

LODGES™

THE FAITHFUL

the World of Darkness®

WEREWOLF
THE FORSAKEN™



LODGES™

THE FAITHFUL



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WORLD OF DARKNESS® CREATED BY MARK REIN-HAGEN

Blooding

As soon as Bill said, "Fuck you, sand nigger," I knew we were screwed.

Bill doesn't listen to me. I keep thinking I'll challenge him to run this pack, but he always manages to shut me down. He's fucking *mean*; he knows exactly what to say to take the piss right out of you. Every time I get in his face because he's gone and made us look like a bunch of punks in front of those Bone Shadows over the hill, he just cuts me up. And I feel like tearing his head off, but I never do it, because I don't want to become leader just because I kicked his ass. So he stays alpha.

Jackie and Michaela have been all over Bill's dick ever since the five of us hooked up. I admit, Bill's pretty hot. He's got that rugged, natural-blond, trailer-trash-but-still-pretty thing going on. I've got no idea why some girls fall for that, because every guy I've ever seen who gives off that kind of vibe is some kind of asshole. Then again, maybe it's just that Bill's one of the only two guys in the pack. Jackie's started smelling a little different, and I'm wondering if she's pregnant, but nobody else seems to notice.

This is a pretty fucked-up pack, I've got to admit. I didn't even know all the shit we were doing wrong until I accidentally crossed the hill and those Bone Shadows kicked my ass. Bill, of course, wanted to storm over and start some shit with them, but I wouldn't let him. Told him it was my fault, that I was trespassing, that I just hadn't noticed the markers. It was true, but I didn't so much care about trespassing. I just didn't want to piss them off, because I wanted to learn from them. I finally got Finny to agree to meet with them. We invited the Shadows, and everything was fine until Bill had to start making an ass of himself. And then lines got drawn, challenges issued and suddenly he's saying, "Okay, our Rahu against yours," and I'm wondering how the hell I suddenly got put on the spot.

I seem to get my ass kicked a lot thanks to Bill's mouth.

Anyway, the five of us were in the parking lot of our local Fucking Huge Supermarket. It's open 24 hours, but it was three in the morning and the lot was mostly empty. Also it's as big as a football field, and we were in the back corner. Finny was trying to get me to go in and buy beer, since I'm the only one with an ID anymore. Bill and Michaela were making out behind the van, and Jackie was sitting on the bumper. Either she was waiting her turn or she and

Bill had some kind of spat again, I don't know. The whole thing makes me sick. I know Finny doesn't like it, either. He keeps saying, "That shit ain't right, it's like banging your sister." And then Bill cuts him down, and Finny shuts up.

Bill's an Irraka. I didn't know what that meant until recently. The pack that found me was busy, on their way someplace important, and they dropped me off with Finny and Jackie here in good ol' Nashville, after giving me the little present on my shoulder blade. Michaela showed up not too long after that, and the dude with her knew how to perform initiations, so we all became Iron Masters. I don't feel much like any kind of master, but what the hell. It was nice to belong. Michaela's mentor took off not long after that — something about needing to get to Florida before "the sea woke up." I don't know. I think he was nuts. But he was the one who knew the rules, even if he didn't really explain them well. So, without him, we were drifting.

Then Bill showed up, already an Iron Master, already knowing all about being Uratha, and we all thought, *Great, someone who can teach us some shit*. He was banging Jackie and Michaela inside a week, and was hitting on me pretty good, too, but something in my gut told me that I needed to stay out of this guy's pants. Finny's right, it always felt like my brother was trying to screw me when Bill got frisky. I learned right away not to stand up to him. I guess that was my mistake, then.

We found a locus in this burned-out house's basement. We've tried going there and hunting spirits. The guy who initiated us made it sound simple — risky, but not all that hard. Fuck that. Those things that came at us the first time, they looked like bats, but their bites left welts that took *days* to heal up. I haven't been much in the mood to go back since. Michaela keeps saying we need to get over there and start talking to spirits, and Finny agrees, but Bill doesn't give a shit. So we spend most of our time hunting down people we don't like, taking their money, then blowing it on beer and shit like that. I keep saying, "Better that than those bat-things." And every day, this sick feeling in my stomach gets a little worse.

So tonight was typical. Outside the grocery, waiting to get annoyed enough to go buy beer. Suddenly Jackie perked up, and nodded at this guy walk-

ing toward us. Finny whistled for Bill and Michaela, and they walked around the van to see what was up.

The guy was Uratha, you could see that a mile away. Not only did he smell like one, he had tattoos on his neck and shoulders that a human might think were just some weird tribal thing. We'd all seen them, though — they were spirit brands. I'd never seen them done as real tattoos, but then, I don't know that many werewolves.

The guy was a badass. I didn't even have to concentrate to figure that one out. I knew just by his walk that he could kill us all, and I started sweating, thinking, *Shit, this guy's one of those Ivory Kings the Shadows over the hill talked about.* But as he got closer, I relaxed. He could kill us, yeah, but that wasn't why he was there.

Well, it wasn't until Bill decided to be a prick.

The guy was Arab. Now, this isn't the best time in the world to be Arab in Tennessee, werewolf or not. I really don't give a shit, and I knew that Finny and Michaela would just be excited to meet another Uratha, but Bill is a "patriot," which he takes to mean that he has to hate anyone darker than me with a suntan. He was sneering before the guy got within 20 feet.

I leaned over and muttered, "Bill, be careful. This guy looks tough."

Bill just rolled his eyes. "Whatever, Zee."

He took his bike chain out of his pocket and started spinning it. It's got a snake-spirit or something in it, so when he hits people with it they twitch and get sick like they're poisoned. I guess he was trying to look threatening.

The Arab guy just smiled, and said something to us in First Tongue. We all just looked at each other. We got the gist — it was a greeting — but the only one of us who knows enough of the language to be useful is Finny. He tried to answer back, but the guy just winced a bit and then said, "Never mind. We'll just use English."

"This is our territory, fella." Bill at his most charming. I was expecting the guy reach out and clock him one, but the guy nodded.

"I know, and I'm sorry to intrude. I just wanted to have a few words with you before I'm on my way. Are you aware of the state of *Hisil* here?"

"Yep," said Finny. Not that any of us had much to compare it to, but we knew it was dangerous.

Bill shot him a look. "Shut the hell up, Phineas."

Bill turned back to the Arab. "So what's it to you? Our territory, remember?"

The man's smile faded. He was looking at the bike chain.

"Are you aware that spirit isn't in that chain by choice?"

Bill's eyes got a little wider, but he recovered well. "Why should I care?"

"Because that's slavery," the man replied. "If someone put your soul in an object, you'd pray for death. Think what it's like for the spirit." He peered at the chain a little closer. "I'm going to have to ask you to let it go. The spirit, I mean."

My back started to itch. Jackie stood right behind Bill, just waiting for his signal. Finny looked interested. Michaela was standing near me. I guess she thought I was going to jump the guy.

"Fuck you, sand nigger."

I just shut my eyes. I knew this was going to be bad.

The guy reached out and grabbed the chain out of Bill's hand. Jackie was already moving. Her shirt tore open as she grew to Dalu form and reached out for the man's throat. He just moved his head back out of reach, grabbed her wrist and threw her against the van. Finny pulled his gun and tried to cock it, but he was shaking. We hadn't been in any fights with other Uratha, not as a pack.

The guy saw the gun and took a step toward Finny, grabbed it out of his hand and then stepped down against the side of Finny's left leg. I heard bone snap and saw bloody fragments poking out of the side of his jeans. Finny drew in a breath to scream, but the man grabbed his hair and slammed his knee against Finny's face. Finny dropped to the ground.

Michaela was recovering, and Jackie was losing it. I saw her eyes go dull and muddy. She always gets that look before she goes nuts. The man must have seen it, too. He crouched down and jumped straight at her, driving both fists into her face. He landed on top of her, pounding her head against the ground.

This all happened in about five seconds. Bill and I were standing stock-still. I don't know what was going through his head, but I was getting pissed. There's a lot I don't like about my pack, but I wasn't going to sit by and watch this guy trash us.

I changed up to Dalu and grabbed him by the shoulder, yanking him off Michaela. She was still moving, but barely. Her head was bleeding, and the Rage was fighting with the desire to lay there and heal. The man turned around and threw my arm off, and that's when I realized exactly how screwed we were. He was stronger than me, but he was still wearing his Hishu skin.

He punched me in the face and then gave me a follow-up blow to the right tit. It's mostly muscle in this form, but he must have hit a nerve or something. My right arm went numb. I felt Death Rage rising, and I considered, just for a second, giving in. I kept control, though, partly because I didn't want to

lose it in a parking lot. Mostly, I wanted to see what he'd do to Bill.

Bill, the little fucker, was *running*. He was taking off across the lot, sprinting toward the store. The man got a look on his face that I recognized, because I get that look myself every time Bill starts hitting on me or fucking Jackie or telling us not to worry about the Shadow. The guy's lip curled back, and he growled something in First Tongue. Then he reached down and pulled one of the hubcaps off the van and threw it like a Frisbee.

The hubcap hit Bill in the back of the neck, and he flew forward into the asphalt. I didn't see if he got up. Jackie had dropped down into Urshul and was circling the Arab guy, looking for an opening. He must have considered her a real threat, because he switched up to Dalu form. He wasn't even looking at Finny or Michaela, but they weren't moving yet. The Arab growled, deep and throaty, and both of us backed up a bit. I thought, *Shit, that's what an alpha should sound like*.

Jackie jumped at him, trying to bite his throat. His right hand caught her under her jaw and his left grabbed her right foreleg, and he swung her around like a huge club. Her haunch caught me across the face before I realized what he was doing, and I flew back against the van.

He lifted Jackie up over his head and brought her back down on his knee. I heard her spine crack, and she yelped in pain. He dropped her, and she melted back to Hishu form, naked and bleeding from the mouth.

I started to lose it. I could feel my fingertips itch. I could smell my pack's blood on his hands. I glanced across the lot, but I didn't see Bill. I stepped forward, growing taller, ready to kill, ready to take this guy's heart.

"Stand down," he said. The tone was the same as the growl he'd given a few seconds before. I felt my Rage leaking away, my body becoming human again. I felt like there was nothing I could do. This guy was an alpha. I wasn't.

"Thank you," he said. He dropped down to Hishu again and held up Bill's chain. The guy stared at it for a few seconds, and I swear I heard something fall to the ground and hiss.

He dropped the chain — now just a hunk of metal, and met my eyes.

"Does your pack bind any other spirits?"

I shook my head. He started to turn away, then turned back and stared at me, studying me.

I hadn't meant to lie to him. I just never thought of that scar on my shoulder as a fetish. He was lunging at me before I knew what was going on. He spun me around, slammed me against the van, snarled something in my ear, something I didn't understand. He smashed the side mirror with his free hand and stabbed a sliver of glass into my shoulder blade.

I probably could have stopped him, or at least put up a fight. But the truth is, I really didn't care. That scar never meant much to me, and what he had said earlier — *If someone put your soul in an object,*



you'd pray for death — ran through my head. I just bit into my lip. It was over in a few seconds anyway.

He threw the chunk of flesh to the ground, and I slumped against the van, bleeding and trying not to cry or lose my temper. He sat down next to me, waited for the skin to regrow and the flesh to knit, and then patted my hand.

"You're the best of them," he said, and then he walked away.

I sat there for a few minutes and waited for the others to come around. Jackie took the longest, but our bones knit quick. After we could all walk again, we got into the van and took off. Bill didn't come back, but nobody suggested waiting for him.

We all sat around for the next day or so, waiting for Bill. I guess we probably all had what we wanted to say to him planned out. I was going to tell him that I was in charge now, and that he was going to stop fucking Jackie and Michaela or I was going to kick his ass until he couldn't even blink. I know Finny was just going to shoot him when he walked in the door, just to get his attention. I can only imagine what the other two would have done. But Bill never came back.

We visited with the Bone Shadows the next week, and we asked for their help. They told us they'd teach us how to enter the Shadow without getting killed if we let them use the locus there, no questions asked. We didn't like it, but we didn't have any other bargaining chips, so we agreed. They started by teaching us how to talk with spirits. Michaela's got a knack for it, her being Elodoth and all,

and Finny does okay, too. I'm just getting the basics down. I know what the guy called Bill now: *nisuuf*. It means "coward." I found out what he called me, too. *Lul* means "liar." That hurts, because I hadn't meant to lie. But I can understand why he was pissed off.

Turns out the Arab guy stopped through the Bone Shadows territory, too, talking about ashes or something. They weren't real interested in talking about it. Apparently, they lost some fetishes, too. They changed the subject when we asked about it, and really, the others didn't much want to talk about the Arab, either. Nobody likes to talk about the guy who handed you your ass.

Except I was still curious. Not so much about why he didn't like fetishes. I got that okay. I wanted to know what he meant by calling me "the best of them." I mean, I figured he meant the best of our pack, but why? I'm okay in a fight, but Jackie's probably better. Bill was smarter than me, and Finny was smarter than all of us put together. Michaela knew a few rites and things. That's more than I knew.

I let all this sit about a month before I decided to follow the guy. I didn't want to leave my pack, but Michaela would do okay as alpha, and those Bone Shadow guys were helping out now. I didn't have any idea who he was, where he was headed or even what tribe he belonged to. All I had was the glass he'd cut me up with, and it had a tiny little bit of his blood on it.

I've got his taste, and maybe that's enough. I've got some questions for this guy. Hopefully he thinks enough of me to answer.

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LODGES™

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PROLOGUE: BLOODING 2

INTRODUCTION 8

CHAPTER ONE: FOUNDATIONS 12

CHAPTER TWO: TRIBAL LODGES 28

CHAPTER THREE: OTHER PATHS 118

INTRODUCTION

"WE TOOK AN OATH TO UPHOLD THE PURITY AND IDEALS OF THE TEN FOR AS LONG AS WE SHALL LIVE."

— RAT CONROY, THE LORDS OF DISCIPLINE

A Blood Talon stops in front of a house widely believed to be haunted and lets out a low snarl. A Storm Lord leaps into a fight, carrying with her a phantom sound of ravens cackling. A Bone Shadow stares at a newly Changed Uratha across a fire, as though reading something portentous in his future. The tribes give the Uratha an extended family and heritage, but deeper levels of commitment can be found.

Members of lodges are always treated with a certain amount of deference, and stories circulate about the trials that a werewolf must go through before being admitted to one of these elite brotherhoods. Some lodges are well known and their members wear symbols, badges and jewelry to designate their allegiance, while other lodges are so secretive that even the greater body of the tribe does not know they exist. Some lodges are accessible to werewolves just out of their initiations, while other lodges require that members have years of training and extensive feats of Renown just to be eligible. All lodges, though, mark their members as special, as worthy of the attention of not just one of the Firstborn, but of another powerful spirit. What's more, a lodge is a tribe within a tribe, a place where werewolves feel truly appreciated, truly among their own peers.

This book goes into greater detail about the process of joining and creating lodges. Each of the 15 lodges mentioned in **Werewolf: The Forsaken** receives a more in-depth treatment within these pages, and another 16 brand-new lodges debut within these pages. Some of these lodges are tribal, while others cross tribal boundaries — and some lodges are vile enough that the players are more likely to encounter them during the violence of the hunt. As always, the information in this book is meant to expand the possibilities of your **Werewolf** chronicle, and everything found herein exists in your stories only to the extent that you wish it to. Future books will only refer to lodges as described in the **Werewolf: The Forsaken**; you don't have to worry about another sourcebook providing information that relies on using the Lodge of Cerberus found here.

WHY LODGES?

Lodges serve several roles within Uratha society. First, lodges serve to stratify the tribes. Not every Iron Master agrees with every other about how the tribe's ethics and goals should be expressed, but forming new tribes isn't pos-

sible because of what tribes represent — the teachings and legacy of one of the Firstborn. Forming a lodge, however, allows a divergent group of Uratha to remain true to their tribe's philosophies but still express whatever values they feel are important.

Second, lodges reinforce the fact that tribes, while widespread, are not monolithic or omnipresent. A nearby territory might give the characters pause if they know it to be "Blood Talons' turf," but suppose the characters discover that those Talons are actually members of the Lodge of Swords? If the characters know anything about the lodges, they might wonder why Uratha of this crusader mentality have set up shop nearby. Meanwhile, a pack of Blood Talons 50 miles away might take their inspiration more from the Lodge of Wendigo, which, in turn, gives them a very different agenda.

Finally, lodges give the players the means to discover the secrets of the World of Darkness along with their characters. All lodges have found truths, some empowering, some horrific, that other factions of Uratha have not. By joining one of these brotherhoods, a character is discovering how deep the shadows truly run in the World of Darkness. The Gifts or rites that she can pick up along the way are nice perks, but the true value of membership in a lodge is knowledge and the chance to learn and follow one's passions. Some lodges, however, are likely better off avoided — the power granted by the Lodge of the Feast comes at a terrible cost.

TOOLS AND TOYS

The various Gifts, rites and Merits, as well as the advantages of an extended brotherhood, are in part tools for the Storyteller to use in order to craft a chronicle bursting with story potential. But a lot of these tools are also toys designed for player use. If you read, say, the write-up for the Lodge of Wrath and think, "I'm not sure that my character would really buy into this philosophy, but I'd love to play with those Retribution Gifts," don't despair. Think about your character and her experiences, and consider what kind of circumstance would be required to nudge her toward wanting to join the lodge. Then ask your Storyteller if it would be possible to arrange such circumstances in a story.

Storytelling and dramatic engineering are great. New toys are fun. Never let anyone tell you that the two can't or shouldn't combine.

STORYTELLING LODGES

How should you use lodges in your **Werewolf** chronicles? This book provides plenty of ideas and suggestions on how to work each of the 25 lodges detailed into chronicles, but let's talk about lodges in general for a moment. Lodges have two very broad uses: goals for players' characters and a way to crystallize and exemplify the goals and mores of Storyteller characters.

ASPIRATIONS

If a player wishes her character to join a lodge, you should consider how you can work such a story into your chronicle. All lodges have entrance requirements, some more stringent than others. The game Traits necessary to be eligible for lodge membership are only a small part of the initiation process, though, and arguably the least important. After all, any starting **Werewolf** character might have the dots necessary to join the Lodge of Harbingers, but actually calling up Death Wolf and chasing down White Hare aren't so simple. The process of joining a lodge normally requires finding a member of that lodge at some stage in the proceedings and asking to be considered for membership. What happens then depends very much on the lodge in question, but whatever happens is usually extensive and challenging, demanding much of the applicant.

You could choose to sideline the character while she goes through this complicated process, but it's much more satisfying to allow her to play through the challenges associated with joining the lodge. Some lodges require applicants to face the challenges alone, which might be best suited to a solo game, but other lodges allow the applicant's pack to be present for moral support. While this does put the other players in supporting roles for a short time, it also allows them to portray their characters in an unusual but important way — showing their solidarity while a packmate undergoes a difficult trial. The pack should be rooting for their ambitious member. After all, a packmate who is a lodge member can only bring glory and benefit for the whole pack, right?

Actually, this isn't necessarily the case. Some lodges are very secretive and might demand the new member spend long periods of time away from her packmates. Even if this happens during downtime between stories, the tensions should be apparent in the pack: no one wants split loyalties. Also, the other packmates might become jealous of the acclaim that being a lodge member brings but lack the ability or the focus to join a lodge themselves. While the bonds of the pack are strong, resentment can fester, given time. Consider, as a player, how your character

might react to joining a lodge or to a packmate joining a lodge.

Lodges can cause such tensions even before characters join them. While some lodges have fairly simple prerequisites, other lodges are only available to characters with high levels of certain types of Renown. Consider a Bone Shadow Rahu who wants to join the Lodge of Doors. The lodge requires a certain amount of Cunning Renown, which isn't a primary category for the character. She must therefore pursue this type of acclaim even though her pack might need her attention elsewhere (and, of course, she must first gain the spirit's attention through either Wisdom or Purity Renown, since secondary Renown cannot be higher than primary). Joining a lodge might be a longstanding dream for a character, and so the questions are: How important is that dream for the character? More important than the Oath? More important than her pack? What would she sacrifice if it meant membership in one of these elite groups?

Some lodges are so exclusive that a character might strive for years before being able to join. Consider, for instance, the Lodge of Ashes. Merely having the prerequisites to join would cost 88 experience points at the minimum, and the lodge requires a long training period. Membership in the lodge might come at the end of a long-running chronicle (in which case the player should remember that it's the journey, not the destination, that is important). The Storyteller might also wish to skip long periods of time between significant events, allowing the character to bypass portions of the training process.

LUMINARIES

Storyteller characters who belong to lodges can serve as inspiration, mentors or antagonists for the troupe's pack. The use of these characters as inspiration can be, of course, to plant the notion of joining a lodge in a character's head, but it's also possible for a lodge member to simply induce a werewolf to live to a higher standard of behavior. Many lodges require a certain base level of Harmony, with the result that characters might come to equate belonging to a lodge with living in tune with the spirit world.

Membership does have its privileges. Being a member in good standing automatically comes with the perk of an extended network; this is the equivalent of possessing a dot in the Contacts Merit. Although other lodge members might not always be available to help, the character has a reasonable chance to get at least some aid from a brother-in-arms — and is expected to provide support in turn when asked, of course.

Even if a character has no intention of joining a supporting character's lodge (or is ineligible due to tribe), the lodge member can act as a mentor. Having a teacher and benefactor in a lodge reflects well on the pupil, and might be good for a positive modifier on Intimidation or Persuasion rolls with other Uratha. Likewise, although



lodge members do not teach their secrets to outsiders, sometimes lodge members can use their special skills on others' behalf. A member of the Lodge of Prophecy, for instance, won't be interested in reading the future for just any werewolf who approaches him, but might make an exception for a protégé.

The Forsaken tribes might have sin and burden in common, but they are not always united. If the players' characters are all Blood Talons and they face vicious rivalry in the form of a Bone Shadow pack, perhaps one of them has an Ally or Mentor in the Lodge of Wendigo who could lend some expertise. Likewise, perhaps the *Hirfathra Hissu* know someone in the Lodge of Death who could assist them in some unexpected and terrifying ways. Some lodges have agendas that are completely antithetical to a pack's goal. Taking on a lodge isn't something that any pack, especially a young one, wants to attempt, because lodges in general are known to the Uratha to be secretive, resourceful and experienced. These descriptors don't fit all lodge members (or even all lodges, really) but sometimes reputation is more than enough to give one side a winning edge.

And then, some lodge members really are dangerous enough to challenge an entire pack, either because of formidable combat skills (Lodge of Garm), spiritual ability (Lodge of Prophecy) or social acumen and contacts (Lodge of Crows).

No matter in what capacity you use a Storyteller character, lodge member or no, remember to define the character herself just as clearly as her role in the chronicle. Enemies to the pack are enemies for a reason, and that reason should never be as simple as "she wants them dead." If the character is a lodge member, perhaps the lodge's ethics or agenda gives some reason for the animosity, but, in any case, beating an antagonist is much more satisfying when that antagonist had a good, clear reason to work against the pack.

CHAPTER BY CHAPTER

The **Prologue** demonstrates that becoming Uratha is a learning process, and shows two werewolves who are quite far apart in that process.

Chapter One: Foundations explains the process of setting up and maintaining a lodge, from finding and securing a totem to setting down entrance requirements to cementing which benefits are appropriate. The process of characters actually founding a new lodge is difficult, but by no means impossible, and could well be the focus of a chronicle.

Chapter Two: Tribal Lodges presents five lodges for each of the five Forsaken tribes. Five of these lodges (Garm, Harbingers, Lightning, Seasons and Crows) received brief write-ups in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, 10 more were mentioned in the tribal spreads in Chapter Two of that book and the remaining 10 are new to this book. All of these write-ups contain the legendary beginning of

the lodge, details on membership and initiation, system prerequisites and benefits — all the sorts of things a player needs. In addition, Storytellers are provided with story seeds to help work the lodge into a chronicle and a fully statted member of that lodge for use as a supporting character, inspiration for a players' character or just some an illustration of how the lodge's precepts might be expressed.

Finally, **Chapter Three: Outside Paths** examines cross-tribal lodges. These fraternities are rarer but still out there, and since most player-controlled packs are multi-tribal, these groups might well come in handy for your troupe. However, some of the lodges found may not be openly recruiting — or if they are, it's for no good reason.





CHAPTER 1

FOUNDATIONS

It was colder in the Shadow, but not quite here. A faint glow smeared across the horizon flickered in hue, as if uncertain whether it should end the sunset early or prolong it, linger more.

The werewolf leaned heavily against a tree. From a distance, he looked exhausted, but not so much up close. His shoulders were wrapped tight, his eyes smoldering with a low, hateful fire. Almost tentatively, the spirit, a long string of snake's bones knotted together with something dark and slick, weaved between and around his feet. Its speech was a sighing, rattling cough.

"Are you certain? Certain? This is a difficult road... path... journey. You will have to ask... demand... those of the Shadow, those of our own, those that are much stronger... vaster... hungrier than myself."

"I'm as sure as I'm gonna get," said the werewolf. "Ain't no reason this shit should still be goin' on. Ain't no call not to try."

The spirit rattled again. "You will not be enough... sufficient. You may call... invite... provoke the Brother. You cannot bind him. Enslave him. Compel him. Not one of... you."

"I'll find others."

Rattle, sigh, cough. "Others will stand with you? Run... hunt with you? Then there will be more that will be broken... undone. This will break you. Grind you. Bleach you."

"We'll see. If this grinds me up for bread, then some damn teeth are gonna break on my bones before I'm done. If good folk die standing with me, they will. And they'll know, same as me, that it's 'cause this just may be the most important damn thing they've ever done."

Cough, sigh. "Yes. Correct... we will see."

*THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN IS EVOKED BY PARTICULAR MEN ACCORDING TO THEIR CIRCUMSTANCES.
BUT IT SELDOM EXTENDS TO ALL MEN.*

— R.D. LAING, *THE POLITICS OF EXPERIENCE*

TO FORGE A BROTHERHOOD

There are many bonds in the life of a werewolf: family, pack, totem spirit and tribe. The last of these is a powerful connection to Uratha history and a declaration of allegiance to the Forsaken's task of guardianship. But in some ways the tie to tribe is a loose bond, a bond of ideals that often find greatly different expression.

The Forsaken are united in purpose and ideology — up to a point. True, to live as a tribal member is to share your outlook and drives with others of your kind. And though the bond of tribe offers a more binding bond than that of friendship and a more soulful (if less intense) tie than that of the pack, the tribe is still a vast range of personalities and werewolves who swear the oath to a Firstborn totem.

But what of those werewolves who seek a tighter bond of involvement and association with those who share the oath with a tribal wolf? Among any group, there will be individuals who gravitate toward one another because of shared ideals, beliefs and life experiences. The pack is the default social unit for the Forsaken and allows these bonds to flourish between members. In other cases, no matter how tightly bonded the pack might be, some werewolves, in addition to the loners who cannot call upon the support of a pack, will seek alternate bonds of companionship and brotherhood or like-minded Uratha who will help pursue a particular ideal. In this instance, the werewolf might petition to join a lodge — or create one with the help of any like-minded and true-hearted allies he or she can muster. The rewards for doing so are obvious: prestige, a show of one's honorable beliefs and dedication — and the recognized skill of having forged a lasting pact with a powerful spirit from the Shadow.

However, this path is not an easy one to walk.

THE FIRST STEPS

When creating a lodge, a Storyteller must answer the following four main questions at various stages of design:

- What is the theme of the lodge, and what is it about this outlook that attracts potential members?
- How was the lodge first formed, and which spirit has sworn to watch over the werewolves who take the oath of membership?
- What does the lodge demand of its members, and what benefits do they receive as part of their membership?
- What is the lodge's relationship to its parent tribe, and do the lodge's ideals and methodologies clash with any other established lodges?

The answers to these questions will form the core structure of the group, and will almost certainly be involved in some part of most of the lodge members' interactions with other Uratha. Membership in a lodge is a notable badge of honor and a worthy ethos to follow, as well as a place amongst an elite (or at the very least, highly selective) band of individuals. Involvement in such a group is bound to affect a werewolf's actions and relationships once he has joined. The four core questions asked above make up the majority of the lodge's important details in this regard.

THEME

For Storytellers, the first step is one of envisioning a lodge's theme. Most often, a lodge is formed with one or more of the following concepts in mind, and it is perfectly natural for a new lodge to emphasize all of them to some degree.

Every subgroup of a tribe needs an idea to live up to or a way of life to follow. These ideals need not always be as lofty and profound as this sounds; some lodges are down-to-earth and practical in their goals, even if the lodge members go about these aims in a complicated fashion. The Bone Shadows' Lodge of Harbingers, for example, operates with the desire to alert other Forsaken about local dangers and approaching conflict. As lodges go, the Harbingers have a straightforward and noble goal at the core of the group.

Other lodges, such as the Hunters in Darkness' Lodge of Seasons, have central themes that are more esoteric in nature. In this instance, the lodge is focused on understanding and accepting the wisdom of an outside concept, in order for each member to better himself. This goal can be a powerful lure for many younger or newly Changed werewolves who are coming to terms with their new perceptions of the world and likely holds equal appeal for Uratha who seek to immerse themselves in a culture away from that of humanity and who see the wisdom in following a new path.

A similar stance is for a lodge, such as the Lodge of Lightning among the Iron Masters, to revere or seek to emulate aspects of a spirit. The Lodge of Seasons and the Lodge of Lightning are closely tied together, in that they are both founded with a high spiritual ideal in mind: to learn from an alien perspective and accept the wisdom of a previously unknown (perhaps inhuman) way of life. But sometimes reverence of a particular spirit is all it takes, rather than a concept. The Lightning-Dancers revel in this belief. Understanding a spirit's nature and applying

its wisdom to their own lives is a popular ideal for those sworn to Lightning.

Lodges formed on this basis are founded (and joined) by werewolves who see what is wise and worthy within a certain spirit's existence. They then emulate certain aspects and pay tribute to the totem for its support. In some cases, this could be viewed as reverence. In others, it might be seen as no more than getting to grips with a clever way of living one's life and seeking to ally with a spirit that is perceived as wise.

Some werewolves live by emphasizing certain aspects of their tribe over others, and this makes perhaps the most common reason for founding a new lodge. These dedicated Uratha ally with like-minded fellows who also diligently uphold a certain aspect of the tribal ideal, and, together, they seek to found a brotherhood that intensely focuses on this shared aim. The next step is to track down a suitable and powerful spirit in order to bind it to serve as totem for the lodge — though such a hunt can take a great deal of time, and success is far from guaranteed. The Lodge of Garm is an example of this kind of brotherhood. This lodge are founded upon upholding and improving on the violent ideal of the Blood Talons, and lodge members strive every day of their lives to work toward becoming the epitome of the perfect warriors.

As mentioned previously, most lodges take more than one of these aspects on board and mix them into the lodge's own unique style. To use the Lodge of Garm as an example: lodge members clearly venerate Garm-Ur as a child of the Destroyer Wolf and they mirror his battle fury. At the same time, they are seeking their own path to achieve the ideals of the perfect hunter and killer, and members regard themselves as practical, useful werewolves who put up vicious fights in the defense of territory and the protection of their loved ones. A lodge is, in short, a balance between a werewolf's tribe, his pack and his individuality. Achieving such a balance makes the Uratha that much stronger.

Some lodges are formed around a spirit that actively seeks out the Forsaken and tests them for worthiness. This is a much rarer occurrence, and was more common in ancient times when the mightiest spirits explored the worlds after the Fall. Compelling stories can result from a powerful and enigmatic spirit demanding that the Uratha prove themselves, though reactions will vary from pack to pack and group to group.

UNIQUE OR SYNCHRONOUS?

Some lodges are specific traditions that may spread around the world from a single event, or may never reach farther than a few hundred miles from their point of origin. But the mechanics of the lodge system can also be used to create "synchronous lodges," the products of parallel evolution. The concept of the synchronous lodge can be used to emphasize the strong forces of local tradition — and the isolation common to the World of Darkness

— while still recognizing that an almost fundamentally basic concept for a lodge might emerge in multiple areas and subcultures. For instance, the Lodge of Death focuses on a concept so universal that it's easy to picture variants of the lodge arising from one culture to the next. While the Grecian Bone Shadows were beginning to formulate their Lodge of Thanatos, the Bone Shadows of South America might have been gathering together in their own lodge dedicated to piercing the mysteries of Xibalba.

The choice between a unique (and frequently widespread) or synchronous lodge setup is unlikely to affect the chronicle too dramatically unless the characters decide to go traveling to foreign lands or receive visitors from equally far away. The disadvantage with designing synchronous lodges is that this method does require a bit more work: the Storyteller must come up with small variants in theme and, perhaps, mechanics that distinguish each outgrowth as parallel but clearly separate. The advantage, though, is that a synchronous lodge setup places more emphasis on each individual area where such a lodge may arise, and is often a strong way of showcasing the local human culture and mythology. Neither approach is categorically superior; the Storyteller should run with whichever is more inspiring.

FORMAL OR INFORMAL?

It's entirely possible to use the lodge mechanic and format to design lodges that are not formal "lodges" at all. An informal lodge likely is without tribal boundaries and may be thrown together by circumstance. For example, the Lodge of the Grotto is less of a formal lodge and more a way of using the lodge format to present an isolated subculture of subterranean, monstrous werewolves. Conversely, the Lodge of the Savior is presented as a very formal fusion of Uratha culture and human religion — yet a variant on the lodge could be used to represent an informal subculture of Christian werewolves with very few rules tweaks at all. As with the choice of a unique or synchronous lodge, there's no real right answer — whatever is most inspiring will probably work best.



Many lodges seem to have some basis in a specific human culture, be they based on a culture's myths, legends or merely the customs of the people. The Lodge of Wendigo is an example of this, bonded as lodge members are bonded to a spirit that Native Americans view as a cannibal creature from the spirit world. When designing your own lodge, what kind of balance needs to be struck between human belief, mythology or history and the Uratha mind-set? If a particular legend or cultural custom strikes you as interesting, then run with it. Just remember that chances are the Uratha are likely to see many more levels of depth to any "monster legend" that humans have told for centuries. In Norse mythol-

ogy, Garm is a wolf creature who is destined to kill Tyr, the God of War, at Ragnarok, the battle of the end of the world. To the werewolves who follow Garm as a totem, he has a rich history that humanity can never know about, while his foretold “destiny” in human myth is a complete misinterpretation of his past. Any lodge that has elements of human culture inherent within its own outlook or customs will likely have similar variants on the stories that humans are familiar with. Humanity is blind to much of the world’s shadow-truths, and lodges displaying elements of human culture or mythology highlight this fact all the more.

But what if the reverse is also true? What if some lodges are, in fact, the very reason some myths exist in human culture? A compelling idea is to create a lodge that — by its purpose and history — has actually spawned mythology surrounding it. What of the bunyip myths in Australia or the Wild Hunt of Celtic legend? What if these stories came into being purely because of the werewolves who created them? It’s a neat idea that some lodges could just as easily be the source of human myths, rather than simply being reflections of them.



HISTORY

The group’s history is the next stage in creating a well-rounded lodge. At some point in the history of the Forsaken, a group of werewolves decided to form a lodge based on shared interests and united goals. These werewolves managed to petition a powerful spirit to watch over and grace them with its knowledge and skills, as well as creating some kind of ceremony or ritual that allows other werewolves to join once they have proven themselves worthy. The Storyteller needs to balance this history with setting continuity and still offer exciting opportunities for her players to meet the werewolves of the lodge — either as applicants, allies or antagonists.

THE FOUNDING

The first factor that should be established in the history of any lodge is just who was responsible for originally founding the group. This will color much of the lodge’s theme and outlook throughout its existence. What set this werewolf apart from the others of his tribe? What made this one individual turn from the established path and seek a new way? The actual facts don’t have to be set in stone — what’s important is the story a lodge member will tell a potential aspirant.

The reasons behind the lodge’s formation can make excellent stories at meetings between packs, and can form a very real method of showing a character’s connection to her lodge-brothers. A tale of a bold and courageous founding done out of altruism and earnest belief will likely give any lodge a pure or even a fanatical flavor in the

game. But what of a lodge that was formed by a vicious hunter who saw many of his tribemates as being beneath him? Such a lodge would harbor secrets of mistrust and intolerance, no matter what faces its members showed to the outside world. Accordingly, a lodge formed by a once-great warrior seeking a deep and powerful atonement for some grave sin might establish a group of like-minded or admiring fellow werewolves who seek to purge their souls in similar ways.

A Storyteller should consider that sometimes a character might wish to join a lodge out of a desire to emulate the deeds of an ancient werewolf or an ancestor. Such bonds can create interesting situations when the character explains her links to the lodge, and there’s a lot to be said for inserting references to long-dead local Uratha legends when such mentions could immerse the characters even deeper into the setting.

TOTEM

Three main questions revolve around the lodge’s choice of totem: How does the spirit benefit the lodge? How does the lodge benefit the spirit? And how was the spirit bound to create the pact in the first place? At the very least, these questions will provide hints as to the game mechanic benefits of joining the lodge. More likely, these questions will serve as additional interesting background material that might well affect a character’s decisions and actions.

The Totem Hunt

Much of the quest for a totem spirit depends on the founding werewolf (or werewolves) in question. What abilities and powers can they bring to bear on the hunt for a totem spirit? What are their attitudes toward bribing and binding spirits? In the end, the crux of the matter is that a totem spirit is not actually essential. Certainly, most lodges exist with the support of these powerful patrons and receive respect and benefits accordingly. But it is no crime for a lodge founder to forsake this part of the traditional formation.

Seeking a totem is no easy feat, and the choice of spirit patron for any lodge can be just as tough. Some Storytellers will see a certain aspect in a natural — an animal or a conceptual spirit — and build a lodge around such an ideal. That’s one way of going about things, though it is rarely the way the Uratha themselves build their lodges. In fact, most often a group of founding werewolves will petition, bribe or outright force a spirit to yield and serve as totem. Storytellers will need to dedicate some thought toward considering just what spirit matches the lodge’s outlook and ideals as well as how the totem spirit was brought to heel.

Discovering a spirit’s personal ban is usually an excellent way to draw a leash around the creature’s throat. This could easily lead to a story arc (or perhaps several) that relates directly to the larger chronicle and offers players an excellent way to feel as if they’re having a strong effect on the local setting and clear freedom over the course of their own actions. Sometimes, a spirit, even when brought

to heel, will set a challenge or task for the pack to perform before the spirit agrees to serve as a totem; this setup can also result in some excellent and appropriate stories.

Few totems serve willingly or with dedication if they are disgraced or mistreated when they are initially sought out. Humbling a proud, inhuman-minded being is one thing. Humiliating and alienating a proud, inhuman-minded thing even further is another. It depends on the nature of the spirit in question, and what demands it sets for its own service. Worthiness is the key to every totem hunt, of course. To the Uratha, worthiness comes in the nightly protection of their territories and keeping their friends and loved ones safe while fulfilling their ancient duty. To spirits, who typically see the werewolves as treacherous wretches half formed of muddy flesh, the concept of worthiness is understandably different.

Taking the creation story involving the children of Father Wolf at face value, even the mighty Firstborn accepted the Uratha after the Fall. If the story is true, this was not simply because the Firstborn were beaten into submission and outwitted — it was because the werewolves had proven themselves worthy of sponsorship by overcoming their spirit-cousins. The Uratha proved they deserved the attention in a manner that the spirits could relate to.

Storytellers creating lodges of their own should always bear that in mind when considering the trials and tribulations of bonding with a totem. No spirit will join (or at

least remain for long) out of fear and subservience. Sure, a spirit can be of great use to the Uratha, but the pact is a two-way deal. Spirits stay because of shared benefits and because the werewolves are worthy of attention. That can mean occasional tasks performed for demanding totems, though most often it falls to simply acting in the interests of the spirit patrons. Any lodge designed to work with a totem spirit will therefore need to cater to its patron's agenda and desires right from the lodge's inception.

Of course, new members will have to swear to uphold that pact and live up to the lodge's standards beforehand. That can be a challenge worthy of Storytelling in itself.

ARE TOTEMS IMPORTANT?

Yes and no. A lodge can form and function without a totem spirit, but such a lodge may suffer from certain disadvantages from doing so. A totem spirit provides another link between lodge members, something to which all the werewolves can relate to and learn both lore and Gifts from if they choose. The pact with a totem spirit can mean the difference between the supernatural benefits of membership and the simple benefits of training or networking. A totem also gives the lodge members an added degree of "legitimacy" in the Shadow Realm. Such "legitimacy" is certainly not blanket ac-



ceptance from all spirits, but proof of another powerful spirit working with the Forsaken is a weighty asset that speaks in the werewolves' favor.

A lodge without a totem has no spiritual connection between members. Certainly, members may have regular contact (which would be unusual for most lodges) or have many things in common with each other, but the werewolves will not feel the spiritual bond with other members. This is a hollow warning when written in a roleplaying book, but to the half-spirit Uratha who live their lives touched by the cold fingers of the *Hisil*, a binding spiritual tie to other werewolves is a deeply personal and reassuring bond.



Forsaken Totems

Natural-spirits are the most likely to serve as totems for Forsaken werewolves. Though such spirits are rarely friendly to the Uratha, they are at least familiar and can be hunted with relative ease compared to some of the more esoteric and complicated conceptual-spirits. Animal-spirits of sufficient strength are not as common as you might think. They make ideal totems for newly fledged packs that are new to the mysteries of the Shadow, because such spirits have easily identifiable traits and are often less difficult to admire than the spirits of other natural phenomena.

However, in the case of a lodge, werewolves will be seeking an ethereal ally that shares the lodge's ideals or exemplifies what is admirable about the group. While this patron can be an animal-spirit, it is just as likely that the more experienced werewolves will seek another kind of totem. If the lodge is dedicated to unearthing lost lore and spreading the newly uncovered secrets among other Uratha, then an enigmatic and stealthy reflection or facet of Monkey, Rat or Cat seems desirable. But that approach when designing a lodge doesn't always take into account the extreme diversity and complexities of the Shadow Realm's denizens. When another spirit might be more evocative and just as useful, such an approach is almost sacrificing imagination for efficiency.

To use the lore-spreading lodge as an example, what of a wind-spirit, the facet of which focuses on the winds carrying whispered secrets across the world? Or a powerful darkness-spirit that represents the shadows cast by all who meet up in clandestine places? There are poetic examples to be discovered in almost any part of nature. Unlike the nature programs seen on TV, the natural world is a dark and often unknowable concept to the Uratha. The denizens of the natural world (and their spiritual reflections) are not explained in painstaking detail by a voiceover. They remain enigmatic, mysterious and dangerous — forever. The Shadow is filled with a million “natural” beings, each possessing a hundred conflicting, confusing facets. The totems of the Uratha lodges should reflect the *werewolf* worldview, not ours.

Lodge totems are not pack totems to be leashed and dragged around wherever a group of werewolves go. Frequently, lodges are worldwide groups, and a single member is likely to go many months (even years) without meeting another of his chosen group. After all, the pack is the focal point of werewolf life. Lodges are allegiances and declarations of intent.

Accordingly, lodge totems — even the spirits of smaller, less potent or unknown lodges — are almost universally above pack totems in terms of power. Therefore, lodge totems do not react well to being summoned to assist in trivial matters, and are known to withdraw their favor from werewolves who rely on their aid time and again. Though lodge patrons are far below the power of the mighty Firstborn totems, there is still an understanding and a sense of distant respect between a lodge and its totem. The two factions often admire each other and work together out of mutual understanding, but one is not there to serve the other on demand.



CHILDREN OF THE FIRSTBORN

The exact number of “Secondborn” wolf-spirits is unknown. It is hardly surprising that a lodge wishing to cleave tightly to its parent tribe's tenets would seek the patronage of a child of their totem — for example, the Lodge of Garm's relationship with its totem, the son of Fenris-Ur himself. Storytellers designing lodges should feel free to employ one of the offspring of a tribal totem as a patron, though this rarely results in any additional respect for the group as a whole. After all, the children of the Firstborn are no stronger than any other number of spirits out in the far reaches of Shadow. The Secondborn just possess a famous heritage. Or, rather, they *claim* to possess a famous heritage. There might be many more spirits that claim themselves “Secondborn” — and some will insist that *they* are the true Secondborn, rather than others who take the title. When dealing with spirits thousands of years old, actualities and definite facts become difficult to make out. Deception, delusion and completely alien reasoning makes spirits troublesome to understand at the best of times. Power and age only magnify that doubt.

One of these entities as a totem can help link a lodge to its tribe even further and is also a way of presenting a somewhat familiar face to players and characters. If a Storyteller wishes to go down this route, wolf-totems require just as much effort to create as other lodge patrons, though some of the work is mapped out in that the spirit will already have some kind of relationship with its parent. This relationship will, in turn, flavor the relationship between lodge and tribe, and the ramifications of a bond between spirit-sibling and Firstborn can provide

story arcs of their own. Personalities clash in even the closest of families....

PREREQUISITES

The standards that potential lodge members must attain and adhere to are entirely dependant on the theme of the group. A demanding totem will have its own input on the matter, and this will be merged with the lodge's established ideas of what kind of members it will accept, what tribal allegiances the members hold and how experienced the members must already be. It is difficult to judge a member's worthiness by Mental, Social and Physical Attributes, as they are rarely an indication of the werewolf's path in life. Mechanically, a balance of the following traits is the best way to isolate those who are genuinely interested and suited to the lodge's way of life from those who are unsuitable.

REOWN

Unsurprisingly, most lodges demand that applicants have a certain level of Renown before entering. It is the most popular criteria of lodge membership, being so closely tied with all aspects of a werewolf's life and Uratha culture. This serves well for several reasons: Renown shows experience and dedication in the werewolf's past, highlights the fact that the werewolf is aligned with the lodge's ideals and irrefutably proclaims that the applicant has already earned some respect in her actions.

Striking the ideal amount of Renown to include in the prerequisites can be a tough choice, but unless the lodge is *heavily* restricted, try not to stack too much pressure on applicants. Renown is a precious commodity – battled and fought for each night with tooth and nail. Lodges that turn away all applicants without lists of Renown are only going to be open to the very, very few Uratha who make it to old age with a full tally of successes at the back.

There really is no “average” figure, but three to six dots of various Renown traits is a safe bet that will, when paired with other prerequisite factors, amount to an interesting challenge for applicants. A higher amount risks the lodge becoming staunchly elitist (which may be a valid point within a particular lodge) and a level of 1 to 2 Renown required will probably need to be paired with harsher prerequisites elsewhere (or a savage Rite of Initiation) in order to remain competitive and challenging to enter. As always, the more difficult the lodge is to get in, the more profound the benefits should be.

The same criteria stand for the *types* of Renown. These should be easy to select, depending on the outlook and theme of the lodge, and a detailed reading of the “Renown” section in **Werewolf: The Forsaken** (see p. 194) will detail the differences among Renown types. The “Feats of ...” paragraphs are particularly useful in determining which type of Renown is appropriate for the lodge.

HARMONY

Maintaining a high level of Harmony is spiritually vital in life as one of the Forsaken. Harmony also bleeds out into social interactions among werewolves, and those who suffer from ebbing Harmony scores are frequently prone to conflict amongst their own kind — perhaps even their own pack. This is not what most lodges will desire in a new member.

Though it is difficult to immediately know a character's exact Harmony score in-game, observers can gain a general sense of a character's internal balance by watching how she interacts with spirits or by looking for signs of compulsions. These nightly interactions between friends, family, pack and enemies will be enough for any lodge ritemaster to realize the truth of the applicant's spiritual well-being. Maintaining an extremely high Harmony can make for some demanding roleplaying to say the least. Keeping the balance between 8 and 6 is enough for most lodges, and few lodges will ever open their secrets to those who fall below a score of 3. Such werewolves are already showing mental instability and lack of self-control. There is nothing particularly worthy about spiraling into insanity because you are too weak to survive.

ABILITIES AND MERITS

Abilities and Merits represent a direct and concrete way to analyze whether a character has what it takes to get into a lodge. His Ability scores will represent most of his tangible qualities that would align with the “active” aspects of a lodge, be they combative or otherwise physical. The Lodge of Garm demands proven skill in battle as well as other criteria, and the Lodge of Harbingers demands an aptitude for physical balance and stealth. It is not uncommon for a lodge that focuses on physical activity (or more cerebral pursuits) to demand a certain level of finesse and experience in the common activities that lodge members are expected to perform. Merits also represent much of a character's past, both losses and achievements. Merits function very similarly to Abilities when determining the prerequisites to entering a lodge.

ROLEPLAYING BACKGROUND

At first, this section can seem misplaced, for much of this aspect is covered in the previous three categories. Harmony denotes the way a werewolf has lived and acted up to this point, and her Abilities and Renown quantify that life experience into something more definable and immediately readable. But these traits are not the be all and end all of a character's existence. There are many things that occur over the course of a chronicle that are more than just dots on a character sheet.

The Lodge of the Hunt exemplifies this perfectly. Tragic events lead certain werewolves to bind themselves to this lodge, and the prerequisites reflect this by admitting only those werewolves who have suffered enough (and who hate enough) to dedicate their lives to the named cause. This is a matter of chronicle events and roleplaying

rather than the arrayed list of statistics and works very well for limiting the lodge to only those werewolves with utter dedication.

Storytellers designing lodges that cite chronicle events or roleplaying criteria as prerequisites should temper the entrance requirements with balance. If the “event” prerequisite is a relatively commonplace occurrence that many Uratha might experience over their course of their lives, then it might be worth upping the statistical prerequisites to compensate. The reverse (such as in the case of the Lodge of the Hunt) is also true, and roleplaying prerequisites can work well on their own as long as they are stringent enough for the lodge to remain at least somewhat restrictive.

SPONSORSHIP AND MONITORING

Getting into a lodge is no easy feat, and there is a step to be met even after the prerequisites are completed. Most lodges will have some method of sponsorship allowing an established member to watch over the applicant and judge her actions. This is where the wheat is separated from the chaff.

The Storyteller needs to consider just what avenues of failure might come up over the course of his chronicle and how a character might not live up to the sponsor’s expectations. On one hand, sponsors are tailor-made for excellent Storyteller character “mentors” and advisers in the game. On the other hand, no sponsor will willingly allow an unsuitable werewolf into her lodge, and personal feelings can only go so far in this matter.

Some lodges, such as the Lodge of Crows or the Lodge of Seasons, demand lengthy periods of sponsorship. These two lodges expect year-long dedication before a werewolf can gain access. Storytellers wishing to interest characters with new lodges will need to consider just how much time is viable (and even available) in the chronicle for matters of sponsorship.

Extremely short periods of monitoring might lend the lodge an air of slackness. A short period of monitoring will devalue the lodge if others think that the members “let anyone in.” On other hand, periods of sponsorship and monitoring lasting a year or more might be wholly unsuitable for the type of game being run. If the characters seek entry to the lodge because it seems interesting, enthusiasm might fade if the pace of the chronicle doesn’t allow a year of game time to quickly elapse. In the end, it all comes down to the game in question, and just how long a period of time would be suitable. The balance between the coolness of the lodge and the realities of gaming will need to be struck. Taking the Lodge of Garm as an example once more, a period of three months would allow time for the character to come to terms with the idea of being monitored and sponsored, while also allowing significant time to prove her worth.

Another facet to consider is just *who* is qualified to admit new members? Each lodge usually has traditions

regarding who is eligible for sponsoring, mentoring and witnessing the oath of allegiance to the lodge, but is that enough for the totem? Does the ritemaster admitting a new member have to summon one of the totem’s brood-spirits to watch over the initiation, or must the totem itself be present? The former is almost universally common; the latter is almost unheard of. This means that a werewolf is unable to admit new members to her lodge unless she has access to the Rite: Summon Gaffling (at the very least) or some other method of direct contact with the totem itself and its spirit-servants.



THE YEAR-LONG TRIAL

A year is a long time indeed, even in the cut-scenes and snippets of the characters’ lives that we see around a gaming table. Some Storytellers will want an extremely demanding period of sponsorship but will avoid lengthy trials because of time restraints and fears of losing the players’ interest. That’s fine. In those cases, just turn it up to 11. Make the period of sponsorship quick, harsh and exceedingly brutal. As long as the trial period corresponds to the ethos of the lodge, you can’t go wrong. The Lodge of Lightning shows this very clearly, putting applicants through exhausting trials over a number of days, pushing each werewolf to the very limit — then pushing him further.

The goal is to strip the unsuitable from the suitable, and cull the half-hearted (and even the unskilled) from the ranks. A period of sponsorship of any length must allow the applicant to prove he can sincerely live up to the ideals and lifestyle of the lodge he seeks to join. As long as he does that satisfactorily before the eyes of established members, then it really doesn’t matter how long the trial period takes.



RITE OF INITIATION

An interesting ritual initiation is a key factor in making a lodge appealing in-game. This is the part when rewards are dished out and the characters get their first taste of membership. Previously, the players might have been interested in the ethos behind the lodge and shown interest the mechanical benefits. The characters themselves will have more than likely met a Storyteller-controlled lodge member several times and been intrigued by the exchanges enough to seek sponsorship (and then membership) themselves.

Here then is the hard part, because the characters’ first steps into the lodge have to be evocative. This is a lifelong commitment to a worthy cause, and a life-changing choice that the werewolf (and the player) had to work for. The prerequisites have been met, and the game

sessions have been building up to this moment. It's time for all that effort to pay off when the character swears the lodge's sacred oath. In short, this is your chance to revel.

Depending on the lodge, there may not even be a Rite of Initiation, or the "ritual" will take the form of a celebration, raucous, austere or otherwise after the oath is sworn. All the Rite really needs to hammer home is that the challenges have been met, the trials overcome and the character is worthy to join the lodge. Storytellers choosing to emphasize this Rite will probably be rewarded with great player interest, as the Rite of Initiation focuses *entirely* on the characters themselves. A cool Rite of Initiation adds to the rewards to come, which will take the form of fresh character interactions and access to new game mechanics.

The oath itself is usually simple enough, though there are always lodges that insist on lengthy recitations of certain precepts and obligations. Most lodges will consider the oath complete once the applicant has sworn in whatever way he wishes (or the lodge demands) to uphold the duty and ideologies of the group. In some cases, the oath must be sworn with the shedding of the applicant's blood. In other cases, a performance of song, howling or other display is required. And then it is done. The werewolf is now a member of the lodge.

Lodges with visceral, physical ideologies might celebrate new members with mock-combats or wild, gleeful hunts through the Shadow in search of prey. The established lodge member present might finally relent and answer some of the applicant's many questions, revealing even deeper mysteries of the game setting and opening up new plot hooks and story arcs. For extremely keen characters, the learning might begin immediately, with lessons regarding the lodge's powers and fetishes being told around the fire as the new member cradles his new fetish in his hands. The possibilities open to Storytellers at this point are vast. As long as the player feels rewarded (perhaps by the receipt of lodge-specific powers or fetishes, for example), then the Rite is set up to be a successful scene.

RELATIONSHIP TO THE PARENT TRIBE

A significant factor in the formation and continuation of any lodge is how the werewolves in the subgroup fare in the dealings with their parent tribe. If a lodge upholds a creed or ideal that conflicts with the main body of the tribe, then there will be friction at every level.

Of course, no lodge could ever exist among the Tribes of the Moon if it boldly went against the teaching and lifestyles of a tribe without any compromise. Certainly, no lodge could ever be



formed specifically to counteract the ethos of its parent tribe. The creation of such a subgroup would fail under the disapproval of the Firstborn totem, and the werewolves themselves would have a much easier time simply abandoning their tribe to join another or walk as Ghost Wolves.

In most cases, the members of the lodge are merely refining a facet of their parent tribe into the main focus of their lives. This does not, on the whole, create massive rifts among tribe members. There are cases in which two werewolves who hate each other both set out to establish a lodge in direct conflict with each other, but these stories are told in the same breath as all the other many tales of infighting among the Forsaken.

Emphasizing one part of tribal outlook or putting an entirely new spin on the tribe's approach rarely draws the extreme ire of other werewolves. In fact, such lodges frequently attract members on the premise of showing new and fresh ways to face the Wild Hunt, and involve themselves deeper within the intricacies of tribal life. Only when the lodge suggests a conflicting or vastly different approach does friction occur. Even then, if the diverting approach is deemed too radical, there is no chance the tribal totem would still accept the Uratha. When conflicts occur, they do so because werewolves are taking umbrage with each other — not because the totems are.

A lodge designed with unorthodox views in conflict with the parent tribe's outlook will probably not be automatically scorned out of hand except by ardent traditionalists. However, it should be borne in mind that such a lodge will likely have difficulty attracting members compared to more mainstream and obviously focused lodges. Even those lodges that do not difficulties in attracting members — perhaps because of the obvious merits of their ideas — attract attention and the frowns of Uratha from the parent tribe. See, for example, the controversial relationship between the Lodge of Swords and the Blood Talons as a whole. The Blood Talons insist the lodge members are openly defying the will of Fenris-Ur in their heretical outlook. Members of the Lodge of Swords argue that if they were in defiance of their totem, then Destroyer Wolf would have cast them out long ago. It is an uneasy balance, with both parties dwelling on being “partly correct.” Any controversial lodge designed by the Storyteller can expect similar disagreements and conflict to rage around the members.

RELATIONSHIP TO OTHER LODGES

A lesser factor that may still warrant consideration is just how the lodge will relate to already established lodges. These groups are most often founded with the assumption that a werewolf can go months — even years — without meeting another member of his lodge. On the whole, being a member of a lodge is a personal journey, though it is one that paradoxically binds a werewolf to others of like minds. Unsurprisingly, conflicts between lodges are rare

and almost always come down to disagreements between individuals.

When designing a lodge, keep in mind which established lodges already feature in the chronicle or are likely to feature in the future. A lodge with a specific or controversial way of doing things might provoke clashes between characters. This is great if that's the angle you want to go for, but it might be worth smoothing out any major differences in ideologies before the game if you're not trying to encourage lodge-level conflict.

THE PAYOFF

The mechanical benefits for joining a lodge should be themed to suit the lodge's activities and beliefs and add flavor to any character who becomes a member. The benefits should open up opportunities for advancement and customization that remain unavailable to other characters in the setting. The most important factor in creating a balanced mechanical benefit is to make sure the opportunities available to members of the lodge are not “blanket effects” that become useful in every single action a character undertakes. Lodge benefits, even more so than auspice benefits or tribal Gifts, are niche advantages. Any game mechanic options that a lodge member can learn and use should apply directly to that lodge's theme. It is up to the Storyteller to design advantages that highlight the lodge's ideology or assist the members in their lodge-specific endeavors.

Storytellers are forewarned about creating lodges that allow members access to a whole swarm of benefits. On a global scale, lodges are disorganized and members are scattered throughout the world. There is little opportunity for a lodge to gather a wealth of regulated advantages to simply pass on to each new member. Most lodges, even the largest ones such as the Lodge of Garm, offer a tradition of granting a small fetish to new initiates and spending time in intensive training (in the form of cheaper Abilities). A lodge should rarely offer more than one or two specific game mechanics as bonuses. A traditional fetish loses its potency and appeal if it is just one of many varieties, and a rite of great importance to the lodge becomes diluted if it is part of a massive mechanics package that also offers Gift lists and fetishes.

GIFT LISTS

Gift lists are a great way to add spice and detail to a character's usefulness and arsenal of Abilities. Gifts also represent an excellent evolutionary path for the character to walk as she moves deeper into the lodge and grows in understanding. Creating a Gift list as a game mechanic benefit will require a little extra work on the part of the Storyteller, in order to plan out just how the magic functions and which spirits (who may be closely bound or allied to the lodge) will assist the Uratha in learning the powers. Because Gift lists involve five separate powers, these lists have the potential to be unbalanced compared to other lodge benefits. It is important to carefully

consider the powers that a lodge could realistically offer its members, and therefore tie the Gifts to the activities of the Uratha within the lodge. The objective is not to make the werewolves invincible or unstoppable, but rather to offer them access to powers that will aid their personal efforts when they are acting in the spirit of the lodge they have joined.

rites

A lodge-specific rite is a particularly evocative way of emphasizing the group's dealings and elaborating on their traditions. Less immediate than a fetish, a ritual has just as much (perhaps more) impact when it sees use in the game, and can really flavor a character's actions in the scene the rite is performed. Even learning a rite comes with the subtext of learning more of the lodge's lore, and performing a rite carries connotations of invoking the subtle powers to which the lodge is dedicated. Storytellers should be careful to design rituals that are directly appropriate to lodge members' actions, rather than something with a great deal of utility for any werewolf.

FETISHES

Fetishes are a common benefit received when joining a lodge, and many of the well-established groups even have signature items or weapons that have evolved into lodge tradition. These serve two purposes: some fetishes mark characters as members on sight, and most fetishes also allow the owners to perform the duties of their lodge with greater ease. Fetishes make for an immediately appealing opportunity for players to seek out, and a spiritually charged item that is designed with the lodge's theme at heart can be an attractive addition to any character's arsenal. Extremely powerful fetishes (Level 4+) shouldn't be given to lodge members upon joining, though there might be traditional objects that can be created later of that level. Weak fetishes bestowed upon initiation should probably be balanced with other advancement opportunities, while a more powerful or repeatedly useful item might be all the reward the lodge offers.

ABILITY BENEFITS

Ability benefits usually represent training that a Uratha receives as part of his membership in the lodge. In the cases of those werewolves lacking any regular contact with other members of their lodge, the experience point break represents the characters' growing familiarity with the rigors of life in their tribal subgroups. Of all the possible game mechanics available, granting Abilities at reduced costs is probably the easiest; selecting the right traits ties the character sheet in immediately with the lodge's theme and its members' duties over time. Ability benefits can be added onto most lodge payoffs, even if the Abilities offer other avenues of customization. A balanced number of traits to give experience cuts for is 1 to 3, with any larger number bordering on becoming too powerful and unrealistic unless balanced elsewhere with minimal bonuses. This is a particularly useful benefit for lodges that

don't necessarily have tribal totems, and can be used to reflect small sub-societies that might not think of themselves as "lodges" per se.

MERITS

New Merits should be very carefully regulated. These traits are the most likely to unbalance a character (and perhaps the game) by inappropriate or careless use. A character who spends a great deal of points on lodge-specific Merits is going to suffer in more generally important traits such as Totem and Primal Urge. If the lodge Merits are too broad and can apply to a variety of situations, then the Merits may well need redesigning to fall in line with the group's outlook and activities.

A balanced Merit can have the immediacy of a fetish and the evocative appeal of a Gift list or rite, and can tie in with a lodge very easily. An unbalanced Merit is likely to derail character development and the flow of the game, depending on the Merit's applications and points cost.

THE PLAYER'S PATH

What if you, that is, the players and your characters, want to *create* a lodge over the course of your chronicle? That's certainly a worthy goal and can hold a lot of appeal for some groups. Creating a lodge this way will trigger new events and story arcs that most packs will never encounter, and will almost certainly cover a significant amount of time as the lodge's ideologies and practices come together.

And yet, despite the uses and the opportunities opened, founding a lodge from scratch is anything but easy. This section is not written to discourage you from trying to found a lodge, but rather to help players appreciate just how much of their characters' blood and sweat will be needed to make the new lodge work.

BLOOD, SWEAT AND CLAWS

Creation of a lodge is a layered, difficult process that fails more often than it ever succeeds. The werewolves walking the path must be ruthlessly dedicated to their eventual goal, and constantly assess the situations in which they find themselves. This will provoke you (the players) into asking the right kind of questions that your characters will need to consider.

Firstly, what can your characters provide in the way of a unique lodge outlook? Assuming that your characters and their pack will be the founding element in the lodge, what is it about the characters and their histories that is so interesting? Every pack is an individual entity with a unique totem spirit and a combination of various tribes, auspices and personalities. A pack is already unique. A lodge has to be something else. A lodge has to have a core mindset and outlook that will stretch beyond the local area and appeal to other Forsaken. Your pack is not merely "bolting on" an extra layer of powers for your characters; you're creating an elite group that could potentially draw dozens or hundreds of members.

In this instance, unless the lodge is a group that draws heavily from localized culture, the interests should not be local but universal. Certainly, several packs in a given region can band together to create a lodge, but this is the exception rather than the rule. A traditional lodge takes a facet of Forsaken life and runs with it. The lodge opens the facet up to interpretation and invites others of like mind to join the founders, sharing their outlook and approach to the rigors of the hunt. The lodge needs to be forged on a universal principle of Forsaken existence that certain werewolves can relate to, and yet also needs to focus on how the lodge will affect individual Uratha in their night-to-night lives rather than establish a global directive.

Now, how does your pack go about doing that? To begin with, over the course of the chronicle, have your characters ask and answer the questions below. No toolkit-essay can deal with the endless possibilities that these questions and answers can offer; the exact results are down to the lives and actions of your characters. But these five questions are absolutely central in determining the pack's potential as founders. The answers your characters give will determine, in a very real and solid sense, whether your group has anything to offer as the creators of a lodge, and will also guide the formation of aspects such as prerequisites and benefits.

- What part of the pack's approach to werewolf existence is unique and how could this benefit other packs if the knowledge were shared?
- What ties to various human cultures and beliefs do the characters have, and in what ways could these beliefs be historical or mythological misinterpretations of some hidden truth in the Shadow Realm?
- What interesting and useful ties to spirits (including fetishes) do your characters have that other packs might not possess?
- Does the pack have the contacts among other Forsaken and the spiritual power to undertake such a difficult project, including the ability to raise interest among other packs or to sway (or overcome) the powerful spirit that will serve as lodge totem?
- What noteworthy divisions, tribal allegiances and auspices within the pack might create interesting diversity within a lodge and restrict unwanted membership?

STORYTELLER'S NOTE

Creating a new lodge generates a lot of extra work for Storytellers. There's no way around that. If a group of players decide their characters are going to hare off into the Shadow and seek a mighty spirit to serve as a lodge totem, that's a massive venture in and of itself and leaves a lot of repercussions. How will the hunting ground be defended? What could occur during the pack's

absence? There are a lot of creatures (let alone the Pure or other Forsaken) that would gleefully take the chance to move into an unprotected domain. And, all the while, a Storyteller is trying to involve her players in a complex hunt and negotiation scenario with a powerful spirit in the Shadow. And that's just the *first step*.

There are two ways of looking at this situation. The first, and most obvious, is that this will make a very cool chronicle in its own right. Creating a new lodge offers a great deal of scope for interaction with potentially unknown spirits, new adversaries that will take the opportunity to strike and Storyteller characters who will either work to hinder the lodge's development or stand ready to join it. That's a lot of possibility opening up, and it could be a great thing. The other way of looking at this lodge-building is to try and slide it into an established chronicle, breaking up the lodge-building into manageable chunks that occur between arcs in the main plot. That can work well, offering challenging and refreshing breaks from the usual game. Either way you look at it, there's no way around all that extra work you'll be putting in, but it will more than likely be worth it.

MULTI-TRIBAL LODGES

It stands to reason that most player-founded lodges will be multi-tribal in nature. Packs controlled by players usually consist of a diverse cluster of tribes and auspices to keep a balance and offer several solutions to the challenges the werewolves will face. That's more than traditional; it's good sense.

It is also not how most lodges are founded.

The majority of lodges are more akin to subcultures within a global tribe than "gatherings of like-minded packs." A lodge founded by a pack consisting of Uratha of the same tribe has certain advantages from the outset, most notably in the alliances (or tolerances) the pack members will already have and receive with spirit-allies of their tribal totem. Most packs — player-controlled or otherwise — lack this option and will have to work around it.

A multi-tribal pack will be much more likely to focus on defining and centralizing a general aspect of werewolf existence rather than a facet of any one tribe. The main disadvantage to this is that it is immediately harder to seek allies in the spirit world, when even a tribal totem's brood could have offered a great starting point. The advantage to founding a lodge this way is that it is more likely to appeal a greater number of Forsaken than any "Blood Talon only" lodge would have. If the lodge isn't bound by tribe or Firstborn totem brood, then the lodge becomes something *all* Uratha of appropriate mindset can relate to.

THE TOTEM

If your pack is going after a spirit with enough kick to serve as a totem for a lodge, then you can expect one hell of a struggle. In a game mechanic sense, your characters are going to have to come up against a spirit of *at least* Greater Jagglng level, though many potential spirits (such as the children of the Firstborn totems) might rank as the lowest Incarnae. These beings are very difficult — if not impossible — to summon and are rarely easy to track down. Negotiating with these entities presents its own set of problems and doubts, let alone asking one to commit to allying with a group of werewolves for all eternity. Clearly a group wishing to set up a lodge is in for a lot of work. Even a high-ranking pack with a host of respect from the denizens of the Shadow is going to struggle through a lodge's founding in this regard.

The first step is to learn all you can about any potential spirits, long before you head off into the Shadow to seek them out. This can be achieved by consistently asking the right questions of the right people, be they an experienced Ithaeur in a neighboring territory or an elderly Bone Shadow who tells stories by firelight. The more your pack knows about a potential spirit, the more likely you will be to get things right when you meet the being itself.

- Does the spirit have a suitable personality and history that match the ideology of your lodge?
- What powers does the spirit possess over the Shadow Realm and the physical world?
- Does the spirit (as many spirits do) react negatively to being summoned and what kinds of chiminage are appropriate?
- How can a pack find the spirit if summoning is not an option?
- What spirits make up the spirit's brood or choir, and how do these view the Forsaken as a whole?
- Have any other Forsaken had direct contact with this spirit, and how did the encounters go?

Most lodges are going to start out relatively small — perhaps a pack or two banding together for the creation, with plans to seek other recruits later. This means the pool of spirits that regard the founders kindly is likely to be a small one, and almost certainly locally based. If the creators have difficulty learning of powerful spirits that may serve as totems, where do lodge founders turn next? The answer might not be obvious at first, but there's a chance it will yield results: Go to the local, weaker spirits.

The Gafflings and lower ranks of the choirs that swell around the region's loci are an excellent place to start — if these spirits can be bribed, coerced or even threatened into revealing information about other, more fearsome spirits nearby. Local powerful spirits might be powerful enough to serve as totems, as long as the lodge itself was founded for principally geographical reasons. The awakened spirit of a street, neighborhood or a city (if such could be bound) is unlikely to serve as the totem for a

lodge that has members worldwide. But there is nothing to say a lodge has to be global in scale. In fact, most aren't. A location-spirit is often something that suits a pack better than the spirit would an entire lodge, but a location-spirit of significant size would be a valuable ally to all lodge members nearby. Think for a moment how the Lodge of New York City might fare with the spirit of the city itself working to assist the lodge members. Of course, to bind such a spirit into an agreement with a lodge would be the stuff of legends.

Another source of information could be the spirits associated with the tribal totems. Each of the Firstborn lords over a brood of spirits, with varieties of spirit ranging from the commonplace to the utterly unique. Garm-Ur, son of Destroyer Wolf, is an example of a brood-spirit serving a lodge, though Fenris also has countless wolf-, death-, blood-, fury- and joy-spirits at his beck and call. Many of these spirits will be weak and pitiful, much too simple to ever serve a lodge. However, those that are evolved and developed enough to show unique powers and individual personalities would make excellent totems for appropriately themed lodges.

Once a pack has gathered as much information as they can reasonably find without venturing too far from their territory, the real challenges start. If the pack is planning to enter the Shadow for a significant amount of time, how do they ensure their hunting grounds remain protected? Arming wolf-blooded with shotguns, pointing them at the warehouse where Azlu keep appearing and wishing the mortals all the best is one way to go about it, but probably not the wisest. The pack needs to give grave thought to just how the domain will continue without its main guardians, because a lengthy sojourn into the Shadow might mean the pack will have a hell-storm of spiritual activity to return to.

A pack might consider leaving their totem behind, bound to defending the territory alone as best it can. For a strong totem, this might not be a challenging proposal, and could work perfectly. On the other hand, the werewolves might need their spirit-brother alongside them as they hunt through the dangers of the Shadow. Worse, a totem spirit might be destroyed during the pack's absence or refuse to remain behind. It speaks ill of any bond that allows divisions like this to take hold. All the characters will have to think carefully about the relationship with their pack totem, and just how far the bonds of loyalty stretch between spirit and flesh.

Some packs will have to engage in several furious "seek and destroy" hunts around their territory to cleanse it ruthlessly before they can even think about leaving for any amount of time. Even the most secure domains will probably require several sincere agreements with spirits, fresh bindings or even pleading with more powerful entities to guard the locus from attack, theft or complete destruction.

SPLITTING THE PACK

The most desperate choice is for a pack to temporarily separate, with some members entering the Shadow to seek out the spirit and others remaining behind to guard the hunting ground. This can be a great scene, where emotional good-byes and bragged reassurances are exchanged in good measure. It is also probably going to be the last scene in which the pack is standing together, so enjoy it while it lasts.

Splitting the pack can have a number of negative effects on gameplay, and certainly is seen as a bad idea in terms of in-character reasons, but one stands out as the most important. Packs at full strength have enough difficulties defending their territories night after night and dealing with the denizens of the Shadow. Halving the numbers of able bodies attending to both duties is practically suicide. A pack with half of its versatility and diversity severed is like a human suddenly deprived of half of his limbs. If the crippled pack faces assault even on their home turf, they're in for a quick end. In the Shadow, the dangers are magnified. And that doesn't even take into account the potential trials and challenges that the spirit

might demand that the weakened pack must overcome before the spirit considers serving as totem.

Spirits can be beaten and eventually subdued, or they can be challenged and eventually impressed. Most lodge founders will probably be aiming to ally with the spirit without resorting to pressuring the creature into the pact, in order to confirm a stronger bond from the outset. If the potential totem has no real interest in the bond or has doubts as to the Uratha's capability, the spirit is likely to set difficult challenges for the werewolves to meet in order to prove themselves. These tests are going to stretch any pack (or packs) to the limit, and are likely to call upon each member's expertise in various areas. Most importantly, the challenges will be entirely in the spirit's own interests (such as destroying a rival or purging a locus so the spirit might make a haven there) so they are unlikely to be fair — at least by human standards. Expect ambushes, rigged negotiations and directions right into shoals and Wounds. Spirits don't think as humans do; what the lodge founders might consider treachery or malice could merely be the powerful spirit's way of testing the potential of the half-flesh beings who plead for its assistance.



THE GLORY

The initial months after the lodge's creation are vital. This is the period is when the lodge's traditions are first birthed and envisaged. Fetishes that will be traditional tools and weapons are now perfected, ready for the lore of their creation to be passed on to new members. The lodge may be able to forge and create a new rite, soon to be taught to the other werewolves who swear an oath to the patron spirit. In rare cases, the lodge might actually be able to win the secret of a new set of Gifts. If the founders are so inclined, they can arrange regular (often annual) meetings of any local members, in order to share stories and speak of the packs that each werewolf belongs to.

The creation of a lodge is almost certainly worthy of Renown awards, most notably in Honor and especially Wisdom. The rewards of Renown will be directly tied to

the founders' experience and Abilities; older, more powerful packs are never going to earn as much as a raw group that managed to found a lodge. Still, the Renown awards for any werewolf involved in creating a lodge should be significant enough for a great many Uratha to recognize the characters' deed names and maybe even their faces. The founders can expect to be pointed out at gatherings and approached by applicants as well as challenged by instigators and jealous werewolves.

Now the lodge can really start to branch out. At this point, the founders have overcome the most difficult obstacles and the groundwork is laid in preparation for recruitment. Now the lodge is named, and the members can congratulate themselves on a difficult job well done.

They stood and persevered where so many have failed before.





CHAPTER II

TRIBAL LODGES

He wasn't sure how many times he'd gone mad. It was hard to count, at least accurately, because there were a couple of points where he wasn't sure if his imagination was just running wild or he'd actually broken apart. Thankfully, he always seemed to come back to sanity again. That was nice. He hadn't expected that would be the case, but back in the time before the dark box, he probably hadn't expected to go mad anyway.

Not that he was sure anymore that there was a time before the dark box. It had been so long. All he had was darkness and stale air and the smell of his own body — that was the entirety of his universe. The sound was too much whenever he moved, so he'd stopped moving. The breathing was painfully loud, too, but what could you do?

There was a time before the box, he fought to think. *Yes. A time — a purpose. And something silver.*

Then he heard the howl. Distant, far-off, but coming to him through the great mass of soil —

— soil, yes, soil, i'm underground, i was buried —

He remembered it all. The call. The moon.

He exploded upward through the cloth, the wood, the soil. He took the form of anger and power and fiery blood. He fought his way back to the sky, the sweet night air, the maddening, blessed moon.



LODGE OF ARMS

OF HONOR AND VICTORY

Once there was a Rahu whose pride exceeded that of all others. Few were the enemies that could land even a single blow upon him, and fewer still were Uratha who dared meet him in combat. Word of his deeds reached the spirits, and powerful Jagglings conspired to teach this upstart werewolf his place. One of their number, a spirit of jealousy known as the Coveter, left the Hisil and claimed a human body, sewing fear and misery and conflict amongst the humans of the Rahu's territory.

Just as the Jagglings predicted, the proud Rahu hunted down the Claimed and challenged it. "Oh, proud and mighty Uratha," said the spirit, concealing its true power from the werewolf. "Surely a spirit exile such as myself is no threat to you. What would your reputation gain by defeating me?"

"True," said the Rahu. "You are as nothing to me. But defeat you must me, even if I gain little by such a paltry task."

"Why, then, why don't you defeat me in human form?" suggested the sly spirit. "Surely no one would dare challenge someone so mighty!"

"You are wise, spirit," said the proud but foolish Rahu. "This is as it shall be, by Red Wolf himself I swear it."

The spirit laughed and leapt at the werewolf, who found himself on the defensive. Soon it was clear that the battle was lost. The Rahu's pack intervened, and drove off the spirit easily, for it knew that its work was done. The Rahu sank into a depression, bemoaning his lost reputation.

"How can I regain my honor? I can never defeat such a creature in this feeble form."

Yet, his pack was wiser than he. A devotee of Brother Iron was amongst them, and he forged a mighty blade for the Rahu. The pack's Ithaeur called Brother Pride, and persuaded him to enter the blade for the duration of the struggle, in return for the pack's service one month a year for the rest of their lives. The pack trained night and day with the weapons, until at last the Rahu was ready to face the Jagglings once more.

The spirit laughed as the pack attacked, the proud Rahu leading the charge. What had this spirit to fear from the werewolves in Hishu? Yet, as the arrows tore into its body and the sword cut deep into its corrupted flesh, damaging the spirit within, it knew fear. Badly wounded, it fled into the Hisil, where the pack's Ithaeur awaited the spirit. Weakened, it could barely resist the bindings the Ithaeur wound around it.

The Ithaeur smiled at the Coveter. "You sought to trap one of us. Now you have fallen in our trap, Coveter. Yes, I know what you are. And now you shall hear my terms."

Of all the humans' tools, weapons are one of the least used amongst the Uratha. Certainly, weapons are useful on those occasions when one must stay in Hishu but, given the choice, most werewolves would rather fight with their natural weapons of tooth and claw. The Lodge of Arms, though, understands the value of the weapon, be it sword, bow or gun. An Uratha with weapon can be far more dangerous in Hishu or Dalu than one would expect and, with a fetish weapon, can approach the danger levels of Gauru without any of the control issues.

Blade wolves, as members of this lodge are known, devote themselves to the mastery of a single weapon: that's an individual weapon, not a class of weapons. These werewolves involve themselves in the creation of their weapons, from forging and manufacturing, through the process of binding spirits into the weapons and merging those spirits with the weapons' own awakened spirits.

The net result is a weapon that is part child, part lover and part killing device. For many members of the lodge, their relationship with their weapons will become the defining relationships of their lives. The intimate connections with the weapons allow the blade wolves to wield them to devastating effect.

While, at first glance, this lodge might appear to be one for the Rahu, that's far from the truth. In fact, the full-moon are a distinct minority within this lodge. Few Rahu have the right mindset to restrict themselves to excelling with a single weapon, rather than developing a broad range of tactical and combat skills. Instead, this lodge appeals to the warrior spirit within every werewolf, especially those who grew up in routinely weapon-carrying societies before their First Change. Members of the lodge are more numerous in the United States than they are in Europe, for example, partially because of the United States' more liberal weapon laws.

The influence of the Coveter, the subtly sinister patron of the Lodge of Arms, lends the relationship between werewolf and weapon a jealous edge. Few blade wolves will let anyone else touch their weapons, let alone bear them into combat. Blade wolves never let their weapons leave their sides, and often go to extreme lengths to conceal their weapons when going into situations in which carrying weapons would be inappropriate. Some members of the lodge also develop a marked reluctance to spend much time in forms in which they would be unable to use their weapons and, when events compel these lodge members to shift, they'll change back as soon as they can.

This jealousy seems to affect the weapons, too. The spirits within have been known to withdraw their benefits from their bearers if they see the werewolves cheating on the spirits with other weapons. A few members of the lodge have managed to bear two awakened weapons at a time, but balance between the benefit and the work needed to manage the relationships in that uneasy triad is too far tipped toward work for blade wolves.

This intimacy between weapon and werewolf can be profoundly disturbing to packmates. This connection is also a major detriment to the werewolf building any relationships with human mates. In fact, many members of the lodge end up breeding with people who have a degree of psychopathy that allows them to remain intimate with someone who has such a close relationship with a weapon. Still, there's no doubt that blade wolves can be a tremendous combat asset to a strategically minded pack alpha, allowing them to deploy a warrior who uses a whole different form of attack from the tooth-and-claw approach of the Uratha.

Meetings of lodge members are infrequent, but occur on a periodic basis at gatherings. They serve as forums for weapon training, where the werewolves and their arms are able to go up against similar pairs in demanding, but educational, combat. These gatherings serve as useful communication points for new combat techniques and new ways of using weapons against the enemies the Uratha meet, tricks which can't be easily communicated any other way but face-to-face training.

Patron Tribe: Iron Masters

PATRON SPIRIT

The lodge's patron spirit is the Coveter, the same spirit bested by the nameless Rahu and his pack long ago. The centuries have changed the Jagglings, who now represents, in the eyes of the lodge at least, the communication between a werewolf

and his weapon. Lodge members view the spirit almost as a version of a love-spirit. In a way, they're right. A jealousy-spirit is often a twisted love-spirit, consumed and turned by negative relationships in the physical world. The Coveter, although it has drifted closer to its roots, is still a jealousy-spirit, and that has an affect on members of the lodge.

JOINING THE LODGE

As with most lodges, the first step in becoming a lodge member is to find a lodge mentor. Mentors look for several things in would-be members, not least an understanding of the spirit world and an affinity with armed combat. Mentors inevitably test applicants' weapon skills over a period of days, under different conditions, which can be anything from a formal duel to an unexpected attack in the middle of the night. Many applicants fail at this stage, by displaying weak skills, a tendency to shift forms too quickly or even a habit of using a range of different weapons. In essence, the mentor is looking for signs of an affinity for one weapon.

Once the initiate has passed this first stage of testing, she enters a period in which she works alongside her mentor in crafting a new weapon. This is an area in which the Iron Masters' fondness for adaptation comes to the fore, with modern technology allowing easy communication with skilled craftsmen and spirit experts across territory and pack lines. Eventually, the required werewolves — the applicant, the mentor, an Ithaeur from the lodge and a craftsman from the Lodge of Metal gather together at an agreed point, to begin the forging process. This is a trying, sleep-deprived process for the would-be lodge member, as she works by day with the craftsman to build the weapon and by night with the Ithaeur to research, find and bind the spirit that will live in the weapon. Finally, all four will join in a rite that awakens the spirit of the blade, binds the summoned spirit to it and then binds the whole lot to the applicant. If all of this goes according to plan, the exhausted werewolf is both a member of the Lodge of Arms and the proud owner of a new fetish weapon that is hers and hers alone.

Prerequisites: Occult ••, Firearms or Weaponry •••

Benefits: The greatest benefit that a member of the Lodge of Arms gains is assistance in creating the weapon that will be her constant companion. A lodge member gains a +3 modifier to any attack roll using that weapon and that weapon only. Additionally, a lodge member may treat her Firearms or Weaponry Skill as being one level higher for all weapons of the same type.

LODGE OF ARMS RITES

Rite of the Duel (•)

Dueling with other members of the Lodge of Arms is one of the great pleasures of lodge membership for many werewolves. With the level of skill many lodge members possess, and the frightening power of their weapons, the lodge needed to find a way to prevent members killing each other too frequently. This rite was the response. It creates an area in which the spirits of weapons are suppressed, rendering them much less effective in killing opponents. This rite is always performed before any duel between lodge members.

Performing the Rite: The ritemaster sets a fire burning in the center of the dueling circle, and then walks around the boundaries of the area, marking it out with a weapon, stick or even his hands. Once the circle is complete, the ritemaster must douse the fire, thereby symbolically quenching the passion of spirits within the circle. At the end of the rite, he growls in the manner of a patient parent and invites the combatants into the ring.

Dice Pool: Harmony

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

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: All successes are lost. Participants are likely to interpret the rite's failure as a sign that the duel is meant to be to the death.

Failure: No successes are gained.

Success: Successes are gained toward the total. If the ritemaster accumulates 15 or more successes, the area within the boundaries is appropriately blessed. While within the marked circle, any lethal damage received from weapons is downgraded to bashing damage. This rite cannot affect attacks made with natural weapons, and its effects are lost if a character leaves the circle. If the circle is physically broken (the mark being scuffed out, most likely), the rite's effects end. The circle remains empowered for the duration of the scene.

Exceptional Success: Successes are gained toward the total. If the ritemaster accumulates 20 or more successes, the area within the marked boundaries receives a particularly potent blessing. Aggravated damage received from weapons is also downgraded to lethal damage as long as the wound was incurred within the circle.

FORGING ARMS (••••)

This is the central rite of the Lodge of Arms, a rite which bonds a spirit to a weapon and both to the lodge member who will carry the weapon for the rest of his life.

Performing the Rite: The rite only takes place after days of preparation. Once all the elements are in place — the weapon built, a spirit captured and bound and the werewolf's own spiritual aspect exhausted by days of endurance — the rite begins. Under the command of the ritemaster, the new initiate carries out repeated sets of practiced forms with the weapon. They can be anything from a series of guards, parries and attacks with a blade to different firing positions and target shots with a gun. As the new weapon-holder works, the lodge members who built the weapon and helped trap the spirits chant the words of the ritual with increasing volume and speed. The new initiate is expected to match these changes by increasing the speed and intensity of his exercises. This continues until the initiate is at the very point of exhaustion. Then, just before the young werewolf collapses, the ritemaster speaks the words of binding in the spirit tongue, and the spirits of the werewolf and blade momentarily fuse, infusing each other with new strength. Each of the participants in the rite, bar the initiate, spends a point of Essence to achieve this.

This experience is often traumatic for both the initiate and the participants, causing them to lose control and frenzy. For that reason, all the participants in the rite must be experienced lodge members who can easily restrain the new lodge members without doing any serious permanent harm. Then the rite ends and the werewolf's new partnership begins.

Action: Extended (30 successes; each roll represents 1 minute)

Cost: 1 Essence

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: All successes are lost. The rite fails; if the subject also failed her Dexterity + Performance roll (see below), she cannot be inducted into the Lodge of Arms.

Failure: No successes are gained.

Success: Successes are gained toward the total. If the total successes equal 30 or more, the rite is completed. The subject is successfully initiated into the lodge, and gains the requisite bond with her weapon.

Exceptional Success: Successes are gained toward the total. If the total successes equal 35 or more, the rite is completed with an exceptional performance. All participants, including





Lodge of Arms

the subject, regain any spent points of Willpower from the invigorating experience.

Suggested Modifiers

The rite's subject rolls Dexterity + Performance during the course of the rite to represent her own level of performance. Each success gained on this roll adds one die to the ritemaster's Harmony roll. If the roll is failed, the ritemaster instead loses two dice from her roll to perform the rite; if the subject dramatically fails this roll, the rite fails utterly and she is forbidden from joining the lodge.

LODGE OF ARMS STORY HOOKS

- **The Lost Blade:** A pack known to the characters has all but fallen in battle. Only one member survives, terribly wounded. She approached the characters for help ending the threat, with the promise of aid in claiming the now-abandoned territory the pack once held. However, as the pack start hunting the slayers, it slowly becomes clear that the survivor is a member of the Lodge of Arms and is more interested in reclaiming her sword than in getting revenge.

- **The Duelist:** One of the pack members has managed to offend another werewolf. The offender has been challenged to meet the other Uratha in combat, to settle the matter, and can't back down without losing face. However, the challenger is a well-known member of the Lodge of Arms, never defeated in armed combat. Can the pack find a way of leveling the playing field?

- **The Coach:** The pack's armed combat skills are woeful, and they seek training amongst the other Uratha. The pack runs across a member of the Lodge of Arms at a local gathering, and he grudgingly agrees to train them if, and only if, they can impress him with some feat of arms first. How can they find their way out of this vicious circle?

RACHEL JACKMAN

Auspice: Cahalith

Tribe: Iron Masters

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 2

Physical Attributes: Strength 3 (4/6/5/2), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4)

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Crafts (Blacksmithing) 2, Medicine 1, Occult (Elementals) 2, Politics 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Firearms 1, Survival 2, Weaponry (Klaive Sword) 4

Social Skills: Expression (Dance) 3, Intimidation 2, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Disarm, Fetish (Klaive Sword) 4, Quick Draw, Resources 1, Weaponry Dodge

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 6

Essence Max/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Justice

Vice: Wrath

Health: 8 (10/12/11/8)

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

Defense: 3 (3/3/3/3)

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

Renown: Cunning 2, Glory 2, Honor 1

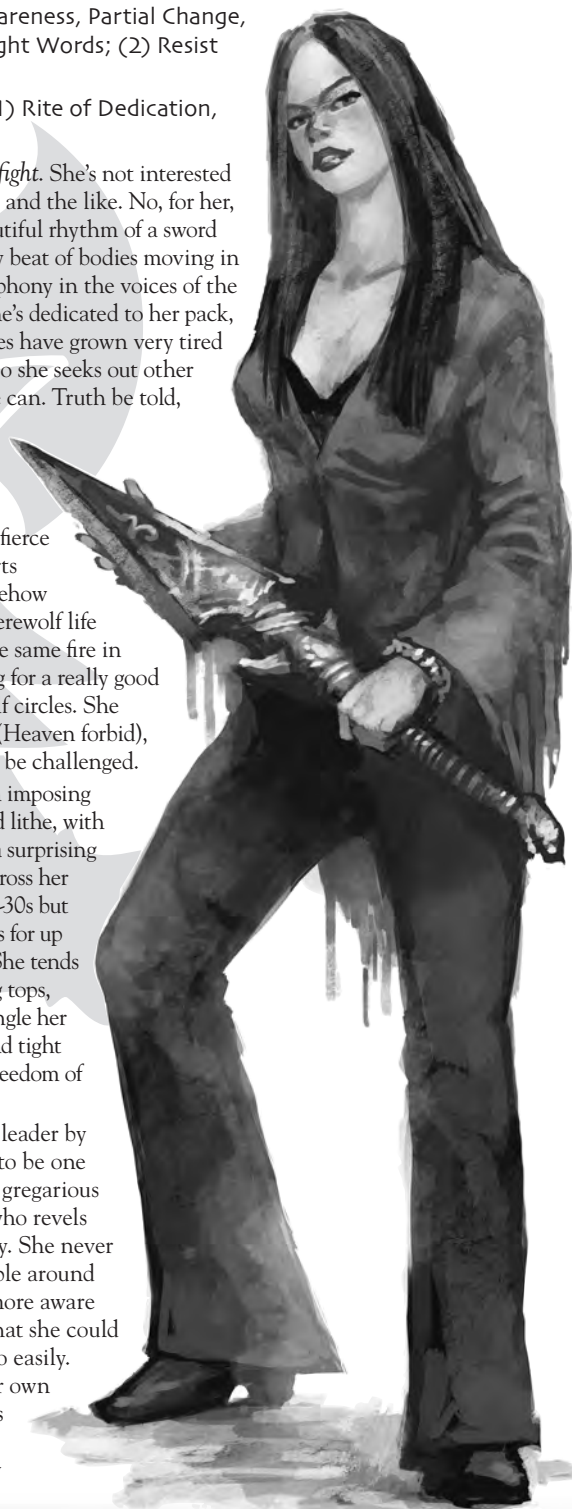
Gifts: (1) Pack Awareness, Partial Change, Straighten, The Right Words; (2) Resist Pain, Ruin

Rituals: 1; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication, Rite of the Duel

Rachel likes to *fight*. She's not interested in common brawling and the like. No, for her, it's all about the beautiful rhythm of a sword in motion, the steady beat of bodies moving in combat and the symphony in the voices of the fighters. Although she's dedicated to her pack, most of her packmates have grown very tired of dueling with her, so she seeks out other challenges where she can. Truth be told, Rachel is growing a little bored. She's not had a good challenge in a long time. Sure, she's had some fierce battles against all sorts of creatures, but somehow the raw combat of werewolf life doesn't quite light the same fire in her. No, she's looking for a really good challenge in werewolf circles. She doesn't want to lose (Heaven forbid), but she would like to be challenged.

Rachel is not an imposing figure. She's short and lithe, with long, black hair and a surprising number of freckles across her face. She's in her mid-30s but could quite easily pass for up to 10 years younger. She tends to wear loose, flowing tops, all the better to entangle her enemies' weapons, and tight trousers, for greater freedom of movement.

Rachel is not a leader by nature. She's happy to be one of the pack, and is a gregarious and outgoing soul, who revels in werewolf company. She never feels quite comfortable around humans, as if she's more aware than most Uratha that she could break humans all too easily. It's only amongst her own kind, and when she's lost in the ballet of a duel, that she truly relaxes.



LODGE OF ASHES

BLACK WOLF VISITS CHAIN-BREAKER

There once was an Elodoth of the Meninna, and for years he fashioned the greatest fetishes of the tribe. Enemies would flee when they saw Hunters in Darkness armed with klaives fashioned by this Uratha, and even a talen wrought by his hands was considered a great gift. He and his pack circled the world looking for materials for his arts, and they were well received everywhere they went, for they were generous with their gifts.

No one knows why the dream came to this Elodoth, but one night, his pack sleeping soundly around him, he saw Hikaon-Ur in his mind. Accompanying the great Black Wolf was a multitude of spirits, of all different types, and the Elodoth looked out at them and asked Black Wolf why they were here.

"They are here because we wanted you to see," answered Hikaon. "These are the spirits you have enslaved. These are the spirits you have bound into objects, locked away from their homes and given to masters. You have tried to tame the spirit wilds, to define that which can never be defined by shutting it away and giving it form."

The Elodoth wept in sorrow and shame, and asked what he should do. Hikaon did not answer, but simply disappeared, taking the silent mass of spirits with him.

The Elodoth woke then, and told his pack what he had seen, but they did not heed Hikaon's words. They thought the Elodoth had simply had a nightmare — after all, it was the Cahalith's dreams that should be heeded. And so the Elodoth left his pack, but not before taking their fetishes and any others he could find and burning them to ashes.

He is still out in the world somewhere. He is called Chain-Breaker, now. It is said that he refuses to die until he has destroyed the last of the fetishes he created.

Possibly the smallest of any of the lodges, the Lodge of Ashes is rumored to boast perhaps a dozen members worldwide. Most Hunters in Darkness, particularly those who create fetishes, have heard the legend of Chain-Breaker, but very few know that he founded a lodge in keeping with his ascetic philosophies. Those Uratha who do know of the lodge's existence dread ever coming into contact with one of the Unfettered (as the members call themselves), for the result is almost always violent.

The Lodge of Ashes believes that the Forsaken were cast out of Pangaea justly, and that although they bear the responsibility of patrolling the spirit wilds and preventing incursions of spirit on flesh (and vice versa), by enslaving spirits, the Forsaken have failed horribly in their duties. Fetishes in particular are anathema to the Unfettered. They feel these trinkets set the possibility of trust between spirits and the Uratha back more than the murder of Urfarah ever did. After all, the death of Father Wolf was in accordance with his ban and a natural part of the cycle of life.

Although the spirits might resent the werewolves for what they did and for taking on Father Wolf's duties, these sins could have been forgiven. The mistake the werewolves made, the Unfettered feel, was forcing spirits to teach the Gifts, power their rites, bond their packs and, especially, dwell in prisons of metal and bone.

The lodge is made entirely of Hunters in Darkness, but this has more to do with the fact that the founder was a Hunter than with any deliberate policy of excluding other tribes. (Rather, the Unfettered claim their founder was a Hunter, and some actually claim to have met Chain-Breaker.) Indeed, the Unfettered make it a point to explain their philosophies to any werewolf willing to listen, but they are quite used to the fact that most Uratha don't want to hear what they have to say (especially when it comes to "You must destroy your fetishes"). The Meninna's tribal philosophy of obeying natural cycles makes them the best choice for the lodge, but the existing Unfettered remain hopeful that werewolves from other tribes will adopt the Ashen Way and help the Uratha achieve absolution.

The Lodge of Ashes accepts only werewolves with the deepest commitment to Purity (another reason why only Hunters in Darkness have joined thus far). The members are all experienced, highly in tune with the spirit world and with Harmony and usually expert in fighting relying only on their bodies. Many Unfettered are capable of taking on entire packs and winning. When a member of the lodge meets a pack, he is bound by the Ashen Way (see sidebar) to attempt to free the spirits bound to the pack's members. This includes spirits bound into fetishes and, in some cases, means trying to free a pack totem. The first Unfettered, via many months spent in the Hisil talking to spirits and honing his skills, learned methods of doing this so that the fetishes can be left intact, but the fastest method of releasing a bound spirit is to smash the fetish. Uratha outside of the lodge who know of it therefore know the Unfettered as bullies and religious zealots, who speak quietly and reasonably but fly into a frenzy in the blink of an eye and snatch carefully crafted fetishes away from their rightful owners. The stories differ as to the Unfettered's motives for these actions: some Uratha actually understand the Ashen Way, even if they don't agree with it, while others posit that the Unfettered are just insane. One thing remains consistent, however: the members of the Lodge of Ashes *never* kill other Uratha, even to the point of surrendering a battle if the only alternative is to commit murder.



THE ASHEN WAY

The Ashen Way is a set of precepts that guides the Unfettered. To violate any of these precepts is





a sin against Harmony 7 for members of the lodge (roll four dice for violations), just as violating a tribal vow (see p. 181 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**).

- **No spirit must be enslaved.** The guiding principle of the lodge. No member of the Lodge of Ashes may carry or use a fetish or talen, and no member may compel a spirit in any way, whether through rites, Gifts or other supernatural means. It is perfectly acceptable to bargain with or threaten a spirit (but see the next point).

- **No spirit may be harmed for the glory of the Uratha.** The Unfettered have the right to protect themselves from spirits and to protect the physical world from incursions from the spirit wilds. The Unfettered cannot, however, force a spirit to teach them Gifts or otherwise help them grow more powerful.

- **The world is our territory.** Very few Unfettered are members of packs, and those that are tend to be part of nomadic packs rather than claiming a single area as territory. The entire world, both physical and *Hisil*, requires the Uratha's protection and attention, and the Unfettered are the only ones with the spirits' best interests in mind. Hence, the Unfettered don't stay put forever (though they might spend years in one area if they feel it requires that much work).

- **The Oath is inviolate.** The Unfettered believe that the Oath of the Moon is the true path to harmony and thus harmony with spirits, and follow the Oath dogmatically. The only instance in which the Unfettered will kill other werewolves is if those werewolves leave them no other choice (which is rare; it's usually possible to beat a werewolf senseless). Even Bale Hounds receive this courtesy.

- **The Ashen Way cannot be forced, but slavery will not be tolerated.** The Lodge of Ashes recognizes that not all, or even most, werewolves agree with them. Lodge members know that, although they might refuse to kill an enemy, that enemy may have no such compunctions. They know that most werewolves don't see anything wrong with using fetishes. Therefore, the Unfettered don't try to force other werewolves to adopt their path, but lodge members are bound to free any enslaved spirit they find.

Patron Tribe: Hunters in Darkness

PATRON SPIRIT

The Lodge of Ashes does not venerate a second totem. Black Wolf gives his patronage to the Hunters in Darkness not because he was compelled to do so, but because the *Meninna* earned his respect. The Unfettered do not have or desire any other spiritual benefactor, however.

JOINING THE LODGE

Becoming Unfettered is no easy task. Even learning of the lodge is difficult, and finding a member is next to

impossible. While the Lodge of Ashes doesn't have the same bent for stealth as, say, the Lodge of Harbingers, the Unfettered's small numbers mean there might be only one on the same *continent* as an applicant. The best method for finding one of the Unfettered is to enter the *Hisil* and start asking questions of spirits. Many, of course, shun the Uratha, but eventually the applicant might either find a spirit that can start him on the right path or word will get around to a lodge member.

The prerequisites for joining the Lodge of Ashes are stringent. By the time the applicant is truly ready for consideration, he is well-known for his commitments to Purity and to Harmony. The Fury Choir recognizes such Uratha, and, indeed, often informs the Unfettered when a qualified applicant wants to adopt the Ashen Way.

Once the applicant finds a lodge member, he must petition for apprenticeship. The Unfettered might reject the applicant for any reason, but the most common is that the lodge member believes the applicant is only seeking glory or power rather than absolution and enlightenment. If the lodge member is convinced of the applicant's motives, the training period begins. The applicant must first burn any fetishes he owns, watching as the spirits inside them are released. He must apologize to each of these spirits, performing the Rite of Contrition for all of them. He then pledges never to enslave a spirit again, and, as penance for doing so in the past, agrees to eschew using the Gifts of the spirits for one lunar year. If he violates this promise at any time, his training ends and his mentor deserts him.

The rest of the training period, which can last anywhere from one to five years, consists of instruction in combat, spirit relations, the Ashen Way, the Oath of the Moon, the First Tongue, the lore of the Forsaken and the Pure and any helpful knowledge the mentor has picked up in his travels. Compared to the sheer volume of information the applicant must learn during his apprenticeship, the entrance requirements to the Lodge of Ashes aren't very stringent at all. The mentor is free to abandon his pupil at any time if he feels that the student has given up the Ashen Way, but a few setbacks during schooling are expected. Grievous violations of the Oath or the Ashen Way are inexcusable, of course, but minor infractions can be forgiven, provided the applicant performs the Rite of Contrition and makes appropriate restitution.

At the end of the training period, the mentor performs a special rite, marking the student with spirit brands and tattoos using the ashes of his former fetishes. After this ceremony, the applicant is Unfettered — free from the slavery he imposed on spirits and free from the need to use spirits as chattel. He is a member of the Lodge of Ashes. Mentor and pupil part company then as equals, but first arrange a meeting place and time (usually six months to a year in the future) so they can check each other's progress. The new Unfettered then sets out into the world.

Prerequisites: In addition to maintaining Harmony 8+, Uratha must know the Rite of Contrition and have

Primal Urge 3 and Purity ••••• to even attempt to join the Lodge of Ashes. Obviously, they must eschew use of fetishes, and many refuse to follow pack totems as well.

Benefits: All confirmed members of the Lodge gain the Chain-Breaker Merit (named for the lodge's founder). Beyond this, belonging to the lodge is its own reward — maintaining the level of spiritual purity necessary to remain Unfettered provides the Uratha with better relations with spirits and other werewolves, and the intense training they go through gives them much in the way of skill and knowledge.

LODGE OF ASHES MERIT

CHAIN-BREAKER (....)

Prerequisites: Lodge of Ashes, Harmony 8

Effects: The Unfettered know secret phrases in the First Tongue that free a spirit from bondage. A member of the lodge can utter these words and concentrate on a fetish to liberate the captive spirit therein. This cannot be done surreptitiously. Any werewolf in the area can sense the changes in the spiritscape caused by this phenomenon, and the phrase in the First Tongue causes the werewolf's voice to rumble and growl like a hunting pack. The owner of the fetish feels the spirit within start to wriggle free, and can attempt to disrupt the process, beating the spirit into submission. This Merit cannot free spirits that wish to remain in their fetishes, or spirits for whom being liberated would violate a ban.

In order to free a spirit, the werewolf must be able to see the fetish. The player spends one point of Essence (this expenditure helps to get the spirit's attention and provides some incentive for the spirit to fight its way out) and rolls Harmony in a contested roll against the fetish owner's Resolve + Composure + Primal Urge.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The spirit's torment becomes painfully clear to the werewolf, but he is powerless to help. The werewolf must immediately check for Death Rage.

Failure: The spirit remains trapped in the fetish, and the only way to free the spirit is to destroy the object. This Merit will not work on this particular fetish.

Success: The spirit is free of the fetish. The owner of the fetish can choose to sacrifice a *dot* (not point) of Willpower to keep the spirit trapped, but this usually results in the Unfettered taking the fetish away by force and breaking it.

Exceptional Success: The spirit is free of the fetish, and no amount of exertion on the part of the owner can keep it ensnared.

If the Unfettered ever falls below Harmony 8, this Merit becomes unavailable to her until she raises her Harmony back up to the required level.

LODGE OF ASHES STORY HOOKS

• **Unleashing:** This story requires that one of the pack is a member of the Lodges of Ashes, or is perhaps in training to become a member. The pack becomes aware of an unclaimed fetish buried somewhere nearly inaccessible (bottom of a deep lake, in a cave atop a mountain, stabbed into the trunk of a giant redwood, etc.). The fetish holds a spirit more powerful than any the characters have seen, and, of course, the Unfettered wishes to free it. But as the pack tries to obtain the fetish, pack members find their way blocked by spirits and perhaps even other Uratha, who would rather kill the pack than allow the spirit to be freed. Is the spirit really that dangerous, or are these guardians working to keep the spirit enslaved?

• **Party Crasher:** One of the characters is being honored for his accomplishments. As part of the ceremony, he is granted a minor fetish. Before the ceremony, a tiny, wizened old woman warns the character not to accept the fetish, as the spirit inside is not happy. If the character heeds the warning, he runs the risk of offending the Uratha who made it for him. If he accepts the fetish, the old woman — actually a member of the Lodge of Ashes — attempts to take it away and give him a public thrashing for ignoring her sage advice.

• **Revolution:** An extremely charismatic Elodoth of the Lodge of Ashes passes through the pack's territory, but spends very little time in the physical world. Instead, she visits the most powerful spirits of the area, paying homage to them and making sure that they are keeping to their own kind and not being ill-treated. After she leaves, however, the spirits come to believe that all Uratha should be as polite and conciliatory, and become outwardly hostile to any werewolves who dare cross the Gauntlet. Can the characters beat these spirits into submission? It might be a better idea to follow the Unfettered and have her return to help smooth things out (since the lodge doesn't believe that werewolves should be subservient to spirits, just that spirits shouldn't be enslaved), if they can find her.

MUKTAR AL-AHSAN

Auspice: Rahu

Tribe: Hunters in Darkness

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 4

Physical Attributes: Strength 6 (7/9/8/6), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4)





Social Attributes: Presence 4, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics (Religion) 3, Craft (Sewing) 2, Medicine 2, Occult (Spirits) 4, Politics 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl (Holds) 5, Drive 1, Firearms 1, Stealth 2, Survival 3, Weaponry (Staff) 4

Social Skills: Animal Ken 4, Empathy 2, Expression (Singing) 3, Intimidation 3, Persuasion 2, Streetwise 2

Merits: Chain-Breaker, Fast Reflexes 2, Fighting Style: Boxing 5, Fresh Start, Languages (Arabic, First Tongue, Spanish)

Primal Urge: 6

Willpower: 7

Harmony: 9

Essence Max/Per Turn: 15/3

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Pride

Health: 8 (10/12/11/8)

Initiative: 9 (9/10/11/11) with Fast Reflexes

Defense: 3 (3/3/3/3)

Speed: 15 (14/19/22/20)

Renown: Purity 5, Wisdom 3

Gifts: (1) Clarity, Crushing Blow, Speak With Beasts, Warning Growl; (2) Attunement, Mighty Bound; (3) Death Grip, Voice of

Command; (4) Invoke the Wind's Wrath; (5) Spirit Pack

Rituals: 3; **Rites:** Banish Human, Cleansed Blood, Rite of Contrition, Rite of

Dedication, Rite of Healing, Rite of Renunciation, Rite of the Spirit Brand

Muktar al-Ahsan was born to a wolf-blooded family. The connection to Father Wolf ran strongly in his father's line, and Muktar grew up hearing stories of the mighty and noble wolf-men who protected Allah's followers from evil *djinn*. When Muktar turned 16, the visions started — under the full moon he saw blood in the streets, squirming creatures in the corners and clawed fingers just beyond the door. A year later, as the moon shone clear and bright, he Changed, and fought against those obscene creatures.

Muktar left his family behind and, like his grandfather and many others of his line before him, joined the Hunters in Darkness and pledged to fight the dangerous beings of the spirit wilds. He joined a pack and fought alongside them for years. The pinnacle of their exploits came in a battle against one of the *idigam*, but Muktar himself was absent for much of that battle. The creature, not wishing to fight the Uratha, squirmed into Muktar's body and ran.

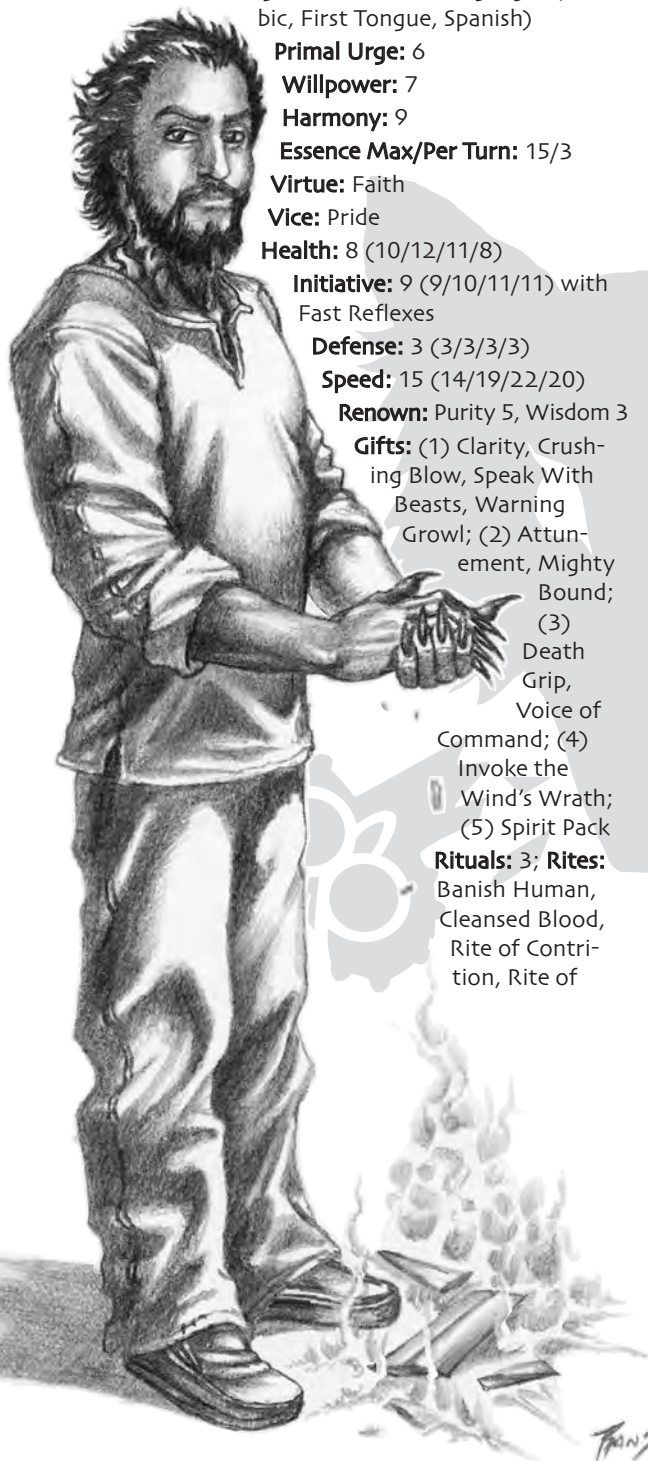
While playing host to the alien spirit, Muktar was a prisoner inside his own flesh. Alone in darkness, unable to move, he first tried to free himself but eventually gave up and waited for death or madness. His pack finally freed him and, with his help, destroyed the spirit. The Uratha of the area presented Muktar with a fine klaive dagger, but, staring at it, he could only wonder if the spirit inside felt the way he had.

Muktar returned home and spoke with his father, and learned that his grandfather had belonged to a sacred order within the tribe. Muktar pledged to seek out this order, and, in time, found a member of the Lodge of Ashes.

Muktar was unable to convince his packmates of the necessity of leaving their territory and smashing their fetishes, so he left them, determined to take the Ashen Way to those who needed to hear it.

An outwardly calm and gentle man, Muktar is still a Rahu and fearsome warrior, one of the strongest Uratha in existence. He is happy to explain his philosophies to young werewolves and try to convince them to willingly give up their fetishes, but he does not tolerate impudence from cubs and is willing to break bone, split flesh and beat other Uratha into a bloody pulp to take away their trinkets. Any pleading from a werewolf in the vein of "family heirloom" or "the spirit was willing to be bound" falls on deaf ears — Muktar knows what even a few hours imprisonment can do.

Muktar is an Arab man in his late 40s. He wears a full beard and keeps his hair cut short. His tattoos are clearly visible on his upper neck and shoulders. He makes his own clothes, claiming that every Rahu should know how to create something in addition to destroying.



TRANSPENCER 05

LODGE OF CERBERUS

HOWLING AT THE GATES OF DEATH

In the last days of Pangaea, as Father Wolf sickened and the worlds turned sour, Gurfuros-Ur was alone. The Firstborn pack ran with Urfarah, doing their utmost to balance his weakness with their strength. The werewolves plotted the downfall of their sire, committing to his slaughter because he was no longer a fit alpha. Garm-Ur, twin to Gurfuros, abandoned the human tribes the two spirits watched over. Garm left all behind in order to hunt and slay the malignant spirit-god he believed responsible for the hellish chaos afflicting the tribes, and Garm was hunting still when the Fall came.

Gurfuros remained with his charges, and saw what came next. He saw the dead return. He saw the souls of dead humans coming back to inspire hate and sadness among the living. Gurfuros and Garm had been petitioned by the human shamans to watch over the people, and, with Garm gone, it fell to the last guardian to fight back the restless dead. Gurfuros fought with the fury of a storm. Though he possessed the heart and ferocity of his father and brother, Gurfuros-Ur has ever battled in silence.

First the dead humans sought to reclaim their cast-off bodies, binding themselves within the spoiled meat contained in their graves and clawing their way back up to the surface. Gurfuros met these with fang and fury, fighting on though he was poisoned by the flesh of their foul bodies wedged in his teeth and claws. The walking corpses were followed by the wraiths who could not animate their physical remains, for they had been dead too long for flesh to remember them. Gurfuros met these with his Essence-rich blood on his claws, fighting on though his heart was chilled to ice by their ghostly touches.

Finally, the dead were destroyed, and Gurfuros turned back to the tribes he had sworn to protect. Many of the humans were distraught and enraged. The wolf-spirit, having no way of seeing through a human's eyes, had misunderstood everything. Now he faced the spears and knives of some of those he protected, and he read the anger in their hearts. These people had wanted to see their loved ones return. They did not care how the dead had come back or how the world stood poised on the brink of cataclysm. These selfish, blinded humans would tear the two worlds further apart simply because they couldn't let go of those who had gone on to another part of the natural cycle. Not all of the tribe, or even half, fought but they was enough to challenge Gurfuros.

The wolf-spirit howled in defiance. He saw the dangers that lay within interactions between the living and the dead and vowed that never again would the realms of life and death meet in his presence. When the wraiths struck his flanks and hind legs, and the human hunters cast spears into his face and forepaws, Gurfuros stood his ground and reaped a slaughter like never before.

The Lodge of Cerberus walks between the world of the living and the world of the dead, enforcing the separation of the two realms much as all Uratha enforce the separation of physical and spiritual. The werewolves of the Lodge of Cerberus recognize no benefit in interaction with the dead, and these werewolves see no compassion in letting tortured ghosts remain parasitically anchored to the living. Everything must die and pass on, and the Lodge of Cerberus has no mercy toward those who violate this most sacred natural law.

These werewolves do not seek any enigmatic answers from beyond the grave, or debate the truths of the afterlife. Such things, to their minds, are mysteries not for the living. The Cerberans see themselves as sentinels, guardians at the Underworld's gates who prevent contact between living and dead. A mortal medium channeling the souls of the dead is just as guilty as a bitter wraith that returns to haunt the scene of its death. Both are breaking the natural cycle of souls, and are to be punished accordingly.

Members of the lodge walk an uneasy balance every night of their lives. Of all the legends that have ever caught the eyes of the mortal world, ghostly happenings are easily the most popular and well-known. In every culture, in every nation, in every language — stories of dead people coming back to interact with or menace the living exist everywhere. The Cerberans are rarely at peace, for who can say which reports are tall tales and which are warnings of something all too real?

The Cerberans are often conflicted between the idealistic and the pragmatic. The lodge's ideals ask for no mercy to be given to anything that might violate the order of natural death, be it ghost, vampire or mortal medium. But pragmatically, it seems more important to prioritize. All ghosts deserve to be laid to rest, but pursuing all vampires for the same reason is likely to spark a war that would brutally hurt the People. The Cerberans' oath might even lead them to make war on the Bone Shadows — and although some Cerberans find the idea appalling, others find it entirely just.

Naturally, the Lodge of Cerberus has an ongoing rivalry with the Bone Shadow Lodge of Death. The Cerberans know that members of the Lodge of Death would — and does — peel back the barrier between life and death in pursuit of knowledge. And the Cerberans don't approve.

The reason the two lodges do not come to blows more often is that they are both very good at what they do. All Bone Shadows, to some degree, are prepared to destroy a ghost that gets out of hand. The Lodge of Death traffics with the dead, but the lodge does end the existences of





the wraiths members view as harmful. The werewolves of the Lodge of Cerberus accept this. It is still a violation of the balance, and the Cerberus-sworn Blood Talons destroy all ghosts no matter what the ghosts' "intentions" might be. The fact remains that conflict between differing ideologies comes down to what is "acceptable contact" with the dead. The Lodge of Death insists a delicate touch can lead to power and knowledge. The Lodge of Cerberus insists even minor transgressions are a crime. It is down to individual werewolves to work out where they stand on the divide.

It should also be noted that few Cerberans regard their duty as a pleasure. Sometimes their work involves destroying "harmless" ghosts and spirits that want nothing more than to watch over their living loved ones. Added to this is the constant pulsing pain of a lodge member's Wraith-Claws (see below), which he uses to slay the dead for one final time. It is not always easy to be a guardian of the Underworld.

Patron Tribe: Blood Talons

ANCESTOR-SPIRITS

Ancestor-spirits are not ghosts or the souls of dead people returning to the world of the living. An ancestor-spirit is a spiritual amalgamation of an entire bloodline, the wisdom and personalities of generations given a single spiritual form. Therefore, Cerberans are not oath-bound to destroy ancestor-spirits and prevent them from ever influencing the living. However, in reality, this is for any individual Uratha to decide where her beliefs fall on the matter. Few Lodge of Cerberus werewolves hate or dislike ancestor-spirits, but few would ever bond themselves to one as a pack totem either.

PATRON SPIRIT

According to lodge tradition, the patron spirit Cerberus is the modern incarnation of a spirit previously known as Kerberos and before that as Gurfuros. He is said to hunt throughout the Shadow, eviscerating ghosts that remain tied to the physical world. Most members of his lodge claim to have met their totem at least once during the course of their lives, though his appearance is rarely the same for any two witnesses. Some see him as a skeletal wolf that trembles with fury, other see the three-headed canid of legend, while others report seeing a mighty red-furred wolf that resembles Fenris-Ur. Most disturbing of all, some Blood Talons — though they don't boast of it — say that Cerberus has shown himself to them in the form of a prehistoric beast more akin to Huzuruth-Ur, the Dire Wolf, than to Fenris-Ur. Can a spirit have two fathers?

It's said that when Cerberus manifests, it is common for him to point his children in the direction of a gross violation between the living and the dead, before leaving to pursue his own leads alone. The totem neither tackles



all of the greatest breaches personally, nor does he grant anything more than a brief explanation of the travesty that is occurring. Those who owe him fealty know better than to ignore his warnings.

JOINING THE LODGE

To join the Lodge of Cerberus, a werewolf simply has to prove he believes in its cause. First he must prove it to a member of the lodge, and then he must prove it to Cerberus when the werewolf stands before the totem.

An interested Uratha needs to track down and appeal to a member of the lodge. This appeal is an informal business, usually taking the form of a conversation or a few minor challenges to see if the applicant is sincerely interested and understands exactly what he is aiming for. Then the challenge is set: the applicant has one lunar month to roam his own hunting ground, seeking out and eliminating no fewer than three incidents of damage to the boundary between the living and the dead.

This is not an easy task; such incidents aren't common. Failure means that the applicant must wait another year to try again, and he may not return to the same lodge member he asked previously. Suffice it to say, most werewolves don't get a second chance; members of the Lodge of Cerberus are rare enough, and not all proclaim their allegiance openly.

The evidence gathered from the trial must be from the werewolf's own territory, and must clearly point to the Uratha's triumph at preventing the two worlds from interacting. The evidence might take the form of a ghost's former fetter, the blood of a medium or even the remains of a vampire. As savage as it sounds, the blood or bones of a Bone Shadow who practiced the Gifts: Corpse Whisper or Vengeance of the Slain also count as acceptable evidence. It is worth noting that no Cerberan would ever defile his oath by using those Gifts, though many learn other Death Gifts to assist their hunts.

If the applicant succeeded in gathering the three items of evidence, then he is allowed to plead with Cerberus for admission. Success here means he is recognized as one of the lodge, free to return to his hunting grounds and work toward the group's goals. Tradition states that no member of the lodge is allowed to induct new applicants until he himself has been part of the lodge for nine years. A werewolf who attempts to break this tradition finds that Cerberus mocks his applicant and refuses his entry from the outset.

Prerequisites: All applicants must maintain a Harmony rating of 7 or greater and have at least Glory •• and Purity ••. They must also have a Brawl or Weaponry Skill of ••• or better and Rituals •• or higher.

Benefits: Members are taught the Rite: Speak With the Guardian when they join. They are also shown the exact ways of constructing their own Wraith-Claws, earning a +1 bonus on the Rite of the Fetish roll when they

eventually create them. Members are also able to learn the Death Gifts at affinity cost.

LODGE OF CERBERUS FETISH

WRAITH-CLAWS (•••)

The ritual weapon of the Lodge of Cerberus is nothing less than the claws of the werewolves that join. Wraith-Claws were created by the first members of the lodge who had no means of harming the souls of the dead. These founding lodge members carved First Tongue glyphs into their fingernails; each hand bearing the symbols for Life, Death, Duty, Soul and the name of their totem, Cerberus. When the carvings were complete, the Uratha bound death-, snake- or pain-spirits into their fingernails as if they were fetishes. These glyphs allowed the werewolves' claws in Dalu, Gauru and Urshul to wreak terrible damage against the insubstantial bodies of ghosts. In Hishu or Urhan form, the nails and claws are too small to do significant damage, but they still seem to pain (but not injure) any ghost "touched" by hands with Wraith-Claws. Characters with Wraith-Claws can attack ghosts as if they were physical opponents, adding +1 to any attack rolls against human spirits.

One spirit remains bound in all 10 nails, and the glyphs are visible in all forms as black symbol scratches on the fingernails or claws. Curiously, a character's fingernails cease to grow after the spirit is bound within them. Binding a spirit into a character's claws is not a painless process. A character with Wraith-Claws suffers a permanent -1 penalty to all Physical rolls involving fine Manipulation (excluding Combat) due to the constant throbbing pain of the malicious spirit within his fingernails.

The creation of these fetishes is always a challenge, and werewolves are advised to gather extensive chiminage before attempting to create Wraith-Claws.

LODGE OF CERBERUS STORY HOOKS

- **Beneath the Remains:** A recent natural disaster (tsunami, earthquake) or urban accident (train wreck, plane crash) has birthed a surge of ghostly activity in the region from the sudden death of so many people. A Blood Talon of the Lodge of Cerberus enters the area — taking a week away from his pack in order to destroy the dozens of spirits that have escaped the true afterlife. How do the characters react to this intruder within their hunting grounds? Do they see the necessity of his mission or work to stop him from what appears to be the killing of innocent human souls?

- **The Call of Cerberus:** As the characters seek to counter the actions of a particularly vicious and malignant ghost, they meet an unassuming wolf-spirit also intent on hunting the lost soul. This wolf-spirit offers to join the characters in the endeavor, though it soon becomes clear that the spirit is seeking to utterly destroy the





Lodge of Cerberus

ghost. This may or may not suit the characters' tastes, but judging by their reactions, the wolf-spirit may well reveal itself as Cerberus in a more impressive form. This could be an opportunity for a Blood Talon character to enter the lodge, or be "merely" a chance encounter with one of the Shadow's more powerful god-beings.

- **The Gate Is Breached:** The dead are no longer resting in their graves. All over the characters' hunting grounds, every night sees an increase in ghostly activity and even a few "zombie-like" incidents of walking corpses. Members of the Lodge of Death and the Lodge of Cerberus converge on the characters' territory, and it is down to the home turf pack to mediate between these two volatile groups.

HAROLD "GRINNING SKULL" FAIRWEATHER

Auspice: Elodoth

Tribe: Blood Talons

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 2 (3/5/4/2), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4)

Social Attributes: Presence 4, Manipulation 2, Composure 4

Mental Skills: Academics (History) 2, Computer 1, Investigation 3, Medicine 2, Occult (Ghosts, Vampires) 3

Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl (Claws) 3, Drive (Urban Traffic) 3, Firearms 2, Stealth 3, Survival 2

Social Skills: Intimidation 3, Persuasion 3, Socialize (Telling Stories) 3

Merits: Contacts (Lodge Members) 2, Fetish (Wraith-Claws) 4, Language (First Tongue, Spanish, French) 3, Resources 1, Totem 3

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 7

Essence Max/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Pride

Health: 8 (10/12/11/8)

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

Defense: 4 (all forms)

Speed: 9 (10/13/16/14)

Renown: Honor 3, Glory 2, Purity 2

Gifts: (1) Death Sight, Scent Beneath the Surface, Wolf-Blood's Lure; (2) Snarl of Command

Rituals: 2; **Rites:** (1) Funeral Rite, Shared Scent, Speak With the Guardian, Rite of Dedication; (2) Banish Spirit, Rite of Contrition

Harold doesn't say a word about where he came from and figures that it doesn't matter a damn to anyone. He has a drawl that places his accent somewhere in the South, though nothing identifiably as strong as Texan. He suits his deed name in every aspect, because he's whip-lean and has a toothy smile that gets flashed whenever he's amused. And pretty much everything amuses him.

A rucksack full of "trophies" is always slung over his shoulder (which would net him a whole heap of trouble if the police ever took a look inside), and he's always keen to bring out a few examples of his past victories and show them to his hosts. He can tell the story for each and every memento in the rucksack, from skulls to Polaroids of gravestones to little baggies of vampire ash.

Grinning Skull likes to take on any Uratha who are interested in joining the Lodge of Cerberus, but he's not always an easy guy to get along with. If the applicant agrees with his exact way of going about things, then the werewolf is looking at an experienced sponsor willing to cut him some slack. But if the applicant has other ideas — even ones suggested in the hope of sounding original and clever — then Harold can turn sour. After all, he's got the bag full of trophies to show off, so arguing with him about how best to do his job is like telling the Pope he's talking to God the wrong way. Grinning Skull just won't hear of it, and anyone wishing to press the matter gets on his temper.

LODGE OF CROWS

CROW'S GREAT LIE

You didn't hear this from me. Got it?

See, the way it went down is that they were tricked. They got the same pitch you did, only it was a lie.

You need me to take this slower? All right, look. You've heard the names. Black Sky and Fading Light. Sometimes you hear a Storm Lord use those names to swear, but it's not like the asshole knows who he's talking about. But look, Black Sky's the new moon, Fading Light the Cahalith.

Each one got contacted separately. Each one thought the messenger was just this simple little crow-spirit. Honest enough mistake. And the crow-spirit gave each one the Talk — it made out like it was speaking for Storm Lords who wouldn't reveal themselves. Sound familiar?

"We've been watching you for a time. You've got real talent. Subtle, cunning — you can go places with those skills. We can help you out. If you prove yourself, you can take your place on among us."

And these two, well, they were ambitious enough to keep listening. The spirit would bring each one errands and such, and they carried them out. Real well, too. They were the first for a reason.

When it came time for their initiation, though, the crow spun a new story. "Sorry we couldn't have told you sooner, but we needed to be sure. We needed you to carry on for us. There's only one left of us now. We — I'm going to be gone soon. The crow will teach you what you need to know. Bring others in." Then it told them where to find one another, and they started work.

It was some pretty work, too. Look at us — we're all over the place. Spread like a virus, only we're damn good for our tribe and damn bad for everyone who goes against us. But it started with a lie.

Never was a lodge before Black Sky and Fading Light, just a crow-spirit that was big enough to want some followers and smart enough to play like he was smaller.

I told you, you didn't hear this from me. What? Of course it fucking matters, you idiot! They're still alive! Black Sky and Fading Light, they're still around!

Didn't know that, did you? Yeah, well — welcome to the murder. Like we told you before, you're never gonna be alone again.

Werewolves of the Lodge of Crows often refer to the three strongest tribal

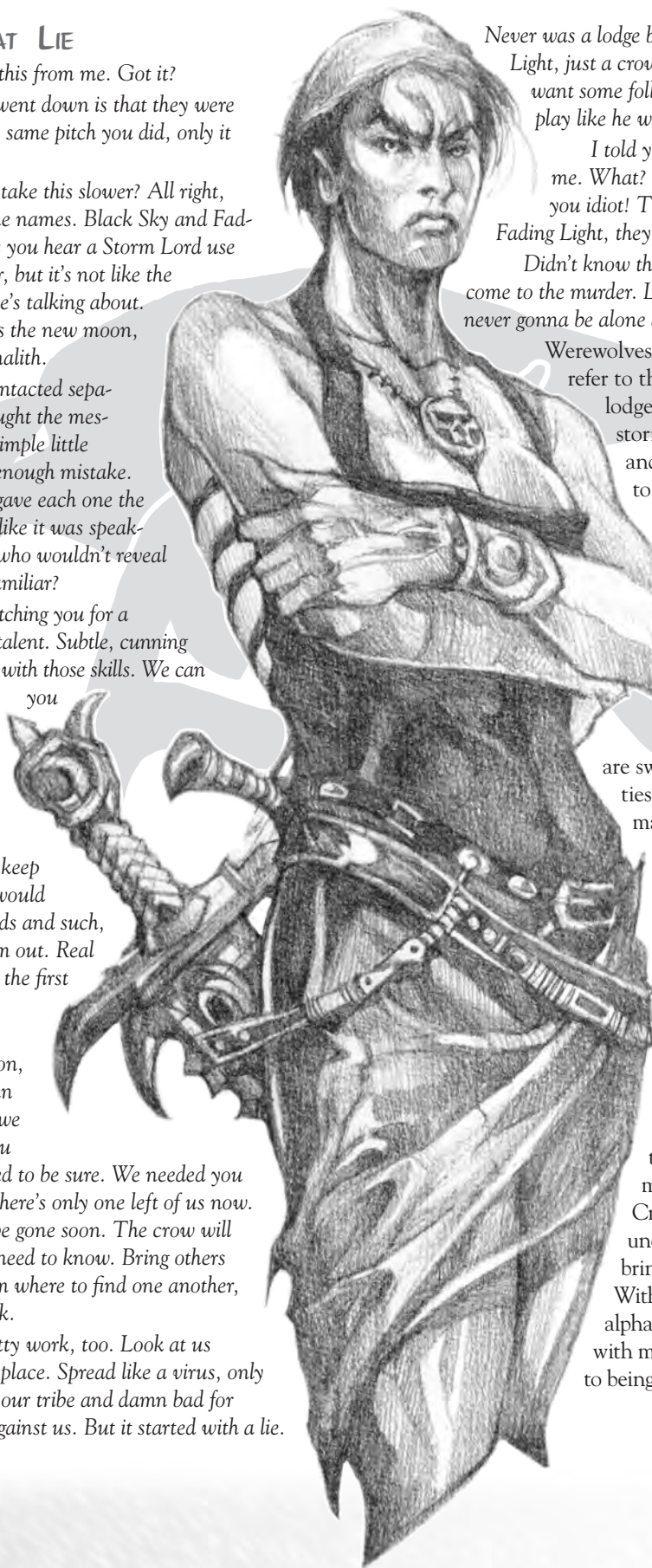
lodges as "the three pillars of the storm" — the three philosophies and methods for a Storm Lord to achieve power and influence

enough to make a difference.

The Lodge of Crows is the subtlest of these three pillars, enough so that most werewolves aren't even aware that there are three pillars in the first place.

The Lodge of Crows' members are sworn not to admit their loyalties, and, indeed, there aren't many werewolves outside the *Iminir* who even know of the Lodge of Crows' existence. Subtlety and cunning are the hallmarks of the Crows, and the manipulation of power and influence from behind the scenes is their shadowy path to dominance.

Crows don't care about glory or recognition for their deeds. Such rewards are for those who need affirmation more than results. In fact, the Crows are much happier being uncredited for their work. It brings so much more freedom. With all eyes on the dominant alpha, the pack omega can get away with much more. Openly confessing to being of the Lodge of Crows is a



major violation of the lodge's oath of secrecy, enough to mark one for — removal.

The subtle path to power can take many forms. Some Crows are consummate players of the social game, manipulating others with sweet words and quiet suggestions. Such players prefer to seem as harmless as possible (which, for werewolves, can never be entirely harmless), sometimes even going so far as to play the role of the person whose suggestions are invariably foolish. Reverse psychology doesn't always work, but a clever Crow can use it as just another tool.

Some Crows are also mystics. The lodge has its share of Ithaeur, though they are quite different in outlook from the mystics of the Lodge of Winter. Crows dedicated to spirit magic don't pursue the more powerful rites or artifacts, and wouldn't dream of binding the fiercest spirits. Rather, they comb the Shadow for news and hints, using their spirit magic to ferret out secrets. A few Crows manage to play the role of Mephistopheles in their circles, targeting various enemies and tempting them to destroy themselves in proper Faustian fashion.

And some Crows are more physical. They are the assassins and cleaners of the lodge and, by extension, of the Storm Lord tribe. The Crows have the hardest task in some ways, because they take greater risks of exposure every time they choose to solve a problem with their own claws.

The greatest problem facing the lodge is the lodge members' lack of scruples. The Crows aren't afraid to do dirty work, up to and including the murder of other Uratha, should it prove necessary — and it often does. However, while a Crow might describe this as "pragmatic," it isn't really. Disrupting their own Harmony is a dangerous game to play, and not as practical as it would seem. Yet many Crows look on this behavior as a necessary sacrifice, even referring to themselves as "heroic" with a certain sort of gallows humor. They do the jobs that need doing, even at the expense of the soul. It's a small price to pay for the good of the *Iminir* — or for power.

The Crows grew in number so quickly that some have wondered if there isn't more to the tribal legend than they've been told. Most Storm Lords can at least intuit that there are three paths of power — so why was the indirect one represented by a lodge only in recent years? Some Crows suspect that, once, their lodge existed in another form, but was forced to disband or was destroyed for some reason. Crow — if that's who the lodge patron really is — may have recreated something that already existed, possibly even by drawing on members of the previous incarnation.

Or maybe the legend itself is one giant lie. It'd be typical of the way the Crows work, never fully honest even with one another.

PATRON SPIRIT

The Lodge of Crows naturally takes its name from its patron spirit, and individual members call themselves

Crows with that homage at least partly in mind. But the truth is that the spirit calling itself Crow is probably not Crow itself, the epitome of all crows, or even all corvids, as the spirit sometimes claims. It doesn't seem likely that Crow itself would actively take an interest in the Uratha — and it does seem very likely that the spirit is lying again. A few Ithaeur within the lodge are quietly working to discover their patron's actual name and nature, just in case. But, for the most part, lodge members act as though they believe "Crow" with all their hearts. It's the polite thing to do.

JOINING THE LODGE

Prospective Crows are rarely aware that they're being considered as prospects. The lodge doesn't mark any of their members as potential recruits; they simply watch for those who seem to fit their methods. The most cunning and ambitious Storm Lords might suspect the existence of the lodge, reasoning that there seem to be three principal paths to power, and that the third one would naturally remain hidden.

When a Storm Lord gains a particularly high rank of Cunning or Purity Renown, word spreads. In particular, the crow-spirits tied to the lodge eavesdrop on the news and carry word back to the senior members. From there, more potent Crows watch the initiate for months to see if she's sufficiently discreet — and ruthless — to make a good member.

If an invitation comes, it's always delivered via spirit, usually a corvid-spirit of some sort. It's rare that the prospect refuses — the Crows are careful to look for signs of potential disinterest or social ties that would prevent membership. If she does refuse, the spirit intones a grim warning that the werewolf should keep quiet about what she's just heard, or the Crows will see to keeping her quiet.

When a prospective member agrees to join, the spirit advises her to keep ready. Little tasks and assignments begin to filter to the recruit, again always delivered by spirits. The tasks aren't easy ones, and are sure to test the prospective Crow's loyalty, discretion and resourcefulness. They also test the subject's willingness to break the Oath when necessary — some applicants are even placed in situations in which they would have to betray their families or packs for a greater, lasting good. If the would-be recruit proves unworthy, the "assignments" slow down in frequency, and initiation never comes; the lodge keeps her hanging indefinitely, only using her for the occasional errand and letting her believe (or not) that she still has a chance.

If the recruit proves worthy, though, then she will receive a visit from other Crows in person. Many initiates are often surprised to learn that the harmless old pacifist or know-nothing young punk they've ignored for the past year has in fact been giving them orders. The oath of loyalty is short, to the point and always taken in darkness.

From that point on, the new Crow is one of the secret brothers and sisters of the tribe.

Prerequisites: Cunning or Purity ••••

Benefits: The foremost benefit of joining the Lodge of Crows is that members look after their own. They demonstrate a loyalty to each other fueled not so much by camaraderie as by a possessive bond. If someone injures a Crow, any others who hear about it are sure to take some measure of retribution. However, in accordance with the purpose of the lodge, the Crows strike secretly rather than overtly. Their attentions might be disguised as a fluke accident or take the form of a third party sent against the offenders on some trumped-up excuse.

In addition to the benefits of protective brethren, Crows learn a few common code phrases and symbols that they can use to leave one another messages. They also pay one fewer experience point per dot purchased (new dots x2 instead of new dots x3) for all purchases of the Larceny, Stealth, Politics, Persuasion and Subterfuge Skills.

LODGE OF CROWS RITE

CARRION MESSENGER (••)

The Lodge of Crows has one of the finest and most secure communication systems known to the Uratha, thanks to the crow-spirits that have been placed at the lodge's disposal. Using this rite, Crows can send one another messages without having to bother with unreliable (or non-secure) communication media; a Crow can send word to one of her peers in another city without even having to know a human name or phone number. This rite can only be used to carry messages from one lodge member to another; teaching the rite to an outsider is a violation of the lodge's oath of secrecy, and the spirit messenger will refuse to take a message to anyone but a Crow.

Performing the Rite: Calling the crow-spirit is a simple process. The ritemaster rolls a bit of carrion between her thumb and fingers as she sings a whispered song to call the crow-spirit to her. When the crow-spirit arrives, the werewolf feeds it the bit of carrion as she tells it the message the spirit is to carry and the lodge member it's to find.

Dice Pool: Harmony

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

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: All successes are lost. The crow-spirits will not serve the ritemaster until a day and a night has passed.

Failure: No successes are gained.

Success: Successes are gained. If 10 or more are accumulated, the crow-spirit manifests and will carry a short message (30 words or less) to the fellow lodge member of the ritemaster's choice. The crow-spirit travels at the rate of roughly 200 miles per hour, and will make a flight up to 1000 miles distant. The messenger is subtle enough not to

approach its target openly, and will whisper the message in his ear without otherwise manifesting.

Exceptional Success: Successes are gained toward the total. If 15 or more are accumulated, the crow-spirit is especially motivated, and will carry the message at a speed of up to 250 miles per hour.

LODGE OF CROWS STORY HOOKS

• **Injustice:** It's unfortunately easy for a character to wind up on the wrong side of the Lodge of Crows. All it takes is crossing a Storm Lord who doesn't wear his lodge affiliation openly — and no Crow does. Dealing with the reprisals from the other lodge members is enough to keep a pack quite busy. But what if the pack is framed, having "offended" a Crow who's unfairly using his power against them? Can they figure out what's going on and bring the injustice to the attention of the other lodge members?

• **Friends Like These:** One of the pack members has attracted the lodge's attention in a good way; the Crows think she's the sort of leader who can do an excellent job, and have decided to support her from the shadows. A lodge member (probably a member of a neighboring pack) begins to operate on her behalf. While she receives unexpected windfalls as part of the patronage, the Crow also tests her by throwing more tests of her endurance and leadership in her path.

• **Keeping Secrets:** A Pure pack has captured a Crow spy, which troubles the rest of the lodge. If the Pure make him talk — and the Pure certainly have their methods — many of the lodge's secrets would be exposed. To fix the problem, the Crows go to the players' pack and describe the captive as a turncoat, someone who went to the Pure of his own free will and was captured for it anyway. The Crows ask that the traitor be silenced before he can do any more damage, elaborating on ways that his information might endanger all the Forsaken of the area. The pack must decide whether they can violate the Oath by trying to silence the "traitor," even if the stakes are indeed that high — and if they refuse, they offend a dangerous lodge.

KATE "RANSOM" RANISTON

Auspice: Elodoth

Tribe: Storm Lords

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 4, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 2 (3/5/4/2), Dexterity 4 (5/6/7/7), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4)

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 4 (3/4/1/4), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Computer 1, Investigation (Dirty Secrets) 3, Medicine 1, Occult 1, Politics 3

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl (Dirty Fighting) 4, Drive 1, Firearms 3, Larceny (Safecracking) 3, Stealth (Urban) 2, Survival (Tracking) 2, Weaponry (Knives) 3

Social Skills: Empathy 2, Intimidation (Intense) 2, Persuasion 2, Socialize 1, Streetwise (Cover-Ups) 3, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Allies (Vice Cops) 3, Contacts (Scandal Sheets, Bookies, Call Girls, Sanitation) 4, Danger Sense, Fast Reflexes 1, Fighting Finesse, Language (First Tongue, Spanish) 2, Resources 3

Primal Urge: 4

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 4

Essence Max/Per Turn: 13/2

Virtue: Justice

Vice: Envy

Health: 6 (8/10/11/8)

Initiative: 8 (8/9/10/10) with Fast Reflexes

Defense: 4 (4/4/4/4)

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

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

Gifts: (1) Loose Tongue, Scent Beneath the Surface, Sense Malice, Ward Versus Predators, Warning Growl; (2) Luna's Dictum, Sand in the Eyes, Silent Fog, Ward Versus Humans; (3) Technology Ward, Voice of Command; (4) Break the Defiant, Soul Read

Rituals: 3; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication; (2) Call Human, Cleansed Blood, Hallow Touchstone; (3) Bind Human, Rite of Healing

Kate "settles things." It's what she's always done — getting the money to pay rent when her mother was too drunk to do anything, making sure that the thugs at school

weren't able to hurt her sister again. Her life was full of ugly little problems that nobody but her had the guts to resolve even before the Change. When she adapted to her new life among the People, she started putting her cold practicality to work on a whole new set of ugly little problems. She seemed a natural for the Lodge of Crows. She was.

At present, Kate works with her own pack in a conventional sense, and occasionally completes tasks for the lodge. She doesn't act much as a spy or information gatherer, tending to get involved when a problem has become clear. Among werewolves not of her lodge, she answers to her human name; "Ransom" is what her fellow Crows call her, and obliquely at that. It's become a bit of a joke among her peers that sometimes you just need to "pay the ransom" to make sure a problem gets settled. She's an Elodoth to the core, and has a very clear sense of how things should run. Kate has accumulated a number of useful techniques for making problems go away, from a network of potential blackmailers to a very effective close-quarters fighting technique.

Kate is a smallish woman with plain features, capable of broadcasting a primal sexuality when she chooses to, but mostly just being casually overlooked. In wolf form, she's compact and of fairly typical coloration. Unfortunately, it's been a while between purification sessions and efforts to rebuild her inner harmony, and her imbalance is starting to show. She feels an instinctual antipathy for the color white; she's very uncomfortable in buildings with white walls, and refuses to wear white under any circumstances. It's a compulsion that she has so far managed to conceal, but it's just a matter of time.

LODGE OF DEATH

ASHES AND SMOKE

A mighty Ithaeur had fallen, struck down by a spirit as he tried to bind it into a fetish. His pack put him on a pyre, and the flames rose up high into the mountain air. Many of the People, some of the Ithaeur's tribe, the Hirfathra Hissu and some of other tribes, came to mourn and pay their respects, but only the Bone Shadows stayed to watch the last of his bones burn.

As the ashes fell to the ground, one of the assembled Bone Shadows saw a spirit in the smoke. She called out to it, and the spirit fled. Most of those present were too tired to give chase for long, but the deceased Ithaeur's pack ran down the spirit and trapped it. It revealed itself as a spirit of death and passage, free to glimpse the living world only in the smoke and ashes of a funeral pyre. The pack asked it what lay beyond the threshold of death, but the spirit replied that it couldn't explain such things to the living. It asked what being alive was like — but the Uratha gave it the same answer.

The Hirfathra Hissu as a tribe are renowned for going where other werewolves fear to tread, searching for wisdom that has been left untouched. Those Bone Shadows of the Lodge of Death, however, feel that the greatest mystery lies not in the howls of the Cahalith or some pocket of the Shadow, but in the inevitability of the grave. What lies beyond the veil of death is a question that humans and werewolves alike have tried to answer — unsuccessfully — for thousands of years. All humans have to go on is faith in a few dubious stories of tunnels of light,

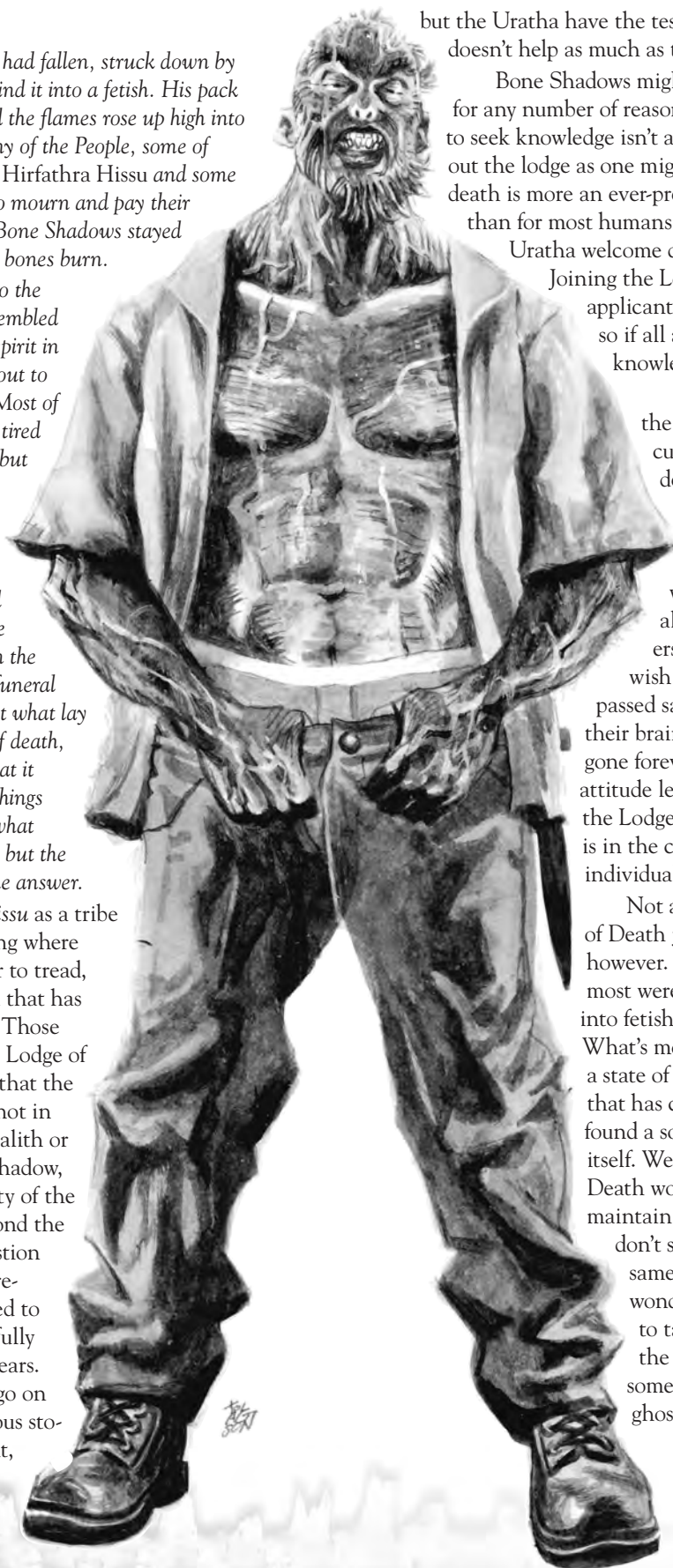
but the Uratha have the testimony of the spirits. This doesn't help as much as they'd like, however.

Bone Shadows might join the Lodge of Death for any number of reasons. The tribal imperative to seek knowledge isn't as great an impetus to seek out the lodge as one might think, though. While death is more an ever-present threat for werewolves than for most humans, that doesn't mean the Uratha welcome death, or do not fear it.

Joining the Lodge of Death requires an applicant to face her own demise, so if all a Bone Shadow seeks is knowledge, safer paths exist.

Some Bone Shadows join the lodge out of sheer morbid curiosity. They want to know death, to better understand their own time among the living and make the most of it, and to know what their own funerals might look like. Others have lost relatives and wish to know that they have passed safely on, or wish to pick their brains for knowledge thought gone forever. (Note that this same attitude leads some Bone Shadows to the Lodge of Voices; the difference is in the courage and mores of the individual werewolf.)

Not all members of the Lodge of Death join with benign goals, however. Ghosts cannot, as far as most werewolves know, be bound into fetishes or affected by most rites. What's more, human ghosts exist in a state of Twilight, similar to a spirit that has crossed the Gauntlet and found a source of Essence to sustain itself. Werewolves of the Lodge of Death wonder how such ghosts maintain themselves, since they don't seem to gain Essence the same way natural spirits do, and wonder if Uratha could learn to take spiritual sustenance in the same way. What's more, some werewolves believe that ghosts might be more compli-





ant and easily cowed than other spirits, making ghosts useful servants.

Finally, some members of the Lodge of Death have personal reasons for joining. They might have lost family, lovers or friends and wish to find them and ensure that they are safe (as opposed to finding them and interrogating them). Some Bone Shadows regard death as the ultimate test of mettle and courage — a werewolf who does not fear her own death is a truly dangerous foe.

Members of the Lodge of Death approach their work in different ways. Some spend their time conversing with ghosts, searching out haunts and trying to find ways to follow ghosts into whatever rewards await. Other members search the *Hisil* for places associated with death, speaking with conceptual-spirits of murder, starvation, disease and other methods of demise. These journeys often take Bone Shadows deep into the darkest parts of the spirit wilds, places where an action as simple as plucking a leaf from a tree can be fatal.

Sometimes the lodge follows a darker course, though. The moment of death is regarded as pivotal, even sacred, in the lodge. While the Oath forbids killing other werewolves and the Lodge of Death (on the surface, at least) values that tenet, lodge members do recognize that other creatures might die for purposes of knowledge. Some members of the lodge develop a taste for killing, and hunt down humans who are old, sick, violent or who simply, to the werewolf's mind, need to die. This practice leads to loss of Harmony over time, of course, but the degeneration is often slow enough that it goes unnoticed. Not all such members are serial murderers, though. Some simply observe death when the opportunity presents itself. As such, the last thing a foe who dies in battle with a member of the Lodge of Death sees is usually the Bone Shadow's eyes, staring into his expectantly, looking for answers in his last breath.

Patron Tribe: Bone Shadows

PATRON SPIRIT

The Lodge of Death reveres a death-spirit as well as Kamduis-Ur. Called *Hithethal-Us*, the Spirit of the Ashes of the Dead, this being is invisible except when viewed through the smoke of a funeral pyre. The spirit doesn't speak to lodge members often, typically only appearing when a member of the lodge dies and is cremated. At that moment, the spirit appears to remind the surviving werewolves of their mission: understanding the mysteries of death. This death-spirit also mentions its own goal, that of understanding life.

JOINING THE LODGE

For a Bone Shadow to join the Lodge of Death, she must die.

The first step in joining the Lodge of Death is for the applicant to petition a member of the lodge. Finding a member of the Lodge of Death isn't as difficult as, say,

chasing down a Harbinger, but it still isn't easy. The Lodge of Death doesn't have a good reputation among other Uratha, and so members don't advertise their allegiance unless the surrounding territories belong to Bone Shadows, at least in part. Once an applicant finds a member, however, that senior member is honor-bound to take the applicant as a student for a period of at least three lunar months. During that time, the applicant helps the lodge member with his research, accompanies him on exploration missions and learns what the lodge believes and does. The student receives little in the way of occult or ritual training, however, as she is expected to be well-versed in spirit and ghost lore before ever applying to join the lodge.

After this brief apprentice period, the lodge member gives the student a frank appraisal of whether he feels she has the intelligence, perseverance and courage to join the Lodge of Death. Rejection here can be take the form of a heartfelt talk in which the werewolf explains where the applicant is weak or a gruff refusal and a slammed door. In either case, the applicant doesn't need the senior member's blessing to proceed, but very few applicants survive the next step without it. If the mentor grants his blessing, he marks the applicant with the ashes from his own funeral pyre (see below).

The second involves calling the applicant's pack together to witness the applicant's funeral. (Members of the Lodge of Death are forbidden to withhold their membership from packmates.) If the applicant does not have a pack, she must find other Uratha willing to act as witnesses and, more importantly, perform the Funeral Rite. The applicant lies on a pyre, listening as her packmates refer to her in the past tense and talk about her achievements, qualities and frailties as though they will never see her again. Once the rite is successfully performed, the ritualist lights the pyre. This marks the transition to the third and final portion of initiation into the lodge.

As the werewolf's flesh and hair burn, she must keep still. The idea is that because she is dead, her soul gone on to its great reward, so she no longer has any need to cry out in pain. How long this must go on varies, but if the applicant bears the blessing of her mentor, the fire only burns for a few minutes. If the applicant decided to press on without her mentor's blessing, the pyre might burn for hours, or even indefinitely. More than one stubborn applicant has died rather than leap from the pyre, but those fools are afforded more respect than the ones "rescued" by their packmates.

The flames die, however, when *Hithethal-Us* appears. The spirit rises up with the smoke and grants its blessing to the applicant, welcoming her into the Lodge of Death. The spirit then whispers something in the applicant's ear — the details of her own death. The new member understands from then on how she will die and that she is powerless to stop it, but that no force on Earth can coerce her to reveal this information to anyone.

How Will My Character Die?

Members of the Lodge of Death know how they will meet their eventual fate, and know that they are powerless to stop it. Members have tried, over the years, and always seem to wind up exactly where *Hithethal-Us* said they would when their hour arrives.

How does the knowledge of one's own death work in a Storytelling game, however? How can the Storyteller be sure that the death she reveals to the player is the one that finally catches up with the character? The Storyteller has two options, depending on the type of chronicle and the temperament of the players.

The first option is simply not to reveal exactly what the spirit says. The character's eyes widen, he nods and says something like, "So be it" or "But... why?" and that is that. When — if — death comes for that character during the course of the chronicle, allow the character a few last words that make it clear that this was what the werewolf was fated for all along.

The second option requires a player who is willing to work with, rather than against, the Storyteller. The player and the Storyteller should conspire to come up with a death that suits the character and the chronicle, and when those circumstances arrive, both should be prepared to ignore dice rolls and game systems in order to facilitate a stirring death scene for the character.

The fact that members of the Lodge of Death know their own demises isn't meant to be some kind of cheap dodge or headache for anyone. It's simply meant to give them a special kind of courage — because they know when they will die, they do not have to fear death at all. They know how much time they have left and so do not have to fret about it. This doesn't mean all lodge members are happy with their fated deaths, but that can lead to good Storytelling potential as well.

Prerequisites: Honor •, Wisdom ••• and Occult ••• with a Specialty in Ghosts, Death or another applicable field (Storyteller's discretion).

Benefits: Members of the Lodge of Death know the times and circumstances of their deaths. Therefore, lodge members do not fear an untimely end. Members of the lodge do not fear for their own lives (though they might feel afraid for loved ones), and are immune to supernatural attempts to instill fear. Also, members' Harmony ratings are treated as two higher when considering triggers for Death Rage. That is, a member might have Harmony 6, but does not need to check for Death Rage if injured outside of combat (see the chart on p. 174 of *Werewolf: The Forsaken*).

LODGE OF DEATH FETISH

PAIN POPPET (••)

This fetish resembles a small, human-shaped doll sewn together from scrap fabric and stuffed with sand, straw or gravel (though some more extravagant werewolves use chips of bone). The werewolf can attune this doll to a target and then squeeze or claw the doll to inflict pain upon the victim. The fetish works on living and unliving targets, including other werewolves, mages and vampires, but it does not work on spirits.

The user focuses on a target in his line of sight and growls softly. If the fetish is successfully activated, it is attuned to that target and remains so until the werewolf releases it or until the next sunset. Whenever the werewolf "hurts" the Pain Poppet (squeezing it, sticking it with a pin or a claw, etc.), the target suffers a -2 to all rolls and to Defense, just as if he were suffering wound penalties (see p. 171 of the *World of Darkness Rulebook*). The Iron Stamina Merit applies as usual.

LODGE OF DEATH STORY HOOKS

- **Unquiet Spirits:** This hook works best if the players' pack includes a member of the Lodge of Death or is otherwise sympathetic to it. While attempting communication with a ghost, something goes horribly wrong and the pack is sucked into Twilight. They find that, similar to human ghosts, pack members can affect the physical world in subtle ways, and they retain their Gifts and other powers. They do not see any spirits, however — they are trapped between the material world and the *Hisil*. Is there a way out? Can they manifest as ghosts can, perhaps to get help from another werewolf?

- **Human Nature:** A serial killer starts a tally of victims in the pack's territory. Pack members might not care at first, but as the police presence increases and they hear about the "occult nature" of the crimes, they should take an interest. They discover that a Bone Shadow of the Lodge of Death is doing the killing, but he insists that the people he puts to death need to die. He cannot explain it any further than that, claiming that, although only other members of his lodge would understand, the killing must continue. Do the characters take him at his word, stop him or investigate further? What if he's telling the truth? What might happen if these people are allowed to live?

- **Imbalance:** A member of the Lodge of Death finds a way to circumvent the ban placed on her by *Hithethal-Us* and tells her lover how and when she is meant to die. Immediately, the surrounding *Hisil* erupts into black flame and ash. *Hithethal-Us* appears in the smoke and demands that the betrayer be slain, or else the physical





Lodge of Death

world as well as the spirit wilds will be cast into ruin. Can the characters catch and kill her before too much damage is done? Will other members of the lodge help or hinder their efforts?

JESSE "BURNING BONES" CARTWRIGHT

Auspice: Rahu

Tribe: Bone Shadows

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 2 (3/5/4/2), Dexterity 1 (1/2/3/3), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4)

Social Attributes: Presence 4, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Investigation 2, Occult (Ghosts) 4

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl (Blind Fighting) 2, Larceny 2, Stealth 2, Weaponry (Daggers) 4

Social Skills: Empathy (Ghosts) 2, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 2

Merits: Ambidextrous, Fetish (Shade Dagger) 3, Language (First Tongue), Weaponry Dodge

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 5

Essence Max/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Gluttony

Health: 8 (10/12/11/8)

Initiative: 3 (3/4/5/5)

Defense: 1 (1/2/2/2)

Speed: 8 (9/12/15/15)

Renown: Purity 2, Wisdom 3

Gifts: (1) Clarity, Death Sight, Partial Change; (2) Attunement, Scent of Taint; (3) Corpse Witness

Rituals: 1; **Rites:** Rite of Dedication

Jesse Cartwright was never anyone's idea of an easy-going guy. He crackled with energy, only rested when he was falling over from exhaustion and only smiled at the thought of more work. He was strong and fit, the result of long years working the family farm.

And then one morning, a bloated orange moon rose over the cornfield. By the time it set again, every living thing on the property was dead. Jesse slept more soundly that night than ever before.

After his initiation into the Bone Shadows and a pack, Jesse spent several years trying to find his place. He

was a Rahu, true, but didn't possess a good instinct for coordinated fighting. He was more intelligent than his farm-boy demeanor let on, and quickly soaked up knowledge about spirits, their language and the dangers they could pose, but rituals and the like didn't appeal to him. Finally, he returned to his family land (which he'd allowed to grow wild in his absence) and discovered that his family still lingered on. Outraged by this injustice — he had killed them surely enough, so they should be resting — he sought out a member of the Lodge of Death and demanded to know the lodge's secrets.

His mentor kept him on for the required three months, but never treated him as a serious applicant. At the end of the time, he told Jesse, "You're a full-moon. Your death will be glorious, but you aren't meant to know anything further." Jesse, never good at taking "no" for an answer, gathered his pack, told the Elodoth to perform the Funeral Rite, and laid down on the pyre.

Jesse waited there as his flesh burnt for almost six hours. He lost so much muscle tissue that he appears to have been cut in half when viewed from the side. But his suffering wasn't in vain. *Hithethal-Us* appeared to him and admitted him into the lodge. His former mentor attended the ceremony, and reports that when *Hithethal-Us* whispered into Jesse's ear, the Rahu simply nodded and muttered, "Makes sense."

Cartwright took the name "Burning Bones" from the ordeal, and left his pack. He reasoned he was dead to them, so there was no use confusing the issue. He serves the lodge as a ghost-hunter now, finding the unquiet souls and helping them to move on. Sometimes that involves destroying their earthly anchors, sometimes he has to fall back on his skills in battle. Either way, Jesse Cartwright never rests. He knows when his rest is coming.

Jesse is in his early 30s, but his age is impossible to guess. He has horrible burns covering his body. His hair is seared away except for a small patch of beard on his right cheek, and he walks with a pronounced limp. He wears soft, loose-fitting clothes that don't irritate his skin, and carries a long-bladed knife strapped to his hip. The knife is a klaive, a gift from his former mentor after he realized how wrong he'd been about Jesse. When activated, the klaive can strike ghosts as though under the effect of the Ghost Knife Gift.

LODGE OF DOORS

THE BECKONING

The Hirfathra Hissu howl the tale of Death Wolf and how she found the Lurker in Doorways crouched at the mouth of a river, dipping its fingers into the water, turning over rocks and peering at the many-legged creatures beneath. Other spirits detested this ugly, foul-smelling wretch, because it was always sneaking into their dens, stealing the eggs of the birds and listening to the birthing cries of the animals. This spirit was weak, though, for it was a spirit of discovery and freedom, and these concepts were unformed.

Death Wolf, though, had heard of what the future held, and she struck up a deal with the Lurker. If it would serve her and teach her children, they would follow the spirit's example and peer into the darkest places, overturn the rocks hiding the secrets of the world, foul or fair.

The Lurker in Doorways grinned like a child, and the Lodge of Doors was born.

The Bone Shadows of the Lodge of Doors take their tribal philosophy of the quest for knowledge and the constant need for discovery and make the philosophy a way of life. Some Bone Shadows are detectives who abhor mysteries and wish to see the truth behind any façade, while others are thrill-seekers looking for amusement by opening doors they know are forbidden. Most, though, identify with their strange totem — they hate barriers, whether physical, spiritual or psychological and wish to bypass them to find the prize, be it truth, wealth or horror, on the other side. While many young *Hirfathra Hissu* attempt to join the lodge with grandiose ideals about wanting to discover the mysteries of the universe or even bringing humanity a new understanding of their place in the world, the lodge is quick to show these youngsters the reality of the Lurkers. Many of the hidden truths of the world are hidden for a very good reason. That doesn't mean the Lurkers shy away from them (the old adage that some

things should remain unknown is completely counterintuitive to the Lodge of Doors), but they don't see themselves as Prometheans, bringing the light of knowledge to the masses. If others want to learn the unpleasant truths of the world, they must open the doors, turn over the rocks and descend into darkness themselves. More specifically, one lesson that all new members of the lodge have drilled into them is "*Nu Bath Githul*" — The Herd Must Not Know. This portion of the Oath is inviolate, but not for the reasons that most Uratha believe.

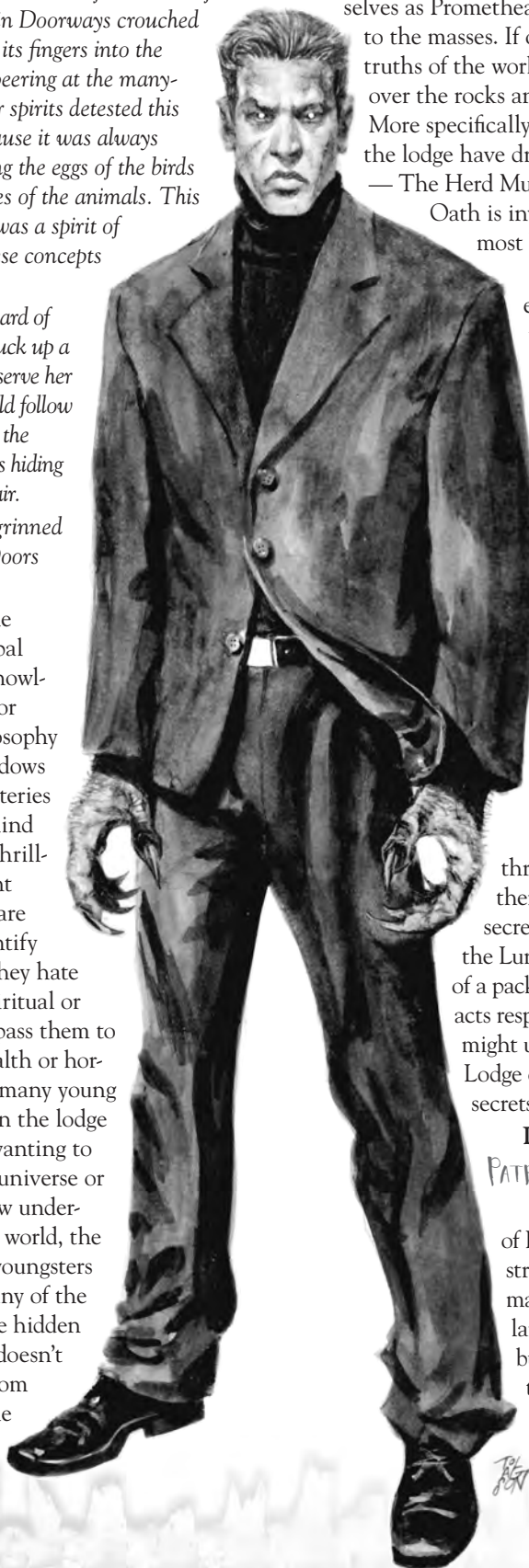
The Lurkers feel that any knowledge not earned is dangerous, because the one who receives the knowledge bears no responsibility for it. That is, if humanity at large were suddenly to learn of the existence of the Uratha, or the *Hisil* or any of the mysteries of the World of Darkness, humans could wreak untold damage because they would not know enough to take the proper actions. If humans ever discovered these truths naturally, however, they would be responsible for whatever actions they took (and such discovery is more likely to take place on an individual, or at least small-scale, basis anyway, which is much less dangerous).

The Lodge of Doors, then, creeps through the night, beckoned ever on by their strange little totem, unearthing the secrets of the world but leaving them as the Lurkers find them. A Lurker who is part of a pack agrees to make sure that his pack acts responsibly with regard to whatever he might unearth, as well. The Uratha of the Lodge of Doors are superb at unearthing secrets, but also at keeping them.

Patron Tribe: Bone Shadows

PATRON SPIRIT

The spiritual patron of the Lodge of Doors, the Lurker in Doorways, is a strange little beast. Normally, it only manifests to lead Lurkers to a particularly well-hidden or dangerous secret, but the patron spirit never allows itself to be truly seen. A member of the lodge might see the little spirit hiding





in the shadows, its gnarled hand outstretched, motioning for the werewolf to follow. Bone Shadows of the lodge call this event “the Beckoning,” and it is considered both a challenge and a great honor. Refusing the Beckoning isn’t a punishable offense, but it does mark the werewolf as a coward in the eyes of his fellow Lurkers (and is considered a minor sin against Harmony 9; roll five dice).

JOINING THE LODGE

Bone Shadows are occasionally invited to join the Lodge of Doors, but most of the time an applicant stumbles across a Lurker during the course of her investigations and questions him. When this happens, the lodge member is as evasive as possible, beginning by lying, then by dodging the questions and finally by telling the other werewolf outright that her activities are none of his business. Most of the time, the applicant backs off, but some Bone Shadows are curious (and nosy) enough to want to learn the truth. These are the ones who become new members of the Lodge of Doors.

Sometimes, too, a Lurker leaves hints and clues for other Uratha to find while she is investigating a target or snooping about for secrets. If a Bone Shadow is clever enough to decipher these clues and follow them back to the Lurker, she merits an invitation to attempt to join.

The initiation is deceptively simple — the would-be Lurker has to confront a member of the lodge with evidence that the lodge exists. Testimony from another Bone Shadow is not enough, because everyone tells stories. A signed confession (or one spoken in person) from an existing member, photographs or video of a Lurker engaging in spying or investigation for the lodge or a credible third-party source that proves the lodge’s existence are all acceptable. The lodge members structure the initiation this way for two reasons. First, obviously, Lurkers must be skilled investigators, and what better way to hone their skills than by discovering the lodge on their own? Second, the lodge uses this method to plug any security leaks or points of weakness its members might be overlooking.

Once the applicant has made her case and presented her evidence, any local members of the lodge come forward to meet the new Lurker and to watch for the Beckoning. (This can be as many as a score or as few as two, depending on when and where the initiation takes place.) Very rarely, the Lurker in Doorways takes a special interest in a new member and gifts her with the Beckoning directly after her initiation into the lodge. The Lurkers believe this is a sign that the new member will discover something very important during her life, meaning, of course, that the new Lurker can expect to have the eyes of the lodge on her frequently.

Prerequisites: All applicants must maintain a Harmony rating of 6 or more, and have Cunning •• and Larceny or Investigation ••.

Benefits: Members may purchase Opening Gifts as though they were tribal Gifts.

OPENING GIFTS

Doors, minds, pathways — all of these things function best when open. The Lodge of Doors dedicates itself to opening the gates of knowledge, and the Opening Gifts provide the means to do so. What they do not provide, though, is a way to *detect* secrets or knowledge. The Lurker in Doorways and its spiritual brethren can provide the means to open a door, once the Uratha has found it. Spirits of creatures that excel in bypassing barriers, such as raccoons and rodents, often teach Opening Gifts.

WORD OF OPENING (•)

A common saying in the lodge is, “Try every door. You never know what’s unlocked.” Indeed, many Lurkers are surprised to find how easy it is to gain access merely by trying the most obvious methods. This Gift allows the Uratha to open an unlocked door, turn on a computer or even flip a rock with a gesture.

A werewolf can use Clear the Way either on a deliberate target or simply to see what opens. In either case, the character simply makes a fist and then opens it, focusing either on his immediate area or on the object he wishes to open. The Gift only functions on objects with a 15-foot radius of the character and only on objects that might lead to knowledge or information (computers, filing cabinets, doors and books are just a few examples). If the object is locked or barred in any way, the Gift does not function. A book lying closed on a table can be opened with this Gift, but a book on a shelf wedged between other books cannot.

Cost: None

Dice Pool: Dexterity + Larceny + Honor

Action: Reflexive

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: All objects with the capacity to lock within the area of effect immediately do so. Computers require a password, doors lock to whatever degree they are able and even books won’t open unless someone reads the title aloud.

Failure: Nothing happens.

Success: If the werewolf is using the Gift on a specific target, it opens, provided it was not locked or barred in any way. If the Uratha was merely using the Gift on an area, one applicable object opens. The Storyteller decides what this object is. It might not be anything useful to the character.

Exceptional Success: No special effect if the character is targeting a specific object. If the character is using the Gift on an area, the object that opens is in some way directly useful (or leads to something directly useful) to him.

LURKER’S KEY (••)

Bypassing barriers and locks is an important part of ferreting out secrets. Many Lurkers are capable of picking locks, hacking computers and simply smashing or tearing away the impediments to their goals, but sometimes

a more subtle approach is necessary. This Gift allows the werewolf to bypass physical locks with a simple knock.

Lurker's Key works on electronic locks and can even be used to bypass computer security. In keeping with the lodge's insistence on earning knowledge, however, the character must rely on her own skills to do so. Using this Gift on a mechanical or electronic lock uses the Larceny Skill. Bypassing computer security uses the Computer Skill. In any case, if the character attempts to use this Gift without any dots in the proper Skill, she suffers the usual unskilled penalty. The character must be able to touch the lock (or the computer's monitor, in the case of computer security) to use this Gift. Most Bone Shadows knock, but a gentle touch works just as well.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Larceny or Computer + Glory

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The lock refuses to open, and in fact becomes damaged beyond repair. Computers freeze up, tumbler locks crack and electronic locks short. The only way through the lock now is by force.

Failure: The lock remains intact.

Success: The lock opens.

Exceptional Success: No special effect.

CREATE OPENING (•••)

The initial Opening Gifts deal with already extant apertures. This Gift, however, creates new ones. The werewolf focuses on a seamless object, be it a steel plate, a brick wall or a living being, and wills the object to open. A single, smooth tear appears in the object, beginning as hairline fracture and widening as it goes. Used on a physical object, this Gift can render something useless, create a small portal through which the character can escape or even allow the character to peek through a wall. Used on a living being, of course, the effects are far more painful (and usually messy).

The character need not touch the target for the Gift to function, but using the Gift at a distance imposes a -3 penalty to the roll. The maximum range for the Gift is one foot per dot of Primal Urge the character possesses, in any event.

Cost: 1 Essence and 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Resolve + Intimidation + Purity

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Gift reverses itself. The werewolf's skin splits open, and she suffers lethal damage equal to her own Resolve rating.

Failure: Nothing happens.

Success: The target, inanimate or not, suffers lethal damage equal to the character's successes. Armor does not stop this damage (though the werewolf can target the armor rather than the person, if she so desires). The object or person simply splits open. See p. 136 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook** for rules on breaking objects.

Exceptional Success: No extra effect beyond the increased damage.

THE OPEN MIND (••••)

The world is a constant rush of information, and only by filtering out most of it are we able to function. This Gift opens the target's mind to not only the physical world, but all of the sensation of the *Hisil*. The target is inundated by a swirling onslaught of sensation, which normally leaves him incapacitated and terrified. Those who manage to cope with this madness, however, can draw strength from it.

The Bone Shadow must make eye contact with the target or touch his skin. She then wills his mind open. The results vary based on how strong-willed the target is; see below.

Cost: None.

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

Action: Contested; resistance is reflexive

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The target's mind remains closed. The character's own mind receives much of the chaos she was trying to foist on the target and loses 1 Willpower point.

Failure: If the character's player rolls no successes, nothing happens. If both the character and the target succeed and the target gains more successes, however, the target experiences the effects of the Gift but is able to find peace and clarity amid the chaos, regaining 1 Willpower point.

Success: The target becomes overwhelmed by the chaos. For one turn per success on the character's roll, the target is effectively blinded and deafened by the maddening rush of sensation. Any actions attempted receive a negative modifier equal to the character's successes, or the character's Primal Urge, whichever is greater.

Exceptional Success: No effect beyond the greater duration and intensity of the Gift.

GAUNTLET KEY (•••••)

The most experienced and wise members of the Lodge of Doors are granted a great secret — how to bypass the Gauntlet without a locus or a rite. Only the Lurker in the Doorway teaches this Gift, and only to Uratha whom the spirit believes will use the Gift responsibly and within the principles of the lodge.

To activate the Gift, the character must be completely alone. If the character is observed by anyone on his side of the Gauntlet, the Gift does not function. The character must find a gateway — a doorway, two trees spaced a few feet apart, even a crude sketch in the dirt will do. The character steps through the gateway and, provided the Gift works, finds himself on the other side of the Gauntlet. The character *cannot* act as a pathfinder (see p. 251 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**) while using this Gift. When stepping into the physical world from the spirit wilds, the character must again step into a location where he is unobserved. The Lurker in the Doorway does not approve of using this Gift for purposes of assassination or surprise attacks (as the spirit





Lodge of Doors

is rather squeamish about violence) and revokes the Gift as well as the fifth dot of Renown that allowed the character to learn it if the Uratha attempts such a thing. Spying, however, is a perfectly acceptable use of the Gift.

The experience cost of this Gift is doubled if the character does not already possess the other four Opening Gifts.

Cost: 3 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Stealth + Cunning

Action: Instant

Roll Results

All roll results are exactly the same as those described for stepping sideways on p. 251 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

LODGE OF DOORS STORY HOOKS

- **Close Every Door:** The pack, or perhaps just one member of the pack, incurs the wrath of the Lodge of Doors. Dirty secrets about the pack's activities start coming to light, and the pack's enemies have entirely too much information about them. What did the pack do to anger the lodge so? What secret did they unwittingly reveal — or bury?

- **Hanger-On:** A young Bone Shadow, perhaps a member of a rival pack, becomes convinced that a Bone Shadow in the players' pack is a member of the Lodge of Doors and pesters her about it constantly. Of course, any denial that the lodge exists or that she is a member is met as part of the initiation. The characters need to convince the Uratha to look elsewhere — unless, of course, the Bone Shadow in the pack really *can* help him.

- **Earn This:** The *Hiril* in the characters' territory has become unsafe. Perhaps a plague of hostile spirits has been unleashed, perhaps a vicious spirit-storm is wrecking the area. Whatever the case, a local Bone Shadow elder and Lurker knows the source of the problem and what would stop it, but refuses to simply hand the answers over to the character. She had to earn the knowledge, and so must they. Would besting her in a challenge count as earning it? Are the characters even capable of doing so?

FRANCIS THE CONFESSOR

Auspice: Elodoth

Tribe: Bone Shadows

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 2, Resolve 2

Physical Attributes: Strength 2 (3/5/4/3), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 2 (3/4/4/3)

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 3, Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics (Religion) 2, Investigation 2, Medicine 1, Occult (Spirits) 3, Politics (Spirits) 3

Physical Skills: Brawl 1, Larceny 1, Stealth 2

Social Skills: Empathy (Good Listener) 2, Persuasion 3, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Fetish (Gauntlet Scar) 3, Language (First Tongue), Meditative Mind, Striking Looks 1, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 4

Harmony: 7

Essence Max/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Charity

Vice: Pride

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

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

Defense: 2 in all forms

Speed: 9 (10/13/16/16)

Renown: Cunning 2, Honor 1, Purity 1, Wisdom 2

Gifts: (1) Clear the Way, Partial Change, Scent Beneath the Surface, Sense Malice; (2) Scent of Taint, Ward Versus Humans

Rituals: 2; **Rites:** Fortify the Border Marches, Hallow Touchstone, Rite of the Spirit Brand

Francis was in seminary in Scotland when the Change came. After so many years of living under his vows, he was woefully out of balance, and Luna showed him that night. He doesn't remember much, only that he thanks God he was far enough away from the other students that night that they didn't bear the brunt of his "spiritual re-alignment," as he calls it.

Francis brought many of his Catholic ideals with him into his new life as one of the *Hirfathra Hissu*, one of which was the notion of confession and absolution. The idea that a person (or, he reasoned, a spirit) could be spiritual cleansed by confessing and doing penance was one that he decided should be applied to Uratha culture. Needless to say, this wasn't popular, not even within his own pack, but Francis is nothing if not persistent. Even when dealing with spirits, he always offered unbiased and nonjudgmental opportunities to confess sins (after noting that "sin" meant something different to spirits than to humans).

Along the way, Francis grew proficient at searching out spirits that had consumed those outside their own kind and became or were in danger of becoming magath. He reassured those spirits, saying that they could right themselves if they tried, and offered solace where he could. This predilection for finding strange and unsavory spirits led him to contact with the Lodge of Doors, and after learning the lodge's philosophy, he became a Lurker himself.

Joining the lodge has made Francis even more tight-lipped about his dealing with strange spirits than he was before. He regularly converses with beings that make even his packmates nervous, but he assures them that he is in no danger — he is merely an envoy bringing a message of hope to the downtrodden.

Francis is a handsome man in his early 30s. He keeps his blond hair neatly cut, and, although he does not wear a priest's collar, he does dress in black in observance of the life he had before the Change.

LODGE OF GARM

BROTHERS OF THE GOD-KILLER

Once, in the time of Pangaea, two great wolves entered the lives and stories of the era's human tribes. These brother wolves watched over the realm of the dead, and were fated to play a vicious part in the war at the end of all things. Over the millennia since the Fall, the legend of Garm took root in Norse mythology of all places. There he was called a hound, a mongrel dog, yet still a guardian of the Underworld, prophesied to kill a god when the world is unmade.

But we, the Garmir, know different.

The world has already been unmade once, when the Shadow tore free of the physical world and the Uratha became Forsaken. Garm-Ur, son of Fenris the Destroyer, has already fulfilled the vague prophecies spoken of his destiny. He slaughtered a god when the world was shattered, and drank the blood of a fallen deity.

As Father Wolf weakened over time, spirits punctured wounds in the physical realm and set up petty kingdoms. Here it came to be that the twin sons of Destroyer Wolf came to war with each other. Cerberus would not abandon his tribes to the spirits as the world sickened. Garm believed his sibling to be sadly misguided, and took the hunt to the haven of his enemy. Here, as the world finally crumbled and split, the son of the Destroyer killed his prey: a god of ills, a progenitor of shartha.

Such is the fury and fervor of Garm of the Secondborn. Even Father Wolf and the Firstborn pack had to band together to slay the Plague King and Grandmother Spinner. Garm the God-Killer claims his victory alone — success through dedication, duty and unyielding strength.

When our fathers came to him in a time long past, he answered their call without hesitation. There were no tests of worthiness to be met, for the werewolves were already proven worthy. They were the children of Fenris-Ur, just as Garm himself. The werewolves were Garm's adopted brothers: Blood Talons. That was all the great son of the Destroyer needed.

The Lodge of Garm is founded on the principles of perfection in battle. The totem exemplifies this, both in Garm's legendary Pangaeian history and the misinterpretations of his destiny in Norse and Viking culture. The werewolves of the lodge seek to emulate this ideal. They focus on perfection in all things that could ever relate to battle. Many possess a greatly fatalistic streak, always anticipating the worst — and preparing for it.

Few members seek out dangerous situations and conflict just for the thrill — there is almost always a driving reason behind the combative nature of this lodge. Violence without reason is worthless. Battle with a focus is both experience and duty; these things matter deeply to the Garmir. Like all Blood Talons, they fight because someone has to be the best. Territories and loved ones

must be defended with all necessary fury and force. It is not a life that invites compromise.

Members of the lodge live much of their lives in training. From the outside, this can appear as though a Garmir werewolf is bloodthirsty and restless when not at war. For some, this might even be the case. For most, battle is a necessity and a duty. Certainly, there is joy to be had in the rending of enemies' flesh. Any werewolf will feel a savage exultation in surviving when a foe lies dead or destroyed.

In the night-to-night dealings of the lodge, its members show more effort to ready themselves for battle than other Uratha — even than other Blood Talons. The Garmir are the werewolves who scar their flesh with runes depicting the names of fallen foes. The Garmir in a group might annoy their packmates with the continual sounds of sharpening weapons and waking early to exercise or practice martial arts *kata*. Many Garmir spend hours every week meditating on the packs' recent battles and questioning their packmates on certain events that occurred in the heat of the fight, seeking to analyze every part of the conflict.

This is all preparation, the Garmir will say. Preparation for Ragnarok. They speak of Ragnarok not as a time and place, but as an ideology. Ragnarok stands for readiness and coming to understand any dangers the Garmir might face. By always preparing for the absolute worst, nothing else can be as dangerous or as difficult to overcome.

In some territories, members of the Lodge of Garm seek to band together, going so far as to have Garmir swear allegiance to each other in order to one day create an "army for the People." In most territories, this is seen as the pipe dream that it is, but the tradition still finds echoes of commitment among Garmir.

Patron Tribe: Blood Talons

RUNE WARRIORS

Many Garmir purposefully mark their flesh with runes. This is occasionally done with silver so as to prevent simple regeneration, though most often rune marking is done simply by the edge of a mundane weapon. It is considered the height of disrespect and pomposity to mark oneself with one's own weapon, especially a *klaive*; in addition, it not considered honorable for a non-Garmir to make the marks. If a werewolf deserves to bear runic marks, then he receives them from another Garmir, inflicts them himself with his own claws or, most honorably, with the weapon of the fallen opponent. The





only exceptions to this tradition are the weapons known as Rune-Klaives (see below). A werewolf gains some small measure of standing within his lodge for these markings, and those few werewolves who survive to cover their bodies in these symbols are respectfully called Rune Warriors.

Runic scarring resembles the Norse futhark language. Lodge tradition holds that the symbols (passed down from Garmir to Garmir over the centuries) are the uncorrupted remnants of the language once used by the Pangaeen humans whom Garm protected. In any case, the symbols inflicted upon a werewolf's flesh are often the names and places of fallen foes, and, for Uratha with a grim sense of humor, sometimes the runes speak of lessons learned from certain encounters or injuries. Only grave and serious battles are marked on a werewolf's flesh. Any werewolf coating himself in false or trivial encounters faces expulsion from the lodge.

JOINING THE LODGE

Joining the Lodge of Garm involves a three-month process called the Trial. The Trial is seen as a relatively undemanding initiation, focusing on life as a Blood Talon and judging the behavior of all Fenris' children who would take the step to becoming brothers and sisters of Garm.

For three lunar cycles, the applicant can never retreat from any battle unless she is the last member of her pack to do so.

This is the one core tenet of the Trial, and violators are immediately stricken from joining for an entire year, when they must apply once more.

This central focus of the Trial is not a mandate for berserk last stands or suicidal stupidity. The

Blood Talon werewolf who completely holds back from the fight, waiting for her pack to disengage and then fleeing after them, is just as likely to fail the Trial as one who flees at first sign of the battle going badly. Remaining behind — staying to be the last — is not a matter of proving a werewolf has guts and blood-thirst. It is a fluid, changing matter. If a battle is turning against the pack and the Uratha

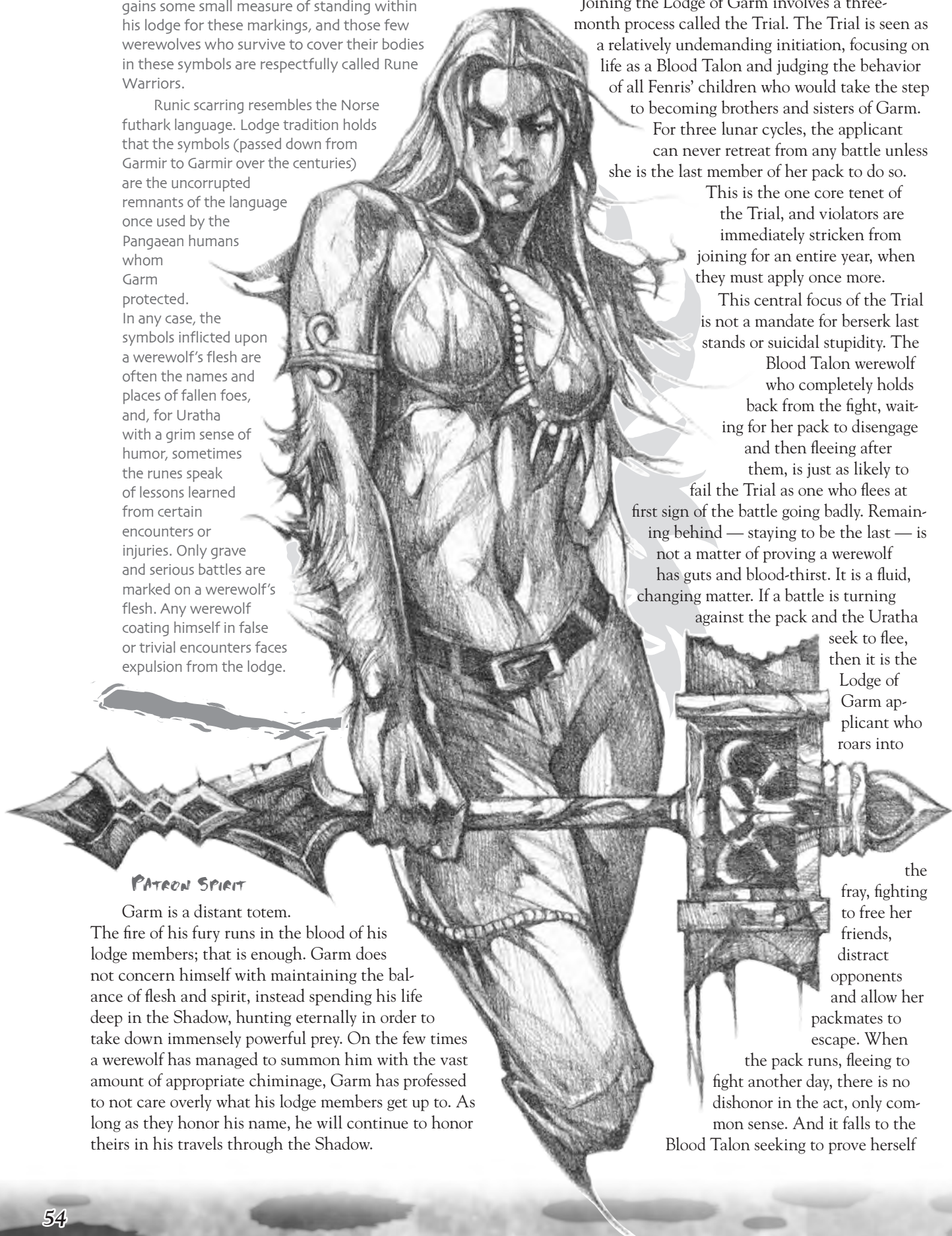
seek to flee, then it is the Lodge of Garm applicant who roars into

PATRON SPIRIT

Garm is a distant totem. The fire of his fury runs in the blood of his lodge members; that is enough. Garm does not concern himself with maintaining the balance of flesh and spirit, instead spending his life deep in the Shadow, hunting eternally in order to take down immensely powerful prey. On the few times a werewolf has managed to summon him with the vast amount of appropriate chiminage, Garm has professed to not care overly what his lodge members get up to. As long as they honor his name, he will continue to honor theirs in his travels through the Shadow.

the fray, fighting to free her friends, distract opponents and allow her packmates to escape. When

the pack runs, fleeing to fight another day, there is no dishonor in the act, only common sense. And it falls to the Blood Talon seeking to prove herself



to make sure the pack are able to flee. If this involves separating in order to lure enemies away from the pack and the locus, so be it. If this involves fighting a rearguard action to cover the pack's flight, then all the better. The Garmir seek *perfection* in all aspects of battle, and applicants are expected to show they understand this concept. Perfection is a werewolf destroying enemies when she can, and regrouping and rethinking when she cannot.

For the duration of the Trial, the werewolf is followed and watched by an appointed spirit. Usually this is a Ralunim or Elunim, though it is also common for a Lune of the appropriate auspice to watch over the applicant. When the three months have elapsed, the werewolf returns to the Garmir who originally sponsored her, and is taken to the Judgment. The sponsor takes the applicant to meet with one or more other established Garmir, who then proceed to listen to the watcher spirit and the sponsor's evaluation. One of these others (or the sponsor himself) must be of the same auspice as the applicant. This is an unbreakable tradition founded on the idea that those of the same tribe *and* moon-sign know each other best and are most suited to judge one another in this most personal regard.

If the Judgment goes favorably after an impressive Trial, then the applicant is given a final test to be completed the same night. This test is called *meeting the jaws of Garm*. It is a test of the werewolf's ability to restrain her Rage, unleashing it only at the appropriate times. Most often this test takes the form of personal combat with a variety of weapons, and the watching werewolves' judge the applicant's fighting ability and the control she displays over her Rage. It is not the applicant's duty to deny her Rage but to harness it correctly to succeed in battle. Even if the applicant is unsuccessful in this personal combat (and many are), as long as it is judged she used her Rage well and never succumbed to directionless anger, she has passed the Judgment. From that moment on, she can proclaim that she is a member of the lodge. She has met the jaws of Garm.

Prerequisites: All applicants must maintain a Harmony rating of 6 or greater and Glory •• or higher, and must have a Brawl, Weaponry or Firearms Skill of •••• or better.

Benefits: Garmir are given a minor fetish upon joining. This fetish is sometimes a weapon of some kind, but is more often a Mercy Gem (see p. 206 of *Werewolf: The Forsaken*). Lodge members are trained in several different foci. The experience costs of purchasing or raising these Skills — Brawl, Weaponry, Athletics and Persuasion — becomes new dots x2 instead of new dots x3.

LODGE OF GARM FETISHES

TRIUMPH RUNE (••)

Carved or branded onto the skin, these runes are the signs that a werewolf has come up against the worst horrors from the Shadow and lived to tell the tale. If the unopposed

threat would have ravaged the hunting ground in a matter of days or killed the entire pack without the Garmir's presence, only then may he take a Triumph Rune to show his victory over the enemy. Lesser foes might warrant runic scars, but Triumph Runes are like no other ritual symbols.

They consist of three runes, entwined at the tips. These detail the type of creature overcome, the werewolf's own name and whether the creature was destroyed or simply beaten from the territory. There is no lessening of the honor if a creature is simply defeated and not killed, for it is the result of the battle that counts. Garmir bear these runes with pride, and the most popular locations for the symbols are the forearms and the nape of the neck.

When activated, the runes bleed as though they had just been cut into the flesh. The Rage-spirit within exults at this bloodletting, creating an aura of heightened fear and tension around the werewolf. The character gains a +1 bonus to Defense against all opponents in hand-to-hand combat as they suffer the effects of intense wariness and fear. Opponents can resist this effect with a Composure + Primal Urge roll. The Defense bonus effects of multiple Triumph Runes do not stack.

Action: Reflexive

RUNE-KLAIVE (+•)

When a weapon is created, be it in the fires of the forge or from the living wood of a tree, a Garmir has the option of making a Rune-Klaive. An existing weapon cannot be made into a Rune-Klaive: it is only possible to create one of these weapons whole. Scratched or acid-etched into the weapon's metallic surface are hundreds of tiny runes flowing in a continuous (if jagged) trail. When read in order, these runes tell the story of Garm the God-Killer.

Rune-Klaives can take many forms: hammers (or "Rune-Mauls"), axes, swords and fang-shaped daggers are all likely. A Rune-klaive is the only weapon, other than the blade of a fallen foe, sanctified for ritually scarring a character.

Traditionally, ancestor-spirits (if they were Garmir) or predator-spirits of any variety from cats to hawks are bound into these weapons. Creating a Rune-Klaive can be a trial even above making a standard fetish weapon. A spirit hostile to Garm will regard the fetish as poorly made (–1 on the Fetish Rite table, see p. 162 of *Werewolf: The Forsaken*).

When activated, the weapon within functions per the klaive's standard ability for whatever spirit is bound within. In addition to this, the character gains an aura of predatory confidence around him. Allies within line of sight can see the legendary runes on this weapon and feel likewise inspired. For each success on the activation roll, all allies within line of sight regain a Willpower point. This effect can be invoked only once in any 24-hour period.

Action: As source fetish





LODGE OF GARM STORY HOOKS

• **Blood of the Spider:** Another Forsaken pack, led by a Garmir Cahalith, is moving through the characters' territory. These werewolves are hunting through the Shadow in pursuit of a powerful *shartha*, and question the pack about any recent *shartha* sightings. Have the characters noticed any increase in *shartha* activity? How will the pack react to the accusations of the Garmir if he insists they are too lax in their hunts? Will they join the Garmir and work alongside his pack in order to bring this powerful Azlu to heel? What happens if the Spider Host hybrid finds the pack first?

• **Rune Warrior:** An elderly Garmir enters the pack's hunting grounds. His flesh is scored with many runes, even a few Triumph Rune fetishes, and he is walking the world in the hope of meeting a younger Blood Talon who will serve as his apprentice in the Lodge of Garm. The werewolf knows he is at the end of his nights, and wishes to pass on all he has learned to a worthy successor. Obviously, his position as a mentor works in any Blood Talon's favor, but what of the Talons in other packs? Might they wish to compete with any characters to see who earns the old man's patronage?

• **Blade of the Fallen:** The characters come across the remains of a pack over the course of scouting nearby territory. One of the bodies is near a fallen weapon, covered in runic symbols and obviously an extremely powerful fetish. The spirit within seems to loathe any character who tries to attune himself to the weapon, and it is not long before another Uratha enters the territory, seeking the weapon for himself. How do the characters react to this intruder? Is he legitimately seeking the weapon of a slain comrade, or is he merely looking to acquire the fetish by means fair or foul?

CARA ONE-LAST-CUT

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Blood Talons

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 2 (3/4/3/2), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 4 (5/6/6/5)

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 3, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Computer 2, Investigation (Body Language) 2, Medicine (First Aid) 2, Science 2

Physical Skills: Athletics (Sprinting) 3, Brawl 2, Drive 1, Stealth 1, Survival 1, Weaponry (Rune-Maul) 2

Social Skills: Animal Ken 1, Empathy 2, Intimidation (Threats) 3, Persuasion 1, Socialize 2

Merits: Allies (Previous Lodge Sponsor) 1, Fetish (Rune-Maul) 4, Language (First Tongue) 1, Resources 2, Striking Looks 2, Totem 2, Weaponry Dodge

Primal Urge: 4

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 7

Essence Max/Per Turn: 13/2

Virtue: Justice

Vice: Sloth

Health: 9 (10/13/12/9)

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

Defense: 3 (all forms)

Speed: 11 (12/16/18/17)

Renown: Wisdom 1, Honor 1, Glory 2, Purity 2

Gifts: (1) Know Name, Partial Change, Sense Weakness, The Right Words; (2) Anybeast, Slip Away

Rituals: 1; **Rites:** Shared Scent, Rite of Dedication

Cara was born Karen Elaine Richards, and raised oblivious of her true heritage in Edinburgh, Scotland. Her twin sister, Cara, died in a car accident when the girls were only seven years old. It was out of love for her sister that Karen took her name upon her First Change, when her natural father showed up in her early teens. He enlightened her as to the truth of her parentage and inner nature, and promptly broke up the family in the process. Karen, now Cara, joined her father's pack and followed in his bond with Fenris-Ur.

Now in her late 20s, Cara One-Last-Cut is renowned for her sarcastic streak and biting tongue. She always has to get the last word in any argument, and insists on finishing fights as well. She is relatively slender, though her trim figure belies her wiry strength, and she is very sensitive about appearing too masculine. Though she trains almost daily, she takes great care in trying to wear flattering clothes, and pities those female Uratha who opt for loose combat pants and men's shirts. Some werewolves call her shallow, but she sees it as a last-ditch act to be feminine in a life of constant weapons-training and bloodshed. She is highly sensitive about her appearance, because she knows all too well that she would be beautiful but for the scar on her cheek from lip to earlobe — which she earned in her Rite of Initiation when she battled a powerful Azlu hybrid.

She carries a fetish Rune-Klaive hammer that her father created for her, and she proudly displays it at lodge gatherings. Already she talks of seeking out an "apprentice" to initiate into the Lodge of Garm, and her green eyes flicker when she considers the honor of sponsoring and training a worthy candidate. Her only attempt so far resulted in embarrassing failure, when the newly Changed young Blood Talon she was sponsoring defected to the Fire-Touched.

LODGE OF HARBINGERS

WHITE HARE'S DEFEAT

White Hare was once called Swift Hare, and of all of the spirits of Great Hare's brood, he was the fastest. Three leaps could take him around the world, four could take him to the moon and back. Although he saw the world quickly, he never forgot anything he saw on his travels. He began to spread news as he leapt from place to place, informing the spirits of what the Uratha were doing and how they could be avoided.

Death Wolf saw Swift Hare and envied not only his speed but also the amount of knowledge he had accrued in his travels. She tracked him for months, but he moved so quickly that she could not gain ground on him. She tried to summon him, but he was far too intelligent to willingly meet with a child of Father Wolf. Finally, Kamduis-Ur realized that the only way to gain Swift Hare's knowledge was to catch him and take it. She knew that she couldn't outrun him, so she would have to outlast him, running him down and making sure he could take no solace anywhere.

And even in this, Swift Hare proved to be troublesome. He ran across frozen tundra, he leapt across the widest lakes, he jumped to the moon and back in four great bounds, but whenever he looked back he saw Death Wolf's yellow eyes and gleaming fangs. Swift Hare ran across the widest deserts until the sun bleached his fur stark white, but Death Wolf followed, waiting for Swift Hare to falter. Finally, he ran into a thick wood and was forced to slow down to dodge between the trees. He spared a glance back, and saw Death Wolf leaping, and Swift Hare knew that he was caught.

Swift Hare — now called White Hare — begged for his life and promised to show Death Wolf all that he had learned. Death Wolf, angered and hungry from her long chase, demanded that White Hare guide her children, making them as clever as he was. White Hare swore that any of Death Wolf's children who could catch him would enjoy his patronage, reasoning that he would never be caught again. But Death Wolf bit him when she caught him, and she passed the taste of his blood on to the Hirfathra Hissu. Catching White Hare isn't easy, but for the Bone Shadows, it's possible.

The Lodge of Harbingers focus their concern less on the esoteric greater meaning of things and more on the practical and immediate implications of prophecy and omens. It's all very well, the Harbingers say, to have read the dire foretellings of the ancestors of the tribe, but, without the proper context, the information is useless, and even then it's no good unless the Uratha know about it. Harbingers are drawn from the rare werewolves who have less territorial instincts (or who can fight against them), preferring to run from place to place like their fleet-footed totem, carrying portents, news and warnings to other werewolves. This, combined with the lodge's totem (White Hare isn't regarded as a terribly fearsome spiritual patron), make the lodge a rare choice.

What kind of werewolf, then, would choose life as a Harbinger? Without fail, Harbingers are Uratha who have seen some of the most dangerous and chthonic horrors the World of Darkness has to offer and survived (though never intact). Many Bone Shadows merely grow more curious when they see such obscene things, but some grow resolute. Other werewolves need to know about the monsters lurking in the shadows, because, despite any tribal rivalries, despite any bad blood between the Forsaken, they are all the People. The Harbingers, therefore, bring a great sense of responsibility to their work.

Harbingers don't exhibit the same insatiable curiosity as their tribemates. Lodge members are interested in gaining knowledge, yes,

but not merely for its own sake. They wish to take that knowledge to where it can be immediately and practically applied, not waste time hoarding it. Of course, much of the knowledge the Harbingers seek is already bound up in legends, omens and ancient prophecies, and so a Harbinger needs to be more than a good runner. She needs some skill in the occult, in the history and lore of the Uratha and in wrapping her mind around the riddles and double-speak of the spirits. If she doesn't have these traits, she might pass along false or incomplete information and get good werewolves killed.

Harbingers do not always act as stormcrows, however, bringing bad news or dire portents to the local Uratha. Sometimes, Harbingers only know that something potentially dangerous is happening near or in a pack's territory, but not the particulars. Likewise, sometimes a Harbinger finds herself needing to stir a pack that has grown sedentary or complacent to action. In either of these cases, a Harbinger might stage attacks on a pack, their territory or their resources with the intention of getting the pack's attention. These attacks aren't meant to damage or harm the pack in any permanent way, but simply to remind the pack that maintaining a territory is not a job that can be completed.

The Lodge of Harbingers doesn't require its members to keep their allegiance a secret or to avoid joining packs, merely to avoid becoming stuck in one place. Nomadic packs are perfect for a Harbinger, provided that her packmates are sympathetic to her agenda for the lodge. Sometimes a Harbinger joins a pack for a short time, to complete a mission in a given area or resolve a problem that she feels could have far-reaching or long-lasting consequences. When this issue is put to rest, however, the Harbinger is on her way. (Normally, the Harbinger makes this clear from the beginning, but sometimes a member of the lodge omits this detail if she feels it will complicate things.)

The lodge can come between packmates in another way, too. Sometimes a Bone Shadow who belongs to a pack decides to join the lodge. If her pack is not nomadic, she must leave her packmates and pursue her new goals. Sometimes this leads to a tearful farewell. Sometimes this leads to a lifelong vendetta against the Bone Shadow or the Harbingers in general.

Patron Tribe: Bone Shadows

JOINING THE LODGE

Becoming a member of the Lodge of Harbingers requires the applicant, just as her patron Death Wolf, to run herself ragged in pursuit of knowledge. While any Bone Shadow who has demonstrated the precepts of Cunning or Wisdom, is in good physical condition and is proficient at remaining unnoticed can attempt to join, the Lodge of Harbingers weeds out its unacceptable applicants by the nature of the challenge.

The first thing any would-be Harbinger must do is gain Death Wolf's blessing. This takes the form of a ritual of obeisance to Kamduis-Ur, during which the Bone Shadow asks the great spirit for permission to revere White Hare as a second totem. Learning the proper form and wording for this ritual requires studying with a Bone Shadow who is knowledgeable in rituals. The request to Death Wolf combines elements of the Call Jagglng, Wake the Spirit and Contrition rites, though the applicant need not actually know those rites to attempt this ritual. The ritual is performed during the applicant's auspice moon, and the werewolf must be at least a mile away from her own





territory and pack (if any). Death Wolf needs the character's undivided attention.

Kamduis may or may not immediately grant the character's request. Sometimes, Death Wolf requires that the character prove her Cunning or Wisdom. Often, this involves solving a riddle or spirit puzzle or quickly responding to a changing circumstance. This test isn't usually too stringent, though, and Death Wolf usually administers it only to Rahu and Cahalith (the two least common auspices in the lodge) to test their commitment to the Harbingers' agenda.

Even if the character passes Death Wolf's challenge and obtains the spirit's blessing, she has only earned the right to attempt the next stage in the initiation — catching White Hare. The legend of the lodge states that Death Wolf herself only caught White Hare through sheer persistence, but she passed along enough of the spirit's scent for her children to track him down. Harbingers who have actually had to find the elusive White Hare wish that Kamduis had broken one of his legs as well.

White Hare agreed to act as spiritual patron for any Bone Shadow who could catch him, but he isn't interested in being caught. Chasing down White Hare can take years, and the only sure method of doing so is to be persistent — White Hare's ban only allows him to rest if he is not being actively chased. Therefore, Harbingers learn to function on very little sleep and to run long and fast. White Hare doesn't lead his pursuers into certain death (for instance, he has never led a Bone Shadow into Pure Tribe territory), but isn't above leading them through dangerous environs. Whether he does this as a test of a potential Harbinger's mettle or to try and shake off the tail isn't clear.

NON-BONE SHADOW HARBINGERS

As stated in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, it is possible for Uratha of other tribes to become Harbingers. This has happened only a bare handful of times in history, though, since it requires Death Wolf and White Hare to agree on the applicant, which, in turn, requires them to discuss it. Death Wolf isn't interested in chasing down White Hare again and White Hare certainly doesn't want Kamduis to catch him. Thus, only when the two spirits are already in proximity and a werewolf who is willing to join a lodge outside his tribe is nearby, ready to make his case, is this even conceivable.

Bearing all of that in mind, it is, of course, the players' characters who should be the exceptions to the rules. If you are playing a Blood Talon who suffers from wanderlust and truly wishes to seek (and spread) knowledge, perhaps it would fit the character to join the Harbingers. As always, the Storyteller has final say in this matter.

A Bone Shadow who gives up the chase for White Hare cannot pick up the chase again later. If she wishes to attempt to join the lodge again, she must first gain Death Wolf's blessing — and Kamduis isn't at all receptive to the idea. Even if the werewolf manages to contact Death Wolf again, the spirit always demands an act of contrition and chiminage, and the task is

nothing short of Herculean. More often, werewolves who fail to catch White Hare simply give up the dream of being Harbingers. Members of the lodge call these failed supplicants *Sasuha*, "the Hungry," because they couldn't even catch a rabbit.

Once a Bone Shadow catches White Hare, however, the spirit acquiesces and admits that the Uratha is worthy of being a Harbinger. Now, of course, the character must seek out a member of the lodge and receive a Rite of Initiation. Hunting down a Harbinger is arguably more difficult than catching White Hare — the spirit, at least, adheres to a ban. On the other hand, once a Harbinger learns that a supplicant is trying to track him, he usually leaves subtle clues for the supplicant to find, hoping to ease her burden a bit. It is extremely rare for a Bone Shadow to succeed in the first two steps of the initiation and not the third, but it does happen. These Uratha usually join packs and remain bitterly sedentary for the rest of their lives.

Once the Bone Shadow finally catches up with a Harbinger, however, the lodge member performs a special ritual of initiation into the lodge. The ritual involves a spoken oath and a mark similar to a Cunning spirit brand. The senior Harbinger then shares any pertinent news with the new member (the new member typically has some interesting stories, having just chased White Hare across a large part of the world), and the two separate.

Prerequisites: Cunning or Wisdom ••, Athletics ••, Stealth ••

Benefits: Harbingers may learn Stealth Gifts as though they were tribal Gifts. Also, the player may add three modifier dice to any Persuasion rolls made to deal favorably with other Uratha. The Harbingers are interested in warning others of danger, not in raising volatile werewolves' hackles.

LODGE OF HARBINGERS FETISH HUNTER'S SPUR (••)

This fetish, normally fashioned out of a sharpened piece of bone or wood, which is then worn around the neck or the ankle, is designed to help Harbingers on long journeys or hunts. Hunter's Spur allows the character to go long periods of time without sleep. The player simply rolls to activate the fetish as usual, and the character may choose not to sleep for a number of nights equal to her Resolve score with no ill effect. It is possible to continually activate the fetish without stopping to rest in between, but this has dangerous side effects. If a character activates the fetish again without getting at least a week's worth of normal sleep in between, the player must roll Resolve + Composure. Failure on this roll means that character gains a derangement, usually involving paranoia or obsession.

Action: Instant

LODGE OF HARBINGERS STORY HOOKS

• **The Message:** A Harbinger, fatally wounded, arrives in the characters' territory. He gasps out his name and his allegiance to the lodge, and warns the characters of danger. They naturally will ask him what the nature of this danger is, but he only manages to blurt out a seemingly innocuous detail — a street intersection, a number, a date, a quote from a poem or song — before dying. What does this detail mean? What danger is going to befall the pack? One thing to consider, since the players will certainly ask, is what seems to have

killed the Harbinger. If the wounds look as though a silver weapon slew him, a much-different air is cast on the story than if he were clawed to death.

• **Recruitment:** A Harbinger visiting the pack's territory decides that the pack's Bone Shadow (if any, if not, she picks an Irraka of any tribe) would make a good Harbinger. She fills the character's head with tales of travel, seeing the true mysteries of the world and doing good for the People into the bargain. Of course, the character would have to leave the pack, and there's no guarantee that he would even be accepted into the lodge. This story should call into question the character's role in the pack and (hopefully) cement his loyalty to it.

• **Run, Rabbit, Run:** A would-be Harbinger has been stalking White Hare for more than a year, and chases the spirit into the pack's territory. The werewolf somehow manages to keep the spirit in the territory (perhaps by bringing in other spirits to guard the edges, perhaps by manipulating another local pack) but cannot find White Hare within the territory's *Hisil*. The would-be Harbinger begins starting fires and otherwise causing turbulence to try and flush the spirit. How will the characters react to this?

GRETCHEN WINDTASTER

Auspice: Cahalith

Tribe: Bone Shadows

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 2 (3/5/4/3), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4)

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2, Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Occult (Spirits) 3

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Drive 1, Larceny 2, Stealth 3, Survival (Wilderness) 1, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Empathy 1, Intimidation 2, Persuasion (Warnings) 2, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Contacts (Police, Uratha) 2, Danger Sense, Direction Sense, Fleet of Foot 2,

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 7

Essence Max/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Temperance

Vice: Envy

Health: 8 (10/12/11/8)

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

Defense: 2 (2/3/3/3)

Speed: 11 (12/15/18/18) with Fleet of Foot

Renown: Cunning 1, Glory 1, Wisdom 3

Gifts: (1) Call the Breeze, Death Sight, Know Name; (2) Traveler's Blessing; (3) Running Shadow

Gretchen underwent her First Change at her parents' hunting lodge. She had gone there for some peace and quiet, hoping to be free of the nightmares that had left her shaking, drenched

in sweat, every morning for a month. Sitting on the porch of the cabin in her father's rickety wooden chair, she watched the gibbous-moon rise above the pines — and then she saw them.

They rode on the winds, their bat-like wings spread wider than Gretchen's arm span. They screeched as they flew toward her, fangs glistening, hungry for her flesh. But Gretchen wasn't about to flee. Exhausted from sleepless nights and terrified beyond reason, she reached inside herself and found strength she never knew she had. She Changed and howled her pain and fear to the forest, and the bat-creatures flew away.

Gretchen was initiated into the Bone Shadows. She was never at ease, constantly sniffing the air and peering around corners, and her mentor gave her the name "Windtaster" for it. Gretchen shied away from joining a pack, and her mentor asked her why. She replied, "Those things are going to come back for me someday, I know it. I don't want them to hurt my pack." Impressed with her selflessness, her mentor mentioned the Lodge of Harbingers. Gretchen began pursuing the lodge immediately thereafter.

Chasing down White Hare and calling up Death Wolf were monumental tasks, and, in preparation for doing so, Gretchen journeyed far and wide and saw many terrible sights. But nothing spurred her on so much as the vision of those screaming creatures swooping out of the sky that night. She confessed as much to a Harbinger when she chased him down for sponsorship, and the Harbinger replied that the creatures might never have existed. The First Change showed Uratha what they needed to see to help them into their new lives.

Gretchen joined the lodge and now travels the world bringing news of danger to isolated packs. In her heart, she has never given up the notion that the winged hunters might come for her one night. She is more afraid of what it means if they *don't* exist — it means she gave up the possibility of a pack, a family, not because of nobility, but because of fear.

Windtaster is in her late 20s. She has a mass of curly brown hair that she tries in vain to keep tied back, and she has a small collection of freckles on each cheek. She is always alert, usually looking over her shoulder, as though expecting to be attacked at any moment. She conveys concern and readiness more than fear, however. Gretchen normally wears jeans and hiking boots, and alternates between a flannel shirt and a wool sweater over her faded green T-shirt.





LODGE OF HARMONY

BOAR'S DEN

Black Wolf left his den one night to hunt, and found a riverbank he had not seen before. He followed the river for miles, and, just as he was about to turn back and go to his den for the day, he noticed that the river looked foul and smelled rotten. Not knowing what would taint a river so, he decided to press on, and soon smelled something that nearly deadened his nose.

The land beneath his paws was black. The trees were barren and covered with blue fungus, and the water was so thick that Black Wolf thought he could have walked across it. Hikaon saw no animals. No birds or squirrels perched in the trees and, of course, fish could not be sustained in the water. And yet, nearby he heard grunting sounds. Sneezing to try and rid his nose of the stink, Black Wolf followed the sound and saw an immense boar rooting in the soft, fetid ground.

The boar's great snout churned the earth and uncovered worms and insects, which he greedily devoured. His massive body rubbed against the trees and left him covered in fungus, and he drank the putrid water of the land. Black Wolf snarled when he saw this, for he believed that this boar was the reason the land was tainted.

The boar heard this and turned to the Firstborn, and lowered his head as if to charge. "This is my home, wolf," he said. "There is nothing for you here."

"So I see," replied Hikaon, "for you have despoiled it."

"Me?" The boar chortled. "It was your kin who did this. They fought with spirits of disease and putrescence, but left the bodies of the dead here to rot rather than risk touching them. Now this land is befouled."

Black Wolf lowered his hackles, for he could see the boar was not lying. "Then why do you eat of this place's bounty?"

The boar began rooting again. "I churn the earth, I strip the trees, I sow the land with my own refuse. In time, the land will recover, and other creatures will live here. That is harmony, wolf. Just because you cannot find prey here does not mean that the land is useless."

Black Wolf left then, but he carried this story back to his children, who visited Rooting Boar and won his patronage.

The Lodge of Harmony is perhaps the largest of the Meninna lodges, and has members all over the world. Most Uratha know that the *Sulukka* (a First Tongue word referring to those who perform ritual cleansings) take over territories that have been somehow befouled or rendered useless and help to make them vital and desirable hunting grounds again. Some *Sulukka* only work to make sure that their own territories remain clean and safe, and, in the modern world, with humanity polluting so much of the land, this has become the most common outward face of the lodge. Other members travel and help young or small packs to maintain their territories before moving on, but this attitude was much more common before the world became so densely populated.

The third face of the lodge, though, is one that other Uratha, apart from the Hunters in Darkness, seldom see or even know about. The Lodge of Harmony knows that some earth should never be churned, some territories never fully explored. Spirits slumber beneath the ground that the Uratha would do well to leave sleeping. The *idigam* are the most well-known (or at least widely discussed) of these ancient threats, but the Lodge of Harmony has discovered things while digging in the earth that could spell death and damnation for large numbers of werewolves.

Therefore, packs of *Sulukka*, or packs that include members of the lodge, sometimes act as guardians for such locations, making sure that intruders do not disturb the creatures' rest and that these unholy beings do not taint the land around them. To that end, the *Sulukka* have developed powerful rituals of binding and cleansing, some of which they teach to other *Meninna*, but the most potent of which the *Sulukka* keep as carefully guarded secrets.

Although all members of the lodge know about the work of the guardian *Sulukka*, most lodge members do not engage in this sort of life. The number of spirits and monsters that require full-time tenders is mercifully small, but recent decades have seen an increase in territories that would be perfectly serviceable were it not for human-made toxins. Consequently, many members of the lodge devote themselves not just to despoiled territories but to territories that are special or sacred in some way. Some of these territories contain loci, play host to spirits not found anywhere else or have some special significance to the Hunters in Darkness or the Uratha in general. The site of a great battle between Pure and Forsaken might be a pilgrimage site for Rahu of all tribes. If humanity decides that the spot would make a good landfill, though, it falls to the Lodge of Harmony to keep the place's spiritcape healthy (which is a full-time job, if it's possible at all).

Members of the lodge thus need to be skilled in dealing with spirits, cleaning the land or defending territory from intruders. Some *Sulukka* approach the notion of cleaning with modern environmental methods, while others simply take Rooting Boar's approach: churn the earth until it is healthy again. Making sure the problems don't worsen is an important part of the lodge's work. Sometimes this involves violence, meaning that the *Sulukka* have to be as skilled in combat as any Uratha. It was once the case that much of the despoliation that the lodge had to deal with was the result of incursions from the spirit world or natural causes. As human pollution is now the most common factor, every *Sulukka* territory has at least one werewolf who can deal with humans effectively (a rare few use *uragarum* for this purpose).

Although all *Sulukka* take their own work seriously, they are expected to drop everything to help a fellow lodge member involved in tending a trapped spirit. Some of these creatures are so dangerous that their release, the Uratha believe, would result in the complete depopulation of the areas surrounding the spirits' resting places. The lodge has been known to raze isolated towns, burning homes and driving away or killing the inhabitants, if doing so can help the *Sulukka* keep these monsters entombed.

Patron Tribe: Hunters in Darkness

PATRON SPIRIT

The Lodge of Harmony pays homage to Rooting Boar, a potent spirit with an obsession with purification. Rooting Boar is almost



as much earth-spirit as boar-spirit, and dislikes dealing with any werewolf who has yet to earn a significant amount of Purity Renown.

JOINING THE LODGE

The Lodge of Harmony doesn't keep itself or most of its operations secret. When the lodge claims a territory, nearby packs usually hear about it quickly, because the *Sulukka* make changes to their land in short order. Sometimes this involves burning large swaths of the land to rid the area of long-term damage, sometimes the werewolves drive out any humans living there by whatever means. Sometimes the *Sulukka* find that the territories bordering their newly claimed turf are also despoiled, and this means that they must take command of those lands as well (whether or not any Uratha currently control them). Because there is so much work to be done, the Lodge of Harmony is always looking for *Meninna* willing to commit to this task. The work is hard, it often makes the Uratha a little too visible for comfort and it asks the werewolf (and his pack) to work constantly at tending both the Shadow and the material world, no matter what dangers that brings.

Becoming a member of the Lodge of Harmony requires that the applicant prove himself useful to the lodge in some way. Normally, that means showing up at a territory currently under the scrutiny of the lodge and, without asking questions, jumping in and working with the land. Finding territory that might raise the lodge's interest but is not currently being worked is also acceptable. Indeed, some *Sulukka* have joined by taking territory from other tribes when the Uratha were not treating the land properly.

Different werewolves "work the land" in different ways, of course. Ithaeur might start checking the *Hisil* for progress among the spirits, Elodoth might try to hammer out agreements with neighboring packs, Rahu often hunt down kill any lingering hostile elements, Irraka search for ignored or lost loci and Cahalith provide insight culled from other, similar problem areas. The work is usually thankless, and if the applicant doesn't produce positive result, he is politely but firmly asked to leave. If the applicant can pull his weight, however, and proves to be a valuable asset to the reclamation effort, he receives an invitation to study with a senior member of the lodge.

These apprentice periods last a few months at most. The mentor tests the applicant to see if he is committed to maintaining his Harmony and to finding and defending sacred ground, but since these are guiding principles of the Hunters in Darkness tribe, most applicants don't fail at this stage. The final test, however, is where most would-be *Sulukka* falter. The applicant accompanies the mentor to a territory where a powerful and hostile spirit or creature lies sleeping or trapped, and is allowed to see what lurks under the guard of the Lodge of Harmony. He is then told in detail what will happen if the creature awakens, and is informed that, although not all *Sulukka* take on such responsibilities, they must all be ready to do so if necessary. Those Hunters who choose to accept the challenge are made members of the Lodge of Harmony and given enough information to start their work in territories near to their own or a good lead on territories that they might be able to reclaim.

Uratha of other tribes, knowing only that the Lodge of Harmony exists to clean and reclaim despoiled places, ask why the lodge remains exclusively *Meninna*. The official reason is that Rooting Boar only trusts the Hunters in Darkness, and that is true, for the most part. The greater reason, though, is that the Hunters don't trust the other tribes to guard the creatures that they must watch over. Who's to say that a Bone Shadow's curiosity wouldn't get the better of her? Might not a Blood Talon want to prove himself

against such a monster? No, better to let the job of guarding these horrors stay in the hands of those who have proven competent.

Prerequisites: Members must maintain Harmony 7 or more. Also, applicants must have Purity ••• and Wisdom •.

Benefits: Members may purchase Warding Gifts as though they were tribal Gifts. In addition, the lodge makes use of several unique rites (see below).

LODGE OF HARMONY RITES

Some of the rites employed by the Lodge of Harmony are strictly for use in keeping sleeping or trapped spirits at bay; these rites can be simulated as more powerful variants of Bind Spirit or even Shackle Spirit. These binding rites are closely guarded secrets of the lodge, whereas the two rites detailed below are occasionally taught to trusted Uratha outside the lodge.

RITE OF CHURNED EARTH (••)

Earthworms, pigs and many other creatures help the cycles of decay and renewal by digging in the dirt and stirring things up. Rooting Boar undoubtedly taught some of his secrets to the Lodge of Harmony, resulting in this rather strange rite. Performed correctly, it roils the earth, forcing buried material to the top and oxygenating the area of effect. This rite also has the side effect of revealing any buried secrets there, for, as sensible as Rooting Boar is, he can't resist buried treasures.

The rite does not function on any ground with human-made structures atop it, only on bare earth or mud. The Rite of Churned Earth takes time to perform, and so isn't really useful in an offensive capacity, although some Uratha have been known to use the rite just before a rainstorm, thus turning a large section of the territory into thick mud to trap and slow intruders.

Performing the Rite: The ritemaster assumes Urhan form and brushes her nose against the ground in a symbolic imitation of Rooting Boar, then digs up a bit of the earth with her paws. She then shifts to Dalu form and places her palm against the ground, speaking an invocation to Rooting Boar to help the cycles of the world continue. If the land is especially tainted, the ritemaster cuts or bites her hand and lets a bit of her blood drip onto the ground.

The Rite of Churned Earth can be performed any time, but is traditionally enacted at dawn or dusk. A werewolf can perform the rite only once in a 12-hour period.

Dice Pool: Harmony

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

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: All accumulated successes are lost, and the ritemaster has offended Rooting Boar somehow. She suffers a -2 penalty on all rites for the next lunar month.

Failure: No successes are gained at this time.

Success: Successes are gathered toward the total required. If 10 are gained, the ground for one yard per dot of the ritemaster's Harmony in front of the ritemaster rumbles and roils, and any foreign objects (buried corpses, caches, garbage, etc.) come to the surface. The earth in the area of effect is soft and loose until it settles, meaning anyone stepping on it sinks a bit (-2 on any Physical actions performed in this area that require agility or body coordination; this falls to -3 if the ground is also wet).

Exceptional Success: The ritemaster makes significant progress toward the goal. If 15+ successes are gathered on the same roll that the ritemaster reaches 10 successes, the ritemaster's Purity rating is added to her Harmony for purposes of determining the area of effect.



BON SPENCER





LODGE OF HARMONY STORY HOOKS

- **Awakenings:** The characters notice spirits fleeing through their territory. None of these spirits stop to answer the pack's questions unless forced, and, even then, they only repeat a single word in First Tongue, a word that none of the characters recognize. The pack knows that the Lodge of Harmony holds a territory nearby, but probably don't know that the lodge members were guarding a creature from the dawn of time there. That creature might well have already killed the *Sulukka* guarding it. Can the characters stop the spirit or delay it long enough for other members of the lodge (who know the proper binding rituals) to arrive?

- **War:** This story hook works best if the pack, or at least a member of the pack, belongs to the Lodge of Harmony. The pack discovers an ancient locus once held by the Fire-Touched, but long out of the hands of any Uratha. In the process of reclaiming the territory, the Rite of Churned Earth uncovers skeletons and artifacts of Forsaken werewolves. The Pure Tribes once used part of the territory as a mass grave, meaning that these Uratha probably never received proper burials and funerals. The pack probably desires revenge for what those Pure werewolves have done. How far is the pack willing to go to avenge the dead?

- **Mediators:** A pack of *Sulukka* and a pack composed of Uratha of the Lodge of Ruin both fixate on a territory adjacent to the characters'. Because the players' pack is the closest group of Uratha to the disputed territory, the two *Meninna* packs ask the characters to help mediate the challenges. In the process, the characters stand to learn a great deal about both lodges' philosophies (which might inspire any Hunters in Darkness of the pack to try and join). But if the Lodge of Harmony is determined to have the land, perhaps because something dangerous sleeps there, the lodge members probably won't accept a judgment to the contrary.

Mental Skills: Academics (Law) 3, Computer 1, Investigation 2, Occult 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Drive 2, Firearms (Rifle) 1, Larceny 3, Stealth 2

Social Skills: Empathy 2, Intimidation (Legalese) 2, Persuasion 2, Subterfuge (Innuendo) 2

Merits: Contacts (Judicial, Police) 2, Danger Sense, Fleet of Foot 1, Meditative Mind, Resources 1

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 7

Essence Max/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Justice

Vice: Greed

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

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

Defense: 2 (2/2/2/2)

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

Renown: Cunning 1, Purity 3, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (1) Feet of Mist, Know Name, Loose Tongue; (2) Father Wolf's Speed; (3) Distractions

Andie Currin was a promising law student when the Change came. Late at night, alone in the law library at her university, for no reason that she could then or since fathom, she Changed. She found one very specific book in the stacks and tore it to shreds, and then left, running out into the night. To this day, she has no idea why that book was significant or even what its title was. Her search to uncover a reason behind her odd First Change led her first to a pack of Bone Shadows, but the pack members' fascination with death left her cold. The *Meninna*, with their adherence to Purity, were a much better fit.

Andie was always personable and in control, and made for a good public face for her urban pack. As the pack expanded its territory, pack members found another group of Uratha stubbornly clinging to a small patch of land in the middle of the city. Andie was surprised to find that they were tribemates, and on several occasions used her legal acumen to prevent the city from trying to develop in the area. She was shocked when a member of the Lodge of Harmony contacted her and invited her to train for membership.

As a *Sulukka*, Andie — or “Wolf's Grin,” as her tribe calls her, from the just slightly off-putting smile she uses when dealing troublesome humans — is the “face” of the lodge in the area. Skilled in law and an acquaintance of several judges in the city, she helps to keep humanity from bothering the Lodge of Harmony. She wonders, though, what the lodge members are guarding, and why they haven't seen fit to tell her yet.

Andie is a slightly heavyset woman in her early 30s. She has prominent cheekbones and sharp, inquisitive eyes, and normally ties her brown hair back when not dealing with humans. Away from humanity, she seldom smiles, claiming she does it so much around people that it makes her face hurt.

ANDIE “WOLF'S GRIN” CURRIN

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Hunters in Darkness

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 2, Resolve 2

Physical Attributes: Strength 2 (3/5/4/3), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 2 (3/4/4/3)

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 3

THE LODGE OF LIGHTNING

OF THE COURAGE AND DEFEAT OF LIGHTNING

Once, Red Wolf, honored child of Father Wolf, took to walking amongst the Uratha. Red Wolf sensed weakness in his chosen Farsil Luhul. He sought to test them, and winnow the unworthy from the pack. He drove those he perceived to be weak out of their packs, their territories and their homes, and sent them on quests of all but insurmountable difficulty. At first, the great wolf-spirit was pleased with his work. The pack was cleansed of the weak, and the Farsil Luhul were stronger for it. And yet, sorrow touched his heart. Of all that he had chosen, none had survived. None had exceeded his expectations and returned with the proof of strength he sought.

With heavy heart, Red Wolf followed an old, wise werewolf named Strength of Rock, whom the wolf-spirit feared had grown weak and complacent with age. The old werewolf embarked on Red Wolf's quest as willingly as his predecessors, and, just as his predecessors, came to grief in a forest deep in the Shadow Realm. The wind tore at his flesh, the driving rain chilled his very bones and the forked lightning blinded him and blasted the forest around him with its power. Finally, the werewolf could stand it no more.

"Come, spirits of the rain! Hail, spirits of the wind! Cease, spirits of the lightning!" he cried. "If you would have sport with me, have the courage to face me. I challenge you, spirits of the weather, to face me in fair combat. If I am to die at your hands, at least let the death be an honorable one."

The spirits of the wind whispered their mockery, and the spirits of the rain poured down their amusements, but forceful Lightning appeared before the Uratha. "So be it," it said, and it launched a furious assault on the werewolf.

Strength of Rock's spirit laughed with joy as the fight began. Finally, a true challenge. The werewolf and the spirit battled through the forest, and onward up the mountains beyond. The joy of battle brought new strength to the werewolf, and Lightning soon found itself hard-pressed. Finally, on the very peak of the mountain, the werewolf prevailed. Lightning lay, defeated, before him. As Strength of Rock prepared to give the death blow, he caught sight of Red Wolf watching him. The great spirit said nothing, merely waiting for the Uratha to act.

Strength of Rock lowered his claws. "You have fought well, Lightning, but you are defeated. You can

embrace destruction, or you can serve me. Lend your strength to me and those I choose, and I will be merciful."

And so was Lightning bound, Red Wolf satisfied at last and the Lodge of Lightning born.

The Iron Masters' true area of mastery is adaptability. The members of the Lodge of Lightning take that concept to an extreme. They are so focused on their tasks, on the challenges they set for themselves, that all else falls aside. They will change, adapt, innovate and endure to achieve their goal. As the very lightning itself, they strike where they will, because the end is all.

"Lightning doesn't strike twice" goes the human saying. The Uratha know better than that. Lightning is an implacable force, seeking the easiest route to its destination and reaching it with speed and power. The Lightning-Dancers, as the members of this lodge are often known, take the same philosophy in everything they do, from putting down a foe to winning a mate. They have, in a sense, fashioned themselves into the ultimate tools, making their very bodies extensions of their remarkable wills.

Failure is not an option for a Lightning-Dancer. Are multiple attempts needed to succeed? Irrelevant. Will it take weeks, months or even years? No matter. Will it change your life completely? Yeah, so what? For the Lightning-Dancers, failure is not a negative concept — failure is merely another intermediate step on the route to success.

Failure is a marker showing the difference between the right road and the one that leads the wrong way. Failure changes a Lightning-Dancer, but it never stops her. Instead, the lodge holds despair in the same contempt that most werewolves hold failure. Giving up, or lacking the determination and vision to find a new approach, is the only crime worth noting in this lodge. Everything else is up for grabs.

This ability to disregard failure is what makes the lodge members so darn tough. The Lightning-Dancers drive themselves to physical extremes, running for longer than most werewolves would consider sensible, going without sleep or food for long periods of time. A few, more cynical, observers have wondered if the latter behavior is responsible for the quite remarkable flashes of insight that the lodge members are capable of displaying. That attitude betrays the slight jealousy that the lodge occasionally invokes in others. Werewolf culture is built on success (in part, in atonement for the past), and the Lightning-Dancers are focused on that goal as few others.

This combination of qualities can make a Lightning-Dancer a difficult pack mem-





Lodge of Lightning

ber. The behavior of a lodge member can border on obsession, and cross right over into it as well. Obsession works well when the member is assigned a particular task that needs doing, because the lodge member *will* get it done, whatever it takes. However, that same pack member can become a real problem if the pack decides to abandon one objective in favor of another. Lightning-Dancers have been known to challenge alphas over such decisions.

If a Lightning-Dancer is pack alpha, the pack members had better prepare themselves to be driven to extremes they never imagined existed. The pack will be capable of achieving great things, but the single-minded nature of Lightning-Dancers can lead to the pack neglecting areas of its territory while trying to deal with one challenge or another. Not surprisingly, lodge members work well as alphas for packs that are essentially mission-based, but make poor long-term leaders of packs that are watching over and growing their territories. Lodge members' focus does not make them good multi-taskers.

This flaw came to the fore in recent years when a distinct movement within the lodge which used its relationship with Lightning to develop a techno-shamanistic approach to dealing with urban-spirits split from the main body of the lodge. Too many other lodge members found this focus on a singular purpose without the continual switching between areas of focus to be puzzling.

Patron Tribe: Iron Masters

PATRON SPIRIT

The Lodge of Lightning naturally claims to follow Lightning. However, it's uncertain that the spirit Lightning itself actually watches over the lodge. One increasingly convincing theory suggests that although Lightning may have agreed to watch over the lodge, at any given time, the spirit watching might be one of Lightning's many aspects (or "forks") that actually plays the role of patron spirit.

JOINING THE LODGE

Most, if not all, members of the Lightning-Dancers are inspired to seek membership in the lodge by meeting another member of the lodge. The young werewolves see something in the older Uratha that appeals to them: a combination of single-minded drive and bizarre lateral thinking that chimes with their own view on the world. Few understand or appreciate the ordeal that follows.

Lodge members don't become mentors easily. Would-be initiates need to work hard to attract the other werewolves' attention. After all, like all lodge members, they're almost certainly already deeply focused on some task or another, and unwilling to be distracted. An Iron Master who persists long enough to get a mentor's attention when she's finally free to give it has passed the first stage of the initiation, even if he doesn't realize it. Now, things get really hard. For the next few months, the would-be lodge member becomes one of the mentor's obsessions. She turns up unexpectedly and unpredictably in the young werewolf's life, demanding answers to questions, aid with tasks and unexpected insights on anything from the interplay of urban-spirits with those of nature to the redecoration of the mentor's apartment. Any werewolf who fails to cope with this sudden broadening of his challenges has failed the second test.

Finally, the mentor actually takes the werewolf under her wing for a period of weeks. Both leave their packs for the duration of the initiation. The mentor takes on the role of Red Wolf, giving the initiate a task that appears, on the surface, to be all but impossible, and then shadows the werewolf on this quest. The exact form of the quest is entirely at the whim of the mentor. The lodge has no proscribed guidelines or prepared quests. Instead, the mentor makes the challenge up on the spur of the moment. Typically, quests will be against the nature of the werewolf. A Rahu

might be forced into extensive negotiations with spirits, while an Elodoth might be forced into desperate combat. The nature of each initiation varies wildly, as individual as the mentor and initiate, with one exception. Each initiation finishes with a long journey into the Shadow Realm, and a battle with the weather-spirits of a spiritual wood. This is, in truth, the very wood where Strength of Rock faced Lightning, and where Red Wolf waits to see if a new Uratha is worthy of his favor. Werewolves who fail this final test no longer die. Red Wolf accepted Strength of Rock's wisdom in that. Instead, they awake cold, wet and disheveled on some street corner, with the knowledge of unworthiness heavy in their hearts. In time, their mentors resume contact and start the initiation again. Failure is no crime amongst the Lightning-Dancers, but, then, lack of determination most certainly is.

When, and only when, at the last, the would-be Lightning-Dancers reach inside and find both new reserves of determination and new ways of achieving their goals, then they will be accepted into the lodge.

Ironically, many new initiates find that membership no longer matters to them; the mental and physical changes that they have undergone are all truly matter. The lodge survives as a body simply because only other lodge members really understand what that means.

Debate comes and goes amongst members of the lodge as to whether members of other tribes could be admitted to the Lodge of Lightning. The consensus is that anybody driven enough to join the lodge would also be driven enough to join the Iron Masters, and so the debate should be a moot point. However, rumors persist that members of the Storm Lords have been admitted to the lodge already. The *Iminir* have an existing tribal relationship with Lightning through their totem, and many lodge members suspect that Red Wolf would grant membership to any werewolf prepared to both find an Iron Master mentor and pass the demanding series of tests. However, such werewolves are rare or discreet enough to remain nothing more than legends amongst the mainstream of the lodge.

Prerequisites: Cunning ••, Wits •••

Benefits: Members of the lodge receive a +1 modifier die to any Stamina roll made to stay on their feet or roll with an impact. Their secondary totem, Lightning, grants them access to Weather Gifts as though they were tribal Gifts.

LODGE OF LIGHTNING FETISHES

LIGHTNING ROD (••)

Is there anything much that isn't powered by electricity these days? The power goes down, and everything from the shower (electrical pump) to the building's security system breaks. This little device makes that happen. A lightning rod is a lightning-spirit bound into a lump of metal that has already been part of a object of some kind. Raw metal is no use — it must be metal that has been worked and formed into a distinct object. Rods, used in support frames of various kinds, are the most common, but anything from computer components to a tin can will serve. The owner places the Lightning Rod against the electrically powered device he wants to naturalize, and invokes the spirit within the fetish, temporarily knocking the spirit out, unless surge protection is installed. This fetish is great for wrecking computers and opening electric garage doors, but not so useful against proper building security systems.

Action: Instant

STORM'S EYE (•••)

A Storm's Eye is a small piece of urban rubble, such as a broken chunk of building rubble, or a piece of broken glass, worn

around the neck of the owner. Within is bound a spirit associated with peaceful days, such as a sunshine-spirit, a low-winds-spirit or a drought-spirit. When the bearer invokes the power of this fetish in poor or dangerous weather, from tropical storms to blizzards to storm force winds, the fetish moderates the power of the weather in the immediate environment of the werewolf, leaving her free from potential direct harm from the weather. The fetish will not protect her from indirect harm (she can still drown if she falls into a flooded river) or from supernaturally directed weather (such as a storm-spirit's Blast Numen), but natural weather will not directly harm her, whether as extremes of temperature or direct force.

Action: Instant

LODGE OF LIGHTNING STORY HOOKS

- **Obsession's Price:** At a gathering, the characters' pack is approached by a nearby, but not neighboring, pack for permission to briefly enter their territory in search of a missing pack member. If pressed, the pack reveals that the missing member is a Lightning-Dancer, who is pursuing a Spirit-Ridden human who has moved houses right into the player's pack's territory. The pack alpha ruled that the Ridden was no longer the pack's problem, but the Lightning-Dancer thought different. Woe betide anyone who gets in his way.

- **Mentor's Call:** After an unusually long silence, a Lightning-Dancer pack member gets an email from her former mentor, claiming to have made a significant discovery about the city's reflection in the *Hisil*, and asking for help. Any replies to the email go unanswered. Eventually, a terse note arrives from the mentor's pack alpha saying that the mentor is dead. Any investigation of the mentor's apartment (which requires a risky trip into another pack's territory) turns up a series of files that outline who the mentor had been talking to, and where he did his research, but none of the conclusions. Can the Lightning-Dancer follow her mentor's leaps of intuition and obsessive research to determine the nature of the threat?

- **Honor Guard:** The local *Hisil* has been badly unbalanced by an influx of spirits fleeing chaos elsewhere in the Shadow, affecting many packs' territories. A Lightning-Dancer Ithaeur claims to have found a solution, and has persuaded several local packs to take part. The players' pack is asked to take guard duty. At the first attempt, the rite fails. And the second. But the Ithaeur keeps going. Are the pack members willing to stay in their roles, despite tensions with other packs, repeated spiritual attacks and the growing possibility that the rite will never work?

TOBY CARTER

Auspice: Elodoth

Tribe: Iron Masters

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 2 (3/5/4/2), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 2 (3/4/4/3)

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Computer 2, Investigation (Criminal) 3, Medicine 1, Occult 1, Politics (Scandals) 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 1, Drive X, Firearms 1, Larceny 1, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Animal Ken 1, Empathy (Direct) 2, Expression 1, Intimidation 2, Persuasion (Intense) 3, Socialize 1, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Contacts (Local TV, Newspapers) 2, Fast Reflexes 2, Fetish (Lightning Rod) 2, Resources 1

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 7

Essence Max/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Gluttony

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

Initiative: 8 (8/9/10/10) with Fast Reflexes

Defense: 3 (3/3/3/3)

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

Renown: Cunning 2, Glory 2

Gifts: (1) Know Name, Loose Tongue, Sense Weakness; (2) Slip Away, Traveler's Blessing

Rituals: None

People sometimes wonder if there's two Toby Carters. One is a slightly accident-prone, but extremely affable, young werewolf who takes equal pleasure in fierce combat and long, boozy evenings with his packmates. The other is a driven, unemotional investigative machine, utterly dedicated to the pursuit of truth, in as much as it serves justice. Carter has a rapidly growing reputation as the man to turn to if you need a dispute sorted, and sorted quickly. Since his induction into the Lodge of Lightning 18 months ago, his ability to cut to the quick of an issue, extract the necessary information from all concerned and create a judgment that people feel is fair, has made him the go-to guy. If you want all of the above done with diplomacy, forget it.

Young Toby was the son of a small-town cop from a long line of small-town cops. Unlike his long line of law enforcement ancestry, Carter grew up with an increasingly intolerant view of the petty corruption and unjust justice that makes up much of the local judiciary system. His quick anger over such topics, in marked contrast to his normally easygoing demeanor, was the first legacy left him by his Uratha mother. His First Change made the rest of it clear. He took to his role as an Elodoth quickly, and joined the Lodge of Lightning because he admired lodge members' abilities to switch mental tracks whenever needed and to get the job done. When it comes to justice, Carter really believes in getting the job done.

Carter is a habitual devotee of unchallenging fashion brands. He'll always be found in the vaguely stylish cuts of vaguely trendy colors. He's very much a shirt-and-slacks kinda guy, and usually wears brown boots and, occasionally, a light sweater. His inoffensively attractive face is framed by sandy brown hair and unfashionably long sideburns, and emphasized by bushy eyebrows. When he's working a case, Carter quickly descends into disarray. His clothes tend to look like they've been worn for a week, mainly because they have, and his personal hygiene slips.





LODGE OF THE MAELSTROM

THOSE WHO WATCH THE SEAS

Many were the deeds of Ulf Seawatcher before his gaze turned ever outward to the ocean. He honored his human clan well, and he stood many times against the Pure berserks who would have swept down and torn his village apart. He held honor with the Blood Talons of the land as well as his own kind, the Storm Lords who were honored to have him among them. Yet it was when he was nearing old age, when he thought that his tale had nearly run its course, that his tale actually began in earnest.

It began with gold, the prize of a raid that Ulf himself had led. He had claimed the gold for his own when he saw it, and no one dared say otherwise. It was a wondrous treasure, a belt or perhaps the bracelet of a giant fashioned in brightest gold. Ulf wondered at the hand that had wrought it, for it was made strangely: the beasts that were etched into the gold were no beasts he knew, and the metal had been inscribed with many runes of foreign make.

Ulf was a wise one, and he knew to respect the runes. Though the gold alone would have purchased his clan great favor in the king's eyes, he would not let the treasure be parted from him until he had learned the secret of the runes etched into the metal. They were strange to his eyes, and did not give up their meaning easily. But Ulf had the blessing of the crescent-moon, and was a patient man. Over many nights, he called up the spirits of sea and sky, and gradually the runes became clear.

They were a warning. The gold that Ulf held was neither a belt nor a bracelet — this treasure had been a shackle, a link in a chain that had been fastened around a great beast long ago and then sunk in the depths.

"The Great Hunter slew that which it caught, but could not catch Them all. They escaped him by flying beyond the sky, or by being driven into the sea. There the Great Hunter would not walk. Still They wait, until the Hunter is gone and the world has become soft enough for them to feed."

The warning we keep with us to this day, for it was graven upon Ulf's heart, and he in turn taught it to those who would listen. The Hunter, our Father, is gone. The things that abide in the cold sea still emerge. Like Ulf, we watch for them, and when they come, we will drive them back.

Even if the Uratha had double their numbers, they couldn't be everywhere they might be needed. The entire world casts a Shadow, even the parts of the world that are inhospitable to werewolves. And strange things can be born away from humans and wolves alike, things that might follow a faint scent or sound to civilization. The Lodge of the Maelstrom knows this all too well, for lodge members have taken it upon themselves to watch the coastlines for signs of horrors that are born at sea. In an

ideal world, those things that spawned down in the depths would remain in their lightless environment and never venture forth to warm air and dry land. But the world is not ideal.

The Lodge of the Maelstrom has its origins in Europe, presumably during the Dark Ages. The lodge spread as its members sailed among unknowing humans for new shores, arriving in Africa and the Americas as early as the Viking expeditions (if the legend is true). Members claim to be part of a brotherhood that extends around the globe, from lonely sentinels scattered among the islands of the South Pacific to packs that have carved out territory for themselves on desolate northern beaches. Wherever the lodge has spread, it has carried a simple teaching: watch the seas.

Members of the Lodge of the Maelstrom often refer to themselves as sea-watchers, both as an homage to the lodge's legendary founder and as a simple way to describe their calling to others. Some sea-watchers operate without packs, but many can be found within packs that have claimed coastal territories. There are a few packs composed entirely of sea-watchers, but packs such as those that exist are true sea wolves, ready to fall on any enemies with the savagery of sharks in a feeding frenzy.

The warning attributed to Ulf Seawatcher is an important part of the lodge's lore. The warning is their motto, even a mantra, often repeated to oneself during a long night's vigil. A common greeting from one sea-watcher to another references Ulf's warning in grim fashion: "The Hunter is gone, and the world has grown soft." Those who still believe in the lodge and its task know the proper response: "Yet we will drive them back into the sea."

Although the Lodge of the Maelstrom is presented as having a central organization, the lodge could well be adapted into a synchronous lodge or have individual cells of the same nature. This lodge fits into any coastal region, no matter how remote; any bayou, rocky spar, stretch of beach or barrier island might have enough of a supernatural significance to draw a sea-watcher.

Patron Tribe: Storm Lords



THREATS FROM THE DEEP

What sort of threats do members of the Lodge of the Maelstrom anticipate? There are plenty of possible answers. Folklore around the world is full of creatures that emerge from the depths to cause all manner of trouble, and it doesn't take much work to recast them as things appropriate to **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

There might be literal massive sea monsters out in the depths, the things that inspired legends such as the kraken or leviathan. Angry spirits might cause sentient storms or whirlpools like Charybdis. Old legends of monstrous races that emerged from the sea like the Irish Fomorians might be based on Claimed, or something worse. There's even the time-tested horror tactic of taking a relatively benevolent legend and then revealing a gruesome "truth" underneath that humans have tried hard to forget. Consider the Dogon myth of Nommo, the aquatic creature that brought forth knowledge to man — if a Nommo truly exists in the World of Darkness, what would that creature be like? The possibilities for sea-born menaces are almost as vast as the oceans themselves.

PATRON SPIRIT

The Lodge of the Maelstrom is spiritually bound by a powerful bird-spirit that they respectfully refer to as "the Old Man." The Old Man tends to manifest as a large osprey or sea eagle with storm-tossed feathers, its beak and talons jagged with crusted salt and coral. The Old Man is a spirit that epitomizes the hunt at sea, an entity of vigilance and swift action.

JOINING THE LODGE

The Lodge of the Maelstrom is at its heart a Storm Lord lodge, but it's not exclusive. Forsaken of other tribes can join the lodge with sufficient proof of dedication, though they are sure to face some disapproval at first.

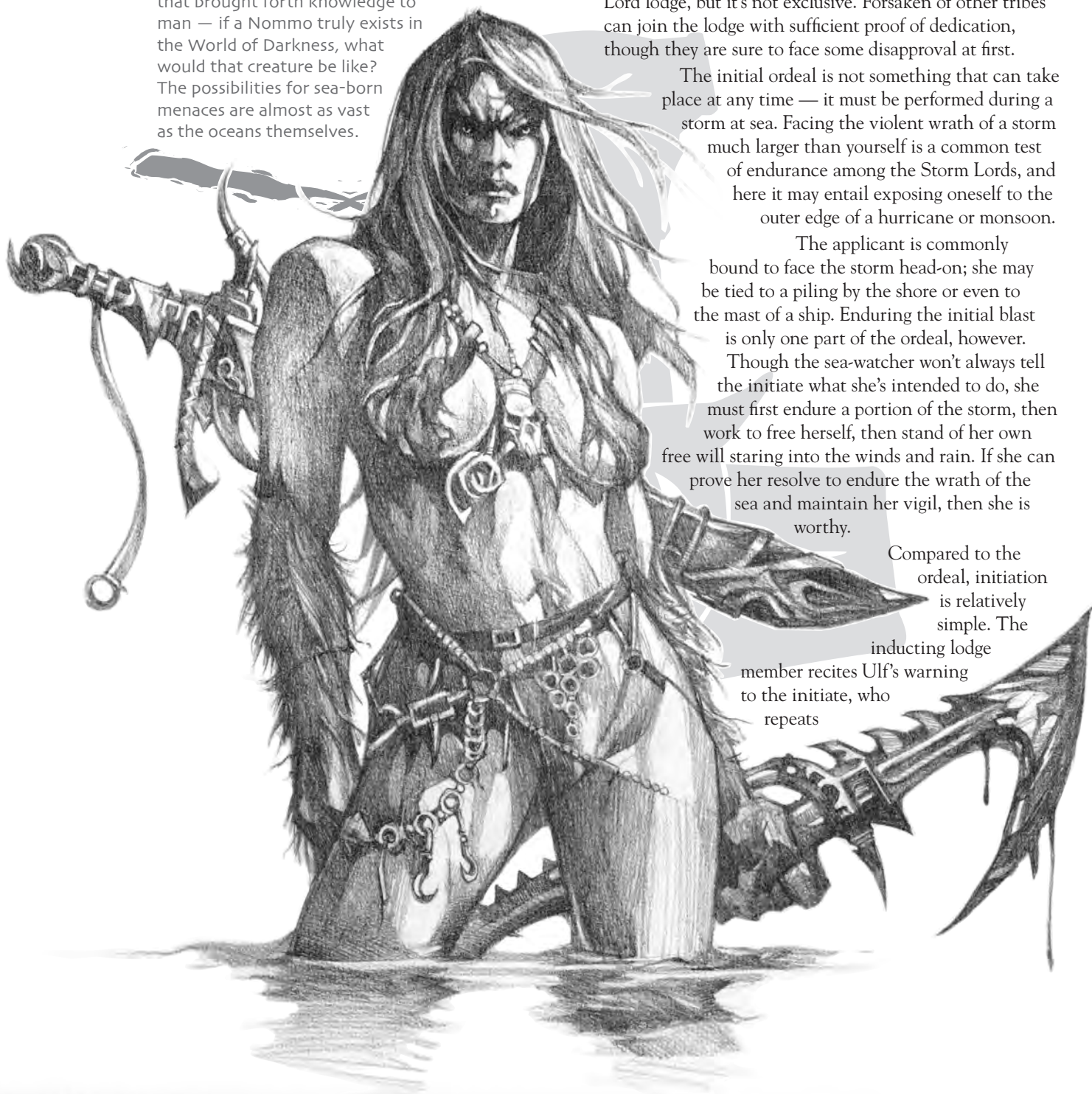
The initial ordeal is not something that can take place at any time — it must be performed during a storm at sea. Facing the violent wrath of a storm much larger than yourself is a common test of endurance among the Storm Lords, and here it may entail exposing oneself to the outer edge of a hurricane or monsoon.

The applicant is commonly bound to face the storm head-on; she may be tied to a piling by the shore or even to the mast of a ship. Enduring the initial blast is only one part of the ordeal, however.

Though the sea-watcher won't always tell the initiate what she's intended to do, she must first endure a portion of the storm, then work to free herself, then stand of her own free will staring into the winds and rain. If she can prove her resolve to endure the wrath of the sea and maintain her vigil, then she is worthy.

Compared to the ordeal, initiation is relatively simple. The

inducting lodge member recites Ulf's warning to the initiate, who repeats





Lodge of the Maelstrom

it; the lodge member then pierces her arm with a stingray spine, shark tooth or other such sharp object and anoints the wound with seawater. With that, he ritually welcomes her into the lodge, and she is free to take up her vigil.

Prerequisites: Resolve •••, Athletics ••, Occult •

Benefits: Sea-watchers are attuned to the rhythms of the sea, and gain +2 bonus dice to Perception rolls related to perceiving something on or under the sea's surface, or anywhere that the ocean's waters may touch. A sea-watcher has little difficulty tracking something along a beach by scent, where other werewolves would have difficulty smelling anything but salt and fish. Lodge members also receive affinity with any water-based Elemental Gifts, and gain the Sea Specialty to Occult rolls, which applies to spirits and folklore associated with the ocean. A less tangible benefit of membership is the lodge's extended network of information. With as many far-sailing sea-watchers as there are within the lodge, news can travel for a surprising distance. A sea-watcher in New England is far more likely to hear of the latest supernatural troubles in Hong Kong than a landlocked pack would be, although this information tends to apply only to troubles that affect the harbors or oceans.

LODGE OF THE MAELSTROM FETISHES BLOODSCENT TOOTH (TALEN)

This shark's tooth talen is dangerous in an indirect fashion. When activated, it gives off a powerful smell of blood, enough to quickly draw the attention of any sharks in the immediate area. Sea-watchers often use this talen as a method to quickly dispose of corpses or even as a means of executing enemies, which keeps them from having to bloody their own claws. The talen can be used out of the water, as well; although the scent is lessened in power, it can still be used to mark an area for other werewolves or for similar creative purposes. The talen also functions when in the Shadow, where it draws shark-spirits with the same speed. Naturally, a blood-spirit or shark-spirit is typically bound within this talen.

DROWNED MAN'S PEARL (•••)

Asian folklore mentions dragon-given pearls that, when held under the tongue, allow a person to breathe water. The Lodge of the Maelstrom crafts similar objects by binding water elementals into pearls via a gruesome ritual process. The pearl must be placed in the mouth of a drowned human and left beneath the waves for one change of the moon phase (roughly three to four days) before the pearl can be used as a vessel. Once placed under the tongue and activated, the pearl allows the werewolf to breathe water for one minute per success on the activation roll. The fetish can be activated more than once in a scene, as long as it remains in the user's mouth. However, if the werewolf removes the pearl from under his tongue, the effect immediately ceases. This precludes making bite attacks, which are sure to dislodge the fetish.

Action: Instant

SALT-HEWER (••••)

This klaive typically takes the form of an old Norse battle-ax, inscribed with small runes that spell out part of the ancient warning preserved in lodge folklore. Once activated, the klaive effectively adds one to its bearer's Strength for as long as he stands on the deck of a ship, ax in hand. When activated underwater, Salt-Hewer allows the user to attack with the ax (but not with other weapons, natural or not) without suffering any penalties made for fighting underwater. The spirit of a shark or other sea predator is bound to create a Salt-Hewer. A few klaives of similar nature have been bound into harpoons or long gaffs, though some loyalists of the lodge find the "innovation" distasteful.

Action: Reflexive

LODGE OF THE MAELSTROM STORY HOOKS

- **Feeding Charybdis:** An old sea-watcher Calith attempts to recruit the pack to accompany him out on a voyage to cope with a threat he can't handle alone. He is quite insistent, and can arrange for lodge allies to watch over the pack's territory in their absence or bribe the characters with old sea gold; whatever it takes. What he isn't telling them is that he has had powerful visions of a whirlpool-spirit that will grow in size and strength unless it is — fed. Will the characters be able to discern his true motives before he begins his plot? And is he willing to sacrifice himself as well as the characters by sinking the ship in order to satiate this horror for another century?

- **The Abyss Gazes Back:** The lodge can't win all its fights. Recently, a lone sea-watcher caught the scent of a rising horror, and badly underestimated his ability to bring the spirit to heel. Now the sea-born spirit keeps the Storm Lord bound in a constant state of possession, and has begun to use its new host body to pursue a new agenda inland. The pack may be in for a surprise when the characters confront what seems to be an eccentric werewolf attempting to flood out an area or steal some strange relics dredged out of the ocean, and the thing in his head comes loose. If they manage to put the thing down and bring its pawn back to a measure of sanity, they'll have gained a solid contact in a lodge with influence around the globe.

- **Ship of Rats:** A sea-watcher, potentially a player's character, notes a rise in Beshilu activity around a local dock. Investigation reveals that the Rat Hosts don't appear to be disembarking, but are rather coming from inland to gather around the dock. From there, the Beshilu attempt to capture a ship of some sort and set out into the ocean. What might they possibly be looking for? Whatever their intentions, they

can't be good. Fighting a throng of Rat Hosts in the confines of a ship is sure to be a harrowing experience, but it may beat the alternative.

ELIZABETH KRECZMAR

Auspice: Ithaeur

Tribe: Storm Lords

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 2 (3/5/4/2), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4)

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Computer 1, Crafts (Ropes) 2, Investigation 2, Medicine 1, Occult (Sea) 2, Science 1

Physical Skills: Athletics (Swimming) 3, Brawl 2, Stealth 1, Survival (Shoreline) 2

Social Skills: Animal Ken (Birds of Prey) 2, Expression 1, Intimidation (Cold Stare) 2, Socialize 2, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Contacts (Coast Guard, Fishermen) 2, Direction Sense, Language (First Tongue) 1, Strong Lungs, Resources 2

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 6

Essence Max/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Prudence

Vice: Wrath

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

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

Defense: 2 (2/3/3/3)

Speed: 9 (10/13/16/14)

Renown: Glory 1, Honor 2, Purity 1, Wisdom 3

Gifts: (1) Call the Breeze, Call Water, Two-World Eyes, Warning Growl; (2) Manipulate Earth, Read Spirit, Silent Fog; (3) Deluge

Rituals: 3; **Rites:** (1) Banish Human, Rite of Dedication; (2) Banish Spirit, Blessing of the Spirit Hunt, Call Gaffling, Fortify the Border Marches; (3) Bind Spirit, Call Jagglings

Most Storm Lords tend to picture the Lodge of the Maelstrom as a scattered collection of weathered old men,

Ahabs and ancient mariners staring endlessly out to sea. But many of the sea-watchers, such as Elizabeth Kreczmar, came to respect the spiritual power (and potential menace) of the sea earlier in life. Elizabeth underwent her First Change on what was supposed to be a romantic boating excursion, and plunged into the waters of the Shadow under a thin crescent moon. When the Storm Lords found her and taught her what had happened, she made a promise to herself that she wouldn't ever be as afraid of the ocean as she was that night. She continued to live on the coast, and devoted her crescent-moon abilities to learning more about the sea and its Shadow. Eventually, she came to the attention of an older sea-watcher. When he told her about the Lodge of the Maelstrom and its task, she knew that she'd found the meaning behind that single terrifying night. This was what she was meant to do.

Elizabeth approaches her work with the analytical resolve that marks her as a near-ideal Storm Lord Ithaeur. She prefers to gather as much information about an impending threat as she can before making her move, though she has enough sense to get moving if it looks like time will be an issue. She will contact other packs to gather assistance if it looks like it's necessary, and usually has a good sense for a threat's level. She isn't one to cry "wolf" — no Storm Lord is. She is perhaps crueler to the spirits of the sea than is necessary, and is more prone to bargain from a position of strength than to offer chimerage. The memories of her First Change haunt her more than she will admit, and she isn't above taking tiny little slices of revenge even now.

Elizabeth is younger than she looks. Her hair is pale and almost colorless, and her skin is weathered; some assume she might be in her late 30s or early 40s, but she's only 28. She dresses in the practical clothes common to dockworkers or fishermen, at least while she's dropping by town; she prefers to shed most of her clothes to face a storm at sea. As many others of her tribe, she looks on storms with reverence and considers it a sign of weakness not to feel the weather on her skin. She has the lean build of a swimmer in all her forms, and her lupine coat is a pale tan.





THE LODGE OF IRON MASTERS

OF SKILL AND DISCOVERY

When the world was young, yet long after we lost Pangaea, the animal called human started to become more than other animals. We were there, and, at Red Wolf's bidding, we watched. When humans first tamed metal to their will, we were amazed. The quiet, withdrawn spirits of the Earth choirs responded to the humans' touch almost joyfully, while the choirs resisted us in sullen fashion. As humans extracted, smelted and beat the earthly metal, the spirits behind it took on new purpose and form. They became focused, and sharp, as dedicated to their purpose as once they were to passivity.

Red Wolf called to a pack of the Farsil Luhai. "Learn from humans," growled the wolf-spirit, "lest they become better hunters than you."

The pack took the human skin, and walked amongst the new crafters, and learned their ways. Yet, when the pack tried to shape the metal themselves, it resisted, twisting from their hands.

"I am Fierce Iron," snarled the spirit, "and I will not obey the touch of the Forsaken."

Defeated, the Uratha watched humans forge iron again, and again, until, finally, one of the werewolves realized what was missing. "Humans tame metal with fire and water. We must tame the spirit of Fierce Iron with the spirits of fire and water."

And so, the pack traveled into the Shadow Realm, and spent long months traveling to the homes of the fire spirits and the homes of the water spirits, and finally they bound one of each into fetishes. They bound the spirit of fire into an anvil stolen from the human, and the spirit of water into a hammer.

The Uratha took the anvil and forced Fierce Iron onto it, and beat the spirit between the powers of fire and water. And as they hammered, the spirit of Fierce Iron became that of Fierce Iron, malleable to the tools of the Forsaken and the wills of the pack.

And so was Fierce Iron tamed and so did Fierce Iron agree to serve the Farsil Luhai.

The Lodge of Metal is one of the oldest extant lodges of the Iron Masters — if not the oldest. Even as humanity moved from using found objects and shaping them into tools to creating their own from metal, so too did the idea spread amongst the Iron Masters, if the legend behind the lodge's origin is to be believed. In particular, the use of metal weapons was to be a boon for the Uratha (albeit a mixed one, thanks to the eventual creation of silver weapons). For creatures whose life is struggle, the ability to take the humans' idea of creating tools (and most especially weapons) is a powerful one. Indeed, the Lodge of Metal is held in high regard not just by the Iron Masters but by most of the tribes of the Uratha. Most werewolves can see the value in finely wrought weapons in their hands.

Many lodges claim ancestry from members of this lodge, but most metalsmiths doubt this claim. After all, lodges such as the Lodge of Arms are more concerned with the use of tools than in their creation. And for the metalsmith, the act of creation is all. However, those who craft more archaic weapons with forge and anvil are a minority in the lodge. Many more of the lodge members are occupied with the creation of anything from hand-assembled guns to custom-built computers and personalized mobile phones. For all the lodge's long and distinguished ancestry, lodge members does move with the times.

Lodge members are unusually social for the distrustful and territorial Uratha. Members of individual cliques within the lodge, such as swordsmiths, computer experts or car modders, are far enough scattered that regular correspondence through mail, phone or computer is not only possible, but positively prolific. Knowledge is shared freely, so long as spreading it isn't going to give a neighboring pack any sort of advantage in the struggle for territory. This free communication doesn't always go down well with other pack members who are rather suspicious of the whole thing. Close relationships with non-pack werewolves are unusual, and it's all too easy for the rest of the pack to fret about what other information is being spread with the latest alloy ideas or component lists. However, for most packs, the benefits of having a skilled, and often innovative, engineer working for them outweigh the possible disadvantage of having a leaky ship. Still, the smart alpha will still commission the pack's Ithaeur to force a few information-spirits to keep an eye on a lodge member's communications.

The period running up to a gathering of local packs can be trying to the packmates of a metalsmith, though. Despite being co-operative at a distance, members of the Lodge of Metal are intensely competitive when they meet. Even if their skills are in wildly different disciplines, each will bring his latest, greatest creation along to the gathering, and show the weapon off, hoping for the best.

Patron Tribe: Iron Masters

PATRON SPIRIT

Fierce Iron, the patron spirit of the lodge, has actually fallen a bit in prestige in recent years. Humans have found so many different elements and alloys over the years that raw iron is somewhat out of favor. This is true even for the Lodge of Metal, in which aluminum and tungsten steel are more likely to catch a metalsmith's eye than pure iron. Nonetheless, lodge members still offer regular thanks and praise to their patron, for no true Iron Master would think to disparage the very iron that gives the tribe members their name.

JOINING THE LODGE

For all the mix of communication and competition, members of the Lodge of Metal are still ruthless predators. Werewolves get one shot at membership, and, if they fail, that's it. Of course, the applicant isn't told that and, while the lodge has a reputation for a harsh admittance policy, spread by failed applicants, the lodge's public face is so affable (in werewolf terms) that few credit the rumor. Indeed, the initial welcome by potential mentors borders on the effusive. The lodge usually offers up a range of mentors, allowing the applicant to pick and choose. The mentor works with the applicant over a number of months, helping him develop his skills, building contacts with other lodge members and sources of information and supplies.

Finally, the mentor will ask the would-be lodge member to create a lodgepiece — a masterpiece in the traditional sense, which shows off the full extent of the applicant's skill and ingenuity. The mentor can offer no help, advice or guidance through this process. In fact, most mentors disappear entirely from the applicants' lives until the work is done, unless the mentors' presence, but lack of assistance, will create more pressure than their absence. This is the point when the friendly atmosphere of the

lodge evaporates. While it was never entirely a lie, it is certainly played up by lodge members with the aim of creating the ultimate pressure situation for the applicant. Lodge members create greater desire for membership, and then put a nearly impossible barrier in the way. Sure, it's ruthless and cruel, but, in the eyes of the lodge members, it's a necessary part of werewolf existence.

Once the werewolf finally summons up courage to tell his strangely silent mentor that his work is done, he is summoned to a formal meeting of as many lodge members who can be summed to one place as possible. Urban werewolves often pull strings to use large exhibition halls, or similar venues of intimidating scale, to really put the applicant on edge. Rural werewolves make use of natural features that imply the same thing — large forest clearings, natural amphitheatres on hillsides and the like.

For 24 hours, the assembling lodge members greet each other, examine the lodgepiece and quite purposefully ignore the applicant. By the end of the day, he should be feeling like a failure. The following morning, he is dragged from his bed before dawn and dragged before the assembled members of the lodge. They then ruthlessly cross-examine the applicant about his choices in building his lodgepiece, the methodology he used, what he thinks is innovative about it and what the hell makes him think it will be useful. This isn't friendly discussion or helpfully questioning: this is brutal interrogation, with the intention of tearing down the applicant's belief in his own skills and performance. Self-belief is vital to the lodge. Lodge members are going to be expected by their packmates to think up all sort of technological or metallurgical miracles under stress, and often life-or-death threats. Anyone who can't cut it under the pressure will tarnish the name of the lodge, and dishonor Fierce Iron. That's why applicants only get one bite at the apple — if they got two attempts, they'd be ready for it the second time, missing the point of the test.

If the werewolf survives the interrogation, all well and good. The test isn't over yet, though. The assembled lodge members will put the applicant's lodgepiece through a destruction testing process. Human testers have no concept of the sort of damage werewolf testers can dish out on their creations. The point here is not for the lodgepiece to actually survive everything thrown at it — that would doom everyone to failure. Werewolves can find a way to destroy anything. No, the point is to find out if the lodgepiece achieves the purpose it was designed for, and if it has the robustness needed for use in the harsh life of the Uratha. If the lodgepiece performs to their satisfaction, then the applicant is given one lunar month to recreate the masterpiece (or a number of them, if the work is such that it would be impossible to recreate in a month) as his final test. If he achieves this, then the barrier that has gone up between the other lodge members and the applicant drops. He is one of them now.

Prerequisites: Crafts •••, Investigation ••, Wits •••

Benefits: The primary benefit of becoming a member of the lodge is communication with other lodge members and the information that is shared as a result. However, their relationship with Fierce Iron grants them a real boon when creating new items. Lodge members gain three extra dice in all Craft-related rolls, and a +2 to any rolls to coerce or bribe spirits when offering chiminage lodge members crafted themselves.

Lodge of Metal Fetish

Fire Hammer

Building things is hard, physical work, which even a werewolf in Hishu form can struggle with. The answer for members of the Lodge of Metal is the Fire Hammer, named and created in honor of the lodge's founders. Lodge members make this fetish by binding a

fire-spirit into some form of hitting implement, usually a hammer, as the name implies.

When activated, the fetish boosts the owner's Strength by two points, but only in non-combat situations. The spirit within the fetish knows its place, and that place is in work, not battle. Fire Hammers are often given to lodge members as gifts by their mentors after winning their first gathering competition.

Action: Reflexive

Lodge of Metal Rite

Rite of Corrosion (••••)

"Sometimes you make, sometimes you just have to break," is an old saying amongst the Lodge of Metal. Other Iron Masters often look to members of the Lodge of Metal to help them destroy things, from unwelcome buildings to fetishes used by the hosts or the Pure. This rite doesn't destroy the object, but does highlight and enhance its weaknesses, allowing werewolves to do what they often do best.

Performing the Rite: This rite needs a varying number of participants, depending on how big the object targeted for destruction is. A small, handheld object needs just the ritemaster, while a building will require an entire pack to participate. The werewolves call, howl and chant as they circle the object, attempting to scare or, at least, unsettle the spirits within. Over the course of the rite, the connection between the spirits and the object is slowly worn away, leaving the object more vulnerable to manipulation, without the reinforcing effect of the spirit's presence.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (3 successes per point of Size of the target object; each roll represents one minute)

Roll Results

• **Dramatic Failure:** All successes are lost. The rite fails, and will not work again no matter what the object until the next day.

Failure: No successes are gained.

Success: Successes are gained toward the total. If the total number of successes equals the object's Size x3, the rite takes effect. For the remainder of the scene, any rolls made to break or destroy the object in question are subject to the "9 again" rule (see the *World of Darkness Rulebook*, p. 134).

• **Exceptional Success:** No additional effect save hastening the rite.

Lodge of Metal Story Hooks

• **On the Make:** If one of the pack has a hankering for a special weapon of some description — a klaive or a gun usable while in Dalu form, for example — a member of the Lodge of Iron is the obvious place to turn. But a lodge member doesn't work for just anybody. He sets the pack a quest for materials, ones which can't be found in their territory. And, of course, the more spiritually imbued the material, the better — steel ripped from the frame of a truck that birthed a murderous accident-spirit is far superior than steel found in a junkyard.

• **Sabotage:** At the beginning of a gathering, the sneakiest member of the pack is approached





Lodge of Metal

by a member of the Lodge of Metal. He and his lodge members are showing off their latest work tomorrow, but he's seen one of his rival's works and he wants it to 'disappear' before the morning. He is happy to make the pack something special in return, if they'll just do this little favor for him.

• **Barter:** A member of the lodge approaches the pack for permission to retrieve some raw materials from their territory. Problem is, he's from a rival pack. Do they turn him down flat and ruin any chance of him being useful to them in the future? Do they let him in? Or do they manage to negotiate some useful "I'll scratch your back if you scratch mine deal"?

MARY SUTTON

Auspice: Ithaeur

Tribe: Iron Masters

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 2 (3/5/4/2), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 2 (3/4/4/3)

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Computer 1, Crafts (Automobiles) 4, Investigation 2, Occult (Artificial Spirits) 1, Science (Chemistry) 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 1, Drive 2, Larceny (Hot-Wiring) 2, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Empathy 1, Expression 1, Persuasion 1, Streetwise 2

Merits: Allies (Garage) 2, Common Sense, Contacts (Street Racers, Bikers, Truckers) 3, Resources 2

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 6

Essence Max/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Greed

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

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

Defense: 2 (2/3/3/3)

Speed: 9 (10/13/16/14)

Renown: Cunning 3, Glory 1, Wisdom 3

Gifts: (1) Call Water, Left-Handed Spanner, Straighten, Two-World Eyes; (2) Manipulate Earth, Nightfall, Ruin; (3) Maschinegeist, Sculpt

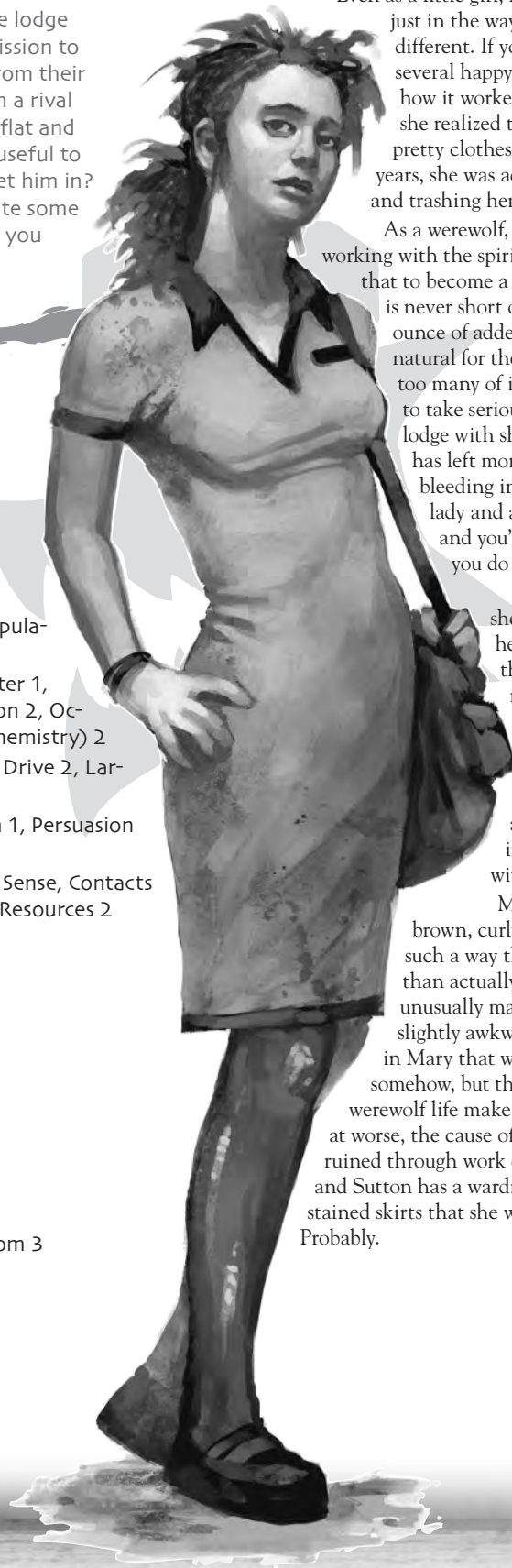
Rituals: 3; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication, Rite of the Spirit Brand; (2) Banish Spirit, Call Gaffling; (3) Bind Spirit, Call Jagglng, Rite of Healing, Wake the Spirit

Even as a little girl, Mary Sutton was different, and not just in the way all kids with Uratha blood are different. If you gave Mary a Barbie, she'd spend several happy hours pulling it apart to find out how it worked and then throw a screaming fit, as she realized that she had nothing left to put the pretty clothes on. By the time she hit her teenage years, she was adept at both fixing her date's car and trashing her outfit while doing it.

As a werewolf, Sutton showed a real aptitude for working with the spirits of machinery and tools, and used that to become a highly skilled mechanic. Her pack is never short of custom-fitted vehicles with an ounce of added spiritual oomph behind them. A natural for the Lodge of Metal? Not according to too many of its members, who found her difficult to take seriously. She fought her way into the lodge with sheer determination and skill, and has left more than one macho lodge member bleeding in the dirt for not respecting her as a lady and a mechanic. You disrespect this lady and you've got an enemy for life, whatever you do further down the line.

For those who take her seriously, she can be a fantastic ally. She'll work her ass off for anyone who gives her the respect she wants, and there's no better mentor for a young, but skilled, werewolf. She counts every young werewolf she mentors into the lodge as a personal triumph. And, while she can be as harsh as any other lodge members about inferior work, she's more than ready with praise, too.

Mary is fairly tall and slim, with brown, curly hair, which is usually tied back in such a way that it looks like it's escaping rather than actually imprisoned. Her body language is unusually male, and she often comes across as slightly awkward as a result. There's something in Mary that would like to be a bit more girly, somehow, but the twin curses of her skills and her werewolf life make that, at best, a forlorn hope and, at worse, the cause of a lot of expensive clothes getting ruined through work or battle. Still, hope springs eternal, and Sutton has a wardrobe full of torn dresses and oil-stained skirts that she will get round to fixing eventually. Probably.



LODGE OF NIGHT

Lord of the Silver Sands

In human myths, the one called Khonsu was a god of the crescent moon, beaming his white light upon the evening deserts and turning the sand to silver dust. The most famous of these stories cite that the god came to the world of humans in order to banish an evil spirit from the body of a princess.

The truth is, and is not, as these myths have told.

After the Fall, Fenris-Ur was approached by one of Luna's most powerful spirit-children, who questioned his patronage of the Blood Talon werewolf tribe. The moonlight-spirit Khonsu was a child of but one of Luna's aspects, the Queen of the Night, and he shared this side of his mother's ever-changing personality. Imperious and regal in his distance from the world of flesh, Khonsu sought out Destroyer Wolf and demanded answers to his questions. Luna may have forgiven the Forsaken in part, but why had the Firstborn — fully spirit-children of Urfarah — allowed themselves to be enslaved by the beasts who ruined the world?

"Because the Uratha are worthy," Fenris snarled at the powerful Lune. And when Khonsu asked why the spirit-wolves gave magic to the Forsaken, Fenris again replied, "Because the Uratha are worthy." Fenris soon tired of this game. The great wolf stepped closer to the Lune, baring his many fangs. And yet, even when angered, the Firstborn was respectful. "You ask many questions that all earn the same answer. Lord of the Silver Sands, Prince of the Desert Night and son of the Uratha's spirit-mother. . . . Ask me no more. Seek out my own children. They live in the stone cities of this realm, where they hunt the many evils that threaten to overwhelm them. They howl to you and Luna as you shine down upon the deserts. They need your light to guide their hunts. Surely you must hear their howls even now?"

And Khonsu turned his senses to the cities of wood and stone. There, he heard the cries and howls of the Forsaken. Fenris was pleased and growled a final message.

"Khonsu, Prince of Lunes, find my children and judge their worth for yourself. Send a summons to the ones called Suthar Anzuth, and tell my Blood Talons that Fenris himself has sent you. Then, perhaps when you see what I see, you shall bless them with your radiance and shed light upon their struggles."

Here the legends divide, and the trail of history grows cold. The challenge was met, and the Lune's tests were overcome. As the face of Helios glared down upon the desolate sands of the physical realm, the Blood Talons returned to their packs with the blessing and patronage of Khonsu, Prince of Luna's Children.

The Lodge of Night formed thousands of years ago, when a powerful moon-spirit offered its patronage to the Suthar Anzuth of Thebes. Stories tell of how Egypt during

this era was a realm of turmoil, slavery and war — and the Shadow was gravely poisoned around the cities. The moonlight-spirit promised to illuminate the darkest reaches of the Uratha's territory so the werewolves might hunt down and destroy their enemies. The promise has held for millennia, and the Blood Talons of the Lodge of Night still call upon the blessing of their patron as they hunt. With Khonsu's light, the Uratha enter the darkness without fear; with his illumination, the werewolves see into the blackest depths of the Shadow.

To be a member of the Lodge of Night is to take grave responsibility into your heart. Each of these self-titled "night hunters" knows it is his duty to lead the way into the darkest reaches of the Shadow. As a Blood Talon and as Khonsu's child, a night hunter must be the strongest, the best-prepared and the first to face any horror that could emerge from the world's sinister reflection. Upon swearing to the Lune totem, the Uratha of this lodge take an additional oath:

"I vow to be the one who faces the darkness first."

If a pack faces an unknown entity from the Shadow, the members turn to their Ithaeur or the Bone Shadows. If the unknown entity becomes a threat, the werewolves turn to the night hunter. Khonsu's children are the first to enter Wounds, and they are at the vanguard of any assault against a never-before-seen breed of spirit or *shartha*. The Lodge of Night focuses on taking the fight to the very havens of the hostile Shadow creatures, and flushing out any corruption before it can take root and spread further.

A night hunter's bond to his totem runs deep. Khonsu's blessing bestows upon the Blood Talons a cold insight in the heat of battle, heightening the wolf-mind instinct for picking out vulnerable prey. A member of this lodge can often instinctively pinpoint a foe's weakness, and will throw himself at it with all his strength and Rage, howling at his packmates to do the same. And, when a night hunter howls, other werewolves soon learn to listen.

The duty of leading into the Shadow's darkest places can rest heavily on the shoulders of some Uratha. It is not considered a dishonor to leave the Lodge of Night at any time in life, though those who walk away are never allowed to return and lose the blessing of Khonsu. It is considered a foul deed to mock the departure of a night hunter, for none can tell when the duty of carrying light into the darkness will burden a werewolf's soul. After years of always being the first into Wounds, always being the first into enemy hunting grounds, always being the first into unexplored Shadow territory — who can say what scars a werewolf will carry, both outside and within?





The ideology of the Lodge of Night is a carryover from the ancient battles of Thebes. The Uratha of that city fought a vicious hidden war against a Shadow saturated with the evils of the age, and Blood Talon legend has it that victory was bought only when the light of Khonsu beamed around the *Suthar Anzuth*. The werewolves who swear oath to the lodge in the modern nights are those who are either drawn to Khonsu out of desperation within their own territories or those who are intrigued by seeing the surrounding darkness with new eyes. This is not a path most *Suthar Anzuth* would wish to walk, and the Blood Talons who go down this path are forever changed by their duties.

Patron Tribe: Blood Talons

PATRON SPIRIT

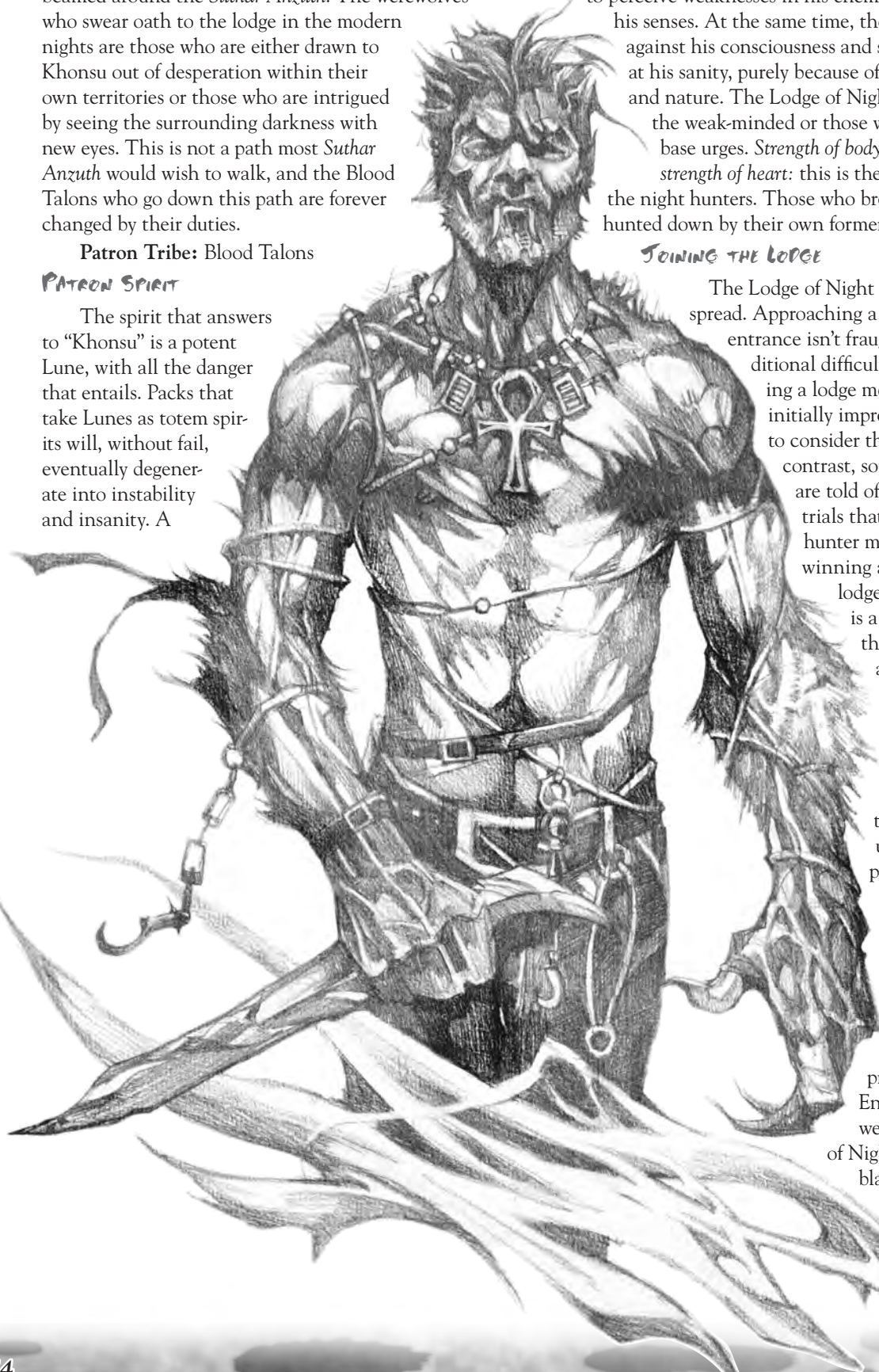
The spirit that answers to “Khonsu” is a potent Lune, with all the danger that entails. Packs that take Lunes as totem spirits will, without fail, eventually degenerate into instability and insanity. A

lodge is more loosely bound than a pack, and Khonsu is more distant than a pack’s totem would be — which is likely how the lodge has survived as long as it has. The constant presence of Khonsu on a werewolf’s soul is not a pleasant feeling. Khonsu’s patronage allows a werewolf to perceive weaknesses in his enemies and heightens his senses. At the same time, the Lune presses against his consciousness and slowly wears away at his sanity, purely because of Khonsu’s power and nature. The Lodge of Night is not a group for the weak-minded or those who often bow to base urges. *Strength of body, strength of mind, strength of heart:* this is the battle howl of the night hunters. Those who break are inevitably hunted down by their own former brethren.

JOINING THE LODGE

The Lodge of Night is relatively widespread. Approaching a member to seek entrance isn’t fraught with any additional difficulties beyond tracking a lodge member down and initially impressing her enough to consider the application. In contrast, some renowned stories are told of the harrowing trials that a potential night hunter must face before winning acceptance into the lodge. Khonsu’s blessing is a double-edged blade, the lodge members are the vanguard into the unknown and the Lodge of Night strives to accept only those who have proven their ability to bear up under extreme pressure.

The exact nature of the rite varies from ritemaster to ritemaster, but the ritual itself is called the Entombing. The premise behind the Entombing is that a werewolf of the Lodge of Night will be facing the blackest, darkest sights of the Shadow, heading first into any danger, and



enduring horrors that might make other Uratha cringe and whine. The Entombing tests that by burying the werewolf alive.

It is a werewolf's task in the Entombing to escape after a period of fasting and meditation. In the utter blackness, the applicant suffers mounting doubts and fears. He is told before being buried that his ritemaster will not unearth him no matter how long the applicant remains under the ground, which can bring on savage panic attacks. And yet he is told that losing himself to frenzy results in failure, because a true night hunter will face his fears as his duty, and will do so in control of his own mind. The Entombing tests strength of body, strength of mind and strength of heart — just as cited in the lodge's battle-howl. The coffin used is always a talen that makes certain the applicant will not run out of oxygen — but the talen does nothing to sate his hunger or thirst.

The applicant takes Hishu form, and is told to listen carefully for the howl of summoning — just before he is placed in a coffin and buried 10 feet under the ground. The applicant's pack is allowed to witness the burial if they desire, but they are prevented from unearthing their packmate for the duration of the ritual. Tradition states that the ritemaster must remain in the area, watching over the grave for 72 hours. For these three days and three nights, the applicant remains buried, and with no way to tell how much time has passed. The stale air is difficult to breathe, and painful thirst and hunger set in after a while. Many werewolves reach their breaking points and shift within the confines of their coffin to the Gauru form, tearing their way up through the packed soil and into the fresh air once again. Those who do have survived the test, but have also failed it. After the 72 hours have passed, the ritemaster performs the howl of summoning: a single howl as loud and as long as he is able. This is amplified by the Rite of the Ghost Howl and is almost certain to reach the ears of the entombed werewolf. This is the applicant's cue to finally tear himself free. Those who pass this ordeal are taught (after recovering) the ideologies and specific powers of the lodge.

Prerequisites: Brawl or Weaponry ••••; Glory ••; Willpower rating of 7 or greater

Benefits: Members gain a number of blessings. A lodge member can make his vision adapt to any lighting conditions, seeing with preternatural clarity even in Hishu form and in pitch darkness. The character gains +2 to any rolls involving visual perception at night. Characters may also purchase the Rite of the Ghost Howl with experience points. Lodge members also train in several different areas. The experience costs of purchasing or raising these Skills — Brawl, Occult and Athletics — becomes new dots x2 instead of new dots x3. The final benefit of Khonsu's Blessing is to heighten the instinctive hunter's sense of a prey's weakness. If a character spends a Willpower point to acti-

vate this powerful awareness, all foes suffer a -1 Defense against his attacks for the remainder of the scene.

However, these potent blessings are not without an additional price. All lodge members suffer a -1 penalty to all Harmony rolls made at night. This instability is one of the reasons many werewolves abandon the lodge's teaching after years of membership, in order to protect their minds from degeneration.

LODGE OF THE NIGHT RITE

RITE OF THE GHOST HOWL

The Lodge of Night developed this ritual in order to serve as both a warning and a memorial for fallen members. This strange dual-purpose aspect to the rite comes from its unique effect, whereby the ritualist howls long and hard in the Shadow, and leaves a faint "echo" of the sound in the area after he has departed. From then on, any spirits or Uratha entering the area might hear the faint ghost of a howl, conveying whatever message the ritemaster put into the original howl.

Most often these "ghost howls" are left to linger in a region to warn any hostile spirits that it is Uratha-protected territory, or to warn other werewolves that there are highly dangerous spirits nearby. The rite also sees use among the night hunters to mark the spot of a fellow lodge member's death, where the howl of sorrow will remain in the Shadow for all time. Members of the Lodge of Night are rarely discouraged from marking a packmate's grave with this rite, even if the fallen Uratha was not a night hunter himself. However, it is forbidden to teach the Rite of the Ghost Howl to non-lodge members, and punishable by expulsion.

Performing the Rite: This ritual takes no more than a minute or so to perform. The ritualist must assume the Urshul form in the area he wishes to mark, and howl a simple message (understandable by those who can speak First Tongue). The message can include the howler's identity and a vague impression of reason he performed the howl, but little more than that.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The rite fails, and the howler finds that his message simply will not echo in the region. He may try again when a month has passed.

Failure: The rite simply fails.

Success: The howl lingers in the air after the ritualist finishes, and is imprinted in the region of Shadow until the day of the ritemaster's death. After his death, the howl will fade and never be heard again.

Exceptional Success: The howl lingers and remains even after the ritemaster's death, never fading from the Shadow.





LODGE OF NIGHT STORY HOOKS

• **Echo of the Night Hunter:** As the characters widen their territory in new directions, they locate an area marked by the Rite of the Ghost Howl, where the howler warned of a vicious spirit nearby. The howl itself is a pained and desperate cry, sending shills through the listeners' blood. What kind of spirit could remain hidden nearby, and yet is so grave as to warrant this ethereal warning?

• **Swaying Public Opinion:** A pack led by a Cahalith of the Lodge of Night enters the characters' pack's hunting grounds, seeking evidence of a mighty spirit the pack is pursuing. Tensions flare when the condescending alpha derides the characters for not killing the spirit in their own territory, and begins to spread rumors of the pack's weakness. Rival packs start to take notice....

• **Friends and Enemies:** A night hunter arrives in the nearby area, insisting that the pack's totem is a lesser shard of a more powerful, malicious spirit. He insists that the pack are being deceived by the spirit, and must renounce their totem before it is too late. The werewolves must decide whether to seek a new totem and trust the stranger, or hope he is wrong and that the prophesized treachery never comes about.

WALKS-FROM-THE-LIGHT

Auspice: Rahu

Tribe: Blood Talons

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 4

Physical Attributes: Strength 4 (5/7/6/5), Dexterity 5 (5/6/7/7), Stamina 5 (6/7/7/6)

Social Attributes: Presence 4, Manipulation 2, Composure 4

Mental Skills: Academics (Business) 3, Computer 2, Crafts (Car Repair) 2, Occult (The Maeljin) 3

Physical Skills: Athletics (Long-Distance Running) 3, Brawl 4, Drive 3, Firearms 1, Stealth 4, Survival 3, Weaponry (Klaive) 4

Social Skills: Intimidation (Threatening Presence) 5, Persuasion 2, Socialize (Disarming Humor) 3, Streetwise 2

Merits: Fetish (Klaive Sword) 5, Inspiring, Khonsu's Blessing, Language (First Tongue, Arabic, Urdu) 3, Strong Lungs, Weaponry Dodge

Primal Urge: 6

Willpower: 10

Harmony: 6

Essence Max/Per Turn: 15/3

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Envy

Health: 10 (12/14/13/10)

Initiative: 9 (9/10/11/11)

Defense: 3 (all forms)

Speed: 14 (15/18/21/20)

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

Gifts: (1) Clarity, Feet of Mist, Know Name, Mask of Rage, Sense Malice, Ward Versus Predators, Wolf-Blood's Lure; (2) Attunement, Father Wolf's Speed, Hone Rage, Scent of Taint, Traveler's Blessing, Ward Versus Humans; (3) Death Grip, Leach Rage, Primal Howl, True Leader, Sagacity; (4) Savage Rending, Rage Armor, Rekindled Rage

Rituals: 3; **Rites:** (1) Banish Human, Funeral Rite, Rite of Dedication, Rite of the Ghost Howl, Rite of the Spirit Brand; (2) Banish Spirit, Fortify the Border Marches; (3) Bind Human, Bind Spirit, Rite of Contrition, Rite of Healing

As a lost cub in his mid-20s, Mahmoud Abdul-Rahim was taken in by a mixed Blood Talon and Iron Master pack that was alerted to his Change by local spirits. Over the years, the sensitive and good-natured young man became a ferocious killer and savage protector of his family and territory. Clever (or malicious) spirits would target Mahmoud as the most dangerous of the local pack, and attempt to harm his family as a way of getting to the werewolf. The foulest of these attacks involved the rape of his sister. Mahmoud tore the culprit torn limb from limb, shredding both its mortal host and the spirit responsible. On that night, Mahmoud went to war against the darkest pits of Shadow.

Now in his early 40s, Mahmoud wanders the world alone, seeking out suitable Uratha for induction into the Lodge of Night. He is not averse to joining a pack — in fact, he deeply desires the unity of such a bond — but, in his eyes, his lone questing is a necessary sacrifice. The Lodge of Night must be spread and new members brought in; and none know the truths of the lodge as well as Mahmoud. He never took the name “Walks-From-the-Light,” and instead smiles with grim amusement every time he hears it spoken. It was awarded to him (perhaps forced upon him is a better term) in light of his journeys and deeds. Every lodge member has heard of him, and his exploits may well have been exaggerated.

Walks-From-the-Light looks old for his age. His dark skin is weathered, and his face shows grayish stubble that rarely sees a razor. He is handsome in a rugged way, appealing to anyone with an eye for the older man. When his anger is suppressed, he is good-natured with a dark and sarcastic sense of humor. When angered or merely trying to threaten someone, his expression is little short of murderous and utterly barbaric. No matter his state of mind, his dark eyes are impenetrable — deep, dark and unreadable.

LODGE OF PROPHECY

THE TALE OF BLIND OWL

As Kamduis-Ur traveled the world, she noticed that a small, white owl followed her. The bird had grown curious as to what this mighty spirit-wolf was searching for, and flew along after her, always watching. At first, Death Wolf resented this, but slowly she came to realize that the owl was on the same quest as she was, and accepted his company. They rarely spoke, for Death Wolf slept on the ground and the owl in the trees, but they formed an unspoken partnership. The owl watched the horizon for Death Wolf, hooting an alarm if any dangerous approach from the air, and the wolf watched for danger from below.

One evening, Kamduis and the owl left a deep forest and found themselves in the foothills of a great mountain range. Death Wolf had tracked a wise but vicious spirit to these hills, and found its spoor leading into a small cave. Glancing at the mountains, she could smell guardians hiding and hear them grating their teeth, but she knew they would not dare challenge her directly. If they blocked the pass to the east, though, she would be trapped. She said to the owl, "I must enter this cave, but you cannot follow. You must watch the east and make sure that the things we cannot see do not entrap us." The owl, young and not yet wise, agreed, and stood on a branch staring out to the east.

Kamduis entered the cave, defeated the spirit and took his knowledge for herself. When she emerged, three days and three nights had gone by — but the owl still stood on the branch, eyes burned white, staring blindly forever into time.

Death Wolf howled in pity and regret for Blind Owl, but he told her to quiet herself. "I can see now," he said, "better than ever before. And, as you bade me, I shall watch the horizon for the unforeseen."

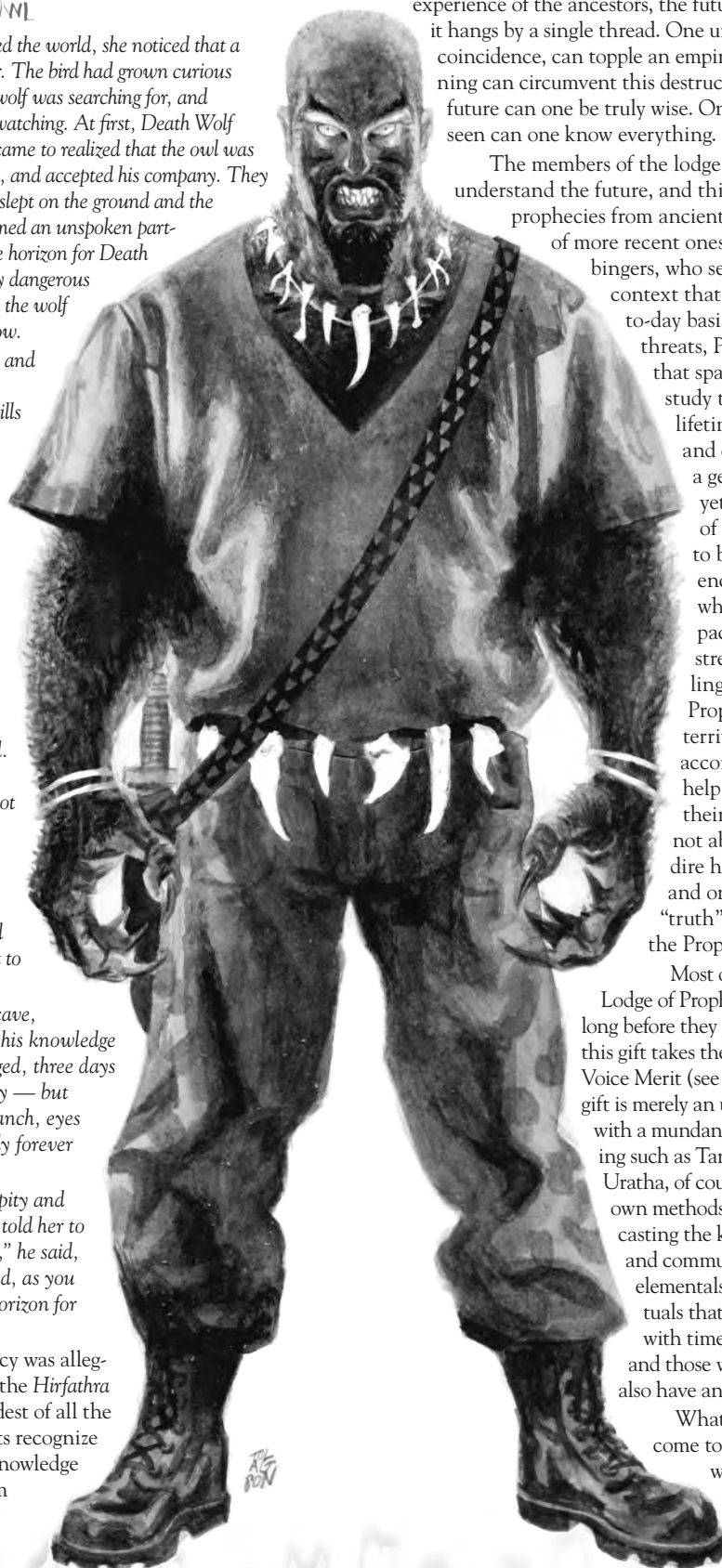
The Lodge of Prophecy was allegedly the first to form from the Hirfathra Hissu, and is one of the oldest of all the tribes' lodges. The Prophets recognize that even with all of the knowledge on Earth, all of the wisdom of the spirits and all of the

experience of the ancestors, the future is uncertain because it hangs by a single thread. One unforeseen event, one tiny coincidence, can topple an empire, and no amount of planning can circumvent this destruction. Only by knowing the future can one be truly wise. Only by seeing the unforeseen can one know everything.

The members of the lodge strive to know and understand the future, and this involves interpreting prophecies from ancient texts and making sense of more recent ones. In contrast to the Harbingers, who seek to put prophecies in a context that can help them on a day-to-day basis and identify immediate threats, Prophets study portents that span years or decades. They study trends that might take lifetimes to unfold completely and destinies that might affect a generation of Uratha not yet conceived. The members of the lodge, therefore, tend to be older, more experienced werewolves, many of whom have split with their packs or retired from the strenuous activity of patrolling the spirit wilds. Solitary Prophets hold small pieces of territory, and often work out accords with local packs to help them protect and patrol their turf. Many Prophets are not above dropping seemingly dire hints about a pack's future and only agreeing to share the "truth" if the pack agrees to help the Prophet in some way.

Most of the members of the Lodge of Prophecy have oracular gifts long before they join the lodge. Sometimes this gift takes the form of the Prophet's Voice Merit (see below), sometimes this gift is merely an uncommon level of skill with a mundane method of fortunetelling such as Tarot or crystal gazing. The Uratha, of course, have developed their own methods of divination, including casting the knuckle-bones of fallen foes and communing with spirits such as elementals, Lunes and some conceptuals that have odd relationships with time and knowledge. Cahalith and those who possess Insight Gifts also have an avenue for prophecy.

What the lodge members have come to realize over the years, and what they try to explain to other tribes with little





effect, is that, because the future is not set, prophecy can never be literal or absolute. “Seeing the future” is a misnomer, because the future is shaped by everything that happens in the present — even looking into the future. The Lodge of Prophecy does not seek to control the future or to set in stone that which is to come, because that would invalidate everything that has been or is being done. Instead, they seek to be prepared, to control for the unexpected. The difference is subtle, but highly important (and this is why only Bone Shadows are allowed to join the lodge — even though other Uratha do display the gift of prophecy, neither Death Wolf nor Blind Owl trusts that members of the other tribes will approach prophecy with the proper attitude).

One of the greatest points of discussion and disagreement within the lodge is how much information to give out to other Uratha. Since prophecy is so rarely specific, some members feel that until a prophecy can be understood it should be kept secret, lest some unwise werewolf follows the wrong clue and winds up awakening an *idigam* or something equally horrific. Others point out that most prophecies can be fully understood only after they have come to pass, and that the entire point of prophecy is to provide a warning to the wise. Keeping the information locked away does no one any good. (It was this attitude, in fact, that led to the formation of the Lodge of Harbingers.) Since Prophets are required to earn fame for their wisdom before joining the lodge, both viewpoints enjoy support within the lodge as a whole. Individual Prophets, though, might feel very strongly about when to give information out, and often demand favors and tests of Uratha seeking the Prophets’ wisdom. These tests are as much to buy the Prophet time as to prove the worthiness of the supplicant.

Of special interest to the Lodge of Prophecy are the prophetic dreams of the Cahalith auspice. Some Prophets revere all gibbous-moons as sacred, blessed by Luna with an innate sense of the future. Other Prophets somewhat bitterly assert that most Cahalith don’t dream of anything beyond their own or their pack’s concerns, and so their dreams aren’t universal enough to teach the lodge anything. In any case, Cahalith are not automatically granted access to the lodge despite their dreams, and in fact sometimes have a harder time gaining admission than other auspices due to lingering jealousy.

Patron Tribe: Bone Shadows

JOINING THE LODGE

Becoming a Prophet isn’t simply a matter of asking to join. Much of the decision-making process is out of the applicant’s hands entirely. A would-be Prophet must petition a member of the lodge and ask to be considered for membership, whereupon the senior werewolf consults whatever oracular method she favors to see if this new applicant has the makings of a lodge member. If the result is unclear or if the Prophet feels that the applicant’s destiny lies elsewhere, she may turn the applicant down flat. The applicant is within her rights to petition another Prophet, but the chances of two members of the lodge disagreeing are extremely slim (though two members locked in some sort of rivalry might provide a window of opportunity).

Another option is for the applicant to find and petition Blind Owl, the totem spirit of the Lodge of Prophecy. This involves an extended quest into the *Hisil*, since Blind Owl never manifests in the physical world. It might be possible to summon him with rites, but a werewolf who does this loses any chance of being inducted into the lodge, as Blind Owl regards summoning spirits to be a great affront to their dignity. No werewolf that Blind Owl has approved has ever been subsequently turned down for membership, but the spirit’s requirements are more stringent than the lodge’s as a whole.

(He requires, in addition to the prerequisites below, at least one dot in Honor, Purity and Glory and two in Cunning.)

After the applicant has the blessing of either an existing member or Blind Owl, she begins the five tests. The applicant may take as long as she needs on each of these tests, but she only has one lunar year to complete them all or else her application for membership is rejected.

The first of these tests is the Vision. The werewolf uses whatever form of oracular ability she is most comfortable with and predicts where she will be one lunar year from the present date. She writes the vision down and gives it to her mentor within the lodge, and it remains unread for the remainder of the test.

The second test is the Riddle. The werewolf faces a seemingly impossible question or challenge, sometimes concocted by another Prophet, but usually asked by an Ithalunim. The question might or might not have an answer, but the true purpose of the Riddle is to hone the werewolf’s skill in lateral thinking, symbolism and most of all, thinking like a Prophet. The werewolf must learn to recognize what a question is truly asking rather than what the words in the question mean.

Third, the werewolf must complete a Hunt. The mentor names a specific location, usually a famous locus or stronghold of the Bone Shadows (though not always of the Lodge of Prophecy). The Uratha must journey there and back and share what she has learned. The generally accepted method of passing this test is gaining Renown of some kind, but returning with a new prophecy or just a story with a good lesson is enough.

At any time during these tests, the werewolf might be called upon to face the Lie. The applicant is attacked, distracted or simply informed that she has not been accepted into the lodge. The point of this test is to recognize false wisdom or futile action and to be able to walk away from it. While it might seem that just remaining focused on the task at hand is enough to avoid this pitfall, this is the stage of the test that disqualifies the greatest number of applicants, as their natural curiosity works against them.

Finally, at the end of the year, the werewolf revisits her vision for the Revelation. If her vision was correct, she is immediately inducted into the lodge. If not, she isn’t necessarily disqualified, but is asked to explain why she was mistaken. Sometimes a careful reading of what she wrote or explanation of what she saw leads to a reinterpretation of the symbolism that validates the vision, but, sometimes, the only conclusion that the applicant can come to is that prophecy is not infallible. Depending on how she performed on the other tests, she might still be inducted. Her mentor and four other members of the lodge, one from each auspice, meet and discuss the new applicant. The decision rests in their hands.

If the applicant is not accepted, she is told so and barred from ever attempting to join the lodge again without direct intercession from Death Wolf or Blind Owl. If she is accepted, she participates in a ritual lasting for an entire night under her auspice moon, during which she receives the blessing of the five lodge members who accepted her and any other Prophets who choose to attend. After that, she has earned the right to add the title *ihitar* (“seer”) to her name.

Prerequisites: Members must maintain Harmony 7 or higher, as well as Wisdom •••• and Occult ••••. In addition, applicants must know the following rites: Bind Spirit, Call Gaffling, Call Jaggling and Wake the Spirit.

Benefits: Members may learn Knowledge Gifts as if they were tribal Gifts. In addition, Prophets can purchase the Omen Gazing Gift at a five-point reduction in cost. They may also purchase the Prophet’s Voice Merit with experience points.

PROPHECY IN PLAY

Powers that allow characters to see the future are a Storyteller's nightmare, because such powers allow the players to know aspects of the game that the Storyteller would rather keep hidden or, worse, hasn't decided upon yet. That is why, most of the time, such powers limit oracular ability to symbolic visions rather than literal ones. As students of prophecy know very well, a prophecy can be retroactively interpreted to coincide with what actually happens, if it's vague enough. This is often the best way to go about handling prophecy in a game, but it can feel a bit cheap to the player. The following advice on using prophecy in Storytelling games might be useful:

- **Keep the game flexible.** This is good advice even without prophecy involved. If you are too married to your vision of the story, you aren't allowing the players enough say in how things play out.

- **Can the players change fate?** Once a prophecy has been revealed, is it set in stone? If prophecies can change, what good are they? Different troupes have different feelings on the subject of destiny in their stories, and you should probably ask the troupe's opinions on the matter *before* including prophecies in the chronicle.

- **Take notes.** Prophecies can take entire chronicles to come true. Write the prophecies down when they are fresh in your mind, or you'll end up forgetting and probably ignoring them, and that makes you look sloppy as a Storyteller.

- **Roll the dice for the player.** When using the Prophet's Voice Merit or the Omen Gazing Gift, make the roll for the player and don't let her see the results. Good players don't take into account what their characters don't know — but that's easier said than done. It's better to remove the temptation.

LODGE OF PROPHECY MERIT

PROPHET'S VOICE (•••)

Prerequisites: Uratha or wolf-blooded, Resolve ••

Some people seem tuned in to the myriad possibilities that the future offers, and can predict with eerie accuracy what a given person's destiny might entail. Humans have developed hundreds of different methods of seeing the future, but most agree — some people have the gift, others do not. Your character has the gift.

You might decide that your character has a focus for her prophecy or that it comes through dreams, hallucinations, momentary flashes of insight or even automatic writing. Whatever the case, once per story you may activate this Merit. Spend a Willpower point and the *Storyteller* rolls your character's Resolve + Occult. (Thus, you can never be sure whether or not the information you receive is helpful, harmful or merely interesting.)

Rolls Results

Dramatic Failure: The character completely misreads the omens and predicts a future that is not only dead wrong, but damaging to the querent if he follows her advice. If he survives, he might well return to seek revenge.

Failure: Your character sees nothing. Whether she admits her failure to the querent is her business.

Success: The character sees a vision involving the subject. The Storyteller should give you the details of this vision, but it will be heavily veiled in symbolism. If your character sees the subject of her vision being struck by lightning, that may mean that the subject is due for a run of extremely bad luck or for a burst of inspiration. You may roll Intelligence + Occult for a hint as to the meaning of the symbols; success on this roll means the Storyteller should clarify or help you to figure out the meaning of the vision.

Exceptional Success: Your character sees the future in stunning clarity. The vision is relevant, but usually very brief.

A vision might take years to come to pass, or become relevant within minutes. The character (and the player) has no way to know, nor does she have any control over what facet of the subject's life the vision covers. Prophet's Voice is an extremely fickle blessing, and, although the player has control over when to use it, the character only knows that sometimes what she sees comes to pass.

Prophet's Voice can usually only be purchased at character creation, but members of the Lodge of Prophecy can develop this gift on their own. The process of doing so requires extended trips into the *Hisil*, searching out conceptual spirits of time and foresight. Spirits such as this typically have no concept of past or present, meaning that they see Uratha as the children of Father Wolf, his successors and his murderers all at once. As such, a werewolf might be welcomed one moment and brutally attacked the next. Even so, the insight these spirits can provide into the arcane patterns of time and symbolism can, given practice, enable a werewolf to prophesize.

LODGE OF PROPHECY STORY HOOKS

- **God Told Me So:** A pack of Bone Shadows, one of whom belongs to the Lodge of Prophecy, begins trying to muscle the characters out of their territory. The Bone Shadows claim that they are destined to hold this particular piece of land, and, shortly after their arrival, they enjoy some startlingly good luck that seems to support that claim. Do the characters bow to the wisdom of a Prophet, or defend their territory and risk predestined defeat?

- **Futility:** A Bone Shadow Rahu in the midst of her tests arrives in the pack's territory, claiming that it is the goal of her Hunt. She does not know what she is meant to learn, however, and, as the weeks wear on, she grows frustrated and irritable. Having an on-edge Rahu in the area isn't good for the characters' territory, but she is determined to become a Prophet. Is it possible that this location is her Lie? If so, where does her quest truly end?

- **Rumors of Wars:** This story hook requires a member of the players' pack to be a Prophet or for an ally of the pack to be a member of the





Lodge of Prophecy

lodge. The Prophet and the pack's Cahalith (if they are the same character or if the pack doesn't have a Cahalith, a Storyteller character can fill the same role) have recurring visions about the pack. The visions are dire and bloody, but they both offer a way for the pack to avoid a gruesome fate. The problem is that the ways they offer are diametrically opposed to one another. Who is right, the Prophet or the Cahalith?

CHARUN *Ithtar*

Auspice: Ithaeur

Tribes: Bone Shadows

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 3 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4)

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 4, Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Investigation 1, Occult (Prophecy) 4

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl (Grappling) 4, Stealth 2, Survival 2, Weaponry 2

Social Skills: Empathy 1, Expression 2, Intimidation (Prophecy) 3, Subterfuge 3

Merits: Allies (Like-Minded Uratha) 4, Contacts (Lodge of Prophecy), Meditative Mind, Prophet's Voice

Primal Urge: 4

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 7

Essence Max/Per Turn: 13/2

Virtue: Prudence

Vice: Pride

Health: 8 (10/12/11/8)

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

Defense: 2 (2/3/3/3)

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

Renown: Cunning 3, Glory 2, Wisdom 5

Gifts: (1) Death Sight, Know Name, Sense Malice, Two-World Eyes, Warning Growl; (2) Manipulate Earth, Read Spirit; (3) Gauntlet Cloak, Sagacity, Silver Jaws; (4) Between the Weave; (5) Omen Gazing

Rituals: 4; **Rites:** Any at levels 1 to 4 listed in Chapter Two of *Werewolf: The Forsaken*.

The man now called Charun was born in Mississippi in 1959, and grew up burning with hatred at the notion of not being allowed to go certain places due to a circumstance over which he had no control. As a teen, he shunned the non-violent protests of the civil rights movement, and instead focused on what he saw as just deserts. During one of these "punishments," Luna blessed him, and he found himself looking beyond color, culture and history to find what being human truly meant. Humanity, he decided, was inferior, blacks and whites equally so.

His gift of prophecy manifested itself soon after. When he touched other people, he often saw their futures. He joined a pack of Bone Shadows and remained in the South, but had no desire to hone his foresight — until his pack came across the gateway.

How such a powerful locus had gone unclaimed, Charun couldn't say. He only knew, upon looking at the dilapidated old tree, that any who passed through it would be lost. He had never made a point of stressing his oracular ability to his pack, however, and they ignored his objections. They passed through into the *Hisil*, intent on claiming the locus as their own. Charun felt them die, one by one, but could not bring himself to follow or help them. Weeping, he knew he had found his calling. He would protect the locus and prevent anyone from entering it. First, though, he needed to gain enough respect that other Uratha would listen to him, and so he joined the Lodge of Prophecy.

Taking the name of the Etruscan demon that guarded the entrance to the underworld and punished the souls of the deceased, Charun *Ithtar* now claims the area around this tree as his own. He has taken on several progeny, mostly Ithaeur, who help him prevent anyone from using the locus to cross the Gauntlet. He is not above crippling other Uratha to make his point, for he knows that whatever awaits them beyond the gate is worse than death or pain.

Charun is a black man in his early 40s, but he remains hale and healthy. He keeps his hair cut short and favors work clothes and broad hats, and wears a necklace made of bones. Most of these are charms he keeps to ward off hostile spirits, but some are the remains of especially persistent werewolves.

LODGE OF RUIN

VISIONS OF THE END

Hikaon finished his hunt and started back for his den, but paused to look at the eastern sky. The sun was rising and washed the landscape in blood and the cloying warmth of a new day. He stood for a moment, watching the garish splendor of Helios overtake Mother Luna's soft and subtle light, and, as Hikaon did so, he heard a long, forlorn howl. It was not one of his brothers making the sound, or any of his children, and so he followed the sound, curious.

He found Coyote-Who-Howls, sitting on a hilltop, howling to the moon as it set. "Why do you sing so sadly?" Black Wolf asked.

"The world is ending," said Coyote-Who-Howls.

Black Wolf cocked his head. "No, it isn't," he said. "Only the night is ending. Look, there, the sun rises."

Coyote-Who-Howls laughed. "The world is ending with every sunrise. Every hunt you complete brings it closer. Every pup you sire hastens the end. I sing a dirge for the world now, for when the final sun rises and burns us all, there will be no one left to sing."

Hikaon was troubled by this, and said, "Coyote-Who-Howls, you must teach your songs to some of my children, for if you die or lose your howl, who then will sing for the end?"

Coyote-Who-Howls bristled, and said, "I am no one's to command, Hikaon-Ur. I will not do as you ask."

Black Wolf sprang forward and pinned Coyote-Who-Howls to the ground, his mighty jaws clamped about his little cousin's throat. "I was not asking," he snarled. "You will do this, and you will do it without your trickery and lies, or I will hunt you through night, day, hill and valley and you will never sing again."

And Coyote-Who-Howls, knowing he could never escape Black Wolf, swore. But he laughed all the while, because, in the end, what will it matter if the songs are sung?

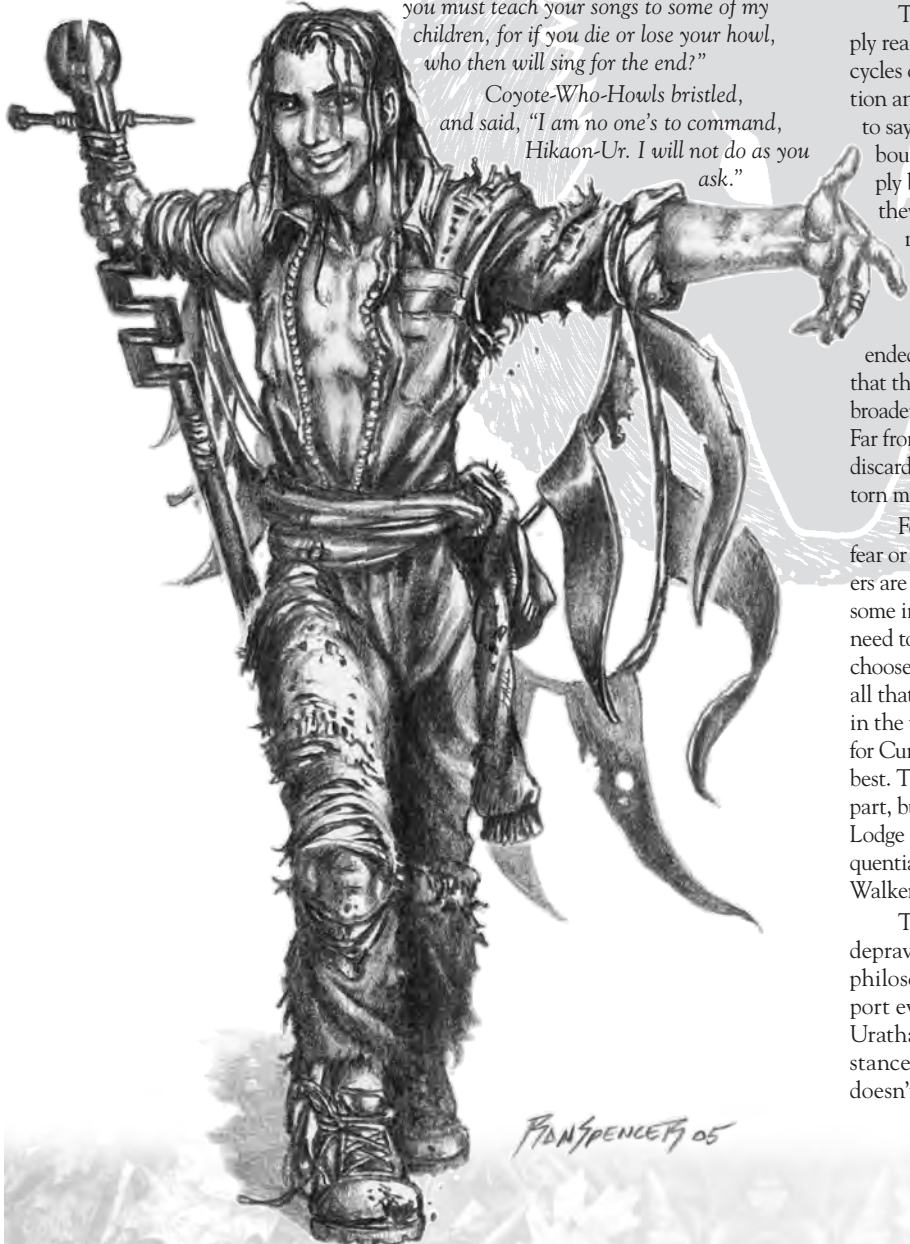
Everything comes to an end. Every natural cycle, every hunt, every story and every life eventually comes to dust. Memories fade, and entire cultures pass away, leaving only whispers and refuse. This is the fundamental truth of the world, and the precept on which the members of the Lodge of Ruin base their beliefs. The Lodge of Ruin requires its members to suffer, bleed and break before they can join. Before a Hunter in Darkness becomes a member, he must hear Coyote's mournful howl and know that the end is not coming, it is here, in every moment. That means, of course, that every moment a member of the lodge lives, he is surviving the end of the world.

The Rust-Walkers do not consider their worldview bleak, simply realistic. Similar to other *Mennina*, the Rust-Walkers revere the cycles of nature. They just choose to skip ahead a bit, finding perfection and enlightenment in destruction, death and entropy. This isn't to say that they revel in carnage and waste themselves — they are bound by the same precepts of Harmony as any Uratha, and simply because the world is going to end someday doesn't mean that they feel the need to help it along. They do feel, however, that many of the concerns of the Uratha and the world's population in general are frivolous to the point of offense.

Rust-Walkers make their homes in junkyards, vacant lots, burned-out tenements and anywhere else that a cycle has ended. They congregate outside of cities, for the most part, reasoning that these areas will burn out first. Some members of the lodge take a broader view and claim territories on the ruins of older civilizations. Far from hiding their lodge membership, Rust-Walkers wear torn or discarded clothing, smear their palms with rust and wear broken glass, torn metal or chunks of stone as signifiers of their allegiance.

For the Lodge of Ruin, the end of the world isn't something to fear or ignore, but a fact to be remembered every day. The Rust-Walkers are creatures of the moment. If an action doesn't benefit them in some immediate way, they usually ignore it. They understand the need to keep up their territories, but, considering that they usually choose areas that have already come to ruin, minimal upkeep is often all that's required. Members of the lodge usually don't earn much in the way of Glory or Honor Renown (though many are renowned for Cunning), because they see stories and principles as transitory at best. They obey the Oath and keep true to Harmony, for the most part, but woe to any Uratha who enters a territory claimed by the Lodge of Ruin without permission. One werewolf's life is inconsequential when weighed against the whole of time, and many Rust-Walkers are aggressive and feral enough to kill over trespassing.

To most Uratha, the Lodge of Ruin seems bleak and a little depraved. Most Hunters in Darkness can grasp the Rust-Walkers' philosophies, but that doesn't mean the lodge enjoys great support even within its own tribe. Prospective members are usually Uratha who have lost their packs, sometimes through circumstance and sometimes after being expelled. The Lodge of Ruin doesn't pass judgment on the previous crimes of *Meninna* who





wish to join, though they show no leniency to a Rust-Walker who betrays the lodge. The past, they feel, is irrelevant.

Patron Tribe: Hunters in Darkness

PATRON SPIRIT

Coyote-Who-Howls is the second totem to the Lodge of Ruin, forced into the position by Hikaon-Ur, or so the legend goes. The Rust-Walkers, as the members of this lodge call themselves, seldom see Coyote, but they claim to hear him every morning at sunrise, screaming out his laments for the world's end to the setting moon. Coyote doesn't make many demands of the Rust-Walkers, but does ask that they hunt down useless beings, human, animal or spirit. Anyone or anything whose presence in the world isn't contributing a thing needs, in Coyote's opinion, to be removed, as the spirit finds wasting what "little" time remains to be unforgivable. (Coyote doesn't see time the same as fleshy creatures do, obviously.) What constitutes a useless being surprises werewolves who still cling to their human mores. A murderer, corrupt police officer or politician, a doctor whose treatments kill people every year — these people make things happen, and are quite welcome to the world. A cubicle slave who follows the same routine day after day and has no passion or particular weakness is the sort of person who might come home one night to find a rusty handprint on his front door.

JOINING THE LODGE

Being accepted into the Lodge of Ruin is trying, both physically and spiritually. Members are required to hit rock bottom, to understand not death, but endings. Anyone asking to join the lodge is attacked savagely and beaten, clawed and bitten within an inch of his life. Rust-Walkers enlist aid from their packmates (often other members of the lodge, but some Rust-Walkers do belong to packs that include other tribes and ideologies) to make the beating as furious and inescapable as possible, as well as to restrain the applicant when he inevitably enters *Kuruth*. The Lodge of Ruin offers no warning or grace period. The Rust-Walkers are happy to explain their initiation policies to any Hunter in Darkness who asks, but once that werewolf states that he wants to join the lodge, the punishment begins.

The Rust-Walkers shred the applicant's clothes, smash his belongings and kill human family or friends the werewolf might be close to. Lodge members don't research his family or travel out of the immediate area to perpetuate these killings, or thoroughly make sure everything the werewolf cares about is dead. The Rust-Walkers simply want to shock the *Mennina* into understanding the truth: someday, this will all be gone, and he must accept this truth *now*. Any fetishes the werewolf brings with him are burned, and the lodge members make it a point to find out what possessions the werewolf treasures most and smash them before his eyes. The werewolf is allowed to struggle, to lash out and may even state that he no longer wishes to join the lodge, but all of these efforts are for naught. Even if the applicant isn't accepted into the Lodge of Ruin (and even at this stage, acceptance isn't a sure thing), he will come away from the experience with one piece of wisdom: act decisively, and be sure of the decision.

Eventually, the lodge decides that the new recruit has had enough punishment and begins the actual testing. The lodge requires that all members have a working knowledge of some aspect of modern life, as lodge members feel it's not possible to appreciate the gradual end of the world if you don't know what state the world is in now. This test might involve hacking a computer, entering a drag race, repairing a car or other vehicle or even taking a quiz on the geography of the city in which the applicant lives. After this test is complete, the Rust-Walkers ask the applicant if he truly wishes to join. Not everyone who comes this far does. Some are bitterly resentful over the first part of the initiation, while others thank the Lodge of Ruin for the education but feel their calling lies elsewhere. If the *Mennina* still wishes to join,

however, he is accepted into the lodge and asked to lead a special hunt to celebrate. At sunrise, as the night is dying, the streets of the barrio, the fields surrounding the junkyard or the deserts near the old ruins resonate with the howls of the Hunters in Darkness.

Members of other tribes don't normally understand the lodge's philosophies well enough to seek membership, but, occasionally, a werewolf experiences something that instills the kind of quiet nihilism typical of the Rust-Walkers. Coyote-Who-Howls doesn't have any real loyalty to Black Wolf, and so Coyote is willing to accept members of other tribes into his lodge. Few such Uratha survive the initiation, though, as the *Mennina* always make it especially brutal.

Prerequisites: Craft, Computer or Drive ••, Cunning ••, Survival ••.

Benefits: Members of the Lodge of Ruin may learn Shaping Gifts as if they were tribal Gifts. In addition, they pay a reduced cost (new dots x2) for the following Skills: Intimidation, Streetwise and Survival.

LODGE OF RUIN RITE

RITE OF THE FINAL SUNRISE (...)

This rite allows a Rust-Walker and his pack to draw strength from the power of entropy. Taught to the Lodge of Ruin by Coyote-Who-Howls, the Rite of the Final Sunrise doesn't refer to the last day of the world but to the being or object subjected to the rite, for whom the end has come.

The rite requires an object or living being that is very nearly dead or useless. A terminally ill human being or an animal about to die of old age suffices, as does a machine that is irreparable. A machine used in this ritual must contain moving parts and require some kind of outside fuel to work. A gun, therefore, is acceptable, as is a car or a washing machine, but a sword is not.

If the subject is human (or Uratha, as presumably this rite would function on a werewolf, although the Rust-Walkers do not attempt it), he need not have volunteered for the job, and indeed need not be dying of natural causes. Some especially vicious Uratha have been known to mortally wound a human and allow him to die slowly enough to perform this ritual. During the course of the rite, the subject dies or shuts down permanently, and a small amount of Essence is released, which can then be absorbed by the ritualist and any participants.

Performing the Rite: The Rite of the Final Sunrise must be performed in the last moments of darkness before the sun rises. The ritemaster stands on the western side of the subject, facing east, and marks him or it with rust, dirt or blood. The ritemaster then changes to Urshul or Urhan form and howls to the sun (any other Uratha present can join in this howl, but it isn't necessary). The ritemaster must howl until the first ray of sunlight touches the target, so timing (or stamina) is important. The subject expires (in the case of a living creature) or falls apart (in the case of a machine) as soon as the light touches.

Dice Pool: Harmony

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

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The ritemaster stops howling too soon. Sunlight strikes the target and rejuvenates it as Coyote laughs from somewhere in the spirit wilds. The subject of the rite will live or function for at least another day before dying or ceasing to function (unless, of course, the frustrated ritemaster destroys it anyway). In any event, this particular subject will never work as a focus for this rite.

Failure: No successes are gained at this time.

Success: Successes are gathered toward the total required. If 10 are gained, the subject dies or falls apart and all the werewolves

present reap the benefit. Living beings give off Essence equal to their *maximum* Health score (so an adult human with 2 Stamina provides 7 Essence, even though at the time of the rite he did not have any Health points remaining). Machines provide Essence based on their complexity, as illustrated on the following table:

Machine	Essence Reward
Gun	1
Computer	3
Car	5

This Essence is divided up equally among the participants, with any remainder going to the ritemaster.

Dramatic Success: Significant progress is made toward the goal. No other effect.

LODGE OF RUIN STORY HOOKS

- **Hard Times:** The city the characters live in or near has had a run of bad economic luck. Businesses are leaving, crime and unemployment are up (which, of course, is probably affecting the spiritscape of the city). A pack of Rust-Walkers takes up residence in the worst part of town, and goes about the business of removing useless people and spreading the gospel of impending doom. How do the characters feel about having these Uratha as neighbors? Are the characters prepared to defend their territory not only from the Rust-Walkers but also the urban decay that attracts them?

- **Eat the Rich:** A pack of Rust-Walkers infiltrates high society, pretending to be a family of wealthy, decadent socialites. These Rust-Walkers believe that the upper class is spiritually ruined, even if their physical possessions and bodies are not — and the werewolves plan to rectify that imbalance. The widespread deaths of rich and influential people is bound to bring repercussions for all of the area's Uratha, and, at present, the characters are the only ones who know about the Rust-Walkers' plans.

- **Rock Bottom:** Several members of the Lodge of Ruin abduct one of the characters and begin treating him to the lodge's unique initiation procedures. They claim that he asked to join the lodge. Although the character has no memory of this, he cannot provide a good alibi for his whereabouts during the time he supposedly petitioned to join. The characters need to convince the Rust-Walkers that their packmate never asked to join before the lodge members break him entirely — that is, assuming the character really *doesn't* want to join the lodge.

ESTEBAN, THE PROPHET OF RUST

Auspice: Ithaeur

Tribe: Hunters in Darkness

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve 2

Physical Attributes: Strength 3 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4)

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Crafts (Metalworking) 2, Occult (Trash Spirits) 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Drive (Trucks) 2, Larceny 1, Medicine 1, Stealth 1, Survival (Cities) 4

Social Skills: Animal Ken 1, Expression (Inspired Ranting) 2, Intimidation 2, Streetwise 2

Merits: Contacts (Street People, Hispanic Community) 2, Eidetic Memory, Fleet of Foot 2, Languages (English [Spanish native], First Tongue)

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 4

Harmony: 6

Essence Max/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Justice

Vice: Sloth

Health: 8 (10/12/11/8)

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

Defense: 2 (2/2/2/2)

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

Renown: Cunning 2, Honor 1, Purity 1, Wisdom 2

Gifts: (1) Feet of Mist, Partial Change, Straighten, Two-World Eyes; (2) Ruin

Rituals: 3; **Rites:** Blessing of the Spirit Hunt, Rite of the Final Sunrise, Shared Scent

Born in Puerto Rico, Esteban traveled to the United States as a young man hoping to find his future. He took work in a scrap yard, hauling junk and watching the waste of society pile up around him. For years, he tried to better himself — night school, church, study groups — but nothing seemed to help. And then, as the sun set on the junkyard and he clambered down from his truck, he found his calling. The crescent moon shone sickly and yellow in the smoggy air, and Esteban felt voices crying out to him. Looking around, he saw the spirits of the junkyard, the spirits of refuse and trash, staggering around the scrap yard in a constant state of misery and death. Esteban could only howl in frustration at the injustice, that the dying were not allowed to complete their journey.

Esteban joined the *Mennina* and formed a pack of werewolves interested in staying near the city, helping the damaged spirits of discarded things to finish their existences quickly. He was the alpha of his pack, and working his way toward being able to join the Lodge of Harmony, but fate had other plans. His pack unearthed something in a landfill one night, an elemental driven mad and warped in form by the toxic chemicals buried there. It poisoned his entire pack, and although they defeated the spirit, no rite or balm could save them. He had to kill his packmates, one by one, to end their suffering.

Wandering back to the landfill, he heard howls echo off the piles of trash and realized that a pack of Hunters in Darkness had claimed the territory. He told them his story, at which point they revealed themselves as members of the Lodge of Ruin. Esteban asked to join and the brutal process of initiation began, but after what he had been through, he barely noticed.

Esteban is once again a pack alpha, and once again his pack patrols the city's refuse dumps. Now, though, his agenda has changed. The poisoning of the land *creates* the sacred places, empowers spirits and brings low those who feel they know about suffering. The humans' treatment of the land will make it stronger, as only time and punishment can. Esteban is the Prophet of Rust, and this is his Word.

The Prophet of Rust is a Hispanic man in his late 20s. He has long, filthy black hair, and his face is constantly smeared with grime and rust. He wears the same coveralls he once wore at the scrap yard, but they are torn and just as grimy as his flesh. He smiles constantly, and perhaps a bit too broadly, but there is no joy in his eyes. His Prophecy is not one of hope, but of inevitability.



LODGE OF SALVATION

THEIR BROTHERS' KEEPERS

They say the Lodge of Salvation had its beginning with a man named Absalom. He was one of the People, a Storm Lord by name and by nature, but he kept his wolf side in check with a heart of a true and decent man. He was suffused with a powerful faith in Father Wolf, Mother Luna and the Holy Ghost, and it was that faith that set him on his path.

Absalom had walked a long time over the land, choosing the harder road of taking no place for his own. He had seen many battles between the Tribes of the Moon and those who called themselves Pure, but these sights tore at his heart. Sometimes he would see familiar faces among the Pure, sons and daughters whose parents had been found torn apart. Though he knew there was little enough one man could do, Absalom swore he wouldn't abide this.

Wherever he went, he asked for those who were willing to join him on his errand of charity. Many turned him away, but a few listened. He slowly built himself a pack of fine men and women, the noblest wolves of the Storm he could find. They weren't welcome at many fires, but that didn't matter to them. And when they tore into a camp of the Pure and came back carrying the daughter of a high-standing alpha, then people started to listen a little more.

Absalom died without having achieved what he'd hoped; he'd rescued many but saved precious few. But he didn't die a failure. His friends carried on without him, and they taught the rest of us to carry on as well. It doesn't matter whether they call us heroes or fools — we know that there's no greater thing to aspire to than to love one's brothers and sisters so much we'd die to save them.

The werewolves of the Lodge of Salvation dedicate themselves to a largely thankless and perhaps futile task — converting the Pure. It is the lodge members' belief that the brutal indoctrination of the Pure can be undone, and that the cult of hate can be broken. The lodge focuses on the task of separating likely converts from the rest of their tribemates, getting the potential converts to a safe place and breaking through the scars and barriers imposed by initiation into the Pure Tribes. The lodge focuses mostly on the young and recently indoctrinated. In part, lodge members reason that older Pure are far less likely to be reachable, and, in part, the lodge members simply cannot stand the idea of the youngest being so badly abused and broken.

The Lodge of Salvation is not exclusively Storm Lord in membership, but the principles of Winter Wolf certainly suffuse the lodge. Lodge members still believe in unyielding strength and the responsibility of leading their fellow werewolves — but, in their case, they believe in leading all their fellow werewolves. The lodge is defined by a strongly perceived need to minister to the Pure and to rescue as many as the lodge members can from that culture of hate.

Although the lodge members would probably be happier operating in full view of their Forsaken brethren and the Pure, realistically, the lodge members know that this approach causes too many problems. The lodge comes under frequent fire from other Forsaken, who all too often see its philosophy as completely dangerous; it's true that the People should not kill the People, but the redeemers push their luck too far with their missions of "mercy." All it takes is one lucky break for a Pure captive, and, suddenly, one of the Forsaken's worse enemies is loose behind the front lines. And, naturally, those Pure who know of the Lodge of Salvation see the lodge members as heretics of the worst and most perverted degree — those who not only blaspheme against the "true will of Father Wolf" but who also steal away the Pure's own young. It may be a hypocritical charge, but it doesn't make the Pure any less dangerous or the Lodge of Salvation any less reticent to keep a low profile.

Surprisingly, the Lodge of Salvation has met with some real success in the few centuries it's been in existence. Lodge members' typical method of operation is to gather information about the local Pure, in particular learning of any recent recruits. When lodge members find a target that seems as though she could be "reached," the lodge attempts to abduct the young Pure and bring her to a safehouse, where she can be gradually "deprogrammed" into unlearning the hate forced upon her. If the lodge members manage to successfully break through with a given rescue, they then perform the Rite of the Silver Scar, a rite that removes the marks of the Pure. The young werewolf then has the opportunity to build a new life among the Tribes of the Moon.

The greatest goal of the Lodge of Salvation, however, has yet to be met. The lodge has yet to discover a way to undo the Pure rites that scourge the auspice blessing from a werewolf's spirit; even the lodge's most successful rescues are moonless creatures who cannot reclaim what they've lost. The search for such a power drives some lodge members to obsession.

The Lodge of Salvation is presented as a small and unique lodge, most likely American in origin. However, there's no reason that the Lodge of Salvation can't be adapted as a synchronous lodge; the concept of healing the Pure rather than fighting them has certainly occurred to other werewolves around the world.

Patron Tribe: Storm Lords



THE WAYWARD

What are they like, the "rescued" Pure who undergo the Lodge of Salvation's deprogramming

(or, as the Pure would call it, "reprogramming")? What is a werewolf who has undergone both Pure initiation and the Rite of the Silver Scar?

The "wayward," as the lodge often calls them, have a hard lot. Stripped of their old Renown and therefore much of their spiritual versatility, they are also often creatures of low Harmony and potential derangements. Both the indoctrination process and the Rite of the Silver Scar leave ugly wounds on body and soul, and those who survive the process are usually scarred by it. But those who endure can find a new place among the tribes of the Forsaken.

These former Pure have no auspice, or any of the advantages thereof. They also possess no Renown after the Rite of the Silver Scar, but may earn Renown, as the Forsaken do, from that point forward. Former Pure may join one of the Tribes of the Moon once they have sufficient Renown to undergo the Rite of Initiation, if one of the Tribes will have these werewolves. Otherwise, former Pure are treated as Forsaken werewolves. While they may not ever regain the auspice blessing that was lost, they can still make loyal, even fanatical followers of Mother Luna and their new allies. These former Pure can also know hate for the Pure that few other Forsaken can match.

PATRON SPIRIT

The Lodge of Salvation acknowledges an ancestor-spirit known as Brother Bones, a slightly sardonic entity that appears as a tangled amalgam of weathered werewolf bones and scraps of parchment-like skin. Brother Bones is the embodiment of a long and tangled bloodline that includes both Storm Lord and Ivory Claw branches, and is

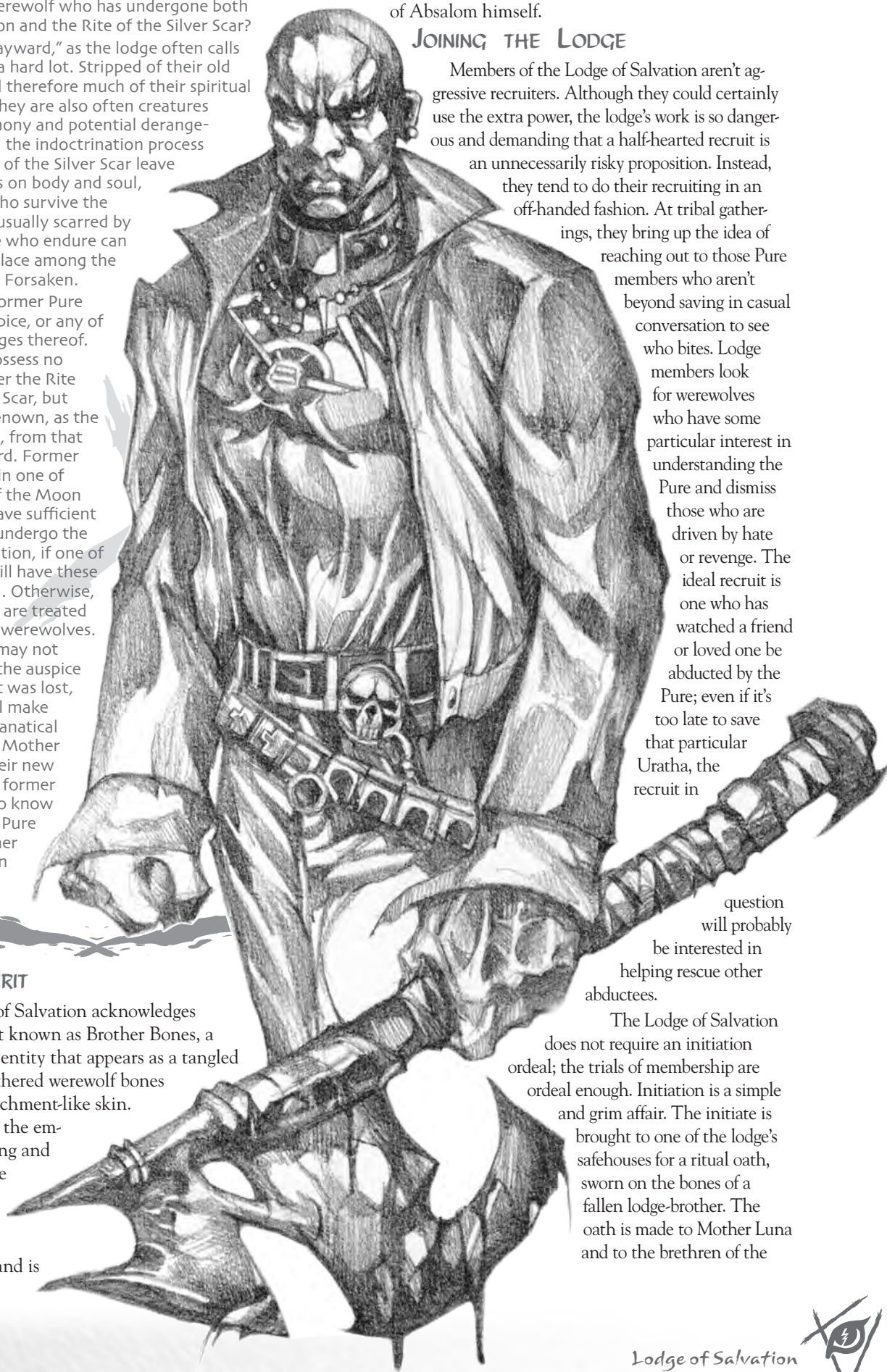
rumored to incorporate some elements of the personality of Absalom himself.

JOINING THE LODGE

Members of the Lodge of Salvation aren't aggressive recruiters. Although they could certainly use the extra power, the lodge's work is so dangerous and demanding that a half-hearted recruit is an unnecessarily risky proposition. Instead, they tend to do their recruiting in an off-handed fashion. At tribal gatherings, they bring up the idea of reaching out to those Pure members who aren't beyond saving in casual conversation to see who bites. Lodge members look for werewolves who have some particular interest in understanding the Pure and dismiss those who are driven by hate or revenge. The ideal recruit is one who has watched a friend or loved one be abducted by the Pure; even if it's too late to save that particular Uratha, the recruit in

question will probably be interested in helping rescue other abductees.

The Lodge of Salvation does not require an initiation ordeal; the trials of membership are ordeal enough. Initiation is a simple and grim affair. The initiate is brought to one of the lodge's safehouses for a ritual oath, sworn on the bones of a fallen lodge-brother. The oath is made to Mother Luna and to the brethren of the



lodge, a promise to bring mercy and salvation to the young victims of the Pure.

Prerequisites: Honor •• or Purity ••; must maintain Harmony of 6 or higher

Benefits: Lodge members may purchase Inspiration Gifts as affinity Gifts. In addition, lodge members receive +2 to Resolve rolls made to resist Gifts used against them by the Pure, and +1 to Resolve rolls made to resist Death Rage when wounded by one of the Pure.

LODGE OF SALVATION RITES

RITE OF THE MOON'S VEIL (••••)

For members of the Lodge of Salvation to have a chance to reach a "rescued" Pure werewolf, they need time to gradually break down the blocks and mental scars imposed by the Pure Tribes indoctrination. Time is a rare commodity when the Pure have been roused, though. This rite allows the ritemaster to temporarily hide the subject from the Pure Tribes, masking her from any supernatural attempts made by the Pure or their spirit allies to detect her.

This rite does not work on targets that possess auspices.

Performing the Rite: This rite is relatively simple, as befits the urgent circumstances under which it's often invoked. The ritemaster embraces the subject as if attempting to shield her with his own body, and softly sings a chant to Luna and her spirits, asking for her to return her blessings to her wayward child.

Cost: 1 or more Essence

Dice Pool: Harmony

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

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: All successes are lost.

Failure: No successes are gained.

Success: Successes are gained toward the total required. If the total reaches 15 or more successes, the subject is blessed with the Lunes' favor. Any supernatural attempt to detect the subject made by a werewolf or spirit is at -4 dice. The effects last for a night and a day, plus an additional 24 hours for each point of Essence beyond the first that the ritemaster spends.

Exceptional Success: Successes are gained toward the total required. If the total reaches 20 or more successes, the blessing increases to a -6 penalty to detection rolls.

RITE OF THE SILVER SCAR (•••••)

This potent rite is used to remove the Renown gained from a willing recipient, in effect re-baptizing her and preparing her to begin walking the path of Lunes. Without the use of this rite, a formerly Pure werewolf cannot join the Tribes of the Moon; at best, she can only be a Ghost Wolf without so much as an auspice.

Performing the Rite: The subject typically exposes herself to the open sky, baring any areas of her skin that are marked by the brands of Pure Renown. As the ritemaster begins to chant

a litany of sacrifice and forgiveness, the scar-like spirit brands that mark her Renown become visible, glowing with a dull golden light. The ritemaster runs a fingernail across the pattern of each tattoo as he continues to chant, anointing the brands with a mix of pure water and powdered silver. The spirit brands that mark Renown gained as a Pure werewolf glow with silver light as they burn away from the subject's flesh.

The process is quite painful, and leaves ugly wounds on the subject; werewolves subjected to this rite have been known to fly into Death Rage if too much Renown is scourged away from them. When the rite is completed, the subject can heal from her wounds normally, but a faint tracery of almost invisible scars marks where her previous brands of Renown once were. These marks can be covered up or disguised, but the surest way to remove them is to undergo the Rite of the Spirit Brand sufficient times to replace the old marks with the new brands of lunar devotion.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (5 successes per dot of Renown to be removed; each roll represents one minute)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: All successes are lost. Any Pure Renown that has already been scourged away does not return; the ritemaster must start over from zero successes to burn off the remaining Renown.

Failure: No successes are gained.

Success: Successes are gained. The ritemaster may trade five of the accumulated successes to burn off one point of Renown; the character loses one point of Renown in a category of the ritemaster's choice and takes one point of lethal damage, and the ritemaster's total pool of successes is reduced by five. If the target still has Renown, the rite may continue.

Once the ritemaster has spent sufficient successes to remove all the target's existing Renown, the rite is considered complete. At the completion of the rite, the recipient must make a degeneration check at three dice; the pain and change of the rite is sufficient to severely traumatize a werewolf and disrupt her inner sense of balance.

Exceptional Success: Successes are gained; there is no additional effect.

Suggested Modifiers

Modifier	Situation
+2	Rite is performed by moonlight

LODGE OF SALVATION STORY HOOKS

- **Shelter:** A veteran member of the Lodge of Salvation has managed to get a young Fire-Touched away from the rest of her tribe, at a time when her indoctrination hadn't yet been completed. He asks the pack to take care of his charge for a time while he leaves a false trail for the angry Pure hunting him; he'll return to pick her up once the coast is clear. Naturally, this is a

tremendous favor to ask, and he offers a potent payment or service in return. But what happens if the Pure kill him before he can return? What kind of trouble might the young Fire-Touched cause; did she come with him willingly, and, if so, is she starting to change her mind? What's more, she isn't thinking clearly, and she might fixate on one of the pack as a potential new mentor, family figure, object of hatred or even lover — or more than one at once.

- **Deposed King:** The new werewolf in town is a strange one; she acts slightly shell-shocked from time to time, and nobody's immediately sure of her auspice. A little digging reveals that she used to be one of the Predator Kings, and has recently undergone the Rite of the Silver Scar. The other packs in the area immediately distrust her, and the players' pack may be the only ones to offer her hospitality. She has a reservoir of knowledge about the local Pure that might come in handy, but that also makes her a major target. The pack has to decide whether defending the wayward wolf is worth the danger and political strife that comes with her.

- **The Greatest Blessing:** The Lodge of Salvation have long sought for some way to ritually restore the auspice of a werewolf who has undergone the scourging of Pure initiation rites. When the rumor of such a rite's existence reaches the lodge, lodge members are quick to spread the news among the local Forsaken — such a rite would have profound effects on the dynamic with the Pure. The trouble is that a rite of such power is sure to demand a great sacrifice to fickle Mother Luna. Who will be called to give up everything? Will the players step in to interfere if they suspect the rite is a sham — or will they try to participate in the sacrifice if they think the gain is too valuable to lose?

TOM “CHAPLAIN” MOORE

Auspice: Rahu

Tribe: Storm Lords

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 4

Physical Attributes: Strength 3 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 4 (5/6/6/5)

Social Attributes: Presence 4, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Investigation 2, Medicine (Field Dressing) 2, Occult 1, Politics 1

Physical Skills: Athletics (Running With Burdens) 3, Brawl (Grappling) 4, Larceny 1, Stealth 1, Survival (Tracking) 3, Weaponry 2

Social Skills: Empathy (Werewolves) 3, Expression 1, Intimidation 2, Persuasion (Fatherly) 2, Streetwise 2

Merits: Common Sense, Contacts (Social Workers, Cheap Hotels) 2, Fast Reflexes 2, Fleet of Foot 2, Resources 1

Primal Urge: 4

Willpower: 7

Harmony: 6

Essence Max/Per Turn: 13/2

Virtue: Charity

Vice: Wrath

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

Initiative: 6 (6/7/8/8) with Fast Reflexes

Defense: 2 (2/3/3/3)

Speed: 12 (13/16/19/17) with Fleet of Foot

Renown: Glory 2, Honor 3, Purity 3, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (1) Clarity, Loose Tongue, The Right Words, Warning Growl; (2) Attunement, Camaraderie, Father Wolf's Speed, Luna's Dictum; (3) True Leader, Voice of Command

Rituals: 2; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication, Shared Scent; (2) Cleansed Blood, Rite of the Moon's Veil

Tom Moore joined the Storm Lords out of a sense of moral obligation. He'd always believed that it was a human's responsibility to live as principled and disciplined a life as he could, so that he could serve as an example to others. As a Storm Lord, he chose to direct that philosophy toward serving as an example for the rest of the Tribes of the Moon. It was his tenacious interest in the spiritual welfare of others that caught the attention of the Lodge of Salvation, and he was easily convinced that the lodge offered a path to doing truly good works.

Tom isn't the sneakiest or cleverest bastard in the lodge — his virtue is bravery. He's run into Hell itself, or near enough, to try and bring back young werewolves he doesn't even know. He's tried to pick up some of the deprogramming techniques practiced by his lodge brethren, but he has his doubts as to whether these techniques are really the right thing to do. When dealing with a recent rescue, he prefers to step in after some of the harder parts of the deprogramming, offering his own soft-voiced counsel and a sympathetic shoulder. He has the scars to prove that this isn't always welcome, but he perseveres all the same.

The Chaplain is a middle-aged black man of average height, surprisingly solid for his age. His demeanor is very sternly paternal, often convincing others by the sheer force of his personality that he's a potent authority figure. He dresses in modern Western garb, usually denim and soft leather, in a half-unconscious emulation of the lodge's legendary founder, Absalom.





THE IRON MASTERS

OF KNOWLEDGE AND MEMORY

When Father Wolf died, what was lost? When we were Forsaken, what was lost? When one of us dies, what is lost? When you die, what will be lost?

What is knowledge to such as us? Everything.

What is loss to such as us? Everything.

What do we seek? Knowledge.

What do we avoid? Loss.

Some say that the Hisil is the memory of the world, and that every thought and action that happen find a new form there. If they are right, then the memory of the world is a dark and painful thing. It is not enough for us. The spirits lie, even though we compel them to speak truth. The spirits hate us, even though we act for their benefit.

That is why we had to act. That is why we hunted down a great spirit of memory. The greatest of the Farsil Luhai gathered, and formed the pack of scrolls. All the Iron Masters devoted nights and days without number to inscribing every memory that mattered to them, every thought that they counted worthy, on scrolls without count. When the work was done, the pack entered the Hisil and the hunt began.

What did they seek? Knowledge.

What did they find? Loss.

We will never learn what paths they took, what secrets they learnt, what spirits they bound — for that knowledge was taken from them before their return. Somewhere, deep in the Hisil, they sacrificed every memory they had, every old thought, every old passion, to the spirit of Old Knowledge, and bound it to their wills. With only the knowledge of success and their heart's call to their own territories, they made the journey home, amazed at the ease of their passage. The deals they brokered, lost to their minds, must have been powerful indeed. The road was clear and easy.

On their return, their old packmates welcomed those Iron Masters, and took them to their scrolls. For nights and days without count, they read. They learned. And they knew something new: success. They had Old Knowledge. And they had the scrolls.

What did they save? Knowledge.

What did they defeat? Loss.

When they died, what was lost? Nothing. When you die, what shall be lost? Nothing.

Uratha culture remains, broadly speaking, an oral one. Wisdom and stories, even training and facts, are passed through story, song and conversation. While many amongst the Cahalith maintain that this is the only way to spread true wisdom, rather than the empty knowledge of facts, the Iron Masters have never agreed. The Lodge of Scrolls is the most widespread lodge within the tribe, and many consider this lodge to be almost a sub-tribe rather than just a lodge. The Scroll-Keepers work ceaselessly to discover, compile and record knowledge that will serve the Forsaken well in generations to come. At the heart of the lodge members' work is repairing what they see as the great folly hidden in the necessary death of Father Wolf. With Father Wolf died more knowledge of the Shadow Realm and the nature of reality than the Uratha now possess. As a race, they have forgotten more than they remember. And that knowledge, the awareness of ignorance, rankles something fierce. The greatest concern, of course, is that the information gathered cannot be allowed to fall into the wrong hands — and the Scroll-Keepers are violently protective of their gathered lore in the way that only werewolves can be.

As far as their records go back — and that's a long way in werewolf terms — individual lodge members have been gathering information, passing it on, piecemeal at gatherings and wholesale at their deaths. The information gathered has an inherent bias toward the areas that the Iron Masters are interested in, something that few members of the lodge have ever realized. They remain firmly of the belief that they have the most comprehensive record of Uratha knowledge in existence, and that's true. However it's a *biased* record, and that idea they find very hard indeed to accept.

Learning has always been at the heart of the Iron Masters' view of the world. Their current close affiliation with urban centers and human development reflects a desire to keep track of the most rapidly changing element of the world today. Indeed, many members of the lodge, and not a few tribe members who rely on them, think that the lodge has really come into its own within the last few decades, as the pace of change begins to outpace the oral tradition's ability to catch up with it. In particular, the new choirs of spirits emerging, seemingly spontaneously, from the activities of humankind, have been a real challenge for these archivists of the hidden world to keep track of. The risk of duplication of effort, or confusion when duplication isn't spotted quickly enough, was immense. No more.

If nothing else, the lodge moves with the times. While its name refers to the origins of the lodge, and a few traditional members keep their most important information lodged on scrolls in honor of the lodge founders, as a whole the lodge has embraced every revolution in communication and storage technology that humankind has yet devised. From paper to book-binding, from printing to desktop publishing and, of late, the Internet, the lodge has moved its knowledge base forward with every discovery. Each development in technology has meant a concerted effort to move the lodge's knowledge base into new forms, but each change has made that transformation easier.

Now, a vast distributed effort is underway to digitize as much of the lodge's accumulate body of wisdom as possible. There is no large group of werewolves in front of a screen, working together. Instead, there are countless individual pack members, snatching what time they can from pack duties to get information inputted and uploaded. A few of the older, more experienced members of the tribe are experimenting with using human labor in specialized companies to do the job, but those efforts have been small scale and very tentative so far. The information has to be broken down into small, disconnected chunks before being presented to the employees, to make sure nobody can start to gather the bigger picture, and hidden by cover stories such as "a research project into the beliefs of a long-dead South American culture."

The last few years, with the revolutions in digital storage, indexing and, most important, searching, have seen a distinct new strain emerge amongst the lodge members. Suddenly, analysis of what they've learnt and recorded has become a possibility, even as the Internet has facilitated real-time communication between lodge members continents apart. The focus of the lodge has begun a gentle shift away from just collecting data toward trying to create something new from it. This has, in turn, broadened the appeal of the lodge. Once a bastion of Cahalith and Ithaeur, the lodge is seeing a dramatic influx of Rahu, seeking to learn and develop new battle tactics, Irraka, seeking hidden secrets, and Elodoth, seeking information to inform their judgments.

However, the vast majority of the lodge members remain exactly what they have always been: inquisitive werewolves, with an eye for detail and a desire to record, building the tribe's knowledge base through thousands of small contributions as part of their struggle every day to win and hold territory. Werewolves are predators; the Lodge of Scrolls are hunters of wisdom.

Patron Tribe: Iron Masters

PATRON SPIRIT

The Lodge of Scrolls answers to no patron spirit. Though the lodge's goals are expressed as a moral and ethical need as well as a practical one, lodge members avoid the patronage of a spirit that would potentially color and distort the information they collected.

JOINING THE LODGE

The lodge maintains an active and public face within the Iron Masters, and potential mentors are not hard to find at gatherings or, at a push, across the Internet. There still remains a disconnect between the newly Changed members of the tribe and their more experienced tribemates in computer use, though, so Internet applications for lodge membership made over the Internet remain a distinct minority.

What do mentors look for in an applicant? First of all, they seek an inquisitive mind. The lodge is as much dedicated to hunting out information as to recording it. Without the inquisitive mind, the werewolf will be of, at best, minor use to the lodge. The second quality a mentor seeks in an apprentice is the ability to record accurately and easily what she has discovered. This quality doesn't often sit easily with the first. Many would-be lodge members with a burning curiosity about the world have failed to ever find asponsors for lodge membership, because the wannabes were completely incapable of keeping any form of systematic record of what they've learnt.

Once an applicant finds a sponsor, she enters a period of apprenticeship to him, one that can last a very long time indeed. Traditionally, the apprentice was expected to spend up to several months with her sponsor, and given her pack responsibilities, it could take years for her to accumulate enough time away from her territory to achieve this. Within the last century, reliable mail services have allowed greater communication between sponsors and apprentices, speeding up this phase of initiation into the lodge. In the last decade, the Internet has speeded up the initial phase even further for the lucky few who have Internet-savvy sponsors, who are beginning to exist in steadily growing numbers.

Initially, the apprenticeship focuses on the recording part of the lodge's function. After all, what good is finding out something if it's not properly recorded? This is indubitably the hardest part of the process for most werewolves to bear. The exacting, pedantic standards can infuriate an apprentice, as can the constant criticism. Should an apprentice give in to that frustration and let loose her Rage, she can forget ever becoming a member of the lodge.

Once the sponsor is satisfied with the apprentice's ability to record information accurately and quickly across multiple media, the two proceed to the second stage of the initiation: questing. The mentor sets the initiate a series of tasks of increasing difficulty, starting with some basic research tasks, moving on to extracting information from other werewolves and, finally, with quests of significant danger into either the Shadow, Pure territory or other hostile environments. The initiate is not expected to perform the last quests on her own; the assistance of her pack is not just allowed, it's expected. Lodge members are more effective as members of packs, for one thing, and, for another, the mentor is testing the applicant's ability to selectively reveal information to the pack.

If this stage is performed to the mentor's satisfaction, the applicant will be formally initiated into the lodge at the next convenient gathering.

It's a mark of the esteem that the lodge holds in the tribe, and amongst Uratha generally, that a lodge initiation is usually held in full view of all werewolves present at the gathering, as early in the proceedings as possible. The new lodge member is expected to repeat the lodge litany (the legend cited above) with other lodge members present joining in with the repeated phrases. Finally, the lodge initiate is seized by the other lodge members and locked away in a small room. In the room are a pile of scrolls and, if the initiate understands the story of the lodge's founding, she will set to work transcribing as many of her important memories as she can. At the close of the gathering, the applicant is freed from the room and thrust into a rite held by the lodge members to summon a servant of Old Knowledge. The spirit appears, and devours the most important surface memories of the young initiate, an excruciating and terrifying process. Imagine feeling your history slipping away from you. Would you be who you are if you didn't know who you had been?

This process leaves the initiate drained, scared but with a burning desire for her lost knowledge and a real understanding of the importance of records. With luck, she will be able to reclaim the majority of her memories from her scrolls. If not, she'll understand the purpose of the Lodge of Scrolls on a very personal level.

Perquisites: Intelligence ●●●, Academics ●●, Investigation ●●●

Benefits: Access to the wide range of material recorded and archived by the lodge gives lodge members two extra dice on any Research or Investigation roll to discover information, even if they're not directly consulting the Lodge of Scrolls records. Old Knowledge grants lodge members insights into where what they seek might be most easily found. In addition, they learn more easily than most werewolves. The experience cost for all Mental Skills becomes new dots x2.

Lodge of Scrolls Rite Rite of Comprehension (●●●)

Many Scroll-Keepers pick up several languages in the course of their studies, but the insular, territorial nature of Uratha life makes a polyglot werewolf a rare thing indeed. However, sometimes lodge members are faced with information in a foreign language that they urgently need to read. This rite is believed to be the result of a bargain struck with specialized-language-spirits, a descant within the choir of knowledge-spirits, centuries ago by lodge members. The Rite of Comprehension allows the Uratha to read or hear a foreign language almost as if it were his own, for a limited period of time.

Performing the Rite: The werewolf sits in a calm, empty space, with just himself and the volume (or person) he wishes to understand, a small fire and a collection of writing material. In his own native language, he writes down a secret of his own using his own blood, and then burns the secret in the fire, symbolically offering up the information within to the knowledge-spirits.

Dice Pool: Harmony

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

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: All successes are lost. The werewolf temporarily forgets the secret he had offered up, and cannot recall the memory for one lunar month.

Failure: No successes are gained.

Success: Successes are gained. If the werewolf gains a total of 10 or more successes, he gains full literacy in the written language or code he has chosen. This rite cannot be used to crack supernaturally encoded material.

Exceptional Success: No additional effect.





LODGE OF SCROLLS STORY HOOKS

• **Forbidden Knowledge:** A member of the Lodge of Scrolls is dead, and the Iron Masters howl her passing. But, in the wake of her mysterious death, no one can find her hoard of scrolls. What knowledge was on them? And what damage could they do to the pack, should the scrolls fall into the wrong hands? And, most importantly, what will the pack do when all the evidence points to the stolen scrolls being held somewhere in their own territory?

• **Theft:** Over a period of weeks, the pack get the feeling they're being watched. People they deal with mention that somebody has been asking after them. Mail is delayed and looks as if it has been opened. Perhaps a pack member catches an unfamiliar scent when the pack is dealing with another threat. When the pack finally tracks down the culprit, it turns out to be a young and over-keen Scroll-Keeper who is afraid that the pack's knowledge won't be recorded. Does the pack show mercy, or is the territory violation too much for them?

• **The Deal:** The pack seeks knowledge of some sort for reasons of their own. Perhaps it's the history of a foe they're dealing with, perhaps it's rumors of Pure activity in the area. Whatever the pack's quest, they hear of a member of the Lodge of Scrolls who has the information they seek. When they finally manage to contact her, she agrees to help them, as long as each pack member gives up two major secrets to her in writing. Is the information worth the price and, if so, what impact does giving up these secrets have?

ANDREAS WEHNER

Auspice: Irakka

Tribe: Iron Masters

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 2 (3/5/4/2), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 2 (3/4/4/3)

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 3, Computer 3, Crafts 1, Investigation (Rumors) 3, Medicine 2, Occult (Death) 3, Politics 1, Science 2

Physical Skills: Brawl 1, Firearms 1, Larceny 2, Stealth 1, Survival 1

Social Skills: Empathy 2, Expression (Writing) 2, Persuasion 3, Socialize (Polite) 3, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Contacts (Embassies, Tour Guides, Museums) 3, Eidetic Memory, Meditative Mind, Resources 3

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 6

Essence Max/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Greed

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

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

Defense: 2 (2/3/3/3)

Speed: 9 (10/13/16/14)

Renown: Cunning 2, Glory 1, Wisdom 3

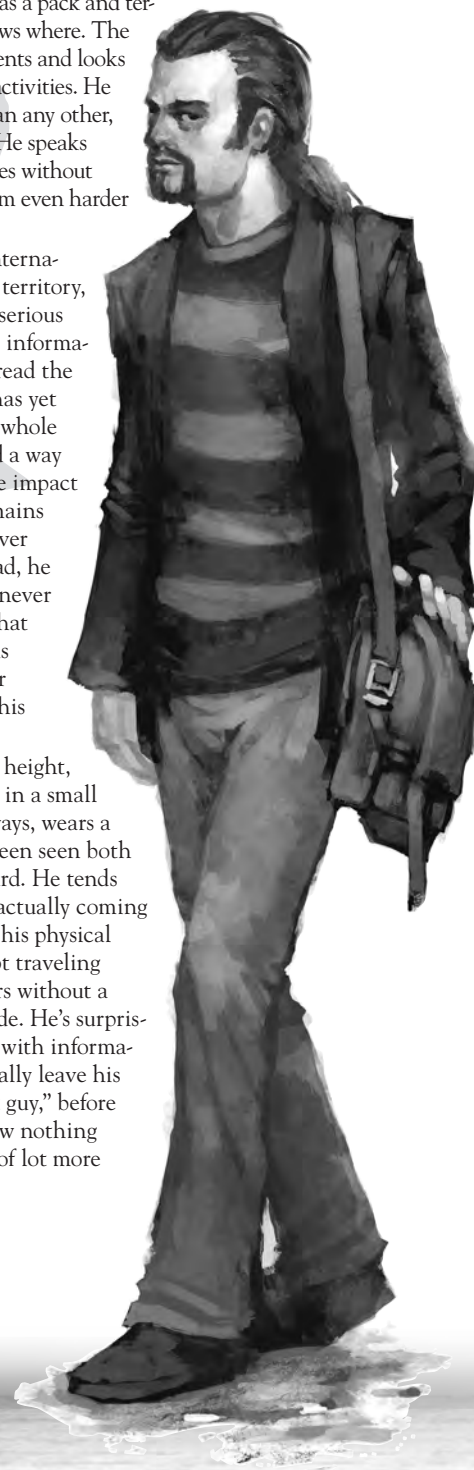
Gifts: (1) Feet of Mist, Know Name, Loose Tongue, Sense Weakness; (2) Sand in the Eyes, Traveler's Blessing; (3) Sagacity

Rituals: 3; **Rites:** (1) Funeral Rite, Rite of Dedication; (2) Call Gaffling, Rite of Contrition; (3) Rite of Comprehension

Andreas Wehner probably has a pack and territory somewhere, but no one knows where. The Irraka has a variety of names, accents and looks that make it difficult to track his activities. He uses his Wehner identity more than any other, and it may well be his real name. He speaks English and several other languages without any tinge of an accent, making him even harder to place.

Wehner certainly travels internationally, violating territory after territory, and getting into more than one serious scrap as a result, in search of the information he needs. Those who have read the small number of documents he has yet made available to the lodge as a whole believe that he thinks he's found a way of tracing some of the immediate impact of Father Wolf's death. That remains speculation, though, and he's never let anyone into the secret. Instead, he goes where he feels he needs to, never staying for very long, and gets what he wants whether the local packs are aiding him, hindering him or are even completely unaware of his presence.

Wehner is of about average height, with dusky brown hair tied back in a small ponytail. He usually, but not always, wears a neatly trimmed goatee but has been seen both clean-shaven and with a full beard. He tends toward the stocky side, without actually coming across as big, and he plays down his physical presence by wearing non-descript traveling clothes. He rarely, if ever, appears without a battered leather satchel by his side. He's surprisingly friendly, if a little reserved with information about himself. People normally leave his company thinking "what a great guy," before suddenly realizing that they know nothing about him, and he knows a hell of a lot more about them.



LODGE OF SEASONS

BLACK WOLF BATTLES THE WIND

Hikaon-Ur stood on a precipice and looked down over the valley. It was blanketed in red and gold, the leaves bleeding out the green of summer for the beauty of fall. Winter would come soon, and leave nothing but bone-picked branches and long fangs of ice.

A wind came up, and the leaves on the ground spun into a dance, spinning around like a throated deer, before coming to rest on the forest floor. Black Wolf noted this, and called out to the wind, asking it what purpose this served.

"Hunt," the wind said, and Black Wolf did not understand, but remembered he needed to fatten for the coming frost, and so went to hunt.

He returned to that spot months later when the ground was covered in snow, and listened to the quiet whistle of the winter wind between the lifeless trees. Again, he asked the wind what it was doing, and the wind replied, "Remember." And Black Wolf forgot his question, and thought back to the previous year and the children he'd sired, the hunts he had completed and the cousins he had lost to time, and he howled like the chill wind.

Black Wolf came back to the precipice months later, when the branches carried tiny buds and the animals were emerging from their holes and dens, sleepy and ready to live, and he stood there breathing deep the sweet scents that the warm spring wind brought from valley. His eyes closed, he asked the wind what it was doing, and the wind replied, "Live." And Black Wolf forgot his question and went to find his mate, for the warm nights would only last for so many moons.

Hikaon returned to that place months later, when the sunset came all too late and the dawn too early, but the thick canopy of trees provided darkness even when Helios rode proudly through the sky. A faint summer wind blew in his eyes, and he growled and asked the wind what it was doing. The wind replied, "Fight."

And Hikaon fought. His fangs slashed at the wind, his claws dug deep into the spirit. Although the wind picked him up and threw him to the valley floor, Black Wolf did not mind the pain. The heat of the day spurred him on, and he fought, heedless of what else might happen around him. And then the wind calmed, and Hikaon picked himself up, and realized that he had no more need to ask questions of the wind.

The Lodge of Seasons demands much of the Hunters in Darkness who choose it. These *Meninna* make a commitment to live by the precepts of Changing Wind. Each of the members of the lodge chooses (or rather, is chosen by) a particular season, and that season determines not only what benefit the Uratha takes from the lodge, but the time of the year that she is granted particular respect in the lodge.

The Lodge of Seasons is less concerned with social matters or mystical riddles than some of the other brotherhoods within the tribes. Instead, these werewolves are dedicated to living according to a set of natural precepts, and, as such, the lodge resembles a religious faith as much as an exclusive club. Members are designated by their favored seasons (for instance, a member might be known as "Joshua Avery, Summer"), and, during a given season, those *Meninna* aspected to that time of year are considered the leaders of the lodge. Age, Renown and other issues still play into dominance concerns, of course, but between two members of the lodge, the one whose season currently reigns is considered more "in tune" with the world and therefore receives deference.

The primary lesson that members of the lodge learn is that everything has a proper time, but that time isn't determined by social custom or human (or even werewolf) ideals, but by the

Earth itself. These *Meninna* don't engage in "Gaea worship" as humans use the term, because they don't recognize the Earth as having any particular interest in werewolves or any other single species. Instead, they see the world as being governed by natural laws, which change as the world spins, rotates around the sun, grows warmer or cooler, and otherwise changes in patterns.

THE SEASONS AREN'T UNIVERSAL

Of course, when it's winter in, say, North America, it's summer elsewhere in the world, so what does that mean for the Lodge of Seasons? The lodge is strongest in the northern hemisphere, but members in other climes have adapted their behaviors to better suit what the seasons "mean" in their locales. This makes no real difference, though, because the Hunters in Darkness operate by instinct and observation of the Earth's cues, not by arbitrary dates or titles. By and large, though, the lodge tends to congregate in parts of the world with pronounced differences between seasons.

The write-up on p. 201 of *Werewolf: The Forsaken* spells out what each of the seasons means for the lodge and what activities are expected of its members. Each season imposes different standards of behavior that the Uratha are expected to observe. In game terms, these standards translate to sins against Harmony that members of the lodge guard against. While the *Meninna* of the lodge are not expected to spend every waking moment during the summer in a constant state of Death Rage, for instance, they are expected to resort to violence during this season as a default, whereas, in spring, resorting to violence when other options exist is a minor sin against Harmony. The table below illustrates these sins and in what season and at what level of Harmony they become applicable.

Season	Harmony	Threshold Sin	Dice Rolled
Spring	7	Resorting to violence when other options exist.	(Roll four dice.)
Summer	7	Resisting Death Rage when self or packmate is injured.	(Roll four dice.)
Autumn	6	Allowing an enemy to escape unscathed.	(Roll three dice.)
Winter	7	Spending more than a week without interacting with a spirit.	(Roll four dice.)

These sins are just examples. The Storyteller should feel free to add others in keeping with a lodge member's vows and observations of the given season.

Patron Tribe: Hunters in Darkness

PATRON SPIRIT

The Lodge of Seasons follow Changing Wind, a powerful elemental of evolving nature. As the legends go, Changing Wind brought Black Wolf to enlightenment over the course of a year.





Lodge members see the spirit as a wise teacher, if not a benevolent one; indeed, their cautious reverence for their constantly changing patron is much like the Forsaken's reverence for Mother Luna.

JOINING THE LODGE

The Lodge of Seasons is one of the most inclusive of the Uratha lodges, largely because the reasons that a werewolf joins the lodge are spiritual and ideological, rather than political. Some members have grandiose notions of reconciling the spirits and the Uratha by living in harmony with the Earth, but most believe that such synergy is its own reward. The Lodge of Seasons is predominantly composed of Hunters in Darkness, but members of other Forsaken tribes occasionally petition for and receive membership.

A werewolf wishing to join the lodge simply begins living in time with the seasons as expressed by the lodge's philosophies (which means, of course, that at some point the applicant must have been taught what those philosophies are). Changing Wind is said to look in on werewolves on this spiritual journey, though the spirit doesn't reveal itself. It might lead other lodge members to these applicants, enabling the lodge to watch its fledgling members. Some Uratha choose to correct and teach applicants, while others prefer to let them learn by trial and error. In any case, the applicant must "live the seasons" for an entire year. Traditionally, the applicant begins this trial at the beginning of one of the seasons, rather than in the middle, so that he doesn't start and end the year in the same season.

Each season has one important principle that applicants must adhere to during this trial period. In spring, applicants must abstain from battle. Fighting to protect themselves, their packs or their territories is considered acceptable if no other option exists, but initiating combat is forbidden. Entering Death Rage doesn't automatically disqualify the werewolf, but many applicants to the lodge avoid assuming Gauru form at all during spring. This isn't to say that Uratha have to be passive or inactive during the spring. They are expected to learn, mate and explore during spring. Note that "combat" implies fighting a foe for reasons other than survival — in no season is a werewolf forbidden from hunting.

In summer, all of the pent-up energy of spring comes to a head as the applicant is finally permitted — and encouraged — to fight. Prospective members lead their packs on hunts for those who wronged them, defend their territories with vicious brutality and hone their combat skills in brawls with pack- and tribemates. The hardest lesson for applicants to grasp about summer, though, is that the Rage that they feel must not be allowed to run wild. Killing other Uratha is still a serious sin, and the Oath still applies. A werewolf who kills another during summer is immediately barred from membership, *unless* he can convince a Ralunim that his actions were justified (a difficult endeavor at best).

Come autumn, the ferocity of summer gives way to chilly, ruthless planning. The werewolf is expected to be ready to die with the first sunrise of winter, and, therefore, he has one season to put his affairs in order. This means making sure his pack is sound without him, that his family (if any) is safe and that any debts are paid and grudges are released or settled. Autumn is a busy time for applicants, but the lengthening nights help them in their hunts. During this time, the applicant is reluctant to accompany his pack on "new business" — defending and maintaining territory is an ongoing concern, of course, but expanding that territory can wait until spring.

Finally, when the cold, silent winter descends, the werewolf reflects on the past year and asks himself some difficult questions. Was he true to Harmony? How might he improve? What did he and his pack accomplish and what did they sacrifice to do it? Was it worth the reward? The werewolf abstains from interaction with other werewolves (though he may be near them, especially his pack), avoids combat if possible (though not to the same extent as during

spring) and spends time conversing with any spirits that he can find. Respect for spirits is paramount during winter. Members of the lodge believe that in the still of winter, word of a werewolf's deeds carry farther than in other seasons and so he must be extra careful to treat the denizens of the *Hisil* with respect and quiet authority.

After a full year passes, the applicant (who by this time has been contacted by members of the lodge via Changing Wind) enters the spirit wilds on a month-long quest. His packmates *are* permitted to accompany him, and, indeed, the lodge encourages this, as the point of the quest is for the werewolf to discover his favored season, which is much simpler to do if he is at ease and not under constant threat. A servant of Changing Wind accompanies the werewolf and observes him, watching to see what challenges he faces and how he faces them. Once the month is over, the werewolf returns to the physical world and declares himself to be a Summer, Spring, Winter or Autumn. If the Uratha is still unsure, then he is denied membership in the Lodge of Seasons. If he can confidently claim a season, then Changing Wind and the lodge welcome him.

Prerequisites: Purity •••

Benefits: Each member of the Lodge of Seasons has a favored season, and that period determines a class of Gifts that the Uratha can learn as tribal Gifts. The favored seasons are: spring (Weather), summer (Rage), autumn (Insight) and winter (Death). In addition, during the werewolf's favored season, he receives three additional dice to any Social roll involving a lodge member. Many members are presented with a Season Flute upon being inducted into the lodge, depending on how flawlessly they passed their initiation and whether or not there is a member about with the means to make one.

LODGE OF SEASONS FETISH

SEASON FLUTE (•••)

Four different varieties of this fetish exist, one for each season. Each is empowered by a wind-spirit, and the time of the year that the fetish is created determines its effect. Traditionally, members of the lodge carry flutes appropriate to their seasons, but it's not inappropriate, for instance, for a Summer to carry a Winter Flute.

The character must play a short tune (just three or four notes) on the flute to activate it. Once successfully activated, the flute's effects remain for one minute per success on the activation roll. The



flute can be used once per scene. The effects of the four different types of Season Flutes are as follows:

Spring: The werewolf is infused with the boundless energy and possibility of spring. For the rest of the scene, the player receives a +1 modifier to any roll involving a Power Attribute (Strength, Intelligence or Presence).

Summer: The hot summer gusts bolster a werewolf's endurance and fortitude. For the rest of the scene, the player receives a +1 modifier to any roll involving a Resistance Attribute (Stamina, Resolve or Composure).

Autumn: An Autumn Flute aids the werewolf in incisive thinking and quick action. For the rest of the scene, the player receives a +1 modifier to any roll involving a Finesse Attribute (Dexterity, Wits or Manipulation).

Winter: The biting chill of the winter wind infuses the werewolf's fangs and claws. If the character successfully damages an opponent with her natural weaponry, that opponent suffers a -2 penalty on all rolls from pain. Gifts or other effects that mitigate pain can alleviate this effect as usual.

Action: Instant

LODGE OF SEASONS STORY HOOKS

- **Long Hot Summer:** All throughout the spring, a local pack of Hunters in Darkness who belong to the Lodge of Seasons have calmly accepted encroachment by other packs, loss of territory and even some outright abuse, all in keeping with their philosophy of living with the seasons. On the summer solstice, the shortest night of the year, howls of anger and vengeance ring from the *Mennina's* territory. The other Uratha are about to reap what they have sown, and the characters' pack is unfortunately stuck nearby. Will they be participants, spectators or innocent casualties in the oncoming war?

- **Grudges Never Die:** This hook works best if the players' pack contains a member of the Lodge of Seasons. A werewolf approaches the lodge member during spring and challenges her to ritual combat. He claims to have a long-standing grudge against the character for something that she did years ago, before either her or the aggressor's tribal initiations. Is the werewolf mistaking the character for someone else, or did the character do something terrible, perhaps in the midst of a Death Rage, that demands retribution? More to the point, since her lodge vows forbid her from entering this sort of combat during spring, will the aggressor wait until summer or attempt to exact vengeance some other way?

- **Silence:** An exceptionally cold winter blankets the pack's territory and the lands surrounding it in snow and brings a makeshift pack of *Meninna*, all Winters, on a pilgrimage. They are searching for something in particular and want to make use of the area's loci to enter the spirit world, but, in keeping with their beliefs, have vowed to be silent except when talking to spirits. The pack can communicate this way, perhaps through their pack totem, but some important details are always lost in translation. Why are these Uratha here, and how helpful are the characters willing to be?

MELANIE RENNES, WINTER

Auspice: Cahalith

Tribe: Hunters in Darkness

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 2, Resolve 2

Physical Attributes: Strength 2 (3/5/4/3), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 2 (3/4/4/3)

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics (Research) 2, Computer 1, Investigation 2, Occult 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Stealth (Remaining Unnoticed) 1

Social Skills: Empathy (Grief) 2, Expression (Eulogies) 3, Persuasion 2, Socialize 2, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Encyclopedic Knowledge, Fame (Writer) 1, Language (First Tongue), Resources 1

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 7

Essence Max/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Pride

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

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

Defense: 2 (2/2/2/2)

Speed: 9 (10/13/16/14)

Renown: Glory 1, Honor 1, Purity 3

Gifts: (1) Speak With Beasts, The Right Words; (2) Traveler's Blessing; (3) Primal Howl

Rituals: 3; **Rites:** Banish Spirit, Funeral Rite, Rite of Healing

Melanie Rennes was born in Maine, and every year of her childhood the blizzards trapped her in her home with her mother. Her mother taught her what the child would have otherwise learned at school, but also tried to instill her deep religious faith in her daughter. Melanie didn't doubt that something beyond the physical world existed, but didn't quite believe what her mother told her about salvation and the coming Rapture. Melanie grew to hate the winter snows, because they meant long months of entrapment. But she came to love them when the Change came.

The Hunters in Darkness pack that found her had just lost one of its members, and she watched as they solemnly performed the funeral rites and sent his spirit on. The freeing snow and the beauty of those rites seemed intimately connected, and she learned the Funeral Rite before completing her initiation into the tribe. She traveled with that pack for years, and, over that time, performed the rite for packmates, tribemates and strangers who needed it. She gained fame among the Uratha as a eulogist, and, meanwhile, was writing under a pen name, gaining fame among her former people.

She decided to join the Lodge of Seasons, and began her year-long trial during autumn. Her first act was to leave her pack, as she wanted no ties to bind her as she walked this new path. She quested into the *Hisil* the following fall, and discovered (to no one's great surprise) that she was a Winter. To her, this meant that she must help other Uratha cope with the spiritual long, dark nights of winter caused by the death of a packmate. She travels from place to place, offering her services as a eulogist and a sort of grief counselor for the People.

Melanie is a fair-skinned woman in her late 20s. She has long, blonde hair and a thin, sallow face, and usually stands with her arms folded in front of her or her hands jammed into the pockets of her brown parka. As befitting a Winter, she prefers cold weather, and during warmer months is irritable and ill at ease.



THE HISIL

OF DESTRUCTION AND HOPE

In the aftermath of World War II, the Hisil was a place of new horrors, those born of humankind's own powers of hate and violence. The cities of Europe suffered, as did those of Japan. In those bleak times for the Iron Masters, two of our number, Ithaeur both, sought to mend the Shadow of their territory: the city of Rome. That ancient city, once the pride of the world, was laid low by both the aggression of its people and their surrender. Those Ithaeur sought to find the city's very spirit, bind it to their will and, with the spirit, reshape the city in both the physical and spiritual world to their desires.

These Ithaeur hunted and fought in the Hisil for months, encountering all manner of spirits, none of whom would reveal the name or location of the spirit of the city. One of the pair, Alfonso Amaturro, thought on many occasions that he saw a figure, indistinct yet radiating an unmistakable power, watching them. Whenever he turned to confront this spirit, though, it vanished, leaving him doubting his very eyes. Every time, he took away a different impression: a figure in the garb of the Roman Empire, a figure from the Middle Ages and the time of the Italian city-states, even a general in Mussolini's army. But never was Alfonso able to confirm his impressions.

Finally, when the pair were on the very verge of despair, a cowed road-spirit offered information in exchange for the spirit's continued existence. The spirit of Rome was to be found, the road-spirit claimed, on the Capitoline Hill. And so, the packmates fought their way into the Hisil, and found, resting under a tree, a powerful spirit whose clothes shifted between the different eras of Roman history. This, then, was the end of their quest. Even as the Ithaeur began the rites to bind the spirit to their will, the very substance of the Hisil seemed to bend and twist around them, until they found themselves helpless and bound by spirits of glass and stone and brick. The figure that had been reclining under the tree climbed slowly to its feet, its stature growing as it rose to its full height. Rome itself towered over the captive werewolves, who could not win their freedom, with tooth, claws or Gifts.

"I have been watching you, Uratha. You sought to bind me to your will," rumbled Rome. "But that was not to be. Creatures like me do not serve the likes of you. But if you agree to serve me, you will both live and prosper, for I shall teach you my ways."

The spirit paused for a moment, idly toying with the tattered wreath on its head. "And you shall learn for me the ways of others like me. Yes, that is what we shall do."

The spirits of cities are strange, individual creatures. The Ithaeur argue about the choir to which they belong, and which other spirits they might serve and even how they come to be. How does one spirit come to represent the whole city more than any of the others? One group of werewolves knows more of the answers than any others. These werewolves walk the streets of the city with greater caution than other Uratha, knowing that their every step is registered by the spirit who, in every sense that matters, is the city. These werewolves know what few others of their kind ever recognize, that the Iron Masters only walk the city with the tolerance of the city-spirit.

The spirits of the city are young in spiritual terms, yet are powerful out of all proportion to their age. No two are alike, yet all behave in similar ways. They can be known and influenced, and knowledge gleaned about one can be useful in dealing with others. Most importantly to the Uratha, city-spirits do not rouse themselves against the werewolves with the same hatred that other spirits exhibit. Even the spirits that flee the chaos deep

in the Hisil are just more immigrants to be assimilated into the great city. They have their own concerns, ones hard for any werewolf to understand. What does a spirit drawn from human activity and emotion, the spirits of rock and stone, of electricity and gas, of metal and glass and urban wildlife truly want? What thoughts pass through the mind of such a being?

A few amongst the *Farsil Luhai* have begun developing a body of lore that seeks to answer that very question. Acting under the mysterious influence of the city-spirit of Rome, one of the oldest and most powerful of the city-spirits, the lodge has grown from a few Ithaeur a century ago to dozens of werewolves of all auspices spread across the world.

This is one of the most secretive lodges that exist, and certainly the most secretive Iron Masters lodge within the mainstream of the tribe. The reason for the caution in revealing this lodge's existence is simple: the knowledge that a pack has a member who can seek out, talk and negotiate with the city-spirit that has influence over every pack in the city's territory would rip the delicate balance of power between the packs apart. Or, at best, such knowledge would lead to a swift death at the claws of rival packs for the unfortunate city-speaker. Perhaps, in time, the lodge will be able to accumulate a big enough body of lore to make its existence more public and spread that information through Ithaeurs throughout the Iron Masters, and possibly wider than that. That time is still a long way off.

● Gatherings of city-speakers in a physical sense are rare, and never more than two or three meet at a time. Lodge members try to minimize the chance of message interception by rival packs or the city-spirit itself. Information about city-spirits and dealings with them is often coded into fictional forms, a modern riff on the old tradition of using stories to convey accumulated wisdom. Anything from fictional blogs to painful fanfic to semi-professional efforts fly backwards and forwards, passing information as easily as possible between the various city-speakers.

Given all the problems and threats involved in being a member of the Lodge of Stones, why do werewolves accept membership in it? For one, there's the power that comes with it. City-speakers gain greater control over the spirits of the urban *Hisil*. City-speakers also have the ability to contact and reason with — never control — the city-spirit itself. And, in the end, they genuinely believe that these spirits are the future. As human cities grow, and their spiritual counterparts with them, whole new choirs of spirits are developing, and it may well be that the city-spirit of today is the Incarna of the future. And these could very well be Incarnae that don't hate the Forsaken. However, if the lodge members make a mistake, the city-spirits could also end up as powerful new enemies for the Uratha to content with. It's a high-stakes game, but one the city-speakers truly believe is worth it.

Patron Tribe: Iron Masters

PATRON SPIRIT

The Lodge of Stones has no given patron spirit. Individual cells tend to venerate the spirit of whatever city they call home, but the bond is not truly that of a patron.

JOINING THE LODGE

How does one go about joining a lodge whose own members barely acknowledge its existence? In fact, lodge members often

make approaches to likely candidates under the cover of the long-defunct Lodge of Bricks. Membership in that small lodge, dedicated to dealing with building-spirits, largely dried up decades ago. If a potential member shows any warmth at all to this approach from an obscure lodge with a generally redundant focus, that's taken as a good sign. Over a period of months, or even years, lodge members discreetly probe the candidate for an understanding of urban-spirits and the complexity of the local *Hisil*. If the candidate shows the right openness to urban spirituality, and the complex intermingling of spirit choirs it entails, as well as passing practical tests in dealing with ever-more powerful urban-spirits, then the lodge members move the candidate on to the final step.

The final test is an encounter with a city-spirit itself, preferably the one governing the applicant's native city. The experienced lodge member uses his experience and knowledge to track down the city-spirit and persuade it to meet with the young werewolf. This is never an easy process, and the lodge member may well end up on some strange quests indeed in return for the aid of the spirit, but only twice have cities refused to participate. On both occasions, the city-spirit had had negative experiences with the potential lodge member, which colored its judgment.

The would-be lodge member has to do three things to pass the test: survive, communicate with the spirit and avoid antagonizing it. The first is the easiest task for the werewolf to pass, unless he fails the last really, really badly. All but the most powerful werewolves are very low down the city-spirit's priority list, being only a few steps above the humans who throng the streets of the city. Given time, and repeated communication, a lodge member will become more significant to the city, but a raw initiate doesn't deserve much attention. Indeed, just by getting and holding the spirit's attention long enough to actually conduct a conversation, the Uratha has proved that he's worthy of membership.

What if the werewolf fails the test? Well, initially, very little. The werewolf might gain some reputation from local packs for having met such a powerful spirit and come away to tell the tale. He may well be enjoying that process so much that he doesn't notice that communication from this "Lodge of Bricks" has stopped. By then, it's too late. His contacts have dropped from sight. His application is over.

On a few, rare occasions, the werewolf then goes on to seek out the city-spirit again and again, and to establish some sort of relationship with it. The lodge members may have stopped communicating with the werewolf, but that doesn't mean that they're not watching him. If

he can achieve this off his own back, then he can become a member of the lodge. In an equally small number of cases, werewolves who have already had dealings with the spirit of a city are approached directly. Dealing with a spirit of that power can be an unsettling experience for even a powerful and experienced Iron Master. No predator likes to be reminded that there are creatures much further up the food chain than they, and there's no doubt that a city-spirit is a more powerful being than any werewolf. News of such dealings tends to travel quickly amongst the Iron Masters who, despite being more familiar with the city-spirits than any other tribes, still regard them as semi-mythical figures.

Prerequisites: Occult ●●●, Manipulation ●●●, Empathy ●●

Benefits: All members of the Lodge of Stones gain the ability to contact a manifestation of the local city-spirit on a successful Manipulation + Occult roll; this is an instant action, requiring nothing more than speaking to a telephone pole or scratching a note on a wall. A successful roll only indicates that the spirit has received the message. The spirit is not compelled to reply, but can act as it chooses. In addition, lodge members gain three additional dice in any Social roll that involves the spirit of a city or town, and two extra dice to Social rolls made to deal with any building-related spirit.

Lodge of Stones Fetish City Compass (●●●)

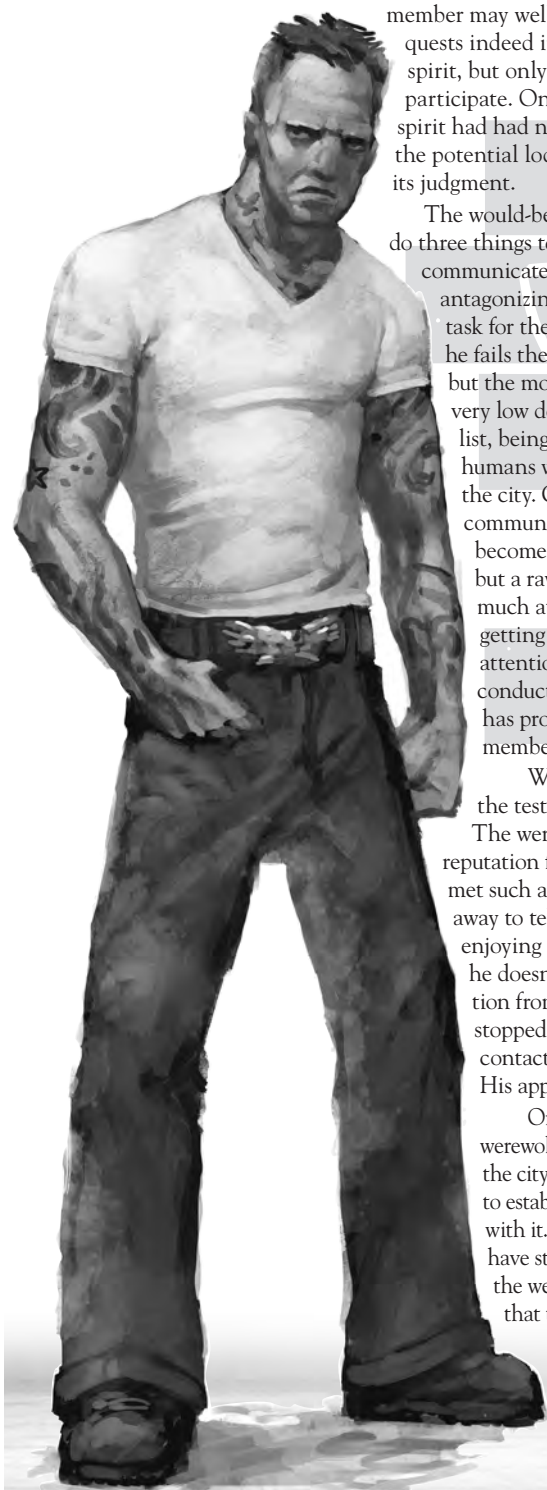
City compasses are treasured items amongst the Lodge of Stones. Lodge members can only create these fetishes with the active cooperation of a city-spirit, which orders a member of its own choir of local spirits to bind itself to the compass. Persuading a city-spirit to do this is no mean feat, and performing the chiminage needed can be pretty demanding in its own right. The compass points to any given locale where the city-spirit has focused its attention at any one point. Often, this is useless, as the city's focus shifts rapidly from place to place. However, when the city does focus its attention, it's going to be on something that the werewolves probably need to know about.

Action: Reflexive

Lodge of Stones Fetish Rite of Angry Streets (●●●●)

In *The Art of War*, Sun Tzu teaches that you must choose and control your battleground if you want victory. In the urban jungle, the city-speakers can control the battleground like no others. Experienced members of the lodge — and only experienced members are taught this rite — are enough in harmony with the agendas of the city-spirit to rouse them in anger to make life ever harder for mutual foes of the werewolf's pack and the city itself. The very city itself seems to turn on the enemy, making even the simplest task, such as passing through a door or navigating the streets difficult. Door jams and curbstones reach out to trip him up and urban animals attack unexpectedly from the shadows.

Performing the Rite: The ritualist walks the streets of the city, making purposeful, physical contact with as many buildings as he can. Some werewolves rest their foreheads against the objects they're talking to, while others lay their palms flat against their subjects. Some just walk along, running their fingers against the brickwork, leaving angry spirits in their wake. To each building, he whispers of the evil of the enemy they face. To every road and sidewalk, he tells of the harm that will be done to the city. To every animal lurking in an alley, he howls of the coming predator. He must spend at least half an hour per area the size of a city block to rouse the spirits and set them against the werewolf's prey. This rite cannot be performed more than once in any lunar month without offending the city's spirit.



Dice Pool: Harmony

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

Cost: 1 Essence

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: All successes are lost.

Failure: No successes are gained.

Success: Successes are gained toward the required total. If the number of successes reaches 15 or more, the rite takes effect. The werewolf may nominate one target, or a group of multiple targets that are bound together by spiritual ties (such as a group of Hosts or a werewolf pack). If the werewolf chooses to name multiple mutually bound targets, he may nominate up to one target per point of Harmony.

Until the next sunrise, an area of the city up to one city block per point of Harmony will become hostile to the named targets. The targets of the rite suffer a -2 penalty to all rolls that would ordinarily be subject to a distraction penalty while within the area of effect, as the city interferes subtly with their actions. The nominated city blocks must be adjoining.

Exceptional Success: Successes are gained toward the required total. If the number of successes reaches 20 or more, the rite has additional power. The penalty to Physical rolls is raised to -3.

LODGE OF STONES STORY HOOKS

- **The City Talker:** The pack encounters a lone werewolf, shabby and badly dressed, wandering the streets of their territory. He claims to be able to speak to the city itself and that he's a member of the Lodge of Stones, which none of the pack have heard of. Is he mad? Or can he genuinely be there to help the pack? Or does he have an eye on a pack member as a potential recruit?

- **Streets of Strife:** Something is wrong in the pack's territory. The urban-spirits are in uproar, and their anger is focused on the city's Uratha. Word is that other packs in the area are suffering just as badly. Then somebody arrives, claiming that she can talk to the city itself, and thus solve the pack's problems. Is this a genuine member of the Lodge of Stones, or is this an imposter from another pack, looking to take advantage of the chaos?

- **Help!** A mysterious, but frighteningly powerful, spirit approaches the pack again and again. The spirit clearly wants something from them, but none of the pack can quite understand the spirit's disjointed speech and mindset. The suspicion grows that the spirit is, in fact, that of the local spirit, and they need some expert help in dealing with it. But where can they find it? Maybe this rumored lodge of city-speakers could help...?

STEVEN ELLIS

Auspice: Rahu

Tribe: Iron Masters

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 4, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 3 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4)

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics (Military History) 4, Crafts 2, Investigation 3, Medicine 1, Occult 3, Politics (City) 4, Science (Sociology) 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl (Dalu) 5, Drive 2, Firearms 2, Larceny 1, Stealth (Urban) 3, Survival (Inner-City) 5, Weaponry 3

Social Skills: Animal Ken (Strays) 2, Empathy 3, Expression 2, Intimidation 4, Persuasion 3, Socialize 2, Streetwise 5, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Common Sense, Contacts (City Planning, Police, Fire Department, Sanitation, Construction Companies) 5, Danger Sense, Iron Stamina 2, Resources 3

Primal Urge: 5

Willpower: 8

Harmony: 5

Essence Max/Per Turn: 14/2

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Pride

Health: 8 (10/12/11/8)

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

Defense: 2 (2/3/4/4)

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

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

Gifts: (1) Clarity, Know Name, Left-Handed Spanner, Partial Change, Warning Growl, Wolf-Blood's Lure; (2) Anybeast, Attunement, Father Wolf's Speed, Luna's Dictum, Traveler's Blessing; (3) Death Grip, Sagacity, Voice of Command; (4) Know the Path, Rage Armor; (5) Communion with the Land

Rituals: 4; **Rites:** Any one- to four-dot rites from Chapter Two of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, plus the Rite of Angry Streets.

Ellis' personal creed is "Learn from the best." During his younger years, the headstrong werewolf caused endless trouble for his pack by constantly pestering Rahu from nearby packs to talk strategy and tactics with him at gatherings. This was rarely appreciated. Still, as time went by, his pack gained territory as a direct result of fights he got them into, so they let it slip. These battles also won the Rahu enough respect that he was finally able to have the conversations he wanted, and he developed into one of the finest urban combat strategists seen in the tribe.

That's why, in the end, the Lodge of Stones decided he would make an ideal candidate for membership. One of the keys to Ellis's successes in battle was preparing the battlefield in advance. While he remains no Ithaeur, the aging Rahu was always adept at striking mutually beneficial deals with urban-spirits, particularly with building-spirits. More than one enemy died in abject terror, after being herded into a seemingly haunted building. Now, Ellis is getting his own pack, and others, into battles all over again. Now, though, they're not fighting Ellis's own battles, but those that the spirit of the city feels are important.

Ellis is a bulky guy, with defined muscles, and notably broad shoulders. His face is squarish, with heavy furrows across his brow and a perpetual squint. He stands a little over 5' 10", but most people who meet him assume that he's taller. He's never seen without practical work gear on, ranging from a pair of fatigues and a sweatshirt in the colder months to heavyweight jeans and a T-shirt during the warmer months. He doesn't smile much, and really doesn't talk much, but he listens one hell of a lot. Loose lips really do sink ships around this Rahu.

LODGE OF SWORDS

THE HEART OF NOMAD WOLF

Ankakumikaityn the Nomad Wolf, also called Anka-Ur, has never been trusted. He is a faithless creature, knowing no home and no loyalty to pack or kin. Fathered by Dire Wolf in the era of Pangaea, Anka-Ur tracked across the endless wastes of the sickening world, only rarely chancing upon his family pack and sharing no time or affection for any of the other spirit-wolves.

Some time after the Fall, Nomad Wolf chanced upon his hated uncle, Fenris the Destroyer. Their growls became snarls, and their snarls turned to howls of challenge. Fenris was now a Forsaken totem, but Anka shared no such devotion, and barked accusations out of spite and disrespect. He called Destroyer Wolf a weakling for allowing himself to be enslaved by the sinners who had changed the world so dramatically with their crimes. Fenris-Ur could have torn Nomad Wolf to pieces, and, perhaps if he had done so, we would never have formed.

Instead, in a moment of rage-driven clarity, Fenris cut Anka-Ur to the quick with his snarled reply. "You are alone,

is nothing, because your life is nothing. Your existence changes nothing in the world. No beings mark your deeds now, and no creature will mark your death. You have no purpose, no Heart, and your deeds matter to none. In time, the world-spirit itself shall forget you ever lived."

Ankakumikaityn felt the truth of the words, and Nomad Wolf showed his throat in respect to the wisdom of Fenris-Ur.

"I wish to be marked, Destroyer Wolf. I wish my name to be known and my deeds to be spoken of by others."

Fenris told Anka of the passion and power of a life led by guiding worthy others, and Nomad Wolf again heard the wisdom of this alpha totem.

"Find my Blood Talons, wanderer. They shall be your cause, and you shall help guide their paws and claws as they fight to survive. Those that come to you, give them passion and purpose, give them Heart, the way I have guided you."

Uratha join the Lodge of Swords because they have a vision of how things should be done. For some Blood Talons, actively hunting out threats to a single territory isn't enough. They hunt for a more active role in the world, whether advocating a cause in their own domains and striving to see it through to the end, or taking their outlook and sharing it with others in neighboring protectorates. The Lodge of Swords is a gathering ground for werewolves who champion individual causes and work tirelessly to achieve their own personal goals.

They are sometimes called, not entirely inaccurately, crusaders. A crusader with skewed aims or a dark heart is a dangerous antagonist. One with a noble goal and the will to achieve his ends is an inspiration to all around him. These are werewolves who seek out a purpose, a "Heart," to quote the tale of the lodge totem, and are merciless in pursuit of achieving this cause.

A cause is more than just a dedication or a way of seeing the world. To these Swordbearers, as the lodge members name themselves, the Heart they choose exemplifies the way they hunt every single night. The life of reacting to threats and working to pacify the Shadow is not enough — something more must be done, something else must be felt, to make it all worthwhile. What good is endless battle with no clear victory in sight?

The Blood Talons, as warriors among warriors, must do more than they have throughout history if the Forsaken are to finally tip the balance in their favor. Warriors must also be war-leaders. Tactics, cohesion and unity are needed. The union of a pack is the Forsaken's greatest weapon, but one weapon alone is no longer enough. The Lodge of Swords is dedicated to bringing about changes that will hone their own packs into more than mere feral hunters. Leave the life of an aimless pack animal to the Pure

Second-born.

Alone with no pack, no passion, and no heart. Your growls mean nothing to me, because you mean nothing to the world."

At first Nomad Wolf roared in defiance. "Your heart is gladdened by your own slavery. I am free to live as I will."

And now Fenris laughed. "Your freedom





and their foul totems; the Blood Talons of the Lodge of Swords are above this, with a human heart joining the instincts of the savage hunter. A warrior's will must be focused into something, lest it be wasted as aimless Rage night after night.

Destroy the Pure once and for all. Bring about a lasting alliance with all the local Forsaken by proving domination over the Pure. Balance the Gauntlet by a dedicated campaign against the infestations of *shartha*. Take and hold every locus the pack can reasonably fight for. Abandon the weaker loci that are being strangled by neglect and concentrate fully on permanently controlling and balancing the stronger ones. Adopt a kill-on-sight policy regarding the Ridden. Ruthlessly cull the spirits that seem to take pleasure in dealing heavy-handedly with mortals, and slaughter any other denizens of Shadow that are even potential defilers of the balance.

Many of these goals are assuredly the goals of any pack, and many Blood Talons personally follow these aims. But the Lodge of Swords seeks to do these things now, now, *now*. When the pack is weak or healing, they must plan. When the pack is strong enough, they must act. They act directly and with the guidance of dedicated planning beforehand. A Swordbearer tells his pack exactly where he wants them to be, where he thinks their best chances of being effective are and just how they can best contribute to the coming bloodshed. The experienced members of this lodge are always thinking and evaluating events as they unfold, combining a wolf's moment-by-moment instinct of a situation with a human's capacity for reason and tactics. This, they believe, is the true meaning of being a Blood Talon — to do battle with the Wolf and Human in harmony. Other lodges can make claims of the same balance, but the Lodge of Swords takes this to much greater degrees — hence a good deal of the animosity between traditional *Suthar Anzuth* and the children of Anka-Ur.

Patron Tribe: Blood Talons

PATRON SPIRIT

One of the most controversial aspects of the lodge is the patron the members follow. Anka-Ur is the child of Dire Wolf, totem of the Predator Kings. Few werewolves, whether Forsaken or Pure, can overlook this easily. Many Swordbearers are not trusted because of their spirit-bond to the lodge totem, and, in some territories, hard-line *Suthar Anzuth* viciously oppose members of the lodge.

Anka-Ur's lineage is not the source of all duels and combats between the Lodge of Swords and the rest of the tribe, but the lineage is a constant sticking point. Other conflicts are often down to personalities clashing within each hunting ground, where the Swordbearer's personal cause conflicts with the approach taken by other Blood Talons. The whole "defying the will of Fenris" excuse is peddled out in many a fight between lodge members and other Blood Talons, but many *Suthar Anzuth* recognize the excuse as an excuse to simply crack the heads of those "allied with a Son of the Pure." Of course, battles in which the two opponents really are shedding blood over interpretations of Destroyer Wolf's will are among the most savage and fearsome conflicts a hunting ground can see between two members of the same tribe. Some Blood Talons argue quite convincingly that in the Swordbearers' "balance" lies a betrayal of Fenris-Ur's unreasoning love of destruction.

It doesn't help that nothing — even as grand a notion as the Heart — can truly change Anka-Ur's nature. Nomad Wolf is still a bitter and hateful creature, loathing all those outside of his lodge, whom he deems unworthy of his patronage. He has little respect for any other lodge totems, and shows his throat to no entity other than Destroyer Wolf. Interestingly, when Nomad Wolf deems a werewolf worthy of membership within the Lodge of Swords, the patron spirit appears respectful before the Uratha, and noble enough — even if in a noticeably sinister and predatory manner.

JOINING THE LODGE

Of all the widely known *Suthar Anzuth* lodges, the Lodge of Swords is perhaps the hardest to join. Anka-Ur only acknowledges those Blood Talons who give their absolute all, time and again, to carrying out their decisions. Few werewolves can be described as lazy or totally undedicated to *Urfarah's* duty, meaning that from among those that already shed blood, sweat and tears, Nomad Wolf chooses only a few who have the extra will to push harder and further.

Some *Suthar Anzuth*, those who *truly* go above and beyond what is expected of them in their packs, can sometimes attract a subtle following of weak carrion-spirits that are the eyes and ears of Anka-Ur. These emissaries take the form of rats, vultures, starved dogs or whatever unassuming creatures fit the local Shadow ecology. They follow and they watch and observe, remaining around the werewolf for exactly one cycle of the moon. This is commonly referred to as the Trial of the Heart, in which these curious spirits relate to Nomad Wolf whether they believe this Blood Talon really is a cut above the rest of the Blood Talons in regards to dedication and duty. In short, these spirits hunt for crusaders among the warriors.

When questioned, these spirits are not secretive. They admit their purpose without any need for demands or threats, and if slain (by the Blood Talon or anyone else) they are replaced within a few hours by others taking a different form but fulfilling the same purpose. Getting rid of these observers is next to impossible, and even werewolves sworn to other lodges can find themselves trailed by these spirits. Nomad Wolf thinks little of the other servants of Fenris-Ur and offers his chosen Uratha a position in the Lodge of Swords no matter what their previous lodge allegiance.

Any character who meets the lodge's high standards is a potential target for these spirits, but a Blood Talon earns the right to enter the Lodge of Swords through proving his or her dedication over and over again throughout the month-long observation. If the character has truly brought about significant change within his hunting ground — new alliances, new loci, the defeat of a powerful and longstanding enemy, etc., then he will be confronted by Anka-Ur himself. The totem appears to the Blood Talon when the werewolf is alone, speaks of his admiration for the character's Heart, and offers him a place in the Lodge of Swords if he wishes to bond with those who share his strength of will.

Prerequisites: Resolve •••; Brawl, Weaponry or Firearms •••; Glory ••, Purity ••; Willpower 6

Benefits: Swordbearers are given a Packstone upon joining, and exceptionally successful applicants may be gifted with a Mercy Gem as well (see p. 206 of *Werewolf: The Forsaken*). Lodge members are diligent in their causes and gain certain Skills quickly through experience. The experience costs of purchasing or raising these Skills — Brawl, Weaponry, Intimidation and Persuasion — becomes new dots x2 instead of new dots x3.

LODGE OF SWORDS FETISH

PACKSTONE (•)

Packstones are small, jagged, thumb-sized chunks of bone that are choked up and coughed out by Nomad Wolf himself. They are formed of spirit matter, but are manifested into physical form so that they appear undetectable from any other bone, beyond their unique, twisted shape.

The werewolf must carve Anka-Ur's name into the "stone" when he receives it, and make the attuning roll. If unsuccessful, he may try again next time he is in his lodge totem's presence. If successful, the character may take the chunk of bone back to his pack to prepare the fetish for its purpose. Every pack member

who grips the jagged bone nugget in her fist and draws blood from her palm is “remembered” by the Packstone. From that moment on, the owner can activate the fetish by squeezing it in his hand and drawing blood, and then detect the exact distance and physical health (in terms of damage taken) of each packmate, no matter their position in either of the two worlds.

Anka-Ur is said to consume spirits of carrion or scavengers to create these fetishes. He alone creates them for his adopted children, rather than teaching them the knowledge to make the items themselves; some Ithaeur have guessed that other powerful wolf-spirits might have the ability as well, but less cause to use it.

Action: Reflexive

LODGE OF SWORDS STORY HOOKS

- **The New Alpha:** A Blood Talon Elodoth of the Lodge of Swords arrives in the pack’s territory, earnestly seeking to join the pack and help out where he can. He is young and idealistic, and more than a little grating in his talk of crusades and honor. He takes a dislike to any Blood Talons who don’t share his passions, and constantly seeks to lure the pack into increasingly more elaborate and dangerous situations, insisting that it will all be worthwhile once his vision for their territory comes about. If he doesn’t see results, it’s just possible the idealistic newcomer might engineer some kind of disaster to spur the pack into action and into seeing things his way.

- **A Demanding Mentor:** An elder Swordbearer takes an interest in a Blood Talon character, certain that the *Suthar Anzuth* member of the pack has what it takes to make it into the Lodge of Swords. The elder pushes his “ward” day after day, offering up sincere praise for success but harsh criticisms for any perceived failures or differences of opinion. Whether the character really could make it into Anka-Ur’s lodge is down to the Storyteller, but the mentor is certain of it, and seems to be dedicating his final years to making it so.

- **The Mercenary:** A neighboring pack of Forsaken, one with a long history of rivalry with the characters, has recently been joined by a previously packless Blood Talon of high rank. This newcomer immediately takes control of the pack, forging them into a powerful unit that seems to be taking more and more of the characters’ territory each night and prowling around the pack’s main locus. It falls to the characters to decide what to do — will they be driven out of their hunting grounds by this newly remade pack, or will they confront the experienced leader and assert that they are more than capable of dealing with the own territory? And exactly how will the Swordbearer react?

ANDREW BLOOD-FROM-THE-SHADOWS

Auspice: Elodoth

Tribe: Blood Talons

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 2 (3/5/4/2), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 2 (3/4/4/3)

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 3, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Computer (Search Engines, Virus Negation) 4, Investigation 2, Medicine (First Aid) 2, Politics 1, Science 2

Physical Skills: Brawl 3, Drive 1, Stealth 1, Survival 1, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Empathy 2, Intimidation (Ugly Threats) 3, Persuasion (Logical Arguments) 3, Socialize 1

Merits: Encyclopedic Knowledge, Fetish (Mercy Gem, Packstone) 3, Language (First Tongue) 1, Resources 1

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 7

Harmony: 5

Essence Max/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Wrath

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

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

Defense: 3 (3/3/3/3)

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

Renown: Honor 1, Glory 3, Purity 3

Gifts: (1) Know Name, Mask of Rage, Partial Change, Scent Beneath the Surface, Warning Growl; (2) Hone Rage, Luna’s Dictum, Snarl of Command; (3) Leach Rage, Voice of Command

Rituals: 3; **Rites:** Rite of Dedication, Rite of the Spirit Brand; (2) Call Gaffling, Rite of Dormancy; (3) Bind Spirit, Bind Human

Andrew is skinny, unattractive and a little slack-jawed, with an overbite that could open beer bottles. Always the omega of his first pack, something about his attitude always seemed to trigger insults and derision from even bonded packmates. He took his new life as a balancer of the Shadow and defender of the hunting ground very seriously — gravely so — but this too seemed to draw ridicule even from his pack. They laughed long and hard when he declared his intent to join the *Suthar Anzuth*, though the pack members soon stopped when he returned after passing his Rite of Initiation with eerie speed.

His life took another turn when his pack’s territory began to erode under a powerful infestation of strange, previously unknown *shartha*. The pack lost fight after fight, and soon had to fall back to a secondary locus that offered little more than a trickle. Andrew, sick and tired of the whining and the defeat, decided to take matters into his own hands. He tracked out each locus in the area, assessed the creatures swarming over them, and then set about promising other local, stronger Forsaken packs huge slices of the hunting ground in return for striking at the invading spirit Hosts.

When he returned to his pack, he had given the other Forsaken enough information to succeed in destroying most of the invading creatures. His packmates were disgusted that he had surrendered their hunting ground to other packs, however. Andrew relayed the locations of each pack’s loci, and led his own pack on a dark crusade, driving away those Forsaken who were still weakened from the assaults against the *shartha* and, in some cases, even butchering his rivals. In the space of a single night, he had removed the threat to the hunting ground and reduced all the rival packs to pathetic pockets of resistance. His own pack, now the only strong group in the region, moved to a more choice area and defended it easily against the broken packs that remained.

That was six months ago. The nerd still endures some derision from his packmates, but they all listen intently when he clears his throat and calmly suggests whom they should slaughter next, and how it fits into his greater plan. He is a young man always thinking of the potential successes and failures in any situation, and is ruthless beyond measure in ensuring his own hunting ground remains inviolate.



LODGE OF THUNDER

STANDING AGAINST THE STORM

There was a time when even the Storm Lords stumbled and fell. Even us. It was a long time ago, in one of the earliest cities that humans had built. The Storm Lords had claimed the city for their own, and behind those walls their children forgot their faith, losing the purity of moonlight and the strength of the storm. Their own dooms would have caught up with them soon enough, but Winter Wolf would not watch those he had called his own wither and die. No, he looked on these wasted things who called themselves “Storm Lords,” and he swelled with rage.

So Skolis-Ur sent the storms to scour his faltering flock. He scourged them with thunder, lighting and rain. He flooded their fields and blasted their towers with thunderbolts. He would have seen them washed from the face of the earth without shedding a tear. But then he saw something that gave even him pause.

Amid the storms and the rain, standing against the wind and heedless of the lightning, stood one of the People. The young Uratha looked up into the storm clouds, and it was clear that he recognized the face of his uncle. He raised his arms, and it was obvious what he meant: “I am here. Destroy me if you will, but I will not bend. I will stand against the winds as my fathers did.” And as he stood there, two others stepped up, one to either shoulder. The three of them stood and stared into the storm, even though their hearts were filled with fear and their minds could see only death.

And Skolis-Ur laughed — laughed like a crack of thunder, his fangs flashing in the sky like lightning. With a slash of his paw, he marked the three who stood below him, their flesh cut and seared at the same time. Then Winter Wolf turned and walked back into the Shadow, and the storms faded. The other Storm Lords of the city were much ashamed, and they bowed their heads to the three who had stood.

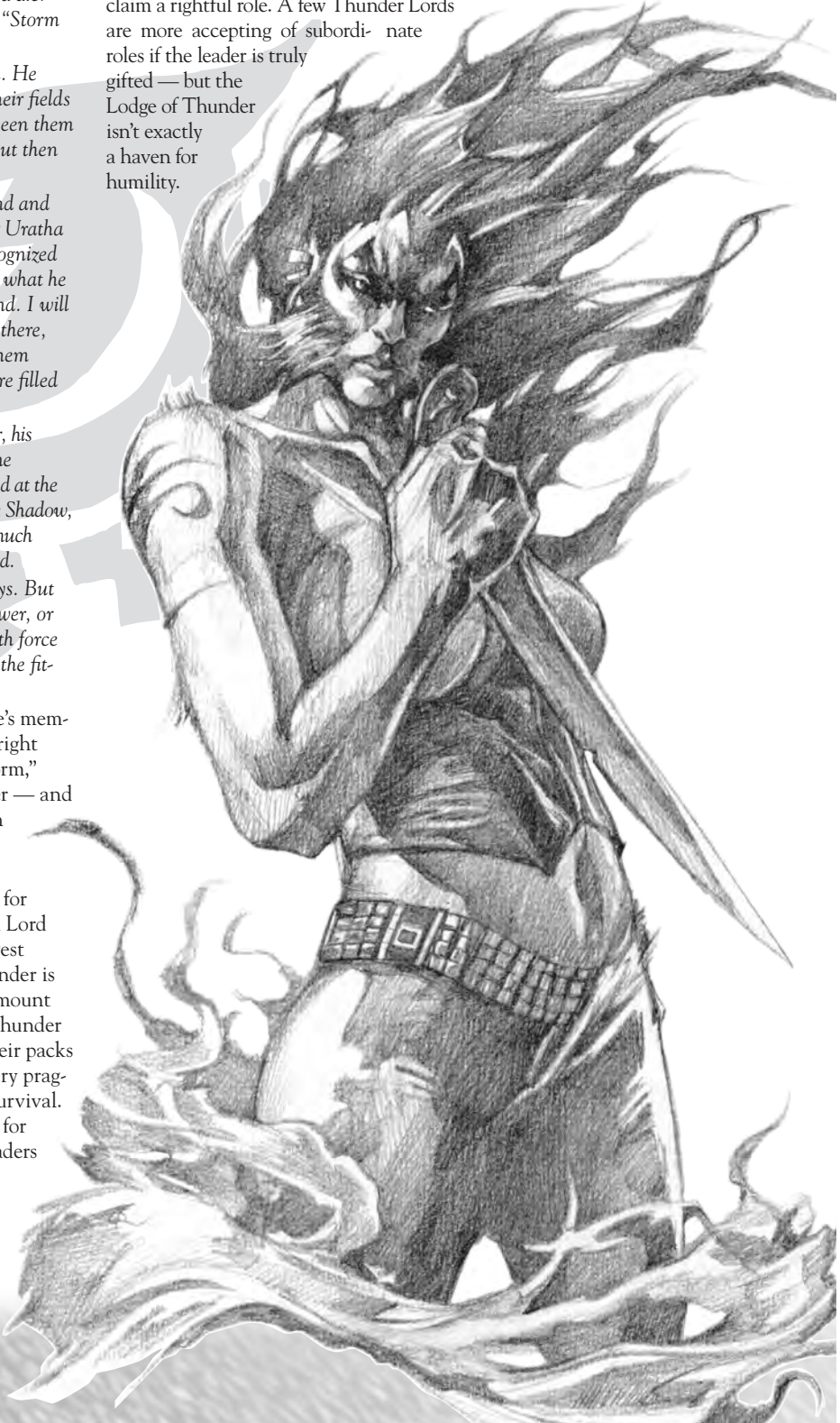
The scars would stay with the three until the end of days. But the three would not have traded those scars for beauty or power, or even for immortality. They had earned their right to lead with force and determination; they were the bravest, the strongest and the fittest. These were the first to swear the Oath of Thunder.

The Lodge of Thunder isn't subtle, nor do the lodge's members want to be. They espouse the most direct and forthright form of leadership. As one of the “three pillars of the storm,” they stand for one of the three recognized paths to power — and arguably the most widely respected. They represent open leadership through might and charisma, the path of the alpha who leads by strength of presence and sinew.

In an idealistic sense, the Lodge of Thunder stands for the idea of leadership by merit. At the core of the Storm Lord philosophy is the idea that the Forsaken need the strongest werewolves possible to lead them, and the Lodge of Thunder is a refinement of this mindset. Practically, however, the amount of idealism in the lodge varies quite a bit. Some of the Thunder Lords are outright brutes, using an iron fist to control their packs and any other “allies” they can overpower. Others are very pragmatic, reasoning that strength is necessary for a pack's survival. And, of course, some consider themselves to be working for the greater good; to their minds, they strive to be the leaders that the Forsaken deserve.

Not all members of the Lodge of Thunder wind up in a leadership position, of course. Some find themselves in packs in which the alpha is stronger or more charismatic,

and others may operate in areas where most werewolves follow another local champion. This can be particularly true when the Thunder Lords are outnumbered in an area; a city with a predominantly Bone Shadow population may be unwilling to show deference a Storm Lord, even if the *Iminir* in question is stronger than the local Bone Shadows of note. A situation like this often triggers the most competitive streak of the Thunder Lord, sending her into an even greater fervor to increase her own might so that she can claim a rightful role. A few Thunder Lords are more accepting of subordinate roles if the leader is truly gifted — but the Lodge of Thunder isn't exactly a haven for humility.



Despite the lodge's forthright nature, the Lodge of Thunder is still full of surprises. One of the first things anyone learns about the lodge is that it promotes the idea of leadership through open displays of strength or charisma. While absolutely true, this fact can sometimes lead other werewolves into underestimating the Thunder Lords. Even though they put the majority of their faith in obvious displays of might or compelling words, the werewolves of the Lodge of Thunder are still Storm Lords in every aspect. They learn cunning from tribal politics, and still hold to the mysticism of Winter Wolf's cult. There are Irraka and Ithaeur among the lodge as well as the brighter moons, and they don't abandon their subtler crafts as they pursue the more obvious path. Those who assume that a Thunder Lord has laid all her cards on the table can be in for a nasty shock.

The Lodge of Thunder, like the other two pillar lodges, is spread across the world. This lodge doesn't have a very tight central organization, however; the lodge is not supposed to need one. Members of the lodge prefer to interact with one another on a strictly peer-to-peer fashion; it's what keeps them from devolving into squabbles over prestige and who gets to order around whom. Though every Thunder Lord may fantasize about eventually being the one to stand above all the others, they keep the organization loose as a deliberate attempt to avoid the problem of "too many chiefs, not enough Indians."

Patron Tribe: Storm Lords

PATRON SPIRIT

The Lodge of Thunder has forged ties with a potent storm-spirit that enjoys being called the Duke of Thunder. The Duke's preferred manifestation is a suit of armor filled with dark clouds, bearing a powerful weapon and small war drum, with lightning flashing from its visor or eyeholes as it grows angry. This spirit is a distant patron that is content not to closely manage its adopted children. The Duke of Thunder expects its children to stand on their own.

JOINING THE LODGE

Most aspirants to the Lodge of Thunder seek out the lodge on their own. The Thunder Lords aren't exactly a secret society, and it's easy enough to tell which leaders are likely members. Similarly, the Thunder Lords can usually guess quickly enough which werewolves have what it takes to excel as forceful leaders, and therefore don't bother with as long an "apprenticeship" as the Crows or Winter Lords might require. Lodge members do demand to be impressed by the would-be Thunder Lord, however, which isn't as easy as it sounds. It's not enough to rise to the alpha position of your pack — once you've accomplished a few feats of true strength and compelled a rival pack to submit to your own, then you're closer to demonstrating what it takes.

The Lodge of Thunder's initiation ordeal is usually simple and punishing. In some areas, all the local Storm Lords are invited to participate, regardless of their lodge affiliations. If enough werewolves turn up, the initiate can be subjected to a gantlet of blows and sometimes even claw strikes. Other ordeals may take the form of a voluntary stoning, with the assembled werewolves set against the applicant. These trials are even more vicious than the human equivalents; the initiate can heal bruises and lacerations, even broken bones, and the Thunder Lords know it. The object of the ordeal is to stand back up to the punishment and carry on, to run the whole gantlet even after passing out, all the while resisting Death Rage. It's one thing to be strong — it's quite another to be willing to use that strength even after being beaten down.

Prerequisites: Presence ●●●, Strength or Stamina ●●●, Glory ●●, Honor ●●

Benefits: Thunder Lords gain access to the Inspiration and Strength lists as affinity Gifts.

LODGE OF THUNDER FETISHES

The following fetishes are favored by the Lodge of Thunder, though they may be made available to other Storm Lords. Naturally, these fetishes are created with the help of thunder-spirits.

RALLYING DRUM (●)

This drum is fashioned to resemble the drums sometimes carried by the Duke of Thunder, and is typically decorated with patterns of blacks, reds or yellows. The Rallying Drum is a fetish of leadership, designed to lend extra weight to a speaker's words. The werewolf activates the fetish while drumming out a building rhythm, and rolls *Dexterity + Expression*. For each success on this roll, he gains a bonus die to the next *Expression*, *Persuasion* or *Intimidation* check made to inspire or lead. This bonus may not apply to speeches or arguments made against the spirit of the lodge; the bonus might apply to a *Persuasion* check made to convince another pack to set aside an old grudge for the good of the Forsaken, but the bonus would not apply to a *Persuasion* check made to seduce an attractive young wolf-blood. If the werewolf does not make an appropriate *Expression*, *Persuasion* or *Intimidation* check before the end of the scene, the fetish's bonus is lost.

Action: Instant

ROAR OF THUNDER (●●)

The Roar of Thunder usually takes the form of a choker or collar, set with a gem or adorned with a large buckle that is the true focus of the fetish. This focus object is intended to ride over the wearer's vocal cords. When activated, the fetish allows the user to unleash a terrible shout, howl or roar that strikes like a thunderclap. All those within 30 yards of the user must roll *Composure + Primal Urge* — successes gained on the activation roll; failure indicates that the victim is deafened for two turns and suffers a -1 penalty to *Resolve* rolls for the remainder of the scene. The fetish owner's packmates receive an additional three dice to this roll. The fetish's powers may inspire *Lunacy* in human witnesses, as other werewolf supernatural powers (at +5 effective *Willpower*; see p. 176 of *Werewolf: The Forsaken*). Human witnesses frequently misremember the roar as a sudden thunderclap or explosion rather than a noise that could have come out of a living creature's throat.

Action: Instant

THUNDER KLAIVE (●●●●●)

The Thunder Klaives favored by the lodge are two-handed weapons, usually axes or hammers, graven with runes and glyphs that warn of the thunder-spirit bound within. The majority of these weapons are treated as great axes (see the *World of Darkness Rulebook*, p. 170); the hammer variants also inflict lethal damage, leaving terrible crushing wounds. Upon making a successful strike with a Thunder Klaive, the wielder may choose to spend additional *Essence* to add to the damage. Each *Essence* point spent in this way adds one lethal point of damage to the total; the werewolf is still limited by *Primal Urge* in the amount of *Essence* she can spend per turn. The additional damage manifests as a clap of thunder and blast of searing heat, virtually cauterizing any wounds created — not that the victim is overly likely to survive.

Action: Reflexive

LODGE OF THUNDER STORY HOOKS

• **The Successor:** A veteran member of the Lodge of Thunder has begun to feel the press of age and old battle wounds, and realizes she's not going to be able to hold on to her position for much longer. Her search for a worthy heir takes her to the players' pack; she decides that one of the characters may be the one to take her place. A Storm Lord of strong charisma or physical prowess would, of course, be ideal — but she might choose a werewolf from another tribe for some reason, perhaps a resemblance to an old companion. She provokes the "heir" to a duel, and, if defeated, then informs him that she's chosen him to take over her (quite desirable) territory, and possibly her pack. Will the character accept the responsibility, perhaps merging his old pack with the new? If so, how will the new pack take the news? If not, will the defeated Thunder Lord's pack fall to infighting, perhaps prompting an outside threat to take advantage and move in?

• **Status Games:** A Thunder Lord begins to speak ill of the players' characters to other packs in the area, citing the characters as a poor example of Forsaken virtue. Perhaps he speaks of the pack's leader as "weak" or criticizes the pack for its lack of aggression. If a multi-tribal pack, he may condemn them as "lacking in a central vision," or, if a single-tribe pack, he might point out they're "not well-rounded." Though the pack may assume that he's being malicious about it, as it turns out, he's attempting to boost the morale of his own pack in order to shore them up. When confronted by the players' pack, he offers that the two packs meet one another in a competition of some sort to settle things. But, although the Thunder Lord hopes for a friendlier bout than he's letting on, he's unaware that one of his packmates has recently fallen to the Bale Hounds, and is planning to use the competition as a chance to wreak some subtle havoc.

• **Hornet's Nest:** A new Thunder Lord enters the scene, either an immigrant from another area or a local Storm Lord who was recently initiated into the lodge. Soon she's made it clear that she wants to see the local packs show a greater united front, with herself as the natural candidate to lead the effort. When the locals don't pay her that much heed, she begins to "encourage" them by prodding the Pure and other threats into action in order to spark cooperation by necessity. She's a good fighter and quite charismatic, but is her well-meaning ambition going to cause more harm than good?

JUNO

Auspice: Cahalith
Tribe: Storm Lords

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 3 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 3 (3/4/4/4), Stamina 4 (5/6/6/5)

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics (Business) 2, Computer 1, Crafts (Sewing) 2, Medicine 1, Politics 2

Physical Skills: Athletics (Endurance) 3, Brawl 2, Firearms 1, Survival 1

Social Skills: Empathy 1, Expression (Articulate) 3, Intimidation (Glower) 2, Persuasion 2, Socialize 2, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Common Sense, Fetish (Roar of Thunder) 2, Resources 2, Strong Back

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 6

Essence Max/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Pride

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

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

Defense: 2 (2/2/2/2)

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

Renown: Glory 2, Honor 2, Purity 1, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (1) Crushing Blow, Know Name, The Right Words, Warning Growl; (2) Camaraderie, Mighty Bound

Rituals: 1; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication, Shared Scent

Juno doesn't answer to her human name any more; as far as she's concerned, the woman she was is better off dead. She married young for the wrong reasons, endured an abusive relationship and wound up addicted to prescription medicine. The Change overwhelmed her addiction and set her free from her marriage — after a fashion. She sought out Winter Wolf's tribe as much out of shame for her previous life as anything else, and vowed never to topple to weakness again. Another Thunder Lord in the area was impressed with her motivation, and gradually fanned the flames of her ambition even further.

Although she's well on her way, Juno isn't quite ready to challenge for a choice leadership role yet; she's focused on physical training and rerouting her money to a different identity, and has neglected the nuances of Forsaken politics and mysticism more than she should. She's interested in every werewolf she meets; she enjoys feeling a sense of camaraderie with other physically minded Uratha, and marks the more social or cerebral werewolves as those she might yet have something to learn from. Of course, she rarely admits openly to having things yet to learn; she's a proud one indeed. Her choice of the name "Juno" indicates her belief that she's the closest thing the living world has to a true thunder goddess.

Juno is an imposing woman with strongly Mediterranean features, thick, black hair and a powerful build. She dresses with the intention of casual intimidation, whether power suits in the heart of downtown or sleeveless attire for more casual occasions. Cahalith to the core, she prefers open negotiation to subterfuge, although her empathy could use some work. She's tried volunteering at women's shelters, but had to give it up; she discovered she hates looking at women who remind her of her previous life, and her sympathy would become angry contempt all too easily.

LODGE OF VOICES

DEATH WOLF'S SHADOW

Kamduis-Ur was nearing the end of her life. Her children had gone on to search for the knowledge of the world, and a part of her longed to follow them, but she was weary. One morning, she padded off to a great field and lay down as the sun rose, waiting for her soul to rise and be gone.

A wolf appeared nearby. It seemed to beckon her.

Kamduis tried to rise, but she was old and tired. She thought at first to leave this last mystery unsolved, that the wolf would leave her. But it merely waited. Throughout the day, it circled her, and she worked up the strength to rise. Just as she had, the wolf vanished — but then appeared again as Luna showed her beautiful face.

"I know you now," said Death Wolf.

"Do you?" it asked.

"You have nothing new to show me," she said, lying down again. "I wish only to rest."

"Don't I?" it asked, mimicking her move.

"Besides," she whispered, "I could never catch you."

"You couldn't?" it asked.

And with that it turned and trotted away into the night. Kamduis had left the field before she realized she was chasing it.

The Uratha honestly don't know what happens after they die. Some say their souls move on to a place that no werewolf fully understands. They might enjoy a reward for their toils on Earth or they might, as the Pure seem to feel, be consigned to a special Hell for kinslayers. Some werewolves believe that they return to this world, living many separate lives, while others feel that once the Funeral Rite is performed the last bit of a werewolf's soul rejoins the spirit courts. Some werewolves aren't even sure that werewolves have souls at all. No one knows for sure, but the Lodge of Voices has some compelling evidence for its theories.

The Querents, as members of this lodge sometimes call themselves, have come to believe that when werewolves die, their souls pass on to a reward (or punishment) that no living Uratha can fully understand. Even so, the Querents say, some part of them — their memories, their knowledge or perhaps a random collection of thought — becomes

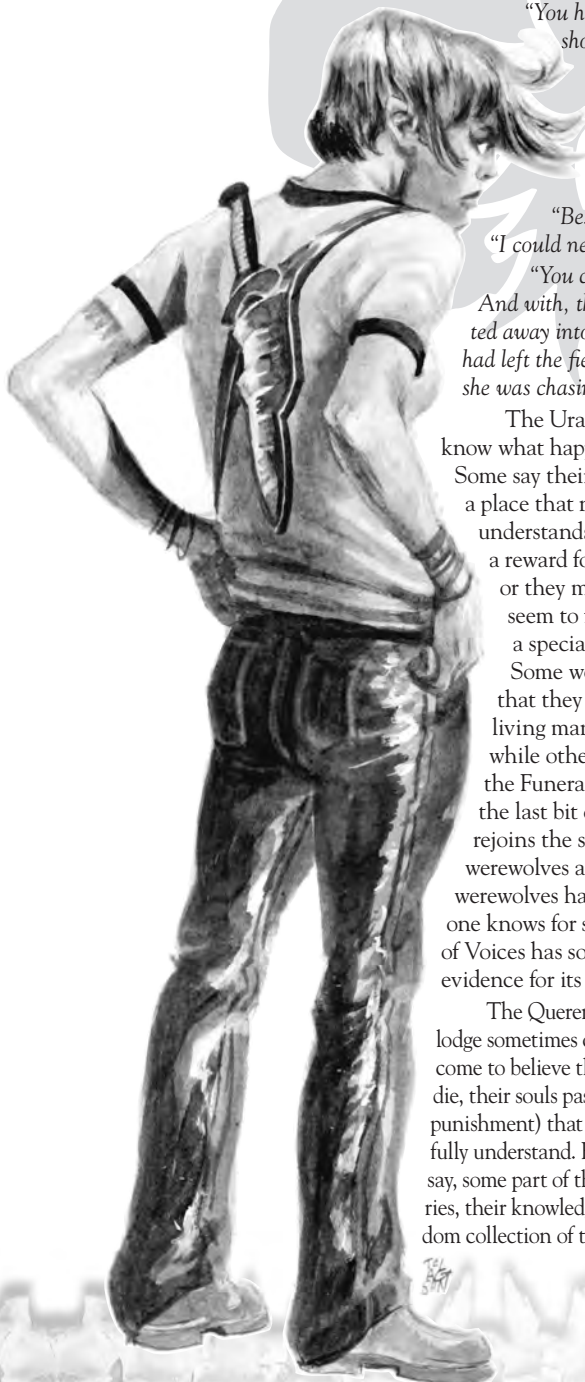
what werewolves know as ancestor-spirits. These spirits are not the returned souls of dead werewolves, not "ghosts" as humans understand the term. Instead, they are spirits of the Uratha race, just as a cat-spirit is a spirit of cats in general rather than the reflection of one specific animal. On the rare occasions that a given ancestor-spirit might resemble a specific werewolf, this is a reflection on the living werewolf in the conversation, not the spirit. The spirit appears as a fallen packmate or parent to garner additional emotion from the summoner, not because the spirit is that loved one's spirit. The Querents refer to the descendant of these spirits as the *Affahissu*, the Ancestor-Shadow. These spirits differ from, but seem related to, ancestor-spirits that watch over a particular family line of werewolves. The latter spirits, called *Imria Hithim*, act as guardians to specific families rather than patrons of the race as a whole.

The Lodge of Voices is primarily concerned with contacting and understanding the *Affahissu*, learning whatever can be learned from these spirits. The Querents have learned much over the years. They know that as werewolves die, the *Affahissu* grows stronger, but that it seems to work on some kind of cycle, since such spirits do not overrun the *Hisil*, as they surely would had they been accumulating since the dawn of time. The lodge has learned to tap into the memories of these spirits and learn from their wisdom, but, interestingly, retrieving personal, specific memories seems to be impossible, as is contacting any particular werewolf. This lends credence to the theory that the part of the soul that makes a werewolf an individual moves on to a different fate than whatever makes up the *Affahissu*. The Ancestor-Shadow seems to be just that, lingering reflections cast by once-living werewolves.

Even considering their accomplishments, though, members of the Lodge of Voices still have many questions about the disposition of Uratha souls. The Querents believe that their success in tapping the *Affahissu* is the first step in a breakthrough in understanding, and some members of the lodge push for long journeys into the spirit wilds to try and find where the Ancestor-Shadow might be located. Other Querents, though, raise an important question — what if every time a werewolf taps into the *Affahissu*, she weakens it a little more? If the Ancestor-Shadow dissipates, how long would it take to rebuild, and what knowledge might be lost? Come to that, how many Uratha would have to die before *Affahissu* would regain its present strength?

Querents usually keep their membership secret, as many other Uratha disagree with what members of the Lodge of Voices do. Some werewolves feel that the Querents truck with spirits that are not connected with the People and never have been, that they impersonate werewolves to dig their hooks into the lodge. Other Uratha simply feel that communicating with the dead (at least, dead werewolves) is blasphemous. And, of course, the very notion of the deceased being unable to keep their secrets is one that worries many werewolves — might a dead Storm Lord reveal the particulars of the Lodge of Crows to a Querent? On a more personal level, could a murder victim reveal her killer? That the members of the Lodge of Voices has no ability to extract this level of detail from the *Affahissu* never seems to silence their critics, and so most Querents do not reveal their membership, except to their packs.

Interestingly, one of the lodge's biggest opponents is another Bone Shadow society, the Lodge of Death. These werewolves feel that the Querents are meddling with forces best left to the experts (that is, them), and the elders of the Lodge of Death have offered on more than one occasion to absorb the Lodge of Voices into their own society. Of course, the Lodge of Death hasn't figured out how



to tap into the *Affahissu*, and the Querents aren't at all sanguine about the Lodge of Death's intentions if they could. At present, the rivalry between the two lodges is just that, rivalry, but the Querents do make a point to check for ghostly spies before preparing a member to access the Ancestor-Shadow.

Patron Tribe: Bone Shadows

PATRON SPIRIT

The Lodge of Voices takes as its second totem a strange wolf-spirit called *Hissu-Ur*, the Shadow Wolf. This spirit never appears directly, but when it needs to communicate with a member of the lodge, that member's shadow speaks to her. The lodge itself is unclear if *Hissu-Ur* is a spirit unto itself or is merely an aspect of *Kamduis*. One theory states that *Hissu* is a collection of all of the questions and doubts that *Kamduis* accumulated in a lifetime of searching for wisdom. This would explain *Hissu's* manner when it does speak with lodge members. The spirit normally answers questions with more questions, and seldom makes declarative statements.

JOINING THE LODGE

Most members of the Lodge of Voices join by invitation. The requirements aren't as stringent as some of the other lodges, but the nature of the work is esoteric and, as mentioned, upsetting to many other werewolves. As such, the lodge remains fairly small.

Whether by invitation or deliberate design, a Bone Shadow who wishes to join the lodge must speak with a member of the lodge and express his intentions. The lodge is careful to ensure that werewolves seeking power or control over spirits don't become members. Utmost respect for the *Affahissu* is required from every member of the lodge. This interview is conducted entirely in the First Tongue, as the lodge requires complete fluency in the language of spirits from all its members.

The main test of initiation is a journey into the Shadow, accompanied by a Querent. The applicant is required to speak with as many spirits as possible, showing respect (and, where necessary, restraint) and learning all he can from them. Of course, as many spirits hate and fear the *Uratha*, some amount of violence is to be expected, and the Querent watches the applicant to make sure that he can handle herself in combat with spirits. This trek through the spirit wilds lasts as long the Querent feels he needs to gauge the applicant's ability to deal with spirits, both forcefully and peacefully. The two *Uratha* then return to the physical world for the second part of the test.

The Lodge of Voices requires that all its members know at least one rite. The lodge isn't particular about which one, but understanding the basic precepts of *Uratha* ritual is crucial to dealing with the Ancestor-Shadow. For the second part of initiation, the applicant must demonstrate a rite to the Querent. Most of the time, he chooses something simple such as the Rite of Dedication or Shared Scent, but some werewolves choose to show off and attempt a more difficult rite. The rite must be performed successfully for the applicant to be accepted.

If the applicant fails any of these tests, or if the Querent comes to believe he is trying to join the lodge for the wrong reasons, the Querent may reject him at any time. Rejected applicants can try to join the Lodge of Voices again after gaining a dot of Purity or Wisdom Renown, and producing a *Lune* to vouch for the character's deeds that led to that Renown.

Upon successful completion of the tests, the new Querent is welcomed into the lodge. He must serve as an apprentice to a senior member for one lunar month, after which he undergoes the Rite of the Ancestor-Shadow. This rite, similar in form to the Rite of the Spirit Brand, allows the character to learn the Ancestral Vessel Merit. It is a level-five rite, and only the wisest and most powerful members of the Lodge of Voices ever learn it (learning this rite re-

quires Purity ••••• and Wisdom •••••). The rite requires the new Querent to keep his eyes shut throughout the procedure, so only the elder members of the lodge know what the rite really entails. Lodge members all report a sense of vertigo, as though standing at the base of an impossibly high summit. They also state that they felt cold throughout the rite, as though all of the heat had been leached away from them. Once the rite ends, these sensation pass, but ever after Querents are prone to have very cold skin.

In addition to opening the Querent's mind to the *Affahissu*, the Rite of the Ancestor-Shadow also alters his shadow slightly. After the rite, the character's shadow reacts to his body a second too slowly. Werewolves who know what to look for can therefore identify members of the Lodge of Voices by watching their shadows.

NON-BONE-SHADOW QUERENTS

The Lodge of Voices is a very small group, and not well-known outside the Bone Shadows. As such, the question of membership being extended to other tribes hasn't been seriously raised. There's nothing in the philosophy of the lodge to exclude other *Uratha*, necessarily, although, as a tribe, the Bone Shadows most often have the interests and the bent to engage in the kind of research that the Querents prize. If, however, a member of another tribe caught the eye of an important Querent, or if one learned of the lodge's existence and could impress the members enough, it's possible that he would be allowed to join. Such an event would require the permission of *Hissu-Ur*, of course, and the spirit is heavily biased toward the Bone Shadows, so even if the lodge gave permission, its totem spirit might not.

Prerequisites: Merit: Language (First Tongue), Wisdom ••, Purity •, Occult ••, Rituals •.

Benefits: Lodge members can purchase the Ancestral Vessel Merit. In addition, they gain a free Academics Specialty (*Uratha* History).

LODGE OF VOICES MERIT

ANCESTRAL VESSEL (• TO •••••)

Prerequisites: Lodge of Voices

Effect: The Lodge of Voices possesses secret rites allowing them to tap into the wisdom of the Ancestor-Shadow. This Merit does not allow a character to channel a specific ancestor. The accumulated knowledge of departed *Uratha*, however, allows a character with this Merit to accentuate his own experience with theirs.

A character with this Merit may attempt to channel the knowledge of an ancestor-spirit as a reflexive action. Spend one Essence and roll a number of dice equal to your character's Ancestral Vessel dots. Each success allows you to add one die to the dice pool of a specific Skill. That Skill may change with each application of the Merit. The Storyteller has final say on what Skill may be augmented. Ancestral knowledge isn't likely to be useful with the Drive or Computer Skills, for example, while it could be with Medicine, Crafts (using older materials), Intimidation, Brawl or even Firearms (especially with bows). A character can attempt to boost a Skill

he does not possess, but lacking a good frame of reference for the knowledge he suddenly gains, the unskilled penalty still applies.

Example: Jon's character runs afoul of an odd spirit. The Storyteller tells Jon to roll his character's Intelligence (3) plus Occult (0) to identify it. Jon decides to use his character's Ancestral Vessel Merit to channel some of the ancestors' knowledge on spirits, and manages one success. His dice pool for the roll is now 4, but because the character has no dots in Occult, the unskilled penalty still applies (-3 for a Mental Skill). This means, though, that Jon has 1 die remaining the pool, whereas without the help from the ancestors he would be rolling only a chance die.

Bonus dice last for the remainder of the scene. Ancestral Vessel can be invoked only once per game session, whether it succeeds or fails. If the effort fails, no other attempts can be made in that chapter.

LODGE OF VOICES STORY HOOKS

- **Invitation:** One of the characters in the pack receives an invitation to attempt to join the lodge (provided he has the proper prerequisites, of course). If the character has expressed an interest in ancestor spirits or the history of the Uratha, this makes sense, but if not, why is the Lodge of Voices interested? What information do they know about the character that he himself does not, and how did they get it? If the character is not a Bone Shadow (see the Non-Bone Shadow Querents sidebar), this issue becomes even stranger.

- **A Hole in the Shadow:** All of the werewolves in the immediate area, including the characters, begin having horrible nightmares. They dream of a vast, black expanse, almost resembling a tar pit, in which thousands of Uratha flounder and cry out. While awake, characters experience odd burst of insight (grant Skill modifiers at random). Have the Querents succeeded in finding the *Affahissu*? What have they done to it?

- **Witch Hunt:** The Lodge of the Death and the Lodge of Voices both have powerful representatives in the area, and their territories border the pack's. The Bone Shadows of the Lodge of Death wish to oust the Querents and scour their territory for clues as to their strange rites, and, to that end, spread stories to the other werewolves of the area (including the troupe's characters), marking the Querents as blasphemers and enslavers of ancestors. The characters might not believe these stories, but what if these horrific tales reach the ears of the Ivory Claws? They certainly won't stop with slaying the Querents. The members of the Lodge of Death might see their plan backfire horribly, and take all of the Uratha in the area down with them.

MARIE "SILVER MERCY" IVES

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Bone Shadows

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 3 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 2 (3/4/4/3)

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics (Uratha History) 3, Investigation 1, Medicine 1, Occult 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Stealth (Stalking) 3, Survival 1, Weaponry (Knife) 3

Social Skills: Animal Ken (Wolves) 1, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Ancestral Vessel 2, Fast Reflexes 2, Fetish (Decay Dust, Wolfsbane), Language (First Tongue), Quick Draw (Knife), Resources 3, Strong Back

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 5

Essence Max/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Wrath

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

Initiative: 8 (8/9/10/10) with Fast Reflexes

Defense: 2 (2/2/2/2)

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

Renown: Cunning 2, Purity 2, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (1) Crushing Blow, Sense Malice, Sense Weakness; (2) Blending, Slip Away

Rituals: 1; **Rites:** Shared Scent

Marie Ives had just inherited her father's fortune when she was "chosen." As it happened, it had nothing to do with money or social standing, but about survival and blood. A *Zi'ir*, a werewolf who had abandoned Harmony and become a crazed monster, broke into her mansion one night and started killing everyone it came across. Marie Changed, but stayed well hidden from the beast until she could lure it into her father's den. There, she hid in Dalu form and drove a ceremonial silver dagger through the unfortunate werewolf's skull, killing it.

Marie was wracked with guilt over what she had done, but the Bone Shadows who found her convinced that it was necessary, and that they all hoped that someone would end their misery and torment should they ever fall so far. Marie took those words to heart, and, after her initiation, she formed a pack dedicated to hunting down and slaying the Broken Souls.

Along the way, Marie began to wonder what happened to these Uratha after death. Were their souls, as the name suggested, broken? Could they ever find peace, or did they simply disappear upon dying? She asked as many Ithaeurs as she could, and eventually met up with members of the Lodge of Voices. They, too, were searching for those answers, and so Marie joined the lodge.

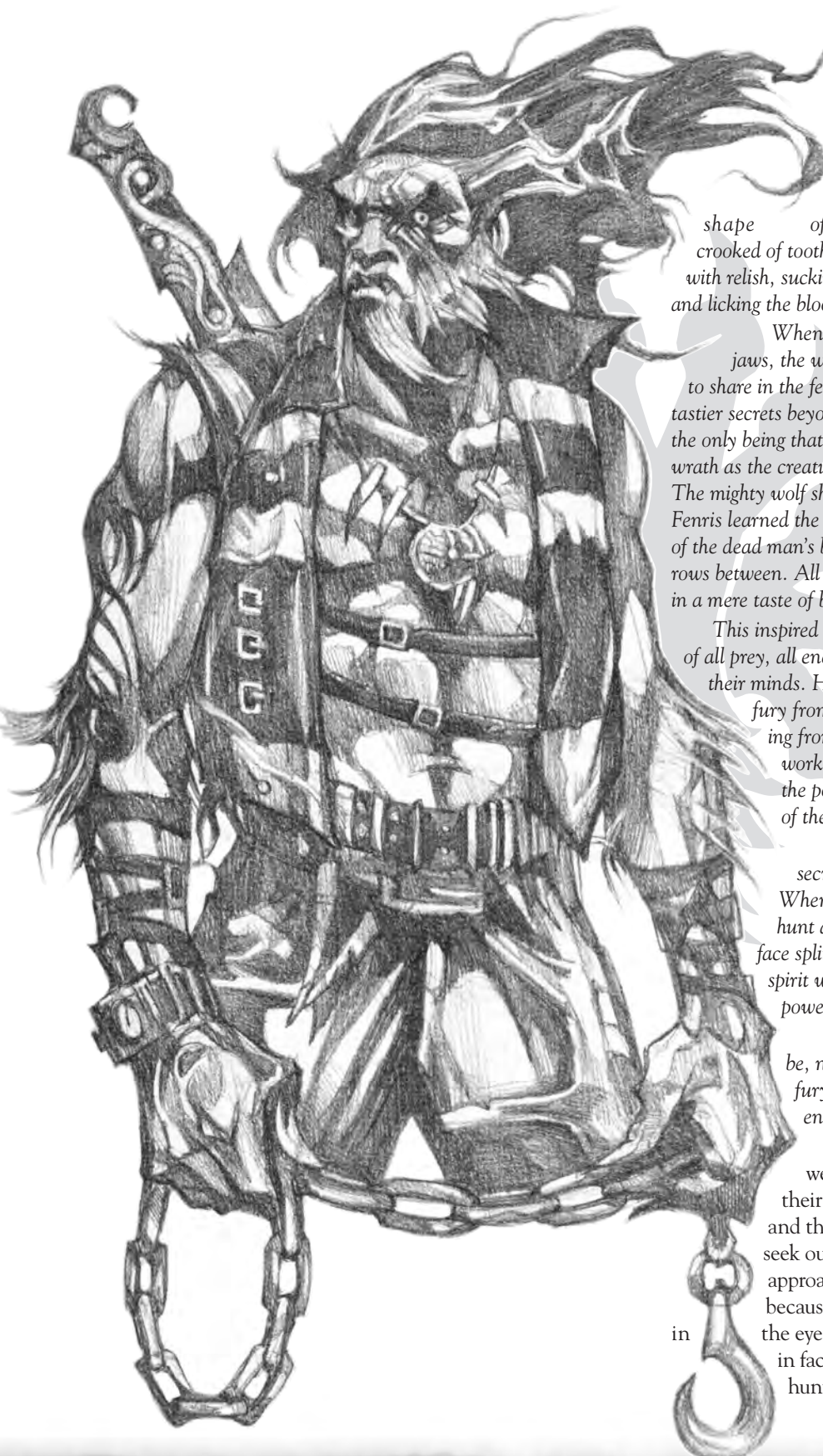
She and her pack still travel the land, searching out *Zi'ir* and bringing them down. Marie herself carries a silver knife and delivers most of the death blows herself. She knows the peril this puts her soul in, but she firmly believes that she is in the right, and this faith has kept her buoyed thus far. Sometimes, she wonders if the Ancestor-Shadow that aids her in times of need contains any of the Broken Souls she has slain, and if they are grateful.

Marie is a tall, slim, French woman in her mid-20s. She keeps her brown hair cut at chin length, and favors grays, blacks and earth tones, the better to help her blend in. She keeps a silver knife strapped to her back when hunting, but otherwise prefers to use any object at hand as a weapon.





LODGE OF WENDIGO



KINDRED OF THE CANNIBAL-SPIRIT

Once Fenris-Ur hunted on the edge of the Shadow and chanced upon an entity that balanced itself between the worlds of spirit and flesh. The spirit appeared in the shape of an ancient human, withered, hunched and crooked of tooth. This being devoured its most recent kill with relish, sucking the skin from the bones of a slain mortal and licking the blood from its fingers.

When Fenris threatened to crunch the spirit in his jaws, the wizened creature cackled and invited the wolf to share in the feast. It told the Firstborn how all blood held tastier secrets beyond mere flavor, and that he, Wendigo, was the only being that knew how to find them. Fenris stayed his wrath as the creature spoke, curious as to the spirit's meaning. The mighty wolf shared the kill, and, with Wendigo's help, Fenris learned the secrets within the blood. These were secrets of the dead man's birth and death and the many joys and sorrows between. All this knowledge came to the great wolf-spirit in a mere taste of blood.

This inspired the totem of the Blood Talons. The secrets of all prey, all enemies, could be learned by getting within their minds. He dreamed of his children unleashing their fury from within the midst of enemy packs, emerging from the shadows to strike their foes. It could work — it would work — if the werewolves had the power to know what secrets lay in the hearts of their enemies.

When Fenris asked if all blood held such secrets, the creature smiled a small smile. When Fenris asked if the power could be used to hunt and know an enemy's heart, the creature's face split into a wide grin. When Fenris asked if the spirit would teach his Blood Talon children of the power in blood, Wendigo cackled with glee.

And so the Lodge of Wendigo came to be, not a lodge founded in principles of fire and fury, but forged by the truth that defeating an enemy can come from knowing his secrets.

The Lodge of Wendigo is made up of werewolves who seek a path different from their tribemates'. Still Blood Talons through and through, members of the lodge nevertheless seek out and master unusual alternatives when approaching any physical conflict. This is not because of some desire to stand out or earn glory in the eyes of their tribemates — quite the opposite, in fact. The Uratha of this lodge take the hunt to the hidden places of their territories

because they recognize the values of stealth, surprise and learning an enemy's habits before launching the attack.

The werewolves sworn to Wendigo do not fight their battles within the shadows, though they use the cover of darkness and distraction in order to get close enough to strike. Infiltration, observation, tracking skill — these are qualities that a member of the lodge displays in addition to any of his usual Blood Talon virtues. A *Suthar Anzuth* werewolf is a fearsome sight in battle. He becomes all the more terrifying when he lashes out at his enemies from within their ranks; emerging from nowhere and letting out the howl that summons his packmates to the fight as he tears into them with his Gauru claws.

This lodge is one of the more widespread Blood Talon groups in the world, with regional differences existing between members of each continent or culture. Though the lodge cannot claim a great number of followers, it remains diverse and expansive in geographical scope.

The totem itself is a cannibal-spirit, and variations and alternative legends of such beings exist in most ancient human cultures at some point. The totem sometimes varies its appearance based on the cultural notions and expectations, though the spirit most often manifests as a withered, old, bloodstained man: Wendigo, the Native American cannibal-spirit. The lodge draws its name from interpretations of this myth, though again, regional differences occur, depending on individual members and their perceptions of their totem. Most of the world recognizes the Lodge of Wendigo as the most commonly used title.

The lodge members see their aims very clearly. While all Blood Talons must always be prepared for battle, these werewolves see great advantages in learning all they can of their foes before striking. When lodge members do finally attack, they attack from a position of surprise and infiltration, with the Blood Talon's assault often serving as the signal for the rest of his pack to attack while the enemy is engaged and off-guard.

The Uratha of this lodge spend hours, even days, scouting out an opponent's territory. Though the bonds of pack are just as strong for these werewolves, they are ready to leave their friends behind for some time in order to achieve their ends. There is a darkness within the Uratha of the Lodge of Wendigo, something that can make extended contact with them uncomfortable. Though they are as outwardly loyal to their packs as any werewolf, lodge members hold secrets that are never shared with other Forsaken.

No werewolf is forbidden from telling of his allegiance to Wendigo, but some of the suspicions of outsiders are in fact justified. Some of the lodge members practice secret rituals taught to them by Wendigo, rituals that hinge on the forbidden consumption of human flesh and blood.

Patron Tribe: Blood Talons

PATRON SPIRIT

The spirit that watches over the lodge is a vicious creature with a twisted sense of humor. The cannibal-spir-

it came into being because of the taboo feasts of humanity, and this "unnatural" birth has resulted in a strange, dangerous creature indeed. Wendigo doesn't just feel satisfaction when he uses his Influences or experiences a sentient creature committing an act of cannibalism; more than that, he actually thinks it's *funny*.

Wendigo is a dark totem for any Uratha to follow. He likes to remind his followers of the delights that are waiting for them if they're feeling brave. Wendigo has even been known to manifest specifically to poke and prod a werewolf into considering such an act — as long as there is no one else around, of course. When one of his lodge does succumb to the temptation, even in the uncontrolled fury of Death Rage, Wendigo delights in the werewolf's actions and the resulting mental anguish. Yet, for all his glee, the wicked, old man loathes his lodge's secrets being shared, and those who do so can expect to be picked clean by carrion-spirits before long.

JOINING THE LODGE

Suthar Anzuth werewolves who show a willingness to engage in stealthy, hit-and-run tactics in the defence of their hunting grounds are in the minority of their tribe, but certainly not rare. Wendigo ignores most of these Uratha. He takes special interest in those Uratha who go beyond the obvious and easy ambushes, infiltrating deep into enemy territory (sometimes leading their packs with them) and remaining unseen for lengthy durations, long enough to learn much of their foes' lairs, habits and personalities. Werewolves protecting their territories by such methods are likely to receive — in some form or another — a visit from Wendigo.

When the spirit manifests before a likely candidate, Wendigo the cannibal-spirit is most often in the shape of the elderly, wizened man with bloodstained lips and chin. If the Uratha has a specific cultural notion of what a cannibal-spirit might look like, then Wendigo will occasionally shape his appearance to match the werewolf's thought. Whatever the cannibal-spirit's outward appearance, once it has discovered a Blood Talon that seems suitable for the lodge, Wendigo appears to the werewolf each time the Uratha is on a silent stalk through the Shadow and isolated from his packmates.

Sometimes teasing, sometimes gravely serious, the spirit offers to teach the Blood Talon new ways of knowing his enemies' secrets and conquering his foes by guile and strength. If the werewolf rebukes the spirit several times and clearly shows no temptation, then Wendigo will never reveal himself to the Blood Talon again. However, if the Uratha shows interest or accepts the offer outright, Wendigo will explain a little more; hinting at the hidden costs of gaining a foe's strength and learning the secrets of the enemy. All the while, the spirit teases and insists that werewolves of little courage or conviction are unable to master the techniques, and that secrecy is paramount.

If, finally, the werewolf still accepts the offers, Wendigo tells him that the first secrets to be revealed are found





within the spirit's own blood. The totem offers the werewolf a few drips of his Essence-rich ichor. Those Uratha who accept this offer find themselves spiritually refreshed (back to maximum Essence) and dizzied by revelations as they realize Wendigo has offered them a place as one of its children. Those who refuse at any point of this last stage will never see Wendigo again, and never learn the lodge's real secrets.

Prerequisites: Glory ••; the werewolf must also impress Wendigo in the manner detailed above.

Benefits: Members may purchase the Rite of Blood's Revelation and the Rite of Forbidden Flesh with experience points. Lodge members train vigorously in the disciplines of surgical combat, and purchase the Skills Athletics, Stealth and Survival at new dots x2 rather than new dots x3.

LODGE OF WENDIGO RITES

The cannibalistic rites of the Lodge of Wendigo aren't common knowledge, and they aren't even popular among all lodge members. Some members refuse to follow Wendigo's example in this arena, but others feel that Wendigo is right when he claims that the strengths gained from forbidden food are well worth it. These rites tend to be passed only to those who already show some — tendencies. The Storyteller may also find them appropriate for the Lodge of the Feast (see Chapter 3).

RITE OF BLOOD'S REVELATION (•)

This ritual steals the memories from the subject's mind, ripping them in scattered shards and allowing the ritemaster to recall events as they happened to the victim. Though the process is painless for the victim and the victim retains her memory, some victims will experience momentary disorientation if they try to remember any of the memories that have been "stolen." Unfortunately for the ritualist, he has no control over which memories are taken, which often end up being a clashing mixture of recent events and long-buried recollections.

Performing the Rite: The ritualist must have tasted (and swallowed) some of the subject's blood within the last 24 hours. If he has done so, the werewolf is able to meditate on the act of consuming another creature's blood and unlock the secrets of the victim's life. Some werewolves believe that this is a prayer of sorts to Wendigo, and it is the totem that steals the victim's memories. Others insist that all memories of a creature's life are contained within its blood, whether they argue from a scientific DNA standpoint or mere belief in the power of blood.

Dice Pool: Harmony contested by victim's Resolve + Primal Urge

Action: Instant and contested

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The rite fails, and the Uratha must taste the target's blood again if he ever wishes to make another attempt.

Failure: The rite simply fails.

Success: The Uratha can access a store of the subject's memories, which are now within his own mind. It is confusing at first, though the werewolf is always aware that the events "never happened to him," as such. Storytellers should feel free to describe the chaotic nature of the memories that come in a broken stream of information.

Exceptional Success: The werewolf "remembers" some of the subject's memories that immediately relate to a certain factor that interests the ritualist.

RITE OF FORBIDDEN FLESH (•••)

The Lodge of Wendigo is well aware of the secrets and the strength within blood, flesh and bone. By taking into themselves parts of their enemies, those werewolves with particular loyalty to the cannibal-spirit also take in their enemies' power — be it knowledge or physical might.

This spiritual magic is clearly unacceptable within the greater body of Forsaken culture. The Uratha within the Lodge of Wendigo must be ever vigilant that they do not fall from Harmony by pursuing this rite too readily. Any werewolf ever caught teaching the Rite of Forbidden Flesh to an outsider is signing his death sentence. Wendigo himself senses the use of these rituals, and will appear in wrathful form should his lodge be betrayed. Overusing the Rite of Forbidden Flesh is a certain way to tempt degeneration and insanity.

Performing the Rite: The ritualist must have eaten and swallowed at least a mouthful of human, wolf or werewolf flesh within the last hour to perform this rite. If he has done so, the werewolf can enhance his own strength, drawing on the favor of his totem and its cannibalistic power. The ritemaster meditates upon the act of cannibalizing another living creature as he beseeches the lodge totem for health and strength. Some werewolves believe that the ritual unlocks the supernaturally potent aspects of cannibalism, though some are certain it is a way to literally contact the totem with a show of dedication.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The rite fails, and the werewolf automatically loses a point of Harmony from the guilt and corrupt nature of this act.

Failure: The rite fails. The Uratha must eat more flesh if he wishes to make another attempt.

Success: The cannibalistic act has infused the werewolf with healing energy and strength. For the next hour, he gains one additional Health point and +1 Strength (both are cumulative with shapeshifting modifiers).

Exceptional Success: The bonus lasts for the next four hours.

LODGE OF WENDIGO STORY HOOKS

• **The Old Man:** Wendigo fixes his attention on one of the Blood Talons in the pack, creat-

ing havoc and making the werewolf's life hell in several ways. When it finally comes to a head and the Blood Talon confronts the old man, the spirit reveals that the Uratha once ate chunks from another werewolf's corpse when he was lost to Death Rage. Wendigo now sees a great deal of promise in the Uratha, provided he joins the lodge and learns the secrets within.

- **Fallen:** A Blood Talon of the Lodge of Wendigo in the neighboring territory has succumbed to a terrible loss of Harmony. She has fled her pack, now stalking the streets alone and committing cannibalistic murders in back alleys. The other pack petitions the characters for aid in bringing the rogue werewolf down. Has the crazed werewolf made any unusual spirit-allies in the time she has been away? And how will the characters track her? What if she now makes her haven in the shelter of a Wound?

- **Guerrilla War:** A pack composed mostly of Lodge of Wendigo members becomes embroiled in an ongoing struggle with a Predator Kings pack that matches their own tactics and approach. Due to the indirect nature of their struggle, their skirmishes range all over the area, crossing over into the players' own territory from time to time and causing some measure of collateral damage. To stop the struggle, the characters may join up with the followers of Wendigo — if the characters can keep up — or try to run both packs out of the area.

DANIEL THUNDERSTAR

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Blood Talons

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 2, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 3 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4)

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 3, Composure 4

Mental Skills: Academics (Native American History) 3, Crafts (Car Repair) 2, Investigation 3, Medicine 1, Occult (Spirit Wilds) 3

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Drive 1, Firearms 1, Stealth 4, Survival 4, Weaponry (Spear) 3

Social Skills: Empathy 2, Intimidation (Threatening Silence) 3, Persuasion 2, Socialize (Life of the Party) 3, Subterfuge 4

Merits: Contacts (Truck-Stop Folks, Truckers) 2, Fast Reflexes 2, Fetish (Klaive Spear) 4, Language (First Tongue) 1, Resources 1, Totem 3, Weaponry Dodge

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 4

Essence Max/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Justice

Vice: Gluttony

Health: 8 (10/12/11/8)

Initiative: 9 (9/10/11/11) with Fast Reflexes

Defense: 2 (all forms)

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

Renown: Cunning 3, Honor 2, Purity 3

Gifts: (1) Call Water, Loose Tongue, Sense Weakness, The Right Words, Wolf-Blood's Lure; (2) Camaraderie, Manipulate Earth, Scent of Taint, Sand in the Eyes, Slip Away; (3) Distractions, True Leader

Rituals: 3; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Blood's Revelation, Rite of Dedication, Banish Human, Shared Scent, Rite of the Spirit Brand; (2) Banish Spirit, Call Gaffling; (3) Rite of Forbidden Flesh

The first thing anyone notices about Daniel is his emaciated figure. He is whip-lean, with his bunched muscles clinging tightly to his bones and without an inch of fat on his body. His cheeks are slightly sunken, and he has dark rings around his eyes, as though he's starving and hasn't slept in days. He isn't an unhealthy guy, nor does his slight frame lack strength, but the tolls of his wandering lifestyle coupled with the knowledge of his cannibalism is slowly wearing him away.

He was born on a Native American reservation in North America, though he quickly left to pursue a slew of "nowhere" jobs in a series of cities. When he talks about his past, he cites a number of jobs as a roadie, car mechanic, apprentice electrician and construction worker. He refuses to speak of his life on the reservation, and seems to have no contact with his family. He also refuses to speak of his membership to the Lodge of Wendigo, and prefers if no one knows of his allegiance at all.

In social situations, Daniel is charming and talkative, as well as being an eager listener. He has a wealth of drinking games that he likes to unleash upon an unsuspecting crowd, and no shortage of stories of funny happenings and accidents from his life on the road. Currently, he is looking for a pack to join, in the hope he can find some stability in his life and beat the growing addiction to using the Rite of Forbidden Flesh. Wendigo himself has visited the werewolf and warned against the excessive uses of the ritual; such is Daniel's potential for further degeneration that even Wendigo is no longer laughing.

Daniel took the deed name Thunderstar from what he calls his "vision-quest." Several years ago, he deprived himself of food for a week and a half in order to go cold turkey on the emerging addiction to cannibalism. He experienced repeating hallucinations of a storm in the sky, and a single star pulsing with light amongst the clouds. He has no idea what this vision could mean, if anything, and is looking for an Ithaeur he can trust enough to discuss it.



LODGE OF WINTER

THE SLOW AND PATIENT STRENGTH

Many years ago, a young Irraka gathered up the courage to go to Skolis-Ur and ask him how it was that he had bound the four winds to his service. She went through many trials to reach his icy cave, which are stories someone else can tell you. But, at last, she managed to amuse him, and he agreed to answer her question for her. The conversation, as I was taught it, ran like so:

"How is it, great Skolis-Ur, that the winds serve you? Did they come to you of their own accord, recognizing your might?"

"No," growled Winter Wolf.

The young Irraka shifted in her seat and cocked her head. "Then how is it that you were able to bind the winds to your will? Are you so fleet that they could not outrun you?"

"No," growled Winter Wolf, though a spark of amusement was lit in his cold blue eyes. "The winds are faster than I am."

"Then was your strength enough to pull them from the skies and leash them? Can you catch the winds in your jaws alone?"

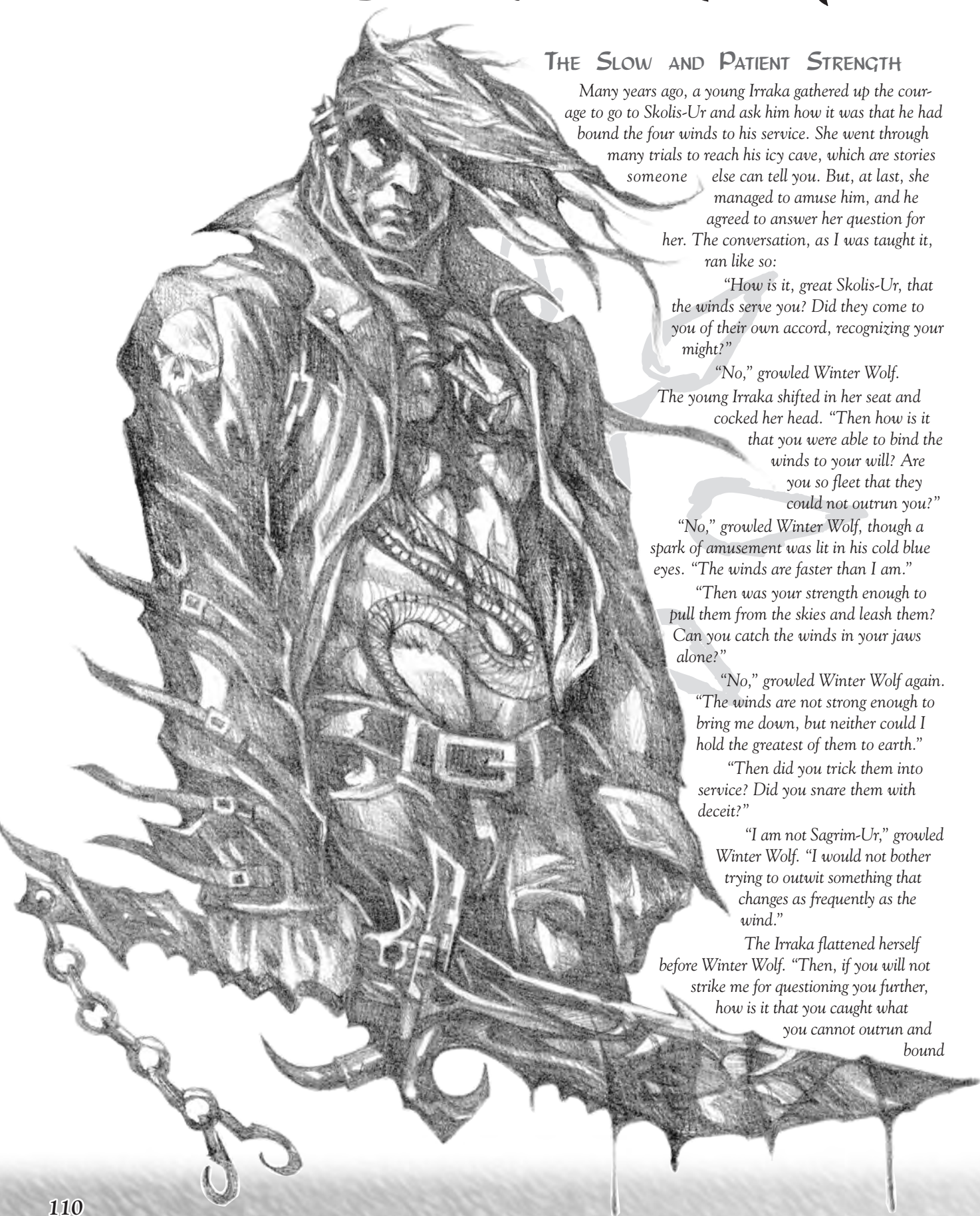
"No," growled Winter Wolf again.

"The winds are not strong enough to bring me down, but neither could I hold the greatest of them to earth."

"Then did you trick them into service? Did you snare them with deceit?"

"I am not Sagrim-Ur," growled Winter Wolf. "I would not bother trying to outwit something that changes as frequently as the wind."

The Irraka flattened herself before Winter Wolf. "Then, if you will not strike me for questioning you further, how is it that you caught what you cannot outrun and bound



what you cannot hold? What secret strength do you have that is beyond the might we can already see?"

Skolis-Ur laughed, and the Irraka shuddered to hear the terrible sound. "Little cub," he snarled, "my strength is patience. I watched the winds for timeless years, learning where they would blow and where they would rest themselves. I gathered the knowledge to bring them under my paw, and I caught them when they were idle. I respect that you had the patience to learn the paths to my lair to ask me this, and this is why I share the knowledge. Although," and his blue eyes shone with cold fire as he stared at her, "you should have other reasons to be glad that I learned patience so long ago."

The People are strong — that much any fool can see. Even the runt of the litter who Changes becomes more powerful than the human herd around him. Thus, some argue, the true measure of an Uratha's power is if his mind is strong as well as his body. No werewolves epitomize this more than those of the Lodge of Winter.

Like other Storm Lord lodges such as the Crows and Thunder Lords, the Lodge of Winter is predicated on a philosophy of gaining power (for the good of the People, of course). The Winter Lords believe in a path to power that is cold, slow and inexorable. When approaching a new target or problem, they begin by gathering information quietly and subtly, like a slight chill in the air. As they begin to discover weaknesses in their enemies, they maneuver into place to exploit those weaknesses, preparing mystical attacks and careful battle plans as neatly as the silent first fingers of frost. When, at last, they're ready to unleash the full brunt of their offensive, the winter storm hits without warning.

The lodge places more than a little emphasis on the cerebral. The wisest among the lodge members are the most revered, while stories of reckless abandon impress lodge members not at all. Winter Lords tend to favor mystical and spiritual power over raw physical might; they pursue new Gifts and rites more vigorously than other Storm Lords, and are quick to incorporate those abilities into their tactics.

The Lodge of Winter is centrally organized, in particular tied into the Storm Lords tribe. The Lodge of Winter is noted as one of the "three pillars of the storm," and most Storm Lords know at least the rumors of a Winter Lord's location. Winter Lords meet infrequently, usually during the winter, to perform ritual sacrifice to their patron spirits and exchange tales, tactics and mystical lore. They work well with werewolves of other tribes, most notably the Bone Shadows, but are averse to considering any but Storm Lords for lodge membership. Philosophical differences aside, it's not likely Grandfather Winter would approve.

Patron Tribe: Storm Lords

PATRON SPIRIT

One of the myriad storm-spirits brought to heel by Skolis-Ur, Grandfather Winter represents slow and inexorable might. According to the lodge's legend, the ancient winter-spirit was one of the first spirits made to pay homage to Winter Wolf. With the patience learned from

Grandfather Winter — as well as the vast knowledge the spirit had gathered regarding its relatives — that Skolis-Ur managed to hunt down and bind some of the most powerful weather-spirits in the Shadow.

The lodge's patron is cold and almost sluggish; it takes time to rouse Grandfather Winter to true anger. When properly incensed, however, the spirit cannot be placated by any means short of the direct intervention of Skolis-Ur until the spirit has gained its revenge.

JOINING THE LODGE

Entering the Lodge of Winter is not a quick process — if it were, that would defeat the point. A would-be Winter Lord must first impress a lodge member in good standing with her potential. That potential is then tested over several months, as the Winter Lord watches over the aspiring initiate and measures her capacity for patience and perseverance. This period usually lasts from three to nine months, but is said to have run for years in some cases. The Winter Lord doesn't tell his charge exactly when she'll be allowed to take the ordeal until she's actually ready (by his estimation).

Initiation into the lodge always takes place during winter. The initiation rite matches many Storm Lord initiation rites — a test of endurance and willpower first and foremost. Where the winter initiation rites vary is in the principle of testing the applicant's ability to think during privation. The applicant is taken out into a desolate stretch of land during a particularly cold winter night — during a snowstorm is ideal. There, she is given a complicated puzzle, a series of riddles or a scavenger hunt to solve. The nature of the intellectual challenge is always such that it cannot be solved immediately (best represented with an extended roll if the player and Storyteller choose to use dice to roleplay the ordeal). The initiate is being tested on her ability to concentrate and think laterally even while distracted by severe discomfort.

If the initiate fails the test, she may not attempt to enter the lodge again until the next winter (barring extraordinary deeds that cannot help but impress other Winter Lords). If she succeeds, the other Winter Lords presiding work the initiation rite into a warming ritual — it's most common to rub the new member in the still-warm ashes of a just-extinguished fire, finally cleansing her with melted snow. Urban legend holds that the initiation always marks a Winter Lord with a white streak of hair or patch of fur; though not universally true, it has been known to happen, and some Lords will bleach a part of their hair simply to play up the mystique.

Prerequisites: Resolve ••, Rituals ••, Wisdom •••

Benefits: Winter Lords may learn Insight Gifts as affinity Gifts. In addition, a member is taught a rite of her choice (dependent as usual on her Rituals trait) upon entry to the lodge. This free rite costs no experience points. Most rites are acceptable for selection, although the Storyteller can rule that certain rites (particularly those peculiar to lodges) are off-limits.

LODGE OF WINTER RITES

BLINDING THE EYE (••••)

Members of the Lodge of Winter continually search out new rites of all sorts, but are of course partial to those rites that increase their personal power. Blinding the Eye is an example of the worst of these rites, those that do not enhance the ritemaster so much as weaken or injure his enemies. The werewolf with this rite who obtains a personal possession or bit of body matter from a target can use it as a bridge to strike his enemy blind. Though the effects are not usually permanent, a cunning Storm Lord will time the rite for maximum effect — during a target's morning commute, for instance.

Performing the Rite: The werewolf must have some sort of object with a sympathetic link to the target; the closer to the eyes, the better. An eyelash is considered the ideal ritual focus. The ritemaster lets some of his blood fall on the focus as he chants the formal curses in the First Tongue. If the rite is successful, the victim's vision is overcome with a blood-red haze that quickly deepens to pitch blackness.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (5 successes; each roll represents one minute)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: All successes are lost. If the ritemaster did not already have any successes to lose (such as on the first roll of the rite), the curse backfires; the ritemaster is blinded for 10 minutes as his target would have been.

Failure: No successes are gained.

Success: Successes are gained. If the werewolf reaches 5 or more successes, the rite takes effect. The target must roll Resolve + Primal Urge – the ritemaster's Harmony. Success indicates no effect; failure indicates the target is struck blind for one minute per success. Humans are particularly susceptible to this rite, and lose their vision for one hour per success if they fail the Resolve roll.

Exceptional Success: Successes are gained. If the werewolf reaches 10 or more successes, the rite takes effect as above, but the duration is increased to one hour per success (or permanently, in the case of a human target).

Suggested Modifiers

Modifier	Situation
+1	Sympathetic material is vision-related (eyeglasses, eyelash)
+1	Sympathetic material is part of the target's body (nail clipping, hair, blood)
-1	Sympathetic material is not part of the target's body (shirt, wallet)

RITE OF THE ALPHA'S BLESSING (••••)

This rite is a particular favorite of the Lodge of Winter's ritualists, as it offers power for power — those who obey the ritemaster are rewarded with spiritual might.

According to lore, the rite was originally stolen from the Ivory Claws, who used it to cement their leadership position over the other Pure. This rite works only on participants who are willing to swear obedience to the ritemaster; for as long as they follow his orders, they are mystically fortified, but should they disobey or question him at any point, the blessing ends. Despite the relatively painless consequences of disobedience, many Uratha are unwilling to receive the blessings of this rite — particularly other Storm Lords. It is a rite that offers its power only to those who are willing to bend knee.

Performing the Rite: Those who are willing to be subjected to the rite must gather before the ritemaster in a fashion that demonstrates their willingness to obey; it is common to kneel, though some prefer to take wolf form and hold a submissive posture. The ritemaster anoints each of the subjects with her own blood, a sign of her willingness to lend them power. As the ritemaster proceeds, she asks repeated oaths of loyalty from the recipients in the First Tongue — each one a formal charge such as “Should I ask it, you will give me food” and “Should I ask it, you will kill.” To each charge, the recipient responds in the First Tongue, “*Ha seah*” — “I obey.” At the completion of the rite, the ritemaster must give the subjects at least one command to prove to the spirits that she truly seeks obedience — “Do as you will” and similar “orders” mock the purpose of the rite, and are not acceptable. Most Winter Lords have no difficulty whatsoever in finding orders for their allies, of course.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (10 successes per recipient; each roll represents one minute)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: All successes are lost. It is unlikely that the recipients are willing to endure another attempt in the face of the ritemaster's incompetence.

Failure: No successes are added.

Success: Successes are added. If the ritemaster reaches a number of successes equal to or greater than 10 per follower, the rite is a success. Each recipient receives a +1 bonus to Wits and Resolve rolls for the duration of the rite's effect.

The rite's effects last until the next sunrise, or until one of the recipients disobeys one of the ritemaster's orders. The ritemaster doesn't have to be aware that she was disobeyed, nor does the trespass have to be intentional. Disobedience only strips the rite's effects from the errant recipient; other subjects retain the blessing until the next sunrise or a trespass of their own.

Exceptional Success: No additional benefit beyond the extra successes gained.

Suggested Modifiers

Modifier	Situation
-1	Per recipient who has a higher Renown total than the ritemaster

LODGE OF WINTER STORY HOOKS

• **The Winter Apprentice:** The character with the greatest mystical knowledge in the players' pack (presumably an Ithaeur or Bone Shadow) is approached by a seemingly less experienced werewolf who is most anxious to learn from her. The would-be student seems genuine enough, and admits to being a Storm Lord, but isn't as quick to volunteer the information that he's an initiate of the Lodge of Winter. His request to be taught may be genuine, in which case he proves an adept student who can pay well for the trouble (but who probably has some friction with his teacher's packmates for a while). But he may alternately be feigning ignorance in order to test his teacher, perhaps to evaluate whether her pack is worthy to hold their territory, or maybe to see if she's worth cultivating as an ally or even a potential lodge recruit.

• **Dry Run:** A Winter Lord selects the pack as subjects for something of a training run; he starts gathering information on them, spying on them as needed, and devising a "plan of attack" that would likely take them down. If the pack notices him, they may not accept his claims of "just being casually interested," or even (if he admits the truth) of "a harmless exercise, nothing more." And what if he's later captured by enemies who attempt to extract his knowledge of the pack to use for their own ends?

• **Family Debts:** A parent of one of the pack members was involved in a dire feud with a Winter Lord long ago, one that never resolved to the rival's satisfaction. Now the Winter Lord has returned, armed with a terrible ritual curse meant to settle things once and for all. The problem is, in the intervening time the Winter Lord's rival has passed on, and now the most viable target is the pack member. What will it take to call off the curse before it's completed, or remove it once it lands — and can the Winter Lord be convinced to help, or will he take whatever revenge he can get?

JUAN "VIBORA" STRONCOSO

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Storm Lords

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 2

Physical Attributes: Strength 2 (3/5/4/2), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 2 (3/4/4/3)

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Crafts 2, Investigation (Surveillance) 3, Occult 2, Politics 2, Science 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Larceny (Forgery) 3, Stealth (Shadowing) 3, Survival (Tracking) 2, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Empathy 2, Intimidation 1, Persuasion 2, Socialize 2, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge (Glib) 4

Merits: Contacts (Occult) 1, Fast Reflexes 2, Language (First Tongue, Spanish) 2, Resources 2

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 6

Essence Max/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Prudence

Vice: Pride

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

Initiative: 8 (8/9/10/10) with Fast Reflexes

Defense: 3 (3/3/3/3)

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

Renown: Cunning 3, Glory 1, Honor 2, Wisdom 3

Gifts: (1) Call the Breeze, Feet of Mist, Loose Tongue, Sense Malice, Sense Weakness; (2) Blending, Sand in the Eyes, Scent of Taint, Silent Fog, Slip Away; (3) Echo Dream, Playing Possum

Rituals: 3; **Rites:** (1) Banish Human, Funeral Rite, Rite of Dedication, Shared Scent, Rite of the Spirit Brand; (2) Banish Spirit, Blessing of the Spirit Hunt, Call Human, Hallow Touchstone; (3) Bind Human, Bind Spirit, Sacred Hunt

Juan Stroncoso always knew he was pretty smart, but for the longest time he was a little too cavalier about it. When he passed his ordeal and was admitted into the Storm Lords, he knew he was the best of the best — and as a new-moon, he figured there wasn't a person on two legs or four that could outwit him. He even got away with believing it for a while, but the world was too big and mean for him not to learn otherwise eventually. When his comeuppance came, he survived — but he lost a packmate to the Pure he'd underestimated. The loss hit him hard, and he fell into a morose depression. When he went looking for some sort of guidance on how to cope, he was pointed by one of his tribemates to the Lodge of Winter. It was exactly what he needed.

He's learned a lot since his induction. Now Vibora puts his cunning to work for the Forsaken much as he did before, but tempered with the careful patience of the Lodge of Winter. He believes wholeheartedly in the lodge's principles, and becomes quickly annoyed with other werewolves who remind him of his younger, dumber self. He isn't the most talented mystic in the lodge, but he's become excellent at analyzing enemies and picking out their weak points. He's most likely to be moving through the local territory on a scouting errand, and is sure to include any packs he meets in his overall "evaluation."

Vibora is lean and graceful, dark-skinned and just this side of handsome. He tends to wear expensive club attire when dressing to impress, but is happy going barefoot in jeans and a wifebeater when doing his ritual work. Rather than conceal the long scar on his torso, he has had a detailed snake tattoo added around the scar, following its path. He likes jewelry with occult motifs, particularly as it tends to make other people dismiss him as a harmless wannabe occultist. In wolf form, he is sleek and black, with a long, white streak along his belly that matches his scar.



LODGE OF WRATH

BLOOD AND THORNS

The story goes that a pack of Hunters in Darkness chased their quarry into a deep forest. The rabbit they were chasing ran into a thicket, and the wolves stopped and circled, not wanting to tear their noses on the long thorns. But then they heard a terrible scream come from the thicket, and the rabbit staggered out, its eyes torn from its head. The wolves caught it and tore it apart, but one of them, a no-moon, called into the thicket politely, wondering what fearsome creature lived therein.

He was surprised when a tiny bird fluttered out and perched on a branch, staring down the Uratha. The bird's beak was covered in blood, as it had just blinded the rabbit. The bird told the werewolves that the thorn-bush was its home, and that anyone who trespassed would suffer terribly.

Most of the pack stifled laughter, but the no-moon asked to see the bird's home, promising to behave with respect. The bird grudgingly allowed the Irraka to crawl through the thorns and see its inner sanctum. The werewolf was shocked to find insects, small birds, lizards, snakes and mice impaled upon the thorns, all with pieces of their bodies missing. The bird repeated to the Irraka that no one entered its domain without permission.

The story goes that this pack was the first to form the Lodge of Wrath, and live by the principles that Shrike-Bloody-Beak set forth. The sages also say that the Meninna did not force the bird into servitude as the lodge's totem, but that Shrike came to the Uratha to show them the best methods to exact retribution.

The philosophies of the Lodge of Wrath are simple enough to understand. Territory is sacrosanct, and extends beyond the physical land that a pack claims. Their possessions, their bodies and even each other all fall under the heading of "territory," and, thus, anyone who violates the sanctity of a lodge member or one of her packmates faces a terrible and determined foe.

Members of the lodge call themselves *Serthaha*, or "those who punish." To enter the territory of the *Serthaha* is to welcome death. The members don't go out looking for trouble, though those who claim territory near urban centers do try to make those territories proof against trespassers. When someone enters the hunting ground of a lodge member, though, the Uratha is honor-bound to exact revenge. Shrike-Bloody-Beak doesn't require the werewolves to kill all trespassers, especially if doing so would threaten to expose the Uratha, but the spirit does insist that anyone who wrongs the lodge, as a whole or in the person of a single member, must suffer. Sometimes this involves sneaking into the wrongdoer's house and marking her bedroom door with claw marks, killing her pet, stalking her for a week or some other form of intimidation. If the violation was deliberate or damaging, more brutal methods might be necessary. *Serthaha* have been known to keep "pain larders," wherein they leave offenders writhing on hooks for hours before they are finally allowed to die.

The Lodge of Wrath appeals mainly to the most aggressive of the Hunters in Darkness; in particular, the lodge appeals by ratifying a werewolf's territorial instinct. It's not just natural for you to guard your own, it's your *sacred duty*. Some would-be *Serthaha* are obsessed with the notion of defending territory and precepts of Honor and Purity. Some, sadly, are just looking for excuses to inflict pain on others. The latter don't normally make the cut, as deliberate torture of others for purely sadistic reasons is a violation of Harmony and impressing the Ralunim

is difficult to do without keeping true to the Oath. But it happens sometimes that once a werewolf joins the Lodge of Wrath she discovers a vicious streak she never knew she had. Active members of the lodge are rarely expelled; lodge members stick together and believe that a slight or attack on one member is an attack on them all. Thus, Uratha of the lodge might find themselves defending a fellow *Serthaha* who is guilty of brutal and reprehensible acts, simply because she is also a lodge member.

Patron Tribe: Hunters in Darkness

PATRON SPIRIT

Serthaha revere Shrike-Bloody-Beak as well as Black Wolf. Shrike-Bloody-Beak takes great involvement with the lodge, and sets strict rules on how its gifts and blessings may be applied. The spirit also refuses to let members of any tribes except the Hunters in Darkness partake of the spirit's patronage, as only the Meninna have the respect for their territory necessary for it.

JOINING THE LODGE

The Lodge of Wrath is not a society that one joins by bargaining in and demanding recognition. An applicant must conduct herself with absolute decorum if she wishes to become *Serthaha* (or, in fact, live to see sunrise). First, the werewolf must find — but not enter — the territory of a member of the lodge. She must politely ask permission to speak with the member, whether inside or outside of his territory. If the lodge member does not wish to speak to the Uratha, the applicant is honor-bound to leave and return at a later date (traditionally at least a lunar month, though this is flexible).

If the lodge member agrees to speak with the applicant, the two *Meninna* discuss the possibility of the applicant joining the lodge. The lodge member gauges whether the applicant has the necessary foresight and skill to become *Serthaha*, normally by a few hypothetical questions and a quick sparring match. Of particular interest is whether the applicant can take a hit in Gauru form and resist *Kuruth*, since deliberate application of strength is important to the lodge (entering Death Rage doesn't necessarily bar the applicant, but it doesn't reflect well). Once the fight is over, the member either rejects the applicant or agrees to vouch for her to Shrike-Bloody-Beak. A rejected applicant can attempt to find another lodge member and repeat the process, but failure to disclose her previous attempt is a serious breach of honor.

If the *Serthaha* agrees to speak to the lodge's totem, he calls up the spirit by impaling his own hand on a sharpened piece of wood. Shrike-Bloody-Beak then evaluates the applicant in much the same way as the lodge member, asking for possible punishments for trespassers to test the werewolf's creativity and ordering her to track a spirit to test her hunting skills. Shrike's tests can go on for weeks if necessary. The spirit is patient and exacting, and any indication that the werewolf is growing frustrated or annoyed is tantamount to insulting the totem. If this happens, the Uratha is immediately barred from membership and the *Serthaha* vouching for her must attack and drive her away, lest he, too, incur Shrike-Bloody-Beak's ire.

Once the spirit is satisfied, Shrike accepts the applicant into the lodge by slashing open the werewolf's forehead or cheek with the spirit's beak. The wound leaves a white scar that any *Serthaha* can recognize automatically. (Other Uratha who know

about the lodge know the scar's significance with a successful Wits + Occult roll.) Shrike-Bloody-Beak doesn't believe in a great deal of fanfare or lengthy initiations once its decision is made, but reserves the right to revoke membership at any time if the Uratha falters in her duties.

Prerequisites: Purity ••, Honor ••, Brawl or Weaponry ••, Survival ••.

Benefits: Members of the Lodge of Wrath may learn Retribution Gifts as though they were tribal Gifts.

RETRIBUTION GIFTS

Werewolves are not at any loss for skill in battle or in ways to track down their enemy, and so a being that wrongs a werewolf (or, worse, a pack) is probably in for a savage lesson in pain. Members of the Lodge of Wrath, dedicated as they are to seeking out and punishing those who would trespass on or despoil *Menimma* territory, have special blessings from Shrike-Bloody-Beak to aid them in their work.

Retribution Gifts only function against targets that have directly wronged or harmed the Gift's user, her pack or the Lodge of Wrath in general. Against innocent targets or offenders that have never committed any offense to the werewolf or her people, these Gifts are useless. The player should be ready to justify the use of these Gifts against a given target, and the Storyteller is, of course, the final arbiter of whether the use is justified.

SHRIKE'S VENGEANCE (•)

Shrike-Bloody-Beak teaches its followers how to strike with spirit talons, making even their Hishu-form fists deadly weapons. A werewolf using this Gift can split open an opponent's flesh with a slap and disembowel him with a solid kick — provided that he can first convince Shrike of the opponent's guilt.

The character utters an entreaty to Shrike in the First Tongue, asking for the spirit's blessing in punishing a given target. If the entreaty is accepted, that character inflicts lethal damage with any attack against *that specific target* for the rest of the scene, whether or not the attack would normally cause lethal damage. Fists, feet or blunt weapons can kill a target in the same way claws and blades would. The Gift lasts for one scene once activated, and can only be used against one opponent per scene.

Cost: None

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Expression + Honor versus Composure + Primal Urge

Action: Instant; resisted

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: Shrike hears the character's entreaty, but does not find the target worthy of punishment, and chastises the werewolf for wasting the spirit's time. The character suffers a point of lethal damage, and both of his cheeks begin to bleed as if slashed.

Failure: Shrike does not hear or attend to the character's plea. Nothing happens.

Success: Shrike agrees that the target needs to be hurt, and the character inflicts lethal damage with all attacks against that target for one scene. In addition, any attacks he makes against that target receive a +1 modifier. If the character subsequently makes an attack that would inflict aggravated damage (a silver weapon against a werewolf, or the Gift: Savage Rending), the more powerful Gift takes precedence (but the +1 still applies).

Exceptional Success: Shrike is outraged by the target's obvious guilt and aids the werewolf even further by distracting his foe. The werewolf's opponent feels tiny stings as Shrike's servants bombard him, reducing his Defense by 1 against the Gift user for the scene.

SINFUL THOUGHTS (••)

Used when someone has offended one of the *Serthaha* in a minor way or with a decent explanation, this Gift works to prevent a recurrence. Shrike-Bloody-Beak sends one of its flock to follow the target of the Gift, watching carefully for any intent to inflict harm upon the werewolf's pack, trespass on his territory or otherwise repeat his crime. If he so much as considers doing so again, the tiny bird-spirit pecks at him, causing him extreme pain for a few seconds. While this spiritual attack usually doesn't cause any damage to the target's body, it's normally enough to make him think twice about crossing the Lodge of Wrath again.

Sinful Thoughts requires the werewolf to stare at the target for a full turn. If the target is capable of ridding himself of the shrike-spirit, he may do so (werewolves and some mages often can, for instance, though normal mortals are usually stuck with their watchful hanger-on).

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Occult + Cunning

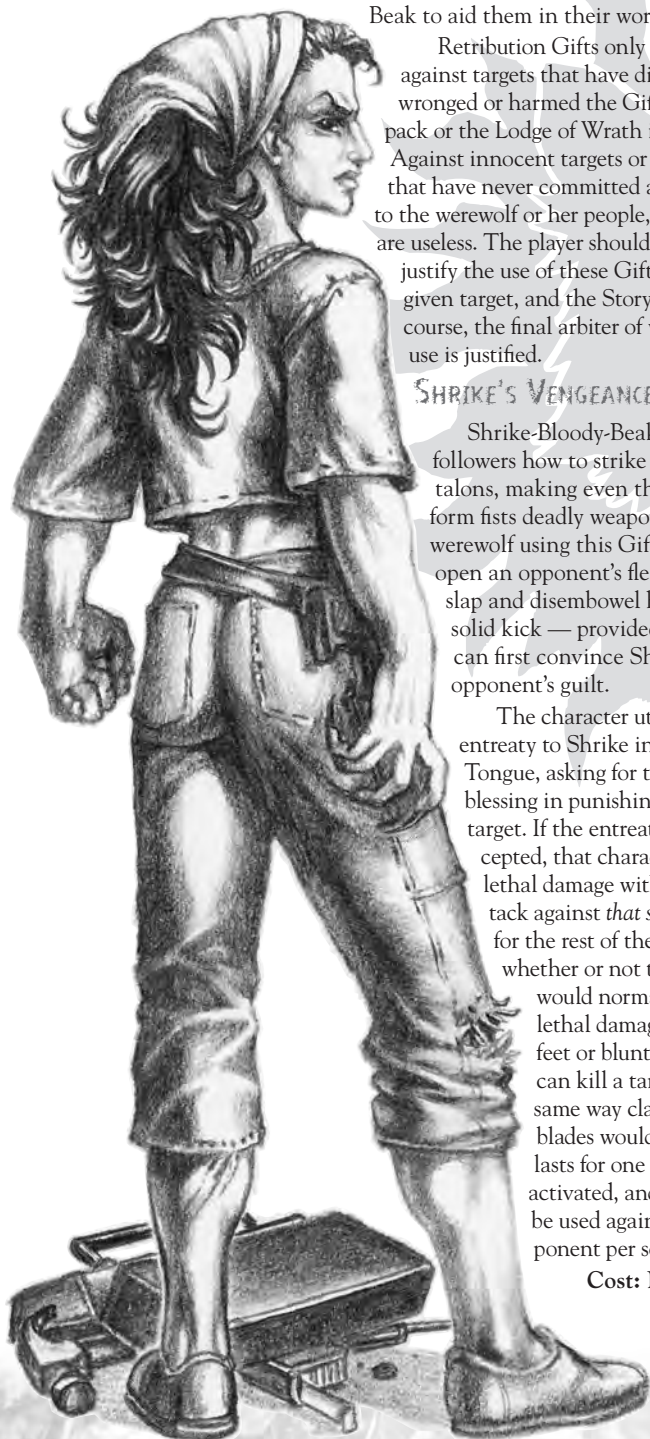
Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The shrike appears, but is confused as to whom to afflict and when to strike. It chooses a random person (perhaps a packmate of the character) and attacks whenever it feels appropriate. It leaves after a day if not shooed away earlier.

Failure: No spirit responds.

Success: The shrike-spirit appears and stays near the target for one day per success. Whenever the target considers committing whatever crime caught the *Serthaha's* ire in the first place, the shrike-spirit pecks at the target fiercely. This causes no physical damage, but strips one point of Willpower. The target perceives this as feelings of depression, guilt and humiliation. The spirit isn't powerful enough to defend itself against a concerted attack, so if the target is able to enter the *Hisil* and confront the spirit directly, or if someone does so on the target's behalf, the spirit flies off. The target's intent must be clearly a repeat of the offensive behavior; if a werewolf used this Gift on a person in her territory with the intent of stopping him from "trespassing," the target could trespass on other people's property





with impunity. Only considering trespassing on the werewolf's territory would trigger the Gift effects.

Exceptional Success: As above, but in addition to the Willpower/Essence loss, roll the spirit's Power (2) as bashing damage whenever the spirit attacks. This damage manifests as splitting headaches and nosebleeds.

SARIKE'S LARDER (•••)

The *Serthaha* believe that the soul carries pain after the body dies, and that it serves as a reminder in future lives. Therefore, they sometimes wish to stretch out the pain an offender feels so that, in future incarnations, he will instinctively know to avoid the same crimes. This Gift, named for Shrike-Bloody-Beak's habit of impaling still-living prey on thorns for later consumption, facilitates that by forestalling the moment of death. The target may (and probably will) wish to die, but cannot until the Gift's effects end.

Traditionally, Shrike's Larder is used to prolong the agony of serious offenders to the Lodge of Wrath. Some *Serthaha* use this Gift on a given target before entering combat, allowing them the surety of at least one survivor to interrogate or leave writhing in pain as an example. Using this Gift as a method of torture requires a roll to resist degeneration if the character's Harmony is 3 or more (see p. 181 of *Werewolf: The Forsaken*).

Cost: 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Resolve + Medicine + Purity

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Gift functions too well. The Gift user cannot directly cause physical harm to the target for the rest of the scene; her claws will not cut, her guns will not fire.

Failure: Nothing happens.

Success: The target cannot die until the werewolf allows it, no matter how much damage he suffers. He suffers penalties from taking damage in his last three Health boxes as usual, and if the target is a werewolf he can regenerate this damage (whereupon the *Serthaha* typically injures him further). The Gift's effects end when the scene ends, at which point the werewolf can choose to reactivate the Gift by spending another point of Willpower. If the target has suffered enough damage to kill him when the Gift's effects end, he immediately dies. The werewolf can end the Gift at any time before the end of the scene.

This Gift applies only to damage caused by the target or the Gift user and her pack. For full effect, the target must usually be confined lest he find some way of ending the pain; if he tried to blow his brains out, the Gift would keep him alive, but if he leapt in front of a bus, the damage caused by the bus could well finish him.

Exceptional Success: No extra effect.

GUILT'S LURE (•••)

The Uratha are superlative trackers, but the myriad anti-septic scents in the modern world often make hunting down an unknown trespasser very difficult. This Gift, however, draws the offender back to the scene of the crime, allowing the werewolf and her pack to lay an ambush.

The Gift must be activated within 24 hours of the crime. The werewolf paces around the crime scene (which might where a body was found, the site of vandalism in the werewolf's territory, etc.) and emits low growls and snarls. The target, wherever he is, feels a strong pull to return to the area. The desire to re-

turn makes sense to the target. A murderer might feel compelled to return and make sure that no one has discovered his crime, while a vandal might want to go back and do more damage.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Persuasion + Cunning versus Resolve + Primal Urge

Action: Contested and extended (15 successes; each roll represents one minute); resistance is reflexive and unconscious

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The target knows that he is in mortal danger if he ever returns to the scene, and furthermore can recognize the Uratha on sight as being a threat (but not necessarily as a werewolf).

Failure: The defender reaches 15 successes first and shakes off the desire to return to the area. The target cannot be affected by this Gift again for that particular crime, and has no idea that any attempt to influence her behavior was made.

Success: The character's player reaches 15 successes first. The target feels compelled to return to the scene of the crime as described above. Since he concocts his own reason for wanting to return, he might simply drive by the area, or might return and take more involved action. As such, it behooves the werewolf's pack to keep an eye out in the surrounding area.

Exceptional Success: Significant progress is made toward the goal. If the character's player manages 20 successes, the target feels compelled to walk to the center of the "crime scene" rather than skirt the edges or look in from a distance.

SHRIKE'S FEAST (••••)

Shrike-Bloody-Beak is known to impale its prey on sharp objects and eat it one piece at a time. The ultimate expression of this spirit's vengeance is similar — the werewolf can separate the target's soul and mind from his body, picking away at flesh, spirit and mental strength.

This Gift requires the werewolf to touch the target. Doing so in combat requires a single success on a roll of Dexterity + Brawl — target's Defense.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Strength + Intimidation + Purity

Action: Reflexive

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: Shrike-Bloody-Beak doesn't see the target as guilty and lashes out at the werewolf for wasting the spirit's time. The werewolf suffers two points of lethal damage, loses 2 Essence or 1 Willpower (player's choice).

Failure: Nothing happens.

Success: One of Shrike-Bloody-Beak's flocks attacks the target, stripping away first flesh, then spirit, then mind. Each success inflicts a level of lethal damage and then strips a point of Essence (if applicable) or Willpower. These effects occur in order, and more than three successes "resets" the effects. For instance, if the werewolf's player rolls four successes, the target suffers a point of lethal damage, loses a point of Essence and Willpower and then suffers another point of lethal damage (if the target is a werewolf or another being with Essence; if the target is human, he skips the Essence stage and suffers two points of lethal damage and loses 2 Willpower).

Exceptional Success: No extra effect beyond the greater intensity of the assault.

LODGE OF WRATH STORY HOOKS

• **Just Right:** The characters stumble upon an unattended locus in the form of a barren tree. They notice that the branches are long and sharp, and appear bloody. Human bones lie scattered around the trunk. The characters can discover by investigation or talking to spirits that this is the lair of an elder *Serthaha*, and that when he returns, he will be not be pleased to find that the characters have invaded his home. Can they erase their presence, or will they simply have to face his wrath and try to escape without injury?

• **Chastisement:** This hook works best if one or more of the player's pack belongs the lodge. Another member of the lodge accidentally slaughters a relative or friend of one of the characters. He approaches the characters and demands that they punish him for his deed — after all, had they done the same, he certainly wouldn't ignore it. What kind of punishment do the characters believe to be fair in the eyes of the Lodge of Wrath?

• **Payment in Kind:** One of the characters meets a *Meninna* who offers, as payment for a favor, to compel a shrike-spirit to teach the character the Shrike's Vengeance Gift. The character learns the Gift, but shortly after he and Hunter in Darkness part ways, the pack receives a visit from one of Shrike-Bloody-Beak's servants. The servant says that Shrike will allow the character to keep his knowledge *if* the pack hunts down and executes the traitor. Otherwise, the spirits will revoke the Gift — painfully. What exactly might that entail? Is this forbidden Gift worth the murder of another werewolf? On the other hand, if the pack doesn't do it, the lodge will, and they aren't likely to be quick or merciful about it.

CHANDRA HEPP

Auspice: Elodoth

Tribe: Hunters in Darkness

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 2

Physical Attributes: Strength 2 (3/5/4/3), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 2 (3/4/4/3)

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Craft (Home Repair) 2, Investigation 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Firearms (Pistol) 2, Larceny 2, Stealth (Lurking) 2, Survival 2

Social Skills: Animal Ken 1, Empathy (Guilt) 2, Intimidation 2, Streetwise (City Secrets) 3

Merits: Allies (Tenants) 1, Quick Draw (Pistol), Status (Building Super) 1

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 4

Harmony: 5

Essence Max/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Charity

Vice: Wrath

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

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

Defense: 3 (3/3/3/3)

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

Renown: Honor 2, Purity 2

Gifts: (1) Feet of Mist, Mask of Rage, Sense Malice, Shrike's Vengeance; (2) Sinful Thoughts, Snarl of Command

Chandra has been a resident of the city all her life. Her father took her walking through the bad neighborhoods, but no one ever bothered them. Her father had clout.

What Chandra didn't know about clout, though, was that it could be taken away. A new gang gunned her father down, and she felt a stirring of rage and power then — but somehow, it slipped away. She now believes that had she embraced it, she would have Changed then. As it happened, the First Change didn't arrive for six more years.

She had taken an apartment in a dingy tenement, and was making some money on the side helping the super with repairs and maintenance. One night, she was changing the lightbulb in the front of the building when she saw a car drive by. Something — the scent of the people in the car, the song they were playing, she doesn't know — brought the memory of her father's murder to the fore and she knew, staring at the half-moon hanging between the buildings, that the scales needed to be balanced. The toughs in the car didn't make it to the next block.

It took Chandra four weeks to hunt down and slaughter the last of the hoods who had killed her father. She spent that time as a Ghost Wolf, refusing to commit to a tribe or pack until her father was avenged. During her hunt, she came across the territory of a *Meninna* pack, and politely asked permission to carry her hunt into their turf. One of the pack was *Serthaha*, and he was impressed enough with her tenacity to explain the Lodge of Wrath to Chandra. After her hunt was complete and she had been initiated into the Hunters in Darkness, she returned to him and became a member of the lodge.

Chandra now acts as superintendent of the building, and still refuses to join a pack. She defends the building and everyone in it like family, but her lack of contact with other werewolves is wearing on her, as evidenced by her falling Harmony. Anyone who so much as glances at her while she is on "her" land gets a glare and a low growl, and she has been known to hunt down and kill people as innocuous as pizza deliverers or city inspectors.

Short, slim and generally unkempt, Chandra is in her late 20s. She wears a bandana signifying her as neutral to local gangs, and typically dresses in carpenter pants and loose shirts. She wears a pistol, for which she has a permit, strapped to her hip, but has never fired it in defense of her home (she prefers more hands-on approaches).





CHAPTER III

OUTSIDE PATHS

I can't smell them.

Did I get away?

*No. I can hear them. Scrabbling. They... they must be shifted.
The nails.*

*I don't know which way is out! There are so many passages.
How can there be so many? They must have dug them.*

*How can this be happening? Why would they have come down
here? Why have they stayed? The smell — They smell sick,
but they're still —*

*What am I going to do? If I shift again — only the Gauru
might be able to fight free.*

But if I lose control—

*No. I can't. If I lose my mind down here I'll never see the
moon again. I'll never see the sky. I need the sky.*

...They're coming.

CULT OF BONES

A GHOST IN FRAGMENTS

Welcome, my brothers and sisters. It is good to see so many of us here, young and old alike, those who carry the dream of the paradise that was and who will fight to bring it about again. My brethren have already spoken to you of fire and wrath, of righteous anger and the power of purity. They have told you of blood. Now I would speak to you of bone.

We were not there when the cursed ones ruined the world. We did not see the face of the cur who struck the final treacherous blow against his own father — but we know the faces of those of his blood. We did not hear the howl that tore apart the two worlds — but we have seen the scars that howl left, and we have heard it echo. We do not know where the body of Father Wolf was left to rot by his own kin — but we have smelled his blood and touched the smallest fragments of his bones, carried from the darkest parts of Shadow.

The will of Father Wolf lives on in our hearts — this you all know. But if more of him abides, then it can be recalled. As long as wolves run on the land, the spark of his power abides. It can be called forth!

I have lain in darkness and heard his voice. I heard the echo of his last howl, and I carry that memory in my heart. The howl lives. The bones can be found. The scent of his blood lies in deepest shadow. Our father is dead, yet he abides!

This is our promise to you — that we will gather the bones of our Father and bring them to new life. We will give him new spirit flesh, we will offer him new blood. He will stand before us once more, tall and strong and proud. We will open the way for our Father to return, and he will then lead us in the final battle to destroy his betrayers once and forever. He will remake the world with us, and then we will once again have Pangaea. We will once again have Paradise.

The Pure Tribes are saturated with faith. It isn't a gentle faith; it's a belief that's born in ritual ordeals and fed with the poisonous words of fanatical prophets of hate. A common religion binds the three tribes of the Pure, but this religion too has its denominations. Some of these denominations take the form of lodges, though they're just as easily termed "cults." And, of these cults, some are cruel and violent even beyond the Pure norm, but others concern themselves with mysteries of particular spiritual import to the three tribes. One such cult is the Cult of Bones.

Members of the Cult of Bones believe that Father Wolf was too mighty a spirit to vanish entirely from the world upon his death. They preach that some remnants and vestiges of *Urfarah* live on, waiting for his children to breathe new life into them. The cult's ambition is to

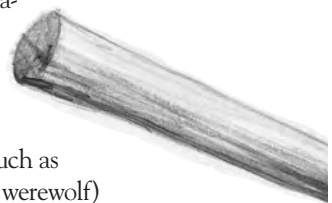
seek out the relics of Father Wolf and unite them, and, in so doing, return Father Wolf to existence. If the hated Forsaken betrayed and murdered their father, then the faithful Pure will be the ones to resurrect him and run with him on his hunt for vengeance.

Werewolves of the Cult of Bones are explorers, part archaeologists and part necromancers. They sift through the various rumors of relics of their father, making raids against any targets suspected to hold a piece of his spiritual bone. Some have attempted to find the First Wound, the legendary place-that-isn't where, some say, the corpse of Father Wolf resides. Other occultists of the lodge have developed theories that the fragments they seek reside in Father Wolf's various children, both spirit and flesh. The cult members chase down wolf-spirits, and Uratha ancestor-spirits in particular, sometimes going so far as to sacrifice their prey in hopes of returning more of Father Wolf's essence to its source. The cult tends to believe that individual werewolves don't hold enough of Father Wolf's essence to be of great use — but they are Pure, and many feel that the ritual slaughter of a Forsaken can't hurt their cause at all. Tribe is not particularly important to the cult; though there are proportionately more Fire-Touched than Ivory Claws or Predator Kings, it's not by a huge margin.

The Cult of Bones sits partly on the fringe of Pure society. The cult is an organized lodge, with comparatively fewer variations by region than most. The cult practices numerous ritual traditions, many of which seem bizarre and esoteric, even to the other Pure. A common theme is sacrifice to the spirit of Father Wolf, practiced in simple terms such as daily libations or in greatly elaborate human (or werewolf) sacrifice. Members hope that such continued sacrifice in *Urfarah's* name will give him a greater reserve of energy with which to return to life when the time comes.

Interestingly, the Cult of Bones is one of the Pure lodges most involved with fetish creation. Cult members are prone to gathering relics of spiritual bone and blood, and have devised ways to carry those relics with them even in the realm of flesh. They also craft weapons that will assist them in dealing with recalcitrant spirits, which puts them slightly at odds with other Pure occultists; some accuse the Cult of Bones as too close to the Forsaken lie that the spirit world belongs apart.

The Cult of Bones shares many similarities with the Bone Shadows' Lodge of Death. The two groups have parallel philosophies, and might even have been able to work well together if not for the wall of hate that exists between the two. Cult members are reminded of Father Wolf's



slaughter every night of their lives as they work to call back his murdered spirit. Each time they discover a new potential relic of their lost progenitor, the joy and hope they feel is always tainted with the thought that *Urfarah* would have been so much greater had he lived. Their howls of pride are tainted with mourning dirges, and their victory feasts always taste faintly of ashes. Even though the cult places the

positive ambition of resurrection before the negative ambition of revenge, the followers of the

Cult of Bones are all too aware of what they've lost to the Forsaken, knowledge that sits in their bellies like black bile.

PATRON SPIRIT

The Cult of Bones pays homage to a spirit more enigmatic than most of the Pure's patrons. They call it the Father's Howl, and believe it to be an echo of the legendary death-howl of Father Wolf that was said to have shaken the worlds. The Father's Howl does not actually manifest itself in a visible form to its children; it is heard, never seen.

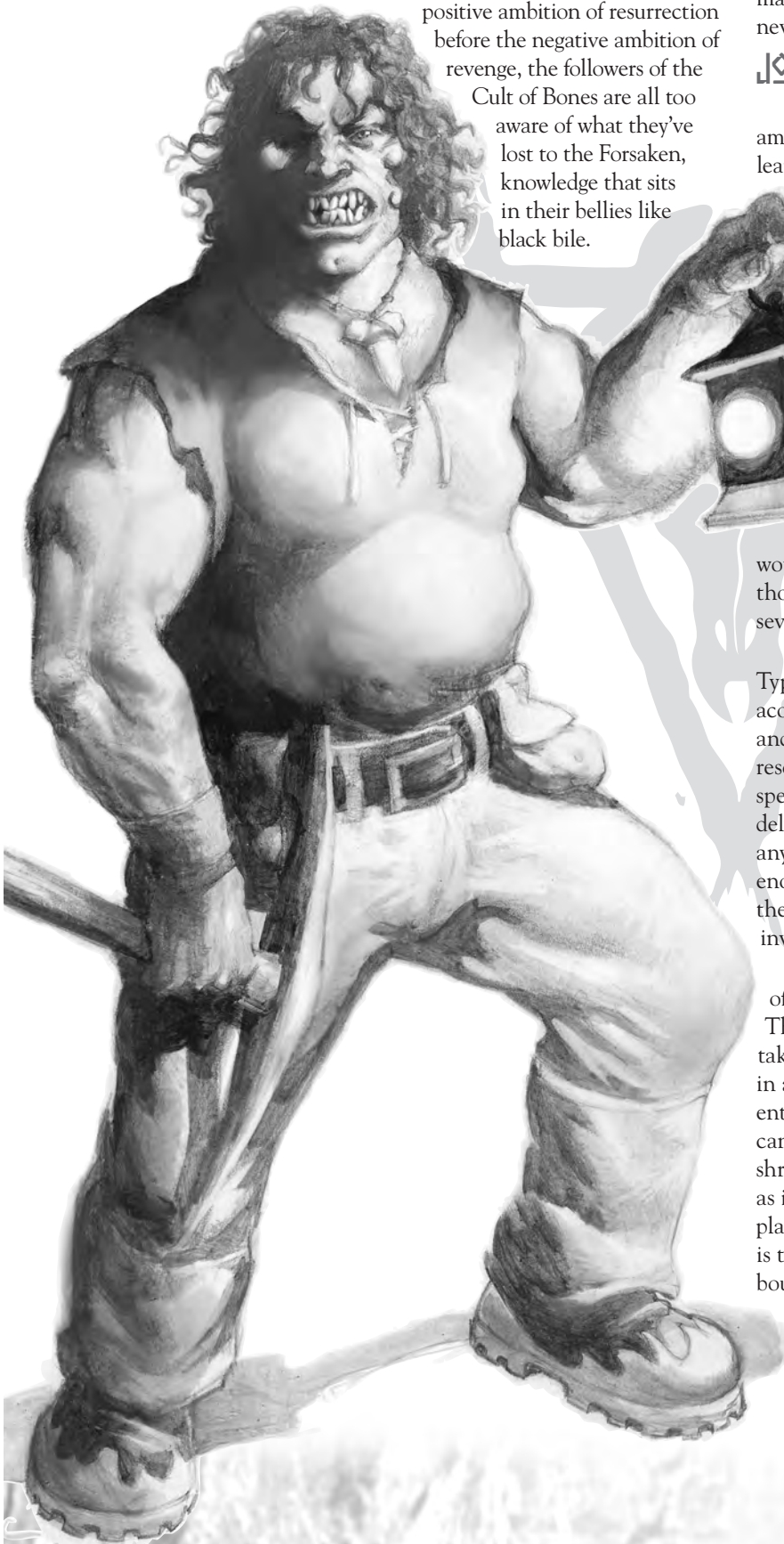
JOINING THE LODGE

The Cult of Bones has no real reason to be secretive among their own, and thus recruits openly. Most Pure learn of the cult's existence sooner or later, and most cultists are more than willing to explain the nature of their beliefs and ambitions to those who come to learn. Even so, this cult is not among the most heavily populated of Pure lodges or cults. The Cult of Bones asks its members to take much on faith, and its teachings are not part of the greater Pure dogma. Only the Cult of Bones openly insists that the remnants of Father Wolf must have endured, and that they can be revived. Furthermore, it's clear that even if the cult's teachings were true, their goals may not be achievable for generations yet to come. Most Pure would rather chase more immediate results — particularly those who have been beaten into the role of destroyers so severely that they have no idea how to create.

Asking to join the Cult of Bones is easy enough. Typically, a senior cultist will speak with the would-be acolyte for some time, testing her knowledge of spiritual and occult matters. The cultist also looks for signs of weak resolve; the cult's mission demands that cult members spend more time than is healthy in the Shadow Realm, delving for information and relics in places unfriendly to any werewolf. If the potential recruit seems to be smart enough to understand the cult, strong enough to endure the coming ordeals and brave enough to face them, she is invited to join.

As a lodge associated closely with death, the Cult of Bones practices initiation rites that emulate a funeral. The initiate is taken into the Shadow, where the ritual takes place. A priest of the cult wraps the initiate tightly in a shroud, covering even her face and immobilizing her entirely. The bound initiate is still able to breathe, but cannot move without shifting form and destroying the shroud. The cult then either raises her on a skin platform as if exposing a corpse to the elements or, more rarely, places her in a coffin at the bottom of a hole. The initiate is then left on her own for a day and a night, with only a bound spirit to watch over her.

The period of "death" is harrowing — perhaps not as traumatizing as the indoctrination rites of the Pure Tribes as a whole, but still an unpleasant and frightening ordeal. The initiate may hallucinate wildly



within the shroud's darkness. The spirit sentinel set over her will warn away spirits that might spoil the ordeal, but it allows spirits of fear or death to intensify the ordeal by using their powers on the initiate. The initiate can escape the shroud at any point by shapeshifting, but that of course means the ordeal has failed.

At the close of the ordeal, the initiate hears a faint howl that carries a terrible feeling of sorrow and pain. The effect is usually profound — at that moment, the initiate understands the beliefs of the cult more thoroughly than before. The cult priest then cuts her free of the shroud, ritually washes her, then anoints her with ash and bone dust to conclude the ritual.

Prerequisites: Resolve ••, Composure ••, Occult ••; must be of the Pure Tribes.

Benefits: Members of the Cult of Bones may purchase Death Gifts as affinity Gifts. They also receive a cult talisman (see below) upon initiation into the cult.

CULT OF BONES FETISHES

CULT TALISMAN (•)

The smallest and most basic of the Cult of Bones' various relics, this talisman appears to be a small shard of bone with a carefully etched glyph picked out on it. The talisman may be worn on a thong around the neck or incorporated into another adornment such as a wristband or earring. Activating the cult talisman grants the user a measure of serenity as she feels the presence of her cult's faith; she gains two dice to her next Resolve or Composure roll. This fetish can be used only once per scene. The Cult of Bones tends to invest these talismans with spirits of wolves or weak ancestor-spirits.

Action: Reflexive

[**Note:** This fetish can be modified to serve as a basic talisman for almost any lodge that operates on some principle of faith. For example, a cult talisman of the Lodge of Prophecy might be imbued with a spirit of vision or hope, while a cult talisman of the Lodge of the Savior might take the form of a crucifix imbued with a spirit of charity.]

CORPSE DOWSER (••)

This fetish may take the form of a forked dowsing rod, but is more often fashioned like a lead plumb attached to a long cord (often woven from the hair of dead humans or werewolves). When activated, the Corpse Dowser points gently in the direction of the nearest human, wolf or werewolf corpse within 100 yards. The fetish is also designed to guide the user to a spirit fragment of Father Wolf's corpse while in the *Hisil*, though such fragments are enough of a legend that a user might never be in a place where the fetish could fulfill this part of its function.

Action: Instant

WOLF-DRINKER (•••)

This leaden ritual knife is much sharper and harder than its material would seem to suggest. The Cult of

Bones crafts such tools — and weapons — for the purpose of collecting Essence of the proper resonance. If the wielder kills a werewolf, wolf-blooded, wolf- or lupine-spirit with this knife, she may activate the fetish as a reflexive action. Success stores a point of Essence within the blade; the Essence is of a lupine resonance unless the process of the kill was violent and cruel enough to taint the spiritual energy. The knife's wielder may use the stored Essence point as if the knife were a touchstone, though most cultists transfer the Essence into a shared cult vessel in preparation for their ultimate goal.

Action: Reflexive

CULT OF BONES STORY HOOKS

- **Fratricide:** Part of the Cult of Bones' teachings is the idea that sacrifice is a potential means to free a portion of Father Wolf's essence and nurture it at the same time. Reasoning that Father Wolf was weakened when he sired his children, a cult cell decides that the ideal sacrifice would be one of Father Wolf's wolf-spirit descendants — the closer to *Urfarah*, the better. Having acquired a ritual weapon that the cell members believe is sufficient, the cell selects a target and attempts to discover its ban. The target might be anything from a wolf-spirit pack totem to one of the so-called Secondborn lodge patrons — perhaps even one of the Firstborn themselves.

- **Memento Mori:** A Bone cultist has discovered a rare and precious wonder — a great fang that he would swear is that of Father Wolf. Running a little crazed in his delight, he begins making plans to place the fang at the heart of the largest locus he can find. The flow of Essence, he reasons, will invigorate the fang and stir what vestiges of Father Wolf lie dormant within. Carrying out his plan will likely involve murdering or at least distracting whatever pack of werewolves looks over the locus he's chosen — and that's not the only trouble. In his mania, he's overlooked the possibility that the fang may belong to something only vaguely wolf-like and entirely sinister, and that he's about to give some strength to a spirit that was better off dead.

- **Blood and Bones:** A pack belonging to the Cult of Bones is currently on a drive to collect ancestor-spirits. By the pack's reckoning, each ancestor-spirit holds some small shard of the original Essence of Father Wolf. Their next target has gotten some warning, though, and seeks out the players' pack to ask their protection. The spirit may actually be related to one of the characters' bloodlines — or if not, it may claim to be. Is the spirit worth the inevitable bloodshed?

TANGLEJAW

Tribe: Predator Kings

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 3 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 4 (5/6/6/5)

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Crafts (Weapons) 3, Investigation 3, Medicine (Natural Remedies) 2, Occult (Death, Relics) 4, Politics 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl (Brutal) 4, Stealth 3, Survival (Forests, Mountains) 5, Weaponry (Knives) 3

Social Skills: Animal Ken (Wolves) 3, Empathy 1, Expression 1, Intimidation (Primal) 3, Persuasion 1, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Danger Sense, Direction Sense, Fast Reflexes 2, Iron Stamina 2, Language (First Tongue) 1, Natural Immunity, Toxin Resistance 2

Primal Urge: 5

Willpower: 7

Harmony: 4

Essence Max/Per Turn: 14/2

Virtue: Temperance

Vice: Pride

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

Initiative: 7 (7/8/9/9) with Fast Reflexes

Defense: 2 (2/3/3/3)

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

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

Gifts: (1) Call Water, Crushing Blow, Death Sight, Mask of Rage, Sense Malice, Speak With Beasts, Wolf-Blood's Lure; (2) Ghost Knife, Hone Rage, Father Wolf's Speed, Manipulate Earth, Mighty Bound; (3) Corpse Witness, Leach Rage, Primal Howl; (4) Savage Rending, Word of Quiet

Rituals: 4; **Rites:** (1) Funeral Rite, Rite of Dedication, Shared Scent; (2) Blessing of the Spirit Hunt, Call Gaffling, Hallow Touchstone, Rite of Contrition; (3) Bind Spirit, Call

Jaggling, Rite of Healing, Rite of Initiation, Sacred Hunt; (4) Fetish Rite

Tanglejaw is a strange sort, the veteran of a thousand skirmishes who found a new religious calling late in life. He had seen and caused so much death that his soul had nearly eroded away to nothing, and the Pure rites of absolution were beginning to have less and less effect. When he began to cast about for a potential greater meaning, he stumbled across the teachings of the Cult of Bones, and was entranced. The cult's calling offered a new sort of hope for him; the faith that something of Father Wolf yet endured carried with it the idea that death itself might not be an absolute finality. The message inspired in him a desire to learn more about the cult's teachings and a new commitment to the nobility of the cult's ideal. Cult members also rekindled his conviction to kill.

One of Tanglejaw's most notable traits is his patience, which is unusually well-developed for an Uratha. He is especially soft-spoken and calm for a Predator King, though perfectly willing to unleash all his years of hatred on a Forsaken victim. He looks on humans with a casual dismissal; they are frail and mortal things, and, by his way of thinking, death is as much a release for them as anything.

Tanglejaw is a huge, grizzled bear of a man, with shaggy gray hair and a perpetual few days' growth of beard. His teeth are singularly crooked, a trait that becomes all the more intimidating when he shifts forms, but are entirely healthy and strong; the bite wounds he leaves on his enemies are savagely jagged and torn. His tangled teeth somewhat affect his speech as well. Between his deep voice and his slight slur, his human speech can be difficult to understand (though his ability to speak First Tongue is less impeded). He wears his cult talisman around his neck, and it is visible even when he transforms into one of his great, gray beast forms.





Lodge of the Feast

Food of the gods

During the days of Pangaea, the children of Father Wolf and Mother Luna grew up in their mother's absence. She did not teach them what their human flesh meant, for she had given up her mortal flesh after the birth of her pups and returned to the heavens. Father Wolf, then, told them of the flesh as well as of the spirit. He taught them to run in the physical world, to hunt animals for their meat and spirits for their raw essence.

But of all the prey that roamed each world, none were more tempting than men and wolves, those creatures formed of the same stuff as the People. As nourishing as the fattest venison, as enriching as the ripest wellspring — nothing could be more enticing. None of the Uratha, though, could eat safely of this food. And, in his wisdom, Father Wolf taught his children that these were not the prey animals for them. Only the wolves of spirit or of flesh could eat of a human safely, and it was not for the People to emulate Father Wolf or the Firstborn.

When Father Wolf fell to the claws of his half-flesh children, it was clear that they had the strength necessary to carry on in his name. But they did not yet have the wisdom, and so they made pacts with his children of spirit. Destroyer Wolf taught the ways of war, Death Wolf taught the ways of spirit, and so it went.

But it was Ravening Wolf who brought the People a secret wisdom. To the bravest and most dedicated of them, he brought the knowledge of the forbidden prey. "It is your instinct to eat the food that is richest," he said, "but you are still not strong enough to feast on such things without falling ill. Yet you can be. Just as enduring sickness will help you fight against that sickness in later days, you can grow stronger and better suited to the flesh of human and wolf by indulging. I will show you the way."

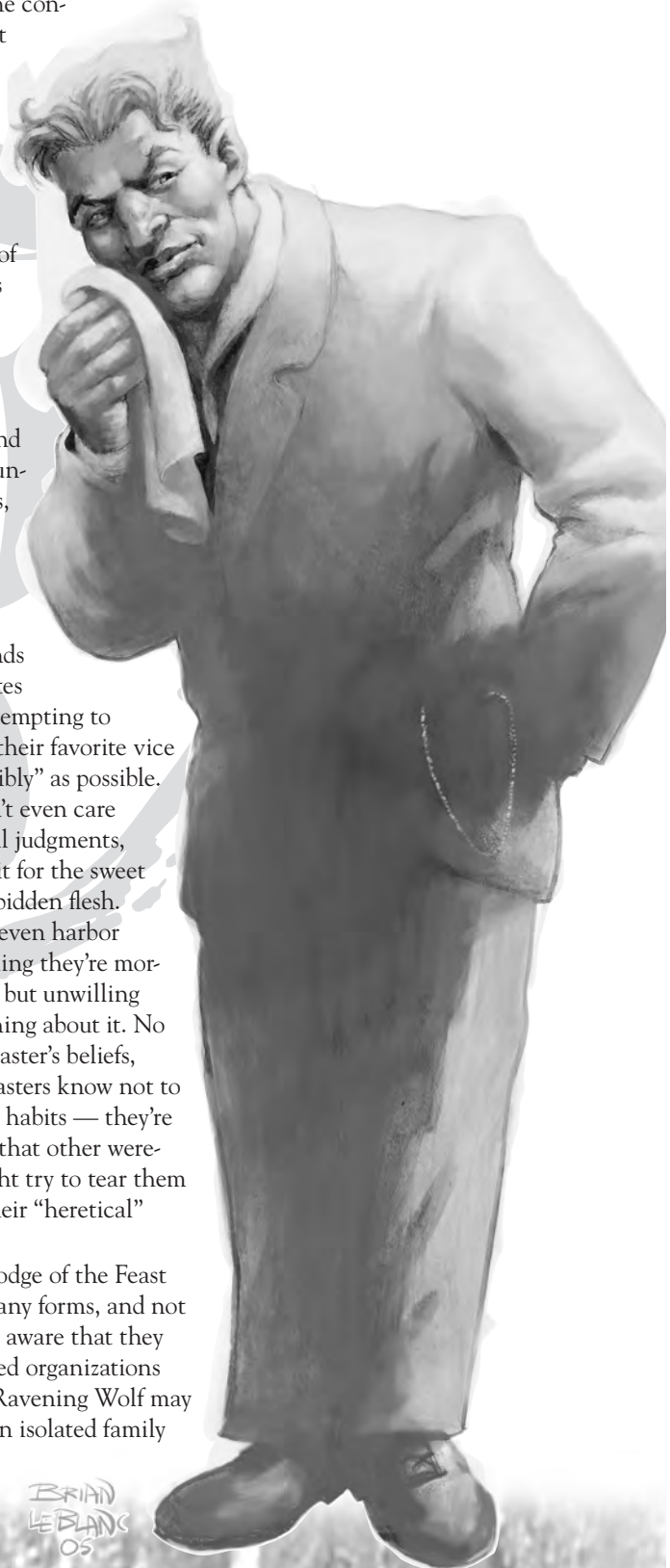
This is the secret wisdom: to eat of the prey suited for the gods themselves, to master ourselves, to become as our lost Father. There are others who do not understand, and respond only with hate; do not hate them in return, for they are unworthy. Only the bravest and the wisest may sit at the table of the Greatest Feast.

Many cultures look on the ritual of sharing food as a spiritual bond. The Lodge of the Feast shares this belief. But, where others break bread and share wine, members of the Lodge of the Feast bond with one another over meals of human flesh. Some lodge members hold sumptuous banquets at which the humanity of their main course is elegantly disguised in casseroles, broths, stews and rare cuts. Other lodge members pull hitchhikers off the side of the road and drag them back home for a "family picnic,"

served raw. Lodge members are dedicated human-eaters, joined together by a perverse spiritual reverence for their food and the conviction that they're only following their nature.

The core belief of the lodge is that eating human flesh is not morally wrong in and of itself — unhealthy, yes, but not wrong. Many see themselves as gourmands and aesthetes who are attempting to indulge in their favorite vice as "responsibly" as possible. Others don't even care about moral judgments, and are in it for the sweet taste of forbidden flesh. Some may even harbor doubts, feeling they're morally wrong, but unwilling to do anything about it. No matter a Feaster's beliefs, though, Feasters know not to flaunt their habits — they're well aware that other werewolves might try to tear them apart for their "heretical" views.

The Lodge of the Feast exists in many forms, and not all cells are aware that they have kindred organizations out there. Ravening Wolf may appear to an isolated family



of hillfolk in the Appalachian Mountains, teaching them how best to preserve “the old ways.” He might give his patronage to a pack of upper-class modern-day aristocrats, teaching them to celebrate good friends and good food behind closed doors. These small cells might not even think of themselves as “the Lodge of the Feast,” or even use the word “lodge” to describe themselves — said hillfolk might still think of themselves as “the Charfields,” and the upper-class pack might speak of “the executives’ club” with a knowing wink.

What the lodge lacks in widespread organization, it gains in communal loyalty. The camaraderie of any given group of Feasters is quite remarkable. The bonds of shared food, particularly of the forbidden variety, tend to bring them together as tightly as any family or pack. A lodge member is quick to assist a table-sister, as much out of emotional bond as practicality. It’s a self-reinforcing system; as members assist and support one another, their kinship grows. Most local cells of the lodge tend to range from four to eight members; larger groups are rare (and terrifying), and smaller groups usually try harder to subvert new companions.

Communal feasts are generally held once every lunar month, most typically on the new moon. One member, usually the most influential and the one best able to acquire a “fatted calf” without causing a stir, plays host. All the known members of the lodge in a given area are invited, and any absence is usually the subject of much speculation. The host always performs the Communion of the Flesh at a lodge feast, and it’s common for the various Feasters to offer one another small gifts after the occasion as small pledges of continued brotherhood. In a way, it’s very like the human holidays that celebrate prosperity with a family feast.

While the Lodge of the Feast in theory is equally oriented toward the consumption of human and wolf flesh, in practice humans are very much more the lodge’s favored foodstuff. Certainly, there are more humans than wolves to go around, and it’s easier to acquire a helping of “long pig.” But it also has to do with temptation. The average werewolf is exposed to so many humans, both growing up and after the Change, that werewolves almost inevitably first feel the hunger for forbidden flesh when a human is present. The temptation grows while among human crowds, or even when spending intimate time with a human. Some gourmands go out of their way to experiment with the taste of wolf, but for the most part, the Lodge of the Feast deals with sating a hunger that is already present.

patron spirit

Ravener Wolf claims to be one of the Secondborn, a wolf-spirit from the mighty lineage of Father Wolf that was born too late to become patron to a tribe proper. The litanies of the Feast describe a wolf-spirit that was cast out by his brethren, unjustly persecuted for eating human flesh when none other was available. Other fragments of

obscure lore tell a different story, mentioning a spirit of hunger in wolf form — some even suggest that “Ravener Wolf” is in fact one of the hounds of Baalphegor, Maeljin of Gluttony.

joining the lodge

Many werewolves discover the forbidden delights of eating human flesh without any outside encouragement. At that point, they have a choice: they must give up on their newfound vice entirely, give into it completely and face inevitable madness, or attempt to find a third path that might allow them to feed their darker appetites while retaining some measure of sanity. And, perhaps too often, their inquiries lead them eventually to Ravener Wolf and the Lodge of the Feast.

Of course, the Feasters have to be careful about admitting their intentions. Though subtlety isn’t a hallmark of werewolves, it’s not inconceivable that an Uratha might pose as a human-eater in order to root out a suspected cabal of predators. The test of an applicant’s sincerity is simple enough — kill a human (or, rarely, a wolf) for food, and share a meal with the lodge contact. If the would-be Feaster goes through with it, there’s a fine chance that even a werewolf who had been planning to betray the lodge will be seduced by the experience and become a member in full.

After this initial test, the lodge usually watches over the newcomer for the next week or so, just to be certain. If he seems to be sincere at that point, then he is invited to his first communal feast with his new brethren. This meal may be a lavish dinner held in a wealthy werewolf’s estate, serving the most exquisitely cooked viands in an elaborate distortion of high cuisine, or a rude ritual “picnic” held on a huge stone in the wilderness. The feast is a social occasion, dark though it may be, and always involves the ritual Communion of the Flesh. The new member’s health is toasted many times during the feast — all part of the celebration of sharing food and hospitality.

Prerequisites: Rituals ••

Benefits: Ravener Wolf’s blessing allows members of the Lodge of the Feast to spiritually inure themselves at least in part against the spiritual deterioration that comes with eating human or wolf flesh. Lodge members are allowed to spend a Willpower point on the roll to resist degeneration for eating human or wolf flesh. This benefit applies only when attempting to resist degeneration for that particular sin against Harmony; any other sins that would call for a degeneration check must be faced with the usual number of dice. In addition, all lodge members are taught the Communion of the Flesh rite upon initiation, at no experience point cost.

lodge of the feast rite

communion of the flesh (••)

The rite of Communion of the Flesh is said to exist in a thousand different forms around the world,





Lodge of the Feast

not simply in the hands of the Lodge of the Feast. The rite was first performed over meat crudely seared over a small fire, or not cooked at all. While members of the Lodge of the Feast see themselves as the keepers of the rite, it can be found by those who look for it — perhaps scrawled into the back of a battered “pagan spellbook” in the dusty stacks of a used bookstore, detailed in the diaries of a Spanish conquistador, or even taught outright by a gluttony-spirit. Some humans have managed to discover the rite in a form they understand, and some of those have even tried to enact the rite. It’s a futile endeavor for them, and one that is sure to mark the nearby Shadow.

The Communion of the Flesh does not enable werewolves to eat human or wolf flesh with impunity; the rite makes the experience more “filling,” not safer. A werewolf could well run mad after partaking in this communion too often, though he would delight in the process.

Performing the Rite: The rite takes the form of a series of ritual blessings made before beginning a meal of human or wolf flesh. No other food will suffice. Although the blessings hold the most power in the First Tongue, the rite still works if performed in a human language, perhaps disguised as a human religious prayer. The culmination of the rite requires anointing the centerpiece of the meal with salt and a small amount of alcoholic libation (usually wine).

Traditionally, this rite is performed at night. Sunlight is said to “taint” the feast, though some say it’s more likely that the purity of sunlight makes it difficult for the feast’s corrupt nature to properly manifest.

Dice Pool: Harmony

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

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: All successes are lost. The meal cannot be blessed, and the participants cannot successfully invoke this rite again until after the next sunrise.

Failure: No successes are added.

Success: Successes are accumulated toward the total required. If the total reaches 10 or more successes, the meal is charged with an additional measure of spiritual power. Those werewolves who eat enough of the meal to regain at least one Essence point (and therefore must make a degeneration check, if their Harmony is sufficiently high to demand it) receive a +1 bonus to all Stamina and Resolve rolls made for the next 24 hours.

Exceptional Success: Successes are accumulated toward the total required. If the total reaches 15 or more successes, the imbued level of spiritual power in the meal reaches a new peak, raising the bonus to Stamina and Resolve rolls to +2.

Suggested Modifiers

Modifier	Situation
+1	Rite takes place at night
+1	Three or more participants
-1	Rite is performed in a human language
-1	Rite takes place under sunlight

LODGE OF THE FEAST STORY HOOKS

• **The Way to His Heart:** One of the Feasters has become somewhat enticed by one of the players’ characters, perhaps romantically, or perhaps seeing him as a replacement family member. She decides that the best way to bring him over to her point of view is to invite him to join the Lodge of the Feast, and the best way to do that is to slip him a taste of “home cooking.” Can she manage to get him intrigued and addicted without revealing the secret ingredient? And if not, what’s her contingency plan?

• **One Step Further:** A Feaster has developed an even more unhealthy curiosity: if the flesh of humans is so nourishing and delicious, then what would the flesh of another Uratha be like? The Feaster may involve the players’ pack in subtle ways at first, assisting them in battles against the Pure and volunteering to dispose of the corpses afterwards. Eventually, though, he’s sure to fixate on one of his fellow Forsaken as a meal, particularly if the characters come to his attention by nosing around a bit too much....

• **Hunting Their Own:** The pack begins to pick up signs that there’s a rogue werewolf, probably *Zi’ir*, prowling around the edges of their territory. As they make preparations for the hunt, another pack shows up and offers to help. The newcomers say they have “old business” with the target, but there’s something not quite right about them. They try to hide it, but they have odd compulsions that hint at a lower Harmony. In fact, they’re members of the Lodge of the Feast, and the *Zi’ir* is one of their own who fell. A curious character who discovers the source of this hunting party’s peculiarities can unleash a whole lot of trouble for the pack.

christian barr

Auspice: Storm Lords

Tribe: Elodoth

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 2, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 2 (3/5/4/2), Dexterity 2 (2/3/3/3), Stamina 2 (3/4/4/4)

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 4 (3/4/1/4), Composure 4

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Crafts (Cooking) 3, Investigation 2, Medicine 2, Occult 2, Politics 3, Science 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Firearms 1, Stealth 2, Survival 2

Social Skills: Empathy (Runaways) 2, Expression 2, Intimidation 1, Persuasion (Fatherly) 3, Socialize 3, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge (Playing Innocent) 4

Merits: Allies (Town Sheriff) 4, Contacts (Law Enforcement, City Council) 2, Iron Stomach, Resources 4, Retainer (Manservant) 2

Primal Urge: 4

Willpower: 7

Harmony: 4

Essence Max/Per Turn: 14/2

Virtue: Prudence

Vice: Gluttony

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

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

Defense: 2 (2/2/2/2)

Speed: 9 (11/13/16/14)

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

Gifts: (1) Call the Breeze, Partial Change, Scent Beneath the Surface, Sense Malice, Ward Versus Predators; (2) Anybeast, Scent of Taint, Silent Fog, Snarl of Command, Ward Versus Humans; (3) Aura of Truce, Technology Ward; (4) Shadow Ward

Rituals: 4; **Rites:** (1) Banish Human, Funeral Rite, Rite of Dedication, Shared Scent; (2) Call Human, Communion of the Flesh, Hallow Touchstone, Rite of Contrition; (3) Bind Human, Rite of Healing, Rite of the Moon's Love, Sacred Hunt; (4) Fetish Rite, Rite of Chosen Ground

Christian Barr had some difficulties coming to grips with being a werewolf; he Changed in his late 30s, and it wasn't easy trying to unlearn his human life. Unfortunately,

ly, one of the coping mechanisms that he stumbled across was the taste for human flesh. He might have degenerated into a savage if it hadn't been for his Elodoth's instinct, which compelled him to start searching for some sort of balance. Eventually, he found the Lodge of the Feast.

At present, Barr is one of the more notable figures in the lodge, keeping in contact with other members in the area and playing host to the occasional feast. He also acts as a spiritual advisor to other lodge members, counseling restraint and moderation. He believes strongly in the lodge's teachings that the consumption of human flesh is dangerous yet rewarding, and has little patience for those who endanger their souls for a quick fix. The lodge is a community, and, as a community, its members are able to persevere.

Barr owns an old mansion with large grounds, which he uses to host lodge feasts. The house itself is relatively well-kept, with more attention paid to the first floor (particularly the dining room), but the grounds have "gone wild." He has a local reputation as slightly eccentric, and the folks in the nearby town can't help but notice that some strange people tend to drop by on a fairly regular basis. But his money helps keep the nearby town running, and if any locals have anything bad to say about him, they don't say it too loudly.

Barr looks to be in his 50s, with tanned skin, white hair and a thick Georgian accent. He carries himself much as the Southern gentleman he believes himself to be, preferring comfortable and well-tailored suits to more casual wear. As his Harmony has fallen, he has increasingly become obsessed with the concept of perfect time; he consistently checks his pocket watch and becomes nervous in a room with no visible clocks. In wolf form, his coat is pale and his eyes are a rich yellow.





LODGE OF THE GROTTO

WORMS

The way I heard this Blood Talon tell it, there used to be people who thought that the earth was made out of a giant corpse. The gods came down from the heavens, and all the animals, even humans, wriggled their way out of the corpse like so many worms.

Now this Talon said he didn't really know whether to believe that story or not; it doesn't seem to make much sense, and Hell, the idea of Father Wolf and Mother Luna's easier to believe, right? It might have been some sort of poetic metaphor. After all, even the humans seem to remember Pangaea a little bit, and the world's started to stink as if it's been left out in the sun by compare to those times. And you're talking about the flesh being this base thing and the spirit something that comes from higher up, some nobler place — bullshit, we know, but humans like to be optimistic.

But the Talon, he also said that he'd seen a couple of things that made him wonder. There are more caves and tunnels under the earth than you might think, and not all of them are so easily explained by geology textbooks. He said he'd seen tunnels that looked as if they'd been cut, maybe hints that life did wriggle and burrow its way up from underneath back in the old days. He claimed he'd seen hints, signs, spoor of something that might still be alive down there. He talked as if he weren't sure that all of life didn't fight its way out of that black womb way back before Pangaea. I'm not sure how much I believe it myself, though it's true people have always looked at the earth as a mother figure.

But sometimes, you see, people go back in.

And when you're down there in the pitch blackness, down with the spirits of things that don't care for sun or moon, down where the earth itself breathes differently — then everything can change.

Members of the Lodge of the Grotto are all-too-real bogeymen for the Uratha, a splinter group of werewolves driven underground that have since adapted to their new lot. They may make their homes in limestone caverns deep beneath ancient mountains, or they might populate long-forgotten sewers and disused subway tunnels underneath a city. Those who have heard the rumors don't even think of these things in terms of a lodge — folklore calls them "Burrowers," and it's most comfortable to assume they aren't real.

The Lodge of the Grotto is a synchronous lodge; individual warrens may have originally been driven underground for a variety of reasons and adapted in parallel fashion. Some warrens may have been Forsaken and some may have been Pure, but a once-Pure warren that

has remained beneath for generations may have forgotten its rites of purging auspice and become more Ghost Wolf than anything. Most Burrowers still receive the innate blessings of auspice after the First Change. Not all surface-dwelling Uratha change under the open sky when the moon is in the air, and Burrowers aren't denied the instincts of their auspice moon for the circumstance. However, if a bloodline is separated from the sky for long enough, it may be possible that the bloodline also becomes separated from the moon itself and loses auspice entirely. If that were to happen, what other ramifications would spring from the loss of Luna's touch?

As a synchronous lodge, the Lodge of the Grotto has few universal traditions. An urban warren that lives deep in the disused tunnels carved by long-dead architects may retain more actual snippets of their original human culture, in part due to regular forays "above" to steal more necessities. A deep wilderness warren, on the other hand, may have forgotten all languages but the First Tongue. Most warrens retain the capacity to perform rites, though, and, through rites and spirit pacts, even the most savage Burrowers retain some elements of their original culture. Some even retain tribal affiliation, though this is usually true only of warrens that haven't been underground for generations. And warrens can last for generations. The largest and best-established warrens, of course, have brought human families down with them for breeding stock. The Lodge of the Grotto is a lodge that emphasizes the frightening and claustrophobic mysteries of the earth, as well as the alienating power of isolation.

Many Burrower warrens are cannibalistic, eating human flesh out of desperation as much as anything else. Only the Burrowers' loyalty to one another keeps them from falling completely and becoming Broken Souls, but it's a near thing for the older members of the warren. Wracked by compulsions that inevitably turn them more and more toward the darkness and away from the sky, the oldest Uratha of the Grotto are hardly Uratha at all.

PATRON SPIRIT

It's not known if any one spirit oversees the Lodge of the Grotto; each warren may have its own pet god or legendary ancestor that warren members attribute with watching over "the kin." Some of the names uncovered include Pale Rat, the Eyeless One, the Delver in the Dark and the Elder Worm. Are these all the same spirit? The Forsaken don't know. Of course, the Forsaken don't know much about the Burrowers at all — most Forsaken have never heard of the Lodge of the Grotto, and those who

have actually heard rumors of a warren might not suspect that there may be more.

JOINING THE LODGE

Most Burrower warrens are hereditary. A warren might accept a newcomer into its ranks if he proved himself loyal to the extended family, fully adopting him after a long captivity down away from the moon. Initiation rites would vary widely from warren to warren, but typically take the form of some kind of “sacred marriage” into the clan. This may or may not involve actually mating with one of the warren’s human members.

The other way to join the lodge is to be present when a new warren is founded. The details of this process are lost to common knowledge; it’s easy to speculate, however, that it involves oaths sworn in utter darkness to the spirits of the underground, asking for aid in surviving down away from a world that no longer has anything to offer but pain and death.

Prerequisites: Survival specialty (Underground)

Benefits: Burrowers are especially adept at functioning in the darkness. When attempting to locate a target in the dark, they receive +3 to all rolls made to listen or scent out their target (see the **World of Darkness Rulebook**, pp. 166–167). This bonus is in addition to any bonus dice they may get for shifting forms. Those in the Lodge of the Grotto also may purchase Grotto Gifts as an affinity list, and are more adept at deciphering knocktalk even if they don’t know the Gift (see below).

GROTTO GIFTS

These Gifts are the blessings of those that tunnel and burrow, and assist werewolves in navigating the world underneath. These Gifts are taught by the spirits of burrowing things such as worms or moles. These Gifts can be learned by werewolves outside the Lodge of the Grotto, though only lodge members treat them as affinity Gifts.

RATSQUIRM ☹

If a werewolf with this Gift can get her head through an opening, she can wriggle the rest of her body through as well. The Ratsquirm Gift allows a werewolf to pop loose joints and temporarily collapse her ribcage in order to squeeze through spaces no other full-grown werewolf could pass.

Cost: None

Dice Pool: Dexterity + Larceny + Cunning

Action: Reflexive

Roll Results

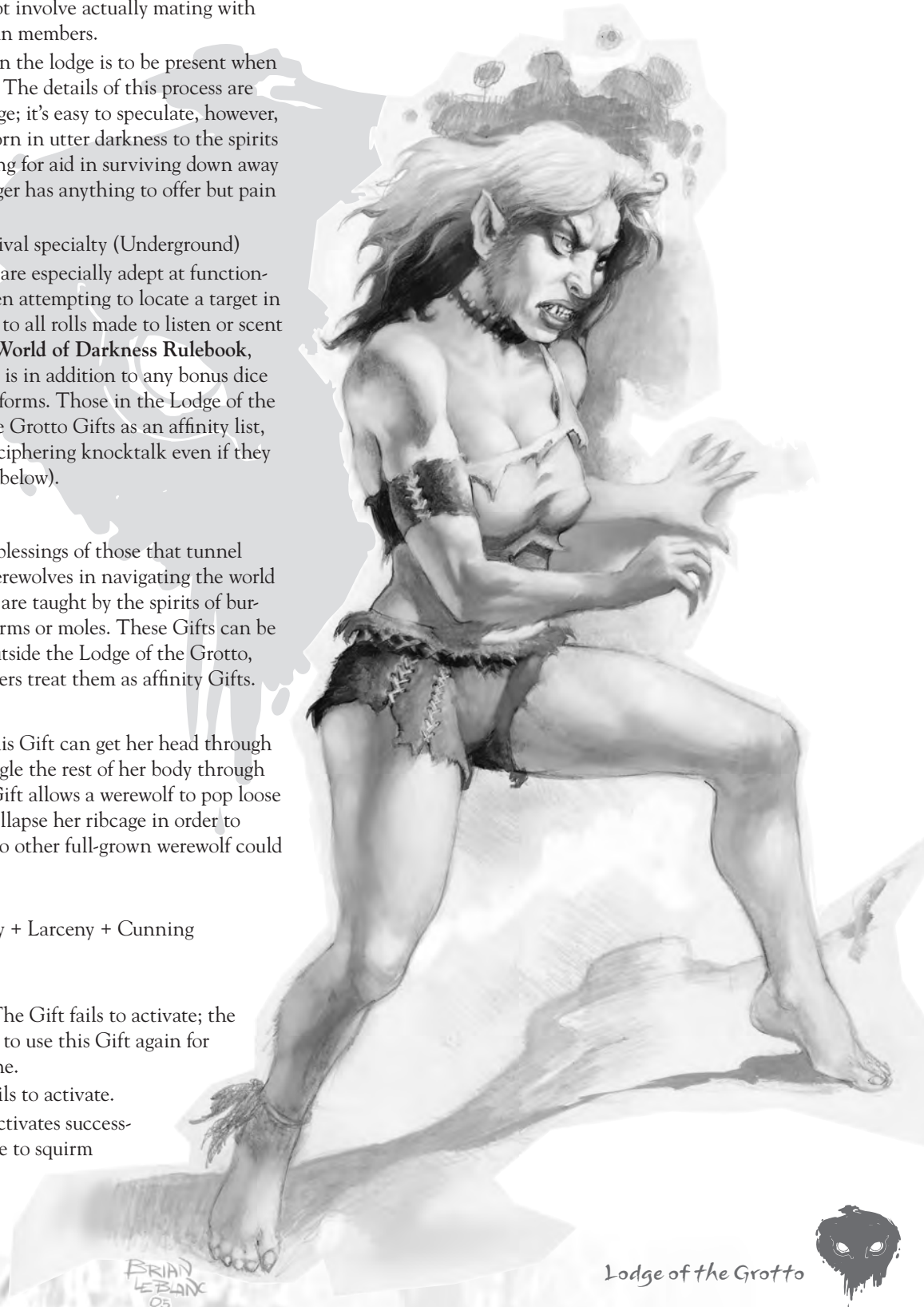
Dramatic Failure: The Gift fails to activate; the werewolf cannot attempt to use this Gift again for the remainder of the scene.

Failure: The Gift fails to activate.

Success: The Gift activates successfully. The werewolf is able to squirm through an opening no

smaller than 10 inches in diameter as a standard action. If the werewolf has used this Gift as preparation to escape a grapple, she gains +2 dice to her escape attempt. This Gift may also allow a werewolf to escape handcuffs or rope or chain bonds with ease.

Exceptional Success: The Gift activates particularly successfully. The werewolf may squeeze through an opening no smaller than eight inches in diameter as above, or gain a +4 bonus to her next roll to escape a grapple.





KNOCKTALK (••)

Those who would hunt the Burrowers in their own tunnels find the hunting an intimidating experience. As the hunters press deeper into the darkness, they hear short bursts of staccato rapping and tapping, echoing around them like alien birdcalls. By means of the Knocktalk Gift, a werewolf can send coded messages to those around her by tapping on stone or metal pipes, thus enabling her and her kin to coordinate devastating attacks against intruders.

Cost: None

Dice Pool: Wits + Expression + Wisdom

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Gift fails, and the werewolf is briefly confused as to why. For the remainder of the scene, she may not attempt the Gift again, and must make a roll to understand another werewolf's knocktalk as if she did not know the Gift herself.

Failure: The Gift fails; the tapping travels no further than the sound would without physical means, and no message is encoded.

Success: The werewolf encodes a brief message of up to one word per success. The knocking or tapping can be heard for up to 100 yards along the tunnels per success. Any listener who knows the Knocktalk Gift automatically understands the message; others must make a Wits + Occult roll to understand the nature of the message. If the listener does not belong to the Lodge of the Grotto, the Wits + Occult roll is made at a -3 penalty.

Exceptional Success: No additional effect.

TUNNELSCENT (•••)

Most werewolves are able to adapt to subterranean darkness well enough, through a mix of arranging their own human-made light sources and shifting into forms with lupine senses. The truly dangerous, though, need neither of these things. The werewolf who has learned this Gift benefits from dramatically increased sense acuity while underground; even in pitch darkness she is able to navigate her surroundings by means of hearing and especially scent as accurately as if she were in broad daylight. She may fight without being subject to any of the normal penalties for fighting blind (see the **World of Darkness Rulebook**, p. 166).

This Gift functions only while the werewolf is underground; the Gift doesn't work if the werewolf is above ground, whether in an enclosed area or under open sky. Sudden bright lights, loud noises or powerful odors will disorient a werewolf under the effects of this Gift. If exposed to such extreme stimuli, she must make a reflexive Wits + Survival roll to resist; such stimuli cause the werewolf to lose this Gift's effects and take a -2 penalty to appropriate Perception rolls for five turns minus one turn per success on the Wits + Survival roll.

Cost: None

Dice Pool: No roll is required.

Action: Reflexive

STONEBURROW (••••)

Some werewolves use Elemental Gifts or mundane digging equipment to carve out underground dens. This Gift makes the process even easier. A werewolf in Dalu or Urshul form can use this Gift to grow long mole-like claws that tear easily through stone or concrete. The claws are unwieldy and not the finest for combat, but are virtually unbreakable.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Stamina + Athletics + Glory

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The werewolf's nails become brittle and split painfully. She may not make any claw attacks for the duration of the scene.

Failure: No change.

Success: The werewolf's claws become capable of digging through stone or concrete. She may excavate up to one cubic foot of stone or concrete per turn. She also gains a +1 damage claw attack if she did not have one previously (if in Dalu form), or may add +1 damage to existing claw attacks. The Gift's effects last for the duration of the scene, or until the werewolf chooses to end the effects.

Exceptional Success: The werewolf may excavate up to two cubic feet of stone or concrete per turn.

TUNNELWRATH (•••••)

This Gift calls on the wrath of the burrowed earth to strike down the werewolf's enemies. Tunnels may crack and spray rocks or steam pipes may burst as the tunnel lashes out at intruders.

Cost: 2 Essence

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Crafts + Purity

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The tunnel rebels against the werewolf rather than her foes. The Gift user immediately takes one point of lethal damage from an appropriate source.

Failure: The tunnel refuses to answer the werewolf's call.

Success: The tunnel strikes at the werewolf's foes. The werewolf may distribute two points of lethal damage per success against anyone within 100 yards who shares the same tunnel as she. This takes the form of environmental damage, and can be used in either human-made or natural subterranean passages. For instance, if the user gained three successes in a mineshaft, she could choose to apply all six points of damage against one enemy (perhaps by causing a minor cave-in) or divide them among her five attackers, inflicting two points of lethal damage to one

werewolf of her choice and one point of lethal damage to each of the five others. In a subway tunnel, the damage could take the form of an electrical short from the third rail, and so on.

Exceptional Success: No additional effect apart from the large amounts of damage done.

LODGE OF THE GROTTO STORY HOOKS

- **Drawn to the Moon:** The pack discovers a strange young werewolf in their territory, one who seems at first to be somewhat mad, but who also doesn't appear to be recently Changed. She acts as though she's accustomed to her nature, but is mystified and even obsessed by the moon. She's reluctant to talk about her past, and seems torn between distrust and curiosity where the pack is concerned. But the young Burrower has been missed, and soon her relatives will arrive to take her back — and anything else in the territory that catches their eye.

- **Buried Wealth:** Recent divination has determined that a strong Essence flow seems to have shifted of late, pouring down into the earth toward an unknown location. It seems likely that a potent locus has formed or will form down there, which makes for a tempting target. The pack is encouraged or bribed to go hunt down the locus' location, perhaps to catch or parley with the spirits that will be drawn there. What the characters don't know is that the flow of Essence leads to the center of a Burrower warren, one that will be quite excited to receive visitors.

- **Typhon Unbound:** While attempting to expand their territory, a warren of Burrowers accidentally disturbs an ancient horror of some sort that was deeply buried millennia ago. It may be a spirit bound with ritual chains, or a creature of polluted flesh — whatever it is, it has begun to stir. The visions of Cahalith on the surface all point to something hideous awakening underground, and the Uratha are well-advised to take the initiative and bind or destroy it before it becomes fully awake and free. But what they don't expect is the nest of their degenerate cousins that have begun to worship their newly discovered "god."

SKITTER

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Ghost Wolves

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 2

Physical Attributes: Strength 2 (3/5/4/2), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4)

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Crafts 2, Investigation (Tunnels) 2, Medicine 2, Occult 1, Politics (Warren) 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Larceny 2, Stealth (Noiseless) 4, Survival (Underground) 3

Social Skills: Animal Ken (Rats) 1, Intimidation 1, Street-wise 1, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Direction Sense, Fast Reflexes 2, Fleet of Foot 1, Iron Stomach

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 4

Harmony: 5

Essence Max/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Temperance

Vice: Lust

Health: 8 (10/12/13/8)

Initiative: 7 (7/8/9/9) with Fast Reflexes

Defense: 3 (3/3/3/3)

Speed: 11 (12/15/18/16) with Fleet of Foot

Renown: Cunning 2, Glory 1, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (1) Call Water, Partial Change, Sense Weakness; (2) Knocktalk, Manipulate Earth

Rituals: 1; **Rites:** (1) Shared Scent

Skitter grew up deep underground, and was raised to fear the open sky. She acts as a scout for her warren, ranging along the outlying tunnels of their territory and testing for new scents in the area. She's only encountered outside werewolves once before, and now has a powerful curiosity about them — what they're like, whether they'd be worth dragging back as captives, whether they'd taste good.

The young Burrower is perpetually hungry, but knows better than to be gluttonous; she's used to lean times and eats only what she needs. She has a taste for rat, and has counted herself lucky to be part of a successful conflict with a stray Beshilu. She has no real sense of empathy for humans, which can lead her to be cruel to trespassers.

Skitter is rail-thin, with washed-out, nearly white skin and hair; her eyes are a startlingly bright blue. She wears a patchwork mess of scavenged clothing, but always travels barefoot. She knows some English, but her accent and slang are peculiar hints of her warren's eccentricities.



LODGE OF MAMMON

ANGELS OF WANT

Listen here, oh all you lost and wretched, for I say to you that you are not alone! Your cries do not go unheard! There is a hunger in your belly, and I say to you that there is one who feels your hunger, who wants to give to you! The beaten-down, the oppressed, those of you with empty pockets and nothing in your souls but dreams of a better day — the Giver hears your cries, and he reaches out to you!

The Giver is not the god your parents told you to worship, oh no. He is not the god that tells you that you are going to Hell for wanting to make your life better. He is an angel who is set outside, set outside, I say — he does not hide in a cold and distant Heaven, he does not wave a pitchfork in the lake of fire! He is beyond these things. Beyond them!

You see, the Giver woke up when there was first a hunger, when humans were hungry for the first time. He sees the need within you. He is drawn to those who want, who are denied what is theirs by right! So he sends his own angels, his servants, to walk among us. His angels came down to those who had the greatest need, the greatest hunger, and his angels blessed them! They said, "Be not afraid, for I know the wrath and the want that burns within you, and I will guide you to make yourself whole! I will feed you when you are hungry, I will give you wealth when you are poor, I will set you upon the path to prosperity!"

Do you hear him? Do you hear him in your hearts, reaching out with his fingers to caress you where you are filled with want? He is always

among us! His servants watch over us in the dark while we sleep! Praise to the Giver, the Feeder! Praise Mammon!

Greed is natural. The very foundation of life is hunger, and the very foundation of civilization is a hunger for things beyond the immediate satiation of the belly. Even taking more than is absolutely necessary for survival is a natural thing; to have more than the minimum that you need makes you healthier than those who live on the edge of starvation. All of Nature strives to prosper. It isn't wrong to want. And it isn't "right" to repress the hunger for more — it's pointless.

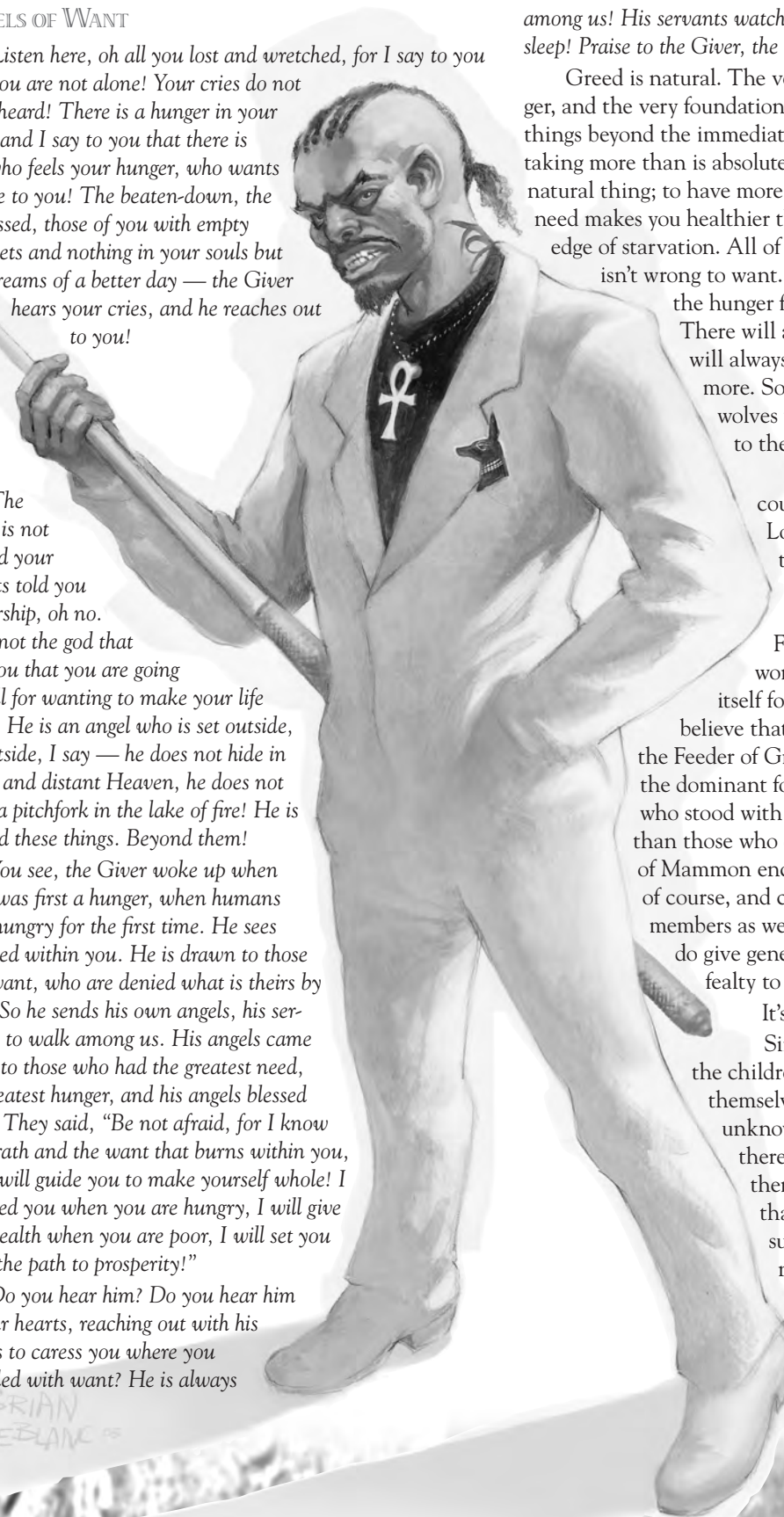
There will always be more, and so there will always be strength in the desire for more. So, at least, claim the werewolves who have pledged themselves to the Lodge of Mammon.

The Lodge of Mammon is, of course, quintessentially selfish. Lodge members don't work too hard to rationalize their choices in the context of their other "duties" to Luna or the Firstborn. These werewolves worship the incarnation of Greed itself for selfish reasons — they believe that when all is said and done, the Feeder of Greed will triumph as one of the dominant forces of the Shadow, and those who stood with him (or "it") will be better off than those who didn't. The spiritual servants of Mammon encourage this point of view, of course, and cultivate the greed of lodge members as well. Mammon and his ilk truly do give generously to those who swear fealty to him.

It's just not ever enough.

Similar to other Bale Hounds, the children of Mammon divide themselves into secretive cells. It's unknown how many Mammonites there are around the world, and there's no central authority other than the Maeljin itself; cells and sub-cults maintain a discreet network of "business associates." Some of the lodge's cells are certainly synchronous.

The purpose of the lodge, of course, is twofold:


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to serve Mammon, and to serve the self-interest of the lodge's members. Most Mammonites would say the second principle is what's really important; it's not about serving the Maeljin for service's sake, it's about rendering services in return for payment. Some cells set up small cults of human worshippers at the behest of their master; other cells work to build the spiritual forces of greed in other ways.

The Lodge of Mammon is equally welcoming to both Forsaken and Pure, though it's rare indeed to find them in the same cell. The lodge appeals to Forsaken by playing on their feelings of disenfranchisement and offering them a place of high regard. Conversely, the lodge appeals to Pure by confirming their feelings of entitlement, and offering the resources to pursue those dreams that, they've been told, were denied them by the Forsaken long ago. The greed of a Mammonite can be for many things, whether material wealth or the flow of Essence. Mammon is itself older than money, and avarice is only one part of the greed that gives it spiritual "flesh."

Ultimately, the Lodge of Mammon is one of the most inclusive lodges there is. All it takes is the willingness to want things for yourself without shame, to desire more than what you have. Those who hunger will be fed — they may never be sated, but they will be fed even as their greed grows and grows.

PATRON SPIRIT

Mammon grants his patronage only indirectly. The Feeder of Greed is a distant master, and his devoted servants count themselves lucky (in their own way) if they interact with one of his Maeltinet. While some cells of the lodge enjoy, in their own perverse way, setting up golden idols to a grossly distended demon-god as a sign of their wealth, others look on their relationship with Mammon as a business transaction. Maeltinet tend to visit each successful cell in an appropriate visage. The sprawling ritual cults might have a brazen angel of the Pit descend among them, while the elegantly modern Mammonites might shake hands with a handsome man in an impeccable suit and fine jewelry, carrying a briefcase made of human skin.

BALE HOUNDS

The Lodge of Mammon members are quite clearly Bale Hounds. They even recognize the term as it applies to them; they are, after all, secretive venerator of a Maeljin. However, Mammonites don't participate in any larger "Bale Hound culture." If a small pack of revelers of Carnala were to ask for assistance in defending themselves against Luna's loyalists, the Mammonites wouldn't necessarily pitch in to help. In fact, they might even turn on their fellow Hounds simply to project an image of loyalty to the Forsaken. Mammonites are motivated by their lodge and their devotion to Mammon; to their minds, the

term "Bale Hounds" implies little more shared vision than does the term "werewolves."

That said, although "Bale Hound" is usually used as a generic descriptor; the Storyteller can feel free to give the Maeljin's servants a more wide-ranging organization. While the secretive nature of their methodology requires them to gather in small cells rather than open armies, Storytellers who are interested in making the Bale Hounds a collective subculture more in the manner of the Pure can certainly do so. With such a chronicle setup, the Lodge of Mammon might be a fringe group or one of the pillars of this decadent, ruinous society.

JOINING THE LODGE

Similar to other Bale Hounds, the Lodge of Mammon is extremely circumspect in approaching potential recruits. Failing to properly read a target could lead to the exposure and destruction of an entire cell, so Mammonites play it subtly. Generosity is one of their main techniques — offer a few gifts here and there, and see whose eyes light up the most. It always hurts a little bit to give freely, of course, but the truly faithful see it as an investment.

Once the potential recruit has begun to tug at the bait, the lodge begins to throw out further enticements. Instead of offering a few free trifles, Mammonites begin to offer tempting arrangements. "You do a favor for me, and I'll make sure it's well worth your while." In exchange for hunting down a not-too-intimidating quarry, the target receives a potent fetish or an expensive piece of gear. A cunning Mammonite can make the process seem entirely natural by always offering something that clearly is within her means, and therefore not that suspicious a reward — but always too good a deal to pass up.

Eventually, the recruiter begins to chat one-on-one with the target, in particular discussing the state of both flesh and Shadow (always oh-so-casually, of course). The seduction takes place over time, anywhere from weeks to years. Forsaken targets are teased with the idea of spirit patrons that might give without being forced, of encouraging the world to give them what they're owed rather than the lot they're unfairly stuck with. Pure targets are tempted with dreams of dominion, of allegiance to spirit lords that have an inside track at retaking the world for the People. In both cases, the recruiter points out her own success and argues that there's no reason that the target can't have all that and more as well if he's willing to play his cards right. If she's judged her target well, he'll be pledged to the Feeder of Greed before she ever has to say the word "Mammon."

There always has to be an offering, of course — a sacrifice of sorts. However, the Lodge of Mammon doesn't necessarily ask the initiate to give up or destroy what is of the greatest worth to him — or at least, what he'd define





as of the greatest worth. The initiate is encouraged to want, and to see it as reasonable that his wants will be met. The person most likely to sell his soul is the person who doesn't treasure it in the first place, or who thinks that it's not worth what he'd be getting in return. Thus, when the Mammonites ask for an offering as a token of good faith, they always pick something reasonable. An initiate might not have to kill his wife — unless he's growing frustrated and infuriated with her anyway. He won't have to give up his worldly goods, but he might be coerced into surrendering a locus that he thought was a pain to guard. It's the sort of deal in which both parties think they're getting the better end of it; it just so happens that more often than not, the initiate was the one who was wrong. At the close of the offering, the initiate ideally realizes there's no going back.

The final step is the contractual pledge. The Mammonites always describe it as painless, and they're always lying just a little bit. It may take the form of signing a contract in blood, or it may be sealed with a handshake with a Maeltinet, burning a temporary wound onto the palm of the newly inducted member. The pain is designed to make certain that one joins the lodge fully awake and alert — then the wound heals, and congratulations. You're in the club. Time to go to work and let the perks start rolling in.

Prerequisites: Cunning •, Subterfuge ••

Benefits: Though the lodge is composed of greedy individuals, there's still a support network that holds to the principle that to give more is to encourage more desire. New recruits to the lodge of Mammon receive a free dot of the Resources Merit, unless that dot would take them to five dots or more. They also receive +2 bonus dice to any Social rolls made to interact with greed-spirits, or to Harmony rolls made to influence or bind greed-spirits through ritual fashion.

LODGE OF MAMMON FETISH

BAD PENNY (••)

Ironically, this fetish of greed is designed not to be coveted, but to be given away. A Mammonite might include a Bad Penny as part of a tip for services rendered, slip the fetish into a target's pocket with a bit of deft sleight of hand or even leave the fetish lying on a stoop or sidewalk for someone to find. A Bad Penny might take the form of any sort of coin, from an old doubloon or drachma to a wheat penny or buffalo nickel or even a shiny bright quarter or euro. When made of precious metal or newer coins, these fetishes tend to be brightly polished and eye-catching; those made from antique coins are more likely to be tarnished enough to dispel any suspicions of counterfeiting, at least to the casual observer.

Once activated, the Bad Penny will remain so until it is deliberately thrown away. It emanates an aura that attracts and strengthens greed-spirits. Any Essence the bearer may generate is laced with greed resonance, and

greed-spirits gain 2 extra dice to use any Numina or Influences to affect the bearer. The person who "finds" a Bad Penny is a clear and obvious target for being Urged, and the spirits are unlikely to let her get rid of the fetish unless she gives it freely to someone else, thus further spreading the influence of Mammon. Naturally, a greed-spirit is bound inside this fetish.

Action: Reflexive

LODGE OF MAMMON STORY HOOKS

• **Breach of Contract:** A local werewolf of high personal wealth has offered to donate some of his resources to assisting the local pack, perhaps as repayment for a favor they'd done him earlier. However, between his promise and the arrival of the payment, a Mammonite slips a Bad Penny into his possession, and he falls victim to avaricious influences. Will the pack realize that there's a third party at work? And if the characters go nosing about, the Mammonites are sure to interfere; this target's too rich for them to allow to slip through their claws.

• **Skin Trade:** A pack of Mammonites have made contact with some wealthy individuals who are willing to pay quite handsomely for healthy wolf-blooded, children or adults. Maybe the pack's employers are vampires or mages, perhaps they're depraved werewolves who want to buy good stock for breeding. Either way, they're offering more money than a Mammonite can possibly refuse. When the Bale Hounds target wolf-blooded close to the pack, it seems at first to be a simple kidnapping scheme — but what if the Mammonites are looking to betray their employers for a shot at even more money?

• **Profiteering:** The alpha of a local pack has recently been infected by the Lodge of Mammon, and has begun seeing Essence as a commodity she could sell to others. She's quietly begun efforts to herd a few Azlu in the area into walling off more loci, while she attempts to strengthen the power of the locus her pack controls. She's on the verge of experimenting with Beshilu to that effect, and is likely to trigger a huge war between the two Hosts with her pack — some of whom are innocent of her schemes — caught in the middle.

JOSIAH STONE

Auspice: Ithaeur

Tribe: Iron Masters

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 3 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4)

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Computer 1, Crafts (Fetishes) 3, Occult (Fetishes) 3, Politics 2

Physical Skills: Brawl 2, Drive 1, Firearms 1, Larceny (Fraud) 3, Weaponry 2

Social Skills: Empathy (Greed) 2, Expression 1, Intimidation 1, Persuasion 3, Socialize 2, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Contacts (Street Crime, Smuggling) 2, Fighting Style: Boxing 2, Iron Stomach, Resources 4

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 5

Essence Max/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Charity

Vice: Greed

Health: 8 (10/12/13/8)

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

Defense: 2 (2/3/3/3)

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

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

Gifts: (1) Call Water, Loose Tongue, Straighten, Two-World Eyes; (2) Camaraderie, Manipulate Earth, Playing Possum, Read Spirit, Ruin; (3) Gauntlet Cloak, Sculpt; (4) Shatter

Rituals: 4; **Rites:** (1) Banish Human, Rite of Dedication, Rite of Renunciation, Rite of the Spirit Brand; (2) Banish Spirit, Call Gaffling, Call Human, Fortify the Border Marches, Hallow Touchstone; (3) Bind Human, Bind Spirit, Call Jagglng, Sacred Hunt, Wake the Spirit; (4) Fetish Rite

Josiah Stone learned avarice at a painfully early age. It wasn't that his family was poor, but he picked bad role models — his media heroes sang the praises of fur coats, sports cars, expensive jewelry and expensive women. He became the kind of kid who'd mug his classmates for name-brand sneakers or gold chains, and his First Change

didn't rinse out the stain on his soul. He joined the Iron Masters out of a shared love for the good things humanity produced, and was quick to exhort his pack to take the best territory they possibly could. The Lodge of Mammon found it easy to get under his skin.

Now with a few years in the lodge under his belt, Josiah looks back at his younger days with mocking self-deprecation. If he'd let it, the greed would have destroyed him. But now that he's come through the veil and experienced enlightenment, he knows that his greed will serve him well. He's on the winning side, and when he finally goes out, it's going to be on a pile of everything he loves best.

Josiah is an active recruiter for the lodge, although he's prone to start his campaigns of bribery with spiritual goods. He's made a reputation for himself locally as a talented crafter of fetishes, the sort you go to if you have a special need. If he sees a familiar gleam in the eyes of one of his customers, he gives them a smile and a special deal on the sort of services expected for repayment. He even keeps a few talens on hand to be given out *gratis* in case he meets someone particularly likely.

Josiah is very dark-skinned, about 6'5" and fairly stocky. He's quite vain, and refuses to wear anything that isn't top-quality and preferably tailored. He favors gold jewelry with a distinctly Egyptian motif; he likes to think of himself as a modern-day pharaoh, right down to his stable of "concubines" and the territory he holds. He's even considering building a tomb to hold his wealth when he passes on; he has reason to believe you can indeed take it with you. His lupine forms are not as grand as he would like, though; when shifted he's slightly shaggy and reddish-brown, more reminiscent of the unforgiving North African desert than the regal black canids of Egyptian art.





Lodge of the Savior

Faith of the Forsaken

"This is my Body," said the God of the World. "This is my blood."

Of all the moments in the Savior's life, this moment held the most resonance within the Shadow. Later he would hang dying from a cross, surrounded by pain-spirits bleeding from his sacred wounds, and many times in his life he birthed hope- or joy-spirits from his actions and his love. But this moment, the moment of transubstantiation, slashed across the Shadow Realm like ice and fire. This, truly, was an exemplification of the boundaries of flesh and spirit.

"This is my Body," Jesus said to his followers. It mattered nothing if the ritual was simply representative or a true divine blessing. Belief was all, and this belief was the essence that drove the Redeemer onward, day after day, night after night. "This is my Blood," he said. And people believed His words.

At the end of His mortal days, as the world watched Him die, He forgave all those who had wronged Him. This too rang out across the two worlds, and again, belief was all.

Over the years, there would be werewolves who came together in remembrance of this dead God. They believed in His divinity, they believed in His teachings, and they believed — perhaps most importantly — in His forgiveness.

These werewolves reject the name the chaotic flow of history has forced upon their

race. The spirit world may hate them all for ancient sins, but they are not truly forsaken as the other Uratha believe. Their own belief drives them day after day, night after night, as faith once drove the Redeemer Himself. And as they fight for to balance Shadow, they too offer up their body and blood in sacrifice to change the world. In following His teachings, they are Forsaken no more, but perhaps one day Forgiven.

It is said that the God of the World walked as a man in ages past, and His words and actions established faithful masses in His wake. At the end, when His mortal life bled out from his wounds, the martyred Lord transcended the flesh and returned to the realm of pure divinity. And the mortals believed in this, so that whether this divine life was true or not became immaterial. Reality may have inspired belief, or the belief may have changed reality. In the end, Reality and Belief became one.

Even a hundred, a thousand, two thousand years later, mortals still believe. Many of the Forsaken, who possess human halves to their souls in addition to the wolf within, still believe, too. The sights they see and the evils they face only reinforce their faith, even if it is somewhat altered from any traditional Christian model.

The Lodge of the Savior has a varied membership, to say the least. Some werewolves join because they simply seek to reconcile their faith with their new worldview now that the life of a werewolf has opened up new perceptions. Others are dedicated to the point of fanaticism, believing that the parallels between Christian



faith and Uratha history are too strong to ignore — born to earn forgiveness for an original sin, and keeping bound to faith in order to prevent evil from taking hold within their hearts. The biblical tale of Cain and Abel matches all too closely the legend of Father Wolf, and the names of the Maeljin — alien to the First Tongue — match many historical appellations attributed to Hell's most powerful demons. These are compelling similarities, to say the least.

Most members have ideologies that fall somewhere in the middle of these extremes, for while they believe God did create the world, life as one of the Uratha necessitates a certain degree of faith and devotion elsewhere. Of course, reverence for Luna and *Urfarah* is no blasphemy considering the Lord made all things of flesh and spirit. Deities such as Mother Moon and Father Wolf are obviously lesser beings than the Lord (as is even Gaea, the world-spirit, if it truly exists) but these spirits are still important to a werewolf's life and cannot be ignored. Many Redeemers believe that Luna is something akin to the "patron saint" of the People, and is honored accordingly. It's a delicate balance between faithful Christian and territorial werewolf, but the two lives can be brought into harmony by the truly dedicated.

For members of the lodge, the Oath of the Moon arises as an addendum — a refinement for those who have been placed outside, if you will — for the Ten Commandments. It is upheld with a degree of zeal rarely seen beyond those most pious of werewolves who dedicate an unusual amount of worship to Luna. This is key to the outlook of the Lodge of the Savior, for eventual forgiveness lies in cleaving to the tenets of the Oath and keeping a high Harmony. Harmony itself is seen as the state of the soul, in the internal struggle between Human and Beast. To balance the two sides of the soul is to achieve dominion over sinful urges, while to fall into low Harmony reveals a weak mind and the perceived potential to become *Asah Gadar* — one of the loathed Bale Hounds.

Within a pack, many Redeemers become bloody-handed chaplains in the thick of the battle, taking responsibility for the spirituality of the pack even as they dedicate time to honing their hunting skills. Most cells of the lodge discourage forcing their Christian views on their packmates, but may still feel a measure of responsibility for helping their brethren maintain their harmony and adhere to Luna's Oath. It is important to serve as a role model, and if asked, to witness. Other Redeemers adopt the role of fearsome crusader, coloring their hunts and battles with the feral zeal of a fanatic in addition to the instincts of the wolf. And of course, there will always be those werewolves who keep their faith a relative secret, drawing strength from their beliefs and the scattered community of the lodge, but rarely acting overtly.

One thing most werewolves of the Lodge of the Savior have in common is a hatred for the Maeljin. It is no surprise that some Redeemers see demonic influence in many aspects of the Shadow Realm, but the existence

of Wounds and the horrors that occur within appear little short of Hell itself. Sins feed the Wounds and the Maeljin draw strength from the darkness within the hearts of Human. In every way that matters, this makes the Maeljin appear as powerful agents of the Underworld. This point of view is a compelling one, and difficult to refute. Even werewolves outside the Lodge of the Savior often equate the Maeljin with true demons, so it is all too easy to see why the Redeemers believe as they do, and why there is so little evidence to disprove the belief. This loathing for the Maeljin stretches to the Bale Hounds easily enough and few battles are as bitter as those between a fanatical Redeemer and a Bale Hound traitor.

It is ignorant to name these werewolves as any more friendly or forgiving than any other group as a whole. What the Lodge of the Savior represents is a core belief — a faith — in the way of the world. Those Uratha who believe as they do can be as gentle as any mortal being, as fanatical as any terrorist or templar, and as savage as any werewolf. Followers of the Savior may teach turning the other cheek (as difficult as that is for a werewolf), but they also teach the necessity of opposing the specters of Hell. The true uniting ideal is that of earning forgiveness from a living God who once walked the Earth. Even on the personal level, many Redeemers alter rites and rituals to reflect a more Christian theme, involving blood and prayer in addition to standard Uratha traditions.

Local members of the Lodge of the Savior also occasionally gather on Christian holidays, usually without the rest of their packs. Lodge meetings are actually a way of maintaining a network of allies and information that can prove of exceptional benefit to Forsaken packs. Blood is thicker than water, and all Redeemers can trace blood ties to the moment they first underwent the Transubstantiation. Bonds between lodge members may not be as strong as between packmates, but they are formidable ties nevertheless — rumors even abound that the boundaries of Forsaken and Pure mean nothing to allies within this lodge, though that seems unlikely to many Uratha. The Fire-Touched preach a different Word to the Pure, and it is a Word wholly devoid of the concept of forgiveness.

REAL-WORLD RELIGION

Obviously, many Forsaken practice the faiths of their human families and cultures even after the First Change, but the actual precepts of these faiths can vary widely upon exposure to the ramifications of Shadow. Some practices are almost unaltered; others blend werewolf faith and human religion to form a hybrid belief, like that of this lodge.

The Lodge of the Savior isn't intended as a satire of any particular Christian denomination; the lodge is certainly not intended to be more antagonist than protagonist. It is indeed an





imperfect organization, like all those in the World of Darkness. But, as the saying goes, if people were perfect, there'd be no need for forgiveness.

Patron Spirit

The spirit that watches over the werewolves of the Lodge of the Savior is known only as the Image. It appears indistinctly in the Shadow as a vague outline composed of smoky light, and in the physical world as a face (of any gender or age) emerging momentarily from a solid surface. Without a doubt, the nature of the image forms the greatest divisions within the lodge, for individuals are free to discern the spirit's true nature as they see fit. Some see the being as an Angel of the Lord, and others see a "holy ghost" of sorts — a manifestation of Divine favor that aids those Uratha who remain dedicated to their faith in the lodge. A popular viewpoint is that the Image is a patron spirit formed of Shadow like the others, but that contains in its very nature the core principles of the lodge. The Image is a messenger of the Lord in the same way that any human or werewolf can be, touched by grace in ways that are ineffable.

When dealing with its adopted children, the Image is a mediator, a muse, a guide and a source of patient counsel. The spirit never assists in physical battles, though it has been known to offer advice regarding upcoming conflict.

Joining the Lodge

The Lodge of the Savior teaches that just as werewolves need rituals to deal with many of the necessities of their nature, rituals are also the key to dedicating their souls amid the myriad dangers of the Shadow. A Redeemer must dedicate himself heart and soul to receiving Christ's forgiveness through his deeds. This begins with the Transubstantiation, a ritual to induct applicants into the lodge as potential members. The Image is summoned by an established Redeemer, and blesses a small bowl of wine, which has had three drops of the blood of the both Redeemer and the applicant added. The Image blesses the blooded wine, which is then drunk by the applicant after he utters the words "This is our blood, the blood of the Forgiven."

He is now accepted into sponsorship. For the next lunar cycle, he must prove his dedication to the lodge's ideals by living exactly according to the Oath of the Moon, and as closely to mainstream Christian ideals as is possible for a werewolf. At some point during the month, he will receive a sign from the Image — an omen or signal of some kind — that alludes to an opportunity to start the path to redemption. This could be omens leading to a new Wound in the area, dream-visions telling of an ancient spirit that should be dealt with reasonably rather than

destroyed or any one of a hundred situations that offer a chance to do Father Wolf's duty — and seek the forgiveness that Christ promised through obedience, responsibility and faith.

After the month has passed, the werewolf must track down the original Redeemer who performed the Transubstantiation and relay the events of the previous weeks. Judging on his words, the Redeemer will summon the Image once more for a repeat of the ritual. If the Image decides to accept the applicant, the totem will remain and inform the werewolf of his success. Failed applicants are left with the taste of blooded wine on their lips and a curt dismissal for failing to impress the Image of their dedication.

Prerequisites: All applicants must maintain Harmony scores of 6 or higher. In addition, they must also obviously have faith in the Christian belief system.

Benefits: Members are taught how to create a Blood Rosary upon joining. They also receive a +1 bonus to all Resolve rolls made to resist a spirit's Numina or Influences; this bonus rises to +2 when targeted by spirit servants of the Maeljin.

Lodge of the Savior Fetish

Blood Rosary (•)

Rosaries are used in prayer and penance, as foci for faith in religious observance. The Uratha of the Lodge of the Savior have created a useful fetish along the same themes, called the Blood Rosary. It is made by the werewolf himself, creating the beads and the cross from wood, and, although many of these fetishes are crudely made, they still function adequately. Once the beads and the cross are strung together, the rosary is left in a bowl of the werewolf's own blood for an hour, while the Fetish Rite is performed (by a senior Redeemer, if the crafter does not have the ability) and a blood-spirit is bound into the item.

Blood Rosaries are given as gifts to religious wolf-blooded or other valued mortals. Though the fetish itself has little obvious use beyond its sentimental value, the owner of the rosary is protected by the blood-spirit within, and becomes extremely resistant to sickness as long as the rosary is used in Christian prayer at least once a week. The owner adds +3 on any rolls to resist contracting illnesses of supernatural origin (including the Numina of disease-spirits) as long as he has used the rosary within the last seven days.

Action: Reflexive

LODGE OF THE SAVIOR STORY HOOKS

- **Crusaders and Their Causes:** A neighboring pack with several members of the Lodge of the Savior have stepped up their crusade against the "unholy" elements of Shadow. Wounds near to and within the characters' hunting grounds are

coming under scrutiny from this zealous pack, and the religious werewolves are beginning to question the pack's abilities in maintaining their own territory. Difficulties arise when challenges are made and the Wounds increase in virulence as tainted spirits flee from the Redeemer's territory into the characters'.

- **The Witchfinder:** A wandering Ghost Wolf member of the Lodge of the Savior is convinced that one of the characters is a Bale Hound. He sets himself up in the characters' hunting ground and refuses to leave — returning over and over no matter how often he is expelled. He tracks the pack member constantly, using spirit spies as well as his own stealthy methods, and seeks to uncover the "truth" of the matter. If the characters do not effectively deal with him somehow, it is likely that he will go to another pack and call for aid against the "heretic" *Asah Gadar* traitor, and the characters will have great deal of trouble on their hands.

- **Faith, Hope and Charity:** A Redeemer sets up shop near the pack's territory, and begins (perhaps with the help of a pack, who may be Redeemers themselves) to devote himself to assisting the local human population. It soon becomes evident that his charitable work is doing wonders for the resonance of his territory, as the Shadow flourishes under his care. But it's also evident that he doesn't hunt as frequently as he could, and is sometimes merciful to intruders who aren't capable of appreciating the gesture. The pack may find it useful to strike up an arrangement with the young missionary, assisting him with tasks where he's too gentle to apply the necessary force and allowing him to perform his charitable works for the benefit of their territory in return. This may put them in the difficult position of staving off attacks on both territories at once — not an enviable position, but arguably the virtuous thing to do.

Billy the Collar

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Iron Masters

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 2

Physical Attributes: Strength 4 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4)

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Computer 2, Investigation 2, Medicine 1, Occult (Maeljin) 3, Politics 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Drive 1, Firearms (Automatic Pistol) 1, Stealth 2, Survival 2, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Empathy 1, Intimidation (Relentless) 3, Socialize 1, Streetwise (Mafia Contacts) 3

Merits: Contacts 2, Fetish (Blood Rosary, Mercy Gem) 3, Iron Stomach, Language 1 (First Tongue), Resources 1, Totem 3

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 6

Essence Max/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Greed

Health: 8 (10/12/11/8)

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

Defense: 2 (2/3/3/3)

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

Renown: Cunning 2, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (1) Crushing Blow, Left-Handed Spanner; (2) Nightfall

Rituals: 0; **Rites:** None

Billy tells people he got the name "the Collar" because of his priest-like faith. In fact, he got it from being a peon-level throat-cutter for a connected Mafia capo, when Billy was still in his teens. He likes the handle and kept it as a deed name when he Changed and joined the Iron Masters in his early 20s.

Now 26, Billy the Collar is a newly initiated member of the Lodge of the Savior, and is doing his best to toe the party line. His faith is something that scares him — he identifies the horrors of life as a werewolf and the Shadow itself as somehow being born of the influence of Hell, and he's certain that obedience to the Oath of the Moon and living a worthy life is the only thing that can save his soul. In his less rational moments, he's been known to insist that life as a Uratha is his punishment for sinning so much in his teens. As a human, he is nervous, easily startled and quick to lose his temper.

He can talk endlessly to his packmates about the glory and grace of God, and how to see the subtle hand of the Lord in all things, but at other times he can also lapse into silence and pray for his soul after killing another person. He considers suicide often, but knows he'd never make it into Heaven with a stain like that on his soul. His faith is the truest and most vital sort, the kind that is continually tested without the gift of easy answers — for what he has seen in Shadow has scarred his psyche forever.





Lodge of Unity

To Stand Together or Fall Apart

The werewolf returned to his territory after a year had passed. The Shadow hated him all the more upon his return, for he was no longer one of the feared guardians but a lone, weak intruder. He saw with haunted eyes the changes wrought by the Pure in his absence. It would have saddened his pack to witness these corruptions, but they were all dead, buried months ago in the unfamiliar soil of another hunting ground.

He avoided the spirits of the landscape, turning from their eerie cries and moving unseen so as not to attract their fevered attention. Finally, he came to a region of the hunting ground that the Pure did not claim. The echoes of old buildings were bound in a million strands of spirit-silk. A lone orb spider, no larger than a fingernail, busily scrambled along a white thread only inches from the werewolf's face. With a bitter snarl, the Uratha snapped the silk and killed the lone spider-spirit.

Within moments, thousands of tiny spiders swarmed from folds of the silk and crawled towards the Uratha. Larger spiders, the size of fists and footballs chattered and hissed at the intruder. Finally, as the werewolf was on the verge of flight, an orb spider the size of a horse crawled into view from one of the building roofs. At a single spirit-wail from this leader, the smaller spiders froze.

"You were one of the first guardians." The spider spoke within the werewolf's mind. "I remember you from a time when you threatened to slaughter me if I ever possessed a human body. Your threats were impressive, though I was much smaller then, and I lacked the family I have now."

"I recall it, yes. Will you let me live as I once spared you?"

The spider climbed closer, until its alien eyes peered deep into the werewolf's own.

"Better. I shall teach you. I shall show you the wisdom of making your enemies into allies, and together we shall drive the new guardians from this place. Their hungers and habits are far abhorrent to me than yours ever were. It is because of them that so many of my kind shelter here under my guidance."

The werewolf was surprised at this, and asked what lesson there was to learn.

"Simple enough, man-wolf. We orb spiders are lone hunters, never working together. Yet if many thousands of our kind can be bound together in one nest for protection, your half-flesh brethren can do the same."

"The People have long known this, hence we run in packs. Unity brings strength. Division brings dissolution."

The spider clicked agreement. "Then you can learn what I will teach, wolf-man, and you will learn that a pack is too

small a union to defend against the hate that hunts you. Long have I sought to work with one of your kind. The strength and prestige will benefit me greatly."

"And what's in it for me?" the werewolf smiled. "You said yourself that I learned the main lesson."

"Your fleshly body functions by liquids flowing through pipes and structures made of meat. I promise I shall reward you with other benefits in time. The most immediate gift you will receive will be the continuing flow of those liquids within the meat structures, rather than experiencing what will occur should myself and my brethren taste these liquids with our fangs."

"It's a deal. I'll scratch your back, and you don't sink your teeth into mine."

There was a time in the recent history of the Uratha when the estranged cousins of the Forsaken and Pure descended into full, feral warfare. The eras of tension, friction and small battles over hunting grounds were cast aside for a short while, as for the first and only time in the history of the People, the werewolves of North and South America sought to render each other extinct.

This is known today as the Brethren War.

The first stirrings of battle were actually limited to the Forsaken. The Tribes of the Moon, shattered by recent conflicts with powerful spirits, found themselves bereft of strong leadership across North and Central America. Infighting began, as the way of the wolf is to struggle to determine who will be the strongest alpha in every pack. While the Forsaken were weakened and distracted, their hated enemies struck.

The Pure mounted cohesive and planned assaults across the Americas, apparently seeking to wipe their Forsaken cousins from the continent forever. Pack after pack fell to the onslaught of the Pure during the course of the conflict, with losses among the isolated and disorganized Forsaken mounting dangerously high. The Tribes of the Moon packs, reduced, separated and alone, lost many of the best hunting grounds and prime territories across the two continents, with most remaining unclaimed even to this day.

Many werewolves were dissatisfied in the aftermath of the war and believed the Tribes of the Moon needed to be more unified in the future. One of the People took this one step further. To defend the Forsaken from the depredations of the Pure, the Blood Talon now calling himself Soul-of-the-Tribes founded a lodge in the spirit of unity and mutual support.

Today, the Lodge of Unity wavers between two extremes. All of its members are idealistic to some degree

and genuinely dedicated to seeing unified minor “werewolf nations.” These territories would see all local packs supporting each other when danger arises, in some cases even sharing duties over a single vast hunting ground. The difference is apparent in just how the Unifiers work to bring about this trust and cooperation, because while some seek to reason with other packs and candidly lay out the benefits of unification, many Unifiers feel it would be more effective to threaten other packs and challenge for obedience. In the chaos of individual territories, idealism can resemble oppression, as “join with us or die” becomes the preferred threat of some Lodge of Unity members.

The attitude of each member naturally determines outsiders’ reactions to the lodge, and few lodges create reactions as diverse as the Lodge of Unity. For Uratha who see the Unifiers within their territory as sincere negotiators and skilled speakers, opinions can range from disgust at the “peacemonger” to admiration for (and cooperation with) the Unifier’s noble goal. In other territories, where a militant Unifier adopts a more predatory outlook, the local Forsaken might be impressed at the savage nature of unity through conquest, or possessed by hatred at this violent theft of hunting grounds. The Tribes of the Moon are no strangers to territorial conflict even amongst themselves, but warring against a werewolf who insists those who oppose his ideal of unity must be destroyed is a fight against an ugly fanaticism. The reputation of the Lodge of Unity is clearly a fluid matter in any given location.

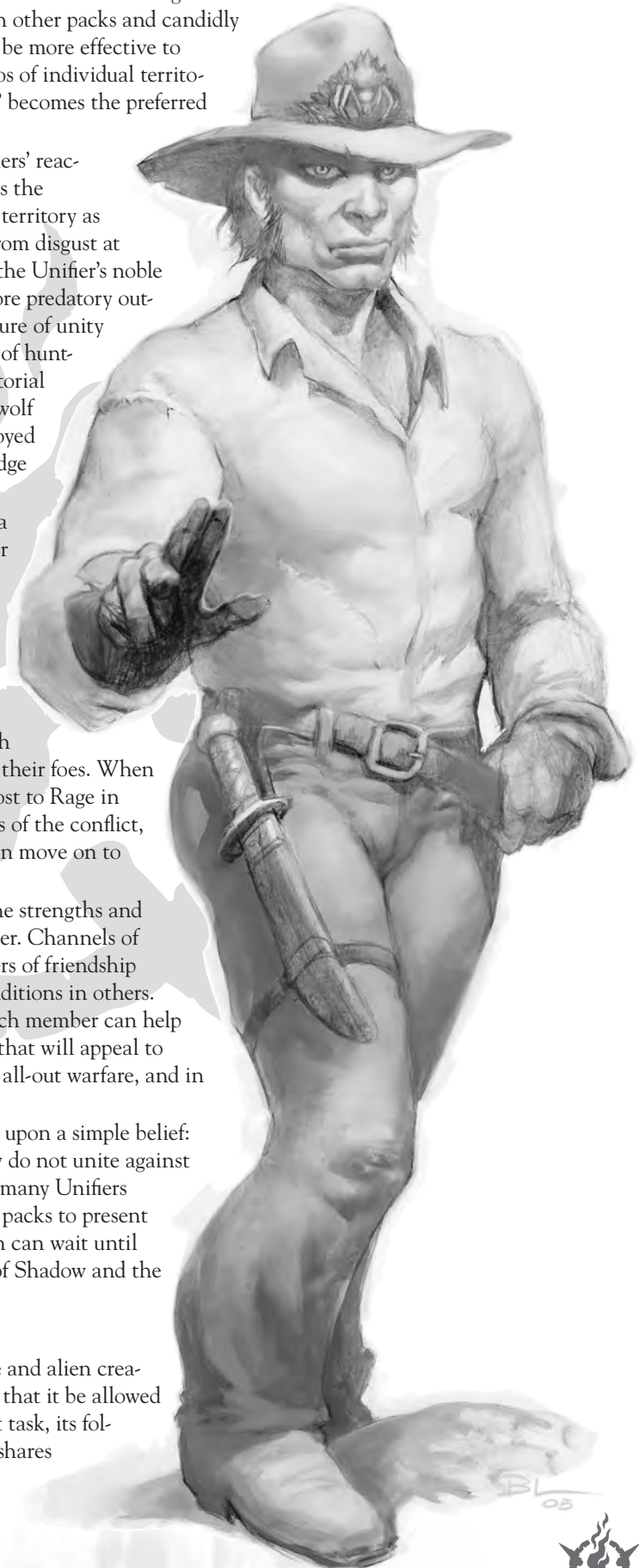
Within the pack, Unifiers often seek the position of alpha — all the better for achieving the aim of influencing the other local packs. Other Unifiers aim for the role of beta, to serve as advisor and counsel to the pack leader. Werewolves with an eye to violently bring other packs to heel that succeed in becoming pack leaders are often cast in the image of bully sergeants or determined military tacticians. They often plan out assaults against other hunting grounds for weeks in advance, sending out scouts, gathering information through spirits pressed into service as spies and testing the defenses of their foes. When the battle comes, they might be in the thick of the fighting, lost to Rage in an attempt to achieve their goals, or holding back at the edges of the conflict, roaring orders and delivering final blows so that packmates can move on to other enemies.

More diplomatic Uratha will dedicate time to learning the strengths and weaknesses of local packs and the personalities of each member. Channels of communication are opened with neighboring packs, with offers of friendship and assistance given, in some cases freely, with terms and conditions in others. Knowledge of a pack’s hunting ground and the attitudes of each member can help a werewolf towards saying the right things and making offers that will appeal to his rivals. It is a subtle game, but often no less predatory than all-out warfare, and in many instances it is more manipulative.

At the heart of the matter, the Lodge of Unity is founded upon a simple belief: the Forsaken will eventually be destroyed pack by pack if they do not unite against their enemies. It need not be a national or global unification; many Unifiers desire little more at first than the cooperation of several local packs to present a strong front against shared foes. Dreams of one single nation can wait until mere survival is guaranteed. And, between the horrors born of Shadow and the threat of the Pure, nothing is certain.

Patron Spirit

The spider-spirit that calls itself the Patriarch is a strange and alien creature. If the stories are to be believed, the Patriarch demanded that it be allowed to sponsor a werewolf lodge and insisted also that as their first task, its followers must sweep the local area clear of the Pure. The spirit shares





many of the common personality traits of spider-spirits, such as a need for growth and the spread of a securely held haven, but also seems to hunger for respect, prestige and strong allies.

Undeniably cunning and a skilled planner, a hint of desperation exists beneath the Patriarch's confident exterior. This bleeds down the totem link to his adopted children, so that many Unifiers can occasionally feel intensely pressured under the weight of their difficult burdens, or desperate to achieve their goals.

Joining the Lodge

The Lodge of Unity is focused within North America, and draws most of its members from aging packs that were devastated or pushed from their hunting grounds during the Brethren War. Recently, the new waves of members tend to come in one of two varieties. Some are conquest-driven werewolves who set themselves up as alphas over an area much too large for one pack to hold. Others idealistic werewolves, many of whom seek to eventually create a united nation of Forsaken once their own local areas are populated by allied packs.

To gain membership in the Lodge of Unity, all a werewolf requires is proof of his dedication. This sounds easy enough, but involves being sponsored by an established Unifier and being brought before the Patriarch for questioning.

The sponsorship itself is relatively easy to earn. An applicant must present his case to a lodge member, citing specific plans and intentions to bring the area's local packs into union, and also naming just how he intends to go about these plans. If the applicant presents a detailed and well-considered case, then he will likely be sponsored. The sponsorship period lasts for three lunar cycles, and the Unifier meets weekly with the applicant to hear his reports and witness the progress made over time. If, after the three months have passed, the lodge member considers the applicant's results a success, the werewolf is brought before the Patriarch, who can either be tracked down or will respond to a summoning with the correct rite.

The Patriarch is a merciless inquisitor and unleashes a barrage of demanding questions. Why does the werewolf seek membership? What can he bring to the lodge? What actions in his past affect his decisions now? What spirits can his pack call allies? What other packs can he call upon for aid? The exhausting interrogation session usually lasts some hours. In the end, it is down to the Patriarch to decide if the applicant's deeds suit the lodge's activities, but often the spider-spirit will debate in private with the sponsor, gaining additional information and listening to any favorable words before reaching his decision.

Prerequisites: Cunning or Honor ••; Brawl, Weaponry or Persuasion •••; must maintain a Harmony rating of 6 or greater

Benefits: Lodge members train extensively in different foci, and the experience costs of raising these skills

— Brawl, Weaponry, Persuasion and Intimidation — becomes new dots x2 instead of new dots x3. Members also learn how to create Truth-Catchers.

Lodge of Unity Fetish

Truth-Catcher (••)

The ability to tell honesty from deception is a very useful talent. Though various supernatural means to detect the truth already exist in Forsaken culture, few are as spectacular (or as bloody) as the fetish developed by the Lodge of Unity called the Truth-Catcher. It is most often used when determining if a giver of an oath is sincere in his promises, and to decide if he can be trusted in the future, though many werewolves of the lodge also use this fetish for discovering the perpetrators of certain crimes of misdeeds.

The Truth-Catcher itself is a pebble no larger than a thumbnail, painted with a crude symbol of a spider using the fetish-maker's own blood. When used, the fetish is placed under the tongue of the person being tested, and then activated.

If the speaker deliberately lies or speaks any falsehood at all during the time he has the Truth-Catcher in his mouth, the pebbles dissolves into a dozen blood-red spiders that crawl throughout the speaker's mouth and bite him, causing severely painful swellings and three points of lethal damage. The spiders each bite once, then revert back to the pebble. Note that the lie must be deliberate to activate the fetish's punishment — speaking a falsehood that the speaker honestly believes is the truth will not dissolve the pebble and release the spiders.

If the subject does not lie, then the pebble can be returned after the questioning is completed. If the subject has lied, even if all the spiders are killed, the speaker must spit out the stone that remains in his mouth.

A lesser Gaffling servitor of the Patriarch is bound into this fetish.

Action: Reflexive

LODGE OF UNITY STORY HOOKS

- **Unity or Death:** Another pack in the local areas has recently had its alpha join the Lodge of Unity. The characters' pack suffers constant threats and assaults as the neighboring werewolves test the area's defenses (and its defenders) for signs of weakness. The pack insists that unless the characters swear an oath of fealty to them, they will take the characters' territory once and for all. Is there a way to reason with these apparent warmongers, or will the characters have to defend their territory against those who could have potentially become allies?

- **The Accused:** One of the characters finds himself accused of the rape of another werewolf's

wolf-blooded spouse, and tensions between the two local packs run at an all-time high. The other pack is not content with any alibis or proof that the characters come up with, and demand that the accused character speak of the crime with a Truth-Catcher under his tongue. Nothing can be that simple, though — is the Unifier within the rival pack up to something? And who actually committed the crime?

• **The First Unifier:** Soul-of-the-Tribes himself comes to the character's area, seeking converts to the Lodge of Unity. He shares his stories of the Brethren War, and the measures he is undertaking to prevent the Forsaken ever coming so close to decimation again. In exchange for hearing his stories and considering his words, he offers to remain with the characters for a month and assist them in unifying their own territory, promoting friendship with other packs and helping to rid the region of the Pure. All he asks in return is one member of the pack join the Lodge of Unity before he leaves, after they have all seen what strength union can bring.

Soul-of-the-Tribes

Auspice: Elodoth

Tribe: Blood Talons

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 3 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 4 (5/6/6/5)

Social Attributes: Presence 4, Manipulation 3, Composure 4

Mental Skills: Academics 3, Investigation 2, Medicine 2 (First Aid), Politics (Forsaken and Pure Relations) 3, Science 1

Physical Skills: Brawl 3, Drive (Motorcycles) 3, Stealth 1, Survival (Long Journeys Across USA) 3, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Empathy 3, Intimidation (Threats) 4, Persuasion 4, Socialize 2

Merits: Allies (Pack Leaders) 5, Fetish (Truth-Catcher, Shadow Wings) 5, Language 3 (First Tongue, Spanish, French) Resources 1

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 8

Harmony: 6

Essence Max/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Wrath

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

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

Defense: 3 (all forms)

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

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

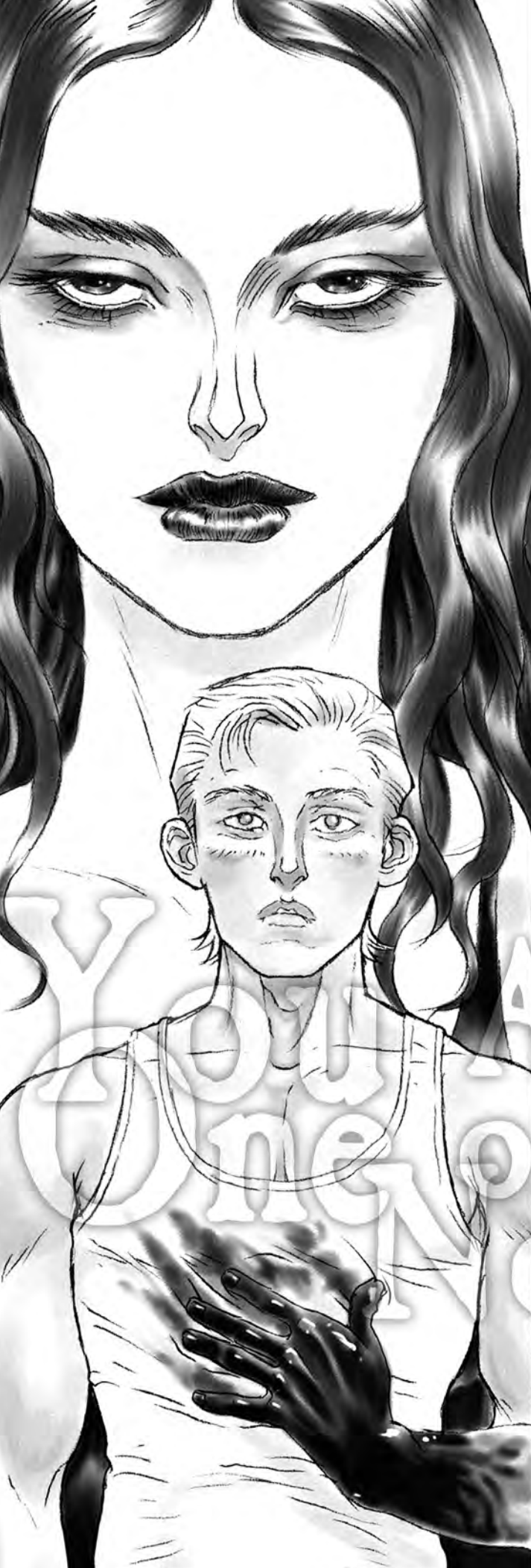
Gifts: (1) Know Name, Sense Malice, Scent Beneath the Surface, The Right Words; (2) Camaraderie, Scent of Taint, Snarl of Command, Traveler's Blessing; (3) Aura of Truce, Echo Dream, True Leader; (4) Soul Read, Spirit Skin; (5) Victor's Song

Rituals: 5; **Rites:** Any in Chapter Two of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

Soul-of-the-Tribes is no longer the idealistic young man he once was. In the years since the slaughter of his pack at the hands of the Pure, he has had to admit to himself that he's unlikely to see all the Forsaken of as much as a few states united in his lifetime, much less all of America. Now he is scarred, middle-aged, and his idealism is tempered with the cold reality of the world. Most werewolves care nothing for the land outside their own hunting grounds, and as long as they survive in peace, the other Forsaken can go to Hell. It is hard at times for Soul-of-the-Tribes to maintain any of his fervent idealism, but a little yet remains in the form of a spark of hope — hope that if he can just get his message to enough werewolves before his death, then the Forsaken can change and prosper. So he wanders alone, speaking with pack after pack after pack, guiding those that listen and turning from those that do not care.

Soul-of-the-Tribes is nearing 50 years of age, and looks every minute of his half-century of life. He is the very image of an exhausted vagabond, wearing patched jeans and repaired shirts, in addition to a beaten and black cowboy hat that hides the sun glare from his eyes. There is a desperation in his eyes — and indeed his life — as he travels constantly and pushes his body to the limits in order to spread his message as far and wide as possible. In his wake, he leaves packs strengthened by his advice or weakened by his attacks against them. Those who pay attention to his words will never find a more diligent and caring mentor. Those who cross him will never find an enemy more bitter and relentless.





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*"You have lain in the earth.
You have walked in the Shadow.
You have ascended your own funeral pyre.
You have looked upon the face of the Death that awaits you,
and you have returned to life carrying that knowledge with you.
Come and take your rightful place among us,
and know fear no longer."
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