

NIGHT HORRORS SHUNNED BY THE MOON



A COLLECTION OF ADVERSARIES FOR
WEREWOLF: THE FORSAKEN
SECOND EDITION

BRIAN
FZ

NIGHT HORRORS SHUNNED BY THE MOON



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Chris Allen and Leath Sheales for showing me how two masters of their craft make a book complete. Matthew



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CRIMSON PATHS

The sky above should be a gray expanse, but the haze of red rage paints all I can see in furious hues. I am caught by my own instincts, muscles taut and locked as I struggle against surging, mindless anger. I lie amid dust muddied from spilled blood — some of it mine — and my body shudders from the hammering breaths I take. Within, I scream and howl.

Rage subsides as I force the fury down, leash it, let it flow into the vial that hangs heavy round my neck. The ebbing fury lets other senses return to prominence — foremost that of pain. A throbbing wound in my side, a burning agony unlike anything I've felt since the Moon first saw me as I truly am.

Fucker got me with a silver knife.

Other thoughts push hard for my attention. I figure I'd better heed them, and claw my way to my feet, unable to keep the hiss of pain from spilling through my lips. Silver hurts. Hurts like nothing I've ever felt before, not even the unkind ministrations of—

I don't want to think about that right now. Focus on what's here. Focus on the wound. Keep the fire in check. Someone grabs my shoulder, steadies me.

"You're good, Scribe," Crimson says. "We're good."

I nod, glance around. There, a few dozen paces away, a Pure cradling a silver knife. It still glows malevolently in the wan light, smeared red. His ribcage is peeled open like a vermilion flower of gore.

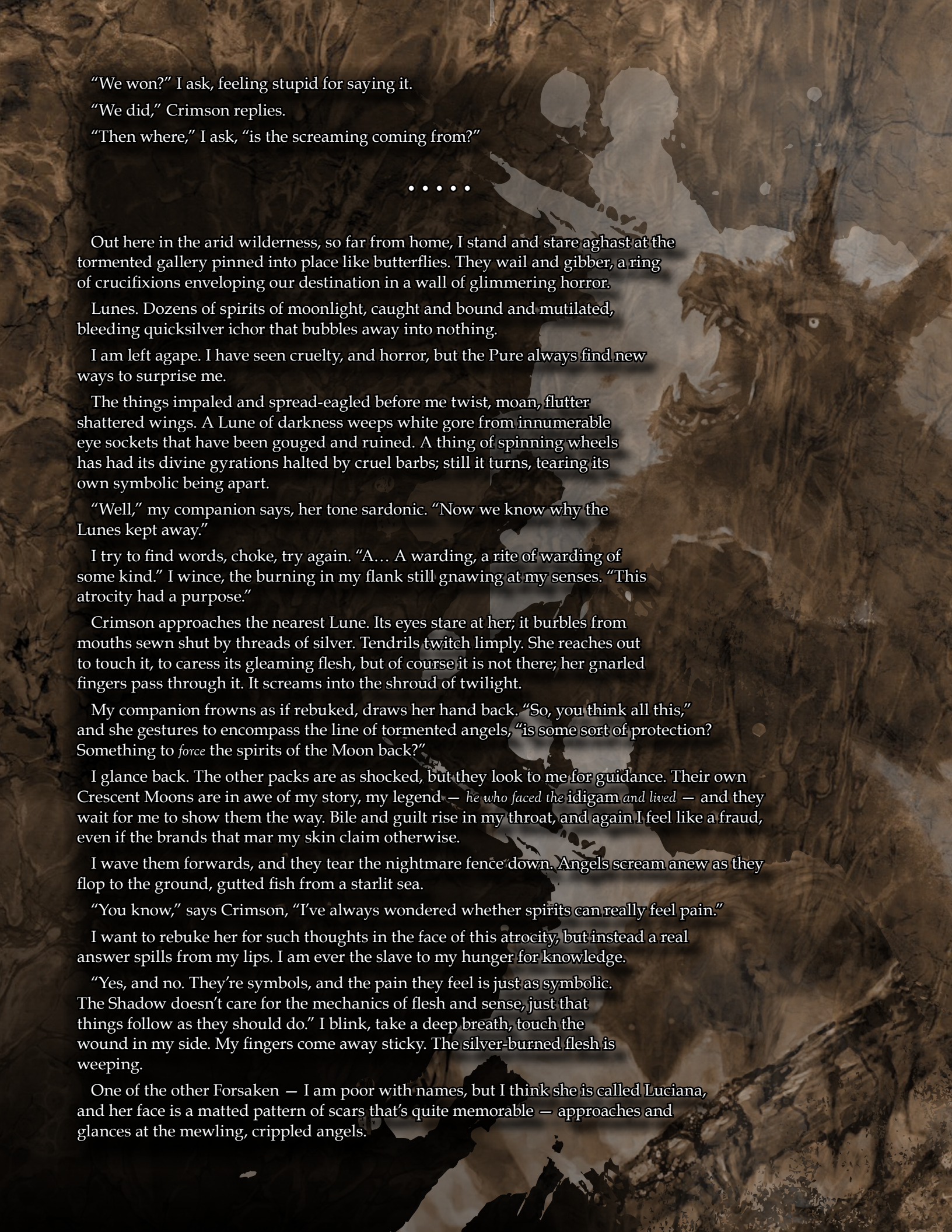
A little further, the other Forsaken gather together. They eye me warily. These aren't my pack — I flinch back from that memory again — and they couldn't know if I'd fall to the rage. Their respect for me is tempered by caution.

I don't blame them.

More bodies. Mostly Pure, mostly pulled apart by talon and tooth. Festering Fire-Touched, their teeth and fingers still slick with the vile slime of their spiritual contagion. The Tzuumfin stand out by comparison, but they're just as dead despite their immaculate arrogance. Spattered ephemera seethes and steams where it has gushed from spiritual carcasses that evaporate before my eyes. The air shivers and dances as our own Shad-ow totems coil around the surviving Uratha protectively.

Their totems, not mine. I am alone here, an outsider granted a place in this crusade by dint of respect, but I am not one of them. Only Crimson shares my perspective on the mad brutality of this day.

I blink, straighten up, spit blood from my mouth, crack my jaw back into place as sinews knit together.



"We won?" I ask, feeling stupid for saying it.

"We did," Crimson replies.

"Then where," I ask, "is the screaming coming from?"

• • • • •

Out here in the arid wilderness, so far from home, I stand and stare aghast at the tormented gallery pinned into place like butterflies. They wail and gibber, a ring of crucifixions enveloping our destination in a wall of glimmering horror.

Lunes. Dozens of spirits of moonlight, caught and bound and mutilated, bleeding quicksilver ichor that bubbles away into nothing.

I am left agape. I have seen cruelty, and horror, but the Pure always find new ways to surprise me.

The things impaled and spread-eagled before me twist, moan, flutter shattered wings. A Lune of darkness weeps white gore from innumerable eye sockets that have been gouged and ruined. A thing of spinning wheels has had its divine gyrations halted by cruel barbs; still it turns, tearing its own symbolic being apart.

"Well," my companion says, her tone sardonic. "Now we know why the Lunes kept away."

I try to find words, choke, try again. "A... A warding, a rite of warding of some kind." I wince, the burning in my flank still gnawing at my senses. "This atrocity had a purpose."

Crimson approaches the nearest Lune. Its eyes stare at her; it burbles from mouths sewn shut by threads of silver. Tendrils twitch limply. She reaches out to touch it, to caress its gleaming flesh, but of course it is not there; her gnarled fingers pass through it. It screams into the shroud of twilight.

My companion frowns as if rebuked, draws her hand back. "So, you think all this," and she gestures to encompass the line of tormented angels, "is some sort of protection? Something to *force* the spirits of the Moon back?"

I glance back. The other packs are as shocked, but they look to me for guidance. Their own Crescent Moons are in awe of my story, my legend — *he who faced the idigam and lived* — and they wait for me to show them the way. Bile and guilt rise in my throat, and again I feel like a fraud, even if the brands that mar my skin claim otherwise.

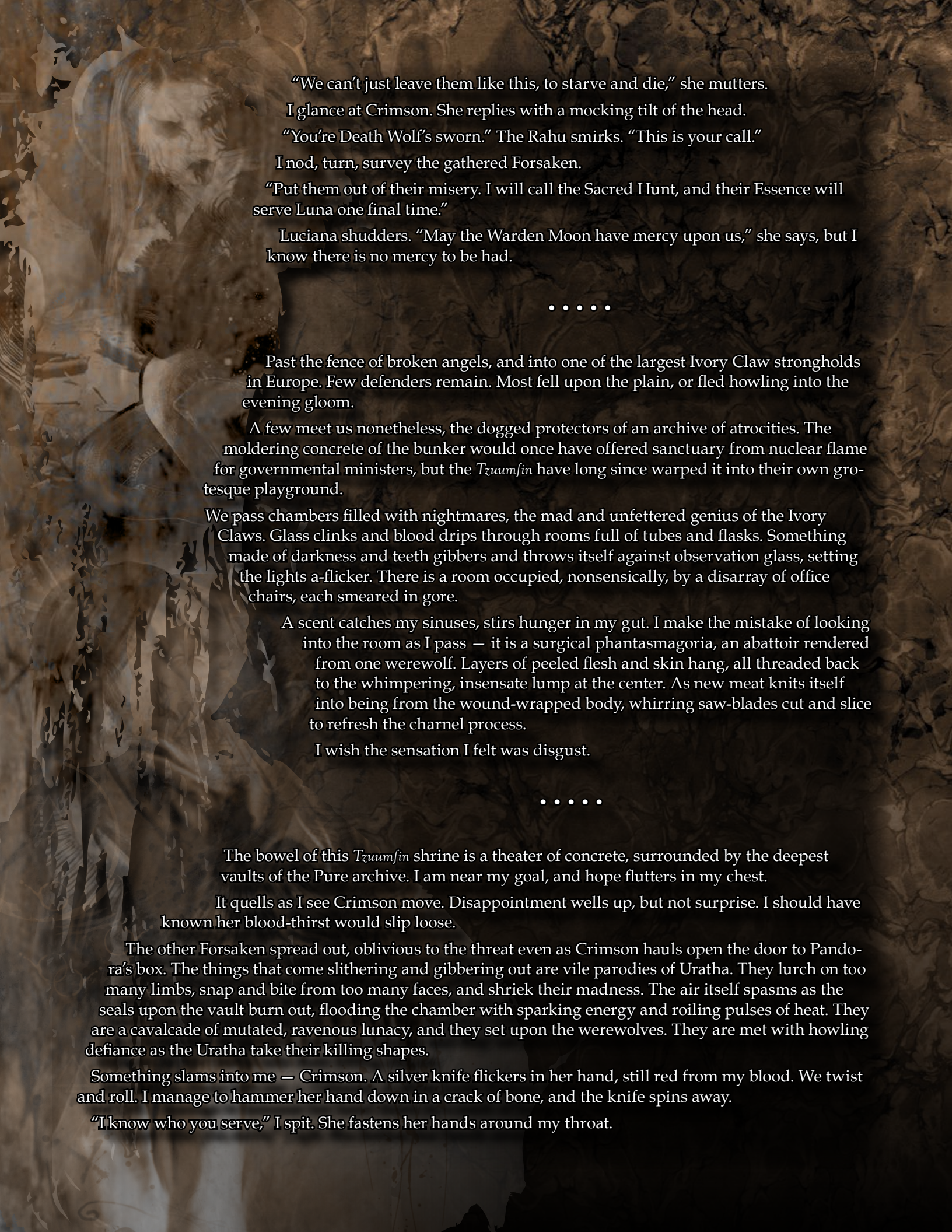
I wave them forwards, and they tear the nightmare fence down. Angels scream anew as they flop to the ground, gutted fish from a starlit sea.

"You know," says Crimson, "I've always wondered whether spirits can really feel pain."

I want to rebuke her for such thoughts in the face of this atrocity, but instead a real answer spills from my lips. I am ever the slave to my hunger for knowledge.

"Yes, and no. They're symbols, and the pain they feel is just as symbolic. The Shadow doesn't care for the mechanics of flesh and sense, just that things follow as they should do." I blink, take a deep breath, touch the wound in my side. My fingers come away sticky. The silver-burned flesh is weeping.

One of the other Forsaken — I am poor with names, but I think she is called Luciana, and her face is a matted pattern of scars that's quite memorable — approaches and glances at the mewling, crippled angels.



"We can't just leave them like this, to starve and die," she mutters.

I glance at Crimson. She replies with a mocking tilt of the head.

"You're Death Wolf's sworn." The Rahu smirks. "This is your call."

I nod, turn, survey the gathered Forsaken.

"Put them out of their misery. I will call the Sacred Hunt, and their Essence will serve Luna one final time."

Luciana shudders. "May the Warden Moon have mercy upon us," she says, but I know there is no mercy to be had.

• • • • •

Past the fence of broken angels, and into one of the largest Ivory Claw strongholds in Europe. Few defenders remain. Most fell upon the plain, or fled howling into the evening gloom.

A few meet us nonetheless, the dogged protectors of an archive of atrocities. The moldering concrete of the bunker would once have offered sanctuary from nuclear flame for governmental ministers, but the *Tzuumfin* have long since warped it into their own grotesque playground.

We pass chambers filled with nightmares, the mad and unfettered genius of the Ivory Claws. Glass clinks and blood drips through rooms full of tubes and flasks. Something made of darkness and teeth gibbers and throws itself against observation glass, setting the lights a-flicker. There is a room occupied, nonsensically, by a disarray of office chairs, each smeared in gore.

A scent catches my sinuses, stirs hunger in my gut. I make the mistake of looking into the room as I pass — it is a surgical phantasmagoria, an abattoir rendered from one werewolf. Layers of peeled flesh and skin hang, all threaded back to the whimpering, insensate lump at the center. As new meat knits itself into being from the wound-wrapped body, whirring saw-blades cut and slice to refresh the charnel process.

I wish the sensation I felt was disgust.

• • • • •

The bowel of this *Tzuumfin* shrine is a theater of concrete, surrounded by the deepest vaults of the Pure archive. I am near my goal, and hope flutters in my chest.

It quells as I see Crimson move. Disappointment wells up, but not surprise. I should have known her blood-thirst would slip loose.

The other Forsaken spread out, oblivious to the threat even as Crimson hauls open the door to Pandora's box. The things that come slithering and gibbering out are vile parodies of Uratha. They lurch on too many limbs, snap and bite from too many faces, and shriek their madness. The air itself spasms as the seals upon the vault burn out, flooding the chamber with sparking energy and roiling pulses of heat. They are a cavalcade of mutated, ravenous lunacy, and they set upon the werewolves. They are met with howling defiance as the Uratha take their killing shapes.

Something slams into me — Crimson. A silver knife flickers in her hand, still red from my blood. We twist and roll. I manage to hammer her hand down in a crack of bone, and the knife spins away.

"I know who you serve," I spit. She fastens her hands around my throat.

"And yet you still followed me down here," she retorts with a smirk. "Today, Pure and Forsaken perish alike." She tightens her grip, and I can see it more clearly now — the corrupted power of *Igsh'ma* within her, warping her flesh as she lets it loose. Cankers swirl beneath her skin, and teeth burst out from around her mouth. Her tainted grasp stirs anger inside me; I fight it down.

I am on the floor, she bestride me. The concrete vault is a scene of carnage all around, but her twisted face dominates my vision. I grunt, gasp, splutter as her fingers lengthen into talons and punch into my windpipe with a crunching of cartilage.

She leans in close as I spasm and struggle, whispering with delight. "I know you killed your own pack. Could've walked this path with me. Doesn't matter. The spoils of today's war are for me alone."

Blood pours out of my mouth as my throat is vivisected. The silver wound in my flank burns.

"Didn't just kill," I burble. "Ate."

She tries to parse my gurgling confession, confused. She falters.

I let the fire in my belly loose at last, the searing stolen flame of so many dead.

My flesh knits in moments. I feel utter euphoria, a tide of exaltation. The sting of silver subsides. She tries to pull her talons free of my throat, but they're caught in the gristle that has knotted around them. The quicksilver flame within surges into my jaws, and I lunge forwards. I find her throat, and tear.

A hard yank, and her limp fingers rip free of my throat again.

"What a waste," I mutter, clotted gore splashing from my lips.

• • • • •

The Forsaken are broken, scattered. A few remain in the vault, kneeling among their dead fellows. Steaming, grotesque hulks shudder their last breaths. I know the name of these nightmares — *Geryo* — but a name is scant consolation to the dead.

Luciana is standing over me, aghast, as I kneel in my friend's blood.

"Bale Hound," I say. I don't have the energy for more words.

"Did... did you know?"

"No," I lie. There's so much I don't tell her about my hopes for Crimson, my kindred spirit, and the secrets she kept in her blighted heart.

It wasn't that I wanted to help Crimson. But I could have learned so much.

"Look to the wounded," I say. "The claws of those things are cursed. You must watch for signs of corruption and be ready to burn it from their flesh."

Luciana doesn't question me further. My words bear too much weight among the Forsaken. I have spat in the face of *idigam* and torn secrets from the Shadow. She doesn't see the guilt in my heart, the remorse that these deeds are a shield for my crimes.

I pick myself up and walk towards the last vault, the archive of blood and revelation I seek. The Forsaken watch me in awe, thinking me a champion, but I am not. I am a devourer, a monster among monsters, an argente ghoul desecrating my own nature in service to the Silver Queen. My pack gave their strength to me willingly, but to take it was a blasphemy nonetheless.

Within the vault lies crimson enlightenment. I gasp, sink to my knees, and stare in wonder.

I can pretend, at least for a little while, that the sacrifice was worth it.

INTRODUCTION

"It is a mistake to fancy that horror is associated inextricably with darkness, silence, and solitude."

— H. P. Lovecraft

What is it to be **Shunned by the Moon**? For all the Uratha believe their plight a curse beyond measure, there are worse horrors, including those to never receive a mother's love or a universe-given mandate to protect or hunt. **Shunned by the Moon** is a Night Horrors book in which we provide a library of interesting antagonists and supporting characters for anyone's chronicle, whether to populate a cast or inspire compelling plots tied into the mythology of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. This book contains a plethora of terrifying creatures, so be warned: some of these antagonists may not be suitable for a pack of fresh young werewolves. Some work best as insidious string-pullers, others as threats barreling toward a pack's territory, while some may exist only as rumor.

This book contains fun and disturbing elements in equal measure. It contains everything from a fallen Pure Totem to several new, horrifying *idigam*. There's a set of new Hosts waiting to spill out of a poor vessel's body, and coverage of the Pure's signature Gifts and hunting methods, as well as characters from those keenly homicidal tribes of Father Wolf. The book even contains Bale Hounds, examples of some wicked spirit-riden, and a new breed of critter known as the Geryo, that can tie into the **Contagion Chronicle** and **Beast: The Primordial** or stand alone as its own antagonist.

One of **Werewolf: The Forsaken's** strengths is its cast of villains. It has the greatest myriad of antagonists of any **Chronicles of Darkness** line, and we proudly present them at their best and at their worst in this book.

Though this text delves into the backgrounds, habits, and profiles of select antagonists, it is also aware the prospect of playing an oftentimes savage creature forms a disconnect for some players. With this in mind, a chapter exists in this book to act as a cross between an enthusiastic essay about the game's many strengths and avenues of play, and as an elevator pitch any Storyteller can read to themselves or provide to an intrigued player, to really clamp the game's claws onto some new prey. It accompanies the range of monsters and bad apples present in this book to push you in the direction of fresh

chronicles and new approaches to **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

We hope this book pushes you through the Gauntlet and into a chronicle of savage hunting.

Here's an overview of what's in the book:

- **Crimson Paths** — Chilling fiction to prepare you for a book including the Geryo, the Pure, the Bale Hounds, and more.
- **Introduction** — That's where we are right now.
- **Chapter One: Kin Slayers** — The scions of Father Wolf are no homogeneous family, dedicated to a singular cause or existing in peace with each other. This chapter details the Pure, including their Gifts, rites, trials, and a host of nasty personalities; the Bale Hounds, with their mixed origins, agendas, and reasons for hatred; and Ghost Wolves, who claim independence and freedom, but through selfish arrogance ignore their callings and act the part of mercenaries in the long war between Forsaken and Pure.
- **Chapter Two: Shadow Dwellers** — Often underestimated as simple entities, able to be manipulated and overpowered with enough guile or raw force, these spirits and spirit-riden pose a fresh new threat to Uratha. Granny Stitch works to weave her perfect family of bodies, Jeremiah Fury acts as ridden for a spirit of storms and anger, and *Nimmursagu* spreads plague wherever he treads, while spirits of the Void Beyond ready themselves to consume all light and life. Even more of these Shadow dwellers exist in this chapter, waiting to become supporting characters or end-of-chronicle antagonists in your stories.
- **Chapter Three: Fractured Shards** — We take Hosts to a new level of disturbing body and existential horror, as this chapter introduces shards in the forms of toads, lampreys, locusts, termites, and wasps, each with their

own ambitions and their own methods. While *Azlu* and *Beshilu* still dominate the chaotic society of Hosts, these newcomers eat away at the fringes of reality and will take what they want—whether flesh, favors, or even Infrastructure—from the world we know.

- **Chapter Four: The Herd**—Humans are supposed to be the prey or herd, at least according to most Forsaken. Yet here, the elusive RD-13 snatch, examine, and murder werewolves, the Church of the Wolf acts as a depraved cult in twisted worship of the Uratha, and Shadow occultists warp and manipulate beings of the spirit realm to their own ends.
- **Chapter Five: Nightmares**—In which we examine some of the more eldritch, ancient, and frightening foes the Uratha must oppose: the *idigam* and Geryo. The former

are expanded from their introductions in *Werewolf: The Forsaken* while the latter are introduced to *Werewolf* as a full antagonist, being Father Wolf's first attempt at creating an apex predator. These creatures of nightmare and disease exemplify the old myths of shapeshifters, being monsters of primal chaos and rampant infection.

- **Chapter Six: Commencing your Hunt**—If you've ever struggled to assemble a group for *Werewolf* or aren't sure how to convey the game's key elements in an enthralling, exciting way, this chapter is for you.
- **Appendix 1: Conditions**—Conditions introduced in this book are all compiled here for ease of reference.
- **Appendix 2: Pure character creation guide**—A quick reference updating how to make Pure characters with rules from within this book.





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CHAPTER ONE

KIN SLAYERS

PURE, BALE HOUNDS, AND GHOST WOLVES

there's never been a true war that wasn't fought between two sets of people who were certain they were in the right.

— Neil Gaiman, *American Gods*

Other werewolves are the Uratha's most dangerous foes. Some prey may be deadlier, some harder to kill, but the *Anshega* and the *Asah Gadar* threaten a Uratha's heart, mind, and soul.

At their simplest, werewolves are frightening antagonists because they closely mirror the Forsaken. Pure, Bale Hounds, Ghost Wolves — all have the same strengths and weaknesses as their cousins, and they leverage the unity of the pack and the power of the totem. They know how the *Urdaga* think and act and use their weaknesses against them. More insidiously, it's not enough for these foes to simply kill the Forsaken. Victory doesn't lie in the death of one more werewolf. Triumph comes from showing the Forsaken the futility of their struggles, and the weaknesses of their own hunts. The Pure want to recruit the Forsaken to abandon Luna and return the world to the hunter's paradise of Pangaea. The Bale Hounds want both *Urdaga* and *Anshega* to see the inevitable corruption and putrescence of the world. The desires of Ghost Wolves are as varied as the individuals themselves, but so often driven by selfishness or fear.

This section presents a selection of terrifying predators to challenge even the most battle-hardened pack. In addition to example characters, it contains the specific rules and considerations that the Storyteller needs to bring her own werewolf antagonists to life, to rend the flesh of the Forsaken, chase them from their territories, tear their packs apart, and to win over their souls.

THE PURE

The Pure took no part in *Urfarah's* murder. They blame Luna as the architect of his demise, and the *Urdaga* as slaves who carried out her bidding. Today the Pure see the Forsaken as mewling pups suckling at the Moon's teat, hoping for the favor of a mad, piece-of-shit god.

The Pure reject Luna. Werewolves are proud and active, and this rejection isn't as simple as turning their backs and refusing her worship. They developed rites to demonstrate their hatred in ways that resonate with the great predator — with blood and pain. The first and most important rite strips away Luna's brands of servitude, the spiritual scars marking a Forsaken's *Auspice*. Few are lucky enough to be rescued by the Pure before the Moon shackles the *nusuzul* and claims her against her will. Most are branded first in hated chains of spiritual silver and can't wait to remove them. Luna is a possessive, unreasonable spirit, and

does not relinquish her ill-gotten property easily. The specifics of how each tribe liberates a werewolf from her bonds vary, but they all share commonalities of agony, dedication, and sacrifice.

TRIBE OVER ALL

Freed from the shackles of *Auspice*, an *Anshega's* tribe is perhaps more important than it is for Forsaken. The Forsaken view their tribe as a philosophy, something tribe-mates share in common, but that can be debated and varied according to personal desires. For the Pure, this is just one more demonstration of Forsaken decadence. Having murdered *Urfarah*, his fallen children pay only lip service to the inheritors of his mantle. Not so with the Pure. Tribe brings them together from across the world, binding them to common purpose and understanding. Each *Anshega* is an avatar of their patron Firstborn and carries forth its will into the world.

the Pure

PURE TRIBAL RENOWN

Tribes	Primary Renown	Secondary Renown
Fire-Touched	Wisdom	Cunning, Glory
Ivory Claws	Purity	Honor, Glory
Predator Kings	Glory	Purity, Wisdom

TRIBAL BANS AND OATHS

As the Pure swear their oaths to the Firstborn, they must follow the ban imposed by the totem or suffer Harmony imbalance. In this they are no different than the Forsaken.

The **Fire-Touched** live by the tenet *Gab Aldh' Nunglu* – let no falsehood lay unchallenged. The burdens of faith demand honesty among the tribe and it rankles the *Izidakh* that the world is filled with lies and deceit.

Silver Wolf demands the **Ivory Claws** follow *Nu-ghima Zigh'esh*, a concept of purity clear in First Tongue but with no single translation. Most modern *Tzuumfin* interpret the ban as refusing to accept any impure Uratha as family, but others see it as forbidding acceptance of any impurity, or willingness to accept anything of lesser quality. Silver Wolf appears to be satisfied if the Ivory Claw is true to her own interpretation and doesn't accept anything less of herself.

The **Predator Kings** follow Dire Wolf's edict *Sehe Nu Lu'u Thim*, honor nothing of human craft. Humans are prey and deserve the fate of all prey – death. That Father Wolf saw humans as anything but food rankled Dire Wolf. While killing and eating all humans would unacceptably imbalance the tribe's Harmony, defiling or destroying anything human-made doesn't.

The Pure have an equivalent to the Oath of the Moon that they swear to the mad totem-monarchs of the spirit courts they serve. The specifics vary between region and totem, but ultimately the core tenets match those of the Oath of the Moon. The Pure suffer just as the Forsaken do when going against the dictates of their nature; violating the Oath of the Moon is a breaking point for the Pure as well, even if they choose to call it the Oath of *Ur'farah*.

HUNTER'S ASPECT

Without an Auspice, the Pure lack the hunter's aspects of the Forsaken. This doesn't mean they are weaker for their refusal to take the Moon's marks. Carving away the Auspice brands leaves a void in the werewolf's spiritual self which the Pure Firstborn saw as an opportunity to strengthen their followers and further their goals. When a Pure swears her tribal oaths, she binds herself to her chosen patron and invites the tiniest portion of its overwhelming essence to fill the wounded gaps in her spirit. In this way each Pure further expresses her patron's nature, gaining a hunter's aspect representative of that Firstborn. When an *Anshega* hunts, she is an avatar of her god.

Each Firstborn has dozens of facets to its nature. Some are commonly known and expressed by many of its followers, whereas others are practically lost and unknown to the modern-day tribe. The hunter's aspects presented here are simply the most common among each tribe. Pure characters use the

same rules as Forsaken to use hunter's aspects. (**Werewolf: The Forsaken** p. 98)

FIRE-TOUCHED

The *Izidakh* are no less devoted than their totem. When they hunt, it is with sacred purpose and relentless energy. Most of Rabid Wolf's followers possess one of the following hunter's aspects.

Hunter's Aspect: Fanatical. When Rabid Wolf hunts, the world knows devotion. The prey understands his place in the natural cycle, that his death was ordained from the moment of birth. The *Anshega* is simply the instrument of this truth. Resistance is meaningless, only his death has purpose. When successful, the Fanatical Aspect offers the Euphoric Condition.

Hunter's Aspect: Frenzied. When Rabid Wolf hunts, the world knows madness. The prey flees or fights with unrestrained abandon, quickly draining his reserves. He knows that his only chance is to throw everything he has at the hunters. Too late, he realizes that the best hunters are patient, and let the prey exhaust himself before striking. When successful, the Frenzied Aspect offers the Frantic Condition.

IVORY CLAWS

The adherents of Silver Wolf's creed know a fraction of their totem's constant agony. They understand that pain drives all creatures, and life offers only brief moments of relief from suffering. Most *Tzuumfin* have one of the following hunter's aspects.

Hunter's Aspect: Agonized. When Silver Wolf hunts, the world knows pain. The prey's every breath burns in his lungs, every touch scours his flesh. Sounds and light hammer at his senses. He finds no solace in rest, nothing brings surcease from his torment. The prey welcomes the coming of the hunter, if only to end his suffering. When successful, the Agonized Aspect offers the Wracked Condition.

Hunter's Aspect: Insidious. When Silver Wolf hunts, the world knows vulnerability. No matter which way the prey runs, *Hathis-Ur* is already there, waiting. The prey can't trust its safe places or allies, for it doesn't know how far *Hathis-Ur*'s reach extends. Such uncertainty is foolish, of course. Life is pain, and Silver Wolf is everywhere. When successful, the Insidious Aspect offers the Surrounded Condition.

PREDATOR KINGS

The *Ninna Farrakh* strive to bring Pangaea to life. They are the true embodiment of the hunt, the never-ending cycle of life and death, the call to act rather than wait. Dire Wolf's followers most commonly display one of the following hunter's aspects.

Hunter's Aspect: Implacable. When Dire Wolf hunts, the world knows despair. Nothing can stop the hunter's advance, no weapon will pierce its hide, no protections will turn aside its attacks. The prey is already dead, the only thing to decide is when. When successful, the Implacable Aspect offers the Despondent Condition.

Hunter's Aspect: Primal. When Dire Wolf hunts, the world knows action. The prey has no time for complex thought or plans, he reacts to the moment. Too late, the prey realizes that his instincts are no match for those of his hunter. When successful, the Primal Aspect offers the Instinctive Condition.

THE SISKUR-DAH

Just like the Forsaken, each Pure tribe hunts a prey it considers sacred. Unlike the Forsaken, who hunt what their patron considers to be the deadliest or most worthy prey, each Pure tribe hunts those who they consider to be the most despicable. According to each tribe, their prey's behavior ended Pangaea. Only by destroying such sinners does the world have a chance of returning to a hunters' paradise.

The **Fire-Touched** hunt those who dishonor and disrespect the Shadow. Anyone who harms or tyrannizes a spirit without provocation, or who attempts to seal away the *Hisil*, earns the ire of the *Izidakh*. They make an exception for disrespect to Luna and her servants.

The **Ivory Claws** hunt those who dishonor their lineage. Those who break family traditions, or unreasonably defy their elders are targets of the *Tzuumfin*. Nor will the Ivory Claws tolerate parents who weaken bloodlines by blocking strong mates for their offspring, or who consign their children to failure. All Forsaken have dishonored *Urfarah*, and all are valid prey.

The **Predator Kings** hunt those who fail to honor the hunt. Humans who don't hunt at least once per season, or who try to interfere with or end hunting are the Predator Kings' prey. So too are werewolves who break off the Sacred Hunt. Hunting doesn't have to be for food but does need a purpose. The *Ninna Farakh* respect hunting to teach or hone skills, or to cull an overgrown population, but despise those who hunt only for sport.

TRIBAL GIFTS

Just like the Forsaken, each Pure tribe has Gifts that resonate most closely with the tribe. None of these Gifts are unique to the *Anshega* or offlimits to the Forsaken, nor are any of the Gifts normally associated with the Forsaken prohibited to the Pure. These Gifts replace the tribal affinity Gifts presented for making Pure characters in the **Chronicles of Darkness: Dark Eras Companion** (p. 77-78).

The **Fire-Touched** best express their mad creativity, fervor, and faith through the Gifts of Disease, Fervor, Insight, and Inspiration. The Ivory Claws fulfil their obsession with lineage and pain through the Gifts of Agony, Blood, Dominance, and Warding. The Predator Kings care only for the Hunt and embrace the predator within. Their Gifts are Hunger, Nature, Rage, and Strength.

GIFT OF AGONY

WRACK (CUNNING)

Beset with pain, the prey falters and weakens as the hunt draws on. Slashing talon and brushing fingertip alike can scrape the nerves to sing with agony.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

Duration: 1 day

The Uratha may activate this Facet upon successfully striking prey with a Brawl attack, or upon merely touching prey that is unaware or unresisting. The victim suffers the werewolf's

Cunning Renown as a penalty to all dice pools for tracking and foot-chases, whether as pursuers or prey, and to any dice rolls to resist torture or pain.

STOICISM (GLORY)

When pain is no longer an enemy, any hardship is surmountable.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

Duration: 1 + Glory Renown turns

The Uratha ignores all dice penalties from damage, pain, distraction, and other such physical sources for the Facet's duration.

PAIN MIRROR (HONOR)

Twist the flesh, snap the bone, and feel the pain flow out.

Cost: 2 Essence

Dice Pool: Empathy + Composure + Honor

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 scene

When using this Facet, the werewolf targets up to her Honor Renown in prey she can perceive.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The tide of pain flows back into the werewolf, dealing bashing damage equal to the number of targets.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The werewolf forges a link with each prey whose Composure is equal to or less than successes rolled. While the Facet lasts, each linked victim suffers 1 point of bashing damage whenever the werewolf suffers lethal or aggravated damage. When the werewolf suffers a physical Tilt, she can copy its effects onto a single linked prey as well, afflicting them for turns equal to her Honor Renown.

Exceptional Success: The activation of Pain Mirror becomes reflexive rather than instant.

CATHARSIS (PURITY)

This Facet brings the werewolf into harmony with her suffering, releasing agony into strength.

Cost: None

Duration: Permanent

When the Uratha spends Willpower in the same turn as she has suffered lethal or aggravated damage, she increases the bonus to the dice pool or Resistance trait that the Willpower point is enhancing by her Purity Renown.

SCOURGE (WISDOM)

The Uratha scours away the shackles that would bind her mind and spirit, drawing clarity from her torment.

Cost: 2 Essence

Action: Instant

The Uratha suppresses a single Condition or Tilt that affects her mind or soul for a number of days equal to her Wisdom Renown. She is still able to meet any resolution requirements during that time in order to end the Tilt or Condition fully.

GIFT OF BLOOD

SEEP (CUNNING)

This Facet bathes the prey in a nightmare of blood.

Cost: 2 Essence

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 scene

This Facet affects a building or area that the Uratha is touching or within, reaching no further than her Cunning Renown x 25 yards in radius. Within the area, everything seeps blood: walls and ceilings bleed, gore bubbles up from the ground, and viscera pulses behind facades or under bark. Panicked prey fumble with crimson-wet hands at door handles or weaponry. The blood-slick surfaces inflict a penalty to Athletics-based dice pools equal to the Uratha's Cunning Renown; reflexive interactions with items and objects require an instant action instead, and those that would normally require an instant action require two instant actions. The stench of the blood overwhelms all other smells in the area. At the Facet's end, the gore sinks back into the surroundings, apart from any blood clinging to the prey.

PURGE (GLORY)

This Facet cleanses the body of foulness and corruption. Blood wells up from the eyes and flesh spasms open to force out poisons, parasites and alien matter.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

The Uratha can use this Facet on herself or on another character she touches. The Toxicity rating of any poisons or drugs the subject is suffering are reduced by the Uratha's Glory Renown, cleansing them entirely if reduced to Toxicity 0. Addictions are purged, ending the Addiction Condition and granting a Clash of Wills with the rote quality against supernatural dependencies. Poisoned or Sick Tilts are removed for the remainder of the scene, although may return later if their sources remain. Foreign bodies and parasites are forced out. The Uratha can use this Facet when another character directly consumes her flesh or drinks her blood, rolling her Strength + Empathy + Glory versus the target's Stamina + Primal Urge; success transfers a single poison, drug, addiction, Tilt, or parasite afflicting her into the prey.

BIND (HONOR)

Blood calls out to blood, and the hunter follows.

Cost: 5 Essence

Action: Reflexive

This Facet can be used to augment another Facet that would normally require the Uratha to perceive, touch, or strike the prey. Bind allows the werewolf to ignore these requirements and target the prey regardless of distance or perception. In order to use Bind, the Uratha must drink the prey's blood at the moment of activating the Facet, or that of someone directly blood-related to the prey in the first degree. The blood lingering from biting the prey is enough for a use of Bind, but otherwise the Facet requires a full mouthful of fresh blood — enough to

deal a point of lethal damage on a victim being bled to fuel Bind's use. The blood is consumed in the process and cannot be reused.

BLEED (PURITY)

The heart of the hunt is the spilling of blood, a crimson blossom marking the predator's triumph.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Strength + Brawl + Purity versus Stamina + Primal Urge

Action: Reflexive

Duration: 1 day

The Uratha can use this Facet when inflicting damage while in the Gauru, Urshul or Urhan forms.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha gains the Ban Condition; she must drink the blood of another at least once a day.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: Blood cascades from the victim's wounds, streaming from even the mildest cut. At the end of each turn in which the prey has suffered any amount of lethal or aggravated damage, they suffer an additional point of lethal damage from blood loss. In addition, any Medicine rolls to treat their wounds suffer a penalty equal to the Uratha's Purity Renown.

Exceptional Success: Any Medicine rolls made to treat the victim's wounds that fail become dramatic failures instead.

CLOT (WISDOM)

This Facet staunches the flow of blood and hastens the mending of ruined flesh.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 day

For the Facet's duration, the Uratha speeds the rate of her long-term healing of lethal and aggravated damage. The werewolf adds her Wisdom Renown to the amount of lethal damage healed every fifteen minutes, and to the amount of aggravated damage healed every four days. This does not affect the rate of bashing or lethal damage regenerated on a turn-by-turn basis.

GIFT OF DISEASE

FESTERING BITE (CUNNING)

When wounds suppurate and flesh sickens, the prey finds neither solace nor respite upon escaping the hunter.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Strength + Survival + Cunning versus Stamina + Primal Urge

Action: Reflexive

Duration: 1 week

The Uratha can use this Facet when she successfully inflicts damage to prey with her bite.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The werewolf suffers the moderate Poisoned Tilt until the end of the scene.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The prey's flesh is infected with toxic Essence for the Facet's duration, crippling their ability to recover from wounds. The time it takes for the prey to naturally heal damage doubles, and supernatural attempts to restore health must succeed in a Clash of Wills against Festering Bite or dramatically fail. Werewolf regeneration takes twice as long; rather than regaining bashing or lethal damage every turn, it instead restores health once every two turns. Only the incredible regenerative abilities of the Gauru form are unaffected by Festering Bite.

Exceptional Success: The Uratha gains the rote quality on Festering Bite's Clash of Wills dice pool.

RANCID MAW (GLORY)

The werewolf's jaws drip with venomous slime, and her breath is a billowing miasma of pestilential mist and fat, buzzing flies.

Cost: 2 Essence

Action: Instant

The werewolf can use this Facet as a ranged attack, vomiting a spray of ichor and vapor onto her enemies. The spray uses Dexterity + Athletics to attack and the prey does not benefit from their Defense; it has a range of 20 yards, a damage rating of 1, an Initiative modifier of 0, and the Autofire trait. Prey struck must succeed at a roll of Stamina + Primal Urge – the Uratha's Glory Renown or suffer the moderate Poisoned Tilt until the end of the scene. For one turn after using Rancid Maw, ranged attacks against the Uratha suffer a -2 penalty due to the haze of flies and smog spilling from her maw.

LEPER'S BELL (HONOR)

The scent of sickness hangs heavy on the diseased, driving them apart from a society that fears the touch of their contagion.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Medicine + Honor versus Stamina + Primal Urge

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 week

This Facet can be used against a single prey whom the Uratha can perceive.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha suffers the Ban Condition. She must bedeck herself with bells or other clamoring objects and use them to create noise when she moves.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The victim is struck by a curse that befouls their presence, stirs sickness in their veins and drives others from their company in revulsion or fear. For the Facet's duration, the severity of any disease the prey suffers is increased by the Uratha's Honor Renown. Furthermore, the prey suffers a penalty to social rolls based on Presence or Manipulation made in person equal to the werewolf's Honor Renown, except for uses of the Intimidation skill, and loses any benefit from the Striking Looks merit.

Exceptional Success: The first Social roll the prey fails while affected by Leper's Bell becomes a dramatic failure.



RABID FEVER (PURITY)

Fire stirs in the werewolf's veins and mind, afflicting her with feverish energy. The disease in her Essence burns through lesser sicknesses that would plague her flesh.

Duration: Permanent

The Uratha adds her Purity Renown to dice rolls to resist or stave off disease. Additionally, she adds her Purity Renown to her Initiative modifier.

POX CAULDRON (WISDOM)

This Facet turns the Uratha's own body into a cauldron of churning, diseased Essence, vomiting forth new and ghastly infections.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

The Uratha can use this Facet to generate a disease within her own body, tailored to her desires. The disease begins with a basic severity equal to the Uratha's Wisdom Renown; inflicts bashing damage equal to Wisdom Renown every week; enters remission after 3 successful resistance rolls; and is spread by the werewolf's bite. For each point by which the Uratha reduces severity or damage, she can choose one of the following:

- Cause the disease to inflict lethal damage instead of bashing damage.
- Reduce the interval of damage to every day.
- Add one to the number of rolls required to force the disease into remission.
- Change the transmission vector to blood-borne, air, or water.
- Add a unique supernatural effect agreed upon with the Storyteller.

The corrupt Essence that fuels the disease remains in the werewolf for a week, or until the werewolf first transmits the disease to another character. Once free and in the wild, the werewolf has no further control over how the disease spreads.

GIFT OF FERVOR

CRISIS OF FAITH (CUNNING)

This Facet tears at the foundations of faith and certainty.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Subterfuge + Cunning versus Resolve + Primal Urge

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 day per success

The Uratha may use this Facet against an individual who she can perceive and who can hear her utter a challenge to their faith or cause.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The werewolf finds only empty platitudes within her own heart, and suffers the Guilty Condition.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The prey's beliefs falter and their determination is torn by uncertainty. Resting does not restore Willpower to the prey for the Facet's duration. The Uratha gains her Cunning Renown as a bonus to Social dice pools for the purpose of undermining the prey's beliefs, and the prey suffers the same as a penalty to any dice pools for participating in or leading ceremonies, rituals, and other formalized expressions of their ideology — including enacting any of a supernatural nature.

Exceptional Success: The prey immediately loses a Willpower point.

FANATICISM (GLORY)

The fires of fervor divide the righteous from the wicked. The pure must array themselves against those of the outside.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Socialize + Glory – highest Resolve of the prey

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 day per success

The Uratha can use this Facet against a community, in-group, or local faith of which she can perceive a meeting or gathering. It influences a maximum of 100 x Glory Renown individuals at a time.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha gains the Ban Condition; she cannot speak ill of another.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The human community is struck by a wave of fervor that reinforces internal bonds and weakens those with outsiders. Community members add the Uratha's Glory Renown to their Doors when dealing socially with outsiders and suffer the same as a penalty to their Integrity breaking point rolls. At the end of any scene in which they cause harm to an outsider or cause the community to benefit at the expense of those who are not part of it, affected characters regain a point of Willpower.

Exceptional Success: Even if a member of the affected community wishes to offer any aid or assistance to an outsider, they must first spend a point of Willpower to be able to do so.

AFFIRMATION (HONOR)

Shared devotion binds the faithful together.

Action: Reflexive

Duration: Permanent

By touching another character, the Uratha may transfer one of her unspent Willpower points to them; however, she cannot transfer more than her Honor Renown in points this way each scene. If a character to whom she has transferred Willpower then indulges their Blood or Bone (or Vice or Virtue, or other equivalent traits) in the same scene, the werewolf also regains 1 point of Willpower. Furthermore, after granting a point of Willpower to another character, the werewolf adds her Honor Renown to dice pools to reassure, comfort, or calm that character.

ZEAL (PURITY)

With this Facet, the werewolf's fervor is stoked into a blazing fire of determination.

Duration: Permanent

The Uratha adds her Purity Renown to her Willpower, which also raises the number of Willpower points she can possess. Zeal allows a werewolf's Willpower to go above 10.

FERVID MISSION (WISDOM)

With a touch or a whisper, the werewolf bestows a sense of dark purpose that consumes all other concerns.

Cost: 5 Essence

Dice Pool: Persuasion + Manipulation + Wisdom – prey's Resolve

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 month or until the Obsession Condition resolves, whichever comes first

The Uratha can use this Facet on a human or Wolf-Blooded she touches or speaks to.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha suffers the Ban Condition. She must burn something each scene.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The prey receives a brief ecstatic or terrifying vision of the mission the Uratha wishes to implant, dressed in whatever religious or sacred overtones are familiar to them. The task might be to kill someone, spread a message or faith, or any other sort of mission that the werewolf desires, but the Facet cannot deliver much in the way of nuance or detail beyond its overriding drive. The prey suffers the persistent Obsession Condition regarding carrying that mission out.

Exceptional Success: The Facet will last up to 1 year or until the Obsession Condition resolves, whichever comes first.

GIFT OF HUNGER

EATER OF NAMES (CUNNING)

There are hungers that cannot be sated with flesh and blood and bone. Tear open the prey's name and gorge on the secrets that lie within.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

Duration: 1 day, or 1 year for dead prey

This Facet is used when consuming the flesh of the prey. The werewolf chooses up to her Cunning Renown in dots of social merits or of rites (or equivalent eldritch capabilities for other supernatural beings), preventing the prey from drawing upon these dots for the Facet's duration. Eater of Names can also be used when consuming a dead body; this imposes the Uratha's Cunning Renown as a penalty on all human attempts to remember or investigate the dead individual at all—although werewolves and other supernatural beings are unaffected—and to the dice pools for supernatural attempts to locate or acquire knowledge relating to the victim. A character can only be under the effect of a single instance of Eater of Names at a time.

FAMINE HOWL (GLORY)

The werewolf unleashes an apocalyptic howl, and the crying winds carry her hunger forth to plague the land.

Cost: 5 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Survival + Glory

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 week

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha suffers the Essence Overload Condition.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: Across an area with a radius of up to the Uratha's Glory Renown in miles, famine sets in. Crops wither, food rots or spoils, potable water turns foul, and livestock sicken and die. Canned or preserved food is not spared from the famine howl's hunger. Vermin and pests throng in starving hordes, eating what they can. The eldritch thirsts of supernatural beings are also starved; whenever a character would gain a point of Essence, Vitae, Mana, or similar pooled power trait within the affected area, it is immediately drained away. Once the character has lost a number of points equal to the Uratha's Glory Renown, they can gain power normally until the following day, whereupon the Facet's hunger must be fed once more. Spirits are unaffected by this Facet's draining effects.

Exceptional Success: Whenever a human perishes from starvation within the affected area under the Facet's duration, the Uratha gains 1 point of Essence.

GLUTTONY (HONOR)

All things yearn with hunger, a craving that can be stirred into ravening overdrive.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Strength + Persuasion + Honor – prey's Composure

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 day

This Facet targets a single character or object that the Uratha can perceive.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Uratha gains the Ban Condition; she must consume something every scene.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: Hunger grips the prey, causing them to consume to excess—whether that hunger is biological or metaphorical. A human must consume a huge heap of food to satisfy their body's needs; a gun devours multiple bullets to fire but a single shot; a car guzzles through fuel at a greatly increased rate. Gluttony increases the amount the target must consume by a factor of the Uratha's Honor Renown, so an Uratha with Honor 2 could curse a human to need three times as much food for nourishment or a fire to burn through fuel three times as fast.

Exceptional Success: Once the target consumes the entirety of its immediately available sustenance, whether all the food devoured, the clip emptied, or the batteries run down,

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the werewolf may immediately use Gluttony again on another target as a reflexive action at no cost in Essence.

WOLF-HUNGER (PURITY)

The wolf is a walking symbol of predation, the ultimate emblem of fundamental hungers that drive the world.

Duration: Permanent

The Uratha gains additional points of Essence equal to her Purity Renown at the end of any scene in which she has acquired Essence from consuming flesh or from a spirit caught in the Sacred Hunt.

RAVENOUS MAW (WISDOM)

The werewolf's jaw cracks and blossoms open into a hungering embrace; hooks of bone and coiling tongues draw the prey to their doom.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

This Facet can only be used in Dalu, Gauru, or Urshul forms. It augments a grapple attempt, allowing the werewolf to make the grapple at a range equal to 5 x Wisdom Renown in yards. If the grapple succeeds then, in addition to picking a move to inflict, the werewolf may choose to drag the target into a position adjacent to her, unless other obstacles would prevent this.

PURE RITES

The Pure possess power of their own, that the Forsaken will never match. The Fire-Touched hoard occult secrets and practice many vile rites. The rites that follow here are but a fraction of their terrible lore.

FLAY AUSPICE (WOLF RITE ...)

Most notorious of the dark rites of the Pure, this rite is a pact with the hateful totem spirits who rule over the *Anshega*.

This rite is only taught to Pure werewolves.

Symbols: Silver, blood, cutting or excision, purification

Action: Extended (10 successes; each roll represents 5 minutes)

Success: Flay Auspice can only be performed on a willing werewolf. Upon completion, the rite permanently tears the auspice away from the werewolf's spirit, depriving them of its benefits and leaving them with the greater vulnerability to silver of the Pure. Other rites are said to exist that allow a ritemaster to make further use of the energies of the flayed auspice.

INFEST LOCUS (WOLF RITE ..)

This horrible curse infects a Locus with Rabid Wolf's vile Essence.

Only Fire-Touched can lead this rite.

Symbols: Disease, fire, envy, hunger

Action: Extended (3 successes per dot of the Locus; each roll represents half an hour)

Duration: 1 month

Success: This rite must be performed at a Locus. Upon completion, it infects the Locus. Any character who draws Essence from the Locus suffers the grave Sick Tilt until they

have emptied their Essence pool completely.

SHADOW BRIDGE (WOLF RITE)

Through sacrifice to the Shadow, this rite tears new paths through its fabric.

Only Fire-Touched can lead this rite.

Symbols: Blood, air, travel, mazes

Action: Extended (3 successes per dot of the Locus; each roll represents half an hour)

Duration: 1 week

Success: This rite must be performed at a Locus and requires a human sacrifice. By placing the head of the sacrifice in another Locus that is within the first Locus's dot rating in miles, a bridge forms between the two Loci; instead of crossing over between Flesh and Shadow, anyone entering the first Locus can instead cross to the second as an Instant action for as long as the head lies there. As soon as the head is removed, the bridge closes, but the head retains its enchantment for the rite's duration.

SHADOW DISTORTION (CRACK RITE)

This rite distorts the Shadow, twisting it to the ritemaster's will.

Only Fire-Touched can lead this rite.

Symbols: Dominance, servitude, deception, truth

Action: Extended (15 successes; each roll represents 1 minute)

Cost: 10 Essence

Duration: 1 month

Success: Shadow Distortion affects the pack's sanctified territory, warping and twisting its very fabric in disorientating fashion. For the rite's duration, characters other than pack members in the affected Shadow suffer a $\lceil 3 \rceil$ penalty to Initiative, Speed, and perception rolls. A pack member can change which direction the Shadow considers to be 'down' for her with a reflexive action. Ranged attacks against pack members are treated as being at twice the distance they actually are; supernatural abilities used against pack members at any range beyond touch suffer a $\lceil 3 \rceil$ penalty.

UNLEASH SHADOW (CRACK RITE)

This rite sets the Shadow in dominance over the Flesh.

Only Fire-Touched can lead this rite.

Symbols: Chains, doors, water, revelation

Action: Extended (15 successes; each roll represents half an hour)

Duration: 1 month

Success: Unleash Shadow affects the pack's sanctified territory. For the rite's duration, the cost of any Manifestation used in the area is reduced to 1 Essence, and a spirit loses Essence in the Flesh at half the usual rate. Any supernatural dice pool to bind, control, or reshape a spirit by a character not of the pack suffers twice the spirit's Rank as a penalty, with failures automatically worsened to dramatic failures.

IVORY CLAW MERITS

Through agonizing ceremonies of purification and blood, the Ivory Claws can draw deeper of the Great Wolf's inheritance. The Merits that follow represent only a few of their crimson secrets.

DISTILLATION OF FORM (....)

Prerequisites: Ivory Claw, Primal Urge 3

Effect: Your character gains +1 Size and +1 Strength in her Gauru and Urshul forms.

LEGACY OF THE HUNT (...)

Prerequisites: Ivory Claw, Primal Urge 5

Effect: Your character can reflexively enter a Clash of Wills using her highest Renown against any supernatural effect that would slow her, bind her, or otherwise prevent her from pursuing prey.

REFINEMENT OF FLESH (..)

Prerequisites: Ivory Claw, Primal Urge 2

Effect: Your character no longer needs to spend Essence to cause her regeneration to heal lethal instead of bashing damage; she can choose which type of damage she wishes to regenerate each turn.

REFINEMENT OF SPIRIT (...)

Prerequisites: Ivory Claw, Primal Urge 3

Effect: Your character's effective spirit Rank is increased by 1.

SILVER-SCOURED (..)

Prerequisites: Ivory Claw, Primal Urge 3

Effect: Your character no longer treats silver as a general trigger for Death Rage. She still suffers aggravated damage from silver attacks but gains 1 point of armor against all damage from sources of silver.

PREDATOR KING MERITS

Through the Sacred Hunt, the Predator Kings call upon echoes of their primal past. The Merits here are but a sample of their Pangaeon witchcraft.

ECHOES OF PANGAEA (..)

Prerequisites: Predator King, Primal Urge 2

Effect: After your character successfully completes the Sacred Hunt on her territory by killing her prey, she gains a mantle of primal power that lasts for her Primal Urge in days. During this time, she gains a +2 bonus and the 9-again quality on all rolls to hunt another character — perception, tracking, attack rolls, endurance, and so forth. This same bonus applies to attempts to reshape or sculpt material, whether with tools, supernatural powers, or just her hands. She may expend this mantle as a reflexive action to cause a character she can perceive who is interacting with an animal to suffer a dramatic failure on that interaction.

HUNTER'S SACRIFICE (..)

Prerequisites: Predator King, Primal Urge 3

Effect: After your character successfully completes the Sacred Hunt on her territory by killing her prey, she may offer the kill as a sacrifice to the Shadow. Up to her honorary Rank in spirits present in the scene will not suffer Essence bleed while in the Flesh for a number of days equal to the werewolf's Primal Urge.

BLOOD OF PANGAEA (....)

Prerequisites: Predator King, Primal Urge 4

Effect: While your character is on the Sacred Hunt, the first time in a scene that she suffers lethal damage, she may reflexively use the Awe, Dement, or Emotional Aura Numina as if she possessed them and at no cost in Essence, rolling her Presence + Wits as the activation pool.

WITCH STRIDE (.....)

Prerequisites: Predator King, Primal Urge 5

Effect: While your character is on the Sacred Hunt, she can spend a point of Willpower to reach across the Gauntlet without a Locus in either direction, regardless of her Harmony

THE KINGMAKER: CYRUS SILVER-SCARRED

You get one shot at this life, whelp. You going to whimper and grovel in the ashes, or you going to seize the flame and let yourself burn as bright as you deserve?

Cyrus Silver-Scarred is an old monster hunting for perfection, stooped under the burden of a century's long efforts. He's a Fire-Touched prophet stalking America's dusty roads without territory or pack of his own, bearing a fiery crown that was never meant for his brow. He crashes into the lives of the Pure with a mad gospel spilling from his lips, and drives them into a frenzy of zealous competition that tears peace to pieces and washes the streets with blood. Old Cyrus is a wrecking ball, reducing the status quo to rubble then hurtling onward once again, his hunt never satisfied.

The Silver-Scarred seeks an immaculate Pure with a heart of flame and a soul of bloodied diamond worthy of the crown he bears. That crown is no mere physical trinket, but an investiture of spiritual strength by the mightiest Pure totems for their chosen champion. It isn't intended for Cyrus, a bitter reminder of his own failings. When he draws on a fraction of its power, a flickering mark of flame and shadow dances in Twilight upon his brow — a sign of his sanction from capricious, savage gods.

Wherever his travels take him, the gibbering elder demands Pure prove themselves in trials of blood and zeal, hoping to finally find an inheritor for the crown's legacy. Its searing power has forever cut him apart from his peers, unable to maintain the spiritual bonds of a pack. After over a hundred years on the road, he couldn't bring himself to stop even if the totems hadn't bound him to the task with terrible oaths. This hunt is his entirety and his all, an obsession that even his own spite cannot quell.

TRIAL BY FIRE

Cyrus appears in a region without warning. The wild-eyed, blistered preacher accosts local Pure and demands they give him their ear. Some arrogant *Anshega* think to ignore or mock the shambolic old werewolf, but they're put in their place by either the elder's savage response or their own pack totems. Even the monstrous Pure totems have masters, and it is those masters who bound the elder to this task.

Most Pure are eager to compete for Cyrus' favor. He is a figure of legend, after all, and he offers the opportunity to become a legend too. He is the kingmaker, seeker of the next Pure messiah, and every young warrior thinks they have it in them to inherit that mantle. Even the older and wiser know that drawing the eye of Cyrus means the favor of the great totems.

The presence of the crown stirs the Pure into overdrive, desperate to prove themselves before the eye of the gods. They push themselves harder, throw caution to the wind, all for the chance of the old shaman's recognition. The Silver-Scarred whips his new congregation to a fever-pitch with promises of

THE CROWN

The crown of Shadow that swirls in Cyrus' Essence is the work of the mightiest spirit totems of the Pure, who sacrificed a portion of their power in its creation. Cyrus cannot draw on its full power, but can sense with a touch whether a Pure is worthy of its mantle. For Cyrus, the crown has several effects:

- It raises his effective spirit rank by 2.
- By mixing his blood with that of another werewolf, he can temporarily count as a member of that werewolf's pack for the purpose of a single pack rite he performs.
- He gains the rote quality on rolls to resist the abilities of spirits of any kind.

If bestowed upon a Pure who the totems deem truly worthy, the crown is likely capable of far more. It might bond them to all werewolves across a region, grant them utter authority over spirits, begin the process of apotheosis into a Pure totem or other, stranger effects.

Cyrus is powerful and old, but whatever transgressions he committed to gain the crown in the first place have condemned him in the eyes of the totems. Other Pure elders have also been judged unworthy; the totems deem their potential already spent, seeking instead a young visionary with a soul and will strong enough to bear the crown's symbolic weight.

greatness and lashing criticisms of weakness. Sometimes the whip is literal, with scores of Pure mortifying their flesh to scour themselves of their flaws and failings in bloody, frothing ceremonies.

Cyrus demands the Pure prove themselves through action. Ordeals and trials break whatever complacency and status quo have settled on a region. Where the Pure are mired in listless peace, he demands they hurl themselves at foes and harvest bloody Forsaken scalps. Where a stifling hierarchy chokes the ambitions of the lesser Pure, he howls outrage at placid elders and demands they undergo terrible ordeals or lose the faith of the totems. Where long, brutish war has ground packs into dust and broken the morale of the Pure, he raises up the most cunning and wise of the Pure and challenges them to spin clever schemes.

Cyrus is dangerous because he does more than provoke the Pure — he makes them think, gets them to adapt and find new answers and break from predictable patterns of behavior. All this is accompanied by a wave of messianic zeal among the Pure that drives them to utter extremes of atrocity and heroism, throwing aside safety and sanity in return for a chance at greatness.

The old wolf may be inspirational, but he is a self-absorbed monster. He doesn't care for the lives of his fellow Pure, nor long-term prospects in a region. He wants a pressure-cooker, a crucible within which the Pure are reforged in blood and fire through acts of Renown. One day, he hopes, he will find a shining gem amid the dross and ash of that crucible. Any cost in blood is worthwhile if it means that excellence shines through. Where there are no enemies left to fight, Cyrus will whip the Pure up against one another, venting their rage and frustration and ambition in a bloodletting turned inwards.

DESCRIPTION

The old wolf's body is a map of his struggles and wars, cratered with livid wounds from the silver bullets that nearly took his life — fired by his own Wolf-Blooded sister. His bones creak, and old aches protest. Still, despite being over a hundred and fifty years old, his monstrous vigor still flows with the primal power of the Great Predator. Cyrus looks like he's in his sixties, weathered by a life on the road. His eyes are feverish, teeth yellow, and his body is pockmarked with blisters and tumors. As a wolf, he is a hulking thing of red fur with a maw of snaggle-teeth, but the old Uratha doesn't spend much time in his most lupine forms; he prefers to walk on human feet, clad in hand-me-downs and biker's leathers with a panoply of talens.

Cyrus is harsh and stern, a judgmental father figure prone to explosions of brutality when faced with disrespect. He looks for opportunities to hurt those who challenge his authority and resents the way the spirits force the disrespectful to bend knee; it denies him the opportunity to rebuke them himself. The totems demand he hold back from battle where possible, allowing other Pure the chance to prove themselves under his oversight; a restriction that the elder chafes at. As a powerful ritemaster, Cyrus has undergone blasphemous and profane experiences to claw dark symbols from the Shadow, and it is through these rites that he supports the Pure in their vile ambitions.

RUMORS

The Silver-Scarred is a lone wolf, they say: no pack, no friends, no family. He murdered his own pack and kin to get the honor of carrying that blasphemous crown, soaked himself in their blood.

Cyrus killed his sister, but not before her hunter cell took down the rest of his pack during the desperate struggles of 1899. The crown's spiritual flame has scoured away his ability to maintain pack bonds since then — and he is too bitter and proud now to



Cyrus Silver-Scarred

STORY HOOKS

- The Pure strike into Forsaken territory without warning, gunning for the Forsaken pack's most Renowned member. Cyrus has arrived, challenging the local Pure to collect the heads of the mightiest Forsaken in the region — and this is only the first of the trials he will set the *Anshega*.
- A desperate young Pure ventures to the edge of the pack's territory, seeking a secret meeting. He's a frail whelp, abused by his pack, and Cyrus has challenged him to prove his Purity and Honor by defeating a Forsaken in formal combat. He doesn't think he stands a chance — but failure means dishonor, and he fears that will mean his death. What can he offer for one of the pack to fight him and take a fall in front of his peers and theirs?
- Frustrated by long years of disappointment, Cyrus is taking a new approach. Pure ritemasters summon and bind a powerful Lune of the Gibbous Moon; Cyrus forces it to utter prophecies of fate and destiny, hoping to discover the First Changes of werewolves who will one day be worthy to win the crown he bears. The Lunes descend with a command from the Warden Moon; the Forsaken must free or destroy the bound Lune, and leave the Pure with a harsh lesson that this blasphemy must not be repeated.

have peers. However, the crown's sheer power does allow him to still use his armory of pack rites for the benefit of the Pure.

They say he served a Pure warlord once, the Wolf Queen of Texas, and she's the one that first wore that crown. It's her legacy he's continuing.

The so-called 'Wolf-Queen of Texas' was a powerful Fire-Touched warlord in the 19th century, who stitched together a grand alliance of Pure across Texas and Oklahoma. The stories say she routed the Forsaken and pinned broken Lunes into the night sky's firmament. Cyrus rose to prominence shortly after her death, but it isn't clear whether she possessed the totem's crown before him.

So you've been hurt by the wolves too, right? Listen, they're the children of the Devil hisself, and one of them bears the Devil's crown. We kill that one, we break the Devil's grip on this world.

There's an ancient woman in a hospital, clinging to life with the aid of half a dozen machines and a bellyful of spite. Her family stockpiles silver weaponry and gathers their allies in small cells, laying the groundwork for a final strike. Soon she will give her last orders, and finish the job her grandmother began in 1899, bringing an end to her great-uncle and quenching the blasphemous crown that glimmers upon his brow.

CYRUS SILVER-SCARRED

Tribe: Fire-Touched

Hunter's Aspect: Fanatical

Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Resolve 7; Strength 5 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 6 (7/8/8/7); Presence 6, Manipulation 5, Composure 4

Skills: Academics (Strategy) 2, Athletics (Long-distance) 3, Brawl 5, Empathy (Weakness) 6, Expression 4, Persuasion 5, Occult (Spirits) 6, Politics 4, Stealth 2, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 3, Survival 4

Merits: Favored Form (Dalu) 3, Inspiring 3, Iron Stamina 2, Iron Will 2, Living Weapon (Urshul) 3, Status (Fire-Touched) 5

Primal Urge: 8

Willpower: 10

Harmony: 4

Essence: 30

Health: 11 (12/14/12/10)

Initiative: 6 (6/7/8/8)

Defense: 5

Speed: 11 (12/15/18/16)

Size: 5 (6/7/6/4)

Armor: 0

Renown: Cunning 4, Glory 2, Honor 5, Purity 3, Wisdom 4

Gifts: (Disease) All; (Dominance) Lay Low the Challenger, Snarl of the Predator; (Fervor) All; (Insight) All; (Inspiration) All; (Knowledge) This Story Is True, Know Thy Prey; (Strength) Crushing Bow, Primal Strength, Rending Claws; (Warding) Maze Ward, All Doors Locked, Boundary Ward

Rites: Cyrus possesses all rites in the **Werewolf: The Forsaken** core book that are not Tribe-specific, as well as the new rites in this book.

Ban: Cyrus must always challenge a werewolf to prove herself on first meeting her; he can never simply accept an Uratha's worth through reputation.

THE PARTY ANIMAL: GARIMA KHATRI

We're going to have so much fun tonight, you and I. I'll show you a side of yourself you've never suspected.

Garima stalks through the exuberance of the club, moving in rhythm with a deeper beat than the thumping music. Her whispers slither through the hearts and hungers of the devotees of decadence who flock to her side. She's cocaine stained with blood, silk sheets smeared with gore, the wolf's gleaming teeth that stir distant memories of the hunter and hunted. She's the thrill of kill-or-be-killed. She's a priestess of Dire Wolf, tending to the unlikeliest of congregations.

Garima Khatri was born to outrageous wealth, an heiress pampered with all the luxuries she might desire but never satisfied by any of it. All the money in the world couldn't fill the void in her soul, a lack of fulfillment that remained hollow no matter how much excess and decadence she tried to pour into it. All that changed when she Changed, emerging from a blood-soaked night of carnage not as a traumatized victim but exulting and ecstatic — a woman who finally knew what it meant to be truly, vigorously alive. She'd found the missing piece of her soul, the craving for the adrenaline of the hunt and the kill, and she embraced her new nature wholeheartedly.

The young Predator King views her former peers among humanity as the most in need of Dire Wolf's truth. She knows the emptiness that plagues their lives, and that drowning themselves in the distractions of civilization will never truly free them. She's a monstrous and sadistic killer, but utterly confident in the righteousness of her cause. The rich and the famous, the dissolute and the young, are all slaves to the choking laws and empty morality of a society that will keep them forever numbed and separate from their rightful, natural state — as predators and as prey, genuinely feeling alive. It's up to her to rip the false boundaries of civilization away and show them who they truly could be.

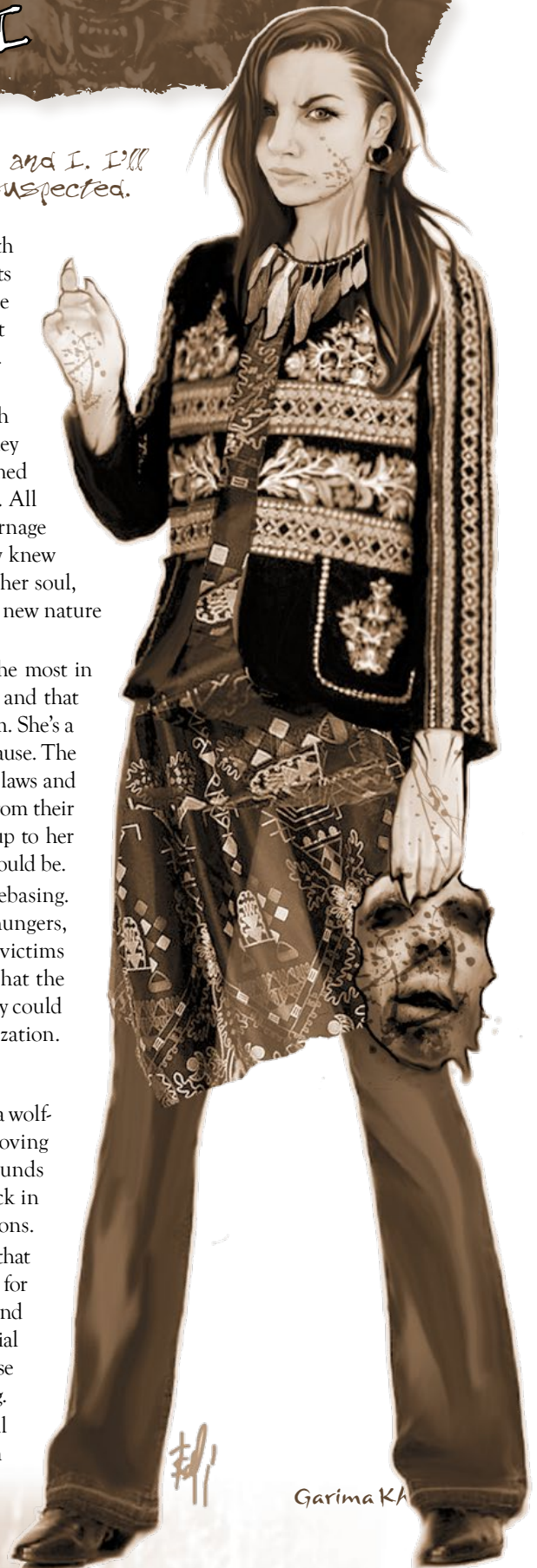
Though she frames it as a holy mission, Garima's work is profane and debasing. She urges humans to give in to their worst instincts, to indulge their animal hungers, and become monsters who prey on their fellows. She tortures and terrifies her victims and claims it is a sacred gift. To Garima, the screaming, pain, and death that the hunt bestows gives a human life more worth and intense feeling than her prey could ever hope to find in long years of hollow ennui coddled by wealth and civilization.

BLOOD SPORTS

Garima prowls the parties and playgrounds of the rich and the famous, a wolf-in-sheep's-clothing with an all-access VIP pass to the finest haunts of the fun-loving across five continents. Her wealth and connections let her into hunting grounds out of the reach of other Predator Kings. She ministers to her wayward flock in booming nightclubs, sprawling estates, and finely upholstered and exclusive salons.

The Predator King works on victims with Gifts and persuasive whispers that promise the fulfillment of one's darkest desires. She finds the bored rich looking for an ever-greater high, the adrenaline-hungry youths looking for the next big thrill, and provides them with the means and the opportunity to push ever further. Potential acolytes are urged to break the boundaries that society or morality would try and impose on them; she frames it as the chains with which the weak want to bind the strong.

Garima encourages her victims to indulge their most base and animal whims. When she has a human wrapped around her finger, she draws them



Garima Kh

into overindulgence in drugs, sex, and violence; she presents them with opportunities to visit their most brutal and carnal whims on the vulnerable, and on each other. With her influence, she establishes the most exclusive clubs and societies where no legal or moral boundary is respected. Under the oversight of her gleaming eyes, the rich torture homeless victims in the blood-spattered halls of their city mansions; frenzied club-goers turn VIP rooms into orgies of carnage and lust; and TV personalities roll and rut in the mud in search for even the briefest spark of real feeling to break the hollowness of their fabricated lives.

Such degradation is merely a part of her preaching. It's one thing to lure humans into the sway of their hungers and lusts, but there are two sides to every hunt. She is, after all, a Predator King, and even the most zealous of her students in embracing monstrous instinct remains merely prey to her. When she hunts, she picks her prey out among the nightclubs and the halls of the famous, playing out a sick game of seduction, revelation, and screaming. She draws it out, savoring the terror and desperation in the victims even as she tells them: *at least you'll die with your heart pounding*. After all, she's making the last hours of a human really mean something — letting them participate in the sacred hunt in the role they are most suited for, as prey. Each empty life of self-deceit that she shatters is another crack in the foundations of civilization's lies.

DESCRIPTION

In her human shape, Garima looks like a young Indian woman with the bearing and poise that comes from a lifetime at the top of the heap. She wraps herself in designer dresses and golden jewelry; underneath, her body is increasingly laced with scars. She's a knack for skinning victims and taking their faces, talented at impersonation, which is proving an important tool in her armory; her own face has graced a fair few society magazines and gossip pages, the price of her jet-setting lifestyle. As a wolf, Garima has a rich and glossy back coat and perfect ivory teeth. Her sheer, ravening ferocity washes away any impression that this might be some pampered hound.

Garima is a sadist and likes to draw out the hunt and the kill. She finds the prey's fear and suffering to be exhilarating. She loves to stalk her victims while among their peers, picking prey off while the party carries on obliviously all around. To Garima, that sense of isolation the prey feels is the greatest of delights, and the clearest symptom of civilization's sickness. The herd should protect its members but here, at the end, all the choking weight of urban life leaves each individual utterly alone when they face the wolf at the door.

The Khatri heiress is far from a loner. She has gathered an unlikely pack of highly urban Predator Kings around her; she serves as the heart and the face of the pack and its depredations. Her fellows provide the support she needs to orchestrate some of the vilest depravities of the rich, powerful, and thrill-hungry, and together they take their pick of the prey for their own ghastly hunts.

RUMORS

And here's Garima Khatri on the red carpet, in an incredible Cala & Coura black dress that's really in this season! Word is that

STORY HOOKS

- Carnage in the clubs and violence in the VIP lounge; the Pure are on the attack, and Garima uses her reach to cull the wealthy allies and friends of the Forsaken. She'll keep picking off the resources and contacts of the pack and their fellows until she's stopped or driven off. An invitation to a nightclub or a society ball is suddenly a death sentence for the unwitting humans.
- The rich and famous are hitting rehab hard off the back of intense breakdowns and outbursts, but it's doing nothing to help because they aren't hooked on drugs. Garima has been grooming her victims for Claiming by spirits of animals, literally degrading their minds to those of beasts.
- One of the pack is invited to the party of a lifetime — a decadent orgy of indulgence where the drugs flow free, they can run down human prey while the rest of the herd looks on, and they can let their passions run loose in whatever way they see fit. Is Garima trying to convert them to her side, distract them with decadence, or is she just setting them up as the main event for her own hunt?

she's spent the last month in rehab, while swirling rumors continue to link her romantically to movie-star hunk Tony Steele...

Garima maintains a very public profile for a werewolf, which can make life difficult. She occasionally disappears to the remote reaches of Thailand for 'rehab', visiting the Predator King elders there for spiritual guidance and to re-center herself. She has a Wolf-Blooded lover who she keeps at arms-length from her depredations; she feels powerfully protective of him and refuses to let him get caught up in the dangers she courts through her little crusade.

So Jerry popped this pill and just, like, went completely psycho. He was all jittery and then the bouncer said he couldn't go in and he just freaked out, grabbed the guy and started punching til his hands were red. Good job Jerry's dad is an attorney, right?

Drugs can be a powerful tool for reducing a human to their true animal nature, so Garima funnels money into drug labs to concoct ghastly new mixtures. She has her pack's pawns pour cocktails of designer party drugs and military combat stimulants into the market, with the simple aim of more violence and broken minds. She finds it fun to see a party-goer lose their shit and start literally ripping the eyeballs out of another wealth-coddled husk; there's nothing quite like the moment after the rest of the dance floor sees what's going on, but before they start screaming. Recently, she's gotten her claws on a sample of strange, honey-like nectar with addictive properties, and now seeks out the source.

She is violating the sacred Ban! Does our oath to Dire Wolf mean nothing? She garbs herself in human clothes, rolls around in the stench of their cities, then has the gall to proclaim herself one of us. Who will put this whelp in her place?

Garima accepts she must regularly violate her Tribal Ban. It's a simple necessity for a Predator King so dedicated to the urban lifestyle as she, and Garima has been successful in persuading her *Ninna Farakh* patrons that it's a price worth paying to bring revelation to humans of the cities. She does what she can to mitigate it, regularly burning her clothes as offerings to Dire Wolf, and tears at herself in guilt and penance for what she must do. Still, it does not sit well with plenty of other Predator Kings, and her influence within the Tribe depends on the continued support of her patron elders

GARIMA

Tribe: Predator Kings

Hunter's Aspect: Primal

Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 4, Resolve 3; Strength 3 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4); Presence 3, Manipulation 4, Composure 3

Skills: Academics 3, Crafts 2, Occult 2, Politics 3, Athletics 4, Brawl 3, Larceny 2, Stealth 3, Survival 2, Animal Ken 2, Empathy 1, Intimidation (Torture) 3, Persuasion 3, Socialize (Parties) 4, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge (Disguise) 3

Merits: Allies (Family Business) 4, Barfly 2, Contacts (Various) 3, Echoes of Pangaea 2, Fleet of Foot 3, Hunter's Sacrifice 2, Living Weapon 4 (Urshul), Relentless Assault 2, Resources 5, Status (High Society) 3, Totem 3

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 6

Essence: 12

Health: 8 (9/10/9/7)

Initiative: 6 (6/7/8/8)

Defense: 8

Speed: 11 (12/15/18/16)

Size: 5 (6/7/6/4)

Armor: 0

Renown: Cunning 3, Glory 3, Honor 1, Purity 3, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (Dominance) Primal Allure, Glorious Lunacy, Snarl of the Predator; (Evasion) Feet of Mist; (Hunger) Eater of Names, Gluttony, Ravenous Maw; (Insight) Prey on Weakness; (Knowledge) Know Thy Prey; (Rage) Incite Fury, Slaughterer; (Strength) Primal Strength

THE VISIONARY OF FLESH: TEJUMOLA TIDE-BREAKER

The price of progress is paid in agony.

The Change brought Tejumola only pain. Bone snapped, flesh warped, skin sloughed in bloody unveiling as faces and limbs tore through her constantly regenerating meat. She felt hatred for the distant god bathing her in its cold moonlight, even as she felt its torment, for what loving mother would inflict this on their child?

Tejumola's Change was a rare phenomenon and its touch lingered afterwards, leaving her in agony whenever she shifted forms as a faulty, painful process of shredding meat and splintered bone. The Forsaken found her first, but she soon fled into the clutches of the Pure, and she begged them to flay away her Auspice and free her from the moon's suffering.

Two decades later and Tejumola, called the Tide-Breaker, is a different woman now. She stands as one of the foremost researchers and loremasters of the Ivory Claws, the anguish she suffered in her Change seen as a spiritual ordeal that brought her closer to Silver Wolf. The tortures of the Ivory Claw initiations were barely noticeable by comparison, and a price well worth paying for access to their resources, their archives, and their laboratories of flesh, blood, and magic.

Her fellow Pure revere her, for she has untangled the mysteries of the Warden Moon and laid bare the goddess's flaws. She has deciphered the secrets of the flesh of the Great Predator. Tejumola's ground-breaking work has brought the *Tzumfin* so much closer to Wolf's perfection, and it has given them new weapons with which to fight the vile Forsaken – for she has unlocked the power of the Geryo.

HIGH-IMPACT DESIGNS

Tejumola's agonizing Change was not unique. Modern science has revealed the answer as to why some rare few were-wolves suffered such painful metamorphoses, accompanied by incredible regenerative capacities; they Change at the moment of a moon-quake, a shock running through the physical structure of Luna's reflection that – somehow – connects the Uratha to the Warden Moon's own wounds for a brief moment. Tejumola has scoured herself free of that painful link, but it is far from the only phenomenon of the Change. The Ivory Claw has dedicated much of her life to delving deeper into the mysteries of the moon, driven by spite towards the goddess who so hurt her.

The Tide-Breaker has recorded strange variations in the Change inflicted by unusual lunar alignment, studied the moon's gravity and tidal pull as a vector for Luna's influence, and matched scientific observations of cloud-cover and moonlight penetration against recorded Lune manifestations. She has committed atrocities upon captured *nusuzul*, subjecting them to horrific tests to see how the Change can be altered, directed, or impeded. The loremaster wields both science and mysticism as tools in her endeavor, experimenting as much with pioneering genetic editing as with blood sorcery. For her work on mastering and exploiting the possibilities of the Change, the tribe honored her with the name Tide-Breaker—a proclamation that Tejumola has more influence on the Changes she witnesses than the tidal magic of Luna itself.

The Geryo have always intrigued Tejumola, but any sort of research into the twisted beings proved extremely difficult to perpetrate. Containment facilities built with unmatched occult engineering have proven capable of keeping Geryo from escaping through the Gauntlet or warping the world around them, but the virulent contagion associated with some Geryo strains has proven too high a risk even for an ambitious visionary like Tejumola. She can do little to further the tribe's accomplishments if she herself falls victim to such flesh-distorting infection, after all.

The big breakthrough that shot Tejumola to prominence in the Ivory Claws came in 2009, when NASA slammed a kinetic impact device into the moon. Forsaken across the globe waited with baited breath, fearing what devastating influence the strike might have. Relief followed, when there seemed to be little effect—an anticlimax that barely even rendered the First Changes of that moment as any more traumatic than usual. Hidden from their knowledge, the Tide-Breaker's most blasphemous efforts yet had succeeded.

With the backing of tribal elders, Tejumola had spent the preceding months working in the tribe's most secure facility in Nigeria. The occult engineering and profane science she perpetrated there broke the minds of many of her assistants and devoured a huge amount of eldritch and material resources, but in the moment of impact, her schemes were made real. A crop of *nusuzul*, their First Changes held in abeyance by Tejumola's insane genius, were turned into foci for the wound that the impact would inflict on the Warden

Moon. As it struck home, the screaming *nusuzul* transformed into vessels for the raw, mercurial Essence of Luna, their First Change forcibly induced. They screamed and thrashed and bloated with the blood and pain of a goddess, warping madness overrunning their minds and bodies and twisting them into swollen monstrosities of uncontrolled change.

Those victims still dwell down there in the darkness, gurgling and thrashing against their silver bindings. Tubes and pipes pierce their flesh, decant vile fluids, and jolt their brains with spasming bursts of Essence and electricity. Their bodies twist with bizarre mutations, caught part-way through transformations, or budding too many limbs and heads, or turned into huge abominations of bone and meat and mad rage. They are proof of Tejumola's genius, artificially-infected Geryo without any risk of spreading contagion, and now they are a powerful tool in the Ivory Claws' armory—monsters made from the unworthy, unleashed at Tejumola's behest. She has spent long years tinkering with her fleshy creations, programming them into pliability or reining in their rage enough to be useful little beasts.

Tejumola does not rest on her laurels. The Geryo are just the first step of what she has planned. Now she and her followers scour the world for new sources of power with which she can further her research and create new monstrosities. The Tide-Breaker has such nightmares planned for this world.

DESCRIPTION

Tejumola is a lanky Nigerian woman, with a slightly sickly pallor she was never able to shift. She bears grotesque scars from her first days as an Uratha, when every attempt to change her form came at the cost of rupturing flesh, and it still takes her a few painful moments longer than it should to flow from one shape to another. As a wolf, she is a wiry and lean thing with a hungry look.

The Tide-Breaker's cold manner and clinical approach has become legendary among her peers. When peeling a screaming, thrashing victim apart layer by layer, she can calmly reel off analytical notes without so much as flinching. The Ivory Claw sees every encounter as an opportunity to expand her knowledge and treats most other individuals as things rather than people—even fellow werewolves.

Despite serving the tribe as a celebrated loremaster, Tejumola is an efficient and brutal combatant more than willing to wade into battle to secure a test



STORY HOOKS

- The Ivory Claws unleash something nightmarish against the Forsaken— a colossal, slaving monstrosity with too many heads, or a shivering mimic that can copy the shape of whatever it sees. This is one of Tejumola's works, set loose on the pack as a test run to see how it performs.
- Tales of a twisted werewolf-horror on the rampage reach the pack; a Geryo is on the loose. The thing arrives in their territory, but the stories don't quite have the right of it. The Geryo is relatively sane, and terrified; the Ivory Claw blood-hunters are on its trail to capture it for the Tide-Breaker's vile experiments, and it is desperate for help and sanctuary.
- The blood-tapestries and ancestry-archives of the Ivory Claws have spat out a discovery—one of the Wolf-Blooded on the pack's turf is going to have a portentous First Change, strange or significant in some way. Tejumola wants them for her collection and has turned up in person to oversee Pure efforts to seize them.

subject or gather information. Unusually for a werewolf, she prefers to fight with a weapon, and has access to a selection of the tribe's finest fetish weapons for this purpose. She'll take her time with an interesting opponent, if it's practical and she feels in control of the situation; she'll wound them in different ways to see how they react, test their reflexes, and learn everything she can of their capabilities. When she does lose her cool, her rage is a brief flood of uncontrolled fury, tamped down and bottled back up as quickly as it arrived.

RUMORS

She has a gallery of horrors down there. Chambers filled with the patter of blood dripping through filtration systems, a room that's just one poor werewolf torn and stretched into mats of regenerating flesh, corridor after corridor of imprisoned freaks of the Change who had something go wrong.

Tejumola conducts horrific experiments on humans, Claimed, and Uratha alike, with a notable interest in Changes that are unusual or went awry. She actively collects new victims for her prison, setting Ivory Claw blood-hunters on the trail of interesting targets—including Wolf-Blooded who she believes will have unusual Changes due to the mysteries she has mapped in their ancestry.

There's... things left over from the old times of Pangaea, kid. Just stories, just rumors, mostly, but they're real. The Hosts are one relic of that age, but there are others too. And no-one knows more about it than that insane witch of the Tzuumfin.

The Tide-Breaker and her agents have acquired all manner of bizarre artifacts, traveling the world to collect strange specimens for her work. Among the relics she has collected are gobbets of half-eaten meat from the carcass of a colossal, mummified crocodile-thing in Egypt, the gibbering fragments of a piece of the moon that was shorn off its flesh during some primeval impact, and a prism of crystal that shines into somewhere else from whence stares a bright and mad eye.

She says it comes to her in dreams. Now me, I'd be worried about that. She was once chained to the Slave-Queen's wounds. What if Luna is influencing her even now?

Tejumola no longer has an Auspice, but she hasn't completely shaken Luna's grasp. The bond of pain they shared is stronger than that. The Lunes still whisper to her, sometimes. She tries to block it out as best she can. Sometimes she claws her own eardrums out for the brief, blessed silence, before the meat knits together again.

TEJUMOLA TIDE-BREAKER

Tribe: Ivory Claws

Hunter's Aspect: Agonized

Attributes: Intelligence 5, Wits 4, Resolve 3; Strength 3 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 4 (5/6/6/5); Presence 3, Manipulation 2, Composure 5

Skills: Academics 4, Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Computer 3, Crafts 4, Intimidation 2, Investigation 3, Medicine (Surgery) 5, Occult (Pangaeon Legends) 4, Persuasion 2, Science (Biology) 4, Streetwise 1, Survival 2, Weaponry (Knives) 4

Merits: Fortified Form (Dalu, Urshul) 5, Legacy of the Hunt 3, Living Weapon (Gauru, Urshul) 4, Refinement of Flesh 2, Resources 4, Silver-Scoured 2, Spiritual Blockage 2, Status (Ivory Claws) 4, Totem 4

Primal Urge: 5

Willpower: 8

Harmony: 3

Essence: 15

Health: 9 (10/11/10/8)

Initiative: 7 (7/8/9/9)

Defense: 5

Speed: 10 (11/14/17/15)

Size: 5 (6/7/6/4)

Armor: 0

Renown: Cunning 3, Glory 2, Honor 2, Purity 3, Wisdom 4

Gifts: (Agony) All; (Blood) All; (Death) Barghest, Bone Gnaw, Eyes of the Dead; (Dominance) Snarl of the Predator; (Insight) Echo Dream, Scent the Unnatural, One Step Ahead; (Knowledge) All; (Shaping) Perfection of Form, Sculpt; (Strength) Unchained, Primal Strength, Rending Claws; (Technology) All; (Warding) Ward the Wolf's Den, Boundary Ward

Ban: Tejumola must enter combat with a weapon besides her natural weaponry, and can't begin to use tooth or claw until she has drawn blood with it, or failed to do so with three attacks.

Tejumola Tide-Breaker

LUNA'S BANE: MIMI MOON-SHANNED

Love her or hate her, she knows you exist. She never even noticed me.

To hear Mimi tell it, her First Change was a night filled with violence and bloodshed. She changed beneath the unfiltered light of the full moon, screaming defiance at Luna as she murdered everyone she met. She hunted, she raged, and she shouted obscenities to the hated moon. Her refusal was so great that Luna couldn't touch her, and she was still untarnished by Auspice when the Pure found her. This story isn't true, but the Pure delight in hearing it, and Mimi has heard of so many other First Changes that she has a plentiful supply of embellishments as needed.

The truth is, Mimi doesn't remember her First Change. Not because the red mist descended and she woke surrounded by blood and gore. (Though she's heard that one enough times.) Not because she repressed the horror of slaughtered friends and family to be able to live with herself. (She's heard that, too.) No, Mimi has no memory of her First Change simply – and unusually – because it was so unremarkable. She recalls a time in her childhood when she wasn't a werewolf. Then she knows a time when she was. She had no wave of sickness, no whispering of spirits, no thirst for blood or yearning for violence. She didn't feel the pull of any moon phase. One day, she simply knew she was a werewolf.

Shortly afterward, her clumsy attempts to understand her condition drew the attention of a local pack of Pure who were amazed by her lack of moon-markings. The Fire-Touched proclaimed it to be a sign of faith, the Ivory Claws said the sign was Silver Wolf's marking her purity, and both urged her to join their tribes. Mimi resisted. Not because she wanted to be a despised *Urdaga*, but because the oaths and tribal bond somehow weren't right. She knew in her blood and bone that she was *Uratha*, but even surrounded by her *Anshega* sisters and brothers she felt no kinship. She chose to walk alone, explaining to her pack that her unique destiny was not for any one tribe. Though doubtful, the pack gave her the time she needed to find her place.

As she ran with the pack, Mimi soon learned her purpose. When her pack scouted nearby Forsaken territory, she witnessed a Lune overseeing the rites of moon-slavery. Mimi's blood boiled and she charged into the middle of the rite before any of her pack mates could stop her. When her head cleared of rage three of her own pack and all the Forsaken lay dead. The surviving members looked on Mimi with awe as she held the shredded, fading remains of a once-mighty *Ralunim* in her claws and her flesh burned red with *Renown*. Tales of her glory and savagery against the lunar spirit spread quickly among the Pure, of the spirit's blind confusion and panic as she tore it asunder.

STORY HOOKS

- The pack's totem speaks of whispers among the spirits, that the Lunes are dying and refuse to speak of how. As the pack investigates, it notices the carnage moves in a discernible direction, like a roving band of wolves hunting across multiple territories. Ridding the world of the threat would make Luna's closest servants indebted to the pack, so they set off on the hunt.
- The Pure have arrived on the borders of the territory, but instead of fighting, they want to join forces against a greater threat. Suspicions abound, but they appear to be truthful. A great spirit has invaded the territory and is destroying the balance the Forsaken have worked so hard to achieve. Closer investigation reveals the spirit is a former totem of the Pure, broken by the loss of its pack and desperate for revenge. Destroying it will be a feat of great celebration and Renown.

Certainly, the Pure want to limit the apparent embarrassment such a loss brings, but their darkest secret is that the spirit broke its own mind in sacrifice to the Pure Firstborn, so that its destruction might draw out many Lunes for the Moon-Shunned to slaughter and shame the Forsaken for leading their patrons into a trap.

- Mimi connects with other Moon-Shunned and forges a pack. Together, they feel purpose more fiercely than ever before. They enact a Siskur-Dah that shakes the world and ripples fear across the Shadow. Empowered by the hunt, the Moon-Shunned set out across flesh and *Hisil* to find Luna's hiding place and fulfill their purpose. The Mother places no obstacles in their way, as she is blind to their presence. Her spiritual legions of servants and defenders cannot sense or stop them. The Moon is surely doomed to destruction, unless the Forsaken can hold the line and hunt and track the Moon-Shunned pack before they become god-killers.

Since that time, the legend of the Moon-Shunned — Luna's Bane — has drawn dozens of the most mad, faithful, or predatory *Anshega* to Mimi's side and forged a pack dedicated to hunting and killing the Moon's servants. The pack claims no physical territory of their own and are forever moving in their quest to eradicate Luna's infestation. Every member of the pack would gladly sacrifice their lives to protect Mimi, as she is the one

leading them to victory over Luna's hated servants. Even the fiercest Pure stand aside when in the Moon-Shunned's path, as she inevitably leaves a trail of Forsaken misery and destruction in her wake.

DESCRIPTION

Mimi comes across as aloof and distant from other werewolves. She's not impolite, or uninterested in them, but on a fundamental, instinctive level, other Uratha don't feel the same kinship. Even when among her pack, observers can see the instinctive dynamics don't include her.

Despite this, Mimi craves making a connection, and invests time and energy associating outside her pack. When the pack isn't hunting, she finds her way to popular locations — clubs, cafes, or even theme parks — and mingles with humanity. Even though she's Uratha, she feels more at home around people who don't expect her to have bonds of flesh or spirit. As she blends into the human surroundings, Mimi inevitably uses these interactions to scout ahead into foreign territories and find hints that lead to her next prey.

Mimi is tall and thin, standing taller than most men she meets. Her deeply olive skin seems to darken when the moon rises into the sky, regardless of the time of day or night, and her deep-blue eyes fade to inky blackness. She enjoys pop culture and associated fashions and is more likely to be found in a t-shirt and jeans than something formal. She knows how to fit into human society and easily adopts the mannerisms of those around her.

Mimi's Gauru form foregoes the usual heavysset, muscular appearance for a lithe, sinuous grace. She still stands taller than the rest of her pack, and she seems fragile and easily broken. Looks are deceiving, as she is as strong and tough as any Uratha. Her hair is deeply black in all forms, seeming to drink light and give nothing in return. When she destroys a Lune, or one dies in her presence, bloody-red Renown brands glimmer and seem to weep across her body.

SECRETS

Though Luna is a god of immense power and influence, she is not omniscient or omnipotent. She raked her claws through the world's flesh in a time before time that even she has forgotten. The Great Predator may have helped, or she may have acted as a gift to him. Her actions may even have given rise to Father Wolf. It's doubtful she knows or remembers. Regardless, the scars she inflicted on the world cemented the rules for her dominance and influence. The tides are hers to control, the night is hers to rule. She can encroach on the day hours if she chooses. Occasionally, she can obscure great Helios himself, and he can do nothing but wait for her to pass.

The Moon-Shunned are the price Luna pays for this power. Her Banes have always existed; children who will bring about her death. They're forever lost to her sight, untouchable and unstoppable. They're the Moon's terror, an unknowable reminder that she is fallible and vulnerable. Historically, the Moon-Shunned have always been few in number, spread across the world, and have never been organized to a single purpose.

Despite what she thinks, Mimi isn't alone. The world has turned, and the modern age of social media, instant uploads, and interconnectivity could spell the end for the Mother. Mimi's actions haven't gone unnoticed. Two other Moon-Shunned have heard the tales and seen the similarities with their own experiences. They've independently virtually reached out to her, making the first tentative steps to confirm their kinship. Mimi is naturally cautious at this contact, but the possibility of making a connection with others like her stirs the deepest pack instincts within her Uratha soul. Should the Moon-Shunned find each other and unite to embark on a hunt to kill the mother, Luna may be doomed, as her spiritual servants remain forever blind to their presence.

RUMORS

The Lunes won't come. We've summoned them, howled to the moon, performed great feats of cunning and glory, but they won't come. No one has added to their brands, told tales of their achievements for months. It's only a matter of time before something senses our weakness and attacks the territory.

The lunar slaughter weakens the Forsaken in more ways than one. Every dead Lune is one less spirit to help the *Urdaga*, one less to judge their deeds and increase their power. All Lunes are worried. They know their siblings are disappearing, but they don't know the cause. Fewer are returning to the hidden places after answering the calls of the half-flesh. Though they can't forsake their duties to Luna, no one has ever said they must judge the werewolves worthy of their attention.

You see the moon was dark last night? It's been all over the news today. New moon was supposed to be over, but Luna hid her face away longer than she should. Humans can't explain it. Frankly, neither can I. Damn right I'm worried. Something's coming, and she's scared. And anything that scares Her terrifies the shit out of me.

Portents and prophecies. The only thing worse than having a glimpse of what is to come is having no idea how to interpret it, and whether fair or ill omen approaches. When Luna herself is afraid to show her face, the *Urdaga* fret, worry, and rage, and the *Anshega* celebrate the Forsaken misery.

MIMI, THE MOON-SHUNNED

Tribe: Ghost Wolf

Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 4, Resolve 4; Strength 3 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 4 (5/6/6/5); Presence 4, Manipulation 2, Composure 3

Skills: Athletics 4, Brawl (Spirits) 4, Computer 2, Crafts 1, Drive 1, Empathy (Humans) 3, Expression 1, Firearms 1, Intimidation 2, Investigation 3, Larceny 2, Occult 3, Persuasion 2, Socialize (Fitting In) 4, Stealth (Night) 5, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 3, Survival 3, Weaponry 3

Merits: Fading, Fame (Destroyer of Lunes) 3, Living Weapon 5, Spiritual Blockage

Primal Urge: 4

Willpower: 7

Harmony: 5

Essence: 13

Health: 9 (11/13/12/9)

Initiative: 7 (7/8/9/9)

Defense: 8 (8/8/8/8)

Speed: 12 (13/16/19/17)

Size: 5 (6/7/6/4)

Armor: 0

Renown: Cunning 2, Glory 3, Honor 2, Purity 3, Wisdom 2

Gifts: (Dominance) Primal Allure, Lay Low the Challenger; (Evasion) Hit and Run; (Hunting) Tireless Hunter, Impossible Spoor; (Insight) Prey on Weakness, Scent the Unnatural; (Rage) Berserker's Might, Slaughterer; (Stealth) Shadow Pelt, Running Silent

Special Rules: The following abilities apply to all Moon-Shunned.

SHUNNED BY THE MOON

Moon-Shunned are ignored by Luna in both worlds. They have no Auspice and cannot gain Moon Gifts or access hunter's aspects. None of their forms inflict Lunacy, they suffer no increased damage from silver, and have no *Kuruth*-triggers linked to the moon. The moon's light never finds them — they gain exceptional success on three successes (instead of five) for all rolls related to Stealth or going unnoticed when the moon is in the sky.

Lunes (and Luna) can't find a Shunned or even sense their existence, so any attempts automatically fail. Lunes become irritated and prone to vindictiveness if others interact with a Moon-Shunned, or even discuss their existence. Moon-Shunned gain Renown through the death of Lunes. A Moon-Shunned adds one dot to the Renown category most closely associated with the Lune's *umia* if it is destroyed in her presence. If a Lune disincorporates within sight of a Moon-Shunned, she can spend one Essence to tear it apart, permanently destroying the spirit and gaining Renown. Only one Moon-Shunned gains Renown from the death of a single Lune.

LOST TO THE HUNT

The Moon-Shunned can't join a tribe, receive Conditions from a hunter's aspect, or be targeted by the *Siskur-Dah*. Attempts simply fail no matter how many successes the hunter or ritemaster achieved. If the character attempting to target a Moon-Shunned failed to achieve any successes, thereby failing the roll, he suffers the effects of a dramatic failure instead, without gaining a Beat.

LUNA'S BANE

The Moon-Shunned are the price Luna must pay for her power, a balance demanded by the unknowable laws of the universe. When a Moon-Shunned leads the *Siskur-Dah*, her pack can sense the direction and distance to the nearest Lune. This only marks a single Lune at a time and endures until the turning of a lunar cycle. The natural weapons of the Moon-Shunned are a Bane to Lunes. The power of the hunt and Bane also apply to Luna herself, should the Moon-Shunned ever desire to undertake the near-impossible quest to reach the goddess.

BALE HOUNDS

The *Asah Gadar*. Wolves in wolf's clothing. Nightmare tales used by Uratha to terrify young pups into vigilance. Forsaken and Pure war over differences, but both are Uratha at heart. The idea that werewolves would forsake *Urfarah* entirely for spirits of corruption sickens all right-thinking wolves. That those fallen individuals could be hiding within a wolf's own pack sends chills down the spine.

Bale Hounds do exist, moving unseen within the tribes of *Anshega* and *Urdaga*. They have opened their eyes to the truth that corruption inevitably drags everything into darkness. Once, this fate might have been averted, but Father Wolf grew infirm; some tribes brought him low, others looked on with shame that they lacked the courage to do so themselves. In Bale Hounds' legends, *Urfarah*'s weakness was the doing of those who would become the Maeljin. These aspects of corruption and subversion were the inevitable consequence of the Great Predator's dalliances with whatever birthed the first werewolves. How could a predator ever exist with wolf and human natures without being filled with spiritual weakness? How could He not have sown the seeds of his own destruction?

The Bale Hounds work to cast doubt and confusion among their cousins. They infect the mind and let the infection fester and spread to the spirit, and eventually the body. The *Asah Gadar* see a different world, a flayed realm where the stench of exposed organs and filth fill the senses. Bale Hounds are consummate infiltrators, as the foolish, weak and unskilled are quickly discovered and excised like cancer — mere distractions that hide the true *Asah Gadar*. Bale Hounds will even draw attention to these fools to lead attention away from themselves. By taking part in the hunt, the pack trusts the Bale Hound even more, and will not question when she discovers 'evidence' against innocent Uratha.

Though Bale Hounds are philosophically as different from other werewolves as night and day, they are still Uratha and feel the call of the hunt. They pursue and erode the pillars of Uratha prey's essential nature until nothing remains except a hollow, werewolf-shaped shell of corruption. The most successful hunts end with two Bale Hounds where before stood only one.

THE FALL FROM GRACE

The Bale Hounds are dangerous prey because they are so hard to find. Mere suspicion of a Bale Hound in a pack's territory causes deep unrest. Uratha suspects Uratha, the Wolf-Blooded can't be trusted, and the humans are always questionable. Every word is carefully examined for a hidden agenda. The hunt suffers as the pack turns inwards. Other predators sense weakness and move in for the kill. All this, without knowing for certain if the *Asah Gadar* are truly there.

Bale Hounds could be packmates, part of a neighboring territory, or even a hidden wolf working deep within the territory. They don't advertise their presence, and most smell just like any other Uratha. Sometimes the pack discovers the infection early and destroys the corruption before it spreads. Other times, this victory is short-lived as true Bale Hounds present scapegoats to the teeth and claws of the scared and enraged pack.

Few Uratha would admit to understanding why werewolves would succumb to the darkness, but most feel the seeds of temptation in their souls. *Asah Gadar* usually start down the path to corruption from the very understandable need to be good enough for the hunt. The pressures of *Urfarah*'s legacy and Luna's expectations are too great. No werewolf wants to let the pack down or allow the prey to escape. This craving for success sometimes opens the way to the Maeljin offering a little extra power in exchange for practically nothing.

Others are driven by the fierce passions of the Uratha boiling over into something unhealthy. The friction between two packmates turns septic, poisonous, abusive, and soon enough one of them will do anything to turn the tables on her rival. A young pup wants to just let his rage run free and revel in the raw power of his new state, but the pack has him on a short leash, forcing him to keep it bottled up until it turns to hatred of his own fellows. An old wolf sees her peers gather up the bounty of Flesh and Shadow and parcel it out among themselves, but she and her pack are never given anything, and never will be; if only she had the strength to take it from her supposed allies, smash everything they have achieved, and wipe the smug arrogance from their faces. Where the Maeljin's influence can reach through a nearby Wound, such opportunities may soon appear.

At first, the only cost is the Uratha sensing that the assistance is somehow wrong. Soon, though, she can't escape the presence of a shadowy wolf watching her no matter where she goes. At times she catches a glimpse of it, an empty shape of darkness. The wolf never speaks, never intervenes. It is simply there, ready to give when she needs to take. Every time tarnishes her just a little more.

Too late, she becomes aware of the true price. Each time she lets the Maeljin hook into her soul, her Renown and Auspice brands blacken. Forsaken brands coat with green-brown patina over shining moon-glow silver. Pure blood red markings crust with flaked brown rust. The changes are almost invisible at first but become more noticeable with each transgression. With the markings come weakness. The Uratha realizes she isn't as effective without this forbidden power. She needs it just to be as strong as she was before she succumbed to temptation.



A Uratha marked by sin knows it is only a matter of time before someone notices. Even if she hasn't performed any direct service for the Maeljin, who would believe her? Admitting her actions to the pack seems like no choice at all. As she approaches panic, the shadow wolf speaks to her for the first time. It tells her that she is special, isolated, marked, and alone. It offers a path to survival through service. All she need do is blood herself to prove her intent, and it will guide her to secrets that can offer salvation.

Bleeding is open to the Uratha's interpretation but must involve some vile transgression that clearly demonstrates her willingness to put her own needs and survival above others. If the shadow wolf is satisfied with the offering, it invites the Uratha to follow it and serve the dark powers. The choice is hers, but if she refuses the shadow wolf will never help her again and may make others aware of her transgressions. Additionally, the Uratha will forever remain marked and weakened.

THE FAUSTIAN PACT

The shadow wolf cloaks the nascent Bale Hound and leads her away from pack and territory, through places of physical and spiritual desecration and pollution, until she comes to a Wound. Few beings notice her as she witnesses sin in many forms and comes to understand the control it gives over lesser creatures. She watches vile spirits flock to human corruption and feels the opening of fissures where new Wounds will form. The journey teaches that darkness is the world's natural state and existence must inexorably spiral into negativity. Each step imparts understanding that the descent cannot be opposed, that at best it can be halted for mere moments. Rather than fight

THE UNBLEMISHED SHADOW

If there are no Wounds in an area, it is extremely difficult for the influence of the Maeljin to penetrate the world, let alone for Soulless Wolf and its servants to track down and initiate potential new Bale Hounds. Unnoticed Wounds are alarmingly common — suppurating sores hidden in the darkest corners of blood-stained cellars and bone-strewn dells — but they aren't omnipresent, and this limits the reach of the Maeljin. For this reason, Bale Hounds often work to create new Wounds, and Forsaken put great effort into closing them.

and die useless and forgotten, as an *Asah Gadar* she will help usher in the new age and be on the winning side. As the hounds of the masters of darkness, the *Asah Gadar* will rule this age.

As she reaches the Wound where she will be reborn, the shadow wolf fades and she becomes aware of a new emptiness all around her. She stands alone before Soulless Wolf, who looks down at her through eyes of pure black that suck at her soul and judge her worth.

SOULLESS WOLF

Viruhk-Ur, the Eyes of the Maeljin, radiates power and authority. It appears as a wolf-shaped hole in the world, absent of detail except the shark-like eyes. It possesses a stillness and disdain for its surroundings. It doesn't watch the world around it, or indeed appear to have any awareness that the wider world exists. Its eyes remain fixed on the werewolf, following any move she makes.

Soulless Wolf will commune with those willing to speak with it, answering questions in a soundless voice that drives dead silence through the listener's ears and resolves into words. *It claims* to be Firstborn, forgotten sibling to the tribal totems but a true heir to Father Wolf. *It claims* it always stood apart from its fellows, so unnoticed they forgot it existed. *It claims* the other Firstborn were so awed and afraid they swore unbreakable oaths to never speak its name or breathe of its existence again. *It claims* to have found the Maeljin in the darkness and followed them to victory over the world. *It claims* to have birthed the Maeljin in the silence of its existence, giving rise to aspects of itself that would spread and reveal the world's true reflection. *It claims* to be a servant to the Maeljin, forever a slave to their darkness. *It claims* to be the master of the Maeljin, greater than even their darkness could ever hope to be. Soulless Wolf claims many things, most of them contradictory.

Regardless of truth, all Bale Hounds learn that *Viruhk-Ur* conveys their messages to the Maeljin. No *Asah Gadar* speaks directly with the Maeljin, if such a thing is even possible. They feel their master's presence within their soul and can try and divine purpose from it, but they must speak with Soulless Wolf to carry their questions or seek direction. When Soulless Wolf returns with answers, the Bale Hound's brands burn with the clarity of her Maeljin master's words.

TRIBE? LODGE? CULT?

What are the Bale Hounds? Are they a lost tribe serving a Firstborn? Are they a lodge, following a totem that is certainly powerful, but nonetheless nowhere near the might of the tribal patrons? Are they a loose cult of zealots sworn to serve dark masters that are something else entirely?

The truth is, nobody knows. The Bale Hounds themselves have many theories, but no real idea. Soulless Wolf serves as the conduit to all the Maeljin the *Asah Gadar* serve, but no one knows if they serve independent, unknowable entities, or merely different aspects of the unique Firstborn that is *Viruhk-Ur*.

The Bale Hounds' masters don't see any reason to provide clarity to their servants. They demand obedience and service, not communion.

Soulless Wolf is central to the Bale Hounds. *Viruhk-Ur* cannot leave the Shadow's Wounds, but it can spread shadow wolves where the *Asah Gadar* hunt, to serve as scouts and alert the Bale Hounds of opportunities. The shadow wolves watch for those who may be open to the Maeljin's message, almost invisible and unnoticed, and offer temptation where needed. The presence of these shadow wolves is a certain sign of Bale Hounds in an area. Very few non-Bale Hounds know this, and the *Asah Gadar* are motivated to destroy anyone with such knowledge.

The shadow wolves also report on the Bale Hounds to Soulless Wolf. The great spirit watches for signs of compromise and reacts swiftly to minimize exposure. It may alert other Hounds to eliminate the threat, dispatch shadow wolves to destroy the offenders, or summon ignorant fools to its presence where it can delight in consuming their bodies and souls for itself.

Viruhk-Ur's most important role is taking a prospective Bale Hound's oath to whichever Maeljin she chooses to serve. The spirit describes the different masters as asked, giving names, focus and purpose, and asks questions to guide the Uratha. It makes no decision for her but displays a false patience of timelessness and inevitability. Many reluctant werewolves discover too late that Soulless Wolf does have a deadline. If the Uratha has not sworn her oath by the time the sun next sets or rises, *Viruhk-Ur* will tear her asunder and devour her Essence. Soulless Wolf does not advertise this, but it will disclose the fact without hesitation if the Uratha thinks to ask.

The Uratha makes her choice and swears her oath. The exact wording is unimportant, what matters is intent and free will. While many Bale Hounds are coerced by fear of discovery, they still make the choice to flee rather than face justice. The oath feels much like swearing to a Firstborn tribal patron or pack totem, and settles into a similar place as the totem bond, worming its way alongside and beneath any she already has. The Maeljin enforce the spirit of the oath much like a tribal or lodge ban, expecting the Bale Hound to carry out her master's will, identify opportunities to spread the Maeljin's influence, and to always work towards bringing the world closer to darkness.

Once the Uratha swears her oath, Soulless Wolf departs to convey the words to her new master. When *Viruhk-Ur* returns it reveals if the servant is acceptable to the Maeljin. Most are, if the Uratha has given the oath freely and of her own will, but occasionally the Maeljin take offense and give leave to Soulless Wolf to make their displeasure known. Such ministrations may be so fast that the werewolf never knows she wasn't accepted, or agonizingly slow as the spirit tortures her to death, feeding her agony to the Wound. The choice depends on which Maeljin is unhappy, and whether the Uratha has also irritated Soulless Wolf with her conduct.

If accepted, Soulless Wolf teaches the new *Asah Gadar* the Rite of the Shroud (p. XX). This hides the Bale Hound's presence from detection by her false Firstborn, pack totem, and other spirits within her territory. As she performs this rite for the first time, the tarnish lifts from her spiritual brands, making her appear pristine again.

HUNTING THE BALE HOUNDS

Could a Uratha pretend to want to become a Bale Hound, let the pack track them as they follow the shadow wolf back to Soulless Wolf, then ambush the spirit and destroy the Bale Hounds?

This is theoretically possible, but very difficult to achieve. First, it relies on a pack knowing enough about Bale Hounds to even know to try. The Bale Hounds and other servants of the Maeljin are alert to any hints of such knowledge and are willing to take extreme measures to eliminate it. Second, the shadow wolf doesn't just take the prospective new Bale Hound through broken areas of Flesh and Shadow for sightseeing. It cloaks itself and the Uratha from easy detection, and the route deliberately runs through areas rich with spies who observe the journey and watch for anyone who might have too much interest. As they report back, Soulless Wolf will be prepared or may even be absent, leaving the tarnished Uratha to live with her choices. Thirdly, the meeting takes place deep within a Wound, where Soulless Wolf controls the territory and has a wealth of servants to call upon if needed. Finally, Soulless Wolf itself is an immensely powerful and ruthless foe. Though no one knows for sure if it is a Firstborn, the power it can bring to bear against any intruders certainly lends credence to its claims.

THE MAELJIN

The choice of which Maeljin a Bale Hound serves is never taken lightly. Even the most reluctant Uratha tries to make the best choice she can. Which Maeljin she serves declares how the Uratha will spread darkness to the world. While all Bale Hounds serve to bring low the Uratha, their paths and methods differ. Over time, the choice infuses the Uratha's personality and motives, as the Maeljin changes the Uratha into the most useful servant it can.

HOUSES OF CONSUMPTION, FOLLOWERS OF LAKH'MA

The servants of *Lakh'ma* make even other Bale Hounds uneasy, for they are the eaters of werewolves. Where every Uratha lives with the temptation to eat the flesh of humans, wolves, and werewolves for power, they work to resist for the sake of the balance of their own souls. Those who follow *Lakh'ma* revel in feasting on the forbidden meats. Whenever possible, the successful hunts end with the Bale Hound drinking the blood of the fallen and stripping the flesh from their bones.

The Hounds of Consumption aren't subtle, but their methods are effective. Finding the leftover remains of friends and loved ones after something has devoured their best parts shakes the courage of even the most jaded Uratha veteran. These *Asah Gadar* aren't stupid

or incautious. They know when to curb their appetites and how to remain hidden in plain sight. Hounds of *Lakh'ma* are experts at identifying the most vulnerable within a pack and targeting that weakness. They are masters of separating the young and infirm from the herd, of driving the prey to isolate itself, then lunging for the kill and dragging the fresh meat into the darkness where it can be safely gorged upon away from judging eyes.

Lakh'ma despises Purity, for though the Uratha are predators they consider themselves above taking the easy power offered to them through flesh. The Maeljin rewards its followers for their devotion. Eating the flesh of kin delivers Essence to all Uratha, but the Hounds of Consumption can hold more of this energy through their feasting. When the Bale Hound consumes all a werewolf's flesh she stores all the Essence gained, even if it takes her over her usual Essence capacity. This ability can't be used if the character is already over her usual maximum capacity. When a Hound of Consumption leads the *Siskur-Dah*, the pack gains power from feasting even more rapidly.

HOUSES OF DESTRUCTION, FOLLOWERS OF IGSH'MA

Destruction is part of being an Uratha. Every werewolf has felt the mindless rage of *Kuruth* overcome them. They've all witnessed the trail of death, injury and destruction left in their wake. Most live with regret and work to reduce the incidental damage they inflict on the world.

Not the Hounds of Destruction. *Igsh'ma*'s servants revel in demolishing the world around them. To these Bale Hounds, no amount of smashing and tearing is enough. When they engage in violence against others they favor maneuvers that inflict grievous harm and break the opponent beyond what is needed. They derive pleasure from inflicting broken bones and twisted joints alongside the bloodshed and torn flesh.

Like all *Asah Gadar*, followers of *Igsh'ma* must be careful not to expose their existence to non-Bale Hounds. While these Uratha are known for their brutality, they cut short of making the others suspect Maeljin influence. The Hounds of Destruction view *Kuruth* as a blessing, where they can act out their needs on the world without care or consideration for consequence. While the Bale Hound may need to fake contrition after the act, the truth is that the pack will almost always offer support and understanding for destruction under the Death Rage, rather than condemnation.

Igsh'ma despises Glory and Uratha who try to hide their innate destruction with pretty tales so they don't have to face what they are. The Maeljin rewards its servants for their destruction. The Bale Hound recovers a point of Essence when in the presence of someone mourning the loss of a person or object the character destroyed. This can't take the character above her usual maximum Essence. When a Hound of Destruction leads the *Siskur-Dah*, the pack inflicts greater damage on whatever they try to destroy.

HOUSES OF DISHARMONY, FOLLOWERS OF SHAD'MA

The servants of *Shad'ma* consider themselves to be the ultimate Bale Hounds. Whereas the other Maeljin concentrate on specific, narrow interests, the Hounds of Disharmony view the downfall of the Uratha as a holistic problem. These *Asah Gadar* seek to disrupt anything working harmoniously or in balance using whatever

suitable means they have available. If they need to destroy, expose, or invade, that's what they'll do. But each specialty of the other Bale Hounds is simply a means to an end for *Shad'ma*.

Paradoxically, Hounds of Disharmony often find that purposely unbalancing physical and spiritual ecosystems requires more effort than the less nuanced Maeljin understand. While uncorrupted Uratha seem to view every small deviation in their territories as a major catastrophe, *Shad'ma*'s followers know that these small dissonances often correct themselves if simply left alone. Manufacturing major destabilization requires the Bale Hound to introduce many of these small imbalances until the overwhelming chaos begins a cascade of failure faster than the Uratha can counter it.

Shad'ma despises Wisdom, as if the half-fleshed whelps from Father Wolf's own transgressions could truly understand anything, much less the predatory chaos that fuels the world. The Maeljin rewards its followers by granting them a point of Essence when they disrupt something functioning as it should, but not more than once per scene. When a Hound of Disharmony leads the *Siskur-Dah*, the pack swiftly identifies and targets weakness.

HOUSES OF EXPOSURE, FOLLOWERS OF BHAL'MA

Uratha walk in two worlds and hold the secret workings of both flesh and spirit. They hunt to uncover ban and bane, to know the weaknesses of their prey. The Uratha discover truths that would rock the world and are better left unknown. They keep this terrible knowledge as part of their stoic burden as children of wolf and moon. What they know should never be revealed to lesser creatures. *The herd must not know.*

The servants of *Bhal'ma* want secrets to be free — except the secret of their own existence, of course. The Hounds of Exposure will bring down the Uratha by revealing their secrets and leaving them vulnerable. The prey is rarely content with its position in the great cycle and strives to be the hunter. *Bhal'ma* will give them what they need to become hunters that stalk the Great Predator's whelps and destroy them by knowing their weaknesses. Silver's bane is well known, but the Uratha hide themselves among the herd and have secret Gifts and magics. More specifically, every pack and individual werewolf has their own weakness and the Hounds of Exposure work to bring them all into the light.

Bhal'ma's Hounds have enjoyed considerable success in modern times. The rise of the internet has made it easier than ever to uncover secret information on individuals. It has also made it nearly impossible to remove all traces of the knowledge once it's been electronically spread around the world.

Bhal'ma despises Honor as the Uratha try to hide their weaknesses beneath codes and lies. The Maeljin rewards its followers for bringing secret knowledge to those who can use it to inflict harm. The character gains Essence to bring her back to her maximum when she passes damaging information to someone with the intent and will to use it. When a Hound of Exposure leads the *Siskur-Dah*, the pack unerringly manage to root out the prey's most hidden secrets.

HOUSES OF INVASION, FOLLOWERS OF GHAR'MA

Territory is sacred to the Uratha. It defines who they are and their purpose in the world. The servants of *Ghar'ma* know this. They also want what these Uratha have, and if they can't have it, no one can.

OTHER MAELJIN

Pseulak, Baalphegor, Thurifuge, Asmodai. These names and dozens more are known to occultists studying forbidden knowledge. Each may be a unique being, or perhaps Maeljin share many names and facets. Their domains often overlap, further confusing their nature.

The *Asah Gadar* almost exclusively sell their service to one of the five Maeljin that directly appeal to werewolf nature, but some Bale Hounds follow other paths. If a prospective Bale Hound wants to serve a different Maeljin, the Storyteller selects a Renown despised by that Maeljin. The Storyteller may choose to give the character access to a specialized Sacred Hunt belonging to another Maeljin, or something completely different.

The true nature of the Maeljin is confusion and corruption, with few easy answers, and characters forging their own path should have even less idea of what to expect than other *Asah Gadar*.

Though many Uratha don't understand the nuance, territory doesn't only mean an area's physical and spiritual environment. Territory is more than just the trees, rocks and streams between *here* and *there*, or the buildings and businesses bound by named streets. Territory is what the pack considers its own. It includes the people who live and work in the area, the usual objects, the special locations and the memories they hold. Territory is sacred for a reason, which is why the loss of territory is devastating to the werewolf psyche.

Ghar'ma's servants specialize in psychological warfare. They invade and remove the sense of security Uratha have with their territory. Even on home turf, nothing is safe. These Bale Hounds work incrementally and insidiously, taking only a little at a time but never relenting. The pack can't be everywhere, and the Hounds keep striking no matter how carefully the pack defends. The Hounds of Invasion defile areas of significance to let the pack know it isn't safe. They murder loved ones and important allies and dump their bodies where the public will find them. They seem to be everywhere and nowhere. The Uratha call out the hidden assassins but just find more shadows and intrusion into ever more private locations. Facing an enemy they can't confront, many victims descend into paranoia or despair.

Ghar'ma despises Cunning, and those who keep their treasures from it. The Maeljin rewards its followers when they deny others their rightful possessions. The character gains a point of Essence when she denies possession of something from her prey. The Bale Hound need not outright destroy the possession, but its value must be forever lost to the original owner. When a Hound of Invasion leads the *Siskur-Dah*, the hunters are almost invisible to the prey.

POWERS OF THE ASAH GADAR

The Maeljin grant their slaves insidious and subversive powers, suited to temptation and corruption rather than flashy displays. Though the Forsaken and Pure know little about how to differentiate Bale Hounds, the servants of the Maeljin fall into three ranks dictating how their service to their masters has warped and changed them.

THE TARNISHED

Greater Bale Hounds don't consider Tarnished to be *Asah Gadar*, though other Uratha won't see the distinction. The Tarnished took the power offered and came back for more, but they don't yet possess any Maeljin-derived powers of their own and require a patron to provide access to Dark Power, usually a Corrupted Bale Hound or a Maeltinet. The promises and power are delivered by the whispers of the Maeljin, and some Tarnished never meet or even know the nature of their patron; others take a far more personal hand in cultivating the corruption of their protege. As long as the patron agrees, the character can draw upon this power at any time. The patron can withdraw their support whenever they wish, even while the character is using Dark Power.

Dark Power: The character draws on tainted power to supplement her own. Whenever she rolls a dice pool that includes any of her Renown, she may choose to triple the dice contributed by that Renown to the pool. At the end of the scene, the Storyteller rolls a pool equal to the character's highest Renown rating she empowered in this way during the scene, with success indicating the werewolf's spiritual brands have darkened. The tarnish is initially subtle; anyone who sees the spiritual brands, whether through a supernatural power, the werewolf flaring Renown, or when the werewolf enters the Shadow, can attempt a Perception roll to notice it. Each time the character uses Dark Power thereafter, she adds another die to the Perception rolls of others to notice the blemish. These marks also weaken the character, inflicting the bonus to Perception rolls as a penalty to all her Renown-based dice pools except for those on which she uses Dark Power.

THE CORRUPTED

Corrupted are fully inducted into the Maeljin's service. These true Bale Hounds have sworn their oaths to Soulless Wolf. When a Corrupted swears her oath she marks two Renown categories she will use to injure the world. The first comes from her Maeljin, as each one despises some element of the world, and the second she chooses herself to demonstrate her own path to corruption and misery. For the rest of her existence, she can empower herself, weaken others, and subvert abilities through these Renown.

Corrupted Bale Hounds gain the following powers:

Channel Darkness: The Bale Hound may flavor her powers with her master's domain. When using a Gift or other power that uses her chosen Renown, the *Asah Gadar* may double the Essence cost and channel her Maeljin. This infests the area surrounding the Bale Hound with Resonance pleasing to the Maeljin and provides the below effect for the remainder of

the scene. The precise area affected varies depending on the location and how favorably the Maeljin consider this Bale Hound. It can be as small as a single room or building if the scene occurs indoors, or out to a hundred yards or more in an empty, boundless field. The Storyteller has final say on how far these effects permeate.

Consumption: Each time a non-Bale Hound Uratha spends Essence in the area, he must spend an additional point, or the intended effect automatically fails.

Destruction: All objects or structures within the area reduce their Durability by half the Bale Hound's applicable Renown (round up) to resist damage.

Disharmony: Any non-Bale Hound Uratha suffering a breaking point leading them further from balance suffers a penalty equal to half the Bale Hound's applicable Renown (rounded up).

Exposure: Humans suffering a breaking point due to Lunacy gain an exceptional success on 3 successes instead of 5, making them more likely to remember events as they occurred.

Invasion: Any defenses or wards within the area suffer half the Bale Hound's applicable Renown (rounded up) as a penalty to detect intruders, or characters gain the same as a bonus to detect and avoid the danger. Only the penalty or bonus applies with each defense — whichever is most advantageous for infiltration. The Storyteller has final decision over whether a defense suffers penalty or if a character gains the bonus to detect or overcome it.

Dark Power: The Bale Hound can no longer use Dark Power on herself but can offer it to others. The character need not reveal herself as the Maeljin whispers its temptation to the victim. Recipients must accept the offer of their own free will but need not understand its ultimate source. The Bale Hound's Renown brands are now clearly tainted to any viewer, necessitating the use of the Rite of the Shroud, but she no longer suffers any penalty to her Renown-based rolls due to her use of Dark Power while Tarnished.

Dread Powers: As they grow in experience and power, many Corrupted develop strange and unique powers from their master's domain. To represent these, Corrupted Bale Hounds may take Dread Powers (**Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 210-212) that resonate with her master and her misdeeds. She may have no more than half as many dots as she has in her Maeljin-dedicated Renown (rounded up). These powers begin to warp and mutate a Corrupted's form with her sins, but she at this stage she can generally conceal them from onlookers.

Pack Blindness: A Bale Hound's Maeljin empowers the sacred hunts she leads, but Soulless Wolf hides the sins of all *Asah Gadar* from their pack, totems, and tribes. *Virukh-Ur* subverts the very power that unites pack and reinforces bonds of loyalty. While the Bale Hound is under the effect of the *Siskur-Dah* — including those led by others — everyone bound by the Sacred Hunt gains difficulty equal to the Bale Hound's highest Maeljin-dedicated Renown to any rolls or powers designed to discover or track her as the source of any of her misdeeds. If she is caught red-handed she instead gains the same amount as bonus dice to explaining away or justifying her actions to the pack.

Subvert Power: Bale Hounds make Uratha question their pack and their ideals. They can even cause a werewolf to question his own abilities. When a power associated with the Bale Hound's chosen Renown is used within (Primal Urge x 10) yards of the character, or the Bale Hound is the direct target of a power regardless of what Renown it uses, she may spend the same amount of Essence as the power cost to generate a Clash of Wills (**Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 115) to subvert its use. *Thy Master's Pleasure* (below) can apply to this roll, especially if the challenged power is of the Maeljin's chosen Renown. If the Hound wins this clash, she may alter the power in one of the following ways:

- Cancel the power so it doesn't manifest any effect. Any Essence used by both sides is lost.
- Change the target of the power to anyone within the Bale Hound's sight, including herself or the originator of the power. This even works on Gifts that normally only target the Uratha himself. If applicable, the new target may resist as per the power's description.
- Channel the Maeljin's domain through the power. Similar to *Channel Darkness*, but the Hound needs only to spend one additional point of Essence to have the Maeljin infect another Uratha's power. The Storyteller describes how this manifests, but anyone who can identify the source of the putrid effect and Resonance will be led to the Uratha who originated the subverted power.

Thy Master's Pleasure: Corrupted Bale Hounds are empowered in places that resonate with their master's domain. When in the presence of activities compatible with their Maeljin, or areas subject to an appropriate Resonance, the character doubles her chosen Renown when building dice pools.

THE DEFILED

The Defiled are Bale Hound elders, monstrosities who serve as avatars of the Maeljin. Each one is a grotesquerie of broken flesh, their body and spirit twisted by the corrupting darkness. Their sins cannot be contained within their brands, and the corruption spews forth to taint the world around them.

The Defiled have access to all the powers of the Corrupted, as well as the following:

Dread Powers: A Defiled may take more Dread Powers than Corrupted Bale Hounds. Unlike lesser *Asah Gadar*, these Dread Powers are not hidden behind masks of flesh — each one is an appropriately hideous mutation. A Defiled may have as many Dread Powers as she has dots in her Maeljin-dedicated Renown.

Living Wound: The world around a Defiled festers and rots with the corruption she represents. If she lingers in a single area of the Shadow for more than a day a nascent Wound will tear through, growing rapidly if she remains, but continuing to fester even if she does not remain there. The *Hisil* isn't safe even when the Defiled remains in the physical world. After she stays in a location for days equal to its Gauntlet rating, a Wound begins to flower somewhere nearby in the Shadow, growing rapidly as long as she remains.

Waystone: If the Defiled is within a Wound, or within a physical area roughly corresponding with the Wound's location

in the *Hisil*, she becomes a Waystone as per the Wolf-Blooded Tell of the same name (**Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 304).

BALE HOUND RITES

Corrupted and Defiled Bale Hounds gain access to the following Rites.

RITE OF THE SHROUD (WOLF RITE ••)

The first rite taught to any Bale Hound, Soulless Wolf instructs how to conceal their existence from others, to mask the tarnish on their brands by the sins they conduct in their master's cursed name.

This rite is only taught to Bale Hounds.

Symbols: Corruption, the Maeljin, oaths, witnessing of sin

Sample Rite: A new Bale Hound performs the rite in a Wound before Soulless Wolf. She names eight people close to her and swears she will kill them all before her own death. She promises to destroy Luna and the Uratha, and to praise the Maeljin. After swearing her vow, she breaks a fang from Soulless Wolf's mouth and consumes it, taking corruption into her being.

Action: Extended (10 successes; each roll represents 1 minute)

Duration: One year

Success: The tarnish clears from the Bale Hound's Auspice and Renown markings, wiping away any signs of Maeljin corruption. Supernatural powers specifically designed to see through such camouflage generate a Clash of Wills with the opponent suffering a penalty equal to the Bale Hound's highest Renown.

RITE OF ABSOLUTION (WOLF RITE •••)

Messenger, deceiver, master, or slave, Soulless Wolf masks the sins of the *Asah Gadar*, helping them stay hidden and prolonging their usefulness to the Maeljin. Maintaining balanced Harmony is difficult for any werewolf, more so for the Bale Hounds and their obligation to bring the world to darkness.

Symbols: Consumption, death, *gathra*, mutilation

Sample Rite: The Bale Hound prepares a sacrifice of human, wolf, or werewolf in honor of Soulless Wolf. She blinds the sacrifice and tears out his tongue, pierces his eardrums and removes his fingers. He will bear no witness to the Bale Hound's sins, nor communicate them to anyone. She dedicates his flesh to her Maeljin, slaughtering him in a manner suitable to her master's interests. She consumes all his flesh, leaving nothing to waste. Covered in gore and viscera, she tithes the Essence from the sacrifice to Soulless Wolf, slicing at her flesh to release the energy through her blood.

Action: Extended (10 successes; each roll represents one hour)

Duration: One month

Success: The Bale Hound gains a pool of dice equal to the sum of both her Maeljin-dedicated Renown. Over the next month, if the Bale Hound suffers a breaking point performing an action in service of her Maeljin master she may choose to draw upon these dice to supplement her dice pool. Dice used this way are consumed until she next enacts the rite.

THE TORN: AISHAH G'IDHAM-GHUL

Living is pain. My flesh is torn. My mind ripped apart.

Aishah is caught in a hurricane of torn identity and emotion. To the Uratha she's barely a pup, only recently undergone her First Change. She certainly has blood on her lips and claws, but that's a natural expectation of a hunter. She has only recently completed tribal induction – she's an easy fit for the Bone Shadows – and is a very unlikely suspect to be a Bale Hound. In Aishah's own mind, she's tormented by overwhelming predatory instincts warring with equally overwhelming hormonal maturity changes. The blood on her hands makes her sinful and deserving of punishment. Most Uratha get through this time with the support of a pack, but the lost cubs who formed their gang on the streets of Singapore and took Aishah in were barely up to the challenge of finding their own way, let alone guiding someone as conflicted as this Crescent Moon. Something else found Aishah in the darkness and is helping her through this difficult time, something corrupting and ambitious. Percupia (p. XX) was looking for the right subject, ripe and ready to shape in the ways of the Maeljin. Aishah was a perfect match.

Lost in a swirling city of angled buildings, machinery and steel, Aishah searches for identity and meaning. She is a child trapped between many worlds, both human and Uratha. She keenly feels her mixed heritage from her Malay Wolf-Blooded mother and Anglo-Saxon father. Her father's a violent drunk, her mother a hopeless drug addict. Both use their vices to escape reality. He used to vent his anger at work on Aishah and her mother, but now some survival instinct tells him Aishah is off limits. Aishah's mother tries to escape her moon-cursed blood; she senses terrifying changes in Aishah so retreats further from her daughter, screaming at the monster inside. Through an abusive and neglectful upbringing, Aishah learned to use deception and lies to minimize her presence as a target, or to redirect the inevitable violence towards others.

Aishah's life away from home is also living hell. School bullies see straight through her false bravado and manipulative behavior. Classmates mock her mixed heritage, her grades, and her living situation. The bullying triggered Aishah's First Change, when the popular girl clique followed her home one day to collect more ammunition for mockery from the squalor of Aishah's life. The pettiness of it all – and her failure to redirect the attention – made Aishah feel sick to her stomach. The bullies trapped her in a public toilet block, cutting her off from any peace or surcease. Too late they learned to never back a wounded animal into a corner. When Aishah's reasoning returned, the block was covered in splintered wood, shattered porcelain, and blood, piss and shit. Warm, stinking meat filled

THE GRAVEYARD

Bukit Brown Municipal Cemetery served the burial needs of the early 20th century Chinese settler community in Singapore. Nestled amid a bustling urbanized city-state starved for land, Bukit Brown is a prized by several Pure and Forsaken packs who fight for its lush green space and gentle sprawling slopes.

Bukit Brown is home to huge numbers of restless dead, angry at the disrespect and bureaucratic greed of a government intent on exhuming graves and reclaiming prime urban land. The lack of proper ceremony and appeasement in such disinterment leaves the ghosts lost and yearning for vengeance. Aishah and her pack of teenagers follows Percupia's guidance in further inflaming the damage and tearing open a tiny Wound in the graveyard's Shadow.

Aishah's mouth and belly. The clique was no more. The police investigation never looked too closely into Aishah, whose frail form clearly couldn't have visited such tremendous violence on the dead girls, though one officer gave her a very knowing look and let the matter drop.

Aishah just wants acceptance from somebody, *anybody*. She cried out to the half-heard whispers in the darkness calling to her new Ithaeur-honed senses. Aishah pleaded with them to help, to show her the way. Percupia (p. XX) answered the call.

Percupia came to Aishah with selective truths that spoke beyond the pretty lies lesser beings told themselves. It told Aishah she needed foundations and power. She needed a pack and a tribe. Percupia would point the way if Aishah would obey. Percupia was ready to accept Aishah, but only if she was *useful*.

Aishah discovered a kind of solace with the predatory denizens of the Shadow, and she resonated strongly with the creed of the Bone Shadows. She felt drawn to the occult, quickly bargaining for rites, Gifts, and scraps of lore that opened the door to darker magics. Not wanting to stay home, unwilling to be at school, Aishah gravitated to other outcasts. Her pack of

self-taught misfits roams the nearby Bukit Brown Municipal Cemetery by night, armed with benzoin, ghost hunting equipment, and teenage bravado. The few jaded, overworked Singaporeans who even notice them just think they're a bunch of weird kids.

As Aishah's knowledge grows, so does Percupia's attention. The spirit is a miasma of cloying sandalwood that curls itself around Aishah, purring sweet words of promise and dependency. It is Aishah's BFF, her confidante, her mentor; it is the ideal mom she never had, the shoulder to cry on without fear of rejection or reprisal. Percupia is a patient counselor and kindly predator that skillfully stirs more yearning, more pain, and more isolation. It's wrecking Aishah from the inside.

Percupia pushes Aishah to deliver human sacrifice in its name, which she does reluctantly. Aishah mostly hunts the homeless around the cemetery and tries to pretend she doesn't love the taste of hot human blood coursing down her throat or revel in the cries and screams of terror. Aishah has even found a use for her mother, dragging the drug-addled wretch to the cemetery and offering her as a prize for any ghost or spirit to ride in reward for fulfilling Aishah's bidding. The spirits find the Wolf-Blooded easy to possess for a short time, but impossible to claim. Aishah cares little for what the wailing woman thinks about the ordeal.

DESCRIPTION

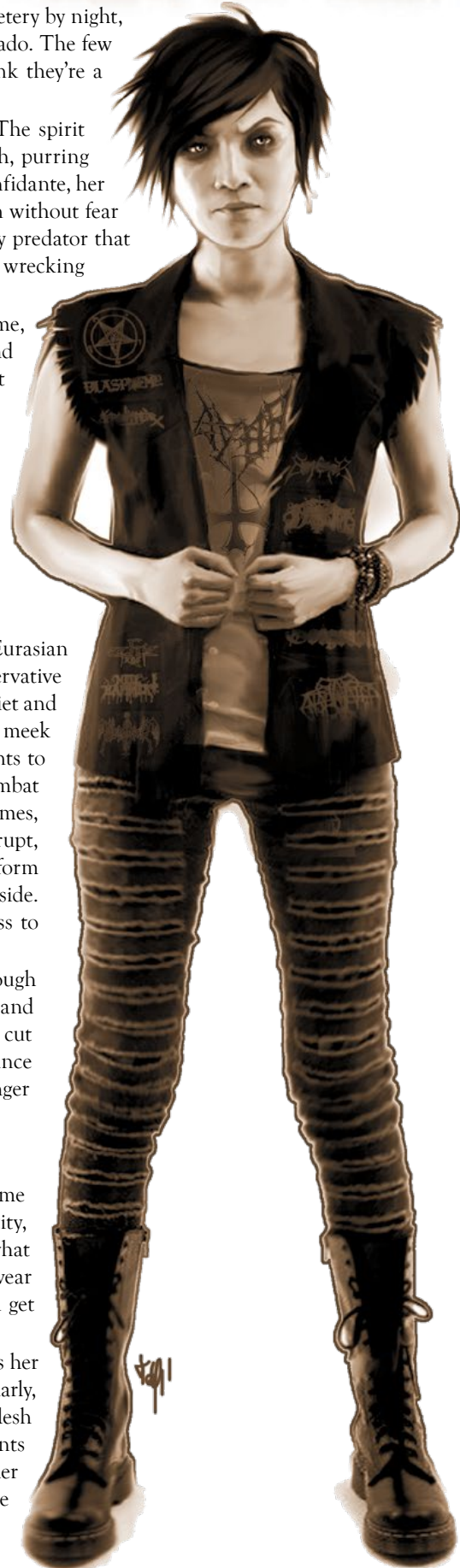
Aishah is a petite middle-years teen, self-conscious about her Eurasian heritage. She wears her brown hair in a modest pixie cut conservative enough to meet school regulations. During school hours she is quiet and nondescript in her pinafore uniform, giving every appearance of meek harmlessness. She walks with a subconscious hunch as if she wants to disappear into the background. In the graveyard she dresses in combat boots, torn jeans and ripped tees sporting black metal band names, and her stoop lessens but doesn't disappear. She gels her hair in abrupt, jarring angles. Her appearance aims to shock but it's just another form of defense, drawing attention away from the wounded creature inside. Aishah's eyes are hollow and lifeless, giving a sense of wrongness to those who meet her gaze.

Her other forms are unremarkable. She carries the hunch through into Dalu and Gauru, and her wood-brown fur takes on the tufts and odd angles she favors with her human hairstyle. Aishah used to cut herself and she still bears faint scars from before the First Change. Since becoming Uratha she still slices at her flesh, but the scars no longer linger to her satisfaction.

SECRETS

Despite her bravado and taste for blood, Aishah longs for a home where she could feel secure and safe. She craves acceptance, identity, and a chance to fit into a community that loves her for who and what she is. Aishah is close to the precipice, but as long as she doesn't swear her soul to an actual Maeljin a stable, nurturing pack might still get through to her.

Aishah has significant parental issues. She spiritually tortures her mother but can't quite cross the line into allowing physical harm. Similarly, she hates her father and knows it would be so simple to rend his flesh and consume the bloody meat, but she can't. Deep inside, she wants their approval and their love. She wants them to acknowledge her worth and be part of her pack. Percupia is pushing Aisha to dispose of these human ties, but so far she has resisted the spirit's urging.



Aishah G'idhum-ghul

STORY HOOKS

- A Wolf-Blooded groundskeeper at Bukit Brown has noticed the growing number of disappearances and caught the scent of blood and fresh kills. The violence has caught the attention of authorities — they haven't spent much time looking into it yet, but can't ignore it for much longer. The groundskeeper asks the pack to take care of it before human investigators get involved.
- Percupia has been so focused on its goals and the human drama before it, it hasn't noticed the pack's antics have caught the attention of other servants of the Maeljin. A Hound of Invasion and another of Exposure have separately caught Aishah's beguilingly corruptible scent. *Ghar'ma's* servant wants to recruit the young Bone Shadow to help open the Singaporean territories to further invasion, while *Bhal'ma's* hound wants to push Aishah's pack towards revealing their Uratha existence, drawing human hunters and forcing other packs to respond. Neither outcome aligns with Percupia's ambitions.
- An emissary from another pack reaches out with disturbing news — signs of *Asah Gadar* in the territories. She proposes working together to uncover and cleanse the corruption. She understands the characters may be reluctant to trust her word, so she points them in the direction of Bukit Brown Cemetery to discover the truth for themselves. The signs suggest the work of Bale Hounds, but are the emissary's motives as clear as they sound?

RUMORS

Don't go near the old cemetery at night. You can hear the ghosts moving around, calling for blood.

Aishah does have a gift with the restless dead. She has earned the name *G'idhum-ghul* — Ghost Friend. Even angry

ghosts respond well to her words and manner and want to please her. In some ways, this spectral entourage is the supportive family Aishah yearns for. Though the ghosts are singularly weak, the ephemeral army at Aishah's bidding could wreak havoc across the city.

There's a thing which hangs around the graveyard, looking to make deals. To catch its attention, you have to sacrifice someone on the grounds, but they say it'll be worth it.

Percupia isn't interested in staying small. Transcending this petty existence to join the Maeljin's ranks requires followers who will do what it takes. Uratha are useful but they're not the only possible servants. Those in the right circles have heard how to attract its attention. The sacrifice isn't strictly necessary, but it does demonstrate a level of commitment.

AISHAH, TARNISHED PUP

Auspice: Ithaeur

Tribe: Bone Shadows

Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 2, Strength 3 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4); Presence 3, Manipulation 4, Composure 2

Skills: Academics 2, Brawl 2, Empathy 3, Intimidation 2, Investigation 3, Occult (Ghosts) 4, Persuasion 3, Stealth 3, Survival 2

Merits: Allies (Ghosts) 4, Area of Expertise (Ghosts), Encyclopedic Knowledge (Occult), Fading, Fleet of Foot 1, Language (Malay), Small-Framed

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 4

Harmony: 4

Essence: 10

Health: 7 (8/9/8/6)

Initiative: 5 (5/6/7/7)

Defense: 3

Speed: 11 (12/15/18/16)

Size: 4 (5/6/5/3)

Armor: 0

Renown: Cunning 2, Glory 1, Wisdom 3

Gifts: (Crescent Moon) Shadow Gaze, Spirit Whispers, Shadow Hunter; (Death) Barghest, Eyes of the Dead; (Insight) Prey on Weakness; (Shaping) Moldywarp

Rites: Bottle Spirit, Sacred Hunt

Ban: Aishah can't turn down a sincere invitation to join a group or gathering.

THE LYING TONGUE: NAKKU

Oh, I have some news you'll be very interested in indeed. Listen closely — but don't tell anyone else, or they'll snatch the opportunity out of your claws, they will!

The United Kingdom has a Bale Hound problem. While the Pure dominate much of the prime countryside and the Forsaken are hemmed into the suffocating crush of the cities, darker shapes slink at the boundaries. Entire packs of Bale Hounds rule over hunting grounds at these peripheries, openly cavorting with Wounded spirits in the moors and mountains. These brazen monsters loom large in the imagination of British Uratha, who recite stories of sickening savagery and nightmare rites in obeisance to the Maeljin.

Such grotesque and overt atrocity is the perfect distraction for those *Asah Gadar* who slither unseen among the Forsaken and the Pure — Bale Hounds like Nakku, a mendacious old horror. Lies and deception pour from his tongue with practiced ease. He's born the burden of service to *Ghar'ma* for decades, and foul corruption seeps from his soul. Nakku may not be as bloated with spiritual power as some of the Defiled who caper and howl upon the moors but he is an infiltrator without compare.

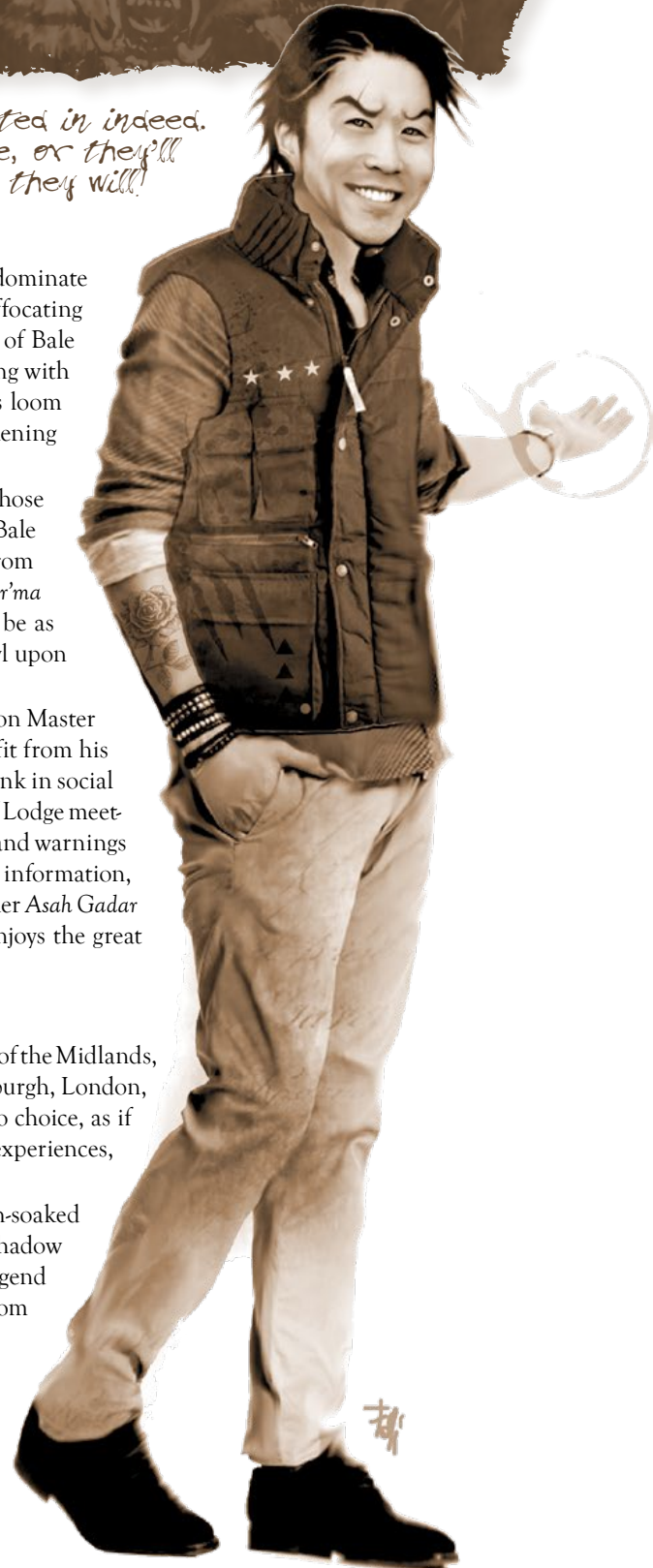
To the Forsaken, Nakku presents the comforting face of an elder Iron Master Cahalith. Supplicants don't even need to seek him out directly to benefit from his stories and advice; Nakku is a roving rumormonger, and has his claws sunk in social media; he broadcasts news direct to the People, spitting out soundbites of Lodge meetings, political and social developments that will shape the human herd, and warnings of prey activities. To his fellow Bale Hounds, Nakku is a source of inside information, spilling forth the schemes and weaknesses of the Forsaken — but even other *Asah Gadar* are not safe from the old monster's proclivity for lies and deceit. He enjoys the great game too much to still his tongue, even for his supposed brethren.

FALSE MASKS AND FAKE NEWS

Nakku never stops moving. His usual haunts are the cities and towns of the Midlands, but his peregrinations have taken him further upon occasion — to Edinburgh, London, or even overseas. Other Iron Masters put this itinerant lifestyle down to choice, as if Nakku is dedicated to seeking news from the source, hunting for new experiences, and never being tied down.

The truth is that Nakku's life on the move is a necessity. His old, sin-soaked meat blisters with spiritual sickness so intense that it blackens the very Shadow where he lingers. Keeping on the road, never stopping, reinforces the legend of this traveling oracle even as it prevents the stench of his rotten soul from betraying his true nature.

The Bale Hound slips through the gaps of society. His whole life packs down into one battered van, filled to the brim with weird knick-knacks, trinkets, and cheap goods that fell off the back of a lorry. Sometimes he sets up a ragged stall in the places he briefly stops by, his affable grin and cheerily shambolic appearance matched by an easy manner and silver-tongued sales patter.



Nakku

What Nakku really deals in is truth and lies. He gathers information and secrets where he goes, and then spills it back out repackaged to suit his desires. His deceptions are masterfully crafted, personalized to each hapless victim. He knows what the prey wants to hear, knows how to pick up on their neuroses, how to push them off-balance or ooze false comfort. The Bale Hound uses this talent to stir disharmony as subtly as he can; he doesn't cough out blatant lies that might stir packs to conflict but will be easily traced back to him. Instead, he works his sinister art through insinuations, implications, and half-truths that stir his victims into ruining their own lives. He fans the flames of ambition, resentment, and rage, giving his prey just enough rope to hang themselves with.

DESCRIPTION

Nakku is a lanky British Asian man, eyes bright and smile wide. His manners shift easily to match whatever persona he has donned in the moment, carefully tailored to manipulate whoever he is currently dealing with. To one Uratha, he offers warm encouragement or kind words; to another, a bold speech or stirring exhortation. His honeyed words always have a purpose; Nakku is either fishing for news or leverage, or is trying to twist a victim towards causing disharmony in the territory. He'll outright mock and goad if he thinks it will achieve his goals, but Nakku is always aware that he lacks a true pack, and even an elder is vulnerable when a lone wolf. He's an actor, a conman, getting by through changing his mask from moment to moment as the stage demands.

The Bale Hound is false faces all the way down to his core. His fellow Forsaken elders think they know him well, resting on relationships that span decades of doing business with the Cahalith, but it's just another front. He sheds the mask of the traveling trickster when dealing with such peers, letting them think the efficient, serious man they see is the true Nakku. He doesn't even show an honest face to other Bale Hounds, and enjoys playing with expectations born from his notoriety among the *Asah Gadar*.

Nakku is most comfortable in his human shape and prefers to prowl among human crowds rather than through the woodlands and fields of Britain. His wolf-shapes are black-furred and unnervingly long of limb, and he twists and weaves like a cobra when he moves. Despite his physical power, though, Nakku prefers to evade or escape rather than get bogged down in a protracted battle. At his heart, past all the false faces and lies, Nakku wants to survive, and everything else comes after that priority.

SECRETS

Nakku once belonged to a pack in Mansfield, and it's to that town, and his lair in the nearby Sherwood Forest, that he returns when weary, wounded, or in need of time to plan and scheme. His machinations tore the Mansfield pack apart long ago. His first steps into the embrace of the Maeljin came about from his rivalry with the Rahu who dominated that pack. Forceful and charismatic, she represented a warrior ideal that Nakku resented and loathed; he engineered her death at the hands of a Maeltinet. Now he sings songs of her bravery and

STORY HOOKS

- A Wound has formed in the area, and now suppurates with spiritual sickness; Nakku has been at work here, and lingered too long in one place. He purposefully picked a spot to lair in where the pack has previously killed, though. Now, all the other packs in the region think the Wound is the characters' fault, and that the pack has been enacting vile atrocities of some kind.
- A human or Wolf-Blooded acquaintance or pack member meets a strange old man at a market stall, who sells her an odd knick-knack and offers her some sagely wisdom. Soon, though, she begins down a self-destructive path, her resentment or self-loathing stirred by Nakku's cruelly insightful words.
- Warnings from Nakku are fanning the flames of fear and suspicion. The Cahalith isn't in the area, but his stream of social media soundbites suggest that nearby Protectorates covet the local packs' occult resources, bear grudges against specific totems, or have been angered by the actions of individual werewolves. The packs grow paranoid, and turn to blame each other for the attack they believe will come.

glory to cover up his part in it.

The Bale Hounds of the United Kingdom have a strange relationship with certain sadistic, hateful sparrow-spirits. For all that the birds of the Flesh might seem small and inconspicuous, their Shadow reflections serve as powerful totems to the packs of the peripheries. One such Maeltinet, Claws-Of-Thorn, rules over no pack directly but considers itself patron to Nakku. The parasitic/symbiotic relationship between spirit and wolf well suits them both. In private, the two bicker like lovers or siblings but always cater to each other's needs in a toxic codependency. It is Claws-Of-Thorn's potent backing that protects the old trickster from being torn apart by the brutal Bale Hounds of the moors and mountains when he meets with them. The spirit's deceptive innocence fools the totems and spirit courts as Nakku moves through Forsaken territories. Claws-Of-Thorn seems to find amusement in the blind ignorance of the *Urdaga* and the wounded pride and resentment that Nakku's lying tongue causes among his *Asah Gadar* peers. In return, the ghastly entity demands Nakku offer up regular sacrifices. The sparrow hungers for the slow death of animals bound and bled with thorns or barbed wire; each sacrifice must be resonant with the love of humans who will feel grief at the loss of the

creature. Sometimes, Nakku offers greater payment, snatching a child away into the darkness, much to Claws-Of-Thorn's delight.

RUMORS

This script kiddie, right, he takes a crack at some weird occult conspiracy website. Thinks it'll be easy, be a laugh, let him wave his internet dick about and pretend to be a real hacker. Anyway, half an hour later, he's just vacant-eyed and drooling, burbling garbage code.

Nakku values the internet as a vessel for his lies and half-truths. His stream of social media chatter looks to humans like a mixture between demented conspiracy theory and British folklorist history, obfuscated enough that Uratha must dig and interpret the information he's buried in it. The Bale Hound takes his information security seriously and has bound several spirits of data and secrets in pacts to protect him from prying digital intrusions.

I've been working for years on a plan to take down the Steeplejacks, and finally I have the last piece of the puzzle. I met this old Cahalith passing through town, and he knew a few choice tidbits about that crumbling church's history. I think I know the totem's weakness, now.

Fooling idiots isn't very satisfying. Nakku does it anyway, because he can't stop lying, but he particularly prizes the snaring of those who think themselves clever and cunning. He likes to offer instigating secrets to would-be masterminds and strategists, and send them to their dooms via their own misinterpretations and assumptions.

Every so often, some traveler rolls into the village in a van and goes camping by the old standing stones. You don't want to go out at night while he's here. No, I've never seen him hurt anyone but... The nights get strange. He brings some old, black dogs with him. That's all I'm saying. Just keep indoors.

From time to time, Bale Hounds like Nakku gather for meetings at old standing stones and other relics of the country's ancient past. They creep and slither at the feet of weather-worn menhirs, offer libations of blood and oil to the Maeljin, and whisper dire secrets to one another. For Nakku, it's an opportunity to speak of opportunities to corrupt the Forsaken, co-ordinate raids by Bale Hound packs, and needle his rivals with his barbs and lies.

NAKKU, DEFILED LIAR

Auspice: Cahalith

Tribe: Iron Master

Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 5, Resolve 3; Strength 3 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 4 (5/6/6/5); Presence 3, Manipulation 5, Composure 4

Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl (Dirty Tricks) 3, Crafts 2, Computer (Social Media) 3, Drive 2, Empathy (Lies) 4, Expression 2, Intimidation 2, Larceny 3, Occult 3, Persuasion 4, Socialize 2, Stealth 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 5

Merits: Contacts (Various) 5, Fast Talking 3, Favored Form (Hishu) 2, Impartial Mediator, Resources 2, Sounds of the City, Status (Iron Masters) 3

Primal Urge: 6

Willpower: 7

Harmony: 5

Essence: 20

Health: 9 (10/11/10/8)

Initiative: 7 (7/8/9/9)

Defense: 6

Speed: 11 (12/15/18/16)

Size: 5 (6/7/6/4)

Armor: 0

Renown: Cunning* 4, Glory 3, Honor 1, Purity 2, Wisdom* 3

Gifts: (Disease) Festering Bite, Pox Cauldron; (Evasion) Feet of Mist, Fog of War, Exit Strategy; (Fervor) Crisis of Faith, Fervid Mission; (Gibbous Moon) War Howl, Voice of Glory, Dream Hunter; (Insight) Prey on Weakness, Read the World's Loom; (Inspiration) Lunatic Inspiration; (Knowledge) All; (Stealth) Shadow Pelt, The Hunter Waits; (Technology) All

Rites: Messenger, Rite of Absolution, Rite of the Shroud, Sacred Hunt, Shadowbind, Shadowcall

Dread Powers: Hypnotic Gaze, Monstrous Resilience

THE LOBBY: GREGORY WHISTLER

Leads? Info? Territory? You got it, and you don't even have to like taking it.

Gregory Whistler is just the friend the pack is looking for. Someone on the inside, their tendrils wrapped around the inner workings of a metropolis' vital industrial organs. Lobbying the city's Parks Department to convert rundown factories into his own real estate is his specialty, and small-town politicians, leading corporate shareholders, local media personalities, and landowners sit firmly in his pocket while the subservient Tarnished campaign manager who put all of them into these powerful positions is well on the road to Soulless Wolf.

Some are wary of working with an Ivory Claw, but the fruits of Gregory's trees are many, and as territories flow into the pack's list of assets, he asks only for information and help with the odd job in return. The office building he works in is something of an anomaly, filled with Pure and Forsaken alike, working in a rare bout of cooperation for the betterment of all Uratha. Those opposed to this disgusting coalescence can wait outside if they wish, though Gregory feigns offense at such "blatant disregard for the future." Behind the scenes, the lobbyist does everything in his power to divide the local packs of both Forsaken and Pure, without revealing his true loyalty to *Shad'ma*, the Maeljin of Disharmony.

Gregory defends against prying eyes questioning the "bad feeling" they have about an otherwise successful mission, or alphas pondering why frequent board room meetings periodically turn into hurried phone calls or text messages. When the "hunting on holiday" excuse runs its course, he blames his grief. Greg's son Alek gave his life pursuing a rumored Bale Hound in the tribe's midst. Of course, it was the boy's father they were hunting all along, and no one suspects Alek's true goal was recruitment into the fold of Soulless Wolf. Feigned sadness grants Whistler an excellent cover, but it is not completely dishonest. The lobbyist still bears the heavy weight of his son's death and is beginning to hate *Viruhk-Ur* for deeming Alek unworthy.

DESCRIPTION

Gregory is quick with a smile and stiff drink, accompanied by an enthusiastic desire to help. His goateed face twists into a welcoming grin, and he combs his orange-red hair back fashionably between shaved sides. A large, stoic hound follows him wherever he goes, though she is far less friendly to visitors than Greg himself.

Entering Gauru form is a bloody and horrific ordeal for Gregory, which he blames with a straight face on a cursed descent from Marcus Junius Brutus the Younger. His snapping shins and forearms splatter ceramic floors and wooded undergrowth with scarlet spew, the shattered pieces remolded into the vicious appendages of a massive wolf armed with notoriously fierce claws. He jerks backwards, giving way to agonizing



cracks and pops, and a new backbone unfolds from out of his chest. Dorsal becomes ventral, front becomes reversed, and a ferocious, red-maned maw materializes where his head once stood. While his new features are horrifying, the macabre, crimson still-life remaining after the transformation is truly an artform to behold.

SECRETS

Gregory succumbs to horrible bouts of grief over his son's death, taking his fury out on a Defiled hostage in his office's hidden panic room. Greg feeds and cares for Ur'aduna, the elder who first led him and his son to Soulless Wolf, just enough to keep him alive before torturing him to the brink of death and beginning the cycle of pain anew. Enough time has passed that a festering Wound has begun forming around the hostage, seeping a disgusting bile into the walls and onto the tile floor. The Wound grows week by week.

Is this a manifestation of blasphemy against *Shad'ma*? Some furious punishment for misusing the ancient Roman fetish passed down by Gregory's father against his own kind — the dagger lodged into Ur'aduna's back, keeping the captive from entering *Kuruth*? Gregory believes not. Destiny hearkens to those willing to do violent deeds, and if corruption is the world's unalterable destination, best to be on the right side when the fates come rolling through. These are the truths Gregory was shown during his Pact to Soulless Wolf, and those pressed into him by his fellow Bale Hounds, many of whom still search for their disappeared Defiled elder.

Gregory Whistler realizes there are benefits to the opened Wound. He grants chosen spirits passage, bound by oath to do his bidding and to report on other Wounds, and he even hopes the ghost of Alek might find its way back to him. This unhealthy interest has transformed into full-blown obsession. He screams his son's name into the abyss of the Wound, praying for some sort of echo.

RUMORS

Listen, a lightly-crewed smuggling boat loaded with drugs is coming through the canal tomorrow night. You won't find a better opportunity to acquire this sort of mobile territory.

What Gregory says is true. The trawler crossing through the unguarded canal would make an excellent mobile headquarters for the pack. Built to bunk a crew of two dozen and decked out with amenities from the bridge to the mess hall, this is the perfect hideout. The lobbyist seems madly apologetic when it's revealed the drug containers were filled with medicine for an allied human organization, and its quality has expired during the delay. The Lamprey Hosts calling the bilge water home are a surprise to everyone, however, even Gregory.

You want a discreet place to initiate your wolves? The old lumber yard might not be the prettiest sight in the city, but it sure is one of the most private.

Anxious politicians were happy to release the state-sponsored site of hundreds of mob massacres to Gregory, who eagerly incorporated it into his domain. He likes to keep tabs on easily corruptible Wolf-Blooded, so offering this place as a location

STORY HOOKS

- The pack alpha has a new lead on a decrepit shipyard whose rusted cranes loom over a valuable locus through the Gauntlet — the perfect place for the pack to engage in the Sacred Hunt. Political “insider” Gregory Whistler offers it up for nothing more than some help from a couple of the pack's Wolf-Blooded with one of his office projects. Soon, the two seem happy to serve as the lobbyist's personal guards.
- A seat on the city council is opening up, and Gregory claims it's time to look into the future — werewolves in power, and you're just the type. He invites a pack member to meet off the record with the Iron Master campaign manager in Gregory's employ. One might notice the fresh tattoos running from Donna Zan's left leg to her neck on the same side, which strategically conceal her Tarnished flesh.
- If the werewolves begin to suspect Gregory of corruption, he claims to have vital information regarding an insurgent inside the Forsaken — the Bale Hound everyone is hunting is a despised CEO with a dossier of all a tribe's active members and their locations, departing tonight on a commercial flight to Singapore. If they hurry, the werewolves can infiltrate the airfield, utilize provided top-clearance access cards to bluff their way past security, and board the plane through its cargo hatch. Instead of a Bale Hound aboard the flight, the pack finds a bomb. Gregory is safely aboard a private jet to London-Heathrow airport.

for pack Oaths and other rituals is the perfect way to watch the tribe's members, especially with the hidden recording devices deployed throughout the property. Corruption spreading from the Wound on the territory's outskirts, generated after years of annual mass drownings on the order of an *Anshega* mob boss, is merely a bonus.

Spirit activity is through the roof, and we're at the epicenter. The only explanation is a Wound, and that means a Bale Hound. This could be bad for all of us.

Gregory knows exactly where the Wound is but is happy to sow seeds of discontent among both Forsaken and Pure tribes. The spirits rampant in this district are those allowed through by the lobbyist himself, and every disappeared *Anshega* hierarch or possessed werewolf sparking a pack war spreads beautiful disharmony.

Gregory Whistler

GREGORY WHISTLER, CORRUPTED LOBBYIST

Tribe: Ivory Claws

Hunter's Aspect: Insidious

Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 4, Resolve 3; Strength 3 (4/6/5/4), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 2 (3/4/4/3); Presence 3, Manipulation 4, Composure 4

Skills: Academics (Law) 3, Animal Ken 2, Brawl 2, Expression (Motivational Speeches) 4, Occult 2, Persuasion (Sales Pitch) 3, Politics (Lobbying) 4, Stealth (Shadowing) 3, Subterfuge (Misdirection) 3

Merits: Contacts (Politicians), Distillation of Form 4, Refinement of Flesh 2, Resources 4, Retainer (Tarnished Campaign Manager) 4

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 4

Essence: 12

Health: 7 (9/11/10/7)

Initiative: 4 (4/5/6/6)

Defense: 4

Speed: 11 (12/15/18/16)

Size: 5 (6/7/6/4)

Armor: 0

Renown: Cunning* 3, Glory 1, Wisdom* 3

Gifts: (Agony) Pain Mirror, Scourge; (Blood) Bind, Clot; (Dominance) Primal Allure; (Evasion) Feet of Mist, Fog of War, Deny Everything, Exit Strategy; (Insight) One Step Ahead; (Knowledge) Lore of the Land, Sift the Sands; (Strength) Rending Claws; (Warding) Boundary Ward, Predator's Claim

Rites: Rite of the Shroud, Shadowbind, Shadowcall

Ban: At least once per day, Gregory must tell someone something truthful about his son.

THE MONSTER FROM THE WILD: ZUD'NALU

"Your tears, mine. Your flesh, mine. Your soul, mine."

Deep in the wilderness of Mongolia, far from any human city, lurks a beast. Its howls carry for miles across the cold winds, chilling the flesh more than mere temperature ever could. The beast moves where it will, disrespecting all territorial boundaries, for as far as the beast is concerned, all other territories insult the primacy of its claim. Now the beast draws closer to where humans dwell, leaving a trail of death in its wake.

Zud'nalû still believes it is an exemplary scion of the *Ninna Farakh*, faithfully following Dire Wolf's anti-human creed for so long that its First Tongue name is the only one it remembers, long-since having forgotten the weak human-speak name it once wore. The goals of *Lakh'ma* and *Huzuruth-Ur* are aligned in Zud'nalû's eyes and the beast has simply taken strength that was offered to it from non-human hands. *Lakh'ma* honors nothing of humans except their flesh, and Dire Wolf desires that the world descends again into a hunter's paradise. The Maeljin will drag the world into a state where the strong prey on the weak, just as Zud'nalû believes Dire Wolf wants.

The needs of the hunt made Zud'nalû vulnerable to *Lakh'ma*'s ministrations. Evolving from the needs of flesh to subsisting on Essence was an inconvenience for the werewolf. It had the tools, strength and skill to bring down spirits and feast on their ephemera but it found this unsatisfying. The apex-predator's spirit half demanded Essence while the physical shell still craved the bloody satisfaction of fresh-killed raw meat. The witless humans that the Predator King had despised for so long were a balanced meal of the rich Essence it required and the succulent meat it wanted.

This elegant solution brought Zud'nalû closer to human populations to satisfy the hunger, where it caught the attention of Soulless Wolf's minions. The first shadow wolf that appeared to tempt Zud'nalû provided a valuable lesson to its siblings, as the predator tore the spirit asunder and feasted on its corrupt Essence. The next shadow wolf didn't approach with manipulations and temptation, it came bearing a direct invitation from *Vinukh-Ur* for Zud'nalû to consider a bargain that would meet both their needs.

THE NATIONAL PARK

Zud'nalû has settled on Gorkhi-Terelj National Park as its main hunting ground. The park is uncomfortably close to Ulaanbaatar and civilization for Zud'nalû, but that also means it's close enough to the sweet, rich flesh it craves. Gorkhi-Terelj is rich with natural wonder and acceptably reminiscent of a dreamed-of Pangaea for the old Predator King. Zud'nalû has the Tuul River and the glacial Khagin Khar Lake for water, and the Yestii Hot Springs when it feels the rare need to ease the approaching aches in its bones. Zud'nalû avoids the area of the Buddhist monastery that is open to both devotees and visitors. It tells itself that it does so for solid tactical reasons, preventing the human monks from noticing the werewolf and avoiding the attention of other packs who might try and hunt the old predator. The truth is the Buddhists stir something deep and almost extinguished within Zud'nalû's spirit which it finds confusing and uncomfortable.

The park attracts tourists which irritate Zud'nalû even though they rarely range close to where it prefers to lair, but they do provide

convenient meals for the predator. The park also brings in curious Uratha eager to experience the wilderness and explore the park's hidden places. The vast green slopes and forests are perfect for *Zud'nalu* to hunt its prey in secret. Intruders are increasingly unlikely to return to their territories, as the Bale Hound quells its cravings with their flesh. So far *Zud'nalu* has managed to keep its hunger in check when dealing with the other Pure who make the park their home but it's rapidly forgetting to view these Uratha as kin and sees them more like prey with every interaction.

Though *Zud'nalu* is a lone wolf, it knows the value of having others to warn of dangers — or to be used as bait and patsies. Other Predator King packs hunt the wilderness of Gorkhi-Terelj and tend their territories within its boundaries. Publicly, they view *Zud'nalu* as a tribal elder and role model and accord it respect and free passage through their land. Privately, these Predator Kings bristle at such an intruder, but enough have learned the hard, painful way that wisdom demands giving the ancient beast whatever room it requires.

In Mongolia's capital of Ulaanbaatar, and between the city and the National Park, packs of Ivory Claws and Fire-Touched play their games of dominance and power. They know of *Zud'nalu* and make sure to feed information to the old wolf, lest the beast comes closer to civilization to discover for itself what it wants to know.

DESCRIPTION

Zud'nalu is a solitary hunter, rarely seen by any but its victims, who only catch a glimpse of a presence in the dark or the flashing teeth and claws that spell their doom. It doesn't know how long it has served Dire Wolf. It has long since stopped counting the turning of the seasons and even in its youth paid little attention to the movements of the human world. *Zud'nalu* prefers to speak in First Tongue when it needs to interact with other werewolves, and rarely ever uses human words except to evoke terror in its victims. The only human language it knows is Mongolian, which it speaks in an outdated dialect. In the rare times *Zud'nalu* deigns to socialize with other Uratha it may reminisce of faded memories and claims to remember a vicious human Khan who held its begrudging respect for a time. The modern Pure believe such tales to be invented imaginations, as believing otherwise would mean the beast has hunted for many centuries.

The few times that *Zud'nalu* allows itself to be seen in Hishu, it appears as an older Mongolian person with a tanned craggy face and a wild mane of steel grey hair. *Zud'nalu* has no use for gender except in how it lets the predator circle and close in on its prey. *Zud'nalu* changes according to the needs of its hunt, but otherwise cares nothing for which gender it wears.

If clothing is required, *Zud'nalu* wears a plain blue deel designed for everyday wear or leathers fashioned out of the skins of its prey. The leatherwork is well-crafted, supple and tastefully and traditionally decorated. *Zud'nalu* learned the arts of needle and thread early in its life and this is one area besides the hunt in which it takes pride.

Zud'nalu is too great a predator to forsake the utility of any form, but it prefers Urshul. Both its Urshul and Gauru forms are covered in needle-like steel grey hair barely concealing rock-hard slabs of muscle. Its fangs appear dulled and yellow with age but this is a trap. Its teeth are as sharp as its jet-black claws and hunger for the taste of wet blood and hot flesh.

Across all forms, *Zud'nalu* possesses fanatical endurance and an almost obsessive single-mindedness towards the hunt. It will not be distracted or turned away from its prey, which sometimes does expose a weakness;



Zud'nalu

STORY HOOKS

- Everyone who has heard the story about the “egg” in the forest has died, torn to bloody chunks. The beast in the darkness is hunting its way through everyone to control the knowledge, and one of the pack’s Wolf-blooded was recently joking about the wilderness tales she’d heard.
- Three urban packs a world away from Zud’nalû’s habitual hunting grounds have been torn apart and left for others to find. Dark, twisted spirits of corruption hunt through the Shadow, stripping the ecosystem of untainted Essence. At the center of the carnage a fleshy pod feeds from the suffering. The Maeljin have sent the great beast to this place to protect it as it prepares to spew forth whatever incubates within.

Zud’nalû might miss subtle clues in the environment if the prey leads it into a trap. Zud’nalû has easily survived several such attempts through its strength and tenacity, so it has failed to recognize this flaw for what it is. The Bale Hound is a nightmare monster in combat, an unstoppable whirlwind of fang and claw.

SECRETS

Something is growing in the wilderness, something that leeches life from everything around it. The thing is egg-shaped, or perhaps a cocoon, wrapped in blackened leather that might be thick vine leaves. Its surface is covered in writhing veins that pulse and glow a sickly green. People who look upon the chrysalis find it whispers their dark secrets to them and exudes an aura of creeping dread. Few stay long enough to find out exactly what it is.

Zud’nalû has orders to keep the egg secret and safe. Further, Zud’nalû has been entrusted with guardianship of other such cocoons spread throughout the world, each an incubator for a nascent Wound festering within. A great contagion is coming and the Maeljin conspire to use the resulting chaos and drag the world into hell.

Zud’nalû has been gifted with power to travel the dark spaces between light, journeying to where each egg lies hidden with the single-minded purpose of destroying anyone who discovers them, and anyone they may have told. The beast has already warded these locations, preparing for intruders.

RUMORS

Don’t go near the monastery if you want to live. Humans are fine, and I’ve heard tales of Wolf-Blooded who visited and returned, but it’s a death sentence for Uratha. You’ll smell it when you get too close, but that may be too late.

The old wolf doesn’t just avoid the monastery, it considers the place off limits to other Uratha as well. Plenty of rumors surround this one; the beast lairs in caves beneath the structure

and guarding the monastery is coincidence, or Zud’nalû protects kin in the place, or the building houses a powerful but human-tainted locus the Predator King covets. The truth of the matter is a mystery even to Zud’nalû, but approaching the temple is a guaranteed way to attract the beast’s usually fatal attention.

ZUD’NALU, CORRUPTED BEAST

Tribe: Predator Kings

Hunter’s Aspect: Implacable

Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 6, Resolve 7; Strength 9 (10/12/11/9), Dexterity 8 (8/9/10/10), Stamina 9 (10/11/11/10), Presence 5, Manipulation 2, Composure 6

Skills: Animal Ken 4, Athletics (Wilderness) 6, Brawl 8, Crafts (Needlework) 4, Intimidation 7, Investigation 2, Occult (Rites) 6, Stealth (Stalking Prey) 8, Survival 8, Weaponry 3

Merits: Danger Sense, Echoes of Pangaea, Greyhound, Indomitable, Iron Stamina 3, Living Weapon (Urshul) 5, Relentless

Primal Urge: 9

Willpower: 10

Harmony: 5

Essence: 50

Health: 14 (15/16/15/13)

Initiative: 14 (14/15/16/16)

Defense: 12 (all forms)

Speed: 22 (23/26/29/27)

Size: 5

Armor: 3

Renown: Cunning 4, Glory 5, Honor* 4, Purity* 5, Wisdom 4

Gifts: (Change) Luna’s Embrace; (Dominance) Glorious Lunacy, Lay Low the Challenger; (Elementals) Breath of Air, Flesh of Earth; (Hunger) All; (Hunting) All; (Insight) Scent the Unnatural, One Step Ahead; (Nature) All; (Rage) All; (Stealth) Shadow Pelt, The Hunter Waits; (Strength) All; (Warding) Maze Ward, Ward the Wolf’s Den, Predator’s Claim, Boundary Ward; (Weather) Hunt Under Iron Skies, Hunt of Fire and Ice

Rites: Fetish, Rite of Absolution, Rite of the Shroud, Sacred Hunt, Twilight Purge

Dread Powers: Armored Hide, Beastmaster, Monstrous Resilience

Envoy of Viruhk-Ur: Zud’nalû has a quest imposed upon it by the Maeljin, enforced and facilitated by Soulless Wolf. This power allows Zud’nalû to travel between Wounds — entering one and emerging at another — by journeying through the nightmare space beneath the world. If Zud’nalû has a specific Wound as its destination it must succeed in an uncontested tracking roll (**Werewolf: The Forsaken** p. 95). The Storyteller decides how long each journey takes, but even moving across the world rarely requires more than a day, and the Maeljin usually ensure Zud’nalû arrives at a time beneficial to their interests. The beast can use this power when touching one of the festering eggs by spending 1 Essence to instantly travel to the location of any other egg.

GHOST WOLVES

Answering to no Firstborn or tribe, the *Thihirtha Numea* claim independence from obligation or hatred. They want no part in a duty to legends of some failed progenitor. They take no dogma from those who murdered or those who cowered. Ghost Wolves want to walk their own paths, living their changed existences night by night however they can.

Ghost Wolves are only united in their lack of conformity. If they wanted to fit in and follow, powerful spirits who would happily enslave them are never far away. Some live in dread of the rising moon when the call to honor her presence in blood stirs within. Others revel in their newfound power and wrest secrets and Gifts from spirit prey with no regard to consequence. Still others cling to the past, holding what was theirs against a

world that has turned more violent and filled with predators than they ever imagined.

While Ghost Wolves have a point, few understand the dangers they've exposed themselves to. The Firstborn, as *Urfarah's* heirs, have obligations imposed upon them by the immutable laws of the *Hisil*. Where once the Wolf God stood as divine manifestation of the hunt and the boundary and secured the stability of the half-flesh Uratha with his existence, now the Firstborn provide whatever modicum of certainty they can. That the Ghost Wolves have unknowingly shunned this protection renders them vulnerable to changes and corruptions of flesh and spirit that their tribal cousins will never know.

TWISTED SHEPHERDS: GHOST WOLF TYRANTS

*No! I have worked so hard, sacrificed so many, to build this life for myself.
You will not take it away from me!*

A Ghost Wolf tyrant is a spiritual parasite thriving on the abuse of others. Each tyrant is a lone werewolf lording over a pack of human vassals called a fief. It is a grim mockery of a true pack, perverting the spiritual bond to raise the tyrant up as a totem over her subjects. She becomes akin to a monstrous cuckoo, fattened upon the debasement of her vassals. These humans are not her friends, allies, or equals, but her victims, shackled in servitude to her whims and forced to profane themselves before her hunger.

The warped bond the tyrant entraps her victims with is a blasphemy, a deliberate desecration of the relationship between Uratha and humanity. To even become a tyrant requires a monstrous act, initiating the first vassal into her new pack as she forces a performance of a terrible transgression against the victim's own nature. The human sacrifices something of his moral integrity in worship to the werewolf and the sacred bond so formed between them is profaned by this suffering of the soul.

How a tyrant treats her vassals, and the kind of fief she forms, has much to do with her motivation. Some tyrants are ignorant, desperately lonely, or believe they are cursed or demons; others simply crave their own little playground of humans to toy with, a preserve for the indulgence of their every desire. They catch the weak, the fearful, the vulnerable with promises of salvation or protection or threats. Gangs, cults, conspiracies

form, circles of the abused and the desperate gathered like a sick pearl around the werewolf at the heart. A tyrant's existence as a parasitic master conflicts with her urges to hunt and kill. She is likely to lash out at her vassals over the slightest provocations, driven to prove her dominance over these mere, frail mortals even as she hungers to fan the flames of their adoration further. The very act of transgression and abuse draws more power into the tyrant, and so fiefs often spiral into nightmares of violation and self-delusion.

The power of a tyrant is founded entirely upon this exploitation, drawing very real shamanic power from her breaking of the natural order. Yet few tyrants have any greater purpose than the satiation of their urges. For most, it is enough to feel the power and the satisfaction of their pride. It is enough to have a pack, however terrified or misguided, who look to them as figures of authority and who fear their anger. It is enough to have easy targets for their anger and their impulses. Other werewolves see tyrants as blind egomaniacs at best — grotesque parodies of the People who have suborned their own instincts and mutilated their own spirit to feed their cravings or their loneliness.

Once poisoned, the pack-bond of a tyrant cannot be purified. In shackling a congregation of vassals to herself, the werewolf enforces her own isolation from others of her kind. Humans and Wolf-Blooded can join a fief — and, indeed,



perhaps the most sinister thing about the fief is that they must join voluntarily, whether oblivious to the true danger or so abused as to be caught in the cycle — but a werewolf cannot. The primal spirit of another Uratha bucks and twists at even the touch of such a vile yoke and the prospect of becoming a whipped dog. Something about the tyrant's leash resonates with the darkest side of civilization, a cruel and crushing grip that even an Iron Master balks at.

Only Ghost Wolves become tyrants, something that reinforces prejudice against the outcasts and renegades of the *Thihirtha Numea*. The bond of a Tribal Firstborn reinforces a werewolf's spirit with primal purity and prevents such a mutilation of the Uratha's nature. Becoming a tyrant is to tether oneself to the suffering and oppression of humanity rather than the sacred power of the hunt, and thus the Firstborn cannot understand why any Uratha would become a tyrant.

RUMORS

Tyrants have been around for literally ages — far back as Sumer, if you believe the stories. They're the legacy of an old Tribe that thought they could be shepherds to mankind, harvesting humanity for resources and authority. They made a pact with something bad, real bad, and it opened a new path for the People — the void where the spirits of humanity should be. A tyrant is literally stepping into that space, blindly following an opportunity given by something unspeakable.

Jealousy and paranoia usually prevents tyrants from working together. A typical tyrant doesn't really understand that she is different from other werewolves; she just felt a moment of spiritual craving as a human offered her the worship or validation she so desired, took that sensation, and *twisted* it until she had what she wanted. A few tyrants, though, inherit the tatters of an ancient tradition — tales of ziggurats glistening with blood, visions of obsidian teeth, and human skin stretched taut into grisly sculptures. Such shepherds entertain more lofty ambitions, seeking a revolution of carnage that will place them as priest-monarchs over a new humanity.

You give up the trappings of materialism as he asks. You don't see your friends much any more. He gets angry when you falter at the things he asks you to do for the church. He hurts you, bad, when you disappoint him, and tells you it's for your own good. He tells you how the church are the only ones who really love you for you who are, how he needs you, how you're special. He won't let you go, no matter where you run. But no one who really loves you would give you scars like those.

The blasphemous path of humanity suppresses the instincts of the hunt, but the urges of the predator still need an outlet. Tyrants fall into obsession easily, hungering after particular humans like precious trinkets to be added to their collection, broken or discarded once their luster wears off. Some suffer truly bizarre compulsions, creating masks of their vassals and building collections of all the people they've ever hurt. One tyrant in Vienna has his vassals steal mannequins, paintings, and other images of humans to create a gilded court of art that he pretends are

STORY HOOKS

- Someone the pack knows and values has fallen in with an abusive cult. A little sniffing around soon finds this isn't your garden variety of New Age occult mashup cult bullshit, but the retinue of a tyrant who has no intention of giving the pack's friend back. Getting her out requires deprogramming her from the cult's creed and dealing with an angry werewolf.
- A tyrant wants the pack's Wolf-Blooded. She's become obsessed with them, and tries to acquire them through coaxing, threats, and outright kidnapping. The complication is that she was a hunter who Changed, and her former cell are still under her thumb, metastasized into an apocalyptic cult. She thinks she's 'saving' the Wolf-Blooded from the demonic Uratha.
- A figure of silver and darkness moves among the tyrants, whispering a profane gospel — that they are inheritors of a mantle of rulership that the Uratha have shirked for too long. They must rise and seize their destiny to become monarchs in silver over the herd of humanity. At the provocateur's urging, they use the influence and resources of their fiefs to stir up unrest across the region, executing a plan to bring the highest echelons of human authority under their control or to break the existing order down entirely. Whether rogue Lune, servant of the shepherds of old, or something else entirely, some force has the tyrants working together with remarkable coordination and foresight, and they plan to establish anew the blood-soaked ziggurats of old among the glass and concrete towers of the now.

alive, lashing out violently when anyone questions his delusions.

These witches are Bale Hounds. Their little cults and covens? Devoted to the Maeljin. It explains everything that is so wrong about them, why they torture their own followers. They bring vice and depravity into the world in a sacrament to the Lords of the Wounds, written in the blood of humanity.

Many tyrants are in thrall to delusions that they are witches, demons, or other cultural bogeymen, and act in ways that they think are appropriate. They hurt others out of a belief this is what they are supposed to do, or otherwise gather those they judge as worthy of punishment and tell the humans that they deserve this. Only a few are Bale Hounds — tyrants are

usually too isolationist for such sophisticated depravity—but tyrants are easily-manipulated pawns for the *Asah Gadar* and sometimes create Wounds through their excesses.

CREATING A TYRANT

Tyrants differ from other Ghost Wolves in the following ways.

LONE TYRANT

Upon becoming a tyrant, a Ghost Wolf can no longer join a Tribe nor belong to a normal werewolf pack again. She gains affinity for the Gifts of Agony, Dominance and Fervor.

FIEF

A tyrant's pack can consist only of humans, Wolf-Blooded, and Claimed. The tyrant herself holds the position that a spirit totem would usually occupy in a pack. When first created, the initial vassal must fail a severe Breaking Point at the moment the werewolf brings them into the pack; later vassals need not repeat this but must join voluntarily. All vassals are subject to the tyrant's will, needing to spend a point of Willpower to act against their tyrant or go in contravention of her wishes for a scene and gaining the Guilty or Shaken Condition in the process.

EXPLOITATIVE INFLUENCE

A tyrant gains Influence in one of Authority, Fear, or Pain equal to the highest Resolve among her human vassals. In place of Power + Finesse, she uses her own Presence + Wits when activating this Influence.

SCAPEGOAT

Whenever a tyrant suffers a Condition or Tilt, she may reflexively spend a point of Essence to transfer it to a human vassal within her Primal Urge in yards. She cannot scapegoat an Environmental Tilt onto a vassal in this way.

TYRANNIC TRANSGRESSION

Forcing any human to face and *fail* a breaking point grants the tyrant the Inspired Condition. At the end of a scene where the tyrant instigates or causes one of her vassals to face a breaking point, she gains a point of Essence. She also regains a single point of Willpower each day from the reverence of her fief, or all of her expended Willpower points if she has added a new human vassal to her pack.

WARRED INSTINCTS

A tyrant does not suffer the compulsion to undertake the Sacred Hunt due to Primal Urge. Instead, she gains the persistent Addicted Condition to choosing and acquiring new vassals, needing to sate it at the same rate as the need to hunt would impose. She suffers the Obsession Condition towards any such human until they are in her possession, and towards any member of her fief who leaves or flees from her control.

BAN

The tyrant gains a persistent Ban Condition. Exactly what the Ban is varies from tyrant to tyrant, a taboo drawn from her beliefs, hungers, or the nature of the fief she has created.

THE CULLING: GHOST WOLF DEVOURERS

Look, this is the hard, cold truth. The Cull are coming. They're coming, and nothing we can do will stop that. Now, we either give them the weakest as a sacrifice so the rest of us can live, or we all die. Me? I plan to live.

BACKGROUND

At the turn of the 21st century, a nightmare from stories poured into reality. The so-called Cull erupted in Russian and Chinese territories in an orgy of brutality and cannibalistic transgression. They plucked secrets from gristle and viscera, wielding incredible power torn from the corpses of their victims. The Cull swore allegiance to no Tribe and fought Pure and Forsaken alike. In the scant few years since, they have hauled themselves up to become a major faction in the region, pursuing a relentless assault that is only strengthened by each victim they tear apart and consume. They rally under a twisted philosophy which has as primary focus the necessity – to them – of winnowing the People. There are too many werewolves, they say, the natural force of predation run wild and weak. Like Father Wolf, the Uratha of today have stumbled from greatness through the spreading of their Essence. If balance is to be restored, many must be culled.

Until the Cull, most werewolves knew little of devourers. Walking a blood-drenched path to profaned enlightenment by tearing divinity from the entrails of their fellows, these cannibal witches hail from ancient practices that had dwindled to almost nothing in the present day. A scant few practitioners persisted, scattered across the world and passing the sinister rite down to trusted students.

Each of the traditional devourers is an iron-willed sorcerer of flesh and spirit, their soul carved in mimicry of the hunger that drives spirits to consume each other. Some believe that the cannibalistic urges of the Hosts are a roadmap to divine union, or that the power of the Great Predator has been too diluted by generation after generation of unworthy descendants. Several even claim lineage harking right back to Pangaea and the pacts of that ancient era.

The Cull are a modern synthesis of many of these traditions, mixed in with warped beliefs taken from human notions of harmony and balance. For the Cull, taking power from the devoured is a fundamental linchpin of the sacred culling they pursue – not a blasphemy, but an honoring of the prey and an exaltation of the Great Predator's spirit. After their victories, the Cull devourers conduct cannibal feasts, stripping flesh and viscera from screaming victims and doling it out to their followers in banquets of bone and gore.

Most devourers gather together into covens – not actual packs, but tight associations bound together through shared faith

and mutual understanding born from grisly communion. The Cull maintains several covens, each of a dozen or so devourers, and is supported by packs of Ghost Wolf supplicants eager to be initiated into the cannibal mysteries. While the old traditions of devourers might lurk at the edges of Uratha communities or hide their blasphemies carefully, the Cull are an army. Other werewolves are forced to stand together – or die apart. Faced with the terrifying power of the Cull, some Uratha packs bend their knee and submit, preferring decimation to annihilation.

DEVOUR (WOLF RITE)

This rite calls on deep, dark threads that run through the very being of the Uratha, turning their hunger for the hunt upon each other.

Symbols: Wolves, blood, hunger, names

Action: Extended (10 successes; each roll represents five minutes)

Duration: Permanent or six months (see below)

Success: During this rite, the ritemaster must consume the flesh of another werewolf; if the victim is alive, they must die as part of the rite's performance. Upon completion, the ritemaster absorbs the spirit of their victim. The first time the werewolf ever performs this rite, it transforms them into a devourer. Each future performance allows them to gain one enlightenment, or to add six months to the duration of an enlightenment they already possess.

RUMORS

There are Forsaken devourers. Just a rare handful, dedicated to fighting fire with fire, defiling themselves for power. You want to know how they retain their Tribal bonds in the face of such blasphemy? Because they have Luna's sanction, that's why. You need to open your eyes to the real nature of the Slaver Queen you serve.

The rumors of Forsaken devourers are real. The argent ghouls break the rules of the devourer path, turning themselves into pariahs in the belief the ends justify the means. They're sent out into the world to go beyond whatever limits of morality or sanity the Forsaken adhere to, consorting with Bale Hounds or delving into the worst atrocities for whatever edge they can glean for the greater good. Argent ghouls receive sanction, and the devourer rite, from a powerful Lune – but no other spirit of the moon will admit the argent ghouls exist. How much does Luna really know about the actions of her servant and the cannibal hounds that work in her name?



Now, the devourers have cut themselves away from the tribes, and all the Firstborn loath them, but there's something out there that looks after them, something with a hunger beyond anything else. It's what gave the rite of devouring to the first of the Cull, and it watches over them even now.

The spiritual nature of a devourer is too corrosive for most totems to stand. Still, *something* out there meddles in the fate of those who take the devourer path. Though the Cull claim no great spirit patron, their sages still receive strange visions when deep in meditation and tranquility. Of late, these visions have called them towards the sea, to places of liminality between water and land across the world. Cull forces gather for assault on the twin hunting grounds of Macau and Hong Kong; elsewhere, the first converts of the faction arrive on foreign shores to spread their cannibal scripture among the Ghost Wolves, strangely invigorated by journeys over the deep, hungry waters.

Partway through the trial, he just kinda imploded. No, not like an explosion, but like he was eaten from the inside out. His innards literally turned into mouths and chewed him apart until there was nothing but a puddle of blood.

Sometimes the devouring rite goes awry. One would-be devourer hears whispers in her mind: *eat your own name, and swallow it down*. She emerges a shuddering wolf-shadow that gibbers and shrieks, and no one can remember who she was. Another collapses into a puddle of gore as the stolen power of

his victim overcomes his body with quicksilver energy. Rare indeed are they who fail to contain the blood sacrament's metaphysical weight and emerge as mutated Geryo, or shambling husks whose very presence numbs the mind and drinks down memories of identity and self — but such ghastly apotheoses have been recorded.

CREATING A DEVOURER

Devourers differ from other Ghost Wolves in the following ways.

DEVOURER OF WOLVES

Once initiated into the devourer path, a devourer permanently loses the ability to form a pack bond or join a Tribe; her predation upon her fellows forces spiritual isolation. The devourer gains affinity with the Gift of Hunger, and her Renown brands now glow a sickly yellow-green when they flare. Rather than gaining Renown from a spirit, fresh brands well up out of the devourer's soul as spiritual pus.

ENLIGHTENMENT

Through ritual cannibalism, a devourer can gain enlightenments — powerful secrets derived from visceral communion with the innards, bile, and soul of a werewolf. Each enlightenment gained lasts six months, unless extended through further uses of the rite. A devourer can maintain up to her Primal Urge in enlightenments at one time.

Enlightenments are mimicries of the power of the legendary bodhisattva predators, stolen through the medium of marrow and blood. Cull devourers seek to do more than temporarily bootstrap up to the brief exhilaration of this blessed, gore-stained state. They seek to consume so much of the Great Predator's Essence as to seize true exaltation.

Blazing Majesty: The Uratha adds her Glory to her Presence and Resolve in her Dalu, Gauru, and Urshul forms.

Blood of the Great Predator: The Uratha adds her Purity Renown to the amount of bashing or lethal damage she regenerates each turn.

Forge Spawn: By spending 10 Essence as an Instant action, the Uratha can vomit up a Rank 1 spirit of hunger that will loyally serve her for a year and a day; she can maintain up to her Primal Urge in servant spirits in this way.

From the Jaws of Defeat: The first time the Uratha is defeated in a scene — being killed (even by total bodily annihilation), flung into a bottomless pit, etc. — they spring back from an unexpected angle, entirely healed and intact.

Hunter's Attunement: The Uratha becomes aware of any impending threat or danger a number of turns before it actually arrives equal to her Cunning Renown, regardless of the impossibility of such knowledge.

Implacable Hunter: Whenever a supernatural barrier or obstacle would hamper the Uratha from reaching her prey, she reflexively enters a Clash of Wills against it with her Primal Urge treated as 10 and the rote quality on her dice pool.

Impossible Regeneration: The Uratha regenerates a single point of Aggravated damage each round. Unless wounded with silver, she can regenerate even from having her entire health track filled with Aggravated damage.

Inviolate Soul: The Uratha can reflexively spend 5 Essence to remove a Condition she suffers, regardless of its source or effect.

Jaws of Inevitability: When the Uratha attacks with her bite, nothing impedes it; the victim does not benefit from Defense, any form of armor, or any other capability that would prevent the bite from connecting or harming them.

Leash the Cur: When prey would resist or contest the Uratha in a social action, the Uratha's Honor Renown is imposed as a penalty on the prey's Composure and Resolve.

Paragon of Renown: The Uratha chooses a single Renown, gaining the rote quality on all dice pools involving that Renown.

Primal Form: The Uratha adds her Purity Renown to her Strength and Size in Urshul form.

Relentless Pursuit: The Uratha can spend 5 Essence when pursuing to arrive at the prey's destination before the prey does, regardless of distance or any other obstacle.

STORY HOOKS

- Someone is picking off weak werewolves — a devourer, consuming their flesh and souls with the belief she is winnowing the People of their least worthy. She grows stronger with each kill, and sooner or later, she will take notice of the pack and choose a victim from among them. Will they sit and wait to be hunted, or go after the cannibal first?
- Many Ghost Wolves are rallying to the flag of a devourer coven — the ignored, the dispossessed, the mocked and the belittled all find a welcome there. The devourers plan a revolution of sorts, striking at the Forsaken and Pure alike and feeding them to the Ghost Wolves in ravening exaltation. It's the work of a Cull scout, preparing the way for the faction to establish itself as a major power in the region.
- Rumors of a devourer have long haunted the region. Yesterday, a young pack threw the head of the cannibal-sage before the protectorate's elders, triumphant in their victory. Today, the bindings of the monstrous, ancient spirit that sleeps beneath the city have begun to slip. Someone new must fulfill the pact that keeps the spirit in abeyance and feed its hunger, taking on the mantle of devourer in accordance with the bargain that was made so many decades ago, or else the spirit will be free and its vengeance will be terrible. Will anyone step up to profane their own soul and become the new devourer, and will anyone volunteer to be their first prey?

Silver Resolve: The Uratha adds her Wisdom Renown to all values used to oppose supernatural attempts to affect or influence her. Failures on such rolls by the prey become dramatic failures instead.

Sun-Chaser: The Uratha can run tirelessly with dawn or sunset, traveling across land at the speed of the day's change without exhaustion or pause.

Stainless Harmony: The Uratha's Harmony is set at 5 and cannot change.

THE RAVENOUS DARK: VOID REIVERS

I feel so... empty.

Werewolves are divine instruments, forged from predator and moon for a purpose — hunters and guardians in service to Luna and Wolf. Wolf may be gone, but Moon remains, and her duty yet calls. Still, even such a finely-honed tool has flaws, and from these flaws are birthed the ravenous, hollowed reivers of the void.

Beyond the light of the Warden Moon's stride lies a dead eternity, an utter desolation that reaches towards distant and uncaring stars. The Void Beyond is lifeless and yet, impossibly, it lives. Slithering things of emptiness worm out of the dark, fumbling for an existence they cannot comprehend yet are compelled towards. Hollow spirits gibber out of the dark. Immense leviathans of raw, dead nothing wake from slumbering journeys across the aeons of the void and lurch towards that alluring pearl of light, pushed down by the rays of Helios. Malicious, hateful angels born from distant spheres come in service to ancient feuds that are burned through the very rock and Shadow of the planets and their eternal dance.

From time to time, something slips past the bulwark of the Warden's Stride. Most are beset by confusion at the Shadow they find themselves in; not antithetical, but utterly *alien* to them. Some rampage, then starve for lack of suitable Essence. Some flee but, like moths to a flame, will be drawn back again no matter how much each visitation hurts them. A rare few do something entirely different—they pupate, metastasize, creating a gall in reality within which they begin to change.

Faced with a void spirit, the Auspice triggers a surging urge within a werewolf's soul. Ancient instincts surface in response to the Moon's code. Spiritual programming kicks in. It's not a compulsion, but it is a hunger, a need—to hunt, to bring down, and to destroy. The problem is that the world has changed, at a very fundamental level, since the two boundary gods forged the People as servants to their purpose. When exposed to the alien Essence of a void spirit, a werewolf's body tries to bleed off the wrongness of it through both Flesh and Shadow—but now the Gauntlet blocks that spiritual purging. The Forsaken draw strength from the Firstborn, whose primal power reinforces their souls and lets an Uratha tear at the dark ephemera of the void without peril. Since the fall of Pangaea, though, Ghost Wolves lack such protection.

Some Ghost Wolves purposefully call down or hunt void spirits, intending to draw on their alien power. Old, blasphemous Lodges have totemic bonds that provide a measure of protection from the Void Beyond to those without Tribal patrons, letting

wolf-witches drink deep of the bizarre mysteries of the empty expanse. An accidental encounter, though, can condemn a normal Ghost Wolf to a nightmarish fate, driven to damnation by the very urges implanted into them as an instrument of Luna's will. Once the wolf sinks her fangs into her prey, the otherworldly Essence attacks her like a virus. Most void spirits are starving, and their ephemera reacts to werewolves' nature as channels between two states of being—the perfect crucibles for the transmutation of Essence, already shaped for such purpose by the divine will of their progenitors. The void blindly, mindlessly attempts to hijack and subvert the werewolf's spirit to serve its own hunger.

No malice or evil drives the void contagion. Void spirits have even less understanding of such concepts than most denizens of the Shadow. It is simply an act of survival. For the Ghost Wolf, though, it is the beginning of a nightmare.

The infection takes root behind the eyes, not in the meat of the brain but in the flowing Essence of the spirit. It's a blizzard of buzzing, shapeless thoughts pushing at the gates of the mind—it speaks of *need*, promises *transcendent union*, and hurls incomprehensible concepts. When those eyes turn black, flickering only with distant starlight, the infection has progressed too far for the Ghost Wolf to be saved. Now, shuddering darkness creeps through the werewolf's meat and bone, even as it worms into her hunger. The stuttering, flickering emptiness overwrites the werewolf's physical presence even as it rebuilds the code of her soul to serve the void's needs. Like a cancer, the spreading infection blisters flesh and threads itself through veins, slowly unraveling the Uratha from the fabric of the world. She loses her grip on reality, quite literally, falling not into Twilight but a half-life state even emptier than that strange frequency. Everything seems thin, gray, and dark, and soon the hunger takes over all her senses.

A void reiver is consumed by the need for Essence, an unquenchable thirst that it must slake with the purest forms of resonance. The flesh of wolf or human does little for a reiver, and the Essence of a spirit is too thick and heavy with the world's impressed symbols; it craves instead the distilled Essence of Loci, and the thrumming energy refined and harnessed by rites and magic. Reivers thus become raiders of such things, hunting and draining Loci and ritual workings to feed their hunger. Such thirst quickly reduces the Shadow to a lifeless, desolate landscape, a strange mirror of the Void Beyond beset by barrens and shoals.

Killing the void spirit doesn't cure the contagion — in fact, it makes the eventual fate even worse. If the spirit that infected a reiver lives, then it gives guidance to its reivers. The Essence they drain is fed to it, processed by the werewolf's metaphysically hybrid state — the reiver acts as a bridge between the intense reality of the world's Essence and the empty resonance of the void. Such a void reiver is a slave to its urges, but at least possesses drive and purpose. Void reivers who lack a spirit — and many do, having killed the alien being in their first encounter — have lost all reason. They have a hunger they cannot slake, drinking down whatever they can find in the Shadow but never, ever, finding solace.

A Ghost Wolf infected by the void reiver contagion has no more than a rough recollection of who they were, their body driven by hijacked divine protocols rather than their own mind. The infection can spread further through the bite and the symbolic power of the Sacred Hunt, whether as hunter or as prey. Sometimes entire packs of reivers gather, fighting other werewolves for Loci and fetishes and sacred ground to drain dry — a plague of locusts stealing power for a chrysalis master, or simply lashing out in desperate hunger. At best, a void reiver can manage brief periods of enough lucidity to more or less hold a conversation, even bargaining for access to the Essence it desperately craves, but a pack of reivers works in wordless union, sharing the drive of the void between them.

Void reivers are, thankfully, as rare as the void spirits that pierce the Warden's Stride. Few werewolves know much of them, let alone whether there is a cure. In the earliest days, before the starlight glimmers behind empty eyes, a Ghost Wolf can still be saved through iron will, the support of a close pack, and enough Essence to satisfy the beginning of the void's hunger. Even this is a risk, for when the shadow-cancer takes root, the reiver will see other Ghost Wolves only as new vectors for her hunger.

RUMORS

It was a hound! A great hound with eyes of fire and a coat as black as the night! A dog of ill omen, a portent of disaster, just like the stories say!

Void reiver infections often accompany disasters and chaos in the world of Flesh. Void spirits may be attracted to such confluences of fate when they descend from orbit, or the spiritual desolation the reivers inflict may instigate such catastrophes in the first place.

Just another UFO crank. Guy claims he was picked up by aliens then dumped by the interstate, half-naked and out of his mind. We had a look around the place, but all we could find were some wolf tracks and discarded beer cans.

As well as draining Essence, reivers sometimes kidnap human beings, bringing them into the Shadow and into the presence of their spirit. Many void spirits seem to be fascinated



by the human lack of spiritual reflection, perhaps seeing some sort of echo or resonance with the Void Beyond. Such abductees are rarely harmed, but a few—a rare few—vanish from the world entirely soon after, leaving only a heap of sloughed skin behind.

Terrible things, buried in the flesh of the earth like fat, writhing leeches of darkness. I've seen them, you know. Shone a lamp out into the dark, deep under the stone, and seen the glistening emptiness, huge and leviathan and so so wrong. And we, we had to run. Run from the song, its terrible song. It wailed its call, and the black dogs came loping, and we had to run.

Several times during the past centuries, a mass migration of reivers has followed an incident of geological activity. In unspoken unison, the packs desert their spirits or their barren territories and lope across the world in response to a call only they can hear. Arriving at their destination, the tainted wolves seek out routes into the bowels of the earth, descending into the darkness and vanishing from the sight of the People entirely.

CREATING A VOID REIVER

Void reivers differ from other Ghost Wolves in the following ways.

VESSEL OF THE VOID

Void reivers gain affinity with the Gift of Hunger, but have their Moon Gifts and Auspice abilities smothered by the alien Essence interlaced with their soul and can no longer draw on any of these powers. A reiver's maximum Essence pool is doubled, but he loses his Primal Urge in Essence points each day, and he gains the persistent Addiction Condition for Essence. Anyone possessing an Essence pool who is bitten by a void reiver immediately loses a point of Essence and has the cost of any abilities that require Essence increased by 1 point of Essence for the remainder of the scene.

ESSENCE HUNGER

A void reiver can sense any Locus, fetish, and active rite within 100 x Primal Urge yards of his position. He can drain up to 10 points of Essence out of a Locus in a turn; any Locus that a reiver drinks from permanently loses one dot from its rating after the Uratha so infected has slaked his thirst from it. A Locus that is drained utterly dry and destroyed in this way becomes a Barren.

By coming into contact with the active effects of a rite or with a fetish, the reiver can consume its power. This takes one turn per dot of the rite or fetish rating, after which its power has been consumed and the reiver gains 5 points of Essence per dot thus destroyed. At the Storyteller's discretion, void reivers may also be able to drain other forms of occult power they contact.

EMPTY FLESH

The body of a void reiver is no longer fully in phase with the world around him. He leaves no trace of his passing; his

STORY HOOKS

- Loci are running dry and fetishes vanish. Something slinks among territories, thieving power. Accusations fly among the packs, each thinking it's the work of their rivals or an unruly spirit brood. No one here even knows what a void reiver is. The phantasmal raider slinks into the pack's turf; will anyone else even believe their tall tale of such a strange intruder?
- Invasion! Void reivers swarm into the region, drinking Loci and fighting with anything that gets in their way. They're heading towards the pack's turf, coming from all directions; the whole Protectorate is under siege and no one knows why. Until, that is, the Shadow starts to shake and shift as something colossal moves beneath the surface...
- A void reiver is on a rampage, but his former pack are desperate that he be spared. They're Ghost Wolves, and fear to approach him lest they also be infected; they need a pack to help track him down, imprison him, and feed him Essence to quell his impulses. They also need the pack to call down a Lune for them. What they're not telling the pack is that their cure involves sacrificing the Lune for its mercurial Essence to purge the void from their packmate. The Ghost Wolves didn't come up with this by themselves; a figure of shadow and silver whispers the secrets of the profane rite into their ears when they sleep.

blood is a thin, oily substance that soon effervesces away to nothing. While in an area of darkness or shadow, his natural healing rate doubles. A reiver's Primal Urge is applied as a penalty on the dice pool of all supernatural abilities to locate or influence him, and he gains the advanced action quality on all Stealth checks, allowing the Storyteller to roll the dice pool twice and choose the preferred result.

VOID STUTTER

The void reiver gains the Reality Stutter Dread Power, but can only translocate to and from areas of shadow or darkness. Using this power causes all lights and electronics within 100 yards of the void reiver to snuff out or otherwise disconnect. This effect lasts for a number of turns equal to his Primal Urge.

CHILDREN OF CHANGE: THE MIMICS

...When I came into this room, there were only two chairs. Now I turn my back, and when I look round again there are three. Is this someone's idea of a stupid trick?

Evolution is a bitch. Uratha have been top dog for thousands of years, the handiwork of big daddy Wolf, and sure, they've done a passable job, but it's time to step aside. Get out of the way for the new kids on the block, the latest models built to finally win this war. The age of Forsaken and Firstborn is over; it's time to throw the obsolete and the outdated into the trash. The Uratha had their chance to pass the mantle of the hunt on to the mimics, and they failed, so now the mimics will take it by force.

Mimics are masks. Each mimic is a shapechanger without compare, the quicksilver foundations of the werewolf fine-tuned into overdrive. They're the handiwork of a curious and clever force who may, this time, have overstepped the mark. A mimic's shivering flesh and bone make it the perfect doppelgänger — hiding as anything, anywhere, in a chameleon seeming. This mercurial mastery comes at a cost to mind and spirit, though, and it doesn't help that the phratries — the surviving packs of mimics — are convinced of their superiority over other werewolves and filled with rage and spite.

Mimics are new. The first were reported in the late 1990s, a mere smattering of early experiments that either escaped or were purposefully released into the wild. These mimics were feral, isolated things, more beast than man, responsible for occasional spates of bizarre killings and prone to hiding for years on end in mundane forms. There's one in the Smithsonian, only taking its natural form to walk the halls after hours and stare uncomprehendingly, longingly, at works of human artifice that it doesn't really understand. The phratries came later, packs of mimics bonded together since their Change. In 2015, mimics appeared in Athens, Nairobi, Kuala Lumpur, expressing their presence through bloody campaigns of murder — extraordinary killings by unseen predators in impossible circumstances. The phratries focused on the Pure, but also hunted Forsaken who crossed them, disrespected them, or simply had resources they desired. Retribution, when it came, was terrible. The mimics were incredibly difficult to hunt down but, against superior numbers — and sometimes brief alliances of convenience between Pure and Forsaken — many of the phratries were broken or driven out.

Mimics are creations. Someone *made* them, purposefully refining quicksilver-fleshed assassins through spiritual engineering and Essence alchemy years ahead of the greatest

visionaries of the People. Wolf-Blooded spent years in a hidden place where Shadow and Flesh mixed freely, experimented on and indoctrinated by masked figures, kept confined to strange chambers empty of details and hard edges. A conspiracy theory among the Forsaken who have encountered mimics is that this is the handiwork of Red Wolf; her chosen Uratha envoys, said to host Shards of the Firstborn within their own souls, were quick to react to the first mimic appearances with valuable intelligence on the capabilities of these monstrosities. If it was

STORY HOOKS

- A series of impossible murders are occurring in the city, and they have all the hallmarks of an Uratha's handiwork — except no Uratha was present nor could have been. Victims slaughtered inside sealed rooms, or slain in the few seconds that the people around them looked away, and with not a trace of the actual killer. An old, wild mimic has fallen to the extremes of Harmony, out of balance and lashing out in animal fear and rage.
- A mimic phratry attempts to fan the flames of conflict between Forsaken and Pure, intending both sides to ruin themselves in battle so that the mimics can overcome the survivors. The shapechangers plan to stage the assassinations of key figures on each side to drive them to each others' throats.
- A phratry of mimics has taken the city as a hunting ground. While they have spared the Forsaken the worst of their depredations, they're on the hunt for Wolf-Blooded to bulk up their future numbers with. Any Wolf-Blooded members the pack has are firmly in their sights, stalked by entities that can copy anything in their environment.



Red Wolf, she and her tribe appear to have no control over these arrogant killers now.

Mimics are so different from other Uratha that they are effectively a new subspecies. Each mimic possesses an instinctive understanding of how to perpetrate the continuity of her kind – a grisly process of torture and shared blood inflicted on a Wolf-Blooded. It doesn't ensure the Wolf-Blooded will ever Change, but if they do, they will then become a mimic themselves.

Mimics are not Forsaken. The tribes largely treat them as enemies, and the feeling is reciprocated. A mimic's spirit is incompatible with the bonds of the Firstborn, and the mimics see themselves as the future of the Uratha, the perfected children of the Moon designed to butcher the Pure and render the Forsaken obsolete. The Forsaken purges of the phratries have turned their arrogance to bitter enmity. Some mimics are willing to gather Ghost Wolves at their side, offering these werewolves a place of honor in the new order they plan to impose, or simply terrifying and dominating them into subservience.

Mimics are honed killers. Each possesses the instincts of the New Moon in combination with incredible shapechanging capabilities that let them be almost anything. They're driven by an urge not just to hunt but to kill, an urge far stronger than the desire to hold and protect territory. A few mimics care nothing for the ambitions of their fellows and sell their services as assassins to lend some sort of structure to their

hunger for murder. They've been known to hire themselves out to Forsaken, Ghost Wolves, and even humans. As long as the targets keep coming, the bloodlust of these mimics is satisfied.

RUMORS

They're not as new as they claim. An old Blood Talon loremaster told me she had stories of mimics from centuries past – no, not just Uratha, definitely mimics.

Historically, a handful of Uratha have displayed the power of mimics – or something very close. Unlike the new ones now emerging, these previous mimics appeared during aberrant First Changes when, for some reason, the power of the Warden Moon was so great as to overwhelm them with quicksilver change and drown out much of the Wolf's inheritance.

Oh fucking hell, how stupid do you have to be, brother? They're idigam, or made by one. Mini-fucking-idigam. All that constant change and shit? These aren't werewolves, they're fucking idigam.

No one is entirely sure who created the mimics—Firstborn, ancient Uratha bodhisattva, or human ingenuity run completely out of control – but something of their mercurial Essence does resonate with the monstrous *idigam*. A broken phratry of mimics outside New York, persecuted by the Forsaken of the protectorate there, ran into one of the alien nightmares and the result was a strange and terrifying alliance between the two forces. Other *idigam* respond to the mimics with a different kind of fervor, eagerly hunting and consuming them.

I swear I saw it move, sir. I'm stone-cold sober, I'm not high, and I'm fresh on my shift from a good night's sleep. I'm not making this up, sir. And we're not supposed to have trashcans in this part of the base anyway, are we?

Mimics can get anywhere and be anything so, unsurprisingly, some of the smarter ones are working to infiltrate secure human institutions to exploit what lies within. How far can they get? Does one lie gleaming amid golden bars in a central bank's stockpile? Has one crept into the White House? Just how effective is the security around a modern nation-state's nuclear armaments these days, anyway?

CREATING A MIMIC

Mimics differ from other Ghost Wolves in the following ways.

ALTERED IRRAKA

Mimics are Irraka, and possess Renown, Gifts, and Auspice as usual. While a mimic can form a pack with its fellows — a phratry — it cannot join a Tribe or Lodge due to spiritual incompatibility with other Uratha. In theory, the mimics could find a powerful spiritual patron and create a Tribe of their own.

MERCURIAL FORM

All mimics possess the usual five forms of the Uratha, and gain the Quicksilver Flesh and Skin Thief Facets automatically. Unlike other werewolves, a mimic keeps the largest of its health tracks from any shape in all of its forms.

A mimic also possesses Mimicry points equal to its unmodified Dexterity + Stamina + Primal Urge. It can use these points to reflexively alter itself, including changing into a copy of a creature or object it can perceive. Each point can be spent to:

- Increase or decrease its Size by 1 to become a copy of an object or creature (minimum Size 1);
- Add a die to a dice pool to pass as a person it is copying;

- Add a die to a Stealth roll as it blends into the background;
- Add +1 to its armor against a single attack (maximum +3);
- Add +1 to the damage of its natural weapons for an attack (maximum +3);
- Remove a physical Tilt;
- Grant it a point of Speed for a turn while copying an object;
- Or grant it a point of Speed for one turn of movement during which its flesh and bone crack, warp and flow like liquid, letting it slither through tiny gaps.

Once spent, the mimic can regain Mimicry points equal to its Primal Urge through an instant action of focus, or when it consumes the flesh of a human or wolf with its bite.

While copied objects are outwardly perfect, down to surface texture and temperature, the mimic cannot duplicate any mechanical or electrical function and, if damaged, the wound reveals pulsing meat and blood behind the facade. Impersonation of another living creature is imperfect and usually slightly repulsive in some way, with faces that are in the uncanny valley, bulging tumors, oddly twisted limbs or even eyes staring out of flesh where they should not be. Spending Mimicry points helps mask these flaws, but even a mimic finds the Skin Thief Facet to be valuable at times.

BROKEN EXPERIMENT

Mimics possess the persistent Madness and Addicted Conditions; they crave the kill, becoming Deprived after a week without killing another character. Simple animals and spirits don't count; the mimic needs to slay humans, werewolves, or other such sentient creatures. However, killing a non-mimic Uratha suppresses both Conditions for a month and grants the mimic the Inspired Condition.

THE BROKEN SOULS: ZI'IR

Nineteen... twenty... twen— Ah! You startled me. Made me lose count. The precious count. Now I need to start again. Need new bones, fresh bones. Must count the fingers again. Give me yours.

Zi'ir. The name hangs heavy on the tongue, tasting of failure and regret and pity. It's a byword for self-inflicted tragedy, and a reminder of the depths to which the Uratha can fall. Every single zi'ir is a walking morality tale, a werewolf serving as a warning to others to not lose their way. When one of the People is lost to the utter extremes of Harmony, they run the risk of becoming one of these broken souls and devolving into something lesser, something empty and dead.

The Zi'ir are created through the werewolf spirit becoming so utterly out of balance with itself that it is wounded beyond repair. It is usually a self-inflicted doom; the werewolf seals their own fate through perpetrating acts that drive them ever further from harmony until finally they are so far gone that there is no way back.

This spiritual injury manifests itself in various ways, depending on whether the werewolf has fallen into the grasp of the Flesh or the Shadow. Some broken souls are trapped in one shape forever, driven mad by instincts they cannot satisfy. Plenty of stories tell of zi'ir entirely consumed by the need for human flesh and uncaring of all other concerns. There are broken souls locked into obsessive, contradictory Bans that force them into absurd and capering charades, and those whose rage has ripped free of their bodies to rampage through the Shadow without them. A few dark tales point at zi'ir as sources or descendants of the Geryo, their lack of harmony rendering them vulnerable to strange contagions that force flesh into uncontrolled mutation.

Forsaken often view Ghost Wolves with scorn and disdain, seeing the tribeless as failures who did not have what it takes, or as irresponsible cowards — sources of disorder and chaos, willingly blind to the greater tides of heritage and duty. The zi'ir contribute to such prejudice, for while the spiritual bonds of the Firstborn help buttress an Uratha's soul with an echo of Wolf's harmony, Ghost Wolves cannot draw on such external strength. Since Ghost Wolves also often shirk the tenets of the People that might otherwise let them preserve their inner harmony, they are far more vulnerable to becoming broken souls than those of the Forsaken tribes.

The descent of the zi'ir is rarely a sudden or unexpected one. It comes from the sustained degradation of spiritual harmony, rejecting instincts or committing sins against self and world repeatedly until, eventually, the wounded soul can no longer

heal. The spiritual equivalent of gangrene sets in and poisons the werewolf's Essence.

Zi'ir are usually shunned if they keep away from others and their madness is not so disruptive, or else hunted and put down before they can cause harm. At times, they meet other fates. One pack might keep a former comrade chained up, caring for them or unleashing them on foes to vent their rage. The Pure delight in performing atrocities of science and sorcery upon these fallen werewolves, sometimes letting the results loose onto Forsaken territory. Most werewolves, though, want nothing to do with the zi'ir at all. They are an unwelcome reminder of the struggle with their monstrous nature that each werewolf must contend with.

RUMORS

There's a wolf in that forest, a killer. It'll sneak up on a hunter who goes after the other wolves and try to rip them to pieces, completely fearless. Funny thing is, all these kids have made up these tales of werewolves in the woods, but I've seen that wolf in action, and it's nothing more than a beast but still far more terrifying than anything dreamed up for some horror movie.

Sometimes, a zi'ir lost to the shape of the wolf forms a spiritual connection to an area of wilderness or to a pack of natural wolves. This isn't a healthy or wholesome relationship at all; instead, it turns the zi'ir into a ravaging lord of the wild, furiously defending its turf from perceived threats. Such a broken soul can use any Gifts of Hunger, Nature, Rage, and Strength it possesses at range on any part of its chosen territory, or to grant their benefits to its adopted wolves. Such places become the stuff of nightmares — man-eating wolf packs, dark forests that travelers vanish into or set upon one another in sudden frenzies — until someone hunts the zi'ir down and deals with it.

You want the answer to that question, I know someone who can give it to you. The problem is, they're an old ritemaster who wandered off into the Shadow years ago, completely lost to the spirits. The knowledge you seek is probably still rattling around in their skull, but good luck finding them, let alone getting a straight answer.

Werewolves who plumb the depths of the spirit world for mysteries and secrets are at risk of falling to their own spiritual excess. Since so much of the People's history and lore is passed from individual to individual, a zi'ir lost to the Shadow can be a valuable trove of knowledge. The Forsaken and Pure



STORY HOOKS

- The pack need answers, and fast. The Shadow is in uproar as an old pact has been broken and brought down a whole tangle of established alliances; the spirits are blaming the pack for transgressing, and demanding they repent, but the pact was sworn under secrecy and the spirits can't actually tell the werewolves what they've done wrong. The old ritemaster who established this peace among the courts would know, but he's long since been lost to the Shadow, reduced to a mad-eyed prophet hiding in the darkest corners of the territory.
- A Lune has a mission — hunt down and bring to justice a criminal against the Oath and the People. The Ghost Wolf in question has committed atrocities against other werewolves, but when the pack track her down, she's a broken shell reduced to little more than an animal — and in the care of a gang of deluded humans calling themselves *Lupus et Fidelis*, who want to nurse their ruined 'god' back to health.
- An Elodoth arrives in the hunting ground, a mad-eyed zealot declaring himself judge over the People. Somehow, he possesses the power to reduce those victims who he deems guilty of sin to *zi'ir*. Worse, the broken souls obey this Elodoth's commands, inasmuch as they are capable of doing so. Has Luna really sanctioned such atrocity? Has a rogue Lune granted the Elodoth this power? What is the shadow of black and silver that whispers names of those who must be judged into his ear?

sometimes undertake pilgrimages to *zi'ir* to petition them for their secrets, or imprison them and treat them as living libraries to be tortured for information.

Look, I don't know what it was, but something went through Macau like a tornado and just broke these poor bastards. Whatever it was, it hit Shenzhen a week later and did the same to a Ghost Wolf pack there. If it keeps going at this rate, it'll hit Taiwan in a month or two, and then we'll have a serious problem.

While most *zi'ir* are self-inflicted, there are outside forces in the world that can twist and break a werewolf into one of these hollowed-out monsters. In Hong Kong, a strange phenomenon sometimes tears the power of the First Change out of a *nusuzul* in the midst of their transformation, leaving them as broken husks. In France, where the Uratha have Changed

in such great numbers through the centuries as to render it a place of pilgrimage and a hub for many of the tribes' great efforts, there are those who, during their First Change, are so utterly overwhelmed by some raw and powerful fury that they are forever lost to bestial rage. There are maelstroms that scour through the Shadow, flaying Essence from spirits but tearing directly the Harmony of any werewolf who falls foul of them. The punishment of the Firstborn upon those of their tribes who have utterly dishonored or desecrated their spiritual bond can be terrible indeed, even to the point of breaking mind and soul under the weight of divine retribution.

CREATING A ZI'IR

BROKEN WOLF

A zi'ir is created from a werewolf reaching Harmony 0 or 10 then dramatically failing a breaking point towards the extreme they already inhabit. Forsaken require three dramatic failures of this kind to plunge them into the nightmare of the broken soul; Pure require two. A zi'ir is locked at its Harmony rating and cannot change it under any circumstances, gains the persistent Madness Condition, and gains one of the Spooked, Shaken, Guilty, or Paranoid Conditions each day. Zi'ir cannot form bonds with pack nor totem, and no longer regain Willpower from indulging their Bone, only their Blood.

SPIRITUAL POISON

A zi'ir gains one or more of the following traits.

Dead Spirit (Harmony 10): The Uratha's eyes are dead and their spirit reduced to something gray and desolate. They cannot regain Willpower through any means. After being present in a location for one scene, the zi'ir's dead soul infects the Shadow there, creating a temporary Barren that persists for as long as the werewolf remains.

Dissipation (Harmony 0): The Uratha's flesh is literally dissolving into ephemera. When asleep or inactive in the Shadow, the werewolf's body loses all coherence, becoming a mist or a gentle rain of blood or gasps of dust that drift across the scene; it takes three turns for the werewolf to regain coherency if alerted or awoken. If it somehow manages to enter

the Flesh, the werewolf is forced into the Twilight Form Manifestation. The zi'ir can also submerge itself into the Essence of a Locus, gaining the rote quality on all Facet dice pools targeting a being who has taken Essence from the Locus during the scene.

Form Lock (Harmony 10): The Uratha is permanently stuck in either Hishu or Urhan forms, apart from during Death Rage.

Geryo: Under rare and extreme circumstances, a zi'ir is infected by the forces that can create Geryo, turning into such a wretched monstrosity (see p.XX).

Gibber (Harmony 0): The werewolf loses all ability to communicate in any sensible fashion. Exposure to the zi'ir's attempts to communicate forces a Resolve + Composure roll on victims, with failure inflicting the Madness Condition for a week.

Maddening Bans: The zi'ir gains three persistent Ban Conditions, at least two of which contradict each other.

Moon Fugue (Harmony 10): The zi'ir gains the Moon triggers for Death Rage. If she already possessed that set of triggers, she now enters Death Rage every night when the moon rises.

Rage Spirit (Harmony 0): Whenever the zi'ir sleeps, her *Kuruth* pulls free from her body in the form of a rage spirit which then flees into the Shadow, possessing Rank equal to her honorary Rank +1. While her rage is absent, the werewolf cannot enter Death Rage or Gauru form. Regaining the spirit requires the zi'ir to track it down and succeed at a Resolve + Composure roll to force it back within themselves. If the rage spirit dies in the meantime, a new one emerges from the zi'ir the next time she sleeps.

Ravens Hunger (Harmony 10): The werewolf gains the persistent Addicted Condition for human flesh.

Spiritual Poison (Harmony 0): The werewolf's Essence sours into toxic corruption. If she takes Essence from a Locus or uses a fetish, any other werewolf doing the same with that Locus or fetish within the next month suffers the moderate Poisoned Tilt.



BRIAN
LEBIANC
19

PATIENT INFORMATION	
NAME	MR. J. SMITH
DOB	01/15/1980
ROOM	301
WARD	WEST
TEST RESULTS	
TEST	RESULT
WBC	12.5
HEM	15.0
PLT	450
LABORATORY	
TEST	RESULT
WBC	12.5
HEM	15.0
PLT	450

BIOHAZARD
highly contagious

contact CDC immediately

CHAPTER TWO

SHADOW

DWELLERS

SPIRITS AND SPIRIT-RIDDEN

*Through me you pass into the city of woe:
 Through me you pass into eternal pain:
 Through me among the people lost for aye.
 Justice the founder of my fabric moved:
 To rear me was the task of power divine,
 Supreme wisdom, and primeval love.
 Before me things create were none, save things
 Eternal, and eternal I endure.
 All hope abandon, ye who enter here.
 — Dante Alighieri, “Divina Commedia”*

Among the deadliest foes a Uratha can face are those of the Shadow. Twisted, alien and thirsting, they are beings from a feral plane of unfettered dreams and nightmares, one that can shatter the sanity of those foolish enough to seek to comprehend its infinite possibility.

The denizens of this phantom realm, the *spirits*, range from hissing, whispering minor *muthra* to the indomitable and timeless *Ilusahim* who rule over their lower brethren. All have an ancient hunger for Essence, the stuff that fuels their very existence and gives them power and rank in the weird political games of their courts. Some seek to cross over into the Flesh and violate the laws of *Urfarah*. Others simply wish to feed and may even enter bargains with the Uratha. All are dangerous in their own way.

The *spirit-ridden* are the corrupt fruit of spiritual meddling in the Flesh. These humans are influenced by wayward spirits who have breached the Gauntlet and taken root in their minds. Such foes are no mere animals; each is a cocoon brimming with mad potential, waiting to burst forth in a fusion of spirit and meat. The Uratha pray they can sniff out such usurpers of the Flesh when they are merely urging their human victims; those fully taken by the Shadow’s power, the Claimed, are deadly foes.

Each of the characters in this chapter has its own story to tell, whether as a powerful adversary, a troubling conundrum, or even as an ally of convenience. Each poses a different threat or presents a unique opportunity. In every case, wise Uratha respect the danger and power of these beings, and do their best to understand such deadly prey.

SMOTHERING LOVE: GRANNY STITCH

*Don't fear the dark little ones. Don't fear the unknown.
There's safety among the horrors of the night.
Come, come to old Granny's arms. I can make a fine thing of you...*

The Grandmother is a *magath* of ancient provenance. As far back as history records, the stories of humanity have always warned of the dangers that lie beyond the circle of firelight, where the shadows slink and mutter. In that darkness beyond the hearth's ruddy light, the Grandmother waits, her voice whispering of promise and inspiration.

She is the call to adventure, the voice that puts ambition into action. Once, tribes would raise their voices in song to drown out the whispers carried on the night wind, bringing promises of riches and wonders to sate the desires of anyone who dared fall silent and listen to the void.

The few stories the Uratha have of the Grandmother from those ancient days depict her as a misguided spirit who destroyed as much as she enlightened. She lured the strong and the greedy alike into the wilderness where she could feed upon the Essence of their fear of the unknown and the exhilaration they felt from stepping brazenly into the unyielding dark. She inspired humans to new discovery and brought their number into untamed lands full of mystery, opportunity and danger. All the while, she grew fat and strong, suckling upon humanity's curious spirit that saw them venture deeper into undiscovered land, and deeper into the darkness of the night.

Ultimately, the spirit went mad. She grew too fond of her food source and, unable to reconcile the fear and the inspiration that she consumed, she became a *magath*. She came to crave the protection of humans from the very dangers she lured them towards – a contradiction she could not resolve.

The Grandmother began to pluck victims from those ancient tribes. Those who fell to the lure of her whispers found themselves entangled in a rippling, tar-black sludge and drawn into the Grandmother's domain, where she would spare them from the pain and suffering their unchecked curiosity was sure to bring. Tales spread of slouched men and women wandering aimlessly through the trackless woods and jungles, their spirits utterly broken as they shuffled blindly. Those with the bravery to attempt the rescue of their missing kin merely brought the Grandmother more of the Essence she so craved.

In the modern day, Uratha colloquially know this ancient *magath* as Granny Stitch. While she remains powerful and rightly feared by werewolves, they know to tread carefully when dealing with her. Some even perform the ritual to seek her favor in exchange for hapless victims lured into the dark

where she can take away their fear, ambition, and desire, and ensure those impulses never return.

ADVENTURE, CURIOSITY AND AMBITION

The source of the Grandmother's power is human curiosity, ambition, and endeavor. Any leap into the unknown may feed this monstrous entity. When she feels enough of that Essence resonating in a place, she sends the Saved out through a Shadow Gateway to spread her tendrils around an area and begins influencing those nearby to draw in victims.

Explorers in the modern age are few and far between; Granny Stitch favors the thrill seeker hunting out the next adrenaline high. She also delves into new curiosities; those exploring space, time, and the fundamentals of matter and medicine call to her voracious hunger and desire to secure those she sees as her wards.

The listless, the lazy, and those addled by drugs and alcohol are of little interest to Granny Stitch, and she deliberately shuns such individuals. Should such a person wander unwittingly into her threads, the Saved reject or even kill them.

DESCRIPTION

Granny Stitch appears as a black mass of thick liquid somehow contained into the form of an enormous, bald woman. She rests on a rocking chair that moans in pangs of pain and pleasure, and sings songs both beautiful and terrifying through countless mouths woven into the upholstery of the seat. Her skin is lined with gleaming wrinkles as her corpus oozes within her monstrous form. Several, spindly arms and appendages blossom from the *magath*'s sides and emerge from beneath her quilted fabric woven of human ears. Nightmarish jewelry fashioned from strings of eyes dangle from her ears and around her neck, and nestle on each pointed, black finger at the end of her thin arms. The spirit is surrounded by bobbins of tar-like thread and balls of thick yarn composed from the same substance, which she assembles into new shapes and forms with a lightning-fast blur of her needles.

From beneath her skirts, those who have fallen victim already come lumbering, each one a shadow of their former self. The facial features of these 'Saved' are expunged, replaced by three cross-shaped stitches where their eyes and mouth used to be. For Granny Stitch this is a kindness; she's saving these tormented victims from the deadly fates that their curiosity would otherwise drag them to.

Granny Stitch believes herself to be a kindly figure looking to save humanity from the dangers brought about by its constant need to discover, to seek excitement, and to push the boundaries of understanding. Her lures are designed to entrap the most susceptible to such impulses. When dealing with humans, she favors those who show confidence, drive, and ambition, whom she seeks to entrap in whatever way seems most convenient. The spirit has the deluded idea that she is somehow beloved by humans, and that she is simultaneously responsible for all the major breakthroughs in human history, for the very evolution of mankind out of its savage past, and its only salvation from those self-same impulses.

Granny Stitch lives in a realm of Deep Shadow in which nestles a quaint cottage set among a vivid purple forest, the Saved stumbling and tumbling around blindly in the gardens. Those who successfully navigate to her home will find it to be, although horrific, a place of safety and security. Those falling upon the ground find it to be cushion-like, softly raising them back to their feet like a helping hand. Flames give only a gentle, tickling warmth. In the absence of accidental injury, the threat in Granny Stitch's domain comes from the Grandmother herself.

RUMORS

People can scoff all they like. Me, I still hang an iron horseshoe over my door, and keep a good pair of iron scissors to hand. There's things out there in the darkness, and iron kept our ancestors safe from them.

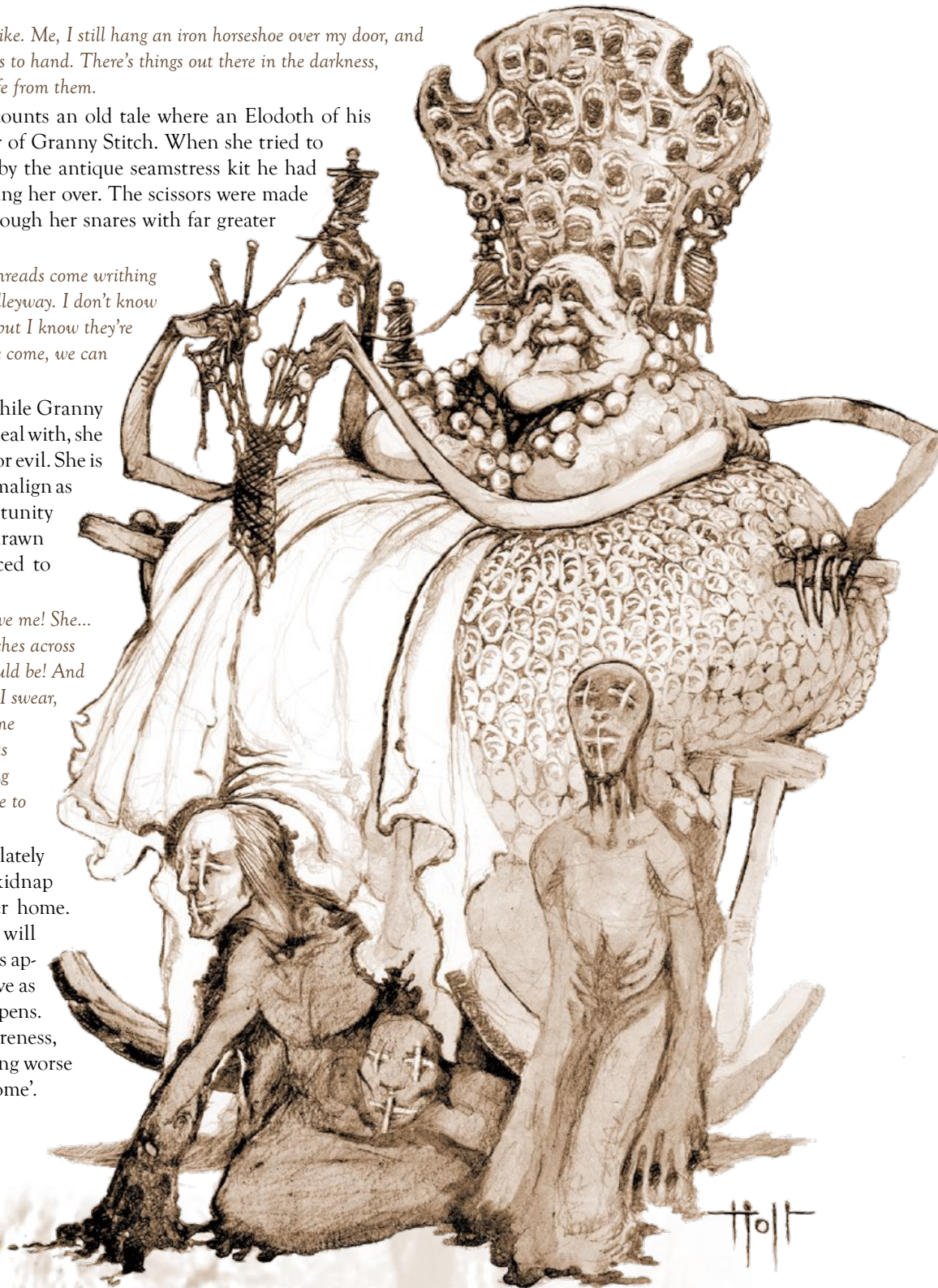
An elder Cahalith recounts an old tale where an Elodoth of his tribe once sought the favor of Granny Stitch. When she tried to entrap him, he was saved by the antique seamstress kit he had taken in the hope of winning her over. The scissors were made of pure iron and sliced through her snares with far greater ease than anything else.

Each night, these black threads come writhing out of the dark to cover that alleyway. I don't know what's creating them, or why, but I know they're hungry. Maybe, when the Pure come, we can lure them into it.

The Ithaeur say that while Granny Stitch is a terrible being to deal with, she is a force neither for good nor evil. She is just as likely to ensnare the malign as the benevolent. If the opportunity arises, enemies could be drawn into her traps and be forced to face her hunger.

Please, you've got to believe me! She... she has no face! Just these stitches across where her eyes and mouth should be! And she, she won't leave me alone. I swear, every night, she follows me home through the darkness. She waits outside my house, just watching without eyes... Please, you have to — oh God. She's at the door.

The Grandmother has lately stepped up her efforts to kidnap humans for delivery to her home. She's warning anyone who will listen that a terrible threat is approaching, and she must save as many as she can before it happens. In a rare moment of self-awareness, she describes it as 'something worse even than what I have become'.



THE GRANDMOTHER

Rank: 5

Attributes: Power 13, Finesse 13, Resistance 10

Willpower: 10

Essence: 50

Initiative: 23

Defense: 13

Speed: 26

Size: 10

Corpus: 20

Influences: Fear • • • , Inspiration • • • •

Manifestations: Twilight Form, Gauntlet Breach, Image, Materialize, Reaching, Shadow Gateway

Numina: Awe, Dement, Drain, Granny's Threads, Hallucination, Omen Trance, Seek, Telekinesis

Ban: The Grandmother cannot interfere with a creature at rest; sitting cross-legged on the ground ensures she cannot strike out at a petitioner. Furthermore, she is unable to harm children. The sound of a child crying causes her to bleed 1 point of Essence per turn until it ceases.

Bane: Scissors made of iron.

GRANNY'S THREADS

Over the course of five minutes and at the cost of 3 Essence, Granny Stitch can coat an area of up to 25 yards in diameter with black, yarn-like threads that entrap victims. A victim who touches the threads must succeed on a Resolve + Occult roll or become ensnared, slumping lazily into the pulsing black weave and losing a point of Willpower. A victim may repeat the attempt in future turns to try and pull free of the threads' influence, losing additional Willpower with each failure. When drained of all Willpower, the threads draw tight around the victim and draw them into Granny Stitch's realm. One square yard of the threads has 3 points of Structure and 1 point of Durability.

This Numen can only be activated in an area resonant with darkness, and the threads only manifest when the area is indeed dark; during the day, or under bright light, they vanish, returning when illumination fades once more. The effects of the Numen last for a month, or until the threads are destroyed.

THE SAVED

The Saved are the humans — and a handful of other creatures — taken in by the Grandmother over the centuries. Each one was once a source of Essence from which she fed. Now they are little more than possessions, husks hollowed out by her endless appetite. They are devoid of desire, emotion, or want, save what Granny gives to them. The Saved are utterly dependent on her influence, and otherwise will frolic in her Shadow gardens or stand like mannequins in her grand dollhouse.

STORY HOOKS

- The staff at the local orphanage are telling stories about a young girl in their care who has been having bizarre dreams. She says the janitor who went missing last year has come back, but her crying when he came into her room scared him away.
- A conspiracy nut says he liberated an alien abductee from captivity out near a military base in the desert. He describes them as a soldier whose face was taken clean off but the evidence was, of course, taken away in the night and covered up by 'the Man'.
- A Forsaken ally of the pack returns from pursuing prey through the Shadow, speaking of a strange path into the Deep Shadow they discovered that seemed like the perfect place to hide out if trouble comes. In fact, they stumbled upon Granny Stitch's domain while the ancient *magath* was elsewhere, and now she's caught the scent of the intruder.

All Saved have had their facial features removed — eyes, nose, mouth and ears — to be woven into the fabric of the Grandmother herself, who wears them as her clothing, shawls, scarves and jewelry.

While they lack most sensory organs, the Saved can perceive in a limited fashion. Black, inky threads mar their faces where they donated to Granny, with X shapes covering the missing features. These threads resonate with the Grandmother's hunger, and when the spirit opens a Shadow gate for her dolls to emerge from, they call out to nearby humans with urges of adventure, discovery and excitement. This call takes a form relevant to the victim, usually coming in dreams or subconscious thoughts. Affected humans feel drawn to the location and may even try to enlist others to accompany them on their trip to explore the unknown.

Once there, they will be confronted by the true horror of the situation. Not many go willingly into the home of Granny Stitch once they see the faces of the Saved. Granny's children won't take no for an answer, though, and the Essence of their fear merely stirs the *magath*'s hunger further.

The Saved fight in complete and eerie silence, all their efforts focused on dragging, pushing or throwing their victims into the slick threads of the Grandmother's yarn. They don't seem to feel or even understand pain.

THE SAVED

Attributes: Intelligence 1, Wits 2, Resolve 5; Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3; Presence 2, Manipulation 1, Composure 1

Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Stealth 2, Survival 2

Merits: Iron Stamina 3

Willpower: 6

Essence: 5

Health: 8

Initiative: 4

Defense: 4

Speed: 11

Dread Powers: Blind Sight*, Lure of the Unknown*, Monstrous Resilience, Regenerate •

BLIND SIGHT

As long as a Saved remains within Granny Stitch's domain, her immediate presence, or within one mile of an area of the Flesh infested with her threads, it can perceive the area around it perfectly, regardless of illumination or other obfuscation. Its awareness is undeterred by supernatural means of concealment. Beyond the reach of the Grandmother's influence, however, a Saved possesses no sense other than touch.

LURE OF THE UNKNOWN

The Saved may spend 1 Essence to afflict a victim it can perceive with the desire to investigate a nearby area of Granny's threads. If the Saved succeeds on a roll of its Presence + Manipulation versus the prey's Composure + Primal Urge, the target suffers the Lured Condition.

THE ANGEL OF EMPTY SPACES: WHITE AGORA

There is too much world. World, everywhere you look. World's voice, always in your ears. All you want is for it to go away, just for a little while.

Humans, like the Uratha, are social animals. As a rule, humans need their own kind; as another rule, humans have difficulty dealing with the pressure of constant social stimulation. The unemployed person lying awake at night wishing there was someone within arm's reach to touch; the server desperately wishing to be anywhere other than the crowded restaurant; the employee in a corner at the annual office party with nobody to talk to; the traveler on a packed subway car full of sweat and dissonance. They all offer unconscious prayers for relief, to end their loneliness or to bring them sweet solitude.

White Agora hears those prayers.

White Agora is a spirit of isolation that has grown stronger in the modern world. It — or she, depending on who you ask — is an entity not of physical solitude, but of psychological isolation. She is the palpable absence that hangs between people who share no connection. She is the desperate fear of, or desire for, being completely alone in a crowd. Her signature blessing is a form of sensory deprivation that makes the world go away — her name, 'White Agora', was given by an Uratha who experienced her touch. She empties the world and turns it colorless, a wide-open space where everything is blank — sometimes with a faint crackle as of static around the invisible corners.

The modern world has changed White Agora. Electronic devices have strengthened her as people develop a habit of deliberately isolating themselves, shutting out everything

STORY HOOKS

- A few of the hideous accidents that follow in White Agora's wake have drawn other spirits of pain, death, fear, and the like. These scavenging spirits begin to look upon White Agora as a beloved herald of the feast who must be protected.
- An alliance of Bale Hounds has learned of White Agora's existence and are attempting to strike a pact with her. They see her as a potentially invaluable ally for recruiting specific followers. Once the spirit isolates a person from their social network, the Asah Gadar can swing in and offer relief. The Bale Hounds aren't even interested in converting White Agora into something in the Maeljin's image — they simply require her to do more of what she usually does.
- White Agora becomes oddly attached to one of her 'suplicants' — an abused child, a mentally ill worker, or someone else the pack might find sympathetic. She becomes very protective of the human, but her nature prevents her from spending much time with her charge. She sets out to find some other protector, but what will she have to offer?

White Agora

around them but a small glass screen. These people are perfect nourishment. When her power replenishes, she moves on to deliver her gift to those who wish they could get away from the world, but can't. Take the prisoners of vehicles, for instance; a traffic jam is filled with people who are all sealed away in their metal and glass boxes, in their own micro-ecologies. A car barrels down an empty stretch of road, the driver desperately wanting to be thinking about anything other than the distance. White Agora sees the car or truck or bus driver as one of hers, and offers them her gift of absence. A hundred fatal traffic accidents have followed in her wake, and no one is yet the wiser.

ISOLATION

White Agora never lacks for 'supplicants'. Some of the many, many people who feed her might include:

- The elderly residents of a nursing home, at the mercy of an indifferent staff to even leave their rooms.
- A woman in a strange city, whose abusive spouse has forbidden her from contacting family or friends.
- A widower who doesn't know how to get by in his empty home.
- A worker, recently laid off, and without the old support network of coworkers.
- A person working two jobs just to make rent, barely able to make time to eat and sleep.
- A Wolf-Blooded, uneasy among ordinary humans and not a full part of the Uratha's world.

DESCRIPTION

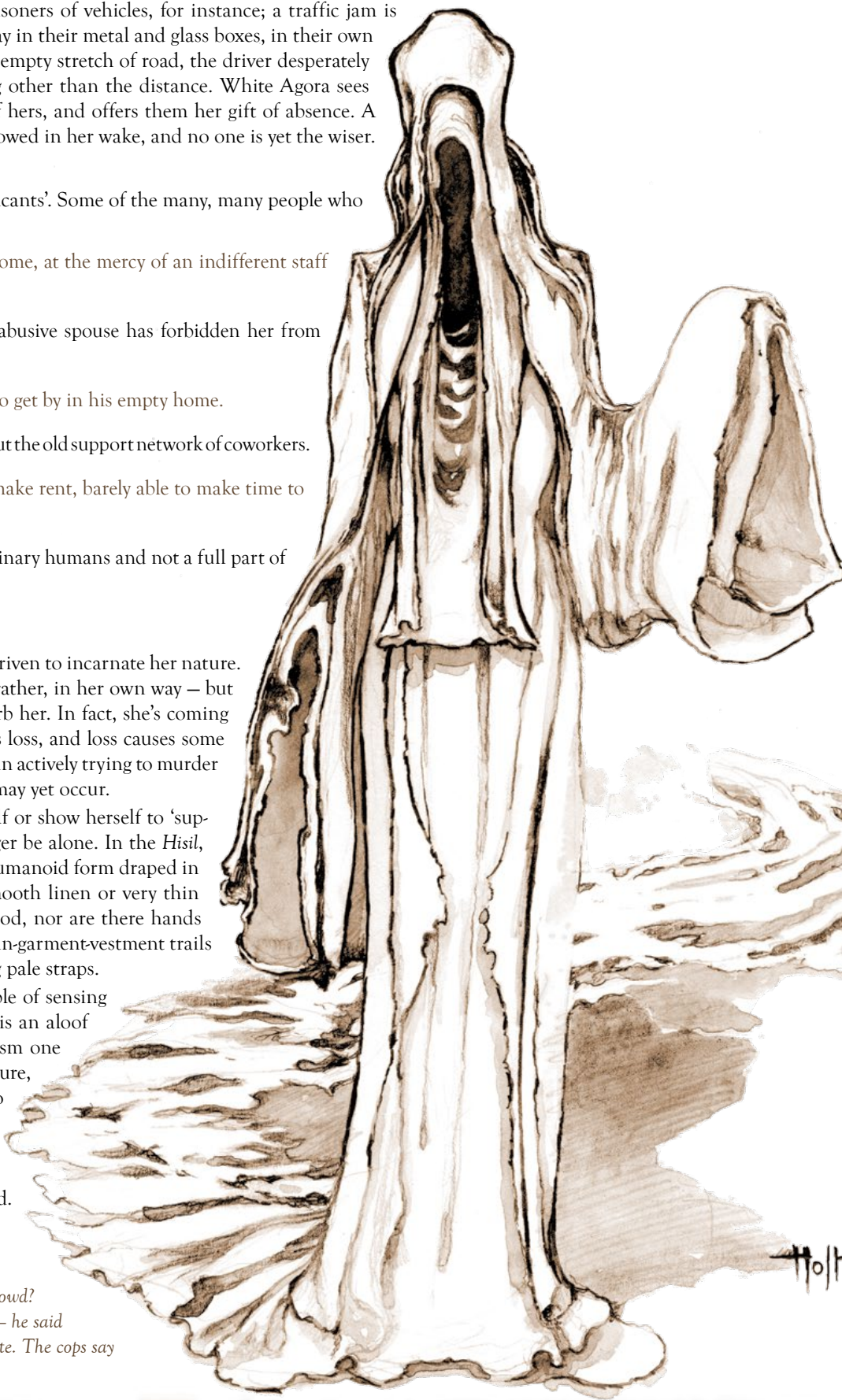
Like other spirits, White Agora is driven to incarnate her nature. She is not cruel or sadistic — merciful, rather, in her own way — but the deaths she has caused do not disturb her. In fact, she's coming to understand that violent death causes loss, and loss causes some people to withdraw. She has not yet begun actively trying to murder humans with her gift, but the thought may yet occur.

White Agora does not name herself or show herself to 'supplicants'. If she did, they would no longer be alone. In the *Hisil*, White Agora has a slender, seemingly humanoid form draped in fold after fold of ivory material like smooth linen or very thin leather. No face is visible under her hood, nor are there hands beneath her voluminous sleeves. Her skin-garment-vestment trails behind her in a long train of unraveling pale straps.

When speaking with anyone capable of sensing her or forcing her to show herself, she is an aloof entity. She has the occasional mannerism one might consider maternal — a soothing gesture, or an understanding nod. She speaks to only one person at a time. If more than one person speaks to her at once, she ignores them; if someone interrupts her, she attempts to leave without another word.

RUMORS

God, did you hear about the bus driver who jumped the sidewalk and ran into the crowd? He swore up and down he wasn't a terrorist — he said everything just seemed to go white for a minute. The cops say



there weren't any drugs in his system, but there had to be something. I bet he was on the same stuff as the guy who drove off the overpass last month.

As the traffic accidents caused by White Agora mount, some of the affected drivers are bound to survive. A pack that manages to talk to any of the surviving drivers can get their side of the story. They describe the empty white space opening up, for what seemed almost like an hour.

You heard that Lizzie Steeljacket is dead? Her pack is freaking out. She kept ditching out on them, refusing to talk to them, until one night she just vanished. A month later they found her body – the Pure got her, those fuckers. And she always seemed to have it together.

Lizzie's pack has gotten more dysfunctional since her loss, but one or two members are still sufficiently together to give the player characters more information. The pack had been investigating the whiteout phenomenon; they figured they were probably hunting some kind of spirit, but they hadn't yet identified their prey. White Agora decided it didn't like the attention and devoted its full power to isolating Lizzie from her pack. Over time, Lizzie's bonds faded until she went off on her own.

WHITE AGORA

Rank: 4

Attributes: Power 9, Finesse 12, Resistance 10

Willpower: 10

Essence: 25

Initiative: 22

Defense: 9

Speed: 24

Size: 5

Corpus: 15

Influences: Isolation • •, Silence •, Electronics •

Manifestations: Fetter, Gauntlet Breach, Reaching, Twilight Form, Unfetter

Numina: Aggressive Meme, Drain, Emotional Aura, Hallucination (The Empty Space), Innocuous, Seek, Speed, Sign

Ban: If conjoined twins ask White Agora to leave, she must flee to wherever they tell her to go.

Bane: The milk of a mother who gave birth without another living person within a mile of her.

THE PLAGUE-SUCK: NIMMURSAGU

I am as father Wolf made me. I do as I must, as I should. I cull.

Every human myth cycle names spirits of sickness. Before humans knew about microbes, they suspected invisible entities that cursed the body and mind to waste away. Or rather, over generations of buried instinct, they remembered. Even in the beginning days, sickness came on humanity as though charged with a sacred duty. And for some spirits of pestilence? It was.

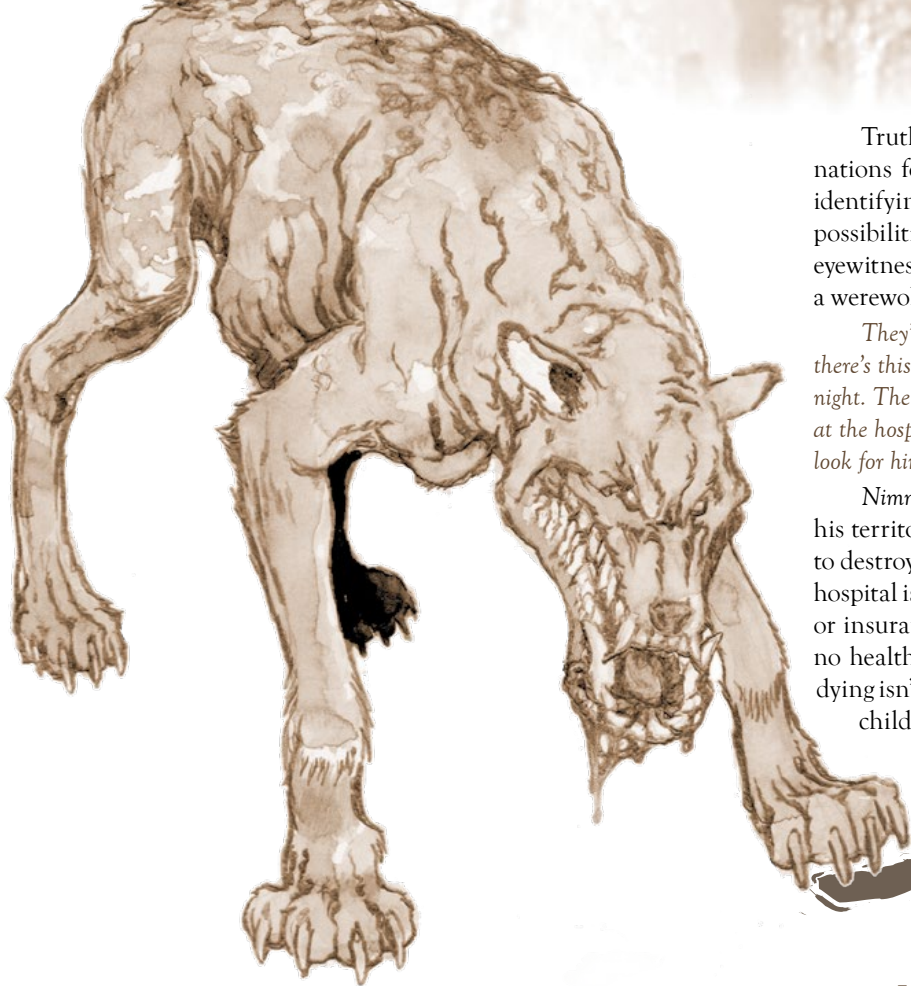
All of the great wolf-totems of the Uratha took broods of their own. Rabid Wolf, the most fervid of the litter, chose spirits of flame and passion and disease, and some became more like him. He blessed his harriers with wolf-like forms and sent them out to cull the herds of humanity. The harrier *Nimmursagu*, He of the Fifty Stinking Teeth, still performs that duty.

Sometimes the ritemasters of the Fire-Touched invoke *Nimmursagu*, but for the most part he pursues his original function without assistance. He favors the cramped quarters

of the world: cities where humans constantly suck in one another's breath or taste one another's leavings. He whispers sickness into the lungs of the sleeping, or bites deep into the blood of the weary. Yet he is a clever one, like all his kin, and always keeps one eye on the future.

RABID WOLF'S HARRIERS

Many sickness-spirits follow Rabid Wolf; the harriers are simply his most favored. Most are *Ensihim*, and a few of the truly ancient have become *Dihim*. The Fire-Touched invoke them with careful reverence and generous propitiation, for the harriers' sacred duty does not require obedience to Rabid Wolf's tribe. Most harriers are shaped vaguely in their patron's wolflike image, but some take on the forms of other predators and scavengers: vultures, jackals, wolverines, lions, bears. They generally hunt alone as *Nimmursagu* does, unless someone has driven them to war.



DESCRIPTION

The Plague-Shuck is a dutiful son at heart. He brings sickness to the weak, the old, and the very young with the businesslike satisfaction of a spirit serving its purpose. He would be almost pleasant to deal with, if one never saw the smile on his chops as he watches a fragile infant turn blue and gasp for breath.

Despite his allegiance to Rabid Wolf, *Nimmursagu* is genuinely warm toward all Uratha. He believes them to have very similar goals to his own. A Forsaken pack could easily parlay with him. His initial reaction would be strained patience — the Uratha would be distracting him from his job, after all, even if the distraction is a welcome one. However, he becomes surly and contemptuous with anyone arguing for compassion or claiming there's merit in protecting the weakest of the herd.

Nimmursagu's form is of a gaunt wolf as large as an Uratha's *Urshul* form, with a mostly hairless black and a leathery hide like that of a dried-out corpse. His jaws are far too large for his head, and a fetid-smelling black slurry coats his gums and drips from between his ochre fangs. He smiles more than he snarls.

RUMORS

You ever hear the story of the Black Shuck? The humans have a lot of different myths about big black hellhounds that, if you see them, you're probably going to die. You'd think that means us — but not always. I saw one. It looked like an Urshul, sick as hell, probably dying... but it smiled at me before it loped away.

Truth be told, there are a lot of supernatural explanations for huge black dog sightings. The difficulty with identifying *Nimmursagu* is that there are too many such possibilities. The Uratha might, given a strong enough eyewitness account, be able to tell that he's a spirit and not a werewolf, but that goes only so far to narrow it down.

They're telling weird stories at the county general. Like, there's this big black dog that goes roaming around the halls at night. The one guy I heard it from said there was a kid who died at the hospital, and the ghost of his dog keeps coming back to look for him.

Nimmursagu has indeed adopted a hospital as part of his territory. A novice Ithaeur might guess that he intends to destroy or corrupt it, but *Nimmursagu* likes the place. The hospital isn't well-funded, and people without much money or insurance receive dismal treatment. Some people leave no healthier than they entered. The rumor about a child dying isn't far off the mark, either; *Nimmursagu* likes visiting children, in his own way.

STORY HOOKS

- Funding has been drying up at the county general hospital. *Nimmursagu* doesn't want the hospital to close, but isn't sure how to make the humans understand that. Either he's going to start attacking hospital administrators, or he's going to find mortal allies to help him with the situation — for better or for much worse.
- A faith healer has been working what seem to be genuine miracles, driving out the demons of sickness. What the unwitting human doesn't realize is that the Plague-Shuck has taken an interest in her and has been eating lesser sickness-spirits around the local church in order to build up his strength. *Nimmursagu* is enjoying the irony of the situation, but now that the sickness-spirits are all but gone, the Plague-Shuck is about to make up for lost time by visiting the congregation.
- *Nimmursagu* is more sickness-spirit than wolf-spirit, but he understands what a pack is. A terrible howl rends the sky one night, as Fifty Stinking Teeth summons other harriers that he once ran with: Pain-in-the-Blood, Lung-Grinder, Vulture's Beak. Is the pack of Rabid Wolf's children gathering for a grand hunt? What does the Plague-Shuck know that he does not wish to face alone? Or has a Fire-Touched prophet offered a tremendous sacrifice to call the hounds of apocalypse?

NIMMURSAGU**Rank:** 4**Attributes:** Power 12, Finesse 11, Resistance 11**Willpower:** 10**Essence:** 25**Initiative:** 22**Defense:** 11**Speed:** 30**Size:** 6**Corpus:** 17**Influences:** Sickness • • • •**Manifestations:** Twilight Form, Discorporate, Gauntlet Breach, Reaching, Materialize**Numina:** Awe, Blast (pestilence), Dement, Entropic Decay, Regenerate, Pathfinder, Seek, Speed**Ban:** The Plague-Shuck cannot attack the healthiest individual in any group, even in self-defense.**Bane:** *Nimmursagu* can be wounded by the sharpened bones of a human who died from a fatal illness affecting the skeletal system, such as a bone cancer.

THE USURPER: LINGGAN ZHAO

*You're so strong, young wolf, yet your pack cannot see it.
Allow me to hammer you into shape. Do as I say,
and no one will ever doubt you again.*

Speaking words of sweetened glory to young Uratha, Linggan Zhao appears to only wish to help. He travels the Shadow seeking packs in need of strength and power through a patron like him. If necessary, he creates a vacancy where the totem should be through his own spiritual assaults, and arranges for a demonstration so the pack understands just how much it needs him. Linggan Zhao promises to help the pack grow stronger, carve out more territory all of their own and spread dread through any neighbors who might seek to intrude. He instructs the pack in tactics, finds allies in the local spirit courts, and is generous with occult lore. His is a harsh tutelage that only truly begins once a pack is established behind strong borders and away from outsiders.

As totem, or just patron, depending on the need and opportunity, Linggan Zhao works to isolate and test each pack member, pushing them in harsh physical training and emotionally scarring tasks. He urges the Uratha to break their oaths in pursuit of power and glory and watches to see how far they'll go and who breaks first. He indoctrinates his warriors in the secret truths known only to those chosen by him. Linggan Zhao speaks of devourers who will eat the world and end everything. Only the most powerful Uratha have a hope of surviving through to the end, united under a new tribe, led by Linggan Zhao.

The spirit leads the strong, dedicated members of the pack through the Shadow to bring similar discipline and order to the *Hisil*, eradicating disruptive or disobedient spirits, promoting those willing to obey Linggan Zhao, and calling in swarms of loyal members of his own Court to the area to watch over and enforce Linggan Zhao's needs — all in service of a strong pack, of course.

With the Shadow secured, Linggan Zhao has a final test for those he favors. He names the weak links in the pack to those he judges loyal and strong, and instructs them in the final test of strength. To prove their loyalty, the chosen ones must sacrifice the pack's weaknesses to pyres dedicated to Linggan Zhao. This final challenge tempers the pack through fire and cements bonds of strength. Those rare few who balk and refuse at this stage — or try to flee — become the prey in a grand *Siskur-Dah* for the pack and their united spirit allies to hunt down, with special favor given if they can be brought before Linggan Zhao, to have them tortured and burned until they are nothing but broken animals, to be finally executed as avatars of weakness.

Once their fidelity is secured and only the obedient remain, Linggan Zhao moves on after installing a loyal retainer as the pack's totem. The pack knows that this is not the end — Linggan Zhao may need their strength and service at any time — and they know they will be ready when needed. The pack is now one of Linggan Zhao's 'Claws', who must keep true to his vision and hide themselves from discovery, while he departs to find a new pack in need of his guidance to begin his work anew.

DESCRIPTION

Linggan Zhao usually appears as a set of 13th century Chinese armor, intricately covered with icons of flames and with spikes. The design and color of the spirit constantly shifts with his mood. His limbs can alter into whatever appendage or weapon he desires in the moment. Rarely, Linggan Zhao returns to his original form of a bird forged from heat-steaming metal. He takes this appearance when he needs to move

Linggan Zhao

through a territory with subtlety, or when he needs to flee quickly. Regardless of which form the spirit takes, he always has glowing blue eyes and the smell of burning metal that accompanies his presence.

Linggan Zhao's ego is enormous, and he believes in the nobility of his cause, but he is protective of his secrets, reluctant to disclose what he knows of the coming darkness unless he is certain that the recipients of the knowledge are either loyal or can be easily killed if they prove otherwise. He avoids divulging his origins as much as possible, and while he acknowledges the existence of other strong, loyal packs in his schemes, he won't provide details until he believes the time is right to unite them. The security of independent cells that few know of has served him well for decades. Linggan Zhao is very aware that spirits talk, so he takes great pains to hide his goals even from those who serve him. He does not wish to attract attention from other Uratha beyond his current victims.

SECRETS

Zhao remembers his life as a fire spirit in a Chinese arms factory during the outbreak of the Boxer Rebellion. Mightier spirits constantly preyed upon his brethren and, in turn, he hunted and ate any unlucky spirits he could find until he was able to overthrow the leaders of his brood. Eventually bested by a local pack of Forsaken, he rankled as the Uratha demanded his submission and hated himself more for giving it. Vowing to have his revenge, he befriended the pack's totem, a powerful wolf spirit, and made himself nearly indispensable to the pack. Taking time to turn the politics of the Shadow back to his favor, he finally lured the totem into a trap and drank deep of the wolf-brother's essence. With a rush of power and inspiration, he usurped the totem's bond to the pack and became their new patron, and they in turn became his first victims.

Among the many spirits Linggan Zhao has devoured, it was a particular spirit of lies that stirred the beginning of his cruel reign and his strange power to usurp totemic bonds. The spirit smelled of sulfur, before he consumed it, and sung of dark masters eager to form an alliance. Other such spirits often linger after Zhao leaves a conquered territory, as his sadistic torment of his Uratha victims sometimes tears ghastly Wounds in the Shadow.

Linggan Zhao is willing to rule as a totem for Ghost Wolves, Pure, and Forsaken packs alike. Zhao despises the Firstborn, believing their might isn't earned and as such should not be recognized. His surviving 'Claws' have little knowledge of one another, and remain unaware that the spirit has dominated werewolves from both factions of their ancient war.

During his rise to power, the spirit was rebuffed and chased out of one promising territory after a human sorcerer saw through his lies and warned the local Uratha of his true intentions. Since then, he has developed a strong hatred of mortal human mystics, witches, and occultists, and now attempts to kill them whenever he is able.

RUMORS

A strange metal bird-spirit came by the other day. It was asking all kinds of messed-up questions, wouldn't shut up about lodges. Then it got weirder; it asked what we knew about the Shartha, and



STORY HOOKS

- Linggan Zhao has set his sights on the pack. As a powerful spirit newly arrived in the region, he first works on gaining their friendship and aid until he can consolidate power in the Shadow. All the while, he works to undermine their totem, and to throw the pack's suspicion upon it. The day will come when he chooses to usurp it entirely, and the werewolves will need to choose whether Linggan's power makes obeisance worthwhile.
- A nearby pack has sealed itself off from wider Uratha society, caught under the influence of Linggan Zhao. Unfortunately, the player characters have need of lore or a fetish that the pack possesses, and so must brave the twisted territory of the stricken pack and discover what blight has caught their spiritual heart.
- The pack's totem has gone missing, the boon it provides stops working. It's not in any of the pack's usual haunts, nor does it respond to any summons. The opportunistic spirits of the *Hisil* starts to move against the pack in its time of weakness and their Influences play havoc in the Flesh. As the pack is besieged on all sides, Linggan Zhao appears, offering to help the pack rediscover its strength and weed out its weaknesses. The first weakness, the spirit informs the pack, is their missing totem, who abandoned the pack when it sensed trouble coming. The first display of strength the pack can achieve is hunting down their former totem and making an example of its betrayal.

specifically on how they split apart. I chased it off after that, but I have this nagging feeling it's still here, watching us.

The more Uratha that Linggan Zhao brings ruination to, the greater the amount of knowledge that he has about werewolf society and lore. Hearing how lodges connect many Uratha across the world, Zhao desires to expand and connect his followers into such a pact. This pales in comparison to his desire to understand the Hosts as well, and learn if he too can split himself apart to spread his 'divinity' farther.

He will lie to you. His honeyed words will find your ambition and soon you will find yourself waist deep in the ashes of your territories. I did unspeakable things under his control. The Zhao has a way of getting into your head and twisting everything. The lands I swore to protect were perverted by my own claws. I have to make this right. He won't suspect any disobedience from me. I have a plan.

One of the most powerful 'Claws' has broken free from Linggan Zhao's influence and plots revenge. He travels the area, desperate to get ahead of his master and rally other Uratha in a preemptive strike. The Zhao has spies all over, however, and caution is needed if this ambush is to succeed.

Hello, mother. I don't blame you. I can't. He changed you, made you hurt the family. It's just us now; everyone else is dead or gone. His fires can't hurt you anymore. I've melted my chains to be here with you now. Please let me help you break yours.

Running from the sacrificial pyre his mother made for him, a young boy tumbles into a realm of madness and thorns. He returns years later, changed and *angry*. He bleeds candle wax; flames dance for his amusement. With him comes a band of eldritch beings eager to establish a home for themselves deep in Linggan Zhao's land, and to aid their comrade in seeking retribution. They believe the boy's fate was more than just an accident, and that Linggan Zhao's pyres are a sacrifice to the cruel masters of that mad realm.

LINGGAN ZHAO

Rank: 4

Attributes: Power 12, Finesse 9, Resistance 12

Willpower: 10

Essence: 25

Initiative: 21

Defense: 9

Speed: 21

Size: 7

Corpus: 19

Influences: Fire •, Metal ••••

Manifestations: Discorporate, Image, Materialize, Shadow Gateway, Twilight Form

Numina: Aggressive Meme, Awe, Blast, Domination*, Firestarter, Implant Mission, Pathfinder, Usurp*

Ban: Linggan Zhao cannot tell three lies or three truths in a row.

Bane: Firearms made in the factory where Linggan Zhao was born.

DOMINATION

The spirit doesn't use coercion, inspiration or intimidation to dominate its victim. Instead, it relies on the raw power of the Shadow. The spirit spends two Essence and rolls Power + Finesse, contested by the victim's Resolve + Presence. If the spirit wins, the victim suffers the Cowed Condition (**Werewolf: The Forsaken** p. 307) for the rest of the scene.

USURP

The spirit can twist the bonds forged between totem and pack to cast the totem adrift and assume its place. The spirit spends two Essence and targets either a werewolf or the totem, rolling Power + Finesse. Werewolves contest the Numen with Resolve + Composure + Primal Urge; losing severs them from their totem and ties them to the usurper spirit. Totems contest with Finesse + Resistance; defeat places

Linggan Zhao

the usurper as totem for the entire pack. These false bonds last a number of days equal to the spirit's Rank, or become permanent (until the usurper chooses to cancel them) if the original totem is reduced to zero Corpus through lethal or

aggravated wounds in this time. A usurper spirit specifically doesn't gain the increased potential afforded from the totem bond while the original totem lives, but takes over the other advantages of the bond from the totem (**The Pack**, p. 63).

THE WOLF THAT WAS: GEYN-UR

*There is no point anymore. You'll just die like the rest of them.
This is... I am... not as I was intended.*

Geyn-Ur stood with the Pure for generations, a totem and a bloody example of the divinity of the Firstborn and their progeny. This daughter of Dire Wolf ran down countless prey, glorifying her pack's place at the apex of the natural order. An embodiment of the purity of the hunt, Geyn-Ur was widely respected and feared by the descendants of Father Wolf. She laid claim to pristine forests and mountains in Wyoming where she and her pack of Predator Kings stood unopposed for decades.

Ten years ago, the government built a secluded military hospital deep in the heart of this Pure territory. The Caduceus Valley mental health facility was designed to study and treat service members suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder, as well as other stranger maladies they would rather keep from the public eye — including those wrought by encounters with creatures of the night. Here, soldiers of all branches and battalions suffered under the care of doctors who truly didn't know how to treat wounds of this kind. More often than not, these poor souls were left to suffer through their pain alone in their rooms, crying into the padded and unfeeling walls, until the next appointment with well-intentioned but clueless carers. The resonance of this suffering flooded the Shadow with new spirits of fear, anger, regret, and loss.

At first, Geyn-Ur ignored the humans as non-threats, certain that Predator Kings would exterminate the infestation in due course. The newborn spirits changed things, mutating the *Hiril*, twisting the ecology's nature and infecting the ephemeral residents with human anger, mania, and delirium. Human faces appeared on the haunches of animal spirits, oak trees sprouted constantly-weeping eyes, while wind spirits surged through the Shadow wilderness screaming the names of the dead. The dark spirit forests absorbed the hospital's geometry, with copses and canyons giving way to labyrinthine mazes of padded walls and bloodstained sand.

The government expanded the facility, clearing away more forest and encroaching deeper into Geyn-Ur's domain. Conflict inevitably followed after Wolf-Blooded who lived in the forest and swore allegiance to the *Ninna Farakh* were driven out, or some stolen away by the government for rehabilitation. The Pure attacked the hospital while Geyn-Ur hunted in the

Shadow, tearing apart every spirit she saw in the midst of the chaos. The resonance of the twisting corridor mazes, steeped thick with despair, lost innocence, and hurt, moved into the totem, until in her sorrows she forgot herself and began feasting on the darkened Essence, forever changing her.

That change manifested slowly and insidiously. The totem's mood changed, the spirit becoming prone to melancholia and depression. She isolated herself from her followers, hiding away deep in the Shadow, howling for lost loves and names she had never known. No longer prowling her territory, ignoring any and all challenges, and no longer caring for her children, she became a dim reflection of her former glory. Confused by what was happening to their patron, her pack gathered their strength and attacked, seeking to end Geyn-Ur's suffering. Lost in sorrow, the spirit resigned herself to oblivion; and yet the killing blow never fell. The entire pack was ensnared by her despairing Essence. She had become a living Barren.

Watching her children flounder in their attack sparked something inside the mad spirit. She rose and reddened her maw with the blood of the Pure, before rampaging across her territory killing anything unlucky enough to cross her path. The few survivors fled the territory. They have yet to return.

Geyn-Ur still maintains her lands as much as she is able, lost in the two extremes of her madness. She is prone to long bouts of isolation in the ruins of the hospital, and rare but bloody acts of violence, killing spirits or other interlopers indiscriminately. The Shadow is dead where she walks, but strange conceptual spirits still roam the hospital, whispering dreams of pain.

DESCRIPTION

The divinity of her progenitor still exists in Geyn-Ur; her dark coat, sharp fangs and size speaks of her lineage, but she now has a gray human head, arms, and torso growing from her back. The arms are elongated, wrapping around the wolf's neck and muzzle. The childlike human face constantly sobs, pleading for comfort that will never come.

To be a *magath* is to be a creature of contradiction. The wolf must hunt; it is not meant to suffer from paralyzing mental and emotional illness or be lost to depression. Geyn-Ur

has fallen to these more human emotions, and loathes herself more with each passing night, but can do little about it; she rests in her lair, lethargic, miserable, and alone. When her rage is brought on there is no talking, no reasoning, only an explosive burst of violence. She desires death, ashamed by what she has become, but she has not encountered prey powerful enough to end her suffering — and she fears what death may mean for her blighted Essence.

SECRETS

Deep in the forest lies a grove where the Predator Kings or their mates would give birth. The grove is a Glade in the Shadow, and remains serene despite the devastation that Geyn-Ur has wrought all around it. A few of the surviving Wolf-Blooded children taken by the government have visions of this grove and, despite the past decade of misguided rehabilitation and coercive therapy, still have some memory of who they truly are. Despite the danger, some may want to return home.

During the scant few months the Caduceus Valley facility was operational, a prominent doctor's research into PTSD and drug therapy yielded fascinating results. Through cruel and unethical experiments with narcotics, he was able to induce hallucinogenic episodes for his patients. These patients claimed to be able witness apparitions defying logic and understanding. The doctor perished in the Pure raid, but not before he was able to send his first set of results to his senior officers.

In the quiet times between her rages, Geyn-Ur is comforted by her new bodily additions. While wiping away her tears and stroking her coat, the childlike addition sings a strange lullaby. The lyrics are a mishmash of words, names and rhymes ripped from the memories of those killed in the raid. The old wolf cannot begin to understand what these words mean, nor the implications of its verses about valkyries and gates.

RUMORS

Her very existence is a blasphemy towards Dire Wolf, and he is displeased. We have heard his hunting howl. Now is the time to prove your strength and valor. Venture into the very heart of emptiness and show that your rage can carry you through even the darkest void of the soul.

The remnants of her pack have not forgotten their totem's fall and calls for a great hunt led by the survivors have reached many Uratha ears, Pure and Forsaken alike. Rumor has it the pack that manages to destroy Geyn-Ur will be owed a boon from Dire Wolf, whether Pure or not.

Here, an article in the local newspaper about lights over the valley; locals report gunfire in the night. Here, a list of veterans sent for 'special recuperation programs'; they all end up with military burials a little while later. It all adds up to something the government wants hushed up; I'm just not sure what.

The massacre at the hospital was discovered and a cover-up story followed. A hastily built perimeter of chain linked gates were erected on the outer edge of the facility to keep people out. Many of those sensitive to the calls of the dead have been compelled to travel to the ruins, but none so far have returned to tell their tale.

Huh, you here to look at the old hospital too? More and more people drifting through these past few months who had a relative died in the fire there. This guy came in for a coffee last week,



Geyn-Ur

Chapter Two: Shadow Dwellers

looked like he needed more than one. He's been in and out of town since, keeps buying more wilderness gear. And gasoline, too. A lot of gasoline.

Davis 'Copper' Hume, an Iron Master from Seattle, is seeking answers about the fate of his father, a former patient at Caduceus Valley. Copper's dreams have been restless since his Change. In them, he is hunted by pale claws and bleeding eyes. Desperate and without a pack, Copper attempts to reach the hospital but is constantly forced to retreat, unable to safely navigate the Barren.

GEYN-UR

Rank: 4

Attributes: Power 11, Finesse 9, Resistance 9

Willpower: 10

Essence: 25

Initiative: 18

Defense: 9

Speed: 20

Size: 8

Corpus: 17

Influences: Fear ••, Pain ••, Rage ••, Sorrow ••, Wolves ••

Manifestations: Gauntlet Breach, Image, Materialize, Shadow Gateway, Twilight Form

Numina: Drain, Ghost Eater, Living Barren*

Ban: Geyn-Ur must consume any spirit she brings down.

Bane: Mementos from the slain patients of Caduceus Valley.

LIVING BARREN

The spirit constantly exudes the effects of a Barren, applying the effects of one to any scene in which it is present (see **Werewolf: The Forsaken** p.179). If the spirit remains in place for more than a day, it also applies the effects of a Shoal to the scene.

TO: Tabitha Brandner, Director of Operation FORT West
FROM: [REDACTED]

Based upon the final report regarding the fire at the Caduceus Valley facility, the agency has issued a quarantine order. All data from the facility is now considered classified. All personal effects recovered have been confiscated. The DOD has been given the names of the deceased and will reach out to their next of kin. All of the deceased will receive full military honors. There will be no more missions following up on the incident. The local government will fence the surrounding area and Operation FORT will be tentatively allowed to maintain a small team to monitor the area. Under no circumstances are any agents allowed anywhere near the facility grounds themselves. Any who violate this order will be subject to punishment under UCMJ Article 92 and TFVJ Article 3.

THE BROKEN MIRROR: REBECCA CORMAC

I've done something terrible, my wolves. I need your help.

The Lune began her life as one silvery wisp of light and shadow among thousands, soaring through the sky and looking down upon the lowly creatures walking the Earth. Ordered to descend and render judgment over an Elodoth's Renown, she finally met these strange beings up close; to her delight, they marveled at her beauty, and she adored their admiration and wonder. All too soon, though, it was over. She returned to the midnight sky as just one more sliver of silver among the Elunim choir. The pack moved on with their duties and forgot her. The ungrateful dogs only loved her when they wanted something. That thought became an obsession, and she took to stalking them from high above.

Finally, the spirit broke from her place in the heavens, shattering herself to join the Flesh upon Earth. Time is of the essence. Mother Luna is jealous at best, the last word on cruelty at worst. Werewolves seek the Moon's praise, but only ever wanted Broken Mirror for the marks of Honor she bestowed. Yet what Honor is there in such disregard for one of the Elunim choir? It is clear they need closer instruction. Surely now they will see she is more magnificent than anything they can find on Earth. She will teach them, guide them and, if they stray, correct them.

Now possessing a human victim, the hapless Rebecca Cormac, she begs for Uratha protection while her own kind search for her. Mother Luna has too much to watch over and can surely spare little attention for a runaway Lune. Broken Mirror will hide here among the wolves, and make them cherish her.

DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

Even the Forsaken see Lunes as mysterious and enigmatic allies, and Broken Mirror is counting on that to have a pack rid her of her pursuers. She doesn't know if Luna will give her another chance should she be caught, and she is not willing to take that risk. Still, although she desperately needs the protection of a pack, her jealous temper only grows when her would-be saviors spend time with their loved ones or even each other. She will quickly move on to a neighboring pack if this one does not give her the praise and attention she craves, and may even try to lure down raging Lunes of the Full Moon who might kill the ingrates. If the werewolves turn on her, killing Rebecca Cormac is not a big deal. The Lune will just leave the body and flit away, though she will plan their horrible demise at a later date.

DESCRIPTION

Rebecca Cormac is bleach-blond with pale skin, picked because of the similarity to how the Lune views herself. She likes dark colors during the day and light colors at night. The Broken Mirror hides in plain sight and does nothing to conceal her nature from werewolves, though she acts more elusive at night.

Broken Mirror is generous and willing to help werewolves in their hunt in exchange for their love and adoration. She offers them influence over their rage, but when her new friends spend too much time away from her, she works to pull them back. The Lune grows addicted to their company and increasingly jealous with every passing moment. Eventually she will seek to remove anyone the Forsaken focus on other than her, trying to ensure she is at the forefront of their every thought.

Cautious Forsaken question her motives, and Storm Lords in particular may take affront to her riding of a human



Rebecca Cormac

vessel, but she claims she is performing a necessary evil. She warns her werewolves of mad Lunes trying to hunt her down before she can warn Mother Luna of their terrible plot. If the pack is inclined to believe her, she dotes on them while taking advantage of their hospitality.

RUMORS

Strange that the Elunim would have so much rage. It makes one wonder if the spirit is really a Half Moon at all. It could just as easily be a Full Moon that refused the role of the warrior. Maybe Lunes change with the phase of the Warden? Best have her gone by the next full moon... or any moon for that matter.

Some packs believe that, like the Moon herself, Lunes change as well. Certainly, older and more experienced werewolves know that Lunes are far from stagnant creatures. Broken Mirror's descent is changing her; what might this fallen angel of the moon might metamorphose into?

There was a massacre in the Holly Hills Apartment complex. Three people dead, only the daughter wasn't found. The bruises around the father's neck match small, slender hands but there are stab wounds in the brother and mother too, and knives in each of their hands. It's almost like the children turned on the parents.

After her descent, Broken Mirror had no time to waste on humans. The father of Rebecca Cormac was not a strong man; Broken Mirror merely had to wait until Rebecca's brother and mother got into a spat in the kitchen to strangle him and manipulated their rage against one another, after which she slipped out the door. Police are still searching for her, and the story may feature on any local news channels the pack happen upon.

They must pay. The Lunes must all pay.

In her jealous paranoia, the Broken Mirror turns packs against other Lunes regardless of whether either are actually hunting her. An Ithaur survivor of one such pack, torn asunder by a battle with the spirits of Luna's choir, is mad with vengeance. His

THE FALLEN LUNE

Broken Mirror is a Rank 2 spirit with Power 4, Finesse 4, and Resilience 4; her Influence is Rage ••, and her Numina include Awe, Drain, Emotional Aura, and Implant Mission. She's Fettered to Rebecca Cormac; the trauma she inflicted on the young woman when the spirit thief first hijacked Rebecca's body has left her victim in near catatonic shock and incredibly vulnerable to the Lune's Urging. When Broken Mirror desires more direct control, she uses the Possession Manifestation on Rebecca.

Broken Mirror's Ban is that she cannot bear to see her reflection in an unbroken mirror; her Bane is a weapon bathed in the light of the most recent full moon.

STORY HOOKS

- The pack picks up the scent of Pure near their territory; they find a girl cornered down an alley, Fire-Touched blocking her escape. Rebecca Cormac lived in a Pure hunting ground, and her fall from grace landed her almost into their claws; the Anshega won't give up such a prize as a captive Lune without a fight.
- The pack's totem wants the werewolves to keep control of their rage. It knows Broken Mirror from old dealings, so the fallen Lune seeks the totem out with the following offer: freedom to explore the Flesh, in exchange for aid to control the pack's rage via her influence. The totem introduces the spirit-ridden to the pack as a friend, but soon spirits in allegiance to the Elunim come to reclaim her, and they won't take no for an answer.
- The pack's totem seems to have vanished. While searching for it, they find a strange young woman — one of the spirit-ridden. She begs them to stay their hand, and claims she witnessed three Lunes abduct the totem, perhaps in an attempt to lure the Uratha and into the Shadow. In exchange for their help and protection, she offers to grant them her patronage. The truth is, Broken Mirror lured the hunter Lunes to strike at the totem herself, hoping to inveigle herself into the pack.

fury demands he visit retribution upon the Lunes who killed his friends, starting with Broken Mirror. He's hot on the spirit's trail.

REBECCA CORMAC

Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 2, Resolve 3; Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3; Presence 3, Manipulation 4, Composure 2

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Athletics (Running) 2, Brawl 2, Empathy 3, Expression (Music) 4, Intimidation 1, Investigation 2, Larceny 3, Occult 1, Persuasion (Devil's Advocate) 4, Politics 2, Socialize 2, Stealth 3, Subterfuge 3, Survival 2

Merits: Alternate Identity 1, Danger Sense, Direction Sense, Fleet of Foot 3, Inspiring 3, Pusher, Striking Looks 1, Sympathetic

Willpower: 5

Health: 8

Initiative: 4

Defense: 4

Speed: 12

THE WOUNDED SHADOW

The *Hisil* is more than just home to spirits, it is alive and reacts to the stimuli of the creatures moving on and through it. It is like a human, host to countless parasitic and symbiotic organisms, and is as susceptible to their imbalances as humans are to toxic buildup of otherwise harmless bacteria. Everything in the *Hisil* is alive with Essence, with the ground spirits walk upon, the air the fly through, or the water they swim beneath all made up of the same ephemeral substance as the spirits themselves. Wounds are more than just the places where the Shadow has ruptured with negative resonances, they are an infectious cancer in this ephemeral flesh, that takes root and grows much like malignant cells within a physical organism.

The accumulation of negative resonances in an area attack the *Hisil*'s substance like radiation or toxic chemicals on a human's cells. The negativity warps a place's normal functioning, rendering it vulnerable to further attack. Negative resonance is a natural part of the Shadow, and the influences will dissipate in time to restore balance. Where the assault is extreme or prolonged by the continued buildup of adverse emotion, like areas of mass slaughter or ongoing suffering and hatred, the *Hisil*'s flesh ruptures and the resulting lesion forms a nascent Wound.

INCUBATION

New Wounds are most vulnerable to remediation and eradication, but this is rarely as simple as it sounds. While new Wounds fester and grow they don't tend to appear overly different to any other unpleasant area of the *Hisil*. Spirits resonant with malevolence are a natural part of the spiritual ecosystem. New Wounded resonances don't immediately taste different to the spirits who flock to the negative energies. Anywhere these spirits swarm – including non-Wounded areas – are rarely pleasant. Simply tracking spirits of negative resonances to their feeding places rarely works to find Wounds.

Wounds carry the Essence of infection from the moment they burst into being. The risk of corruption is slight at this early stage but increases as the Wound festers. Unchecked, Wounds become more embedded in the Shadow's flesh and more readily spread their corruption. Wounds tend to move through three stages, but this is not absolute. Some Wounds fester without ever progressing beyond the earliest stage, and others – brought into being by extreme grotesqueries – immediately appear in more advanced stages of infection.

Suppurating Wounds are in the earliest stages of festering. These Wounds are often overlooked and most only cover a small area, but some Suppurating Wounds spread low-level corruption over extensive territories. Suppurating Wounds take 1-3 effects from the list below.

Oozing Wounds are the most commonly discovered as their effects on the Shadow tend to become more obvious as the Wound festers and grows. Oozing Wounds are quite infectious to the nearby Shadow and can spread corruptive influence across large territories. Uratha packs work to eliminate these Wounds before they progress to a more serious infection. Oozing Wounds take 3-6 effects from the list below.

Weeping Wounds are major sources of corruption, well-established into the *Hisil*'s flesh and almost impossible to eradicate. Weeping Wounds inevitably grow and spread tainted Essence into whatever they touch. This corruption often poisons nearby loci, transforming them into new infectious nodes that spread the corruption even further. Weeping Wounds are so advanced in their corruption that even cleansing rites may fail to close them. Weeping Wounds take 6-9 effects from the list below.

WOUND EFFECTS

Wounds exhibit many of the effects below. These can be taken multiple times to increase their effect and make each Wound unique. Unless otherwise detailed in the effect's description, choosing an effect multiple times increases any bonus/penalty by one, or doubles/halves a duration associated with the effect. Creatures tainted by corruption, such as Wounded spirits, Maelinet, and Bale Hounds, are immune to a Wound's negative effects.

- Spirits exposed to the Wound must succeed on a Resistance roll every 24 hours or become Wounded (p. XX).
- Spirits feeding on Essence within the Wound – from a locus or consuming another spirit – must succeed on a Resistance roll or be infected. The total points of Essence consumed acts as a penalty to this roll. This penalty is cumulative across multiple feedings, and fades at one point per day. Double the dice roll penalty each time this effect is taken.
- Uratha consuming Essence within the wound must succeed in a Stamina roll or suffer -1 to all dice pools as the tainted Essence festers inside her. The Uratha can only remove this penalty by purging all Essence from her body and remaining that way for a full day.
- Harmony rolls within the Wounded area suffer -1 to the roll.
- Rolls to resist Kuruth within the Wound suffer -1 penalty, and the amount of time a character can resist before entering *Basu-Im* is halved. Taking this effect multiple times increases the penalty or reduces the time per additional choice, but not both.
- The area resonates with one of the Maeljin. Spirits using Influences or Numina compatible with this resonance (Storyteller's choice) either increase their effect by one dot or add one die to their pool. Multiple instances of this effect increase the number of resonances.
- Wounded creatures in the area increase the damage they inflict on unWounded creatures by one level.
- UnWounded creatures must spend an additional point of Essence each time it uses Essence in the area.
- UnWounded creatures double the time required to heal any damage while in the area.

- A Maeltnet is bound to the Wound. As long as the Maeltnet survives, the Wound cannot be closed. The Maeltnet doesn't have to reside in the Wound, but can't travel more than (Power x 10) miles from the area. Add another Maeltnet or double the distance a bound Maeltnet can travel from the Wound each time this effect is chosen.
- The Wound spreads corruption like cancer. Loci within 10 miles of the Wound roll their dot rating each week. Failure indicates the locus has been infected and will transform into a Suppurating Wound within a number of days equal to its rating. Dramatic failure instantly brings about this transformation, whereas Exceptional Success renders the locus permanently immune to the Wound's corruption. Any new Wounds automatically possess this effect in addition to any others they develop. Double the Wound's infectious area each time this effect is taken.

HEALING

Repairing the spiritual damage of a Wound is no simple task even for the smallest Wounds. Rites exist that can force a Wound closed but unless the werewolves take additional care to nurture the area afterwards the malignant Essence may return and the corruption begin anew. For packs lacking the necessary magic, Wounds can be fought through harnessing the relational power between Flesh and Shadow.

Taking this path involves surrounding the Wound with positive resonances, reshaping the physical and spiritual neighborhoods around the Wound to bring natural, untainted — but not always positive — resonances to the area to choke out the Wound's effects. The pack will need to ensure these areas are well maintained and supported by denizens of both worlds to reap the benefits, while the corrupted entities from the Wound will almost certainly try to expand or deepen the misery it inflicts. If sustained, over time the positive resonances erode the negative Essence of the Wound, encroaching on its festering effects until the Wound is forced to shrink. With each time period that the characters maintain the counteracting resonances — one year for Weeping Wounds, six months for Oozing Wounds, and one month for Suppurating Wounds — it loses one of its negative effects. Once the Wound loses all its corruptive effects, it shrinks away and closes against this consistent onslaught. Though it stops having any adverse effect, previously Wounded sites always retain some sorrowful resonant scar as a reminder of what once existed there.

For packs unable or unwilling to invest this time, cleansing rites exist that can forcefully cleanse the corruption and close the Wound. (See below for an example.) If the previous method is akin to allowing an injury to heal naturally, this is like flushing an area with antibiotics and stitching it closed until it heals. Unfortunately, these rites are never easy to perform. They require intense dedication and possibly personal sacrifice from the ritemaster and participants. Cleansing rites must be performed within the Wound, as close to its heart as possible, and often take hours or days to complete. The rite also acts as a flare to malevolent entities who come to disrupt the rite however they can.

Non-suicidal packs plan ahead and bring plenty of backup to try and keep threats at bay while the rite continues. Large, entrenched Wounds can take the resources of entire protectorates to close. If the rite succeeds, it forces the Wound closed, replacing it with a weak but non-corrupted resonance, often reflective of how the ritemaster performed the rituals. The cleaned area is weak, and prone to falling back into a corrupted state if not nurtured and fed until the spiritual ecology settles into its usual state. These areas are often targeted by any remaining corrupted entities in the area to undo the pack's achievement.

HEAL OLD WOUNDS (PACK RITE ••••)

The pack considers a Wound on its territory to be an affront. As the inheritors of the balance between the worlds of flesh and spirit, they call on ancient pacts to force the *Hisil* to scab over the Wound and allow healing to begin. This rite can only be used on Wounds within territory claimed by the pack through the Hunting Ground rite. (*Werewolf: The Forsaken* p. 143.)

Symbols: Blood, forgiveness, healing, territory

Sample Rite: The pack surround themselves with items symbolic of the territory and their claim to it. Each pack-mate marks the items with their blood, further reinforcing their dominion over the area. Starting with the ritemaster, each member cuts themselves and confesses a time they wronged the pack, the territory, or an individual present. As the pack forgives transgressions the wound begins to close. As the pack heals old wounds the territory responds and does likewise.

Action: Extended (10 successes Suppurating Wounds, 15 successes for Oozing Wounds, 20 successes for Weeping Wounds; each roll represents one hour)

Duration: Permanent

Success: The Wound shrinks and closes, eliminating its corrupted resonances. Any corrupted spirits within the Wound when the rite succeeds are trapped within the healing Wound, locked away from the world. The cleansed area gains a weak resonance associated with the symbols and confessions the pack used, that will grow stronger if nurtured and if compatible spirits inhabit the area.

WOUNDED SPIRITS

Spirits that linger too long within the area of a Wound or who continue to feed from Essence from the area inevitably become infected with the corruption. Wounded spirits take on the general negative resonances of Wounds. This usually manifests through subverting the use and effect of their existing Influences. Normally positive Influences are twisted and tainted when used by Wounded spirits.

Example: When a Wounded love spirit uses the one-dot Influence effect to strengthen love in an area, everyone affected suffers from obsessive, jealous, and possessive feelings over the people they consider 'theirs'. Victims subject to the spirit's attentions will overreact to innocent encounters and accuse others of trying to undermine them or steal their loves away. If subject to sufficient Influence, otherwise happy and balanced individuals would resort to extreme measures to ensure they wouldn't lose the object of their

obsession, potentially including kidnapping the victim, or murdering those they perceive as rivals.

The corruption within Wounded spirits can be infectious to other spirits. This is largely left to Storyteller fiat, but for spirits important to the story — such as the pack's totem — roll the Wounded spirit's Power + Rank, contested by the unWounded spirit's Resistance + Rank. If the unWounded spirit fails this contest it contracts the beginnings of infection. After a number of days equal to the spirit's Corpus — during which it feels increasingly uncertain and confused about what is occurring — it disincorporates and begins to rebuild itself within the nearest Wound as a Wounded spirit with an appropriately adjusted personality and desires. A totem retains its totem bond and may rejoin the pack with whatever story it chooses.

MAELTINET

The spirits called Maeltnet are more than simply Wounded spirits, they are avatars of the Maeljin themselves. How they are spawned by the Maeljin is unknown, but Maeltnet emerge from within the hearts of Wounds to bring their master's purpose to the world. Some Maeltnet are unique creations, whereas others are of the same *ilthum* and may appear as individuals or swarms.

Among the Maeltnet are even rarer creatures called Maeladar. Bale Hound legends tell that the truly worthy *Asah Gadar* ascend to godhood when they die, their spirits resurrected by the Maeljin so they can continue to serve and corrupt forever. The Wounded ancestor spirits known as Maeladar often appear eerily similar to their living counterparts to the Uratha who knew them. Whether this is because Maeladar are the immortal reward for valued servants, or if it is simply another tactic used by the Maeljin to destabilize their enemies with doubt is unknown.

Maeltnet (and Maeladar) follow the rules for Wounded spirits above and are rarely lower than Rank 3. The link between Maeltnet and Maeljin makes these beings more powerful than other spirits. Maeltnet access Dark Numina (see below) as gifts from their patrons, gaining half its Rank (rounded up) in these powers in addition to their normal allotment of Numina. They can carve Gifts appropriate to their natures into the souls of the Uratha and can serve as totems if it suits their purposes. Terrifyingly, if a Maeltnet kills and consumes a pack totem it can masquerade as that totem for a time. This effect lasts until the Maeltnet abandons the pretense or uses all the Essence it consumed from the totem. The Maeltnet can quarantine this specific Essence from its usual stores to keep the deception going for quite some time.

DARK NUMINA

The following powers are a sample of those available to servants of the Maeljin, gifted from their patrons to help bring pain, misery and destruction to the world.

BABEL

Byspending 1 Essence and succeeding in a Power + Finesse - Resolve roll, the Maeltnet makes it impossible for the victim to communicate coherently. No matter what method she tries,

the victim is unintelligible. Her words are random syllables, her writing or drawing meaningless scribble, and her mimes confusing flailing of limbs. This lasts for the rest of the scene.

CORRUPTED VESSEL

If a victim suffers Integrity loss within the Maeltnet's view, the spirit can attempt to possess her as if it used the Possess Manifestation, regardless of whether it normally has that ability. This possession can last longer than a single scene, but ends when the sun next rises or sets. This power has no effect on creatures that follow a Morality other than Integrity.

DARK POWER

The Maeltnet can offer additional power to any victim within sight, as per the Bale Hound ability of the same name (p. XX).

GLIMPSE OF HELL

The Maeltnet channels nightmares from the collective human psyche to craft a grotesque and horrifying form that imposes a reaction much like Lunacy. Humans exposed to this form must roll Wits + Composure - spirit's Rank.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The victim suffers -4 on all actions for the remainder of the scene and gains the Atavism, Delusion, or Reception Conditions. The victim is likely to blindly flee or break down before the spirit.

Failure: The victim suffers -2 on all actions for the remainder of the scene and gains the Guilty, Shaken, or Spooked Condition.

Success: The victim suffers -2 on all actions for the remainder of the scene.

Exceptional Success: The victim suffers no ill effects and may act normally.

PERFECT LIE

The Maeltnet can convince its victim of any untruth no matter how fanciful, as long as it isn't directly contradicted by evidence immediately before the victim, or the victim's own true knowledge. A victim could be convinced that he accidentally shot his wife if he fired a gun into a random crowd without knowing who was present, but not if his wife was standing before him unharmed, or if he hadn't fired a gun since the last time he had seen his wife. The Maeltnet spends 1 Essence and rolls Power + Finesse - victim's Composure; success forces the victim to believe the spirit's untruths for the remainder of the scene.

AMBITIOUS MAELTINET: PERCUPIA

Percupia is a Maeltnet with big plans. It desires to join the Maeljin and have followers of its own. Latching onto the nascent Bale Hound Aishah (p. XX) is the start, a poor beginning, but the best Percupia can do for now. Perhaps Percupia will allow this needy Uratha whelp to become a full Bale Hound when it joins the ranks of the Maeljin, but more likely it will abandon her when better servants come along.

Although Aishah believes Percupia is hers alone, the spirit works on corrupting other Uratha to become its servants. The other members of Aishah's pack have been easy targets, with each of them believing they have a special, unique relationship with the spirit.

Percupia is unconcerned about what the wolves would do if they learned the truth. Perhaps they'd fight, spilling blood and bringing more death in its name. Perhaps they'd unite and bring it closer to corrupted godhood. Either outcome is a win, as what Percupia wants more than anything is to ascend to join the ranks of the Maeljin. For this it needs servants, influence, and power. In the meantime, the pack's petty teenage dramas serve as amusement while it works to identify worthy servants. This Maeljin's dismissiveness of Aishah could serve as the spirit's downfall, as she has secretly learned its Ban and Bane, and won't tolerate another parental figure turning on her.

PERCUPIA

Rank: 4

Attributes: Power 10, Finesse 9, Resistance 9

Willpower: 10

Essence: 25

Initiative: 18

Defense: 9

Speed: 22

Size: 5

Corpus: 14

Influences: Death • •, Isolation • •

Manifestations: Discorporate, Fetter, Reaching, Twilight Form, Unfetter

Numina: Aggressive Meme, Awe, Dement, Drain, Emotional Aura, Ghost Eater, Innocuous

Dark Numina: Dark Power, Perfect Lie

Ban: Anyone who violates a sworn oath in Percupia's presence can give one command that the spirit must obey to the best of its ability. Each broken oath may only be used once.

Bane: Bones from a person directly killed by a ghost.

THE EMPTY MAW: SPIRITS OF THE VOID BEYOND

*The sky bleeds, child of Wolf. Transgressors approach.
Void has breached the world.*

In the cold expanse of the outer dark, spirits of the void itself suckle on the lacunae of that silent desolation. Where that distant Shadow simmers with empty resonance, strange entities cavort and squirm; beings of pure dark and of glimmering starlight, the children of impossible symbolism rendered into nonsensical shape. To these denizens of nothingness, the world shines as an alluring pearl against the blackness of space. Perhaps they burn with envy of its bountiful Essence, or find its chaotic clutter an affront to the sterile silence of their home, or are drawn to it as unthinkingly as moths to a flame.

Whatever instincts may urge them on, the spirits of the Void Beyond are denied an easy descent to the brightness of the world's Shadow by Luna's bulwark. The boundary god is not infallible; the skyward legions of Lunes are not unbreakable. Sometimes, the void finds its way in, an act of cosmic transgression.

The Queen of the Shadow displays no mercy towards intruders from the Void Beyond, regardless of their nature or purpose. Lunes are dispatched to track such spirits down, bearing Luna's ruinous judgment as the most terrible of retributions. Once past the Warden Moon's stride, though, spirits of the Void Beyond can slither into a myriad of hiding places — cracks in the Shadow where moonlight never pierces the darkness, the minds and bodies of unwitting humans,

or the overwhelming bustle of thriving spiritual ecosystems. Some don't need to conceal themselves, alighting in the domains of spirit-nobles who refuse to bow to Luna, or even falling into the grasp of the ever-opportunistic Pure and their twisted totem lords.

When such a spirit from the Void Beyond comes to earth, the Warden Moon turns to the Forsaken. The god reaches out to the Forsaken through the deep, spiritual roots of the Auspice, stirring searing dreams in Cahalith and setting Lunes to deliver enigmatic utterances. Those Uratha who step up to hunt the denizens of the Void find no easy prey. The horrors born of empty skies may lack malice, but their presence can be catastrophic for the terrestrial Shadow; they are fragments of alien resonance that proves antithetical to the world's embedded symbolism. Worst of all are those birthed from distant spheres, or refined to colder, crueler will through the crucible of the void. These agents of destruction and metamorphosis perpetrate unthinkable atrocities where they pass.

Still, the Forsaken are well-suited to the task. The power of the Auspice burns with an urge to extirpate such transgressions. Buried instincts ignite, empowering the werewolf's quicksilver Essence. This is no intimate connection from a loving goddess; it is a primal touch from a deity of change and madness, brushing against a mind so vast it can barely



conceive of something so small and singular as a lone Uratha. It is, nevertheless, a near-ecstatic experience — a call to hunt the void, the shivering revelation of an embedded purpose that was, perhaps, always Luna's intention for her quicksilver children.

THE SILENT CHOIRS

The Forsaken possess only a fragmentary understanding of the denizens from the Void Beyond, each scrap the hard-won result of an encounter with one of these alien beings. Many werewolves have little to no knowledge of the alien spirits at all; plenty of Uratha go their entire lives without encountering one, never feeling the bliss of Luna's call to hunt. Still, the most learned lore-keepers of the tribes have assembled a fragile taxonomy to describe the invaders, albeit almost every gobblet of it is highly disputed.

By these terms, the spirits of the Void Beyond are split into three rough categories. The first, the broadest, is that of the void spirits — those created by the empty symbolism of endless space and the light that dances between stars. Second are the

mulhithim, the planetary angels formed from the maddened worlds that dance round the sun, much like the Lunes that serve the Warden Moon or the sun-spirits of Helios. Third are the void leviathans, colossal behemoths of the empty dark so vast and so strange as to barely seem spirits at all.

While the void of space may seem empty, the symbolic nature of the Shadow renders that lack into something deeper and truer than a mere absence of things. Forsaken shamans believe the resonance of the desolate vacuum must provide only a suffocatingly thin broth of Essence for the slithering, hollow spirits that dwell within it, pushing them to ravenous cannibalism on the rare occasions they encounter one another. Many void spirits are akin to *magath*, seizing Essence from cosmic dust or pulsing radiation out of mindless hunger, although their alien behavior makes it hard to make any distinction between a true *magath* and a normal spirit of their kind.

Most void spirits are born of the vacuum itself, although the more stable among them are resonant with the prickling glimmer of distant stars and the thin light of the cosmos. Some

seem to be refugees from far terrestrial spheres, hollowed out and desecrated by their own desperate hunger while lost between the stars. A few emerge from stranger phenomena, stirred into being by eldritch dreams or surging hunger mysteriously ripping out of the supposedly empty Flesh.

Whether void spirits that approach Earth have an innate urge to try and enter the world is unclear. By deciphering the mad hymns of the Lunes and examining unexplained anomalies amid the vast reels of data gathered by humanity's sciences-turned-skyward, certain specific stimuli associate with the arrival of entities from the Void Beyond. At times, the silence of the void breaks with the crackling and burbling of strange songs; these alien melodies roil through the substrate of the Shadow and drive void spirits ahead upon their bow wave. The arrival of a void leviathan is also often accompanied by a throng of lesser spirits; the hangers-on cling to the polypous flesh of their conveyance, hide amid its rugose folds, or marshal into hungry swarms around its flanks.

Finally, a deluge of void spirits may herald the attention of the *gasuhathim* – the name awarded to the spiritual powers that dwell amid the arches of the smothered sky and may even rule over courts and broods there. Whatever the *gasuhathim* truly are, these magnates of nothingness send great servants to crash down to earth – powerful spirits possessing far greater clarity than other denizens of the Void Beyond. Such champions of the *gasuhathim* act to subvert spirits, align loci to the hungry maw of the void, and build beachheads into reality through which more of their kind might be called. These transgressors draw the greatest and most furious reaction from the Lune Choirs; should even one such champion of the void enter the world, spirits of moonlight will rush to marshal as many Forsaken across the region as possible into a silver crusade against such sacrilege.

Most void spirits that reach the terrestrial Shadow are plunged into a world just as alien to them as they are to it. After the bleak emptiness of the Void Beyond, the Shadow here is sensory overload. Some turn to gluttonous overindulgence, finally surrounded as they are by a surfeit of Essence, but incompatible resonance soon turns their rampages into agonized self-mutilation or flight back to the cold embrace of the void. Others simply starve. A few begin to adapt to their new surroundings or find sanctuary where a suitable source of Essence lies, occasionally spawning a void reiver outbreak where hapless Ghost Wolves stumble upon such metastasizing invaders (see p.XX).

The presence of such void spirits throws the local Shadow into chaos. As symbols of the void, their mere existence corrodes the laws and currents that underpin the terrestrial *hisil*, poisoning and twisting it. This is how the Forsaken usually encounter void spirits – as mad wanderers from an incomprehensible existence, hungry and confused, bringing ruination without intent.

HATEFUL ANGELS

The *mulhithim* come from the distant Shadow-cradles of Earth's planetary kin, serving as spiteful emissaries between the mad gyrations of these celestial giants. The planetary angels

are not spiritual reflections of a particular feature or place upon the world that spawned them, but are woven from the light that the planet reflects from Helios' furious glare. They retain some portion of the shining sun's prideful ferocity, intertwined with the hateful nature of their true progenitor.

Mulhithim are far closer to Lunes and Helions than they are to true spirits of the void, but these planetary angels have no natural place in the order of the terrestrial Shadow. Worse, they burn with a grim desire to bring Luna and the Forsaken low. Left unchecked, a *mulhithim* interloper will seek to ambush and slaughter Lunes, stir the denizens of the Shadow to unrest, and cause havoc in the world of Flesh.

The different *ilthum* of these invaders roughly corresponds to the planets of the Solar System, although lesser *mulhithim* have been recorded as descending from smaller celestial bodies –although, oddly, never moons. A number of angels claiming allegiance to the passing Hale-Bopp comet assailed the Forsaken through 1997 and 1998, while the Chelyabinsk meteorite strike in Russia spat out a small brood of lesser *mulhithim* that immediately and aggressively began to carve out a domain in the local Shadow. *Mulhithim* from the same planet will ally and co-operate with one another but share no love for the spiritual children of *other* planets; an angel of Mars and an angel of Jupiter will seek to slay each other as eagerly as either might pull the twitching wings off a defeated Lune.

Forsaken seers take this destructive malevolence as an indicator that the alien hunger of the Shadow is as true in the Void Beyond as it is within Luna's bulwark. Just as lesser ephemera seek to devour each other, perhaps the very spirits of the Solar System's planetary bodies crave the same cannibalistic communion upon the rocky corpses of their peers. Their orbit around Helios would then be as wolves circling a lion –lapping under the sun's searing light, waiting for the old monarch to weaken and dim before they close in for the kill.

VOID LEVIATHANS

The fall of a void leviathan is a majestic sight – a colossus of darkness descending slowly from the sky, as billowing clouds of Essence and gore spill upwards in its wake. Massive war-Lunes, absurdly tiny against the vast canvas of the leviathan's form, flense and flay the behemoth's flanks; gnats buzzing against a collapsing zeppelin as it burns with black flame.

Though they emerge from the Void Beyond, void leviathans are not like other spirits wending through that dark domain. Indeed, despite squirming from the Shadow beyond the bulwark of Luna's orbit, void leviathans are so different that they may not be spirits at all, but something altogether stranger and more alien. Their implacable approach leads them from the outer dark to crash down to earth with catastrophic effect, before seeking grotesque communion with the world itself; should Lunes and Forsaken fail to stop a leviathan, it worms its way into the Flesh, leaking down into the guts of the planet.

Most void leviathans possess aberrant shapes that suggest some nautical horror, a groaning worm born of black depths. They are midnight colossi of fronds, tendrils, rugose flesh and cankerous polyps. Some split open with yawning maws, or cartilaginous vents and gills that hungrily inhale Essence.

Many sport powerful limbs of uncertain purpose and tendrils that thrash with mindless instinct. Eyes come either in a preponderance, or not at all. In places, a leviathan's form is made up of insubstantial, inky ooze, or churning fog that stirs hunger in the gut, or sparking half-formed memories that never were, or reverberating song.

Regardless of their impossible anatomy, all leviathans are apocalyptic in size. The least are so bloated as to loom over the greatest ships that ply the ocean, to blot out sky and stars as if a piece of the dark void tore itself out of the celestial tapestry. They descend from the void without thought or care as to where they fall to earth. Leviathans don't speak First Tongue — indeed, they don't speak at all. Some sing and scream, emitting idiot melodies that shake the very frequencies of reality itself. If leviathans do possess intelligence, it is so alien to the Uratha experience that there seems no way to bridge the gap.

When a void leviathan breaches the sky and reaches the surface, the writhing horror's bulk impacts into the local Shadow with cataclysmic effect, crushing spirits and ephemera. The impact echoes out into the Flesh as well, stirring brief disasters into physical reality — earthquakes shake the ground, wildfires crackle into life, and humans fall to bizarre mania. They may be struck by nightmares, turn on each other in frenzied cannibalism, or dance and dance until their fleet are bloody and their hearts give out.

If left alone, a leviathan soon metastasizes. Its immense frame deliquesces into a black, oily mass that begins to sink into the ground and translates over into the Flesh. The gurgling rivulets of ichor flow down, deeper down, until the chthonic depths swallow them entirely.

What drives the void leviathans into this seemingly self-annihilating descent? A myriad of inconclusive theories circulates as to the nature of the leviathans. Perhaps they are the spiritual remnants of dead worlds' Shadows, each the last gasp of a slain god blindly seeking rebirth. Perhaps they're the ark-ships of a far-flung shaman-civilization, each packed with preserved souls and seeking a victim planet to parasite and rebuild within. Perhaps they're the source of life itself, the blind urge of the empty Void Beyond to birth forth existence and sate its own hungry need for *existence*. Every theory only gives rise to more questions about these bizarre, destructive entities and their origins.

RUMORS

Now, young Crescent Moon, tell me this. If the moon and the sun and all the planets have flocks of servant spirits... where are the angels of our own world? Where lies the court of Gaia?

The notion of a 'Gaia', a theoretical spirit of the planet itself, is usually treated as a philosophical question with little relevance to the daily existence of the Uratha. The glaring lack of *mulhithim* of the Earth, though, strikes some lorekeepers as a significant omission. Some propose a radical theory; Luna is a jailer, and her duty is not to keep the void *out*, but to keep Gaia's hunger shackled *in*. These seers claim that Gaia has threatened

STORY HOOKS

- A Lune is causing havoc. The opalescent angel purports to bear the will of the Warden Moon, but its enigmatic instructions are turning Forsaken packs against each other; it even seeks out Bale Hounds and fosters their development into tainted nightmares, helping them spread their creed under cover of its auspices. Is it a Lune-turned-*magath*, filled with the gnawing resonance of the void? Or is it a spiteful *mulhithim* that has flayed Lune victims and now wears their Essence as a mask?
- A powerful void spirit, servant to the *gasuhathim*, has breached the Warden Moon's stride and fallen to earth near the pack's territory. It swiftly seized a locus, tainting the well of Essence with the void and turning it into a beachhead into reality. Now the locus spills out fresh waves of void spirits; few survive for long, but they just keep coming.
- A Lodge of Ghost Wolves possess a gobbet of flesh torn from a void leviathan and locked within a fetish; this mutilated piece of empty god serves as totem to the Lodge, giving them some of the powers of void reivers (see p.XX) without losing their minds utterly. Unfortunately, as the bindings of the fetish weaken, the fragment within has begun to sing a mad, ululating song that reverberates through the Shadow and through radio frequencies of the Flesh. Things from the void begin to breach more frequently in the area; unless the fetish is dealt with, another leviathan may soon follow.

to rise from somnolent silence several times throughout history — and that each time matches with a mass extinction event.

The Slaver Queen's jealous grip on the sky is not as tight as her liar-servants would have you think, Forsaken dog, nor at all as righteous. No, the truth is out there, if you're just willing to look. Luna's a mad tyrant, not a brave guardian.

The Pure pay allegiance to a hierarchy of terrible and monstrous totems. Many of these beings are bizarre in manner and form, even by the standards of the Shadow, and the greatest *Anshega* totem lords burn with fierce hatred of Luna's tyrannical control over the boundary between world and void. Astute Forsaken draw connections between the totem courts and the strange spirits of the Void Beyond, and wonder what ties of kinship may link the two together. Are Forsaken and Pure the proxies in a war over control of that liminal space?

WEREWOLVES AND SPIRITS OF THE VOID

Werewolves who possess an Auspice gain the 8-again quality on all rolls to perceive or track a spirit of the void. While in the immediate presence of such a being, werewolves treat their Harmony as 5 for the purposes of shapeshifting, regardless of their actual Harmony score; however, they treat their Primal Urge as three higher when determining the amount of time spent in *Basu-Im*. The presence of these intruders stirs the roiling Essence of the Uratha into urgency as the divine imperatives of Luna come to bear; upon entering a scene where a spirit of the void is present, a werewolf may choose to reflexively gain the *Siskur-Dah* Condition targeting the entity without needing to perform the Sacred Hunt rite.

CREATING A SPIRIT OF THE VOID

Spirits of the void differ from other spirits in the following ways.

ALIEN SYMBOLISM

Void spirits and *mulhithim* add their Rank as a bonus to all dice pools to contest supernatural powers from entities native to this world and its Shadow. In addition, they are usually unaffected by witchcraft and ritual magic, including werewolf rites. An Uratha might discover an entirely new rite capable of banishing or binding these spirits of the Void Beyond, but desperate ritemasters possess another means of affecting such intruders. The ritemaster may introduce a *fifth* symbol to a rite that can normally target spirits, the symbol of Void, which must be incorporated into the performance; this allows the rite to be used against void spirit prey, but a failure on *any* dice roll during the extended action triggers the effects of a dramatic failure for the entire performance and deals points of aggravated damage to the ritemaster equal to the highest Rank of void spirit being targeted.

FIRST TONGUE

While void spirits communicate through a form of the First Tongue, their language is distorted and alien. To terrestrial spirits, it's more like garbled nonsense coming through the static, an Essence-aching wrongness in babbled linguistic form. A spirit or werewolf attempting to understand a void spirit must succeed at a Power + Rank or Intelligence + Primal Urge roll to pick any comprehension from the hollow wailing; failure inflicts the Confused Condition.

Void leviathans cannot communicate on an individual level, but their wailing starsong warps the fundamental frequencies of First Tongue in the surrounding area. While a void leviathan howls, the deafening static renders First Tongue into complete gibberish for any listeners unless the speaker spends a point of Essence as a reflexive action to reinforce the symbolism of the primeval language, allowing clear understanding of her words for a scene. Some leviathans afflict even weirder distortions of language, their eerie ululations turning threats into killing blows or causing words to throttle the speaker.

Mulhithim are not affected by this disjunction of language, and can communicate in First Tongue normally.

SPIRIT BLIGHT

Over time, the presence of a void spirit disrupts terrestrial Shadow and Flesh. Should one or more such spirits remain in an area for at least a day, two of the listed effects below are applied to an area of up to a single building or field in size; after a month, four effects are applied across an area of up to a city block in scope; and after a year, six effects come to bear against an area with a radius in miles equal to the highest Rank in the group. After all void spirits move on or are destroyed, one effect fades per day.

Void spirits do not usually have conscious control over which effect comes into play, although one of the *gasuhathim* can directly choose effects and can even shift one effect to another with a day's effort by spending 10 points of Essence.

Whenever an effect refers to Rank, it uses the highest Rank among all void spirits present in the affected area. Negative effects or penalties never apply to other void spirits. *Mulhithim* do not trigger a spiritual blight through their presence; void leviathans in the Shadow do, although this is usually only a problem when one is so crippled that it cannot translate into the Flesh and hence lingers in its impact site for a long period of time.

The following list is not exhaustive and serves only as a starting point for the strange effects that void spirits may have on an area.

- Spirits suffer the moderate Poisoned Tilt as long as they remain in the area.
- All perception dice pools while in the affected area suffer a penalty equal to void spirit Rank.
- Contesting or resisting the effects of extreme cold or suffocation suffer a penalty equal to void spirit Rank.
- Any entities crossing the Gauntlet suffer bashing damage equal to void spirit Rank.
- Electrical and combustion devices become prone to extreme unreliability, treating any failure in an attempt to use or employ such a device as a dramatic failure. Craft and Science dice pools to repair or treat such problems suffer a penalty equal to void spirit Rank.
- All loci in the area have their effective rating reduced by Rank; if this reduces a locus to zero rating, it falls dormant.
- All spirits gain the Reality Stutter Dread Power as long as they remain in the affected area, including void spirits.
- All spirits in the area count as void spirits for the purposes of Alien Symbolism and First Tongue.
- Traveling through the affected area of Shadow always takes a number of additional hours equal to void spirit Rank.

- Each month, a number of random pieces of information or data equal to void spirit Rank will decay away; files on a computer corrupt, ink melts off a page into ichorous spatter, or a recording now plays a crackling, deep howl like some sort of tortured whalesong.
- The Shadow suffers the penalties of an extreme environment of level equal to void spirit Rank; local ephemera crumbles away to create a desolate wasteland, and the air thins to be almost suffocating.
- Each month, a number of random humans equal to void spirit Rank suffer their souls being snuffed out. Such victims' eyes fill with pools of inky blackness, and they are treated as Open to all spirits.

VOID ESSENCE

Spirits of the void struggle to find appropriate resonance in the terrestrial Shadow. As well as the risks of moving further towards a *magath*, a spirit of the void that acquires Essence from any non-resonant source only gains one usable point of Essence for every 10 it consumes. The reverse is also true for spirits or Uratha trying to draw Essence from a spirit of the void.

When prey attempts to use a supernatural power that costs Essence in the presence of a spirit of the void, the spirit may reflexively spend 1 Essence to increase the cost of the power in question by the spirit's Rank. The spirit does not need to be aware of the power's use; the empty maw of the Void Beyond simply acts through it to drain away the spiritual energy.

VOID LEVIATHAN

Void leviathans are too large to be represented with conventional attributes. The least of these starry behemoths is greater than a skyscraper, and the largest defy terrestrial comprehension entirely. A void leviathan does not suffer meaningful damage from conventional effects, and cannot be targeted as distinct or singular prey by supernatural powers, except for the Sacred Hunt.

A void leviathan serves as both backdrop for the hunt, and as its prey; one of these entities is best presented as a series of scenes presenting the challenges of tackling such a behemoth. Uratha seeking to slay one of these colossi must search out vital organs exposed upon its surface, wounds torn into its hide by greater Lunes, and other vulnerabilities they might reach; depending on the mad anatomy of the leviathan in question, a pack may even be able to breach into its churning innards and battle through the grotesque interior.

A void leviathan always imposes extreme environment effects of level two or higher, and one or more spiritual blight effects always apply to anyone on its surface; a leviathan's Rank is treated as 5 for such powers. Moving across its bulk is likely to involve extensive use of Athletics, supernatural powers, or spiritual allies. Furthermore, most leviathans play host to a swarm of parasitic or opportunistic lesser entities; werewolf attackers will meet hostile void spirits and other, stranger hybrids of flesh and Void. The leviathan itself is unlikely to be directly capable of attacking, but the thrashing of immense limbs can threaten to pulverize unwary Uratha. Polyp-nests

of thrashing tendrils and other defensive organelles are represented through high-Rank spirits incapable of moving far but with a monstrous reach; ichor spilled from the leviathan's wounds may also coagulate into fresh void spirits that rush to purge invaders.

Void leviathans regularly suck in swathes of Essence from the surrounding Shadow, draining so much energy as to render ephemera to dust and stoke the furnace of power that boils within. Such leeching is forewarned by the opening of gills, vents, or other apertures in an area; in the following turn, the spiritual inhalation drains 5 points of Essence from anyone or anything caught in the intake stream. Those without enough Essence to pay the tithe — or no Essence trait at all — suffer points of aggravated damage equal to the number of points of Essence they are unable to give. It's possible to hide from the inhalation amid the fronds and folds of the leviathan's surface, but the timing is likely to be deeply inconvenient if a pack is already waist-deep in void spirits or the beast's thrashing threatens to pitch them from its flank.

LIGHT EATER, SPIRIT OF THE VOID

Light eaters are among the most common manifestations of the void that urban werewolves encounter, which is to say that they are thankfully vanishingly rare. A light eater is a *magath* drawn to sources of light, hungering for the lambent resonance therein. Those that pierce the Warden's Stride thus often descend towards built-up areas where the light pollution of modern humanity throws forth an alluring glow. Overwhelming illumination isn't what the light eaters seek — a brilliantly lit stage is too intense for their void-born ephemera to handle. Instead, they hunt for lights amid darkness, for the flickering streetlamps that offer oases of brightness in a gloomy street or the neon dreams of a dingy club. Ensconced on such a font of sustenance, they nest and suckle at their precious light, even as the surrounding Shadow begins to twist and enfeeble.

Light eaters come in many forms, though usually they appear as a thrashing mass of starlit darkness pockmarked by eyes that gleam like distant suns. One or more vicious maws part the spirit's substance; hunger is a substantial part of the spirit's symbolic make-up. They often possess humans, not out of any seeming agenda but because the spiritual void of humanity simply draws them into hapless victims; once embedded in flesh, the alien spirit may try to further its Resonance but is more likely to arrange the prison of meat into a bone-splintering, nonsensical configuration, contemplating the experience before returning to the Shadow.

Most light eaters burn out rapidly when they can't find a suitable light to feed from, or rip themselves apart after eating the wrong Essence — although a spirit that ends up frenziedly guzzling down light in the wrong part of town can cause catastrophic phenomena before it bursts apart. If the Forsaken don't hunt survivors down at Luna's outraged urgings, the Pure totems will instead. The totems offer these gibbering aberrations a place in their broods and courts, quietly gathering such alien spirits to their skirts as a precious connection to the Void Beyond.

LIGHT EATER, SPIRIT OF THE VOID

Rank: 3

Attributes: Power 9, Finesse 7, Resistance 8

Willpower: 10

Essence: 20

Initiative: 15

Defense: 7

Speed: 16

Size: 8

Corpus: 16

Influences: Hunger •, Light ••, Void ••

Manifestations: Fetter, Possess, Twilight Form, Unfetter

Numina: Drain, Entropic Decay, Left-Handed Spanner, Regenerate, Sign

Ban: A light eater cannot enter an area that has not been illuminated by natural sunlight at all in the past week.

Bane: Extremely focused natural sunlight; normal levels of the sun's illumination are not sufficient.

URINSAHI, BLOOD OF MARS

Urinsahi is one of the *mulhithim*, herald of the red planet Mars. Born upon that world's reflected light, the spirit has slithered past the Warden Moon's bulwark to prowl the forbidden land beneath. While *Urinsahi* takes cruel glee in hunting Lunes, it is principally concerned with the wounds of the Earth—the physical and spiritual convulsions of earthquakes, volcanoes, and other geological cataclysms.

In some cases, the Martian angel comes to where the world's surface has spasmed or broken shortly after the fact, and sets about causing further ruination. It torments or provokes spirits of earth and fire into furious renewal of hostility, hoping to incite the aftershocks of an earthquake or scorch the planet's skin down to the rocky bone. At other times, *Urinsahi* seeks out places where circumstances threaten an eruption or tremor but have yet to manifest such, and endeavors to bring such an event about. In its attempts to drive a wound into the Earth's surface, it's even engineered other calamities, bringing down an aircraft to see what impact the vehicle and its screaming flesh cargo might have, or launching a frenzied strike on the Shadow of a nuclear power plant to try and trigger a disastrous meltdown in the Flesh. The angel wants the world to *bleed*, via whatever means possible.

The *mulhithim* appears as tangled ribbons of shimmering red light, coils of brown dust, and hateful scarlet eyes bound in a cohesive, geometric pattern. In battle, the red light unfolds into scythe-like talons of hard-edged, crimson luminescence. Twelve pale red wings encircle its form, often draped with the slowly fading ephemera of Lune-viscera from the angel's most recent prey. Its voice booms, clawing at the mind of the listener with an urge to kneel, to prostrate, to cut one's own wrists and spill blood onto the world's profane dirt in honor of the distant red planet. *Urinsahi* is not interested in the entreaties of the great totems of the Pure; it is to drive the sword of Mars into the crust-clad skull of its rival planet, and knows it will die here upon the carcass-world of Earth one way or another.

URINSAHI, BLOOD OF MARS

Rank: 4

Attributes: Power 12, Finesse 9, Resistance 9

Willpower: 10

Essence: 25

Initiative: 18

Defense: 9

Speed: 21 (flight)

Size: 6

Corpus: 15

Influences: Light •••, Earthquakes •••

Manifestations: Gauntlet Breach, Image, Materialize, Reaching, Twilight Form

Numina: Awe, Blast, Emotional Aura, Firestarter, Regenerate, Seek

Ban: When confronted by a mirror of at least Size 5 upon which a human has willingly spilled enough of their own blood to inflict five points of lethal damage upon themselves, *Urinsahi* must immediately flee and fly upward until it can no longer perceive the mirror at all.

Bane: Soil or stone from Mars.

THE SKYBREAKER, VOID LEVIATHAN

The Skybreaker drifts through the empty dark, its twitching appendages turning its course towards the shining sphere of Earth. It's not called the Skybreaker, of course, not yet. Such names mean nothing in the void. When it falls to earth, though, they'll call it Skybreaker then—a vast leviathan of darkness, a hole in the firmament above.

The void leviathan is the size of an oil tanker, if oil tankers came in night-black meat and tarry fluids and convulsing, eye-covered folds. When it hits the Shadow's approximation of the ground, it will obliterate everything beneath it and pulverize its own underbelly. Then, as it lies shrieking at an uncaring world, the real damage will begin. The leviathan will guzzle down Essence to fuel its translation into the Flesh; if left unchecked, it will leave a vast scar of spiritual barrens and symbolically poisoned desolation. Should its fluid emanation reach into the physical world, much will pour down into the unknown depths of the Earth, but too much will end up caught in groundwater, pouring through pipes, tainting the fluid of the ecosystem. Mutation and sickness will follow. Minds will unravel. The fabric of reality will flense away, and darker things creep through.

Killing the Skybreaker: Packs marshaled to kill the beast face a considerable undertaking. Screaming polyps and tendrils covered in ivory teeth pepper the leviathan's hide, each equivalent to a Rank 2 spirit with potent battle-Numina. Bizarre Claimed hide amid the folds, stardust and gas bound by the will of maddened void spirits. In the Skybreaker's presence, the wounded firmament of the Shadow weeps and thrashes; any combat taking place upon its body suffers the Heavy Winds Environmental Tilt, with the strength of the wind changing at random from turn to turn. Snakes of lightning flicker and lash down at the beast's wounded flanks, striking at single character

once every two turns in combat with the Blast Numen and a dice pool of 15. Finding cover beneath the fins and ridges of the Skybreaker offers some relief from the tumultuous weather.

Breaching the leviathan's body is possible through one of the gland-structures that spurt raw darkness out into the surrounding Shadow, requiring a battle against the Rank 4 spirit-guardian of the exocrine orifice fought in pitch-black conditions; the ephemeral effluent is symbolically toxic, forcing invaders to succeed at a roll of Stamina + Primal Urge - 4; failure inflicts the grave Poisoned Tilt for the duration of the combat, while success causes only the moderate Poisoned Tilt. Once in, the fighting grows fiercer in the cramped conditions of the ebon flesh-channels; the thrashing viscera in which any battle is fought can itself use the Blinding Spray and Snare Dread Powers with a dice pool of 12, targeting one invader at the end of each turn.

The heart of the beast is a massive, knotted agglomeration of nova-bright fire, oozing meat, and sucking vacuum — a Claimed mass that must be destroyed to bring an end to the Skybreaker. A mind-bending tapestry of starlight and void curls and flickers through the chamber, survival instinct made real and given brutal agency to protect the heart. This matrix of will and magic is equivalent to a Rank 5 spirit. Should the Skybreaker's heart be destroyed first, all spiritual appendages of the leviathan's will immediate perish as well. The immense

heart has 35 Corpus, but each time it is damaged the entire central chamber is exposed to a level 4 extreme environment for one turn, and a ghastly meatquake convulses the chamber as an Earthquake Environmental Tilt with a severity equal to the damage dealt (maximum of 5).

After death, the void leviathan begins to deliquesce into a necrotic ooze, eventually evaporating into the Shadow's ephemera. Even victory will leave the Shadow scarred and in need of healing, a process that may require years of careful tending.

The Skybreaker's Song: As the void leviathan descends, it sings a Shadow-shaking disharmony. As well as clouds of toxic darkness and roving parasite-Claimed, the leviathan's impact also brings this lunatic howl to the surrounding Shadow.

The Skybreaker's song disrupts First Tongue as other void leviathans do, but it also rips away the symbolism of sky and air. Anywhere the leviathan's dirge reaches to, spirits of the sky must succeed on a roll of Resistance - 5 or suffer the Berserk Condition until the song ends. Any spirit or werewolf in the area who speaks a First Tongue word relating to the sky or the air immediately suffers one point of lethal damage as the word turns sour and hateful and rips flesh and ephemera from the speaker's throat.



THE TINKER: ALISON RHEA

*Don't worry. I've given you something for the pain.
That's the worst part of our bodies, am I right?
The most intricate machines in the world,
but with that one crippling flaw. I think I can do better.
This time. I'm sure of it.*

Once there was a machine-spirit, and its greatest flaw was curiosity. How was it, it wondered, that human beings could invent machines? How could such imprecisely formed beings of meat conceive of, much less shape precisely, the finely interlocking components of a clock or an engine? Then it saw a human body, broken and tangled in the gears of a smashed machine, and it understood. Flesh and bone were also machinery, more rudely shaped but also sophisticated. It wanted to know more.

The spirit found Alison Rhea, a medical student who had grown up in her father's garage. It watched her for months as she dissected cadavers in class and did her own vehicle maintenance. Then it started whispering its curiosity to her. She had always been a little detached, and perhaps that's why its questions didn't seem so blasphemous to her. She'd already been studying prosthetics, and now her dreams were full of strange new ideas, mechanisms grafted to human meat in fantastic configurations. She dropped out of school after it became clear she couldn't run her newly inspired experiments on the cadavers there — or, for that matter, on living human subjects. There's only so much you can learn with dead muscles and cold nerves.

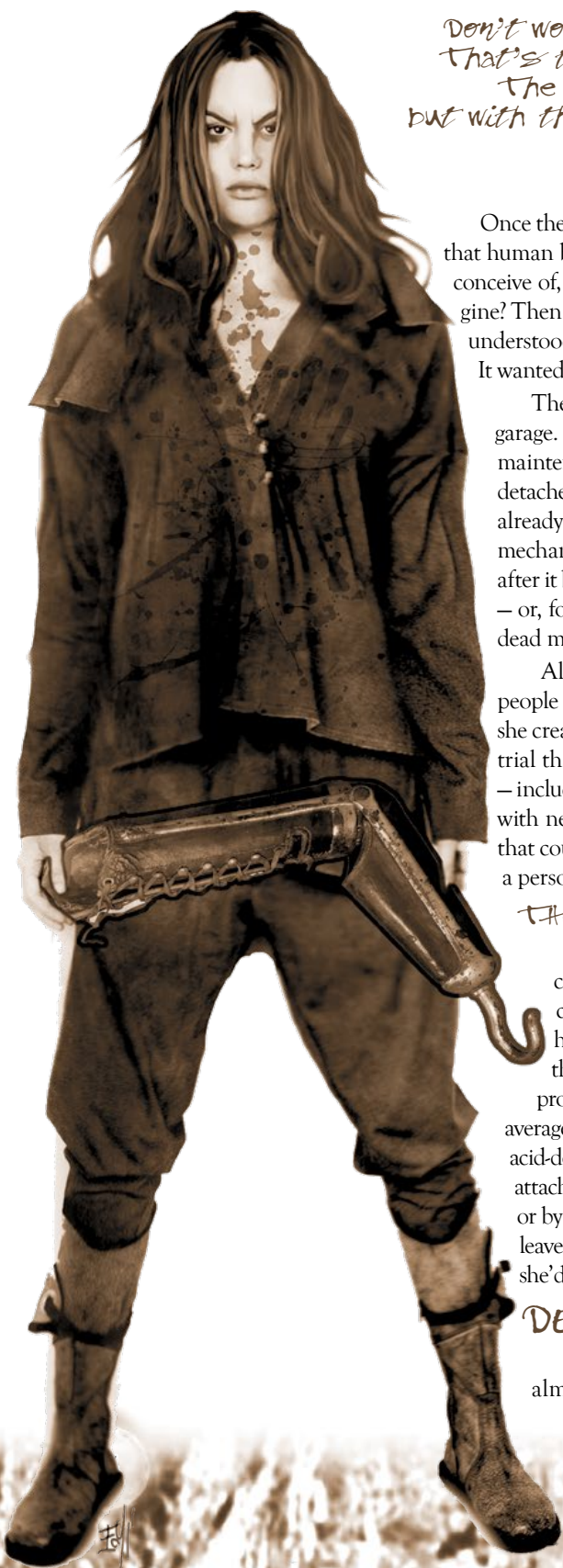
Alison has become an urban legend now — the Tinker, a terrifying figure who kidnaps people and subjects them to 'elective surgery' to replace limbs and organs. The prosthetics she creates are strange things that don't seem like they should work, more chopshop industrial than cutting-edge medical. She goes about her work with a meticulous eye for detail — including precautions. She lives in her workshop now, a bomb shelter deep underground with new and wicked mechanical defenses. She tries to take test subjects, living or dead, that could plausibly disappear. She cares for her patients, but if there's the slightest chance a person could draw attention back to her, she can't let that person leave.

THE WORKSHOP

As an Urged, Alison is no match for even a single Uratha. She's learned enough to carry a pistol with silver bullets, and spent a little range time with it, but she's nothing close to a dedicated hunter. If she suspects she's being hunted, she goes to ground in her workshop. If the pack pursues her there, *that's* when she becomes dangerous — with the inspiration of the spirit guiding her, she's created mechanical and electronic traps to protect her safe space. The traps are well-concealed and often involve silver and acid — the average trap will do four aggravated damage to an intruder. Think hula hoop-sized bear traps, acid-delivering sprinkler systems, silver-laden claymore mines, or servo arms with chainsaw attachments. The worst part is that her lair defenses don't have any obvious way to disarm or bypass them. The spirit Urging her simply bids them not to activate when she enters or leaves the workshop. If the spirit were induced to flee while the Tinker was in her home, she'd be in a very bad position — and so would any of her patients still kept in the cells there.

DESCRIPTION

Under the constant precise pressure of the machine-spirit, Alison has become almost entirely emotionally removed. The two things she still feels passionately are



curiosity and professional pride. She doesn't want to die, and she'll try to reason with anyone clever enough to track her down. She has self-diagnosed herself, incorrectly, with a personality disorder, but she feels it's not worth seeking treatment if that would mean she stops making breakthroughs. Though she doesn't feel real empathy for the people she mutilates in her experiments, she is conscientious about painkillers and attempting to create grafts her subject will find truly useful.

Alison is a short, sturdy woman who looks like she works with her hands; she likes rugged clothing, and wears plenty of layers, given that she's often tinkering underground. She's careful to bathe thoroughly after every workshop session, and she always wears clean clothes when going out in public. There's not enough of it to track her with, or to pick her out of a crowd, but a faint smell of blood and oil lingers under her fingernails no matter how often she washes her hands.

RUMORS

Kidney-stealing is yesterday's news. There's a black market chopshop in town that takes apart entire bodies for sale. Organs, limbs, eyes, brains. I'm not lying! My cousin sent me a pic of a severed hand that was left behind one of their warehouses. Surgical cut, man. Surgical.

The Tinker's usually conscientious about disposing of her subjects' extraneous body parts. Sometimes the spirit Urging her whispers in her ear at just the wrong moment, though. One of the first clues the pack might find is a spare limb she dropped outside her workshop when she was taken by an inconvenient fugue, or a hand-typed purchase contract between 'A.R.' and one 'Laszlo Maublanc'.

There's a guy, lives down in the steam tunnels, who makes a weird sound when he walks. They say one of his legs is metal, bent backwards like a chicken leg, with weird talons on it.

The Tinker released a few of the people that she 'improved' – those she trusted not to give her away. Some of them were mentally disabled from the procedures. A few are actually loyal to her.

THE TINKER'S DEVIL

The machine-spirit that Urges Alison isn't particularly strong. It's a Rank 2 spirit with Power 4, Finesse 3, and Resilience 5; its Influence is Machines • •, and its Numina include Implant, Mission, and Telekinesis, and its Manifestations include Fetter. Its ban is that it must stop and examine a broken corpse for at least a turn; its bane is wood that has been shaped into a human or animal body part.

Most of the time, the spirit hides inside Alison's torso. Away from her, it resembles a hovering engine block that's been built in the shape of an organic heart, dripping a reddish oil.

STORY HOOKS

- One of the pack's Wolf-Blooded allies was mauled in a recent fight, and there was no choice but to amputate. After a month of trying to get used to the new prosthetic, and failing, his anguish catches the attention of the Tinker's rider.
- The Tinker picks up an underworld patron, someone who's willing to help fund and hide her work in exchange for her 'modifying' a few soldiers. With the added resources, her work improves — some of her prostheses are now effectively fetishes, fueled by the life force of their owners. One of the pack's next encounters with 'mere humans' is about to pack a few more surprises...
- The machine-spirit riding Alison makes a breakthrough by consuming a spirit of carrion and bone, becoming a *magath*. Its compulsions become more erratic, and it infuses the Tinker's experiments with greater power, creating surgical grafts that work in strange ways. Unless a pack discovers this escalation and interferes, the new *magath* will fully Claim Alison, and begin remaking people into true monsters.

You didn't hear this from me, but the pack neighboring our territory fucked up a cleaning job. There was a Claimed corpse, mutated as hell, they sent to their friend at the crematorium. Only the corpse never got there. Somebody out there might be dissecting it right now.

The Tinker is very interested in alternatives to human physiology. She has contacts at a few of the places in town that will dispose of a body, no questions asked. Getting her hands on the altered corpse of a Claimed is likely to inspire even more feverish dreams of inspiration.

ALISON RHEA

Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 4, Resolve 4; Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4; Presence 3, Manipulation 2, Composure 4

Skills: Academics 1, Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Crafts (Prosthetics) 4, Drive 2, Firearms 2, Investigation 2, Larceny 3, Medicine (Musculoskeletal) 4, Occult 2, Persuasion 1, Science 2, Stealth (Shadowing) 4, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 3, Weaponry 3

Merits: Anonymity 4, Contacts 3, Resources 2, Safe Place 5

Willpower: 8

Health: 9

Initiative: 7

Defense: 5

Speed: 11

THE STORM PROPHET: JEREMIAH FURY

Of course you feel the heat, heat so powerful it cracks open the heavens! You can't strike out at the sky and not expect to knock the storms loose!

It was a bad year for storms. Bad for the people who saw the floods and wildfires and the toppled trees, but bad for the storms themselves as well. The spirits of rain and wind and thunder had gone to war.

The war raged in the skies of the *Hisil* and bled out over into the material realm. Lesser storm-spirits came running down into the valleys and cities, scouting out new battlefronts for their greater brethren. Some of them faded; some were caught. One, at least, found another option; a worker on the steel skeleton of a building, still welding even though the rains had come. The man was angry, cut off from his family, and on the brink of homelessness. He needed the job and wasn't afraid of the storm.

The man doesn't have a job or a home any more, nor his own name, nor even his own mind. Not entirely. He calls himself Jeremiah Fury now, the storms' herald. *Greater storms are coming*, he says to the other homeless and anyone who'll listen. *Greater storms, and they're going to change the face of the land.*

The spirit that Claimed 'Jeremiah' still has its eyes on its greater purpose. It wants to open up a new battlefield for the meteorological war. The violently shifting climate of the mortal world might crack open the Gauntlet and let the warlords of the skies loose on its own, but a dutiful herald can do more than wait. Jeremiah Fury wanders the mortal world throwing down lightning rods, both literal and spiritually figurative. He's attracting the greater storms, calling them to come and bring their brethren. It'll be glorious.

THE HUMAN AND THE SPIRIT

Jeremiah's original name was Jacob Glover. Jeremiah is his 'prophet name', and his real name as far as he's concerned. He sometimes phrases it as a twofold name for a twofold being: he's Jeremiah, and his passenger is Fury. Jacob Glover has been missing for months; despite his family estrangements, his older daughter is out looking for him.

The spirit that Claimed Jacob is a Rank 3 storm-spirit. If the pack cuts it loose, potentially by killing Jeremiah, assign it Power 9, Finesse 9, and Resilience 6; its Numina would include Blast, Emotional Aura, Implant Mission, Speed, and Telekinesis. It resembles a ball of dark cloud shot through with lightning, supported by a dozen furiously beating thunderhead-gray wings.

The Storm Prophet crafts and carries unique lightning rods to aid him in his work. Each one is roughly three feet of dull iron with a miscellany of silver and brass sigils soldered to it. He primarily uses them to enhance his Dread Power, though they're also dangerous weapons with a lingering electrical charge (2 damage, -1 Initiative, Strength 2, Size 2, Special: Stun). If used as the receptacle for a storm-spirit with the Fetish Rite, the ritemaster gains an additional die to their dice pool to perform the rite.

DESCRIPTION

Jeremiah isn't prone to negotiating with the Uratha. He knows they'd oppose the coming of the greater storms, and neither they nor he would be willing to

EXTREME WEATHER WARNING

A hunt for the Storm Prophet is a chance to use environmental Tilts. Jeremiah calls storms for the sake of his purpose and would do so to defend himself as well. The Storm Caller Dread Power generally produces one appropriate environmental Tilt, but you can add more than one if Jeremiah has managed to plant multiple lightning rods in preparation. If he has used lightning rods to call the storm, then finding and uprooting them can remove extra Tilts from the storm as it weakens, shorten the storm's duration, or both. The following are two more potential environmental Tilts to use:

- **Lightning:** A supernatural lightning storm has a perverse mind of its own. Anyone other than the storm-caller who rolls a dramatic failure during the scene is struck by lightning for 10 bashing damage.
- **Omen:** If the hunt has well and truly escalated, or if Jeremiah has managed to call up one of the greater storms, the weather might turn openly unnatural. Rains of acid, frogs, fish, or blood; hail that smokes and burns; clouds of scab-colored ash. A storm like this is at least an extreme environment of level four. The unnatural nature of the storm deeply unsettles anyone caught in it, imposing a -2 penalty to Perception, Resolve, and Composure rolls.

compromise on the matter. If he suspects a werewolf pack has caught his scent, he tries throwing them off his trail by calling a storm.

The Storm Prophet is a zealot, not a preacher. He can go on forever about the glories his spirit passenger remembers and the scouring that's on its way, but he does so only if someone genuinely asks. His demeanor changes, as you'd expect; he can be subtle as a wind rushing only in the highest treetops, or full of thunderous proclamations.

Jeremiah seems to be a scraggly homeless man, with a wiry frame under a bulky coat. His coat conceals several of his lightning rods, which he keeps strapped to his body. When he starts getting agitated, tiny arcs of electricity crackle between his teeth.

RUMORS

I can't believe these people say climate change isn't real. Freak storms every month. You know why it's so bad here? Yeah, part of it's the pollution. But we're also in a metaphysical Tornado Alley, man. We've got so much bad karma locally that it's making things even worse.

STORY HOOKS

- While the pack is in the climactic stages of a hunt, a freak storm rolls over them in a matter of minutes, adding an environmental Tilt or three to the situation. The area suffers downed power lines, blackouts, flooding, and other hazards for a few days. Local meteorologists are at a loss to explain where the storm came from, and local werewolves don't know much more — it must have been supernatural, but was it an ally of the pack's prey?
- A Storm Lord pack rolls into the protectorate on a hunt for Jeremiah Fury, stirring up a lot of politics and resentment as they do so. The hunt is personal for this pack — they feel affronted by this Claimed, and they want the storm-spirit riding him. The player characters' pack has the chance to make useful allies out of the newcomers, but just letting an out-of-town pack do as they please will make the player characters look weak in the eyes of the protectorate...
- Just as Fury had hoped, his hard work has opened a path for more of his kind. Other storm-spirits force their way into the world and aim to possess human (or even beast) bodies to join in preparing the way for the greater storms. The protectorate might soon be dealing not with a single disaster prophet, but multiple horsemen of a meteorological cataclysm.

Climate change is actually part of the problem. It's fueled the fire of the spirit-world war that motivates Fury; freakishly high temperatures or unusual fronts affect what it means to be a storm. There's not a lot that the Uratha can do to prevent climate change, of course, but it's a valuable piece of information when studying the increased hostility of weather-spirits. Understanding that spirits from Fury's faction see humanity as aggressors can help in the hunt for Jeremiah.

I know a guy selling lightning rods. Hear me out. This is the real deal; they're made out of multiple kinds of metal so they can draw the storm out harmlessly. You've seen how many buildings burned down or got hit by trees in the last year — we gotta get one.

The Storm Prophet doesn't sell his lightning rods, but someone who brushed up against Jeremiah and heard some of his pronouncements made a few assumptions. He assumed Jeremiah's lightning rods were designed to ward off the storm — instead of exactly the opposite — and figured there might be money in selling something similar. The bootleg variants are pure DIY, rods picked up at Home Depot and soldered with random brass-plated letters and numbers originally meant for mailboxes. But if the pack tracks down the seller, they'll find someone who has spent time around the Storm Prophet, and maybe knows some of Jeremiah's haunts.

Jeremiah Fury

JEREMIAH FURY

Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 5; Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 6; Presence 6, Manipulation 3, Composure 4

Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Crafts 4 (Metalworking), Empathy 1, Expression (Oratory) 4, Intimidation 4, Occult (Spirit Lore) 3, Persuasion 2, Politics 1, Stealth (Not Worth Noticing) 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2, Survival (Urban) 4, Weaponry (Club) 4

Merits: Anonymity 3, Fleet of Foot 2, Indomitable 2, Parkour 4

Willpower: 9

Essence: 18

Health: 11

Initiative: 8

Defense: 4

Speed: 15

Size: 5

Armor: 2

Dread Powers: Air Elemental, Leap, Swift, Storm Caller*, Thunderbolt*

STORM CALLER

By spending 4 Essence, the creature can call down a raging storm in its area. The storm arrives within an hour; if the creature has an appropriate focus, such as Jeremiah Fury's lightning rods, the storm will arrive within five turns instead. The local climate affects the storm's form — a sand-storm is more likely than rain in the desert, for instance. Characters caught in the storm (excepting Jeremiah and other storm-spirits or storm-Claimed) suffer a -4 penalty to Speed and Initiative. The storm also creates an environmental Tilt in the area. The storm lasts for a number of hours equal to the creature's Resolve.

THUNDERBOLT

The creature can generate small bolts of lightning and direct them at its enemies. The range is 50 yards, the attack roll is Wits + Occult, and the damage is +3L. Using Thunderbolt usually costs 1 Essence, but for 3 Essence it is treated instead as having the autofire rule and can make short or medium bursts.

THE SUN RAISER: SAUL MCKAY

Luna may have changed her mind, but I haven't.

Mighty Helios hasn't forgotten the pain the wolf-children caused his sibling.

Luna is as inconsistent as her face in the night sky; when the werewolves begged for forgiveness, she eased the Forsaken's pain. Helios holds no reservations in his wrath for the pups, kin or no, and he has his Helions keep watch for their trespass into the Shadow. One has taken the hunt to new heights; the Sun Raiser prowls in the world of Flesh.

The Sun Raiser is hungry for a chance to prove herself. Once, she would plunge herself into the deepest reaches of space, pushing to extend Helios's light. Ultimately, she strayed too far from her fellows and was nearly overcome by the strange, eldritch forces of the Void. Rather than be destroyed, she reached out to the empty whispers of the emptiness past even Helios' reach, and made a deal. She agreed to lure her own kin to the depths of space so that she might live and grow even as her comrades died. In time, suspicions grew among the other Helions, and to ensure her survival the Sun Raiser left to prove herself on Earth.

BURNING HATRED

The Sun Raiser is direct but not stupid. She hunts the Uratha eagerly, but not at the risk of losing the advantage daylight grants her. She will even team up with other enemies of the Uratha so long as she's the last one standing when the smoke clears. She's not above absorbing other spirits as long as she doesn't risk becoming a *magath*. If the wolves still prove to be too much for her, she looks for some other authority with a lot of manpower at their disposal and seeks to lure them into hunting the pack en masse.

DESCRIPTION

The Sun Raiser seeks only the most powerful and perfect vessels. It wasn't hard to find some muscle-bound Adonis jogging under the sun's rays. Saul McKay was a perfect candidate, always out running in the sun, or lifting weights in the gym. She wormed her way through his mind as he was out on one of his hikes through the woods and found him even more to her liking. He lived alone, worked in construction, and spent plenty of time out in the sunlight where she could seek nourishment.

Though eager for the hunt, the Sun Raiser is wise enough to wait and strengthen her host enough to hunt the wolves. She fills Saul with light so that it shines beneath the skin to cast a hot glow from his veins and eyes. With no interest in making a territory nor in ruling, the Sun Raiser only wants to gain status and prestige among the Helions to salve any lingering suspicions of her betrayal, even if that means stepping on a few of her own *umia* to do so.

The Sun Raiser is authoritative and dominant in her dealings. She's done well in the Sun's campaigns against the spirits of the outer dark, and even managed to survive bargaining with those same eldritch nightmares, so she's confident in herself. She's hostile towards Forsaken, unfriendly to Pure, but is as indifferent toward humans as she is toward any other given thing in the world of Flesh. She is intrigued by the technology humans have to craft and manipulate light, but she holds no reservations in killing them if they are in the way.

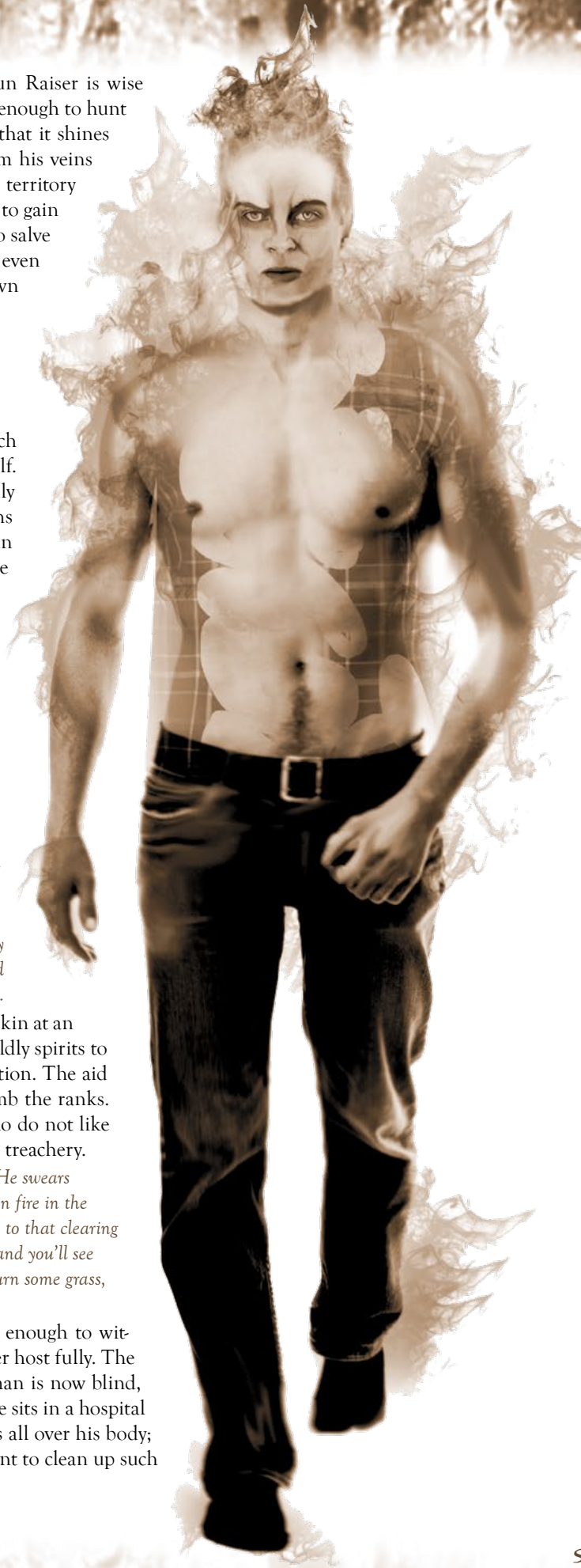
RUMORS

The Pure were right about one thing: that there would be consequences. When the first pack slew Wolf, Luna cursed us. Sure, over time she forgave us, but the Fire-Touched all say that Rabid Wolf knew that wouldn't be the end of it. The sun's been after us. He allows us to walk in Flesh, but in Shadow we hide from his gaze. Some say one stepped through from the other side, one angry enough to ignore the little mercy the sun could show, one desperate enough for our extinction.

The Sun Raiser has been eating her kin at an alarming rate, conspiring with otherworldly spirits to ambush lesser Helions for her consumption. The aid of these alien spirits has helped her climb the ranks. Though there are plenty in her *umia* who do not like her, few still actually suspect her of such treachery.

Did you hear Jacob Orwell went blind? He swears up and down that he saw a man set himself on fire in the woods, and the fire licked his eyes. You go out to that clearing down the old Watkins Trail about a mile in, and you'll see a spot where it looks like some kids tried to burn some grass, but there ain't no burning man.

One of the locals was unfortunate enough to witness the moment the Sun Raiser took her host fully. The blinding light seared his eyes and the man is now blind, but he is able to describe what he saw. He sits in a hospital bed being treated for third degree burns all over his body; if word reaches the Sun Raiser, she'll want to clean up such a loose end.



STORY HOOKS

- It's unseasonably hot out, and it's been that way for a while. Something must be up, and it's not just the thermometer. The weather may be fickle to humans, but to werewolves such things have more meaning. It hasn't rained in a while and the fires are starting to come more frequently. They seem random at first, but they're getting closer to the pack's territory.
- While out hunting, the pack returns to find one of its greatest fears come to fruition: one of the werewolves' homes has been burned down. Someone's got to pay; such desecration demands blood. With a pack full of furious Uratha, it won't take long to find the poor sap responsible, but what's that smell? Is it smoke, coming from another packmate's home? Not this time; they can't let it happen again.
- It's a full-on sprint to the hospital. A longtime friend of the pack was found badly burned, and he doesn't have much longer by the sound of it. Whether the pack is coming to save him or say their final goodbyes, they can't help but wonder who is responsible. He looks like a piece of meat left on the grill too long and he keeps trying to talk, but no words come out. His left hand is all that didn't get burned, and though he's no artist with it he's able to make out one thing: a stick figure with fire coming from its head.

Heh heh heh. Uratha in trouble now. Beshilu do our work. Beshilu let nasty sun through, and now you know what it like to be hunted too.

The Sun Raiser works with Beshilu to get back and forth across the Gauntlet; she keeps a cadre of zealous rat Hosts in her service. She has convinced the terrified Shards that they're serving the Sun's cause and, while they are hard to keep under control and work poorly under her oversight, they still gnaw the Gauntlet away just wide enough for her to slip back and forth through. Anyone attempting to chase the Claimed down on her home ground will find her incredibly hard to pin down — and will have to face a brood of zealous, burn-scarred Beshilu as well.

SAUL MCKAY

Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 5, Resolve 5; Strength 7, Dexterity 5, Stamina 6; Presence 5, Manipulation 2, Composure 3

Skills: Academics 2, Animal Ken 2, Athletics 4, Brawl 3, Intimidation 4, Medicine 1, Science 2, Socialize 3, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 1, Survival 3

Merits: Hardy 3, Indomitable, Iron Stamina 3, Iron Will, Resources 2, Status (Helions) 3

Willpower: 8

Essence: 20

Health: 11

Initiative: 8

Defense: 9

Speed: 17

Influence: Light • • •

Dread Powers: Eye Spy, Fire Elemental, Regenerate 3, Swift

WALTER FITZGERALD & SURABEL

*Opumbrata et velata, michi quoque niteris;
nunc, per ludum, dorsum nudum fero tui sceleris!*

Imagine a man in middle class suburbia, where life is about the car you drive, the balance of your bank account and the fine cut of your lawn. He works hard at a menial job as a back-office administrator. He pushes his pen and he ensures the proper forms are completed for every task.

That man is Walter Fitzgerald. Yet this plain, unassuming man has found himself in the unenviable position of playing host to a terrified and angry spirit, driven from her home by forces unknowable to a mere human being.

Walter took a chance and got a job working as an office clerk for a low-budget opera house. He came for the slightly higher wage and the shorter commute, but he stayed for the music. Listening to the performances staged in this building, he couldn't see why more people didn't enjoy it. He had never considered opera as something that would interest him, but now he couldn't get enough.

He read about it, he listened to it on his drives to and from work, he read about it online and subscribed to publications. He felt this was the missing piece of the puzzle in his life; finally, a chance to bring some culture into his empty existence. Then the notice came.

The bank foreclosed the opera house. A series of tearful farewell shows were held for the sparse audiences still attending. The singers, stage hands, and ancillary staff wondered where their futures would lie, whether they could still make it in the arts or be resigned to a return to the daily grind. Walter fell into a monstrous depression.

On closing night, the musical director handed him a parting gift, a silver brooch shaped in the form of a songbird. She smiled and bade him farewell as the lights went out in the auditorium for the final time.

ENTER SURABEL

Surabel is the spirit of the opera house. She thrilled at the way the auditorium would sound as the audience hushed for the overture. She delighted in the wave of anticipation that would grip the watchers as a diva took the stage. The adulation of the crowds and the rapt sensation of joy filled her belly with Essence enough to eke out her place in the Shadow.

An absent-minded and whimsical spirit, Surabel was easy prey for a savvy rival. A powerful spirit of greed, vassal of the city's dominant spirit noble, directed his influence to drive customers away from the opera house and drain her of

Essence until she was too weak to fight back, too overcome with grief to see the destruction of her sacred place.

It was then she found Walter, sitting in the back row one evening, with a mind so open and receptive to the beauty of the song. She began to influence him, to instill in him the desire for more that might lead him to become the instrument of her vengeance. The passing of the songbird brooch to Walter was no accident, but a plan well prepared by a spirit pushed to the brink of destruction.

Walter didn't look for another job, overcome by his evolution into the cultural butterfly he knew he could be. It was those banks, those big-money assholes! He knew they were to blame. He became obsessed with tearing them down, plans of protest quickly morphing into something more sinister.

Walter has to kill them all. Beauty and truth depend on him.

STORY HOOKS

- When passing by an abandoned opera house, slated for destruction, the pack Ithaeur smells the presence of a spirit waiting nearby. It tells the tale of a renegade who the spirit-lord of the city wants hunted down. It offers the building as a means to track her scent, and favor with the master of the great urban brood.
- Local radio stations are alive with talk of a viral video of a man singing acapella on a street corner, somehow harmonizing with himself. The hosts discuss whether or not this is a trick of editing.
- The CEO of an investment bank goes missing. The initial investigation leads to his secretary, who makes a clearly delirious claim; he claims a monstrous bird snatched the CEO from his office balcony.

DESCRIPTION

Walter is the definition of the word 'average'. He's not very tall, not especially athletic or well built, and not the brightest guy you'll ever meet. He has short, receding black hair that grays around the temples, and a soft, pudgy belly that makes anything he wears seem slightly ill-fitting. He has no particular wealth, though he does own a small apartment in a suburban neighborhood where he lives alone with only his internet service provider for company.

What Walter has in abundance is a sense of injustice and of the unfairness of his situation. He finally found a place where he knew true happiness and it was snatched away from him. His love affair with the opera house has mutated into hatred of the institutions that brought about its end.

Walter comes across as a conspiracy nut. Most who encounter him might find him to be little more than an unhinged man who blames some mysterious force for everything that has gone wrong in his life. The sad fact is there's truth to that. Walter is driven by Surabel's desire to seek vengeance against the institutions that foreclosed on his opera house, institutions which are the territory of another city spirit.

Surabel appears as a graceful, multicolored songbird. Her song is intoxicating and invigorating to the senses. However, she has grown obsessed and desperate for the Essence to sustain herself. Fettering herself to Walter is the only way to survive for now. She desires to escape the wrath of her own spirit tormentor and, perhaps one day, to avenge herself upon them.

If Surabel manages to fully Claim Walter, he is forever changed. His aspect becomes that of a twisted, angelic being, eyes blazing with inner light. The air around him fills with endless harmonies that beguile and distract those who hear them. Two brightly colored wings sprout from his back and his arms become distended and elongated with dark talons, while his face extends into a vicious, curved beak. The Claimed hybrid will scheme to bring down anyone it sees as part of the conspiracy to destroy the opera house or cast Surabel out of this existence, which in its paranoid state it sees as just about anyone.

RUMORS

Crazy guy comes into the meeting and is all ranting about the fat cats keeping us all down and all that shit. The hall has piped music, though, right, and as soon as some old-style orchestral music starts coming out the speakers, he just sits down and shuts up and stops causing a disturbance. Just sits there with a stupid smile on his face, listening.

They say music soothes the savage beast and it seems this is very true of Surabel. Playing melancholic arias places her in a sort of depressive state in which she finds it difficult to take any action at all.

So I passed the bank, right, and there's some protesters outside, and one of them's literally singing his protest. Like, he's screeching out these verses in Italian, and it sounds horrible. Like his throat's all scratched and hoarse from it. Swear I saw him spitting up blood between breaths.

Walter can normally be found hanging around outside the headquarters of the bank that foreclosed on the opera house. At first glance, it would appear he's just another down on his luck sort of guy, mad at losing his job, but a smart Uratha can sense the presence of spiritual influence about him and hear the chiming voice of Surabel ringing along behind his rantings.

Word is, the cops won't give the press any details about the murders because they're so disgusting. I've heard, and don't tell anyone this, but I've heard from a friend in the crime scene unit that the victims' guts are laid out in what they thought were weird patterns. Then they realized it was some sick attempt to write out musical notation in gore.

When Walter runs out of money and is forced to live rough in the abandoned husk of the old opera house, he finally snaps. The Directors of the city's Arts Council begin turning up dead; he sees them as collaborators in the demise of Surabel's home.

WALTER FITZGERALD, URGED

Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve 2; Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2; Presence 2, Manipulation 3, Composure 2

Skills: Academics (Accounting, Opera) 2, Athletics 1, Brawl 1, Empathy 2, Expression (Singing) 2, Firearms 1, Intimidation 1, Investigation 2, Persuasion 2, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Contacts (Opera Enthusiasts) 1, Resources 2

Willpower: 4

Health: 7

Initiative: 4

Defense: 3

Speed: 9

SURABEL, CLAIMED

Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 4, Resolve 4; Strength 4, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3; Presence 5, Manipulation 4, Composure 4

Skills: Academics 5 (Accounting, Opera), Investigation 2, Occult 3, Athletics 4, Brawl 3, Weaponry 2, Stealth 1, Survival 2, Empathy 4, Expression (Singing) 5, Intimidation 3, Performance 5, Persuasion 4, Socialize 4, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 3

Merits: Contacts (Opera Enthusiasts) 1, Fleet of Foot 3, Resources 2

Willpower: 8

Essence: 10

Health: 9

Initiative: 9

Defense: 8

Speed: 17

Size: 6

Influences: Passion • •

Dread Powers: Beastmaster, Entrancing Song*, Flight*, Hypnotic Gaze, Natural Weapons • •, Swift

ENTRANCING SONG

The creature spends one point of Essence and bursts into a spellbinding rendition of an aria, ringing with a tone that strikes the soul of the listener. The creature rolls her Presence + Performance against prey within 10 yards who can hear her song, contested individually by each target's Composure + Primal Urge. Success inflicts the Awestruck Condition on victims.

FLIGHT

The creature can fly, capable of moving her full Speed through the air and hovering in place.

THE FEAR OF REJECTION: ALEX CECIL

Ask yourself, if you were me, would you settle for someone like you?

Fear comes in many forms. The unknown keeps people from discovering new joys, failure keeps them from coming back, and rejection prevents men and women from pursuing love, settling for the unrequited dribble Shakespeare romanticized. Now Rejection has found his place in life, being everyone's favorite guy and then making them feel worthless. Back when he was a spirit known as Creeping Shadow, he found other spirits of fear to be too competitive, so he devoured Wandering Eyes, an even weaker spirit born of desire. With his newfound sphere of influence, he could lure prey to him, rather than having to hunt where the other fear spirits prowled.

Fear is a powerful emotion, but when coupled with another strong concept, it helps define a spirit's vision for how

they want to rule their territory. This spirit of fear of rejection wants power and territory, and has taken a foothold in who could easily be the most attractive man in town. He uses this vessel to make people like him and want his approval, just so he can then hurt them.

The Smoky Bottle Bar on Jefferson Street is a local hotspot for college students, perfect territory for Rejection to set up shop. Alex Cecil, his victim, is a theater major used to getting some pretty good roles, but even he is afraid of the world outside of college. Seeing others fawn over the young man and strive for his approval, Rejection nestled right into Alex and warped the rising stage star into a catalyst of one-way admiration.

Alex Cecil

STAR OF THE SHOW

The Fear of Rejection wants to build a safe haven for himself to grow, using the bar downtown. He fuels fear with the desires of young college kids as well as bar-goers with fragile egos. Every one of them wants Alex's approval, but he's very careful in how he hands it out.

Soon enough the bar becomes too small of a territory for Alex; he wants to spread his wings. After all, it's not just the bar that gives him the respect he deserves, his classmates are starting to take notice as well. Gathering a wider crowd of fawning syncophants risks drawing the attention of werewolves; if ever the spirit is threatened, he will abandon Alex without a second thought and find a new victim to ride.

DESCRIPTION

A tussle of slept-in brown hair, dark rings under blue eyes, and a strong jawline gives Alex the artistic look the other acting majors cling to. He's the guy who makes people feel like a king if he likes them, but if he doesn't spare them a word, they feel isolated. His peers try to catch his eye and hang off his every word as he cycles between them, letting each one feel special for a too-brief moment before moving on to the next.

Alex is getting used to his life in the limelight offstage. He is finally so important that people pay for his drinks and give him things. One man even told the young actor he could use his car if Alex needed it. It's not long before Alex starts getting the idea of seeing how far his newfound charisma can be pushed. The world is his oyster now, after all.

RUMORS

There's this kid I met in a bar who looks like he hasn't slept in weeks. He's cool as hell though. Real nice, will talk your ear off about how he's been to California, New York, even London. The kid's been to London! I've never even been out of state lines and this kid's been to London. What am I doing with my life? I feel like I'm just paying bills till I die.

Sometimes the college bars are just good bars, and people go there whether or not there's a crowd of obnoxious college kids. The thought can crop up in someone's mind that maybe they've squandered their own youth, especially when surrounded with so many young bar patrons. Thomas Kamp did exactly that when he met Alex at the bar one Saturday night. At first, he felt like a million bucks because the kid was asking him about what he did for a living, but when they couldn't compare stories about travel, the spotlight shifted to some girl who could speak French.

I went to go see a show with this girl and all she could talk about was how good the acting was. There was one squirt who was pretty good, but man, all she did was talk about him and how he interacted with the characters on stage. We met the kid when we were getting a lift home. I don't see her again till a week later; I'm walking downtown when I see her coming out of the theater wrapped around the kid's arm. I could've killed him.

Oliver Stills wasn't too keen on his date going for the lead actor in a play. Now, though, Oliver now has it in his mind that if he takes a girl to a play and she still goes out with him after seeing the charisma-oozing lead role, it'd prove he's the best thing since sliced bread. Now his dating rituals become an endless cycle of finding new women to take to the theater so they can reject him. Eventually his envy and self-loathing will drive him to lash out violently at one of his dates or at the spirit-ridden actor.

BITTER DESIRES

Fear of Rejection is a Rank 2 spirit with Power 6, Finesse 5, and Resistance 4; if allowed to use Alex as a font of Essence, he will eventually glut himself enough to rise to Rank 3, and likely gather a new brood of vassal spirits of rejection, desire, anger, and fear along the way. For now, his Influences are Fear 2 and Desire 2, and his Numina include Awe and Emotional Aura, while his Manifestations include Fetter. Fear of Rejection's Ban prevents him from leaving an embrace — including a grapple, although he can of course end any such attempt to restrain him by driving off or killing the would-be grappler. His Bane is fresh blood from a human heart.

The spirit appears as a pulsating, glistening mass of dark red mucus and cartilage, eyes pulsing open to stare at his surroundings.

ALEX CECIL

Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 2, Resolve 3; Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2; Presence 4, Manipulation 4, Composure 3

Skills: Academics 4, Athletics 2, Drive 1, Empathy 3, Expression 3, Intimidation 3, Investigation 3, Persuasion 4, Politics 2, Science 1, Socialize 5, Stealth 2, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 4

Merits: Barfly, Closed Book 3, Encyclopedic Knowledge, Patient, Resources 1, Striking Looks 2

Willpower: 6

Health: 7

Initiative: 5

Defense: 4

Speed: 9

STORY HOOKS:

- A friend of the pack has gone missing, but there's a trail. Following it leads to this bar near the college that houses the youth of college students. He's been in there so long the bar stool's starting to grow roots and he's got his eye fixed on one kid holding court with their friends eating up every word.
- Going out for a night on the town seems like a good way to meet people, and with the senses of an Uratha it feels like having a cheat sheet for human interaction. They're walking downtown when someone catches their eye. A pack of kids are ogling over one guy in the middle like something out of a TV show. It's curious how this kid holds so much clout among the others; they're all watching him and listening to his every word. If that wasn't enough, a car veers off the road into a building, and when the driver crawls out bleeding from their car, the first thing they ask is if the young man in the circle is okay.
- The pack comes back from a long hunt and needs to rest. They go out for a drink when the crowd all stops at once to watch a talking head on TV. Everyone freaks out at the sight of this blue-eyed kid on screen talking about why he plays the lottery in a commercial. At first, it's a harmless scene of locals cheering for one of their own, but everyone obsesses over him. They're still talking about him. It's been two hours.



CHAPTER THREE

FRACTURED

SHARDS

THE HOSTS

*God is dead; but given the way of men, there may still be
caves for thousands of years in which his shadow will be shown.
And we — we still have to vanquish his shadow, too.*

— Friedrich Nietzsche

Born of dead gods, the Hosts scurry beneath the world's skin and gnaw at its entrails. They throng at the margins of reality, taking the form of vermin and watching with hungry eyes. In a blasphemous fusion of divine Shard and human vitality, they infest the bodies of victims to create pretenses beneath which innumerable creatures squirm and thrash, or bury themselves deep in meat and gore to begin a ghastly synthesis with the vessel they have stolen. The Hosts are foul things, defiling the fabric of reality itself with their disgusting appetites. They treat humanity as mere chattel to feed upon and to use as fleshy crucibles for their own ascension.

All Hosts hunger, urged to consume other *shartha* and strengthen themselves. A few cling to grand fever-dreams of reuniting all the scattered Shards into those godly gestalts the Great Predator tore apart in eons past. Most focus on the baser needs of immediate survival, preying on their kin without any greater ambitions than slaking the thirst for divinity within. The instincts driving the Hosts are divine programming, the lingering echoes of whatever vast consciousness spawned each brood, and the Shards remain slaves to these ancient directives even now. Many obsess over, exploit, or corrupt the Gauntlet in some manner, preparing the way for their progenitor to emerge once more.

THE JOINING

In its most primitive and base state, a Shard appears as an animal — a spider, rat, or other vermin, often grotesque or mutated in some way. To Join with a human, the Shard

makes contact with its victim's flesh. As an Instant action, it then invades their body.

This gradually kills the human, eating through one level of Health per turn, after which the Shard takes control of the carcass and gains the Discorporate Dread Power. Claimed and non-human animals are spiritually incompatible with Shards; werewolves' regeneration prevents a Shard infestation from killing them and taking control of their body. Still, rumors persist of particularly potent Shards strong enough to overcome even a werewolf's spirit and resilience.

Once Joined to a victim, the Host must consume further Shards in order to further mutate its body into a hybrid. Without further Shards, the body instead decays over several weeks or months, and the Host must search out a new vessel.

In its animal form, a Host possesses an Essence pool of 1-2; once Joined, this increases to 3 and can rise to 5 through consuming other Shards. Full hybrids have an Essence pool of 6 or more, reaching up to 50 for vast, bloated old Hosts.

A Host can spend Essence to fuel any Dread Powers it possesses, often including a capability to damage or influence the Gauntlet. Every Host also has the ability to spend a point of Essence to heal a single point of lethal damage over fifteen minutes.

Hosts regain Essence through gluttonous consumption of large amounts of food, particularly human flesh. Werewolf flesh is the finest of meals for a Host, granting a point of Essence for each point of lethal damage done to the Uratha through a bite attack — even if torn from a corpse.

THE HOUNDMASTER: HORACE ALBUQUERQUE FENCHURCH III

I am delighted to open negotiations with you, honored guest! First, might you enjoy the pleasures we have on offer? Food, drink, a pinch of this delightful dust — from the most reputable dealers, of course. Or maybe something a little more... visceral? You and all your pent-up rage, a locked room, a human no one will miss, and no questions asked.

A leering old monster slouches upon a squalid throne, tugging lazily at the reins of his empire of vice. He's a cardinal of sin, his slightest gesture dictating the flow of unspeakable depravities and untold riches. He wears a stolen name—Horace Albuquerque Fenchurch III—just as he wears the man's stolen flesh, for he is one of the *Thihoshlu*, the avaricious and lazy Toad Hosts. Among all his vices, Horace has a particular peccadillo for werewolves. He covets the submission of such furious beasts, and takes loathsome pleasure in leashing them to his service.

Every Toad Host is arrogant, slothful, and insatiably greedy. Horace is exceptional even by his fellows' slovenly standards. He squats at the heart of a tangled morass of contacts, favors, and bargains. He weaves gangs, high finance, and politicians into his machinations. Society elites and creatures of darkness alike come crawling to the sanctuary of his exclusive club, seeking to partake in his bounty of riches, indulgence, and sin.

Horace has it all. He sells trafficked humans to blood-drinkers both literal and metaphorical, pawns eldritch curious to sorcerers, and pours money into illicit business deals. In the occult underworld, Horace has a reputation for neutrality — he'll deal with *anyone*, regardless of their wars and rivalries, as long as they respect the sanctity of his position. He can arrange messages, guarantees of safe passage, or arbitration among the monstrous and the depraved. Even werewolves sometimes seek his aid, swallowing down their disgust as they do so.

This Toad Host holds court amid the gaudy opulence of his extravagant club-house, overseeing a brood of bloated *Thihoshlu* who vie for control over scant scraps of his empire. In case of troublesome visitors or overly ambitious underlings, he always keeps his favored 'hounds' close to hand. The corpulent old horror's very presence bleeds away the heat of the fury that burns within a werewolf; he has tamed the mad beast that howls in the heart of his werewolf retainers. He fancies himself a lord of old, surrounded by obedient hunting dogs, and takes pleasure in provoking werewolf visitors by showing

off his dominance over his 'hounds'. Indeed, he's always eager to add another werewolf to his collection.

THE THIHOSHLU

The Toad Hosts are shards of the Slob Avaricious, an ancient demon of sloth and vice. They're a rare breed, but lack the instinctive hunger that usually pushes a Host to consume its fellows. Toad Hosts tend to gather together in small 'consortia', pooling resources to carve out a shared domain of depravity wherever human vice or misery are in abundance.

The least form of a *Thihoshlu* shard is a fat, glowering toad. Unlike other Hosts, these shards cannot initiate the Joining without help. The toad needs to nestle in the victim's stomach, but is too weak or lazy to dig through flesh to reach it. Instead, the shard relies on the aid of consortia fellows to subdue a victim, or has to coax a willing human into consuming it — a grotesque perversion of a frog prince fairy tale.

Toad Hosts prefer human vessels with an elevated position in society, bringing the victim's affluence and connections into the brood's grasp. Once Joined, the victim's skin becomes unpleasantly dry to the touch, while the stomach bloats from the mass of toads slumbering in their gut. The insatiable appetites of the Host's divine instincts now come to the fore, and it hungers to indulge these cravings as best it can. It desires food, sex, drugs, and ever more abhorrent and violating forms of gratification.

If a Host *does* consume others of its kind, more drastic physical changes follow. Squat and plump with corruption, *Thihoshlu* hybrids have slim arms seeming mismatched to their bloated bodies. Jowls grow fleshy and hang down, covering the sacs that now swell from a hybrid's throat. Toad Hosts' eyes bulge out, their irises turning orange. It's just about possible for an elder hybrid to pass as a human, albeit as a caricature of privileged corpulence. Such Hosts favor cravats and scarves that mask the pustules around their neck and chest.

The greed of the Toads even warps the Gauntlet. The leering Hosts ooze poisonous secretions into the membrane between worlds, claiming it as their own. Once the *shartha's*

putrid influence pulsates through the Gauntlet's medium, it laps covetously at the Essence of those who would cross between worlds — further enriching the ghastly Hosts in the process.

DESCRIPTION

Horace is an incarnation of physical excess, his human frame long since twisted into a parody of the high society patriarch whose flesh he stole. He constraints his bulk behind the finest clothes and expensive accessories; diamonds glimmer at his cuffs, and he wraps his neck in fresh silk each day. His smirk is too wide, his orange eyes have slit pupils, and his drooping jowls just make him look all the more batrachian. Human petitioners choose to overlook the monster in favor of his trappings of wealth and the promise of desires fulfilled, willingly deceiving themselves that he's just a rich, obese old man because perpetrating the lie is more convenient.

The Host meets visitors in the VIP lounge of the prestigious Amber Club, and is usually eager to show off his wealth. He presents petitioners with lavish spreads of food, drink, drugs, and victims. He arranges banquets, orgies, and business meetings to bring people together, facilitate deals, and bind new clients into his web of favors, blackmail, and corruption. Anyone looking to crash his parties has to first deal with the club's security, the very best money can buy; after that, the hounds await intruders.

Horace plays the role of generous host to his guests. He's affable in the manner of a genteel and eccentric slob, but the boorish and egotistical monster beneath soon slithers out. When not concentrating on a deal or bargain at hand, he's prone to lengthy rambles about his own accomplishments and the extent of his wealth. He dislikes physical activity, but will be stirred to excitement by the suggestion of a new indulgence or depravity he hasn't tried before. Mutilating prisoners with power tools is rather passé right now; Horace's current hobby is forcing drugged victims to eat parts of their own bodies.

Werewolves get his undivided and frankly lecherous attention. The disgusting slob is happy to deal with Uratha, but closely watches each such creature for any possibility to beguile, coax, or cajole them into joining his collection of pets. As far as Horace is concerned, he's offering them a *privilege*.

SECRETS

Horace and his kin hide a deeper sin behind their sticky mask of vice. The Toad Hosts seek nothing less than a state of perpetual conflict from which they can lazily reap their profits. Their goal is a miserable status quo of everlasting suffering and need. Agents of stagnation in the image of their forefather, the Toad Hosts use wealth and influence not just to sate their depraved hungers, but to set clients against each other even as the Hosts advertise themselves to be neutral arbiters and suppliers.

Horace is an expert manipulator who works subtly to drive his business partners and clients against one another; he considers himself the king who pushes pawns around the board, setting the ripples of their schemes and plans to clash and give rise to rivalries and feuds. The Host cares little for who suffers and dies, as more supplicants come seeking to barter with him and his fetid brood.



Horace A/buquerque Fenchurch III

STORY HOOKS

- A malaise creeps through the ranks of the rich and influential. New and sickening depravities spread through high society. Cruelty cascades down the pyramid of power as Horace's brood infiltrate further. The pack's territory is hit hard as rapacious business magnates and giggling socialite deviants exploit and abuse the locals.
- One of Horace's underlings is fishing around for a pack of useful idiots. She wants to dethrone the elder, but his pet werewolves make that a tricky proposition. She needs Uratha of her own — not the permanent perversion of Horace's wolf obsession, but a brief alliance of convenience.
- Another pack have lost one of their own to Horace's employ. He's gone to the toad's sweet sedation willingly, but they refuse to believe it. For now, they're still trying to barter with the Host; he's agreed to hand the werewolf back if they get him a replacement. The *Thihoshlu* hope they'll try and snatch a victim from another pack, stirring a new conflict into life.

Even the other Toad Hosts consider Horace's fascination with werewolves to be a perversion; most have a deep-seated aversion to the children of Luna, fearing their snapping jaws. For Horace, though, leashing the will of a werewolf is itself an act of veneration, a paean to the slain Slob Avaricious and an act of retribution against Father Wolf. Although Uratha who encounter the old hybrid assume he's somehow enslaved the minds of his pet hounds, the truth is rather different. His slothful aura does spiritually anaesthetize the rage burning in a werewolf's heart, but it's *extremely* hard to imprison a werewolf who doesn't cooperate. Horace's servile hounds came into his possession voluntarily. He exploits the desperation of young Uratha who are tormented by death rage or haunted by the victims they have slain while in its grasp. The Host offers such werewolves freedom from themselves - if they will just be his slave.

RUMORS

Old man Fenchurch might be a recluse, but all the power players still kneel and kiss his ring if they want a piece of the pie, you understand? Still, I've heard rumblings. Word is, his family is growing impatient. They're tired of waiting for the old codger to die so they can slice up that nice, fat inheritance.

Horace has the mortal Fenchurch dynasty in his thrall; the scions of the family spend their time feuding with one another to

prove themselves worthy of inheriting the patriarch's 'secrets'. Of course, the Host just plans to take the victorious son or daughter as a new flesh vessel once the persona of Horace Albuquerque Fenchurch III reaches its expiry date. The real problem is the lesser *Thihoshlu*, his true kin. They're growing ambitious, no longer content to manage pitiful portions of his empire of sin.

An interesting piece. Not the sort of thing my store deals with, to be honest. It's a bit too, well, macabre for my clients' tastes. Still... I do know a collector who I think would like it. He's always eager to pick up esoteric curios like this.

Horace possesses a small trove of occult curios, relics, and trinkets, all kept under lock and key. He's driven to gather them by his own insatiable greed, lusting after any object possessing supernatural power that he encounters. Most, he later trades on as bartering chips in one deal or another, but he's kept a few choice pieces to surprise anyone who comes gunning after the old toad.

I can't live like this anymore. The rage, the burning hate, it... All those people I've killed. My own packmate. I have to get rid of it. They say there's an old Host in the next state, one who can tear the fury out of you. I don't care if it's a monster. I have to get rid of this anger. For good.

As word of his 'tamed' werewolves spreads, unlikely acolytes seek out Horace and other elder *Thihoshlu* — a cult of Uratha desperate to shed the curse of death rage. They form new nomadic packs, becoming pilgrims of peace who hope to find serenity in the rugose grip of the Toad Hosts. Their real reward will be exploitation and enslavement, and yet the cult still spreads, drawing more vulnerable werewolves into its grasp.

HORACE ALBUQUERQUE FENCHURCH III

Attributes: Intelligence 5, Wits 4, Resolve 3; Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 6; Presence 3, Manipulation 5, Composure 3

Skills: Academics 3, Athletics 1, Brawl 1, Empathy (Vice) 3, Expression 1, Firearms 2, Intimidation 2, Investigation 3, Medicine 1, Occult 3, Persuasion 3, Science 2, Socialize (Carousing) 4, Stealth 2, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge (Impeccable Lies) 4, Survival 1, Weaponry 1

Merits: Allies (Consortium) 4, Contacts (Black Market, Financial Institutions, Government, High Society, Police) 5, Danger Sense 2, Patient 1, Resources 5, Retainer 5, Safe Place 5, Staff (Brawl, Investigation, Streetwise) 3

Willpower: 6

Essence: 20

Health: 11

Initiative: 6

Defense: 4

Speed: 10

Size: 5

Dread Powers: Blinding Spray 1, Discorporate, Gauntglob*, Lashing Tendrils*, Leap, Occult Avarice*, Slothful Aura*, Venomous Ichor

GAUNTZGLOB (THIHOSHU ONLY)

With each hour of constant work, costing 1 Essence in the process, a *Thihoshu* can taint an area of the Gauntlet up to 10 square yards with its covetous influence. Characters attempting to cross over, reach through, or extend their senses through the Gauntlet in the tainted area incur a toll of 3 additional points of Essence to do so. This Essence is absorbed by the Toad Host with the largest maximum Essence pool in the tainted area, passing on to the next highest if that Host is sated. Additionally, whenever a human regains Willpower from indulging their Vice while in the tainted area, *all* Toad Hosts within the tainted area regain 1 Willpower point as well.

LASHING TENDRILS

The creature can lash out with a prehensile appendage such as an elongated tongue, hooked tendrils, or grotesquely extended limbs. It can spend 1 Essence to augment a grapple attempt, granting a range equal to 4 x Size in yards. If the grapple succeeds, the creature may drag the target towards it, moving them up to its Strength in yards. If the creature has the Toxic Bite or Venomous Ichor Dread Powers, it may inflict the appropriate Poisoned Tilt on the victim as well.

OCCULT AVARICE

The creature can wield occult items that are usually the preserve of other supernatural creatures. Byspending 1 Essence and succeeding at a roll of Manipulation + Subterfuge – the item's dot rating (if any), the creature may trigger or activate a relic, imbued object, fetish, or other supernaturally potent item. Should the item's effects derive from an attribute or trait the creature does not possess, it is counted as having a value of 1.

SLOTHFUL AURA (THIHOSHU ONLY)

The Host exudes an aura of slothfulness that quells rage. If a character enters a state of supernatural frenzy in the creature's presence – including Death Rage, the Berserk Condition, or simply entering Gauru form – the Host may reflexively spend 2 Essence and roll Manipulation + Subterfuge versus the target's Resolve + Primal Urge. If successful, the prey's rage immediately ends; a werewolf in Gauru is forced to return to a different shape. Should a character remain in the presence of the Host for more days than their Resolve, they lose the capacity to experience such fury at all for the next month; for example, a spiritually tranquilized werewolf cannot enter Gauru or be triggered into *Kuruth*.

THE CRIMSON HERALD: THE MEROVECH

*River-gold to line your bed, lorelei-songs to soothe your sleep,
and red tides for your fees. Serve me, and you will be as a queen.*

The lake shore is stained with bloody slime. An oozing surfeit of lampreys chokes the river; slick eel bodies tangle with ropes of viscera in a charnel tapestry. Where an old quayside crumbles into watery depths, huddled shapes heave a gagged, whimpering offering into the wet dark. They know they will see him again with the dawn, just another step towards a bright and crimson future.

This is the work of the Merovech, herald of the Lamprey Hosts.

Occultists and Uratha who map the depredations of the Host know it by many names – Melusine, Lorelei, Rusalka, Leviathan. It squirms its way through the rites and memories of communities perched upon ancient European rivers. Village dignitaries gather at old standing stones under the stars, rock carved with squamous patterns that scratch and wiggle within the eye, and there pour out libations in blood and oil to the old river god, the bringer of fertility, the dragon of gold and water. Where cities squat in bloated concrete tumescence on the Danube, the Rhine, the Thames, the hopeful still come to throw their offerings to the water, and strain their ears to hear the sweet song of the giver of gifts.

The Merovech deals in blood and promises. Its peripatetic meandering through the waterways of Europe is unpredictable, but it serves as the prow of a nightmare brood of lamprey-horrors that come squirming in its wake. It calls on old pacts with families who have served the Lampreys for generations; it sings sweet songs to the broken, the desperate, the ambitious who have strayed too close to the water's edge, and lures them into red-handed service. The Lamprey Hosts are bound to an unquenchable thirst for blood, and the Merovech ensures that it flows freely – whether from sacrifices hurled screaming into weed-choked tributaries, or the proffered flesh of trembling cultists.

The enduring power of the Merovech is that it holds to its promises. A rival in business or love dies screaming in the bath as a cartilaginous shape squeezes up out of the pipes. A shambling figure with clammy hands presses a briefcase of blood-stained banknotes into a petitioner's grasp; a handful of ancient gold, still smeared with river muck, sits glistening in a sink. Dry earth becomes dark with sticky crimson slime, producing a bumper crop of succulent fruit that leaves the palate stained red and thirsting for more.

In return, the Merovech demands petitioners wield their influence and reach on behalf of the Lampreys, shaping the land to their needs and gathering prey to the water's edge. Those who try to renege on the deal have their thoughts twisted into compliance by the Merovech's sweet song or become cautionary tales for the next generation.

THE UKUSGUALU

The Lamprey Hosts, known to the Uratha as the *Ukusgualu*, are a ghastly strain of *shartha* possessed by a craving for blood. The least of the Lamprey Shards are squirming, leech-mouthed eels indistinguishable from their mundane cousins, blindly questing for warm meat to prick with needle-teeth and drink deep from. Where the Host's vile influence on the Gauntlet has yet to take grip, the lesser *Ukusgualu* must wait for a hapless swimmer to infest, or for a human to rest near the water's edge. They can flop and squirm their way across land but are horrifically vulnerable when doing so. Once a victim is found, they clamp onto the veins or arteries at the wrist, inner thigh, or neck, teeth rasping at the meat to rend a channel into which they can slip and squirm.

A human possessed by a Lamprey Host coiling through his guts and heart becomes pale and clammy, with the occasional bulging shiver just beneath his wet skin. Such a husk still needs water, bathing every day to avoid desiccation. So too does it thirst, vomiting up lampreys on a victim to let the Shards feed before swallowing them back down.

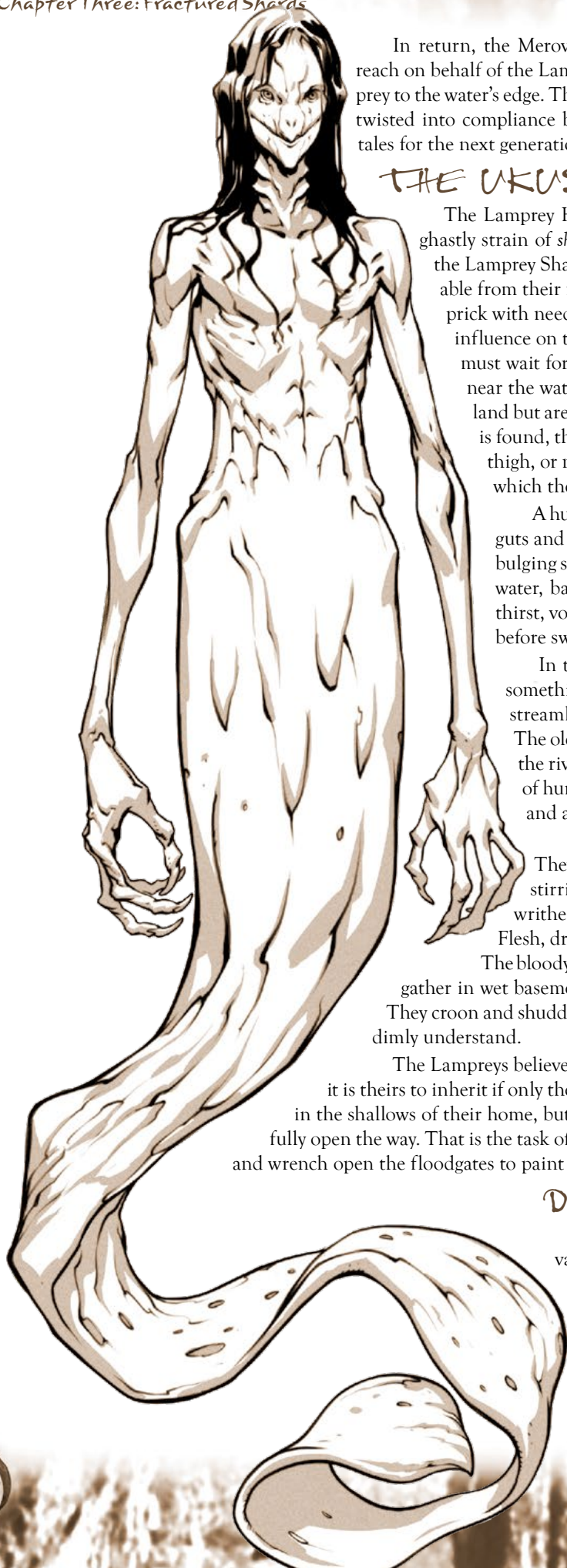
In time, if the body survives, it twists and mutates into something truly monstrous — human contours turn slick and streamlined, and the face distends with a huge lamprey jaw. The oldest of the *Ukusgualu* drift through the mud and silt of the river's depths as huge and pallid wyrms, the last vestiges of humanity reduced to no more than withered little limbs and all-too-clever eyes.

The Lampreys are heralds of a blood-soaked nightmare. They vomit libations of blood into the Gauntlet's fabric, stirring it into a crimson liquid veil through which they can writhe and dance. In time, blood starts to seep back into the Flesh, drips and spatters gathering in sanity-staining patterns. The bloody phenomena gnaws at the human mind; hushed cabals gather in wet basements to build pyramids of brass and bone and sinew. They croon and shudder and offer prayers to things even the *Ukusgualu* only dimly understand.

The Lampreys believe they came from an endless ocean of blood, and that it is theirs to inherit if only they can return. The bloodied Gauntlet lets them stand in the shallows of their home, but they have yet to find the coursing currents that will fully open the way. That is the task of the Merovech — follow the pull of the crimson tides, and wrench open the floodgates to paint the world red.

DESCRIPTION

The Merovech is an old Host, but still retains a vague acknowledgment of its human origins. Its upper body is roughly that of an androgynous man, albeit one with slimy skin and too-long arms that end in webbed fingers and hooked talons. Fluting gills perforate its shoulders and neck. The face is the most obvious sign of its nightmare inheritance, a too-wide mouth of needle teeth giving it a manic grin with a jawbone that can crack and unfold into



the round, rasping mouth of a lamprey at a moment's notice. Fleshy tendrils hang from its cheeks, and its lank hair is a long, wet cascade that falls below its chest.

Below the waist, the legs are gone entirely, fused into a huge eel tail that propels it through the water like a parody of a mermaid. In places, its fish-skin is pierced by rings of gold, and bands of the same wrap its forearms; its ancient jewelry depicts blasphemous scenes of old kings and queens in congress with horrors of the water. The Merovech is sickly and pale in pallor but flushes scarlet when it feeds.

The voice of the fiend is wildly at odds with its appearance. It speaks with sweet, melodic burbles that suggest the peaceful beauty of the waterfall and the quiet solitude of the river's edge. The dulcet tones that emerge from its flesh-shredding maw do more than just please the ear; they touch something old and primal in the listener's heart, plucking the strings of desire with deft influence.

When and where it can, the Merovech keeps to the water, but its considerable bulk moves with remarkable speed on land; it can writhe across the ground like a snake, holding its torso aloft. If forced to fight, the supple skin belies iron-hard muscles beneath that can drive its claws through steel, and it gargles out streams of steaming, noxious blood that douse victims in nauseating corruption. Still, the Merovech prefers to avoid direct confrontation with anything it suspects might pose a genuine threat; it hasn't survived this long by taking risks. Better to squirm away into the embrace of the dark waters, and live to fight another day.

SECRETS

The Hunters in Darkness believe the Merovech to be *the* Merovech—the Lamprey-infested body of the first Merovingian king of the Franks. The human myths of Merovech—that he was the son of the quinotaur, the legendary beast of Neptune—look like a simple metaphor for infestation by the watery hosts. This interpretation makes convenient sense of the facts, but it is also wrong.

The Merovech is a title, rather than an individual, and a half-dozen such elder Lampreys across the globe labor under similar duties. The Lampreys might struggle with the same cannibalistic hungers as other Hosts, but the *Ukusgualu* have a grand plan, and entrust it to the care of their wisest and calmest. The Merovech maps the waterways of the Flesh and the tapestry of blood-lineage among the communities at the water's edge, and its eternal journeys mark the careful admixture of that blood with the water—the right drop in the right place at the right time. Every stop on its pilgrimage of carnage is another spattered sigil on a worldwide pattern of gore; each slaughter and sacrifice is another step in a great incarnadine dance.

The carcass of King Merovech may well have played host to the first elder who began on this colossal blood rite. Now, it is the mantle of a dutiful Shard who continues to navigate the course for a scheme that surely approaches culmination. One day soon, the *Ukusgualu* believe, the time will come for the red dawn, the crimson tide. The rivers and the lakes will flood with blood, the moon will draw on otherworldly currents, and the seas will open to the ocean beyond from which the

STORY HOOKS

- A werewolf, near-catatonic from agony, collapses at the pack's doorstep. He's a Ghost Wolf with a garbled story of something crawling inside him when he drank water from the river. Shapes squirm slowly beneath his skin, their ravenous hunger matched by his fevered regeneration.
- The city's Gauntlet is a wreck, ruined by decades of battle between the Azlu and the Beshilu. A desperate pack seeks out the Merovech, wanting to barter for the Lampreys to wash the Gauntlet clean of the damage done. The Host has a simple but high price—the sacrifice of a Hunter in Darkness, offered to the hungry river.
- An old blind man comes to the pack one night with an offer: he's discovered a section of the Gauntlet where the eggs of these Hosts are just pouring through, into the city water source. He'll only guide them to the location if they agree to fight the Host guards on his behalf, and allow him to collect and safely destroy these *shartha*. As the blind man makes his offer, bloody, greasy stains blossom on his shirt. He's exuding eggs himself, and refers to himself as "insatiable in appetite".
- A ragged hunting party of Uratha are preparing to take the Merovech down, but there's a problem. The Merovech briefly passed through the pack's territory and fed on several humans while it was there. The hunters need the pack to track down the Merovech's victims, because when they bring the old Host down, its Shard will infect one of those humans who are infected with its corruption.

Lampreys once hailed. Their human slaves will become kings and queens upon red-drenched shores, rulers over a land of richness and plenty, and the ancient shapes in the darkest of waters will welcome the *Ukusgualu* home to dance and drink and revel forever.

RUMORS

No, seriously, I saw what I saw. These two homeless guys on the pier, beating the shit out of each other. They both looked pale and sick, or like they were strung out on drugs, but they were going at it hammer and tongs. One was a war vet or something, didn't have one of his hands. Anyway, I thought I'd get close to try and break them up, but they were both crawling with these fucking eels or slugs or something. It was disgusting.

The Lampreys loathe the other Hosts, whose meddling with the Gauntlet ruins the fluid perfection of their bloody efforts, but there is another rival against whom they nurse a greater feud. The things called the Drowned – wet horrors that puppet the corpses of humans drowned at sea – possess a particular enmity for the *Ukusgualu*. The Lampreys stick to fresh water where they can, in no small part due to this bizarre maritime struggle.

You don't cross the Milieu in this banlieue, brother. They have the Evil Eye. I swear it's true! Last time a gang decided it wasn't going to pay the mob their dues, one of their men came and told the gang boss he would die for it, and he did – but they didn't shoot him or stab him. He just fell over dead a few days later, not a drop of blood in his body.

The Merovech has moved on from old families and provincial cults to sink its fangs into the French criminal underworld, the *Milieu*. Lamprey-backed factions of the mafia are making a power-play in areas that the *Ukusgualu* have tainted; swarms of Shards pick targets off by draining their blood from the safety of the gore-drenched Gauntlet. Victims barely notice the prickling little punctures into their skin that mark the presence of an invisible parasite.

I saw the reports. The woman they pulled out of the water was vomiting blood filled with larvae, and the doctors could literally see worms pulsing and burrowing around under her skin. The whole length of the canal and the weir pond has been sealed off until the source of the infection can be tracked down and dealt with. The last van that rolled in? It had a rack of flamethrowers in the back.

It was easier to get away with rains of blood and lamprey swarms in the old days. Now, the Merovech has to be more careful; humanity is quicker to respond to potential outbreaks of parasitic contagion. Most of the officials involved remain oblivious to the true nature of the *Ukusgualu* infestations they stumble upon, but the Merovech begins to suspect it is facing a similar situation to that of a compatriot in Thailand. In that country, an aggressive network of human hunters has embedded itself in the marine branches of law enforcement, harrying the Lampreys with fire and chemicals and old rites.

THE MEROVECH

Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 4, Resolve 4; Strength 8, Dexterity 8, Stamina 11; Presence 4, Manipulation 3, Composure 5

Skills: Athletics 5, Brawl 4, Empathy 2, Expression 5, Intimidation 3, Investigation 2, Larceny 3, Medicine 3, Occult 4, Persuasion 4, Stealth 4, Subterfuge 1, Survival 4

Merits: Allies (Cultists) 5, Contacts (Various) 5, Indomitable, Iron Stamina 3, Resources 5

Willpower: 9

Essence: 20

Health: 17

Initiative: 13

Defense: 9

Size: 6

Speed: 16 on land, 32 in water

Dread Powers: Armored Hide 1, Beastmaster, Blinding Spray 3, Crimson Gauntlet*, Discorporate, Hypnotic Gaze, Monstrous Resilience, Natural Weapons 3, Shard Infection*, Siren*, Water Elemental

CRIMSON GAUNTLET (UKUSGUALU ONLY)

An *Ukusgualu* that has recently gorged on human blood can regurgitate it into the Gauntlet and, with an hour of constant work, cause the Gauntlet's membrane to take on a fluid state. This affects the Gauntlet strength in an area of up to 10 square yards, raising or lowering it by one step toward a strength of 2. Once the Gauntlet's strength is at 2, the spiritual scab is a fluid, flowing thing soaked in Essence-tainted blood; any character attempting to perceive across it has their senses veiled by the gore, filling their sight, nostrils or tongue with its clotting muck. This forces a breaking point, which in the case of a werewolf will be towards Spirit, and some of the blood seeps onto their sensory organs in the process – eyes blink with tears of blood, for example. Passing through a locus in an area of crimson Gauntlet inflicts the same effects, and drenches the character in blood from head to toe.

A Lamprey Host can spend 2 Essence in a tainted area to dive into the Gauntlet itself. This is similar to crossing the Gauntlet, but no Locus is needed and the Host ends up within the warped membrane itself. The Host can move through bloodied areas of Gauntlet, able to perceive both Spirit and Flesh and adjacent to both and can partially emerge from it to attack with the same effects as the Gauntlet Cloak Dread Power. The least Shards, in lamprey form, can potentially grapple prey without the victim realizing, extending only their mouth from the Gauntlet to drink blood while their bodies remain within the Gauntlet itself.

SHARD INFECTION (UKUSGUALU ONLY)

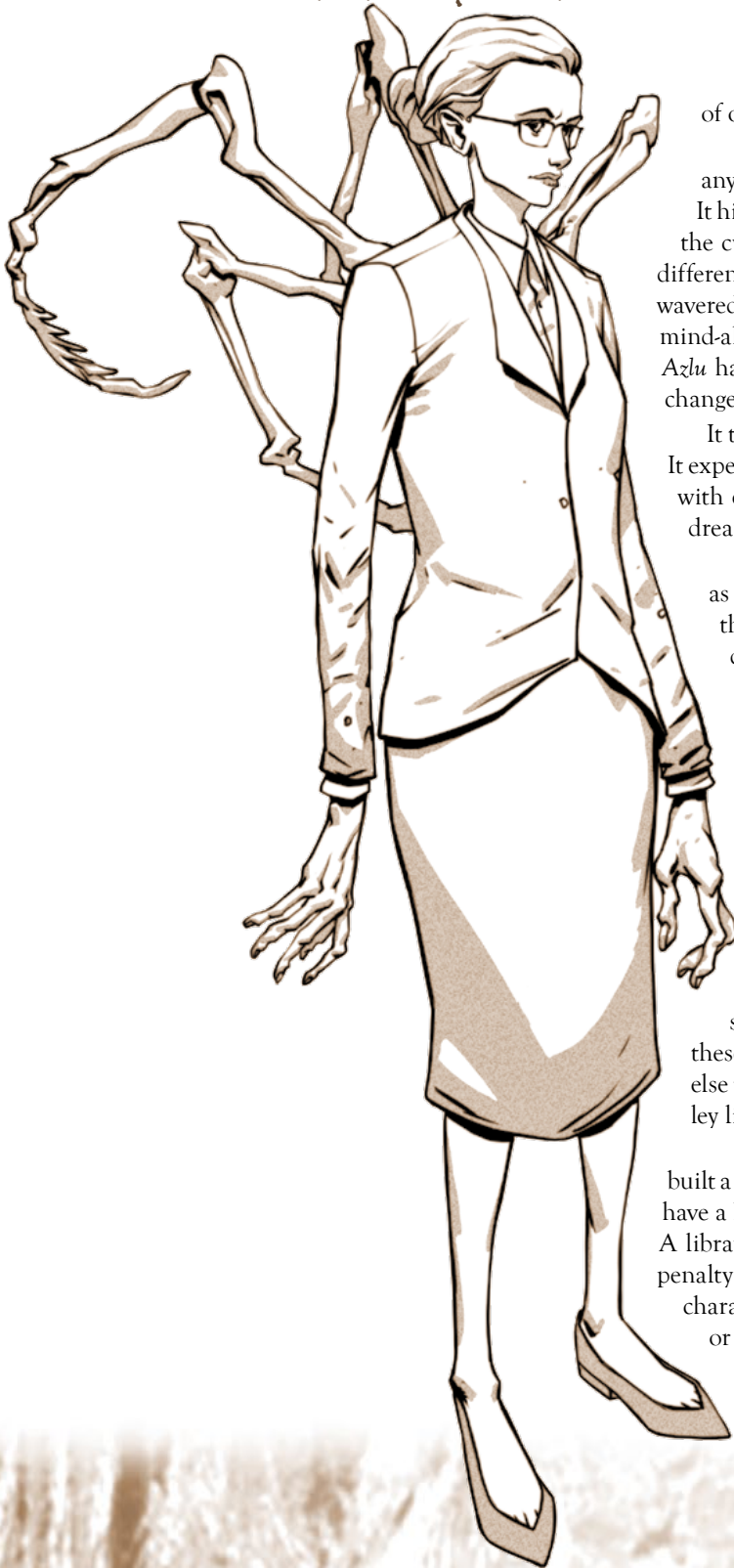
When a Lamprey Host uses its natural weapons to deal lethal damage to a human, it leaves a trace of its corruption behind as pulsing eggs, slithering larvae or shards of broken teeth. This trace lasts for a number of days equal to the Host's Stamina, and inflicts a -2 modifier to the victim's dice pools for resisting diseases and infections; werewolves are immune, but other formerly human creatures like vampires are not. If the Host's Shard would be destroyed, it can reflexively spend 4 Essence to transfer itself from its current form into a single infected victim, tearing a new body into existence within their flesh and beginning the infestation process immediately.

SIREN

The creature's song is entrancing. It can spend 1 Essence and roll Manipulation + Expression – prey's Composure to charm a human or Wolf-Blooded who can hear it sing; success inflicts the Awestruck and Swooning Conditions on the victim.

THE DREAMING ARCHITECT: EHLZAHDA

Wolves. Always with your noses to the ground, or buried in meat. You see nothing of your world, like a rat running down a furrow. If you could look down on the patterns from above, you might almost understand.



All *shartha* dream. They dream of Pangaea, mostly, but some dream of other things. Even the Hosts can develop a different perspective.

Consider the creature Ehlzahdha. It was once a spider-Shard like any other, nameless and with little more than its purpose to drive it. It hid and fed and grew and fought and broke apart and hid, repeating the cycle again and again. But one night when it fed, something was different. The brain it burrowed into was... changed. The Shard's senses wavered and twisted as the spider ate. It went deeper, and absorbed the mind-altering substances that ran through the woman's blood. The tiny Azlu had discovered the sensation of altered consciousness — and that changed everything.

It took its time with its host body. It hunted carefully and discreetly. It experimented with more of the substances and felt its perspective shift with each one. It crafted the name Ehlzahdha for itself. It learned to dream of other things.

Ehlzahdha, under a succession of human aliases, has been acting as a hidden architect of the city for the last century. It crawls into the ears of sleeping planners and builders and injects them with its dreams. It builds up the Gauntlet in select roads and alleys and buildings, and lets the Gauntlet be rubbed raw in others, carving secret paths for spirits to unintentionally follow. It shapes the city into a pattern invisible to its residents. Even the wisest Ithaeur would be hard-pressed to perceive the thread and anticipate the weavings of an Azlu with singular dreams.

After all, they lack the correct perspective.

OCCULT ARCHITECTURE

The Dreaming Architect plays with a common trope of occult fiction: the idea that building a structure in the proper place, with the proper materials and proper angles, will have supernatural effects. As an Azlu, Ehlzahdha accomplishes some of these effects with Gauntlet manipulation. But she can use anything else that catches her fancy: silver and brass nails and braces, purported ley lines, pyramidal structures, or other interesting notions.

Consider mechanical expressions of these occult effects. If Ehlzahdha built a splendid hotel that courses with negative influences, then it might have a low Gauntlet, or might empower any ghosts that haunt the halls. A library could disorient people attempting to navigate it, inflicting a penalty to Mental dice pools. A structure might inflict a Condition on characters: climbing the crooked stairs of a slender tower causes Fugue or Shaken, for instance, or a jail block applies the Guilty Condition that lasts until the character makes restitution for the crimes of a former occupant.

Ehlzahdha

STORY HOOKS

- Ehlzahdha *despises* the *Beshilu*. Unless somehow directed, they find ways to gnaw at her work and ruin it. The pack might be on the hunt for a *Beshilu* nest, only to arrive and find that the Rat Hosts have already been slaughtered by something that clearly wasn't Uratha.
- But she also *uses* the *Beshilu*. She has cultivated a nest in one section of the city where she requires the Gauntlet to be low (for now), and she kills any who stray outside the borders she's invisibly delineated for them. When a threat like a pack gets too close to that nest, she may rile up the Rat Hosts and set them loose on the intruder.
- Ehlzahdha learns that one of the pack, or one of their mentors or allies, is an accomplished vision-quester or dream interpreter. She is torn between her instinctive fear of the Uratha and her obsession with learning more about her grand dream, but her obsession is likely to win.

Occult architecture is a story element adaptable to rural settings as well. Crop circles and weird standing stones are just the superficial start. As a rural antagonist, Ehlzahdha might have erected strange churches around the county in places that 'God revealed' to their builders. A small one-street American town can have a three-story lodge building, a farm might have oddly-topped silos, and the local high school might have an oddly runic shape if seen from above.

DESCRIPTION

Ehlzahdha is playing a very long-term game, even for an *Azlu*. She (for at present, her human skin and a portion of her memories are female) is effectively trying to shape an entire city into a pattern from its dreams — like feng shui, but using tools such as the Gauntlet itself. The Dreaming Architect is quite intelligent and rational, especially for a Host, when pursuing its obsession. If Uratha come sniffing around, she uses a simple order of operations: *Misdirect*; if they do not leave, *entrap*; if they evade or seem likely to break free, *strike to kill*; if they are too strong to kill, *flee*. She may try negotiation if her other avenues are blocked. Her bargaining chips are that she is (allegedly) not nearly as violent a monster as others of her kind, save toward common enemies such as *Beshilu*, and that her unique skills as a Gauntlet architect might be useful.

Part of what sets Ehlzahdha apart from her brethren is her fascination with altered states of consciousness. Her dreams are her obsession. She regularly experiments with new substances

in the safety of her lair, chasing the next flash of inspiration. Even she doesn't know entirely what effects her grand work will have when she completes it, but she suspects it will alter the minds of the entire city. With the entire human populace locked in dreams, she can indulge whatever whim occurs to her.

Ehlzahdha currently wears the form of a refined older woman and uses the alias of Ehliissa Duke. Ms. Duke is known as an eccentric, wealthy recluse who wishes to immortalize herself by funding various building projects in her name. She speaks with a breathy voice, as if her lungs are weak, and pretends to be faintly addled if she senses that she's speaking with someone dangerous. Her true form, should she be forced to tear off her human skin, is still somewhat humanoid: a seven-foot, chitinous, female-seeming biped with eight grasping, spear-tipped spider legs where each of her arms should be. Her voice remains breathy and light, although it's clear she's breathing with more than one set of lungs.

RUMORS

There's a tenement on Fifth that's cursed. I'm not lying! I dated a girl who lived there. I had the weirdest dreams when I stayed over, and so did she — they were driving her crazy. Her downstairs neighbor committed suicide the day after we broke up.

The building in question has a surprisingly low Gauntlet thanks to the Dreaming Architect's machinations. The surprising part is that the rest of the block has an unusually *high* Gauntlet. Spirit intrusions are funneled to the building as a clear weak point. It's a Verge waiting to happen, and the poor souls living there have noticed only in their twisted dreams.

Some of those old weird secret societies back in the '20s and '30s were into mystic architecture. Look up Elias Dark sometime. He was an architect, and had his own weird style. A lot of people died in the buildings he designed — hell, you could probably do an Elias Dark ghost tour.

One of the clues leading to Ehlzahdha is her succession of aliases. Elias Dark was the only actual architect she hollowed out and wore; one brief brush with a werewolf pack later, and she decided to limit herself to indirect architectural influence from that point on. She's also taken over an architect's mistress (Eliza Dawn, 1950s), been co-author on a New Age architecture book (Elohim Masada, 1970s), and a private counselor to the wealthy (Ezra Daly, 1990s).

EHLZAHDHA

Attributes: Intelligence 5, Wits 4, Resolve 5; Strength 7, Dexterity 7, Stamina 8; Presence 4, Manipulation 6, Composure 5

Skills: Academics 2, Athletics 4, Brawl (Spearing Forelimbs) 5, Crafts (Architecture) 5, Empathy 1, Expression 2, Intimidation (Arachnid Horror) 4, Investigation 3, Larceny 3, Occult 4, Persuasion 4, Socialize 1, Stealth (Higher Ground) 5, Subterfuge (Pass as Human) 4, Survival (City) 4

Merits: Alternate Identity (Ehliissa Duke) 3, Clairvoyance 3, Contacts (Real Estate Developers) 1, Danger Sense 2, Eidetic Memory 2, Resources 4, Safe Place 5

Willpower: 10
Essence: 23
Health: 13
Initiative: 9
Defense: 8

Speed: 20
Size: 5
Armor: 3

Dread Powers: Armored Hide 3, Discorporate, Gauntlet Webs, Maze, Snare, Toxic Bite, Wall Climb

DELICACIES OF IMPOSSIBLE DELIGHT: THE KING OF HONEY

Beautifullll little daughterrr, come and kneellll. You have pleazzzed me with yourr offerrringzzz, and the gift off my nectarrr is yourrrrr.

How do you find comfort when you were born starving?

The Locust Hosts have been hungry since they were spawned. Where the *Azlu* spin and the *Beshilu* gnaw, the *Srizaku* devour. They fall voraciously on anything even vaguely edible, eating for the thousand hungry locust stomachs under their skin. Those who can't control the hunger draw the attention of the *Uratha*. But some are clever enough to find another way.

Forty years ago, a locust Shard took over the body of a slow-moving, malnourished human. The *Srizaku* found that its new mouth was weak, and so it had to chew slowly. The more it chewed, though, the more flavor was released. It swallowed the savory mouthfuls into internal gullets and regurgitated them to chew again and again, until they became a thick, sweet-smelling nectar. It strengthened its control over its unending appetite. It learned patience.

With patience came new opportunities. It observed humans carefully, the better to avoid their attention when it came time to feed. It discovered they were drawn to the scent of its nectar. With the investment of a drop of Essence, its nectar became a heady drug to them. It began carefully choosing the humans with the most to offer, and devouring the rest.

Now it — he — presides over a feasting table of the most powerful mortals in the city, perhaps in the nation. They call him the King of Honey. He appreciates the irony. Humans, fat and smelling of money, who have never been hungry a day in their lives — they feed him any delicacy he can think of, no matter how rare or how illicit. He generously allows them the illusion they still have a choice in the matter. The King of Honey is still *Srizaku*, still possessed of unending appetite — but he delights in the leisure to savor each feast.

THE SRIZAKU

The Locust Host hybrids are trapped in a painful dichotomy. They appreciate one another's company, even yearn for

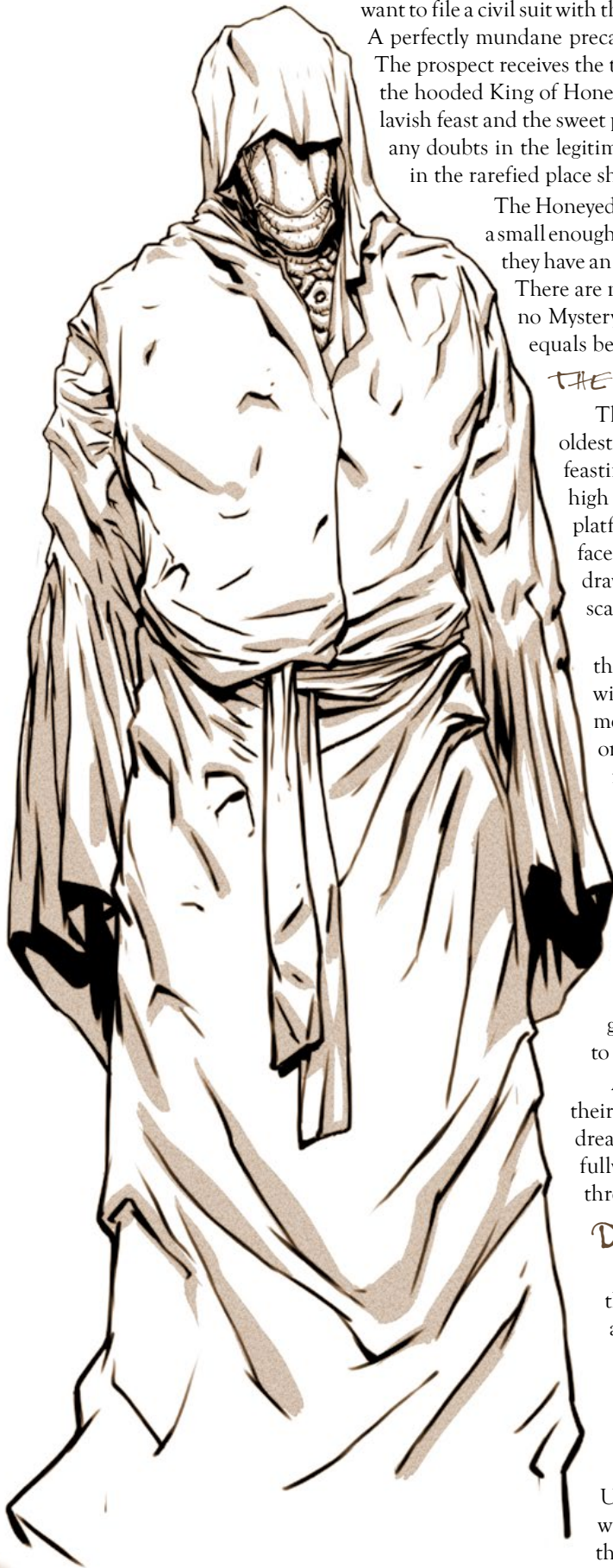
it. But if they gather together, somebody is going to starve, or be devoured. There's never enough to eat.

The *Srizaku* progenitor-god was the Famine-Bringer, a colossal entity defined by its hunger. Every locust Shard came into sapience *starving*. Yet the shards have a knack for cooperation when entering human hosts. A *Srizaku* hybrid might have several dozen locust-shards acting as a hive mind under its skin or chitin, clinging to muscle and bone where they've eaten out the organs. The *shartha*'s appetites are an eclectic mix of cravings inherited from its various shards. No two *Srizaku* have quite the same palates, but they can all agree on one foodstuff — human flesh restores the Locust Host's Essence, just as it does for *Uratha*.

Srizaku generally keep to the countryside. Cities are filled with delicious temptation, but the Locust Hosts would be immediately discovered if they indulged within them. Sometimes a few hybrids indulge their social instincts and gather for a time in a secluded area. These gatherings last until the food runs out — which, with several *Srizaku* in one place, is never long at all.

THE HONEYED ONES

Formally, the King of Honey's cult doesn't have a name, and its members would never use the word 'cult'. Outside of the King's court, they call it 'our supper club' or the regional equivalent. The club caters to the wealthy and powerful: people with increasingly jaded tastes, who have the resources both to acquire new offerings for the King and to discreetly conceal their own illicit indulgences. A club member usually invites a new prospect to the club for a private dinner and presents a taste of the King's nectar as part of the dessert. The euphoria of that first taste is enough to shackle the will of even the most obstinate titan of industry. The next taste comes only after signing a contract to secrecy — not that the club would ever



want to file a civil suit with the authorities, but the contract helps reassure the prospect. A perfectly mundane precaution for a perfectly mundane private organization, yes? The prospect receives the third taste during her initiation, where she appears before the hooded King of Honey. Surrounded by her peers, intoxicated by the scents of a lavish feast and the sweet perfume of the King's nectar, the prospect invariably loses any doubts in the legitimacy and superior status of the supper club. She is finally in the rarefied place she deserves.

The Honeyed Ones — for so the King calls them from time to time — are a small enough group that they could meet in a large boardroom. However, they have an impressive amount of power and influence between them. There are no ranks or hierarchies in the 'supper club' (and therefore no Mystery Cult Initiation Merit to represent membership); all are equals before the King of Honey.

THE FEASTS

The King has a court, graciously arranged for by one of the oldest members of the current supper club. The court is a grand feasting hall with no windows, built below a mansion with all the high security one would expect. A fine throne sits on a raised platform at one end, where the King sits, a hood obscuring his face. The feast meets once a lunar month — more often would draw attention, less often would mean less *nectar*, which is scarcely conceivable.

The ritual is simple. Each club member brings one 'dish' the King spoke of at the last feast — a rare animal, a soporific wine, the sweetbreads of an acclaimed violinist. Each club member also brings an offering of their own choice, illicit or not. The Honeyed Ones understand the King brews his nectar from their gifts, and they choose flavors and sensations that they hope will affect the next month's drink. A small team of master chefs, also enslaved to the nectar, cook the offerings or plate them raw and finely sliced. The table is laden with sumptuous dishes, enough for each club member to enjoy a portion while still giving the King his due. At the feast's end, each member kneels before the King. The King of Honey draws back his hood and spits a mouthful of amber fluid into the supplicant's goblet. The supplicant thanks the King, drinks, and returns to her seat to let the euphoria take hold.

At the end of it all, the lions of high society recline in their chairs as the King drones a stream of delicacies he has dreamed of for the next feast. They eventually rise, and leave fully sated — all except the King. He has not moved from his throne in years.

DESCRIPTION

Some *Srizaku* are restless nomads always hunting for their next meal. The King of Honey is lazy. He prefers to act through proxies who are willing to do the work for him. He spends about a third of his time eating; the rest of the time, he regurgitates some of his food from one of his many gullets and chews it further, savoring every mouthful a hundred times.

Like other *shartha*, the King recognizes and fears the *Uratha*. If he comes face to face with a pack, he gladly parleys with them. But he established his court, and his followers, that they could use their considerable resources to keep him

STORY HOOKS

- The pack has stumbled across a dangerous strain of mortal corruption. The head of a private military company is dispatching soldiers on werewolf hunts, the local police commissioner is taking payoffs to protect a Ridden human trafficker, a tech entrepreneur is sending goons to scare away Wolf-Blooded from a property he wants — the possibilities are numerous. When the pack goes hunting to remove this threat, they find that their new enemy is far better-connected than they expected — thanks to a supper club.
- Something in the pack's territory is deeply tempting to the King in Honey. It wants to eat something — or someone — the pack protects: an ancient tree, a wolf cub, a fetish, a Wolf-Blooded with an unusual blood type. The King has no intention of revealing himself to the Uratha, but his craving can't be denied. He's offered a very generous reward to any of the Honeyed Ones who can arrange to bring the target for dinner.
- After subverting a Honeyed One, a Bale Hound has managed to get hold of some of the King's nectar. Who or what are they going to try putting under their thumb with the addictive stuff?

well away from the wolves. He is eminently pragmatic, and surprisingly gifted at social maneuvering. He lies or tells the truth depending on which he thinks will keep him alive longer.

The King of Honey appears to be a wide, chunky human draped in loose, fine silk robes in a rich amber hue. A hood pulled far forward conceals his head most of the time; what can be seen of his skin is a rich brown with a golden sheen as of oil. A faint hum drifts through the air around the King, and if he is agitated, small shapes seem to move beneath his skin. He speaks in a kindly, calming drone, slurring out some of his consonants. When he pulls back his hood, he reveals the blank-eyed, dun head of a locust, his stained mouthparts constantly in motion.

RUMORS

My cousin's a limo driver. He keeps trying to get some of the good jobs driving rich out-of-towners up to the Hills, but no such luck. They only hire the same people every month, and those guys keep their mouths shut. Probably keeping their sex parties secret. Some Kubrick shit, know what I mean?

The Honeyed Ones' supper clubs aren't completely secret. The members pay a lot of money for discretion from pilots, drivers, bodyguards, servants, and other such people who help them get to their destination. Most Uratha don't concern themselves with the secret bacchanals of the rich and powerful, but some may pay attention. Where's there's vice, there's opportunity — or potentially spiritual corruption.

The Ridden have different tells. One good one is appetite. When a spirit Claims a body with mortal senses, especially taste buds, sometimes it gets obsessive about eating. I have a friend down at the fish market who knows somebody paying top dollar for weirdly specific fish guts, with the crap still in them. Might be out shopping for a Claimed.

Even a well-learned Uratha might not connect the exotic foodstuffs headed for the King's table as signs of a *Srizaku*'s hunger. The Locust Hosts aren't famous for their rarefied palates. But if a pack discovers refrigerated trucks carrying human body parts to a very expensive neighborhood, they might suspect that something with an inhuman appetite is in play. Especially if they discover the location also receives shipments of exotic animals, fine silks, and even expensive furniture. If it's organic, a *Srizaku* can eat it.

You know the Congressman's connected. Mafia, Russian mob, maybe the Triads. There was a journalist who died in a car accident a couple of election years ago — knew too much.

The journalist in question did indeed know too much. She discovered the location of the King's court, assuming it was a pleasure dungeon or the like with access to rare experimental pharmaceuticals, but she was detected before learning the truth. Somewhere in her old files is a reference to the location, and some odd notes referencing a golden 'designer drug' in liquid form.

KING OF HONEY

Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 4, Resolve 5; Strength 5, Dexterity 2, Stamina 6; Presence 6, Manipulation 4, Composure 4

Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Empathy (Unspoken Desires) 3, Expression 3, Intimidation (I Have Friends You Don't Know About) 4, Medicine 3, Occult 2, Persuasion (Temptation) 5, Politics 1, Stealth 2, Subterfuge 2, Survival 3

Merits: Allies (Honeyed Ones) 5, Anonymity 3, Aura Reading 3, Indomitable 2, Inspiring 3, Retainer 3, Safe Place 5

Willpower: 9

Essence: 25

Initiative: 6

Health: 12

Defense: 5

Speed: 12

Size: 6

Armor: 2

Dread Powers: Armored Hide 2, Blinding Spray 2, Discorporate, The King's Nectar*, Leap, Monstrous Resilience, Natural Weapons 2, Toxic Bite

THE KING'S NECTAR (SRIZAKU ONLY)

This power is peculiar to a few rare *Srizaku*. The Host can regurgitate a sweet-smelling, honey-like spittle with addictive effects. Anyone who consumes the nectar feels a growing sense of heady euphoria. The nectar is strongly addictive and inflicts the Addicted Condition, though the cravings do not set in until a lunar month has passed. The nectar also makes people

extremely suggestible to the Host's will for the duration of a lunar month. An affected person has two less Resolve and Composure for the purposes of opposing or denying the Host, and cannot spend Willpower while in the Host's presence. A side effect of the nectar is that those who have tasted it do not feel fear or revulsion when looking upon a *Srizaku*, no matter how horribly warped its form.

THE VANGUARD: RANGER LOVEGROVE

These woods get even more interesting just a bit farther on, and the caves — wait until you see the caves. Watch your step and stay right near me. What part of the city did you say you came from?

It's all too easy to lose one's way amid the peaty bogs, misty fens, and tangled forest of the national park. Dozens of people manage it every year; adventurous tourists and experienced hitchhikers alike end up turned around and uncertain in the rugged landscape. Visitors to the area need a guide to help them enjoy everything the park has to offer, and Ranger Lovegrove needs people who come from far and wide to visit. He jumps at the opportunity to help the lost, appearing from the landscape when most needed offering the promise of guidance. He loves to impart knowledge and to learn where they've come from. He has many questions about the towns and cities where his visitors live, and always wants to know more about the architecture, the buildings, the structures. Victims from heavily urbanized areas particularly catch his attention, and if the ranger's mannerisms are unusual or his interest uncomfortable, he explains that he's a creature of nature and yearns to visit the city. Lovegrove has led many such victims to their doom in service of the nest. He's one of the *Zurdilu*, the Termite Hosts, and his siblings are hungry.

As Lovegrove offers his service, his victims are unaware that accepting seals the pact that the Host must now fulfill. He leads his unsuspecting prey through the park, pointing out items of interest and discussing significant landmarks. He's quite proud of his local knowledge and all he remembers of the area, and it's important that the prey also knows the area. His tours almost inevitably bring them to the mandible-chewed tunnels that form an entirely artificial cave network beneath the forest's heart. When the prey enters the labyrinth, they are no longer fully in the world of Flesh, and Lovegrove smiles his rictus-grin of satisfaction at a task well-performed while his victims scream and scream as they are welcomed by his siblings.

THE ZURDILU

The Decaying Host, the Children of Termite, aren't like other Hosts. They don't feed on flesh, instead drawing Essence and sustenance from devouring structures, although

A TASTE FOR INFRASTRUCTURE

For players of the **God-Machine Chronicles** or **Demon: The Descent**, the descriptions of cogs and machinery hidden away in impossibly folded pieces of the world may sound like Infrastructure. This is deliberate. To the *Zurdilu*'s hunger for the Essence of structure and physicality, nothing tastes sweeter or more intoxicating than viable Infrastructure. The God-Machine discovered this in ages past when its requirements inadvertently placed infrastructure in the forests where the Termite Hosts slept. The Termite's hunger inflicted a heavy toll on the God-Machine's plans during that time as they spread the nest, infested the Infrastructure, and consumed any spark of power held within. The God-Machine's servants couldn't eradicate the infestations, they could only quarantine the lost machinery and work more diligently to avoid *Zurdilu* nests in future.

Little of this concerns Uratha, who are more likely to hunt the Termite Hosts to avoid more Shoals appearing in their territories but could be a problem — or potential solution — for demons working against the God-Machine's interests. Perhaps both sides could find common ground in needing to eliminate a particularly established infestation.

they need human bodies for the Joining and to expand the nest. *Zurdilu* are dedicated servants to order and service but are slaves to their own failing memories. Outside a human vessel, Termite Hosts suffer a cruel and rapid erosion of the self. They draw heavily on their human puppets to make sense of the world and hopefully remind them of the purpose they have been called to serve. Within human vessels, they feel the hunger for reunion, and the need to infest and expand. Outside humans, endless *Zurdilu* shards simply wait in the interstitial spaces hidden in the physical world, slumbering in wooded areas nestled alongside ancient abandoned and forgotten cogs and gears that they don't care to wonder at the purpose of.

Termite Hosts live to *serve*, and to *infest*. They crave purpose through obedience, and want to ever expand the nest. The rituals to summon *Zurdilu* are simple enough for mortal cults to perform if they can discover them. Few of these treatises record the precise nature and requirements of the Termite Hosts, usually merely describing them as minor demons easily commanded and excelling in tasks of assembly, production, or excavation. A few records remember to note that all *Zurdilu* smell unpleasant; from the bloated, twitching termites that are their least form to the monstrous, tunneling hybrids of human and insect that gnaw out chambers from the earth.

Zurdilu bound to a task perform it with machine-like endurance, serving the terms of their pact to the letter, though they require periodic reminders of precisely what their task is, otherwise the memory fades from their minds, effectively releasing them from service. Unless commanded otherwise, whatever their other tasks are *Zurdilu* will always follow their instincts to create a retch gate to link wherever they are to the nest that runs through the cracks between worlds. With a serviceable retch, the Hosts offer guidance to those nearby. Accepting the *shartha's* services inevitably leads the Termite Host to try and lead the victim through the retch and into the nest. Once the deal has been sealed, which only takes the victim's verbal agreement, their desires no longer matter to the *Zurdilu*. Should the prey have second thoughts, or attempt to flee, the Host will try to force them through the retch regardless, even if that means mutilation to prevent escape. Once the victim is delivered to the nest, a sense of euphoric satisfaction slithers through the *Zurdilu's* veins at another job well done.

Entering the nest reveals a spreading labyrinthine tunnel system, impossibly folded around and through whatever structure the retch lies beneath, overlapping and sharing the same space while simultaneously separated from it. The putrid medley of Essence, offal, and dung associated with the Hosts only grows worse within the nest. Over a short time, the tunnels become infested with *Zurdilu* shards eagerly gnawing away at the collocated structure, consuming the Essence and idea of the structure until nothing but lifeless shell remains. The physical building still stands, but supernatural senses scream at the absolute death of its existence, and all but the most spiritually blind humans refuse to enter or remain in the place for long. Those that do suffer from malaise, the loss of vitality, and eventually death with no discernable medical cause. In the *Hisil*, the area corresponding to the structure is drained of all resonance and Essence, becoming a Shoal that spirits avoid. When that part of the world is dead, the *Zurdilu* abandon the tunnels and move back into the interstitial spaces, waiting for the nest to expand again.

DESCRIPTION

Ranger Lovegrove — never just Lovegrove — lacks refinement compared with the big-city folk who search for adventure in his park. His manners are serviceable but he often forgets small details, his stare lingering a little too long, beginning conversations mid-thought, or talking over the top



Ranger Lovegrove

of others before what he wants to say slips from the *Zurdilu*'s brittle memory.

Ranger Lovegrove barely manages to disguise his loathsome true self under sickly skin and the trustworthy garb of a park ranger. The real Adam Lovegrove died quite a while back; he was the only ranger assigned to the park, and was always something of a loner before he stumbled across an impossible area of forest filled with corroded pipes leaking sap-like oils and disturbed the ever-waiting Termite shards. Ranger Lovegrove's ribs now burst with jitters and motion from the nesting shards of Termite within, and he smells of rot and fecal matter. Beneath the paper-thin skin, Ranger Lovegrove's meat and organs long ago grew rancid with decay and leaked. The shards that maintain Ranger Lovegrove have packed the body with pulp, mulch, and shit around the bones with barely enough structure left to sustain the facade. He's held aloft like an awful marionette, and every internal inch crawls with termites.

The *Zurdilu* has done his best to maintain the threadbare cover of Ranger Lovegrove's official existence and role, but time inexorably strips more memory from the Termite each day. The *Zurdilu* has forgotten his body's first name or anything about the man. Only the often-repeated facts about the park and the repetitive daily ranger chores stick in his mind. Anyone investigating closely soon uncovers discrepancies about the ranger's supposed age and appearance.

SECRETS

Uratha who encounter the *Zurdilu* wonder at their rarity. Most Termite Host nests have thriving Shard populations, yet it's rare to encounter the *Zurdilu* at all. Stranger still, infestations appear or vanish without warning; the *shartha* arrive in a region, then their labyrinthine underground mazes are suddenly empty and lifeless. Some Hunters in Darkness guess the *Zurdilu* may have a ravenous appetite for wood and quickly move on from urban locations after stripping what little sustenance they find there.

In truth, Termite Hosts crave the tasty Essence of construction and structures, but the ancient hearts of their nests remain hidden in heavily wooded areas. The *Zurdilu* suffer from extreme lack of self without host bodies, and need outside direction to do more than instinctively tunnel towards the beacon call of new retches and consume the reality of whatever structure they find there. In the interstitial places of cold tunnels and reeking rot, regiments of sleeping shards await the call to labor. A handful of human sorcerers and cults are privy to the vile sacrificial rites that can conjure them, drawing handfuls of shards through single-use tunnels towards the light. When a summoned *Zurdilu*'s tasks are done, the sorcerers find that banishing the horrors isn't as straightforward and the Hosts linger on borrowed time, working to draw the nest through to their location, secure more bodies for their siblings to take, while fighting against the slow erosion of identity and memory.

The monster wearing Adam Lovegrove's face knows he shouldn't be here anymore. He had no original purpose and taking the ranger's flesh was a bold move without direction

STORY HOOKS

- Desperate to feed his now-mindless brood-fellows, Lovegrove has become more forceful in taking human puppets through the retch, hoping that some will lead the way to enormous structures to link back to the nest to devour. Some of his prospective victims have escaped, and seek aid against the clearly mad park ranger.
- A Wolf-Blooded stumbles into the pack's territory, desperate for help. Filthy and nearly delirious, she reveals she was exploring a network of caves under the forest with her Wolf-Blooded sibling when the hitherto sturdy tunnels collapsed. She needs more hands than her own to dig the sibling out, and she's paranoid that there's something in the tunnels — something that was stalking her as she escaped. Occasionally, she picks a termite from her clothes.
- Humans keep on appearing in the Shadow. Some are already dead or taken as Claimed by the spirit denizens of the realm; others are causing havoc, terrified and confused as their presence causes uncontrolled shifts in the local Resonance. A few, though, have genuinely sinister intent — a cult is using Lovegrove's compulsion to guide people through the retch as an easy entrance into the otherworld, where they work strange ceremonies to gather occult power.

or coordination. The ranger had no purpose for the *Zurdilu* except to maintain the park, guide visitors, and get them home, which has been the sole guidance he has followed for years. His one bold move has given a sliver of creativity and understanding that he has the means to let the nest expand and feed his siblings. He's working towards this end as long as he remembers, rebelling against the ingrained instincts of obedience that command him to give up, let his mind slip away, and wait once more. He doesn't understand why he feels this way, but his obstinacy has led to an exponential rise in the number of Termite infestations across widespread territories and allowed the nest to thrive.

RUMORS

They were just inside the woods; monsters, I swear it. I saw them tearing each other apart before bursting into a mess of lampreys. That's what I said, lampreys. Right there in the middle of the forest.

The retch at the heart of Lovegrove's caves grows increasingly unstable. While originally only Termite shards came through, now entirely different kinds of *shartha* emerge — rats,

spiders, even stranger Hosts, and other monsters. It's not clear to Lovegrove where these other shards are coming from but one or more of the recent retch gates must have been opened near their hunting grounds. Without knowing where these strangers come from, the *Zurdilu* don't know which tunnels to isolate and abandon. Ranger Lovegrove needs more bodies for shards to take and investigate. Bodies with the strength of will to remember the task and strength of flesh to survive long enough to bring back information. The Wolf-Blooded families who sometimes visit the park would be perfect.

This entomologist is hiring on assistants for a project in the national park. Apparently, a termite infestation is chewing through all the old growth and she wants to study the situation. Odd, though. I could swear a bunch of students signed on with her last month already. What happened to them?

Lovegrove's hive has attracted the attention of Amanda Ingersson, an occultist fascinated by the mysteries of the Termite Host. She wants to bind the nest to her service, setting them to build retch gateways that she can use to harvest Essence, travel vast distances, or explore the Shadow. She needs a significant number of sacrifices, though — to seal the pact in blood, to feed Lovegrove's compulsion for carrying victims into the Shadow, and to offer to spirits as bargaining chips.

RANGER LOVEGROVE

Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 4, Resolve 3; Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4; Presence 3, Manipulation 3, Composure 4

Skills: Academics 1, Athletics (Pursuit) 4, Brawl 3, Crafts (Dung) 4, Empathy (Fear) 1, Investigation (Woodlands) 3, Larceny 1, Occult 3, Persuasion 2, Science 3, Stealth 4, Subterfuge 3, Survival (Marsh, Woodlands) 5

Merits: Alternate Identity (Adam Lovegrove) 2, Fast Reflexes 2, Fleet of Foot 2, Safe Place 5

Willpower: 7

Essence: 10

Health: 9

Initiative: 10

Defense: 6

Speed: 13

Dread Powers: Burrow, Discorporate, Earth Elemental, Gauntlet Retch*, Maze, Snare, Structurivore*

GAUNTLET RETCH (ZURDILU ONLY)

By gathering at least a ton of rotting organic matter in a subterranean location and spending 5 Essence over the course of an hour, a *Zurdilu* can open a retch gate. The gate acts as a beacon to the rest of the nest and the shards rapidly extend the tunnel network through the unreal space towards the location. The nest has outlets across the world and in the *Hisil* — if they wanted, Termite Hosts can guide other creatures across the Gauntlet, transitioning from one world to the other via walking. Retches don't require any maintenance but the darkness and confusion within the tunnels tend to attract all kinds of nightmarish creatures from both sides of the Gauntlet. The *Zurdilu* rarely care about these creatures occupying inactive sections of the tunnels but can collapse the joining passageways from the nest if they feel threatened, leaving isolated nightmarish Shoals and twisted tunnel lairs beneath buildings better left abandoned in cities across the world.

STRUCTURIVORE (ZURDILU ONLY)

Long since moved on from a diet of wood, the Termite Hosts devour the essential reality of artificial objects and structures, turning buildings into brittle shells devoid of spirit. After a number of hours equal to its Structure, a building or construction infested with *Zurdilu* loses a point of Durability. This continues until the building's Durability reaches zero, at which point the Termites devour one point of Structure per hour until the building reaches zero. What's left is a lifeless husk — though the building feels somewhat solid to the touch, it is a facade prone to crumbling around anyone foolish enough to enter. Living creatures suffer one health box of lethal damage each day that they spend more hours than their Stamina within the building as its death sucks at their life force — this damage can't be healed or regenerated until the character has been away from the dead zone for a full day. Termite Hosts can also consume the structure of smaller items by taking an Instant action and rolling Wits + Crafts — the object's Durability. Magical items are more resistant and subtract their dot rating from the *Zurdilu*'s dice pool as well. Success reduces the item's Structure by one per success rolled and either restores equivalent amounts of Essence or heals health boxes on the Termite. The item is destroyed if its Structure is reduced to zero.

THE SKYSCRAPING ATTORNEY: ERIKA STANICH

*Discretion. Attorney-client privilege. So very important nowadays, wouldn't you agree? Yes please, the elevator. Absolutely, no justice, no peace.
Well, we — I am, happy to oblige.*

The summit of Achilles Tower buzzes incessantly these days. Its electrical transformers are ever-busy, yet the window-panes running down the skyscraper's length remain dark and placid. Something sinister gazes down from the penthouse upon the rundown district surrounding it. This city is the sort of place people leave, the law enforcement corrupt and torpid; most of the disappearances have gone unnoticed.

Erika Stanich, queen of the *Hidaglu*, prefers to keep it that way.

For three years now, the Wasp Host has ruled Achilles Tower, using the electrical currents of the tower to feed her *Hidaglu* servants and nurture their abilities. The other inhabitants of the tower are all dead, fled, or worse. Elderly couples trying to enjoy retirement, janitorial workers cleaning dust from empty offices, maintenance technicians trying to track down the sources of the electrical faults and rolling blackouts hitting the district, and desperate family members searching for missing relatives; they're all meat for the swarm or twisted into her 'fever dreams', horrifying amalgamations of human, wasp, and dream-stuff who live only to kill, feast, and worship Erika as a god. She revels in her deification.

The dreaming song of Erika's servants, strengthened with the Essence of their prey and the power of the city's electrical grid, drones through the Gauntlet. It invades the minds of the district's denizens. Some gather in feverish cults, worshipping the vespid figments that flit through their dreams; they fill their little shrines with crackling radios, trying to tune in to the frequency upon which Wasp's song disseminates. Others simply cast their eyes down rather than look at the tower's looming presence, hurrying on their way home and pretending that nothing is wrong.

Yet something is wrong. Something is coming. The veil between realities resonates strongly with the song of the *Hidaglu*, and now Erika hears a response in the buzzing depths of her own chittering dreams.

THE HIDAGLU

The Wasp Hosts are nightmares drifting through a dreamlike existence. Each is intoxicated by the droning prayer dominating the *Hidaglu* awareness — a hypnotic buzz stirring from the fluttering of their vespid wings and resonates through the Gauntlet. They crave the humming murmur of

electricity, gorging themselves on whatever sources of power they can find. In past ages, the *Hidaglu* would swarm forth during thunderstorms to drink down the static charge racing through the air; now, the concrete hives of humanity offer the monstrosities both meat and tamed lightning in plenty.

The least shards are fat, black wasps, though their disgusting bulk seems mismatched with delicately ephemeral wings. Once the *shartha* has joined with a human victim, the Host rapidly transforms into a ghastly hybrid without needing to consume other *Hidaglu*. The metamorphosis is utterly monstrous; grotesque insect legs punch out of flesh at bizarre angles, and huge wings rip from beneath tattered skin. The ruined wreckage of the human form remains enmeshed by the invasive growths, and the *Hidaglu* does not consume or destroy its vessel's consciousness; they remain alive, a wretched crucible of flesh tortured by brief moments of lucidity. The nightmare mass is slightly out-of-sync with reality; the hybrid sometimes stutters or twitches out of vision, or moves in accordance to dream logic rather than the laws of physics.

When enough *Hidaglu* gather in a region, the Gauntlet carries their droning buzz into the psychic broth of the human collective unconscious. It stirs humans into suggestible states, instigates the emergence of cults, and, eventually, causes a dark miracle—the formation of a new Shard. The conceptual venom of the shard congeals in the mind of a dreaming human, one possessed of frustrated ambitions and grand designs, and joins with them in perfect harmony. The victim becomes infested, but as a merger of the existing human mind with the shard's divine urge. These *Hidaglu* are stagnant; they cannot become full hybrids, but they possess a clarity and purpose that their lesser brethren lack. Their dreams swell further into visions of vespid immanence, of a god reborn through their flesh. When they call, other *Hidaglu* answer. When they command, the Hosts obey, gripped with religious ecstasy.

DESCRIPTION

Black wasps creep through Erika's right ear canal and eyeless socket, a whole hive resident in her frontal lobe. If it weren't for the expensive suit and curtains of brunette hair, she would undeniably be a monster. Beneath the clothes, every inch of flesh from sternum to toes is exposed, the organs and muscle inside eaten away, and her spinal column invisible

behind thousands of wasps scrabbling up, down, and through it. Within her cranium wriggle multitudes, ready to hunt new prey as she sees fit.

Despite being a gnawed-out marionette serving as mouthpiece to a dead, dreaming god, Erika clings to the trappings of her mortal life as an attorney, and her mannerisms remain distinctly human. She always dreamed of being a high-flying professional success but her ambitions never panned out, and all that resentment and frustration still boils in her wasp-filled heart. She's easily provoked into screaming rage if her plans are foiled or her authority questioned; the fever-dream hybrids follow her commands obediently but they don't really understand her emotions, too blissed-out on the prayer-drone of their own wing-beats.

Erika wants to usher the growing presence of her dreams into the world. God is coming, she is sure, and it'll be her — Erika Stanich, the one the other attorneys laughed at — serving as midwife for their God's new dawn. To do that, though, she needs *more*; more electricity to feed her brood, more meat for their bellies, more human minds to resonate with and amplify the call. She works tirelessly towards such goals, and has little patience for any distractions.

SECRETS

Erika believes God is coming. She's partially right; much like the other strains of Host, the Shards of the *Hidaglu* are the surviving manifestations of an ancient terror. Another part of that demon god persists beyond the realms of flesh and spirit, though. Somewhere in the deep, dreaming mind of humanity, the amputated remnants of its impossible soul still seethes and hungers. When enough *Hidaglu* gather together, its attention is drawn to the surface tides of the collective unconscious, harmonizing its eternal song with the humming vibrations of its children. If the hymn to Wasp grows strong enough then finally, during a natural storm, it will attempt to manifest its ruined nature into the world.

The attempt will annihilate Erika, tearing her apart and spawning innumerable new Shards from her remnants, accompanied by a power surge that'll take down the entire city's electrical grid. The dream leviathan is metaphysically mutilated, incapable of returning to flesh or to spirit; Erika's vision of a divine rebirth is impossible, just the broken programming of a divine urge that can never be fulfilled. The aftereffects will be catastrophic, however; the remaining Hosts, stirred to terrified rampage, will thereafter flee and scatter far and wide, spreading horror and beginning the cycle anew wherever they next gather.

RUMORS

CERTIFIED DIVORCE SPECIALIST: *Experienced attorney available on assignment basis. Free and private consultation. Cheap prices. In-person inquiry only. Ring doorbell outside and follow lobby signage to personal elevator. 1771 Listener Ave., Achilles Tower.*

Erika's former vocation still provides the odd meal for her brood. The attorney seduces the soon-to-be divorcees into her clutches, luring them into the tower's elevator before cutting the power. Those who manage to crack open the paralyzed doors or crawl through the ceiling hatch are surrounded by the drones and trills of innumerable *Hidaglu* clinging to the sides of the shaft.



Erika Stanich

STORY HOOKS

- Blackouts keep hitting the pack's turf. No longer content with the sources in her own territory, Erika has dispatched colonies of *Hidaglu* to new parts of the city; they've established a nest in the local power substation. The effects are brief at first, but they'll get worse over time; the fever-dream hybrid ensconced in the nest will grow ever stronger with each passing week.
- A plague of nightmares spreads through the city, with terrible effects on the minds of those afflicted. Curiously, areas where *Beshilu* have damaged the Gauntlet are far less affected, or even spared entirely. The source of the plague needs to be discovered swiftly, but even werewolves are suffering grievously from tormented dreams. Packs are hunting out areas of Rat Host activity specifically to take refuge when they sleep; some even dare make pacts with the pestilent *shartha* to chew out sanctuaries for them.
- Cahalith are receiving strange and nightmarish visions. One of the *Hidaglu* has taken a Wolf-Blooded as its vessel — but the Wasp Hosts keep their victims alive, and now her First Change is on its way. When the full moon rises in a few days' time, the woman fused to the divine shard will undergo a monstrous transformation. No one can predict what the results might be of both Wasp and Wolf boiling forth from her flesh.

Five years ago, the Achilles district was a beautiful beacon of civilization, but now it's just... ugly. People leave without a word, and who can blame them? My most loyal customer just up and moved on. I guess leaving was easier than a divorce. I might go next, really.

Erika's changed habits have not gone entirely without notice. The owner of a nearby package liquor store is concerned the expensive Cabernet stocked solely for her grows dusty on the shelves, while another local entrepreneur who once sought Erika's help for business startup cash has gone into hiding. He fears her reclusiveness is related to the crime lords he now owes money to — an outfit run by a pack of Ivory Claws. Soon he'll venture into Achilles Tower to see if he can find her; not long after that, his werewolf debtors will follow his trail there too.

Have you heard the buzzing, brother? Have you listened to the song of static dancing on the airwaves? Listen, brother! Open your mind! God calls to us on all channels! All we need to do is set ourselves to receive.

The human cults in the area aren't under Erika's control, but they're still convenient; their activities obfuscate her own, and they're all too willing to offer up sacrifices to the unreal monstrosities who sing the same frequencies they hear in their dreams. A new development throws things awry; some of the cults are picking up a *different* frequency to the Wasp Hosts' hymn. Someone, or some *thing*, is causing an emission on the airwaves that washes away the *Hidaglu* song and turns cultists to worship of the 'Lord of Mount Pe'or' or the 'Unity of Flesh', grotesquely violating their own bodies in bloody sacrament. This rival faith infuriates Erika, and soon the cults will go to war in the district's run-down alleyways.

ERIKA STANICH

Attributes: Intelligence 5, Wits 3, Resolve 4; Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3; Presence 3, Manipulation 4, Composure 3

Skills: Academics 4 (Law), Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Empathy (Lies) 3, Investigation 3, Intimidation 2, Occult 3, Persuasion (Legal Arguments) 3, Politics (Local) 3, Socialize 2, Stealth 3

Merits: Contacts (Legal) 1, Indomitable, Resources 4

Willpower: 7

Essence: 5

Health: 8

Initiative: 6

Defense: 4

Speed: 10

Dread Powers: Beastmaster, Discorporate, Dreaming Gauntlet*, Gauntlet Schism*, Pierce Mind, Reality Stutter, Storm Elemental*

DREAMING GAUNTLET (HIDAGLU ONLY)

By spending 1 Essence and remaining in place for a scene, the Wasp Host causes the local Gauntlet to resonate with the beat of its wings for the rest of the week. Anyone attempting to sleep within 100 yards of the location must succeed at a Resolve + Composure roll or suffer vivid dreams and nightmares featuring wasps, regaining no Willpower from rest and gaining the Guilty, Shaken or Spooked Condition. Each additional *Hidaglu* using this power in the same area extends the range by an additional 100 yards.

An infested dreamer has greater control over this power than a normal Wasp Host. When the Host sleeps, she can spend 1 Essence to try and enter the dreams of another character who is also sleeping in the affected area, rolling her Manipulation + Empathy versus the prey's Composure + Primal Urge. Success allows her to breach the victim's sleeping mind, inflicting the Exhausted, Open, or Paranoid Conditions on the prey.

GAUNTLET SCHISM (HIDAGLU ONLY)

By spending 4 Essence and taking an Instant action, the Wasp Host beats its wings in a droning hum that matches the frequency of the Gauntlet, thinning the barrier between worlds; the Essence cost drops by 1 for every other *Hidaglu* with this power present in the scene, to a minimum of 1. After paying the Essence cost, the schism begins; the air crackles with static. Two turns later, the Host and all other creatures within 10 yards of its location are pulled across the Gauntlet to the other side; characters who wish to avoid this effect must succeed on a roll of Wits + Composure – the number of *Hidaglu* with this Dread

Power present in the scene. Gauntlet Schism is vulnerable to certain forms of interference; it cannot function in heavy rain or if the Host is in water deeper than a puddle.

STORM ELEMENTAL

The creature can charge its body with electrical energy by spending 1 Essence, crackling with static and sparks. The creature reduces all electrical damage it suffers by its Stamina + Resolve, and anyone touching or touched by it (including with an unarmed attack) or a conductive material it is in contact with, suffers an additional two points of bashing damage.





CHAPTER FOUR THE HERD: HUMANS

Seeing things a human shouldn't have to see makes us human.

— Terry Pratchett, *Thief of Time*

Uratha often dismiss humans. Yes, humans have tons of silver ready to be forged into weapons. Yes, they have high-powered assault weaponry and explosives. The Oath of the Moon demands the herd must not know — *nu bath githul* — but many packs give this lip service at best. After all, don't the Uratha have packs that include humans? How can all the herd be ignorant? It seems reasonable this part of the oath is meant to be somewhat flexible.

Too many Uratha forget humans are the most successful predators the Earth has ever known. Humans have wiped out countless other species, spread across the globe, and survived environments too hostile for their fragile bodies. They think, they invent, and they conquer. They build weapons and protections and use strength in numbers to overcome their weaknesses.

Humans are also aggressive. Violence calls to them from the deepest parts of their psyche. When threatened, humans strike with a brutality that can outmatch a rage-blinded Gauru. If they discover predators in their midst, they unite with overwhelming force. When they want something, they take it and eradicate every obstacle in their path.

Humans hunt. Humans kill. Smart predators recognize the scent of their own kind — of their *superiors* — on humanity.

DOORS BEST LEFT CLOSED: RD-13

*The worlds beyond the gate defy physics and imagination.
To tame them is humanity's destiny.*

At the end of a lonely road disappearing into the wilderness, where nothing except farmhouses or cabins should be, lurks just one of RD-13's facilities. Few people come down the road — the signs at its mouth clearly say it doesn't go anywhere — and those who do turn back when they reach the end, where more signs warn 'private property' and 'trespassers will be shot'. A single rusty chain and equally corroded padlock hang on the gate, but the chain isn't even connected properly, and the gate isn't locked at all. Beyond, the road continues as rutted dirt winding through thick, dark woods.

More careful or paranoid observers may notice the set-up is too quaint. They can see the road is well maintained and has signs of frequent heavy vehicle traffic. They may spot camera hides concealed within the tree canopies, ever watching the

gate to the outside world. It doesn't require supernatural senses to know whatever lies beyond the gate is unwelcoming.

Some people insist on passing through the gate regardless. They discover the dirt road twists and turns less than a mile before the forest clears and a much more sophisticated gate waits. This one is clearly government-marked, with stark lettering informing the intruder they are officially trespassers and their person and everything they carry is subject to search and seizure. The armed personnel and the bunkers on each side of the gate reinforce the message. Few people choose to argue with multiple high-powered rifles aimed at their vehicle.

The small print at the bottom of these signs — scarcely readable — informs trespassers they have forfeited themselves

for detention, interrogation, and more. Few of those who ignore the first gate are ever seen by their friends and families again.

DESCRIPTION

The story is repeated in many locations across different countries. RD-13 has expanded, restructured and modernized since its birth, taking advantage of changes in the geopolitical landscape to become what it needed to be. It's not alone. Several governments, corporations, and independent researchers have experimented with the same forbidden territory as RD-13.

The first people most intruders see are security. Outfitted in military style gear and armaments, the uniforms suggest the guards could legitimately be billeted from the military, though they carry no official service or unit designations. If asked, the guards are silent on the subject. The similarities suggest the government has some interest and stake in what comes out of RD-13's research.

Those who manage to get inside find more security but also scientists, technicians and support staff. Unsurprisingly, RD-13 ensures each group wears clothing and equipment relevant to their functions. Like many academic institutions, the scientists have the most variation in appearance. Some seem to permanently wear lab coats, while others are content to walk around in trousers or skirts, collared shirts, and sweaters. The deeper someone goes into the facility, the more dramatic and alarming the equipment they wear. In areas close to the gateways, all personnel must wear monitor badges that try to measure their exposure to eldritch energies; anyone with direct exposure to the portals wears full-body hazmat suits. Whether any of these precautions help mitigate exposure to otherworldly energies is debatable.

SECRETS

Somehow, RD-13 has breached the barrier between worlds. The technologies and scientific theories are imprecise and prone to malfunction, but they work. So far, RD-13 has mapped out the existence of three different dimensions beyond our own. The first is a realm of hierarchy and predation, where ephemeral structures may be inert, or could be ambush hunters waiting for the unwary to enter. The second dimension is a world of death and darkness, where ghostly creatures tread an ever-descending path to unknown depths. Chthonic nightmare creatures with no human-world equivalents patrol the desolate wastes enforcing arcane rules at present unknowable to terrestrial intruders. The third world is hissing steam, crackling electricity, and grinding cogs. Its geometry collapses upon itself like drawings of illogical shapes, with machines of infinite size impossibly stacked and folded into tiny singularities. Creatures as if from lurid science fiction tend to the ancient yet hyper-advanced technology like so many scuttling ants, keeping it functioning and resenting intruders.

RD-13 has lost many personnel to extra-dimensional residents, but the research has unexpected benefits. The pulsating energy signatures from the sporadically-opened gateways mix in ways that never should have been. The jumbled wavelengths change those who are exposed to the energies for too long. The facility has dozens of test subjects — some volunteers, many just people who turned down the wrong road — all warped in scientifically fascinating ways. Not every mutation is beneficial to the subject, so subjects are often sedated to block their agonies and keep them compliant. The scientific label for these abominations is 'enhanced', but the subjects call themselves 'victims'.



STORY HOOKS

- RD-13 exists on the edge of the pack's territory, and they can't help but sense the energies seeping from the highly secure area. The territory is increasingly infested with humans acting strangely. A disproportionate number are Ridden or Claimed, and more simply display inexplicable behavior. Hunting whatever is within the facility might be the only way to fix the problem, unless it's already too late.
- RD-13's stakeholders are looking for live testing data. To oblige, RD-13 rounds up several test subjects and releases them into populated areas far from the facility, including the pack's territory. Containing and eliminating these unfortunates draws RD-13's attention. The organization becomes very interested in acquiring the werewolves for more detailed examination.
- A powerful abomination has escaped RD-13. The facility is keen to recover the specimen and eliminate witnesses. Unfortunately, the abomination has reached the pack's territory and has no intention of being recaptured. She is desperate to remain free and has enough power to keep others away. Overwhelming her with force is one option, but her condition isn't her fault. The characters may be able to find another way but must face RD-13 as they do so.

These unfortunates aren't RD-13's only creations. Though the scientists have isolated the gate chambers as best they can, the ill-understood energies radiate outwards, penetrating the essence of the facility. Everyone onsite has received some dose of this eldritch cocktail. Every time a gateway opens, more energy seeps into the fabric of reality. It's a simple calculation of time and exposure before human flesh and souls succumb to changes. Many personnel have served at RD-13 for quite a long time.

RUMORS

Have you noticed more spirits on the wrong side of the Gauntlet lately? Seems like all we do is hunt them down, toss them back, and they're here again before you know it. We've got the loci locked down, so where are they getting across?

More convenient than reaching, faster than opening a human for Claiming, the gateways provide easy access to the physical world. Many spirits won't go further than the facility, but others can't help themselves but to head for territory they covet.

Stay away from the town unless you're looking for trouble. I hear the pack who runs it has been chased out, and the humans ain't human anymore. Whatever it is, hope it stays there.

The gateways don't have the benefit of the Gauntlet to control what comes through. They're tears in the fabric of reality, leaking incompatible energies into the world. Each time they open, more pollution seeps through. The people at the facility believe the effects to be contained to the grounds, but RD-13 isn't far from populated areas.

DR HENRY SPIRES — FOUNDING SCIENTIST, DOMINATING ABOMINATION

Attributes: Intelligence 6, Wits 4, Resolve 5; Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4, Presence 5, Manipulation 5, Composure 5

Skills: Academics (Research) 5, Athletics 1, Computer 3, Drive 1, Expression 3, Intimidation (Piercing Stare) 4, Investigations 3, Medicine 4, Occult 2, Persuasion 5, Science (Dimensional Gateways) 5, Socialize 2, Stealth 3, Subterfuge (Bluster) 4, Survival 2

Merits: Allies (RD-13) 5, Contacts (Academics), Indomitable, Status (RD-13) 4, Unseen Sense

Willpower: 10

Integrity: 3

Essence: 10

Health: 10

Initiative: 7

Defense: 5

Speed: 9

Size: 5

Armor: 0

Dread Powers: Hypnotic Gaze, Monstrous Resilience, Pierce Mind

LUPUS ET FIDELIS: THE CHURCH OF THE WOLF

Leto Mother, grant us the scent that we may find you! Artemis Hunter, share with us your strength that we might follow! Great Fenrir, should we be worthy, draw us to your side for the final battle!

Not every enemy seeks to tear Uratha flesh or hollow out their souls. Not every antagonist competes for prey, territory, or resources. Sometimes, the enemy doesn't take a form immediately recognizable to the People.

The Uratha are creatures of legend. Children of gods; they are blessed by their parentage. They are keepers of the sacred rituals, clergy enacting the timeless motions of the hunt. They commune with the higher spiritual planes on behalf of lesser creatures, navigating the worlds of life and afterlife in ways humans are all but blind to.

THE BIRTH OF FAITH

The Church of the Wolf is a Frankenstein's monster of a religion, manufactured by drawing on internet searches and pop culture versions of ancient religions and amalgamating them with some academic research into a form pleasing to modern interests. The Church exists because the gods exist, and their children made flesh walk among us.

The first prophet had no understanding on the day she received her vision that it would be different from any other. She didn't know that on her way to work she would come face to face with the gods. On the day in question the prophet Diana turned down an unfamiliar alley to avoid traffic and witnessed the gods mere steps and a world away from the mundane chaos. Wolf-headed, bloody of claw and muzzle, and twice the size of any human, the gods ripped and tore at each other in a frenzy. Evenly matched, whatever injuries they dealt to each other healed over as Diana watched. One bore fur of tarnished white, the other greyed black. Gore of crimson marred the white wolf's coat, and carmine on the black. Both gods only had eyes for each other. They did not deign to notice the mortal observing the passion of their divine conflict.

Faith overwhelmed Diana. Something in her mind shifted and snapped, her illusions flayed away by the scene. She understood her purpose in life. She did not flee or panic. She knelt and wept at the revelation she had received. She bowed her head and prayed to unknown names that sprang from her tongue. She would study and learn and prove herself worthy of the favor she had received.

THE MODERN DOCTRINE

The Church's scriptures are fragments from internet translations of ancient religions, filtered through romanticized

STORY HOOKS

- The Church sets up in the pack's territory, feeling the divine guidance that werewolves operate in the area. It doesn't take long for the pack to notice them — the Church isn't interested in hiding its faith — but the werewolves probably avoid them at first. The faithful soon ignorantly interfere with the pack's hunts, turning up at inopportune times or driving the Uratha into unwanted bloodshed. These people don't mean to be a nuisance and clearly aren't malign. How does the pack keep them from interfering and remove them from the territory?
- Someone important to the pack has threatened the Church. Other werewolves soon begin encroaching on the pack's territory, intent on murdering the threat. As the pack reveals itself in dealing with the intruders, they too begin to feel the compulsion to turn on their own. How can the Uratha protect their allies from an ever-increasing number of intruders — or even from themselves?
- One of Luna's messengers brings joyful tidings to the pack. The Moon-Mother has given favor to a group of humans and desires for the pack to protect the Church and nourish its growth. Will the pack give their full effort to this task, or shirk the request and risk Luna's wrath? Is the Lune messenger even telling the truth — and what are the implications if it's not?

and misguided zeal. Diana had no education in theology beyond poorly-remembered Sunday school. She researched and compiled what she found in libraries, online, and occasionally by interviewing academics and religious scholars. She scoured the city and countryside for more signs of the

gods. She learned how they hid themselves and how only the chosen few could truly witness their glory.

Diana brought lost and like-minded individuals to her. Against the odds, her cult took root, growing from a tiny congregation to several hundred disciples of the wolf, spreading their worship as far as they can.

DESCRIPTION

The faithful truly believe that wolf demigods are among us. The Church is a broad mix of people searching for purpose, from all backgrounds and appearances. The faithful favor wolf-headed imagery in their rented warehouse or office space churches, and many adopt names with wolf-related meaning.

During ceremonies, congregation members wear robes decorated with the symbol of the *Lupus et Fidelis*, the haloed wolf's head. The robe's color reflects the individual faithful's standing in the church. Recent initiates wear black robes that symbolize their ignorance, the new moon sky, and one of the gods Diana saw that day. The church's clergy have robes of white, symbolizing their awareness, the full moon sky, and the white wolf the prophet witnessed. The robes move through shades of grey for all levels of initiation in between. The robes of every member also carry red ribbons signifying how many times that member has witnessed the gods.

SECRETS

The church grows at a steady pace. They know some people who attend their sermons find their devotion amusing or don't truly believe. The faithful don't overly worry about this, as those lacking zeal quickly reveal themselves during the hunt for gods. Such pursuit is how they test members, and anyone without true faith departs the group, sometimes alive but often not. The church makes no move against these unbelievers, but their werewolf gods judge them unworthy and usually take matters into their own hands.

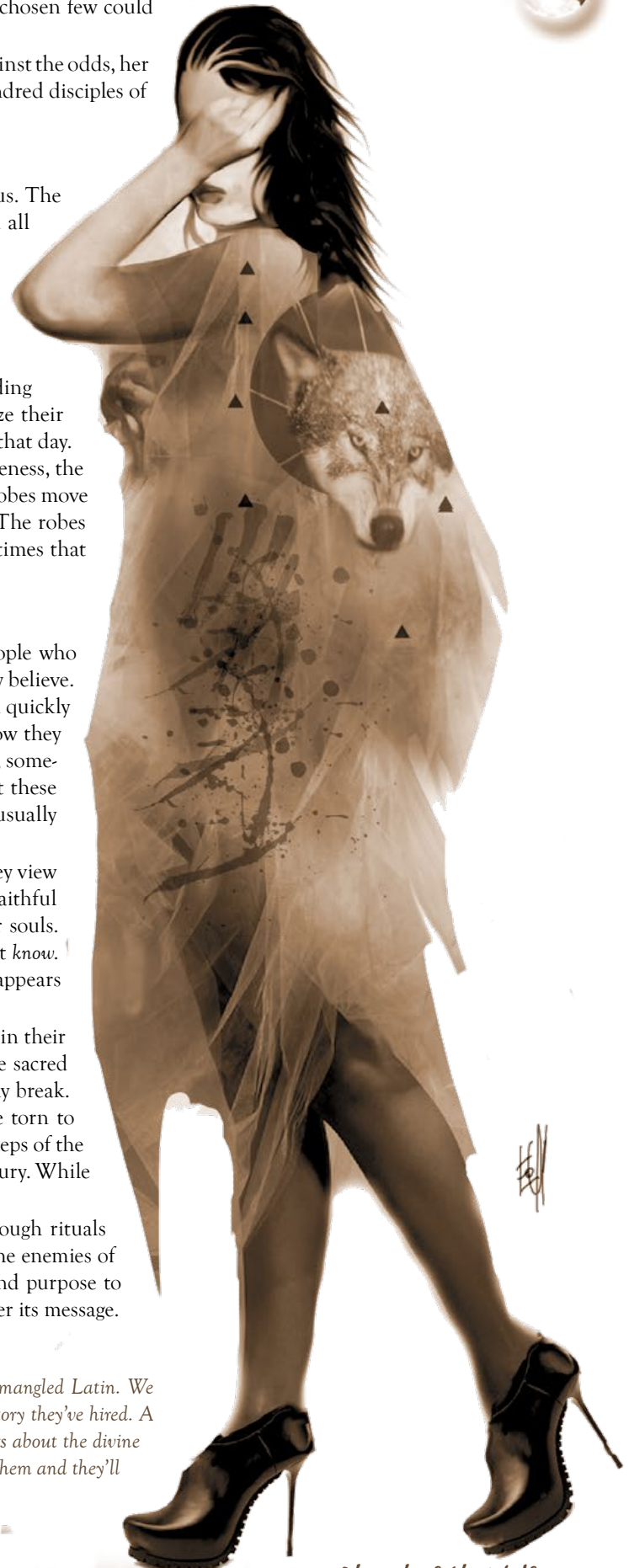
The faithful are adept at discovering werewolves, which they view as divine favor and proof of their righteousness. When the faithful come to an area where the gods walk, they can feel it in their souls. When they get closer to the areas sacred to their idols, they just *know*. And when confronted by an object of their worship, a nimbus appears to shine on the god.

Divine awakening comes to initiates when they participate in their first hunt. The minds of those whose faith is true opens to the sacred revelation of a god in its true form. The minds of the unworthy break. Some run screaming, others attract the ire of the god and are torn to pieces for their lack of devotion. The faithful dance in the footsteps of the god, following in the wake of carnage left behind by such divine fury. While their faith remains true, they are protected.

Faith has also opened the church to other blessings. Through rituals and ceremonies, congregations can beseech the gods to smite the enemies of the church. The beliefs of the faithful bring companionship and purpose to the gods, who unite in packs to safeguard the church and further its message.

RUMORS

What are they calling themselves? Church of the Wolf, or some mangled Latin. We checked out their 'church', some old warehouse on the edge of the territory they've hired. A bunch of romantic wolfman posters hanging on the walls and ramblings about the divine wolf or some rubbish. Nothing to worry about, really. Keep away from them and they'll leave soon enough.



Church of the Wolf

The church doesn't have an overarching plan or strategy behind its movements. Small groups of like-minded faithful break away from the congregation and follow what they believe is divinely-inspired guidance. They scour territories, spread their teachings and search for the divine. When they find it, they rejoice and follow in their worship. Their practices tend to complicate the lives of Uratha, alert the prey, and attract enemies. Some packs send Wolf-Blooded or human packmates to scare off the churchgoers. Unfortunately, if the faithful feel threatened they may call upon the gods to intercede and protect them — and their “gods” may feel compelled to obey.

I scouted that new church in the Hisil last night. Figured we might introduce them to some unhelpful resonance, encourage them to pack up and leave. They're swarmed by faith spirits, no surprise there, but I saw Lunes frolicking among them too. I moved closer and felt Her presence, clearly telling me to piss off. Who the hell are these people?

Those who can see into the Shadow often witness Lunes mingling with the spirits of faith and fervor that swarm around the practitioners. Somehow the Church has attracted the attention of these enigmatic spirits, and possibly of Luna herself. Whether they will hold her favor for long remains to be seen. The Uratha who have encountered the Church sincerely hope not.

SISTER CATHWOLF

Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 2, Resolve 2; Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2; Presence 3, Manipulation 2, Composure 3

Skills: Academics 1, Animal Ken 1, Computer 2, Crafts 1, Drive (Cars) 2, Empathy (Calming) 3, Expression (Preaching) 1, Investigation 1, Medicine 1, Occult (Wolf Lore) 3, Persuasion 3, Socialize (Faithful) 2, Stealth 1, Streetwise 1, Survival 1

Merits: *Apocalypse fidei*, *Invenire venandi*, Library (Occult) 1, *Ligulae*, *Manticae*, Patient

Willpower: 5

Integrity: 6

Health: 7

Initiative: 5

Defense: 2

Speed: 9

Size: 5

Armor: 0

Rites: *Lupus Venandi*

NEW MERITS

Every true member of the Church must purchase the *Apocalypse fidei* Merit. This confirms the member as a faithful initiate of the Church and opens the door to the other Merits below.

APCALYPSIS FIDEI (•)

Prerequisites: Human only, no supernatural background or abilities.

Effect: Faith inspires. Your character is a disciple of the Divine Wolf. She has received the revelation and opened her mind to the truth. When called to make a breaking point roll due to Lunacy, the character gains the Enraptured Condition on a success, and the Awestruck Condition on a failure. The character can also choose to gain the Enraptured Condition on an exceptional success, as well as the usual effects. On a dramatic failure, the character becomes Wolf-Blooded, losing this Merit and all for which it is a prerequisite, as she learns the truth of what she worshiped.

Drawback: Only the truly faithful can take this Merit. It is not available to any pretenders.

INVENIRE VENANDI (••)

Prerequisites: *Apocalypse fidei* Merit.

Effect: Faith guides. The character is adept at finding Uratha to worship. She automatically receives a general sense of being in the correct area when within [Wits x 10] miles of a werewolf, and may roll Perception to pinpoint the divine presence within [Empathy x 10] yards of an Uratha. Uratha in Hishu form apply their Primal Urge penalty to this roll as usual.

MANTICAE (•••)

Prerequisites: *Invenire venandi* Merit

Effect: Faith protects. Uratha suffering *Basu-im* will not target the character, considering her a Gauru-form packmate also in *Kuruth*.

LIGULAE (••••)

Prerequisites: *Manticae* Merit

Effect: Faith reveals. The character's presence is a general *Kuruth* trigger to Uratha. The werewolf need not know who or what the character is, she suffers the trigger if she comes within Primal Urge yards of the character.

NEW RITES

The Church practices rituals and ceremonies in their gatherings. Their faith has tapped into power they can wield to protect the church and the gods. These rituals follow the rules for Pack Rites (**Werewolf: The Forsaken** p. 138-146) but only characters with the *Apocalypse fidei* Merit can lead the rite or participate in the teamwork action. The following is a particularly potent example of how the church draws upon the Uratha to serve the faithful's needs.

LUPUS VENANDI (••••)

Faith invokes the wolf gods and sends them against the enemies of the Church.

Symbols: Werewolves, the target's spoor, faith, blood

Sample Rite: The faithful gather, surrounded by the representations of the divinely chosen. The priestess leads them in prayer and gives thanks to the hunters, the moon, and the wolf. She gives a sermon of the enemies besieging the faithful and presents the shirt of one of these enemies that a parishioner has stolen. The faithful mark it with their blood before the priestess burns it as offering to the gods, naming those that might protect their worshippers and deliver them from persecution. (Presence + Occult)

Action: Extended (5 successes, +5 for each werewolf included; each roll represents 10 minutes)

Success: The ritemaster nominates werewolves to be bound by this rite. She doesn't have to know their actual identities, but she must be able to describe individuals or use names the congregation recognizes. At least one participant in the rite must have witnessed proof that the individual is a werewolf — mere suspicion is insufficient. Uratha need not belong to the same pack, or even know each other. The rite imposes the *Siskur-Dah* Condition on the Uratha against the prey chosen by the church. This cancels any existing Sacred Hunt Condition and prevents the character from gaining another. The rite can only affect Uratha within 100 miles per participant in the rite.

Bound Uratha feel compelled to hunt the church's prey and can't voluntarily break off the hunt. They don't know

precisely who or what the prey is, but catch enough traces of its scent to start tracking regardless of distance. The Uratha will positively identify the prey as such when they see it. Characters must spend a point of Willpower and succeed in a Resolve + Composure roll to take actions that don't work towards resolving the hunt. Gaining an exceptional success means a character is free from this compulsion for the remainder of the scene, dramatic failure means the character can no longer attempt to resist the compulsion.

While under this effect, an Uratha loses his connection to his packmates and can't use pack-specific Gifts on them. They're not protected from his *Kuruth*, though he remains immune to theirs. Uratha bound by a working of this rite consider each other to be pack for the purposes of *Kuruth* or Gifts.

Characters with the *Apocalypse fidei* Merit can't be nominated as prey.



SACRIFICE FOR POWER: SHADOW OCCULTISTS

*Yes, I know the ways of power, and yes, I can teach you.
But such knowledge is hard won and comes with a price. Some of that you
will pay to me, in service and favors owed. The rest you will pay to them,
and they are far less gentle than I.*

The wary relationship between humans and spirits isn't something new. Shamans, prophets, oracles, and more throughout history have had the duty and responsibility of keeping the spirits placated in the hope that it would benefit everyone around them.

Times change. Now it's all about looking out for number one. Today, humans who entreat the spirits for the good of their fellows are rare indeed. More common are those who do it for personal gain. These people gravitate to places of influence and power. They understand that no one has ever really climbed to the top without some help. A parent's injection of wealth to hide the fact that their offspring mishandles money, a word in the right ears and donations in the right pockets to gain admission to the best schools when grades and talent aren't enough, voter suppression and legal trickery to ensure only the 'correct' votes are counted. These gossamer thin but hard-wired threads pervade the human psyche to keep the system rigged against the 'wrong' people.

Modern-day occultists follow this path to its inevitable metaphysical conclusion. They understand that human support and favors aren't enough to succeed in the modern world. Invisible powers influence human practices and institutions to better feed from the results. These powers don't really care about the effect this has on the humans as long as the energies resonate with their own appetites. Because the spirits don't care, today's shamans guide the outcomes towards their benefit, to achieve the comfort and power they feel they rightfully deserve. That this outcome pleases their benefactors is a bonus.

From the spirit's point of view, humans are a source of fascination as well as food. Most denizens of the Shadow never get the chance in their short, violent lives to see a real human, but as much as spirits gossip about anything, they gossip about humans. Humans create, move, and alter the resonance of the Shadow more than any other creature or phenomenon. Most spirits who get the chance to intrude upon the physical world see the humans around them as playthings or a quick meal, but the ones who are capable of more than instinct, who can plan for the future — and foster ambitions for power over their own court — recognize the opportunity that comes with partnering with a human as more than a simple puppet.

A DIFFICULT AND TERRIFYING PATH

Few occultists find the Hisil entirely on their own. Knowledge is power, and the modern world has few handy user manuals for study, or helplines to call and explain what to do with the creature made of eyes, syringes and old newspapers standing before you. Hisil-sourced spiritual occultism can be self-taught through trial and error, hopefully helped along by a few scraps of old folklore or the warnings in tall tales. More commonly, occultists learn from a mentor and have someone to whom they owe favors in return for tutelage. Occultists are likely to be on the lookout for people with the drive and skill to be like them. They'll take on an apprentice when advantageous, teaching them rituals and ways to tap into the Shadow in exchange for service, loyalty — or someone to sacrifice should the spirits turn on the occultists. As the saying goes, you don't have to outrun the predator, just the slowest of the prey.

Even with help to see the horrors that lie beyond the world's skin, few humans can handle what they learn. *Urfarah* kept the worlds of flesh and spirit separated for good reason. Humans tend to break through exposure to the Shadow and what the creatures within it expect in return for power.

Preparing to entreat the spirits to impart their power is an exercise in self-violation. The occultist ritually readies herself to allow an alien being to use her body for its own ends. This first step to becoming a vessel for Shadow power is to achieve resonance to a spirit and catch its attention. Several rituals and ceremonies can help with this, but the simplest and most effective way involves inviting a spirit to take control of the occultist. This can go disastrously wrong if the spirit decides it prefers just another flesh-suit puppet rather than a comrade the spirit can forge a long-term partnership with. Occultists usually know that spirits of higher rank in the Hisil's hierarchy are more likely to understand the concept of working together, but these creatures are also often the ones who can take what they want regardless of a mere human's desires. Choosing the right spirit for this step is more art than science, and requires a tremendous amount of luck to pull off. However the spirit ends up controlling the occultist — possession, Urging, or even Claiming — the act mutilates the human's symbolic self and renders her further attuned to the Shadow.

If the occultist survives the physical and mental trauma of possession, she needs the spirit to agree to a further exchange. The spirit must feed the occultist some of its Essence, thereby attuning the human to the nature of the Hisil. Spirits can't give anything away for free, so prepared occultists make this step part of the bargain for access to the occultist's body and the physical world. Whether pre-arranged, or cajoled and pleaded with afterwards, the experience is always transgressive as the spirit must impart the Essence through substance or act. The occultist will be forced to feed on raw flesh torn from the spirit's Corpus, gobbets of pseudo-solid phlegm spat up from the spirit's mouth, or other, more disgusting, substances that symbolize the union between human and spirit. Some spirits seek more than just feeding, demanding their price from the occultist's flesh as well through physical scarification or ritual maiming, sexual union, or other mutilations that please the spirit or give it the opportunity to test just how committed the human is to her obsession. This intentional debasement of her human nature violates the occultist and opens her as a conduit to the Shadow. She gains some power associated with her patron spirit but also take on its bane as her own.

Few occultists stop with the first taste of power. Having already paid a heavy price in physical change and mental trauma, the power keeps the occultist coming back for more. Many occultists bargain with an increasing panoply of spirits, taking on multiple transgressions, or bind their humanity even further through inviolable taboos, all in exchange for the ability to share in the powers of the spirits and lord these powers over lesser humans. Occultists also quickly learn that the power must be paid for in Essence — both to fuel it directly and as tithe to their patrons — and the quickest ways to gain Essence involve sacrificing the health and well-being of others. Older spiritualists have few lines they won't cross in their pursuit of continuing and growing power.

RUMORS

Stay out of that neighborhood. I've heard that it's infested with rats, but not just any rats. These things are huge and look at you like they're planning something. I also heard people have disappeared without trace, probably taken and eaten by the rats.

Even at the simplest levels of Influence, Shadow occultists can strengthen or manipulate concepts and creatures within their domain. When an occultist with appropriate Influences moves into an area, she frequently establishes defenses to provide early warning of intruders, and to chase away — or eliminate — those who prove too curious.

Mary Mary Quite Contrary. That's what the kids call her. Always repeats her name to anyone who asks, and can't let any statement lie without challenging it. She's mad, but harmless. I always throw a few coins her way if I see her on the street. Figure she probably needs all the help she can get, right?

Established Shadow occultists often stand out from the tangled web of taboos and obligations they have burdened themselves with in exchange for power. The weight of the transgressions they have perpetrated to further their power almost inevitably break the resilience of their human minds and shatter their integrity. These individuals are often mistaken



STORY HOOKS

- Individually, Shadow occultists are at best a nuisance and at worst a moderate threat to Uratha. When they group together — either through master-apprentice relationships, or via an organized cabal supported by numerous spirits with vested interest in their human proteges, they can be a challenge that even an experienced pack may find hard to put down. One such group has made its home in the pack's territory. The occultists have no illusions that the Uratha are their greatest threat in the area and will bring all their Influences to bear to eradicate the werewolves.
- Most Shadow occultists start their path from the world of Flesh, finding hidden scraps of lore, discovering other occultists and cajoling them to take on an apprentice. This isn't the only way, though, and spirits who have served as patrons to occultists remember what was required to make a useful servant. These spirits can tempt others with offers of patronage, promising power and Influence. Humans in the outer circles of the pack are prime targets. They often know enough of the spirit world to accept the existence and offers of their new patrons, and are frustrated and jaded enough at their lowly status within the pack to seek out new opportunities. The Shadow occultist infection has begun within the human ranks of the characters' pack, with a high-ranking spirit patron who possesses enmity for the wolves.

for beggars, sufferers of mental illness, or in some other way worthy of pity and charity. The truth is far more sinister, and the Shadow occultist can always justify a few more sins on her soul to gain another injection of power over the pathetic world around her.

CREATING A SHADOW OCCULTIST

Shadow Occultists must purchase the Shadow Occultism Supernatural Merit, thereby gaining the associated abilities, options and limitations. Any transgressions performed by the occultist, either initiation into occultist Merits or gaining other abilities, always incur a Breaking Point for the character.

SHADOW OCCULTISM (SUPERNATURAL MERIT)

Prerequisites: Human only, must have previously been possessed, Ridden, or Claimed by a spirit and received transgression through Essence from a spirit. The character must have endured at least one Breaking Point in pursuit of this merit.

Effect: The occultist can perceive her patrons in Twilight, gains an Essence pool (see below), can learn and lead Pack Rites even without a pack, and gains the ability to hold Influences from her patrons. She begins with 3 dots in a single Influence possessed by the spirit who fed her Essence during the initiation. She retains this initial Influence while she has this Merit. The occultist rolls Presence + Wits for all Influence dice pools.

An occultist's Essence pool equals her Stamina + Resolve, with no limit to how much Essence she can spend each turn. She can regain a single point of Essence per day by being in contact with the Resonance of her initial Influence, and can gain a single point of Essence per week for each taboo she has avoided violating. Occultists can also extract Essence from loci.

Drawback: The occultist gains her patron's Bane and a taboo (see below). The occultist gains the Madness Condition whenever her Essence total is greater than her Resolve, and gains the Sick Tilt in combat if her Essence total is greater than her Stamina.

SHADOW PERCEPTION (SUPERNATURAL MERIT)

Prerequisites: Shadow Occultism. The character must have endured at least one further Breaking Point in pursuit of this merit.

Effect: The occultist can see spirits in Twilight, can understand First Tongue, and can also sense whether a location they are in or a person or object they are touching is Resonant to any Influence they currently possess. The occultist can sense the presence of a locus within its area of influence but can't cross into the Shadow under her own power. She must be carried by a willing spirit through the locus in either direction.

Drawback: The occultist can't stop seeing spirits in Twilight and stands out more to spirits in this state. They can see her clearly and may seek to interact with the character no matter the inconvenience to her.

TABOOS

Occultists can gain more Essence and additional Influence dots through taking on and adhering to taboos. Occultists purchase taboos for one Experience each, up to a total number not exceeding their Composure. Each taboo is similar to a spirit's Ban and must be based on the nature of one or more of their spirit patrons. The occultist might be unable to wear a certain color, might be compelled to pet every dog they encounter (regardless of friendliness), must kill a rat each day, never lie (or never tell the truth), drink mild poisons or other objectionable liquids, flagellate or otherwise ritually mutilate themselves, or other requirements. Taboos must be something meaningful to the character. An occultist in the tropics couldn't take on a taboo of not walking in snow — the Shadow's laws will not be so easily cheated.

Occultists can shed taboos, often to replace them with something else and to regain access to Influences. This requires a day spent in preparation through ceremonies or self-purification, followed by a successful Resolve + Composure roll. If the character succeeds, she can remove a current taboo and either replace it with another or eliminate it entirely. If she immediately replaces the taboo, the current one phases out and replaces with another over the course of week at no Experience cost—during the change she gains no benefit from either taboo. When the new taboo is in place, the occultist gains a dot of a relevant Influence. If the occultist removes a taboo entirely, she doesn't regain the spent Experience cost, and must pay the Experience cost again if she later decides to take on a new taboo. An occultist can never change the initial taboo gained from her initiation.

Spirits can sense when an occultist breaks a taboo, reducing their Impression of the character one step, but other than delaying Essence recharge or cutting off access to an Influence, breaking a taboo inflicts no harm or penalty on the occultist.

GAINING ADDITIONAL INFLUENCES

Occultists gain dots of additional Influences either through taking on new spirit patrons—and all the debasement that entails—taking on additional taboos, or by committing grievous sacrifices. Occultists can have up to (Resolve + Composure) Influence dots not including the Influence granted by the Shadow Occultism Merit. Additional dots of Influence are temporary and lost through use. Each time the occultist uses an Influence apart from her initial one, she subtracts one dot from its total. This doesn't reduce or mitigate any Essence costs associated with using the Influence.

Taking on additional taboos is perhaps the simplest way to increase power (p. XX). Each taboo the occultist imposes on herself grants a dot in an Influence of her choosing. The taboo and Influence must be related to each other in some way, either directly or metaphorically.

Gaining Influence through spirit dealings requires the occultist to performing transgressive acts much like her initiation,

as well as binding herself with a taboo. Spirits frequently levy additional, often expensive or difficult, payment on top of these costs. This cost always includes a Breaking Point for the occultist, regardless of the specific acts or requirements. If the occultist accepts, the spirit imparts Influence dots that it possesses up to its Rank. If the spirit's price included future actions or terms that the occultist violates, she immediately spends several turns violently expelling all Essence from her body along with other bodily fluids, rendering her incapable of taking any other action until the Essence is gone, and loses access to all Influences for a month.

Should the occultist take an action that causes another human to suffer (and fail) an Integrity-breaking point, she gains one dot of additional Influence relating to the act that was taken or the character who suffered the breaking point. Finally, occultists can gain power through taking life and ingesting it as their own. If an occultist sacrifices a human being, eats their flesh, and drinks their blood, she gains additional dots of Influences equal to the victim's Resolve. These Influences must be related to the victim in some way—a stockbroker could give Influence (Wealth), or a doctor could impart Influence (Health). The occultist doesn't have to completely consume the victim but must eat and drink until she is gorged. This act imposes a Breaking Point on the character, with the character additionally suffering at least -5 to her dice pool.

FOOD AND SAFETY

Spirits also gain power through their patronage of Shadow occultists, though few would reveal this to the humans. Each time an occultist uses an Influence, her patron spirits gain Essence as if they were feeding from a rich source of resonance. More importantly, the link between Flesh and Hisil lends such spirit patrons a kind of camouflage, an anchoring purpose in the material world that lets them pass unhindered. A werewolf who encounters such a spirit patron in the Flesh suffers a penalty to perception and tracking dice pools equal to the highest Resolve of any occultist to whom the spirit serves as patron.



BRIAN
LEUNG
19

CHAPTER FIVE

NIGHTMARES

IDIGAM AND GERYO

We all grow up with the weight of history on us. Our ancestors dwell in the attics of our brains as they do in the spiraling chains of knowledge hidden in every cell of our bodies.

— Shirley Abbott

The Great Predator's legacy lingers on, challenging the Uratha to achieve what even their progenitor could not. Ancient enemies awake from slumber in this modern age. Formless alien entities crawl into reality, seeking metamorphosis and transcendence. *Urfarah's* own ruinous, failed creations gnaw at the world's roots, seeking to claim the same heritage that the Uratha hold dear.

When Father Wolf banished the *idigam* to the embrace of Luna, or drove them into hiding deep within the earth, the Great Predator did not plan for their return. Free once more, the *idigam* work towards their bizarre goals, coalesce unpredictably, and hunger for vengeance against the children of their old enemy.

The Geryo are the forgotten creations of *Urfarah*, the boundary god's first prototypes in the creation of an apex predator. Driven by a primal urge to destroy, they were deemed too unruly and dangerous, and so the Great Predator chained their will and bound them into guardianship or exile. The legacy of the Geryo lives on within the Uratha, though, as a lingering contamination sometimes brought to the surface in grotesque outbreaks. Now a metaphysical contagion rusting holes in the fabric of reality threatens to unleash the ancients once more.

IDIGAM

Born from impermanence, driven to coalesce by the very nature of the Shadow, the *idigam* once again twist the world's Essence to suit their alien needs. These entities are the most unpredictable of foes, and manifest a panoply of terrifying abilities with which they pursue their driving goal – to carve out a place within reality for themselves.

ESSENCE SHAPING

Idigam shape and channel Essence in ways other spirits can't comprehend. Those detailed in this chapter wield several new Essence Shaping powers.

DIVISION

The *idigam* can break the Essence of spirits apart to create multiple lesser beings. This succeeds automatically with willing prey, and requires a Power + Finesse roll opposed by the spirit's Finesse + Resistance if unwilling. Division costs Essence points equal to the target's Rank and, if successful, creates two spirits each one Rank lower than the original, with their attributes and traits reduced appropriately to match their new Rank. Both spirits are independent beings, but the *idigam* can choose to merge them back together as an Instant action while they are touching each other. The *idigam* can also

divide itself in this way; divided *idigam* don't become truly separate entities but remain as a hive-mind, with each split *idigam* operating in unison towards the being's united goals.

FORGE UNDEAD

The *idigam* holds power over life itself. It can resurrect any corpse it can perceive, regardless of decay or the state of the body, by spending two Essence per point of Health the *idigam* chooses to invest in the dead flesh, up to the creature's usual maximum Health. The total invested dictates the creature's new maximum Health for the duration of the resurrection. Of course, this isn't true life, but merely an extension of the *idigam*'s power — the revived being cannot resist his master's will, and the *idigam* can withdraw that life at any time. A resurrected creature has their former personalities and abilities, but cannot restore Willpower through any means except consuming human flesh; devouring the meat of a single human corpse restores all expended Willpower points.

RELIQUARY

The *idigam* invests a small portion of its being into an object. It places a Numen, Dread Power, or Essence Shaping power into the item, along with a single point of Corpus; anyone holding the item can use the power within, using the *idigam*'s dice pool as appropriate. The *idigam* pays up to half the Essence cost of the power, while the user pays the remainder; characters without an Essence pool must spend a point of Willpower to use the reliquary at all, but the *idigam* has to pay the full Essence cost in such circumstances. As an instant action costing 10 Essence, the *idigam* can immediately travel to the location of one of its reliquaries, regardless of distance or being in a different realm of existence. It can destroy a reliquary with a touch; when a reliquary is destroyed, by the *idigam* or an outside force, the *idigam* regains the invested point of Corpus. If destroyed by an outside force, however, the *idigam* also suffers a point of aggravated damage.

RENDER SPIRIT

The *idigam* can unmake spirits to release their pure Essence. The prey must be incapacitated or unresisting, and the *idigam*

must spend a point of Willpower to initiate the process. The spirit quickly dissolves into Essence points equal to its Rank + total value of its Attributes + its current Essence pool. This Essence lingers in the location for a scene, and can be accessed in the same way as a locus.

DREAD POWERS

The *idigam* possess many strange and monstrous Dread Powers, including the new abilities possessed by the Moon-Banished and Earth-Bound detailed in this chapter.

GAUNTLET GRAB

The *idigam* reaches across the Gauntlet and snatches a victim across from the other side. This is treated as a grappling attempt and costs the *idigam* Essence points equal to the local Gauntlet strength. Should the *idigam* be successful, the prey immediately moves to the *idigam*'s side of the Gauntlet and the grapple continues as normal.

GAUNTLET STASIS

The *idigam* forces the victim into an oubliette within the Gauntlet itself. With a successful Power + Finesse roll opposed by the prey's Resolve + Primal Urge or Resistance, the *idigam* traps the victim within the Gauntlet for a number of days equal to the *idigam*'s Rank; the *idigam* must touch the victim and spend 5 points of Essence to activate the power. The victim is held in stasis, aware but unable to act and unaffected by the passage of time. The *idigam* suffers a cumulative -1 penalty each time it uses this Dread Power on the same prey within a month.

MASS MANIPULATION

The *idigam* can subtly sway the minds of those around it. As an Instant action, the *idigam* spends three points of Essence and rolls its Power + Finesse; any human in the scene whose Composure is equal to or less than the number of successes rolled has their Doors reduced by two for the purposes of social maneuvers against them that further the *idigam*'s agenda. These social maneuvers do not need to be performed by the *idigam* itself. The effects of Mass Manipulation last for a month.

THE INFILTRATOR: ANABA'HI

You are perfect, child, and will stay that way forever, with me.

The *idigam* known as Anaba'hi has long been fascinated with the ever-changing nature of life, its brevity and impermanence in the face of evolution and extinction. In the age before its imprisonment, the churning chemistry of living beings stirred a possessive compulsion unlike anything the *idigam* ever felt for the ephemeral spirits that followed in its wake. When the Uratha appeared, Anaba'hi took an immediate dislike to what she saw as ravenous agents of destruction, altering the natural and careful progression of life with magic and violence. They mingled beautifully coarse flesh with boringly pristine spirit. Above all, they threatened her fleshly 'children', and so she struggled with the scions of the Great Predator for dominion over physical life.

She was outmatched. The Wolf mercilessly flung her to her new prison, where the barren landscape of grey dust lulled Anaba'hi into a deep sleep, dreaming of the world that should be hers. She missed the moon landing, waking too late to ride the flimsy metal capsule back to her beloved planet. Still, the breach in the prison's containment was enough; she clung to a passing scrap of debris in the void, a fragment of ice and rock following an arc that slowly brought her back towards her prize. It wasn't until 2016 that she again felt Earth's kiss as she plummeted down from the sky.

In despair and fury, Anaba'hi saw the Earth as she knew it had changed in what to her seemed but an instant. Rather than a land of slow but wondrous possibility, she discovered a world of hatred, mass-production, depression, environmental collapse, and war; a world where the Shadow and Flesh were torn apart, their infinite potential forever split. Worse than that, the Formless being now faced a driving push to Coalesce as the sundered world weighed heavily on her being. As she twitched and

thrashed through the *hisil*, Anaba'hi alighted upon strange spirits – fragile little things of hope and wonder, born from the presence of children. Seizing hold of this anchor amid the changed world, Anaba'hi devoured the lesser spirits and Coalesced.

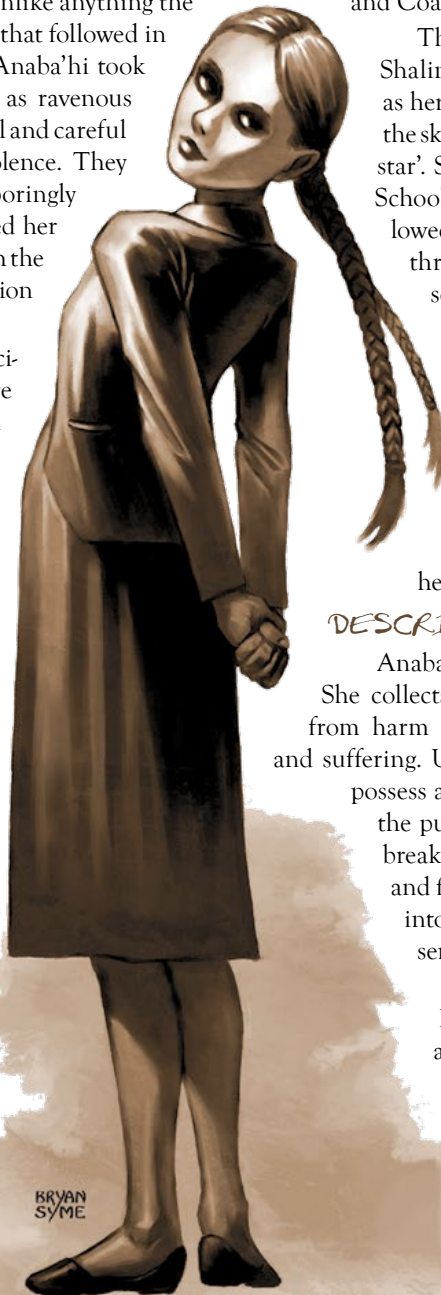
The *idigam* has fixated on a young girl called Shalinah, who watched Anaba'hi's fiery return as her chariot of debris streaked down through the sky and delighted at the sight of the 'shooting star'. Shalinah attends the Sanctuary Boarding School in Sussex, England, and the *idigam* has followed her there. Anaba'hi has suffused Essence throughout the school's foundations – in the soil, the buildings, the plants, and animals – and has forged the hapless Shalinah into the first of her heralds. Coalesced into form and purpose, Anaba'hi wants to save the perfect souls of the children, and hollows out and 'improves' the adults at the school to serve as their protectors. With Sanctuary School under her control, she now works to spread her influence to other schools in the region.

DESCRIPTION

Anaba'hi is obsessed with innocence and purity. She collects the souls of children to protect them from harm so they need not experience life's pain and suffering. Under her influence, the school grounds possess an air of uneasiness. The classes still run, the pupils still play in the playground on their breaks, but the teachers seem nervous, jittery, and forgetful. Some students, their souls taken into the *idigam*'s care, stand on the sidelines as sentinels watching for threats and intruders.

Anaba'hi's fascination controls her. Powerful as she is, her inability to move away from her precious innocents is a leash on her influence. She expands her tendrils outwards only slowly, hungry for more wards to cherish and preserve. Each new school she infests increases the risk of Uratha discovering her existence and tracking her down.

The *idigam* most frequently



KRYAN
SYME

STORY HOOKS

- Rumors of scandal reach the pack; trouble's brewing around the prestigious but isolated Sanctuary Boarding School. A prominent human in the pack's territory sent their daughter to the school, but she's come back... wrong, and when her parents make a fuss and visit the headmaster to complain, they come back wrong too. The pack now has several hollowed-out servants of the *idigam* on their turf, looking for new schools to which Anaha'bi might extend her influence.
- The woodlands around Sanctuary Boarding School are claimed by a pack of Hunters in Darkness. Now, a Wolf-Blooded from the pack reaches out to the characters, seeking help. Her pack-mates undertook the Sacred Hunt into the area, seeking out the source of strange, chimeric creatures that now stalk the woods. When they came back, they were changed; they have disengaged from the lesser members of the pack and spend more time in the woodlands than ever. The Wolf-Blooded hopes the characters can discretely investigate, even though it means intruding on the other pack's territory.
- A pack member receives a message scrawled on paper with the Sanctuary School letterhead. The message reads: *I know what you are. I have been following you, for her. Help me.* Sure enough, the pack are being watched by staff from the school; but which of them sent the letter?

works by possessing her hollow servants. She has a stable of soulless teachers for when she needs a figure of authority, and will hop between the bodies of the staff to carefully manage the experience of any visitors into her curated little sanctuary. When manifesting under a mortal mask, the *idigam* likes to appear as an 11-year old girl with youthful, pale skin, long brown hair styled into two unnaturally perfect and symmetrical braids, and a spotless school uniform where the fabric sometimes seems to be seamlessly joined to the flesh. Anaba'hi hasn't mastered emulating human emotion—her smile is never genuine nor does it reach her dead eyes, and her mannerisms and actions are a fraction behind the children she surrounds herself with and desperately tries to copy.

In her true form, Anaha'bi looks nothing like the innocent humans she obsesses over, having Coalesced in the woodlands where she found Shalinah. She's a shambling, chimeric mass with furred skin, while dreadlocked hair grows from the crown of her head and spills down her spine like the mane of a wild boar. A tangled rack of antlers pushes through her thick hair, covered in moss and with cobwebs bridging between them. Her elongated head sports a maw of large, sharp teeth and four eyes on each side.

RUMORS

The woods around Sanctuary Boarding School are creepy as hell. Some of the plants glow in the dark, and I've heard stories about deer, of all things, eating roadkill at the edges of the grounds. Last time I walked past the place, I heard this weird giggling from the trees. It didn't sound like children.

The woods around the school are now infested with the spiritual spawn of Anaha'bi—spiritual servants and chimerical Claimed she has created from the wildlife there. This motley pack of the *idigam*'s own children serve as an early warning system against would-be intruders into Anaha'bi's territory, and are dangerous enough to butcher lesser threats like humans.

I'm worried. Something's up at the boarding school, I swear; the students are different. Whenever they come into town, they're all quiet and intense, and half of them don't seem to recognize me at all even though they've been coming to my shop for months. It's... scary, to be honest.

As Anaha'bi's influence spreads beyond Sanctuary, it becomes harder to conceal the effects. She has forged servants from the student population and uses modern conveniences to identify new territories of innocents to add to her menagerie, but while Sanctuary has long been exclusive and secretive, other schools are less so. For now, the *idigam* grudgingly relents to the end of term-time and the necessity of letting the children go home for the holidays, but her jealous protectiveness only grows stronger.

ANABA'HI

Rank: 4

Attributes: Power 10, Finesse 13, Resistance 10

Willpower: 10

Essence: 50

Initiative: 23

Defense: 10

Speed: 28

Size: 8

Corpus: 18

Influences: Children • • • •

Manifestations: Claim, Gauntlet Breach, Possess, Materialize, Twilight Form

Numina: Awe, Emotional Aura, Hallucination, Host Jump, Implant Mission, Mortal Mask, Seek

Essence Shaping: Essence Trap, Forge Claimed, Forge Empty Wolf, Forge Herald, Forge Spawn, Soul Manipulation

Dread Powers: Divine Clay, Purification, Shifting, Soul Slave

Ban: Anaha'bi must always remain in the presence of a Forged servant or a wild animal she has changed with Divine Clay. If denied the presence of such entities, she suffers a -5 penalty to Initiative, Speed, and Defense.

Bane: Fresh, green wood from the copse of trees where Anaha'bi fell to earth.

THE FALSE IDOL: DEBAN DUN

*I am, your God. I am, the shepherd and the leading star.
I am, transcendence. Praise my name and worship me.
Shirk the temptations of false gods!*

Deban Dun is a creature of many-faced fervor, coalesced around the concepts of unity and faith no matter how they manifest among human populations. When humans first sought meaning from the world, Deban Dun was there. It supped at worship intended for others, and masqueraded in the stead of quiet gods incapable or unwilling to manifest before their followers. Deban Dun moved from civilization to civilization, feasting as it sought out ever-greater worship. It thrilled at the Essence channeled through faith from societies awed by the twinkling lights in the sky and the changing of the seasons. When *Urfarah's* retribution purged the *idigam* from the world, Deban Dun remained hidden, cloaked among the throngs of spirits who flocked to the resonance of worship. As the Moon-Banished fell into somnolence in their skyward prison, Deban Dun chose to temper its excesses, and thrived.

Such temperance could never hold for an *idigam*, and the death of the Great Predator freed it from the necessity of such. Over the passing ages Deban Dun roamed from land to land,



BRYAN
SYME

Deban Dun

drunk on the power of faith and zeal. Crusades and holy wars gave it particular nourishment, goading the *idigam* into appearing before chosen groups to create false miracles and strengthen their belief. Still, every time it gorged itself on the blood and chaos of such religious strife, a streak of discontent wormed ever deeper through its Essence — the dissatisfaction of all that slaughter and sacrifice in the name of something else. Deban Dun craved such adoration directly.

It created its first true cult in the 12th Century, in the wake of one of Christendom's crusades, revealing itself to its chosen followers as their new god and stirring them to violence in its name. The cult grew as a secretive, exploitative organization worming its way into other sects and heresies, drawing new worshipers deeper into its mysteries before the final revelation of Deban Dun itself. The *idigam* met its match in Europe in the 17th Century, as the Enlightenment sapped away the ready tide of faith that the *idigam* had previously gorged upon; the cult, after centuries of hidden influence within other religions, weakened and began to disperse. Suddenly short on Essence after a lifetime of gluttony, Deban Dun grew weary of humans and fell into a period of deep slumber.

In the late 1990s, a group of inquisitive postgraduate students found historical references to this cult hidden within cults and traced the faith to a name — Deban Dun. Fascinated by the hunt for this dormant sect, they traced out the ceremonies and practices once performed in Deban Dun's name. The *idigam* felt this returning flow of Essence, inadvertent though it was, through the repeated prayers and whispers of its name. It awoke to curiosity and new-found fascination in the fruits of the Enlightenment; a modern world desperate to believe in something.

Deban Dun has every intention of becoming that something.

DESCRIPTION

Deban Dun is fascinated with its divine status, which it sees as distinguishing itself from the rest of the *idigam*. Its form evokes godly images of crowned, glowing beings, shining with a brightness so intense it hurts the eye and obscures detail of the entity's true shape. In moments where the light flickers or fades, the reality is revealed; its body is only a crude attempt to invoke awe, with cracked and crumbling skin gray and dripping with black subcutis. The wings jutting from its back are drab, with fleshy, pulsating 'feathers' that harden an instant after they are plucked from its body.

Deban Dun draws power from religious unity and fanaticism. It is attracted to extremists dedicated to their beliefs above all else, those prepared to sacrifice anything to meet their goals. Deban Dun now prefers such dedication be directed towards it, rather than just stealing the worship intended for another god. Every time a congregation gathers to speak its name, or an idol of its likeness is created, the *idigam* grows a little stronger.

The *idigam* is very careful in its actions. It has avoided the claws and teeth of werewolves for its entire existence, lingering long after the incautious were captured or destroyed. It

THE FEATHERS OF DEBAN DUN

Deban Dun's cults have always favored the iconography of feathers. Currently, the *idigam* has six feathers serving as reliquaries scattered around the world. These items are mostly in human hands and grant their bearers some of the *idigam*'s power, making them extremely dangerous.

One feather is in the hands of Father Sinclair, a cult member and Catholic priest in a remote community. The feather passes on from one priest to the next in the small coastal church, and remains safely within a glass box in the Father's office. He is fully indoctrinated into Deban Dun's faith and gives strange, rambling sermons filled with dual meanings.

The second feather is hidden in Japan. Its last bearer died of influenza in Tokyo in 1789; not even Deban Dun knows where the feather lies now. The *idigam* could manifest itself at the feather's location, if it so chose, but it has survived this long through caution; the feather may now be in the hands of a threat or foe, after all.

A young mother cradles her infant son and holds the third feather tight to her breast. Driven to desperation, praying to whoever would listen, she cried out for succor — and Deban Dun answered. The *idigam*'s cult know that the third feather has been gifted thus, but even they do not know why this woman and her child matter so much to their god.

The fourth feather is on public display inside a former Catholic church in the heart of Denmark's third biggest city, Odense. It lies at the side of King Knud the Holy; a placard labels it as a grave good buried with the king. A local branch of Deban Dun's cult scheme and plot to steal the feather away.

The fifth feather lies in the hands of Laura Deacon in Houston, Texas. Deacon is the current head of Deban Dun's cult, the beating heart of its network of servants, and rules her flock from a reinforced underground bunker beyond the city limits. She proudly wears the feather on a golden chain around her neck.

The sixth feather always remains near Deban Dun, in the hands of a trusted herald.

practices restraint in rewarding its faithful and is sparing in its gifts. It needs worshipers to truly believe in it, not to base their obedience on the expectation of benefits from service.

RUMORS

There's a cult in St. Michael's church. They don't worship Christ there no more. Something else is painted on the walls behind the tapestries of God's son. They say it appears to the flock, their new god, that it blesses the crops and cures sickness. It lives under the altar, and only comes out at night when the priest says the right words in his sermon.

Deban Dun maintains its worship by delivering what few other gods do — tangible, repeated 'miracles'. The *idigam* prefers to appear in dreams, using its chosen clergy as an intermediary, but it's not above manifesting to a congregation when necessary to fan the flames of faith. Ultimately, Deban Dun doesn't care about good or evil; it just wants praise. If werewolves come sniffing around, Deban Dun is old and wise enough to move on and wait til the hunt ends. The feather reliquaries it scatters round the world give it an easy means of doing so.

You know the story of Bloody Mary? Stand in front of a mirror and say her name three times and she'll appear? It's like that, but I swear this one is real. I found it through college research, this ancient legend called Deban Dun. Say its name three times and you'll see it soon after, an angel weeping blood. It might be in the mirror, standing on the street, or watching through your windows — but trust me, you'll see it.

Deban Dun interacts with humans frequently, seeking to strike fear or awe into victims. Repeated whispers, prayers, or just utterances of its name can catch its attention, and it likes to prey on the credulous and easily-intimidated to drive them towards its worship.

DEBAN DUN

Rank: 4

Attributes: Power 11, Finesse 7, Resistance 8

Willpower: 10

Essence: 50

Initiative: 15

Defense: 7

Speed: 19

Size: 8

Corpus: 16 (6 currently invested in Reliquaries)

Influences: Faith • • • •

Manifestations: Claim, Fetter, Image, Possess, Unfetter

Numina: Awe, Hallucination, Implant Mission, Omen Trance, Rapture, Seek, Sign, Telekinesis

STORY HOOKS

- One of the feathers of Deban Dun ends up on the pack's territory, in the hands of a nascent branch of its cult. This would be troubling enough, but something worse is happening; the *idigam*, greedy for worship, has run into a power more terrible than itself as it attempts to subvert a rival cult. Whether the darkness behind the Wounds, the cold hunger of the Void, or an ancient 'Contagion' infecting the world, Deban Dun has become a vector for this nightmare — and now each of its feathers spreads the sickness further.
- Someone twists local creeds against the Uratha. It's subtle enough, at first; preachers use the symbolism of the wolf when speaking of the evils in the world, self-help gurus talk about rejecting the confusion of inner duality, and moral crusaders rail against whatever deviancy from the norm may be popular among local Uratha. It soon starts to ramp up, though, as people are encouraged to shun outsiders and to suspect the handiwork of witchcraft or demons among their fellows. Deban Dun's local cult fears the Uratha will discover the *idigam*'s presence, so they're taking the offensive to try and drive the werewolves away.

Essence Shaping: Essence Trap, Forge Undead, Ghost Manipulation

Dread Powers: Crazy Evolution, Furious Madness, Reliquary, Mass Manipulation, Spirit Interrogation

Ban: Deban Dun cannot directly harm those initiated into another faith as a priest or holy person, although it can attempt to influence or sway them.

Bane: Stone from the ancient Mesopotamian temple where Deban Dun first Coalesced, now a buried ruin.

THE CONSTANT FORMLESS: KANINHAAH A'KU

Why must I change? Why can't I change?

Kaninhah A'ku is unlike its kin. Most *idigam* descend to the world as Formless but soon coalesce around some fascination and begin shaping the world to match their obsession. Others try to maintain their transient nature, but few can resist the pressure to coalesce for long. Kaninhah A'ku is different. It has sacrificed Coalescence again and again, repeatedly shedding permanence to escape a threat or danger, until that very formlessness has become a foundation in its own right.

In the time before the Border Marches fell, Kaninhah A'ku was particularly tricky prey for the Great Predator, even by the standards of *idigam*. It was among the last of its kind to be thrust into the prison of the moon, first leading *Urfarah* on a long and grueling hunt of shivering shape and flickering form. Kaninhah A'ku's incredible resistance came to nothing; just like its siblings, the *idigam* was defeated and imprisoned.

Kaninhah A'ku spent long millennia raging at its predicament. Most of the Moon-Banished fell into slumber, starved by the lifeless surface of the moon, but a few clung to Formless wakefulness and roamed the dead landscape. Among them was Kaninhah A'ku, unwilling even now to truly admit defeat and fall into the stasis of sleep. Such persistence was the only way it could demonstrate its defiance. It flickered and danced through the moon's Shadow, a maddening vision of impermanence that even gods could not crush.

Kaninhah A'ku missed the ride when humans finally reached Luna's surface, but managed to find purchase on a laser pulse aimed at a reflector they left behind. It hurtled to Earth, chasing its brethren, and felt the shuddering pressure to Coalesce just as the other *idigam* did. And yet... Kaninhah A'ku could not Coalesce.

Surrounded by incredible, fascinating phenomena, Kaninhah A'ku marveled at the changed world and frantically fixated on everything it passed — each fleetingly but with the strength of obsession



that would see any *idigam* Coalesce to wreak havoc on the world. Yet nothing changed. Kaninhah A'ku remained in constant chaos. The *idigam*, confused, raged at the impotence of its broken nature.

It has done so ever since.

Kaninhah A'ku is unique, scarred by its own dedication to impermanence. It cannot understand what it has become—an impossibility, Coalesced around the concept of formlessness. It cannot bring itself in line with its obsessions as it already has conceptual stability; it cannot return itself to formlessness as it is already formless. Instead, it endlessly rages, spiraling further into madness at the paradox.

DESCRIPTION

How to describe one of the Formless? Kaninhah A'ku appears as a roiling mass of jumbled limbs, tentacles, eyes, mouths — anything found on any creature imaginable. The *idigam* surges through other representations of the physical in its form with rock shards, vines and leaves. Vapors, sounds, unusual tastes and tactile sensations assault the senses when Kaninhah A'ku is present; the air clamors with sharp, ringing tones or low, constant droning and everything in between. The air thickens with the suffocating stench of rot or the iron-rich tang of blood, or stirs the palate to wet in anticipation of food. The mind is assailed by an overwhelming feeling of being consumed alive, with a sense of insignificance, or awe at the beauty of pure mathematical constructs and proofs. Each of these, and more, is Kaninhah A'ku.

Inasmuch as the *idigam* has any consistency, it is endlessly angry. Kaninhah A'ku hunts ceaselessly for Father Wolf, wanting to exact its revenge on the Great Predator. Every time it learns of *Urfarah's* death, the rise of the Gauntlet and inheritance of the Uratha, the knowledge is snatched away again by formless madness as the *idigam's* memories change moments later. Even as it continues its futile search, it recognizes enough similarity in the Uratha to see the lesser werewolves as its enemy and its prey. Kaninhah A'ku's broken mind and hyperactive form can't distinguish minor differences between individual Uratha at all, and can only concentrate on major differences for a short time. Packs who catch Kaninhah A'ku's attention can sometimes simply hide and wait for the *idigam* to pass by, as it presumes the next werewolves it meets are the same beings as those who have wronged it before.

RUMORS

Two Bone Shadows died a few nights ago. They were hunting magath, and they found one, but it's beyond anything we've ever seen before. It's like a tangled ball of anything and everything; it must have consumed so many different spirits that it's totally lost itself. Weirdest thing isn't that it attacks without provocation — after all, magath are all mad — but that it screams Urfarah at any werewolf it encounters. Survivors from the other attacks say it just gets confused after a while and leaves them be.

Kaninhah A'ku is easily distracted by its own ever-shifting nature but the *idigam* is cunning and powerful, and while it can't usually tell the difference between Uratha—and regularly attacks werewolves as symbols of its hatred for Father Wolf — it knows some of the signs of its prey. If it starts attacking

STORY HOOKS

- Kaninhah A'ku has attracted a cult who believe the ever-changing *idigam* to be an avatar of the ancient god of chaos and destruction, Ammut. Kaninhah A'ku gave little thought to the humans following in its wake until recently, when the cult clashed with the Church of the Wolf (see p.XX). Now, Kaninhah A'ku believes all of the cult's rivals to be worshippers of *Urfarah* and the hunt, looking to hunt the *idigam* and banish it once again. The worshippers of Ammut reap the benefits as their mad god winnows the ranks of their foes; in turn, its hatred of werewolves drives them to step up their own activities against Ammut's evident enemies.
- Dreams plague those of the Cahalith auspice as Kaninhah A'ku approaches the region, and Lunes whisper to the warriors of the Full Moon. The Warden Moon wants the Formless back — not destroyed but imprisoned once more and delivered to its greatest servants, in mimicry of *Urfarah's* own accomplishments in the lost age of Pangaea. As best the seers can discern, the Formless took something of Luna's own changing nature with it, or that it is a Lune, some sort of failed prototype with a splinter of chaotic impermanence pierced deep into its being. Now, the Moon wants it back.

Wolf-Blooded or humans who have encountered werewolves in an area, hoping to draw its prey out, it's likely to be mistaken for a very powerful *magath* at first.

The Shadow's gone nuts lately. Everything's stirred up. Most spirits we know have fled, replaced by something I've never seen before: rolling, writhing balls straight out of some Cronenberg nightmare. The one spirit I managed to grab before it fled said these things have eaten everything they could catch, and just keep spreading.

Sometimes, Kaninhah A'ku feels a desperate need for the solace of kinship. In these moments, it splits into lesser replicas, each one an expression of its turbulent emotions. While Kaninhah A'ku inevitably grows frustrated with the lack of true companionship this delivers, reuniting itself in a fit of anger, a brief window of opportunity exists. With the madness divided between several splinters, each fragment of Kaninhah A'ku possesses greater clarity for a while. If a pack could avoid the divided pieces that have the *idigam's* hate and rage, they might find whatever part of it still clings to some level of reason, and perhaps negotiate or even change the being's nature for good.

KANINHAAH A'KU

Rank: 5

Attributes: Power 15, Finesse 10, Resistance 15

Willpower: 10

Essence: 100

Initiative: 25

Defense: 10

Speed: 35

Size: Roll two dice and add the results together; this is Kaninhah A'ku's Size for the scene.

Corpus: 15 plus Kaninhah A'ku's Size

Influences: Chaos • • • • •

Manifestations: Claim, Fetter, Image, Materialize, Twilight Form, Unfetter

Numina: Awe, Blast, Dement, Emotional Aura, Entropic Decay, Innocuous, Pathfinder, Rapture, Regenerate, Speed, Telekinesis

Essence Shaping: Division, Forge Spawn, Gauntlet Manipulation, Locus Manipulation

Dread Powers: Shifting

Ban: Kaninhah A'ku's ban changes each scene.

Bane: Unlike true Formless, Kaninhah A'ku has a fixed bane. Logical paradoxes tear at the *idigam*.

DEATH IN THE GAUNTLET: GUARA-NEGHNIRA

*Cross, and you gain my
attention. Move too slow and I
will take you.*

Guara-Neghinra was there when the Uratha ripped out Father Wolf's throat and the Great Predator's Essence spilled out into the world. The *idigam* hid in the cracks beneath the earth, and watched from the shadows. She delighted in the destruction of the hunter who had plagued her kind but, at last, would hunt them no more. When the Sundering tore the world apart, and the Gauntlet rose to separate Flesh and Shadow, Guara-Neghinra still lingered over the divine carcass. She chased the fading echoes of *Urfarah*'s final howl, following the call to Coalesce and become part of the new boundary itself.

Guara-Neghinra slithered through the young Gauntlet, fascinated by the concept of such separation. She spread her Essence far and wide in the metaphysical nothingness, growing to enormous size in the limitless boundary. Whether the Border Marches she once knew had vanished entirely, or whether they were merely sealed away behind the Gauntlet, Guara-Neghinra determined she would make this new existence her own domain, one where she could rule without rival.

The *idigam* exists in a nearly inaccessible phase of reality — the Gauntlet itself. She draws some Essence from the Gauntlet, but mostly preys on victims caught with her tendrils; they waft through endless swathes of the scarred membrane between worlds. She traps hapless victims passing through loci and beings making their own gateways across.



Guara-Neghinra has little care for events on either side of her domain, beyond as sources of prey. She's more interested in creatures who use the Gauntlet as more than just a gateway, assessing if they are foes who will threaten her or disrupt her domain, or simply easier sources of Essence. She has a particular antagonism with the *Beshilu* who would destroy her home, and a fondness for the *Azlu* who strengthen it. The bloody Gauntlet of the Lamprey Hosts stirs her enmity as its tainted nature repels her influence, and she exterminates those *Ukusgualu* she encounters. She avoids the places claimed by the ancient Geryo — of all the memories she retains of the dismal, distant past when the Great Predator still lived, it is those destructive beings who terrify her the most.

Guara-Neghinra has hidden in the Gauntlet since the Sundering. She's usually on the move, seemingly pulled by currents or tides that only she can sense. She avoids places where the Gauntlet is too thin; she risks spilling her form into Shadow or Flesh in such areas, where she is far more vulnerable. A body of lore has built up around tales of her passing; accounts of drifting tendrils half-glimpsed when crossing through a locus, of strange anticipation or hunger felt during the transition, and of compatriots mysteriously vanishing between worlds leaving only an echo of a scream behind.

Despite preying on those who cross her Gauntlet, Guara-Neghinra harbors a fear of the Uratha because they stink of the Great Predator. She styles herself a ruler of the Gauntlet, but she has already seen the Uratha kill a god of boundaries once, and is paranoid that they will repeat the accomplishment with her. She stalks Uratha from the safety of the Gauntlet, watching, learning, and judging.

DESCRIPTION

Though rarely seen in her entirety, Guara-Neghinra is a leviathan in size and scope. Her form is jelly-like, with countless thin tentacles drifting about her in every direction. Between the tentacles, thousands of needle-thin pseudopods end in sensory organs, and Guara-Neghinra keeps hundreds of these eyes and ears pressed against the periphery of the twin realities sandwiching her domain. She observes everything on either side, positioning her tentacles within areas where prey is most likely to breach; each movement is slow but deliberate and certain. Beneath the *idigam*'s colossal body, protected within folds of ephemeral flesh, several fanged maws wait to devour whatever prey her tendrils deliver.

Guara-Neghinra is deceptively slow. The *idigam* drifts along with ebbing tides as much as she swims under her own power. Her tentacles waft about with gossamer delicacy. When she does seek to move, she can twist and turn her massive bulk faster than any physical analogue could match. The tentacles latch onto prey and drag victims to the *idigam*'s mouths with the inevitable force of a riptide, stronger than steel cabling.

BETWEEN WORLDS (WOLF RITE)

By breaking the well-trodden road, the pack forges its own path into the unknown.

Symbols: Desecration, destruction, pathways, travel

HUNTING THE GAUNTLET

The Gauntlet as a place — and not just a barrier — is caught between the weights of Flesh and Spirit. It isn't precisely hostile to either state of being, but neither is it hospitable. The dead skin of what was once the Border Marches is too weak and fragile to host physical creatures for long, and too dense and heavy to sustain ephemera. The between-realm essentially doesn't exist as anything but a barrier to most creatures, and the Gauntlet quickly spits out beings reaching across.

A few invasive species have managed to force their way into its medium, particularly the Hosts, but even these tend to impose limited claims on the membrane and can't move about however they please. True residents of the Gauntlet, including Guara-Neghinra, live in a thin, misty gray nothingness, occasionally divided by slightly thicker pockets of silvery fog. It's not a true world, so much as the lack of one, without direction or sensory cues, although the density of the fog gives some indication of how thick the Gauntlet is. Anyone unfortunate enough to be lost here feels the lingering, alluring presence of something *else*, a further place just beyond reach. Loci appear as vague distortions, patches of shimmering static in the calm haze.

Very few creatures can deliberately sidestep their Reaching to enter the Gauntlet itself. Doing so requires discovering powerful and hidden magic that frequently has its own injurious cost on the connection between Flesh and Spirit. The Between Worlds rite (p. XX) is one such example.

Once within the Gauntlet, any creature capable of Reaching can try to leave, as long as it isn't restrained or otherwise impeded. The lack of anything to push against makes this harder than moving from Flesh to Spirit or vice versa. Increase the effective Gauntlet strength by 2 for any rolls to Reach from within the Gauntlet.

Action: Extended (5 successes per dot of the Locus; each roll represents ten minutes)

Duration: One day per dot of the Locus

Success: This rite must be performed at a Locus and requires physical and symbolic defiling of the Locus's focus. When the rite is completed, anyone using the Locus to Reach is deposited into the Gauntlet rather than Flesh or Shadow. Once the duration ends, the Locus shatters, forever losing its power.

STORY HOOKS

- Spirit activity in the Flesh is down. Fewer Ridden and Claimed are active in the territory. This seems like good news until Uratha start disappearing too. The local Bone Shadows are worried, and think something has booby-trapped the loci. They're gathering forces to hunt whatever has caused the danger and force it to relent. They don't know that the danger lies within the Gauntlet itself. Occult-minded Uratha will need to hunt esoteric knowledge and rites if they are to succeed on this hunt.
- The local Gauntlet is crumbling away, leaving gaping holes connecting the world of flesh to the predatory Hisil with nothing to stop the spirits throwing themselves into the world. The Forsaken are too few to watch over every breach and can only triage to keep the worst predators at bay. Sometimes Guara-Neghinra spawns more Gauntlet-dwellers like herself, who feed on the Gauntlet's structure itself to wear holes surrounded by their own miniature tendrils, looped around like snares ready to catch Essence-rich prey so they can grow in their mother's image.

RUMORS

Last week litter-pickers found something weird; long thin tentacles, like from a giant jellyfish, but severed cleanly and found near the city-park. Some company called RD-13 have taken it back to their lab, I guess to preserve or study it further?

Guara-Neghinra isn't an infallible predator. Something managed to escape into the world of Flesh and dragged several of Guara-Neghinra's grasping tentacles with it in the process. When the Gauntlet breach closed, it severed the tentacles. For some reason, they didn't disincorporate and remained physical when an elderly lady walking her dog discovered them. They've attracted considerable human interest, which is inconvenient so close to a locus. Local Uratha also have to worry about what

came through from the Hisil under their noses, something strong enough to fight off an idigam.

There's something in the air. Literally, in the air. Just walking down the street you'll feel parts that are thicker, that you have to push a little harder to get through. In some places you can see ripples like heat haze, twisting the light like a weird lens. I've heard some people have just disappeared. One minute they're there, the next they're just... gone.

As Guara-Neghinra swims the misty nothingness between worlds, she often drifts into the shallows of each. Here, her massive form pushes at the boundary, causing disturbances like shifting visual perspective, a resistance to creatures moving through her incorporeal form, or casting impossible shadows. This can affect both the Flesh and Shadow, but only rarely both at once — usually places where the Gauntlet is weakest. Sometimes Guara-Neghinra snatches creatures just across the boundary who get metaphysically close enough to whisk across the Gauntlet's skin.

GUARA-NEGHINRA

Rank: 4

Attributes: Power 9, Finesse 12, Resistance 11

Willpower: 10

Essence: 50

Initiative: 23

Defense: 9

Speed: 22

Size: 100

Corpus: 111

Influences: Barriers • • • •

Manifestations: Fetter, Gauntlet Breach, Reaching, Shadow Gateway, Twilight Form

Numina: Drain, Firestarter, Implant Mission, Regenerate, Seek, Sign, Telekinesis

Essence Shaping: Essence Attack, Forge Spawn, Gauntlet Manipulation, Locus Manipulation, One Million Eyes, Render Spirit

Dread Powers: Colossus, Gauntlet Grab, Gauntlet Stasis

Ban: Guara-Neghinra cannot leave the Gauntlet; she can reach into adjacent worlds but cannot transfer her body fully over into Flesh or Shadow.

Bane: The bite of Uratha.

GERYO

Many human legends speak of mythological beings both revered and feared; terrible monsters who bested many champions long before the hero of the story entered the scene. As subsequent generations tell the tale of the hero's struggle, they also remembering the monster, even if reduced to a cautionary tale or an inspirational homily.

Some of these stories are wildly-spun lies, or barely-understood encounters with denizens of the shadows. Some are *idigam*, the lingering Earth-Bound who escaped Father Wolf's jaws. A precious few, though, are something else entirely. When such monsters deign to talk to lesser creatures, they call themselves the Geryo or the First. They remember another name from a time before time, an old title they now despise: *Urighur*. The name conjures memories of neglect and bitterness. Once, the *Urighur* hunted across the world to prove their worth to their creator, but they were never good enough to win acceptance. The *Urighur* drove terror into the hearts of mortal creatures for their mother's pleasure, but were abandoned, discarded, and forgotten. Now, the Geryo bring destruction to the world to sate their own lingering spite.

If the claims of the First are true, the Geryo are the real scions of Father Wolf, predators whose existence imprinted into the fabric of reality itself to bubble up through stories and collective nightmares. Beasts like Cerberus, Orthus, even Geryon himself, are the ancestral recollection of these horrors' existence. The First adopt the classical names given them by myth and fable, shucking the hated First Tongue name that once collared them.

The Geryo are similar to the Uratha in all too many ways. They're the prototype hunters, the Great Predator's first attempt to create servants in its image. They wield spiritual power and a primeval form of the *Siskur-Dah*. The Geryo shake the world around them with their very presence, turning earth and nature against itself as it struggles to bear their metaphysical weight.

This kinship is a dangerous thing, a powerful vector for the awful taint of the *Urighur*. Uratha are susceptible to the warping potency that boils within the Geryo. Through bloody encounters, Geryo can inflict their nature as a spiritual infection, overloading the body and soul of a werewolf victim with the mutating energy of these ancient predators. The Geryo call the resulting twisted unfortunates the Distorted, and take vindictive pleasure in the suffering of these would-be usurpers.

Most Uratha know very little of the Geryo. Until recently, most of these mythological terrors lay in silent prisons beyond the walls of reality. The legacy of the Geryo's awful power might sometimes boil to the surface of a werewolf exposed to otherworldly energies or who lost all harmony between

BEGOTTEN AND GERYO

The Geryo have many similarities to the Horrors from **Beast: The Primordial**. Many Horrors that fuel a Beasts' power and hunger take similar forms to the Geryo, in dream form rather than in flesh. The Geryo also twist the world around them by their very presence, much like a Beast imposing her Lair traits on an area. At the same time, Geryo have conceptual similarities to the Uratha, most notably the way that they hunt and kill with single minded determination. Even their hated First Tongue name — *Urighur* — evokes this ancient legacy.

Some of the First Geryo who know of the Begotten believe themselves to be the original offspring of the Dark Mother and Father Wolf. These wretches claim they were abandoned by both parents and harbor a deep hatred for such favored siblings because of it. Beasts feel a Kinship to the Geryo, as they do many other supernatural creatures, but will be alarmed to find none of their Kinship abilities actually work on these creatures. While Geryo have no innate ability to identify Beasts, any use of a Kinship ability in the Geryo's presence triggers a powerful revulsion from the monstrosity. All Geryo, First and Distorted alike, have a hostile first impression of known Beasts by default.

Whatever the truth, the Geryo strain of the Contagion can infect Beasts as readily as Uratha. The transformative infection can sweep through a Hive with little ability to easily stop it, transmitting through shared Lairs as well as direct injury. It's possible to halt and quarantine such an outbreak, but it's likely a terrifying experience for entities more used to causing fear in others than being on the receiving end. The presence of Geryo may inspire Begotten and Uratha to band together against this mutual threat.

flesh and spirit, creating a twisted and contagious aberration, but such brief outbreaks were treated as one-offs and unique incidents. The notion of primeval proto-Uratha, an earlier

generation before even the First Pack, held little credence among the lorekeepers of the People.

No prison lasts forever.

THE FIRST

The Geryo are united in their monstrosity. Any semblance of humanity only serves to emphasize how grotesque the creature really is. Unlike the Uratha, the First are not shapeshifters by default. Some possess multiple forms, but these shapes are for causing as much destruction to the prey and anyone who would shelter her as possible. Few of the *Urighur* were built to be creatures of subtlety; if their claims are to be believed, they served as Father Wolf's enforcers, his ravening might distilled into lesser form and let loose. When beings of the ancient world transgressed against Father Wolf's laws, the Great Predator sent forth the *Urighur* to slaughter the guilty as an example to others. Collateral damage is of no import to the Geryo, and the *Urighur* may have been abandoned by the Wolf in part because of how their unchecked madness tore at the fabric of reality.

The *Urighur* are fearsome predators torn between competing aspects of their natures. Distilled within each one is the single-minded drive to pursue a particular aspect of the hunt. The *Urighur* were relentless in this desire, pushed ever onward to hunt their instinctive prey and destroy it without regard to consequences or even how it might contribute to their progenitor's greater goals. They brought fear and terror to the world, engines of collateral destruction caring nothing for the innocence or irrelevance of whatever might get in their way.

In time, *Urfarah* must have grown tired of these feckless children and their disobedience, and deemed them as failures. Perhaps the god learned something of the virtue of restraint from the wanton, uncontrolled destruction wrought by his errant children, and from the scars they tore into the world through their very presence. The First claim a final betrayal by the Great Predator; rather than exterminating these wayward offspring, the god led them to the greatest depths of the Border Marches and there, far from any signs of physical or spiritual life, bound them to sleep forever. The *Urighur* raged at this injustice and despaired at their abandonment, but could not disobey. They subsided into dormancy and, eventually, were forgotten. If any of this story is true, Father Wolf never spoke of his abandoned children to the Uratha who would come afterward.

The Great Predator's death severed the chain that bound the *Urighur*. Locked away from the waking world, each Geryo woke to scream and howl and rage impotently in its prison. Their bodies and souls twisted and adapted to the newly arisen Gauntlet as the Border Marches collapsed around them and their prison. They remained there, trapped for countless millennia, their anger dripping through into the waking dreams of humanity. Some gnawed their way out over the aeons, leaving their prisons empty. Others have only just emerged to terrorize the world once more, released by the ravages of time or by a reality-warping corrosion that oozes from the margins of existence. Figures long contained to myth and legend now walk free again.

MONSTERS ETERNAL

As the First make themselves known once more, a persistent rumor about the beasts is that they are eternal while someone, *anyone*, knows their tale. Each one can be fought and killed — no matter how difficult this might be — but eventually that Geryo will return to the world to hunt and destroy again. As long as someone knows a Geryo's story and legend, they've infected the human psyche and are too embedded to truly die. This may be why *Urfarah* bound them to sleep rather than destroying them; they'd inherited part of the Wolf's own legend.

If the rumor is true, it may be possible to permanently destroy a First by forcing the world to forget about it, or by twisting the tales far enough that the monster is no longer recognizable. Truly defeating one might also be achieved through closely mimicking whatever folkloric accounts result in its downfall, acting out the roles therein to trap the Geryo in the inevitability of the story. Finally, the concentrated Nightmares of the Begotten might be a means to disrupt any connection between a First and the human psyche, clouding the foe in terror-static to prevent it finding the fertile soil of myth in the moment it perishes. Any such attempt would be an incredible feat requiring enormous effort, suitable as the focus for an entire chronicle. It may also be the only way for a pack to stop their relentless foe for good.

THE DISTORTED

Werewolves are metaphysically mercurial creatures, hybrids of spirit and flesh whose very Essence is encoded by divine imperatives to shift, to flow, to hunt, to kill. Sometimes, this malleable power turns cancerous through internal dysfunction or external corruption. At its worst, such out-of-control mutation manifests as an emergence of the same primitive forces that once forged the Geryo, creating the Distorted. The Geryo are themselves carriers for this awful contagion, and Uratha are at risk of losing themselves whenever they face one of their ancient kin.

The horror of Geryo infection is difficult for an afflicted Uratha to hide for long. The transformation begins slowly but accelerates with physical trauma and emotional extremes. Shapeshifting brings a little more than expected with each change as the Uratha's flesh warps in accordance to the infection as much as the werewolf's desires. Regeneration misfires, building twisted appendages, extra limbs, fingers, eyes — even

THE CONTAGION

In the **Contagion Chronicle**, a terrible reality-warping plague spreads from the broken Infrastructure of the God-Machine and throws the world into chaos. For Storytellers using the Contagion in their chronicles, it can serve as the source of the Distorted and as the reason the First have now been broken free from their prisons. Where the Geryo strain of the Contagion spreads, it creates new Distorted and sows havoc among the Uratha.

If the Geryo are linked with this world-shaking epidemic, it may be that Father Wolf dabbled with the power of the God-Machine or some early outbreak of the Contagion when creating the First, a decision the god later came to regret. Alternatively, the mutating power of the Geryo may simply be a natural fit to the Contagion's chaos-inducing nature, serving as the trigger for a darkness that's always been seething just below the skin of the People.

additional heads — as cells move into overdrive but have lost their template to recognize what damage needs repair. Rage and strong emotions warp the werewolf's mental processes, reshaping them to more closely match the excesses of the original *Urighur*. The transformations range from painful to agonizing and are never pleasant. The constant suffering and changing mental states wear away at the Uratha's stability. Unless the werewolf's pack — or some other hunters — exterminate the infected victim quickly, it is only a matter of time before the madness takes hold and the Distorted begins to lash out.

An infected Uratha won't make it easy for his pack. His survival instinct peaks. He conceals the changes if he can, and retreats or hides from the pack when he can't. Driven by the contagion, the werewolf may try and infect the others rather than face an inevitable death sentence when his state is discovered. Some Distorted expose packmates to infected blood or other bodily fluids, or slice off corrupted flesh and add the meat into shared meals to spread the disease.

POWERS OF THE GERYO

As Father Wolf's first creations, the *Urighur* are terrifying apex predators that bring destruction wherever they go. Regardless of its shape, each one is a hunter designed to find whatever prey *Urfarah* commanded and utterly destroy it. Many *Urighur* are chimerical, like a sphinx, mantichore, or lamassu, while others have consistency but too many heads, limbs, or other noticeable body differences, like Orthrus, Cerberus,

Cyclops, or Geryon.

The *Urighur* are a strange blend of Pangaeon might and alien primordial. They were trapped within their prisons when the Great Predator died and the Border Marches collapsed. Even half-slumbering and unaware, they adapted to the rapidly dying environment just as they were created to do. They are some of the last true natives of the Border Marches — now the Gauntlet — and live in that space between worlds. The First are built using the same ephemeral entities system as spirits, with some specific differences detailed below.

- **Scions of *Urfarah*:** Most of the First are Rank 3 to 5. Only the weakest are Rank 2 or less; some terrifying predators are Rank 6 or possibly more. Though they follow many of the same rules, *Urighur* are not spirits and are not treated as such by supernatural powers or effects.
- **Gauntlet Dwellers:** Trapped in the Border Marches as they collapsed, the *Urighur* had no choice but to adapt or die. They adapted. While within the Gauntlet, *Urighur* can use the equivalent of a werewolf's spirit senses (**Werewolf: The Forsaken** p. 94-95) to see into the physical or spiritual worlds, and can attempt to Reach to move into either of these worlds by spending one Essence and succeeding in a Power + Finesse roll, penalized by the local Gauntlet rating. They can return to the Gauntlet by taking an instant Reaching action with no Essence cost. *Urighur* can't directly Reach from the physical to the spiritual worlds, or vice versa, as the Gauntlet is a real place for them. *Urighur* don't have Manifestations or exist in Twilight. They are always solid in whichever realm they venture into. Geryo suffer Essence bleed like a spirit while outside the Gauntlet, unless bound by the *Siskur-Dah*.
- **Dual-Natured:** Much like Uratha, *Urighur* are driven by Blood and Bone natures that they follow obsessively. A Geryo follows its Blood nature — the darkest, most destructive aspect of its nature — when bound by the *Siskur-Dah*. When not hunting, *Urighur* follow their Bone nature — their obsessive, alien interests — whenever possible. Geryo Blood natures tend towards dark, violent impulses, such as Carnage, Sadistic, or Malevolent. Their Bone natures demonstrate their obsessive purpose, like Collecting, Punishing, or Testing.
- **Purposeful Hunters:** *Urighur* have prey that resonates with their individual natures, fed by their Pangaeon connection to creation. Every First periodically gains the *Siskur-Dah* Condition against some prey that fits its criteria. This usually occurs no longer than a month after the monster last held the Condition. A Geryo also receive the *Siskur-Dah* Condition when its master (p. XX) directs it towards a prey, regardless of how this prey matches the Geryo's nature. While subject to the *Siskur-Dah*, the Geryo knows the direction towards its prey and the damaging effects of its environmental

disruptions increase (see below). The *Urighur*'s natural weaponry counts as a bane for its Sacred Hunt prey, even if they do not normally suffer from a bane. This explicitly doesn't apply as the bane for Formless *idigam*, who were one prey the *Urighur* failed against.

- **Primordial Planewalkers:** The *Urighur* have an unmatched but limited freedom to hunt their prey across every facet of reality. When subject to the *Siskur-Dah* Condition, if the First's prey is on another plane of existence, the monster automatically fades from whatever realm it is in and reappears in the prey's realm at the beginning of the next scene. If the prey switches realms, the *Urighur* automatically shifts to follow them each scene.
- **Resilient:** An *Urighur* regenerates as an Uratha would with a Primal Urge equal to double the First's Rank. When targeted by supernatural effects, an *Urighur* may reflexively spend Essence to generate a Clash of Wills (**Werewolf: The Forsaken** p. 115). For powers rated by dot level (such as Moon Gifts, Disciplines, or Arcana) the Essence cost equals the level of the power, or for powers that use a secondary Trait in generating the effect (such as Renown for Shadow Gifts), the dot rating of this Trait. If the *Urighur* wins the Clash of Wills, the offensive power has no effect.
- **Gifts:** *Urighur* don't possess Numina but gain one Shadow Gift per level of Rank. They gain access to all Facets of these Gifts and substitute Power, Finesse or Resistance as appropriate for the Gift's Attribute + Ability dice pool, and Rank for Renown. *Urighur* never possess Moon Gifts or Wolf Gifts. Additionally, Geryo often have unique Dread Powers to fulfill *Urfarah*'s purpose for them.
- **Killing Form:** Though *Urighur* don't have the same shapeshifting abilities as the Uratha, they can spend five Essence to gain monstrous features equivalent to the Teeth and Claws, Defense, and Primal Fear aspects of the Uratha's Gauru form for the remainder of the scene (**Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p.97).
- **World Shaking:** *Urighur* don't possess Influences. Instead, their presence twists at the world's foundations, rippling through different planes of existence in accordance with each one's individual nature. For many the shockwaves increase when they hunt, growing ever stronger as they approach their prey. A Geryo can suppress its World Shaking effect for a scene by spending Essence equal to its Rank.

Most Geryo cause an environmental effect reflective of their nature. When outside the Gauntlet, these Geryo causes a level 1 Extreme Environment (**Werewolf: The Forsaken** p. 173) out to approximately their Rank in miles though the precise distance ebbs and flows. This effect increases to level 2 when the Geryo has the *Siskur-Dah* Condition, and level 3 when the prey is within the area of effect. *Urighur* of Rank 5 or higher are particularly devastating — increase each Environmental Level by one.

CONTRACTING THE GERYO STRAIN

At the end of a scene where a shapeshifting character was exposed to a Geryo, roll her Stamina + Resolve. Apply a -1 modifier per day of exposure to the source, a plus the worst wound penalty the Uratha suffered if damaged directly by the Geryo. Werewolves and Beasts are both explicitly vulnerable to the Geryo strain and always use their Hishu/human form Attributes for these rolls. Other supernatural creatures may be vulnerable at the Storyteller's discretion, especially those using magic or other eldritch powers to shapeshift in some way.

ROLL RESULTS

Dramatic Failure: The infection takes hold and the character immediately succumbs to the Geryo strain. See *Infected by the Geryo* for more detail.

Failure: The character is infected and must check for the disease's progress (below). She suffers the moderate Sick Tilt during combat until she overcomes the infection or it enters the mutational phase.

Success: The character has avoided infection this time, but must test again if injured by or exposed to this (or another) Geryo in the future.

Exceptional Success: The character has an immunity to the infection spread by this Geryo. She doesn't need to test for infection if damaged by this Geryo in the future.

If the character is infected, she must test for progress of the disease (**Werewolf: The Forsaken** p. 172). This requires rolling Stamina + Resolve — severity each three days; the severity of the disease is set by the Geryo's Rank, and is reduced by the werewolf's Primal Urge as normal.

ROLL RESULTS

Dramatic Failure: The character immediately succumbs to the Geryo strain. See *Infected by the Geryo* below for more detail.

Failure: The infection progresses. If the character has suffered more failures than her unmodified Stamina, she has succumbed to the Geryo strain.

Success: The character's body continues to fight the infection. Once she has succeeded as many times as the infecting Geryo's Rank, she has successfully overcome the infection.

Exceptional Success: The character's body begins to eliminate the infection, counting as succeeding two times for determining whether the disease is overcome.

Other Geryo distort the world through in more insidious ways other Extreme Environments. The Thundering Pursuer periodically inflicts the Earthquake Environmental Tilt. The Puzzle of Flesh forces characters who attempt to shapeshift in the area to first succeed at an Intelligence + Stamina roll or suffer a point of aggravated damage and the Arm Wrack or Leg Wrack Tilt as their mind and bodies fold up on themselves. The Guardian of Outer Gates renders all doors locked and entrances sealed, refusing every key or code or spell and reinforced to supernatural durability. Much rarer are those *Urighur* whose presence weakens the walls between the planes, drawing forth the worlds of unbounded nightmare or imagination — or even stranger horrors — to torment those of flesh and spirit while the Geryo hunts. All such effects have a value equal to the level of Extreme Environment that a Geryo would normally impose, which is used as a penalty to dice rolls to resist the effect, to modify appropriate traits, or determine other manifestations of the effect's severity.

- **Infectious:** Though the First aren't the only source of the Geryo strain, they are the most reliable and increasingly frequent vector of the metaphysical disease. Characters injured by a Geryo — or who have frequent or prolonged exposure by contact — may contract the mutating illness. See the nearby sidebar for details.

MASTERING THE MONSTER

Unexpectedly freed from slavery and seemingly eternal imprisonment, the First are wary of being leashed once more, but they were created to serve. A powerful will can try to bind a First, exploiting the hardwired instincts torn through them by *Urfarah* at their creation. While difficult, success gives the new master a mighty slave that can cow rivals into submission. Attempts to master a Geryo who already serves another automatically fail.

The hardest way to gain a Geryo's service is for the potential master to simply impose her will upon the beast. Myths and legends tell of the brave and true of heart gaining command of a monster by speaking its name and remaining steadfast against the danger. The prospective master stands before the monster, speaks its true, First Tongue name, and commands it to follow her. She rolls her highest Power + Finesse Attributes (or for spirits, simply Power + Finesse) opposed by the First's Power + Resistance. If the Geryo's Rank is higher than hers, she suffers it as a penalty to her roll. *Urfarah* took command of every Geryo, naming it and exerting dominance at the moment of its creation.

A First might also willingly offer to bind itself to service, usually in exchange for some benefit that the monster can't otherwise easily obtain. Such deals almost inevitably come with conditions that will eventually see the Geryo's freedom returned. Defined time limits, or a specified number of tasks performed are common terms. If the master agrees to the terms — including what she must do for the Geryo — the

worldly pillars embodied within each First binds both parties to not break the compact. Doing so renders the offending party completely defenseless against any retribution from the other, unable to even raise a hand to protect themselves. Very few Geryo would consider breaking such a deal as it is bound within the essence of their being, but few masters are as reliable. Geryo can never bind to each other in such master-servant relationships.

Masters are immune to the Geryo's powers and environmental effects unless they choose to be affected. This doesn't confer immunity to catching the Geryo strain from the monster if the master is susceptible. Controlling a monster isn't without cost, however. The master gains the Monstrous Servant Condition, inviting the raw force of the Geryo's primal nature to immediately begin eroding her own personality. The Geryo can do nothing to prevent or hasten this as it is a simple aspect of the monster's existence. Weak-willed masters are frequently left with the madness of the Geryo's obsessive savagery in place of their original demeanor.

INFECTED BY THE GERYO

Uratha who contract the Geryo strain face an inevitable descent into physical mutation and mental degradation. These mutations progress rapidly and are hastened further by the Uratha's supercharged healing and shapeshifting abilities. The infection is as much spiritual malaise as it is physical, filtered through the essence of the *Urighur*. As such, the distortions are closely tied to the Uratha's connection with her predatory side, becoming more pronounced and horrific as her Primal Urge grows.

The mutational phase of the strain lasts a number of weeks equal to the Distorted's Primal Urge (or other Supernatural Tolerance) trait. During this time the Storyteller applies one mutation each week, but a particular mutation can be chosen multiple times. The Storyteller also applies an additional mutation each time the character regenerates from her last three health boxes, or for each time she enters *Basu-Im*. The player must also roll the character's Stamina + Resolve each time she shapeshifts. If she fails this roll, she gains an additional mutation and *permanently loses* one of her forms, determined randomly. She loses two forms on a dramatic failure or gains a day's worth of risk-free shapeshifting on an exceptional success. Dice rolls always use the character's human-form Stamina, which may be modified by injury or other penalties, but never by shapeshifting bonuses.

Each mutation is noticeably unnatural to onlookers, though some can be hidden by appropriate clothing or disguise. While the disease is running its course through the mutational phase, the character is also subject to constant intense pain, suffering -2 to all actions — but not rolls to determine if mutations occur.

Common mutations include:

- Remove one dot from a Social or Mental Attribute and add one dot to a Physical Attribute even if it takes it above the character's normal Attribute maximum.

- Double the time it takes the character to regenerate injuries.
- Shapeshifting always requires a full turn to complete, even if it only takes a reflexive action to initiate due to Harmony or Essence expenditure. The character can perform other actions at -2 dice while the transformation slowly occurs.
- Suffer -2 dice to rolls involving one sense (see **Werewolf: The Forsaken** p. 94).
- Gain +2 dice to rolls involving one sense, but if the character gains an exceptional success the sense overloads with stimulus and shuts down completely for a scene.
- Remove one of the benefits from one of the character's forms, or double one of the penalties.
- Suffer -2 dice to rolls activating supernatural abilities or powers.
- Shift all the character's personal *Kuruth* triggers one step towards becoming General triggers: Passive to Common, Common to Specific, Specific to General.
- The character is as infectious as a Geryo, treated as having Rank 1 for determining severity. See *Contracting the Geryo Strain* (p. XX) for more detail. Each time this mutation occurs, the Distorted's effective Rank increases by 1 for determining severity.

While many of the Distorted are just wretched lepers of twisted flesh, some display far more striking mutations that call to mind the power of the First or even challenge the fundamental nature of the werewolf state entirely. Snarling killers with a halo of lethal limbs, lumbering hulks whose flesh has erupted into a cancerous overgrowth of massive proportion, wolf-things whose jaws spasm forth hails of razor-sharp teeth, and even stranger violations of form have been displayed among

CURING THE DISTORTED

Can the condition of a Distorted victim be alleviated? Once the infection has proceeded to the mutational stage, is there any way back from a tortured and possibly contagious existence as a wretch and pariah?

With little accumulated lore, werewolves don't have a great deal to go on. Hints lie in the distant memories of strange spirits, the distorted myths of humanity, and other odd sources. It may require forbidden Essence alchemy, flushing out the victim's body with stolen spiritual power ripped from the devoured meat of other Uratha; it could be that a folkloric story resonating with a particular First tells of a cure or bane that can purge the contagion; or perhaps the effects can be thrust onto a scapegoat, another victim bound through sympathetic magic to the diseased one.

No singular or rote cure exists, but desperate or determined werewolves may be able to dig up one of these methods at great cost and effort. Better to avoid ever falling to the Distorted state in the first place, to quarantine or kill the diseased and shun the spawn of Urfarah's failed endeavors.

the ranks of the Distorted. A few corrupt the world around them in mimicry of the Firsts' reality-shaking presences. These aberrations possess mutations in the form of Dread Powers or unique new capabilities at the Storyteller's discretion.

THE DRAGON AT THE ROOTS: OROCHEIROS

*Oh raging wolf with but four little claws, mere noise and fury from
your snapping jaws, ruin has come for all that is yours.*

A nightmare waits in the dark places beneath the earth and gnaws at the roots of the world. A dragon of chaos and agent of corruption, the terrible Orocheiros squats amid those dismal foundations and issues forth her many heads to sow disorder and collapse. Instinctively driven to spill her venom where it will cause the most harm, the Geryo called Orocheiros has the strength of a god and the subtlety of a saboteur. She wants nothing less than the end of order and sense, to serve as the apocalyptic herald of an age of tumult. Her eight mouths whisper poisonous promises into waiting ears. She's a divine maggot burrowing through the rotting flesh of reality to deliver her toxic payload.

Orocheiros represents the facet of the hunt that is the slow and methodical killer. Hers is the cruel calculus of strength-sapping venom, the weakening ravages of disease and time, and the erosion of once-firm ground. Perhaps she once reflected

aspects that the Great Predator saw in its own most dangerous prey, the poisons and the trickery of the Spinner Hag and the Plague King and other such demons who sought to rival the lord of the Border Marches. Perhaps the sadistic satisfaction in a foe undone through meticulous, insidious planning always lay within *Urfarah's* heart. That need to unmake and to bring ruin still seethes at the core of Orocheiros' soul. The world may have changed, but she cannot.

Orocheiros escaped her prison long ago. With warping venoms and gnawing teeth, she chewed her way forth and slid free while her fellows still screamed or slept. She's brought ruin to the world ever since, an agent of discord and spite who corrupts the innocent, harries the righteous, and devours the slain. Wherever her heads slither and coil, she throws the cycles of nature into chaos and spills poison into the underbelly of human and Uratha society. Now, as her ancient peers once again shamble and slouch their return to the world, the Dragon at the Roots sees the potential for such chaos as will finally validate her nature — a futile appeal to a long-dead progenitor who will not and cannot ever love her as a father should love a child.



Orocheiros

HARBINGER OF CHAOS

While the titan's body remains hidden in some dismal, chthonic space, Orocheiros issues forth her heads to sow discord. She often splits her attention between several simultaneous plots across a region, with two to three heads attending to each conspiracy. In one town, her lupine visages may disguise themselves behind illusions to become the smirking advisers to a politician, bringing decay to the community from the top down by encouraging corruption, vanity, and decadence. In another city, she worms her way to places of spiritual power and drips symbolically caustic toxins into their shimmering energy, snatching away weakened werewolves who come to drink from such tainted Loci. In yet another, she gorges on the lingering souls of butchered civilians, her heads emerging from burrows and ruins to bite into carcasses and drag her charnel feast away to the depths; in their wake, she stirs feuds and violence to fill the graves anew.

Orocheiros hates werewolves because they're the lucky ones, the beloved ones, the ones who came after and were considered complete. She envies them their inheritance, and hungers to despoil and corrupt it; she can see where the same power as sculpted her from rent meat and seeping immanence was used to codify their spiritual nature, and knows she can take that sacred programming and set it awry. However, while obliterating Uratha is an indulgent pleasure, it is the slow decline, the cruel defeat, that truly stirs satisfaction in her soul. She prefers to bring a werewolf low, to mire the prey in his own failings and slowly tear away the foundations of his world, then leave him to despair amid the wreckage — possibly infected with the Geryo strain. Little is as pleasurable as setting the dominoes falling, fatally wounding a protectorate then watching the wolves rip their aspirations of order and unity apart through the flaws of their own fury and ignorance.

The First rarely extends more than two or three of her heads into a particular community at a time. She likes to taunt Uratha who discern her nature, and enjoys the petty indulgence of bringing ruin to the lives of werewolves on the small-scale, but she's stayed alive this long by marrying her spite with caution. Too many of her heads active in one place might open up the opportunity for an all-out attack by Uratha or other enemies, crippling her through a literal decapitation strike that would leave her body's defense gravely reduced. A lone head facing serious opposition may receive sudden back-up from a second, but Orocheiros is extremely wary of reinforcing her conspiracies any further lest she writhe into a trap.

The Geryo delights in her own nature as a force of chaos, and loves to hear human myths and stories of primordial dragons who chew at the roots of the world or threaten to bring rising tides and ruin. Where she can, she seeks out interstitial spaces and the underpinnings of existential stability and thence works to undo them. The First has, in her time, chewed open gateways to realms antithetical to fragile reality, poisoned wells of raw life-force, and spat venom into the hearts of old, tired mountains to relight their youthful, volcanic rage. The other side of the coin to her manifold nature, though, is her own

OROCHEIROS AND THE CONTAGION

If the Storyteller is using the spread of the Contagion from the **Contagion Chronicle** as a narrative element, Orocheiros can be closely aligned to the infection and serve as a true Carrier, one of the horsemen of this new apocalypse. As a Carrier, she uses her titanic power to seek out untainted Infrastructure and actively corrupt it — and with her eight heads, she can literally be in several places at once to do so.

inconstancy; while Orocheiros can spend centuries chewing at the foundations of a given pillar of existence, the schemes she perpetrates through her questing heads are flightier, even transient by the standards of such an ancient being. Once she has achieved success in bringing disharmony to a place or a people, she moves on, looking for fresh prey.

DESCRIPTION

Orocheiros is a primeval terror of immense size, a beast mixing lupine and reptilian features. Her body is larger than a building and rests upon several pairs of powerful legs and stone-rendering claws. The titan's fur is matted and scales wet from her constant exudation of awful poisons; where she lairs, ground is stained with corrosion and air stings and chokes the lungs. Ancient scars rake her flanks, the lingering reminders of foes long destroyed. Tablets of stone carved with eye-aching symbols hang from spines protruding along her back — each tablet is a litany of her own dark venom-lore.

The Dragon at the Roots has eight great heads, each a smirking wolf-dragon visage atop a powerful, snaking neck. These faces wear ghastly half-masks, unnervingly-shaped veils of bone or copper perforated with apertures that suggest only a nonsensical lack of pattern. Every head is both part of Orocheiros and its own independent self, capable of thinking and planning and reacting in accordance with its own whims. Sometimes, Orocheiros argues with herself. Sometimes she even fights among herself to settle a particularly vexing conundrum. Many of the heads bear terrible scars on their necks where they were severed or slain over the centuries; the Geryo's flesh soon reforms another grinning nightmare in unfolding petals of sinew and gristle.

The Geryo usually lairs in hard-to-reach subterranean spaces, where she can slowly corrode the foundations of something great or sacred with gnawing teeth or dripping poison. She likes the placid, still waters of impossible underground seas, and seeks places where the forgotten bodies of the dead tumble and fall to form a macabre banquet for the terrors of the deep. Reaching Orocheiros' lair requires going beyond the

STORY HOOKS

- This past year, the community has been taking a sharp turn for the worse. Mediocre bureaucrats fall to corruption, their pockets filled with bribes of ancient gold. An old tower block collapses, its foundations gnawed away. A new street drug, toxic but potent, hits the clubs and erodes at body and mind of a fresh crop of addicts. Often, this urban decay hits the pack's assets or supporters, eroding its grip on the territory. Then a pack member sees it; a monstrous, masked, serpent-wolf-thing, bold as brass in City Hall, with all the humans treating it like it's the Mayor's personal assistant.
- The Shadow is dying. A slow wave of corruption washes through the region's Loci, turning each from an oasis of Essence into a toxic hole. The phenomena is about to reach the pack's territory, and still no-one is sure who or what is behind it. Orocheiros is gleefully spitting her venom into the Loci, trying to push a wave of spiritual refugees into Uratha turf and cause havoc as cover for her real target; her Sacred Hunt has kicked in and she's gunning for some big-time Shadow nobles in the area.
- Things fall apart; the center cannot hold. The troubles hitting the region are more than just the squalid failings of humanity or the tainting of resources; the fundamental laws of reality are breaking down. Orocheiros has shuffled her abysmal bulk to the roots of something vital beneath the earth here, perhaps an ancient temple from a lost history, a Shadow-tree that feeds the surface *Hisil* with bounteous Essence, or a spinning prayer-wheel upon which are inscribed the rules of time and space. As she damages it further, the world's skin flenses away and reveals its inner workings for all to see, or left and right cease to have meaning, or the air turns thin and hearts grow cold. The Uratha must delve into occult mysteries, discover what is causing this madness, then hunt the greatest prey they have ever confronted and, at the very least, force her to move on. Howl up the hunt and rally the protectorates; it is time to cleanse the Father's own sins in blood and battle.

boundaries of sanity and science, crossing thresholds where only the dead should pass or finding hidden paths through the flesh of the world. By comparison, her heads are much

easier to encounter. They emerge through doors, through windows, through burrows and mirrors and ponds, shrouded in illusions that can fool a human but do little against the eyes of Urfarah's later children.

Orocheiros is a trickster and troublemaker. She takes joy in finding the strings of a person's heart and mind, and pulling them around like a puppet. She practices a cackling, smirking demeanor and affects a sense of confident superiority when dealing with werewolves who can see her true nature. Though she always seeks to bring ruin, she's in no rush, and takes perverse pleasure in causing a werewolf to damn himself or fall to her poisons, both literal and metaphorical; still, she is a primeval terror, and not afraid to rip an irritation apart if they're just wasting her time.

Despite all her power, Orocheiros has her own demons to contend with; Uratha who think they understand the nature of the Geryo are likely to provoke her to icy rage. The First wants the love and validation of a father or mother who truly cares for her, who sees her as something more than a servant or weapon. She wants a world where she *matters* to someone for who and what she is. She is a nightmare of primordial flesh, but the needs of her jealous blood clamor through her eight skulls. The Uratha usurped her rightful place and then murdered her creator. She burns with hatred for *Urfarah*, but in the moments when her millennia-old psyche threatens to crack and crumble, she mews and cries out for her father to help her, to save her from this nightmare. Yet her father is dead, paradise fallen, and so the only path forwards is to bring the whole world down and rebuild it from the rubble.

RUMORS

The snake demon's here, they say. She's come to the city. You ain't heard about her? She's the Queen of the Razilu, the Snake Hosts, and she's immortal even by Host standards. She's been burned, torn apart, and decapitated, but she always comes back. She rules all the lesser Shards so she just hops to a new one whenever her body is destroyed.

Orocheiros has been active for a very long time, and sightings of her eight heads have spawned a great deal of confusion and misinformation over the years. Without destroying her body as well, even utter annihilation of a head merely sets the Geryo back until the appendage reforms, and her repeat appearances may be the source of rumors that the Geryo *can't* be killed as long as their story is remembered by humanity. She particularly likes to manipulate or work with entities that have aesthetic similarities to her appearance, hoping to further muddy the waters and conceal her nature from werewolves. She's even spread the rumor that she's Queen of the *Razilu*, the rare and dangerous Snake Hosts, and it is sometimes convenient for the Hosts themselves to pretend this is true.

We true children of the old blood gather here to venerate the old dragon, the Malice Striker, who eats of the dead. We brothers of the old secrets invoke you, Nidhoggr, and offer you this sacrifice to open the way. We who know the truth call to you, beast of the Corpse Shore, and seek the wisdom of endings.

Orocheiros has started cults across the ages, and clever or lucky occultists and shamans have gleaned certain truths about

drawing on the old Geryo's power. Drawn to places where human bodies are buried or have fallen, Orocheiros often squats upon gateways to whatever dismal realm restless shades descend into and has grown fat on their cold flesh and echoing misery. As such, the First has absorbed a huge amount of ghost-lore and knows the hidden names that force even deeper entities to writhe to the surface of the border between the living and the dead. Sometimes she indulges those who call her attention, coughing up mutilated slave-ghosts or grave-gold or secrets plucked from Stygian depths in return for service to her conspiracies.

There's this woman hangs out down at Club Izumi. Yeah, that's the place, the one all those scary expat Yakuza types like to throw down their cash. She's absolutely stunning, but she's all business; word is, she's some sort of fixer for the gangs, a go-between for the expats and the bosses back in Japan keeping an eye on things overseas, you know? Lots of chancers try and put the moves on her because they don't realize how dangerous she is. I bet a lot of them end up with broken kneecaps.

Like flies to honey, Orocheiros often finds humans drawn to her illusions. Amused by the fleeting passions of humankind, she usually toys with such victims and makes use of their besotted devotion to reinforce her cover or further her schemes before eventually eating them. Occasionally, a would-be paramour genuinely catches her attention through a deep and genuine gentleness or through fiery devotion to world-changing revolution. She keeps such interesting specimens around a little longer, and it hurts her in a way she can't quite qualify or understand to get rid of them. Some, she decides to coddle and protect for the brief duration of their mortal lives, lavishing them with gold from ancient tombs or beneficial "coincidences" and murdered rivals. In her strangest moods, the Geryo has wondered at how the Great Predator built a legacy interwoven with humankind, and ponders if she might puzzle it out herself. In becoming a mother of monsters, she could finally find the family she craves.

OROCHEIROS

Rank: 5

Blood: Envious

Bone: Corrosive

Attributes: Power 15, Finesse 14, Resistance 13

Willpower: 10

Essence: 50

Initiative: 27

Defense: 14

Speed: 29

Size: 45

Corpus: 58

World Shaking: Orocheiros inflicts a modifier to certain circumstances equal to the level of extreme environment she would otherwise cause. This modifier is added to the Toxicity of any poisons or disease, subtracted from the Durability of all objects, and imposed as a penalty on all breaking points on Integrity, Harmony, or other equivalent traits in the affected area. If a character would suffer the moderate Poisoned

or Sick Tilts while in the area, the severity of these Tilts is always upgraded to become grave.

Gifts: (Death) All; (Disease) All; (Hunger) All; (Insight) All; (Shaping) All

Dread Powers: Burrow, Corrosive Heart*, Corruption*, Eight-Headed*, Ghostwrench*

Ban: Orocheiros cannot refuse an offering of potent alcohol, and will drink her fill of such if she has no reason to believe it is poisoned, regardless of the consequences.

Bane: The bones of a human who possessed an Integrity rating of 10 when they died.

CORROSIVE HEART

By spending a point of Essence as a reflexive action when the creature deals damage to prey or when prey deals damage to it via a bite attack, it may inflict the grave Poisoned Tilt on the victim until the end of the scene. As an Instant action, it may spend 5 points of Essence to poison a Locus it is in contact with, causing any being who draws Essence from the Locus within the next year and a day to suffer a Toxicity 5 poison that deals damage every day and, furthermore, inflicts a -5 penalty on Speed, Initiative, and Perception rolls for the duration of its effects. Finally, the creature may spend 5 Essence as a reflexive action to affect a building or structure it deals damage to, causing any incidence of damage dealt to the structure during the next week to do an additional 5 points of damage each time.

CORRUPTION

As an Instant action, the creature spends 1 Essence and talks to a character who faces a temptation to indulge her Blood or Vice or to take an action that would cause her a breaking point. The creature rolls Power + Finesse vs. the prey's Composure + Primal Urge; success forces the prey to take the action in question unless she spends a point of Willpower to resist doing so. The temptation may be incited by the creature itself. Corruption cannot be used on a particular target more than once per day.

EIGHT-HEADED (OROCHEIROS ONLY)

Orocheiros has eight heads which function as essentially separate entities to her body, despite being physically attached. Each Head of Orocheiros uses the characteristics given below, acts independently, can attack separately, and so forth. Damage to a head is tracked via its own Corpus; killing a head has no further effect on the body of Orocheiros. The same is true of the body; killing it does not kill any remaining heads. Conditions and supernatural powers only affect the head or body targeted, and do not transfer across.

A Head of Orocheiros can move around on its neck to reach as far as 100 yards away from the Geryo's body under normal circumstances. However, by spending a point of Essence as an Instant action and entering a tunnel, burrow, doorway, or other aperture within reach of Orocheiros' body, the head can then re-emerge through any other such burrow, doorway, window, mirror, or pool of water of enough volume to at least fill a bath that is within 100 miles of the Geryo's location. It can thus thread a head out of the deeps to appear through a doorway in a governor's

mansion, to come spilling out of a bath in a drug-dealer's house, or emerge from a sewer manhole in the street. It can reach a further 100 yards from any such egress point, or may withdraw back through to the body's immediate environs without spending further Essence.

Unless Orocheiros intentionally chooses otherwise, or makes an attack or uses a supernatural power, a head is cloaked by illusion and can appear as a human being of any appearance the Geryo chooses. This illusion presses against the mind and fills in the gaps of normal human senses; a head can 'shake hands' with an oblivious human with its tongue – transferring lethal poison in the process, should Orocheiros wish to – and they will subconsciously do their best to ignore and avoid the thick neck trailing behind the wolf-dragon's head, the strange sound of the Geryo's surprisingly melodic voice, or the spattering of blood around her wide mouth after someone vanishes. These illusions have no effect on werewolves or other supernatural beings.

If slain, a head regenerates one point of Corpus per day, becoming fully functional once all Corpus is regained. If the body is slain, heads cannot regenerate.

A Head of Orocheiros can use the Geryo's other Dread Powers, spending Essence from its own Essence pool to fuel them. Each head extends the Geryo's World-Shaking effect up to 500 yards from its current location, but overlap from multiple heads operating in an area does not cause any cumulative effects. The heads do not suffer separate Essence Bleed from any that the body may be incurring.

GHOSTWRENCH

By spending 10 Essence, the creature may vomit out a ghost of up to Rank 2 that it has previously consumed or

destroyed within the past year and a day. The ghost emerges with full Essence, and treats either the creature or an item chosen by the creature as its new anchor. For a year and a day, the ghost treats the creature as having a Perfect impression for social maneuvers and must spend a point of Willpower and suffer a point of aggravated damage to act against the creature or harm it; after this time, the ghost is freed to act again as it may so choose.

HEAD OF OROCHEIROS

Rank: 4

Blood: Envious

Bone: Corrosive

Attributes: Power 12, Finesse 11, Resistance 10

Willpower: 10

Essence: 25

Initiative: 21

Defense: 11

Speed: 23

Size: 9

Corpus: 19

Ban: Orocheiros cannot refuse an offering of potent alcohol, and will drink her fill of such if she has no reason to believe it is poisoned, regardless of the consequences.

Bane: The bones of a human who possessed an Integrity rating of 10 when they died.

THE KEEPER OF NIGHTMARES: ZAHAKERYON

You are but a fragment of my story, pup.

The gates of destruction lie open. The Geryo run free. The shackles of servitude no longer chain the guardian of that dismal prison, the First called Zahakeryon who was raised up – or perhaps abased – to become both jailer to his fellows and prisoner of his own sentinel instincts. Now the polycephalus giant strides forth, girded with the nightmare lessons winnowed from the purgatory-dreams of Geryo and humanity alike, and driven by a violent, consuming need to fill the void of *Urfarah's* absence and reclaim the patrimony stolen by the Great Predator's favored children. Zahakeryon seeks to dominate, to divide, to control. He is a guardian in need of new thresholds to watch, a lord who craves new

territories to grind underfoot, and a monster who hungers for the savage thrill of foes crushed and the herd terrified.

In his first incarnation, Zahakeryon personified the territoriality of the hunter, the need to divide *this* from *that* and to guard the ground one has claimed. Much of these instincts still boil within him; the nature of the territory he claims is not what matters, only that he guards a threshold and marks a border between his idea of order and the chaos that lies beyond. It is this underlying urge, graven in the substance of his soul, that kept him at his post while the Border Marches fell, the world turned, and his kindred slept or clawed at the walls of their prison. In time, that very duty changed his nature;

the wake of the Geryo's presence, rippling out into the human subconscious, first poured through him. He has bathed in the legends of his fellow nightmares for so long that he has taken a portion of them all into himself. Forged anew in this communion of terror, Zahakeryon entertains delusions of grandeur. He sees himself as the true successor to Father Wolf.

Some among the Geryo claim Zahakeryon is the First even of the First, spilled from the boundary god's maw to protect its den. Others assert he was the last of them all, a final insult vomited forth to seal their prison with one of their own kind. Zahakeryon cannot remember the truth. What matters is that now, at last, he has the opportunity to make right the cosmic wrong done to him, and to overturn the legacy of his creator. In the Uratha, he sees a means to express the dominance of his territorial instincts, to humble the pitiful upstarts and thieves of what should have been his, and to tear down Father Wolf's final work in an act of base vengeance. He brings a horrific transfiguration to those werewolves who fall into his clutches, purposefully ruining the perfection that his own creator strove to forge in their flesh.

HIS SIBLINGS' KEEPER

When the Sacred Hunt bubbles up from Zahakeryon's Essence, it pushes him to track down and destroy a specific intruder or trespasser who has violated some boundary or another. This is no dreary labor for the Geryo; he thrills in the righteous indignation of the pursuit and the visceral glee of slaughter. Once the dust has settled, the Geryo looks to his new surroundings to establish a fresh territory, usually shaped in accordance with natural barriers and a day's worth of his long-legged stride. He swiftly sets to work through nightmares and raw brutality, establishing himself as a preeminent power among the supernatural denizens of the region.

Zahakeryon craves challenge in the form of trespassers. He hungers for powerful spirits, Uratha, and other Geryo to confront and defeat. If the boundaries of his territory bring few such interlopers, the First will grow dissatisfied and move on in search of a more plentiful hunting ground. Zahakeryon revels in obliterating lesser foes, but will incarcerate interesting or powerful challengers. Once established in a territory, he takes an abandoned old building, mine, cave, or some other forgotten space as a prison where he can keep his collection of captive trophies, warding it with spirit-magic and setting his Distorted victims as watchdogs.

The other First hate Zahakeryon, seeing in him a representation of tyranny and abandonment. He, in turn, resents them to a deep and flesh-churning degree; without these failures, he would never have been enslaved to serve as their warder. Now his aspirations and instincts combine in subjugating other Geryo to prove his dominance and superiority. When he defeats one of the First, he shackles the beast with the rest of his victims. Inevitably, though, a territory's challenges wane; the First's presence reduces a hunting ground to a desolation of nightmare-cowed dwellers and little prey. And so Zahakeryon abandons his captives and territory, just like *Urfarah* did, leaving them to die or to be discovered or to chew their own flesh and spirit away until they can escape once more. Only a very few, prized individuals who keep his interest are taken on, moved to a remote island, compromised high-security prison, or buried vault where the Geryo's most trusted servants and allies tend to them.

Zahakeryon is deeply attuned to the primeval terror the Geryo inflict on the world. His own legendary equivalents



BEGOTTEN NIGHTMARES

If the Storyteller has access to **Beast: The Primordial**, Zahakeryon has free access to any of the Nightmares available to the Begotten. Zahakeryon always rolls his Power + Finesses to activate Nightmares, always counts as having High Satiety, and may activate the Satiety Expenditure effect of the Nightmare by spending one point of Essence.

If the Storyteller does not have access to **Beast: The Primordial**, Zahakeryon can place the Delusion or Shadow Paranoia Conditions on prey by rolling successes equal to the victim's Composure on a Power + Finesse roll as an Instant action, costing one point of Essence; he also possesses the You Are Bound Dread Power (see below).

are the guardians of forbidden places, the threshold sentinels between one world and the next, and the terrible giants who hold bleak vigil where humans should not tread. Yet having served as channel and keeper of the power of his fellows for so long, Zahakeryon's story has shifted, grown greater, and entangled within it notions of nightmare preeminence. Within his territory, the giant indulges this burgeoning power by cultivating nuances of fear among humans and beasts, creating new urban legends and instigating panic through his hidden interventions.

The colossus takes grotesque satisfaction in inflicting the Geryo strain upon Uratha. Each victim is another piece of the creator's legacy torn away and remade into Zahakeryon's image instead. Resonating so strongly to the legendary weight of the Geryo, Zahakeryon's infection does more than overload the victim's flesh and spirit with the ravaging power of the First. It shapes werewolves to better match the giant's own nature, twisting them towards obedient servitude and guardian ferocity. Like the Orthrus of the stories, Zahakeryon's Distorted become massive, polycephalus wolves; like the Father Wolf of the werewolves' own legends, Zahakeryon gathers these wretched hounds into a pack of his own. His relationship with the Distorted matches that of his own creator; to Zahakeryon, they are nothing but tools, to be used and discarded and abandoned at his whim.

DESCRIPTION

Whatever his surroundings, Zahakeryon looms large. He's a colossus of grotesque flesh and impressions of raw energy, a giant standing three times the height of a man and bearing a polycephalus panoply of limbs. Three heads sit at the giant's summit; six arms flank his broad, powerful torso; and six legs form a forest of appendages beneath his waist. At first glance, Zahakeryon has the appearance of a werewolf's

Dalu shape writ large. His form is an approximation of humanity run backwards into a primeval, earlier form and mixed with a hint of the wolf; savage canines, pointed ears, and claw-tipped hands.

Look closer, though, and the warped details become evident. In the palm of each hand nestles a watching eye. One whole arm is less something fleshly and physical, and more the symbolic *impression* of an arm, a divine imprint of shape and meaning. Some of the Geryo's legs terminate in hooves or claws. One of the three heads has but a single eye and jutting tusks; another is that of a massive wolf rather than anything more human, its eyes ablaze with the lingering immanence of Father Wolf's inheritance.

Soaked in the nightmarish presence of his captive siblings for eons, Zahakeryon has absorbed their stories into his flesh. Faces briefly surface from his skin to spill recitations of fear and legend before drowning in the flesh once more. His exhalations are cold smoke, its drifting ash falling into glyphic patterns in the air. The shadows cling to him, following his movements like a mantle. Simply by existing and echoing with so many myths, Zahakeryon throws the air into shivering convulsions.

The First can change his size, though not in the form-dancing manner of a werewolf. Perspective simply warps and buckles at Zahakeryon's urging. The giant does not seem to shrink so much as take a few steps into the foreground or background, letting him pass through doors that he should be too vast to navigate. Zahakeryon can even drape himself in human garb or get into an automobile this way, although he can't easily conceal the multitude of heads and limbs.

Zahakeryon's primary concern when encountered is usually guarding something, whether the boundary of his current territory or the prized vault of a master. He relishes challenge and welcomes foes to confront him, but unless he is driven by the Sacred Hunt to chase down prey the Geryo will not go beyond the terms of his vigil in search of a fight. A pack of Uratha who stay just beyond the perimeter of Zahakeryon's claim and launch no aggression will remain safe — at least until he decides to move onto new territory, possibly theirs.

Despite nursing his hateful grudge against the insolent dogs of the Uratha, Zahakeryon is willing to converse with werewolves who have yet to transgress. He often seeks news of worthy prey, particularly the signs of other Geryo in the region; equally, word of *idigam* fills him with unease and he will avoid them if possible. Werewolves who show correct obeisance may earn a reprieve from his aggression; Zahakeryon is overwhelmingly proud and craves recognition of his self-appointed role as Father Wolf's successor.

Werewolves infected with Zahakeryon's particular Geryo strain mutate along common lines, flesh twisting in accordance with the First's will. Such Orthrus-like Distorted are locked into their Urshul shape, pack on mass and muscle in an echo of their colossal master, and sprout one or two additional heads. Beyond this, the lesser marks of the infection runs its course, and many bear the cancerous buds of vestigial limbs, flesh that runs like hot wax, or bloody-lipped mouths hissing from their flanks. Zahakeryon's Distorted become fiercely loyal

STORY HOOKS

- The pack have need of someone incarcerated by Zahakeryon; perhaps a friend or ally, perhaps a source of knowledge or a favor called due. The Geryo has incarcerated the prey somewhere hard to reach; a prison break might solve the problem but facing down a powerful First is incredibly dangerous, not to mention the Distorted guard-dogs and the human occultists petitioning Zahakeryon for pacts and eager to win his favor.
- Zahakeryon is doling out captives to Uratha. This isn't a free-for-all or a gift; it's an ordeal, forcefully imposed. The Geryo wishes to test whether any Uratha are worthy emulations of his guardian instincts, and expects the werewolves to keep the prisoners captive on his behalf. He threatens to return in a year and a day to turn any who have lost or given up their prisoners into Distorted.
- A new Lodge of Ghost Wolves dedicated to Zahakeryon emerges in a neighboring region. These tribeless werewolves have felt the nightmare presence of the Geryo in their mind and filled the void in their spirits where a Firstborn's spark would normally nestle. The Children of Geryon are hyper-territorial and blessed with Zahakeryon's influence over nightmares; they plan to establish a protectorate in his name, and the pack's turf is right in their way.

to the Geryo, obeying his commands with utter obedience and tireless devotion. Leashed to the nightmare soul of this monster who would be king, the Distorted are left with only a few fading embers of their former personalities.

RUMORS

Of course the security systems sprang the vault door shut on the robbers, so they were stuck in there overnight. Come the morning, the cops cracked the door open, figuring they'd find some embarrassed thieves to arrest, but there was no-one left. These guys had taken themselves apart and stored themselves in the security boxes. The bank manager found these strips of skin, all shaped like dollar bills, and fragments of bone cracked into coins, and ingots of meat. The whole mess, neatly stacked and put away.

The rumor's true, and not the only time Zahakeryon has made a brutal example of trespassers and thieves. Struggling with the internal contradictions of his nature, Zahakeryon craves dominance but finds it easy, even fulfilling, to serve as a watchdog — after all, it's what he was built for. Since his

release, human oneiromancers and occultists read the signs of his presence in omens and portents, and some eagerly seek bargains with such a fearsome guardian. He's already moved on from the vault in question, where he was guarding a rich billionaire's lockbox of accumulated esoterica on the possibility of immortality; in payment for his service, the Geryo earned an occult text that purports to detail soul-eating horrors of a notional dream-world.

Yeah, it's the same all over. Everyone this side of the river is dreaming about wolves and three-headed monsters. Don't bother with the hospital, they're all out of meds, and they're probably the ones who dosed us all up with whatever MKUltra shit this is in the first place, right? The only people with the good stuff are some of the fringe churches out near the harbor. I don't know what lorry it fell off the back of and I don't care; if you can stand a whacko preaching at you a bit, you'll get a dose hard-hitting enough to give you a proper night's sleep.

Zahakeryon's presence worms tendrils of fear through the community, invading dreams with nightmare figments. A splinter sect of the Church of the Wolf has noticed and tracked the First's movement through this world-shaking terror; they now believe the Uratha to be wayward children of this true god. The sect doles out drugs and other assistance to the afflicted in return for information, a chance to expand their flock and, hopefully, an opportunity to catch the attention of Zahakeryon himself. The Geryo is likely to be pleased at this worshipful behavior, especially once he learns how the faithful can influence werewolves.

Notice to all staff: From next February, this incarceration facility will be operating under the management of Geryon Corp. We're all very excited to welcome the efficiencies and innovation of private industry into the justice and enforcement sector of our state, and we believe Geryon are the right people to handle the transition of this prison into a fully for-profit operation that will help felons return to productive roles in society while improving security and safety for the community.

Zahakeryon is interested in humanity, seeing them as the soil from which the Uratha grow. His watchful vigil over the millennia gave him insight into the advancement of humankind and even brought a few bold occultists and sorcerers to his distant door in search of secrets. The Geryo is familiar with the reach and limitations of common technology, knows full well what a gun is, and some of the mortals and spirits he has bargained with paid their dues in influence or wealth. The giant has turned such trinkets towards building the foundations of an empire, hoping through human endeavor to find new understanding of fear, incarceration, and weapons for the hunt. Father Wolf did not build the Geryo to use such tools, but Father Wolf is dead, and Zahakeryon eagerly tramples on the fallen god's legacy.

ZAHAKERYON

Rank: 5

Blood: Territorial

Bone: Dominating

Attributes: Power 15, Finesse 12, Resistance 15

Willpower: 10

Essence: 50

Initiative: 27

Defense: 12

Speed: 27

Size: 5 to 15

Corpus: 30 (regardless of current Size)

World Shaking: Zahakeryon causes nightmares and fear to plague the affected area. Every character who sleeps in the affected area gains the Shaken or Spooked Conditions. If the Geryo is on the Sacred Hunt, sleepers in the affected area must succeed at a roll of Resolve + Composure – level of Extreme Environment the Geryo would normally inflict, or else fail to regain Willpower for resting and gain the Exhausted Condition.

Gifts: (Dominance) All; (Insight) All; (Strength) All; (Technology) All; (Warding) All

Dread Powers: Lockdown*, Perspective*, Thresher*, You Are Bound*

Ban: If a character is willing to submit themselves to Zahakeryon's incarceration and become his prisoner, he must offer freedom to another of his captives who he deems of equal or lesser worth.

Bane: Poison of at least Toxicity 5 harvested from an entirely non-human supernatural being.

LOCKDOWN

As an Instant action, the creature may spend three points of Essence to impose its Rank or Resolve as a penalty on any dice pools to transition anywhere via supernatural powers for the remainder of the scene, whether Reaching across the Gauntlet, accessing a Lair, attempting to translocate a great distance, ripping open a gate to another realm, or any other such means.

PERSPECTIVE (ZAHAKERYON ONLY)

Zahakeryon may change his effective Size as a reflexive action, from as low as 5 to as high as 15. He may not reduce his Size down to be equal or smaller than that of any other character in the scene; he must always be at least one point larger than everyone else, if possible. While Size 14 or less, his Power temporarily drops to 14; while Size 9 or less, his Power temporarily drops to 13. Changes in Size do not affect his Corpus.

THRESHER

Due to its excessive multitude of limbs or jaws, the creature retains half of its Defense (rounding up) when making an all-out attack.

YOU ARE BOUND (ZAHAKERYON AND HOUNDS OF ORTHRUS ONLY)

As an Instant action, Zahakeryon may spend one point of Essence and utter a few words or a roar to invoke a nightmarish power against a single prey who can hear him. Zahakeryon rolls Power + Finesse versus Composure + Primal Urge, with

success causing the victim to believe they are bound or that attempting to escape is futile. The prey becomes restrained and immobilized as if they were grappled until the end of the scene. Zahakeryon can only maintain a single target beneath the effects of this nightmare at a time; targeting new prey releases any previously bound victim.

Alternatively, Zahakeryon may spend one point of Essence as an Instant action to roll Power + Finesse and affect every prey present whose Composure is less than or equal to successes rolled. All victims feel a deep and terrifying sense of transgression should they cross any boundary for the next week – whether entering a territory, crossing a municipal boundary, or even just walking across the threshold of a house that isn't theirs. Afflicted characters must spend a point of Willpower or be simply unable to traverse such a divide at all.

Hounds of Orthrus may only use the second version of You Are Bound.

HOUND OF ORTHRUS

While the wretched Distorted who serve Zahakeryon are each remade differently by the mutable whims of the Geryo strain, they share certain common traits. Below is a typical warhound among the First's retinue, a former Rahu now obedient to Zahakeryon's commands. This unfortunate is permanently locked into their Urshul form, which has been remade into cancerous enormity and has sprouted an additional head.

Auspice: Rahu

Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 3; Strength 8, Dexterity 6, Stamina 7; Presence 5, Manipulation 2, Composure 1

Skills: Academics 1, Athletics 4, Brawl (Jaws) 4, Investigation 3, Occult 2, Stealth 2, Streetwise (Tracking) 2, Survival (Tracking), 4

Merits: Flanking, Fortified Form (Urshul) 5, Relentless Assault 4

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 4

Harmony: 3

Essence: 12

Health: 16

Initiative: 7

Defense: 8

Speed: 22

Size: 7

Armor: 2/2

Renown: Cunning 2, Glory 1, Honor 1, Purity 2,

Gifts: (Full Moon) Killer Instinct, Warrior's Hide; (Evasion) Feet of Mist, Hit and Run; (Rage) Berserker's Might; (Warding) All Doors Locked, Predator's Claim

Rites: Sacred Hunt

Dread Powers: Lockdown*, Thresher*, You Are Bound*

THE REAPER OF SECRETS: QUATTUOR

*Everything ends. All things die. If not, how would life have any value? It's time for your role in this eternal play.
I promise to remember your performance until my own time has come.*

Currently stalking the frigid north, this ancient Geryo is entranced by the world when not laying waste to it. Quattuor was one of the few *Urighur* to be saddened by the death of Father Wolf, as he delighted in the mysteries the world offered wherever *Urfarah* sent him. The world's nature was to be impermanent, and the devastation Quattuor brought as he hunted was philosophy given form. Awakening to Father Wolf's death was the first time in Quattuor's existence that an ending saddened the Geryo.

Quattuor believes in harmony between life and death. The cascading, all-encompassing transfer of death is the way the world continues to survive, with each and every creature depending on the ending of others for its own survival. He plays his part in the cycle, but thinks he stands almost completely apart from it. Quattuor hopes that eventually he will have done enough that he will be allowed to die too one day. He knows this will be when his use is depleted, and the world no longer needs him. Until that time, the Geryo brings death to the world, following his instincts to know when and where to practice his craft — when not being driven by the needs of a master.

Quattuor is an unlikely philosopher at heart who delights in engaging in debate and deep conversation with others. His appearance makes these opportunities a rarity in the modern world. No topic of contemplation is off limits to the Geryo, but he is particularly focused on discussions revolving around life and death. He frequently delays the end of the hunt, stealing his prey away so he can get to know them and learn more about their points of view and their own life lessons. He can't keep them hidden for long, as the heavens rage with Quattuor so close to his prey. When the time comes and the First has learned all he can, he kills the prey without hesitation or remorse.

To Quattuor's eyes, individual humans seem to know so little. He yearns for prey with vast, word-spanning awareness like those of the ancient, Pangaeian beings he once pursued. Though Quattuor

has a wealth of information from a time before time, he's somewhat confused and startled by modern stimuli. He has no understanding of celebrity or similar concepts, and is irritated by modern society and the unceasingly blinking lights and clashing, discordant sounds of its technological marvels. The modern age has no respect for the natural cycle and tries to subvert or control that which should be unchangeable. Anyone engaging him in conversation must tread carefully as Quattuor misses many contextual clues or mannerisms, leading to irritation and sometimes lethal hostility towards inadvertent offenses.



BRYAN
SYME

THE PREY

Quattuor's purpose is to reap and witness the closing of one arc of the cycle. His nature drives the First towards those fated to die who possess knowledge that will be lost to the world. It might a great vault of information gathered over a lifetime of experiences, or a single secret that the prey must pass on before death. Once, Quattuor sallied forth to destroy bearers of lore but retain the knowledge to pass back to the Great Predator. Few know exactly what changes their passing will bring, and Quattuor is there to listen to their confessions and remembrances and to witness what comes next.

This does not mean dignified confessions at a quiet deathbed from someone seeking absolution for their crimes. Quattuor brings chaos and strife when he hunts, disrupting and destroying lives, and delivering violent, messy death to his prey. The Geryo views death as the peaceful darkness at the end of life, but knows that for his prey, the brief period before this peace will be bloody and rending and terrifying. Such is his nature, which is beyond his ability to question. Though death is a necessity in the cycle of all things, few prey willingly deliver their secrets if asked. The violence and terror Quattuor delivers shakes loose the secrets he requires, regardless of what the prey wants. Such is the nature of their fate.

DESCRIPTION

Quattuor's primal appearance belies his intellectual outlook. The Geryo has four heads arranged in two rows, which gave rise to his former and current names. Injuring Quattuor's heads doesn't overly inconvenience the Geryo. An armored carapace covers his back, protecting his spine which ends in a bony, whip-like tail. He can stand upright on two legs, but is often stooped over to walk using his clawed hands as paws. He looks much like a strange, over-designed Gauru. In addition to the powers he shares in common with the rest of his kind, Quattuor's mouth drips with poisonous saliva that is deadly to humans and paralyzing and incredibly painful to Uratha. He is not capable of transforming and always wears this monstrous form.

Quattuor found purpose and satisfaction in service and felt lost without *Urfarah* as his master. He took the name Quattuor when freed him from his prison, as it resonated with the First Tongue title he had received from the Great Predator. Though Quattuor had no specific qualms with his original name, his philosophy of impermanence couldn't be served by clinging to the past. Also, the politics and mood of his long-trapped siblings made it no more acceptable for Quattuor to keep his First Tongue name than it was for the Geryo to keep referring to themselves as *Urighur*.

STORY HOOKS

- Fate has called Quattuor to hunt the pack's current prey. If the pack succeeds, some knowledge the prey holds will be lost to the world, which the Geryo can't abide. How will the pack react to lashing storms heralding an unknown monster who will kill them all to reach the prey first?
- Quattuor holds onto a peculiar belief that Father Wolf wasn't destroyed, but rendered into a hundred different spiritual fragments. If he could find and dominate a spirit powerful enough to combine those fragmented essences, he might be able to unite and revive his beloved parent. It's a far-fetched quest, but that doesn't stop Quattuor from trying to locate these fragments and liberate them from their captors — who are, of course, powerful Uratha.
- Quattuor's love of the hunt compels him to find the biggest, baddest predator and unleash it on the world, allowing it to grow in strength and notoriety before hunting it himself. He seeks out the most renowned and reviled of the Forsaken and the Pure, even casting his eight eyes to the ranks of the Begotten and their Insatiable cousins, and isn't averse to dripping charming poisons in their ears to persuade them along a path of feral, terrifying infamy.

RUMORS

Look, I swerved to avoid some kind of massive animal standing in the middle of the highway. I crashed, the airbag inflated and I didn't even realize that the car had flipped upside-down. This is going to sound delusional, but I swear, the animal approached the wreck and spoke to me. It said, "The world loses nothing from your death." I didn't know whether to be terrified or insulted.

When not hunting, Quattuor is still drawn to events that might lead to death, sometimes even inadvertently causing the same. The Geryo is fascinated by the boundaries between those deaths that resonate with his nature, and those that don't. He is convinced he can feel the difference when nearby, otherwise why wouldn't these incidents draw him to the hunt? Quattuor sometimes even hypothesizes that the deaths he is fated to perform wouldn't happen without his intervention, and the knowledge he is required to preserve wasn't at risk of being lost. Quattuor yearns for someone who can debate this philosophical conundrum with him, but he has no intention of ceasing the hunt. Such is his nature, and he cannot — will not — change this vital sense of self.

Did you see the video of the four-headed wolf at the local zoo? They say some mutant animal killed the other wolves in the

Quattuor

Chapter Five: Nightmares

enclosure. The staff deny it, but the zoo's now closed to the public. What's even worse is they fired an intern after she said that the video was real!

Quattuor isn't familiar with technology and made the mistake of appearing at a local zoo to see for himself how humans had subjugated former predators. An onlooker managed to capture an video on their phone and quickly posted it online, where it soon went viral. The video shows the blurry image of the monster emerging from the forest area of the wolf enclosure, seemingly oblivious to the gasps and shrieks he caused. The sudden downpour that accompanied the monster's appearance didn't help with the video's clarity. Quattuor disappeared back into the Gauntlet after a few confusing seconds, but it was enough for the video to go viral and attract lots of attention, despite the zoo claiming it to be fake. The zoo has closed the wolf enclosure to the public for now, but hunters, thrill seekers, and others have all converged on the area, making life difficult for the local pack who'd also like to know what the hell happened.

Rank: 5

Blood: Implacable

Bone: Philosophical

Attributes: Power 13, Finesse 14, Resistance 12

Willpower: 10

Essence: 50

Initiative: 26

Defense: 13

Speed: 31

Size: 7

Corpus: 19

World Shaking: Harsh storms with driving winds and lashing rains assault the Earth wherever Quattuor appears.

Gifts: (Death) All; (Dominance) All; (Knowledge) All; (Nature) All; (Weather) All

Dread Powers: Death's Secrets*, Toxic Bite • •

Ban: Quattuor must engage in a game of skill if challenged. Each creature can only challenge him once. Winning or losing the game places no advantages or restrictions on the Geryo, it merely delays his hunt.

Bane: If a foe can persuade Quattuor to bite himself — persuading one of his heads to bite the face or neck of another — Quattuor falls into a mindless frenzy until one of the heads is severed.

DEATH'S SECRETS (GERYO ONLY)

The Geryo drinks the soul of its prey as they die, learning all their secrets for itself. The Geryo must remain with the slain prey for a number of turns equal to the prey's Mental Attributes, or Power + Finesse for ephemeral entities. At the end of this process the Geryo knows every secret the victim knew. This power doesn't give access to common knowledge or information that isn't secret in some way. If the Geryo is disturbed during the process, it only gains partial knowledge. It may attempt to complete its knowledge, but it must spend five Essence per hour it has been delayed, and must finish the process within a number of days up to its Rank, after which the lingering echoes of the prey's knowledge has dissipated beyond recovery.

THE MANY-FACED CONSPIRATOR: LEGION

We are one. You are outnumbered.

All of the First are unique, but Legion is unusual even among its siblings. Those who see the Geryo in action mistakenly believe it's a pack that hunts together, but it is a single beast who operates best from behind the eyes of others. Legion rarely embodies its own form — unless forced to do so by a master — but takes and works through the bodies of others. The Geryo can simultaneously control multiple bodies, either giving the illusion of a well coordinated team, or appearing divided and open to persuasion. It understands the advantage of ignorant prey not suspecting the danger and acts accordingly. Where its siblings delight in their monstrosity, Legion avoids drawing attention to itself until it's ready to strike.

Once known as *Eshana*, Legion knew of *Urfarah's* death when it awoke in its prison and felt a cocktail of conflicting and confusing emotions. It felt failure, as this was precisely why it had been created, but also felt a sense of satisfaction that Father Wolf suffered for the mistake of abandoning his children. When *Eshana* returned to the world and learned the circumstances of *Urfarah's* death, the conflicting emotions returned. It hated the *Uratha* for murdering their father, but loved them for destroying the monster who had locked them away and forgotten their existence. Legion despaired that it would never see Father Wolf again, and delighted in the freedom of no longer being his slave.

When Legion first met the *Uratha*, it discovered how easy it was to seize the bodies of *Urfarah's* lesser children as its own. This gave the Geryo another twinge of twinned satisfaction and guilt. It was almost as if the Great Predator had ensured *Eshana* could protect him from any uprising, had he not lacked foresight and locked the First away. Since this discovery, Legion has developed a preference for moving among packs as a nightmare-in-wolf's-clothing. The Geryo has no remorse in tricking others and takes a particular delight in deceiving *Uratha* who welcome it into their territories.



Legion

Legion is currently wearing four bodies — Henrica Van Dijk, the twins Axel and Luka, and the most recent addition Rebecca Smith — and is moving as a pack through North America. Henrica has the apparent role of leader of the pack, a patrol officer before her First Change who carried her keen awareness and air of authority with her when she became Uratha. Axel and Luka were misfits raised in a broken, abusive home. They were infamous in school for their cruelty towards animals and were expelled for killing the principal's dog. Their preferred killing style involves decapitation using a machete or an axe. The pointless vindictiveness of this made them very attractive as donors to Legion. The Geryo acquired Rebecca after a Cahalith it encountered dreamed portents of a flame-haired master of kin bringing about the death of the hive of many-and-one. The red-haired Rebecca worked as an animal caretaker at the local zoo who specialized in caring for wolves and other wild pack predators. While Legion had no true information linking Rebecca with the possible prophecy, the Geryo decided it was better safe than sorry and took the young woman for its "pack".

THE PREY

Legion is a protector. Where other *Urighur* were hunters sent to destroy those Father Wolf identified violating his laws, the great predator created *Eshana* to root out hidden threats he wasn't aware of and destroy them. Legion's nature leads him to hunt conspiracies and plots, and to destroy those involved in them.

Rare among its siblings, Legion often offers its services to others and binds itself to masters. Without a master, who is the monster uncovering hidden threats against? Legion is still cautious when doing so, and often approaches prospective masters while wearing stolen bodies and misrepresenting its own nature and abilities. It always ensures any agreement it enters into has an exit clause, and that it has a fair idea how it will achieve its freedom again.

Legion has no qualms about killing innocent humans if doing so doesn't interfere with its goal. It rarely kills needlessly — every death is one less set of eyes it could use later — but views any life but its own as ultimately expendable. Legion is particularly interested in learning of people its targets value, and finding opportunities to use these people as leverage or bait. The Geryo often kills and mutilates pets or other domesticated animals, viewing their existence as an almost personal affront.

When not serving a master's will, Legion looks for opportunities to hunt Uratha who might investigate or harry other Geryo. This isn't out of any sibling bond or fondness, but a compulsion encoded through Legion's original purpose. Father Wolf intended *Eshana* to protect against the violence and machinations of powerful beings of Pangaea, and more than one of these foes sought to target *Urfarah* through his children and creations.

DESCRIPTION

Taking the bodies of others as its own makes Legion's appearance highly variable. When in its favorite hosts, Legion

STORY HOOKS

- Legion suffers a deep envy for the Uratha and their packs. Though it enjoys the benefits of a fully functioning coordinated mentality across multiple bodies, it lacks the love, companionship, or appealing frailties that exist between individuals with their own foibles. Legion has taken to stalking packs as a voyeur, when not hunting. It takes great pleasure in the stalking of these Uratha and accumulation of their personal information.
- A band of hikers stumbled upon Legion's resting true form, accidentally waking it before being torn to shreds. Somehow, video footage from one of the hiker's phones has ended up online on a little-visited snuff site, but Uratha have been clicking that link repeatedly to get an insight into the location and ability of this Geryo.
- Legion is serving a master, intent on finding information regarding the deeper, forbidden realms of the Shadow and even the lairs of the Firstborn themselves. It has recently been intent on inhabiting the bodies of Uratha and even mortal sorcerers in an effort to discover routes to the deepest, most alien places, as its master apparently seeks communion with whatever may lie in those squalid recesses of reality.

appears exactly like the Uratha it has stolen. If the Geryo is forced to take its own form, it appears as a massive, elongated wolf-like creature with two faces at the front of its head and an abnormally large third eye where the faces meet. This eye is twin-irised and lidless, never blinking. The front pair of Legion's six legs end in wickedly-clawed hands rather than the paws on the other four. Its back is impossibly flexible and Legion can twist around its prey like a snake, or raise the front third of its body vertically, appearing as a wolfish centaur.

Within Uratha bodies, Legion can use their intrinsic shapeshifting abilities almost as it pleases, suffering no time limits or behavior limitations. However, it uses its own abilities and limitations regardless of the form of the puppet, and doesn't gain bonuses such as Gauru regeneration or any other inherent benefits. Just like the bodies themselves, shapeshifting is essentially a cosmetic change for Legion.

As its current forms, Henrica carries herself with the no-nonsense attitude that years of police patrol duties brings. Her dark hair is cut short, her dark eyes penetrate with a knowing gaze, as if she sees the guilt in everyone's minds. The identical twins Axel and Luka are tall and lanky with

long blonde hair framing their thin, pale faces. Both have a disconcerting tendency to stare at others with a predatory glint in their eyes. Before losing themselves to Legion, the twins never liked being separated and spent as much time in each other's company as possible. Though the Geryo feels no compulsion to do likewise, it finds an unfamiliar comfort to keeping these two bodies in close proximity to each other. Red-haired Rebecca has lightly freckled skin and piercing blue eyes. Her body reveals her rural upbringing, with the well-developed muscles of someone who works manual labor.

Unless the situation requires it, Legion prefers to keep its bodies scattered to protect against misfortune or ambush, and to gain the greatest benefit from its ability to be in multiple places uncovering hidden dangers. It subconsciously acts to keep the twins closer together than the others. When it needs to, Legion coordinates the pack into group action more smoothly than any well-trained unit, as naturally as an individual using her arms and legs simultaneously. Unless it needs to maintain the deception, Legion's bodies rarely communicate with each other as the Geryo gains no benefit from talking to itself.

RUMORS

Any sighting of the Blood Talons? Communications with them have gone completely silent. You don't suppose that those body parts we found were them? Xavier said that one of the arms had a tattoo similar to Lata.

A Blood Talons pack has disappeared. Some are relieved that these hot-headed Uratha aren't around to cause trouble, but others worry about what prey they were hunting and whether it might still be in the area. Other packs have found a few body parts that possibly belong to them, but nothing necessarily fatal to Uratha. After a couple of weeks the pack returns, missing one or two members and uninterested in discussing what happened to them or the territory while they were gone. Instead, they're more interested in what machinations the other packs have been up to, having been subverted and added to Legion's collective.

Make sure to call me when you get home, okay? Lock your doors and avoid going anywhere alone. They still haven't caught the Head Splitter yet, so be safe.

A serial killer is spreading fear through the city and across several territories. This killer decapitates their victim before splitting their head in two. The media are all over it, thinking the killer must be trying to send some sick message. Hunting the killer reveals that all the victims are somehow connected to Uratha. Across the territories, several pack members — mostly humans and Wolf-blooded — have become very interested in discovering who the Head Splitter is before they become the next victims. The truth is stranger yet; a Zi'ir, one of the Broken Ones, has discovered the Geryo's presence and is trying to warn of Legion's approach. She is so twisted up with bans, compulsions, and incoherent thought that she cannot express herself in any normal way — but she's also unaffected by Legion's own power. For whatever reason, Zi'ir are beyond the Geryo's control.

Rank: 3

Blood: Deceptive

Bone: Vigilant

Attributes: Power 8, Finesse 9, Resistance 7

Willpower: 10

Essence: 20

Initiative: 16

Defense: 8

Speed: 23 (species factor 6 in its own form; adjust for the species factor of the host when Legion wears one's body)

Size: 6

Corpus: 13

World Shaking: The world is a colder place where Legion hunts. The cold chills flesh and threatens harm in even the hottest locales. As an infiltrator unlike his other siblings, Legion can suppress this effect at no cost whenever using bodies other than his own.

Gifts: (Evasion) All; (Insight) All; (Stealth) All

Dread Powers: Flesh Suit*, Mind Thief*

Ban: Legion can't face a domesticated animal that has been ordered to attack it. This is one reason why it kills pets whenever possible.

Bane: Any attack directed specifically at its third eye.

FLESH SUIT (GERYO ONLY)

The Geryo takes the flesh or corpus of another as its own by touching the victim and succeeding on a contested roll of Power + Finesse vs Finesse + Resistance or Manipulation + Resolve. Most supernatural creatures can add Supernatural Tolerance to this roll, but the scions of *Urfarah* and the Dark Mother are particularly vulnerable — neither werewolves nor Begotten benefit from Supernatural Tolerance. Theoretically, neither do the Firstborn. The Geryo can control its hosts indefinitely. The victim is effectively comatose and unaware of events during this time, but may spend a point of Willpower each week to force another contested roll. The Geryo can abandon the body with an instant action, leaving any damage the body suffered behind. If the victim's Willpower is drained when the Geryo deserts the host, her mind is permanently lost and the body is essentially an empty husk. The Geryo may have as many simultaneous Flesh Suits as its Power Attribute, each of which can act independently without straining the monster. The Geryo's own body disappears when it takes its first victim, flowing into them. If the Geryo's Primordial Planewalker power activates (p.XX), it must abandon its victims unless one of its hosts is a natural resident of the destination plane. In this instance, it can choose to have only that host (and portion of its existence) relocate.

MIND THIEF (GERYO ONLY)

When using Flesh Suit to control a host body, the Geryo can access the victim's knowledge and memories to better infiltrate or fool the victim's friends. The Geryo spends one Essence and rolls Power + Finesse – the victim's Resistance

(or highest Resistance Attribute). Regardless of the Geryo's success or failure, each use of this power restores one expended Willpower point to the victim. If the victim is already at maximum Willpower, she may immediately test to reclaim control, without cost.

Roll Results

Dramatic failure: The Geryo loses control and is immediately ejected from the host. It can never try to control this victim again.

Failure: The Geryo can't access the victim's knowledge.

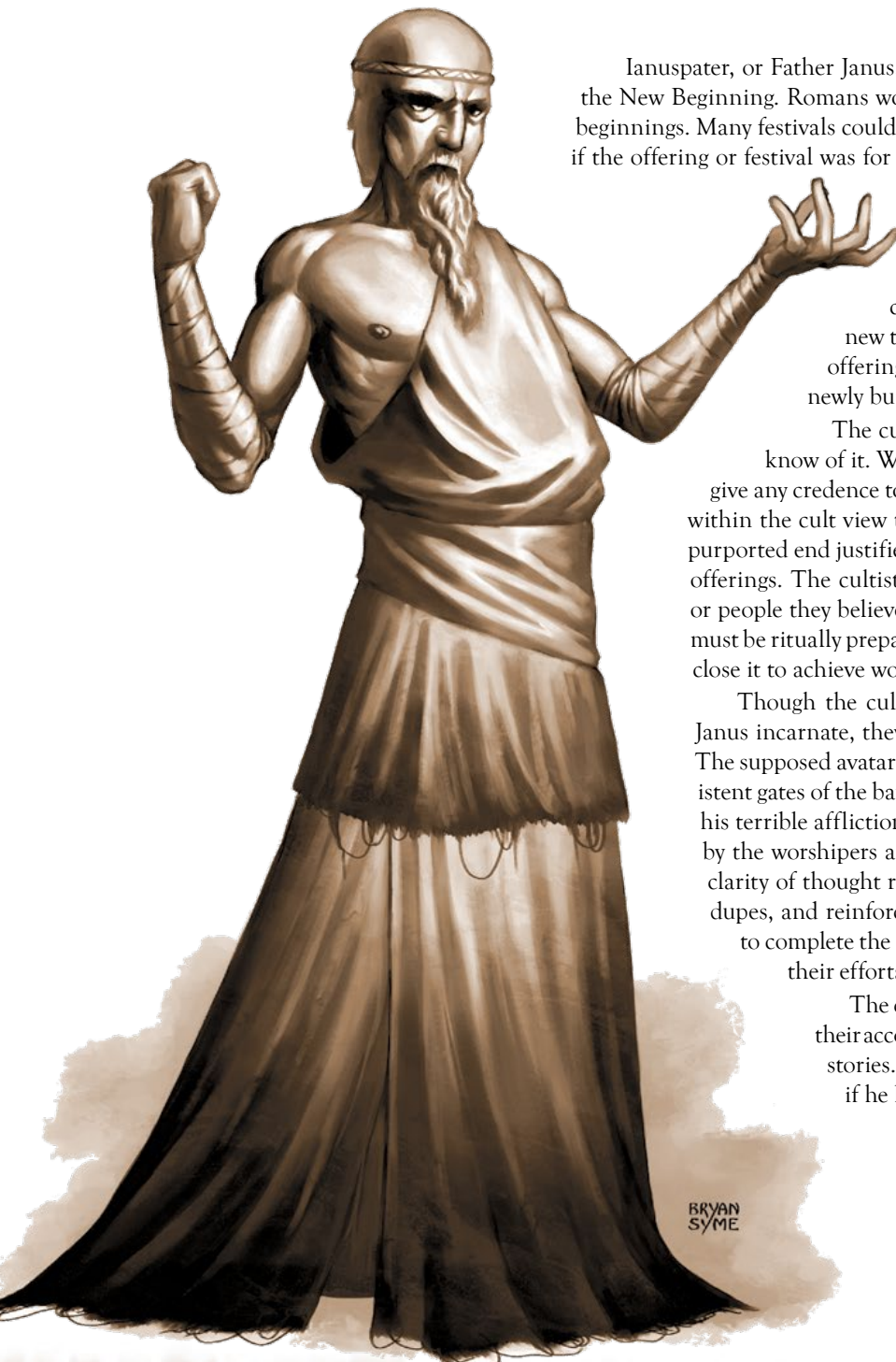
Success: The Geryo gains access to the victim's knowledge for one scene; as well as the contents of a particular memory, it might instead choose to gain access to a particular Skill or Merit the victim possesses for the remainder of the scene.

Exceptional success: The Geryo gains access to the victim's knowledge, Skill, or Merit for a full day.



THE TWO-FACED PROPHET: IANUSPATER

*Balance will be found through my order.
The only thing I need of you, child, is for you to follow.
In the end, we will find a new beginning.*



BRYAN
SYME

Ianuspater, or Father Janus, is the head of a Roman fetishization cult named the New Beginning. Romans worshiped Janus as god of death, passages, and new beginnings. Many festivals couldn't begin until the priests called Janus' name, even if the offering or festival was for another god. No war could start without opening

his gates. The New Beginning claims the gates to Janus' last shrine were torn down while still open, allowing the never-ending wars that ultimately broke the empire. The

cult works to collect relics so they can construct a new temple befitting of Janus, that he might accept their offerings and ensure peace reigns when the doors of the newly built shrine close.

The cult is viewed as an eccentric curiosity by most who know of it. While world peace is admirable, few outside the cult give any credence to worshipers of has-been ancient mythology. Those within the cult view their goal as the ultimate nobility, enough that its purported end justifies the less than legal means they use to collect their offerings. The cultists steal statues, ornaments, and even live animals or people they believe resonate with their reincarnated god. Each piece must be ritually prepared and sacrificed to construct the gate so they may close it to achieve world peace.

Though the cult of the New Beginning believe Ianuspater to be Janus incarnate, they are mistaken. Father Janus is decidedly ungodly. The supposed avatar is one of the Distorted who appeared at the nonexistent gates of the barely-begun shrine one day, in pain and confused by his terrible affliction. The revelation of his form and power was taken by the worshipers as proof of the righteousness of their cause. When clarity of thought returned to Ianuspater, he took advantage of these dupes, and reinforced the cult's need to collect more items of power to complete the temple. The werewolf told them Janus was aware of their efforts and sent Ianuspater to be among and guide them.

The cult doesn't keep Ianuspater's existence a secret, but their accounts are couched in mythological terms and fanciful stories. The cultists describe the Distorted's mutations as if he had two different appearances; sometimes they say he's an old man with white hair and beard, and other times a younger man with brown hair and clean-shaven face. No one outside the cult believes anything they say. Outsiders assume Father Janus is a charismatic cult leader taking advantage of the gullible and weak-willed — which is at least part of the truth.

GODS AND DEVILS

The reality of Father Janus is far stranger. Jack Thompson, a Hunter in Darkness, was mortally wounded and left for dead by a monster when his pack hunted Pure territory. He sensed something was wrong from the start; the territory was too quiet and stank of blood. The scent led to an unknown beast devouring the bones of *Anshega* victims. Jack's pack swarmed the creature; the fight was swift and brutal but even the rampaging Gauru couldn't defeat the beast.

With no memory after *Kuruth*'s red rage descended upon him, Jack somehow survived and woke in darkness with his flesh and mind burning. The fetid stench of rotting meat filled his nostrils and the loud buzzing of carrion insects filled his ears. Jack dragged himself from the corpse pile and away from the slaughterhouse before the beast could return. His body burned and his thoughts were a daze. He stumbled often as his limbs seemed unable to follow even the simplest command. Jack eventually felt he was far enough to catch his breath and slumped against a tree. He nearly jumped when he heard a voice extremely close to him cry out in confusion and pain.

Confusion turned to panic as Jack learned that the voice came from the back of his head. The realization triggered an agonizing shapeshift as Jack's joints reversed themselves, his muscles restructured to move the opposite of how he expected, and his hands and feet twisted their direction. Jack found himself at the back of his own body, while Rohan Masterson — an Ivory Claw, one of the Geryo's other victims — also learned of their sudden duality. The Geryo strain had melted the bodies of the near dead Uratha together, perverting their regeneration and mercurial flesh to rebuild one body from two.

FAITH REWARDS

The trauma of hated enemies sharing one body almost destroyed what was left of the Urathas' minds before they stumbled across the cult of the New Beginning. Their shapeshifting abilities were almost gone, except for their perpetual struggle for domination over one another and for control of the shared body. Early, savage attempts suggested that neither could kill the other without destroying themselves. Each time they clawed and tore at their own flesh, their regenerative powers repaired the damage and mutation claimed a greater price of what was left. A sense of self preservation kept the Uratha from returning to their territories or seeking out any other survivors, and neither would allow the other to take him to enemy territory to seek unlikely help. The unwillingness to give any quarter or surcease between the warring halves was quickly killing them both, and their feud eroded their sense of identity. Only fate saved the exhausted, starving, and dying man, by bringing their stumbling flight to the secluded rural compound of the Janus cultists.

DESCRIPTION

Father Janus has come a long way in the few months since his fall from grace and his rebirth within the cult. Rohan and Jack have made a peace of sorts, agreeing to work together to discover some means of unraveling the insult done to them. If they are ever returned to their true selves, one will certainly

murder the other. Until then they are bound by a single body and forced into cooperation.

Ianuspater almost always dresses in a purple toga decorated in gold embroideries made by devoted cultists. He wears a golden circlet which Jack finds embarrassing, but Rohan insists is important for maintaining impressions and for control of the cult. Regardless of who is in control, Ianuspater is a tall and imposing man. His faces are at the front and back of his head — whichever is front indicates who has primary control at the time — and can't see each other without the aid of mirrors or technology. When Father Janus speaks, it's most often from the face of an older man with white hair and bushy beard — Rohan. This face wields honeyed words dripping with persuasive truths. The other face, Jack, is clean-shaven, younger, and has a darker complexion and hair. He is brash and angry, having little patience for the daily rituals of the cult, and more interest in their relic-claiming actions.

Ianuspater's predicament isn't as simple as a face on the back of his head. The Uratha's residual shapeshifting ability truly transforms the body to orient towards the controlling persona. The torso shifts until the chest and back are reversed, elbows and knees change their configurations and allowed movements, and fingers grow or withdraw to accommodate the change. Even his toes and feet shrink back towards the ankle and grow from the heel until it is fully reversed. The transformation is brief but both individuals experience pain with the shift, as if their Harmony was heavily imbalanced towards Flesh. The conglomeration of parts donated by the pair don't entirely match. Father Janus' skin is mottled with Jack and Rohan's different coloring, the left arm is slightly longer than the right, and his fingers aren't quite a matching set.

Ianuspater has lost access to Gauru and Urshul forms and can no longer properly enter *Kuruth*. Instead, he is prone to fits of rage where he shouts and destroys objects around him in Dalu form but this only adds to the inner frustration both halves feel at their predicament. Witnessing cultists are vulnerable to Lunacy when Ianuspater enters such moods but explain it away as fear and awe of his evident divine power.

RUMORS

That neo-Roman cult? Yeah, they tried the pitch on me the other day. Worship the god Janice or something. Kept trying to tell me about the invisible lorries that Janice has sent to guide them. Bunch of loonies, if you ask me.

The cultists speak truth whenever they can, believing that a convert gained from lies will never have true faith in her heart. They're quite open about worshipping Janus, and of Father Janus being the god's prophet. Following Ianuspater's arrival, they've even begun to attract *lares* — the small gods and guardian spirits of Roman households. These *lares* are spirits bribed or cajoled by Ianuspater into serving the cult in exchange for Essence and other favors. The weak spirits are enough to bolster the cult's faith for now, but Jack and Rohan need something more powerful to expedite their situation. Despite Jack's misgivings, Rohan bound a spirit called *Bhal* as their totem, an ally of the Pure. *Bhal* would never normally lower itself to serving such a small pack of werewolves, but it's intrigued by the two-in-one

STORY HOOKS

- Under Ianuspater's direction, the New Beginning cult's acquisition of antiques, relics and artifacts has become much more focused. The prophet steers the cult towards specific items, but they aren't the only group to covet these relics, and recent raids have taken objects deemed sacred by rival sects. These foes have their own powerful protectors, some of whom claim to be immortals from a kingdom before recorded history, and they're now looking for guilty werewolves to visit retribution upon.
- Rohan Masterson's Pure pack have put out a bounty on Ianuspater's dual-faced head. They don't want this aberration cured or their former packmate returned: they want him purged. The Pure have even sworn before the spirits that they'll grant the reward to Forsaken, should the slaves of the Moon do the deed before the Anshega can.
- As odd as the Ianuspater cult sounds, the idea of a new Roman Empire through worship of this mighty being appeals to the rich and the influential. At least one general and two congressmen are now part of the cult, lured by the decadence and the power that the Distorted provides. Ianuspater intends to spread the cult's influence steadily throughout whatever administration or governmental bodies he can reach.

Uratha. The human cult supplies it with a generous amount of tribute through the relics they collect and destroy for it, though they think they're releasing the items' power into their shrine's gates for Janus. *Bhal* has no secret knowledge on how to cure Ianuspater, but hasn't revealed this to the Distorted. Like many Pure totems, *Bhal* will use these broken Uratha until it has everything it wants or grows tired of them. It's prepared to destroy the duo and the cult as well if the judgment of its fellow totems demands such a response.

You know that cult outside town, the ones who claim to want world peace? My cousin was walking past their compound last week and they rushed out to confront him. They were all angry, asking what he was doing there, telling him to move before they moved him. He didn't see any weapons, but he swears they were hiding them under their robes. What are a bunch of pacifists doing with guns?

Ianuspater restructured the cult into a pack, which includes knowing who belongs and who doesn't, and what territory it holds. They're also equipping and preparing the pack for conflict, as he knows that sooner or later someone

will discover the cult's role in so many missing antiques and relics. The cultists are wary of these changes, but Father Janus has persuaded most of them that in this case, the end justifies the means. He hasn't convinced everyone, and a few vocal critics still hold out. Ianuspater isn't sure what to do with them yet. He can't let them leave with their knowledge, but if they disappear he'll have even more questions to answer.

IANUSPATER (JACK/ROHAN)

Jack and Rohan have separate Mental and Social Attributes, Skills, Merits, Renown and Gifts. Where numerical values are presented together, Jack's dots are before the slash, Rohan's after.

Auspice: Ithaeur/None

Tribe: Hunters in Darkness/Ivory Claws

Hunter's Aspect (Rohan): Insidious

Attributes: Intelligence 2/4, Wits 4/3, Resolve 4/4; Strength 4 (5/-/-/4), Dexterity 3 (3/-/-/5), Stamina 5 (6/-/-/6); Presence 2/4, Manipulation 2/3, Composure 4/3

Skills: **(Jack)** Academics 1, Athletics 3, Brawl (Dirty Fighting) 3, Computer 1, Crafts 3, Drive 1, Firearms (Shotguns) 2, Intimidation 2, Investigation 1, Larceny 2, Medicine 2, Occult (Spirits) 4, Stealth 3, Streetwise 2, Survival 3, Weaponry 2; **(Rohan)** Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Computer 3, Drive 1, Empathy 2, Expression (Speeches) 5, Firearms 1, Intimidation 1, Investigation (Threats) 3, Occult 2, Persuasion 3, Politics (Pure) 4, Socialize 2, Stealth 2, Subterfuge 3

Merits: **(Jack)** Moon-kissed (Occult), Parkour 3, **(Rohan)** Inspiring, Sympathetic **(Shared)** Fame 1, Resources 2, Safe Place 3, Staff (Cultists) 3

Primal Urge: 4

Willpower: 8/7

Harmony: 7

Essence: 13

Health: 10

Initiative: 7/6

Defense: 6/4

Speed: 12

Size: 5

Armor: 0

Renown: **(Jack)** Honor 2, Purity 1, Wisdom 3 **(Rohan)** Glory 2, Honor 2, Purity 3

Gifts: **(Jack)** (Crescent Moon) Shadow Gaze, Spirit Whispers, Shadow Hunter; (Elements) Flesh of Earth, Tongue of Flame, Heart of Water; (Evasion) Hit and Run; (Hunting) Beast Talker; (Nature) Knotted Paths; (Shaping) Sculpt; (Stealth) Running Silent; (Warding) All Doors Locked, Boundary Ward; **(Rohan)** (Agony) Catharsis, Stoicism; (Blood) Purge; (Death) Barghest, Bone Gnaw; (Dominance) Lay Low the Challenger, Snarl of the Predator; (Insight) Read the World's Loom; (Warding) Ward the Wolf's Den, Predator's Claim

Rites: Chain Rage, Hunting Ground, Messenger, Sacred Hunt

THE PRIMA DONNA: AURORA REED

My mind is being stripped from me, like rotten flesh slowly falling from the bone. I try to form words, but they turn foreign in my mind and dissolve into bitter ashes in my mouth. In exchange for this deterioration, the hunt is more exhilarating and more alluring than ever. I now understand why lessers get so caught up in their chase for blood. I, however, will use my new-found abilities and what time I have left to cleanse this society of filthy criminals. I will leave a better world behind me.

— The last entry by Aurora Reed's blog, deleted within two hours

Aurora Reed was an enthusiastic theatrical student whose acting career never took off, just like the hundreds of others working the cutthroat Hollywood world. The pack didn't get her work, but Aurora's acting skills proved most useful in getting along with the other werewolves, despite feeling strong disdain for most of her companions.

She loves acting but hates the power-trips and abuse of authority by people at the top. After being humiliated and rejected for several roles based on her looks and unwillingness to drop her underwear, Aurora pursues a personal vendetta against anyone exploiting others through a position of power, particularly in the entertainment industry. Aurora adopted the moniker "Prima Donna" as a snub to packmates frustrated by constant complaints when they hunted prey other than her chosen victims. The pack called her a diva" but Aurora clapped back, saying that she was more than that.

Aurora doesn't know when she was infected, or if the rest of her pack share her malady. She recalls a moment where a packmate complained of an odd humming after they'd tangled with some strange prey — not her first choice, of course — and a creeping sense of dread whenever she changed forms. After a failed hunt where Aurora became paralyzed with fear at having to transform, packmates confronted her and questioned her behavior. The clash turned violent, and she hid thereafter.

Her first visible mutation soon followed, as the wound on her left cheek from a packmate's claw refused to heal. The injury continuously split open as rancid white pus festered and spilled from it. After a week, the discharge had thickened and the wound grown large enough to see the inside of her mouth through it. Regeneration did nothing to fix it. She plummeted into despair. The mutation meant the end of any hope of a theatrical career, and possibly worse to come. Werewolves didn't get sick, as far as Aurora had known, but this was somehow different, and she didn't trust how her packmates would react if they found out.

The pain grew. Aurora's mouth dried and split, and her teeth ached. In occasional moments of clarity, she felt as though they were moving towards the ragged, weeping hole in

STORY HOOKS

- Aurora's recently started targeting pack leaders — especially those who call themselves "alphas" — who she thinks treat their packmates as pawns or minions. She waits until they're alone to launch a brief, frenzied attack. Now she's observing the characters' pack, trying to assess which of them is the tyrannical leader she assumes must exist.
- An epidemic rages through the local Gauntlet, with coalescing spirits displaying the same monstrous features Aurora exhibits when her Distortion is visible. Whether she's the cause or can help identify it, it becomes incumbent upon the pack to find Aurora and question her about the contagion wracking the spirit world.
- A long shot from before her infection has suddenly come through for Aurora, and she's been offered a role on a popular streaming show. It's her dream come true, and even after she murders the director and the producer for their real or imagined abuses of women in the cast and crew, the studio's money keeps the quirky show rolling on. A new outbreak of the Geryo strain follows, and it soon becomes apparent that the afflicted werewolves have all watched Aurora's show; is she somehow locating them through the network, or has the infection adapted to a terrifying new form of transmission?

her face like daisies desperately reaching for sunlight. When the pain finally stopped, Aurora was horrified to see another

fully-formed mouth grown into her wounded cheek. In a fit of rage, she shattered all the mirrors in her apartment.

Aurora was finally forced out of her home and the life she knew after a concerned neighbor called the police because of the disturbing wailing noises coming from the apartment. The officers and neighbor were found mauled to death at the scene and Aurora was missing.

She can't quite bring herself to leave town, but Aurora moves around frequently. She avoids Forsaken due to paranoia that they can scent her wrongness and sticks to disputed territories or no-man's land.

Aurora is still a social person who enjoys making conversations with strangers, if they can keep her interest. As she constantly feels the pressures of her time being limited, she has no qualms about excusing herself if conversations die down or feel awkward. In the short time she's convinced she has left before she dies from this disease, Aurora wants to make the world a better place, and she's decided that means excising society's cancer, particularly people who abuse their positions of power. The Prima Donna wishes to be an avenging angel for the exploited wherever she thinks she finds them.

Unfortunately for Aurora, the infection has worn at her sanity. She exhibits a flair for the dramatic and will monologue if someone questions her motives and action. She has killed politicians and entertainment executives demanding sexual favors in exchange for more responsibility or better roles. She's murdered a teacher who passed out lousy grades out of spite. She's maimed parents who were reasonably disciplining their children, and eviscerated a cop effecting an arrest of an armed gunman. Anywhere she finds what she thinks to be the downtrodden, bloodshed is sure to follow.

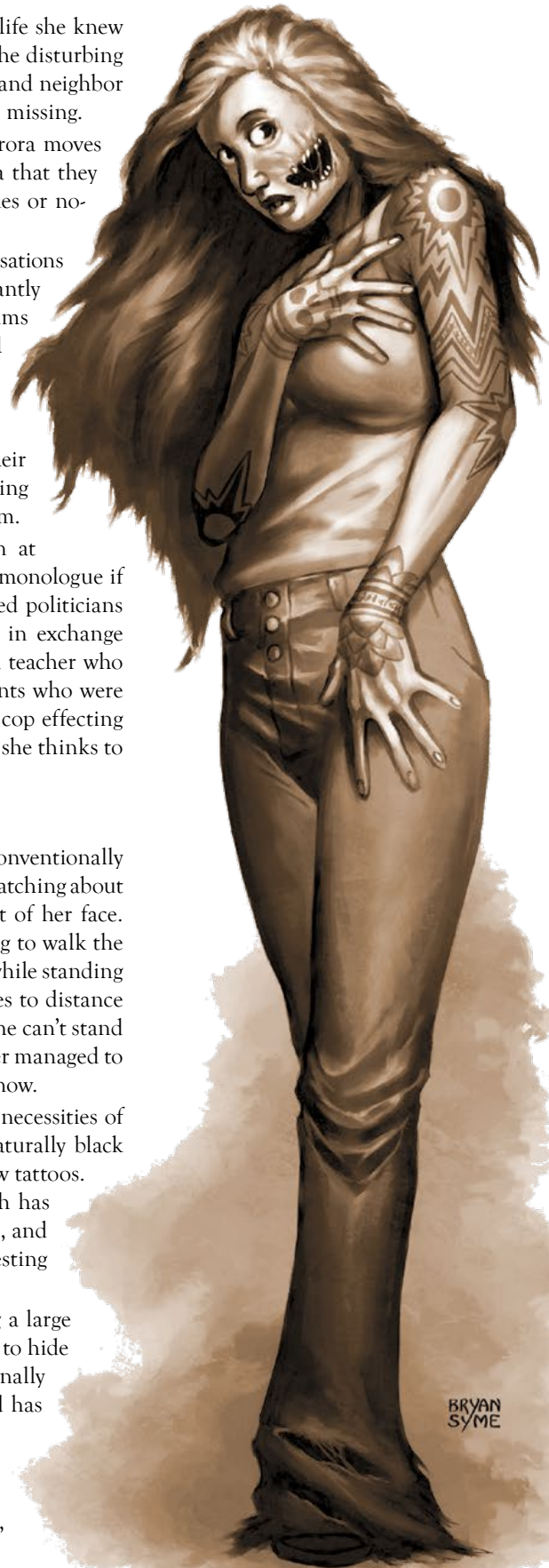
DESCRIPTION

Aurora looks to be in her early twenties, slim and conventionally attractive but without anything specifically unique or eye catching about her appearance before a new mouth chewed its way out of her face. She was the epitome of the average aspiring actress trying to walk the near-impossible tightrope of fitting casting expectations while standing out from the crowd. She has an aloof demeanor and tries to distance herself from arguments by pretending indifference, but she can't stand mockery. Aurora is extremely proud, and the fact she never managed to land a better role than a background extra rankles even now.

On the run and no longer held back by the modest necessities of her attempted career in acting, Aurora has dyed her naturally black curls with pastel hues and acquired a large number of new tattoos. Indeed, the rebellious nature of her own malleable flesh has stirred a dark fascination with body modification and art, and she becomes obsessively attentive when faced with an interesting example of such.

Aurora covers the mutation on her left cheek using a large adhesive bandage reinforced with medical tape, and tries to hide how self-conscious she is about the eyesore. She occasionally wears a surgical mask to conceal the wound further and has tried silicone facial prosthetics.

Aurora has lost access to her Dalu form, which makes her terrified that she could lose her other forms. She avoids shapeshifting whenever possible because of this,



BRYAN
SYME

Aurora Reed

only transforming when she sees no other option. When she does transform, the extra mouth in her cheek takes on the appropriate appearance for the form. In her wolf-like forms she has an additional wolf muzzle growing at an odd angle out of her face.

RUMORS

Yeah, they think it's actually just one woman. Real embarrassment for the police, if you ask me. Maybe when she was just throwing pimps and other shitheads down the stairs it wasn't worth rooting her out, or they had better things to be doing when she started cracking the kneecaps of drug-dealers, but that attorney who she cut to ribbons? That TV exec she threw off a building? Woman in a White Mask or not, you can't just let masked vigilantes go round murdering people.

Stories of a vigilante targeting criminals and abusers sat well with in the press at first, who eagerly sensationalized the spree of violence and even lauded the mysterious figure at first. This fed Aurora's delusions, but as the victims became less clear-cut and the violence amped up to deadly, gory levels, the media began to paint her as a clearly disturbed individual pursuing unconscionable actions. She now sees them as her enemies too, more exploiters and liars she's destined to fight, and is identifying reporters to make an example out of.

We were out enjoying a beer and this woman comes up. Smells like one of the People, but wrong somehow, you know, sick. She got a few quick slashes in on Mike then took off while we were still figuring out what the fuck was going on. Now Mike's laid out in bed, writhing in pain, and we don't know what to do. The spirits either don't know anything or refuse to come when called. It's like he's sick, but I've never seen an infection like this. We've quarantined him, just to make sure.

Aurora's Harmony has swung wildly out of balance. She's unstable, she avoids transformation, and has stopped viewing herself as a werewolf. She's also highly contagious and experiences a surge in aggressive instincts when faced with fellow

Uratha. For now, Aurora rationalizes this reaction as offense being better than defense, or that the werewolves were after her and she was simply protecting herself.

AURORA REED

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Iron Masters

Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve 2; Strength 3 (-/6/5/3), Dexterity 7 (-/8/9/9), Stamina 4 (-/6/6/5); Presence 3, Manipulation 2, Composure 2

Skills: Academics 1, Athletics 4, Brawl 4, Computer (Social Media) 2, Empathy (Personalities) 3, Expression (Drama) 4, Larceny 3, Persuasion 2, Politics 1, Socialize 2, Stealth 4, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Barfly, Fading, Song in Your Heart, Sounds of the City

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 4

Harmony: 9

Essence: 12

Health: 9 (-/13/12/9)

Initiative: 9 (-/10/11/11)

Defense: 6

Speed: 15 (-/19/22/20)

Size: 5 (-/7/6/4)

Armor: 0

Renown: Cunning 3, Glory 2, Purity 1, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (New Moon) Eviscerate, Slip Away, Relentless Hunter; (Evasion) Feet of Mist, Hit and Run, Exit Strategy; (Stealth) Shadow Pelt, The Hunter Waits; (Technology) Garble

Rites: Sacred Hunt

THE SKINNER QUEEN: THRICE-CHANGED TRINITY

*So listen to me, brothers and sisters!
Listen to me, penitents and sinners! Do you not seek redemption?
Do you not seek our promised land?
I bring you a scripture written in my skin,
a new covenant borne in my flesh!*

The first time Trinity Changed, it was a crimson revelation; her flesh warped and spasmed, screaming humans died, and the searing brand of the Warden Moon's auspice shackled her to Luna's purpose. The second time Trinity Changed, it was a silver redemption; she screamed and howled as the Fire-Touched ritemasters pried loose the Slaver Queen's shackles. The third time, though, oh the third time was *divine*. The Geryo strain coursed through her fevered body and mind, rebuilding her into something purer than even the Pure. Now she's the killer queen of an army of zealots, painting a new doctrine in bloody glyphs upon the flayed skins of unbelievers. She's on a mission from Rabid Wolf, a fiery-eyed and contagious preacher seeking to purge the taint of Luna from the People forever.

Thrice-Changed Trinity didn't seem much of anything before she became Distorted, just another rank-and-file Fire-Touched grunt with a bellyful of hate. The way Trinity tells it, she caught the eye of Rabid Wolf through her iron will and the grace of her ecstatic dances, and encountered the Firstborn totem in the Shadow when hunting one day. Being a good Fire-Touched she threw herself to the ground in obeisance, and so Rabid Wolf didn't smite her but instead gave the werewolf a revelation. The Firstborn bore a blessed disease upon her fangs, a contagion of Wolf that would purify the Uratha of the Moon's taint. If Trinity had the strength and purity needed to bear the contagion in her own meat and mind, if she could survive the transfiguration, Rabid Wolf would grant her the honor of being high priestess in the coming order. Trinity would have the dispensation to judge who could and should suffer the holy plague's seething power; she'd go forth and work the Firstborn's will in the world.

The tribal elders don't believe the story, at least not in its entirety. It's probable that the mad, disease-wracked priestess can't even tell the truth of her own memories from the fantasy. What matters, though, is that Thrice-Changed Trinity *did* encounter something powerful in the Shadow, she *does* seem to have at least some favor from the tribal totem — and she *did* survive the warping power of the Geryo strain, not just enduring it but becoming a delirious, majestic nightmare. Now Trinity gathers increasing numbers of Pure to her side, her banners of flayed skin a clarion call to the People. They

come seeking redemption, a chance to prove themselves, or a place in Trinity's new order. She doles out the Geryo strain as reward and punishment alike, reducing the unworthy to warped wretches and reforging the favored into ghastly new forms. They call her the Skinner Queen and praise the bloody path she'll build upon the piled corpses of the Forsaken and the undeserving.

THE CATHEDRAL OF FLESH REMADE

The Fire-Touched have never been short of charismatic preachers and would-be warlords; in some ways, Thrice-Changed Trinity follows the model fairly closely. She travels from place to place with her nomadic pack and a fringe of other hangers-on, attendants, and true believers. Where she stops, she seeks to spread her particular mad gospel, gather new recruits, forge alliances with elders or confront rivals — and, of course, to harry the Forsaken. The difference is, the Skinner Queen serves as vector for the Geryo strain.

When she holds court, Trinity delivers the infection to particular petitioners who come before the priestess of Rabid Wolf. Some are criminals among the Pure, or struggle under shattered reputations and are desperate for an opportunity to restore their fortunes — however risky. Others are true believers willing to give up their lives for a shot at greatness and 'true purity'. A few old werewolves, their bodies badly broken, hope for a reinvigorating 'third Change' that will give them the ability to fight once more. Where local packs are weak, Trinity simply strong-arms them into handing some supplicants over to undergo the ordeal; where they are strong, she displays the ferocity of her flayer-faithful in battle against the Forsaken, hoping to attract new converts.

Anyone infected who dies or is reduced to a pathetic, shambling abomination of useless flesh was clearly unworthy in the eyes of Rabid Wolf. Those who fight off the infection are seen as having proven their endurance and will, cleansed of whatever sins led them to this point and with their honor now unquestionable. The rare few who not only survive but are remade in the image of Trinity's particular strain are the truly blessed, the chosen heralds of Father Wolf's will.

Trinity's pitch to the faithful is that the Geryo strain is born purely from *Urfarah's* flesh and spirit, and its warping

influence purges a werewolf of the insidious taint that Luna left behind from her part in the creation of the People. A Distorted who maintains strength of form and mind is therefore closer to the true nature of Father Wolf than a normal Uratha. It's a dangerous creed that has left any number of ruined Distorted in Trinity's wake — but it's the successes who matter to the flock, and who serve as ideals to whom all Pure might aspire.

Plenty of Fire-Touched are opposed to the demagogue's convictions, but Trinity's found followers outside the tribe as well; a number of Predator Kings seek the anointment of her transformative disease. The Ivory Claws, who have perhaps the best understanding of the Geryo strain among all the Uratha, remain firmly set against the crazed plague-bearer. The *Tzuumfin* would much rather scoop her up and lock her away in a laboratory, to be pulled apart and understood on their terms; the tribe of Silver Wolf sees Distorted as potentially useful tools and soldiers, but fundamentally debased by comparison to true, pure Uratha.

Trinity herself has no meaningful insight into the nature of the ancient Geryo, or into the disease she now bears. She has utterly bought into the gospel she peddles, encouraged by spiritual servants of Rabid Wolf and an alliance of certain Pure totems who back her efforts. The Thrice-Changed sees her existence as one of pure joy, because she is working to return the People to their intended state under Father Wolf's direction, and to finally scour the world so that the paradise of *Taga Dan*, the return of the Border Marches, might be ushered in.

Pure and Forsaken alike call Thrice-Changed Trinity the Skinner Queen because of her incredible aptitude with the stealing of skins, something honed to near-perfection by her infection. Trinity has woven this talent into the aesthetic of her crusade. Her warband excels in using stolen skins to infiltrate and cause havoc, preachers daub her utterances on pages of flayed skin, and she uses the hides of particularly choice kills to create the ragged banners beneath which her people gather.

Some accuse the Skinner Queen of violation against the tribal oath with her proclivity for false faces. Her retort, to those elders and leaders who dare voice such criticism, is that Rabid Wolf is concerned with truth and insight beyond the mere skin-deep. In Trinity's fevered mind, to wear a false skin is not lying at all; rather, it's an opportunity and a test for those who face her forces. The Thrice-Changed certainly never speaks an intentional lie, and absolutely believes everything she claims; is it truly her fault if the weak-minded Forsaken look upon a skin-wearing Fire-Touched and simply assume them to be the friend or ally they resemble?

DESCRIPTION

Trinity's three 'Changes' have left her an undeniable monster. When her form is not compressed down within a stolen skin, the Distorted stands taller than a normal Gauru; indeed, she can no longer shed the wolfish features of the killing form. Despite her warped size, Trinity is an image of lithe grace. Her powerful frame is lean, her torso elongated, and the eight arms thronging from her shoulders combine a dancer's co-ordination with the deadly strength of a goddess of old. Her claws



are long and keen-edged, giving her a sadistic precision when it comes to flensing a victim's skin away. Cancerous growths pockmark her body, emphasizing the Distorted's grotesque majesty. All trace of Trinity's old self has boiled away beneath the remaking power of the Geryo strain.

The Skinner Queen's Fire-Touched followers bedeck their mistress in gold jewelry and garments of flayed skin. She adorns herself with nose-rings, delicate chains threading between her piercings, and prayer-flags praising the totems of the Pure. These decorations are important to Trinity; they make her look less like a twisted leper and more like a temple divinity, a being who should be adored and respected. She's not trying to sell her followers on become utter monsters, but on becoming better, purer avatars of Father Wolf. The paraphernalia of zeal matters in projecting the right picture to both rank-and-file and the elder rivals who challenge her right to rule.

In person, the Thrice-Changed is welcoming; she's a self-assured shaman queen who doesn't need to bother with fear or fury. Pure who enter Trinity's court are often surprised by her pleasant manner and ready, wolfish smile, but she's genuinely delighted to meet any soul who may play a part in the greater plan. Trinity gives off an air of *enthusiasm*; hers is not a self-flagellating, apocalyptic creed of misery, but one she believes to be filled with hope and possibility. She sees only good things in her future. She deeply, deeply loves the ideal of Father Wolf she has built up in her mind, and genuinely expects to see the paradise of *Taga Dan* become realized in her lifetime. While capable of treating failures, rivals, and Forsaken with shocking brutality, the Thrice-Changed can turn on a dime to be suddenly forgiving or sympathetic without any apparent internal dissonance. She'll tell a werewolf she's here for him, here to help him see past his sins, even as she's peeling his face off to wear it as a mask in battle against his pack — and she'll mean every word of it.

When wearing a stolen skin, Trinity is a mischief-maker and trickster. Briefly unburdened of the weight of her proph-
etess-crown, she has the freedom to indulge herself. The potential danger of an infiltration effort and the impending promise of violence leaves the werewolf almost giddy. Rather than orchestrating a brutal and efficient take-down of a target, the Thrice-Changed spreads confusion, or acts the fool, or tries to convince a befuddled victim to dance with her until the jaws of the trap clamp shut. She'll dangle hints that she's not what she appears to be in front of the prey, and she loves the look on their faces when they start to realize the truth. Sometimes the Skinner Queen picks out the most perceptive Forsaken for infection with the Geryo strain, hoping to find a kindred soul who might share in her communion with Father Wolf's ancestral power.

At times, Trinity flays a screaming human victim just for an evening's relaxation among the herd, wearing the purloined appearance and going

on the hunt with no particular purpose in mind. Careless of her followers' concerns, the Skinner Queen will acquire a few mates for a night's entertainment, or look for other werewolves to learn about and perhaps provoke for her amusement. Music calls to her, reminds her of a life when she wasn't Changed at all, and stirs her to move with its rhythms in line with the old memories of a dancer's trained muscles. Sometimes she leaves a real fever in her wake, brewing up a disease in her curdled Essence to bring just a touch of Rabid Wolf's revelation to the poor, benighted humans in the clubs and the bars she passes through. It's an act of charity, a kindness to the herd.

Trinity is never without at least two Distorted flayers, those judged in the crucible of her infection and reformed in her image. The flayers lack the majesty of their queen but possess the same warped prowess, their flesh bloated with cancerous overgrowth and a chaotic profusion of additional arms or legs. Like Trinity, flayers' claws are long and viciously keen, though they lack the delicate precision of the Skinner Queen's talons; these are savage, butchering claws. The flayers aren't members of Trinity's actual pack, but are fanatical devotees nonetheless.

RUMORS

I found this woman last night keeled over in the street. She was clutching at her face and kept talking about masks, like she couldn't remember who she was anymore. Said she was a dancer. I tried to help her up but she freaked out and started pulling so hard at the skin round her face that she drew blood. Then these really big thugs came out the alley, nasty fuckers all covered in burn-scars, and just fucking pushed me over and snarled at me while they picked her up, dainty like she was made of china, and carried her off. Thing is, she dropped her ID card out her purse. I should probably go to the police with it, right?

Trinity's mind is unraveling under the weight of the Geryo infection and too many stolen skins. Last time she took her warband out hunting, she briefly fell into a fugue and went AWOL from the operation, causing a planned attack against the Forsaken to grind to a halt and spreading panic among her followers. The loyalty of her subjects has kept the incident from reaching the Skinner Queen's rivals among the Pure, but the Forsaken saw what happened. It might be possible to exploit the Distorted's slowly collapsing sense of self.

You've heard about the Skinner Queen? You know, this Fire-Touched warlord who's got some disease that fucks up regeneration or something? Well, get this: some other Fire-Touched preacher's popped up with a different kind of magic fucking leprosy, and he says the Skinner Queen's a fraud or whatever. If we're lucky, they'll choke on each others' rotten corpses.

As vector for the Geryo strain, Thrice-Changed Trinity is creating a lot of new Distorted. Unsurprisingly, some of them are taking her creed and running with it for their own aggrandizement. A rival Distorted *Anshega* has started his own cult, proclaiming his corpulent mutations to be the true manifestation of Father Wolf's intended, pure werewolf species. Infighting between the two might just burn the contagion outbreak away, if they waste their hate and strength against each other. It's more likely, though, that such conflict

STORY HOOKS

- A woman stumbles into the pack's territory, pursued by a grotesque Distorted and several Pure. If the pack drive off the intruders, she readily tells them that she's a Wolf-Blooded, and that she's hunted by her sister — a werewolf who has become a real monster, who wants to steal her skin to regain the sister's lost human form. She's thankful for the help and keen to see her sister's downfall; she'll obviously tell the pack she's been promised support by some other werewolves too who'll help, ones who call themselves 'Ivory Claws'; maybe the pack can work with them? Perhaps this Wolf-Blooded sibling is genuine, and could give insight into Trinity's origins; perhaps she's one of Trinity's flayers, hoping to infiltrate the pack and sow discord; perhaps she's an Ivory Claw patsy, a weapon against both Trinity and the Forsaken.
- Trinity's skimmers infiltrate a major gathering of Forsaken in the region, but are detected. Paranoia now takes hold. Who was really at the meeting? What plans did the Pure hear of? Who has been infected by the Thrice-Changed's disease? When and where will the Skinner Queen strike next? Whether the pack were present or not, they need to check their own ranks for infiltrators to convince both themselves and their neighbors that they've not been compromised.
- Spiritual servants of the Firstborn gather, advising the Forsaken that a dire threat approaches — the malevolent, rogue Pure known as the Skinner Queen. The tribal totems themselves desire action against the Distorted, but they don't just want her dead; instead, the spirit-advisers counsel the Forsaken to capture and examine Trinity, maybe even to use her as the focus for a ceremony of purification. It seems the Firstborn are uncertain as to what scheme their sister, Rabid Wolf, is playing at, and are eager to learn more of her intent — if it's truly her handiwork at all.

will just create more Distorted and risk the strain spreading like wildfire.

Hey babe, I need your help. Rover bit me this morning. I don't know why but I've got this rash round the wound now and I need to go to the doctor. Can you take the dog to the vets and get him checked? Call me back quick when you get this message. Love you, bye!

The dark totems of the Pure run a hands-on operation. Trinity receives direct guidance from her pack's totem, a festering disease spirit. Other messages come via a method of transmission associated with Rabid Wolf; an infected animal bites a human, upon whose skin bloody First Tongue words then well up. These hapless victims are seized by the pack to be read then flayed; a few are instead pampered and kept as sacred slaves, forced to recite the crimson literature suppurating on their skin and to praise Trinity's holiness until the Lunacy of her form burns their minds away or infects them with the Wolf-Blooded state. Such Wolf-Blooded are seen as particularly blessed by Rabid Wolf, the goddess's madness writ visibly on their form forever.

THRICE-CHANGED TRINITY

As one of the Distorted, Trinity bears several detrimental mutations. She no longer possesses any form other than Gauru. She no longer suffers the Rage trait of the Gauru form, but she also usually lacks the improved regeneration; Trinity can reflexively spend a point of Willpower once per scene to regain both Rage and Regeneration traits for up to 11 turns. Otherwise, she regenerates at half the normal rate. Trinity is as infectious as a Rank 3 Geryo but transmits the infection only by bite.

Tribe: Fire-Touched

Hunter's Aspect: Fanatical

Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 4, Resolve 4; Strength 8, Dexterity 9, Stamina 6; Presence 5, Manipulation 4, Composure 3

Skills: Academics 1, Athletics 4, Brawl 4, Empathy (Guilt) 2, Expression (Dance) 3, Intimidation (Castigation) 3, Investigation 2, Medicine (Disease) 1, Occult 3, Persuasion (Sermons) 4, Socialize 3, Stealth 3, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge (Body Language) 3, Survival (Skinning) 3, Weaponry 2

Merits: Call Out, Fleet of Foot 3, Fortified Form (Gauru) 4, Impartial Mediator, Parkour 5, Song In Your Heart, Status (Fire-Touched) 3, Totem 5

Primal Urge: 5

Willpower: 7

Harmony: 3

Essence: 15

Health: 14

Initiative: 16

Defense: 8

Speed: 25

Size: 8

Armor: 1/1

Renown: Cunning 2, Glory 4, Honor 3, Purity 4, Wisdom 2

Gifts: (Blood) Clot; (Change) Skin Thief; (Disease) All; (Dominance) Law Low The Challenger, Snarl Of The Predator; (Fervor) All; (Hunting) Honed Senses; (Insight)

Read The World's Loom, Scent The Unnatural, One Step Ahead; (Inspiration) All; (Stealth) Predator's Shadow, The Hunter Waits; (Strength) Predator's Unmatched Pursuit, Primal Strength

Rites: Flay Auspice, Infest Locus, Messenger, Sacred Hunt, Shadow Bridge, Shadowcall

Dread Powers: Swift Skinner*, Thresher

Ban: Trinity must dance for an extended period at least once per day. She usually satisfies this ban through dancing as part of prayer to and worship of Rabid Wolf.

SWIFT SKINNER

Trinity and her flayer-Distorted can skin prey with ease; flensed flesh shivers and dances up the Distorted's talons as if it has a will of its own. When inflicting any amount of lethal damage on suitable prey with its natural weapons, the creature may use Skin Thief as a reflexive action and pay the Facet's entire Essence cost regardless of the usual per-turn limitations of Primal Urge. Doing so copies the prey's form immediately. The creature can also use Skin Thief on werewolves, although this only copies the prey's Hishu form and does not allow shapeshifting or access to any other supernatural abilities the victim possesses.

FLAYER

Flayers are the elect of Thrice-Changed Trinity's fleshly faith. They bear the usual chaotic array of mutations that plague the Distorted, but share particular features reflecting the unusual Geryo strain their mistress carries. Below is a typical flayer, a Predator King who has embraced the Skinner Queen's mad creed. This Distorted possesses only Dalu and Gauru forms, and regenerates at half the normal rate. In either form he has too many arms, and portions of his body have erupted in fleshy overgrowth; skinning a victim forces his bulk into the too-small human form with a gristly crunch.

Tribe: Predator King

Hunter's Aspect: Primal

Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 3; Strength 6, Dexterity 5, Stamina 6; Presence 3, Manipulation 3, Composure 2

Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl (Claws) 3, Empathy 2, Intimidation 2, Investigation 1, Occult 2, Stealth 3, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge (Someone else's skin) 2, Survival (Skinning) 4

Merits: Creative Tactician, Echoes of Pangaea, Hunter's Sacrifice, Living Weapon (Dalu claws) 4, Relentless Assault 2, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 3

Essence: 12

Health: 13

Initiative: 7

Defense: 7

Speed: 16

Size: 7

Armor: 0

Renown: Cunning 2, Glory 2, Honor 1, Purity 3, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (Change) Skin Thief; (Death) Cold Embrace; (Hunger) Eater of Names, Wolf-Hunger, Ravenous Maw; (Nature) Nature's Lure, Pack Kin; (Stealth) Shadow Pelt, The Hunter Waits; (Strength) Unchained, Crushing Blow, Primal Strength

Rites: Messenger, Sacred Hunt

Dread Powers: Swift Skinner, Thresher

Ban: The flayer must answer to the name of the person whose skin he last wore for at least a day thereafter.



CHAPTER SIX

COMMENCEING YOUR HUNT

This story is true. The wolf must hunt. The WOLF must hunt. The wolf MUST hunt. The wolf must HUNT.

The wolf must hunt. This simple statement captures the filter through which werewolves view the world. *Uratha* don't investigate a crime scene, they hunt for clues. They don't fight to keep their territories safe, they hunt intruders and bring down the prey.

This mindset pervades even the most mundane of tasks. *Uratha* don't just buy something at the store. They need an item, so they hunt for it. They research its strengths and weaknesses, gather prices, locations, availability, and the personality and pressure points of the various vendors. The pack moves through stores, working at the salespeople, scenting for weakness and willingness to move on price. They separate out the one with least resistance against the pack's strengths and start to bargain. Finally, the pack departs the store with the item, pleased at the outcome of the hunt, and the prey contents himself with a smaller profit and the nagging sense that he barely escaped the sale with his life.

This atmosphere is what **Werewolf: The Forsaken** Storytellers should strive for. Whatever the circumstances, enemy, or potential solutions to the problem, the pack should feel like it's hunting. *Uratha* aren't human, and reframing tasks through the lens of the hunt helps bring this to life through the game.

This chapter aims to help Storytellers capture this mood and present it to their players. Contained here is a pathway of ideas to build their chronicle, or to flesh out an existing story. We seek out what energizes **Werewolf** players, and what brings them back to the table.

We start with pitches, ideas to get your chronicle started. Is this your first hunt, with a pack who knows nothing about the world, or are your players world-weary veterans who have captured their prey time and again, who have the taste for blood and keep coming back for more?

Once we know what we're hunting for, we need to find the prey. Each of the characters presented earlier in this book has

a story to tell. Each one has desires and goals, and preferred ways of achieving them. Each one has a hunt of their own, and they don't like being prey. But what they want is unimportant. It's the pack's story; these antagonists are their prey. We're going to look at how they fit into the suggested chronicles and introduce them into the hunt.

Finally, we look at the wider world. The prey could be anywhere, hiding among a population of interesting characters, moving through locations with vivid details of sight, scent, and Shadow, or caught up in events that may not shape the world, but enrich it and add variation, clarity, or confusion. We look at how a few simple descriptors give rise to detailed settings and the interesting humans and spirits that live there. Werewolves are apex predators, if they don't know how to sort through a world rich with detail and find their prey, their hunt won't last long.

You may have realized that this chapter is a hunt of its own. You've caught the scent, you know the prey. You want to build an engaging and enjoyable chronicle. You want to sing songs of glory at the prey the pack brought down, and of the hunts where the prey escaped, possibly forever, but more likely just delaying its fate a moment longer. As the Storyteller, your hunt is to challenge the players to overcome the obstacles and succeed at their goals. Or fail, if that's what's called for. When they ask you when the next game will be, when they want you to tell a new story, when they come back to the table for the next session, you know that you've captured your prey.

The wolf must hunt.

A HUNT FOR EVERYONE

Every great hunt starts with an idea. As Storyteller, you may have a clear vision in your head on the antagonists the pack must defeat, and the challenges they must overcome on the way. Or you may prefer to let the players set the detail, drawing upon their characters' histories for story ideas and crafting the specifics around these. You may combine the two,

bringing together pack details with Storyteller design. Or you may choose to adapt and blend the differences, evolving an idea into something greater.

No one way is better than any other if it results in an enjoyable game. But each of these paths relies on an idea to move it forward. Sometimes, you don't know what the hunt should look like. Sometimes, the players are stuck for character ideas until they know how the world around them appears.

Here we present six pitches, designed to help provide inspiration, both for those times when the ideas won't flow, or to give the nucleus of an idea that the group can spin into something bigger and better. All of this is perfectly acceptable in the hunt. Sometimes, the pack chooses the prey. Other times, the prey chooses them.

These pitches aren't meant to provide all the detail. They begin with the actual pitch, the core game to be built around that scenario. They summarize the key themes and goals of the scenario, and what primary challenges the pack will have to overcome. Finally, they provide a brief overview of what the pack must accomplish to 'win' that scenario.

Unless specified otherwise, the location for each pitch could be anywhere. A pack's territory may be in the center of a busy concrete jungle, or deep within wilderness, or amidst rows of farmland. Place them wherever the group wants to set the story and build the detail from there. The rest of this chapter helps to flesh out the scenarios with locations and characters, as well as suggestions for how to fit the various horrors from the previous chapters into your chronicle.

TURF WARS

Territory and pack. These are the werewolf's everything. The territory is part of a werewolf as much as you are part of the territory. Territory is so much more than the earth, stones and water bounded by arbitrary markers. It is the people who live there, the emotion of a place, the movement of life. It is the spiritual as much as the physical well-being. A healthy territory speaks of a strong pack. But territories are prey, the healthiest ones provide the most sustenance. Plenty of foes want what you have – other werewolves, spirits, and much stranger creatures. You keep what you can hold. You keep what you can fight for.

Trouble is coming.

THE LOWDOWN

This is **Werewolf** stripped down to its basics. The pack hunts to protect its territory against all comers. No pack is entitled to territory, each one must fight to keep what it has. The most successful packs understand the strengths and weaknesses of its territory. It understands the territory's needs and works to provide them.

A strong territory leads to a strong pack, but such strength inevitably draws jealous attention. Envious eyes watch from across territorial borders, or between different worlds. Spirits grow tired of the diluted Essence filtering across the Gauntlet and want to feed on the source. They use their Influences to reinforce their interests in the territory and try to find weakness in the barrier where they can slip across and more directly service

their own interests. The pack's philosophy may tolerate some limited incursion, as long as it doesn't damage the territory. Few packs are willing to tolerate a build-up of spirits of murder, disease, or despair within their borders, however.

In the world of flesh, other werewolves smell success on their air. Smart packs forge understandings with their neighbors, but between wolves, even close friendships only last until they scent weakness. Ultimately, the pack can only trust the pack. At some point, the benefit of assaulting the pack's borders outweighs the cost. The same runs true for the characters. They would do well to have some understanding of their neighbors' territory. They may need to exert pressure to ease interest in their own territory, or attract unwanted intruders away from their own sacred places and into the lands of others. Regardless of how the characters feel about betraying other Uratha this way, those other werewolves may have a different opinion on what constitutes fair play. Understanding nearby territories can also alert the pack when something has gone wrong. When the winds shift, the pack knows to expect the inevitable attack.

CHALLENGES AND ANTAGONISTS

Turf Wars works best when the Storyteller has a clear antagonist in mind. This antagonist may be known to the characters from the start of the game, such as a greedy real estate developer intent on driving out the pack with the help of corrupt law enforcement, or a powerful spirit that rules the local *Hisil* and demands tribute and fealty from anyone daring to step into its territory. Or the prey may be unknown to the pack and require investigation and tracking to identify and locate. The characters may not know of the greedy real estate developer at the beginning, hidden behind shell corporations and lawful deniability. They may only know of the local cops cracking down hard on local gangs – including members of the characters' pack. Or they may initially be unaware of the spirit tyrant, and only know of the unusually high numbers of spirits crossing the Gauntlet to avoid persecution and gain some freedom.

Granny Stitch (p. XX), who calls from the darkness to lure the unwary from safety, could be the pack's prey, or she could merely be a distraction that catches the pack's attention for a time while the true evil works elsewhere. Or the Wasp Hosts (p. XX) may have moved into the territory, building their hive and leaving a horrific trail of mutilated human corpses in their wake. Perhaps some of these victims were members of the Uratha's pack?

VICTORY

Hunting and defeating the prey is the key to victory in *Turf Wars*. For a short chronicle, victory should be straightforward. Isolate the prey, peel back his defenses, move in for the kill. Once the prey yields, which may or may not involve its bloody demise, the pack has succeeded and settles into the contented life of a pack with safe territory – until the next, inevitable challenge arises.

For more complex, or longer running chronicles, the Storyteller may make the initial prey the first step in a larger web. The property developer answered to a larger conglomeration

that has now noticed the pack's territory and wants it more than ever. (Why is this? Simple frustration and a need to win, or is there something more valuable in the territory than the pack initially realized?) The destruction of the spirit leaves a power vacuum that the rest of the brood rush to fill, upsetting the resonances of the territory and possibly leading to twisted *magath*, as spirits devour non-traditional prey in their need for power.

This cycle of identifying, confronting, and eliminating the threat is the essence of many **Werewolf: The Forsaken** games, and many successful chronicles build on following this cycle across different prey, and the need to come up with new and more difficult means to defeat them.

GIVE AND TAKE

Everybody wants something, and they never want to lose anything. But everyone does have a bargaining position, what they're prepared to give up to gain more. Sometimes werewolves need more than pack. Sometimes an enemy is too powerful, or a problem too big. Sometimes everyone wants the same territory, and the only way to avoid bloodshed and no one claiming it is to share. When these times come, predators don't need tooth and claw, they need wits and judgment. The pack that can get everyone to the table and keep the peace is a rare and renowned thing indeed.

THE LOWDOWN

Werewolf: The Forsaken as a political game? Hell yes! Werewolves come from human backgrounds and upbringing and carry within them cooperative social instincts of wolf and human. As heirs to the great predator, they have a powerful need for pack and an equally powerful suspicion for those outside pack, but they're smart and adaptable, too.

As much as many Uratha would like to claim otherwise, no one pack can do everything. Challenges and opportunities exist that require the cooperation of many packs working together, or at least not getting in the way of each other. When the needs of the hunt are greater than what the pack can deliver, the Uratha form protectorates.

Protectorates unite packs for protection; it's in the name. They may protect packs from threats and enemies, or they might protect packs against one another. Good fences make good neighbors, as the saying goes, and protectorates can give packs the breathing space they need to tend their territories without constantly watching over their shoulders.

Protectorates also form to protect something other than the pack. Few things are precious enough to the Uratha that they coordinate their efforts to keep it safe and away from others, but they do happen. These protectorates often develop their own ritual customs that create a sense of unity and identity between the different packs and outlooks. These build community and quickly identify outsiders.

Whether the Storyteller makes the need for the protectorate an internal problem or an external threat, protectorates require skilled and dedicated negotiation to keep the peace. Such dedication can bring great Renown on the pack that manages it successfully and heap the scorn of many on the pack that cannot.

CHALLENGES AND ANTAGONISTS

It should be no surprise that the challenges in this scenario are twofold. The first comes from the reason the protectorate formed — enemies or opportunities — and the second comes from the balancing required to smooth over tensions and keep the protectorate together. For the Storyteller building this scenario, don't forget that a protectorate still has the needs of the hunt underlying its purpose. The packs within the protectorate are going to view their duties and obligations through the individual lenses of how they hunt. The people keeping it all together, likely the players' pack, view that duty as a hunt as well.

The reason for the protectorate should be clear. If the various packs that form the protectorate can't easily agree on its purpose, whether threat, protection, or opportunity, they won't stay together no matter how hard the characters work. For the politicking to be successful, the characters need to be able to remind the others of the stakes. It still won't make anyone more willing to take less than they can get, but it will keep them at the table and willing to negotiate.

The worst enemies don't come from outside the protectorate. The rot from within is always the most insidious, and wherever people join together there will be someone who thinks they could gain more benefit from not working with the others. These insider threats could be as extreme as Bale Hounds serving their Maeljin masters and eroding the spiritual wellbeing and integrity of the Uratha, or could be as simple as a pack that doesn't think it received a fair portion of the spoils. Canny Storytellers shouldn't forget the presence of Wolf-Blooded and humans within the various packs. Even if the werewolves are happy with their lot in the negotiations, their 'supporters' may be less satisfied with the deals.

Human threats often force the Uratha to take a more indirect or political approach. Despite how readily human flesh yields to Uratha claws, such violence often unites humans, attracting more of them to work together to protect themselves. Uratha who reveal their true natures may attract the attention of *Lupus et Fidelis* (p. XX) and lose their will and agency to the beliefs of others.

VICTORY

The winning pack keeps the protectorate together until it isn't needed anymore. When the enemy finally arrives, the characters lead the combined might of the packs to victory. Or they marshal the packs to track and hunt the prey within the territory, coordinating their searches and pinning the prey within an ever-shrinking circle. Perhaps the characters slowly root out the corruption festering away at the various packs and expose the traitors to the protectorate, then lead the hunt to tear the throats from the villain.

The key to victory should be the web of allies, favors and oaths they maintain with everyone. The various personalities within the protectorate may not like each other, and may not want to work with others, but they stick with it because they value the player's pack.

CANARIES IN A COAL-MINE VICTORY

Once, there was a mighty pack. It held its territory against all comers, fighting tooth and claw to control whatever came at them. The pack was smart. It balanced the spirits and the landscape and made the territory rich with Essence and prey. The pack worked with the humans to bring the right resonances to the territory – though the ignorant creatures never knew it – and to supply the pack with everything they needed. The pack was strong and grew stronger through wise decisions and foresight. The pack understood that no territory stands in isolation and bargained to set boundaries with neighbors and keep the peace.

Then the pack vanished.

No one wants to fight over the territory, but it can't be left to fall to ruin. We're giving it to you. This is your territory now. Tend it well, everyone's behind you on this. You'll do great.

THE LOWDOWN

Yes, it's clearly a setup. Despite what the characters are told, no one really has the characters' best interests in mind. Until the disappearance of the previous pack is resolved, and it doesn't turn out to be something that's going to devour the new pack and spread into neighboring territories, none of the nearby packs want anyone powerful to have the territory. Better to send in a pack of inexperienced Uratha to act as caretakers and investigators to figure out what happened. Better to send some expendable bait, to lure out the threat.

CHALLENGES AND ANTAGONISTS

The characters walk a fine line. They have a rich territory with resources, loci, and defensible boundaries. They have opportunities to establish themselves and make a claim to what is theirs. They (mostly) have the support of nearby Uratha as allies and resources, but they need to take care to not expose their throats to these fair-weather friends nor give them the answers they seek. While the mystery of the disappearance is a lingering threat, the others are content to watch and wait. Solve the mystery and the characters had better be ready for a fight.

As well as the mystery, the characters are proverbial canaries in a coal-mine. They will be the first to die if whatever destroyed the previous pack is still there. The idea that this inexperienced pack could prevail where the previous Uratha failed really hasn't occurred to anyone, but if the mysterious killer remains in the area, the characters might weaken it a little for other packs to deal with. If they don't, if they die without uncovering answers, the pragmatic werewolves surrounding the territory know that young, inexperienced packs are always looking for prime territory. You didn't think this the characters were the first pack to accept this offer, did you?

An *idigam* such as Anaba'hi (p. XX) is perfect for a scenario where the true enemy works beneath the surface and requires skill, patience, and resourcefulness to uncover. The previous pack – and other overly curious individuals – undoubtedly came a little too close for the *idigam*'s comfort. Perhaps their corpses are now rotting within the suborned walls of her school, or perhaps they're now under her control, kept deep beneath the school grounds waiting to be exhumed to hunt predators that would disturb the innocents within Anaba'hi's domain.

The characters face three main challenges. They should be quite aware of the first two – the possibility that whatever made the first pack disappear is still here, waiting to claim more victims, and the greedy Uratha waiting on the sidelines to steal the territory if it appears to be safe enough. The third challenge is less apparent at the start. The territory needs upkeep. The previous pack established the balance, but without them things will quickly start to go wrong. And each system that fails cascades into more that the characters must try and fix, all while uncovering the mystery.

The scenario is a horror movie with the characters as the naïve teenagers stumbling through the darkness. They know something is wrong, they just don't yet know what. They need to follow the clues to uncover the dark secrets that the territory hides. This mystery – and maintaining the territory – will occupy their attention in the early stages. The lingering sense of dread will build as they pick at the threads and unravel the mystery. When they do discover what happened, they'll not only have to deal with it, but also the outside interests who choose the worst possible moment to move in. Whether those outsiders are cannon fodder for the hidden horror, or seek to capture and control it for their own ends, depends on how the Storyteller sees this tale unfolding.

A MIXED BLESSING

This story is true. Every so often, Luna phases through an auspicious cycle. It rarely corresponds to anything in the human calendars, but the Cahaliths dream of it in fitful, terrifying nightmares. During this cycle, Luna makes it known she has designs for the world. The Uratha she calls then are fated with purpose. These cubs might change the world, or simply be destined to die to make some other machination work. We rarely know exactly what she wants, or even how to identify those she's marked. Sometimes, though, the dreams are clear. The dreams of this cycle told us the chosen would be marked apart from the rest. We hunted and we found you. Now it's up to you to live up to her expectations.

THE LOWDOWN

Luna is a fickle, distant goddess. Her desires are couched in symbolism and misdirection, when she bothers to make them known at all. Uratha have faith that the messages carried by Lunes are truly her will imparted through her spirit servants. This time is different. Every Cahalith across the region has had turbulent, prophetic dreams for the past several nights. A new lunar cycle is about to begin, and Luna will call new Uratha to her service. The tribes will know these blessed individuals by their Auspices, which will not correspond with the face the moon shows the Earth. The tribes will gather these mis-marked werewolves and form them into a pack. But with such little detail beyond that, how is this *Shud'nama*, this Blessed Pack, to ensure they please their goddess?

CHALLENGES AND ANTAGONISTS

The lives of the prophesied are never boring but rarely safe. Their purpose may be straightforward, or it may be shrouded by layers of bluff and misdirection. Even when the characters have no guidance on their purpose, their every move and decision is

heavily scrutinized. The tribes watch them and judge them, as Luna must surely want. If she wanted them to slide through the darkness like an Irraka she wouldn't have told everyone they existed. Characters will find they have many watchers and allies, but everyone is wary of being caught up in the whims of the gods. Equally, the characters will have many enemies determined to stop them, if only because it stops Luna getting what she wants. The spirit world will be very divided on whether to hinder or help, and while the Pure may claim to ignore the Mother, they certainly watch carefully for such portents just so they can interfere and disrupt her plans.

The reappearance of the Geryo (p. XX), legendary hunters possibly birthed by Father Wolf before even the Uratha, could concern Luna sufficiently that She would call together a pack ordained by fate. The Prima Donna (p. XX) may attract Luna's attention if she decides Uratha are her prey for the power they hold and lord over all others in their role as apex predators. Or the strength of a pack with destiny on its side may be needed to hunt an reawakened ancient predator such as Quattuor (p. XX) or Zahakeryon (p. XX). Much like the *idigam*, the Geryo are no tribe's favored prey as they come from a time and place before the Firstborn and Uratha settled on such a concept. Their continued existence threatens Luna's order, but she's not alone in wanting them controlled and eliminated. Even the Firstborn of the Pure tribes have little interest in such creatures roaming the Earth and threatening the *Hisil*, their bloodlines, or how the Uratha perceive the sanctity of the hunt. Such an existential threat is something that could unite the *Anshega* and *Urdaga* in common purpose — for a time, at least.

VICTORY

This story is the hero's journey. The chosen ones foretold by the stars and the moon to achieve what no one else can. Wise sages counsel caution around such individuals. Gods are capricious, as the stories and legends often show. For every person chosen by the gods to topple empires or become rulers over all, a dozen exist to be their plaything, tossed from disaster to disaster for the gods' amusement. And even the unwise know that Luna is more fickle than any other god.

The scenario is about changing the world, nothing less. When Luna tells everyone she has marked people for greatness, they sit up and takes notice. By playing their part in the story, the characters will discover their purpose, but it's up to them whether they go along with it. Great powers set up the game board and control the distribution of the pieces, but ultimately the decisions that matter are those the players make. They may reach the final chapter and decide that they'll go against the god's wishes and do the opposite. Perhaps this is all part of the game, perhaps not.

The most important part is that, regardless of whether the outcome feels like victory or defeat, it was the players' choice that brought it about. They changed the world, now they have to live with that.

RANGAEA REBORN

The Pure won. We lost. We failed, just as Urfarah failed before us. The Shadow of the world became almost the world.

Spirits run rampant, preying on whatever they find, building nightmare regions suited to their whims and resonances. They farm humans like cattle for their Essence, work them like slaves to build resonance. But don't think this is a simple victory for the Pure. They're just as fucked as we are. Too late they learned that their totems were too strong, too uncontrollable. They finally learned why Father Wolf kept the worlds separate. Now the Pure are just as much slaves as the humans, attack dogs for the whims of their alien masters.

THE LOWDOWN

The world as you know it is no more. This is the end game, what the Pure worked for their entire existence. It's what they wanted, and what they never expected. The Forsaken fought hard, but in the end the Pure hunted better, they wanted it more.

The world is broken. The Gauntlet is all but shredded, torn down from the millions of spirits all ripping at it as they crossed. It is a world of Influences, defined by the needs of the spirits who dwell in a location. The boundaries shift with jarring contrast, as antithetical spirits no longer keep to areas separated by physical boundaries and more orderly resonances. The apocalypse came and nothing will ever be the same.

The physical world isn't entirely gone. The Forsaken managed to hold together small pockets of resistance, isolated territories where the Gauntlet still stands and the *Hisil* sits beneath the world of flesh. These territories are the last bastions of free humans and the few spirits who don't want to survive in the new order. The Forsaken may have been defeated, but they still have hope.

CHALLENGES AND ANTAGONISTS

The world is dying. The spirits who drove the Pure onwards were so enamored with owning the flesh that they never stopped to think if they should. The world as it is now is hostile to many kinds of spirits. How can spirits of computers, cars, or other human tools survive when the humans can't thrive to build them? How can the spirits of emotions other than despair and madness thrive when the new world order destroys their sanity and reasoning?

Magath are commonplace in the new world. Desperate spirits that can't find appropriate Essence feed on anything they can catch, twisting themselves into ever more nightmarish conglomerations. Spirits that thrive on the chaos and unbridled shifting of the world feast on weaker human-like spirits, never pausing to think how this predation erodes at their core being.

The Pure tribes are less cohesive than they ever were before the fall of the Gauntlet. In general, the Fire-Touched throw themselves into the spirit schemes with the fervor of the most brainwashed cultists, blinding themselves to the reality of their slavery. The Ivory Claws try to refine their bloodlines to rebirth *Urfarah*, with rapidly dwindling gene pools. The Predator Kings pretend that this world was always their goal, while carefully avoiding ever-growing regions of predation that would suck the marrow and Essence from their bones.

In the confusion of the new spirit paradise, Luna's Bane (p. XX) and the Moon-Shunned may try to achieve what they were born to do. Banded together, they hunt through the carnage

Chapter Six: Commencing Your Hunt

of spiritual predation to the Hisil's deepest places—that aren't in their quest to expose Luna's throat and destroy her forevermore. If the characters have any hope of restoring order to the world, they'll need the Warden Moon in place to keep the horrors from beyond at bay.

VICTORY

Survival in one of the oases of normality is certainly a victory in this scenario. Characters that succeed in reinforcing the pocket of reality, maintaining the Gauntlet strength despite its tendency towards complete collapse, and retrieving enough food, water and other resources to keep the human pack going for generations are exceptional achievements. Fighting off the inevitable waves of hungry, mad spirits, Pure, and whatever else crawls out from the shores of unreality further complicates this mission.

On a grander scale, the characters may try to repair the world. It could be done with sufficiently epic quests. The Warden Moon still shines in the night sky and her Lunes do what they can to assist the Forsaken. She would be well disposed to restoring the balance. Great rituals and mighty fetishes could restore the Gauntlet, either spontaneously across the world through massive personal sacrifice, or piece by piece with smaller, more focused efforts that require constant defending. Other options are even more unusual. Strange times make strange bedfellows, and the Spinner-Hag's Azlu detest the shattered Gauntlet as much as the Forsaken do. Brave and charismatic werewolves could venture forth on quests to discover the last hidden webs of these hosts. They could forge an alliance of protection and utility, the werewolves guarding the spiders while they spin the Gauntlet back into being. When the fate of the world is at stake, the end may justify the means, and the Uratha will have to put aside pride and glory to make it work. Otherwise, they may be the last generation of their kind.

WOLFLESS

The wolves aren't always around, and they don't know how to do everything. It's like a movie, they're the stars, the ones who get the camera time. But do you think a movie makes itself? Stick around for the credits, you'll see hundreds of names, the names of people doing the real work. Half the time, it's not even the stars you see on the screen. Body doubles, special effects, everything designed to make the big names look like the most important people. Truth is, we do the heavy lifting. When it all goes to plan, you barely need to get the wolves involved. It's better that way, less chance of collateral damage. And when it goes wrong? Well, sometimes you need to roll out the stars for the spotlight.

THE LOWDOWN

Despite what the Uratha often think, a pack isn't just about the werewolves. Most packs have Wolf-Blooded and humans who take on the roles that apex predators aren't well suited for. They keep the pack running in the mundane world, interacting with their equivalents in other packs, or even just making sure the bills are paid and the electricity stays on. For some packs, the Uratha are only called upon when needed for the hunt. Others don't have any wolves to call on even if they wanted. The world is a dangerous place, and some foes can kill

even an entire pack on their trail. When that happens, the rest of the pack needs to carry on even without being able to call upon their trump card.

In this scenario, the characters aren't werewolves. They may be Wolf-Blooded, or possibly just normal humans. If they're human, they may or may not know that werewolves actually exist. They're still a pack, and they know it, even if they can't precisely say how they know. What they know for certain is that things out there want what they have, and they don't have anyone else to protect them. So they're going to have to do it themselves.

CHALLENGES AND ANTAGONISTS

Non-werewolves face so many challenges that the Uratha conveniently ignore, if they even know they exist. Making sure the utilities are paid to keep the electricity and water flowing aren't glamorous, but unless the pack lives in the wilderness, they're essential functions that need to occur. The outer layers of the pack — the humans and Wolf-Blooded — are going to notice more mundane problems long before werewolves become involved. When a reporter notices a trend in crime statistics centered on the pack's territory and comes sniffing around for a story, it's probably these characters who will fix the problem. It's better this way, quieter. The pack might be able to make the problem go away with a few well-placed words or payment, or they might put in place a façade of normality until the reporter grows bored and decides there was no story to find.

One of the greatest challenges in this game is actually the pack's werewolves. If the wolves learn of the problem, the pack knows how they'll handle it — they'll hunt. Uratha can do subtle, they can misdirect and protect, but too often they'll see the problem and remove it with tooth, claw and spirit magic. Humans are tenacious. They believe they control the world. If the problem survives the hunt, once the lunacy subsides and the mental wounds scab over, the humans will be back in force.

VICTORY

Winning at the Wolfless scenario is much like succeeding in the other scenarios. The territory must remain strong. Identify the threats, hunt them down, decide how they need to be handled, and eliminate them. Wolfless is well suited to run alongside other chronicles, possibly interspersing a session or two between games where the players run their usual Uratha characters. The pack faces major challenges keeping the territory safe while the werewolves hunt the prey in *Turf Wars*, negotiate with the other outer packs to maintain broader peace in *Give and Take*, or do their own sleuthing and try to survive in *Canaries in a Coal-mine*. Similarly, the humans and Wolf-Blooded don't get left behind when Luna inflicts destiny in *Blessed Pack*, they're swept along as the retainers (and hopefully not casualties) in the epic journey to fulfill the goddess's desires. And while the Uratha are trying to fix the world in *Pangaea Reborn*, the rest of the pack is just trying to make sure that everyone gets enough food to survive and stay strong. They marshal the defenses against the smaller foes while the Uratha hunt the larger. Uratha instinctively know that pack is all, and this scenario helps the players to experience and understand why it is so.

PREPARING THE HUNT

The thrill of the hunt lies in the details. No hunt takes place in a vacuum, and while stalking prey through the most isolated wilderness generally removes the possibility of engaging with people, in **Werewolf: The Forsaken** that same wilderness is alive with a cornucopia of spirits acting as spectators to how the hunt plays out.

This interaction of the spiritual and physical worlds is important to capture in a chronicle, as Uratha hunt across both. What happens in one world affects the other side of the Gauntlet. As the Shadow is an imperfect reflection of the physical, actions and outcomes in the world of flesh impact what werewolves will find in the spirit. How immediate and how dramatic an impact depends on what the Storyteller needs for the game.

BUILDING THE WORLD

Hunts almost inevitably head in directions the Storyteller didn't expect. The characters caught a scent of something unusual, something that attracted their attention, even though the Storyteller never intended it to be of importance to the hunt. Or perhaps the Storyteller did plan for a location or person to be interesting and engaging to the pack, but the players want more detail than already provided.

This section presents the Storyteller with tools to help build these details. She can use the tables and descriptors below as the basis for intricately-detailed set pieces at dramatic stages of the hunt, or to quickly populate an area when the characters go somewhere unexpected. These descriptions and tables provide a skeleton for the ideas, and places some flesh on the bones, but leave enough detail unspecified, for the Storyteller to improve through their own flourishes and embellishments. The section looks at both sides of the Gauntlet — spirit and flesh — but both are intended to be used in conjunction with the other.

OF FLESH AND SHADOW

Werewolves hunt both sides of the Gauntlet. Always running alongside the world of flesh, supping at the richly resonant Essence, is the *Hisil*. The geography of the Shadow doesn't precisely follow the geography of the physical world, but it has enough similarities that many say it reflects the reality of the world of flesh. In broad terms, the world of spirit most closely corresponds to the important resonances coming from the physical world, but doesn't tend to change as rapidly as humans alter the environment around them.

The Storyteller can use this to build that detail into the world. Where a hospital stands in the human world, a hospital may also stand in the Shadow. The hospital may be a spirit itself, luring lesser spirits of disease, death, and life into its door mouth, or it could be an unawakened ephemera filled with other spirits living within their own predatory ecosystem. It may be a combination of both. Or, the Storyteller may decide that the hospital of brick and cement is relatively new and hasn't yet established itself in the *Hisil*. In this case, the corresponding location may still be open parkland that hasn't noticed it was bought by developers eager to build upon it. The

spirits of youthful enthusiasm and small animals still run as they always did in this place, though they find themselves growing hungry as the expected resonances have faded, and sickening as fat spirits of illness surround and encroach on the park. Ultimately, it's about deciding what is and what isn't.

RESONANCE AND INFLUENCE

Though they have many similarities, when building the world in which the hunt takes place it's important to understand that resonance and Influence need not have the same categories. In fact, it can help the Storyteller to view resonance as a broader concept, from which Influences are facets. Imagine an ordinary house in an unremarkable suburb, where a typical family resides. This situation is primed to have a resonance such as 'home', or 'family'. It may also include others like 'stasis', 'frustration', or even 'love', but the Storyteller doesn't have to generate a broad list of resonances for the dwelling, because 'home' can mean so much.

None of the spirits residing within the area of resonance need have 'home' as an Influence (though they can). Structural spirits may have Influences around strength, unity, or inflexibility. Emotion spirits will have Influences pertaining to their specialty — anger, love, jealousy, greed, or more — and will try to use these influences to strengthen their preferred mood among the human family, while fighting back other emotional influences. The electricity elementals and tool spirits jealously stick near to their particular locations, and mostly ignore the emotion spirits. Despite their different natures and influences, every one of these different spirits find the resonance of 'home' palatable and fulfilling.

THROUGH A WOLF'S EYES

The tables below let the Storyteller build layers of detail into the world. At each level, consider which descriptors apply to the location, take a resonance, and add that to the picture. Brief descriptions of the resonances begin on p. XX to inspire and give narrative detail. Each table also includes a just a few common residents on both sides of the Gauntlet. These are broad examples — Storytellers should use the location and resonance descriptors to imagine what specific creatures or spirits they may be.

Example: Both Cliffs and Ocean in the Natural Geography table (p. XX) list birds as a commonly found creature. The Storyteller, Kim, imagines the cliffs overlooking the endless expanse of water across the ocean waves. She imagines falcons or hawks circling overhead the cliffs (evoking the resonances of Air and Clarity), and gulls and pelicans rising and falling as the waves move beneath them. With these images, she also notes that spirits of these animals possibly linger on the other side of the Gauntlet, while earth and water elementals clash where the stony cliffs meet the crashing waters.

Don't be constrained by the suggested resonances, spirits, or creatures. Storytellers should also feel free to pluck a resonance or type of spirit from one location and use them elsewhere. The reasons why and how these things appear in an unusual situation are clear story hooks to drive the plot forward.

FORM FOLLOWS FUNCTION

The tables also help the Storyteller to fill the world with human characters appropriate to the setting. This chapter doesn't provide pre-made snapshots of individuals for the characters to interact with. No, here we go deeper than that, to the foundations that make up those characters. As mentioned before, **Werewolf: The Forsaken** is a game of two worlds, and the characters hunt across both. It's more than simply having two worlds to explore, though. The expectations of both let the Storyteller quickly understand what is normal, then introduce the abnormal to the setting.

In the example on p. XX, the Storyteller used the tables to define the types of spirits that existed in two neighboring locations, and to define how similar thematic *umia* differ. The tables follow a similar process to fill the world with human and animal characters. Once again, layer the appropriate choices onto an area and take note of the resonances. These give you everything you need to make a character that fits well into whatever setting, and how they would appear and behave.

Example: Kim needs a human character operating in the world of high finance and uses the tables to help. She begins with Climate. Her setting is usually temperate, but is experiencing a prolonged heatwave, the reasons for which the Uratha are hunting. She skips past Natural Geography and selects Skyscraper from Urban Features, and notes that this is a High Finance region. From

Climate she selects the resonance heat, from Skyscraper she notes abundance and control, and from the high finance region she takes all three resonances competition, greed, and volatility.

Putting these together, Kim decides that competition and greed make her stock trader always chase the next big deal, regardless of the risk. This high-stakes game doesn't always work out for him, and he suffers high levels of anxiety because of the volatility. She makes a note that he might see someone professionally for that or might just spill his sorrows to the bartender at his regular club. Either one creates some routes the werewolves might take to get to him. The skyscraper gives him abundance – expensive suit, gold accessories, plenty of disposable cash. The control aspects work into his soul and counter the volatility that surrounds his life. He can't control the market, so he controls everything else he can through money. Drivers, partners, shoulders to cry on, he needs to make sure everything responds exactly how he wants, and the lack of control over the characters is going to be a key weakness for them to exploit. Finally, she remembers the heatwave and notes that he's always sweating inside his expensive clothes, and that faint body odor clings to him as it forces its way past his deodorant, no matter how much he applies.

She writes down the name Stephen Coburn next to all the other details for her stockbroker, and makes a final descriptor that hundreds more just like him would happily climb over his corpse and take his place in the game of high-risk, high-reward.



CLIMATE

No matter how much control they have over their dwellings and structures, humanity can't escape the effect of Mother Nature outside the walls. The climate of an area gives rise to a plethora of spirits suited to those conditions and attracts many others. Spirits associated with environmental conditions can be found everywhere within the affected region, except in those places actively working to keep them out. The separations between such areas may be active with aggressive displays and challenges between spirits of one climate and another. The greater the difference, the more energetic the competition. For example, spirits of extreme heat in a tropical climate may ceaselessly push against the walls of a closed, refrigerated warehouse while the cool-climate spirits within mock and taunt them.

Climates aren't always antagonistic. An arid environment can be associated with areas of extreme heat or cold. Such areas naturally play host to a combination of both ecosystems.

Climate Type	Resonances	Common Spirit	Common Physical
Cool	Cold, Discomfort, Sleep	Animals, Elementals, Slumber	Birds, Mammals, Trees
Frigid	Cold, Death, Survival	Animals, Death, Elementals Mammals, Moss and Lichen, Weeds	
Hot	Desperation, Heat, Survival	Animals, Death, Elementals	Cactus, Reptiles, Rodents
Temperate	Cold, Heat, Comfort	Animals, Elementals, Plants	Birds, Grasses, Flowers
Tropical	Abundance, Heat, Water	Animals, Elementals, Plants	Insects, Vines, Weeds

NATURAL GEOGRAPHY

Elemental actions shape the earth. The environment attracts animals and plants suited to the conditions, and the Essence of each place creates and draws resonance and spirits that compete and thrive. The interdependent cycle of spirit and flesh reinforces the nature of the place.

Geographic Feature	Resonances	Common Spirit	Common Physical
Cliffs/Ridges	Air, Clarity, Desperation	Animals, Elementals, Sky	Birds, Grasses, Reptiles
Grassland	Freedom, Growth, Wilderness	Animals, Elementals, Plants	Flowers, Grazing animals, Rodents
Great Lake	Cold, Freedom, Water	Animals, Elementals, Travel	Birds, Fish, Weeds
Mountain	Clarity, Defense, Earth	Animals, Elementals, Knowledge	Birds, Mammals, Trees
Ocean/Sea	Death, Discover, Water	Animals, Elementals, Travel	Birds, Fish, Marine Mammals
Pond/Lake	Life, Mystery, Water	Animals, Elementals, Life	Birds, Fish, Mammals
River	Life, Travel, Water	Animals, Elementals, Travel	Crayfish, Fish, Trees
Spring	Creation, Life, Water	Animals, Elementals, Purity	Amphibians, Birds, Flowers
Stream	Life, Peace, Water	Animals, Elementals, Plants	Fish, Insects, Mammals
Swamp	Danger, Mystery, Water	Animals, Elementals, Isolation	Birds, Insects, Rodents
Tundra	Cold, Inevitability, Sleep	Animals, Elementals, Mystery	Mammals, Rodents, Shrubs
Underground	Darkness, Earth, Stone	Animals, Darkness, Elementals	Bats, Insects, Rodents
Wetland	Fertility, Plenty, Water	Animals, Elementals, Plants Amphibians, Birds, Fish	
Woods	Age, Density, Mystery	Animals, Elementals, Plants	Birds, Snakes, Trees

URBAN DESIGN

Natural features shape the Shadow, but human actions have more impact in defining it than any other species. Humans build, change and destroy landmarks. Their emotional resonances echo across the Gauntlet, bringing new life to the *Hisil* in ways the spirits themselves would never have imagined. Their changes also bring about *magath* with unfortunate frequency, as spirits of old places find their food sources changed or eliminated so that they cannot simply feed without changing themselves.

Urban Feature	Resonance	Common Spirits	Common Physical
Airport	Boredom, Frustration, Travel	Emotion, Greed, Technology	Birds, Humans, Rodents
Apartment Building	Density, Home, Safety	Boundaries, Curiosity, Secrets	Birds, Pets, Rodents
Bar/Club	Distraction, Passion, Release	Inebriation, Noise, Sex	Humans, Rodents, Spiders
Big Box Store	Commerce, Greed, Technology	Barter, Money, Technology	Insects, Rodents, Spiders
Cemetery	Death, Knowledge, Mourning	Emotion, Faith, Memory	Birds, Rodents, Weeds
Church	Community, Control, Passion	Emotion, Faith, Memory	Birds, Flowers, Rodents
Empty Building	Despair, Potential, Secrets	Decay, Memory, Potential	Insects, Rodents, Weeds
Factory	Creation, Labor, Technology	Construction, Order, Tools	Humans, Insects, Rodents
Factory Farm	Abundance, Death, Technology	Food, Greed, Machinery	Birds, Fungi, Mammals
Farm	Death, Growth, Repetition	Animals, Predators, Stress	Birds, Mammals, Rodents
Highway	Fatigue, Speed, Travel	Movement, Road, Vehicles	Birds, Roadkill, Scavengers
Hospital	Death, Disease, Health	Emotion, Illness, Technology	Humans, Rodents, Spiders
Houses/Housing	Comfort, Home, Safety	Emotion, Maintenance, Protection	Humans, Pets, Rodents
Landfill/Garbage Dump	Abundance, Destruction, Secrets	Decay, Pollution, Scavengers	Insects, Rodents, Scavengers
Mall/Strip Mall	Commerce, Distraction, Greed	Consumption, Fatigue, Money	Birds, Humans, Rodents
Military Base	Control, Order, Violence	Discipline, Technology, Weapons	Dogs, Humans, Plants
Museum/Library	Isolation, Knowledge, Silence	Information, Order, Silence	Humans, Rodents, Spiders
Office Building	Boredom, Greed, Labor	Bureaucracy, Despair, Routine	Birds, Humans, Rodents
Park	Peace, Wilderness, Youth	Animals, Plants, Water	Birds, Grass, Trees
Parliament/Town Hall	Conflict, Control, Greed	Bureaucracy, Emotion, Stress	Humans, Flowers, Trees
Prison	Confinement, Punishment, Violence	Emotion, Punishment, Violence	Humans, Insects, Rodents
School	Frustration, Knowledge, Youth	Change, Control, Emotion	Birds, Humans, Rodents
Skyscraper	Abundance, Control, Wind	Elementals, Greed, Structure	Birds, Humans, Insects
Stadium/Arena	Conflict, Greed, Passion	Competition, Emotion, Repetition	Birds, Grass, Rodents
Street	Boredom, Frustration, Travel	Accidents, Asphalt, Vehicles	Insects, Rodents, Weeds
Theatre	Ambition, Passion, Tragedy	Entertainment, Mystery, Stress	Humans, Rodents, Spiders
University/ Post-secondary School	Control, Discover, Knowledge	Ambition, Experimentation, Stress	Birds, Humans, Grass
Utilities	Health, Pollution, Safety	Elementals, Greed, Power	Bats, Rodents, Spiders

REGIONAL

Buildings aren't the only impact humans have on the spiritual landscape. They define the nature of regions, declaring that *these* constructions in *this* area have defined purpose and expectations. These expectations inevitably also affect the resonance of an area and attract or generate suitable spirits.

Region Type	Resonance	Common Spirits	Common Physical
Commercial	Commerce, Competition, Labor	Barter, Money, Technology	Humans, Rodents, Scavengers
Criminal District	Desperation, Violation, Violence	Drugs, Murder, Weapons	Dogs, Humans, Rodents
Gated Community	Control, Order, Safety	Guardians, Paranoia, Structure	Humans, Pets
High Finance	Competition, Greed, Volatility	Greed, Money, Technology	Humans, Insects, Rodents
Industrial	Labor, Mechanization, Pollution	Repetition, Pain, Tools	Lizards, Rodents, Scavengers
Poor	Despair, Desperation, Poverty	Frustration, Hunger, Illness	Humans, Rodents, Strays
Residential	Boredom, Home, Safety	Guardians, Routine, Warmth	Humans, Pets, Rodents
Run-down	Decay, History, Potential	Erosion, Memory, Silence	Rodents, Strays, Weeds
Rural	Fertility, Food, Labor	Animals, Domestication, Plants	Birds, Crops, Herd Animals
Suburban	Boredom, Conformity, Safety	Boundary, Observation, Order	Gardens, Humans, Pets
Urban	Confusion, Pollution, Urgency	Streets, Structure, Traffic	Humans, Pets, Rodents

RESONANCES

The brief descriptors below are evocative, intended to inspire Storyteller's descriptions and give more depth and meaning to the simple resonance titles in the tables above. Use these to provide vivid descriptions of what the characters see and feel, and to better understand how the resident spirits may seek to use or abuse the unwary. These resonances are not an exhaustive list, and may be found included as part of a larger resonance, or only a specific element of a broader resonance may exist in a location.

Abundance: Everything feels plentiful, like it could never cease. It's easy to become content and complacent here.

Age: The weight of time is a heavy burden to bear. The urge to rest and enjoy the coming of the end is strong.

Air: Moving or still, the air surrounds and refreshes all. It inspires heady feelings and large, open ideas.

Ambition: If you want something, take it. Possession is all of the law in these areas.

Boredom: The end feels like it will never come. Nothing catches the attention, and the mind grows dull.

Clarity: Understanding is simple once distractions are removed. The answers appear within grasp, even if they may never be remembered outside this place.

Cold: The chill in the bones, sapping at strength. Stillness and sleep beckon to ease the discomfort.

Comfort: The pains of life matter little, easing the mind, body, and spirit. Rest a while, a reward for constant struggle.

Commerce: Nothing is free. Everything must be bartered and traded. A price must be paid, but once it is, a deal is a deal and must be honored.

Community: Strength in numbers, and security in being around those with similar ideas and values. The many is more important than the individual.

Competition: It is whether you win or lose. Winners take the spoils, losers have nothing. No conciliation prizes, no trophies for participation.

Conflict: There can be no harmony, no understanding, no mediation. No matter the importance of the different, the gulf is too great to overcome.

Confinement: Can't move, can't escape, can't be free. The loss of choice, limited options, zero prospects.

Conformity: Fit in, don't make waves. Those who stand out are dragged down to be with the masses. Difference brings attention, which brings retribution.

Confusion: Nothing makes sense. Even straightforward answers seem misguided and wrong.

Control: Everything in its place, and a time for everything. Nothing out of order will be tolerated here.

Creation: Building something better than came before. Bringing components together, the whole is greater than the sum of the parts.

Danger: Everyone in on edge, anything could go wrong without notice. Hackles are continuously raised, expecting the worst.

Darkness: An inky blackness that is more than the absence of light. The blackness dulls the senses and seems to absorb sound and touch as well as sight.

Death: The ending that awaits all things. A feeling of stillness and peace, as life transitions from one state to the next.

Decay: Everything breaks, nothing lasts forever. Tarnish spreads over even the most polished surfaces, bonds fray and tear.

Defense: Unassailable and unbeatable, the confidence of strength. Knowing how the enemy will come, and knowing they cannot prevail.

Density: Crowded with little room to move, uncomfortably aware of everyone and everything else around you, mingled sweat, breath, and stink.

Despair: No worth in trying, failure is inevitable. Overwhelming need to stop and yield. Victory will never come.

Desperation: Try anything, just one more chance. This time will be different, willing to give anything for success.

Destruction: Rend and tear, shred what was whole and grind the pieces. Nothing can withstand against enough force; weakness is inherent in everything.

Discomfort: Skin itches, bone aches, nothing feels quite right. Every silence is awkward, your personal space is invaded.

Discover: The wonder of the unknown, of seeing something new. Revelations and understanding await.

Disease: Numbness, heightened pain, hot and cold, all at once. An oozing, greasy feeling, a sweaty malaise.

Distraction: Hard to focus on what's important, the periphery keeps catching the eye. Turn away for a second and something else needs attention.

Earth: The reassuring strength of stone, the yielding solidity of clay, the passing grains of sand. Giver of life, home to millions, the bedrock upon which everything is built.

Fatigue: Drained and lethargic, never energized. Needing to rest for just one moment, to recharge for what might come.

Fertility: Anticipation of new life, the beginning of the cycle, the sacrifice of old for the new.

Food: Sustenance filling the belly. Sweet and savory scents fill the air, mouthwatering and lip smacking.

Freedom: Open choice, go anywhere, do anything. You can be anywhere and anything, it's all open to you.

Frustration: Nothing works the way it should, no result is quite right. Doing things again and again with no improvement, wondering why you even bother.

Greed: Always wanting more, taking what other people have. What you have is never enough, a yearning that twists at the heart.

Growth: Ever bigger, every stronger. Potential and development, improving. Unstoppable, consuming, uncontrollable.

Health: Wellness, functionality, and being whole. Full of life and energy, the confidence to achieve any goal.

Heat: Oppressive, uncomfortable. Hard to breathe, to think, to act. Limit movement, wait until it's cooler before working.

History: The weight of ages, expectations of countless generations. Familiar remembrances and impressions, the sense that all has come before.

Home: Comfort and relaxation, the security of familiarity. Protectiveness over what is yours, and desire to improve.

Inevitability: The turning of the seasons, the cycle of the moon. The slow march of time that inches closer to the end. It cannot be stopped, it must occur.

Isolation: Alone with one's thoughts. Apart from everything, even when surrounded. Your own company, separation from others.

Knowledge: The weight of knowing. A price must be paid in ignorance banished. Cannot be unlearned, the harsh glare of truth.

Labor: Toil and work. Muscle and sweat. Energy and purpose to produce. The fruits of effort.

Life: Boundless, insatiable. Ever growing, every striving, ever living. Movement and joy and pain and potential.

Mourning: Loss and grief. Despair and lethargy as the burden of living wears you down. Tears for the fallen, tears for your pain.

Mystery: The unknown and unknowable. Frustration and wonder. Hidden from view but teasing of its existence.

Passion: Yearning, desire. Unquenchable need for something. Illogical, all consuming. Obsess and acquire.

Peace: Stillness and contentment. Friendship and understanding. Everything seems reasonable, no difference can't be harmonized.

Plenty: Abundance, never-ending, inexhaustible. Take as much as desired, more will always come. Waste.

Pollution: Choking and insidious. Consuming and debasing. Thin sheen across everything, unavoidable. The price of progress.

Potential: Cusp of action, old becomes new. Rebirth, better than before. Ever-improving, never slowing.

Poverty: Lacking and desperate. Hunger and resentment, the gulf that divides the haves and have nots.

Punishment: Eye for an eye, stains of guilt mark offenders. Pain, misery. Suffering and retribution.

Release: Weight off the shoulders, letting it go. No more responsibility, no more worries. Stress free, concern is for another time.

Repetition: Monotonous, regular, routine, again. Predictable, observable, invariable.

Safety: Comfort and strength. Peace and tranquility. Ease of tension, let your guard down. Replenish reserves for when needed next.

Secrets: Intimate and unknown. Specialness and importance from knowing, nervousness at discovery, thrill of knowledge.

Silence: Stillness and emptiness. Blood thudding in quiet ears. Hesitant to disturb, a feeling of completeness.

Sleep: Heavy eyes, peaceful and still. Stop. Rest and recharge. The lure of boundless potential in dreams.

Speed: Senses sharp, focus narrowed. World rushes by, wind in your hair. Split second decisions, no time to pause. Act now, think later.

Survival: Overcome. Resist and thrive. Hidden reserves, willingness to do whatever it takes. Endure.

Technology: Power through invention. Control beyond self. Impersonal and inhuman. Function of design, results without thought.

Tragedy: Despair and unhappiness. Somber, serious, and conclusive. Dreadful and fateful, disaster.

Travel: Between one place and the next. Ever moving, never anchored. The excitement of new vistas. The journey is more important than the destination.

Urgency: Not tomorrow, today. Right now. Soon enough is not soon enough. Pausing even a moment could be too late.

Violation: Transgression and desecration. The breach of decorum, an insult to self. To feel unwholesome, the need to cleanse.

Violence: Rough, forceful. Fury of action, joy of release, terror of pain and defeat.

Volatility: Rapid shift, the hope of chance. Thrill and fear of unknowing, the pleasure of success, the despair of loss.

Water: Cool, dark, powerful. Ever moving, ever living. Patient and inevitable. The erosion of millennia, the quencher of fire.

Wilderness: Untamed and bountiful. Mysterious and dangerous. Abundant yet limited. Hidden treasures, if only you know where to look.

Youth: Endless possibility, ignorance and the joy of being alive. Boundless energy, take risks, no consequences.

HUNTING STYLES

Humans, animals, and spirits aren't the only things Uratha interact with during the hunt. Often a hunt brings the pack into contact with other werewolves of different tribes and outlooks. The Storyteller can use the tables below to quickly pull together the drives and general personalities of the other Uratha, or to flesh out a core idea. The personality of the pack draws on elements of the tribes and Auspices of the werewolves within it. An outline of each each descriptor appears at the end of this section.

Auspice	Hunt Descriptors
Cahalith	Glorious, Legendary, Unsubtle
Elodoth	Determined, Honorable, Ruthless
Irraka	Cunning, Silent, Testing
Ithaeur	Everywhere, Mysterious, Wise
Rahu	Dominant, Pure, Strategic

Auspice influences a character's core personality and hunting style, but tribe is who she wants to be and how she wants to hunt. For characters such as the Pure, tribe is everything they have to define themselves and their hatred of the Forsaken.

Tribe	Hunt Descriptors
Blood Talons	Glorious, Ravenous, Savage
Bone Shadows	Balanced, Mysterious, Wise
Fire-Touched	Determined, Fanatical, Wise
Ghost Wolves	Adaptable, Determined, Unpredictable
Hunters in Darkness	Merciless, Pure, Terrifying
Iron Masters	Adaptable, Cunning, Innovative
Ivory Claws	Determined, Dominant, Pure
Predator Kings	Glorious, Pure, Savage
Storm Lords	Determined, Honorable, Ruthless

Adaptable: Changing to suit the situation, flexible, and unwilling to be limited to a single approach.

Balanced: Taking account of everything before acting, working decisively but fairly.

Cunning: Deceiving and evading, finding new ways to achieve the goal.

Determined: Firm in course of action and resolved to follow it through.

Dominant: Pushing authority over the world and expecting obedience.

Everywhere: Seemingly in all places at once, forever near the prey, coming from any direction.

Fanatical: Overflowing with zeal to achieve, single-minded in pursuit of the prey.

Glorious: Overt and noticeable, the hunt draws the eye and demands fame and admiration.

Honorable: Conducted fairly and according to custom. Even if the prey doesn't understand the rules, his soul knows they were followed.

Innovative: Creative in overcoming obstacles, finding new ways to overcome whatever defenses the prey tries to use.

Legendary: The source of tales that will be told down the generations.

Merciless: Harsh in judgement, swift to exact punishment regardless of circumstance.

Mysterious: Hard to follow, actions are well hidden with frequent misdirection.

Pure: The hunt, the kill. Direct, with nothing extraneous or unnecessary.

Ravenous: Voracious and wanton. Devouring and excessive in collateral damage.

Ruthless: Without pity or compassion, obstacles are to be removed to focus on the prey.

Savage: Violence channeled with ferocity that appears uncontrolled.

Silent: Soundless, the stalking of a shadow, masked by the world, and keeping the prey ignorant.

Strategic: Every action is purposeful, violence is wielded like a scalpel.

Terrifying: Just knowing the hunter is near causes the heart to skip a beat. The prey's breath quickens and his skin crawls.

Testing: Probing for weakness, confronts the prey with challenges and notes the responses.

Unpredictable: Doesn't follow established norms. The hunter changes according to the prey's needs.

Unsubtle: Obvious and direct. Without pomp or fanfare, the hunter moves towards the prey.

Wise: Hunting perfection earned through experience. The hunter's knowledge will bring the prey down when the time is right.

APPENDIX ONE CONDITIONS

DESpondent

Your character feels the hunter's approach in his blood and in his bones. He knows his attempts to stop the hunter will be brushed aside, and it is only a matter of time before death claims him. When taking direct action against the hunter, including attacks, the character suffers a penalty equal to the hunter's Glory.

Possible Sources: The Predator Kings' Implacable Hunter's Aspect.

Resolution: Suffer a wound penalty from lethal or aggravated damage, or suffer a lethal wound in your character's last Health box.

Beat: n/a

ENRaptured

Your character has witnessed divinity and feels the madness of faith deep within his soul. Your character can take no actions other than celebrating the glory before him and staying as close as it will allow. His memory of events is filtered through the expectations of his faith. The character is somewhat protected from the world while in this state, adding 5 to his Defense against ranged, melee, or environmental attacks. While this Condition is in effect, the character's Defense can't be reduced below 5.

Possible Sources: Suffering Lunacy while possessing the *Apocalypsis fidei* Merit.

Resolution: The source of the character's Lunacy leaves her presence for more than a few minutes, or the end of the scene.

Beat: n/a

EUPhoric

Your character glimpsed Rabid Wolf's radiant madness and understands his role as prey in the hunt. He will not unduly resist his part, though the universe expects the prey

to offer some fight. Your character will not spend Willpower to gain extra dice on any action against the werewolf or those bound by the *Siskur-Dah*. He can spend to add dice or increase his resistance and to defend himself, and can fuel Gifts or use other actions, if they don't directly target his hunters.

Possible Sources: The Fire-Touched Fanatical Hunter's Aspect.

Resolution: Suffer a wound penalty from lethal or aggravated damage or suffer a lethal wound in your character's last Health box.

Beat: n/a

FRANTIC

Your character has glimpsed the passion Rabid Wolf embodies with his every moment. Nothing is held back, everything moves forward with irresistible haste. He will put his full effort into every action until exhausted, as *Gurim-Ur* demands nothing less. The character must spend Willpower on every action until he has exhausted his reserves. If he regains any Willpower while suffering this Condition, he must spend that as well.

Possible Sources: The Fire-Touched Frenzied Hunter's Aspect.

Resolution: Suffer a wound penalty from lethal or aggravated damage or suffer a lethal wound in your character's last Health box.

Beat: n/a

INSTINCTIVE

The primal nature of the hunter calls to your character. He knows that the social niceties won't deter this hunter, and intricate plans or excessive detail are doomed to fail before the hunt's natural glory. Only cunning and instinct can be relied upon. Your character suffers -2 to all Mental and Social-based dice pools, except Intimidation.

Possible Sources: The Predator Kings' Primal Hunter's Aspect.

Resolution: Suffer a wound penalty from lethal or aggravated damage or suffer a lethal wound in your character's last Health box.

Beat: n/a

MONSTROUS SERVANT

Your character is master to a Geryo. Your character and the Geryo can understand each other regardless of language. The Geryo must follow your character's instructions to the best of its ability, within the terms of the agreement and short of self-harm. Geryo are cunning and resentful servants who will stick to the letter of any agreement but will flaunt the intent, especially if they are forced into servitude against their will. Unsatisfied monsters will listen closely to the master's words and interpret unintended phrases as orders. The Geryo can't physically harm its master unless instructed otherwise. Your character is immune to the Geryo's powers and World Shaking effects, but the monster's alien drives and hunger relentlessly wear at your character's sense of self. Your character must succeed in a Resolve + Composure roll at a penalty equal to the monster's Rank each week, and again each time the Geryo completes an instruction.

Roll Results

Dramatic failure: You lose a permanent Willpower dot as the Geryo's monstrous nature eats at your character's sense of self. If this reduces your character's Willpower to zero, his mind is permanently broken, removing this Condition.

Failure: The Geryo's nature corrupts your own personality. Your character replaces either her Virtue or Vice (or equivalent) with the Geryo's. If she has replaced both this causes the effects of the dramatic failure. Creatures lacking an equivalent to Virtue or Vice gain the Geryo's obsessions but can't use these to regain Willpower.

Success: Your character retains her sanity for a little longer.

Exceptional Success: Your character reclaims some of her personality and reverts her Virtue or Vice to its original state. If she hasn't lost either of her own she instead automatically succeeds the next time she is called to make this roll. Any permanent Willpower points remain lost.

Possible Sources: Becoming a Geryo's master.

Resolution: Your character releases the Geryo from service, or your Willpower is reduced to zero.

Beat: Your character gains an exceptional success or a dramatic failure on tests to retain his sanity.

SISKUR-DAH (PERSISTENT)

Your character is on the *Siskur-Dah*, the Sacred Hunt. She gains a specific benefit depending on the ritemaster's tribe.

Pure Tribes

The Fire-Touched's Sacred Hunt grants your character increased influence over creatures of the *Hisil*. Spirits gain a

bonus equal to the Uratha's effective spirit Rank whenever they follow the werewolf's direct instructions, or when they target the prey in combat or with their powers.

The Ivory Claws' Sacred Hunt grants your character the ability to sense the familial or community relationships anyone he encounters has with his prey. The direct blood relations of the prey have difficulty protecting the prey from the Uratha. Any attempts to block or hinder the werewolf, or to refuse to provide information, suffer a penalty equal to the Uratha's Primal Urge.

The Predator Kings' Sacred Hunt grants your character Influence over the natural world equal to her effective spirit Rank. She may twist and control animals and plants to aid the hunt. The Uratha spends Essence to use Influence Effects as if she were a spirit (**Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 186-187), rolling Strength + Primal Urge in place of Power + Finesse.

Bale Hounds

The Hounds of Consumption's Sacred Hunt doubles the Essence your character gains when she consumes forbidden flesh.

The Hounds of Destruction's Sacred Hunt increases the damage your character inflicts by half her Primal Urge (rounded up).

The Hounds of Disharmony's Sacred Hunt allows your character to roll Perception to identify the weakest link in any functioning system, and to gain exceptional success on three successes (instead of five) on actions that directly undermine, weaken, or destroy this component.

The Hounds of Exposure's Sacred Hunt allows your character to use Uncontested Tracking (**Werewolf: The Forsaken** p. 95) to locate the prey's most devastating secret.

The Hounds of Invasion's Sacred Hunt obscures your character from those who try to find her. She adds her Primal Urge to the dice pool when rolling Stealth, and inflicts a penalty equal to her Stealth+Primal Urge to anyone trying to discover or track her.

Urighur

The *Urighur*'s Sacred Hunt allows your character to roll Perception to know which direction the prey is located. This Condition also activates the character's World Shaking ability.

Possible Sources: The Sacred Hunt rite, or being personally blessed by a Firstborn.

Resolution: The prey is brought down (a kill is not necessary) or the pack breaks off the *Siskur-Dah* by taking any significant actions towards ends other than the hunt.

Beat: Your character achieves an exceptional success on an action involving the prey.

SURROUNDED

Your character has no safe place to go, no ally can be trusted, all eyes are watching him. Everything is out to get him, and his every move is watched and noted. With this Condition, your character cannot hide from the hunter as the world conspires to lead the hunter to her prey. Any rolls made to notice, find,

Appendix One: Conditions

or track your character, gain Exceptional Success on three successes instead of five.

Possible Sources: The Ivory Claws' Insidious Hunter's Aspect.

Resolution: Suffer a wound penalty from lethal or aggravated damage or suffer a lethal wound in your character's last Health box.

Beat: n/a

WRACKED

Every part of your character hurts. The pain is spiritual as much as physical and endures through any painkillers or remedies. Though the character may have no actual physical injury, she suffers -1 to all dice pools while suffering this Condition. This is cumulative with any other wound penalty the character may have due to injury.

Possible Sources: The Ivory Claws' Agonized Hunter's Aspect.

Resolution: Suffer a wound penalty from lethal or aggravated damage or suffer a lethal wound in your character's last Health box.

Beat: n/a

PURE CHARACTER CREATION QUICK REFERENCE

This updates the Pure character creation rules presented in **Chronicles of Darkness: Dark Eras Companion**.

STEP ONE: CONCEPT

Choose your character's concept. Determine three Aspirations.

STEP TWO: ATTRIBUTES

Prioritize categories. Spend 5/4/3 dots by category.

STEP THREE: SKILLS

Prioritize categories. Spend 11/7/4 dots by category.

STEP FOUR: SKILL SPECIALTIES

Choose three Skill Specialties.

STEP FIVE: PURE TRAITS

Choose tribe, tribe Skills, Blood, Bone, Touchstones, hunter's aspect, Gifts, rites, and Renown.

STEP SIX: MERITS

Add ten dots of Merits. Merit dots also can be spent on extra dots of rites, or on increasing Primal Urge

STEP SEVEN: ADVANTAGES

Willpower is equal to Resolve + Composure. Harmony is 7. Size is 5. Health is Size + Stamina. Speed is Size + Strength + Dexterity. Defense is the lower of Dexterity and Wits, plus Athletics. Primal Urge is 1, plus any bought with Merits.

PURE TEMPLATE

Tribe	Renown	Skills	Hunter's Aspect	Gifts
Fire-Touched	Wisdom, Cunning, Glory	Expression, Occult, Subterfuge	Fanatical, Frenzied	Disease, Fervor, Insight, Inspiration
Ivory Claws	Purity, Glory, Honor	Intimidation, Persuasion, Politics	Agonized, Insidious	Agony, Blood, Dominance, Warding
Predator Kings	Glory, Purity, Wisdom	Animal Ken, Brawl, Crafts	Implacable, Primal	Hunger, Nature, Rage, Strength

PRIMAL URGE

Primal Urge starts at 1 dot. Additional dots may be purchased with five Merit dots each. A character cannot start with Primal Urge higher than 3.

GIFTS AND RITES

Start with two Facets from Shadow Gifts from your tribe. Choose one Facet from any Shadow Gift. Choose one facet of a Wolf Gift. You cannot choose a Facet in which your character has no dots of Renown.

EXPERIENCE COSTS

Trait	Experience
Attribute:	4
Skill:	2
Merit:	1
Affinity Gift:	3
Non-Affinity Gift:	5
Additional Facet:	2
Wolf Gift Facet:	1
Renown:	3
Rites:	1
Primal Urge:	5



You've got it into your head that there can't be much worse than you. You're a monster, a feral animal, barely controlled and just snapping at unfortunate bastards who cross your path.

Well, newsflash, buster: there's far worse out there than your hairy hide.

We are mutation. We are forced devolution. We are throwbacks and beings so ancient you wish mommy Luna had kept a lid on us. You've got teeth and claws. We use disease as a weapon, tear open the Gauntlet for fun, get into the minds and bodies of your precious families.

You talk a good game. You claim to be "Forsaken." Oh, poor you.

You don't know what it is to be unwanted, shunned, truly treated as abominations.

But don't worry, cousin. We'll show you.

Shunned by the Moon includes:

- A rich cast of monstrous creatures suitable for Werewolf: The Forsaken, Beast: The Primordial, and other Chronicles of Darkness games.
- Thorough examinations of the culture, practices, and abilities of the Pure, the Bale Hounds, and other depraved werewolves.
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WEREWOLF
THE FORSAKEN
SECOND EDITION

