I take a deep breath, I try to clear my mind and I try to convince myself to stop feeling like a fucking idiot.

It ain't that I'm closed-minded or something. I know I ain't human any more. Hell, sometimes when I hear the word "human," I don't so much think of myself as wonder for the hundredth time just what they taste like, if it's such a bad sin to eat them. The People are a bunch of bastards, but falling into their claws was like coming home — they're my kin, they're my bastards and my pack are the best friends I've ever had.

I stopped wondering what my old girlfriend would think if she saw me stripped to the waist and painted in blood. I stopped wondering a good, long time back. I don't feel like an idiot because I look more like an animal than a 32-year-old electrician when I'm standing here — shit, I'll put up with looking like an animal just for what it does to my vision and scent when I put on the Dalu skin. What am I worried about, peer pressure? Like Nancy is my peer. Like she ever was.

No, I feel like an idiot because I'm about to speak the words. I'm about to try to howl down the Shadow. I'm putting my faith, one more time, in a rite that's older than Moses and that calls down things that probably gave people the idea for the Devil.

I'm about to trust that this rite works. I'm about to trust that it's going to go like it did last time, and that when I call down the spirits, that they're going to do what I'm asking of them instead of fucking me over like I know they're just dying to do. I'm standing here with a fucking lightning rod in my hand, and I just heard a lightning bolt hit the tree next door.

They say you gotta have faith. I say they don't know the fucking half of it.

TO LEAVE THE OPEN FIELDS
AND ENTER THE FOREST,

...

THAT WAS THE RITE

— DENISE LEVERTOV, "THE NOVICES"

The ability to use Gifts and rites is an integral part of a werewolf's being. She must learn her magics from spirits and other Uratha, and once she knows a trick she cannot forget it. It's not like cramming facts into your head for an exam — it's more like having a new instinct imprinted on your mind. Gifts and rites are an expression of what makes the People more than just humans or wolves; they are the concrete proof that werewolves are more than the slaving hybrid beasts of Hollywood or the shapeshifting witches of legend. Every time a werewolf uses a Gift or a rite her spirit half empowers the effect.

That isn't to say that using a Gift or enacting a simple rite is some sort of mighty undertaking. It's a natural extension of who and what the werewolf is, deep within herself. Over time, many werewolves come to think of their Gifts the same way they think of their claws or the senses of their Urhan form, and their rites become a vital part of their spirituality. A young werewolf who has heard too much may worry about the significance of his spirit-given powers and religious ceremonies, but that often fades as he learns more.

GIFTS

A Gift is a tricky thing for a werewolf to define. She understands what a Gift is, and, if she were to explain it, dissecting it with words, she would never manage to convey the full meaning. A Gift is a trick learned from a spirit, in the same way one human teaches another how to speak a language, or to swim. Like these human abilities, nothing (or so it is hoped) can remove a Gift from a werewolf once she has learned it — it is forevermore a part of her. Over time, most Uratha come to regard their Gifts as extensions of themselves, as natural as their teeth and claws. This attitude, however, ignores the other definition of a Gift — a blessing granted to a werewolf by a spirit.

A Gift is a combination of both. It is a spirit altering the werewolf so she has the capacity to learn how to fish, as well as teaching her how to fish, all at once. That's not an easy thing for a newly Changed werewolf to take in, especially one with next to no contact with the Shadow Realm — in essence, she may feel that she has to unlearn her ability to learn. As time goes on and the werewolf comes to regard her Gifts as parts of herself, she risks taking for granted how much any one Gift affects her. Each Gift is a change in what she is on both physical and spiritual levels. Imagine waking up one morning and finding that you had the ability to summon fire with nothing more than concentration — but also that you knew instinctive-

ly how to use this ability without burning yourself. That is the rough equivalent of what a werewolf experiences having learned a new Gift — but she also knows that this ability is a rare blessing granted to her by a spirit.

Acquiring a Gift isn't easy, nor is it entirely a benefit. Learning a Gift can easily be dangerous, and werewolves who spare a moment to think about what has been done to them realize that each Gift is another chance for a spirit to modify their very Essence. Wise elders of the People who have dealt with a number of spirits still sometimes think twice before seeking another Gift, realizing that each time they are taking hold of a double-edged sword.

WHAT IS A GIFT?

A Gift isn't precisely the sort of thing that's "learned." To some extent it can be compared to, say, learning a new language — the new words that can be used to define the environment are now part of the werewolf. Some describe a Gift as if the spirit is wiping away the blood from its pupil's eyes or removing a cast from her hand. The potential that a Gift bestows feels as though it's freed an old ability that was within the werewolf all along. To some extent, this is true; a spirit manages to share some level of instinctive ability to shape its Essence into actual supernatural power. Just as a spirit can manifest more Numina as it increases in power, it helps the werewolf manifest a supernatural power of similar nature. But it isn't just a matter of learning.

The spirit bestowing the Gift to a werewolf reaches inside him, twisting and re-writing a part of his spirit to give him the ability to do something that he could not do before. The Uratha's Essence is changed subtly — not as overt a mark as the scars of Renown, but still visible to creatures who know where to look. "I challenged this spirit," the mark says. "See what I got for it." This change in the werewolf's Essence is never a pleasant experience, especially if she takes time to stop and think about what the spirit has done to her. The spirit has altered a part of her being just as surely as if it had branded her hide with silver. The spirit has changed her in a way that it considers a gift, and she may not always agree. A particularly vindictive spirit might sometimes want to damage a werewolf's Essence while bestowing a Gift, but the peculiar bans of spirit nature prevent it. Once a spirit has agreed to begin the process of teaching a Gift, it cannot betray that ancient pact.

VISIBLE?

The mark left by learning a Gift is a subtle one, and one that blends into the marks left by Renown. It isn't like a bar code or symbol; the mark represents that the werewolf has learned a Gift, and perhaps that the Gift is associated with the type of Renown that the mark abuts, but does not reveal the nature of the Gift itself. It's something a werewolf can point to, like a scar, to illustrate a story, not a giveaway as to the sort of powers an opponent possesses. At most, a werewolf who knows many Gifts might be recognizable as such, like a scarred veteran of many fights, but there aren't many werewolves so dramatically adorned.

Many of the changes wrought by Gifts come as subtle reminders of just how alien the Uratha are to the world around them. A wolf-spirit may offer a worthy werewolf sharper claws and better instincts for tracking humans — but how does she feel about knowing that she is now better able to kill every creature within her territory, including her pack?

A Gift remains something that a werewolf can do that no creature of the flesh can. Hers is the ability to know when someone speaks a lie, to jinx a machine or to assert her spiritual dominance over a creature. It can be

an unsettling feeling at first for her to know the name of anyone she sees, but this shouldn't prevent her from using her ability as often as she feels the need. It's more than just exercising her power — part of gaining the Gift is the knowledge of how to use it. Something in the Uratha spirit requires a werewolf to use the Gifts granted her. Whether it is seizing the chance to land the first blow as bullets fly and claws flash in the back-streets of her territory, or bringing forth a howl that evokes thousands of years of concentrated fear to rout her foes, every Gift a spirit can teach has its uses. Using a Gift is a boost to any werewolf who embraces what she is, seeing that she was right to challenge the spirits to learn it. A spirit has favored a werewolf when it bestows a Gift upon her, and she must be sure not to disappoint.

The spiritual change that a Gift involves means that the ability comes naturally to the werewolf. To deny her capabilities or use them only when in the direst need is for her to deny a part of her self. A Gift is another approach to solving a problem, often more effective than any that a human or wolf can bring to bear, and using it as such is natural. The werewolf needs to learn to strike a balance between running wild with her Gifts — and exhausting her spiritual reserves — and ignoring what she can do.

ROLEPLAYING GIFTS

A player should try to work out her character's attitude to her Gifts. Perhaps the urbane Iron Master feels a thrill when commanding technology, but is worried by the sudden amount of knowledge that comes easily to her mind. Has the spirit that granted her Gift taken advan-



tage of her, giving her false knowledge when she needs it most? Does a Blood Talon revel in her mastery of the Rage that beats within her breast, or does she regard it as a crutch that she must not over-use?

Auspice can also play a part in a character's approach to her Gifts, though her moon sign shouldn't be an over-riding factor. Rather, a player should work out how her character's attitude towards her spiritual powers comes across in relation to her moon sign. An Ithaeur is most likely to know Gifts that emphasize her spiritual mastery, but that doesn't necessarily mean she will avoid Gifts of evasion or knowledge. All werewolves can benefit from knowing without being known, even those who wrestle with the worst the Shadow Realm has to offer.

Players should also consider the attitude their characters have toward the changes that spirits have made to them. Is a werewolf proud of gaining knowledge from a once-hostile spirit, seeing each Gift as a step closer to redemption in the eyes of the Shadow Realm? Does she secretly long for a time when she looked at the man down the street without knowing just how easy it would be to split his head from his shoulders and crack his bones? Perhaps she revels in the sense of inhumanity that her Gifts bring, spending time out of her Hishu form and finding some comfort in the certainty that she is not the human she thought she was. It's hard for anyone brought up around people to try to divorce herself suddenly and completely from humanity. Whether she's a high-society darling or a shack-dwelling loner, the shock as the First Change reveals her humanity to be a mask is not easy to deal with at first. An Uratha doesn't decide to leave her old life behind (although some may have considered such a break in another form): her heritage and Rage force her into a new perspective without a break for rationalization. The overt reminder of how much she has changed every time she flexes her Essence — be it to call a raging typhoon or just a handful of water — just reinforces that change in outlook. Even the most jaded misanthrope realizes how different she has become, and how much other people have defined her in her rejection of them. This feeling of alienation decreases as the werewolf comes to accept her lack of humanity, but for an Uratha not long past her Change this new knowledge can be a lot to bear.

The moments of indecision and self-doubt that Gifts can bring work best when spread over a number of games, slowly preying upon those characters who want to go back to the life they led before their Change or who worry about the changes that spirits have wrought upon them. Such thoughts can strike at any time, be it in dreams — for a Cahalith, or when all the characters are having odd dreams so as not to arouse too much suspicion — or creeping into a character's thoughts when she is doing something away from her pack, perhaps patrolling part of her territory that includes her old neighborhood. As a Storyteller, you should know the characters in your game well enough to know when to place these moments for best

effect. Eventually the characters will have to accept what they have become, but, until then, the occasional moment of introspective uncertainty when things are quiet can make for great roleplaying opportunities.

LEARNING GIFTS

Learning a Gift is never an easy task. Although the Rite of the Spirit Brand acknowledges a werewolf's new Renown and gives a character good reason to find a teacher for a new Gift, learning a Gift is never easy. Many spirits will refuse to teach a werewolf at first, requiring that she show her dominance and right to earn the Gift. Even those that do not hate and fear the People cannot give every blessing freely. While spirits of lower Rank than the werewolf will teach common Gifts that they know, some will make a show of demanding something in return — at least until she threatens to split them in two. Spirits that can teach powerful lost Gifts must receive something in return, as part of Father Wolf's ancient ban. Only young or stupid werewolves pay heed to a spirit that offers such a powerful blessing without asking for something in return.

The process of learning a Gift can be an excellent subject for roleplaying, either for a chapter in-between the main story arcs or as a downtime event run just between the player and Storyteller. If the Storyteller takes even half an hour with each player to play out gaining his character's new ability, it can add depth to the characters and the game as a whole.

No two werewolves learn the same Gift in the same way. There's no "Rite of Gift-Learning" that is the One True Way for a character to learn a Gift come rain or shine. Every time should be unique and can offer a character more insight into both the dangers of the Shadow and his own attitude towards being one of the People.

DISCOVERY

The first step on the road to acquiring a new Gift is learning of its existence. Naturally, no character has a copy of **Werewolf: The Forsaken** to pick and choose which Gifts he wants to learn. It is up to a werewolf to learn of a Gift that would benefit him, but even this can lead to problems if he isn't careful. A Storyteller can make this step as easy or as difficult as he wants.

The first thing that a werewolf must find out is which Gift he is searching for. A Hunter in Darkness who finds himself needing to blend in with the world around him as part of his chosen role is going to want a different Gift than an Iron Master who needs to be anywhere in a given city quickly. A Blood Talon who finds that she is exhausting her Rage is going to need a different Gift than both. Though the player knows which Gift he's spending experience points on, the character may only be able to describe the general kind of Gift he is looking for. The distinction can be an important one.

Many spirits will think better of a werewolf who comes to them knowing exactly what she requires. An Elodth who simply demands that an Elunim grant her the next

blessing in its repertoire will face the spirit's hostility. She should know better than that, and expecting the spirit to reward her without negotiation and discovery is just plain lazy. A raven-spirit might question a werewolf who demands to learn a Gift about why she has not shown the basic curiosity needed to identify the ability that he wants, or more likely will deny all knowledge of such a Gift's existence. That's not to say that ignorance of a specific Gift will always slow a werewolf down. All too often, she must bribe or threaten spirits not to turn on her, and a werewolf who makes her needs known directly will have her own way in the end. On the other hand, a spirit subjected to unnecessary cruelty will not soon change its opinion of the Uratha, and a werewolf who relies on her claws to get by in the Shadow Realm has even more reason to watch her back.

In some rare cases, spirits may even be pleased with an Uratha who approaches them without knowing exactly what she wants. These spirits may flaunt being in a position of superior knowledge to a werewolf. Some spirits of cunning would also revise their opinions of a werewolf who sought them out in ignorance as long as she managed to trick the spirit into revealing information about the Gift.

Assuming the character wants to learn of a Gift's existence before approaching a spirit that could teach it, he can try a few things. The most obvious is to ask other werewolves. The closest source of information is among his pack, but often doubling up on the same Gift too often is a bad idea — especially when the werewolf who benefits most already has the Gift. Seeking out other Uratha is a good step, but they aren't always friendly towards their visitor, either out of necessity or simple bloody-mindedness. The other avenue is finding another, hopefully less adversarial, spirit that could tell a werewolf whether the Gift he seeks actually exists. A spirit so chosen only confirms the Gift's existence; it will not necessarily act as a teacher.

Examples

Cally Palevoice is a Bone Shadow Cahalith who has had one too many run-ins with the police in her territory. Ever since her pack tore apart a human gang that was paying off the local cops, she has felt the eyes of the crooked officers upon her. She knows that Gifts exist that can help her, and doesn't want the police hassling her while she attempts to appease the local spirits. She enters the Shadow and spends a number of hours finding a chameleon-spirit to petition for a Gift he surely must know — the trick of hiding in plain sight.

Anders Hearts-Fire has been in many battles as a Blood Talon, but his opponents often get the drop on him. This leads him to react rather than act, and he is sick of always being the second one to move. He speaks with others of his tribe and, after a duel to prove his worthiness, learns from an Ithaeur that some raven-spirits have taught other Uratha to sense the ebb and flow of a battle. Such a Gift would give him the edge in combat that he has so far lacked.

FINDING A TEACHER

However a werewolf learns of a Gift's existence, the choice of potential teacher can make a huge difference

to the learning process. Certainly all spirits are not alike. Spirits of the same choir may share a general "personality" — all fire elementals are going to be hotheaded and aggressive to some degree — but that does not make all spirits of a choir the same. Descants break things down into further degrees of similarity, but, in the end, every spirit is unique. Unfortunately, one of the most common traits among spirits is a burning antipathy toward the werewolf race.

A good teacher is invaluable in any subject. This is doubly true when the lesson is a spiritual power that no human could imagine. Most Uratha, therefore, take the time to find a spirit to learn from that isn't immediately hostile. Many werewolves try to learn Gifts from spirits close to their territories, to avoid spending too long in the spirit wilds and gaining the attention of something they would rather not. Spirits that reside within a pack's territory and have dealings with the Uratha usually treat them with grudging acceptance — even if the spirit in question cannot normally stand them — and thus are the best choice.

Such feelings are of little help to a werewolf looking for a spirit to teach her. Not only must she track down such a spirit, she has to find one that will not drive her to distraction during the learning process. It is hard enough to learn a Gift without the bizarre behavior of a spirit tied with many ancient bans that force it to act in ways human thought would find all too illogical.

Bear in mind that this stage covers finding a spirit to teach a Gift — both locating the spirit and finding one amenable to the character. It is easier by far to locate a spirit of the right choir than one friendly to a werewolf. Spirits of animals live in much the same regions as their counterparts in the material world. Artificial spirits are more mobile than their physical counterparts are, but still tend to be close to their urban habitats. Elementals congregate around their element, and embody it — every lit candle has a flame-spirit sleeping within, and every mountain an earth elemental. Areas like the Elemental Courts or the City are other obvious locations to find some types of spirit, but any location will attract spirits appropriate to its resonance. A run-down hospital where many patients have died of treatable illnesses will be crawling with spirits of disease and death, and a graveyard that saw secret meetings among the headstones will always have owl-spirits in attendance.

Having located a spirit, how does a werewolf decide that the spirit would make a fit teacher? The first sign is that the spirit is willing to negotiate with her, rather than lashing out. She could request something of the spirit, to learn some fact about the Shadow Realm or about Father Wolf. This learning process can show a lot about the prospective teacher, and the way it imparts the information should give the werewolf some clue whether she could stand to learn from it. If the spirits she finds are bad teachers, either deliberately or as part of their nature, then either she is in for a long search or should lower her standards. Few spirits will treat an Uratha student well,



though many more can rein in their animosity for long enough to teach a Gift — more if the price is right.

Werewolves who dominate a spirit to learn a Gift have an easier time. They do not have to worry about conflicts in personalities between themselves and their teachers. On the other hand, this approach reinforces the image many spirits have of the Uratha as nothing but killing machines who turn on anything that displeases them. Finding a spirit that will not react badly to such an approach is not always easy. Spirits of battle and spirits predatory in nature may accept the werewolf's challenge, but if she attempts to overbear a fox-spirit she had best make sure that it has no hidden means of escape.

Finally, some werewolves — through accident or design — find themselves learning from a spirit that cannot teach. She could find herself listening to a spirit that shifts in tense or mannerisms without notice, a spirit that cannot comprehend the verb “to be” or a spirit that cannot keep a hold on its disgust for the Forsaken. Dealing with such a tutor does have a reward: both spirits and the People respect a werewolf who steels herself enough to sit through such instruction. A player who plays out his character's learning experience with such a spirit has an excellent reason to spend experience on Purity Renown.

One last factor that the werewolf must take into account is whether the spirit in question can in fact teach the Gift she seeks. In most cases, this shouldn't be a problem as long as the spirit is of the appropriate type — unless the Storyteller wants to extend the time spent looking for a teacher in the Shadow Realm. This can be a good basis for getting characters who spend too long in the material world to the other side of the Gauntlet, but runs the risk of frustrating players by dragging out what is normally a downtime exercise.

The teaching and learning of a Gift is nothing like the familiar sharing of knowledge that humans think of as teaching. Instead, the spirit assesses the werewolf and challenges her to demonstrate why she needs the Gift. The spirit evokes the feelings that will later trigger the power, giving its student a taste of what the Gift will feel like to use, and teaching her — often without the werewolf realizing it — what she needs to feel in order to use it. The conscious part comes later, with the power's imbuing.

Examples

Cally Palevoice isn't having a good day. She had a hard time finding the chameleon-spirit's trail, and, when she found its lair, the spirit challenged her with riddles and tales of it stealing fire from the sun. The spirit's manner of speaking changed from sentence to sentence, going from an officious proclamation to an informal limerick to an epic ballad. Cally realized that the spirit's changing mannerisms were only a reflection of its changing nature, and she bit back her tongue long enough to give it answers.

Anders has it slightly better. He knows the spirit that he is looking for, and knows where best to find raven-spirits. He heads to the Shadow of a forest, full of changing pathways and the calls of strange predators, in his territory to find the spirits. When he does find a spirit raven it darts away from him, mocking his reflexes and daring the slow warrior to catch it. In the end, Anders focuses on the Gaffling and launches himself after it. The hunt is on.

PERSUASION

Having found a teacher, the werewolf now needs to come to some arrangement with it to learn the Gift. Some spirits may respond best to bribery, others to overt displays of force. One may refuse to teach unless the werewolf proves her cunning; another will lead the werewolf on a wild chase and only teach the Gift when captured. All spirits will agree to teach a werewolf a Gift that she has earned, but the method she uses to secure that spirit as a teacher can affect her relationship with the denizens of Shadow.

Spirits are unique beings with unique personalities. That does not mean, however, that each spirit will only respond to one form of persuasion. A werewolf can choose her method of convincing a spirit. Don't forget that for rare or powerful Gifts the spirit is teaching on sufferance. In such a case the werewolf should avoid letting her frustration with the spirit bring her Rage to the fore.

Capturing a spirit is a popular way to ensure the services of a teacher. Numerous legends tell of spirits only giving up their powers to the one that could successfully run them down after a long hunt. The call of the hunt is irresistible to a werewolf, and, when a spirit of some prey animal that she has marked as a potential teacher flees, the call of the hunt rises in her blood. Of course, few hunts match the idealistic version of legend. A werewolf with her mind set on bringing down a spirit does not wait for the spirit to start the chase but launches herself after it with the intention of a quick capture, her ultimate goal to kidnap the spirit until it teaches her the Gift. Weaker spirits will quickly bow to the will of the werewolf in such a situation, but those of equal or higher equivalent Rank will hold out for much longer, trying to escape their captor.

Storm Lords and Blood Talons are likely to persuade a spirit by asserting their dominance over it, often by besting it in some form of ritual challenge. Several spirits will consent to a challenge for dominance, as it gives them a reason not to teach a werewolf who goes too far. Unlike the hunt to capture a spirit, asserting dominance over a spirit relies more on honor and purity than bestial savagery. A werewolf who cannot keep her Rage in check will kill the spirit she is trying to learn from, and must begin the whole process anew. Spirits that are not predatory are likely to mistake dominance for overt violence and react accordingly. On the other hand, most predatory spirits will begin to respect a werewolf who attempts to assert her dominance over them rather than one who resorts to violence straight away. Powerful spirits may even end up dominating the werewolf, and then it is up to him to accept that or to lash out against a spirit that dares to slight him.

Finally, the werewolf may bully a spirit into teaching him. This is all too common a tactic; with the animosity between the spirit world and the Forsaken some werewolves take out their frustrations on a spirit directly. As opposed to a ritual hunt or a challenge of dominance, a

spirit convinced by a werewolf lashing out with claws and teeth will respond out of fear and self-preservation rather than vestiges of tradition or grudging respect, and the werewolf only reinforces the image that spirits have of the Uratha. A frightened spirit can be very dangerous. Some demand greater chiminage as recompense for what the werewolf has put them through. Some, especially weaker spirits, will forego all but the smallest of chiminage if the werewolf leaves them be. All will remember the werewolf as a stereotypical Uratha, Rage boiling and rabid eyes flashing — whether that happened or not. Spirits will exaggerate the truth about the werewolves in a particular area, especially around any of their kind that can exact revenge against the Forsaken. Predator descants of animal choirs have a special disdain for werewolves who try to bully them and will fight until one or the other is dead — giving other spirits plenty of time to see the werewolf's desire to earn the respect of the spirits as a sham.

Powerful or secret Gifts also require chiminage, the ancient ban between the spirits and Father Wolf that prevents them teaching his final secrets to any but the most worthy. In some cases, a spirit will even demand chiminage for Gifts that it can teach freely. Some Uratha, in recognition of this tradition, offer a favor in return for every Gift they learn whether the spirit can teach it freely or not. Some spirits welcome the show of respect that this offering indicates. It is also a chance for them to have an Uratha do what they request. Other spirits find the offer of chiminage for a Gift they would have taught freely to be simple bribery. The Uratha is obviously not strong enough to assert her dominance or powerful enough to force the spirit to teach her, so she tries to buy her way to the Gift. Spirits can be contrary and will often change their minds as to whether chiminage is a valuable favor or an insincere bribe. Spirits who demand chiminage for Gifts that they can freely teach are unlikely to think of any chiminage thus received as a bribe. Either they've managed to sucker an inexperienced werewolf or she has agreed to the spirit's request out of respect. It takes a truly pathological trickster spirit to turn around and then decry the offer as a bribe.

Examples

The chameleon-spirit finished its tale and focused one eye on Cally. "Why do you stand before me?" Wonderful, she thought. Now I have to deal with this lunatic's attitude. Again, she bit back her comments. "I come to seek your aid, hidden stealer of fire. I seek your Gift of hiding in plain sight." "Why should I give my blessing to one of your kind?" "I bring to you the story of the vision that came to me three nights ago, a vision of this area after I was unable to fulfill the tasks my dreams required because I was too easy to find."

Anders felt his blood rise as the spirit forest raced past his vision. The damn carrion bird had invited him to chase it but enduring its mockery was wearing on him. As he slowly closed on his prey, he focused his thoughts on holding back the Rage burning within him. Seizing a moment, he threw himself forward and pinned the Gaffling beneath him. He growled,

fangs close to its head, and then pulled his muzzle back with considerable effort. The spirit looked surprised at Anders' restraint. "What do you want to know?"



RENOWN AND GIFTS

The spirits do accord the Uratha some measure of respect, even though many do not like the werewolves. Spirits will treat a werewolf with the same regard as a spirit of a certain Rank, based on the amount of Renown that she has to her name (**Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 272). This respect is as much a measure of how much the spirits regard the word of the Lunes about a werewolf as it is a reflection of her actions towards the spirit.

One of the main benefits of this Rank is that a spirit of lower Rank will teach a Gift to a werewolf in most situations — provided the spirit is able. These spirits are more likely to acquiesce to any demand or threat. The respect accorded to the werewolf by the spirit world has given them a considerable bargaining chip.

Unfortunately, this does not extend to powerful or lost Gifts. Gifts that require a werewolf to offer chiminage do not have that ban relaxed just because the Shadow Realm respects her. Father Wolf's command is far greater than that. This also extends to spirits that are of higher Rank than the werewolf that may be the only ones to know a high-level Gift. There is no guarantee that such a spirit will teach her, and she must tread carefully in her dealings with it.



CHIMINAGE

Chiminage should not be an issue with every Gift that a character learns. Nonetheless, as already described, there are situations when it can be an issue. Chiminage may appear in different ways. First, there are tasks that a spirit will ask of her, and secondly, challenges that she must overcome without knowing it.

The second kind is trickiest for a werewolf to deal with. The spirit may make the earlier stages of learning a Gift needlessly hard, tricking the werewolf and trying to lead her astray. She has paid her chiminage when she proves her tenacity and dedication to learning the Gift from the spirit, ignoring its distractions and attempts to turn her from her path. This is the hardest sort of chiminage for a Storyteller to come up with. If you know that a player is going to go in search of hidden knowledge, use some of the suggestions from the preceding sections to make the quest for the Gift as hard as you think is appropriate for both the Gift and the spirit that teaches it. The werewolf may never realize that all her difficulties

were payment according to an ancient ban, but she will have fulfilled them anyway. Obviously, this method does not work for characters who offer chiminage when it isn't required.

Alternately, the spirit and the werewolf can set the terms of chiminage openly. Once she has agreed to perform chiminage for the spirit, it will do no more for the werewolf until she completes her tasks. The precise means of determining what the werewolf must do varies wildly. Some spirits make an initial offer and expect to haggle. Others will make a demand and take offense at any attempt to negotiate around it. A few will wait to hear what the werewolf offers to do before deciding if it is enough. The price will always be at least equal in value — to the spirit — to the Gift that it will bestow.

If the spirit makes sure that the werewolf knows what she must do in order to receive its blessing, then she can tell how valuable the Gift is to the spirit in return. In many cases when she offers chiminage for a freely taught Gift, the spirit's entire request is a gift of Essence. While simple enough to complete, if the spirit requires other tasks as well and the werewolf offers the Essence before completing those tasks, she will have parted with a potentially large amount of spiritual power that she may need later. She can also benefit from giving her Essence to a spirit — by getting used to the feel of her Essence the spirit will be able to bestow the Gift much faster. If she offers Essence in return for a powerful Gift, many spirits will think that she is offering up her spiritual energy in return for an easier task. Because of this, werewolves who have learned powerful Gifts don't offer anything until they know the tasks that the spirit wants them to complete. Other spirits will take the Essence as an added bonus, and offering it to a spirit in need can be the first step towards a successful relationship with that spirit.

A common request from a spirit is that the werewolf makes a physical change to an area. A minor urban spirit that dislikes gaudy displays of color in its territory may request that the werewolf tear down a prominent billboard in the physical world. Conversely, a powerful water elemental may require a werewolf in the city to open all the hydrants in her territory — or a wider area, like the whole city. Actions such as these strengthen the link a spirit has with an area, or weaken the link of a rival spirit. A spirit may add restrictions on when the werewolf must perform the chiminage — spirits associated with darkness and secrets aren't likely to request that the werewolf make the change in broad daylight with a crowd of witnesses. The change to the world must be significant for humans to notice, and it is a rare spirit that allows a werewolf to get away with an easy task.

Some spirits require a service in the Shadow Realm. One might want the werewolf to disincorporate a rival Gaffling. Perhaps she must get the majority of people in an area to feel a certain emotion, altering the resonance of

the spirit world there, or protect an ally of the spirit for a time. The request could be anything at all, and, for very powerful Gifts, should be as difficult or ironic as possible. A pack that gives up its territory in order to learn a Gift is told that they must do something across their territory, or a werewolf who leaves his pack is instructed to gather something from each of his packmates before the spirit will teach anything.

Example

“And?” Cally had anticipated the question. She wasn’t dumb enough to give a spirit everything on the first pass, and she didn’t want to gain the ire of a spirit in her own territory by attacking it. “*And murals, on walls inside my territory. Very visible walls, at that. The chameleon will be a feature in the city’s mind.*” The chameleon padded closer, brilliant colors rippling over its scales. Slowly, it crawled up to the back of the werewolf’s neck before pausing. “*Bright murals. So the people see who stole Sun’s fire,*” it croaked. “*Yes. As bright as I can.*” The werewolf’s coat shifted color in line with the spirit’s skin, and within seconds both had vanished.

LEARNING TIME

Werewolf: The Forsaken notes that Gifts take an hour per level to learn. That’s an abstract measurement. It includes the time to negotiate with a suitable spirit, but not necessarily the time to find one; it would probably take more than an hour to find a Lune at high noon when the moon isn’t in the sky. If the Storyteller doesn’t want to play through the whole process of Gift-learning she can mention the time required and what, if anything, the spirit required of her.

When playing through the learning of a Gift, use that time as a guideline for how long the story should take. No character should have to hunt for a week or more to find a teacher for a two-dot Gift. Do keep in mind that it’s just a guideline — the characters in the examples were both looking for a one-dot Gift (Blending and Sense the Tide of Battle respectively), but the paths they chose determined how long their quests took.

SEEING THROUGH NEW EYES

What does it feel like to learn a Gift? To have a spirit reach deep within and change your very Essence? No two werewolves experience it quite the same way. The Uratha enters a trance state while the spirit begins to work its magic. Originally, the People thought that this was so the spirit did not make a mistake, but imprinting the Gift is a natural part of the spirit’s being that cannot go wrong.

The spirit uses the trance because the Gift is not just a new capability. Part of the alteration to the Uratha’s spirit unlocks a fragment of power attributed to Father Wolf, and, without a few minutes for the power to adapt (and to adapt the werewolf in turn), there is no telling what would happen. Father Wolf’s knowledge comes as part of the Gift, but for many werewolves it never shows. The most common Gifts shelter fragments of lore that the People already know, and even powerful Gifts that are common knowledge do not give up anything new. Hidden Gifts, including those guarded by lodges and auspices, imply fresh knowledge about Father Wolf and the *Hisil* that few among the Forsaken know. A werewolf cannot easily recall the new knowledge, but she gets gut feelings, hunches and intuitions — especially in the Shadow Realm with Mother Moon dominating the sky.

Upon waking from the trance, the werewolf feels different, though she does not awaken light-headed or hung over. The difference is akin to walking past an old tree and finding it with a new, unexpected branch. Father Wolf’s knowledge is like a strange itch at the back of her mind, but most werewolves are too busy feeling the change in their Essence to notice immediately. Part of this knowledge is the instinctive understanding of how to activate the Gift, which seeps in slowly. Ten minutes after awakening, the werewolf can use her new Gift as if she had been born with it.

THE LURE OF KNOWLEDGE

Some Uratha, frequently Cahalith or Ithaeur, believe that more of Father Wolf’s knowledge comes with every Gift that they learn. Most of these werewolves believe that the People would benefit from knowing all that their progenitor did about the Shadow Realm, the Gauntlet and the worlds beyond — or as much of that knowledge as they can find. Their insatiable thirst for knowledge drives them to learn more and more Gifts until their Essence resembles a patchwork of changes, an intricate jigsaw pattern symbolizing their drive.

These werewolves have not yet founded a lodge to share what they have learned, and the most extreme among them distance themselves from pack life lest a spirit requires them to do something terrible for a secret Gift. Not one amongst them has yet been able to live with the fact that the more they learn of the Shadow Realm, the more they have yet to learn. The very desire to use the knowledge that comes with a Gift leads to more questions, and the werewolf must accept her ignorance. Father Wolf was said to be all-knowing about the lands of spirits, and no one among the People can come close to understanding him — though some werewolves still try.

Their fanatical devotion to hidden knowledge has led a few of these werewolves to terrible extremes: capturing spirits and torturing them, trying to learn the secrets of Gifts that are not available to them in order that they can learn more of what Father Wolf knew. For some such

werewolves, as their Harmony drops, they begin to take on strange compulsions that drive them even more fanatically to search out such knowledge. Others take a nobler path, using all that they have learned to live as exemplars of Father Wolf, hoping to atone for what the Uratha have done by knowing and acting as he would.

PUTTING IT INTO PRACTICE

Few werewolves can resist using their new ability. If an Uratha has learned a particularly powerful Gift she may not have the chance to practice it before unleashing its power. On the other hand, by the point a werewolf learns such Gifts she understands when and when not to use them. Even with the potential consequences in mind, some werewolves still cannot wait to show off what they can do — and this recklessness can cause major spiritual damage.

When a werewolf flexes the power granted by her newest Gift, she experiences a tremendous rush from being in control of a part of the world. This could be as specific as calling the waters to flood a city, or the more general knowledge of the names of everything around her, but the feeling is there all the same. Some part of the physical world, the Shadow or even the Gauntlet is responding to her command rather than that of the spirits around her.

For some werewolves this feeling is a powerful high. Lightning dances along her back; crackling electricity snaps along nerves and synapses. She can control a small part of the world, and that feeling suffuses her entire body. Others do not experience the control high; instead, their minds feel like they are expanding as they realize how the Gift relates to the imprinted knowledge of Father Wolf. A Gift is a blessing, a power and part of a story all in one, overlaid on the Uratha and melded into the fabric of her spiritual half. Some werewolves find it appropriate to ritually scar or tattoo themselves as a marker on their flesh of what has happened to their spirits.

Whichever form it takes, the first time a werewolf feels this high it can last for a couple of hours. It doesn't take her away from the world; her mind focuses on everything around her. Her instincts are sharper, everything is just that bit clearer. If the Storyteller thinks it appropriate, the character could receive a +1 bonus to Perception tasks (see the **World of Darkness Rulebook**, p. 45). Subsequent uses of a Gift have lessened effects (and give no bonuses to tasks), and by the fourth time she uses a Gift the high has faded completely.

Once the high fades, a werewolf may start contemplating what has happened to her. This is most common among Ghost Wolves who long to go back to their mundane lives, but if a powerful Gift works too well or has unexpected side effects, a werewolf of any tribe may pause. The People don't make a habit of talking about the feelings of alienation that come with seeing the effects of their Gifts up close, as such thoughts are dangerously close

to denying what they are. There are certain ... dangers associated with renouncing your spiritual half and attempting to live as a human, and some werewolves are all too quick to see these dangers where they might not exist. This can leave an Uratha who falls prey to such thoughts believing that she is the only one to worry about what she is becoming. She has nobody to blame but herself for her fears — she petitioned a spirit to learn the Gift, and, once given, no force known to the People can remove a Gift. A close-knit pack may be able to offer support, but, in most cases, a werewolf suffering this kind of deep depression is alone with her fears.

STORY HOOKS

Not every story focused on the Uratha's spirit Gifts has to be about one of the pack searching for a new Gift. The spirit powers of the People can be the centerpiece of longer stories in a number of ways. A few ideas are included in this section, from twists on the learning process to the results of powerful Gifts. These aren't concrete story ideas to use straight from the book; each one outlines a situation and presents the important questions to keep in mind when including it in a chronicle.

AFTERMATH

Many times nothing happens when a Gift fails. The power that the werewolf tries to bring forth from her spirit simply doesn't manifest. Sometimes, though, things do more than just not happening. A hurricane or a vengeful city block is a terrifying thing to behold for a werewolf when she is merely an observer, but when the unknowable forces of the Shadow are unleashed on the world without any control the situation is much worse. What happens when the pack must deal with a powerful Gift gone very, very wrong? The physical world is only the start of their problems; the damage to spirits and the resonance of the area can take much longer to repair. If the players' pack caused the problem, do they ignore cleaning up and forget about it — until some powerful spirit that has had its home wrecked comes looking for them? If the catastrophe is a result of a neighboring pack, how does it affect the relationships between the characters and them? Can the players even get the other pack to admit their fault?

AT WHAT PRICE?

Powerful and hidden Gifts have a price — this is an ancient law, dating back further than Uratha lore can accurately remember. The very idea that a spirit would give such a Gift without requiring the seeker to perform a task in return makes no sense to many of the People. Some werewolves tell of spirits that are exceptions to this rule. Perhaps, just once, the pack comes across a spirit offering a powerful (but theoretically accessible) blessing without asking for anything. Why would a spirit do so? More rationally, what is it really hoping to get in return? Is the offer for real — though with a hidden price — or a lure to draw foolish werewolves into an ambush? What kind of spirit



would be desperate enough to attempt such a ruse, and would it realize that the pack would not believe it? This story should keep the players second-guessing until the very last minute, showcasing the strange motives and goals of denizens of the Shadow Realm.

STRANGE JOURNEYS

Sometimes, spirits ask for nearly impossible chimerage: one may want all the east-facing walls of a city block demolished, another won't be content until the werewolf moves a forest three miles east of where it currently stands. Unfortunately, an ally of the pack — or even one of the pack members — has been unable to meet a spirit's demands for a powerful Gift. Failing the original task was bad enough, but, now, every time he tries to make amends toward the spirit he fails. Unfortunately, the werewolf is the only one Renowned enough to learn a powerful Gift that will help turn the tide against an otherwise overwhelming foe that threatens the whole area. Until he completes the spirit's task he has no chance of learning the Gift. Do the characters offer help, or look for another way to best the oncoming foe? If they choose to help, what can they do? If they look for another way, is there one or is their best hope to weather the storm and come out alive?

FAMILY

Not all wolf-blooded who know the truth of their heritage take well to the news. Some feel bitter envy towards their werewolf cousins, and take it out on them in whatever small and petty ways they think they can get away with. Unfortunately, for one wolf-blooded whom the pack knows such outlets are not enough — he is attempting a dangerous shamanic ritual to learn a Gift from the

spirits. What manner of spirits will answer his call? Would they be able to grant him a Gift (not at all likely), or would he end up at the mercy of a Nanutari? What effects does the ritual have on the resonance of the Shadow? Who did he learn the ritual from, and do they have any designs on him? Is there any chance the pack can stop the ritual before something very bad happens, either to the wolf-blooded or the surrounding Shadow? If not, how do they deal not only with a creature born from his envy of what they are, but with the spirits that blame them for the whole thing?

RITES

Rituals are a major part of the People's way of life. The Uratha's mystic rites extend their culture to include spirits ranging from the friendly to the hostile. The rites in use by the People have changed little from their original form; many rites exist today that are the same as they were before the death of Father Wolf. Werewolves have updated some to make use of local materials — a pack holding territory in the American South is unlikely to have access to Arctic ice, for example. The meaning behind the rite remains the same, and it is this meaning — reinforced by ancient pacts and bans with spirits — that gives rites their power.

A rite is both a spiritual power and a means of holding to ancient culture. It reinforces what a werewolf knows to be true while calling a spirit — even a hostile one — to act upon the world. When she performs the rite correctly, she calls upon ancient bans and pacts that have held between the People and the spirits since time immemorial. Even though spirit attitudes toward the Uratha vary

wildly, the werewolf calls upon forces that spirits cannot deny — though many may wish that they could.

Exceptionally knowledgeable outsiders and young werewolves think of rites as no more than “ritual spirit magic,” which is only half of the truth. The outsiders will never know more, but the young who should know better are in for a harsh lesson. Each rite is a ritual with a function — a combination of specific actions and the right mindset that allows the ritualist to act as a conduit for the spirits’ power.



TAKING PART

A character must have the werewolf supernatural template from **Werewolf: The Forsaken** in order to learn a werewolf rite. Specifically, the character must have the Harmony trait in place of Morality in order to lead or assist in a werewolf rite. The only time a character who does not possess Harmony may be part of a rite is when she is the rite’s subject, and these exceptions are mentioned in each rite’s description. There are other forms of ritual magic in the World of Darkness, of course, some of which are usable by vampires, mages or even ordinary humans persevering (or luckless) enough to find the sort of magic that is intended for their use. But a werewolf rite is the birthright of werewolves alone.

Other beings like wolf-blooded, vampires or mages may find ways to observe a rite. Doing so does them no good; without the balancing force of Harmony at the center of their beings, these creatures cannot understand the spiritual relevance of the ritual. This is also the reason that they cannot properly teach the rite to other werewolves.



WHAT IS A RITE?

Each rite opens the werewolf to the power of the Shadow Realm. Uratha are natural conduits between the physical and spiritual, thanks to their nearly singular condition of being flesh and spirit without one invading the other.

Rites don’t function thanks to some vaguely-defined “power” that suffuses the spirit world. Rather, each rite is the result of an ancient deal between werewolves and spirits, sworn in oaths that the spirit cannot break. So sanctified, each pact remains inviolate and becomes another of the bans that the spirit’s choir or descant must hold to. The Uratha made many such agreements with the spirits in the distant past, and all of them still hold, whether any living werewolf knows of them or not. Some rites exist only in the memories of spirits — who may not want to

reveal that fact — or in stories passed down through the tribes or mighty ritemasters. A werewolf who needs such a ritual must brave the spirit wilds to learn it, and hope that she can find and convince the spirit to tell her the truth.

New rites are not easy to create. They require striking a deal with a spirit of higher rank than a werewolf would commonly deal with, which could require a trip down paths of the Shadow Realm that can rarely be seen (and for good reason). Of course, most spirits are unwilling to enter into such a deal with a werewolf without a lot of persuasion. The unfortunately rare few who treat the Forsaken with guarded friendship are the best spirits to approach. But, of the spirits powerful enough to swear the oaths necessary for a new rite, the most reliable allies are the Firstborn — and even they are not approached lightly, nor prone to do any favors for those who are not their chosen children.

With enough work, even a generally hostile spirit may acquiesce. Even then, a ritemaster must be on his guard against a spirit that lies or has an ulterior motive in lending its power to a rite. A werewolf who is not careful may end up with a much more dangerous rite than she had hoped.


Rites do have an extra advantage for the People. A creature of incredible Rage, each werewolf runs the risk of losing control to *Kuruth*. The structure of rituals gives him a framework — first spread the water, then place the skull, then build the fire — that stops his primal anger from distracting him. A werewolf must master every aspect of his self to call upon the power of a rite, and that includes controlling his violent impulses. The strict ritual processes involved in performing a rite can stop his anger from rising quite so quickly.

Over the years, some werewolves have struck ritual pacts with spirits that do not have the best interests of the People in mind. These spirits offered power to those who would take it — and given their situation, many among the Forsaken gladly accepted. The rites that resulted from these pacts live on as well — blasphemous things that make a mockery of the Oath of the Moon. Some Uratha use such rites as a quick route to personal power, but they do not admit to such deeds without first knowing whom they are speaking to.

HISTORY

Even spirits have trouble remembering the many legends of the first rite. Some rites that are now of very limited use point to the existence of rituals long before the Sundering, but werewolves who try to learn more hear many contradictory stories. That’s not to say that spirits don’t know the truth, but it benefits them to lie— no old and powerful spirit is going to give up the bargaining power and respect from being the source of the First Rite.

Modern werewolves have little use for such history. Learning where a rite came from might enthrall curious ritemasters, but most don’t see the point in taking the



dangerous journey through the spirit wilds for what amounts to trivia. For most, the source of a rite matters little compared to its utility. Conversely, a werewolf who delves into history has the advantage of knowing more stories of how rites came to be. Thus, she is in a better position to both appreciate the rites she has and to know where best to look for those long forgotten.

Werewolves often disagree over their ritual magics; attitudes toward individual rites can change drastically between two neighboring packs, and a rite that one pack has no problem with is a dangerous thing to use in another's territory. The rite could require something that goes against the territory-holders' totem, or the area's resonance goes against the intentions of the rite. Clashes over rituals are the last straw in many territorial disputes.

A werewolf who finds herself in need of a new rite has two paths before her. The easier way is to search for a teacher and bargain for his knowledge. The teacher — either werewolf or spirit — shows her how to perform the rite, what actions to perform and what they symbolize. From there it is up to the werewolf to make sure she remembers what she has learned. Learning from another werewolf is much easier, but sometimes the only teacher available is a spirit.

The harder way for an Uratha to learn a rare rite is for her to track down a spirit and make a deal with it — a daunting proposition for even the best spiritual negotiators. A lot of the spirits that are powerful enough to empower the creation of a new rite reside in petty kingdoms deliberately constructed to be inaccessible to any not of their broods. Gaining an audience with such a spirit and convincing it to lend its power to a rite is the sort of thing that's possible in theory, but lacking in recent precedent. Once the pact is sealed, the werewolf commonly calls upon Mother Moon to cement the ban. This is not a guarantee of the spirit being willing to aid the Forsaken; Luna has blessed both the sacred and the profane within days of each other.

Ancient or new, the People rarely accept an unfamiliar rite without question. It is not easy to convince the People of the new rite's worth without a suitable demonstration. Many rites (such as those presented in **Werewolf: The Forsaken** or later in this chapter) have been with werewolves for centuries; every ritemaster has a story of when any ritual he knows has been useful. The rites thus have a great deal of inertia — he has always performed the rites the same way, and they have always worked. He will likely need a good reason to trust in an untested new rite.

ALTERATIONS

Despite the necessity of performing rites correctly, a rite will not be exactly the same from one region to the next. A rite that calls for pine sap in one region must by necessity have some other component when used in an area hundreds of miles from pine trees. Like stories, rites frequently vary in the telling. It isn't the precise adherence to detail that's important so much as the ritemaster's ability to combine her internal spiritual energy with the ambient energy surrounding her.

Rites can and should be described differently as need be. The silvered thread described as part of the Rite of Binding can be replaced with a long spool of gut, for instance, when practiced by werewolves who've taken up in the depths of the Amazon. One thing that cannot change is the meaning of the rite's actions. The replacement of a skull, representing death, must be with something that also symbolizes death. Attempting to change the symbolism of a rite ignores the bans that allow the rite to function, and a lucky werewolf will merely have her adaptation fail. If she is unlucky, she must face the anger of the spirits that she slighted when trying to call upon the rite.

Most of these changes to rites are pre-existing in the context of the game; the variation between a rite performed by werewolves of Inuit heritage and the form it takes in the American Southwest has naturally evolved as werewolves have settled in new areas. However, it's possible for a werewolf to alter a rite on the fly, usually because the werewolf is someplace away from home and doesn't have the materials she's used to. In most circumstances, it takes from a few days to a couple of weeks of research to find symbolic replacements for elements that are unavailable. These new elements are likely to be tied to local folklore and myths, which often contain subtle (if sometimes misinformed) clues as to the local texture of the spirit world. Different areas of the world have differing resonances, and this difference leads local spirits to expect different symbolisms than those understood by the werewolf changing the rite. The rites used by werewolves around the world vary dramatically, each altered to better match the local resonance.



CHANGING A RITE

The first thing to do when changing a rite — as either a player or a Storyteller — is to do some research. Try to find out what people believe about spirits and magic in the area that your game is set, or work from folktales of shamanistic magic. The amount of research doesn't matter too much, as long as everyone's happy with it. One group may be fine with using half-remembered stories and bad stereotypes, another won't be happy unless the ritual transliterations are exact — and they can cite references to prove it. Most will fall somewhere between these extremes.

Don't be too married to the idea that human culture is going to have the most accurate depiction of what you want. One of the core concepts of the World of Darkness is the mingling of old folklore with modern horror sensibilities. Vampires are the blood-drinking corpses of old, but they also reflect modern fears of child abduction and haunt nightclubs rather than cemeteries. If you're looking to base a particular rite on the ancient Egyptian practice of animal mummifica-

tion, consider tweaking portions of the process to account for modern embalming techniques. The mix of old familiar tales with practices and objects from our own modern world is both very accessible and slightly jarring — perfect for a horror setting that players are expected to find plausible, but that they aren't expected to be able to predict with total accuracy.

There are a few things to bear in mind when customizing a rite. The new rite should last roughly as long as the original. Too long or too short — a margin of half the original time in either direction — and the rite suffers. Spirits do not like werewolves giving them short shrift, but they can also tell when someone is giving too much and will get suspicious as to why. If the character's reason for changing the rite is anything other than an inability to get the required material components, the rite becomes more difficult as the spirits are annoyed at the incongruity with the original rite. If the rite was altered for convenience — say, replacing a skull with a pair of coins just because coins are easier for the character to lay her hands on — then the spirits will not be at all pleased.

A custom rite generally takes two days per dot to perfect. A change in the material components may require a change in the howls and actions that the ritualist must perform. Once this time is up, the character can perform her version of the rite, but with the following modifiers:

- The new rite takes significantly more or less time than the original. (-1)
- The new rite changed for reasons other than necessity. (-1)
- The changes are a matter of personal taste. (-1 to -3)



USING RITES

A werewolf must remember one thing whenever she performs a rite, be it to banish a human from the spirit world or to call forth a powerful Jagglings: a rite is not a tool. She cannot just go through the motions of the rite, saying the words in the First Tongue and performing the actions without putting her soul into it. Most werewolves consider doing so some kind of betrayal of the pacts that allow rites to exist. To trivialize the spiritual magic that she wields is one of the worst mistakes a ritemaster can make.

All of a werewolf's magic require some impetus — some force acting on the world. A Gift uses a werewolf's own Essence, but, for rites, the force comes from the spirits. The physical component of a rite is doubtless necessary, but, more importantly, the ritemaster must become a conduit for the spirits, focusing their power through

her rite. She must understand why each part of the rite is important, and she must understand what she is calling upon the spirits to do. The mental state needed for a rite is a careful balance between the physical and the spiritual, all focused on the desired outcome of the rite.

Every rite includes some minor chiminage as part of its performance. The silver coin used in the Rite of the Moon's Love is a prime example of the spirits taking their due. The Rite of Dedication requires a small circle of blood that tells the spirits to tie the werewolf's possessions into her Essence — that blood is chiminage to the spirits. This holds true for all rites, though, in many cases, the offering is abstract enough that an observer might not know it was there. The ritemaster knows, however, and what matters is that she gives the rite her full attention.

Questions arise after every failed rite. Why did the spirit not answer the werewolf's call? Was the ritual wrong, the offering in some way not good enough? Has the spirit found some way to slip from the ban, avoiding the Uratha who have manipulated it for so long? Was it a failing within the ritemaster himself, or is the rite in general losing its power? All these questions and more can race through the mind of a ritualist when a rite fails, but many never find satisfactory answers. Rites are magic granted by the spirits, and even the friendliest spirit can be unpredictable.

IN THE EYES OF THE PEOPLE

The rituals of the Forsaken are to some as much a religion as magic. They are spiritual things that evoke powers that neither werewolf nor spirit could use alone — or can fully explain. A rite gives the ritemaster a measure of

power over a spirit through ancient bans that the spirit cannot deny, though many likely want to. That isn't to say that werewolves think of all rites in the same way. The nature of a rite and local issues among both Uratha and humans can influence a werewolf's perceptions, sometimes drastically.

Some rituals are evil things, tainted practices that are rarely spoken of— not that a mere warning stops overly ambitious werewolves from trying to learn of them. Uratha practice some rituals without a second thought, much the same as a human might say grace before eating. Still others are treated as holy rites that the practitioner would not dare ignore for fear of repercussions. Whether it is the spiritual duty of presiding over the initiation of a new werewolf into her tribe, or forging a locus from an object or area, holy rites are treated with reverence and most of the People respect those werewolves who know how to lead them.

BLASPHEMIES

These rites represent the lowest point to which a werewolf can stoop, exploiting spiritual bans for no reason but her personal gain. A blasphemous rite is not always obviously so. The spirit involved taints some, the ritual needed for others blackens their reputation. The Forsaken would likely look down upon a rite that relies on a pact struck with a Maeltinet— but only if they knew of its source. Blasphemous rites often require chiminage that most werewolves find abhorrent, either because it indulges the spirits involved or relies upon their own worst impulses. Performing such a rite will likely violate the Oath of the Moon, and the results may defy what the Uratha



know to be the natural order. These rites offer a great deal of power — whether just for the ritemaster or a blessing that benefits her whole pack — but they often come with a harsh price. The most dangerous of these rites are those that promise something deeply desirable that would at first seem to do nobody ill — the resurrection of a loved one from the dead, perhaps, or the transmutation of a human into a werewolf. But, of course, there's *always* a cost, enough of one that the practitioner is sure to regret the bargain.

Other rites that the Uratha revile change from location to location. The human impact on so many territories shapes the perception of the local werewolves, and influences their attitudes towards some rites. Humans also affect an area's resonance a great deal, and that can make some rites harder in their very nature. Werewolves in some areas will avoid rites that involve pregnancy and childbirth, while others despise rites that raise wolf-blooded above their perceived station.

MIDDLE GROUND

Several rites do not elicit such powerful reactions from the People. Werewolves understand them and treat them with due respect, but their existence does not generate strong feelings either for or against them. An Uratha can practice such a rite without fearing that other werewolves will find out, but will not be able to bring many werewolves to her side solely by merit of the rite she is going to perform. The lack of such deep, ingrained feeling does mean that the rite has less impact upon the Shadow when it is enacted, which can benefit a ritemaster who does not want to draw the attention of too many spirits.

Most rites fall into this broad group. A few are rites that the Sundering has left without much purpose, while others shift in moral polarity with their use — a pack that leaves their own locus dormant may use the same rite on the locus of an opposing pack, making it much harder for that pack to awaken it. Such rites have too many conflicting uses for the werewolves of a particular area to hold a position for or against them.

CHASING HEAVEN

Finally, the People recognize some rites as being something more. They are not necessarily powerful, but each holds a special place in a werewolf's heart. These rites carry resonance along with them; such is the strength of feeling not only of the ritualist but also of other werewolves involved that the local spirit wilds reflect their use in minor ways. As with other rites, there is no set list of what a pack must consider holy: that is up to their own upbringing and initiation. One pack might believe there is no higher honor than to reward worthy wolf-blooded with the Rite of the Moon's Love; another will consider the act of showing contrition to even the most antagonistic spirit a mark of honor and purity.

Performing a rite with so much feeling invested in it changes an area's resonance subtly. Over time, places

where a pack has repeatedly performed their holiest rites take on a kind of glow even in the physical world as that resonance seeps across the Gauntlet. This is not to say that the spirits involved with any rite will have the same feelings as the werewolves for what they are doing. The rite triggers an ancient ban, something that the spirit has no choice in, and it is likely that a powerful spirit may resent empowering Drawing Down the Shadow even when the pack has spent days in careful preparation for the sacred practice.

REJECTION

Some werewolves turn their backs on all rites. This rejection is no function of tribal bias; such a werewolf is no less likely to be a Blood Talon than a Ghost Wolf, as she is not rejecting the truths that the People accept. Instead, she is turning her back on the rituals and religion of her people, a choice that is hers to make. Doing so is always a conscious decision, but the reasons for turning from rites can vary widely.

A werewolf can easily find herself distrustful of even the most venerated of rites. How can she be sure that the pacts with the spirits will hold? She may have had a bad encounter with a spirit of the Lunar Choirs that convinced her of Mother Luna's madness — or she met a powerful spirit that shook her faith in the bans that underlie all rites. Perhaps, to her, the only worthwhile rites were struck with Father Wolf's blessing, or perhaps no rites are safe after the Sundering.

The same effect can come from an unsuccessful rite, especially a significant failure. The ritualist cannot help but wonder if she made a mistake or if the spirits have decided to take vengeance upon her for exploiting them. Is she wrong to rely on pacts that may have degraded throughout the millennia?

Perhaps a werewolf prefers life without the set structure that rites give him. He had enough rules and rituals when he was growing up and sees his Change as a chance to strike against those formal systems — including the spirit magic of his own people. The spirits do their jobs fine without his, and he is too busy questioning the world in the way of Red Wolf or protecting his brothers in the way of Winter Wolf. The formal howls, gestures and trappings that rites require are trappings of a life burdened with structure that keeps him from his goals.

A strict upbringing can also stay with a werewolf after her Change, rooting its prejudice against spirit magic deep within her. She may be the child of a religious fundamentalist family that would not suffer talk of "spirits" in stories, let alone venerating such things with rituals. Her parents took her to church or sat her in front of the televangelist, and she saw the preachers promising fire and brimstone to any who cavorted with the spirits of evil. It can take a werewolf a long time to shake off the notion that bad things will come of dealing with the denizens of

the spirit wilds — even longer than it takes to adapt her faith to the new world around her.

Whatever the reason for it, a werewolf who turns away from rites potentially loses a powerful advantage. Though it does not have the brute force of the Gauru form that is her birthright, the ritual magic of the Uratha has a wide range of effects. Rites call upon ancient pacts with spirits to bend the rules that nothing else can change. Only by way of a rite can a werewolf shapeshift without destroying his clothing or break through the Gauntlet or any of an incredible number of things in-between.

ROLEPLAYING RITES

It can really help to work out your character's attitude towards rites and why she feels the way that she does. A rite is one of the times a werewolf can work with a spirit without waiting for it to stab her in the back — though a few may still try — but it can also be viewed a chance to be a part of something sacred. Performing a rite makes her part of something bigger than herself, which may be uplifting or terrifying. A rite is *old*, older than the language a werewolf grew up speaking, older than her family name, older than history itself. A connection to something that primeval can be inspiring or frightening.

Every ritual is a symbol of the ritemaster's spirituality and beliefs. The Uratha consider their rites a religion, not a science — and everyone approaches her religion differently, including agnosticism and atheism. Maybe a Bone Shadow collects forbidden rites, hoarding the knowledge in hopes of having the solution to a troublesome prophecy. A Blood Talon may eschew rites that do not relate to her martial lifestyle, but another Blood Talon may focus on rites that apply outside of combat in order to excel at everything she does.

Auspice can play a part in which rites your character learns, but it shouldn't dictate the extent to which she studies them — not every ritemaster is an Ithaeur who has wrestled the secrets from dangerous spirits. An Elodoth may barter with spirits for rites that involve balance and judgment whereas a Rahu would learn rites to celebrate his victories and to honor worthy foes. The role that the moon has chosen for your character will have an effect, and you should try to reason out how your character's auspice shapes her attitude towards rites and to what extent.

Did your character believe in magic or spirits before her Change? The sudden proof not only that spirits are real but also that many of them are not on her side, being creatures of many conflicting bans, can color a character's attitude towards her rites. Perhaps she does not want to give the spirits more reason to pay attention to her, or she will only deal with spirits when she knows she can exploit a ban so that she always has the upper hand.

Some societies believe that a shaman can only be of one gender, or that the spirits will only talk to someone who they have marked for the purpose — often with a physical deformity. Other cultures require their spirit-talkers to give up material possessions, carrying only a robe and staff. None of these factors carry over to the People: to them, any werewolf willing to learn can perform a rite. The attitudes of their



human upbringing do still affect some werewolves, though many others reject them entirely.

Another thing to consider is what kind of rites your character finds abhorrent and what kind he finds sacred, if any. It's tempting for a player to gloss over this part, trusting his instincts to work out which rites his character would fit into each group. In practice, it can be a good exercise to take a couple of rites that would otherwise be perfectly innocuous and consider them from the character's perspective until they fit one extreme or the other. Perhaps he believes that wolf-blooded are sacred and that he should teach them as much about the Uratha as he can. The Rite of the Moon's Love would likely be a sacred practice for him. The same character may believe that being a werewolf means never being wrong, and that to perform contrition is to blaspheme against his nature. On the other hand, your character might be of a more scientific mindset, treating spirits with the respect that anything so dangerous deserves, but not seeing rites as things invested with greater meaning in and of themselves.

Storytellers should also remember that rites add some ritual stability to the lives of the werewolves who practice them. Characters who don't have reasons to balance their minds and control the Rage inside them may have more trouble when they attempt to resist their urges. If a ritualist is denied the focus of her rites or a character shuns the rituals of Uratha society, the Storyteller may even impose a penalty on some Harmony rolls. Even a single-die modifier can do a lot to underscore the frayed patience and increased tension brought on by a lack of order.

Players creating experienced characters who know a lot of rites should consider whether their character has ever got any of the rites she has performed wrong before. If so, was it a silly mistake, or could she not focus on the task for some reason? The answers can give useful insights into a character's attitude toward her ritual knowledge, as well as provide some good story hooks. Likewise, if the character has no firsthand experience of taking part in rites at the start of the game, then how much does she know of rites in general? Has she not had the chance to participate, or does she deliberately avoid being a part of any rituals?

LEARNING RITES

It's much easier for a werewolf to learn a rite than a Gift. She doesn't have to brave the Shadow or open herself to alteration (no matter how benign). In most cases, she simply has to find a ritemaster who knows the rite she seeks and convince him to teach her. Ancient and powerful spirit magics might require a spiritual teacher — in such a situation, the Storyteller is encouraged to use parts of the Gift-learning process outlined above for more ideas. With that said, other werewolves will teach most rites a character will learn over the course of a chronicle.

That's not to say that learning a rite is simple. Some of the problems are the same as earning a Gift from a spirit; others are unique to learning rites. These challenges

can lead to excellent roleplaying when some of the players don't show up or when you want to play a session in-between a regular game night, but don't feel you have to use them every time. If it better suits the pace of your game to have characters learn rites from other werewolves entirely by spending experience points in downtime, there's nothing wrong with that — and it doesn't stop a player from writing an account of her character's search for a rite to give the Storyteller some more hooks.

A character can learn a rite in many ways, and every rite learned should be a new experience compared to the last. A chronicle that spends a significant amount of time playing out the characters learning both Gifts and rites will focus, at least in part, on the differences between interacting with other werewolves — potentially hostile but fundamentally understandable — and spirits — disdainful at best and dangerously random. Though each can be categorized as “learning a new power,” the learning process for both should feel substantially different.

DISCOVERY

The first issue a werewolf must deal with when learning a rite is knowing of its existence. This is not as simple as it might seem; no werewolf is going to respect someone who crosses five territories and a highly dangerous stretch of the spirit wilds only to ask for “any rites you have that I might not know.” Doing so shows a lack of respect, toward both the rite and the spirits that empower it. Most ritemasters are loath to teach a werewolf who doesn't show the proper respect for what they know. Depending on the rite, just learning of it can be a lot of work — a great secret just unearthed from the spirits or a new and dangerous working isn't going to be common knowledge. Finding a rite entails not only discovering that a ritual exists to do what the werewolf wants, but also finding a werewolf who will teach her.

Some werewolves take the direct route, browbeating spirits and threatening other Uratha whom they suspect will be able to tell them of the rite they seek. This is often the tactic used when a pack needs a rite in a hurry to stave off some impending disaster. Other werewolves prefer to be direct in all their dealings and see no reason to save such tactics for emergencies. A werewolf can learn a lot if she knows who she can intimidate — and who to avoid. Weaker Uratha and spirits are the best targets, likely to reveal both a rite and who will be able to teach it. The obvious downside to this method is that beings, including werewolves, lie. A werewolf who knows that her territory is at risk once her questioner knows a rite is not going to tell him where to learn it, even though some Gifts can force her hand. Even if not, other werewolves will react poorly to bullies, and threatening the wrong person will lead to bloody retribution.

Travel is a safer means for Uratha who have more time, or who do not believe it is right to threaten their neighbors. They follow tales and urban legends that could lead them to a ritual and a teacher. A werewolf who

travels likely has no urgency to her search — or else she would opt for a more direct route — but the time taken to follow the stories shows her dedication to learning the rite. A werewolf who takes that time demonstrates her respect for the rite, and that she sincerely wants to learn it, which can go a long way towards convincing her prospective teacher. Such a journey does not have to end far from the werewolf's territory. Often, going as far as the next major city is enough as long as she follows the trail. Following a trail leads her naturally to red herrings that can extend her search. People misremember things, omit details and twist facts, whether they intend to or not. The trail of clues can be too hard for an impatient Uratha to follow, and can lead her astray for days at a time as she chases a chain of events that never actually happened.

Word of mouth is also an effective solution. Assuming that a pack isn't overly antagonistic to their neighbors — or regularly communicates with another pack — there shouldn't be much trouble hearing tales of a werewolf who could teach just about any given rite. The main problem is that the information maybe out of date for a range of reasons. The renowned teacher may be dead or have moved on; he may have lied about knowing the rite; he may only know of someone else who knows the rite; or the werewolves the pack asked could have been wrong. This method can take as long as traveling in search of a rite as the pack may have to ask a widening group of Uratha just to hear of a rare rite.

Tribal and lodge connections can be particularly helpful here. The core structure of a tribe or lodge is an extended support network for werewolves of like mind and purpose. Naturally, this network works best when searching out rites that serve a tribe or lodge's stated purpose.

Examples

Kristin Steel-Trap-Mind desperately needs some means to stop a river in her territory from flooding and washing away her pack's handiwork. She doesn't know if such a solution exists in ritual form, but, if she doesn't find a solution, the flood will devastate the Shadow of her territory and wash away the resonance her pack has helped create. She gifts a spirit of the wind with Essence and hears that a werewolf has done such a thing recently. She checks tabloid newspapers and the local talk-radio station as she heads for the general area the wind-spirit mentioned, in addition to bribing local spirits, all for a clue to the location of this river-turning Uratha.

Ezekiel Walks-Alone is an Elodoth without a tribe. He has tried to balance his human life with his existence among the Uratha, but it hasn't been working. He has found a girl he knows to be wolf-blooded, but she still doesn't seem strong enough to resist the Lunacy. He wants her to know more, both to ease her fears and to give him someone to confide in. He especially doesn't want her to suffer Lunacy just because she sees him in his Dalu form as he protects her from a group of muggers. He finds the pack that holds territory a few blocks from where he lives, and waits to catch the youngest of the

pack alone. Letting his Rage rise, Zeke ambushes the other werewolf in an alley and finds out who he must track down to learn the Rite of the Moon's Love.

TEACHING

Some people are good teachers. They can get and keep the attention of people who learn from them. Some people are good students, who ask questions when they do not understand and are honest with themselves about their level of understanding. Some people are neither. A werewolf who wants to learn a rite is going to have to put up with whoever she can find to teach her, and her teacher is going to have to hope that his student takes it all in. Forgetting algebra doesn't often lead to major problems for a werewolf, but screwing up a major rite almost certainly will. Learning a rite should be a serious time, with the teacher doing his best to teach and the student doing her best to learn. Too often, the student and the teacher fall far from the ideal, finding themselves at each other's throats over what should be a collaborative effort.

Bad teachers are unfortunately common among werewolves. It's hard to teach something that's as much feeling as physical action, and, when Rage flares in the teacher's eyes at each missed note of a howl, it can be very hard for the student to understand what she is doing wrong. Most of the People don't see the problem in this, punishing every mistake and drilling their students until they get it right. Many times even a successful teacher will find his student reacting badly to the teaching — the student doesn't understand, and the teacher refuses to explain the obvious. He pushes the student past her breaking point, and she attacks him during what should be a sharing of knowledge. The student's best course of action is to make her teacher realize that she does not understand without giving in to her Rage, or to hold her own in the ensuing fight. Another teacher will talk in abstractions and anecdotes, assuming that his student will decipher his meaning. A student has to ask for yet more assistance and clarification, or leave without understanding the rite because she didn't want to attack another werewolf.

A werewolf can understand how to teach a rite, but if her student doesn't want to learn there is nothing she can do. Perhaps he only found the teacher at the behest of his pack or totem spirit, or maybe he does want to learn the rite but finds it impossible to concentrate because of other concerns. It can be very hard for a new werewolf to focus on the abstract steps of a rite with everything else he has to take in. If his teacher doesn't know why he finds it hard to concentrate, he will likely try her patience to its limits. Other werewolves have problems learning rites because they pay too much attention to precisely what they are doing and ignore the meaning behind their actions. A ritemaster must emphasize the meaning and ritual nature of the rite and how it cements the link between the flesh and spirit, to get through to such a student.

Circumstances can work against a werewolf wishing to learn a rite. A powerful rite can take weeks to learn properly, but finding a teacher could have taken so long that scant days remain before learning the rite becomes moot. Perhaps other werewolves will claim a locus on the pack's territory, or, without the rite, a natural disaster will force the pack out of a part of their territory. Such situations provide a deadline and increase the pressure on both teacher and student. The rite itself can also provide many problems — if it is one that local werewolves consider a blasphemy, the student and teacher will both be paranoid about the other. How does the student know that the teacher does in fact know the rite, and isn't simply leading him on? How does the teacher know that the other werewolf doesn't want to meet with her to kill her?

Examples

Steel-Trap-Mind finds her teacher, an old Iron Master. He recovered the rite from a spirit for the same reason she needs it — the dockland slum he claims as his territory would have flooded without it — but humans saw him turning the waters away. He is impressed that she tracked him down, hears her out and agrees to teach her. Unfortunately, he can barely finish a sentence without veering off on a tangent, and has regaled her with stories of his life and of how he found the rite before he has taught her anything useful. She impresses upon him the urgency of her situation, interrupts his stories whenever she can and eventually knows enough to attempt the rite.

Walks-Alone now knows where to find a ritemaster who knows the ritual he seeks, and he heads straight there. The young werewolf he'd ambushed told him that the Storm Lord he's looking for has lost track of a relative, and would be likely to reward anyone who could find the wayward cousin for her. Zeke believes that to be his best bargaining angle and offers his services to retrieve the Storm Lord's cousin in exchange for the rite. The Storm Lord agrees to teach Zeke in advance, provided he goes through with another rite — one that binds him to his part of their deal. He agrees, and the Storm Lord proves to be a harsh teacher who nonetheless understands what she is doing. Soon, Zeke knows what he must do and is ready to start searching.

EXPERIENCE

Playing out the process of learning Gifts and rites can be hard on a character, especially if he is duped or goes to a lot of effort to find a teacher. If some players simply pay the experience cost to learn a rite and gloss over the learning by having it happen in downtime, the players who choose to play through the learning process may feel somewhat cheated.

In these situations, the Storyteller may choose to offer a slight experience break on Gifts

or rites learned as part of a story rather than in downtime. The amount should not be enough that every character plays through learning every Gift and rite as that can quickly derail a long-running storyline. This option is offered as a way to reward those players who would play through the process anyway, rather than as an incentive for players to monopolize their Storyteller's time.

PRACTICE

There is no instinctive transmission of the knowledge of how to use a new rite. A werewolf may know what he has to do, but, unless his mentor led him through the rite successfully, he won't know how the rite should *feel* to perform. Thus, practice can often mean the difference between a successful rite and angering the spirits, though it is not often possible. A werewolf's one and only test may well be his reason for learning the rite to begin with, as with those Uratha who learn rites to banish powerful spirits or avert natural disasters. The werewolf may find it hard to practice a rite that most werewolves believe is blasphemous — equally, he may believe that practicing a sacred rite is in itself profane. Sometimes a werewolf may want to practice a rite but cannot find a place where he can rehearse the physical actions.

In ideal circumstances, a ritemaster leads the werewolf through the rite. That way she can make sure that he knows all of the ritual actions and howls; she also ensures that he knows how to stay focused on the task. When a werewolf finds a mentor who is this good, it can be as much a curse as a blessing. Learning from her can take a long time — especially if she is a perfectionist — and, if the student needs to learn the rite quickly, he can end up with an incomplete understanding by the time he must leave.

Whether through lack of time or a teacher who doesn't think it worthwhile, many werewolves end up learning a rite with little or no practice. The ritualist may have given voice to the howls and ritual chants until she couldn't get a single note wrong, but if her teacher glossed over how she should feel during the rite her performance will take time to perfect. Many Uratha find they truly understand a rite only after they have practiced it alone, as that allows them to measure the rite's success each time, working out where they are likely to go wrong. When a werewolf has no time, practice becomes a luxury. The need to get things right the first time can hone her memory, but the increased pressure makes it more likely that she will get something wrong.

The nature of some rites makes it harder for a werewolf to rehearse them. Just knowing a rite that local Uratha consider evil cannot help but make a werewolf paranoid. Whether others know or not, his hidden

knowledge will gnaw away at him and even in the blackest night, far away from all other werewolves, the ritualist will still feel their eyes upon him. Ritemasters who know such rituals rely on others seeking them out to learn what they know as only then do they have a chance to practice what they know.

Sacred rites face much of the same prohibitions as the profane. A werewolf cannot practice Drawing Down the Shadow in full just anywhere, and the idea that she would call upon the rite even in part without the intention of seeing it through is anathema to many of the People. If a werewolf learning such a rite doesn't have the time to prepare and to refine her understanding, then even the holiest of spirit magics can go horribly wrong.

Examples

Kristin doesn't have the time to go over what the Iron Master has taught her. By the time he finished describing what she had to do and how she had to howl, it was already time for her to get back to her territory. She decides to pause for half an hour on her way back, enacting the rite to try to quell a stream. She barely affects the waters' flow. The river is already swelling when she returns to her pack — and if she fails this time, she won't get another chance.

If Walks-Alone cannot remember the rite, then his time — and his promise to the Storm Lord — will have been for nothing. Unfortunately, he's too obsessed with the idea of using what he now knows, and the distraction is affecting his memory. His teacher bars him from leaving and beats some sense into him before repeating the lesson and allowing the Ghost Wolf to practice on a contact of the Storm Lord's. He does, and the rite works. Now all Walks-Alone has to worry about is his end of the bargain.

STORY HOOKS

The rites of the Forsaken could be the key element of a hundred stories without repetition. This section presents a few ideas for including rites in your chronicles. As with the story hooks for Gifts, these aren't concrete outlines that can be used straight from the book; each one presents a general situation and the important questions for including it in your chronicle.

AGAINST THE ORDER

All werewolves hear tales of dark rituals that go against the Oath of the Moon and their sacrilegious practitioners. Despite this, some werewolves still hunt for forbidden knowledge. Perhaps their intentions are pure, and the rite itself is neither good nor bad, but the resonance of their use stains the Shadow Realm. Maybe the only way to overcome a major problem is for them to enact a profane rite. Worse, what happens when these werewolves are the characters? Trapped in a position where their only way out is a rite that they know to go against the Oath and against Mother Luna, they have to decide whether their morals are worth losing their territory — or their lives. Can the characters come up with another way? If they can, is there

time to go through with it? If not, do they make a stand for what they believe in? And, for those who go through with the rite, do they still think it is as sacrilegious as they once did?

RESPECT

A ritemaster must treat a ritual with respect. It's a synergy of actions, thoughts and feelings that cannot be replicated, and the spirits that the rite calls upon expect that it be treated with due respect. Unfortunately, that's something nobody has taught a young ritualist near the pack's territory. He does not care to respect spirits, especially after an early encounter lead to him nearly dying in the Shadow Realm. To his mind, if he's placed the items and howled the howls, then it is the spirits' job to do the rest. The spirits obviously don't agree. What effect will his attitude have on the Shadow of the territories around his own? Do his rites work anyway, or do spirits only show up to torment him — and any other Uratha in the general area? Can the pack show him the error of his ways, or do they have to take drastic action?

INFLUENCE

The pack notice a few werewolves trying to cross their territory undetected, all heading for a neighboring pack who have recently taken in the son of a well-renowned local werewolf who died not too long ago. If the pack investigates, they will find that this new arrival is teaching dangerous rites to some of the travelers. Do they launch an attack straight away and damn his father's memory? Do they try to deal with the neighboring pack, offering them evidence of the truth? Or do they try to ignore the slow stain that spreads through the Shadow of their territory out of respect for his father's memory? If not, how do they convince all the packs in the area of the ritemaster's blasphemy?

SACRED ORDER

The pack require an ancient and holy rite for an important purpose but can only find legends of its existence, and few living among the Uratha know of anyone who might be able to teach it. When the pack find him, they discover that he is part of an ancient lodge — a sacred order more important to him than his tribe — and he can only teach the rite to his successor in the lodge. Does the pack join the lodge, even after the old wolf makes it clear that they will have to kill him? Do they learn the rite but refuse to kill another Uratha? Is there another way they could learn the rite? Failing that, is there another rite that they could perform? If they join the lodge, just what do the other members — and the totem — require of them?

NEW GIFTS

No tribe favors the following Gift lists. Players can select them as their free pick at character creation after selecting those for tribe and auspice, or purchase them with experience points as usual.

BLOOD GIFTS

Blood pumping, hearts pounding, the Uratha hunt down their prey. Their claws open deep wounds, casting scarlet blood over the ground as their victim breathes his last. Werewolves are inextricably linked with blood as a sign of their violence and Rage, and the Gifts of Blood arise from that. Unlike the bones of the long dead, spilled blood is a sign of action, and these Gifts allow an Uratha to pick up on those signs. Uratha seek predatory animal-spirits, especially wolverines and sharks, to learn Blood Gifts.

BLOOD DIVINATION (•)

This Gift allows the user to see possible knots in the future in the fall of a few drops of blood. The visions that the Gift provides a werewolf are glimpses of a place and time clouded in symbolism, and she may not know what she has seen until she encounters it. The character must spill blood in order to use this Gift, though a few drops from a self-inflicted cut will work.

Cost: None

Dice Pool: Resolve + Occult + Wisdom

Action: Extended (20 successes required; each roll represents one minute of concentration)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The seer is rattled by the omen he sees. The character loses one Willpower point.

Failure: No successes are gained for this minute.

Success: Successes are gained. If the character achieves 20 or more successes, the patterns of blood resolve into a symbolic warning in the character's mind. At any point in the next six hours, the player may nominate a given die roll to receive an additional +1 circumstance bonus as the werewolf recognizes the situation he's in and instinctively acts as the blood omen had warned. The character can benefit from only one application of this Gift at a time.

Exceptional Success: No additional effect apart from the omen being gained more rapidly.

SHARK'S SCENT (••)

Sharks have an uncanny ability to follow a trail of blood through water, picking up on the tiniest trace to find the bleeding creature. A werewolf with this Gift can replicate that feat in air. He can pick up on the scent of blood when even other Uratha would not notice it, and can follow the trail to its source through the smog of rush-hour.

Cost: None

Dice Pool: Wits + Composure + Purity

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The trail is misleading or stops abruptly, leaving the werewolf in unfamiliar territory without an easy way out.

Failure: The Gift fails. Either the trail vanishes soon after starting, or there is no trail that the character can follow to begin with.

Success: The character can track anyone who has bled within an acre (a city block in urban areas) within the last six hours. He can pick out individual trails well enough to track by scent without penalty, and can reflexively re-activate this Gift when its effects fade without losing the trail. This Gift lasts for one scene. Note that using this Gift does not count as having tasted the target's blood for purposes of other means of tracking.

Exceptional Success: The werewolf's heightened sense of smell allows him to pick up old trails even in a storm or a busy part of a city. Using the Gift, he can track people who have bled in the area up to a day before.

CLOT (•••)

Spilled blood clots, sealing over an injury and giving the skin beneath a chance to heal. Werewolves who possess this Gift can cause any bleeding wound to clot instantly, even if the target is hemophilic or bleeding from an artery. The Uratha lays her hands on her subject, letting her Essence flow. The blood clots created by this Gift can stop wolf-blooded or even other werewolves from bleeding to death, and the protection they offer allows the wound to heal much faster. The Uratha cannot use this Gift on herself.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Stamina + Medicine + Honor

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The subject of the Gift immediately takes one point of lethal damage as the wound bleeds freely.

Failure: The Gift fails to take effect.

Success: The subject's blood thickens and clots. If the subject is bleeding to death, (see "Incapacitation," **World of Darkness Rulebook**, p. 173) she loses no more points of Health, and her rightmost Health box is changed to bashing damage.

On a less grievously injured subject, the healing time for all bleeding lethal damage taken from a single source is reduced to three-quarters normal. Humans heal the damage at a rate of one and a half days per point, rather than two. Storytellers should use their discretion as to which injuries this Gift can affect.

Exceptional Success: If bleeding to death, the subject's rightmost aggravated wound is converted to lethal, or her two rightmost lethal wounds are converted to bashing. Characters with lesser injuries heal at twice the normal rate rather than one and a half times.

SCENT WEAKNESS (••••)

When a wolf is close enough to its prey to track it by scent, it uses the smell of blood to isolate weaker prey. This Gift expands upon that principle, identifying a

target's weaknesses from the scent of his blood. The Uratha becomes aware of all of the target's weaknesses, not just physical illness or infirmity, so that she knows how best to approach her target and the best tactics to take him down.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Survival + Cunning versus subject's Resolve + Primal Urge

Action: Contested; resistance is reflexive

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The werewolf detects weaknesses that her subject does not have. Any actions the character takes against her target suffer a -1 penalty for a day. The werewolf cannot re-use this Gift on the same target for a week.

Failure: If the user's roll fails or the subject rolls as many or more successes than the user, nothing happens.

Success: The user rolls more successes than the subject. The werewolf catches scent of the target's weaknesses, and understands instinctively how to exploit them. For the next hour, the werewolf gains a +1 bonus to all contested rolls made against the target — it becomes equally harder to grapple mentally or physically with a werewolf who knows your weak spots.

A werewolf can use this Gift on a subject she is tracking with Shark's Scent. The werewolf can have this Gift active against only one target at a time.

Exceptional Success: The Gift lasts for 4 hours.

SACRIFICE (•••••)

An Uratha with this Gift can make the ultimate sacrifice. Cutting herself with her own claws, the werewolf gives up a measure of her own blood to the spirits. In return for her self-sacrifice, the spirits imbue her with a measure of their power, imbuing her with Essence. This is a dangerous Gift, as it makes the werewolf physically weaker — but those who think that an Uratha can only be physically dangerous do not understand their opponents.

Cost: None

Dice Pool: This power requires no roll

Action: Reflexive

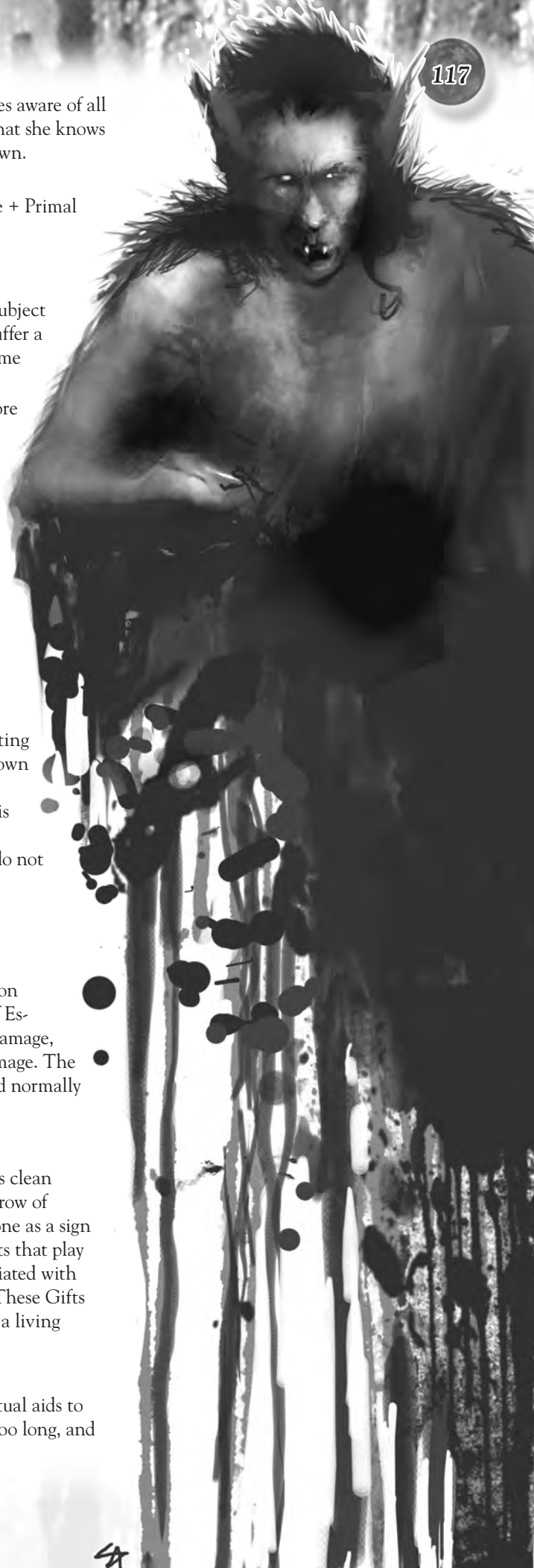
Each point of aggravated damage that the character inflicts upon herself when activating this Gift gives the character three points of Essence. The werewolf using this Gift must be the one to inflict the damage, and cannot use this Gift without inflicting at least one point of damage. The character may have more Essence than her Primal Urge score would normally allow, but any excess points are lost at the end of the turn.

BONE GIFTS

Whether cleaving their enemies' skulls or smashing their bones clean through, speaking with the spirit of a skull or chilling the very marrow of whoever sees them, there is no doubt that the Uratha are tied to bone as a sign of fear and death. Some werewolves capitalize on this, learning Gifts that play upon their mythic links to the bones of their enemies. Spirits associated with death, including owl-spirits and raven-spirits, teach Gifts of Bone. These Gifts exploit the bone as a link to the dead as well as the integral part of a living person, giving a werewolf power over the full range of influence.

STRIP CARCASS (•)

Werewolves have many uses for the bones of their foes, from ritual aids to jewelry and fetish-making. Waiting for the flesh to decay can take too long, and



the presence of a butchered corpse missing its skull often causes too many awkward questions. This Gift causes already dead flesh to decay, sloughing off the bones of the fallen in grey-brown puddles of rotten meat.

Cost: None

Dice Pool: Composure + Survival + Wisdom

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The meat rots under the werewolf's touch, but the bone fragments and dissolves as well, leaving a half-melted puddle of flesh and bone.

Failure: Nothing happens.

Success: Flesh sloughs away from the bone. Each success strips the meat from an area equivalent to point of Size, equivalent to a human arm or leg. This process takes two full turns per point of Size cleaned to complete, but the character does not have to concentrate upon it.

Exceptional Success: The character strips all the flesh from a normal-sized (Size 5) human corpse in two turns.

DEAD MEN'S BONES (••)

Legends tell of a dead man's eyes holding the last thing they saw long after the life had passed from the body. That may not be true, but an Uratha who knows this Gift can interrogate the bones of a dead creature to find out how he died. Note that this does not contact the creature's ghost, if any; it is rather a method of divination based on the bones themselves.

Cost: None

Dice Pool: Presence + Investigation + Honor

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The bones do not care to tell the werewolf what they know. This Gift cannot be used again on the same carcass.

Failure: The bones do not tell the character anything she does not already know.

Success: The bones tell the werewolf the specific cause and time of death, but not the who's or why's. A poisoning victim could transmit the information "ingested cyanide an hour past sunset," but could not reveal how the cyanide was hidden or who the poisoner was.

Exceptional Success: The character learns an additional bit of information about the cause of death. In the case of the poisoning victim, the character may learn "ingested cyanide in coffee an hour past sunset."

Suggested Modifiers

Modifier Circumstance

+1 Skull is intact

FREEZE MARROW (•••)

Even those who are not afflicted with Lunacy are often rightly frightened to see an Uratha in one of his mixed forms. This Gift allows the werewolf that same ef-

fect even in Hishu or Urhan forms, striking fear deep into his target's bones with just a look. The fear that this Gift inspires lasts for at least a scene, and memories of it can scar weaker-willed people for life.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Intimidation + Glory versus Composure + Primal Urge

Action: Contested; resistance is reflexive

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Gift's effects fail completely. The werewolf cannot use this Gift on the same target for a lunar month.

Failure: If equal or more successes are rolled for the target, or the user's roll fails, then the subject does not feel any more fear than normal.

Success: If the character using this Gift rolls more successes, the target suffers a -1 modifier to all actions that directly oppose the user. Attempts to flee or otherwise avoid the character are not penalized. The Gift's effects last for a scene.

Exceptional Success: The subject will suffer the effects of this Gift over again the next time he encounters the werewolf.

FRACTURE (••••)

The teeth and claws of a werewolf's Gauru and Urshul form can cut through flesh and bone easily enough. When a werewolf finds herself unable to use those shapes, then this Gift is a useful alternative. An Uratha who knows this Gift can break the bones of any creature with little more than a touch. When backed with the force of a werewolf's muscle, the target will often lose a limb even if he survives.

The werewolf using this Gift must first strike her target for at least one point of damage. The werewolf cannot attack with a weapon, but, other than that, there is no restriction on the kind of attack that can be used for this Gift.

Cost: 2 Essence

Dice Pool: Strength + Medicine + Glory

Action: Reflexive

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The werewolf wrenches one of his own bones trying to strike, taking one point of bashing damage.

Failure: The character hits no harder than normal.

Success: The user deals one extra point of lethal damage per success rolled. If the character hits an arm, the target drops anything he was carrying in that hand. If the attack hits a leg, the target's Speed is halved for the duration of a scene. Strikes to the torso or head give the target an additional -1 modifier on all physical actions for one turn per success.

Exceptional Success: As a success, and the bone shatters into hundreds of fragments. Unless the target re-

ceives supernatural healing, the bone will never set properly and may need amputating.

BONE CARAPACE (•••••)

The werewolf turns his mastery over bones back within himself, forcing his skeleton to extend spurs through his skin. These wickedly sharp plates not only turn aside attacks that would harm him, but the keen edges slice open anyone who manages to land a blow. Having parts of his bones burst out of his skin does hurt the werewolf, but his pain is often worth the extra protection.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Stamina + Medicine + Honor

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: Bones split the character's skin but are ill-formed and weak; the character takes one point of lethal damage but gains no benefit.

Failure: Nothing happens. The character takes no damage, and human witnesses do not suffer Lunacy.

Success: The werewolf takes one point of lethal damage and gains two points of Armor against physical attacks and firearms. The bone spurs may be used as weapons, inflicting +1 lethal damage. Once per turn, the werewolf may make a Dexterity + Brawl check against anyone grappling him as a reflexive action; the target contests with Dexterity + Brawl as a reflexive action. If the werewolf wins this reflexive contest, the target takes one point of lethal damage for each success by which the werewolf won.

The Armor provided by this Gift cannot protect the werewolf against damage done by silver.

Exceptional Success: The werewolf gains three points of Armor rather than two.

CITY GIFTS

Metal scraps bang on fire escapes and empty trashcans, beating out a rhythm that pulses with the beat of a werewolf's heart. Trash fires burn, casting the city in living, yellow light. For many humans, their walls and buildings are their refuge, a place that they retreat to for safety. But to an Uratha who knows these Gifts, the spirit of the City is an ally in the hunt. Building- and road-spirits teach these Gifts, as do the spirits of urban animals.

CITY EYES (•)

Windows are the eyes of a city, everything recorded by the spirits in the panes of glass. For an urban hunter, this extra perspective can help her track prey or be aware of danger. The Uratha using this Gift places her hand to one window of the building and communes with the building's spirit to see everything its eyes can with perfect clarity.

Cost: None

Dice Pool: Wits + Composure + Cunning

Action: Instant



Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The window shatters under the werewolf's hand, and nobody can use the Gift on that building for at least a half-hour.

Failure: The werewolf is unable to see through any of the building's windows.

Success: The werewolf can see through any of the windows of the building, looking either in or out, though she can only see through one at a time. She can change views once per turn, but cannot see through her own eyes while the Gift is active. The Gift's effects last for thirty seconds per success.

Exceptional Success: The werewolf can see through more than one window at a time. Perception tasks to keep track of someone within the building get a +1 modifier. The Gift's effects last for thirty seconds per success.

WORD ON THE STREET (••)

People may come and go, but a city street never forgets. From the moment people fixed the idea of the road into place, the spirit of the road has remembered everything that transpires upon it. Great speeches, uprisings, murders — the street knows it all until the day people tear it up, and nobody remembers it any more. The werewolf using this Gift touches the blacktop lightly and allows his Essence to flow through to the spirit of the road. The werewolf may delve into the road's "memory" in such a fashion.

Cost: Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Investigation + Wisdom

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The road's memory is patchy and unreliable, infecting the werewolf with a temporary state of urban forgetfulness. The character suffers a -1 penalty to Streetwise rolls until the next moonrise.

Failure: The user does not learn anything more than he already knows.

Success: The road responds directly to the character's questions about one incident in the past, giving him a complete understanding of what transpired from the perspective of the road and possibly granting new insight. For example, "*Freddie was running but was out of breath and turned off onto Ninth a couple of minutes before something tore his head off.*"

Exceptional Success: The road responds with more detailed information. "*Freddie was running oddly, bleeding from one leg, and clutching something to his chest. He collapsed twice, and lost something on the sidewalk the second time, in front of the burned-out hotel.*"

GRIDLOCK (•••)

Uratha are the master hunters of the city as well as the wilderness, and this Gift helps demonstrate that fact to their prey. The werewolf reaches out into the spirit of his city and breaks the lines of escape around his prey.

Busses never arrive. Traffic is jammed solid. Subway trains do not stop at any platform the target waits at. Rubble and trash snare the prey's feet, if a crowd doesn't form to block his way through. The werewolf must know roughly where his prey is and must be in the same city for this Gift to work. This Gift can be used only in an urban environment.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Resolve + Streetwise + Glory versus Composure + Primal Urge

Action: Instant, contested

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: Everything the city does to stop the target is seconds too late. The truck pulls out just after his taxi; the crowd is just thin enough that he can squeeze through and away from the werewolf. All attempts to follow the target for the rest of the scene have a -1 penalty.

Failure: The city does not react, and the target can escape without hindrance.

Success: The target cannot escape his immediate surroundings by any vehicular means, and his Speed on foot is reduced by 2 due to the little inconveniences the city throws in his path. The Gift's effects last for one minute per success.

Exceptional Success: The target's Speed is reduced by 3.

CITY RUNNING (••••)

The city arranges things between the werewolf and his destination to ensure a direct path that is much faster than walking. Fire escapes drop at just the right time for the werewolf to grab, buildings seem to lean closer to catch him when he may fall short and balconies are just where he needs them to be for a perfect landing. A werewolf with this Gift is the fastest predator in any city, capable of outpacing cars and trains, but must run over roofs and leap between buildings.

Cost: 2 Essence

Dice Pool: Dexterity + Streetwise + Glory

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: A fire escape is not in position, or a crucial jump is just two inches too far. The character falls at an appropriate point in the run and takes damage for the resulting fall.

Failure: The werewolf reaches his destination in the same time as it would have taken to walk, but by a more impressive route.

Success: The character must know his destination when activating the Gift. From that point, he can run across rooftops, balconies, fire escapes and other urban features in a shortcut across the city skyline. The next time he stops moving is when he reaches his destination. Divide the time taken to reach the destination on foot by the number of successes rolled plus one. This is the time

it takes the werewolf to travel the full distance. Architectural impossibilities, gang wars and major rivers are no obstacles to this Gift, as long as the start and end points are in the same city.

Exceptional Success: The werewolf outpaces the best transport that humans can offer, arriving at his destination incredibly quickly. On the turn that his run ends, the character doubles his Speed.

URBAN CHAOS (•••••)

Humans may have built the first cities, but all have spiritual reflections apart from their creators. The spirit of a city can exist without the people crammed into it, and sometimes it is actively displeased with the humans who cram its streets and foul its alleyways. This Gift allows an Uratha to direct the anger of a suddenly very active city against its population. Fire hydrants explode like cannon shells, streetlights over-charge and ground out through people and windows shatter, raining razor shards of glass as the city seeks to reclaim its streets.

Cost: 3 Essence

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Streetwise + Wisdom

Action: Extended (35 successes needed; each roll represents five minutes of concentration)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: All accumulated successes are lost. The werewolf cannot use this gift on the same city block again.

Failure: No successes are gained yet. If three successive rolls fail, the werewolf cannot continue, and the Gift fails.

Success: Successes are added. Once 35 are gathered, the block lashes out at the people within it by launching fire hydrants, raining broken glass, dropping billboards or any other appropriate means. The block makes two attacks per turn until the end of the scene. Each attack is resolved as a thrown attack with a seven-dice basic pool that occurs on the werewolf's initiative. The means of attack determines the statistics of the 'weapon' the angered city uses: fire hydrants are 3 (L), broken glass is 2 (L) and a billboard is 2 (B).

Everyone in the city block suffers a -2 reduction in Speed, and may suffer a -1 penalty to other tasks at the Storyteller's discretion due to smoke, dust and falling debris.

Exceptional Success: If the user rolls five more successes than needed, one of the buildings in the affected block collapses. Anyone underneath or inside takes 10 points of lethal damage to which only armor, not defense, applies.

NEW RITES

RITUAL MIND (•)

A werewolf who has trouble finding balance before invoking the spirits to empower her rituals is at a disad-

vantage compared to Uratha who pay closer heed to the tenets of Harmony. To redress that balance, many ritemasters have taken to petitioning Mother Luna to watch over their workings. While Luna likely doesn't pay any heed, the local spirits recognize the werewolf's need to focus.

Many werewolves consider this rite holy in some way, a ritual created to assist with the greatest of workings. For Uratha of lower Harmony to use it seems rather profane to many dedicated ritemasters, but its use goes on. A new werewolf will likely not learn this rite first, but knowing it before she needs it to bolster her Harmony marks her as a highly dedicated ritualist.

Performing the Rite: A werewolf can only use this rite to assist in using another, and the same werewolf must perform both rites. She must prepare all of the materials required for the other rite before starting, and only enacts this rite when ready to start the other as well. The werewolf faces east if she cannot see Mother Luna or west if she is visible in the sky. From there, she takes one deep breath and howls her need for clear thought and balance to the four cardinal directions, turning clockwise. The rite takes less than two minutes to perform.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The rite fails. Due to the extra confusion and stress, the other rite suffers an additional -2 modifier.

Failure: The rite fails. The ritemaster gets neither bonus nor penalty.

Success: The ritualist may add one die to her Harmony roll for the other rite. This extra die can only be used to offset penalties to the roll, not to gain extra dice above the character's Harmony.

Exceptional Success: The ritualist gets three extra dice to offset penalties rather than just one.

FRESH SCENT (••)

Werewolves are not the only beings that live for the hunt. Mobs of humans, rival Uratha and vengeful spirits all try to find werewolves — and never for good reason. This rite cleanses the subject's physical scent and makes minor changes to all her forms, making her just different enough to evade anything hunting her that has not tasted her blood. Werewolves with enemies among creatures other than the People may seek out a ritemaster who knows this ritual — though using this rite too frequently is a sure sign of cowardice.

Despite being of similar intent to Cleansed Blood, this rite is often frowned upon by the People. It is a call to spirits to change the face of an Uratha because she cannot outwit a more powerful foe by her own means. Ritemasters who know it walk a fine line between honest necessity and taking the easy way out.

Performing the Rite: This rite must be performed before a fire that is open to the sky — a fire in an enclosed area will not work. The ritemaster normally lays the fire with green wood but any substance that generates a lot of smoke will work. The ritualist casts items symbolic to the subject of the rite — who must be a werewolf — into the fire, destroying any identification along with a lock of hair or a tuft of fur and any other items that represent the subject as who she is. Once the smoke has taken these symbols, the ritualist extinguishes the fire and traces the ash in glyphs over the subject's face while chanting to the spirits. The subject then washes away the ash with fresh water, revealing her new face and completing the rite. The ritemaster herself may be the subject of this rite.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (10 successes, each roll represents 5 minutes)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: All successes are lost. The subject's old scent grows stronger, and she is easier to recognize. All rolls to track her gain a +1 modifier for the remainder of the day.

Failure: No successes are added.

Success: Once ten or more successes are accumulated, the target's hair and fur color and length, build, facial structure and scent all change by just enough to make her appear to be different. Neither the ritemaster nor the subject has any control over the new appearance. Attempts to track the subject based on her old appearance suffer a -5 penalty for one week after the rite. Tracking assisted by the taste of the subject's blood is unaffected.

Exceptional Success: If five or more successes are rolled than needed (15+), the changes to the subject last for one lunar month.

Suggested Modifiers

Modifier Situation

- +1 The subject offers all the identifying items she normally carries.
- 1 The subject has obvious distinguishing marks, such as a tattoo or distinctive scar.
- 1 The subject keeps more than one item bearing her old identity.

RITE OF THE BONE CLUB (•••)

The children of Father Wolf have warred with both humans and each other since the Sundering. Humans fall like chaff before the powerful talons and burning rage of the Uratha, but werewolves find worthier foes in their own kind, be they other Forsaken or the Pure. A rampaging pack of werewolves who have lost much of their inner Harmony will lash out at both humans and other werewolves. They try to gain respect from their savagery without realizing that control and balance is what they need. This rite gives the ritualist a powerful tool to stop such a rampage.

This is the first ritual dedicated to war between werewolves that the Uratha know of. One tale speaks of an Elodoth awaiting attack, placating the spirits of those his foes had slain to come to his aid and empower a mighty weapon. Others tell of the Ithaeur who forced aid from the spirits of his own victims to help him destroy his enemy. The one thing that the stories agree on is the ferocity with



which the wielder of a Bone Club will strike down his foe, shrugging off blows that would cripple any other werewolf.

Performing the Rite: The ritemaster carves intricate patterns of glyphs signifying death and war into a bone taken from a victim of her foe. She then lays the bone at the center of a circle of fire — of any kind, from enmeshed twigs to gasoline — and howls litanies of the fallen and tales of her enemy's actions to the sun. The ritualist cuts her palms and throws droplets of her blood into the fire as she does, linking the bone to herself and her foe. She ends the rite by smearing her blood on the bone as she takes it from the circle. From then on, the bone is a powerful talen linked to the ritemaster, who is empowered by the rite to kill the enemy that she has named. Once that task is accomplished, or three sunsets pass after the rite's completion, the bone crumbles to a fine dust as the spirits take their due.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (25 successes, each roll represents 15 minutes)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: All successes are lost. The bone breaks and is useless.

Failure: No successes are added.

Success: The bone is charged once the required successes are rolled. Once charged, it becomes tougher than steel. Against anyone but the named enemy the bone functions the same as a club. When fighting the enemy named in the club's creation, the ritualist gains three extra dots of Health (see "Temporary Health Dots" in the *World of Darkness Rulebook*, p. 173), and the club deals aggravated damage.

Exceptional Success: The werewolf makes considerable progress towards completing the rite. If five or more successes are gained than needed (30+), the club gains a +1 modifier to damage against the specific target.

QUESTIONING RITE (••••)

A werewolf pack cannot be everywhere in their territory at once. A pressing problem or a large territory may lengthen the time during which areas go unguarded, and this rite alleviates the problem. It's not just used to make up for a lack of patrols: the werewolf leading this rite can ask the spirits in his territory one particular question. Of course, the spirits do not need to answer honestly. If the pack has neglected their territory or the local resonance is unfavorable to the kind of spirit that would answer the question, it is less likely that the werewolf will get an answer. Furthermore, an Uratha of low Renown has a much harder time convincing the spirits that her need is genuine and worthy of their attention. Many ritualists are wary of questioning spirits that they have recently neglected; a fact that keeps this rite from being used more often.

Performing the Rite: The ritemaster first buries items as chiminage to the spirits of her territory. These items could be items representative of the area or her

question, or food and other objects that the local spirits find pleasing. She then sits in front of a bowl or pool of clear water and howls her question to the sky. With that done, the ritemaster pours a strong-smelling liquid like urine or witch hazel on the ground to deaden her sense of smell, and howls, drums or chants until the outside world fades from view. The rite ends as the ritualist pours ink or blood into the water. As the clouds mix into the water, the surface shimmers and reflects a scene in answer to the question. The scene is not just visual; she observes the scene with all of her senses as if she were present.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (40 successes, each roll represents ten minutes)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: All successes are lost. The visions granted by the pool are false. (A new wolf pack appears to be the greatest threat to a pack's territory, rather than the Uratha trying to take a slice of the territory as their own.)

Failure: No successes are added.

Success: The vision starts when the required number of successes are rolled. The ritemaster clearly sees the answer to her question and the implications it has for the surrounding area. She also gets a feeling for the exact area the pool has shown her. The vision lasts for five minutes, though it may seem to take longer.

Exceptional Success: If five or more successes than needed are rolled, the ritemaster's vision both answers her question and indicates the threads of events that have lead up to the answer. All rolls related to the vision have a +1 modifier.

Suggested Modifiers

Modifier Situation

+1 Local spirits or resonance are favorable to the werewolf.

+1 Chiminage is particularly valuable to the local spirits.

-1 Local spirits or resonance are opposed to the werewolf.

-1 or more The answer to the question is deliberately obscured in some way.

-2 The werewolf is of low Renown (highest trait rated 1 or 2).

TRANSFER THE SPIRIT'S BLESSING (•••••)

Only a spirit can grant a Gift. That's one of the rules of the world, one of the inviolate laws laid down by Father Wolf before the Sundering. This rite exploits a tiny loophole in that law, allowing the ritemaster to transfer a Gift between werewolves. The ritual is not a pleasant experience for either party. The ritemaster rips the Gift's Essence-mark from the other werewolf and grafts it to his own Essence. This process is extremely painful for both participants. The ritualist may also give Gifts she knows to another werewolf in a similar fashion. In either case, both werewolves are left dazed. The recipient is flooded



with knowledge and feelings that she was unprepared for, and must learn how to use her new Gift the hard way. The werewolf who loses a Gift has a hole ripped in his Essence, and must come to terms with having lost the blessing of a spirit.

No one knows the origin of this rite; the People and the Pure Tribes both consider it going against the way of the world. A few werewolves know the rite at any one time, but none of them advertises the fact and they will only teach it to others whom they are sure they can trust. All too often, a werewolf who knows the rite grows careless, and any Uratha who hear of him join in the hunt.

Performing the Rite: The rite must take place during the new moon, when Mother Luna's face is most hidden from the world and the Shadow Realm is infected with her madness. The ritemaster must complete the rite in the open air before the sun rises, as any sunlight touching the ritual site will cause it to fail. In a deep valley or big city the effective horizons are higher, lengthening the amount of time that the werewolves have to complete the rite.

Before starting, the ritualist must take fifteen minutes to align her Essence with that of the other participant. The two align themselves through a series of joint howls, mad dances or sexual intercourse (the last of which may call for a separate degeneration check). The ritual itself takes place around a fire, built within a circle marked with chalk and saltwater. The rite leads off with an exhausting series of dances around the fire, while offerings are burned to bribe the local spirits with Essence under the guise of them understanding and allowing the transfer. The manic action dissolves into both Uratha howling nonsense to the sky and spirits. Both werewolves take a natural hallucinogen like peyote, ayahuasca or psilocybin during this part of the rite, exhausting their bodies and minds alike until they can feel nothing but the wind whipping at their skin and the flows of Essence between them. As the fire burns out, the ritemaster slashes the palms of both participants and thrusts them into the embers of the fire. The ritemaster can give or receive a Gift, or can enact the rite for two werewolves willing to undergo the process.

Cost: 2 Essence per level of the Gift (both participants must spend the full amount)

Dice Pool: Harmony

Taking part in this rite, whether it succeeds or fails, is a sin with a Harmony Threshold of 4. Both parties will also lose Purity Renown.

Action: Extended (20 successes + 10 per level of the Gift, each roll represents 20 minutes)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: All successes are lost. Both participants must immediately roll Harmony to avoid gaining a derangement (see **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 181) in addition to the roll for degeneration as normal.

Failure: No successes are added. If the total number of successes required is not gained before the sun rises, the rite automatically fails.

Success: The Gift is transferred once the required successes are gathered. The donator of the Gift loses the ability to use it, and can never re-learn that Gift. The recipient gains full use of the Gift, but suffers a -1 penalty upon first using it as the power is unfamiliar to her. Both

parties suffer a -1 penalty to all rolls for the next week as their Essence slowly repairs the damage from this rite.

Exceptional Success: The werewolf makes considerable progress toward completing the rite. If five or more successes are gained than needed, the negative modifier only applies for the next two days as both participants' Essence heals at a much faster rate.





CHAPTER III

THE LIVING WORLD

Of course, everyone knew about the tree. They just didn't let on. It wasn't the sort of thing that was exactly good for business — sure, it might have drawn a few young kids to town, but they wouldn't have been interested in the beds-and-breakfasts, and they wouldn't have been the right *sort*.

It made people uncomfortable, to be honest, and it wasn't the sort of town where people liked being uncomfortable. Where they even wanted to admit it.

But it had to stay, there was no question about it. If you looked at it from a distance, it was really quite picturesque; its bark was a rich shade of gray, smooth like skin, bunching and whorling around the tree's joints. The grass was always just the right length, which made a few people who mowed lawns for a living happy — it just wouldn't feel right, taking a mower under the tree.

If there was really any fault to be had with its appearance, it's that some years it just wouldn't flower or bring out leaves. Sometimes a rumor would spread that this year the tree had died for good, and maybe it would rot enough to where it would have to be cut down. But, with a little time, the tree proved it was still alive by pushing out another summer canopy, slow to turn green and quick to turn yellow and orange. And that was really for the best, because when it was in its regalia, then you couldn't really see the few short lengths of rope still dangling here and there, ancient and frayed and always attached to the limbs that were just the right height.

So everyone knew, and nobody let on. Which was a pity, because it might have made things easier when the wolves rolled into town.

THE CISTERN CONTAINS: THE FOUNTAIN OVERFLOWS.

— WILLIAM BLAKE, PROVERBS OF HELL

The illusion that the Uratha see through is that only plants and animals are alive. Everything has the potential for life — including places, things and even ideas. History is alive, as is the future. Mist, blood, even the spirits of the dead or hoary old death itself has a spiritual life beyond the physical. There is meaning and danger everywhere, for the werewolf knows that all life feeds on life, and where there is life there is hunger. At the best of times, this is a harmonious web of interdependence, but sometimes it's just downright murderous.

The World of Darkness is a place where your past can really come back to haunt you. Where you can quite literally be consumed by consumerism — your stuff can eat you. Werewolves know this well. They are uniquely armed to deal with the living, hungry world.

This chapter deals with places where the walls have been weakened, where the werewolves and their allies can feed upon spiritual energies. It also looks at items that live — awakened objects and fetishes.

LOCI

To begin with, here's what loci *aren't*. They aren't holy; they're not consecrated ground. While Uratha may often perform their rituals within a locus' area of influence, it isn't a religious decision. Loci aren't memorials to Father Wolf or places that non-pack members hang out to feel close to werewolf culture or Mother Nature. Neither are loci just Essence filling stations or mere portals to the spirit world. They are not simply tools either.

One locus is not like another — finding two loci that were *exactly* the same would be something startling to a Ithaeur. Loci are as variable as the flavors of Essence that create them and which they, in turn, produce. Even loci that share similar physical forms may resonate differently with the Shadow. For example, a locus centered on one hero's gravestone might produce an essence flavored with honor and valor, while another might produce essence flavored with cold, calculating vengeance.

Loci are one of the focal points of Uratha activity, and a vital resource for the pack's efforts to reshape and preserve their territory. While a locus may not represent the soul of the pack, it's not a stretch to say that a locus is the *heart* of a successful pack's strategy. Without loci, the pack's territory and the pack itself are without a vital resource. Essence becomes harder to come by, particularly in ways that are acceptable.

Loci are also in great demand beyond the Forsaken. The Pure, Beshilu, Azlu, other supernaturals and, most importantly, spirits prize them as well. Of course, having a locus means being able to defend it. While many loci spring into creation as part of the natural interaction between reality and the Shadow, they seldom remain unclaimed, nor do these claims remain unchallenged.

Possessing loci is, therefore, a sign to others that a pack has spiritual muscle — a sign that a pack has claimed territory. Finding loci are one of the first things a pack does to establish itself. As a pack grows in ability, the creation of loci leave an indelible mark on the spirit world of a pack's power and influence.

THE MATERIAL REFLECTION OF A LOCUS

The resonance of a locus will creep into its material reflection. A locus that has a resonance of fecundity might be a bit overgrown with vines and weeds, more birds than normal may build nests there or deer may have the habit of using it as a rutting ground. A locus of Summer might be a little warmer than other places by a few degrees, the light may have a golden richness and everyone's energy level may be just a bit higher within its influence.

These material touches needn't be extreme; a potent locus is a notable place, but not a dramatic fantasy location. The same locus of fecundity might just as well be in a city, perhaps inside an old tenement. Potted plants and cockroaches might do well here, but there's no way the locus could encourage a jungle of vines and tropical hardwoods to fill the building and burst through its floors.

APPROACHING FROM THE SHADOW

It is a conundrum that something as powerful as a locus is naturally hidden from view. One would think the Essence flows would act like beacons, especially in the Shadow, yet they do not. When standing outside a locus' zone of influence there's no overwhelming scent of raw Essence, no pricking of the thumbs or raising of hackles. While Uratha often mark the boundaries of their territory in the material and spiritual worlds, none would be so foolish to advertise their loci's locations.

No matter the power of the locus, it gives no overt hints to its nature in the Shadow, until one crosses into the area of influence itself — that's when the hairs on the neck rise and the heartbeats of Uratha quicken.

An astute traveler in the Shadow might start to notice subtle changes in the spiritual landscape when

approaching a locus — more what's *not* there than what is. There won't be many spirits roaming around. Those spirits that normally move about in the area will have been warned away by more powerful entities that claim the locus (or merely guard it for others). Weak spirits that are squatting in the locus area of influence will use its nature to hide from view — only stirring to feed.

CHARACTERISTICS

While utterly unique, all loci share similar characteristics. They essentially function in the same way, but a Storyteller should consider the physical description of the locus' material area of influence and its reflection in the Shadow. The most important decision is on the exact characteristics of its resonance as this will shape not only the locus description, but also probably its thematic impact on the chronicle.

A locus exists in two places at once, both in the Shadow and in the material reality. This dual existence, this nexus of worlds, creates Essence flow as it creates a distortion in the fabric of both worlds. This distortion in the Shadow is what allows spirits to hide themselves in the heart of a locus, by hiding in the folds of the Shadow world. One minute they are there, the next they are not.

Normally Essence is created from actions or emotions in the material world that arc across the Gauntlet like a bolt lightning being suddenly generated between Heaven and Earth. A locus short-circuits this relationship like positive and negative poles joined together.

FARAM — THE PALE

Uratha call a locus' area of influence the *faram*, a word sometimes translated into English as “the pale.” Within the zone, the effect of the locus and the presence of Essence are evident to Uratha and spirits — although the heart of the locus itself is not apparent (**Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 262).

In the realm of Shadow, the Storyteller should give his or her imagination free reign when describing a *faram*. Your creativity should not be held back by physical laws or the current material form of the locus — nor should the description become stagnant. The flow of Essence continually renews and changes the environment of a locus.

Most loci are as attached to their pales as a real heart is dependant upon the veins that feed and dispense its lifeblood — in this case, Essence. Furthermore, it is the nature of the pale that shrouds the locus from harm, and, in some cases, allows a shattered locus to re-grow a new heart.

THE HEART

While the focal point for the locus' power, the heart of the locus itself is not readily discernable from its pale. If destroyed, some other object within the immediate area can be “promoted” to become the new focus for the area's energies. Whether or not this can happen largely depends upon the nature of the locus itself and the state of the

surroundings. If Essence is still naturally generated in the area, the locus should be able to re-form (see “Destroying a Locus,” **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 262).

RESONANCE

A locus that produces Essence flavored with bravery will affect the spiritual beings that feed off it differently than one flavored with artifice — including half-spirits, like the Uratha. Defining a locus's resonance is a fundamental opportunity to influence a chronicle's themes or work them into a given story.

Each spirit craves a preferred, native flavor of resonance, but they can feed on others. The catch is that constant feeding on a different type of resonance can change a spirit — in some cases turning it into some amalgam, or causing it to shift descants, choirs or (rarely) even types. This can work in a pack's favor if they are lucky enough to own a locus with a useful resonance. One dose of hope-tainted Essence isn't going to make a spirit of cruelty change its nature, but several days worth of feeding might make it more cooperative, and a few years' worth may cause it to shift type entirely.

There are many descriptors for potential resonances. The following are just a sampling of ideas:

- Artificial Resonances: Urban, civil, productive, communal, domestic, cultured, enterprise, success, avarice, ash, trash, memory law, intelligence, artifice, contrivance, progress, architecture
- Elemental Resonances: Stone, earth, soil, water, air, metal, cold, heat, fire, ice, storms, electricity, light
- Natural Resonances: Wild, hunger, sensuality, nourishment, decay, fecundity, shelter, growth, death, nurturing, Summer, Winter, Fall, Spring, predation, passion, fog, storms, rain, snow, drought
- Negative Resonances: Pain, fear, hunger, lust, disease, hatred, anger, violence, vengeance, grief, tyranny, mourning, disease, greed, ennui, envy, gluttony, pride, sloth, deception, pathos
- Positive Resonances: Endurance, bravery, hope, peace, love, splendor, sacrifice, nobility, compassion, justice, truth, beauty, honor, cleverness, majesty, integrity, forgiveness, patience

ESSENCE

Essence cannot be perceived as a thing in and of itself, but as a series of phenomena. Uratha have to use all of their senses to find free Essence as it bleeds through the Gauntlet and flickers into and out of existence in the spirit world — briefly appearing as sensations related to its resonance. Essence flavored with joy might appear as a whirlwind of flower petals, the sound of laughter, the scent of ice cream, the touch of satin. Essence might appear as each of these sensations to different beings at once.

When describing free-flowing Essence, don't get caught up in the game mechanics. Each point of Essence does not correspond to a glowing ball of light, etc. Remember that



“points” of Essence do not correspond to discrete objects or phenomena in *Werewolf: The Forsaken*. When dealing with loci and the power that flows through them, a Storyteller may be tempted to mix metagaming concepts with his descriptions. While players deal with points of Essence as a matter of game mechanics, their characters do not. A Storyteller should try to avoid describing Essence directly. Describe it in terms of its effects, its resonance and its potential. Essence should not be pinned down as mere glowing bands of pink light, or multi-colored butterflies or rivulets of black, metallic-tasting liquid. Essence is magical. It’s an ineffable phenomenon and should only exist in the periphery of an Uratha’s perception — an Uratha may be able to smell, but not quite identify its bouquet, see the changes, taste its sweet bounty, feel its warmth or hear its song. He should not pick up three points of Essence and jingle them in his pocket like loose change.

GROWTH

A locus that goes unclaimed will eventually fill and the extra Essence will begin to pool, at first within its pale. Eventually, the Essence will begin flowing outward — until it reaches its potential boundary (as if the locus were one rating above its current one). If the pool of Essence reaches critical mass, large enough to increase in rank (see *Werewolf: The Forsaken*, p. 262), the locus will increase in rank as the Essence settles into the locus. Once again

the Essence will be indiscernible to those outside the locus’ pale, until the locus begins to overflow again.

It is during this period of overflowing Essence that an unclaimed locus is most likely discovered by new spirits or the Uratha since its pale cannot disguise the huge pool of spiritual potency.

STORYTELLER NOTES: GAME MECHANICS

To be thorough, it’s a good idea for the Storyteller to determine the traits for the locus itself (Durability, Size and Structure) based on its physical nature (*World of Darkness Rulebook*, p. 135-38). Each rank of the locus adds one to the object’s natural Durability.

Severely damaged loci, ones that have suffered more levels of Structure damage than its Durability, produce Essence as loci of one rank lower than their normal rank. This means that a rank one locus ceases producing Essence if damaged. It does not affect any other of their attributes. Loci have no normal means of regeneration; they must be repaired.

ACQUIRING LOCI

For a beginning pack, finding a locus may seem a long and often dangerous road. Cubs normally start out in another pack’s territory, but eventually their welcome is worn out and they must find their own territory. Loci in any new territory are probably already claimed or hidden.

GIFTS

Giving away such a resource is rare, but possible. Powerful packs may have several loci in their territory of varying power levels. If a relatively weak locus exists on the boundary between a hated rival pack (or the Pure?), it might be a good idea to carve out a small territory and gift it and its locus to a new pack. The senior pack has one less thing to worry about — two, actually, with a new pack acting as a buffer between them and their rivals. A new pack that's even indebted to them. Such a gift might also be offered either to honor a past deed for the pack or to cement alliances against common supernatural rivals.

TROPHIES

This, of course, has deadly risks, but if a pack is too weak to defend a locus, taking it is the proper thing to do. Technically, weak packs are degrading the second tenet of the Oath: "Territory is Law."

Consider this situation. The characters are members of a new pack, all having Changed within roughly a year of each other. The area they are in has three already established packs that have an uneasy truce. Rather than drive them off, one of these more powerful packs may invite the cubs to participate in a raid against the weakest of the more established packs — their reward being some of the defeated pack's territory, including a locus. If successful, the more experienced pack gains a powerful new ally, and more territory. The trickiest part of this is to do so without killing the locus's owners, which would have political and internal repercussions. Of course, werewolves fight to the death far more often than they should, and should the target of the raid be a pack of Pure Tribes, then many would overlook it.

A new pack might also win a locus from some other supernatural entity. Perhaps these supernaturals killed or drove off the Uratha who once owned it. Mages might take a locus to study or use its mystic energies, vampires might wipe out a pack of Uratha that threatens them or their interests, powerful spirits or members of the Hosts might have slain the original owners. The Uratha have many potential supernatural foes that might knowingly or unknowingly take a locus. Winning back such a prize would surely earn the entire pack renown and territory. More importantly this method of gaining a locus could be the safest in the long run because it's more likely that the pack would not end up with the deposed Uratha looking for payback.

DISCOVERING

Walking into the zone of influence of a claimed locus is often like walking into a minefield — your character doesn't know until it's too late and the locus' owners are upon you. If the character does this in another pack's territory, she's in big trouble — after all, to have made it into the locus, she already had to be trespassing. The offender might get away with an apology followed by a hasty retreat or a Rite of Contrition, but only if the offender had

a damn good reason to be strolling through the area and only if the Uratha are convinced that the trespasser can be trusted. Of course, if the pack already has a bone to pick with the trespasser, all bets are off and the offender should expect bloodshed.

Not every wanderer is going to be attacked — that, too, would be foolish. It's much safer to let the intruder pass by, perhaps challenging her away from the locus itself. But you can be damn sure that anyone or anything that appears to be searching for the locus will at least be watched, and probably challenged.

Another option the Storyteller may employ is have one of the pack members encounter a spirit that is one of the dispossessed owners of a nearby locus. Like desperate animals still drawn to a dried-out watering hole, some may still be lingering about. Most will have quickly moved on to find better hunting grounds. The only pull would be hope of overcoming the current owner with the help of allies.

Loci, especially dormant loci (see "Rite of Dormancy," **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 156), are so well hidden from casual discovery that it is possible that once lost, they can lie undisturbed for long periods of time. Strange as it may seem, some Uratha literally stumble across fully functional, yet unclaimed loci.

The wars and invasions of mankind have been both boon and bane for the Tribes of the Moon. As Europeans flooded into the New World, the werewolves of Europe followed, prompting vast territory shifts among the Uratha who lived alongside the Amerindian tribes. The tribes and territories of the Old World and the Near East have faced the same trauma. The secret wars between the supernaturals, whether from within, such as the Brethren War, or from without, like the predations of the idigam, forced territories to be re-drawn or erased entirely. In such eras of chaos it is certain that loci, especially dormant ones, have gone unnoticed.

If the characters locate some unclaimed territory, they should spend a significant amount of time researching if other Uratha once claimed the territory. It's quite possible that loci might be still around. The local folklore might point to a place that had some kind of supernatural significance — a haunted house, a pool with a bad reputation, a dangerous crossroads, whatever. If that place seems to have no associated pack or discernable supernatural import currently, it may have been turned into a locus at some point. Local spirits might have information about the supernatural secret history that point to other likely locations.

CREATING LOCI

The chance of any Uratha to naturally engender a locus' creation is extremely small (see "Forging a Locus," **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 262). Gathering 150 points of similarly resonant Essence in touchstones or other forms is quite difficult. Somehow inspiring that much Es-

sence naturally is a titanic effort, much less guarding that Essence pool for a week. The most skilled ritemasters can create a locus on their own by using the Drawing Down the Shadow rite. That's simply not an option for the newly Changed.

When using this rite, the ritualist has limited resources to influence the resonance produced by the new locus. In the end, the final descriptors of the locus' resonance are in the hands of the Storyteller, though it's certainly appropriate to let players have some feedback in the matter, as they've worked hard to customize their territory and the chronicle. The participants' actions during the rituals, the area around the locus and the success of the rite itself should guide the final description. Storytellers should also not pass up the opportunity to engage the characters in the ritual's description and use it to influence the final description of the locus.

These actions that go into the rite are free-form, perhaps depending upon the auspice of the ritualists. Rahu often look like they are tearing open the Gauntlet or destroying it with a favored weapon, while an Irraka paces around the territory, tension rising wherever she walks. A Cahalith's actions and chants serve to remind all of the days of glory before the rise of the Gauntlet. Ithaeur sing to the Shadow Realm itself. Elodoth often chant reminders to the lords of the spirit world to honor their ancient agreements.

It is said that the first flow of Essence from a newly-opened locus is the sweetest. Its aroma grows in strength, becoming mingled with the thick, almost cloying sustenance of the Shadow World — flowing deeper than breath into the pack's bodies — permeating both spirit and body. While the Essence is not visible to the eye, its effects are. Mouths open and close in mock feeding upon the Essence, as eyes dart behind closed eyelids. Some Uratha who experience this for the first time lose all composure — sometimes spontaneously shapeshifting with the experience.

STORYTELLER NOTES:

SEEDING LOCI IN YOUR CHRONICLE

Without a locus, a pack will be severely hampered. Along with securing territory and finding a totem, locating a locus will be one of the first goals for a pack — probably the first goal of a pack. Letting a new pack find a three-dot locus is either merely too generous or a death sentence since it should likely be taken from them. A single one-dot locus is normally enough to get the game rolling along, and can be plausibly left unguarded as the pack arrives.

A Storyteller has two basic choices: put them where the characters look or seed them and let the players find them. Doing a little of both is the best idea. Local newspapers, history and folklore are a great source of inspiration for loci. Since the resonance of a locus inevitably influences its appearance, the appearance of a place can imply what sort of spiritual power it might harness. Interesting

monuments, decaying buildings, beautiful trees — all are creative fodder for possible loci.

It's always a good idea to reward player interest and involvement in a chronicle. If the players creatively and doggedly search for their first locus, let them find one even if it means abandoning your own plans.

OWNERSHIP

Possessing a locus brings its own challenges. There are sure to be rivals who want to take it for their own — Pure, Hosts, spirits, even others. Even powerful groups of magi have been known — in at least what passes for Uratha “urban legends” — to come calling in search of a new source of power. And, of course, there are the neighboring Forsaken packs.

Inexperienced Uratha may be tempted to post some kind of warning near a locus, but there are good reasons that werewolves don't make a habit of slapping spiritual No Trespassing signs on their loci — it doesn't pay to advertise. People rob banks because they know that's where the money is. The same goes for creatures after Essence and easy access between worlds. Why make it easy for them to find the keystone to a pack's strategy to hold their territory? If they get a pack's locus, they've just cut that pack's supply lines and avenue of retreat. Moreover, if some spiritual force could find a way to change the flavor of the Essence produced at a locus, it could end up influencing the whole nature of the locus and its owners.

GUARDIANS

In some cases, a pack of werewolves may contract out other people — or rather, “entities” — to watch over their locus for a short period of time. These hired guards might be another pack of werewolves (usually tied by tribe and a similar mindset, if they're trustworthy at all). Almost anything, save the Hosts, might be a potential guardian for a brief time. The most infamous example is of the pack who struck a deal with a small gang of vampires to defend their territory while they were absent. The vampires were able to partly understand the significance of what it was they were guarding, but lacked the ability or motivation to abuse their position by draining the locus itself. Though it's rare that werewolves are able to achieve such a successful arrangement with *anyone*, much less vampires, this example has nonetheless proven that it's possible to find reliable guardians who won't take the Essence for themselves.

Spirits make poor custodians. They must be bound with ever more complicated rites to keep them in one place, guarding a locus yet not partaking of its bounty. Some rare Ithaeur are able to bind spirit guardians successfully, allowing them a nightly ration of Essence from the locus' spring, but forbidding them upon pain of their bans to take no more. Unfortunately for the Forsaken, the greatest success rate of this nature belongs to the Pure Tribes. Whatever pacts the Pure have made, they clearly

benefit by being able to have mighty spirits of mist, stone and flame protecting their territories.

RAIDS AND RAIDING

Raiding other packs' loci is a staple of inter-pack competition. In any area where packs share common boundaries, taking loci or even raiding them to steal touchstones or to teach a competitor a lesson in humility is a moderately common practice. It establishes dominance, and ensures that the strongest will remain strong.

One of the best tactics to protect any locus is to simply make sure that likely hostiles know when they have crossed into a pack's territory long before they reach the pale. Most do this by marking the physical world with glyphs — the equivalent of First Tongue Posted signs or gang tags.

Marking territory in the spirit world is far more difficult due to the Shadow's ephemeral nature. More experienced tribes often use the Rite of the Boundary Stone to make sure that any wanderers in the Shadow have ample warning that they have passed into a pack's demesne. Of course, if the pack does not have decent relationships with the local spirits, even this precaution is likely not going to do a heck of a lot of good.

RITE OF THE BOUNDARY STONE (...)

The creation of boundary stones, or *gudurru* in the First Tongue, is often one of the first steps taken in claiming and reshaping a territory, usually before more elaborate rites, such as the Rite of the Chosen Ground. Uratha use this rite to mark their territory from the spirit world. Unlike the Rite of Chosen Ground, it does not directly influence the resonance of the Shadow Realm, it merely acts as a spiritual signpost — hopefully warning off interlopers. Of course, announcing the pack's presence often has unintended circumstances — only tribes secure in their abilities perform the Rite of the Boundary Stone.

This rite must be performed on the spiritual reflection of an object in the Shadow. Traditionally, this was done on large stones, tumuli or even the reflections of human boundary stones. Nowadays, the inscriptions may be done on trees, street signs, abandoned cars, etc.

To be completely effective, the rite must be performed four times — once for each cardinal direction. Distance and absolute location have little meaning in the Shadow, so it is quite possible that two separate Uratha traveling into a pack's territory from the North would see the same northern *gudurru* at the same time, even though they cannot see one another.

While created with Uratha in mind, a boundary marker may be seen by any creature with an Essence trait traveling in the spirit world. A crea-

ture without knowledge of the First Tongue has little chance of interpreting it as much more than "some kind of mystic warning" (standard action to identify, Intelligence + Occult, -4 difficulty).

Performing the Rite: The ritemaster travels in the Shadow Realm to one of the cardinal directions along the boundary of the pack's territory and finds a suitable object to inscribe — one with a strong reflection, but one without an awakened spirit. The ritemaster then performs a long series of howls announcing the tribe's claim on the territory, and the direction identified by the *gudurru*. At the culmination of the ritual, the ritemaster inscribes the tribe's claim in sigils on the object with pigments made from a mixture of all the pack members' blood and urine.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (30 successes for each marker; each roll represents one hour's worth of effort)

Dramatic Failure: All successes are lost. The object being marked may spontaneously awaken in a very angry frame of mind; nonetheless, it becomes spoilt for the purposes of this ritual for a lunar month.

Failure: No successes are gained, but the ritual may continue. This ritual automatically fails if performed within the *gudurru* set by another tribe.

Success: The boundary stone becomes visible. Any Uratha or spirit passing into the territory from the direction identified by the *gudurru* may make a Wits + Occult roll at +5 to see the marker. This is an automatic, reflexive action. A marker remains active for one year.

Exceptional Success: Creatures crossing this boundary in the Shadow automatically see the marker — no roll is necessary.

NON-STANDARD LOCI

While technically singular objects, loci are also *part* of specific locations, such as battlefields, graveyards, homes or sites of natural beauty. What if loci could have living components, like a grove of trees? What if they are bound in their entirety within a singular object, like a ring, a single tree, a person, a religious relic, a Model T or a whale? Can they be moved about like a car or laptop? Can loci be anchors to the spirits of man-made objects or ghosts? Can a fetish be a locus?

By default, the answer is "no." However, it's only fair to speculate as to what the answer would be if it were "yes." The following ideas for loci are not, as a rule, considered part of the default way that loci work in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, but there's no reason they can't be integrated as long as the Storyteller understands how they'd change things and why. Choosing to change some of the

basic assumptions of loci can greatly change the flavor and perceived “balance” of a chronicle — this can be both bad and good.

Overall, the Storyteller risks having loci devolve into mere tools, spiritual levers and gaming *deus ex machinas*. Any of these changes involve deciding how an individual locus’ area of influence will be handled and how the Storyteller will handle the possibility of damage to the locus.

LOCI OF PLACE

What if a locus was not a specific object, but an entire location? Such loci have no central, singular object — essentially there is no division between the locus itself and its pale. The most dramatic shift from the norm would be the fact that the locus is essentially not hidden. As soon as an Uratha steps into the locus’ area of influence, he knows that he’s standing on the locus itself.

The size of a locus-of-place is its own protection. After all, it’s pretty damn hard to destroy something so large. Even in the case of a one-dot locus, it may be a boulder the size of a kitchen table.

MOBILE LOCI

Even if the physical representation of a locus is technically mobile, it can’t be moved very far without damaging the locus’ power. As a general rule, if the physical object at the heart of a locus is moved, the center of the pale doesn’t move with it. If the object is moved, for instance, three feet to the left, the pale would shift its position slowly over the next few days. If the object is taken out of the pale entirely, the locus loses its power; any unharvested Essence remains until taken, but no more will be generated. The connection has been severed.

This is the normal state of affairs. What if you decide to change that?

The concept of mobile loci may work best with objects that hold importance to large groups, but are not associated with a particular area. Mobile loci are often things like instruments, weapons, regalia, relics, flags, fossils or vehicles — items that often work as powerful symbols in and of themselves.

Allowing a pack access to a mobile locus is a tremendous advantage. So long as their object of power is with them, they can draw on its Essence more readily and easily cross over into the Shadow — to better escape from or possibly ambush their foes. Simply put, portable loci drastically increase the power of a pack.

But they are a mixed blessing. While they are incredibly useful for Uratha on the move, they do little or nothing to establish a pack’s territory. They should also be highly prized by any other Uratha, and, since they tend to be travel with pack members, they are also far more likely to be lost or stolen than a normal locus. Of course, this is a potential corrective measure a Storyteller could use against the abuse of mobile loci — but it’s not exactly good dramatic form to decide “that thing’s too useful, so I’m taking it back.”

The Storyteller should consider severely restricting the size of a mobile locus’s pale — perhaps to one yard (or foot) per dot, or less. This ensures that they are truly mobile, without making them essentially useless. A three-dot mobile locus with a pale of standard size would likely give its presence away hundreds of feet away from its actual location. It also ensures that characters have to carry the locus with them to get any use out of it — leaving it vulnerable.



MR. BROWN: EXAMPLE MOBILE LOCUS

The town of Harrington has a museum dedicated to the minutemen who fought for the town in the Revolutionary War. One of the muskets, named for one of the town heroes, Mr. Brown, has always been well maintained — its cleaning and restoration passing down in the same family for over two centuries. Every fourth of July, Mr. Brown leads the town parade, school children have come by to see it, Revolutionary War re-creationists use it — thus, over the years it become a one-dot locus. Its traits would be: Durability 3 (reinforced to 4), Size 3, Structure 7 and Damage 2.



LIVING LOCI

What if loci weren’t tied to inanimate objects, but could manifest in the bodies of living beings?

Even under this option, living loci should be exceptionally rare. They are highly prized by both the Pure Tribes and the idigam, for reasons that the Forsaken don’t fully understand. Animal loci hint at the awe that phenomena like the white buffalo, true “sacred cows” or so-called living fossils are held in by many. The existence of living loci may also explain the otherworldliness of holy hermits, saints or cult leaders who seem perfectly capable of interacting with the spirit world — sometimes crossing over into the Shadow — without true magical knowledge or supernatural pedigree. Or they may explain the strange child or wandering madman around whom things just *happen* — wherever the person goes, the spirits follow, knowing that they can reach into the physical if they stay by his side.

What of living Wounds, living Shoals or Glades? These must also exist and might explain the legends of demon saints and pop culture’s hollow men who haunt the sterile corridors of our modern world.

Groups of living animals might also act as a locus, such as a flock of pelicans, a murder of crows, a colony of bats or even fungal colonies that stretch for miles just beneath the surface of the earth. In the case of a herd,



one animal may exist as the heart of the locus while the boundaries of the herd are its pale.

A living locus draws on many of the advantages and disadvantages of a mobile locus, as discussed previously. The living locus is also more vulnerable in a clear fashion — it's far easier to kill a person or animal than it is to split a rock or demolish a statue. With some measure of consciousness of their own, living loci would also take poorly to being herded by werewolves. A living locus is not likely to be something a pack would try to own, particularly as their primary source of Essence — rather, it would be something to deal with in some other fashion, a wandering story waiting to happen.

SUPERNATURAL OBJECTS AS LOCI

Ordinarily, a locus cannot be linked to an item that is supernatural in its own right, such as the mooring of an artificial-spirit or a fetish. Bending this rule is sure to have ramifications.

A locus that is also a ghost's anchor or a spirit's fetter is unlikely to ever be willingly under the control of

anything but its associated spirit or ghost. In the case of ghostly anchors it is most often the case that the spirit has no conception that the anchor is a portal to another world, unless it directly figured into the person's death. A ghost makes for a poor *de facto* guardian for a locus — it will struggle to defend its anchor from a pack of werewolves, no matter how well meaning. Ghosts have their own, all-consuming agendas. Under most circumstances, the pack will have to sort this out before dealing with the locus itself.

Fetish loci are even more ripe for abuse. They add the (quite remarkable) benefits of a mobile locus to the power of a fetish. Even a relatively low-powered fetish that has the ability to act as a locus essentially catapults itself into the range of a five-dot fetish *at the very least*.

The spirits of man-made objects rightly consider their moorings, should they still possess any, to be part of their bodies. If a mooring becomes a locus, the spirit will be exceptionally difficult to banish from it. The spirit is extremely unlikely to allow others to use its mooring at

all — it believes no other entity has more right to the Essence generated by its very form than it does.

AWAKENED SPIRITS

There's a stark difference between the Shadow reflection of an object and the awakened spirit of an object. Most objects in the spirit world are the former — the reflections of objects or structures that are significant enough to cast an echo across the Gauntlet, but are not associated with a particular spirit. Most objects in the physical world don't even have that much — the average car has no Shadow reflection, nor does the average personal computer, lawn chair or fast food wrapper.

However, the spirit of an object or animal can be awakened — sometimes, even that of a place. When this occurs, one of two things can happen. In the case of an animal, and often in the case of an object, the spirit goes “stray”; it is awake, and takes its initial form from the thing that birthed it, but it is not bound to its original physical reflection. However, the spirit may elect to fetter itself to its physical “body,” for familiarity if nothing else, at least at first.

The awakened spirits of animals are no different from any other animal-spirits roaming the Shadow. But an awakened spirit of an object may remain bound to its material analogue, its mooring. And it is in this fashion that awakened objects become useful to the Uratha — or dangerous. The spirit of a beaten-down pickup truck may assist a werewolf who's trying to restore the old vehicle (werewolves don't always have the credit necessary to buy new cars), but the spirit of a bone saw used in a series of grisly murders is very unlikely to be helpful. That is, unless approached by someone hoping to use it for the tasks to which it has grown accustomed....

AWAKENING ARTIFICIAL SPIRITS

Artificial objects with awakened spirits are not fetishes, although they are often confused with them. Neither are awakened weapons *klaives*. Powerful artificial spirits can do some fetish-like feats, but they are limited by their Gifts and their Influence to a particular scope of power. Generally speaking, their will is their own, which can make them far more flexible, but also contentious to deal with — like any other living thing.

Artificial spirits, awakened or not, have several characteristics that set them apart from other spirit types.

THE MOORING

A mooring is the actual man-made object that births an artificial spirit. Artificial spirits have a much stronger link than natural spirits for their material reflections. Real foxes aren't attached to fox-spirits — there are foxes and fox-spirits that, while related, are not dependant on one another on an individual basis. A rabbit may have an awakened spirit, but that spirit has taken on a life of its own. On the other hand, many artificial spirits are content

to remain attached to the material forms that gave them birth, their moorings.

This bond is so strong that the destruction of an artificial spirit's mooring normally causes the spirit's death. Those that survive are scarred by the incident, unable or unwilling to recover, becoming increasingly aggressive and obsessed with the events of their “death.”

The Natural and Elemental Courts often see artificial spirits tied to their moorings as a sign of the Artificial Court's youth and rudimentary nature. Their relationship to their material forms has several benefits — they can fetter themselves to a mooring with very little effort.

This tie has one major benefit. A hare-spirit's life is normally as fleeting as its material counterpart. This similarity extends to artificial spirits — giving the least Artificial Gaffling a much longer life than other types of spirits.

THE MAN-MADE AND THE SPIRIT

To summarize the relationship between a made thing and the Shadow, briefly:

- Artificial objects may or may not have spiritual reflections in the Shadow, and most don't. The ones without a spiritual presence simply do not appear on the other side of the Gauntlet. These objects have no discernable spiritual constituent, though there is the potential to gain such over time if conditions are right.

- Man-made objects may or may not have spirits. These includes objects with a spiritual presence. So, artificial objects with a spiritual reflection may have slumbering spirits, awakened spirits or no spirits associated with them at all. A mere reflection in the Shadow does not necessarily correspond to a slumbering spirit.

- Awakened spirits of man-made objects and places may have a special bond with the physical form that gave them birth, called their mooring. The Fetter Numen is nearly universal for artificial spirits, and it does not cost them Essence to link to a mooring. On the other hand, spirits with this bond are bound to their mooring more tightly than other spirits are bound to their fetters, rarely willing or even able to travel far from them.

- Conversely, some artificial spirits may have been awakened from a physical counterpart, but are no more attached to that analogue than an animal-spirit is attached to a given animal. They may have been freed by the destruction of a mooring and somehow escaped great trauma, or they simply may never have manifested such a potent bond in the first place. There seems to be no clear rule determining which spirits are moored and which aren't — such is the fickle nature of Shadow.

A VIEW FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD

A car, a town, a road, a pocketknife or coffee cup normally gains a spiritual aspect only due to the emotional or spiritual significance placed upon it. More specifically, the actions and emotions of humans create Essence and spiritual motes that infuse these material objects with a spiritual reality, if you will.

There are no hard and fast rules for measuring the significance of an object, just as there is no systematic approach to measuring pain, love or hate in the World of Darkness. Such judgments are subjective and should be biased towards the mores of player characters, Storyteller characters and themes of the chronicle.

The best way to judge the likelihood of an object or place having a spiritual presence is to consider three factors. First, mull over the emotions associated with an object or place. Then, think about the magnitude of the emotional outpourings associated with it and, finally, the frequency of that emotional imbuing over time. Hospitals are fountains of emotion of all sorts and, therefore, always have some presence in the Shadow. Over time, even many of the objects in the hospital grow to have strong manifestations in the spirit world (some long after the hospital itself disappears). Now consider the difference between a small town's infirmary and the mammoth spiritual presence of a huge, old hospital like Cedars-Sinai, Walter Reed or St. Bartholomew's in London. To use the same method on a more intimate level, consider the contents of your nightstand. Pens, magazines and lamps are all but guaranteed have no counterpart in the spirit wilds, but a well-used diary will frequently cast a spiritual shadow, however faint.

Sometimes objects or places with emotional significance may have a reflection in the spirit wilds without truly developing spirits of their own. For example, the reflection of the gun that shot Martin Luther King, Jr, might have a devoted following of grief-spirits, without being a spirit itself.

Even if an object or a place has a spirit, it is most likely asleep. It can be seen in the spirit world as a translucent, often stylized shadow of its material form. The spirit is always tethered to its physical form; if the material form is moved from place to place, the spirit analogue will either slowly move after it or fade from sight only to reappear once the object has rested for a time in one place.

MOORED SPIRITS

An awakened artificial spirit bound to a mooring has more of a sense of individuality than most spirits of its Rank, but is also much more limited. Without the Unfetter Numen, it cannot stray more than five feet from the location of its mooring, even while in Shadow.

Most moored spirits possess the Fetter and Materialize Numina. They have a natural affinity with Fetter, and it never costs them Essence to use this Numen to inhabit

(haunt?) their material reflections, although they are still bound by the other restrictions of the power.

Moored spirits can use the Fetter gift to inhabit nearby objects, but should those objects move out of the range of their true material forms, the link is lost and the spirit is forced either back into its natural body or into the Shadow — at the spirit's option.

For example, the awakened spirit of a battered van uses Fetter on a motorcycle next to its mooring in a crowded parking lot. But were the Harley to move away from the van, the Numen's effects would be cancelled, and the spirit harmlessly, but forcefully, ejected into either the Shadow or the physical form of the van. It would not cost any Essence for the spirit to use Fetter again to re-attach itself to its mooring.

If disincorporated, moored spirits re-forms in the spirit world within five feet of their material forms following the normal rules for spirits.

If their physical forms are destroyed, moored spirits automatically disincorporate. Some may survive and become unattached spirits, while others are undone by the experience. The spirit must succeed at a Resilience test or be destroyed along with its mooring.

NUMINA

Here is a list of new Numina that pertain especially to moored spirits, although some may be used by other spirits as well.

- **Spiritual Vision:** This Gift allows a spirit in the physical world, whether fettered or in Twilight, to peer into the spirit world for a short period of time. Roll the Spirit's Power + Finesse. The number of successes indicates the number of minutes the spirit can activate this ability. This Numen is particular to spirits that have spent a great deal of time in the physical world.

- **Unfetter:** This Gift allows an moored spirit to unbind itself from its physical counterpart for a time. Spend a point of Essence and roll the spirit's Finesse. The number of successes is the number of hours the spirit may stray from its mooring. If the spirit is not within its normal range of the mooring after that time, it disincorporates.

ARTIFICIAL SPIRIT INFLUENCES

What follows are some extrapolations of Influence for Artificial spirits. The Storyteller must define the spirit's sphere of influence. Generally speaking, a lesser Gaffling may only affect its Anchor. Greater Gafflings can influence any object within its descant; a greater Gaffling house-spirit might be able to affect itself or other houses. At higher levels of power, the spirit can affect others within its choir or even type. Remember, some spirits have more than one descant, or have more esoteric choirs than the ones listed in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. Use your imagination.

Strengthen (●): The spirit can enhance its sphere of influence. These changes last for one minute per success. The cost is one Essence.

- The artificial spirit can make an object more robust (gaining an extra point of Structure per level of the spirit).

- Improve the item's quality (+1 to die pool per level of the spirit, not to exceed +5 dice from an item's quality). This only affects die pools influenced by using this object as a tool, of course. (See the "Equipment" section in **World of Darkness** for details on equipment quality and die bonuses.) The Storyteller may rule that due to the nature of the device, and/or its materials, bonuses above +3 are not allowed. Bonuses for weapons cannot exceed the weapon's damage dice. Also, while supernatural in origin, these kinds of improvements are still considered natural — the equivalent of quality and material bonuses. This power does not allow the object to inflict aggravated damage nor protect it from aggravated damage.

- Degrade the item's quality by one per level of the spirit (to a maximum of -3).

Manipulate (••): The spirit can make minor changes within its sphere of influence. These changes last for up to ten minutes per success. The cost is two Essence.

- The spirit slightly changes the appearance of an object: shade of color, cleanliness, create or remove small scratches, etc. This would be enough to make finding a car in a crowded mall parking lot rather difficult. It can also dim the lights, fade the ink on the page of a book, leave spots on the glasses in the dishwasher and so on.

- Increase a vehicle's Acceleration by two per level, starting at this level.

Control (•••): The spirit can make dramatic changes within its sphere of influence. The changes last for up to ten minutes per success. The cost is three Essence.

- The spirit can radically change the appearance of the object, shifting colors or even shape — for instance, returning a dilapidated house to pristine condition.

- Control allows the spirit to essentially dictate an object's functioning. The more complex the machine, the more a spirit can affect its workings. Screwdrivers might strip the heads of screws, but computers may destroy data on their hard drives and cars may not start or tires may suddenly go flat.

- Machines that do not need direct human intervention can function by themselves. This does not mean that knives can levitate or throw themselves into walls — objects cannot defy gravity, for example. Cars can start and drive themselves; computers can power themselves on and manipulate their own keyboards. Houses can shutter their own windows, and open and close doors. A motorcycle with a sidecar could move of its own volition, but a normal motorcycle probably could not, since it could not stand itself up.

- The spirit can affect repairs on its physical form or any object to which it is Fettered. This is an extended action using the spirit's Power as the die pool. Each success allows heals one point of Structure. As with normal repairs, the Storyteller can rule that there's no way for the

object to be repaired if the damage is too extensive. These repairs are not permanent, but may allow an object to function for a time.

- Increase an item's Durability by one. This is considered a supernatural enhancement at this level, protecting the item from aggravated damage.

Create (••••): The spirit can create a new example of its sphere of influence. The cost is four Essence. The new creation lasts for one hour per success, before fading back into ephemera.

- Create a brand-new object within the same descant.

- Spirits can spectacularly re-shape objects within their descant, turning a junked Pinto into a Rolls Royce.

- The spirit can affect repairs on any of the same descant.

- Repairs at this level are permanent.

- Increase an item's Durability by two. This is considered a supernatural enhancement at this level, protecting the item from aggravated damage.

Mass Create (•••••): The spirit can create multiple examples of its sphere of influence. The cost is five Essence. A number of items equal to the spirit's Rank come into existence for one day per success scored.

- Create a permanent object within the same choir. This requires five successes.

- Create multiple identical items within the same descant.

- Create a brand-new object within the same choir.

- The spirit can affect repairs on any of the same choir.

- Mass improve or degrade. This allows the spirit to affect the quality of a number of items appropriate to its choir, as per the level one Influence. The effect lasts one day.

- Increase an item's Durability by three. This is considered a supernatural enhancement at this level, protecting the item from aggravated damage.

FETISHES

It's hard to tell fetishes and awakened objects apart from afar; a werewolf holding a supernaturally-charged club could have an awakened weapon, or a fetish or a klaive (another kind of fetish). The essential difference is this: awakened objects have their *own* spirits. Fetishes are objects that always have some other spirit bound into it. Fetishes never occur without some kind of supernatural assistance, while objects can awaken naturally. Objects don't have to be stirred into action via Harmony or Essence; they are their own masters to an extent.

Can an object be both? Ithaeur surmise that it is possible, although the process would damage and probably completely smother the artificial spirit's powers. It is likely more trouble than it's worth.

FETISH NUTS AND BOLTS

All fetishes share common traits and ways of interacting with werewolves. This section covers the day-to-day interactions between a fetish and a werewolf, naming practices, how long fetishes last, their physical resilience and how they perceive the world.

PHYSICAL TRAITS

Most fetishes have a size of 0, although some may be much larger. Here are some example sizes.

Size	Fetish/Talen
0	Jewelry, tooth, stone, bracelet, brass knuckles, gloves
1	Knife, pistol, skull
2	Cane, club, sword
3	Rifle, large axe
4	Greatsword, spear
5	Door, wheelbarrow

Fetishes automatically have their Durability increased by their rank. This supernatural reinforcement allows them to resist aggravated damage. Talens are fragile, impermanent things and have no supernatural reinforcement.

So, a three-dot fetish that appears to be a small stone would have these stats: Durability 2 (reinforced to 5), Size 0, and Structure 5. A talen made from an identical stone would be Durability 2, Size 0, and Structure 2.

Fetishes can be damaged and broken. When a fetish takes more damage than its Durability and it's not destroyed, subtract -1 from any Harmony rolls made to activate it. If the damage equals or exceeds the Structure of the fetish, it is broken. The spirit bound into it is immediately, and explosively, blasted into the Shadow.

CONTESTED ROLLS

Fetishes count as a use of supernatural powers. As such, when used against another supernatural being, the rules for Supernatural Conflict (**Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 103) are in play. A werewolf would add his Primal Urge to the roll to contest a fetish's power, a vampire would add Blood Potency and so on.

FETISH LIFESPANS

Like all living beings, fetishes don't endure forever, which explains why the world is not littered with the fetishes crafted over the millennia. Still, level-three fetishes can live as long as a human (often much longer than many Uratha), and higher ranked fetishes may be passed down for generations before their time is up. Eventually the bindings formed at the fetish's creation degrade, and the spirit gently returns to its place of origin in the Shadow. The binding object may quickly degrade as well without the spirit's presence, aging to the point of uselessness within a few minutes of the unbinding — even if the object should naturally endure much longer, the shell crumbles. This isn't universal, however; an old fetish knife might rust a bit, yet still remain in one piece.

The bindings on a fetish can be re-dedicated by performing the fetish rite, but this has all the same risks as the normal fetish creation rite. If the Uratha flubs the ceremony, the fetish is ruined. Most spirits are hostile to this process (in one sense, it's denying them parole); the Uratha suffers a -2 to his dice pool during the re-dedication, although, if successful, there is no further animosity on the part of the spirit. Some fetiswrights look upon re-dedication as "cheating" the spirit and refuse to do so; others care damn little about the feelings of the spirit within.

Rumor has it that should an Uratha die an extremely honorable death, such as during a great feat of renown, powerful Lunes may sever the ties of that Uratha's fetishes, allowing them to escort the dead Uratha into the afterlife. The shells of these fetishes are always buried with the Uratha, as honored allies.

Fetish	Lifespan
Talen	6–12 months
Rank One	1–5 years
Rank Two	5–10 years
Rank Three	decades
Rank Four	centuries
Rank Five	millennia

AUTONOMY

Unlike awakened objects, the spirit inside a fetish has an extremely limited ability to interact with the world. It rouses from slumber once in a while to fulfill the function or functions for which it was created, it may pulse the occasional emotional impulse to anyone touching it and it may be triggered by a sudden influx of Essence.

Under extraordinary circumstances, the Storyteller might allow a fetish to react to a situation. Examples might be when called to act by Rank 5+ spirits of its choir or descant, or when exposed to an inordinate amount of Essence. In such cases, it may even be able to use a portion of the ability it possessed while free.

Here are some quick and dirty rules you can use.

- A fetish experiencing a brief moment of autonomy can activate any of its powers as needed.
- For anything that would normally require Finesse, Power or Resistance rolls — roll a number of dice equal to the fetish's Level + 3.
- For rolls involving resisting the fetish's power when not in the possession of its owner — what it was created to perform — the dice pool equals the fetish's Level x 2.

NAMED FETISHES

The spirits bound into talens or one-dot fetishes really don't care if they are referred to by name or not. The spirits inhabiting two-dot or higher fetishes may become unruly and obstreperous if not given the respect of a name. Even if the spirit itself had no individual name in the Shadow, it understands that being bound into an object gives it a measure of individuality. Many werewolves don't give a damn about whether a spirit feels

respected or not, and admittedly they have the position of power — but others feel that any object with such power, certainly with a spirit entity giving it its identity, deserves at least a formal name.

Fetishes often have two or more names — a descriptive name and an individual name. The names in sourcebooks are normally descriptive names — evocative of the fetish’s power or nature. The individual name is usually in the First Tongue, and is coined especially for the fetish’s fusion of material object and immaterial spirit.

It’s not appropriate to punish players for failing to name their fetishes, but it might be appropriate to reward them for using the names. If a werewolf calls on his fetish by name in a respectful tone just before invoking its power, it may be appropriate to offer him a +1 bonus to his Harmony roll.

FETISHES AND THE REST OF THE WORLD

Technically, only werewolves and other creatures with Harmony or Essence can use fetishes. A Host might be able to inject a fetish with Essence to activate it, but a vampire has no way of contacting or bribing the spirit within.

That’s the rule. Here’s how to break it.

If the Storyteller is interested in allowing non-Uratha to use a fetish, it can change a few things. More story hooks can be added to the game, as foolish humans mistakenly activate the wrong sort of object and draw up a power they can’t put down. On the other hand, having vampires and mages and other sorts running around with fetishes that allow them to emulate a werewolf’s power steals no small amount of the Forsaken’s thunder. Giving fetishes to characters other than werewolves is something best done sparingly, or else the game takes on a very fantastic feel.

That said, when allowing non-werewolves to try using a fetish, there are a couple of hurdles they must overcome. Assuming that they know an object is a fetish in the first place, they have to figure out what the fetish is supposed to do — with klaives, it’s easy to tell that the thing is a weapon, but not so easy to guess what its precise ability is.

The more demanding task is to wake it up, or activate the fetish. Non-Uratha lack Harmony, which puts them at a severe disadvantage here. When a player rolls Harmony, the werewolf is effectively attempting to place her mental state in balance, letting her spirit nature reach out to the fetish without losing control. A human can’t mimic this state. He can’t give the fetish what it expects to feel.

Uratha can override a failure of Harmony (or simply save time) by channeling a flow of Essence into the device. Supernaturals that can generate Essence, the food of spirits, can do this as well. Even normal humans could cause the fetish to function if they can naturally generate the right kind of Essence due to their emotional state, the actions they are trying to perform or the emotions of those around them. This is a Storyteller call based on the situation.

If the creature is capable of learning the fetish’s purpose and providing it with Essence, use the system below. All non-Uratha suffer a penalty for wielding an unattuned fetish equal to -1 per dot of the fetish.

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Occult

Action: As per the fetish

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The fetish does not function, but may activate to exact retribution on the offensive upstart attempting to become its wielder.

Failure: The fetish does not activate.

Success: The fetish functions normally.

Exceptional Success: The fetish functions normally. The character reduces the penalty to his dice pool by 1 the next time he attempts to activate it.

DETECTING A FETISH

When not active, any spirits inside a fetish normally slumber, making them pretty difficult to detect; essentially, they become as hard to detect as an Uratha in Hishu form. Fetishes are spirits wrapped in/combined with a corporeal object — pretty effectively hidden from at incidental supernatural “radar.” A mage or vampire should not get the supernatural heebie-jeebies from just passing near a dormant fetish. Of course, a bronze axe embossed with unknown runes and symbols is cause for at least some investigation.

A fetish must be handled in order to properly evaluate its potential power.

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Occult

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: You get a misleading idea as to the nature of the object, perhaps guessing the exactly wrong thing.

Failure: You gain no insight to the nature of the object. It does not seem spiritually significant.

Success: You can see a glimpse of the spirit bound within the item (if any) and a hint as to its function.

Exceptional Success: If the object is a fetish, you learn the nature of the spirit within, and can guess at the power level of the fetish.

Possible Penalties: Fetish is dormant (-2), character is not a werewolf (-3)

FETISH-BOUND PERCEPTIONS

The spirit or spirits within a fetish slumber for most of the time, only experiencing wakefulness during an Essence flow. This is most often when an anxious Uratha expends Essence to activate the object’s powers or when the fetish is around an extremely potent source, such as near a powerful locus. For more powerful (and hungry) fetishes, merely being around activities that generate Essence flavored to the inhabiting spirit’s taste may also stir the fetish to wakefulness. For example, a four-dot klaive

may begin to stir when around any kind of combat. Even some sporting events like a boxing match might nudge a powerful weapon into wakefulness.

While awake, fetishes experience reality in fragmented glimpses caught by random senses. Remaining awake is a troublesome task, particularly if there isn't a specific task related to the fetish's purpose immediately at hand.

COMMUNING WITH FETISHES

An Uratha can check on the state of a fetish by offering it Essence while concentrating on the mood of the fetish. An Uratha's relationship with a fetish does not end after creation or attunement. Just as a fetish's magical nature is difficult to discern, so too is it difficult for an Uratha to learn the "mood" of a fetish. By offering a gift of Essence in a show of *chiminage* (not to activate, but as a gift), she can stir the spirit inside to wakefulness and attempt to glean its emotional well-being.

Fetishes below three dots are rarely cognizant enough to communicate their dissatisfaction or approval. The more powerful the spirit bound into the fetish, the easier it is for an Uratha to discover its general mood. The general modifier to this roll is equal to (5 — fetish's rating), so there is no modifier for five-dot fetishes.

Note though, that this is not a conversation. A Rahu might discover that his *klaive* axe is unhappy, but not know why it is unhappy or how to fix things. To understand more exactly, an Uratha must perform the *Rouse the Fetish* rite.

Dice Pool: Wits + Occult + Primal Urge

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The spirit within seems angry, even if it didn't formerly have cause.

Failure: You learn nothing about your fetish's mood.

Success: You know the general emotional state of the spirit — content, hungry, happy, angry, etc.

Exceptional Success: You learn the particular incident that affected the fetish's mood, or the targets of its emotions — for instance, a *klaive* that's angry at the pack's *Elodoth* for talking the pack out of that last fight.

Possible Penalties: Spirit's power (5 — fetish's level), spirit is displeased with the Uratha (-2), spirit feels exceptionally well taken care of (+2), Uratha outranks the spirit (+2), Uratha has not attuned the fetish (-2)

HONORING AND CARING FOR A FETISH

It did not matter if the fools respected him or not. Morgan imagined the horror they would have felt if they knew how he tested the fetish — of its power to betray in his hands. Morgan had the Alpha's Crown, and, with it, all of those who once drove him from the pack would become his pawns. Morgan settled the leather headband over his bow as his ex-packmates began to filter into the glade. They were shocked that he had



the balls to come back. Gristlehair, the alpha, recognized him and growled. Morgan could see the hatred flair in Gristlehair's eyes as the old one shifted and loped towards Morgan in war form, eager to take his life.

Morgan spoke under his breath, "Just a little closer, fool."
Now!

Morgan concentrated as he had before, opening his strength, his will to the spirit of the crown. It would give him the power to lead. This time it was different, he felt something twist away from him — a flash of anger and disdain from the fetish. The crown had somehow fallen off.

Impossible!

His next thoughts were about pain, then Morgan thought no more.

Gristlehair handed the leather headband to the Ithaeur, who gasped when he recognized it.

"The fool was gawking at this just before I brought him down. I don't understand. What is it?" said the alpha.

"This is... this is something that will not suffer to be used by cowards and deceivers, Gristlehair. You, on the other hand, will honor it — especially after this lesson."

Fetishes do not need to eat to survive (again, one of the bennies of being a fetish), but they still hunger for Essence flavored with the correct resonance. Most gain enough Essence from regular use to slake this thirst, but either from disuse or misuse they can become hungry — the leading cause of an unhappy fetish.

Fetishes want to be used; moreover, they want to be used in ways that generate the correct flavor of Essence that they crave. Klaives want to fight; umbral wings want to experience the joy of flight. Then again, fetishes can also be fed by just being around the right kind of Essence or by engendering the creation of the right kind of resonance.

As a rough rule of thumb, a fetish needs to be appeased a number of times per season equal to its dots. Talens count as level 0, and need no appeasement — although a terrible Uratha can still piss them off. Owning a five-dot fetish is a great advantage, yet keeping the thing from turning on its owner is a tricky business.

This is not meant to be a bookkeeping nightmare for players or the Storyteller; if it seems like one system too many, ignore it. The rules for honoring a fetish are just another way of reminding the players that the fetishes are in a manner of speaking *alive*, and that roleplaying and interacting with them does not end with the fetish creation rituals. The easiest way to do this is just to write down the seasons when the characters acquired the fetishes — let them keep track of their deeds of appeasement.

ACTS OF APPEASEMENT

Paying attention to the "living conditions" of their fetishes is important to most Uratha.

Additionally, werewolves of Harmony 8+ are expected to cater to all of their fetishes, including talens, or lose

their enhanced harmonious state — misusing fetish is the same as being rude to a spirit, a Level 7 sin against Harmony.

While these acts should not need to take up hours of game time, they should become a part of play. Acts of appeasement between play sessions should not count, unless they are related in detail to the members of the pack. Deeds of appeasement must be recorded by the player.

- Using the fetish at a dramatically appropriate time — one that generates appropriate resonance for the spirit of the fetish.
- Spending Essence to empower the fetish even when its powers aren't necessary; in effect, giving the spirit within an extra mealtime.
- Improving the lot of spirits of the same descent by acts in the Spirit or material world.
- Ritually honoring a fetish with chiminage — soaking a weapon in the blood of many foes, hanging a wind instrument in a pass where cold mountain winds caress it and so on.

ROUSE THE FETISH (••)

This rite allows an Uratha to communicate with the spirit of a fetish. It may be used to investigate the properties of a strange, newly won prize or to appease a fetish that is less than happy with its wielder.

Performing the Rite: Much like the binding rites, the Uratha first draws a circle around the *urmagan* with chalk or some other substance meaningful to the spirit bound into the fetish (if known). The ritualist surrounds this circle with claw sigils and chants softly as he focuses his will. Offerings of chiminage are also helpful, if the nature of the *urmagan* spirit is known.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (Eight successes; each roll represents five minutes)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The ritemaster's crude query looses something in the bonds tying spirit to object. The spirit flees the fetish.

Failure: No successes are gathered. The ritemaster may try again.

Success: Successes are gathered. If eight or more are gained, the ritemaster makes contact, and can converse in a limited fashion. The spirit will reveal its nature, Rank and the purpose of the fetish.

Exceptional success: Successes are gathered. If 13 or more are gained, the spirit is more forthcoming, and may relate details about its binding, past owners or other such information.

Suggested Modifiers

Modifier	Situation
+2	Ritemaster knows spirit's name.
+1	Ritemaster makes offering of chiminage.
-1 to -5	-1 per dot of the fetish

REBELLIOUS TOOLS

One option available to Storytellers is having a fetish that is treated poorly by its owner rebel against its master, failing to work or even turning on him. The drawback to using this option is that it encourages werewolves to be, well, nicer — respectful of their tools, even reverent to the spirits within. Although this may be a proper course of action when viewed objectively, it also undercuts the notion of werewolves as monsters on the border of savagery. A vicious, arrogant Iron Master who works as the pack's rival becomes less likely to have any fetishes that he can rely on. On the other hand, a rebellious fetish — the sword that turns on its wielder, the ring that slips off in its wearer's moment of need — echoes back to a great many old stories that were often quite grim. The same is true of the object that is dangerous to use by its very nature, like Stevenson's bottle-imp or Jacobs' monkey's paw. It's a device that is best used sparingly, yet it can be quite effective.

If a fetish has suffered enough indignity that the Storyteller feels it might turn on its owner — used too frequently for trivial matters, or perhaps used for an antithetical purpose, such as using a shroud housing a death-spirit as a birthing rag — the Storyteller may roll a number of dice equal to the fetish's rating. If any successes show up, the fetish will turn against its owner in some way, perhaps small, perhaps large. Depending upon the power of the fetish, it may have several options to make known its dissatisfaction. Note that higher-ranking fetishes may use any and all of the retributions listed for lower ranking fetishes.

Talen, • or •• The fetish resists use. The Harmony roll to activate the fetish suffers a -2 penalty. Expending Essence still overrides the need for a Harmony roll.

••• The fetish can taint its owner's Essence, imbuing it with the spirit's favored resonance. This makes the character especially "tasty" to others of the spirit's ilk, and antagonizes that spirit's enemies. Such a taint will not always inspire an attack by other spirits, but it will influence their actions. Any Uratha suffering this retribution may be treated as one less honorary Rank than he actually is in the eyes of appropriate spirits.

•••• Should a character have only one die left in her pool when performing an action with the fetish, the fetish can hex the character's luck, turning the single die into a chance die. The Storyteller does this *without* telling the player until the result is rolled. Any dramatic failure is sure

to implicate the fetish — weapons may turn in the hand, fetishes may turn off (or at least seem to) at an inopportune time and so on.

••••• The fetish can block the character spending Willpower to boost a die pool, so long as the action has something to do with the fetish or reflects its purpose. A klaive could prevent a character from spending Willpower to aid a Brawl roll, for instance, as long as the klaive is on the owner's person at the time. The point of Willpower is not used.

FETISH CREATION

Fetishes provide creative players with a clean canvas to really flex their creativity. Just as with Gifts, spirits can grant powers that go beyond the effects of their Numina. As hard to learn and potent as the Fetish Rite is, it would be a shame to use it lightly; a proper fetish should be inspirational in some way, saying something about the werewolf who forged it and the spirit that seethes beneath the surface.

CONVINCING THE SPIRIT

It's commonly said that the spirits used for fetish-making are merely fulfilling bargains struck ages ago between Father Wolf and the other lords of the Shadow Realm. Some Ithaeur claim that it is the Uratha's right to create fetishes and talens. Others say that there is no innate right, save the rule of strength — and that is enough. A few others argue that the Uratha have no right to bind spirits in such a manner without the spirits' consent, and the Tribes of the Moon will never throw off the stigma of being Forsaken as long as they continue to antagonize the spirit world so. Nonetheless, the Uratha are long used to the idea that they simply cannot allow any spirit to do as it pleases just because it's a spirit. This attitude carries over toward the philosophy of fetish creation. Sometimes a powerful werewolf thwarts the base desires of the fetish-bound spirit. Other times it's the Uratha "master" who's being played in a subtle way.

Nonetheless, some spirits can be coerced to enter a fetish willingly. Why is that? It can be for many reasons, and it's a wise ritemaster who knows them all and can use them to sway a spirit's decision.

Some powerful spirits consider such physical vessels excellent bolt-holes, even if binding may delay their plans for a few years. Spirits bound in fetishes are extremely hard to locate. Most importantly, they are normally in the material world, where few creatures, especially spirit foes, can detect them. Even creatures that have the ability to detect supernatural energies outside the spirit world suffer a -2 (much like an Uratha in Hishu form is difficult to detect).

Spirits bound into fetishes no longer need to expend Essence to exist. They may not relish their time constrained within a fetish (or even talen), but about the worst fate that can be suffered from that point on is their eventual freedom when the fetish is broken or the

talen is used. Many hibernate, secure in their eventual independence.

Fetishes gain small amounts of Essence, usually flavored with the correct resonance, when fulfilling their functions. To a hammer-spirit, everything looks like a nail, or more appropriately, having a potent werewolf smashing things to rubble with their physical flavors the Essence to their liking — with very little effort on the spirit's part.

Curiosity drives other spirits. While their senses are dulled into near-blindness by the binding rite, spirits still have some feel for their use and the nature of their wielders. If nothing else, they learn things from “tasting” the Essence they consume. For many spirits, unknowing of the material world, this is an interesting experience.

Mission and motive also drive the spirits. Jagglings of War relish the thought of being taken into battle, slaking their thirst on the blood-spattered resonance of violence. Being used in this manner is not only fulfilling, but also makes the spirit world more habitable for their kind (Chorus). Violence begets violence. So tell me again, who is using whom?

Moreover, once freed, spirits have interesting tales to tell their superiors. Some spirits, while useful to the Uratha, also act as double agents — spies for their immaterial masters. This is one of the chief methods the ancient spirit lords have for keeping tabs on the deeds of the Forsaken.

Rank also motivates many spirits. Should they please their spirit king while in service to the Uratha, they may grow in their own power, progressing up the spirit hierarchy, although such things are measured in many Uratha lifetimes and not in dots on a character sheet.

FETISH CREATION MECHANICS

What really matters is the process: the care that the fetish-makers spend to select materials that add meaning to the fetish, the time spent preparing chiminage, the spirit selected. Creating a new fetish is a lot like crafting any work of art. There is a method, but it is a circular process, and can start in any number of places — don't get too hung up on the order of the steps. It's certainly fine to double-back to refine your creation.

STEP ONE: CONCEPT

Inspiration can come from many places. Necessity is the mother of invention, and may dictate a particular ability that a pack requires. A better road of inquiry might come from your character's background: her goals and the goals of her pack, tribe or lodge. Can you create something that helps fulfill them? Can you come up with a fetish that fills a gap in your character concept? Don't be afraid to pull from other sources for inspiration — pop culture, gothic literature, myth, movies, song — any can be your muse.

A fetish that enforces and strengthens what makes your character unique is a great achievement. Storytell-

ers should see a red flag if a character begins to work on a fetish that steps on another pack member's function or character concept, such as a Ithaeur who wants to make a weapon that would make him the equal of the Rahu. Another red flag is a character who tries to make a fetish to cover up some weakness of his auspice or tribe — or all Uratha. A fetish that allowed an Uratha to gain the benefits of Gauru form without any of the drawbacks should not be allowed in most games.

Take a look at the example fetishes and you will notice something else. They all have quirks, sometimes corresponding to spiritual bans. These quirks give them flavor and often limit their power. A vanilla fetish is boring and should not be encouraged — a fetish is a living thing with supernatural power, potentially playing a key role in a story that emphasizes what animistic horror can entail. It shouldn't be devalued by treating it as just another form of technology.

Write down whatever will be the fetish's key power using the examples as a guide. Be sure to include some kind of idiosyncrasy involving when or how the fetish's power functions.

STEP TWO: MECHANICAL BASICS

Now that you have the power written down, it's time to work out the mechanics. Remember, fetishes are not Gifts. The Uratha doesn't have this magical ability; it's the spirit inside the fetish. Therefore, the power of the magical effects generated by a fetish should be a function of the fetish's rank, not based on the stats of the werewolf who merely activates it. Only rarely should the Uratha's Attributes or Skills come into play. The general exception to this is targeting, such as hitting someone with a klaive once it's activated.

Variable effects (range, duration and so on) should be based on the rank of the fetish or, alternately, the number of successes on a Harmony roll. Ideally, the two complement one another. Any circumstance that modifies the successful use of a fetish should affect the activation roll.

General Fetish Limitations

Here are some general limitations on fetishes by rank.

- Talens cease to function after one use.
- One- to three-dot fetishes have only one spirit bound into them.
- Four- or five-dot fetishes may have multiple spirits bound into them, as many as three in the most potent fetishes.

STEP THREE:

EVALUATE THE FETISH'S LEVEL

Using the guidelines on p. 204 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, determine the level of the fetish. It's actually better to let some time pass between writing up the fetish and evaluation. The Storyteller, not the system, has the final word on this matter. Don't be afraid to go back to the drawing board and tweak the fetish's abilities and other characteristics.

STEP FOUR: DETERMINE THE EMPOWERING SPIRIT

Once you have some idea of the power your character is after, it's time to start thinking about the spirit that will be needed to complete the ritual. Think about animals, things, emotions or even natural phenomena that seem related to the power. These associations will lead to the correct spirit. Keep in mind that there are many possible answers, but while there is not one right answer there probably is a "best" or "better answer."

For example, if the power you are looking for has something to do with speed, think about things that have an association with speed: animals like cheetahs and horses, natural phenomena like wind or a sports car. For weapons, you are normally looking for spirits that are aggressive: spirits of war, spirits of predators, spirits of dead warriors or spirits of violence. Time to put your animistic thinking cap on.

IN-GAME RESEARCH

This is not an academic exercise for werewolves. Uratha are far too active to sit around and ponder for long. They hunt for their information: scouring libraries, roaming their territory for inspiration, visiting the Shadow to negotiate with spirits or consulting with Ithaeur of greater experience (the connections between tribemates can be especially helpful here). The Storyteller can and should use the actions of fetish creation as a story hook, or at least a subplot.

The creation of four- and five-dot fetishes often involves more than the discovery that a bear-spirit is needed for the fetish. For many potent fetishes, the final discovery should point to a particular, individual spirit as being the best candidate for the fetish: not "a Bear Jagging," but rather "The Great-Bear-Spirit of Fulsom Gap." Now, the Uratha has to go find *that* spirit. The system below can give you some idea of how long it will take a werewolf to get to that point.

Fetish Research

Researching information about the spirits needed to create a fetish is not a straightforward or easy task. To complete this task, the character is assumed to have access to more experienced Uratha and access to the spirit world.

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Occult

Action: Extended (2 + 3 successes per level of fetish, talens count as level 0; each roll represents one day of research)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: Your character obtains faulty or imprecise information about the spirit he needs. He cannot use the bonuses for chiminage when performing the Rite of Binding, the Fetish Rite or any Rite of Summoning as connected to this spirit.

Failure: Your character makes no progress in locating the information he's after.

Success: Your character makes progress in his search for information.

Exceptional Success: Your character discovers excellent information about the spirit needed. The next roll made towards the process of creating the fetish gains a +2 bonus.

Suggested Equipment: Access to a locus (+1), access to animistic lore (+2), player has roleplayed several inquiries successfully (+2)

Possible Penalties: Researching an obscure power (-2), limited library (-2), no access to the spirit world (-4)

STEP FOUR: MATERIALS FOR THE RITUAL

Suitability to the game and character is more important than economic value; to a certain extent, it's even more important than quality. Simply put, the more meaning that can be invested in the object, the more suitable it is to act as the vessel for the spirit. This association might be concrete or abstract, but it should be visible. Here are some ways to relate the vessel to the spirit and the fetish.

- **Purpose** — A fetish whose purpose is to cut something should have an edge; a fetish that gives someone the power of flight might resemble wings.

- **Contagion** — Like calls to like. If a fetish is powered by a tiger-spirit, the vessel may actually be made from the parts of a tiger, such as a bone, teeth or fur.

- **Form** — The vessel's color, texture, and/or smell could resemble a spirit's form.

Write a short description of the final physical form of the fetish. Again, this should have meaning; it should reflect the nature (type, descant and so on) of the spirit itself and the power or powers of the fetish. This association might be concrete or abstract, but it should be visible.

Once you are done with that, stat out the fetish's basic Traits. Write down the physical attributes for a fetish Durability, Size and Structure. (See "Breaking a Fetish," above.) Fetish weapons should have all the stats of a normal weapon for ease of play.

STEP FIVE:

DETERMINING CHIMINAGE FOR THE RITUAL

Chiminage is a gift for the spirit. If the spirit is from a living animal or plant, think about things that have value for its living cousins: food, shelter, comfort, pleasure, enjoyment. Think also of the spirit's agenda: for the spirits of living things, these are items that promote that lifeforms' advancement and growth. This could include the destruction of its competitors or predators, but not to the extent of unbalancing nature. The Storyteller has the final word on whether or not a given form of chiminage is appropriate for a spirit.

STEP SIX: PERFORMING THE RITUAL

The actual steps for performing the ritual are presented in the Fetish Rite (**Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 162). Doing adequate research, creating the correct vessel

and obtaining the correct chiminage will enhance the werewolf's chances for performing the rite.

FETISH LEVEL EVALUATION SYSTEM

This four-step system will help you evaluate the level of a fetish. It is important that you realize this is *not* a system for construction, just a means of assessing the relative level of a fetish. It works by assigning a numerical value of points to each ability or power of the fetish, and then adding them up. Compare this total to the chart below, and you'll have a good idea of the correct level to assign a newly minted fetish.

Talens can also be evaluated by this system for Storytellers and players who want to check that these items are not too powerful.

STEP ONE: FIND THE POWERS

First you need to define all the fetish's abilities — the powers or benefits it gives the character. The best way to keep track of this is to just write them down separately, or you may just want to underline or highlight them. For example, the Claw Stick from **Werewolf: The Forsaken** allows a mundane stick or blunt object to inflict lethal damage — that's its power. Spirit Wings, on the other hand, has two powers: it allows the Uratha to fall silently and levitate, and each power adds to the point total.

For the purposes of evaluation, it's unimportant if the fetish has more than one spirit. After all, some single-spirit fetishes have more than one power. The power level descriptions and the fetish point total for each one are the major guideline.

STEP TWO: ADD ENHANCEMENTS

Take a look at the descriptions of the powers again, looking for words that describe how the powers function, how long they function and what kind of action it takes for them to be activated. Ones that give an extra benefit are called enhancements. Enhancements can make a relatively weak power strong. For instance, a fetish that gives a character +2 to all Mental tasks for an hour is certainly stronger than one that gives the same benefit for a mere turn.

Enhancements are broken down into major and minor forms. In almost all cases, two minor enhancements will increase the final rank of a fetish by one. One major enhancement will also likely increase rank by one.

Add the points from enhancements to the fetish point total.

STEP THREE: SUBTRACT RESTRICTIONS

Now, look again at the description, but this time look for things that limit the power or powers of the fetish. These work essentially like enhancements: they're broken into major and minor restrictions, but they subtract from the fetish point total, rather than add to it. Paralleling en-

hancements, two minor restrictions or one major Restriction will drop the fetish's rank by one.

This is a very tricky step. It's easy to talk yourself into restrictions that really aren't there. For example, look at the four-dot fetish from **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, Man's Hammer. It's a powerful fetish that completely destroys man-made objects. It does have some limitations that are pretty easy to pick out: "The object cannot be larger than the Uratha himself (in Hishu form) and cannot be composed of more than one material." Your first guess would be that both of these are pretty, well, restrictive. Think about this fetish in your game. Is this really worth two separate restrictions? Is not being able to destroy the entire Great Sphinx in one blow a restriction? No, clearly not, but not being able to destroy a car, a bomb or an ATM due to the many materials that make them up is a worthy restriction.

Take care that a restriction is not really a power in disguise. For instance, a pigment that only werewolves can see is not a restriction, but a powerful ability.

Subtract the value of the restrictions, and you now have the fetish point total.

STEP FOUR: COMPARE FETISH POINT TOTALS

If the point total is way off from what you were shooting for, say by 5 points or more, this system should give you some ideas about how to tweak the fetish's description to bring it in line. Perhaps you need to just revise your idea entirely. If the fetish is less than 5 points off, then it may not need any real tweaking. This is something that the Storyteller needs to make a call on based on her interpretation of the rules for the chronicle.

FETISH LEVEL ASSESSMENT CHART

Fetish Points	Fetish Level
<= 10	1
11-20	2
21-30	3
31-40	4
41+	5
<= 30	Talen

STEP FIVE: GUT CHECK

There isn't a single rules system out there that can't be broken or exploited. Once the final bit of math is done, look at the fetish overall and compare it to the general guidelines for fetish power (**Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 204). The Storyteller has final say here as to whether a fetish appears to be too powerful or weak for its final rating. If something seems to be a little off, it may have to have a duration tweaked. Overall, remember that fetishes

should be useful, but they should not contribute more power to the character than his Uratha nature does. The greater focus of the game is on the abilities internal to the character, and fetishes shouldn't shift that focus.

POWER LEVEL DESCRIPTIONS

Each heading contains a description of powers that fit its criteria and lists some examples of powers. If it seems like a power might belong under more than one category, then use the highest point total. Each level description includes some bulleted examples, some from existing fetishes. Remember, some fetishes may have more than one power. If this is the case, assign bonuses to each power.

LEVEL ONE POWERS: MIDDLING (+10 FETISH POINTS EACH)

These powers are relatively minor. The magical effects they generate might be characterized as “tricks” — although the actual ability might be just the thing needed for a character's success in a particular situation.

These powers are often no more advantageous for a particular task than an excellent set of tools or are no more helpful than a piece of readily obtainable, albeit advanced human technology. A fetish that gives an Uratha no more utility than an advanced PDA or camcorder is cool, but not game-altering.

- This power acts as a ± 2 modifier to a task roll, but these modifiers only apply to a very few kinds of rolls, such as a power that only adds to rolls for the Stealth skill or to a certain Attribute, like Strength.

- The power is a minor, short-lived magical effect: levitation, creation of light, magical sustenance, phantom noises, increased movement and minor armor, for example.

- The power can affect permanent changes, but on a limited scope, such as the repair of small, simple objects.

- If the power affects spirits, it merely facilitates communication, such as allowing Lunes to see the Uratha's actions.

- The power is merely a supernatural means of doing something that a mundane object can do: delivering a mundane poison, recording an incident, wiretapping and such.

Examples: Spirit Wings, Moon's Eyes, Timepiece

LEVEL TWO POWERS: EXTRAORDINARY (+20 FETISH POINTS EACH)

These powers are very useful and may become quite powerful with enhancements. These magical affects are pretty profound, and any die-pool modifiers they confer have fairly broad applications. The magical effects generated are pretty impressive and will likely be called upon during a session.

- This ability adds up to ± 2 modifier to a task roll, but modifies trait categories (Mental, Physical, Social) or use groups (Power, Finesse, Resistance). These modifiers can apply to multiple Skill or Attribute tasks.

- The power allows a blunt weapon to inflict lethal damage.

- The ability substantially increases a character's ability to gain information.

- Miscellaneous effects: good healing magic, magical disguise, concealment, temporary blindness, illusions and so on.

- The fetish is a minor klaive with a damage rating of one or two dice.

Examples: Spirit Drum, Cub's Vigor, Claw Stick, Timepiece

LEVEL THREE POWERS: EXCEPTIONAL (+30 FETISH POINTS EACH)

These abilities are very powerful and can greatly influence a game, giving an Uratha powerful new capabilities or allowing her to compensate for general weaknesses, such as the ability to mitigate the effects of Rage. Die-pool modifiers generated at this level are broad. Magical effects are impressive, but often blatant. A Storyteller can pretty much guarantee that these fetishes will be used in most stories.

- The fetish is a greater klaive with a damage rating of three or four dice.

- This power bestows an entirely new mode of travel: flight, burrowing or swimming, for example.

- The magical effects are impressive: invisibility, finding a target's Achilles' heel, missile deflection, clairsentience or whatever seems appropriate.

- The fetish allows the wielder to circumvent an opponent's ability to detect her.

- This ability adds up to + 4 modifier to a task roll, and Modifies trait categories (Mental, Physical, Social) or use groups (Power, Finesse Resistance).

- Power that ends or controls Death Rage or modifies Rage.

Examples: Mercy Gem, Lightning Rod, Mask of Life

LEVEL FOUR POWERS: POTENT (+40 FETISH POINTS EACH)

These powers are distinguished from merely exceptional powers by their increased scope and potential to radically alter the chronicle. For example, these potent abilities may give the Uratha some real control over the spirit world from the material world, such as the power to modify the Gauntlet.

- This power is an potent magical ability: mind reading, fantastic luck, concealment from magical scrying, illusions that can maim or kill.

- The power directly influences the Gauntlet.

- This ability exerts control over spirits in the Shadow, such as forcing spirits to become visible.

- This power reduces travel time in the Shadow, or mitigates the dangers of travel there.

Examples: Bone Whistle, Gauntlet Balm, Umbral Wings

LEVEL FIVE POWERS: PENULTIMATE (55 FETISH POINTS)

Penultimate abilities outstrip the power level of most Gifts. This level of power is almost always resident in a five-dot fetish, or, rarely, in a heavily restricted four-dot fetish. These represent the abilities of the most powerful spirits an Uratha deals with.

- This power destroys any single object created by man.
- Commands obedience without any reflexive action to resist.
- The weapon inflicts aggravated damage.
- This weapon ignores all common defenses.
- The fetish is unmovable.
- The fetish is unbreakable.
- Adds +5 or more to a roll.

Examples: Man's Hammer, Alpha's Crown, The Labrys

ENHANCEMENTS

Enhancements add to the overall effectiveness of powers. A fetish's power(s) may have more than one enhancement, but powers with more than two enhancements can become overwhelming — this should draw the jaundiced eye of the Storyteller.

Don't get hung up on the examples listed below under each category. Depending upon the specific power, one limitation may be either major or minor. In other words, one power's minor enhancement may be another power's major enhancement. If the enhancement is going to improve the power's performance nearly every time, then it's probably a major enhancement, even if it's listed under minor enhancements below.

Even if a fetish has more than one power, and a particular enhancement could affect all the powers that the fetish has, only assign the enhancement points once. Do not assign them for each power that could possibly be affected.

MINOR ENHANCEMENTS (+5 FETISH POINTS EACH)

Minor enhancements normally modify low-level powers, or just provide a slight boost to a given power. Particularly potent powers should probably have minor enhancements, if they have any enhancements at all.

- **Automatic:** A minor power that works automatically, but only under limited circumstances. This does not mean automatic activation of the fetish.
- **Immunity:** The character cannot be affected by the fetish' own power. For example, the power is some kind of explosion or emanation that does not affect the wielder.
- **Range:** The power doubles the range of weapons or thrown objects.
- **Time:** The power lasts longer than normal, such as a minute per success on the activation roll.

MAJOR ENHANCEMENTS (+10 FETISH POINTS EACH)

Major enhancements substantially improve the effectiveness of the power. They are used to make minor powers more attractive, and likely shouldn't be paired with more potent abilities.

- **Extra Uses:** The fetish has one extra use (talens only).
- **Fast Activation:** Activating the fetish is a reflexive action, rather than an instant action. Almost all combat-oriented fetishes have this enhancement, otherwise an Uratha would have to activate it and then use the fetish on the following turn.
- **Range:** The power quadruples the range of weapons or thrown objects.
- **Tattoo:** A fetish that exists as a tattoo (this may be a normal tattoo, a scar or a brand). To destroy the tattoo fetish, the Uratha must suffer a number of aggravated points of damage equal to the rank of the fetish, delivered to the general area of the tattoo.
- **Time:** The power lasts longer than a normal scene, such as one hour per success on the activation roll.

RESTRICTIONS

Like enhancements, restrictions are cumulative. A fetish with many limitations is far less powerful, and is therefore cheaper. This fetish's power is only usable in specific situations when it would normally be more useful.

More importantly, restrictions breathe added life into a fetish — they define not what a fetish does, but what it is. Think about the mercurial nature of spirits, draw upon their bans, their quirks and their deeply inhuman nature. Think about the nature of animism — the idea that everything has meaning and personality when evaluating an item. If it has none of these things, a Storyteller might need to send the author back to the drawing board. On the other hand, having more than three restrictions of any type is a red flag that someone's more concerned with min-maxing than having the fetish make sense.

The rule of thumb when deciding whether a restriction is minor or major: if the restriction is only going to come into play nearly every time the fetish *could* be used, then it's probably a major restriction.

MINOR RESTRICTIONS (-5 FETISH POINTS EACH)

- **Restricted Targets:** This power only affects certain, specific targets: *duguthim*, Azlu, males or whatever.
- **Restricted Locations:** This power can only function in forests, in the Shadow, in the ocean and so on. These are usually places where Uratha often find themselves.
- **Extra Cost:** Using the fetish costs a point of Essence.
- **Minor Chiminage:** The spirit must be offered some fairly easily obtainable offering to use the fetish again. Needs to recharge in the sun, under flowing water, in a

basin filled with 16-year-old, single malt scotch (Cost —) or whatever seems appropriate.

- **Minor Consequences:** -2 to some other roll for the duration of the power, or after the power, normally lasting a scene or less.
- **Restricted Duration:** Power that normally lasts a scene only lasts for one round per success.
- **Restricted Number of Uses:** Power can only be activated three or fewer times a day.

MAJOR RESTRICTIONS (-10 FETISH POINTS EACH)

- **Difficult Activation:** Using the fetish takes an Extended Action.
- **Unreliable:** The target of the power gets a reflexive roll to avoid its effect.
- **Major Consequences:** -2 or more to some other roll for the duration of the power, or just after the power activates. Or this consequence lasts much longer than a scene, such as a day.
- **Actions:** This power can only be called upon in a few, specific cases, such as defense of a locus, during a *ungin*, while fighting a specific foe and so on. Only in highly specific circumstances does the nature of the power suggest broader uses.
- **Extra Cost:** Using the fetish costs a point of Willpower or Rage.
 - **Restricted Number of Uses:** Power can only be activated once a month.
 - **Major Chiminage:** As above, but the spirit's chiminage is difficult to obtain: the blood of a vampire, uncut diamonds (Cost +).
 - **Talen:** The fetish is a talen.
 - **Restricted Duration:** A power that normally lasts a scene may only last for one round.

EXAMPLE FETISHES

Here's a list of over 40 fetishes, grouped by their association with certain auspices, tribes and lodges. Only the fetishes claimed by lodges should be considered restricted to those groups — lodges are protective of their secrets, revealing them only to potential recruits.

FETISH WEAPONS: KLAIVES

Although a brutal instrument such as a lead pipe could have a spirit bound within, it wouldn't be a klaive. A klaive is a weapon forged by Uratha, imbued with minor powers of war. They are often sized such that they can be used most effectively in Dalu form, yet also useful in Gauru. Ownership of a klaive is a clear mark of status for the Uratha; it indicates a werewolf of combat discipline and strong connections.

KARG (•••)

The head of this Persian horseman's mace looks like the mythic deer-antlered wolf's head from near-Eastern myth from which it derives its name. When activated, the mace emits a low, howling moan as it's swung, unnerving the foes of the wielder. Anyone who sees the wielder as an enemy suffers a -2 penalty to all Resolve or Composure checks, as the sound of Karg eats away at their courage.





Durability 3 (reinforced to 6), Size 2, Structure 7,
Damage 3 (L)

Action: Reflexive

THUNDER'S ATASSA (••••)

This Amerindian war club is nearly four feet long, with stylized lighting bolts inlaid with silver on either side of the "blade." The pommel resembles a falcon's head, and the spirit that resides within is a lightning-spirit. The wielder may attempt to activate the klaive each time he makes a successful strike against a foe in combat; a successful activation roll is answered with a growing clap of thunder. Each strike builds 2 dice of an electric charge that begins to play over the atassa and the wielder. When the charge has built to eight dice, it can be discharged up to 20 yards as a standard action. The charge does not grow any greater than 8 dice, and the damage is bashing. Armor provides no protection from this attack. The charge fades at a rate of 1 die every minute out of combat.

Durability 2 (reinforced to 6), Size 3, Structure 9,
Damage 4 (L)

Action: Reflexive

VORGARN (•••••)

This klaive spear was said to have been fashioned in the Middle Ages, and yet still bears a strong edge. Its head is nearly two feet long and waves like slithering serpent. Its shaft is made from ash, stained black. Its blade is so fearsome that facing its wielder is a daunting task. The wielder gains +2 Defense from all attacks while wielding Vorgarn.

Durability 3 (reinforced to 8), Size 4, Structure 12,
Damage 4 (L)

Action: Reflexive

AUSPICE FETISHES

These fetishes are particularly useful to certain auspices, although Uratha of any auspice might have access to them.

SHADOWDUST (TALEN)

This fine powder is ground from the material forms of used talens or fetishes. Normally it is held in a decorated bag, although the Iron Masters favor test tubes and manila envelopes. Shadowdust was first developed by an

Ithaeur. When activated and sprinkled over an area, this dust briefly glows violet if it touches any awakened item or fetish. Enough dust can be manufactured during the ritual to cover a 10 x 10 ft. area. All of the dust must be activated at once; it cannot be doled out piecemeal. A wisdom-spirit is needed for its manufacture.

Durability 1, Size 0, Structure 1

Action: Instant

CAHALITH'S THORN (TALEN)

This small fetish can be fashioned from any thorn and is one of the oldest fetishes known to the Uratha. While long associated with Cahalith, it also a favorite of Elodoth. The wielder must prick her thumb with the thorn during the activation of the Thorn. The thorn provides +2 to all Persuasion rolls as long as it remains in the user's thumb, or until the scene ends.

Durability 1, Size 0, Structure 1

Action: Instant

HEART OF THE WOUNDED BEAR (TALEN)

This talen is fashioned from the dried blood of some animal hunted down by the fetish-maker in Gauru form. When ingested or rubbed in the open wound, it gives the Uratha a +1 bonus to Physical rolls for the remainder of the scene — the werewolf must be wounded for this talen to function. If the werewolf heals fully, the effects of the talen end. Heart of the Wounded Bear is extremely useful for Rahu. A bear-spirit empowers this talen.

Durability 1, Size 0, Structure 1

Action: Instant

SALMON'S WISDOM (TALEN)

This ancient talen is said to hail from an Elodoth in Ireland. It is made from salmon eggs, stored in a small vial. When eaten, they give the Uratha +2 on all rolls involving Wits for three turns.

Durability 1, Size 0, Structure 1

Action: Instant

SOUNDTHROWER (TALEN)

Irraka create these small talens from the hollow bones of birds to be used for quick diversions. They are small, and one can easily, if uncomfortably, hold it in his mouth until needed. By blowing in one end, the werewolf can project a sound of his choosing to any location nearby. The target area must be within sight and earshot of the Uratha, be it on the other side of a room, behind an inquisitive security agent or whatever is fitting. The sound will emanate from targeted area and can be as soft as a whisper or as loud as a yelp of pain and can last up to a turn (3 seconds). The Uratha can imitate any sound he has previously heard. A mockingbird spirit empowers this talen.

Durability 1, Size 0, Structure 1

Action: Instant

THE FOUR OF US (◉)

This simple figurine of four people standing back-to-back was developed by a Ghost Wolf Irraka who didn't have anyone to "get his back." When activated, it gives one person the Irraka is speaking to the vague impression that three others in the area might be the Uratha's allies via mistaken visual cues and tricks of the light. In a crowded café, it may give the target the idea that three other patrons are the Irraka's friends. In a darkened area, the target may believe that three figures are moving in the shadows. This gives the Irraka +2 on all Intimidation rolls for the scene. A fear- or trickery-spirit is necessary to empower this fetish.

Durability 1 (reinforced to 2), Size 0, Structure 2

Action: Instant

HUMMINGBIRD'S HEART (◉)

This fetish's combat potential makes it a favorite of the Rahu. Most Uratha fashion this into a necklace with two male hummingbirds locked in combat, their beaks crossed. Upon activation, the Uratha's metabolism increases, adding +2 to Speed and Defense for two turns. Within an hour of activation, the Uratha must eat a huge meal with emphasis on sugar and protein (roughly two to three pounds of food) or crash, suffering a -2 to all Physical activity for 12 hours. A hummingbird-spirit is used to power this fetish.

Durability 2 (reinforced to 3), Size 0, Structure 3

Action: Instant

KANRUTH'S EYE (◉)

First developed by the revered Elodoth of the same name, this ring is always adorned with an eye-shaped stone. When activated, it adds +2 to all Wits rolls for the next minute; it can be used once per scene. A cat-spirit empowers this fetish.

Durability 1 (reinforced to 2), Size 0, Structure 2

Action: Instant

MEMORY CLOUT (◉)

Folklore has it that a belligerent Cahalith from Appalachia developed this staff-sized fetish due to his frustration with the rest of his pack. The owner activates it by soundly clouting the target on the back of the head, giving the subject +4 to all rolls involving remember something that happened in the past (Intelligence), or relate an anecdote (Oratory). The user must do at least 1 point of bashing damage for it to activate — no pain, no gain. The Memory Clout may not affect more than one creature at a time, and the bonuses last for one minute per success. A mockingbird-spirit powers this fetish.

Durability 2 (reinforced to 3), Size 3, Structure 6,
Damage 2 (B)

Action: Reflexive

GNAWDOWSER (••)

This helpful creation of the Ithaeur is very difficult to craft. It looks like a small rod with an arm's length of leather tied to one end. A rat skull is tied to other end of the strap. When activated, the rat skull sways back and forth, pointing to the weakest point in the Gauntlet within one mile of the fetish for one turn. The rat skull must be crafted from an ex-member of a Beshilu swarm. Beshilu take obvious delight in destroying these fetishes and their masters. A rat-spirit powers this fetish.

Durability 1 (reinforced to 2), Size 2, Structure 4

Action: Instant

OATH HOOD (••)

An Elodoth developed this black leather hood for his assumed role of executioner. When fighting werewolves whom the Elodoth has judged guilty of oathbreaking, this powerful fetish adds +2 to the Uratha's Defense and adds two temporary Health levels for the scene. Should the Uratha's judgment prove to be in error, the fetish ceases to function until the fetish's owner performs Rites of Contrition for the victim of the attack *and* the fetish. A fetish maker uses a vengeance — or dog — spirit for this fetish.

Durability 1(reinforced to 2), Size 2, Structure 4

Action: Instant

WALLBREAKERS (••)

Wallbreakers were first produced by a Rahu who liked dramatic entrances. This pair of brass knuckles is sized for the war form of the Uratha, but will adapt to other forms like a dedicated object. When used against structures (walls, buildings, doors), they give the Gauru 2 points of Armor Piercing (lowering the Durability of the objects by 2) and protect the werewolf from damaging his hands. A hammer — or earth — spirit is used for this device.

Durability 3 (reinforced to 5), Size 1, Structure 6, Damage 2(B)

Action: Reflexive

FORTUNE STONE (•••)

Upon activation, this green stone gives the wielder +2 on any resistance rolls (Resolve, Stamina, Composure) for three turns. This fetish is quite often associated with Irraka — who often need all the luck they can get. A rabbit- or whisky-spirit can empower this device. The fetish can be used once per scene.

Durability 2 (reinforced to 5), Size 0, Structure 5

Action: Reflexive

GIBBOUS HORN (••••)

This potent fetish demands a heavy price, a touch of madness. It looks like an ebony Victorian listening horn, with ivory inlay of the gibbous moon. Upon activation, the Uratha can ask a question into the bell and then listen to the voices of the Lunes for an answer. The character automatically falls into a fugue state, as if suffering from derangement (see *World of Darkness*, p. 100). At



the end of the bout of madness, she is awarded with a vision that contains hints as to the answer to her question. Her actions during the fugue may also hint at the answer. A Cahalith must be used to craft this fetish.

Durability 1(reinforced to 5), Size 2, Structure 7

Action: Instant

SPIRIT MAZE (•••••)

This powerful fetish takes at least a week to craft and is legendary among those powerful Ithaeur who wander the depths of the Shadow Realm. This fan is made from river grasses. Each blade is scribed with verses from the Litany and then intricately plaited into a maze-like design. When activated, it holds the complete attention of any number of spirits whose total Rank do not exceed the Harmony of the Uratha. (It does not function on spirits of Rank 5 or higher.) If the spirits are attacked, they receive a reflexive Finesse roll to break from their reverie. Any Rank 4 spirit can power this device.

Durability 1(reinforced to 6), Size 2, Structure 8

Action: Instant

TRIBAL AND LODGE FETISHES

This section contains fetishes made by the fetish-wrights of each of the tribes, although these are not necessarily exclusive designs. Lodge fetishes, on the other hand, are rarely found out of the hands of lodge members. Some of the more militant lodges might take great offense if a non-lodge member was found in possession of one of *their* fetishes. As with the auspice fetishes, they are grouped by rank. Each details the tribe or lodge that originated it.

BLOODWORT BAG (TALEN)

This fetish is made from moss and the blood of the fetish-maker — the Blood Talons have a lot of use for this. When activated and pressed into an open wound, it cleans it of natural infection and heals one level of lethal damage. It is normally stored in a small pouch. Any herb spirit can empower this talen.

Durability 1, Size 1, Structure 2

Action: Instant

FOOTSTEPS OF THE DEAD (TALEN)

Bone Shadows first developed this talen, and it has since been very useful to Uratha having to deal with vampires and other walking dead. When activated and sprinkled on a surface, it adheres to the footprints of any undead who've passed through the area in the past 24 hours. The contents of the bag remain active for one minute once activated. This bag of dust is made from the grave earth from any human and is powered by a death-spirit. It can cover an area up to 20 square feet.

Durability 1, Size 0, Structure 1

HIDE PAPER (TALEN)

This extremely useful Talen looks like a common newspaper and is favored by Ghost Wolves. When opened and held in front of the user, as if he is reading it, it makes the Uratha less conspicuous. Any who try to detect the user suffer -4 to appropriate dice pools. The HidePaper only functions while the Uratha holds it open and does not move. Its effects last for a scene or until the werewolf goes back into motion.

Durability 1, Size 1, Structure 2

Action: Reflexive

WYALARM (TALEN)

This simple leather bracelet, normally holding a few ordinary beads, has one very useful power. If anything is taken from the Uratha's person without her knowledge, it immediately unties itself and falls off the werewolf's hand, alerting her. Once activated, it functions for one year. A blue-jay-spirit is used to create this talon.

Durability 1, Size 0, Structure

Action: Reflexive

Action: Instant

VALETVALISE (TALEN)

This unusual talen is a small leather satchel. When activated, it contains an appropriate, immaculate and complete set of mundane clothes sized for the Uratha who activated it. It cannot create functioning scuba gear, night vision goggles or similarly specialized tools, but if you need a well-fitting tuxedo, wilderness outfit, 18th century ball gown or a copy of the latest runway fashion — that it can do.

Durability 1, Size 2, Structure 3

Action: Instant

FOURFACES (•)

What this fetish lacks in power it makes up for in versatility over the course of a year. Many experienced Hunters in Darkness craft the fetish as a gift to those who join the Lodge of Seasons. The Fourfaces fetish is meant to remind the younger werewolf of the tenets of Harmony. It looks like a small wolf's head with four faces representing the four seasons. When activated, this fetish adds one die to a skill roll, based on the Season. In summer it adds to Brawl; in the fall, it adds to Empathy; in winter, to Medicine; and in spring, to Awareness. The effect lasts for one turn per success on the activation roll.

Durability 1 (reinforced to 2), Size 0, Structure 2

Action: Instant

POISONER'S PEN (•)

The Lodge of Crows sometimes provides its new members with a Poisoner's Pen. While a fountain pen is the preferred form, any small handheld object can function like this fetish. Once activated, it supernaturally injects a poison, drug or similar fluid into the next person. The poison must be contained in some reservoir within

the object — the object does not create the poison — although it needs no mundane means of egress. A mosquito-spirit empowers this fetish.

Durability 2 (Reinforced to 3), Size 0, Structure 3

Action: Reflexive

THE SERENITY OF BATTLE (•)

A Blood Talon's calm amidst the chaos of battle sets her apart from most other warriors. This fetish reminds her of this essential truth, "The din of battle is a calming song." It most often formed from a brass bell, without a clapper. Activating this fetish adds +2 to all Composure rolls during a fight. The effect lasts for one turn per success on the activation roll; the fetish is powered by a snake-spirit.

Durability 2 (reinforced to 3), Size 0, Structure 3

Action: Reflexive

EGELSRAND (••)

The Lodge of Garm has a long tradition of softening its targets with ranged attacks before charging into battle. The lodge gives this fetish to some of its new members to make them more deadly in the first turns of combat. This scar resembles the eyes and beak of a raptor. It gives the warrior of Garm +2 to any Athletics roll for the turn after it is activated. Any raptor-spirit can power it.

The branding is normally done on the throwing arm of the Uratha. It, and the Uratha, must suffer 2 levels of aggravated damage on this spot to destroy the fetish brand.

Action: Reflexive

MASTERKEY (••)

This fetish appears to be an old, old brass key. When inserted into a lock and activated, the MasterKey conforms itself to the inner workings of the lock. When removed, it automatically reverts to its old form. A key- or door-spirit powers this fetish.

Durability 3 (reinforced to 5), Size 0, Structure 5

Action: Reflexive

PROPHECY BONE (••)

Upon acceptance into the Prophecy Lodge, a werewolf may use this small talisman. It is made from a knucklebone fashioned into a teardrop shape with three flat sides smoothed along its axis, down to a point. Two sides have a marking in the First Tongue. One says "expected," the other, "dubious." The final side is blank. After sunset, the Uratha can pose a single, one phrase, yes/no question to the stone concerning some future event and spin the bone on its pointed end, like a top. The Storyteller must give an answer, although if the question is worded in such a way as to make an honest yes or no answer difficult or impossible, the stone will turn up blank. Any Lune can power this device.

Durability 2 (reinforced to 4), Size 0, Structure 4

Action: Instant

THUMBOT (••)

Iron Masters of the Lodge of Lightning often give this useful fetish to their new members. This USB "thumb-drive" contains an information-spirit that can spiritually scan any computer that it is plugged into and give information about the computer's user. This is not a data analysis program; it's scanning the nascent spirit of the machine for resonances left by the user. Generic, emotion-based information such as the emotional state of the user, sex and so on can be revealed with only three successes; more are necessary to learn more detailed information such as the user's name. The information is displayed on screen as the fetish works, but is also stored on the ThumbBot for later perusal. The info is automatically erased the next time the ThumbBot is used. An awakened computer can store the spiritual data from the ThumbBot permanently.

Durability 2(reinforced to 4), Size 0, Structure 4

Action: Extended (3-10+ successes; each roll represents 1 minute)

TIMBRE RATTLE (••)

The Lodge of Harmony uses this fetish to gather information about the resonances of a particular location. The Uratha shakes the rattle as she takes a sinuous, random path over the area. If successful, the werewolf will learn the forms of up to four different kinds of spiritual resonance left at the scene in the past four months. The rattle must be carved from a single piece of wood, containing two clappers; fragrant woods, such as heart pine are the most common. A tree-spirit empowers this fetish.

Durability 1 (reinforced to 3), Size 1, Structure 4

Action: Extended (4 successes, each roll takes fifteen minutes)

GHOST STAKE (•••)

Bone Shadows created this fetish to give them some respite when entering the places of the dead. This iron spike, when activated and driven into the ground, makes it very difficult for ghosts or spirits flavored with the resonance of death to enter the area (1 yard radius per success on the activation roll). Spirits wishing to approach must make a Resistance check, with a -2 modifier. The user can increase this modifier by up to three (to -5) by sacrificing more Essence during the activation, -1 per point of Essence spent (beyond any used to activate the fetish). A Helion empowers this fetish.

Durability 3 (reinforced to 5), Size 1, Structure 6, Damage 1

Action: Reflexive

PACKCARD (•••)

Iron Masters craft these in ceremonies at their loci using an ordinary phone card and samples of the blood from all their current packmates. These Uratha may use these potent fetishes on any phone that accepts a phone card. Zipping the card sends out an information mote to the any

of the user's current packmates whom he names, causing the nearest phone to the recipient to ring. Any information-spirit can be used to craft this device, but the pack's totem has to participate in the ritual.

Durability 2 (reinforced to 5), Size 0, Structure 5

Action: Instant

THE ROSE AMONG THORNS (•••)

This fetish was created by Storm Lords of the Lodge of Winter to aid in their quest for Wisdom. The vessel for the raven-spirit within normally looks like a ring or pendant with several precious stones clustered together. One stone is always different from the others. This fetish adds two dice to any Mental dice pool made as an attempt to sense something out of place for a scene — as such it has many, many applications. The fetish can be used once in every 24 hours.

Durability 2 (reinforced to 5), Size 0, Structure 5

Action: Instant

SYNCHRONICITY BOX (•••)

Only possessed by experienced Harbingers, this fetish allows the Bone Shadow to bring together disparate events and begin to establish connections between them. The box is the size of a small chest and can hold about five cubic feet. It is fashioned of oak and bound with iron. The inside is lined with felt. The harbinger gathers up to five items and places them in the box. If successfully activated, the Uratha learns how the items are connected (or not) to whichever event or person the werewolf concentrates upon during the activation. The same item may not be read by the box more than once; it will be ignored. The box only can establish rather recent connections (within three lunar months) and never elaborates on motivations.

Durability 2 (reinforced to 5), Size 3, Structure 8, Damage 2

Action: Extended (3 successes + 1 for each item after the second, each roll takes one minute, three rolls maximum)

TURNDAGGER (•••)

The Lodge of the Wendigo fashion this knife to strike and flush out hidden foes. The Uratha activates the dagger and shows its wolfsheadommel the target. When thrown, the dagger has the ability to home in on its foe, even turning at nearly right angles to seek out his blood. The target gets no concealment modifiers from this attack. Additionally, if the target does not use a move action to remove the dagger after a successful wounding strike, it remains in the wound, twisting from side to side, doing one additional point of lethal damage per turn. A contested Strength roll must be used to remove the Turndagger, which resists with Strength 3. A rather demanding Wolf Spirit powers this fetish; it demands chiminage in the form of a bowl of boiled blood after each use.



Durability 3 (reinforced to 6), Size 1, Structure 7, Damage 2 (L)

Action: Instant

ARROW CHAIN (••••)

A Hunter in Darkness from the Pacific Northwest created this unique fetish to aid in stealthy raids. Activating the fetish does not ensure success. It also takes good archer to make this fetish perform. The fetish actually consists of several parts — a quiver and 20 arrows. Arrows fired from a bow can be made to stick into the air itself, and hold fast even under the weight of a werewolf in war form (Strength 8). The archer merely chooses any point in the sky and aims an arrow there. If the shot is successful, the arrow stops as if it had struck something and is held fast for the scene. The Arrow Chain has many applications, but they are most often used as a ladder or even a bridge (for the dexterous). Lining up the arrows in such a manner is still rather difficult; each shot suffers a -4 to target the appropriate spot, not including range modifiers. After the scene, or upon the command of the master, the arrows return to the quiver. This fetish is made from an air elemental. If the quiver or more than half of the arrows are ruined, the fetish is destroyed.

Arrow: Durability 1 (reinforced to 5), Size 1, Structure 6, Damage 2

Quiver: Durability 1 (reinforced to 5), Size 2, Structure 7

Action: Extended (to form the rungs of a ladder 1 success is needed for every 2' of distance between targets, or 3' in Gauru form; each shot takes one turn; maximum of 20 rolls)

BIOGRAFIA PERFETA (••••)

The Biografia was created in Portugal by a member of the Lodge of Scrolls who was fascinated by the stories of each person's life. This handmade, leather folio is rather unwieldy, being two feet wide, three feet in length and over eight inches thick. To activate this fetish, the werewolf must touch the book to the target's skin. The target can resist the effects. If successful, the blank pages of the book begin to fill with raw, stream-of-consciousness writing in longhand (and in Portuguese). The words on the page remain for two hours.

Still, it allows the Uratha to research several questions about the person's life — use the normal rules for research found in the **World of Darkness**, p. 56. Simple information about the events of a life requires three successes. Basic information requires five, but deep secrets require ten successes. Each roll takes a half an hour; therefore, there is a maximum of four rolls.

Durability 1 (reinforced to 5), Size 2, Structure 7, Damage 1

Action: Contested (Harmony versus target's Composure)

LIGHTNING CHAIN (••••)

This weapon is made from a thick chain about 10 feet long — the links of the business end are wrapped with copper wire. The Lightning Chain is one of the hallmark weapons of the Lodge of Wrath. It is often used by them to deal with interloping humans who provoke them into murderous action. A lightning spirit must be used to fabricate it. If struck with the inactivated chain, it does normal damage (listed below). If activated, the chain's damage is a major electrical blast, doing 6(B) damage. Normal armor offers no defense against this electrical attack. Furthermore, the target must make a reflexive Strength roll in each turn of contact. Failure means the target is still connected to the Lightning Chain and suffers its damage each turn until a successful roll is made or the chain is discharged. The Uratha does not make further attack rolls after the first combat turn. The target either succeeds at the reflexive roll or suffers 6 dice of damage. The chain only holds a charge for three turns. Afterwards, it must be connected to a major source of electricity for an hour to regenerate.

Durability 3 (reinforced to 6), Size 4, Structure 10, Damage 2 (B)

Action: Reflexive

TEMPEST CANE (••••)

This fetish is always fashioned into some kind of silver-headed rod, staff or cane and is a favorite of the Lodge of Thunder. It gives the wielder the ability to travel via a storm's fury. As such, it only functions outdoors and during a storm. Furthermore, the distance traveled is also limited to the area of the storm. The werewolf concentrates on his destination. Success indicates a bolt of lightning strikes the Uratha — he seemingly is evaporated, but actually appears at his destination instantaneously in another blast of lightning, unharmed. The werewolf can travel up to one mile per success on the activation roll; if he doesn't garner enough successes to travel the whole distance, he still travels the given distance in the appropriate direction.

Durability 2 (reinforced to 6), Size 2, Structure 8, Damage 2(B)

Action: Instant

TRAVELER'S BLANKET (••••)

Popular with the Ghost Wolves, this 4' x 8' green wool blanket has the unique property of holding a lot more than it would appear. Items can be piled on the open blanket. When it's folded up, it has no more mass than a folded blanket — no matter how many things are hidden within. As long as any two opposite corners of the blanket can touch one another over the cartage, the fetish can be activated. Mundane detection devices cannot detect the presence of anything in the blanket, unless unfolded. Living beings cannot be enfolded in the blanket — only inanimate objects.

Durability 2 (reinforced to 6), Size 3, Structure 9

Action: Instant

HORN OF MUNIN (••••)

It's said that a Blood Talon Cahalith, one of the founding members of the Lodge of Swords, made this fetish's creation his life's final work. It is a huge horn, carved from block of red marble and inlaid with obsidian ravens and bound in iron bands. He is only known as Muninson now, but, as he aged, he grew tired of the pointless battles often fought by his tribemates and wished for a way to put them to a stop — to give a chance for cooler heads to prevail and to prevent a mockery of Glory. Legend has it that it is his spirit that animates the horn. The Horn of Munin's function is to allow all werewolves within range under the effects of Rage to remember their calmer natures. All within 50 feet of the bearer immediately make a Harmony roll — any success immediately drops the creatures out of Death Rage or Gauru form. Those who fail the roll are stunned (and they lose their next action). The werewolf who activates the fetish takes two levels of bashing damage when doing so — sounding the horn is a tremendous effort, even punishing.

Durability 2 (reinforced to 7), Size 3, Structure 10

Action: Reflexive

TOOTH OF THE DEATH WOLF (•••••)

Few of these teeth are known to exist. The fetish must be formed from a wolf canine, inlaid with silver symbols of death. The size of the first Tooth of the Death Wolf suggests that it came from one of the ancestral wolves of Pangaea. These fetishes are guarded by the Lodge of Death, for it allows an Uratha to bring back the spirits of the dead to be questioned. When placed in the mouth of any inanimate dead animal (not invertebrates) and activated, the spirit of the dead animal returns (in its ephemeral state) to the side of the body where it will answer a number of questions equal to the successes on the activation roll. These questions are answered to the best of the spirit's ability — although the spirit will react to the Uratha normally. It cannot answer any questions concerning the afterlife — it can only recall the events of its existence up to the moment it stopped living. It is not omniscient. Once questioned, the spirit cannot be brought back using the Tooth of the Death Wolf.

This fetish is extremely painful to the animate dead, such as vampires or possessing ghosts, who cannot bear its touch when activated. Such creatures must make a Resolve + Composure roll (or Resistance, in the case of a ghost) to be able to endure the fetish's presence; failure indicates that the undead must withdraw at least 30 feet from the fetish's location. It is unknown what spirit empowers this fetish.

Durability 2 (reinforced to 7), Size 0, Structure 7

Action: Instant

STOLEN FETISHES

These fetishes may fall into the hands of the Forsaken — some from trade, most liberated from the fallen bodies of the werewolves' enemies.

SABBOLETH DROPS (TALAN)

Crafted by the Ivory Claws, this water will not stain or be absorbed by the fur of an Uratha of Pure Tribe descent. It is used to "evaluate" cubs and members of Luna's weaklings who crave membership into the *Tzuumfin*. A spring-spirit is used to fashion this talen. It is stored in a small bottle or vial, usually worn around the neck of the pack's alpha.

Durability 2, Size 0, Structure 0

Action: Instant

FETIDMUSK (••)

This fetish is often employed by fleeing Beshilu to foil werewolves or bloodhounds from tracking them. It functions like a normal aerosol can. When activated and sprayed on the ground, it effectively masks the considerable odor of the Beshilu (or anything else) by delivering a cloying stench bomb to the tracker's olfactory nerves. The effect is a -3 penalty to all scent-based tracking rolls made to track the user for an hour.

Durability 1 (reinforced to 2), Size 1, Structure 3

Action: Instant

CARTHU'AMA (•••)

The Azlu crafted this fetish, and it bears their monstrous nature. The *Carthu'Ama* appears as small, thick rod about two feet long and four inches in diameter. It seems to be made of thousands of tiny fibers and stones twisted together into one uneven mass. The Ithaeur who first discovered it later determined its material to be of dried human sinew and teeth. When activated, the *Carthu'Ama* begins to move, writhe and expand into a web-like, multi-tailed whip, threaded with human incisors. For the scene, the master of the *Carthu'Ama* may use it as a 18' whip or employ one of its other abilities. On a successful hit, the wielder can choose to have the weapon wrap around the victim, effectively locking him in its embrace, but also disarming the wielder. The *Carthu'Ama* has a Strength 5 and a Brawl 2 for the purposes of grappling and can continue to attack to damage or immobilize. If the victim breaks free, the *Carthu'Ama* will scuttle back to its owner's hand with a Speed of 10. A spider-spirit empowers this fetish.

Durability 2 (reinforced to 5), Size 2, Structure 7, Damage 3 (B)

Action: Instant

ALPASKIN (•••••)

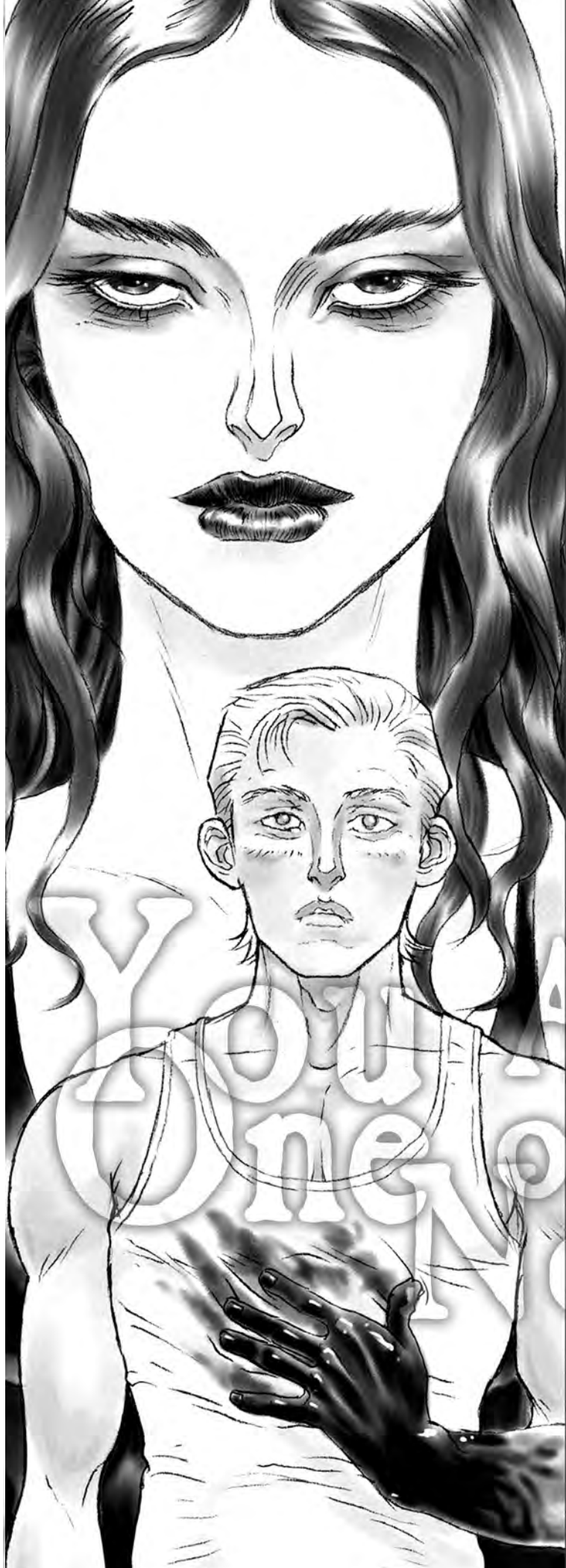
Crafted from the skin of alpha wolves by members of the Predator Kings, this rather crudely stitched cape of wolfskin makes the alternate forms of the Uratha even more formidable. When the wearer is shapeshifting, the

cape molds itself to the new form of the werewolf. The Dalu form is given a thick mane of hair, while Gauru and Urshul have a dark fringe that stands up along the spine. This fetish is powered by an ancestor-spirit of the Predator Kings. Upon activation, the fetish grants a potent boost to the Physical Attributes of its wearer; the bonuses last for one minute per success on the activation roll. However,

while the Alphaskin's blessing is in effect, so is its curse; the wearer suffers a -1 penalty to all degeneration rolls.

- Dalu: +1 Strength
 - Gauru: +2 Strength
 - Urshul: +1 Strength, + 1 Size, +1 Speed, +1 Health
 - Urhan: +1 Strength, +1 Size, +2 Speed, +1 Health
- Durability 2 (reinforced to 7), Size 3, Structure 10
Action: Reflexive





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