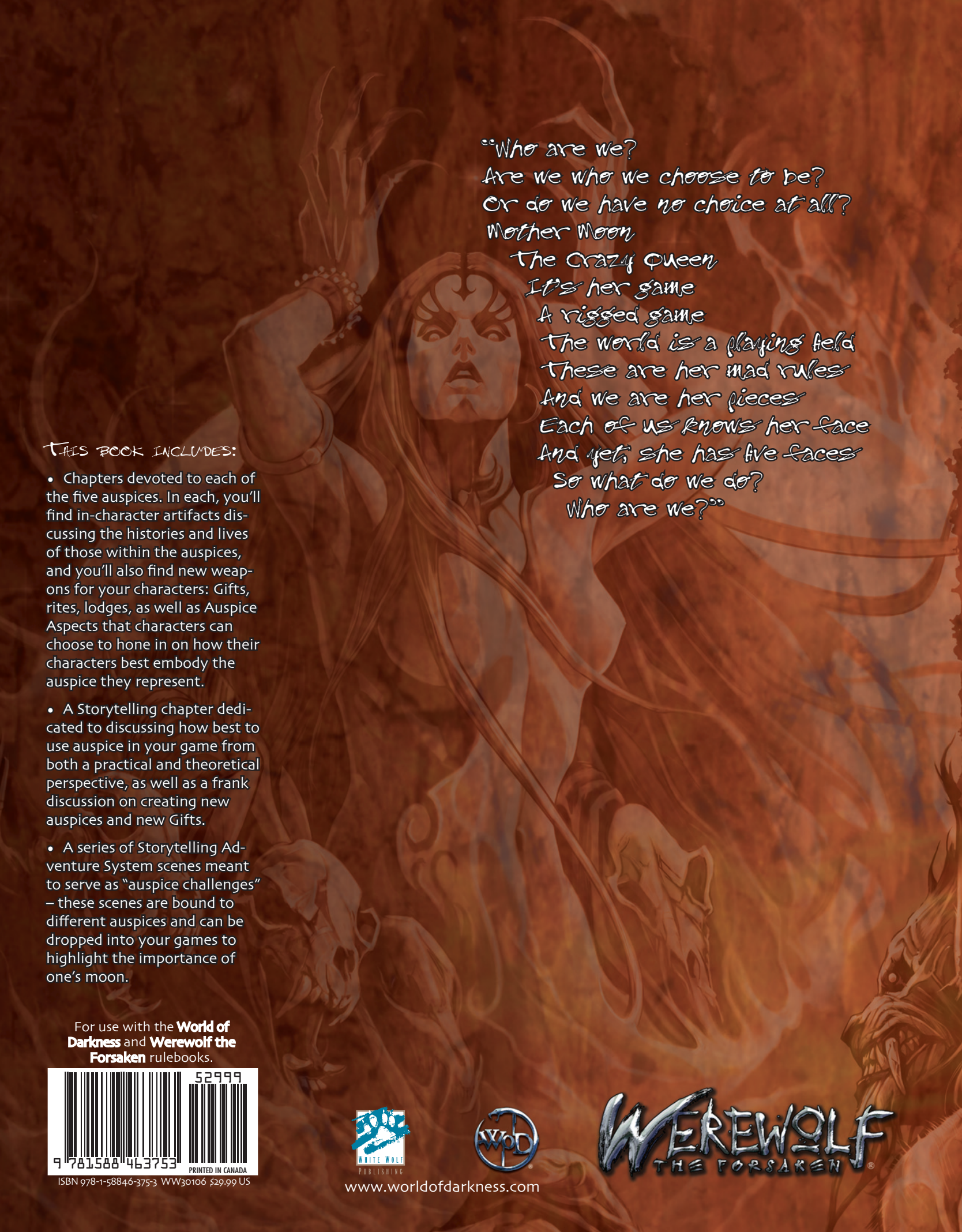

Sigils of the Moon
Werewolf
The Forsaken
the World of Darkness



"Who are we?
Are we who we choose to be?
Or do we have no choice at all?
Mother Moon
The Crazy Queen
It's her game
A rigged game
The world is a playing field
These are her mad rules
And we are her pieces
Each of us knows her face
And yet, she has five faces
So what do we do?
Who are we?"

THIS BOOK INCLUDES:

- Chapters devoted to each of the five auspices. In each, you'll find in-character artifacts discussing the histories and lives of those within the auspices, and you'll also find new weapons for your characters: Gifts, rites, lodges, as well as Auspice Aspects that characters can choose to hone in on how their characters best embody the auspice they represent.
- A Storytelling chapter dedicated to discussing how best to use auspice in your game from both a practical and theoretical perspective, as well as a frank discussion on creating new auspices and new Gifts.
- A series of Storytelling Adventure System scenes meant to serve as "auspice challenges" – these scenes are bound to different auspices and can be dropped into your games to highlight the importance of one's moon.

For use with the **World of Darkness** and **Werewolf the Forsaken** rulebooks.

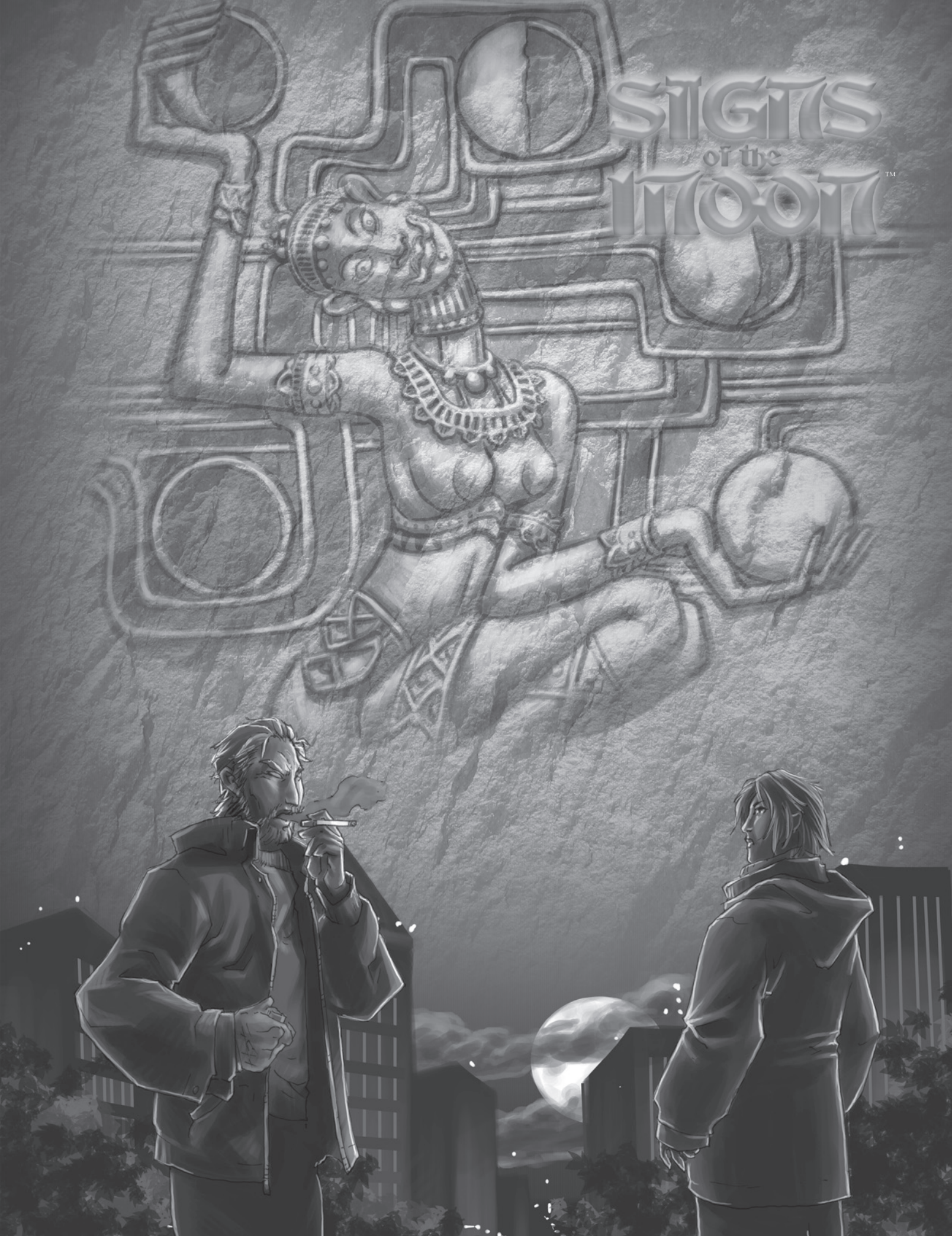
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Introduction

A musician must make music,
an artist must paint,
a poet must write,
if he is to be ultimately at peace with himself.
What a man can be, he must be.

—Abraham Maslow

On the table is the subject of "choice."

Some things in life, you choose. You choose your job. You choose where you live. You choose your friends, your clothes, how you spend your Friday nights.

Other things give you no choice at all. You can't choose your family. Can't choose the hospital that hosted your birth. Can't choose the color of your skin or hair or eyes or whatever other genetic markers lurk below the skin.

In **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, a character has choices. Generally, he chooses his tribe, picking it because it's who he wants to be, who he wants to associate with, who best upholds his ideals and goals. He chooses his pack: these are his friends, his allies, his lovers, his advocates. He also chooses his lodge, should he join one — the spooky prophets of the Harbingers, or the single-minded killers of the Lodge of the Hunt. The pack chooses its totem. The members choose what rites to learn. Choice is everywhere…

…except when it comes to auspice. A werewolf doesn't control his First Change, and it is that moment both beautiful and awful that marks him: a claw draws a line in the dirt, and the First Change pushes the werewolf over that line, and he can't go back. When a werewolf changes, Luna watches. It is that then she touches her children, presses her blessing (or her curse, or her mark of ownership, depending on with whom one speaks) into the anchored spirit and shifting flesh. The only choice present here is for one to become Pure, to reject Luna's touch and wriggle free from her grip — but that's no sane choice at all, at least from the perspective of other Forsaken.

This then, is where a werewolf's choice does not exist. The Forsaken cannot choose when the moon marks them — though old rites do exist that might convince Luna to re-brand one's skin and soul. This is freeing, for some: a lack of choice offers an easy road, a straight line to one's purpose. For others, it represents a struggle, an inner war between who one *is* and who one *wants to be*.

This book is about that straight line, but it is also about that struggle. Tribe is about who you want to be in service to old Father Wolf. Auspice is about who you are and who you cannot help to become, all in service to mad Mother Luna.

She Really Is Mad, You Know

Luna isn't a sane spirit. Then again, no spirit may be considered wholly sane, at least not through human eyes. Spirits are strange entities with alien ideals, and Luna's a very potent representative. Her presence has gravity; enough to keep her children close.

The Queen of the Shadow has many faces, which only multiplies her potential madness — the moon's sign changes in the sky, and with it, Luna's very personality. Auspice is marked by these changing faces, each stamped indelibly by her shifting persona. Is she the pure warrior? The mad questioner? The balancer? The keeper of Shadow? The wolf pregnant with song?

This means that her craziness — or, appropriately, her lunacy — trickles down to her children, the Forsaken. Auspice represents a character being "born" (i.e. changed) under one of her mad faces (or phases), and that mad face is forever a mask that the werewolf must wear.

It's crazy. And that's part of the mood we're hoping to get across in this book. Even the werewolf who whole-heartedly accepts his auspice role must always have that tiny question scratching like a mouse at the back of his skull: *Isn't she insane? Doesn't that make her choices insane, and potentially dangerous? Am I the product, the choice, of an ancient and lunatic mind?*

Nature Versus Nurture

The question then that drives some Forsaken is, *who am I, really?* Any character likes to think herself the product of her choices and the choices of those around her. Her pack helps her develop. Her tribe teaches her the proper ways. Her choices form a code. That's *nurture*, with the werewolf as the result of the people around her and her own moral compass.

Nature, though, says different. Nature suggests that no matter who the werewolf wants to be, he has one thing he can't really change, and that is represented by his auspice. A weak-willed and limp-muscled office worker with a coffee-stained tie finds that his First Change takes hold under the bright, broad face of the full moon — he becomes Rahu, and his claws hunger for the kill even though he's never felt that way before. What happens when an imbalanced schizophrenic becomes the necessarily-balanced Elodoth? What happens when a mute becomes Cahalith, and her dead voice desperately needs to sing?

Is this part of a plan? Some say that it is. More than a few Forsaken have suggested a "chicken and egg" conundrum — which came first, the auspice or the auspice role? Meaning, the mute may not *seem* like the Cahalith, but maybe she's been Cahalith all along and Luna merely triggers the First Change because it is appropriate. Or, maybe the mute is only that because Luna is crazy and makes deranged choices. Which came first? Nature, or nurture? Does it all make sense, or is finding logic futile?

Auspice and Tribe

Certainly some overlap seems to exist between tribe and auspice. Ithaeur are the spirit-master, and the Bone Shadows are the hidden mystics. Both Rahu and Blood Talons appear on the surface to be warriors — and, to a point, they are.

It's intentional, of course. It allows a player a measure of choice when it comes to his character's complexity. One player seeks to create a warrior's warrior, a Rahu Blood Talon whose moral code is unswerving and whose claws are forever wet with glorious red. That's not a bad choice, it merely assumes that the character is more single-minded (though even within that single-mindedness one can find a great dichotomy between Purity and Glory, two codes that do not necessarily play well together). Alternately, a player may choose a character that is more complex or even more conflicted: how can the Purity-minded Rahu keep his focus within the Iron Masters? It's

not so easy to imagine Purity within that tribe — Purity is a moral correctness, and it is the pristine nature of an unpolluted stream, but the very nature of "iron" is that it is often an impure metal. It's a challenge. Not an impossible one, but one that doesn't necessarily make for easy answers: conflict is not a bad thing. That question, the push-and-pull between ideas within a single character, can be interesting for some players.

(In another small way, think of the struggle one must go through at the very beginning of character creation: you choose a primary focus for both Attribute and Skill. One can choose Physical/Physical, clearly creating a doubled focus. Or, one might choose Physical/Social, which necessitates a measure of balance to dictate how the character has that separation between being fundamentally strong or swift but choosing to act as a social creature, instead. Auspice and tribe offer a similar choice to players.)

Auspice as Caste (Almost)

It's not a perfect comparison (hence the "almost"), but in a way, auspice serves as the werewolf's caste role. Caste is something one is born into. In the Hindu world, caste was something that also dictated a person's innate role — was he a priest? A warrior? An administrator or artisan or merchant?

Of course, where the connection falls down is that caste is also hierarchical, with the traders being above the farmers, and the priests being above the traders, and so forth. Auspice offers no such hierarchy. Rahu is not better than Cahalith; Irraka doesn't get more respect than Ithaeur. Still, it helps to look at the nature of caste when considering auspice. Caste was — and *is* — a controversial element in Hindu society. Some accepted their place, embracing their caste roles because that was what their spiritual outlook dictated. Others railed against it, and sought to dismantle it both within themselves and within society. A similar struggle exists here in this book (and the Pure are the ultimate extreme of ones who have resisted Luna's touch), and it's something that could and perhaps should bleed over into your Forsaken characters.

Introducing...

In this book you'll find two new auspice-driven ideas. The first is the idea of *Aspects*, where a werewolf of a certain auspice may further focus his auspice role by choosing an Aspect. The second is the idea of a *Milestone Gift*, a Gift granted to a werewolf by Luna, a Gift offered only to those who serve as emblems of their auspice.

Aspects

One's Aspect refines the nature of his auspice. A Berserker Rahu is far different than a Rahu Oathkeeper — one driven into a battle froth by Purity does not focus on the Purity of the Oath of the Moon. Think of Aspect as a face within a face, or a phase within a phase — even the signs of the moon have individual stages (waxing, waning, first quarter, last quarter, eclipses, etc.).

Each Aspect has benefits and drawbacks bound to one's Primal Urge score. As one's Primal Urge score goes up, the Aspect's strength increases for good and for bad. Each Aspect gains potency at:

Primal Urge 3: The character gains a new blessing and a new drawback.

Primal Urge 7: The character gains a new blessing.

Primal Urge 10: The character gains a very powerful blessing *and* suffers a very powerful drawback.

A character can choose to embrace an Aspect at any time, even before reaching Primal Urge 3. This costs nothing, *but*, one cannot easily undo the Aspect. Once it's chosen, it's chosen. Like with auspice, the Aspect represents a largely indelible choice (and some might suggest that it isn't the character that chooses the Aspect; the character only chooses to *embrace* the Aspect that already waits in her heart and mind). The Storyteller *may* allow a character to undo or renounce a chosen Aspect, but doing so is not easy. It costs her one full dot of Primal Urge *and* one dot from her auspice's primary Renown. In doing so, she may never again assume another Aspect.

If the character embraces an Aspect after Primal Urge 3 or 7, the blessings and drawbacks are retroactive: she gains them regardless.

Milestone Gifts

This book introduces a new concept for auspice roles, the Milestone Gift (found previously in **Tribes of the Moon**). Such a Gift is without a dot rating. One doesn't purchase such an ability with experience points. So what is a Milestone Gift, and how is it achieved?

Milestone Gifts are bestowed by Luna to a werewolf of the auspice who has in some way embodied the role put forth by Mother Moon. The bestowal of such a potent Gift is not something given lightly, nor does it occur without fanfare. Each werewolf experiences the gaining of the Gift in a different way. One might be attacked by Lunes. Another might experience an epiphany wherein Luna herself visits the wolf. Another might simply wake-up beneath the moon, see it in the sky, and feel… changed, somehow.

Note that each Milestone Gift is given a set of prerequisites. Harmony is fundamental to both gaining and keeping such a boon: if one drops below Harmony 6, a character has three cycles of the moon to regain that lost balance. Fail to do so, and Luna will snatch the knowledge of the Gift in her delicate hands, withdrawing the ability forever (as in, the werewolf can never regain it). Many go at least a little mad with the loss of such knowledge, given that the werewolf becomes fully aware of just how keenly she has disappointed the tribal totem. Some even gain temporary derangements, lasting weeks or even months. A werewolf's own sense of treachery or weakness might plague her endlessly until she is able to regain some measure of Harmony and find a rough semblance of calm.

Before granting a character access to a Milestone Gift, the Storyteller should discuss the opportunity and cost with that character's player. Some such Gifts, while potent, also come with a troublesome cost. It's worth having a conversation with the player and ensuring that he is comfortable with the cost and repercussion. Great power, great responsibility, as the saying goes.

If the Storyteller so decides, a Milestone Gift *can* be purchased with experience points, though this is not the recommended fashion by which a werewolf would receive Luna's blessing. The purchase of a Milestone Gift is equivalent to 30 experience points.



Chapter 1

The Stalker

The Stalker crept up, silent as death, into the place where Mother Moon rested; weary with the long sorrow of the loss of her mate.

He slithered like a shadow over the walls that encircled her, passing by the Mother's sentries. He crossed through every gate that was locked before him, slipping invisibly between their bars. Where stone was cracked, he flowed like water. Where vigilant guards peered into the darkness, he stepped unnoticed in the light. Where open fields promised the attention of those that would bar his way, he became a whispering breeze, a drop of rain, a blade of grass.

Into Mother Moon's sanctum the Stalker went, pausing only to kneel for a moment before his Father's shrine, for he was upon Urfarah's business. Unattended in her vaults and her libraries rested vast treasures and precious lore, but the Stalker had no desire for them. Her table was set with clear water and the sweet flesh of the prey, but the Stalker hungered and thirsted for other things. Her radiant throne shone forth all of the power invested in her, but the Stalker was not tempted by it. Instead, he went to where Amahan Iduth lay, sleeping fitfully.

The Stalker paced on silent feet unto the presence of his Mother and took a knee by the side of her bed. Her dreams were troubled and she whispered the name of the Stalker's Father, a teardrop gathering like a bitter jewel. With a touch so light that it would not stir dust, he swept the tear from his Mother's closed eye, and smoothed down her hair, and then kissed her lightly upon the forehead. Still asleep, Amahan Iduth smiled.

And when she opened her eyes, faint crescents of silver light shining forth, the Stalker was already gone, having carried her tears far away, where they would trouble her no more.

"Tis my opinion that every man cheats in his own way, and he is only honest who is not discovered.

— Susannah Centlivre

I understand that you and your wife are both wolf-blooded and that you're expecting your seventh child. Good on you. We need more like the both of you. Two-Knives explained to me that you wanted to put some kind of record together for them about the five faces of the Mother, in case any of them Change. He thought it was bullshit, but Two-Knives can be a shortsighted asshole. I think it's a good idea, which is why I agreed to meet with you.

I'm an Irraka, chosen of the New Moon. I'm the one who sees for Luna when her sight is blind. I commit the deeds that she doesn't want to see. I stalk the long shadows, because *someone* has to. Those of my auspice are the ones likeliest to range far from the safety of the pack. Some of us are standoffish and a lot of us crave solitude every now and again. Mother Moon is a bit crazy, you see, and I think we carry her wanderlust, the same as Full Moons hold her wrath or Crescent Moons keep her lore.

The pack is all about inclusiveness... about being *inside*, you know? It's belonging. But inside can't be defined without an outside, and that's where we Irraka come in. If you think of the bonds of the pack as a circle, part of our job is to stray outside of that circle, every now and again, just to get a handle on what's out there. We always come back in, but we also always go back out, again. Beyond that, our role and our traditions can be hard to define, because we're the ones whose job it is to figure out the path when there's nothing and no one to light our way.

Origins

The beginnings of the Stalker's Moon are as unknown to the Irraka as the origins of the Warrior's Moon are to Rahu or the Judge's Moon to Elodoth, but some of Luna's Shadows still try to discover the source of their auspice. It's only natural, they figure: as tricksters and meddlers, it's in the Irraka's personality to want to know how things work and why, where their kind comes from and where it's going. Some look to visions and spirit-quests, while others seek harder facts through more objective methods. *Nobody* has found an answer that satisfies everyone's curiosity, or even that of most of the Irraka who think to ask.

Perhaps the way of the Stalker has always existed, in one form or another, older still than the tribes that descend from Father Wolf. But, then, was there even a need for such a division of labor within Pangaea? Certainly, some of the oldest tales tell of werewolves haunting the shadows, but these could just as easily be stories of Hunters in Darkness or Bone Shadows (or the forerunners of those tribes) as of the Irraka. None of the numerous myths or scant few shreds of evidence point to any conclusion commonly accepted by even a significant minority of Luna's Shadows. Still, that doesn't stop some tenacious Irraka from digging into ancient histories, consulting with the eldest spirits, seeking out fetishes older than the breaking of the world, and otherwise exploring the legends that reach back to the time when Amahan Iduth divided the five moons from one another.

Some say the Tribes of the Moon go back to the beginning of things and perhaps this is true. Some say we have run in these ways since the days when Father Wolf walked among us and it may be that this is so. But the story that I tell knows nothing of tribe.

Tarkwuno Far-Strider was born under the dead moon and so, too, was the whole of the night black and still when he Changed. The spirits of the dark chose him and taught him. They showed him how to live apart from the pack, how to survive when none might give him aid. Tarkwuno went from place to place, teaching the secrets of the Mother's power to those who, like him, were of the time between her death and her rebirth. When the enemy set upon them, he taught them to walk unseen, vanishing into the sands, or the grass, or the trees. When they were bound by the grasp of those that meant them harm, he showed them how to be free. Tarkwuno put the gaze of the hunter in their eyes, so that they should know how to strike deep and bring down their prey swiftly and surely.

Those who asked Tarkwuno whom he served and whom he counted as brothers always received the same answer: "I serve Amahan Iduth and those who walk in the blinking of her eye are my clan. I honor my Father. I honor my Oath. I stalk the secret places and drag the shadows into light. More than any other among the People, I am the blood of spirit, for I become as they are — a ghost, bereft of flesh — when I must go among my foes or vanish from the sight of the wisest hunters. I am not the claws of my Mother. I am not her voice or her justice. I am not her sight. I am everything that these are not. I am no one. I am nothing. I am in all places. I am everything that casts a shadow."

Tarkwuno walked from pack to pack and from land to land, showing the ways of the Dark Moon to those favored by her. He was there at the start of our ways. Some say he was the start of our ways. As it is said, the Firstborn gave us our tribes and Amahan Iduth gave us our Moons, but our Mother has never been a teacher. She gives, but does not show. She loves, but does not nurture. She bestows strength, but not traditions. I do not know if Tarkwuno Far-Strider was the first of us. Maybe he was. Maybe it is only that he was the first of us to know what he was. Perhaps that does not matter.

Do I believe in his story? I have told it and re-told it, for every one of the hundred years since my own Change.

Would I lie to you, child?



We know who the Firstborn were. Their names are of old account. The origins of our eight tribes — five Forsaken and three Pure — are not in question. But we do not know of the beginnings of Mother Moon's blessings, of those first five who were chosen to wear each of her changing faces. In strange reaches of the Shadow Realm I searched and I heard the counsel of spirits as old as the murder of Urfarah. I quested within myself eager to know of the first of Luna's Shadows.

What the Mother told me, I still do not fully understand and it may be that I never will. Luna showed me the Rahu, terrible in her fury, with fangs gleaming in the moonlight and claws stained crimson with enemy blood. She showed me the Cahalith, whose inspiring howls echoed down through every age, such that we hear them still. She revealed the Elodoth, honorable in judgment, the balance between all oppositions. And she filled my vision with the Ithaeur, the knower of secrets and keeper of spirits. All four of these, I saw and I knew them to be the first to wear the brands of the Moon.

At this, though, I wondered, for it was the knowledge of the fifth that I desired most and that auspice, alone, remained a mystery. I cast my gaze about within myself seeking the voice of Mother Moon, to beg her for this last truth — the one that I craved above the others — so that I should understand the beginnings of my duties to the Urdaga. Finally, just as I felt that I had become lost within the vision, I saw her: splendorous and ever-changing. I asked Luna my question and she smiled at me, in the way that a wise parent does to a simple child who asks something foolish. She answered me.

If you fathered a daughter, now, while speaking to me in dreams, how would you know? Would you recognize her face or would she be a stranger to you, though loved by you and of your flesh and blood? While you sleep, my son, you do so many things; how many of them do you remember?

I woke from my spirit journey, then. I knew nothing more of the first of the Irraka than I did before my vision, but I knew also that our origins are not important. What is begun in darkness ends in darkness. A whisper spoken into the deepest black of the night lasts forever, even if no living ear should hear it. We are our Mother's dreams, and we have no beginning and no end. Like every other thing, Luna dreams of what she wants most... and what she fears most.

And these, too, are our obligations to her, and to our People.

Beginnings

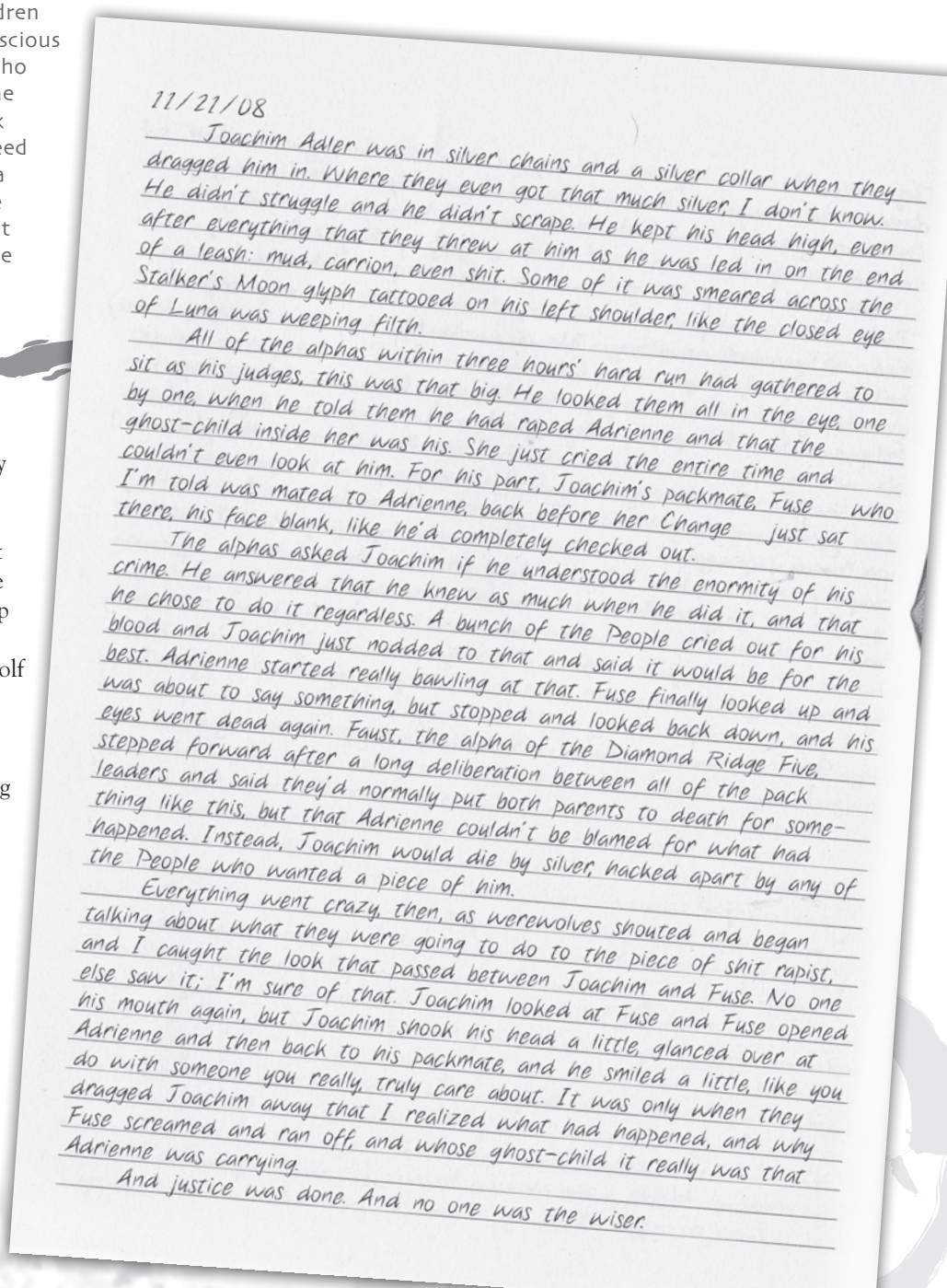
Those Irraka who wish to explore the mythical beginnings of their own auspice (and, by extension, *all* auspices) certainly have quite a task ahead of them. No libraries of Uratha history exist and most spirits care very little for the traditions of the half-breeds who bar them from the material realm. While a handful of intrepid Uratha have sought them out and made inquiries, even the Firstborn seem to know very little about the subject.

Certain Lunes are willing to speak at length upon the topic, though no two of them agree upon their respective stories. Surely, Amahan Iduth had *something* to do with the origins of the auspices, but her specific role is unclear, at best, and the act of assigning her five faces to her Forsaken children may not have even been a conscious one on her part. Any Stalker who truly desires to know where the Irraka come from has her work cut out for her and she may need to come to terms with the idea that she could spend a lifetime searching, only to discover that no single, objective truth of the matter exists.

Sacrifice

Part of the Irraka's accepted duty within Forsaken society is to serve as a sacrifice in bad times. The way of Cunning can be dark and unpleasant and, so, too, can be its demands. The Stalker may be called upon to give up what is most precious to her, so that her packmates can prosper. As the wolf who skulks the outskirts of the pack, she may go without, so that others need not. The best New Moons do this without complaint; the wellbeing of their brothers and sisters is compensation enough.

Among the other things that this situation entails, it means that an Irraka usually has a better handle on the real value of his life, his death, and his happiness than most other werewolves. He knows for how dear a cost he can afford to sell his last breath and what he will gain from those that he leaves behind. Some Forsaken believe that walking without Luna's guidance gives Irraka a bit of a chip on their collective shoulder, a need to prove themselves that can easily turn into a martyr complex. For their part, the Mother's Stalkers are more than content for others to believe what they will, so long as they need not know the half of what is sacrificed in their names when the moon goes dark.



11/21/08

Joachim Adler was in silver chains and a silver collar when they dragged him in. Where they even got that much silver, I don't know. He didn't struggle and he didn't scrape. He kept his head high, even after everything that they threw at him as he was led in on the end of a leash: mud, carrion, even shit. Some of it was smeared across the Stalker's Moon glyph tattooed on his left shoulder, like the closed eye of Luna was weeping filth.

All of the alphas within three hours' hard run had gathered to sit as his judges, this was that big. He looked them all in the eye, one by one, when he told them he had raped Adrienne and that the ghost-child inside her was his. She just cried the entire time and couldn't even look at him. For his part, Joachim's packmate, Fuse — who I'm told was mated to Adrienne, back before her Change — just sat there, his face blank, like he'd completely checked out.

The alphas asked Joachim if he understood the enormity of his crime. He answered that he knew as much when he did it, and that he chose to do it regardless. A bunch of the People cried out for his blood and Joachim just nodded to that and said it would be for the best. Adrienne started really bawling at that. Fuse finally looked up and was about to say something, but stopped and looked back down, and his eyes went dead again. Faust, the alpha of the Diamond Ridge Five, stepped forward after a long deliberation between all of the pack leaders and said they'd normally put both parents to death for something like this, but that Adrienne couldn't be blamed for what had happened. Instead, Joachim would die by silver, hacked apart by any of the People who wanted a piece of him.

Everything went crazy, then, as werewolves shouted and began talking about what they were going to do to the piece of shit rapist, and I caught the look that passed between Joachim and Fuse. No one else saw it; I'm sure of that. Joachim looked at Fuse and Fuse opened his mouth again, but Joachim shook his head a little, glanced over at Adrienne and then back to his packmate, and he smiled a little, like you do with someone you really, truly care about. It was only when they dragged Joachim away that I realized what had happened, and why Fuse screamed and ran off, and whose ghost-child it really was that Adrienne was carrying.

And justice was done. And no one was the wiser.

I tell the tale of the final deeds of Luis Vasquez, known as Santo, Bone Shadow Irraka, as recounted to me by one of the Irralunim who beheld his last stand. Territory after territory had fallen to the Pure Tribes, whose packs sent forth spirits of terrible sickness, commanded by their Fire-Touched. The first to fall to their plagues were our Rahu, who fought valiantly but were swiftly overcome. Next, the Ithaeur – myself among them – succumbed, unable to counter spirits with spirits, or with rituals of summoning and binding. With the loss of our best warriors and shamans, defeat seemed inevitable. Santo disagreed.

None of us knew when he left; only that he was there one moment and gone the next. He could not break through to the enemy's center without engaging many of the plague-spirits, and so he was afflicted with the awful sickness. He was a fine Irraka, but he was no soldier, and so he was easily defeated by the fangs and claws of the Pure. Their hands and muzzles were slick with Santo's blood and he laughed at them, telling them that the sickness was within them, now, and that their spirits would not cure them, because he had learned their ban and paid their price, so that they would permit the disease to take its course in all who were infected: Pure and Forsaken, alike. The Pure knew this was true and they trembled with rage, but also with fear. They tore Santo limb from limb. Until they ripped out his throat, though, he never stopped laughing at them.

The fight to drive them out was hard, but the scales were balanced by Santo's sacrifice. The Pure wept pus from their sores, the same as we did, and they choked and coughed upon their own blood, same as us. Many died on both sides, whether by violence or of the sickness, but our resolve was the stronger. In the end, the Pure Tribes fled. We recovered what remained of Santo's body, cremated him as he had requested, and buried his ashes in Ascension Cemetery, next to the grave of his mother, Alejandra.

May his life, his death, and his Cunning never be forgotten.

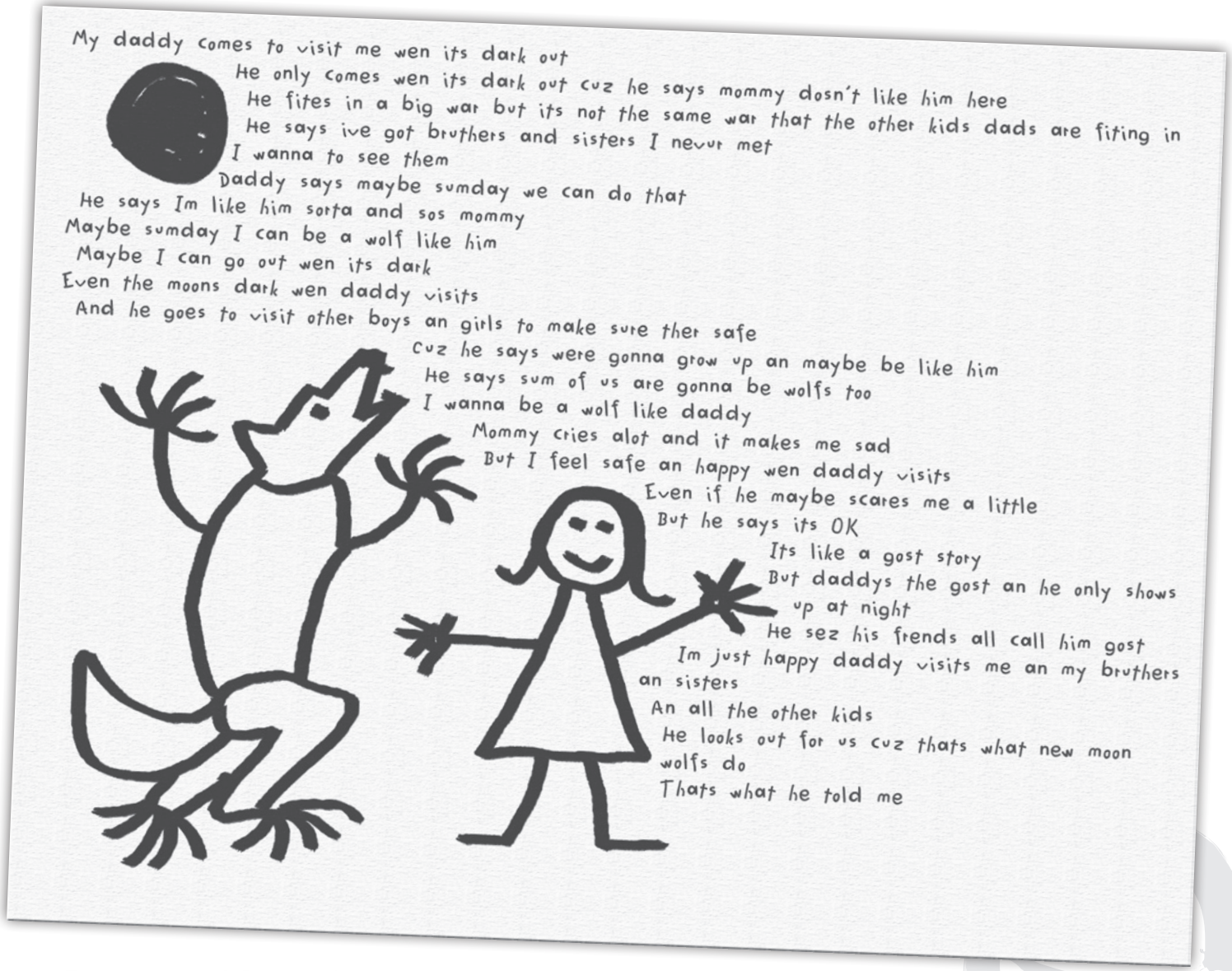
As Santo always told us: perro que no camina, no encuentra hueso.

Family

As the Forsaken most likely to think of themselves as human (or at least partly human), Stalkers tend to gravitate toward roles that put them in close contact with the wolf-blooded. They may or may not be any better at harnessing the feral fury that burns within than those of other auspices, but many are at the very least more comfortable with the notion of acting as emissaries to the uragarum. They might arrange for breeding stock for their packmates, for instance, but their involvement often goes deeper than that. If a werewolf attempts to maintain some semblance of a family life, odds are she's one of Luna's Shadows.

Furthermore, other werewolves are more inclined to entrust the wellbeing of their kin and progeny to Stalkers than to most anyone else. An Irraka knows how to be sly and how to conceal the wolf's savagery beneath a convincing veneer. For Forsaken who care about such things, a trusted Irraka is a way to keep an eye on a loved one while mitigating somewhat the risk of trauma or harm inherent to such interactions. Many werewolves see themselves as too strong and — especially — too volatile to touch fragile things (like humans) without breaking them, while those claimed by the Stalker's Moon understand something of finesse and the fine art of moving through the vastness of the herd without undue disruption.

Perhaps because they are better suited to familial pursuits than other Forsaken, Irraka are frequently interested in matters of lineage. Some New Moons track lines of descent, so that the stock of the People can remain strong and diverse (or, conversely, to protect the "purity" of a chosen clan). For many Stalkers, genealogy appeals both to an interest in matters of family and to the desire to uncover secrets buried under generations or even centuries of history.



To: Dr. Erich Torvald

Fr: Dr. Wilhelmina Weiss

Re: Runic carvings from Site 16

Honor to you, Dr. Torvald, Furious Howl of the Storm Lords. As requested, I submit to you my translations of the runes discovered at Site 16, regarding the deeds of your ancestor, Ragnhild Fire-Stealer. My mate, Jurgen Rending Shadow, wishes you to know that his debt to you is now fulfilled.

As you suspected, Ragnhild was a New Moon, like yourself; unlike you, however, she was an Iron Master. (Unsurprising, all told, given her deed-name in relation to the naming customs common to many 8th century Nordic Uratha. My notes on that subject are also available for your perusal.) What follows is the English translation of the specific passage that you required. I expect that the remainder will take a few months to finish, at which time you will also receive the
complete German translation from my associate and fellow uragarum, Karl Pfeiffer.

The passage in which you were interested follows. Please note that the meter and structure are nonstandard in a number of places. I suspect that this is because the runic carvings are, themselves, a translation from an earlier piece in the First Tongue:

Hear me!	*Hisdugu*
Ragnhild Fire-Stealer, fair of face,	*Thamkara-halzu Izinizu asde*
Foe-seeker, treasure-taker,	*Giherimu lulaha*
Went down among the deep places of the earth	
Where the dead are, to thieve from the hoard of Thukahl-Sag,	*Kinnu kilif zuk Thukahl-Sag enihhur*
Worm of Asmodai, the fetish ring of Brandr Roaring Thunder.	*Usumhal Asmodai lilsu-unu Hi-izila Hununuru*
Ragnhild donned her cloak of shadow	
And walked on silent feet	*Thamkara-halzu hisla*
Down, ever down,	*Thuf-thahari-thuf*
Until at last she came to the place where Thukahl-Sag dwelt.	*Ensam-fath Thukahl-Sag sethur*
Wicked spirits, thralls of the Maeljin,	*Hithim Maeljin sufar*
Beset her trail on many sides,	*Tha hir thuru*
But Ragnhild went unseen among them	
And tricked them onto wayward roads.	*Gar Thamkara-halzu hithim lulu*
Ghosts of the dead begged of her	*Thim hithim Thamkara-halzu*
For a sip of mead or crust of bread,	*Gurun nintha su-uf*
But Ragnhild knew them for what they were,	
Cowards who feared their own graves,	*Thamkara-halzu far-thih thur nithar*
And spared no words for them.	*Si-ih gusum*
Down, ever down, she went	
Into the deepest places,	*Thuf-thahari-thuf gidari*
Seeking the worm, Thukahl-Sag,	*Thukahl-Sag usumha thag*
Wolf-ripper, spirit-eater,	*Sa-ur alathu*
To steal back what was stolen.	*Zuk inha-zu*
There, in the pit,	
The air became foul, stinking of fire.	*Sahala imkul sakaf*
Ragnhild Golden-Hair spat its taste from her mouth,	*Thamkara-halzu Ka-gib agthu gah*
And knew that the Worm of Asmodai was close at hand,	*Usumhal Asmodai mi-usuh su*
The slitherer, feasting on souls.	*Nigusum uzur*
Hanging from her belt, Gnashing Fang, sword of heroes,	*Surdara Kurubatha hiri lakaha*
Handed down from ancient times,	
Battle-friend, foe-slayer.	*Lifru thusagi sa-hisarem*
Down, ever down, Ragnhild descended,	*Thamkara-halzu thuf-thahari-thuf rah*
To the caverns alight with the worm's heart-flame.	*Hafruth suruz usumhal izisa*
Piled there were treasures	

Vast beyond greed,	*Hal-humar ahk*
Jewels without number,	
Cups of silver and bracelets of gold.	*Limunuk ku-kathahal sihunu*
Nowhere, though, was the ring of Brandr,	*Lilsu-unu Hi-izila kurfar*
The magic band, spirit-forged.	*Namasuf nihin alathu-aga*
From the roof of the cavern Ragnhild searched,	
And down to its roots,	*Sifath gidur Thamkara-halzu*
Behind every shadow, down to the last,	*Hizu ahazu sar*
And, still, not even the faintest glimmer of Brandr's ring.	*Lilsu-unu Hi-izila kurfaru ussumin*
Sharp-eared Ragnhild, wise hunter,	*Thamkara-halzu hisdugu galah tagazu*
Knew then that Thukahl-Sag	
Returned to its lair,	*Thukahl-Sag thulahizu*
With the scratching of scales on stone,	*Kur lahaf agar*
And the hiss of its breath,	
A vile fume, the wind of Hel.	*Mukalthim ba-an lam kafim*
Gathering up her cloak of shadow, Ragnhild hid,	*Thamkara-halzu hisulu githul*
Unseen in darkness,	*Kissusu*
Watching the worm with wolf-bright eyes.	*Usumha gurum urihira*
Old and scarred, it was,	
With scales like shields and fangs like spears,	*Ul gusume ifur-su kuru sugur*
Flesh-render, bone-crusher,	*Sufir sahak*
Thukahl-Sag, the dragon of wrath.	*Thukahl-Sag usumhir*
Cunning Ragnhild, brave hunter-maiden,	*Thamkara-halzu halam dagami lifu*
Spoke from shadow unto the beast,	*Githu usumhal da*
"Thukahl-Sag, rise up in your fury,	*Thukahl-Sag se sisigul*
For a thief is come to plunder your hoard."	*Zukar enihhur-se*
At once, the worm roared, a sound of rage	
To shake the earth and shiver the heart,	*Usumha dal gi-ra-ah kuthu*
And said to Ragnhild,	*Thamkara-halzu da*
"Who are you, who speaks so to me,	*Nesezu ka dath*
To warn me against the pilferer,	
Robber of my shining treasures?"	*Hi luzuk hallu ethen*
"I am Ragnhild," said she,	
"Fire-Stealer, Golden-Hair,	*Thamkara-halzu Izinizu Ka-gib ha-e*
Who tells you now of the bandit's plot."	*Ba-aga sa-seg luzuk*
Thukahl-Sag tasted the wind with its serpent's tongue,	*Musugar ma-eme Thukahl-Sag*
Long as a timber, black as night,	*Hissi gi na*
And rumbled forth its dragon-growl,	*Huthu usumha pathra*
"I am wise in old magic to know truth from lies	
And hear that you speak true.	*Ha a men inimuzu zith lulu zith*
A thief draws nigh, to steal my gold."	*Luzuk luzuhu gi sitha*
Ragnhild crept up, quiet shadow,	
Before the worm, and spoke once more,	*Inthu Thamkara-halzu usumha me*
"I shall tell you how to find the thief,	*Sa ha zaga sila bath*
Wolf-biter, death-bringer,	*Uruhu ethuh*
And all I ask is one small gift."	*Sa he thithiru*
"Name your price," the worm replied,	
"And I shall pay it,	*Sa ammu bathuh-um na da*
To spare my hoard the robber's craft."	*Tha nih luzuk usu*
Ragnhild revealed herself, cast aside the shadow-cloak,	
Stretched out her hand,	*Suthara githul Thamkara-halzu la-al*

"I ask the ring of Brandr slain,	*Lilsu-unu Hi-izila midum sa he*
Old warlord, battle-famed."	*Sa lafir thamkaru mudugu*
Unto Ragnhild's hand the ring was given	*Thamkara-halzu lilsu-unu sah en dar*
By Thukahl-Sag, worm of hate,	*Thukahl-Sag usumhir hal*
The price to buy the bandit's blood.	*Samum sa luzuk us*
"Name him," spoke the beast,	
"And name his ending,	*Sa fa hul fa*
For I am wroth and lust for killing."	*Nishir uh sa he*
The cloak of shadow Ragnhild donned and spoke once more,	
To taunt the worm,	*Thamkara-halzu hisulu githul adar ha-e usumha*
"The thief I've named, fair and true,	*Luzuk fa nana am*
Though you knew it not, foolish worm.	*Usumha nuzukuru ulazu*
Ragnhild Fire-Stealer I am called,	*Thamkara-halzu Izinizu fa-e*
Worm-tricker, ring-taker,	*Usumha suha lilsu-unu zukuzu*
And you will not catch me."	*Ula adaga-e*
The dragon roared and Ragnhild fled,	*Usumhu kal Thamkara-halzu*
Ring in hand, from out of the earth,	*Lilsu-unu dath si fath na gi*
And back to the light, stealer of treasure,	*Si udu e luzuk*
Cunning one, Dark Moon's daughter.	*Halamu thumu Muth Iduth*

The Bale Hound's fist slammed into my jaw and my teeth clapped together so loud, you'd have thought they were hoping for an encore. He leaned in close and the stink on his breath was like he'd cut his chaw with roadkill.

"Where's the Secret Locus, gumshoe?"

With blood and spit, I painted his ugly mug with the only I answer I was going to give. I was expecting the next punch, but damn if that one didn't hurt worse than the first. His wolf-blooded bitch just laughed the whole time. Hell if she wasn't just as crazy as him.

He grabbed my chin in his hand and looked me over. I chuckled, "You figure maybe I wrote the address down somewhere on my face, Locke?"

He snarled and shoved my head away, "This isn't going to end until you tell me what I want to know, gumshoe." He leaned close again. "You New Moons think you're so clever, but here you are, cuffed to this chair until you talk."

I looked over at the broad, "Can you get this chump a toothbrush or something? Or at least make him start punching me again?"

Locke got real mad at that, and shoved me over in the chair. The back of my head slammed into the floor and I saw stars. He knelt down on my chest and it was like he had my lungs in a vice. "Funny guy, huh? Real damn funny now, aren't you?" He whipped out his roscoe and pressed the tip of the barrel to my forehead. The smell of silver burned in my nostrils. "Ain't you got a joke for me *now*, comedian?"

I gasped for breath and managed to croak, "Fine. I'll tell you." He eased up off my chest and my next words tumbled out in a fit of coughing, "Just put the rod away."

He patted my cheek a couple of times and smiled that picket-fence grin of his, "Good boy."

Make it look good, Johnny. You've only got one chance at this.

"Its… in the old warehouse… down along the river." He nodded to himself as I kept spilling, "Remember the one where the Chinamen set up shop for awhile? That one."

Locke pulled his piece again and drew down on me, smiling like a cat with one paw on the mouse's tail, "Now give me a reason why I shouldn't just plug you, right here."

"I can give you seventeen reasons, if you can count that high." He snarled, but I kept talking, "Three packs are already on the way and I figure you got, what? Maybe the six silver bullets you need to fill that gun? Maybe six more? How good a shot are you, Locke? How many Uratha you figure you can kill on one bullet?"

"You're bluffing."

Good call. But I'm going to lie to your face and you're going to buy it, anyway, because you're a sucker, Locke. Only a sucker throws in with Mammon.

I smiled through the pain and the blood, "Sure thing. You're the only guy who's hoping to find the Hidden Locus. I mean, I'm sure you never ran into *anybody* else who had an interest in it while you were poking around, right?"

For a second, I figured he was going to just shoot me. Sure as hell, he looked like he wanted to. But he didn't. He eased the hammer down on his heat and holstered it, "You're coming with me, gumshoe. I'll kill you after I get the locus."

I looked scared — hell, I *was* scared — but I held myself together. I had to, if he was going to believe it, "I know we've had our differences, Locke, but…"

He cut me off, "Shut up, Johnny. You're not weaseling your way out of this one. You're bringing me to the locus and then you're eating a bullet."

Good boy, Locke. Get mad and stay mad. That way, you'll never see it coming. I mean, what're the odds that every *New Moon in this city knows what's about to go down and they're readying the welcome wagon for you and that crazy dame of yours?*

Tricksters and Rogues

As an outsider in a society in which myth is, in many ways, a living, breathing reality, the Irraka occupies a unique social position. She is the one who strays outside of the norms; typically, to the intended end of glorifying the laws and traditions of her society. She is the exception that justifies the rule. Stalkers are frequently chosen by Luna from among the nonconformists, rebels, the disenfranchised, the fringe of the fringe, the criminal element, and the dregs of society. Those who Change under the dark of the moon may come from more ordered and hierarchical sections of society, of course — law enforcement or academia, for example — but, still, they tend to be wild cards and loose cannons: the shady cop who gets things done when the law falls short, or the wild-eyed researcher who won't let his pet theory die *because he is* right, *damn it!*

As most of them see things, Stalkers have a sacred duty to challenge "established truth" and to expand the boundaries of the possible. Their society is outmanned and outgunned by an implacable enemy. Claws, fangs, and Gifts can't win this war or it would've been over millennia ago; that leaves innovative thinking, and *that* is the province of Cunning. Every visionary must first be thought a malcontent and a madman, before the rightness of his way of thinking is finally accepted by those who follow the trail that he blazes. Every bond that endures an Irraka's tests proves itself strong enough to survive. Every bond that breaks must be replaced with something better. That is nature's way. Some things — like the unity of the pack and the Oath of the Moon — have proven their worthiness time and again, but hundreds or thousands of other, supposedly inviolable axioms have been debunked by the persistence of Luna's Shadows.

Be it known that I am Winter Rain, Elodoth of the Iminir. As requested, and being of neither of their respective packs, I served as witness to the duel between Marked-By-Blood of the Suthar Anzuth and Home Invasion of the Farsil Luha!, both Irraka. As agreed between the two, no weapon was barred to either combatant and the fight was to continue until surrender, incapacitation, or unconsciousness. By the conditions of the duel, I inscribe this account in the territory of the Two-One-Seven, Home Invasion's pack.

At the very moment that I commanded the combatants to begin, the packmates of Marked-By-Blood emerged from the hiding places in which she had concealed them and savagely beat Home Invasion until he cried out for mercy. While it was my intention to award the victory to Home Invasion for this treachery, he willingly conceded the duel to Marked-By-Blood and praised her Cunning with great humility. As promised in the terms of Marked-By-Blood, Home Invasion turned over to her the klaive with which he had previously blinded her right eye, and no further enmity divided them.

This, I swear upon the names of Skolis-Ur, Urfarah, and Amahan Iduth.

My first instinct was to run. Run far, run fast. Just run.

The guy I was hooked up with had just OD'd in my apartment and I didn't know what to do. By the time I found him, the froth had long stopped trickling out of his mouth and his open eyes were dead, dead, dead. I was on probation, with a junkie corpse in my shitty little basement-level studio. And all I wanted was to run.

I tried to think of how to get rid of him. Your mind starts going through all sorts of bizarre shit at a time like that. Maybe I just wouldn't bathe for, like, a month, and I could melt him down into a runny soup with some toxic cocktail of household cleaning products? Maybe I could chop him up into little bitty pieces and cram him down the disposal, and hope that it didn't choke up and break down like it always did? Maybe I could drag him out in the middle of the night and hope that I got the garbage-bag-wrapped cadaver into the trunk of my piece-of-shit car before anyone noticed, and then… I guess set the whole thing on fire and then push the wreck into a lake… or something?

Like I said, your mind makes up some fucking crazy things at a time like that.

I didn't care that he had died, really. I didn't even really like him. When you're a druggie on the "Sid and Nancy" level like I was, you don't really like anyone — yourself included. But you know that prison is bad and that you

definitely don't want to go back there. And that they'll make you go back there just for the bad luck of having hooked up with some asshole who didn't have the common decency to die somewhere else after shooting up.

In the midst of all of this, I felt my pulse racing. My heart was hammering inside my chest. I figured I was going to have a heart attack. It felt like I was going to die. This wasn't your standard-issue panic attack — I'd had plenty of those before. No, this was something different. It was like my mind, my body, and my spirit all wanted to run away and they were trying to run in different directions. I didn't want to get caught. I couldn't go back to that. And every part of me was tearing away from every other part in this desperate attempt to flee from so-called "justice" that I didn't even believe in.

I just wanted to crawl into a dark hole. I wanted a shadow so deep that no one would find me in it. I fell to my knees and I thought that maybe I could shrink down so small that I could fit under the couch or turn invisible, or even just vanish into some other place where they couldn't look for me. My heart kept booming inside me like it wanted to rip out of my ribs and flop onto the floor. I tasted blood and I started being able to smell everything, from the old cigarette butts in the barrel, to the rancid milk that I'd spilled under the fridge months ago, to the mildew in the bathroom tiles. I smelled the stink of piss and shit on the dead body slumped on my couch. I smelled the smoke from my crack pipe, saturated into the panels of the drop ceiling, and the seared metal of the spoon where he and I cooked up. And I smelled something else, too. An animal smell that I couldn't figure out. It was musky and it was scary. And it was all around me and on me and in me.

I wanted to run away. I wanted to hide. I wanted to find a way around or out, or through.

And Luna gave me one.

By the time I realized that my clothes were tearing apart, I also realized that every muscle and tendon was snapping and rebuilding itself. Bones warped and exploded into pieces, only to come back together again, bigger and heavier. My mouth felt like someone smashed it in with a sledgehammer and then grabbed hold of what was left to stretch it out. I tried to scream, but all that came out was some horrible feral noise that my brain didn't quite register as coming out of me.

They kicked the door in at right about that moment. I didn't know who they were, then, and I turned to attack them with a hate that was so big it scared the hell out of me. Sergei grabbed me and held me in a bear hug. I bit him on the face. He's still got scars from it. Ruby started singing a lullaby and I began to calm down. I felt myself returning to normal. The ceiling got further away. My heartbeat slowed down. Torch didn't take any chances, though. He smacked the butt of his gun right behind my jawbone, just under the ear, and I went out.

When I came to, I found out that Torch had made all of the problems go away. The body was gone. Not hidden. Not disposed-of. Gone. He also made sure that no one in the building said anything about the noises that came out of my place. I think he made them forget about it or maybe he just scared them into shutting up. Either one would be his style.

He asked me what I was thinking when I Changed. Did I love the guy? Did I hate him? I told Torch that I just didn't want to go back to jail.

He laughed about that. Said, "Yep. New Moon."

The Lamplighters have been my pack ever since.

My name is Lila Nazari, known among the People as Three-on-a-Match, and I never asked to be an alpha.

Gunny Richter was the best Uratha I ever knew. He was the greatest alpha ever to walk this Earth and I'll rip out the spine of the first man to say otherwise. Gunny was a Cahalith's Cahalith, leading us by example and inspiring us to be the better warriors that we always knew we could be. I, on the other hand, was just an Irraka: the long-range scout and sniper of Blood Moon Company. I loved the work and I loved my pack, but I was far from the most important link in that chain, and that was okay by me.

I'll never forget the day that Gunny died; none of us will. It was some horrific spirit - older than old and mad with centuries of slumber - and Blood Moon Company was the only thing standing between it and the civvies of the herd. We'd accepted civilian casualties before, but this was different. We saw what it was managing to pull off while it was still half-asleep and, if this thing had gotten up to speed, it was going to rip down a good-sized chunk of the Gauntlet and let everything in Shadow for fifty miles come pouring out. We couldn't have that. Gunny *wouldn't* have it.

Blood Moon Company mobilized. We put out the word to every other pack that would listen and then we did what we were put here to do: we rolled in on that thing to drop a ten-ton shithammer on it. Gunny, Boomstick, and Piper went in the front way, as usual, while Hick and Kills-Silent came in from the north. I was supposed to come in from the southwest and do my thing. For whatever reason, though, I didn't like the plan this time and I told Gunny as much. Boomstick stepped to me and he was right to do so: no one questions the alpha in time of war. Gunny calmed him down, though, and reassured me that the plan was solid. Something just seemed off about it, though, and I couldn't shake the feeling that we'd be in trouble when things actually went down.

I set up my nest about a quarter-mile from the kill zone, on a hill looking down on the clearing where the pack intended to intercept. The nagging sense that something was wrong just kept bugging me, but I stayed focused. When it cleared the tree line, I started the counteroffensive, landing one of my tick bullet talens directly in one of its thirty-odd eyes. Gunny, Boomstick, and Piper came in next, breaking into center, left, and right as they usually did in situations like this, with Gunny coming right up the middle. I kept dropping shots into the thing's eyes - tapped out every tick bullet I had at the time -even as Hick and Kills-Silent rolled in from its flank.

The thing was a monster. It nearly took off one of Piper's arms and it threw her halfway across the clearing. Hick got his leg flattened so badly, it looked like it'd been run over by an 18-wheeler. I took the last few shots that I could and then I made the decision to break with orders. Gunny told me to hang back, but I couldn't. His plan was *wrong* and I knew it, even if he couldn't see it. If he had to kill me later for defying him, that was fine, but I wasn't about to let my pack get mauled any worse that it already had been.

I ran as fast as a wolf's four legs could carry me but Gunny was in the spirit's jaws by the time I arrived. I heard words that night that I didn't even know existed in the First Tongue, the kind of curses that'd make sailors blush, if they knew what my alpha was saying. I scooped up Piper's fetish machete and jumped on the side that I'd completely blinded, hacking into the spirit with as much fury as I could muster. Boomstick and Kills-Silent figured out what I was doing and started slashing at any part of the thing that they could to get Gunny free. For his part, Gunny barked at them to just kill the spirit and never mind him.

It was Hick who actually brought the thing down, lunging on his one good leg to drive his claws into what passed for its heart, after Boomstick tore back a sheet of something like muscle.

We knew the moment we pulled Gunny off its teeth. The blood just kept pumping from his wounds and he was already as white as a sheet. He slapped my hands away when I tried to bandage him up. Waste of time, he told me.

He asked for a smoke (which Boomstick gave him) and asked me why I disobeyed a direct order. I told him again that his plan was bad and that I was willing to accept whatever punishment he saw fit for saying so. He nodded to that, the blood now staining his lips, and said, "You all heard that. *Any* punishment. You'll all abide by that, right?" Everyone nodded; even Piper, who had only just barely come to.

His entire arm shaking, Gunny rested his hand on my shoulder. "You're alpha, now." He grinned, the cigarette falling from his lips. "You made a New Moon's call and it was the right call… and no good deed goes unpunished." His voice fell to a whisper, "May they follow your orders as well as you followed mine…"

Those were Gunny's last words. I never wanted to be alpha but, Urfarah as my witness, that was the will of the finest Uratha I've ever known, and my rightful punishment for thinking like an Irraka when a great man's best intentions fell short.



Teaching

Because the New Moon is, in many ways, defined by the absence or even defiance of tradition, new Irraka often need someone to tell them what being a Stalker *is*, as opposed to a laundry list of what it is not. Many of Luna's Shadows attempt to impart some measure of education on one newly Changed to the dark moon, reasoning that an improperly trained Irraka is potentially one of the most dangerous things out there. Some Stalkers will even teach a member of a rival pack, just to be certain that she understands the basics of her auspice (out of a sense of obligation to the Mother, if nothing else).

A new Irraka's auspice education tends to be haphazard. Packmates and tribemates often make arrangements with other local New Moons for her instruction, because no one other than a Stalker can truly teach the Stalker's craft; a young Rahu can learn much from any great warrior, regardless of auspice and a veteran ritualist has a few tricks to show a new Ithaeur, but the arts of the Irraka tend to fall outside of the neat classifications of societal roles. A clever young Stalker can learn from just about anyone, but very few non-Irraka can actively *teach* them.

Part of the problem, of course, is that many Irraka disagree on just what they are. Each has her own interpretation of the role of the Stalker within the pack, the tribe, and among the Forsaken as a whole. While many of these disparate visions are similar, they're different enough from one another to cause conflicting notions of purpose. While this results in profound diversity within the auspice, it can also make the handing down of its ways and sacred customs difficult, at best.

You've already been told what your tribe thinks of the Oath of the Moon. Sakura sent you to me to teach you how we Stalkers view our Mother's laws. I'm telling you to repay a debt to her, so you can be sure that I'll tell you all that I've learned and answer truthfully any questions you may have, but know that I owe her nothing after this and I owe you nothing, at all.

I understand that you haven't been taught the Tongue, yet. A lot of your generation hasn't seen fit to learn it, sad to say, but that wasn't part of the arrangement, so you'll get this in English:

The Wolf Must Hunt.

Pretty self-explanatory, yes? No. The first three words, certainly, but it's the fourth that you really need to think about. The whole world is made up of give and take, strong and weak, fast and slow; that sort of thing. When you run down a deer, rip out its throat, and eat of its flesh, you're hunting. That's easy. But when you stalk some spirit-claimed monstrosity through the back alleys of your territory, that's hunting too. And it's also hunting when you shoplift from a department store and get away with it. Or when you show up to exchange guns for money with some badass gangster and then strong-arm him into letting you walk away with the money and the guns. Hunting is using strategy, guile, and the proper application of force to satisfy your agenda. Plain and simple.

The People Do Not Murder the People.

Which People? Yours? Mine? Ours? Do you think of the Pure as "the People?" Bale Hounds? What about Ghost Wolves? Not even all of the Forsaken hold to the Oath. Are they "the People," too? Your People are: your pack at all times, your tribe when it suits, your auspice when it's a matter that concerns Luna's Shadows, and everyone else only when you feel like it or absolutely have to. Your wolf-blooded may be your People if you lean that way. Maybe you think that "murder" and "kill" mean different things, but only the most hidebound will complain about your actions with respect to this law, so long as you never lay a hand on those I've mentioned during the times I've specified.

The Low Honor the High; the High Respect the Low.

You're sworn by Mother Moon to the virtues of Cunning. Cunning is, by definition, often low; as in, "vicious," "craven," "undignified," "untrustworthy," "abhorrent," or "treacherous." You honor the high because they'll look out for you when you're doing the low, awful, wretched things that are often required of Irraka. The best of them will show respect by assuming responsibility for your sins, because they should've found a better way than needing to engage your services in the first place. If you're honoring them properly, they'll never need to ask; what needs to be done will already be done, and they never needed to know.

Respect Your Prey.

This is simple. And, yet, if I had a dime for every time I've seen some new Change lose sight of what it means, I'd be living like Sakura, instead of in a trailer off the highway. Any prey animal that hasn't gone extinct obviously learned somewhere along the line how to fight back. Anything that can fight back should be treated with wariness and approached with intelligent planning. That's respect. If it can kill me with antlers, claws, fangs, knives, bullets, spirit powers, court orders, eviction notices, or whatever, then I need to think before I act. I need to respect the capabilities of what I hunt and understand my own strengths and weaknesses relative to those of my quarry.

The Uratha Shall Cleave to the Human.

You have an obligation to breed. You can successfully mate with two things: humans and other werewolves. One of these can potentially produce more werewolves down the line. The other always produces horrible monsters driven to destroy our kind with a passion that makes the Pure look tame by comparison. You don't need to stick around. You don't need to try to be parent of the year. Even if you made that attempt, you'd fail, because it's not in our nature. If you want to lay with dogs, cats, sheep, or anything else, that's not my business, but the only new things that you can bring into this world are wolf-blooded children who might turn out to Change, and Ghost-Children who'll come howling for your blood from the very moment they're born into this world.

Do Not Eat the Flesh of Man or Wolf.

Cannibalism is wrong. Those forsaken who stoop to such levels turn sick in the soul. You can derive both spiritual and physical sustenance from cannibalism, sure, but that doesn't change the fact that it's not a thing to be done. If you choose to do it, you're starting a countdown that leads to the hour when someone like me is going to put you down. You won't get away with it because, sooner or later, you'll start wondering why you even bother to hide your hunger at all. Don't eat wolves. Don't eat humans. Don't eat werewolves. Again, simple.

The Herd Must Not Know.

On the day that our kind is strong enough to stand against their kind, I'll be happy to revisit this issue. Until then, ask yourself: did you know about werewolves as anything other than horror movie monsters until the day you became one? Calling humans "the herd" is a fitting analogy. Ever see what a stampeding herd can do to a wolf? A pack of wolves? Like any other herd animal, humans are panic-prone and at their most dangerous when they're at their most frightened. We hide because we have to. Fortunately, you're an Irraka; you're good at hiding. Or you should be, anyway. Keep quiet. Keep others quiet. When someone isn't quiet, fix the problem, and then chew him out. Silence is our creed and no one does silence like a Stalker.

To: [RECIPIENT UNDISCLOSED]
From: 123qwert@myfreeaccount.org
Subject: [NONE]

I really didnt' want to do this, just so you know. But I set up some bullshit free email address and figured I'd try that wierd account you gave me anyway. You're freaky technology spirit seems to be doing it's mojo and I'm assuming you'll get this. If not whatever.

Your not the frist forsaken to try to get me to join a tribe you know. Ive gotten those offers before. Pure tryed to get me to join too but I told them they could shove everything they promised up they're ass. You tell me I've got nothing cuz I'm a Ghost Wolf but your wrong. Way wrong. I belong to something even if you don't see it. Tribes are just a way of controlling what we think. I saw it back home beofre I ran away. Strom Lords boss everyone around and Blood Talons are crazy killer mofos. Shit like that.

Ima new moon. An Irakka. I might not be smart but I know what its like to trick the mofos who come after me. I steal what I need and when I cant find a way I make one. You look down on me same as everyone else in a tirbe but I don't care. I think may be your so high on being a tribe that you forgot you're moon. You told me that you're an Irakka like me but you weren't really thinking about it. It wasn't important too you. You thought you were being all cunning talking nice to me like you had soemthing to give me, but may be your looking at it backwards. Cunning comes up on you when your not looking. It comes at you sideways. May be Im cunning talking too you because you forgot how to be a new moon.

You probablt don't care what I have to say. Whatever. Your a Bone Shaow and thats what you chose. But you didn't choose to be Irakka. Luna chose you to be Irakka. Youve got all your spirits and your powers and your totem but when you look for me I wont be there. Ill be gone because I never forgot that I changed into a new moon and ebing in a tribe can never be as important as that. I'man outsider because that's the way of cunning.

—Beeline

To: [RECIPIENT UNDISCLOSED]
From: [SENDER UNDISCLOSED]
Subject: That fucking moron

Seriously? Of all the Ghost Wolves in all the world, that one is the one you wanted me to talk to? He knows jack-all about the tribes and he knows even less about being an Irraka. (Including how to spell it.) What a douchebag. Also, you're a douchebag for asking me to actually waste my time on him. You're just lucky I'm too nice a girl to tell you how all of this really makes me feel.

And, yes, I know you believe that some of his answers are at least relatively close to the truth, but I feel the need to correct you before you even get the chance to open your yap. I didn't choose this life of isolation because I'm a New Moon; I chose it because I'm Hirfathra Hissu. It's a big difference. When I'm far away, doing stuff for the good of the pack, that's when I'm being an Irraka. When I'm standing right next to you, clearly wishing that I was somewhere else, that's when I'm being a Bone Shadow.

As to the dumbshit: the only wolf he's tricking is himself. Every New Moon with half a fucking brain knows that our strength is in numbers. Even when we're off on our own, we carry our packs with us. If he doesn't get that, then I don't want him for my tribe and I sure as fuck don't want him for our pack or any pack that we don't hate.

Come to think of it, are the Helldivers still down an Irraka?

Seriously, though, if that's what you think my auspice is about, then we need to have a chat. Look me up when you get the chance, but I make no guarantees that I'll be easy to get a hold of; I've got work to do for you ungrateful bitches and I do my best work alone.

—Marrow

Culture and Respect

Like a tribe or a pack, an auspice is a society, a perspective, and even a lifestyle. New Moons tend to regard one another as the only Uratha who truly "get" each other; even those of rival or enemy packs have an understanding that comes of standing on the outside, looking in. Same as any other Forsaken, a Stalker loves and would lay down her life for her packmates, but she doesn't necessarily expect those packmates to know her or why she thinks and acts as she does. When Irraka encounter the unknown, many of them seek out the counsel of older, wiser New Moons, reasoning that *someone* who walks under the dark of Mother Moon must have an answer or at least know of someone who does.

The culture of Cunning is an interesting thing, for its bonds aren't built upon tradition, fealty, the rule of might, or any other normal method of establishing dominance and hierarchy, as is common among Uratha. Instead, the most venerable Irraka are those who have proven themselves to be the craftiest bastards walking the Earth and worthy of respect on account of the cruel measures they can bring to bear against those who piss them off. Where others see problems, the eldest Irraka see only opportunities and they tend to react favorably to those who are bold without being presumptuous, and those who are adaptable without succumbing to inconstancy.

To Endless Sky of the Pack of the Black River,

Hail to you, elder.

I send this information to you as you are the oldest and most knowledgeable New Moon of whom I am aware. Your deeds are greatly esteemed amongst the Irraka and my grandfather — William Burren, whom I am certain you remember walked under the Dark Moon, as we do — always spoke very highly of you. I hope that you might be able to make more sense of this account than I have or, if not, that you know of someone who can. Regardless, though, I give this lore freely and ask no price for it, as it belongs to the entirety of our auspice.

I was ranging far from the territory of my pack, following rumors that I had heard among the spirits, regarding encroachment from the north. These stories turned out to be false, but I had told my brothers and sisters that I would be gone for two weeks and I had half that time left before I was expected back, so I decided to take a long run and see what was out there to be seen. After a while, I sensed something unusual; not amiss and certainly not wrong, but undeniably out of the ordinary. It felt like a locus or the unseen influence of a potent spirit, though somehow different in a way that I could not easily define. Unsure as to whether this was a threat, I determined to follow the feeling to its source.

When I arrived at the rough location of the inexplicable sensation, I found a locus there, as I suspected, though I couldn't identify its specific quality. Crossing over into the Shadow Realm, I noticed that the place was utterly devoid of spirits, but not in any way that seemed unnatural or worrisome. Rather, I felt a general aura of calm in the area, as though I was in a sacred place that one might freely visit, but in which none should dwell. Moving through heavy undergrowth and the ephemeral reflections of trees older and more majestic than any I can ever recall seeing before, I came to a small slab of stone, sticking out of the ground and carved with glyphs in the tongue of Pangaea, though in a dialect that I didn't recognize.

As I wanted clarification regarding the message written on the stone, I attempted to call to me a few of the spirits known to me and my pack, but none answered, though I'm sure that I performed the ritual properly. Finally, with no other good options, I took the slab with me and returned to my pack's territory, where I inquired of our totem, Running Lynx, to see if the words were any better understood by those fully born of spirit. Running Lynx informed me that many of the symbols were unknown to it and of an age far older than its beginnings. I sought out the eldest spirits that I could find, but none could tell me any more than the very little that I was able to piece together on my own. It was at this point that I started to suspect the unprecedented antiquity of the object and located Forgotten Ink, the esteemed scribe of the court of Two Storms Rain Down, who confirmed that it was a relic of the ancient land, dating back before the killing of Urfarah.

The reason that I come to you with this, Endless Sky, stems from what little of its content Forgotten Ink could translate. The scribe informed me that the writings pertain to "shadows of Amahan Iduth," which I could only take to be either the Irraka or else the Irralunim — either of which makes this something of interest to the New Moons of the People. Before his death, my grandfather had told me that you were a strong advocate of unity and communication between the Urdaga of our auspice, as we serve as the eyes of the People when all falls dark. In that spirit, I ask if you will come to meet with me, so that you can look upon the relic for yourself and determine if it is a cause for worry, as Forgotten Ink and I suspect, given one of the last passages that the scribe was able to decipher:

…and from a great bleeding-place arises a deeper shadow with which the shadows of Amahan Iduth must contend. Should they divide by five bloods and one, then they must fall. The dark of the night is one darkness, and the dark of the bleeding-place is a different darkness, separate and entire.

If you will see the stone and share your thoughts upon it, elder, then I will follow your lead with respect to it. I've already secured the permission of my pack to go out if I have to, in order to gather up the other New Moons within several days' run, if that's what you feel would be best. I tried to relocate the site where I found the slab, but it was simply gone and no trace of it, however faint, remained. It was as though the place never existed at all.

I'm told that you enjoy a strong bond with a number of the Irralunim. Perhaps one of them could shed some light on this matter? I can't help but feel that I was guided to that place for a reason, elder, and that this piece of stone is important. I hope you'll forgive me, but I'm unable to include any photographs or rubbings of the slab; for whatever reason, the text on it simply can't be copied.

I await your counsel.

Yours,

Ranger

Jason "Ranger" Burren Jr. of the Outlaws

I write this now because it's important that I do so, that his words shouldn't be forgotten. I write because he scares me and because you also need to be scared if you walk under the Hidden Moon. This is for those of us who thrive under Luna's shroud and I hope that you'll read it and remember it, all that he shared with me.

I couldn't figure any good way to announce myself at the edge of his pack's territory. The spirits there were all terrified and not a one of them dared to say anything to me, even for offers of Essence. Howling wasn't an option, either; I'd been warned of the Pure packs that roamed the outskirts of those woods and I'd only narrowly dodged two of their patrols just getting there. For a long moment, I was torn between turning back and stepping over that invisible line. Just as I made the decision to take my chances within, he addressed me, seemingly out of nowhere:

"That land isn't yours."

His voice croaked a little and he was clearly unused to human speech. I'd heard that he spent much of his time — even his time in the Hishu shape — as silent as death. From what I'd been told, he didn't have much use for talk. He and I spoke of many things, though, so I guess I just asked the right questions. I lowered myself before him and showed a bit of my throat. He nodded once, ever so slightly, and flicked his gaze toward his pack's woods for just an instant, inviting me in. I followed at a respectful distance.

I recount for you here what I recall of our conversation. I admit that my memory isn't perfect, but this is the substance of the thing and I think he'd agree with me that it encompasses enough of his meaning to be counted as true.

Just as important as it is to tell you what he said, though, is the need to explain to you that he's clearly insane. He's gone so far beyond that he's very nearly touched the darkest face of the Mother and he's more of her world, now, than ours. That doesn't make anything that he said to me any less significant, but I warn you that you won't be able to walk as he does and survive until you become as he <u>is</u>, and I'm not sure how many of us are ready for that journey. To tell you the truth, I don't know how ready the People, as a whole, are for another like him. His power is undeniable, as is the madness in him — inspired by Luna's burning kiss — and so, too, is the fact that he's as much cautionary tale as paragon; maybe more so.

The first question I asked him was about the nature of the Irraka, the auspice that he and I share. His lips curled up by degrees, into something that I think was meant to be a smile, and he replied with a question of his own, "What do you see under the black of Mother Moon?" Before I could answer, he answered for me, "We see <u>everything</u>: all that casts a shadow and, when the whole world is in darkness, then we look upon the infinite. What we see is possibility, for every shadow is a door and every shadow is a window. Those who walk in the light can never grasp the wonder of gazing off, into the deepest dark, spying a single faint, flickering glow, and following its trail until we can take it in hand and carry it home to the pack. That joy — and that burden — is ours, alone."

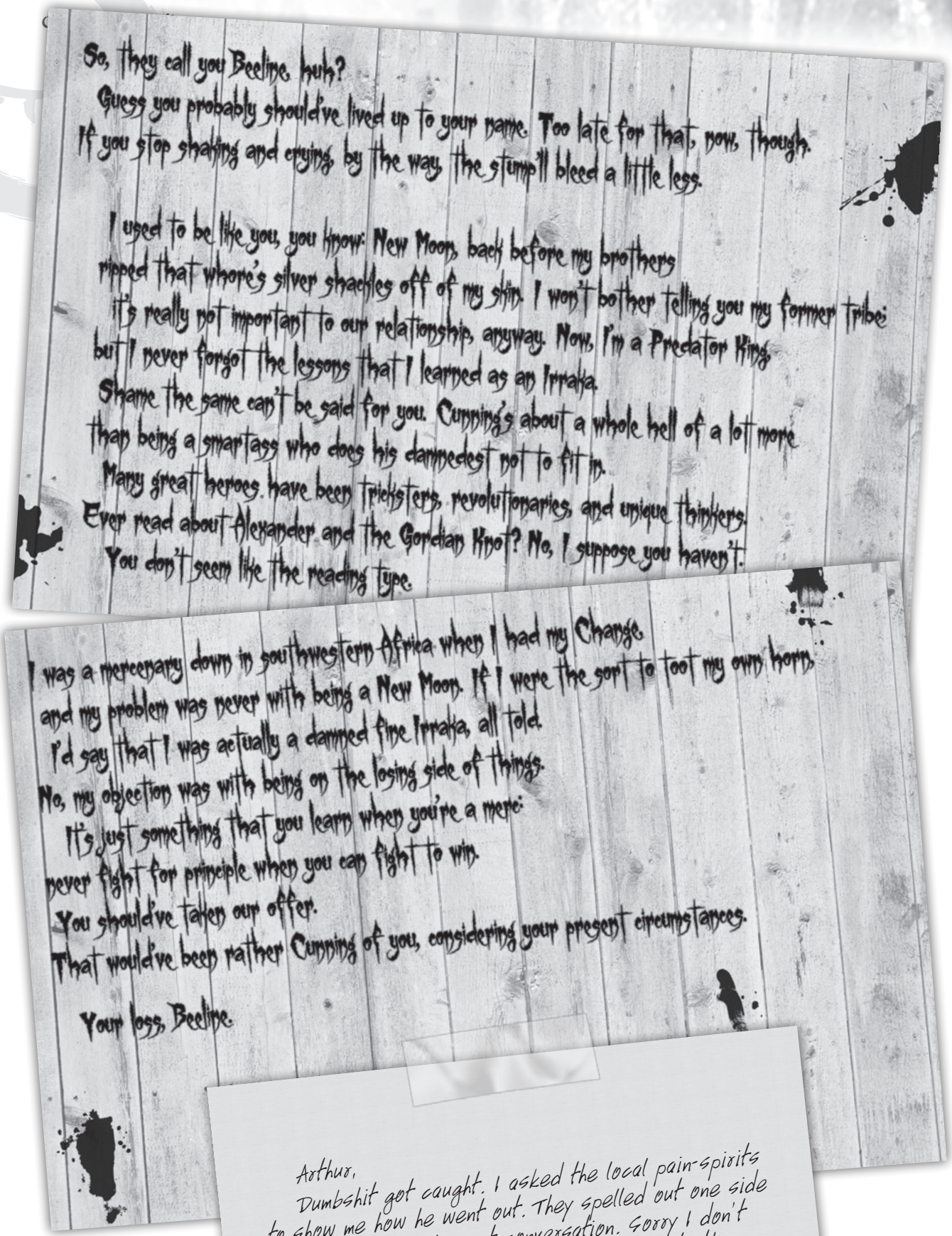
From there, I inquired as to his views on the face that Luna shows to her New Moons. He crouched down, among dead fallen leaves, and I did the same. He reached a callused hand up, toward the starlit night, and whispered, "Our Mother loves us most of all, for ours is the deepest faith. To her other children, she reveals herself. She hides before us, knowing that we will <u>always</u> believe, even as she closes her eyes and weeps for our Father. She shines brightly for all of the rest, but we, too, are branded in silver, because we carry her when she is tired with sorrow and sighs her last, only to be born anew."

Next, I asked him of our purpose. I never saw his hand move; one moment, it was reaching for the sky and, the next, it was by his side and my chest was torn and bleeding from a vicious backhanded swipe of his claws. With some difficulty, I choked down the instinct to flee desperately from him. He leaned close and murmured, "<u>That</u> is our purpose: to bleed, blindly, in the night, until understanding replaces the need for eyes. To find the roads through the thorns that know no sun and to suffer their bite, so that we may return to the pack and tell our brothers and sisters that the way is unsafe, but that we will nevertheless guide them through it. I drink from poisoned streams and spit out clean water, so that my pack's thirst is quenched. I feast on sick and unclean flesh, until the good meat is laid bare and my pack's hunger is fed. My steps never carry me in straight lines, because the way of Cunning walks crooked. Where no path leads, that is where we Irraka must go."

After that, I asked him how I might embrace the creed of Cunning, as he had. He actually <u>laughed</u> at that — a horrible, rasping sound. He shook his head at me and answered, "You might as well ask the scorpion how it knows to sting or the rain why it flows into the cracks and tears down mountains. Haven't you been <u>listening</u>? When every other law was scratched in stone, Cunning was written on the air. The night saw it and the wind heard it, and we've chased it, ever since. Put your nose to the ground and hunt after the tracks that lead away from all that you know. When you follow them so far that you've come back to where you started, <u>then</u> you've found your way."

After those four questions, he offered me other teachings, but told me that those were for my ears alone, until I felt that the time was right to pass them on to another. I don't know that such a day will come, but after my meeting with him I certainly won't be surprised if it ever sneaks up on me. If you should ever feel the need to seek him out, as I did, be careful: he's by far the most dangerous Uratha I've ever set eyes upon.

Take from all of this what you will and make of it what you will.


So, they call you Beeline, huh?
Guess you probably should've lived up to your name. Too late for that, now, though.
If you stop shaking and crying, by the way, the stump'll bleed a little less.

I used to be like you, you know: New Moon, back before my brothers
ripped that whore's silver shackles off of my skin. I won't bother telling you my former tribe;
it's really not important to our relationship, anyway. Now, I'm a Predator King,
but I never forgot the lessons that I learned as an Irraka.
Shame the same can't be said for you. Cunning's about a whole hell of a lot more
than being a smartass who does his dammedest not to fit in.
Many great heroes have been tricksters, revolutionaries, and unique thinkers.
Ever read about Alexander and the Gordian Knot? No, I suppose you haven't.
You don't seem like the reading type.

I was a mercenary down in southwestern Africa when I had my Change,
and my problem was never with being a New Moon. If I were the sort to toot my own horn,
I'd say that I was actually a damned fine Irraka, all told.
No, my objection was with being on the losing side of things.
It's just something that you learn when you're a mere:
never fight for principle when you can fight to win.
You should've taken our offer.
That would've been rather Cunning of you, considering your present circumstances.

Your loss, Beeline.

Arthur,
Dumbshit got caught. I asked the local pain-spirits
to show me how he went out. They spelled out one side
of a seriously unpleasant conversation. Sorry I don't
have happier news, but that's what happens to those
who fuck up under the dark of Mother Moon.
—Marrow

Shadows of the Stalker

Just as important in their role to the People as who the Irraka *are* is what they can do. The creed of Cunning is one of pragmatism and functionality, as much (if not more) than anything else. The abilities and blessings bestowed by Luna upon her New Moons serve to reinforce their role as those who question, who walk outside, who see what other Uratha don't, and — often — those who do what their brothers and sisters *shouldn't*. By serving the greater good, Irraka sometimes become the lesser evil, and Mother Moon's bestowments upon them reflect that unpleasant reality.

Irraka Lodges

While most lodges divide themselves according to the bonds of tribe, the sons and daughters of the Hidden Moon keep certain secrets to themselves. The three lodges that follow are all open to Irraka and *only* to Irraka. Members of any tribe (or none) can join, provided that they meet the qualifications, but these fellowships are unique to those who walk under Luna's shadow.

The Lodge of the Endless Horizon

You see that river, over there? The one snaking through the hills? Prospectors used to pan for gold in those waters. I suppose that's what I do, in my own way. You find all sorts of gold hidden in these places: loci unknown by even the wisest spirits, stretches of wilderness where the deer grow tall and strong and good to eat, the kinds of sunsets that happen once in a lifetime.

Day chases night and the winter chases the summer. It's the way of things. I chase whatever's over the next mountain or at the end of the dirt roads that slink away from the road more traveled. I want whatever's on the far side of the horizon, right up until I get there, and then it's time to move on, again.

From the eldest days, people have wanted to explore, to know what lay over the next hill or beyond the next valley. As the dedicated scouts of the Forsaken, many Irraka are driven by the same sort of wanderlust and curiosity that motivated those intrepid souls in ages past. Now, much of the world's face is known, but only a very few have experienced more than the tiniest fraction of it *personally*. New Moons of the Lodge of the Endless Horizon often bond with nomadic packs, taking to the highways, byways, back roads, and off-roads with enthusiasm and perhaps even a bit of sincere wonderment. For such New Moons, their territory is the breathtaking view of a sunset over the mountains, the smell of the sea air on an unfamiliar coast, or the chill wind that blows through a stretch of woodland that has known no human footfall in centuries, if ever.

Some say the Lodge of the Endless Horizon has *always* existed in one form or another, though many Irraka — members of the lodge and outsiders, alike — remain skeptical of that claim. Certainly, the drive to wander is inherent to quite a few New Moons, but the Endless Horizon is a brotherhood, even if only a loosely-knit one, and that requires a level of organization that simply wouldn't have existed among the most ancient nomadic Uratha. Others believe the lodge's origins are as recent as the Great Depression or even the 1960s. Then again, maybe the Lodge of the Endless Horizon is a phenomenon that keeps on reinventing itself, generation after generation, as some Irraka are brought into the fold and others create the lodge anew of their own accord.

Whatever the case, the Lodge of the Endless Horizon thrives wherever vast swaths of untamed land beckon to those with the courage to go out and lose themselves therein. Its members eschew the city lights and the signs of civilization as little more than places to stomp the mud or snow off of one's boots and resupply before heading back out again into the great wild yonder. Some of the lodge's New Moons set out into the remotest and most simultaneously inhospitable and breathtaking places left on Earth, eager to be among the first to look upon natural splendors that many humans (and quite a few Uratha) couldn't possible survive to see.



Lodge of the Endless Horizon

Prerequisites: All applicants must be Irraka, and must have an Athletics Skill of ••• or better, and a Survival Skill of ••• or better, with specialties in at least three different environments (temperate woods, arctic deserts, grasslands, tropical rainforests, fens, etc.). Also, many mentors require prospective members of the lodge to share tales or other evidence of their long travels.

Membership: New Moons who seek out the Lodge of the Endless Horizon range from homeless drifters on foot, to outlaw bikers, to wandering naturalists, to bored scions of moneyed dynasties touring the land in million-dollar RVs, and everything in-between. It is only the urge to go, to see, and to *experience* that unites them. Prospective members of the lodge are typically encountered on the road… or far from it, as the case may be, forging trails through harsh wilderness and climbing mountains simply because they're there. Unsurprisingly, many of the New Moons drawn to the Lodge of the Endless Horizon favor the auspice's Scout Aspect (see pp. 37).

A new inductee is invited to travel with her mentor's pack for a brief time, so that she can learn the ropes. Fortunately, those considered for membership in the Lodge of the Endless Horizon are often useful folks for nomadic packs to have around, so they're typically welcomed in for as long as it takes for them to get the hang of things. When the new member's education is complete, the lodge's tradition demands that teacher and student part ways at a crossroads, a fork in a river, a broken trail, or something similar.

Benefit: Members of the Lodge of the Endless Horizon receive a one-die bonus to rolls made with the Streetwise and Survival Skills. Further, they are veteran wanderers who understand the tremendous value of good information. They purchase Knowledge Gifts as though they were tribal Gifts.

The Lodge of Luna's Tears



Don't you remember me? I was younger the last time you saw me, but you gave me this scar, right here, along my ribcage. You did it when you killed my first alpha. Her name was Maggie. Maybe you just don't recognize me from that angle, down there on the ground. You stood a lot taller than me when your spine wasn't severed.

I've come to bring you a message, you Fire-Touched piece of shit: Luna wants to watch you bleed, and suffer, and die. She told me so. She *gave me this one, down my left arm. As I understand it, you've got some brands, too. Can I see them?*

I'm going to be needing them.

As the Uratha tell it, this is an old story: the Pure push and the Forsaken fight back. The Pure come with murder in their hearts and the Forsaken try to wound without killing, to drive back the enemy while still honoring the Oath of the Moon. And, slowly but surely, the Forsaken lose ground. A pack falls to the predation of the Pure Tribes. A territory is overrun. Wolf-blooded kin are kidnapped and locked away, and spend the rest of their short, miserable lives as receptacles for the lust and hatred of the Pure.

It is an old story, to be sure, and one that must *end*.

The Irraka of the Lodge of Luna's tears tell many legends of their origins, but the most persistent — the one believed by most of them to be true — is of a Stalker whose name and tribe have been lost to history. His pack upheld the Oath as sacred, loyal to the Mother in all her splendor and madness and, when the Pure came, they fought hard and well, sparing the lives of their foes as the Oath demanded. But the Pure had no such scruples. They slew without compunction and laid waste to the pack, one by one, until only the Irraka remained.

This lone New Moon wept under the shadow of Luna and begged for understanding. "We held to your Oath, Amahan Iduth," he cried out, "and death was our reward. We loved you above all others and you turned away from us. Why?"

In response, Mother Moon descended to the nameless Irraka with tears in her eyes. She beheld the torn bodies of his packmates and knew that they had all died to honor her commands. Sorrow and anger warred within her immortal heart and she gathered up her tears in her hands and ran her fingertips across the New Moon's skin, and her touch burned like fire, like the killing caress of silver. She smiled, then, upon the Irraka — a mother's sad smile — and said to him, "Bring them my hatred, son. Punish them in my name and in the names of *all* who die to uphold my Oath. Steal their fury and destroy them utterly. This is my gift to you."

The Irraka sought out those who had killed his brothers and sisters and slaughtered them to the last, whereupon Luna descended to him once more and guided his hand as he ripped the brands of spirit from their cooling corpses, claiming their power for his own and transforming it into an instrument of endless revenge.

Since that time, the Irraka of the Lodge of Luna's Tears have carried out Amahan Iduth's merciless commandment, walking beyond the edge of Luna's Oath by the Mother's mandate.

Prerequisites: All applicants must be Irraka with Cunning •••• or higher, and must have a Stealth Skill of •••• or better, and a Brawl or Weaponry Skill of ••• or better.

Membership: The lodge is open to any Irraka possessed of an all-consuming hatred for the Pure Tribes, any Stalker willing to accept the heavy burden of Mother Moon's vengeance. Those who fail to grasp the enormity of that obligation are only rarely permitted to join. Those of the Assassin Aspect (see pp. 35) are common within this lodge. Its members gather in whatever numbers they can muster whenever an induction takes place, to offer words of advice and encouragement to their new sister, for they know well the lifelong struggle that awaits her.

Benefits: Members of the Lodge of Luna's Tears are branded with marks of Mother Moon's wrath, becoming extensions of her hatred for the so-called "Pure" who spurn her and who slaughter the Forsaken that cleave to her laws. They receive the Tears of Luna scar fetish.

Irraka Merits

Sometimes, when the chips are down, a New Moon can't depend upon any Gift or lifesaving fetish, and has to make do with nothing more than what she knows and whatever natural talents are available to her. The following Merits play to the strengths of the Irraka, helping such Forsaken to fulfill the role given to them by Mother Moon.

Beginner's Luck (••)

Effect: Some people just happen to be pretty decent at most anything they attempt. An Irraka with this Merit only suffers from a one-die penalty (rather than the normal three) when her player attempts a roll for a Mental Skill in which the character has no dots. Those blessed with this sort of universal adroitness often get flustered when they genuinely screw up; if a character with this Merit dramatically fails a Mental Skill roll, he loses a point of Willpower.

Scar Fetish: Tears of Luna (•••••)

The boundless rage of Luna herself is etched into the very flesh of those Irraka who submit themselves to her tears. By activating this fetish, the New Moon can "harvest" the spirit brands of werewolves identifying themselves as members of the Pure Tribes, literally ripping them out of both the werewolf's physical and metaphysical substance. This process is lengthy and most easily performed on a dead werewolf (deceased for no more than an hour), though one somehow incapacitated or continuously restrained could also be a viable victim (though he would almost certainly die as a result of this torturous process). After the victim's brands are taken, the Irraka's player may reflexively "expend" dots of the Pure werewolf's Renown for a variety of effects:

- Add extra dice, on a one-for-one basis, to any roll involved in killing a member of the Pure Tribes, including fetish activation or checks to resist Harmony degeneration.
- Add points of armor, on a one-for-one basis, with respect to attacks made by members of the Pure Tribes or the totems of their packs, for a scene.
- Add to the effective dot rating of a specific Resistance Attribute, on a one-for-one basis, for the purposes of resisting or contesting a single instance of a Gift used by a Pure werewolf or a Numen used by the totem of a Pure pack.

Once dots of the Pure victim's Renown are "spent," they are permanently gone. A member of the Lodge of Luna's Tears can only "store" the Renown of one Pure werewolf within his scar fetish at a time, though he may flush his system of any remaining dots of Pure Renown as part of the process of harvesting new brands. A persistent side effect of the Tears of Luna scar fetish renders the Irraka immune to gaining derangements from acts related to the killing of Pure: while he may lose Harmony for doing so, the Mother carries the burden of his madness for the act.

This fetish *always* takes the form of a scar fetish. It is empowered by one of the Irralunim, who carries down Luna's tears from the celestial sphere with which to scar the Irraka's skin and so inscribe the fetish.

Action: Extended (the character requires a number of successes equal to the victim's single highest Renown category; each roll represents 10 minutes of effort)

Normally, this Merit is only available at character creation, though a Storyteller may waive this requirement for a character just undergoing her First Change (particularly if she is chosen of the New Moon).

Far-Runner's Intuition (•••)

Prerequisites: Uratha, must be Irraka, Streetwise •• and Survival ••, shared Totem Merit at 10 or more dots

Effect: In the course of her work, an Irraka is more likely to have to run apart from her pack than a werewolf of any other auspice. Some New Moons eventually develop an uncanny sense that enables them to home in on those with whom they share a pack totem, helping them to discern the precise direction and rough distance between themselves and those to whom they are bound. On a successful Wits + Streetwise (for urban environments) or Wits + Survival (for wilderness environments) roll, the Irraka knows which way she must run to find a given packmate and, in general terms (a few minutes, several hours, about three days, etc.), how far away from her he is.

Mercy of Luna (•••)

Prerequisites: Uratha, must be Irraka

Effect: New Moons are often expected to interact with the herd for the good of the pack, though the feral power of a werewolf's Primal Urge, seething just below the surface, can make dealings with humans — even the wolf-blooded — difficult, at best. Some Irraka, however, are gifted with a facility for temporarily clouding their more bestial natures, enabling them to assuage the fear that normal people quite rightly feel toward the Forsaken. By spending a point of Willpower as an instant action, the Irraka may reduce his Social Attribute/Skill penalty for Primal Urge (see **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 76) by one die per dot of Cunning Renown, to a minimum of a zero-die penalty, for the remainder of the current scene.

Naturally Deceptive (•••)

Prerequisites: Uratha, must be Irraka, Cunning ••••

Effect: For some New Moons, lying, cheating, and stealing are as easy as breathing. When spending a point of Willpower on one of her three auspice specialty Skills (Larceny, Stealth, or Subterfuge), the Irraka adds dice equal to her dots in the Cunning Renown, rather than the customary three dice.

Pathfinder's Blessing (••••)

Prerequisites: Uratha, must be Irraka

Effect: Irraka are frequently tasked with finding loci, troublesome spirits, and other phenomena native to the Shadow Realm. Some are particularly blessed by Luna in this respect, rolling *four* bonus dice for Pathfinder's Sense (see **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 83), rather than the normal two. Such a Stalker feels somewhat more at home in Shadow than in the material world and her player rolls one fewer die on all rolls for the character to cross through the Gauntlet when departing the Shadow.

As with Beginner's Luck, above, this Merit is usually available for character creation only, though a Storyteller may allow it to be purchased later, particularly in the case of a character that Changes over the course of a chronicle.

Trained Senses (••)

Prerequisites: Resolve •••

Effect: Many Irraka act as the eyes and ears of their packs in tense situations. Some develop particularly discerning senses, able to filter out distractions and concentrate on only the details of significance. The player of a character with this Merit ignores up to two dice of penalties, from any source, on a Wits + Composure roll for perception. By spending a point of Willpower, the player may ignore a penalty of *any* size for a perception roll, as the character grits his teeth and focuses in on only what he absolutely needs to see, hear, and otherwise sense.

Fetishes of the New Moon

These objects of power resonate with the New Moon's sacred duty. They are subtle and sometimes even underhanded, just like the Irraka herself. Aiding in misdirection, secrecy, the acquisition of enemy resources and other pursuits well-suited to the Shadows of Luna, these fetishes are potent additions to any werewolf's arsenal, but perhaps best-used in the hands of those chosen by the dark of the moon.

Mr. Fixit (Talen)

Sometimes, things just go *wrong* and Forsaken end up taking actions that leave a trail a mile wide for the herd to follow. Maybe it's a body ripped to shreds by the teeth and claws of a Gauru-form Uratha, or maybe its inexplicable traces of wolf fur and saliva in a place where such animals obviously couldn't be. Given the ever-increasing sophistication of forensics technology, it becomes harder and harder for the Forsaken to cover their tracks. This talen (which commonly takes the form of a spray bottle of bleach, a cheap sponge, or something similar) exists to address that very problem, adding the user's activation successes to those required by someone using mundane applications of the Investigation Skill to determine any helpful information about a crime scene or other compromised location, as the evidence inexplicably ends up somehow corrupted or otherwise difficult to decipher. Supernatural investigative abilities are, however, unaffected by this talen's powers. See "Examining a Crime Scene," pp. 59–60, **World of Darkness Rulebook**.

A spirit of deceit empowers this talen.

Action: Instant

Silver Polish (Talen)

It's a well-known fact among Uratha that being injured by silver can easily drive werewolves into Death Rage. While it's usually a bad idea to do so, desperate times occasionally call for such desperate measures. With an application of a silver polish talen (which always takes the form of some sort of oil or cream, suitable for use on metal as a polish or other cleaner), the user can trick a target's body into *believing* that she's just been attacked with that most baneful substance. Regardless of the damage type inflicted, the target of a successful attack with the anointed weapon must attempt to resist Kuruth as though having just suffered one or more points of aggravated damage. Silver polish can be applied to any sort of weapon: bladed or blunt, melee or ranged; even a bullet. Barehanded or similar attacks, however, cannot be affected by this talen.

Silver polish is empowered by a silver-spirit.

Action: Reflexive

Tick Bullet (Talen)

These talens (which may take the form of bullets, arrowheads, or any other tiny projectile intended to lodge in a wound) siphon the Essence out of enemies so surreptitiously that an incautious victim might not know until it's too late. When the

talen strikes a werewolf or other creature naturally possessed of an Essence trait (doing normal damage for a weapon of its type), its user's player rolls to activate the fetish, as normal. The target reflexively contests with Resolve + Primal Urge (or Resistance, for spirits). If the talen's user accrues more successes, then the spirit within the tick bullet pulls out and consumes a point of Essence, whereupon the target receives a reflexive follow-up roll of Wits + Composure with a –2 penalty. Failure means the subject is unaware that he has just lost a point of Essence.

Unsurprisingly, these talens are typically empowered by tick-spirits.

Action: Reflexive

Skeleton Key (•)

No padlock or deadbolt is safe from a New Moon wielding one of these insidious fetishes. Often taking the form of an old-fashioned brass or iron key, successful activation of the skeleton key enables the spirit within it to open any fully mechanical lock, from the tumbler lock on a house's front door, to an old combination safe, to a simple hooked latch. This causes no damage to the lock and, when the werewolf is finished, he may reactive the fetish to secure the lock once more, leaving no physical evidence of his tampering.

This fetish is empowered by a spirit of openings or one noted for its craftiness and manual dexterity (monkey, otter, or raccoon, for example). Some Uratha are believed to possess more potent versions of the skeleton key (three or more dots of the Fetish Merit), capable of bypassing even electronic locks without leaving a trace.

Action: Instant

Track Mirror (••)

For the most part, New Moons prefer to walk unseen when they're about the business of the Forsaken. Some trackers are particularly skilled, though, and not easily fooled by even the craftiest Stalker. This fetish (usually in the shape of a rough item of jewelry made up of pieces of footbones from various animals, lashed together with strips of tendon and leather) confounds the abilities of those who haunt the New Moon's steps. Upon activation, this fetish causes a number of identical false trails (complete with tracks, scent, broken twigs, bent blades of grass, smears of mud, and whatever else is appropriate to the Irraka's present environment) equal to activation successes to meander off in different directions for up to a full hour, if desired. These trails always move in ways that would be sensible for the werewolf to follow: through a stream or down the prevailing wind from dangerous predators, for example. In terms of raw sensory input (sight, smell, etc.) these false trails are indistinguishable from the real one; supernatural senses compare successes against the fetish's activation successes, with ties going to the fetish's user.

A spirit of deceit or one of an animal noted for instinctual acts of trickery (possum or chameleon, for instance) empowers this fetish.

Action: Instant

Wandering Eye (•••)

Sometimes, whatever it is that an Irraka has to see is happening around the corner. This fetish (which frequently takes the shape of a glass eye) enables a werewolf to look around obstacles, moving the perspective of his vision wherever he needs it to be, over short distances. Upon successfully activating the wandering eye, the Uratha can move his visual perceptions as though walking at his normal Speed, out to a maximum distance from his body equal to three yards times his Primal Urge. While concentrating on the visual input channeled to him by the fetish, the user loses his Defense and moves at an effective Speed of 1. He can end the effect any time he wishes as an instant action, but must reactivate the fetish if he wishes to make use of its powers again. Mystic barriers might be able to block the sensory input granted by the wandering eye and certain beings are capable of detecting the use of its powers upon them or their immediate surroundings.

An eagle spirit empowers this fetish.

Action: Instant

Klaive — Silence of Death (••••)

This fetish always takes the form of a dagger of some sort: most modern examples are military combat knives, while older ones are frequently seen in the shape of stilettos. The weapon inflicts damage as a short sword (2L). Upon successfully striking an enemy, the user can activate the fetish in an attempt to utterly silence her victim. The target rolls Resolve as a reflexive action to contest the wielder's successes on his Harmony roll. Should he fail to accrue more successes than the klaive-user did in the fetish's activation, he becomes incapable of using *any* form of communication for the remainder of the scene. He cannot speak, howl, grunt, signal, send e-mail or text messages, use telepathy, or otherwise directly or indirectly purposefully convey information of any sort to another. New Moons using this fetish have killed enemies mere paces from their allies, with their victims unable even to

cry out inarticulately for aid or so much as put up a noisy scuffle in an attempt to gain their friends' notice.

Spirits of silence, secrecy, or murder empower these fetishes.

Action: Reflexive

False Locus (•••••)

A scout needs to be able to master many terrains in order to best fulfill his function. An Uratha, unfortunately, has *two* worlds to worry about, both equally important and each one as likely as the other to hold valuable resources, vital intelligence, or an enemy ambush. Since werewolves can typically only cross the Gauntlet at the site of a locus, however, the tactical options available to a New Moon outrider are somewhat limited. This fetish (typically fashioned into a choker, leather bracer, or some other tightly-secured article of clothing or adornment) alleviates some of that difficulty, obviating the need for a locus, though at an often steep cost. Upon successfully activating this fetish, the Uratha must spend points of Essence, as a reflexive action, equal to *twice* the local Gauntlet penalty for stepping sideways (see **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, pp. 250–1), whereupon she begins the customary 10-turn transition through the Gauntlet. Note that this Essence cost will almost certainly necessitate multiple turns of Essence expenditures for werewolves with low Primal Urge scores. The Uratha may not act as a pathfinder for others when using the false locus; when she crosses the Gauntlet, she crosses alone.

This fetish is empowered by a spirit of crossings or travel.

Action: Instant

Rites of the Stalker

Irraka use their own sacraments in the pursuit of their auspice's sacred obligations, rites that play to their unique strengths and to the symbolic associations of their particular face of Luna. While the rites given below are usable by any werewolf with the appropriate number of dots in Rituals, they are traditionally only passed down from New Moon to New Moon.

Brand the Blooded (•)

This rite enables an Irraka — often the auspice entrusted with the well-being of the wolf-blooded — to keep tabs on the mostly-human kin of the Forsaken. The Stalker places a spiritual mark upon one of the uragarum and thereafter knows if she is in great pain or mortal peril.

Performing the Rite: Using a special pigment, the ritualist presses a thumbprint onto the forehead of the wolf-blooded whom he wishes to mark. This pigment is a thick paste made from a boiled-down mixture of local natural dyes, plants and minerals noted for supernatural qualities of protection, and a small quantity of the werewolf's own saliva, blood and/or urine. When pressing his thumb to the uragarum's forehead, the New Moon stares into her eyes for a long, uninterrupted moment and then vows aloud to watch over her and to come to her aid if and when she is threatened.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The ritualist fails to mark the wolf-blooded and may *never* successfully mark this particular uragarum, henceforth.

Failure: The Irraka fails to mark the wolf-blooded.

Success: For one full lunar year, the wolf-blooded is marked by the ritualist. If the uragarum is grievously hurt (suffering from wound penalties due to lethal or aggravated damage) or in what she believes to be life-threatening danger during that time, the ritualist knows and also knows the direction in which he must travel to reach the wolf-blooded, though not the distance.

Exceptional Success: The character receives all of the above information and also knows the rough running distance between himself and the wolf-blooded (five minutes, a couple of hours, just over a week, etc.).

Preserving the Trail (•)

This rite keeps a scent trail from going cold with respect to the ritualist, so that she can continue to follow it for days, weeks, months, or even years if need be. In ancient times, fugitives from the justice of the People might run to distant lands, expecting to escape their just punishments through distance, alone. Irraka were often called upon to pursue these criminals into far-off places, to deliver judgment upon them, no matter where they might flee.

Performing the Rite: The ritualist performs the rite at a location at which she can catch the scent in question. This may be the quarry's living quarters or just a place that he happened to pass through a couple of hours ago. Alternatively, she can use an article of clothing or something else that carries his scent, allowing the rite to be enacted almost anywhere. She locates the strongest source of the scent and closely sniffs at and even tastes the specific site or object. She then intones the following in the First Tongue: *Nihu ba eshe ges* (roughly translated, "I will find you anywhere in the world.")

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The ritualist not only loses the scent, but she also suffers from a two-die penalty to all rolls to track this particular quarry, henceforth.

Failure: The character fails to preserve the scent against natural degradation.

Success: For one full lunar month, the quarry's scent (see **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, 178–80) does not fade with respect to the ritualist; no matter how much time passes or what environmental conditions occur (rain or snow, for instance), his trail remains fresh and easily tracked. Provided that the ritualist successfully performs this rite again before its duration elapses, she can indefinitely preserve the integrity of a scent trail. Successes accrued for supernatural occlusion effects that might compromise the scent of the prey are directly compared against the ritualist's successes, with ties going to the quarry. If the werewolf presently has the taste of the prey's blood, however, ties go to the ritualist.

Exceptional Success: The trail remains fresh for the ritualist for an entire *year* of lunar months (a little over 354 days).

Curse of Shadows (••)

This unpleasant rite turns darkness itself against its intended victim. Until the night of the next full moon, she is plagued by visions of menacing black shapes and her sight is clouded by shadow. While the rite is most easily turned against members of the herd, some few Uratha have managed to use it to powerful effect against other werewolves who displease them.

Performing the Rite: Standing over an object of personal significance to the rite's intended target (a family heirloom, a "lucky" garment, or something of the like), the ritualist walks



counterclockwise around the item, continually chanting in the First Tongue: *Thi sah kathar* ("Suffer in darkness"), until the ritual is either successfully completed or fails.

Dice Pool: Harmony versus the subject's Composure + Primal Urge

Action: Contested and extended (the ritualist must accrue successes equal to the subject's Composure, while the subject must accrue successes equal to the ritualist's Willpower; each roll requires a minute's time)

The first competitor to reach the required number of successes wins. In the case of the ritualist, this means that the Curse of Shadows takes hold, while, in the case of the subject, it means that the rite fails and that the ritualist may not target the individual with the rite again until at least the next new moon.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The rite or the resistance fails immediately. If the ritualist dramatically fails, then *he* falls under the Curse of Shadows (see below). If the subject dramatically fails, then the rite automatically succeeds, regardless of how many successes the ritualist has already accrued.

Failure: No successes are accrued at this stage of the contest.

Success: Successes are accrued toward the required total.

If the ritualist is the first to reach the required number of successes, then the subject is haunted by dark visions (suffering a one-die penalty to all rolls based on her Resolve) and her vision is distorted by phantom shadows (inflicting a two-dice penalty on all Wits + Composure perceptions rolls related to sight), until the night of the next full moon. If the victim dramatically fails a Resolve or perception roll during this time, she gains the suspicion derangement until the ritual expires (or, if she already has suspicion, then it temporarily upgrades to paranoia).

Exceptional Success: Great progress is made or powerful resistance asserted. If the exceptional success concludes the casting of the ritual, then the victim suffers a –2 dice penalty to all Resolve-based rolls and –3 dice to any perception roll.

Cunning Gifts

The secrets of the trickster, the thief, the liar, and the assassin, the Gifts of Cunning light the way for those who walk under the shadows of Mother Moon. All Cunning Gifts can be taught by Irralunim, in addition to any other type of spirit listed under their respective descriptions. These are affinity Gifts for Irraka and cannot be learned by Uratha of other auspices.

Wolf-Heart Lies (•)

Sometimes, it just doesn't pay to be a werewolf. Hostile spirits and Pure can sense the Primal Urge inside one of the Forsaken and then things go all to hell. In fact, one of the Forsaken occasionally wants to go unknown among his own. Maybe he needs to violate the territory of another pack or he's just hoping to go incognito through an unknown area. With this Gift, a New Moon can quell the subtle scent of his Primal Urge, so that it becomes difficult or even impossible for other werewolves to know him for what he is.

Cost: 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Subterfuge + Cunning

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Irraka unintentionally *enhances* the elusive scent of his Primal Urge in a way that rankles the bestial nature of other werewolves, causing Uratha in his vicinity to suffer a –1 penalty to any roll to resist a Death Rage specifically directed toward the New Moon.

Failure: The Irraka fails to conceal his nature as Uratha.

Success: The supernatural scent of the New Moon's Primal Urge is suppressed for the remainder of the scene. Any attempt to discern his nature as Forsaken by scent (see **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 180; "Wolf's Blood") fails, unless the scenting Uratha scores more successes on her Wits + Primal Urge roll than the Irraka has dots in Cunning Renown. Other powers can still detect an Irraka thus concealed for what he is and this Gift will not deceive any senses other than scent (so an Irraka who moves in any shape other than Hishu or Urhan can easily be discerned as Uratha).

Exceptional Success: No number of successes on the part of a scenting werewolf can penetrate the New Moon's olfactory concealment.

Crack in the Armor (••)

While Glory inspires and Wisdom teaches, Cunning seeks out and exploits flaws in individuals, societies, devices, or whatever else. An Irraka has to be ready to take advantage of any weakness and,

to do that, she first needs to be able to find those hidden vulnerabilities. Upon activating this Gift, the New Moon's player adds the character's dots in the Cunning Renown as bonus dice on any roll to discern flaws, weaknesses, or other shortcomings in a person, organization, structure, item, or any other thing: an Intelligence + Crafts roll to find the breaking point for a powerful fetish, for example, or a Wits + Socialize roll to determine the best manner in which to infiltrate a secret society.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: This power requires no roll.

Action: Reflexive

Deep Rockets (•••)

Part of the creed of Cunning is the ability to conceal what must remain hidden, even from the most intense scrutiny. An Irraka who learns this Gift finds that his feats of legerdemain are more than mere parlor tricks. With a single success, the character can hide an inanimate object of up to Size 3 untraceably upon her person. Alternately, the Irraka may hide an item (of up to Size 6) that is *not* carried on her person: a big-screen television, for example, or even a door. The Gift's effects last for a scene or less, should the Stalker wish to end it prematurely, and any successes beyond the first rolled in the Gift's activation are automatically applied to the results of any roll that the Irraka's player must make to keep the object hidden from supernatural scrutiny.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Dexterity + Larceny + Cunning

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The item is not concealed and, in fact, becomes especially conspicuous to all within visual range, adding two dice to any mundane or supernatural attempts to locate the object for the remainder of the scene.

Failure: The Irraka fails to conceal the object.

Success: The object is hidden from scrutiny, as above.

Exceptional Success: No additional effect.

Reshape Ban (••••)

Calling upon his nature as a shapeshifter and a trickster, a New Moon is capable of temporarily altering even the seemingly-immutable laws that govern the realm of spirits. With a successful use of this Gift, the Irraka can redefine a spirit's ban for the remainder of a scene and so gain great power over it (or, in some cases, remove others' power over it). This new ban must be comparable in severity to the spirit's true ban (see **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, pp. 191–2, for a general sense of the relative severity of various sorts of bans), but can otherwise be radically different: a spirit who suffers lethal damage from the touch of purified salt, for instance, may be rendered incapable of crossing any barrier anointed with holy water. Likewise, one that must kill any human child that it sees might be compelled to flee from any object made completely out of metal. A willing spirit need not resist having its ban changed, though few trust the Uratha enough to allow a werewolf to influence such fundamental aspects of their nature.

Cost: 1 Essence and 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Empathy + Cunning versus Power + Resistance

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Irraka temporarily fails to change the spirit's ban and any bans or compulsions that she has become known to the spirit.

Failure: The character fails to change the spirit's ban.

Success: For the remainder of the scene, the spirit's ban is changed to a comparable ban of the New Moon's choosing.

Exceptional Success: The changed ban lasts for a full day, if desired.

Cheating Fate (•••••)

Some believe that luck is what it is: uncaring fortune that the individual must simply endure, whether for good or for ill. Those chosen by the Stalker's Moon, however, know that luck is a learned skill, the same as any other. By embracing the path of Cunning, the Irraka discovers that it can be far better to be lucky than good, gaining a second chance when she most needs it.

This Gift enables the werewolf's player to re-roll any dice that do not come up as successes on a die roll; effectively, she retroactively gives the action the rote quality (see the **World of Darkness Rulebook**, pp. 134–5). As per a normal rote action, she may do so for a failed action, though not a dramatically failed one. This Gift may only be used once for any given use of a particular action. (In other words, the player may not pay the cost for this Gift repeatedly until all of her dice come up as successes.)

Cost: 1 Essence and 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Wits + Occult + Cunning

Action: Reflexive

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Irraka dramatically fails the action to which she attempts to assign the rote quality.

Failure: The character does not get to re-roll any failed dice on the action in question.

Success: The character retroactively assigns the rote quality to an action taken within the current turn for which she has not rolled a dramatic failure.

Exceptional Success: No additional effect.

Milestone Gift: Thief of Shadows

Prerequisite: Cunning 5

Innumerable shadows exist under Mother Moon and countless strange creatures hide within them. Sorcerers cast ancient magics, while dead-but-living things feast upon the vitality of the herd, ghosts walk unseen through a dark reflection of life, and spirits exert their alien powers over the world in a multitude of ways. The Irraka walks within all of these shadows, impelled by Luna's inviolable mandate.

Bound to the creed of Cunning, a New Moon steals what he needs from any and all who possess what he can best use to serve his pack and his People. Through careful observation, some legendary Irraka learn how to pilfer the secrets of the other entities that walk under the Mother's concealing darkness, transforming their abilities into something like the Gifts of the Uratha.

The Irralunim, Nih Mehar — one of the Greater Incarnae, sworn directly in service to Amahan Iduth — judges the Irraka's worthiness of this potent Gift through tests and trials, inflicted upon him without his knowledge. The spirit watches the Stalker's progress upon the path, occasionally taking on earthly

forms to help or hinder him (typically through good or bad advice from strangers or relatively insignificant spirits). Nih Mehar is much more interested in the Irraka's ability to apply unorthodox thinking to the problems that beset him than in his success or failure; living up to every ideal of Cunning and falling short is infinitely preferable to succeeding through crude and unimaginative means. The Irralunim tests each of the *other four* Renowns, to see how the Stalker applies the tenets of Cunning to them.

First, the spirit challenges the Irraka with an ordeal of Wisdom, setting forth a quandary that can only be solved through clever thinking: a choice between saving the life of a beloved wolf-blooded mate and getting a message to one's packmates regarding the imminent intrusion of a pack of Bale Hounds into their territory, for example, or the need to overcome a powerful spirit of reason in a weeks-long riddle contest with deadly stakes. Only by applying trickery, treachery, and unorthodox thinking to the problem can the Stalker truly triumph.

Next, Nih Mehar tests the Irraka's Honor, offering temptation at the cost of Harmony, a violation of the Oath of the Moon, or even just personal principles: a potent fetish to be gained only through the breaking of one's solemn vow or a meaningful victory against the Pure only attainable through betrayal of one's pack. To succeed in the trial, the Stalker must find a way to gain the object of contention through Cunning means that break the rules of the test without neglecting the demands of Honor.

The spirit's next ordeal is one of Glory, giving the Stalker the chance to take the spotlight, but at the cost of some significant advantage that could have been maintained had he remained in the shadows: defeating a powerful enemy spirit through an act that tips the pack's hand and reveals the full extent of both its strengths and its weaknesses to other werewolves or being the lynchpin of the victory that ends a protracted war against a number of local Pure packs, only to lose a number of important territories. To overcome, the Irraka must somehow cheat his way through the choice placed before him to successfully perform the Glorious deed without relinquishing the threatened resource.

Nih Mehar's final test is one of Purity. The Irralunim save this most perilous task for last, giving the New Moon the opportunity to satisfy his own wishes at the expense of what makes him Uratha: a chance to viciously ruin the life of and ultimately murder the Ivory Claw that killed his packmate or gaining great advantage for the members of his pack through encouraging them in acts that compromise their Harmony. Only by acquiring the object of desire while remaining true — necessitating deep, but subtle, treachery — does the Stalker satisfy the spirit.

Nih Mehar reveals itself to those few who meet or exceed its harsh standards, offering them the knowledge of its Gift. Those who are privileged with such lore soon come to perceive the invisible motions of the spirits behind *all* things, even the indirect ways in which they interact with powers alien to their kind… and to the Uratha. By studying the intricate weave of these energies, the Irraka can begin to replicate them by rote, compelling similar effects through duplicating the effects upon the spiritual environment.

Thief of Shadows enables a New Moon to purchase the supernatural powers of other creatures — vampires, mages, ghosts, spirits, and the like — as though they were Gifts. The Irraka must be able to closely study the power in use in order to make use of this ability. Merely having a paranormal ability used upon her isn't enough; she must observe the power's impact both in the material realm and in Shadow, and watch the way in which its use ripples outward among the spirits. Like making an image of something by using its impression as a mold, the Stalker gradually teaches herself to imitate the ability's reflection in Shadow and, thereby, to mimic what she sees.

Cost: 5 Essence per roll, plus 1 Willpower *dot*

Dice Pool: Wits + Subterfuge + Cunning

Action: Extended (5 successes per dot level of the power, or 30 successes for a spirit of ghost Numen)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Irraka may *never* gain the particular power that she is attempting to acquire and loses a dot of Willpower, anyway.

Failure: The character makes no progress toward learning the power she wishes to replicate.

Success: The character makes progress toward duplicating the supernatural ability in question.

Exceptional Success: Significant progress is made.

Each time the New Moon observes a use of the specific power that she wishes to steal, her player may roll this Gift's dice pool, spending the necessary Essence and banking her successes, if any. When the necessary number of successes is acquired, the character spends a permanent dot of Willpower (which may be repurchased at a cost of eight experience points) and may then buy the specific supernatural ability studied at a cost of eight experience points per dot level of the power. In other words, if the Irraka methodically haunts the steps of a vampire using the fourth dot of one of her paranormal abilities to repeatedly strike terrible fear into the hearts of others and the player eventually accrues 20 successes on the Gift's extended roll while observing the power in use, then she may spend 32 experience points and one of the character's Willpower dots to purchase that power for her character, who may use it as though it were a Gift.

The power uses the same Attribute + Skill combination as normal, though Cunning is substituted as the third component of the power's dice pool. For spirit and ghost Numina, the Storyteller is instead encouraged to come up with an appropriate Attribute + Skill combination for the New Moon (a Numen intended to strike out at someone with telekinetic force might pair Strength and Intimidation, for example, while one that discerns the presence of strange phenomena might make use of Wits and Occult). The Irraka cannot teach these "pseudo-Gifts" to others; they are hers and hers alone.

Aspects of the New Moon

Irraka who hone their connections to Mother Moon in particular ways find that they can draw nearer to the essence of certain roles traditionally held by those of their auspice. Each of these Aspects draws upon a different facet of the path of Cunning, for the New Moon casts many shadows, no two of which are *quite* alike.

Assassin (Izihi): The hidden knives of Luna, Irraka Assassins strike fear into the hearts of the enemies of the Uratha and end threats to the People through the most expedient — and final — of means.

At Primal Urge 3: A New Moon that chooses the Assassin Aspect finds that his footfalls are silenced by the Mother's all-encompassing shadow: whenever the Assassin attempts to attack an enemy from a position of surprise, that enemy's Wits + Composure successes must *exceed* the successes scored by the Irraka's player on an appropriate Stealth-based roll, or the enemy is surprised, losing his Defense for the turn. The Assassin's moral

center is hazy, at best, and he sustains a –1 die penalty (to a minimum of one die) to any roll to resist Harmony degeneration for any sin *other* than one that involves killing in combat and/or the use of silver as a weapon.

At Primal Urge 7: By reflexively spending a point of Essence, the Assassin may bestow the 9-again quality (see the **World of Darkness Rulebook**, p. 134) upon a weapon for a single attack. This weapon may be a sword, club, handgun, crossbow, or even claws.

At Primal Urge 10: When attacking with intent to kill, the Assassin may reflexively spend points of Essence (up to a number equal to his Cunning Renown) upon a successful strike, on a one-for-one basis, to inflict additional automatic Health points of damage. Due to the persistent moral imbalance within his spirit, the cost for the Assassin to buy new dots of Harmony is now equal to (new rating x 10).

Emissary (Enharra): New Moons — frequently the Uratha most likely to still think of themselves as human — sometimes have specific responsibility for a pack's interaction with the wolf-blooded. Those who embrace this Aspect of the New Moon throw themselves whole-heartedly into the role, helping the People to retain valuable connections with the prized breeding stock from whom the next generation of Luna's chosen will be drawn.

At Primal Urge 3: An Emissary gains the ability to detect one of the uragarum as she does another werewolf, using her sense of smell to discern the subtle spiritual qualities within the blood (see **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 180; "Wolf's Blood"). Upon first discovering a wolf-blooded unknown to her, the Emissary develops the Fixation derangement (see the **World of Darkness Rulebook**, pp. 97–8) with respect to the uragarum's wellbeing for one full lunar cycle, as she focuses in on any significant success or failure on her part to keep him safe and potentially productive.

At Primal Urge 7: The Emissary no longer induces Lunacy in the wolf-blooded, regardless of what form she adopts in front of them.

At Primal Urge 10: By expending five points of Essence and a point of Willpower, the Emissary can transform a wolf-blooded into any of the four nonhuman forms of the Forsaken — with all appropriate bonuses and penalties — for the remainder of a scene. The Emissary becomes *so* protective of the wolf-blooded, however, that witnessing any act of violence toward a known uragarum requires a roll to resist Death Rage, at a –2 penalty.

Fool (Nahaka): The Fool is a contrary character, pointing out the value of the People's traditions by appearing to question them. Such a New Moon invites other Forsaken to embrace the laws of their kind by skirting those sacred tenets through his questionable behavior.

At Primal Urge 3: The Fool bolsters the conviction of other Uratha in time of moral trial. By reflexively spending a point each of Essence *and* Willpower, the Fool's player can add one die to any degeneration roll made by a Forsaken that the character can see and with whom she can interact, as she roleplays through the process of explaining the other's transgression to him and helping him to come to terms with it. Note that the Fool may not use this ability on himself and can only grant this bonus to any given werewolf once in a lunar cycle. After using his ability, the Fool suffers from an active Vocalization derangement for a number of days equal to his Cunning Renown.



At Primal Urge 7: With a successful roll of Manipulation + Resolve + Cunning, minus the target's Composure, the Fool can "steal" the point of Willpower that another character within sight would normally regain for indulging her Vice. Regardless of whether the Fool's roll succeeds or fails, the subject is unaware that anything is amiss.

At Primal Urge 10: Upon failing a Harmony degeneration roll for the Fool, the player may spend a *dot* of the character's Willpower (which can be repurchased at the cost of eight experience points) to instead automatically succeed on the roll. Thereafter, however, the Fool or someone close to him (a packmate, a wolf-blooded lover, or someone else dear to him) *will* dramatically fail an important roll, chosen by the Storyteller, without the possibility of any sort of mitigation; the most potent Fools are certainly revered, but typically only at a distance.

Scout (Ithi Thahal): Finder of the lost and seeker of the hidden, the Scout walks in the wild places, putting herself in danger to expand the pack's knowledge. The Scout is often a loner by nature and so her desire for oneness with the pack wars with her drive toward solitude. The best and wisest of Scouts eventually realize, however, that they are *never* alone, so long as they are on the business of the pack.

At Primal Urge 3: The Scout benefits from the 9-again rule with respect to any dice roll made with the Survival Skill. Whenever the Scout notices that the sanctity of the pack's territory has been breached by any potentially credible threat, her player must successfully roll Resolve + Composure, or else the character suffers from an active Suspicion derangement for a number of days equal to her Primal Urge.

At Primal Urge 7: The Scout is accustomed to doing without: she adds her dots in both Cunning Renown *and* Primal Urge to the number of days that she can go without food and/or water before suffering from the effects of deprivation (see the **World of Darkness Rulebook**, pp. 175–6).

At Primal Urge 10: The Scout's mundane senses become honed to preternatural levels. *Any* supernatural concealment effect that scores fewer successes than the Scout's Cunning Renown simply fails to work on her; she sees through it without the need for any dice roll. If something *does* manage to successfully sneak past the Scout's incredible senses, however, and she learns of it, she immediately succumbs to Death Rage, without any roll to resist.

Thief (Luzuk): New Moons are (and rightly so) often associated with shady deeds. What the pack needs, the Thief takes.

At Primal Urge 3: The player of an Irraka that develops this Aspect of her auspice must choose two out of the following three Skills: Larceny, Stealth and Streetwise. When making any dice roll with the two Skills chosen, she benefits from the 9-again rule. Note that the two Skills, once chosen, cannot be changed. The Thief may never keep for herself anything that the Storyteller determines can be put to better use by another member of her pack; she can borrow it or make it into communal property, but it cannot belong to her and she cannot be its primary caretaker.

At Primal Urge 7: The Skill that was not chosen at Primal Urge 4 now *also* benefits from the 9-again rule. In addition, the bonus granted by the Thief's auspice ability of Pathfinder's Sense (see **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 83) applies to any rolls to detect valuable objects (as defined by her current needs or wants), as she senses the subtle emotional significance attached to them.

At Primal Urge 10: By spending points of the character's Essence as a reflexive action (before any dice are rolled), the New Moon's player can add automatic successes, on a one-for-one basis, to any dice roll (including those for activating Gifts) involving the Larceny, Stealth or Streetwise Skills. Alternatively, a single



point of Essence spent can bestow the rote quality (see the **World of Darkness Rulebook**, pp. 134–5) on a roll involving one of those three Skills. The Thief's nature is craven, however: when succumbing to Kuruth, he *always* reacts as though in one of his last three boxes of Health, immediately fleeing the scene by the most expedient means at his disposal (and quite possibly abandoning packmates in time of need).

Edward Miller, "Voice of Shadow"

No Uratha alive today knows exactly when or where he was born, but he's believed to have come over from England sometime in the early 16th century. When he arrived in the Americas, he went by the name of Edward Miller. He never cared enough to change it in the centuries since. Even in those first days in this land, he was called Voice of Shadow among the People and looked to by those who knew of him as a fine example of an Irraka. Since those days, he has become a near-mythical figure among Mother Moon's Stalkers, embodying the greatest virtues of their auspice and, just as importantly, its deepest flaws. New Moons regard him as more of a force of nature than a werewolf, chosen by the Mother's inscrutable whims to outlast the march of centuries and very nearly the equal of Luna's subtlest and most devious Irralunim, whose understanding of the ways of Cunning is profound beyond even the standards of the most learned elders.

Nowadays, Edward spends much of his time in the slumber of spirits, though he always wakes when his pack (the next oldest member of which isn't even one-fifth his age) needs him or when he is — as he sometimes claims to be — "sent on one of Luna's errands." For all that anyone knows, he might just be telling the truth. Just as likely, though, Voice of Shadow is hearing only the counsel of his own madness at such times, ridden by the power of Mother Moon in a somewhat different manner than he believes. Whatever the case, many New Moons look to him as an exemplar of their auspice and he invariably seems to manifest for those rare few Stalkers who most desire his guidance, though they must pass through great peril to seek him out. Many of those who return from the journey (and not all of them do) believe that his pack specifically claims the dangerous territory that it does — surrounded on all sides by particularly vicious bands of the Pure — to test the craft, stealth, and treachery of those who wish to learn his secrets.

Description: Edward is originally from somewhere in the British Isles, but he no longer carries any accent to mark his heritage. Instead, he speaks in a low rasp, the speech of a man clearly grown unaccustomed to the use of human language. His features are rugged and weathered, with knotty tangles of dark brown hair obscuring his pale face, while gray-blue eyes stare eerily out from under a shadowed brow. While he doesn't shave, he also doesn't really grow much in the way of facial hair, apart from a bit of stubble on the tip of his chin, along the line of his jaw, and on his slightly sunken cheeks. He's a couple of inches over five-and-a-half feet in height, with a thin, wiry build. If it weren't for the preternatural menace that his titanic Primal Urge exudes, Voice of Shadow would be extraordinarily easy to overlook as just another shabby nobody. He dresses in whatever he can scavenge, so long as it's dark and plain and doesn't stand out, either in the wilderness environments that he favors or in the eyes of the herd.

Storytelling Hints: Voice of Shadow's every move gives the impression of a predator about to spring a trap on a lesser beast. He stares at others, around them, and *through* them. His words, few and carefully chosen, are those of a wise lunatic. He makes himself small and inconspicuous, but his presence looms large. He hears the Mother's voice, sometimes — or he at least *believes* that he does — telling him what to do and whom to teach. The fog of spirit's sleep rests heavily upon him, at times, and he forgets the year, sometimes even the century. On rare occasions, he forgets that he is Uratha and slips halfway into thinking that he is one of Luna's Irralunim. In many ways, he might as well be. He is often dour and taciturn when acting as a teacher to lesser Irraka, though he occasionally becomes quite animated and enthusiastic. At such times, Voice of Shadow is also usually at his most cryptic — even incomprehensible — and the depth of his insanity becomes all the more obvious.

Auspice: Irraka
Aspect: Scout
Tribe: Hunters in Darkness
Lodge: Lodge of Luna's Tears
Mental Attributes: Intelligence 5, Wits 9, Resolve 6
Physical Attributes: Strength 4 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 9 (10/11/12/12), Stamina 6 (7/8/8/7)
Social Attributes: Presence 5, Manipulation 8 (7/8/5/8), Composure 10
Mental Skills: Academics 1, Crafts 6, Investigation 8, Medicine 3, Occult 7
Physical Skills: Athletics (Horsemanship, Running) 6, Brawl (Dirty Fighting) 6, Firearms (Musket) 2, Larceny 8, Stealth (Wilderness) 9, Survival 7, Weaponry 3
Social Skills: Animal Ken 4, Empathy 3, Expression (Teaching) 4, Intimidation (Unconscious Menace) 5, Subterfuge 6
Merits: Danger Sense, Direction Sense, Far-Runner's Intuition, Fast Reflexes (••), Fetish (••••; Klaive — Silence of Death), Fetish (•••••; Tears of Luna), Fighting Finesse (Dagger), Fleet of Foot (•••), Language (First Tongue), Meditative Mind, Naturally Deceptive, Quick Draw (Weaponry), Quick Healer, Totem 9 (shared total: 25), Trained Senses
Primal Urge: 10
Willpower: 10
Harmony: 9
Essence Max/Per Turn: 100/15
Virtue: Hope
Vice: Envy
Derangements: Irrationality, Obsessive Compulsion (territoriality), Suspicion
Health: 11 (13/15/14/11)
Initiative: 21 (21/22/23/23)
Defense: 9 (all forms)
Speed: 21 (22/25/28/26)
Renown: Cunning 5, Glory 3, Honor 4, Purity 5, Wisdom 4
Gifts: (1) Call Water, Death Sight, Feet of Mist, Partial Change, Sense Weakness, Warning Growl, Wolf-Blood's Lure; (2) Blending, Crack in the Armor, Father Wolf's Speed, Ghost Knife, Luna's Dictum, Manipulate Earth, Sand in the Eyes, Scent of Taint, Slip Away; (3) Command Fire, Deep Pockets, Distractions, Forest Communion, Running Shadow, Sagacity; (4) Blend In, Double Back, Invoke

the Wind's Wrath, Reshape Ban, Savage Rending, Shadow Flesh, Spirit Skin; (5) Cheating Fate, Fog of War, Ghost Step, Lament of the River, Vanish; (Milestone) Thief of Shadows (Storytellers are encouraged to grant Voice of Shadow whatever other odd powers they might like under the purview of this Gift)

Rituals: 4; **Rites:** (1) Banish Human, Funeral Rite, Preserving the Trail, Rite of Dedication, Rite of the Spirit Brand, Shared Scent; (2) Banish Spirit, Blessing of the Spirit Hunt, Call Gaffling, Cleansed Blood, Hallow Touchstone; (3) Bind Spirit, Call Jaggling, Rite of Healing, Sacred Hunt, Wake the Spirit; (4) Fetish Rite, Rite of Chosen Ground

Story Hooks — By the Dark of Mother Moon

Certain story elements are particularly well-suited to Luna's Shadows, even within the larger, shared tale of a Forsaken pack. By their nature, Irraka tend to be a bit more solitary than other Uratha and so they are often compelled to face a greater number of their challenges alone (or, at least, with much less help than those of other auspices might receive).

Some examples of story elements particularly appropriate for New Moons:

• **Sacrifice:** What is most precious to the Stalker? For what reason might she give up that thing? Would she die to protect it? Under what circumstances will she let it go, regardless of the cost to herself?

• **Treachery:** No New Moon deals squarely with *everyone*. Who is the Irraka cheating and how? What will be the consequences when her lies (whether little and white or big and bold) come back to haunt her?

• **Innovation:** Cunning minds craft new ways. What revolutionary methods does the Stalker use to better her situation and that of her pack? What price does she pay for straying outside of the bounds of commonly accepted wisdom? What legacy will she leave when her time is up?

• **Isolation:** In the end, an Irraka's pack must be able to depend upon her in all things and she must be capable of depending on only herself, should the situation demand it. What does the Stalker do in her moments alone? What sort of Uratha is she when she has only her own thoughts for company? How does she overcome challenges when she has no one else to lean on?



Chapter 11

Spirit Master

She emerged as wolf, fur clumped with clotting blood. Not her own. Nor was it the blood of her enemies. It was the blood of the world.

The wound had been a terrible place. History's scars had opened, fresh cuts vomiting black blood. The Magath of many heads and many tongues tasted her pain as she sat with the spirits of poison and misery and sickness. They held meetings beneath a cathedral of dead trees, bark burned black as if charred by lava. They sat. They talked as her strength and her will faded.

And in the end, they did not listen.

She had to destroy them all.

She was whirling claw. She was gnashing teeth. She was the prayer for Rage.

The spirits fell to her.

Now, back in the world, she went from walking on four legs to walking on two, the coagulating viscera still clinging to her hair, still stuck between her teeth and beneath her fingernails.

The pack that had been watching her, been testing her, stood off to the side by the ring of trashcans and shopping carts. One of them, the Storm Lord, applauded.

"You fight with Purity, and are a worthy Warrior for our pack."

She licked her teeth and spat on the ground. The spit was black with dead blood.

"I fight with Wisdom, and am a worthy Master of spirits."

Idiots. She kept walking. She'd find herself the right pack one day soon. Just not today.

"And then I realized... like I was shot...
like I was shot with a diamond...
a diamond bullet right through my forehead.
And I thought: My God... the genius of that.
The genius. The will to do that.
Perfect, genuine, complete, crystalline, pure.
And then I realized they were stronger than we."

— Colonel Kurtz, Apocalypse Now

The crescent moon gleams in the sky like God's own scythe, poised above the world and ready to reap us all. It gives light, but never truly illuminates; secrets hide in the shadows it casts, and even those who stand unobscured in its light may be mistaken for others. In the pale witch-light of the crescent moon, *things* slither and crawl, wailing and hammering ceaselessly at the wall between this world and the next. Sometimes, they break through. When they do, they find the Ithaeur waiting for them.

Werewolves of the crescent moon, perhaps more than any of their brothers and sisters, dwell in the shadow of two worlds. They understand spirits on a deep, instinctual level, a level that cannot help but leave some taint of madness behind. An Ithaeur's life is often a lonely one, for just as aboriginal human tribes shunned their spirit-talkers and magicians, so too does the Spirit Master find himself apart from his brothers. In a world in which the Tribes of the Moon are feared and hated by the denizens of the Shadow, it's no wonder those werewolves who understand the Shadow so well are feared.

Some Ithaeur claim they are the closest to Luna of all the auspices. Rahu and Irraka embody one side of Luna's nature too fully to truly understand the Mother, and while Elodoth represent a balanced middle path, "balance" is not a concept to be found in the madness of Amahan Iduth. For true understanding of the Mother, they say, one must walk the unbalanced road, neither wholly dark nor fully bright, but also not a perfect blend of the two. Only the Cahalith approach an Ithaeur's understanding of Mother Luna, and is it any wonder that the Visionaries have every bit the reputation for madness that their crescent-born brethren possess?

Whether they're closest to Luna or not, Ithaeur are certainly closest to spirits as a whole, at least in terms of understanding their alien compulsions and inhuman desires. Where mortals would see only terror and most Uratha see little more than brute animals driven by instinct and an almost monomaniacal desire to grow stronger, Ithaeur see a vast and complex web, born of interlocking Influences and Bans and resonances that snares every spirit, from the lowest Gaffling to the mightiest Incarna, in its strands.

Gene,

Here's the transcript of my interview with DeLuca, plus some preliminary notes. I don't know whose dick you had to suck to get me this exclusive, but I swear to God this is big. I'll be sure to thank you in my Pulitzer acceptance speech.

— Jerry

procession.

Gene, is this opening too purple? I'm going for evocative, but I don't want to be tawdry.

In a scene that could be right out of an old James Whale movie, the lights flicker for a moment as DeLuca sits down across from me. The prison's

When the guards bring Antonio Michael DeLuca into the interview room, I have to resist the urge to back away. He is not a large man, not even physically imposing, but he has what can only be described as a presence -- as though, when he enters the room, he enters at the head of a royal procession.

Gene, is this opening too purple? I'm going for evocative, but I don't want to be tawdry.

In a scene that could be right out of an old James Whale movie, the lights flicker for a moment as DeLuca sits down across from me. The prison's electrical systems are ancient, and can't cope with the modern prison in which TVs, computers, and surveillance cameras are operating 24 hours a day. Nonetheless, I feel a chill run up my spine at the coincidence.

The prevailing stereotype is that serial killers are never the people one might expect. "He was such a nice, quiet boy" has practically become cultural slang for the archetypal "psycho killer." Antonio DeLuca looks like a serial killer. As he sizes me up with those eyes that have haunted the cable news networks for the last eight months, I get a sense that he has already decided how he would kill me if he had the chance. I doubt it would be pleasant. *Cut this part down. People don't want to read how spooked you were, they want to know how sick this fucker is in the head.*

DeLuca: Mr. Dawson. It's very good to meet you.

Dawson: Mr. Deluca, I want to thank you for agreeing to tell me your story.

DeLuca: It wasn't me who agreed.

Dawson: You're here against your will?

DeLuca: No. I owed someone a favor. This was the payment he requested.

Dawson: I see. And who was this person?

DeLuca: The Archivist.

Dawson: And the Archivist is...?

DeLuca: It is the secret-keeper. The holder of the scales of knowledge. I had knowledge I needed to keep hidden, and its price was that another piece of knowledge be revealed.

Why didn't you follow up on this?

Dawson: Let's talk about what happened last summer. Seven victims in--

DeLuca: Sacrifices.

Dawson: I'm sorry?

DeLuca: They weren't victims. They were sacrifices.

Dawson: So... it was a religious motivation?

DeLuca: It was a necessity. The Needle-Man wanted to come through. I had to ruin the resonance at the sites.

Dawson: I'm sorry, could you explain that? Who is the Needle-Man, and what is this resonance you had to ruin?

I can't even begin to describe how he smiled here. Fucking creepy.

DeLuca: I was required to deliver the truth to you. Not to explain it.

Dawson: If you don't want your story told, Mr. DeLuca -- why am I here?

DeLuca: You won't be for long, Mr. Dawson. Even without understanding it, your possession of this knowledge is too dangerous. My debt has been paid. I'm... sorry.

At this point, DeLuca refused to say any more. Finally, after ten minutes of stonewalling, I had the guard take him back to his cell. I'm sure he was just trying to mess with my head, but... when I get home, I'm going to buy a gun. Just in case.

Moon-Eyed Children

The First Change is perhaps the most pivotal, defining moment in a young Uratha's life, but Luna places her mark on her children at a far earlier age. Some say an Ithaeur child's destiny is set by the Lunes in early childhood, others at birth, and still others claim that Mother Luna chooses her shamans the moment their mothers first clapped eyes upon the men who would be their fathers.

Whether or not Luna can, in fact, set destiny in stone quite *that* early, most Ithaeur feel different from their playmates before the Change, even more so, than *nuzusul* fated to the other auspices. Nascent Ithaeur tend to be excessively creative, but also withdrawn and isolated. They might have imaginary friends well past the age when most children give them up, or they might daydream constantly, practically living in their own little fantasy world.

Sometimes, young Ithaeur-to-be exhibit the kinds of compulsive behavioral tics that drive spirits (or werewolves with low Harmony); whether this is due to the child unconsciously perceiving the behavior of spirits and aping them or due to the Mother's influence on their psyche, it often ends up diagnosed as mental illness. In extreme cases, parents might send the child to an institution, but most Ithaeur-in-waiting don't manifest behavior quite that aberrant.

Jared Barrow and the Terror of the Spider-Doctor!

By Jeremy Barlowe

Click. Click. Click. The hammer fell on the empty chambers of Jared Barrow's demon-automatics as the spider-Doctor advanced across the ruined lab.

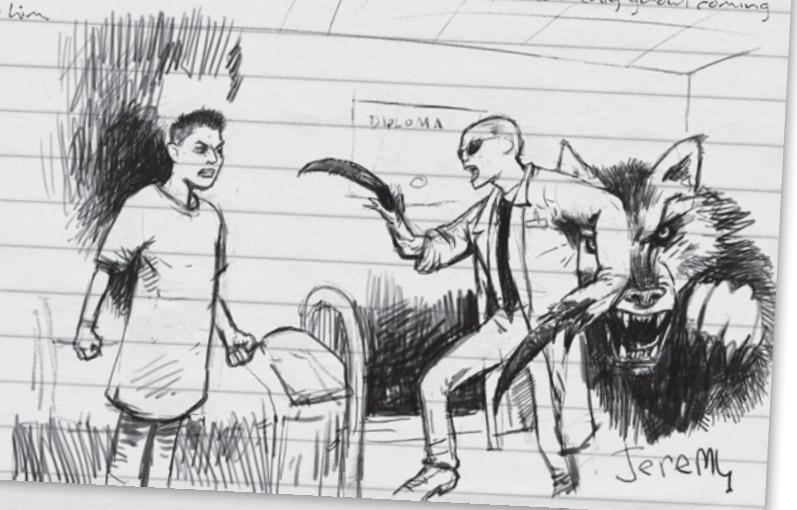
"Foolish mortal!" the fiend chittered. "Your friend Doctor Harrington is gone forever! His brains have been consumed to nourish the swamp-the swamp which, once I activate the talisman of Zuun-Shiblikath, **will consume the world!**" A small, black spider scuttled out of the Doctor's mouth, crawled across his cheek, and disappeared into his ear.

"Not if I can help it, Doc." Jared Barrow winked and pursed his lips, whistling an odd, trilling tune.

"Hah! Do you think the Call of Feather-Wolf will bind me? I am no shadow puppet to be tamed by its call!" The Doctor's right hand swelled up like a balloon and burst, ragged flaps of skin falling away as a long, slender protrusion, like a spider's leg but blade-sharp, folded out from the stump. "And now Jensen Fallow, you will die!"

"I wasn't calling **you**, Doc." Barrow replied.

And that was when the spider-Doctor heard the low, unearthly growl coming from behind him.



From: Dr. Randy Harrison
To: Dr. James Barlowe
Re: Jeremy

Randy,

This is what Jeremy wrote in our session today. (Don't worry, he said I could show you, I'm not breaking any doctor/patient confidentiality).

I have to be honest; I'm a little bit troubled. This character of "Jared Barrow" is clearly a fantastic alter ego, an escapist fantasy Jeremy is using to avoid interaction with his peers. The story is certainly imaginative (some of the "magic words" in particular have a ring of authenticity), but the "Spider-Doctor," who I take to be a thinly-veiled cipher for myself, seems to suggest that Jeremy is afraid I've betrayed him somehow.

If it's all right with you, I'd like to bring him in for some tests. I think I can get a much better understanding of what's going on in his mind if I can get a look at his brain.

Regards,

Randy

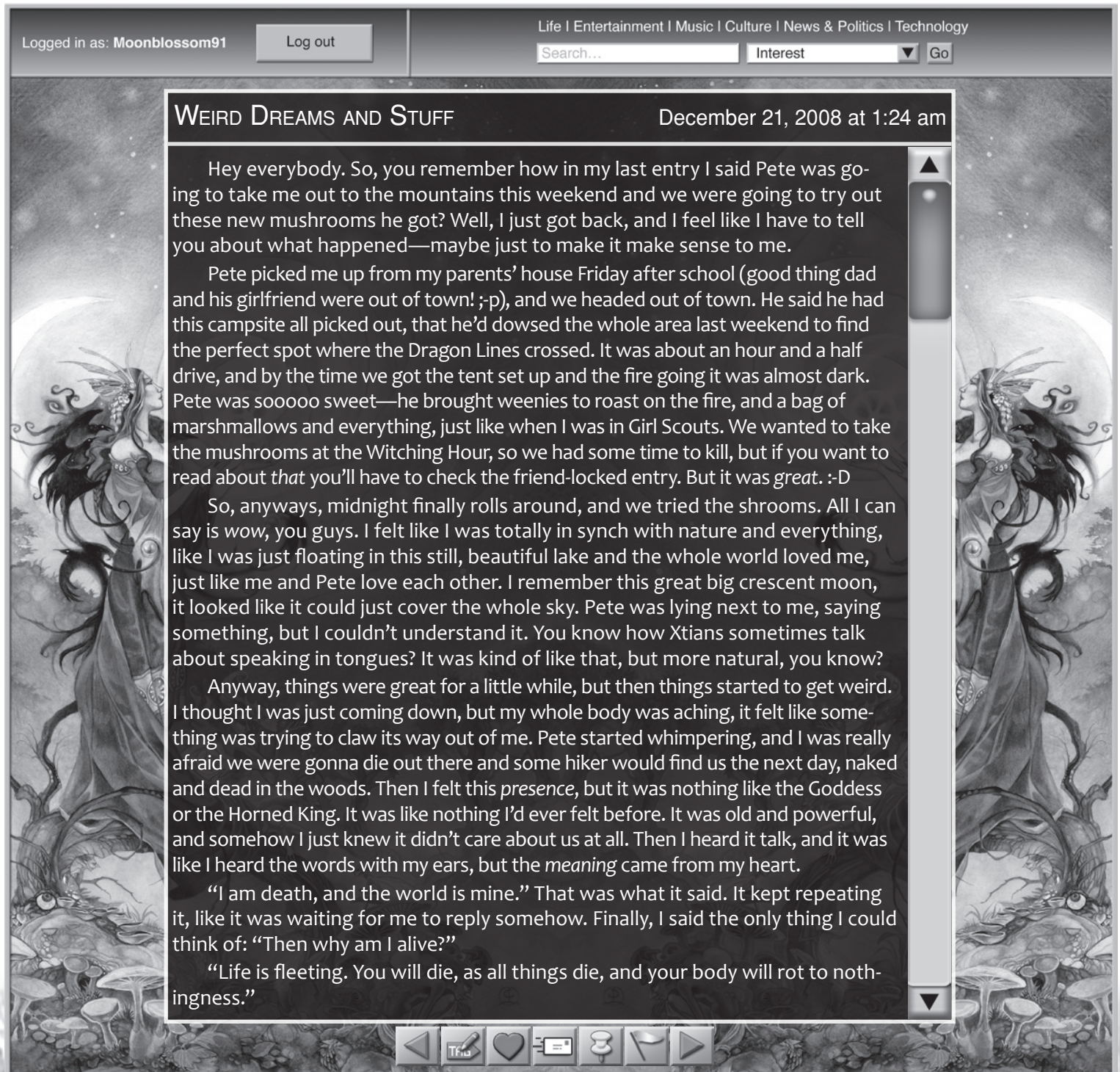
Dr. Randy Harrison

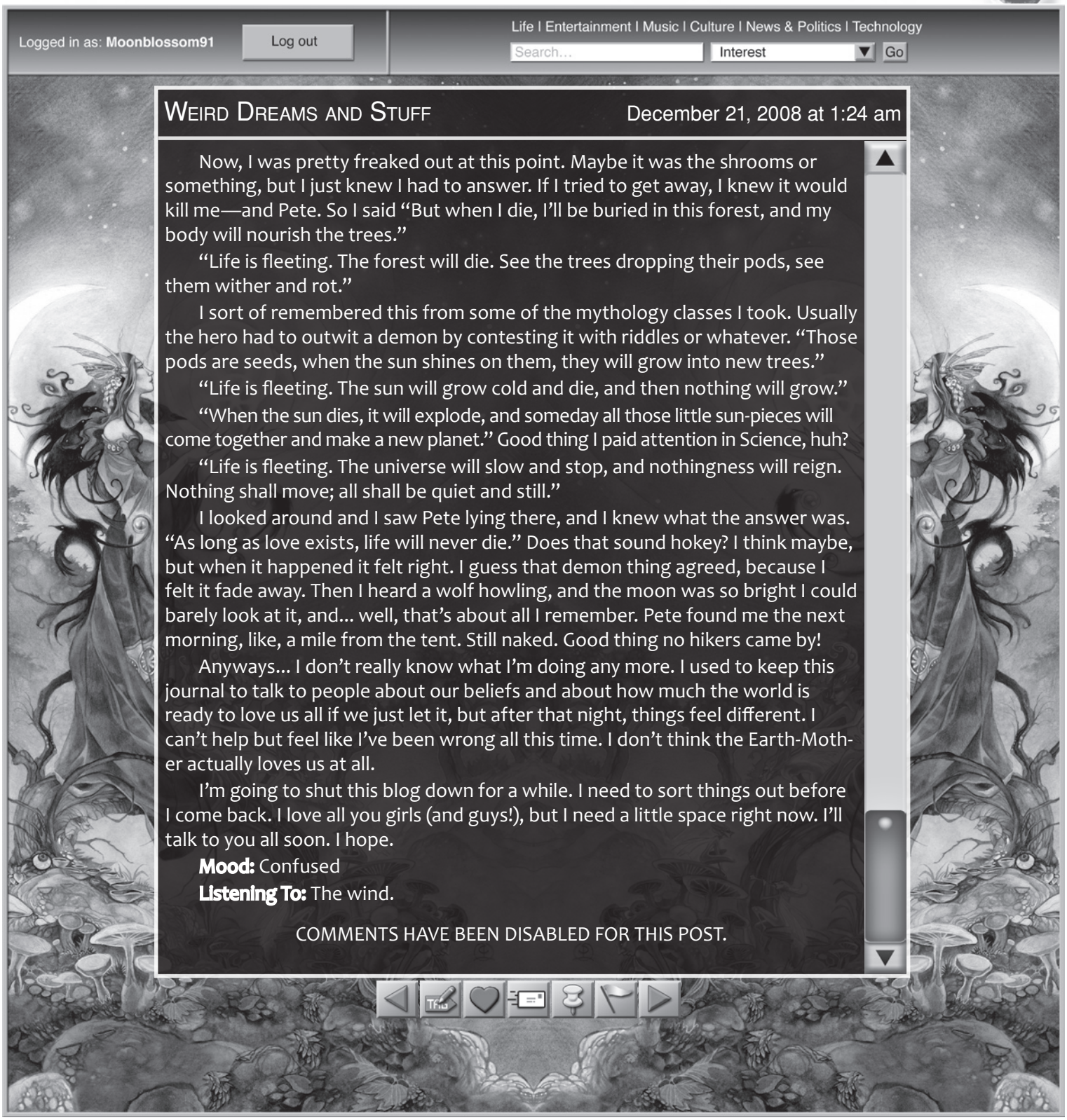
The First Change

All werewolves experience bizarre, often terrifying spiritual phenomena during their First Change, but none so keenly as Ithaeur. A Crescent Moon's first brush with the Shadow is often an antagonistic one, as though the spirits themselves recognize that this *nuzusul* will one day master them with rite and Renown. Such a First Change might take the form of a classical shamanic initiation, as the spirits attempt to physically attack and rend apart the young Uratha, or it might manifest as a struggle of wits and Wisdom — a riddle contest or a "duel of concepts."

What the Ithaeur is unlikely to understand until much later is that the behavior of the spirits during his First Change is sometimes more than just inhuman malice on the spirits' part, but a sort of test. Spirits recognize an Ithaeur being born, just as they recognize that, more than other Uratha, it is the Crescent Moon who will master them. If such a dangerous creature cannot be destroyed, then it must, from the spirit's perspective, be worthy of dominance. The tests an Ithaeur undergoes during his First Change show the local spirits that this werewolf has inherited Father Wolf's right to the stewardship of the Shadow (quite often, this is also when the newly-Changed werewolf earns his first dot of Wisdom Renown).

On the other hand, of course, sometimes the spirits really *are* trying to kill the *nuzusul*.





Sound and Fury

All werewolves struggle with Rage, and all are equally prone to Kuruth when that Rage is pushed to the breaking point. But just as Mother Luna's auspice can shape a werewolf's personality and instincts, so too does Her kiss subtly influence a werewolf's Rage. Where Rahu become bellicose savages, rending and tearing with the savage abandon of a movie monster, and Irraka become grim-faced and killers who

take down their prey before it can make a sound, an Ithaeur's Death Rage is an altogether stranger thing.

When an Ithaeur falls into Death Rage, he lashes out at the invisible world around him, focusing his Rage on spirits and spirit-possessed targets first. This might include the Hithimu his pack is fighting, or it might be the pack's totem. If the Death Rage occurs while the Ithaeur is in the Shadow, it might include damn near anything.

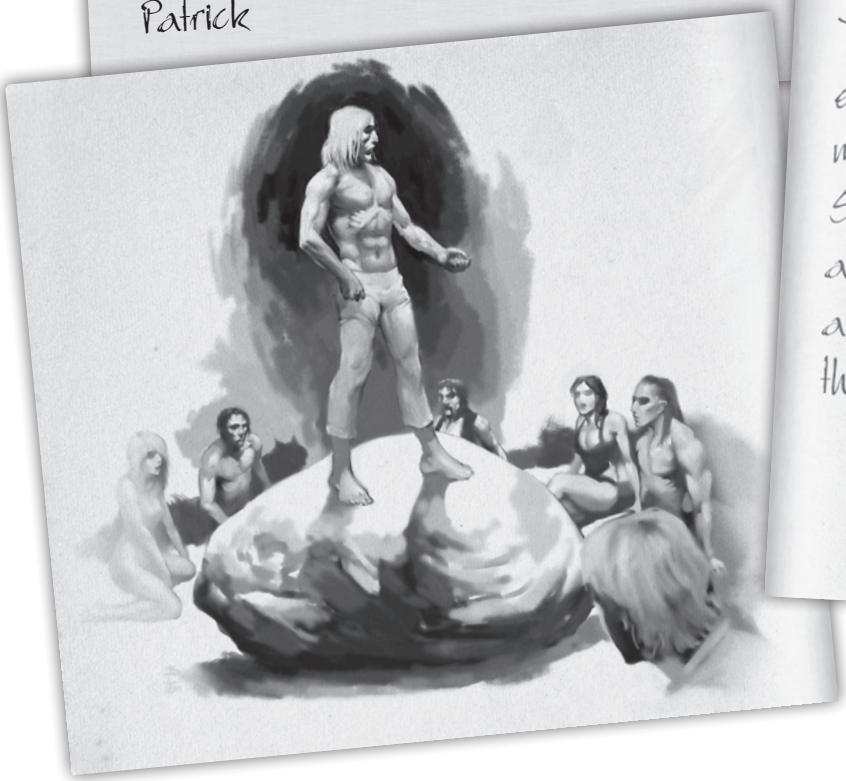
The Blood Talons have an old saying: "Fear the Full Moon's wrath, but flee the Crescent." Although an Ithaeur's Rage is no more potent than any other werewolf's (barring the purchase of Rage Gifts, of course), most Ithaeur try to keep a far tighter rein on their Rage than other Uratha. To lose oneself to Kuruth is to rob the Ithaeur of his greatest strengths: Gifts and Rites may not be used in Death Rage, and spirits can sense the echo of Father Wolf's murderous wrath and flee from a werewolf in the throes of Kuruth. Without his Gifts, rites, and spirit contacts, an Ithaeur is powerless (or as powerless as any nine-foot-tall killing machine can be), so Ithaeur must fight hard to maintain control. They are aided in this by the fact that the Traits that help to resist Death Rage are also important for their primary role: Resolve and Composure are helpful in dealing with the spirits, and maintaining a high Harmony is crucial to a ritemaster's efforts. Still, on the occasions when an Ithaeur *does* lose control, the results can be sublime.

Erika,

I picked up this story at a gathering outside Denver. Thought you might like to add it to your repertoire. Hope I can see you again soon.

Love Always,

Patrick



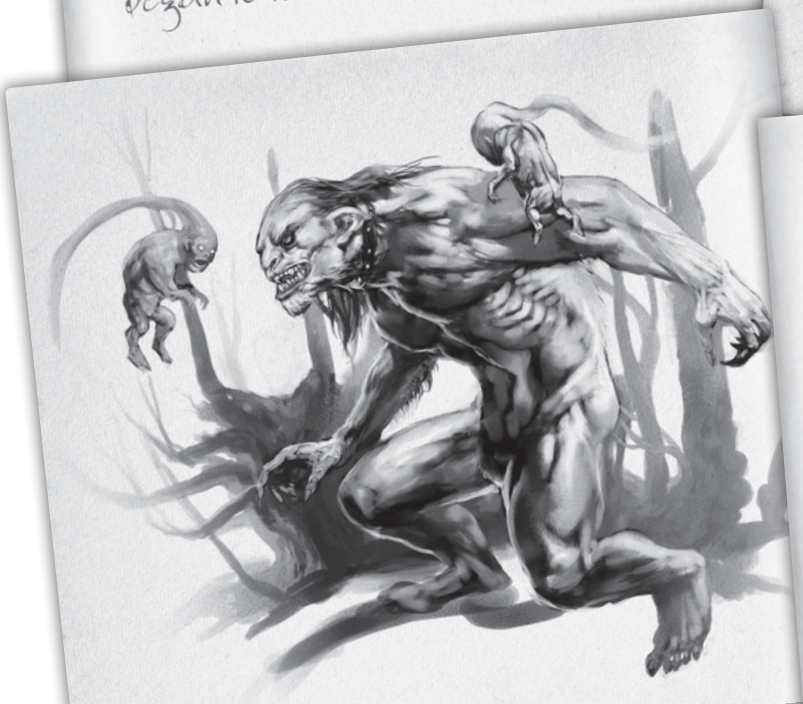
This story is true. A long time ago, at the dawn of America, there lived a werewolf, a man of the Suthar Anzuth. He was born in South Carolina, under the crescent moon, and his name was Francis Wells. Francis and his pack lived on an old plantation they had liberated from its human owners.



Francis had a lover, a woman who had been part of the household staff before the pack took over the house. They say she was a witch, or at least a fortune-teller, and she used her hedge-magic to help the pack maintain order in the Shadow as best she could.

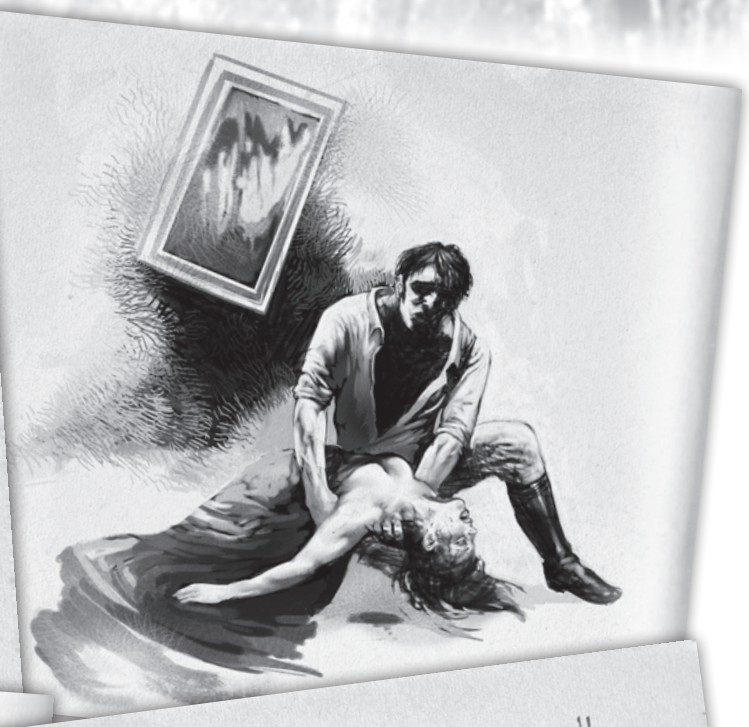
Francis also had a temper on him — he preferred to charge howling into battle, relying on his spirit-magic only when his claws failed him. The spirits obeyed him, but out of fear, not respect. They named him the Bloody Shackle, and slowly, subtly at first, the spirits in his territory began to turn on him.





When the Pure came to Francis' territory, the spirits that should have been his allies — or at least his servants — were all too eager to betray him. They told the Pure where the territory's defenses were and how to bypass them, told them where the pack slept — and they told the Pure about Francis' lover.

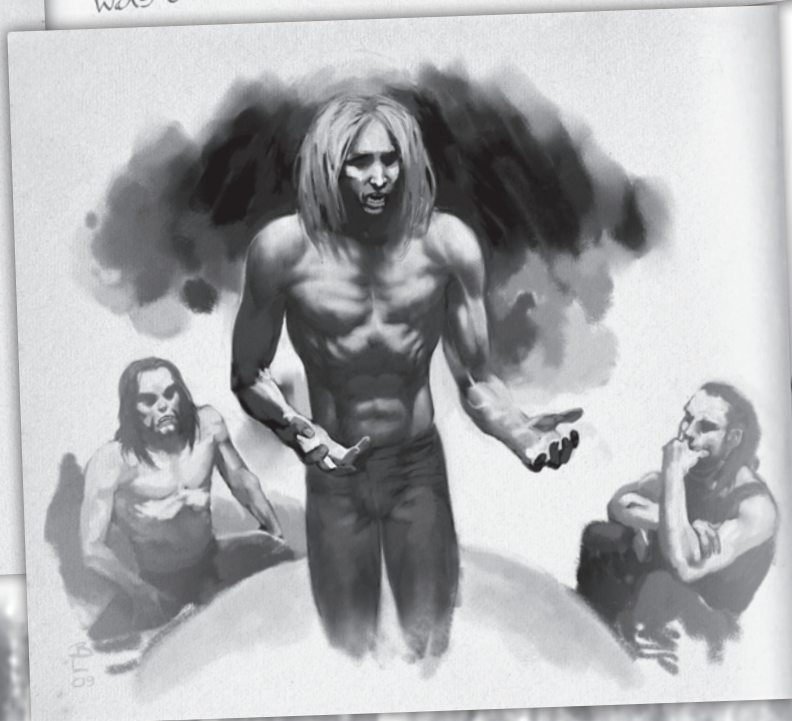
When Francis found her body, he flew into Rage. He swore he would find the Pure who killed her (for they had left their scent and their blasphemous glyphs all over the house), and that he would deliver terrible vengeance to them. The spirits fled from his wrath, and even the pack's totem would not approach the Ithaeur.



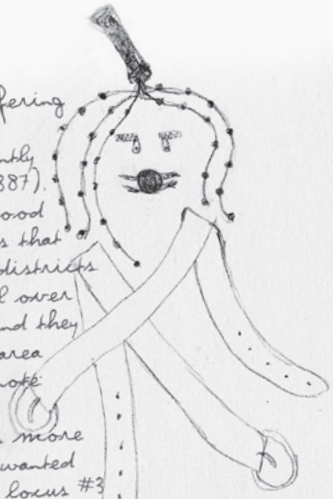


Francis gave himself over to the Death Rage when he saw his enemies, and he attacked them savagely. One of the Pure died before they even knew they were under attack, a second fell as they regrouped for battle. But in his Rage, Francis was robbed of his power over the Shadow, and the ephemeral denizens of his territory stood by and watched as he was overwhelmed and destroyed.

This is the story of the Doom of the Bloody Shackle. This story is true. This story is a warning.
Go with Wisdom in Luna's light.



january 19
made a bargain with sweet-ecstasy-of-suffering today (1 jaggling conceptual. can currently unknown ref log #6387). chief spirit of a brood of lust/abuse spirits that haunt the red-light districts shartha have been all over that part of town and they seem to know the area better than we do (note: talk to jack about scouting the sewers more thoroughly). sweet wanted increased access to locus #3 in exchange for reports about the berbilu's movements. told him he can drink his fill one day per week.



january 20
bargain with sweet paid off. gaffling feeding off residual rape/murder resonance (case file #3325) spotted rats in alley on brook-hollow and warner. sweet tried to get more locus time for speedy intel intimated i knew its can and it backed off (maybe too easily. can related to being threatened/abused/dominated?) informed rest of pack. will strike soon.

january 20 (addendum)
shartha dead. lost jack. miriam in bad shape. called on luhum. old medicine-spirit (g jaggling conceptual. must obey. anyone anointed with sacred mud. ref. log #7326). dangerous to compel but no time for half-moon approach. forced it to draw disease out of miriam's wounds. expect reprisal soon. could offer three days worth of essence from locus #2 without severely diminishing our reserve. but will wait for demand. no sense giving away too much.



february 08
on patrol near n border. ran into pain-spirits w/ distinct needle motif. poss. killer drug? will sweep again.



february 15
lost andrew. spiritual infection stronger than we thought.

february 18
lost david. laura decided to call gathering at union. can't wait for the half-moon. have to be sooner.

february 19
who is the dying priest?

may 14
disturbances in the shadow all week. luhul nowhere to be found. sweet's brood wandering. no sense of order. suspect new power arrived. called langston in cherry hill. says things have been quiet there. new player must have come from southeast. no moon tribes in that area - possible attack from pure?

may 17
lost locus #3 today. new brood moved in. pushed sweet out. classification unknown at this time. lost miriam and steven trying to take it back. just me and tom now. no idea what these newcomers are. hearing rumors of something called gurdilag. poss. bane? word from denver. wounds opening in strange places. attempting shadow journey tonight to find out more.

If anyone finds this journal, you should know that Aaron is dead. Mostly. I'm leaving his library intact in the hopes that someone can make use of it. I don't understand half of it, but maybe you will. Maybe you'll see something we missed.

Father protect us and Mother forgive us, what the hell are we fighting?

Wisdom

The Oath of the Moon is the most universally-understood list of laws and prohibition among the Tribes of the Moon, but it is not the only set of warnings laid down for the Uratha. An old axiom among Ithaeur, so old it may predate the Fall, goes: "*Nighzu nu namzu*." Roughly translated, this means "Knowledge is not wisdom." It is a phrase many a revered elder passes on to young apprentices, but which few truly understand until late in life. Surely it is an Ithaeur's duty to accumulate all the knowledge she can, the better to deal with the Shadow from a position of strength? Where does the absurd idea that such knowledge is not wisdom originate?

What more experienced (indeed, *wiser*) Ithaeur understand is that knowledge is a *tool*, and like any tool, one must know how to apply it in order to benefit from it. What does it matter that a Crescent Moon knows the name and Ban of every spirit within 10 miles of his home, if he doesn't know when to use that stick as opposed to the carrot? Wisdom is the ability to look at a situation, to see into the heart of it and to know how best to resolve it. That is a skill that cannot be taught or learned through anything other than practice, which is why Ithaeur seldom spend their lives holed up in libraries or laboratories. A Crescent Moon must get out there, must deal with the Spirits on her own turf and learn to read the currents of the Shadow. A Bone Shadow aphorism has it that "when a man can bring any situation to the end he desires with less than the words of a single breath, he has attained Wisdom."

Despite the caution that it should not be conflated with Wisdom, most Ithaeur *do* hoard knowledge like it's

My Dear Sir,

I cannot take the luxury of assuming you know me, so permit me to introduce myself. My name is Franz Michner, and I have carried the silver crescent for these ten years. I trust that if you are the one to whom this letter is addressed that you know to what I refer, and if you do not know, then trouble yourself no more over it, as the contents of this missive are meant for eyes other than yours.

As I set pen to paper, it is three days since my brethren and I concluded the affair of the Crimson Prince. I regret to say that, although my brothers fought like heroes, we were unable to settle the matter in a permanent fashion. The most we were able to accomplish was to seal away His Majesty (a title I use in the most ironic sense, I assure you) through the Rite of Min-Ninnu Nubbal, for a period of one hundred years. Thus was the Prince's ban, and thus we enacted it, for the Prince was too strong and too clever to be destroyed by lesser rites.

If you are reading this, I daresay it is, likely as not, one hundred years since the day I wrote it, or at least thereabouts. I wonder, has the Crimson Prince returned to vex you as he has vexed me, or has he, in a weakened state, been brought low by one of his own breed? I cannot say, I have no gift of foresight. Such a thing must not be left to chance, though, which is why I have left this letter beneath the baseboard of the old house on Fennel Street. I feel sure that, after I and my brothers are gone, others shall lay claim to it and find this letter in time of need. Such is my hope at least, for if not I have wasted a good deal of time and ink.

During this recent struggle against the Crimson Prince, I have taken great pains to study his nature and that of his servants. I do not include those notes here, lest unfriendly eyes should fall upon them or, worse yet, the herd should come to know. Once again, I trust that you shall take my meaning if you are the one for whom the letter is meant.

In any case, my journals regarding the case have been safely entrusted to the care of Messrs. Cotswold and Gloucester of London, solicitors, with instructions that they should be given over to whomever presents to them the key to the deposit-box in which they reside. As to the key itself, you may seek it within the lair of the tiger. I regret that I cannot be clearer in this matter, but I must be sure that only the proper soul acquires these journals. It would not do for them to fall into the hands of those who term themselves "the Highest" or "the Sky Gods," or God forbid a banker or a barrister. I leave you with this clue, and the confidence that it will lead the proper man to the proper place. And if indeed the Crimson Prince has returned, I wish you Godspeed.

Yours in Luna,

Franz Michner

going out of style. Many keep detailed, meticulously cross-referenced journals of their interactions with the Shadow and with other Uratha, never knowing when a tiny, easily-forgotten aspect of an interaction might prove key. An odd quirk in a spirit's reaction might lead to a clue regarding its ban, a werewolf's unexpected agreement to unfavorable terms might hint at a weakness in his territory. Wisdom is knowing how to use a tool, but Ithaeur see no reason not to keep as many tools around as they can.

Ritual Masters

Perhaps due to the maddening touch of their First Change, warped and twisted by spirits more than any other auspice's, Ithaeur have a natural, almost instinctive affinity for the ritual magic of the Uratha. While any werewolf can learn rites, Ithaeur seem to grasp the fundamentals of ritual work effortlessly. What seem like arcane and arbitrary rules (the hyssop must be picked at precisely midnight on the first night of the third new moon after the solstice) make perfect sense to the minds of the Crescent Moons. Some liken it to the way some people just have a natural affinity for painting or athletic endeavors. Others describe it as something like a racial memory.

One popular belief, especially among Bone Shadows, holds that each Ithaeur, at the moment of his First Change, is given the knowledge and experience of any and all Ithaeur ancestors in his direct line. Young Ithaeur from prominent Uratha families (like the Pickerings, p. 304, **Werewolf: The Forsaken**) take pride in being able to trace their lineage back through powerful shamans for at least seven generations. Such a pedigree does not actually grant any inherent advantage beyond the normal Ritual Master auspice ability, but it might be justification for the purchase of Status Merits or Glory Renown.

Mary, I finished the translation of those tablets you, um, borrowed from the museum. Looks like you were right, it's a *bhiludha umus*, a set of ritual instructions. It's written in some sort of hybrid halfway between the First Tongue and the earliest known written Sumerian. Check it out:

Herein is given the formula for the rite that binds demons of the sea and commands them to enter into wine, thereby making a deadly poison of it. This rite is given by our Father Urfarah and our Mother Amahan Iduth, and it is a true and potent working.

First, in the act of binding a demon of the sea you must prepare a circle of pure sea salt, which by its nature is the sea's deathliness and shall prevent the demon from departing. Then you must burn the incense of the high desert that is anathema to the demons of the sea, which is gathered with a flint knife from the tallest peaks of the kur and only at the appointed hour.

This part sounds like a version of the rite to bind a spirit, or at least an archaic form of it. I still haven't figured out what "the incense of the high desert" is or when "the appointed hour" was. I guess that's something the reader would have been expected to know.

When the demon of the sea is called and bound, then you must anoint your head with white clay from the Tigris' banks, for it is a sign of the moon, our Mother, who has dominion over the sea. As you circle the spirit, taking care not to step over or to let any part of your body cross the salt circle, you must present forcefully an amphora of white clay, filled with wine, and speak the words "A rah, mala sagh ghes ra neru."

Roughly translated, that means "Drown, and thereby drown my enemies."

Speak these words as many times as the tide flows in one day, and the demon of the sea will fly into the wine and be a part of it. From thence, do not ever let a drop of the wine touch your lips, nor any you love, for it is a deadly poison. No reprieve may be had from it, for it is deadlier than the scorpion and the asp. Only if you mark your tongue with the selfsame white clay from the Tigris' banks, the demon in the wine shall pass over you and will do you no harm.

Evidently back in the old days, Crescent Moons were pretty big into assassination ploys. You pour yourself a glass of wine, pour one for your enemy from the same jug, and drink. Nice.

When the working is done, it is wise to give of your own Essence to appease the demon of the sea, and to release it when the deed is accomplished. Should the vessel that bears the wine crack, the demon shall be loosed and will assuredly take its vengeance upon you. Be wise in your dealings, as forthright and mighty as Father Wolf, and no harm shall befall you.

Typical cautionary that just because we can force spirits to do our bidding, it's not always the wisest idea. Three-Eyes taught me that one a long time ago, looks like even the ancients had the same idea.

Harmony

Elodoth are appointed the guardians of Harmony and of the Oath of the Moon, but Ithaeur hold themselves (and are held by their packmates) to an even stricter standard than the Half Moons. The key difference between the two is that, while Elodoth strive to uphold Harmony as an *ideal*, Ithaeur are by and large motivated by the *practical*.

Consider: a Rahu with low Harmony is a potential danger, being more prone to Death Rage and more likely to exhibit odd spirit-like behavior, but fundamentally his role within a pack is not grossly affected by it. He might have a harder time attracting Lunes to acknowledge his Renown, but his job is to smash things and lead the pack in battle (not the best place for a lunatic, granted). Likewise, an Irraka can be a disharmonious son of a bitch without hampering his role as the pathfinder, scout, and assassin of the pack.

An Ithaeur, on the other hand, lives and dies based on her ability to command spirits and perform rites. Quite simply, if an Ithaeur lets her Harmony slip, she is *bad at her job*. Spirits react poorly to a werewolf with low Harmony, and rites, of course, use the character's Harmony as their dice pool. Low-Harmony Ithaeur will find that their rites take far longer to complete and have weaker effects than those who maintain a balanced path. Likewise, spirits respond favorably to Uratha who hold themselves to a higher standard.

This sometimes leads an Ithaeur's pack members to treat her like a cloistered ascetic, keeping her away from any temptations and potential Harmony violations. Some Crescent Moons accept that role and cultivate such an image, shunning the excessive trappings of human life like the mystics of mortal faiths. This approach is most common among the Hunters in Darkness and, though they obviously lack the auspice affinity, Predator King shamans.

In the face of such coddling, some Ithaeur come to resent being treated like sheltered children and push back against their packmates' attempted shepherding. Sometimes it's just a little push, to show that the Ithaeur isn't a complete pushover, other times it's a full-blown challenge. The wiser Ithaeur make sure to keep themselves on the path of Harmony despite their frustration, but more than a few younger, headstrong Crescent Moons go too far in their rebellion against authority and fall from the path.

On the other hand, some packs take the opposite approach — being excluded from the pack can be a blow to Harmony in and of itself, so some Uratha go the extra mile to make sure their Ithaeur feels like "one of the guys." Sometimes it's an act — Ithaeur *can* be pretty unnerving sometimes — but just as often it's a sincere appreciation of a valuable and beloved packmate. Either way, depending on the Ithaeur's own personality, this approach can leave them either feeling appreciated and loved or completely smothered.

Guys, here's that transcript I promised you. I recorded it about a week ago, and I didn't start rolling tape until shit started to get really weird, so some of it is paraphrased from my memory. Sorry about that. I think I got the right names for all the voices, but I'm not 100% sure. Anyways, I seriously have no idea what this was. It sounded like maybe some kind of military operation where somebody snapped, but why the hell would they be using unencrypted CB radio anybody could listen in on? Maybe it's viral marketing for some new horror movie or something. I dunno, but you guys said you wanted to see it. Maybe if that Cap'n Bloodspatter website opens up an audio section I'll send him the mp3s.

Fran: Okay, we're in position.

Chief (Nobody ever called this guy by name): Can you see anything?

Fran: Looks quiet. If she's in there...

Brian: We all know what it means if she's in there, Fran. What's the plan, Chief?

Chief: We don't actually know what happened to Johnny. Not for sure. We're gonna talk to her. Get her side of the story. If it turns out she did take Johnny down, then we'll go from there.

Brian: Yeah, I'm just sayin' man, I don't like it. In rue, new fear in rue. (I have no idea what this means, it's the best I could figure out. Still doesn't make any damn sense.)

Fran: We all know the Oath, Brian. Don't fucking quote scripture at us.

Chief: Okay, that's enough. Fran, you and David start moving in. Stay in the open; we're not ambushing her here.

Brian: What about me?

Chief: You slip around the back and be ready to ambush her. Just in case I'm wrong.

Brian: Copy that.

(About two minutes of silence here, I guess while everybody gets in place.)

Brian: (Whispering) Chief! Chief, this is fucked up, man. This house, I don't think it's actually abandoned.

Chief: What the hell are you talking about?

Brian: I just peeked in the window, man. It was a little girl's bedroom. Looks pretty lived in. I cracked the window and took a sniff, people definitely live here.

Chief: You what?

Fran: Oh, fuck, she's coming, she's in guru

(Another one I'm not sure of) Chief, she doesn't—

(Fran's voice is cut off by screaming. A lot of it. Then there's a bunch of animal noises, like a couple of dogs ghting.)

Chief: Fran! Fran! Fuck, okay, I'm coming in. Goddammit!

There's a whole bunch more of those weird animal noises, then what sounds like a car pulling up fast and a couple of gunshots. After that, I could kinda hear Brian and Chief talking, but it was like they were just standing around talking with a live transmitter a few feet away, I couldn't make out much. More about the Oath, something being silver, and maybe the word sear or seer or see her. After that, the transmission cut out and I didn't hear any more.

Other Auspices

As much as each pack recognizes the need for an Ithaeur, many keep their Crescent Moons politely at arm's length. Oh, sure, they're part of the pack, and that makes them more than family, but most Ithaeur aren't exactly the kinds of guys you hang out and have a beer with. Like the shamans of primitive human societies, Ithaeur are often seen as a necessary and valuable part of the pack, even as they're held apart and separate.

For their part, Ithaeur recognize that they stand somewhat apart by virtue of their connection to the Shadow. It's not hard to see, after all; wolves and humans are social creatures, and recognizing where you stand in the hierarchy is the most basic skill social creatures learn. Some Ithaeur accept their status and wear it as a badge, cultivating the image of the mysterious spirit-talker not to be trifled with (or the stoic martyrdom of one who stands against the horrors of the Shadow so his brothers don't have to). Others try a little too hard to counterbalance their spooky aura and try to be friendly and easygoing — to the extent that a werewolf can be such a thing. Still others become withdrawn and resentful, pulling away from the pack and sometimes even leaving it altogether. With the possible exception of Rahu, more Crescent Moons run as lone wolves than any other auspice.

The spooky outsider vibe isn't the only angle for an Ithaeur character, of course. Some manage to balance the requirements of dealing with spirits with maintaining relationships with packmates and even mortal friends and allies. While it's impossible to draw such a broad generalization across the myriad tribes, in general, Bone Shadow, Hunter in Darkness, and Storm Lord Ithaeur are more likely to follow the stereotypical "spooky shaman" archetype, while Blood Talon and Iron Master are more inclined to "fit in," at least with their packmates.

This story is true. After Father Wolf was slain, after the totems were bound and the forgiveness of Luna given, the Fist Pack stood at the shore of the First Sea and gazed across the Gauntlet at the realm where Shadow had been forever locked away, and they spoke of what should be done with the world they now found themselves stewards of.

The First Rahu, a mighty warrior of the Bone Shadow, spoke first. "The Shadow must be ruled by strength, as our Father ruled. We must show the spirits that even across the Gauntlet, they must fear our wrath."

The First Ithaeur was silent, and listened.

The First Cahalith spoke next, and she was a great prophet and war-singer of the Blood Talons. "The Shadow must be ruled by fate, as our Father ruled. All things at the appointed time and the appointed place. The spirits must know that their future is writ in stone, and our howls will be the harbingers of their doom."

The First Ithaeur was silent, and listened.

Then spoke the First Elodoth, the wise and revered leader of those who styled themselves Iron Masters: "The Shadow must be ruled by honor, as our Father ruled. Only by setting ourselves to be the paragons of duty and diplomacy will the spirits respect us, and by respect is the only way we shall rule successfully.

The First Ithaeur was silent, and listened.

The First Irraka spoke, all but hidden by the darkness in which she and her tribe hunted. "The Shadow must be ruled by cunning, as our father ruled. Set the strongest spirits against each other, thin their numbers, and the rest will fall into line behind us."

The First Ithaeur was silent, and listened.

Then again the First Rahu spoke, addressing his brother, the First Ithaeur. "And what do you say, brother? How shall we carry on our Father's work in this new age, to keep it pure and unsullied?"

Still the First Ithaeur was silent, and listened.

The First Cahalith asked of her brother: "Tell us your view, little one, and I will howl our decision to all the nations of the people. We five will lead our people to the glory Father Wolf laid before us."

Still the First Ithaeur was silent, and listened.

The First Elodoth weighed his words carefully, and then spoke. "Will you share your voice, brother, that we may find the balanced road of honor that will unite us?"

Still the First Ithaeur was silent, and listened.

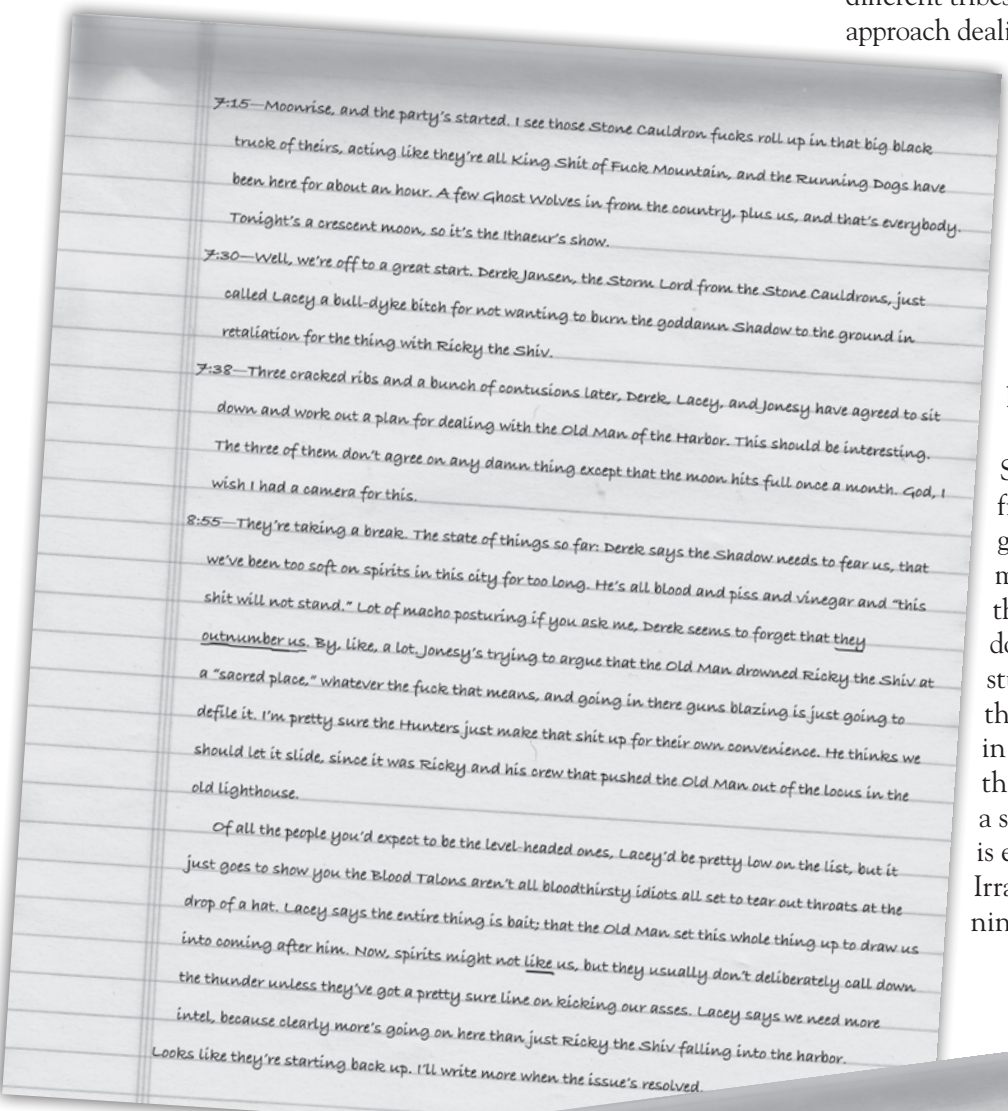
Finally, the youngest sister, the First Irraka, asked: "Please, brother. You are wiser than all of us, and you will show us the proper road."

At length, the First Ithaeur, First of the Storm Lords, spoke three simple words: "Hisil da duha." The Shadow must be ruled.

This was the wisdom of the First Ithaeur. There exists no "best way" to deal with the spirits. We are not here to be their subjugators or their allies or their manipulators. We are to rule, and we do that by whatever means is required.

A Company of Wolves

While a case might be made that auspice is the most fundamental building block of an Uratha's nature, tribe is the fundamental building block of werewolf society. An Ithaeur's tribe colors his outlook on his auspice, and each of the five Forsaken tribes has its own shamanic tradition. In some parts of the world, those traditions stretch back hundreds, even thousands of years, in others they might have been born since the start of the current century. Ithaeur of different tribes often have differing views on how to approach dealing with the Shadow, and those differences make for lively debates wherever werewolves gather.



7:15—Moonrise, and the party's started. I see those Stone Cauldron fucks roll up in that big black truck of theirs, acting like they're all King Shit of Fuck Mountain, and the Running Dogs have been here for about an hour. A few Ghost Wolves in from the country, plus us, and that's everybody. Tonight's a crescent moon, so it's the Ithaeur's show.

7:30—Well, we're off to a great start. Derek Jansen, the Storm Lord from the Stone Cauldrons, just called Lacey a bull-dyke bitch for not wanting to burn the goddamn Shadow to the ground in retaliation for the thing with Ricky the Shiv.

7:38—Three cracked ribs and a bunch of contusions later, Derek, Lacey, and Jonesy have agreed to sit down and work out a plan for dealing with the Old Man of the Harbor. This should be interesting. The three of them don't agree on any damn thing except that the moon hits full once a month. God, I wish I had a camera for this.

8:55—They're taking a break. The state of things so far: Derek says the Shadow needs to fear us, that we've been too soft on spirits in this city for too long. He's all blood and piss and vinegar and "this shit will not stand." Lot of macho posturing if you ask me. Derek seems to forget that they outnumber us. By, like, a lot. Jonesy's trying to argue that the Old Man drowned Ricky the Shiv at a "sacred place," whatever the fuck that means, and going in there guns blazing is just going to defile it. I'm pretty sure the Hunters just make that shit up for their own convenience. He thinks we should let it slide, since it was Ricky and his crew that pushed the Old Man out of the locus in the old lighthouse.

Of all the people you'd expect to be the level-headed ones, Lacey'd be pretty low on the list, but it just goes to show you the Blood Talons aren't all bloodthirsty idiots all set to tear out throats at the drop of a hat. Lacey says the entire thing is bait; that the Old Man set this whole thing up to draw us into coming after him. Now, spirits might not like us, but they usually don't deliberately call down the thunder unless they've got a pretty sure line on kicking our asses. Lacey says we need more intel, because clearly more's going on here than just Ricky the Shiv falling into the harbor.

Looks like they're starting back up. I'll write more when the issue's resolved.

11:13—Jesus Fucking Christ, this is why packs have alphas and not committees. They've been at it for two more hours, and now a couple of the Ghost Wolves are getting involved. Blue-Eyed June says the spirit's pissed because the humans are dredging the harbor so they can bring bigger ships in. Juney always did buy into that "nature spirits hate technology" bullshit. Deeper harbor means more water around — what the fuck does she think a water spirit would prefer?

Anders, the guy that runs with the Fell Dogs sometimes, says the whole thing smells like a botched investigation in the first place. Shit, he's got facts and figures about how many people have drowned in the harbor since 1854. Is he really saying it was an angry ghost and not the Old Man of the Harbor? Did it never occur to him that the reason all those people drowned in the harbor might be because the Old Man fucking killed them?

12:01—Finally, a goddamn consensus. The Crescent Moons are going to use their packs' resources to find out why Ricky was killed before they move on the Old Man, but in the meantime, it's crackdown season on every spirit any of us find that even thinks about stepping out of line. We're going to make some noise, and unless it turns out that the Old Man has a goddamn army out there, that mean old bastard is getting locked up in a fetish for at least a dozen years.

Investigators

It's all well and good to label Ithaeur as the werewolves who deal with spirits, but easily overlooked is the fact that the Shadow is a vast and mysterious place, and it is by no means immediately obvious what any particular spiritual phenomenon actually is.

As the foremost experts on the Shadow and the threats originating from it, it falls to the Ithaeur to investigate mysterious phenomena and determine its nature and its threat level *before* the pack goes in guns blazing to take it down. Elder Crescent Moons train their students not only in the metaphysics of the Shadow and the nature of spirits, but in deductive reasoning, logic, and critical thinking. In many ways, the discovery of a spirit threat is the Ithaeur's hunt, and it is every bit as primal and instinctive as an Irraka stalking his target or a Rahu running down prey.

Cause of Local Couple's Death "Uncertain," Authorities Say

CHEROKEE, NC — Tribal police are still investigating the deaths of Adam and Sarah Redbird today, after an initial crime scene examination was unable to reveal a cause of death. The Redbirds were found in their home Tuesday morning by a neighbor, who had entered the residence to return a borrowed garden tool.

"They were just lying there in bed, like they were still asleep," neighbor Fred Coleman told the *Cherokee Nation* after he discovered the bodies. "Then I noticed how pale they were, and how Sarah's eyes were wide open. It was the most horrible thing I've ever seen."

Tribal police have not released the results of their investigation, but unconfirmed reports from the coroner's office indicate that the Redbirds died of acute exsanguination, or near-total blood loss. Sources close to the investigation have indicated that no blood was found at the crime scene. When asked if Satanic or vampire cult activity might be to blame, Cherokee police had no comment.

Adam Redbird is the grandson of tribal elder Joseph Red Bird, who has recently come under fire for allegedly disenfranchising thousands of Eastern Band Cherokee to increase the value of individual shares of casino revenue. Sarah Redbird, née Davis, is survived by her parents Michael and Andrea and her sister Quinn. Funeral services will be held at St. Thomas Catholic Church this Sunday at 4 p.m.

Subject: RE: Cherokee trouble
Date: Sunday, May 16, 2010 5:10 PM
From: Moonblosson91@talkalot.com
To: <snakepanther@hopmail.com>

Could be. Could also be something spiritual — I seem to remember some Cherokee myths about blood-drinking ghosts or demons. Definitely feels worth a look to me.
Love,
Iris

----------Original Message----------

From: SnakePanther@hopmail.com <http://snakepanther@hopmail.com>
To: Moonblossom91@talkalot.com <http://moonblossom91@talkalot.com>
Subject: RE: Cherokee trouble

So, you're thinking what, magical revenge killings? Did grandpa piss off somebody with real power?

From: Moonblossom91@talkalot.com <http://moonblossom91@talkalot.com>
To: SnakePanther@hopmail.com <http://snakepanther@hopmail.com>
Subject: RE: Cherokee trouble

Snake,
I did a little looking into this Cherokee thing. You remember that last paragraph about the dead guy's grandfather being in legal trouble? Well, get this: grandpa was admitted to the Cherokee Medical Center the *day before* this happened. Seems he was out hiking in the mountains (at age 73 — is this guy one of us or something?) and he had a stroke. Sounds a little coincidental, huh?
Oh, and the paper didn't report on this, but a few on-line "alternative" news sites are saying that some of the neighbors saw weird lights outside the Redbirds' house the night they were killed. Weird much?

Love,
Iris

From: Moonblossom91@talkalot.com <http://moonblossom91@talkalot.com>
To: SnakePanther@hopmail.com <http://snakepanther@hopmail.com>
Subject: RE: Cherokee trouble

Hey Snake,
I dunno. Vampires aren't really my specialty, but don't they usually stick to cities? Cherokee has a population of about 8,000; I'm not sure a vampire could go undetected in such a small town. I'll do some digging and let you know later today.

Love,
Iris

From: SnakePanther@hopmail.com <http://snakepanther@hopmail.com>
To: Moonblossom91@talkalot.com <http://moonblossom91@talkalot.com>
Subject: Cherokee trouble

Iris,
I found this in the Cherokee Nation this morning. Sounds like maybe we've got a vampire getting sloppy. I know Cherokee is only technically part of our turf, but I think we should check it out anyways. I just wanted your opinion before I start loading up on wooden stakes and crosses for the trip.

-SP

Investigation: The Snake in the Stone

Joseph Red Bird, a Cherokee medicine man, is the latest in a long line of holy men who keeps the "*Ulûñsû'tï*," the mystically-potent diamond recovered from the skull of an Uktena (a powerful water-serpent out of Cherokee legend) by the great medicine-man Âgän-uni'tsï. The *Ulûñsû'tï* grants its owner great fortune and power of prophecy; Joseph Red Bird owns a large share of the Cherokee Casino thanks largely to the *Ulûñsû'tï's* power. All that wealth and power does not come without a price: the *Ulûñsû'tï* must be "fed" every seven days with the blood of small game — a squirrel, rabbit, or the like. Twice a year, its thirst must be slaked by the blood of a deer or a similarly-sized game animal. If this ritual is not performed, the *Ulûñsû'tï* flies from its secure hiding place (a cave deep in the mountains where it is kept wrapped in a whole deerskin and placed in an earthen jar) and slakes itself on the blood of its owner's family, drawing their lifeblood out through their pores in a beam of light and drawing it into the core of the gem.

Joseph Red Bird kept the *Ulûñsû'tï* for over 20 years, faithfully observing the rituals and bringing it out only in grave need. One night just a few days ago, the old man suffered a debilitating stroke and was incapacitated in the hospital when the appointed time came for the feeding of the *Ulûñsû'tï*. The stone, deprived of its sustenance, arose in the form of a bright-burning star and claimed its price: Joseph's grandson Adam and his wife Sarah.

The ritual of feeding the *Ulûñsû'tï* goes back many hundreds of years, but the reason for it has been long since lost: *Ulûñsû'tï* is actually the Uktena's egg. As long as it is fed the blood of game, its hunger is satisfied but it can never hatch. Once it has tasted human blood, the *Ulûñsû'tï* seeks out the nearest body of water (in this case, the Oconaluftee River popular with fishermen and tourists), where it hatches into a new water-serpent. The young Uktena quickly grows large on a diet of fish and game, and within a few days is large enough to take human prey. When a fisherman from Nebraska is found dead of what appears to be the attack of an anaconda or python, the pack must track the Uktena to its lair and destroy the nigh-invulnerable beast.

Beginning the Investigation

The pack might be drawn into the matter in any number of ways: they might see the newspaper story on the strange death-by-exsanguination of Adam Redbird and his wife, especially if the pack is local to the area (for suggestions on how to set the story elsewhere, see the sidebar). Alternately, a local pack might know Red Bird themselves — he might be a relative, contact, or even rival of the pack. Nomadic packs might pass through Cherokee itself and hear about the odd coincidence of Joseph's stroke and the Redbirds' death from locals. If you'd rather bring the players in later in the story, it might be the death of the fisherman in what appears to be a snake attack that brings them in.

Ithaeur can play a role in getting the pack involved by recognizing possible signs of spirit activity in the murder. There are several spirits in Cherokee mythology that drain blood from their victims, either for sustenance or in retribution for some offense given to the spirit.

Initial Questions

The following facts about the Redbirds can be uncovered with an extended Manipulation + Streetwise, Presence + Persuasion, or Manipulation + Socialize roll (two successes per fact, each roll represents about three hours of hanging around bars or schmoozing officials). Obvious outsiders suffer a –2 penalty to their checks. Ithaeur may question local spirits to learn this information as well, using Manipulation + Persuasion or Presence + Intimidate. The local spirits have absorbed enough of the locals' insularity and distrust of outsiders and will not willingly share information with members of other auspices — non-Ithaeur suffer a –2 penalty on rolls to question spirits.

- The Redbirds were killed two nights ago, but only discovered early today (the players see a TV news report in a diner not too far away).
- Tribal police (under Officer Daniel McElroy) are investigating the deaths and don't take kindly to outsiders (especially white outsiders) barging in on the investigation
- Sarah has no family on the rez (they're driving down from Raleigh tomorrow). Adam's only family is his grandfather, Joseph, a tribal elder and a generally-respected medicine man, who is currently in the hospital due to the stroke.
- McElroy doesn't like Joseph Red Bird; the man profits from the casino and was partially responsible for one of McElroy's close friends being dis-enrolled from the tribe (to increase individual shares of the casino).
- Interviewing neighbors and witnesses provides a few indirect accounts of the *Ulûñsû'tï*. One says he saw car headlights, another says "strange blue lights." One has a UFO story.

If the pack decides to look into Joseph Red Bird, the following information might be uncovered:

- Joseph's stroke has left him unable to communicate. The hospital will buy a reasonably-plausible story why the players would want to be notified when he wakes up.
- Investigating Joseph a little more thoroughly reveals that he isn't universally liked by the tribe and that he frequently takes trips up into the Smoky Mountains nearby.
- One of the doctors who treated him recalls that Joseph was babbling in Cherokee when he was brought in, but the doc doesn't speak the language and can't translate.
- If none of the characters speaks Cherokee, a brief investigation finds a nurse that speaks Cherokee and was in the emergency room when Joseph was brought in. He kept saying "transparent, transparent!" and "My son, help my son!" ("Transparent," or "clear," is roughly the translation of the word "*Ulûñsû'tï*.")

A dramatic failure on an investigation roll leads to a complication: While schmoozing for info, the characters

run afoul of several drunk, surly Cherokee men who take exception to whites poking around "tribal business." A bar fight ensues, which gets McElroy involved and surly.

Deeper Investigation

Once local gossip is exhausted, the pack will likely want to begin searching for whatever the hell killed the Redbirds and put Joseph in the hospital. How they go about doing so largely depends on the characters themselves (well-connected locals might be able to get themselves access to the morgue or to the police investigation, for example, while out-of-towners or less popular characters might have to resort to larceny). Ithaeur can, once again, lean on the Shadow for answers.

• Assuming the players can get access to the bodies, they find no wounds from which the blood could be drawn. (Intelligence + Occult to know vampires can close the wounds caused by their fangs by licking them)

• If the players try to figure out where Joseph goes on his excursions, they can track his drive to a rest stop north on 441. From there, they can follow a trail and find some tracks that lead up to a cave. Inside, they find shards of black pottery with turquoise pictographs on them (Wits + Crafts to fit pieces together and see a picture of an Uktena). A skilled tracker can locate the trail of what appears to be a gargantuan snake leaving the cave and heading toward the river.

• If the players investigate Joseph's home, they are attacked by a group of *Yunwi Tsunsdi*, the "Little People" of the Cherokee. These minor rock-spirits serve Joseph as spiritual guides and guardians. Neighbors will call in any disturbances and the tribal police will arrive shortly thereafter. If subdued and bound by an Ithaeur, these spirits can tell the pack about the strange, lustrous diamond Joseph keeps up in the mountains, but not the particulars of its nature or purpose.

Yunwi Tsundi

The Yunwi Tsundi are mischievous, low-rank spirits of the mountains in which the Cherokee dwelt. As a medicine man, Joseph Red Bird was able to bind these spirits to physical objects (in this case, statues of themselves) and set them as guards for his property. The spirits remain dormant in their statues until an intruder enters the room, at which point they manifest and attack. They aren't much of a threat by themselves, but they will cause enough of a ruckus that the authorities will be called to investigate the break-in.

Rank: 2
Attributes: Power 3, Finesse 6, Resistance 4
Willpower: 7
Essence: 13 (15 max)
Initiative: 10
Defense: 6
Speed: 12
Size: 3
Corpus: 7
Influences: Rocks ••
Numina: Gauntlet Breach, Material Vision, Materialize, Reaching, Wild Sense
Bans: A Yunwi Tsundi must attack anyone who steals something from it (or from the home it is set to guard) to the exclusion of all other targets. If multiple individuals steal something from the spirit, it may divide its attacks between them as it sees fit.

Complications and Advancements

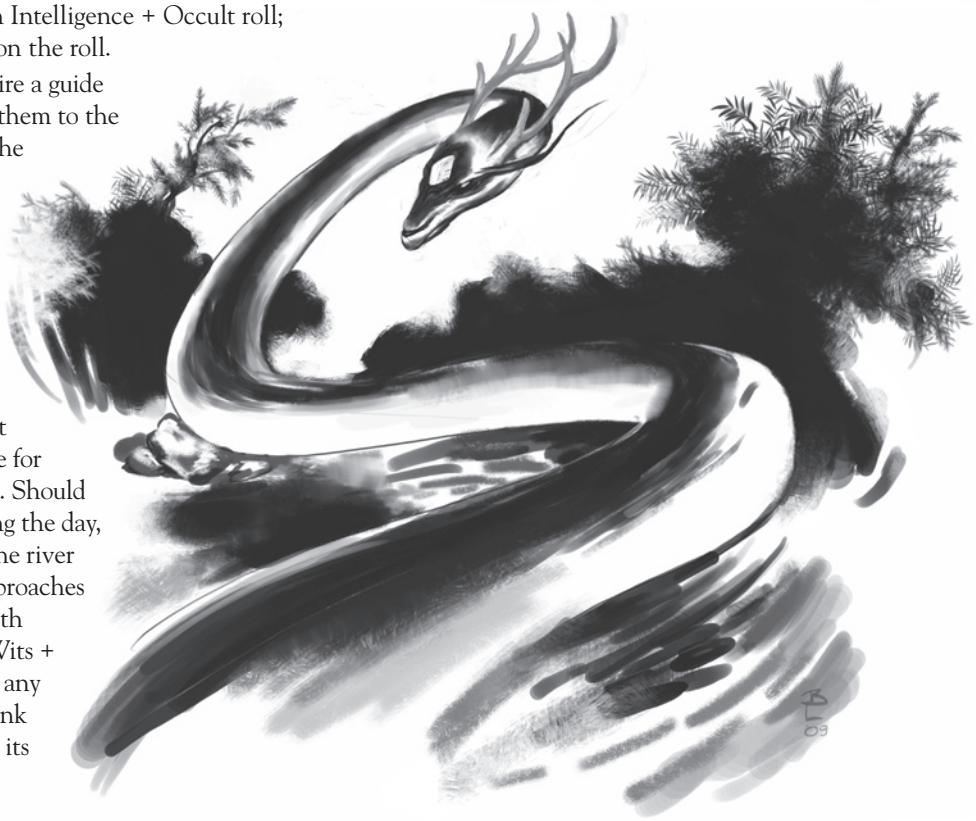
If the players haven't been able to locate Joseph's cave based on the clues discovered thus far, or if the Storyteller senses the plot stalling, the plot can be advanced: the next day, the news has a report of a camper found dead of what appears to be constriction, like an anaconda or a python.

Following the police cars leads the players to the site and Det. McElroy again, who may be helpful or may not (depending on how the players came off before). If any in the party can track, they can follow the snake tracks back to Uktena's lair, but unless they know its weakness, they're unlikely to be able to do much to it. Divining the



spirit's weakness requires an Intelligence + Occult roll; Ithaeur receive a +2 bonus on the roll.

Alternately, they can hire a guide (Billy Goes-About) to take them to the site of the camper's death. She can help them find the Uktena's trail if they lack tracking abilities.



Endgame

The Uktena is nocturnal, prowling the river by moonlight in search of prey. It will take humans if it can find them, but will settle for deer or similar-sized animals. Should the pack come upon it during the day, the creature is sleeping on the river bottom. Unless the pack approaches stealthily (Dexterity + Stealth contested by the Uktena's Wits + Composure), it wakes when any character comes near the bank and attacks, ready to defend its territory.

Uktena

According to legends passed down by Bone Shadows native to the region, the Uktena was once a powerful river-spirit until it was bound into a fetish-crystal by the Cherokee medicine man Âgän-uni'tsï. Whether Âgän-uni'tsï was an Ithaeur himself, a human magician, or something altogether stranger has been lost to the ages, but what is known is that the *Ulûñsû'tï* passed out of the tribe's hands several centuries ago and was believed lost.

Perhaps it was something to do with the long period bound in the *Ulûñsû'tï*, or perhaps the weekly sacrifice of blood created a fundamental shift in its nature, but the Uktena that emerged from the *Ulûñsû'tï* after the Redbirds were killed is fully a being of flesh and blood, not just a manifested spirit.

The Uktena lair is in a stagnant pool by a bend in the river. Even though it's only a few days old, the creature has grown to nearly 20 feet in length and is as big around as a trash can lid. A set of branching, antler-like horns protrude from its head, and nested between its eyes is a glowing white diamond identical to the *Ulûñsû'tï* from that the creature "hatched."

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 1, Wits 4, Resolve 3
Physical Attributes: Strength 7, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2
Social Attributes: Presence 4, Manipulation 0, Composure 2
Mental Skills: (As a creature of animal intelligence, the Uktena has no dots in Mental Skills.)
Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl (Grappling) 4, Stealth 3, Survival (Hunting) 3
Social Skills: Animal Ken 5 (Snakes), Intimidation 3
Merits: Fast Reflexes 2, Fleet of Foot 3, Iron Stamina 3
Willpower: 5
Health: 8
Initiative: 7
Defense: 4
Speed: 15
Weapons/Attacks:

Type	*Damage*	*Range*	*Dice Pool*	*Special*
Constrict	3(B)	—	15	See Grappling, **WoD** p. 157
Bite	1(L)	—	12	—

Aspects:

Constricting: The Uktena can use its powerful coils to crush a grappled target, squeezing the air from his lungs. As an overpowering maneuver (see Grappling, **World of Darkness** p. 157), the Uktena forces the target to make a reflexive Stamina roll or pass out from lack of oxygen. Each subsequent use of this maneuver incurs a –1 penalty. If the target breaks free of the Uktena's grip, this penalty is reset to zero.

Indestructible: The Uktena can only be slain by piercing the diamond that protrudes from its skull. Targeting the diamond requires an attack roll at a –3 penalty, but inflicts normal damage for the attack. Any other attack inflicts only a single point of bashing damage, regardless of the attack's normal damage type or the number of successes on the roll. Attacks that inflict aggravated damage bypass this invulnerability and inflict a number of points of damage equal to the successes rolled, but all damage is downgraded to lethal.

The Greed of Men's Hearts: The diamond that is the Uktena's only weak point is also the source of its greatest power. The mere sight of the gem is enough to drive men mad with desire to possess it, even to the point of turning brother against brother. The first time a character looks directly at the diamond, the player rolls Composure + Primal Urge (characters with the Vice of Greed suffer a –2 penalty). Failure means the character has become obsessed with the jewel, even to the point of attacking his packmates if he thinks they will try to take the jewel from him. Each day the character remains in the presence of the diamond, the player may make another roll to shake off the effects. Outside of the diamond's presence, the obsession fades after a day. Once a character has resisted the lure, he cannot be affected again for one full year.

Cast of Characters

Officer Daniel McElroy: A black man descended from Cherokee Freedmen (African-Americans adopted into the tribe after the Civil War). He is an officer in the Eastern Band Cherokee Police Department and suddenly finds himself in the middle of two strange death investigations. He isn't fond of the players unless at least one is black or Native American (or beats him in a Manipulation + Persuasion versus Resolve + Composure roll), and doesn't want outsiders poking around his cases. He can be bluffed, fast-talked, or just avoided, but not bribed, bullied, or intimidated. McElroy uses the police officer stats from p. 206 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook**.

Andrew Drowned Bear: One of Adam Redbird's neighbors. He claims he saw a UFO the night Adam was killed.

Dr. Karen Long: The physician on duty at the Cherokee Medical Center when Joseph Red Bird was brought in. She heard him yelling in Cherokee, but doesn't speak the language.

Lisa Waters: An RN at the hospital who speaks Cherokee.

Billy Goes-About: Billy (short for Wilhelmina) is a nature tour guide for the Indian Guides Nature Tours operation out of Cherokee. She knows all the trails in the nearby Great Smoky Mountains National Park, and can help the players follow Uktena's trail if they lack tracking ability. She'll have to be paid an extra $100 though (can be charmed into doing it for free by an attractive male player), as Federal Wildlife Marshals and Tribal Fish & Game have closed off the area.

Joseph Red Bird: A Cherokee man of 70-odd years, he is a medicine man accorded a good deal of respect among the tribe. He isn't universally liked, as he has profited greatly from the casino and been party to the disenfranchisement of many tribe members, including McElroy's childhood friend Eric O'Bannon.

Whispers of the Crescent

Below, you'll find a host of new tricks and abilities for the Ithaeur character — everything from lodges to rites. You'll find the Crescent Moons' new Milestone Gift as well as the Aspects available to those Ithaeur who become truly focused.

Lodge of the Shadow Throne

You want to know what's wrong with the Shadow? I mean really wrong? Forget the Sundering, fuck the Gauntlet, all of that. No, the problem with the Shadow is that ever since Father Wolf died, no one's running the show. The inmates have taken over the asylum! You can see it every time you step sideways, it's like a Darwinian nightmare over there. Spirits running rampant, eating each other into Magath and fucking around with humans for Essence or cheap thrills.

Huh? No, I'm not talking about the "Path of What We Were Doing Anyways," dipshit. What the Tribes of the Moon do is just trying to keep things in check. We're like Mad Max: trying to impose order with no institutions to back us up. It's time we did what we shoulda done ages ago: put on the crowns, ascend the throne, and name ourselves the goddamn Kings *of the Shadow. Before it's too late.*

Members of the Lodge of the Shadow Throne, comprising Ithaeur of all tribes (but mostly from the Storm Lords), believe their ancestors, the First Pack, misinterpreted Father Wolf's role in Pangaea. Father Wolf, according to the lodge, was not merely the warden of the Border Marches charged with maintaining the balance between flesh and spirit. He was, in fact, the king (or the god, sources differ and when you're talking about beings on that scale the difference is largely irrelevant anyway) of the spirit wilds and lord of all spirits.

Drawing on myth and legend from a variety of cultures, the Lodge of the Shadow Throne claims the state of the Shadow is inextricably tied to the state of its god-king. When Father Wolf was in his prime, all was right and balanced within the Shadow, and when Father

Wolf grew weak and feeble, the Shadow became stagnant and befouled. It was in that time that the Spinner-Hag and the Plague King arose, and when the First Pack began to believe Father Wolf had lost his ability to perform his sacred duties. When Father Wolf died, all hell broke loose.

The totem of the Lodge of the Shadow Throne is something of an enigma. It calls itself King Solomon, and though it clearly exhibits the aspects of a spirit of rulership, it claims to be the actual shade of the ancient Hebrew king who mastered the demons and commanded them to build his temple. Since few Uratha outside the lodge have actually met this spirit, the veracity of Solomon's claims (or the lack thereof) have never been ascertained. Nevertheless, the spirit is wise, powerful, and lordly — all aspects the Lodge of the Shadow Throne tries to cultivate within themselves.



Members of the Lodge of the Shadow Throne tend to form packs with their fellows, as the lodge's position is seen as somewhat extreme by many Uratha. Some Shadow Thrones work with others outside their lodge, in the hopes of spreading the lodge's philosophy. Unless such an individual is the alpha of her pack, however, she is more likely to be an advisor pushing her pack to seize more direct control of the Shadow rather than attempting to carve out a Shadow kingdom of her own. Pack leaders tend to see that sort of thing as a challenge, after all.

Not surprisingly, members of the Lodge of the Shadow Throne hate the Pure with an intensity greater even than most of their Forsaken brethren. Where Uratha should rule the Shadow, the Pure willingly swear allegiance to the lords of the ephemeral, debasing themselves in a perverted mockery of what the Shadow Throne sees as the natural order of things. The fact that many Pure territories are festering warrens overrun with spirits is only proof that the Anshega are not worthy of the name Uratha.

Prerequisites: Wisdom • or Honor ••, Politics •

Membership: The Lodge of the Shadow Throne is open to Ithaeur of any tribe, or to Storm Lords of any auspice. The overwhelming majority of members are Storm Lord Ithaeur, and members of other tribes or auspices sometimes feel as though they've intruded on an "old-boys' club" in the lodge.

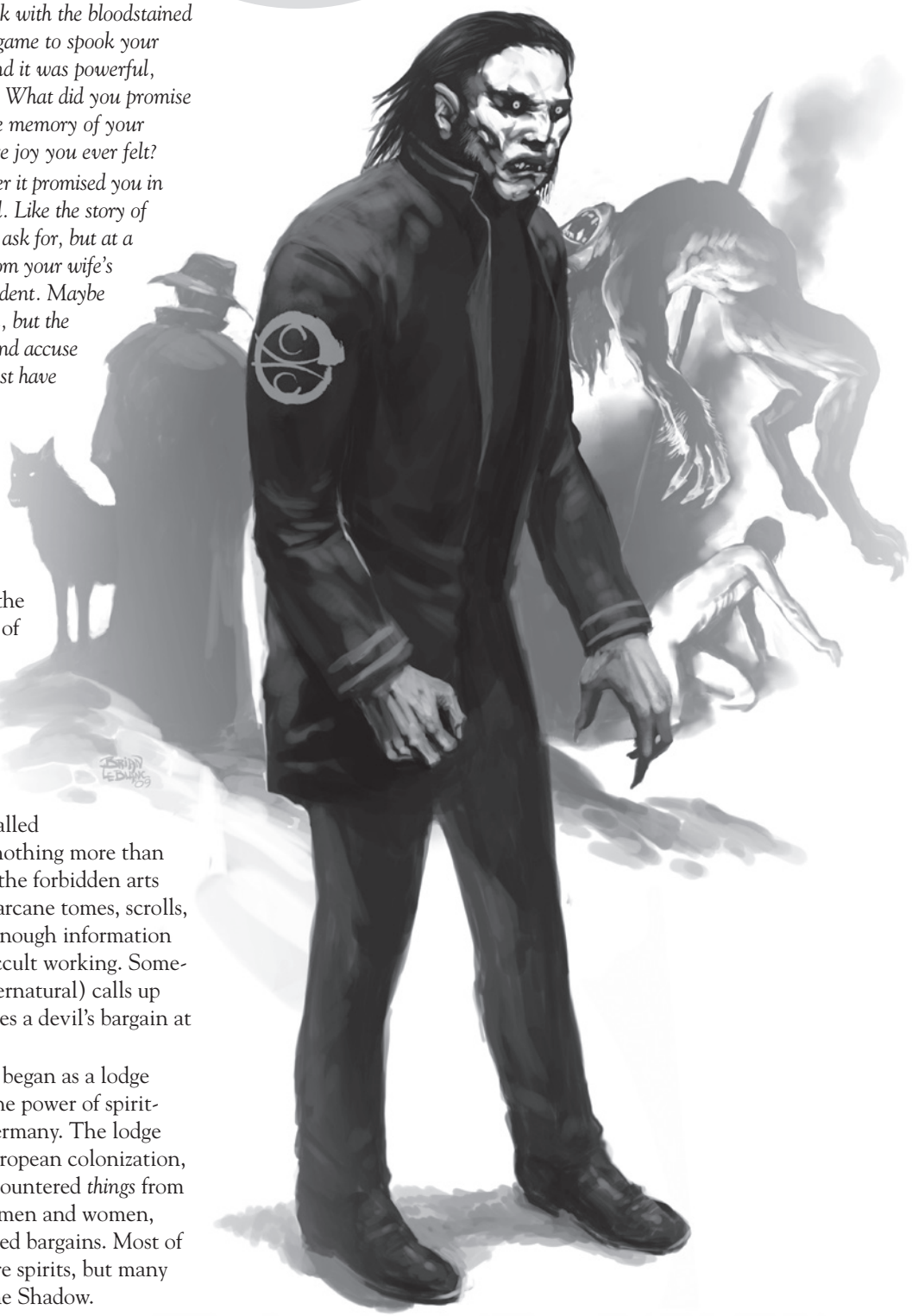
Joining the Lodge of the Shadow Throne is a fairly simple matter, but one rife with ceremony and ritual. All a prospective member must do is espouse a sincere agreement with the lodge's philosophy of rulership and demonstrate the Renown and political acumen the lodge requires. Typically, an established member interviews a candidate extensively to get a feel for his sincerity and to test his ability to lead. Once the candidate has been approved, he is brought before a gathering of all the Shadow Thrones in the area and, in an elaborate ritual reminiscent of a medieval knighting, the candidate is ordained a rightful Lord of the Shadow and sworn into the lodge as a full member.

Benefits: Members of the Lodge of the Shadow Throne may learn Dominance Gifts as though they were tribal Gifts. In addition, members may use Dominance gifts on spirits (including the Ridden), not just werewolves. Finally, the player may add two bonus dice to any roll made to intimidate or command a spirit through non-supernatural means.

Lodge of the Broken Pledge

You thought it was just a game, didn't you? Playing devil-worshipper, reading out of that book with the bloodstained pages, you thought it was nothing but a game to spook your friends. What you called up was real, and it was powerful, and it expects to be paid what it is owed. What did you promise it? Your soul? Maybe you promised it the memory of your Mother's face, or the last moment of pure joy you ever felt?

By now you've realized that whatever it promised you in return wasn't the blissful joy you expected. Like the story of the Monkey's Paw, it gives you what you ask for, but at a hellish price. You get rich, but it comes from your wife's life insurance after she dies in a freak accident. Maybe beautiful women throw themselves at you, but the next morning they don't remember why and accuse you of drugging them. I've seen it all. I just have one question: do you want out, or not?



Conniving spirits, tricksome fairies, and vile demons of all stripes lurk at the fringes of the World of Darkness, and all of them and stranger things besides are happy to exploit human beings for their own ends. Sometimes, the motive is clear: the human grants them Essence, or power of a similar stripe, or allows the creature to exploit an agent in the mortal world. Other times, the creature's motivation is esoteric, and seems to be little more than a sick desire to mess with human lives.

On the flip side, while most so-called "magic" in the World of Darkness is nothing more than superstitious hokum, practitioners of the forbidden arts can be found all over the world, and arcane tomes, scrolls, and even Web sites sometimes hold enough information for even a layman to perform some occult working. Sometimes, a human (or even another supernatural) calls up something he can't put down, or makes a devil's bargain at the cost of his own soul.

The Lodge of the Broken Pledge began as a lodge of Ithaeur that focused on breaking the power of spirit-worshipping cults in 15th-century Germany. The lodge spread across the globe along with European colonization, and everywhere they landed they encountered *things* from beyond this world preying on mortal men and women, snaring them in lunatic cults or trapped bargains. Most of the beings the lodge encountered were spirits, but many were mysterious beings not born of the Shadow.

Gradually, over the centuries, the Lodge of the Broken Pledge shifted its focus. While members still destroy spirit-cults where they find them, they also make it their duty to track down those entities that make Faustian deals with mortals and sever those bargains. Sometimes the human sees this as a merciful relief — other times the mortal is too deep in the thrall of the supernatural and has to be put down. Either way, the Lodge of the Broken Pledge does what is necessary.

The Lodge of the Broken Pledge holds as its totem Saghba-Zul, the Oathbreaker. Other Uratha often look askance at the lodge's choice of a spirit of treachery as their totem, but Saghba-Zul revels in the breaking of bonds and pacts, and grants his children the power to sunder unnatural contracts with (relative) ease. Nevertheless, it's said that the most senior Ithaeur of the lodge devote themselves full-time to ensuring that their totem bond with Saghba-Zul remains strong and unbroken.

Prerequisites: Wisdom ••, Rituals •••

Membership: Membership in the Lodge of the Broken Pledge is open to Ithaeur of any tribe, although most of the tribe's membership is drawn from the Iron Masters and Bone Shadows. The Bone Shadows are drawn to the lodge by its regular contact with the stranger denizens of the World of Darkness, while many Iron Masters join the lodge out of a fondness for humanity and a desire to protect them from things they don't understand and are too stupid to run away from.

Joining the Lodge of the Broken Pledge is usually a matter of recruitment rather than application, since the lodge is not particularly large or famous. Incidents of werewolves interfering with demonic pledges are usually rare enough that, when a non-member does so, the local members hear about it in relatively short order. Many members maintain contact with Lunes, particularly the Ithalunim, in order to learn when a werewolf earns Renown for performing such a deed. If an investigation of the deed shows that the prospective member didn't completely bungle the job, an invitation might be extended.

Benefits: The player may add the character's Wisdom Renown to the dice pool for any Gift or rite used to break a spirit's control over a mortal (including banishing a spirit possessing a mortal, breaking a spirit's Influence compulsion, or counteracting mind-controlling Numina). If the Gift or rite already uses Wisdom as part of its dice pool, the player adds *double* the character's Wisdom Renown.

Lodge of the Spirit Chains

Things dwell in the Shadow that are more powerful than the mightiest Uratha. Many are asleep, entombed deep in the forgotten places of the spirit wilds. Others roam free, warping the very nature of the world wherever they tread, drawing servants of lesser choirs to them and devouring any who would not join them. If you destroy them, they will rise up again, weakened but still mighty. They cannot be bargained with or intimidated, and the knowledge that banished the idigam *to the bleak emptiness of the moon is long lost to us.*

Only one option exists to deal with these ancient demons of the Shadow: bind them with ephemeral chains. Trap them in sacred bottles and spirit jars, entomb their essence within sacred fetishes. Thus caged, their wrath is spent in hatred of their prison and not loosed upon the Earth.

This is our sacred duty. This is our bond. We must trap the enemies of Father Wolf in prisons of wood and stone, bone and metal. And we must guard those tombs unceasingly, lest some fool sunder the bonds that hold the prisoner fast and unleash a doom upon us all.

As much as the Uratha like to tout that they are the guardians of the Shadow and will smash any spirit that steps out of line, the fact of the matter is that permanently destroying a spirit is not something the children of Father Wolf have easy means to do. A spirit whose Corpus is rent to shreds still reforms at full strength some days or weeks later. Only by ensuring that a spirit has expended all of its Essence before discorporating it can a pack truly destroy a creature of the Shadow, and few spirits are foolish enough to expend that final Essence if it feels it is in even the slightest danger of destruction. The Rite of the Sacred Hunt allows a pack to consume a vanquished spirit's Essence, but using that to destroy the target of the hunt is a grievous sin. Likewise, few packs wish to risk tainting their totem with the murderous resonance that comes from wholly devouring another spirit.

The Lodge of the Spirit Chains devotes itself to trapping particularly powerful and dangerous spirits (of Jaggling rank or higher) and binding them into fetish prisons where their ability to influence the world is greatly diminished. Since a fetish made with an unwilling spirit is usually dangerous to use, the lodge maintains vaults around the globe where these mighty spirits' prisons are held and guarded constantly by Rahu and Ithaeur devotees.

The locations of these caches are among the greatest secrets the Lodge of the Spirit Chains holds, since any number of beings would love to get hold of those fetishes: Pure werewolves and spirit cults might wish to free the imprisoned spirits, mages might wish to exploit the power within the fetishes, and witch-hunters might see such a trove as an armory waiting to be exploited. Indeed, the lodge has had frequent, violent contact with an order of monster-hunters originating in Greece, many of whom wield mystic artifacts of their own.



Long ago, the Lodge of the Spirit Chains captured and bound a spirit known simply as the Broken One into a three-foot-high basalt statue of a leering humanoid figure with a head like a goat and limbs twisted as though from extensive torture. The spirit's nature is unknown outside the most senior members of the lodge, but nevertheless the Broken One serves as the lodge's totem. Reputedly, in exchange for acting as the totem spirit of the lodge, the Broken One is released from its prison for one week each year, given free reign over the Shadow. Of course, that's just a rumor — surely the lodge's leaders wouldn't allow the sort of monstrous spirits they bind away to roam free unsupervised.

Prerequisites: Wisdom •••, Cunning ••, must know the Bind Spirit rite and Fetish Rite.

Membership: Membership in the Lodge of the Spirit Chains is open to any werewolf with the ritual knowledge and Renown required to execute the lodge's duties. Because of the stringent nature of the requirements, most members are Ithaeur, with quite a few coming from the Iron Masters.

Initiation into the lodge is a grueling trial by ordeal. The prospective member is sent into a particularly dangerous region of the Shadow (some ritemasters send candidates that show particular promise into Wounds, just to see how good they *really* are) with no ritual tools or preparations. If the candidate can survive and return with a spirit of at least Lesser Jaggling rank, she is offered a place within the lodge — *if* she can complete a week-long vigil standing guard over a cache of fetish prisons. Based on the candidate's performance in these two tests, she is either sent out into the world to help packs capture and imprison powerful spirits who threaten their territory or is tasked with guarding a cache of fetish prisons (obviously, unless the chronicle is planned to focus heavily on the fetishes in question, players' characters should be put in the former group if they join the lodge).

Benefits: Members of the Lodge of the Spirit Chains are wise in ancient tricks of summoning, binding, and fetish-crafting spirits. The player adds the character's Wisdom Renown to her Harmony when calculating the dice pool of any rite used to call, bind, or trap within a fetish a hostile spirit. The lodge's tricks rely on the targets hatred and wrath; thus, summoning or binding a neutral or allied spirit does not gain this benefit. In addition, if the member knows the ban of the spirit he is calling or binding, the player adds two dice to the dice pool.

Wisdom Gifts

The Ithalunim are wise, but theirs is a terrible, uncompromising wisdom, bereft of the comforting self-delusions to which all mortal beings sometimes fall prey. Theirs is the cold, pale light of truth, and although the knowledge they grant is useful, it carries with it the dangers of madness borne of understanding things that the mortal mind was not meant to know. In addition to the Crescent Moon Gifts described on pp. 104–106 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, the Ithalunim can teach Wisdom Gifts.

Wisdom Gifts are only available to Ithaeur, and require that the werewolf have a Wisdom Renown equal to the dot rating of the Gift. This requirement applies even if the Ithaeur is otherwise capable of learning the Gift without raising her Wisdom. For example, a Storm Lord Ithaeur uses Wisdom and Honor as her primary Renown. When her Honor reaches 4, she is eligible to learn rank 4 Gifts from most Gift lists, but in order to learn Master's Counsel, she must raise her Wisdom to 4 as well.

These gifts are considered affinity Gifts for Ithaeur.

The Heart of Things (•)

With wisdom comes insight, and with insight comes power. This Gift allows a werewolf to size up a situation in the blink of an eye, instantly divining who is friend and who is foe, or piecing together the nature of some event based on a quick examination of the evidence left behind. Activating this Gift causes the user's eyes to reflect a thin, crescent-shaped sliver of light, as though the Ithalunim shines through them, using its own sight to pull together an accurate picture of the scene.

When this Gift is activated, the player adds the character's Wisdom Renown to the dice pool of any Mental or Social roll made to infer some piece of knowledge from observation (e.g. Wits + Empathy to guess whether someone is lying, Intelligence + Investigation to piece together the nature of a crime from evidence left behind) for the rest of the scene. In addition, if the action required to infer this knowledge requires longer than a single turn (or one turn per roll in the case of extended actions), the character may expend another point of Essence to reduce the time required to an instant action (or one turn per roll, for extended actions).

The wisdom of the Ithalunim comes not without some risk. Should the character fail any action that benefits from this Gift, she gains a temporary fixation derangement (p. 97, **World of Darkness Rulebook**) bent towards "solving" the mystery. This derangement fades after 24 hours.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: This Gift does not require a roll.

Action: Reflexive

Befuddle (••)

Wisdom is a precarious thing, and as the old adage goes, the truly wise man is the man who knows he is a fool. Just as the Ithalunim can bring wisdom, they can also obfuscate truth and cloud men's minds with false knowledge. By speaking in riddles and apparently paradoxical koans, the character sets an Ithalunim upon a rival, confusing him and twisting his perceptions. The victim begins to question his own beliefs, and even the very nature of his soul.

Befuddle is of questionable use in battle, but then, battle isn't where Ithaeur shine. This Gift is phenomenally useful when negotiating with spirits or engaging in contests of wit and debates. While the Ithaeur's opponent trips over words and expresses half-formed, illogical views, she sits calm and serene, espousing the wisdom of the Ithalunim.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Expression + Wisdom versus Composure + Primal Urgeor Resistance (for spirits)

Action: Contested

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The target is not affected by the Gift, and is immune to any other attempted uses until the next crescent moon. In addition, the Ithaeur gains a temporary paranoia derangement that lasts for 24 hours. The paranoia focuses on the belief that the Ithaeur's wisdom is false and that she herself is the fool.

Failure: The target is not affected by the Gift.

Success: The Ithaeur's words befuddle the target, crippling him with uncertainty and self doubt. The target suffers a penalty equal to the Ithaeur's Wisdom Renown on all Mental Skill or Attribute rolls for the rest of the scene.

Exceptional Success: The penalty lasts until the next crescent moon instead.

The Wisdom of Patience (•••)

Fools rush in where wise men fear to tread, as the saying goes. By patiently waiting for the perfect moment to strike, the wise warrior lands a decisive blow. He might not hit as often as his packmates, but when he does hit, he hits hard and cripples his foe.

Whenever the character delays her action in combat for one full turn (for example, if the character's Initiative count was 10, she must delay until the count of 10 in the next turn) as described on p. 151 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook**, she may add one of the following benefits to her next attack roll:

- The player adds three dice to her attack dice pool, as though she had spent a point of Willpower. She may still spend Willpower on the roll if she desires.
- The player may ignore the attack penalty for making a called shot.
- The player may upgrade the damage from an attack that inflicts bashing damage to lethal.
- If the attack hits, it causes the target to lose his Defense against the *next* attack that hits him.

• If the attack hits, the target loses his next action.

The character may delay multiple turns in order to receive multiple benefits, up to a maximum number of benefits equal to her Wisdom Renown. The Ithaeur may choose not to activate this Gift if she desires.

If the character misses with her first attack after invoking this Gift, she gains a temporary irrationality derangement that lasts for 24 hours.

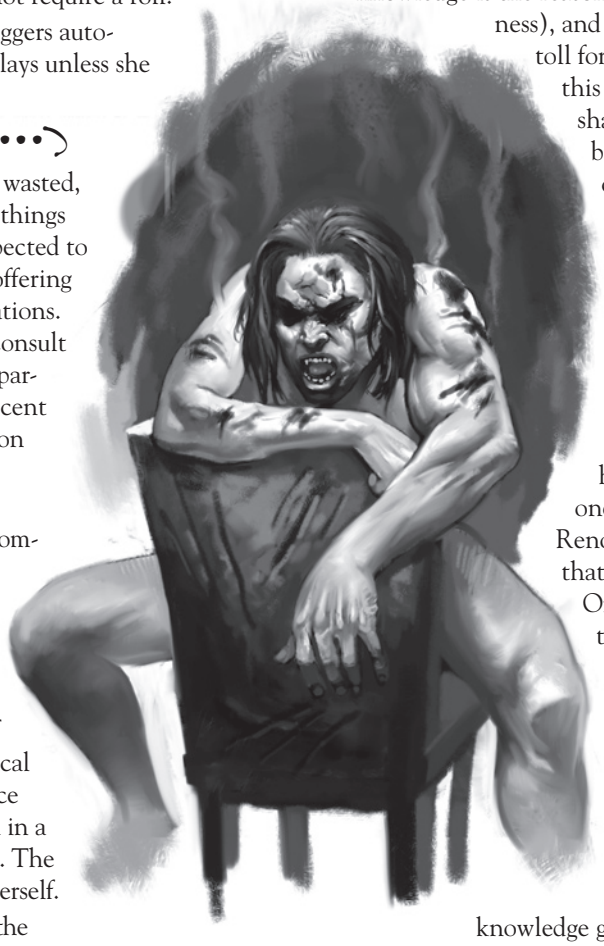
Cost: None

Dice Pool: This Gift does not require a roll.

Action: None. This Gift triggers automatically when the character delays unless she chooses not to activate it.

Master's Counsel (••••)

Wisdom hoarded is wisdom wasted, and though Ithaeur know many things are best kept secret, they are expected to be advisors to their packmates, offering their knowledge in difficult situations. This Gift allows the Ithaeur to consult the Ithalunim for guidance in a particular action, allowing the Crescent Moon to suggest a course of action that will benefit her pack.



In order to use this Gift, the Ithaeur must be able to see and communicate with the target. She need not be physically present; a televisual link and radio communication is sufficient, but the communication must be in real-time and the quality of the image must be good (the typical home video camera or surveillance camera is okay, the camera found in a typical cell phone probably isn't). The Ithaeur cannot use this Gift on herself.

When this Gift is activated, the target adds the Ithaeur's Wisdom Renown to his rating in any single Skill. These bonus dots are considered actual Skill dots, not merely bonus dice (so, for example, if the target has no dots in the Skill, this Gift negates the untrained penalty). The bonus lasts as long as it takes to accomplish a single task with that Skill *or* 24 hours, whichever comes first. If a task requires longer than 24 hours to complete, a second use of this Gift is required. A single character cannot benefit from this Gift more than once in a 24-hour period.

If the target of the Gift fails in the action enhanced by the Ithaeur's Wisdom (not just a single roll in the case of an extended action, but the entire action), the Ithaeur gains a temporary depression derangement focused on the failure of his advice. This derangement lasts for 24 hours.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: This Gift does not require a roll.

Action: Reflexive.

Forbidden Knowledge (•••••)

Some knowledge in this world is not meant for man or Uratha. Beyond the rude boundaries of physics and rational law lies the Shadow. Beyond the Shadow lies the yawning abyss of nothingness upon which the world floats, like an island in a sea of oblivion. In that vast emptiness, *things* swim, things antithetical to all life and as alien as the *idigam*, if not more so. The Ithalunim have knowledge of such things (and some Ithaeur even suggest that said knowledge is the reason for the Oracle choir's madness), and though they exact a terrible toll for sharing it, Ithaeur who master this Gift can compel them to share that knowledge; using this blasphemous knowledge, the character cuts through uncertainty and chance, acting with perfect certainty of success.

When the character activates this Gift, the player does not roll for the next instant action he takes before the end of the scene. Instead, the player is considered to have automatically garnered one success per point of Wisdom Renown (since this is a rank 5 Gift, that usually means five successes). On uncontested or resisted rolls, this is enough to ensure an exceptional success. For contested actions, the contesting player rolls normally against the Ithaeur's pool of automatic successes.

The power of this Gift comes at a punishing cost: the sheer alien nature of the knowledge given by the Ithalunim causes lasting, physical harm to the body, leeching out life simply by exposure to that horrible nothingness. Upon using this Gift, the character takes one point of lethal damage per dot of her Wisdom Renown. This damage heals at the rate a *human* would heal lethal damage (one point per two days unless the character has the Fast Healer Merit), and cannot be healed through Essence expenditure. Mark these wounds on the character sheet with a small dot below the Health box to track these wounds separately from any other wounds. The character also gains a severe derangement of the Storyteller's choice, which lasts until the next crescent moon.

This Gift can only be used once per chapter.

Cost: 3 Essence and 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: This power does not require a roll.

Action: Instant

Milestone Gift: Words of Power

Prerequisites: Wisdom 5, Harmony 7+

The truly powerful shamans of old could call up and banish spirits with a single word, their very voices laden with the power of Father Wolf and Mother Luna. Some say those stories are just myths, that they exaggerated the abilities of their protagonists for dramatic effect, or that if such Crescent Moons did exist, that the days in which such things were possible are long gone.

They are wrong.

To earn the right to speak the Words of Power, an Ithaeur must pass three tests (the character is not aware that she is being tested, but Mother Luna and her Ithalunim watch all of her children for signs of greatness).

First, she must fail in some important task or goal. This shouldn't be a simple failure resulting from the luck of the dice (e.g. if it's vitally important that a powerful spirit be bound into a fetish, a mere failure on the ritual's roll shouldn't count), but a true failing on the character's part. Perhaps she underestimated the spirit's power, or assumed (incorrectly) that she knew its ban, leading to her failure. Once she has realized her failure, the Ithaeur must learn from it and correct it. Wisdom does not come from perfection, but from making mistakes and learning from them.

Second, the Ithaeur must venture into the Shadow and converse with a spirit of at least Rank 5 and come away from the encounter with knowledge. The nature of what she learns doesn't matter to the Ithalunim, as long as it is knowledge the character needs. Not only must she gain knowledge, she must, in the eyes of the Lunes, have gotten the better end of the deal. This is largely up to the Storyteller's discretion: if the Ithaeur gains some arcane piece of knowledge about an enemy but must give up half the loci in her territory to the spirit, that probably doesn't count as the better end of the deal (unless, for instance, the knowledge gained from the exchange will later allow the Ithaeur to retake those loci).

Finally, the character must earn Wisdom Renown in a manner auspicious enough to draw the respect of the Ithalunim. Since even learning the Gift requires Wisdom 5, this requirement is usually the first one met.

If all of these conditions are met, the Ithaeur might be taken deep into the Shadow, into places that have no reflection in the physical realm, by one of the Ithalunim. The character is stripped of all her possessions and told this is a test from Luna: if she can make her way back to the physical world before the next crescent moon dawns, she will be proven worthy. The Ithaeur may refuse the test, in which case the Ithalunim returns her to her territory, but she can never learn the Words of Power. Should she fail, she likewise cannot learn the Words of Power. If, however, she succeeds in the spirit's challenge, the Ithalunim open her eyes and her mind, teaching her ancient, terrible words in the First Tongue, which no other Uratha knows.

Cost: None (If the character wishes to use this Gift more than once per chapter, each subsequent use costs 5 Essence.)

Action: Reflexive

Dice Pool: None

Once per chapter, the Ithaeur may resolve any rite she knows as an instant action instead of an extended action. The mechanics of the rite remain unchanged, with the following exceptions:

- The rite's action type changes to instant.
- The number of required successes is ignored. Like most other instant actions, a single success is enough to activate the rite, with five or more successes earning an exceptional success. If the rite's effects are tied to the number of successes (for example, the Rite of Shared Scent normally requires five successes per pack member), reduce the number of successes to one. To continue the Rite of Shared Scent example, each success would allow the ritemaster to affect a single packmate.
- If the rite is contested, the target rolls its contesting dice pool as a reflexive action, and whoever earns the most successes wins the contest.

This Gift does not remove any material requirements from the rite (for example, the Call Gaffling rite still requires "chiminage" and a howl of summoning, the Fetish Rite still requires a vessel).

Example: *Jessie Shaker needs to banish the disease-spirit that just put her pack down back to the Shadow in a hurry. She uses the Banish Spirit rite (**Werewolf: The Forsaken** p. 152) in conjunction with Words of Power. This is the first time during this chapter she has used her Milestone Gift, so she doesn't have to pay 5 Essence. Banish Spirit is normally an extended and contested action, with each participant aiming for 10 successes, but in this case the action is resolved in a single contested roll. Jessie's player rolls Jessie's Harmony of 8 and gets 3 successes, while the Storyteller rolls the spirit's Resistance of 6 and gets 2 successes. The spirit vanishes and returns to the Shadow. Jessie's roll is high enough to earn an exceptional success, but the Banish Spirit rite doesn't have any additional effects for an exceptional success.*

*After the battle, Jessie wants to heal her gravely-injured packmates with the Rite of Healing (**Werewolf: The Forsaken** p. 159). She doesn't have hours to sit around and perform the rite, so she again invokes the Words of Power. This time it costs her 5 Essence. Jessie's player rolls Jessie's Harmony and gets 5 successes. She can heal up to five points of aggravated damage with that roll, but each point healed costs 2 Essence. Jessie only has 8 Essence left after spending the Essence to use Words of Power, so she spends those 8 points and heals a total of four points of aggravated damage her packmates have suffered.*

Rites

Ithaeur are the undisputed ritemasters of Forsaken society, and in turn many new rites created by crescent moon Uratha. The following rites are most commonly

learned by Ithaeur, but can be learned by werewolves of any Auspice who feel so inclined.

Call Beast (•)

Similar to the rites used to summon spirits and humans, this simple rite calls a single animal (or a swarm of very small animals like rats or locusts) to the ritemaster's location. The ritual summons the closest animal of a desired species within five miles; if no such creature exists (trying to summon a Siberian tiger in the middle of rural Nebraska, for instance), the rite fails. The ritemaster cannot summon a specific animal, nor can she summon supernatural animals or animals with human-level intelligence.

Performing the Rite: The ritualist marks a specific location and remains close to that spot throughout the performance. He must provide "chiminage" for the animal, typically a moderate amount of food the animal would eat. The ritualist performs a howl of summons while moving counterclockwise around the chiminage. Once the rite has been initiated, the ritualist and any packmates nearby must emit a further howl of summons roughly every five minutes until the rite's subject arrives.

Dice Pool: Harmony versus subject's Resolve

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

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: All successes are lost. The ritual must be started again. At the Storyteller's discretion, *something* might be summoned anyway. It might even *look* like the desired animal.

Failure: No successes are added.

Success: The animal feels an irresistible compulsion to travel to the ritemaster's location. The beast enters a kind of fugue state; it retains some awareness of his surroundings (enough to navigate and avoid hazards), but it does not react to stimuli. It is drawn for no obvious reason to the ritemaster's location. It travels to the werewolf's location as quickly as it can manage. Unlike most animals, it does not try to avoid human inhabited areas or contact with humans, which might create a panic depending on the type of animal summoned.



Once the animal arrives, it can be given a single, simple command (e.g. attack him, follow her, guard me, carry this to here), which it obeys to the best of its ability. If the task is not completed by the end of the scene (or if it is open-ended), the effect ends at the end of the scene. Otherwise, the animal is released from the rite's effects when the task is completed.

If it takes the animal more than an hour to reach the ritualist, the magic of the rite breaks down. The subject of the rite no longer feels any compulsion to find the ritualist. This rite does not grant the summoned animal any ability to bypass barriers or escape bonds; while it might be possible to affect the tiger at the Bronx Zoo with this ritual, the tiger won't be able to get out of its enclosure (though it will try mightily for an hour).

Exceptional Success: Considerable progress is made toward summoning the animal.

Chiminage Rite (•)

The practice of chiminage, offering a spirit a gift of Essence to gain a favor or coerce it into some action, is a long-standing part of werewolf culture. Offerings of chiminage are even integrated into many rites. This rite formalizes the practice, imbuing the act with spiritual significance that gives the ritemaster a subtle power over a spirit. Ithaeur often use this rite as a "carrot" to open negotiations, before employing the "stick" of banishment or the like.

Performing the Rite: The Ithaeur sets up an altar (which can be as minimal as a circle drawn in the dirt around a campfire to an elaborate construction of stone reminiscent of a church altar) with a source of flame on it. With a small knife or a claw, she carves off a piece of an object representative of the spirit to whom she is offering chiminage and places it in the fire. Intoning an offering of peace in the First Tongue, she spends a point of Essence to catalyze the offering.

The spirit that is the subject of this rite must be at hand when this rite is performed.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (requires three successes per Rank of the target; each roll represents one minute)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The ritemaster grievously offends the target. The spirit becomes hostile,

and receives a +2 bonus on any rolls made to contest a Gift, rite, or social interaction by the ritemaster.

Failure: No successes are accumulated.

Success: Successes are earned. When the ritemaster accumulates the required number of successes, the target gains one point of Essence per dot of the ritemaster's Wisdom Renown. The ritemaster gains a +2 bonus on Gifts, rites, and Social rolls against the target for the rest of the scene. In addition, the performance of this rite removes the need to offer chiminage as part of the performance of any further rites during the scene.

Exceptional Success: Tremendous progress is made toward completing the rite. If the rite is completed with five or more extra successes, the bonus to Gifts, rites, and Social rolls, along with the waiver of chiminage requirements, lasts for a week.

Doom Strike (••)

Spirits are notoriously difficult to kill; even disregarding the fact that they reform when "killed" if they have any Essence remaining and the fact that they are normally intangible in the physical world. A spirit's Traits often give it an extraordinarily high Defense, making it difficult to even land a blow on a spirit foe. Pack tactics and Willpower can help overcome this, but when a warrior must strike hard and strike fast, this Rite can tip the odds. By infusing a werewolf's claws and fangs with Essence, the ritemaster creates a sympathetic connection between the recipient's blows and her target's flesh.

Performing the Rite: The recipient of the rite stands in the center of a stone circle (anything from a ring of pebbles to a megalithic circle of standing stones), holding a burning branch of dogwood in one hand. The ritemaster circles outside the ring, speaking exhortations to glory and victory in battle. At the completion of the rite, the ritemaster slashes her palm open with a talon or a sharp-edged rock and marks the recipient on the breast with his blood. This act infuses the recipient with Essence and activates the rite.

The ritemaster may perform this rite on himself.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (1–5 successes; the ritemaster chooses the target number at the start of the rite; each roll represents one turn)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: Instead of the Essence-imbued recipient's attacks being drawn to ephemera, they are repelled instead. The recipient suffers a –3 penalty to attack spirits with natural weaponry until the end of the scene.

Failure: No successes are accumulated.

Success: Successes are accumulated. If the target number is reached, the recipient may spend a point of Essence as a reflexive action to allow her next attack against a spirit (within the same turn) to reduce the target's Defense by a number equal to the number of successes earned on the activation roll. The recipient must attack with either claws or bite to benefit from this rite, and may invoke its effects a number of times equal to the number of successes on the activation roll.

Exceptional Success: Extraordinary progress is made toward completing the rite. If the ritemaster finishes with five or more extra successes, each invocation of this rite allows one attack to *ignore* the spirit's Defense.

Shadow Conveyance (••)

It's a common feature of shamanic myths that when a shaman travels to the realm of spirits, he makes use of some sort of vehicle while there. It might be a dugout canoe, a chariot, or a spectral horse, or something more fanciful, but it serves to speed the shaman along his way. This rite allows an Ithaeur to craft such a conveyance for himself, using the Essence that infuses his spirit half.

Performing the Rite: The ritemaster first creates or acquires a small model of the vehicle she wishes to bring into being in the Shadow. This model can be anything from a hand-whittled carving of a dog sled to a die-cast toy car. The ritemaster prepares an ink made from nightshade, woundwort, and ayahuasca or a similar natural hallucinogen, with which he marks the model with glyphs representing the shadow. The model is, finally, destroyed, creating an echo in the Shadow bound to the Ithaeur.

A Shadow conveyance is not a spirit; it is merely a construct of ephemera. Even if the conveyance resembles a living being (and in the Shadow, that can be a broad category indeed), it is a mindless automaton; any resemblance to a real creature or its behaviors are purely cosmetic. The conveyance can only be piloted by the Ithaeur; for any other character the vessel simply refuses to move.

The Shadow conveyance has the following Traits: Durability 1, Size 5 (one passenger), Structure 5, Acceleration 10, Safe Speed 44 (30 mph), Maximum Speed 88 (60 mph), Handling 0. Vehicles are covered on pp. 141–147 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook**.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (20 successes; each roll represents 10 minutes)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The creation of the conveyance backfires, and the next time the character enters the Shadow, he suffers three points of lethal damage as the malformed Essence erupts from his body to try to form the vehicle.

Failure: No successes are earned.

Success: Successes are gained. When the ritemaster completes the ritual, the Shadow conveyance is completed and will manifest near the character the next time he enters the Shadow. If the rite was performed in the Shadow, the conveyance appears immediately in the ritemaster's vicinity. When he leaves the Shadow, the conveyance vanishes. The Shadow conveyance persists for one month.

Exceptional Success: Rapid progress is made. If the ritemaster completes the rite with five or more extra successes, the Shadow conveyance has the following Traits: Durability 4, Size 9 (four passengers), Structure 10, Acceleration 20, Safe Speed 88 (60 mph), Maximum Speed 161 (110 mph), Handling 2.

Shadow Projection (•••)

Werewolves are naturally attuned to the Shadow and can enter it physically with relative ease. There are times, though, when bodily traveling into the spirit world is less than desirable, either because of danger or because a werewolf's presence there would agitate the local spirits or alert a pack's enemies. This rite, adapted from similar rituals employed by mortal shamans, allows a werewolf to project her consciousness from her body and into the Shadow in the guise of a wolf-spirit.

Performing the Rite: Seating herself in the middle of a ritual circle, the Ithaeur ingests a natural hallucinogen like peyote or agaric (this is largely a symbolic gesture as a werewolf's metabolism quickly purges most drugs from her system) and beats out a quick, rhythmic tattoo on a drum, tom-tom, or even just her own thighs. As she attains a trance state, her spirit half slips loose from her physical body and crosses the Gauntlet, manifesting in the form of a wolf-spirit.

While the werewolf is in the Shadow Realm in this form, she is treated as though she were in Urhan form for all purposes (including Trait modifiers, restrictions on actions or communication, and the like). However, spirits and other beings in the Shadow Realm perceive her as an ordinary wolf-spirit, not an Uratha. An opposed roll of Power (Wits + Occult for non-spirits) versus Wits + Primal Urge is required to see through the deception. Her Rank appears to be the same as her Renown grants her (see **Werewolf: The Forsaken** p. 272).

While projecting in this form, the werewolf is somewhat insulated from actual, physical damage. Any bashing or lethal damage inflicted on the character's ephemeral body is recorded as bashing damage on her physical body, as bruises appear on her flesh. Aggravated damage inflicted on the werewolf's ephemeral body appears on her physical body as lethal harm. If an ephemeral character is knocked unconscious by this damage, she automatically returns to her body.

The werewolf's ephemeral body can move around normally in the Shadow Realm, walking and running at normal Speed. During the time she is mentally projected, the ritemaster's body is alive but comatose and her soul has actually separated from the body. She has no way of knowing her body's current state of health or any other information about it. Should her body die while psychically projected, she gradually loses her memories and sense of self over a number of days equal to 10 minus her Primal Urge. At the end of this time, she loses all recollection of herself and becomes a true wolf-spirit.

If the character's ephemeral body is destroyed (her Health track is filled with aggravated damage), her physical body lapses into a coma from which she never awakens.

This rite can only be performed at a locus. It lasts as long as the ritualist desires (but see the rules for deprivation on pp. 175–176 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook**). Ending the rite is a reflexive action, but the werewolf's ephemeral form must be within the area of a locus (not necessarily the one her body is at).

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (20 successes; each roll represents 10 minutes)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The rite fails spectacularly, and the ritemaster is haunted by eerie visions. She gains the paranoia derangement, which lasts for a week.

Failure: No progress is made.

Success: Progress is made toward completing the rite.

Exceptional Success: Extraordinary progress is made.

Aspects

Just as Luna wears many faces, so do her children. Within each moon phase are many subtle differences and Aspects, each casting its own particular slant on the auspice's duty and powers. When an Ithaeur reaches Primal Urge 3, she may choose one of the following Aspects. All Ithaeur Aspects include the First Tongue word "*Isib*," which roughly translates as "priest" or "magician."

Spirit-Hunter (Isibhgud): Not all Ithaeur study moldering scrolls and use arcane formulae to dominate the Shadow. Some enter the Shadow boldly, battling the Hithim with fang and talon as much as Gifts and rites. The Spirit-Hunter is an unparalleled master of hunting and battling spirits on their own turf.

At Primal Urge 3: The Ithaeur's instincts in Shadow-combat are as keen as a razor. When fighting in the Shadow, the character uses the *higher* of Dexterity or Wits to calculate Defense. This singular focus on the Shadow comes at the expense of earthly prowess. When attacking with Brawl or Weaponry in the physical world, the character does not gain the benefit of the 10-again rule.

At Primal Urge 7: The Isibhgud is exceptionally gifted at using violence to coerce a spirit into obeying her. Whenever she targets a spirit she has inflicted at least one point of damage on during the current scene, that spirit suffers double its wound penalty on contested rolls to resist the Ithaeur's Gifts or rites.

At Primal Urge 10: At the pinnacle of her power, the Isibhgud can slip through the Gauntlet as easily as a blade slips between her foe's ribs. The character spends a point of Essence, and her player rolls Resolve + Wisdom (subject to the local Gauntlet's modifier). Success means that, for the rest of the scene, the character may make Brawl or Weaponry attacks across the Gauntlet. She must still have the ability to see her target (for example, by using the Gift Two-World Eyes or using dual senses.)

The downside to this mastery of Shadow warfare is that the character suffers when fighting in the physical world. Attack rolls made against physical foes in the material world are penalized by an amount equal to the local Gauntlet Strength. Cut off from her spiritual core of power, the Isibghud's attacks grow weak and listless.

Observer (Isibansala): It is a foolish Ithaeur who treats all spirits as threats and enemies to be conquered. Wisdom can be gained in studying spirits and their movements without interfering, in order to understand the flow of Essence in the local Shadow and better spot anomalies. The Isibansala is a Shadow observer, taking care not to interfere until the proper moment.

At Primal Urge 3: The Isibansala is adept at casting his gaze across the Gauntlet and seeing invisible things. Whenever she uses an ability that allows her to see across the Gauntlet or otherwise perceive ephemeral beings (including the Gifts Two-World Eyes and Death Sight as well as the werewolf's dual senses), activating the power is an automatically-successful reflexive action. This constant nearness of the Shadow is distracting, and the Ithaeur does not benefit from the 10-again rule on Perception checks to notice things on the same side of the Gauntlet as her.

At Primal Urge 7: The Isibansala gains the ability to accurately sense the flow of Essence through the Shadow. Whenever she is within a locus' area of influence, the player may roll Wits + Investigation + Primal Urge as an instant action to know how much Essence the locus currently possesses and how quickly it regains Essence.

At Primal Urge 10: The Isibansala is so attuned to the Shadow that she can automatically sense the resonance of any Essence, locus, or general region within eyesight. In addition, once per scene, she can use the Gift Read Spirit at no cost and without needing to roll: she automatically earns a number of successes equal to her Wisdom Renown.

The drawback comes when the Isibansala attempts to act directly against a spirit that has not yet attacked her or her packmates. In order to attack such a spirit, she must spend a point of Willpower. Until the spirit attacks her or her pack, she cannot use Willpower to increase her attack dice pools.

Shadowbinder (Isib-Durume): The ability to craft fetishes is one of the most vital that Crescent Moons possess. Isib-Durume focus on this art, and pride themselves on being able to create the right fetish for any task quickly and effectively.

At Primal Urge 3: The Isib-Durume may learn the Fetish Rite as a three-dot ritual instead of a four-dot one. In addition, she never needs to roll to attune a fetish to herself (any fetish she wears against her skin for an hour is automatically attuned). Her ability to bind spirits comes at the cost of being able to summon them — the spirits do not willingly answer her call. The various Call Spirit rites (e.g. Call Gaffling, Call Jaggling) suffer a –1 penalty unless the Ithaeur expends two points of Essence as extra chiminage.

At Primal Urge 7: The Isib-Durume's attunement to fetishes allows her to activate them with ease. She does not suffer the activation penalty when rolling to activate a fetish.

At Primal Urge 10: The Isib-Durume becomes an unparalleled master of the Fetish Rite, capable of binding mighty spirits swiftly and securely. When she performs the Fetish Rite, she needs only five successes per dot rating of the fetish (instead of 15 successes plus 10 per dot rating).

Such power comes at a price — few spirits enjoy being bound into fetishes, and they fear that such a mighty Shadowbinder will trap them against their will. Her dice pool for Social rolls against spirits (with the exception of Intimidate) can never exceed her Harmony.

Totem-Bond (Isiburalath): A pack isn't truly a pack without a totem to bind them together, and the Ithaeur, by virtue of her close connection to spirits, is often the point person for the pack's interaction with the totem. The Isiburalath takes that duty to the next level, using her own mastery of the Shadow and her bond with the totem to bring that focused power to bear on the pack's enemies.

At Primal Urge 3: The Isiburalath buys the Totem Merit for two per dot instead of three per dot in experience. Her affinity with the pack totem, however, causes her to suffer a more pronounced version of the totem's Ban. In order to violate the ban, she must spend a point of Willpower; if she does not, she cannot take the action.

At Primal Urge 7: The Isiburalath may allow the pack's totem to draw upon her personal pool of Essence to power its Numina or heal its wounds, and the totem may allow the Isiburalath to draw from its personal Essence pool to power Gifts or heal wounds. Essence shared in this manner is not limited by the Isiburalath's Essence/Turn limit as determined by her Primal Urge.

At Primal Urge 10: The Isiburalath's connection to the totem becomes so potent that, once per scene, she may channel one of the totem's Numina and use it as though it were a Gift. This ability costs one Essence in addition to any Essence cost the Numen carries with it. Substitute the Isiburalath's Intelligence for Power, Wits for Finesse, and Resolve for Resistance when calculating dice pools (unless the Numen is a Gift purchased as a Numen, then use the Gift's normal rules). Bear in mind that some Numina will have no effect or are nonsensical when used by a werewolf: an Uratha cannot Manifest, for example, nor can she Fetter herself to a location. The Storyteller is the final arbiter of which Numina are appropriate.

Her deeper connection with the pack's totem puts her at risk, however: for every two points of damage the totem suffers, the Isiburalath suffers one point of the same type of damage. For example, if the totem suffers four points of lethal damage from an attack, the Isiburalath suffers two points of lethal damage.

Ritualist (Isibiluda): All Ithaeur are ritual masters (as their auspice ability suggests), but some specialize in the art of Uratha ritual-magic. They devote themselves to understanding why certain ceremonial gestures, objects, or symbols influence the Shadow and compel spirits to obey.

They frequently create their own unique rites, which they share with only the most promising of their students.

At Primal Urge 3: Isibiluda gain a further price break when learning Rituals and rites. When purchasing Rituals, the Isibiluda pays only new dots x 3 (instead of new dots x 4), and when learning rites, she treats them as one dot rating lower than their actual rating for the purposes of calculating the experience point cost (to a minimum of one experience point). This focus on rituals causes the Isibiluda's prowess with Gifts to atrophy; she no longer gains the benefit of the 10-again rule when using Gifts.

At Primal Urge 7: The Isibiluda becomes intimately acquainted with auspicious omens, signs, and calendars. Whenever she gains a bonus on a rite from the list of suggested modifiers on p. 148 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, increase the bonus by +1. For example, the character receives a +2 bonus for performing the rite in Dalu form instead of +1, and a +3 bonus for performing the rite after meditating instead of +2.

At Primal Urge 10: The Isibiluda's knowledge of rites is unsurpassed by any living Uratha. Whenever she begins a ritual, the player receives a pool of bonus *successes* (not dice) equal to her Wisdom Renown. After making a roll and seeing the results, the player may choose to add as many successes from this pool as she likes to the total. She may add them all to the very first roll if she wishes, in which case the rite almost certainly succeeds very quickly, or she may choose to apportion them out over the course of the rite (if, for example, it's important to earn more successes per roll than a contesting character).

At this point, learning new Gifts becomes difficult for the Isibiluda. Affinity Gifts cost her new dots x 6 experience points, while non-affinity Gifts cost her new dots x 8.

Blake Calloway, The Mad Doctor

Background: Blake Calloway always had a hunch something was wrong with the world. Much to his chagrin, he was correct.

Blake was never happy as a child, and despite being a member of a middle-class family that could afford him all manner of luxuries and moral support, he spent most of his time wrapped up in cynicism. He hated his parents' "I told you so," he hated that he had to share with his younger brother, he hated that he had to go to school and do his homework or his parents would strip him of his privileges.

Blake's unhappiness kept him going. He did well in high school so he could go off to college and move far away from his family. He studied medicine so he could make a great deal of money and not have to listen to collection agents lecture him about permanent records. He studied internal medicine so he wouldn't have to deal with old people or kids like the pediatric and geriatric doctors.

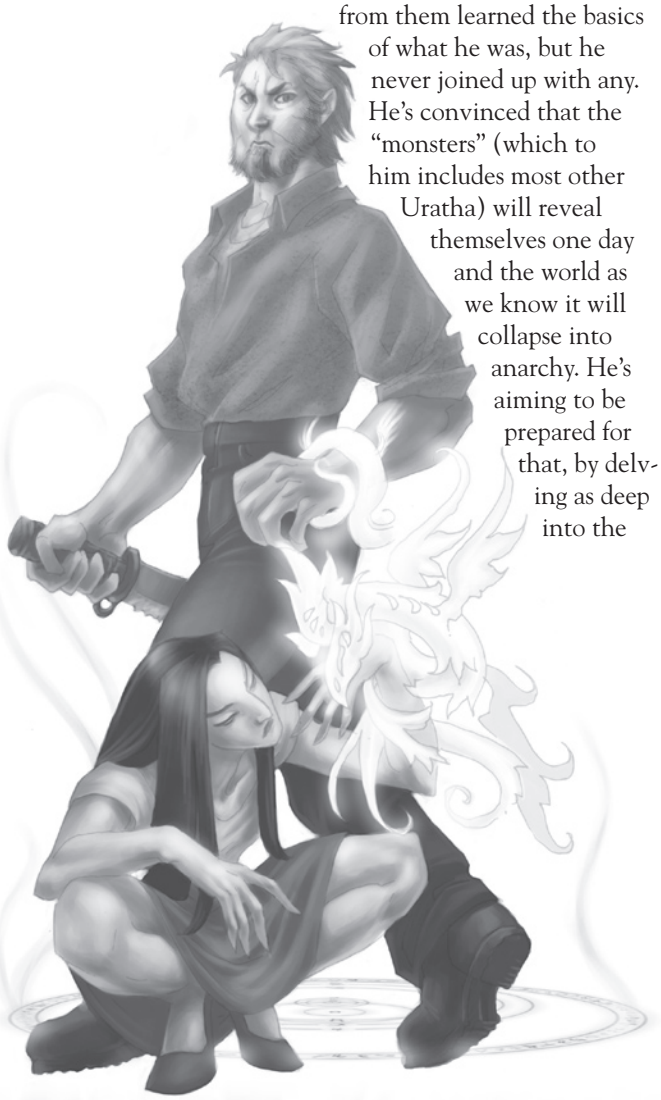
When not studying, Blake absorbed himself in "alternative media." He hated kooks and nutjobs as much as he hated "big media" and "the man," but he found more solace in the conspiracy theories of presidential assassinations and secret societies than he found in civics classes and talks about Oprah's book of the month. It wasn't long before he was stocking food supplies in his dorm room and keeping a loaded gun (purchased outside of documented channels, of course) in his nightstand. Just in case.



While his behavior was regarded as eccentric, his brilliance as a surgeon ensured him a residency after he completed his medical training. During his second year, he noticed an unusual upswing in the number of brain tumors being diagnosed by the hospital's oncology department. Most people never noticed it, but Blake's years of experience looking for the patterns in random events to find "the conspiracy," spotted it instantly. Certain the hospital was testing some new government cancer-weapon, Blake began to dig into it. What he found was not at all what he expected. A swarm of Beshilu had made a lair in the basement of the hospital, and the "brain tumors" were signs of people being consumed from the inside by the Shartha.

Blake might have joined them, but for the fact that Mother Luna reached down to brand him with the crescent moon's mark as the rat-Host advanced on him. With the Gauntlet weakened by the creature's actions, Blake's Change was a riot of nonstop spiritual assault that cracked his mind even as it tore the veil from his eyes. In that fit of madness, Blake devoured the Shartha and fled the hospital.

He wandered for some time, a homeless vagrant coasting on the cash he kept in the safe in his dorm room. He crossed the paths of several packs on his travels, and from them learned the basics of what he was, but he never joined up with any. He's convinced that the "monsters" (which to him includes most other Uratha) will reveal themselves one day and the world as we know it will collapse into anarchy. He's aiming to be prepared for that, by delving as deep into the lore of the Shadow as he can, even becoming an Isibiluda, a master ritualist.

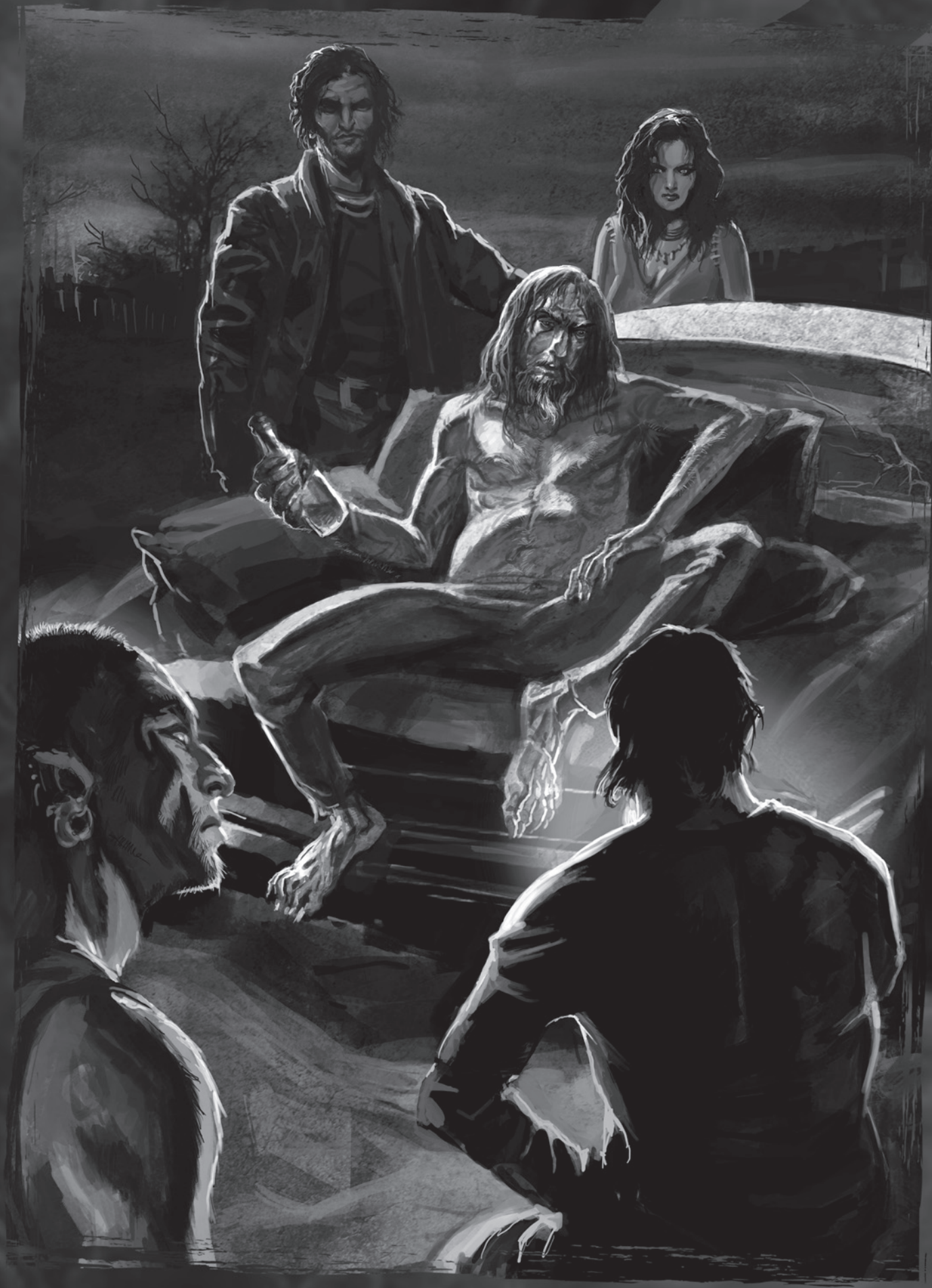


Description: If Ted Kazynski got a doctorate, he might look a bit like Blake Calloway. Blake is a man of average height, weight, and build, with unkempt hair that's always just a little too long and a beard that isn't tended quite carefully enough. His eyes hold a distinctly fanatical gleam, especially when he starts talking about the coming Armageddon. He dresses in military fatigues and always has at least one weapon on himself at all times.

Storytelling Hints: Blake is a survivalist. He lives alone, and while a part of him craves the companionship of his own kind, he is far too paranoid to reach out. He occasionally converses with other packs in the area via e-mail and infrequent meetings on neutral ground, and can be a valuable (if unpredictable) ally. He might even sell his services as a ritualist in exchange for supplies or information about spiritual threats that might lead to his apocalypse scenario.

He runs on his treadmill wearing a bulletproof vest every morning (to get used to running in the weight) and stockpiles all manner of survival supplies for when the monsters take charge and society falls apart. He gobbles up occult literature and Shadow lore, even if he knows 90% of it is junk — he's looking for the 10% that isn't.

Auspice: Ithaeur
Aspect: Ritualist
Tribe: Ghost Wolf
Lodge: None
Mental Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 4, Resolve 2
Physical Attributes: Strength 3 (4/6/5/4), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/7), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4)
Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 1 (0/1/0/1), Composure 4
Mental Skills: Academics 3, Computer 2, Crafts (Guns and Ammo) 3, Investigation (Supernatural Crimes) 2, Medicine (Surgery) 4, Occult (Shadow) 5
Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Drive 2, Firearms 3, Larceny 3, Stealth 2, Survival 3
Social Skills: Animal Ken 3, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 2
Merits: Contacts (Occult Circles, Survivalists) 2, Danger Sense, Direction Sense, Encyclopedic Knowledge, Iron Stomach Language (First Tongue, Latin, Spanish) 3, Meditative Mind, Resources 2
Primal Urge: 7
Willpower: 6
Harmony: 8
Essence Max/Per Turn: 20/5
Virtue: Prudence
Vice: Sloth
Health: 8 (10/12/11/8)
Initiative: 6 (6/7/9/9)
Defense: 4 (in all forms)
Speed: 12 (13/15/19/17)
Renown: Cunning 3, Glory 1, Purity 2, Wisdom 4
Gifts: (1) The Heart of Things, Sense Malice, Speak with Beasts, Two-World Eyes, Ward Versus Predators, Warning Growl; (2) Befuddle, Luna's Dictum, Read Spirit, Scent of Taint; (3) Echo Dream, Gauntlet Cloak, Voice of Command, Ward Versus Mortal, Wisdom of Patience; (4) Soul Read
Rituals: 4 **Rites:** Blake knows all of the rites of four dots and lower described in Chapter Two of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**



Chapter III

Walker Between

Split Moon sat on a throne made of trash. The seat was the hollowed out hood of a 1976 Chevy Nova cushioned with newspaper and old pillows. He licked his lips and took a swig from the bottle of blackberry brandy in his arthritic hand, a hand long-damaged since it was bitten off by a hungry glutton-spirit and forced to grow back through the septic spirit poison.

The Red Hill pack knelt before him in this so-called Courtyard Junkyard, waiting for his decision. Or, more specifically, waiting for him to *speak* his decision – they already knew what he was going to say, more or less. His justice was forever nothing more than a variation on a theme, each judgment a Solomonic decree.

"I have decided," Split Moon said, words slurring while the alcohol remained in his system (his body purged it so swiftly, he had to remain on what he called his "alcohol drip," meaning a bottle always in hand). "You, Red Pill pack–"

"Red Hill pack," Gravethumb corrected under his breath.

"–have a dispute over a brood mare, a lovely wolf-blooded lass named Sherry. Two of you love her or want to fuck her or want to have sweet little goo-goo werewolf babies with her..." His eyelids fluttered closed for a moment, but it was as if his hand had a mind of its own. It shoved the bottle between his lips, which seemed to startle him.

"Here it comes," Poet said.

Split Moon continued abruptly: "She shall be shared by both Gravefinger–"

"Gravethumb."

"–and Poet. As the week hath seven days, you each shall have her for three each, and on Sunday, she will be allowed to do as she so desires, provided that what she desires isn't to run away screaming from you two fucking nitwits."

Gravethumb and Poet scowled at one another – it was a brotherly scowl, but a scowl nevertheless.

"And so I have declared it true," Split Moon mumbled, and then he swiftly fell asleep.

On the way out of the Courtyard Junkyard, Gravethumb said, "Well, at least he didn't say to cut her in half."

"We could still make our own judgment. Tell his 'decree' to go fuck itself."

"No," Gravethumb said. "Split Moon's crazy old, and also just crazy. But he owns this land for as far as the wolf can wander. He's got deals with spirits and packs that go back a century or more. You want to avoid that old Walker's decisions, you get the hell off his sizeable tract of land. The decision stays. Sherry's yours, but Sherry's also mine."

Never give in — never, never, never, never,
in nothing great or small, large or petty,
never give in except to convictions of honor and good sense.

—Winston Churchill

The Half Moon looks out over the world, one half blazing with brilliant light and one shrouded in darkness. Most people, even most Uratha, never realize one crucial fact: the light is a distraction, as is the darkness. Both halves are nothing more than a distraction from the true heart of the Half Moon — the edge, the mid-point where light *becomes* darkness. That edge cleaves light from shadow. That edge slices lies until the truth is all that remains. That edge divides everything.

Those werewolves touched by the Half Moon are that edge. They're the ones who cut truth from lies, and who then judge that truth. They're the ones who divide meaningless tradition from useful lessons, then embody those lessons to other werewolves. But an edge can't be entirely separate from the things it divides. Just as she divides, an Elodoth can be a bridge between divided areas. She can talk with spirits just as well as she can with other werewolves. She can deal with humans better than other werewolves. And more than anything, she knows and understands what divides each auspice, which gives her vital insight into her fellow Forsaken.

An Elodoth joins and an Elodoth parts, but honor informs his every option. A Half Moon who is a perfect judge to her own pack leads them in hunting down her wolf-blooded brother. His only crime was sleeping with a werewolf outside of the pack, but his actions besmirch her pack's honor. Another werewolf may resist changes to his pack's traditions and rules — what was an honorable act will always remain so, even when it would harm the pack. A Half Moon who goes *Zi'ir* is a unique creature, able to use his gifts to bridge the world of werewolf and man and use both as weapons.

A treatise dating from shortly before World War I

The Oath of the Moon is a tool, a set of laws that form the foundation of what passes for justice among our kind. But why? To obey an oath without knowing why is foolish, the behavior of a whelp that refuses to acknowledge the responsibility Mother Luna has heaped upon his shoulders. In the spirit of inquiry, I am drawn to the question: what if the Great Mother had not charged us to hold these tenets? Would we be greater for our freedom, or would we be slaves to our desires?

The Wolf Must Hunt

This tenet of the Oath speaks to the beast within, the wolf that snarls in every Uratha's breast. A werewolf must hunt his sacred prey, from spirits loose in the world of flesh to shadowed things that threaten his territory. But why? To appease the beast? Surely the hunt is no more than a distraction meant to draw the Uratha away from deeper contemplation? A pack may even suffer the indignity of other werewolves invading their territory simply because those invaded "aren't hunting." Certainly, they're hunting in a way that the invaders don't comprehend. Without the command to hunt, we would be free to secure knowledge, to forge alliances with spirits and to manage our affairs with the higher functions of man rather than the base impulses of the beast.

But would we not hunt? The Uratha must remain forever balanced between wolf and man and spirit. If we did not hunt, the very territories we governed with our enlightened minds would be at the mercy of spirits and *shartha*. If we did not hunt, our bestial instincts would go to waste. We must use all our gifts, and the only way we can do that is to hunt.

The People Do Not Murder the People

Surely this vow is the hardest one to hold. In times of Kuruth, no werewolf can control his actions. But beyond that, rivalry between packs can produce incredible resentment. Why should we not act on that urge? The Rage within our hearts is there for a reason surely? Some lunatics even extend this tenet of the Oath to the Anshega, though in doing so they shackle themselves to an outdated morality. Surely we must use every advantage we can take, even if that involves taking the life of another werewolf — whether in the heat of battle or with a knife in the back. The Oath of the Moon hobbles us. In holding to it, we cannot strike decisive victories.

That may be true, but the Oath also helps contain our Rage. Were we to murder every Uratha who ever antagonized us or got in our way, we'd be doing our enemies' work for them, like an army whose troops turned on one another. For that reason if no other, we Elodoth must stand in judgment when one Uratha murders another. When we do, we deflect the murderous urges within towards higher goals.

The Low Honor the High; the High Respect the Low

This is perhaps the easiest tenet of Luna's Oath to break. Is it even Luna's law, or merely the urges of the upper classes to retain their status, while giving everyone else empowerment enough that they accept the existing order? No, this is as much the word of Mother Luna as any other vow in the Oath. Were we to ignore it, packs could operate according to the will of the majority rather than the word of the alpha. The young would have as much to say as the old on every matter, and their new perspectives would offer insights that the elders would otherwise refuse to accept. The elders however would not have to pay lip service to those lower in station, and would be free to ignore and abuse those below them to facilitate their hunt. Some think this is ideal, but they are wrong.

Every wolf needs a pack. Every spirit needs a choir. That rings true for us now. Human ideals of society don't matter. A pack has an alpha and an omega, and each understands the role the other plays. The low must respect the high — the elders are only alive because they have passed through the crucible of experience. Likewise, the elders respect those younger than them, because youth does bring new ideas. But both know their place and hold to it, for that is only right.

Respect Your Prey

A werewolf's prey is by its very nature weaker than the werewolf. That much is obvious — we are the greatest predators to walk the Earth. Why then should an Uratha respect the creatures he hunts? A deer is just a deer, a human is just a human, and a spirit is just a spirit. None have the same station in the world as an Uratha. A pack should be able to slaughter the spirits of their territory to scare those few who remain. The tangible threat of genocide is a truer deterrent to wayward spirits than knowing that they'll be hunted and respects paid. Much the same goes for humans: why should a werewolf respect those humans who insist on transgressing against the pack? Surely a messy death would send a better lesson than a mere warning.

Every Uratha must respect his prey. As the tenet above says, the High Respect the Low. A hunt is a chance for a werewolf to strike with detail and precision. Respecting his prey means the hunter knows its strengths and weaknesses, and strikes only against those who cross him. Without that respect, his hunt is guided by rage rather than reason.

The Uratha Shall Cleave to the Human

All werewolves are born of humans, and all werewolves must mate with humans. That much is a given; no Uratha has ever sired a werewolf from mating with wolves, and in lying with other Uratha one only begets monsters. But why shouldn't werewolves lay with one another if they are both careful to avoid producing offspring? Rage is but the brightest passion burning in a werewolf's heart, and often two packmates grow closer than any human lovers will ever know. Holding their passions in check will only lead to disaster, their desire distracting them from their duties as werewolves. Indulging their lust is the only way for the pair to remain focused.

Two werewolves succumbing to their physical "needs" divides their attention unnecessarily. An Uratha's first priority has to be his pack. If he focuses on anyone else, even if he ranks one packmate above the others, he weakens the bond to his pack. He needs to be able to trust his packmates implicitly, and they him — if anyone interferes with that relationship, the whole pack suffers.

Do Not Eat the Flesh of Man or Wolf

The flesh of man and wolf alike holds Essence trapped deep within. Only Uratha can release that Essence, through the sacred act of consuming their flesh. Essence is hard enough to come by; consuming a spirit after a sacred hunt is one thing but plucking a human from the slums is far easier. The world is full of spiritual power trapped in corporeal form, and it makes sense that we should tap that power when we need it. After all, cannibalism is only eating the flesh of one's own. A werewolf is neither wolf nor man, so we cannot be cannibals when we feast on our relatives.

Alas, that is not the case. Even without the rush of Essence, the simple taste is enough to draw an Uratha back to the forbidden feast again and again. Whether in dire need of spiritual nourishment or in the depths of Kuruth, the first taste lingers. Only the strongest will can avoid sampling it again, and a careless werewolf can let the addiction claim his soul. What started from necessity soon becomes pleasure, and an Uratha doesn't just take what he can get when opportunity presents itself, but actively starts hunting for humans and wolves to consume. That is the mark of one well on the way to becoming Zi'ir.

The Herd Must Not Know

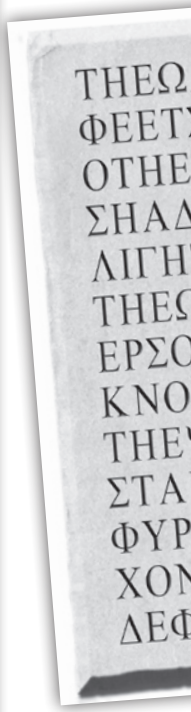
Many young werewolves think the herd will never know, thanks to the cloak of Lunacy. They're both wrong in their belief and foolish for holding it. Humans have a nasty habit of piecing things together and coming up with the right answers. So if Lunacy is not enough, why should a werewolf go to all the trouble of keeping his nature secret? If he were to go public, werewolf hunters would be the least of his concern. Some humans, charged with knowledge, become willing vessels for spirits. Others carry silver and know how to use it. But ultimately, his very presence would subvert the human order, and people would not stand for that. Word would spread until the foolish werewolf became national news. Soon enough, the human government would bring its wrath down not only on the one foolish enough to ignore the secret, but also on all the werewolves they could find.

While the other vows have some merit in considering a world where they were not binding, this one tenet remains unbreakable. The others all cause problems for a single werewolf, or for his pack. Letting the herd know would change the world for the worse for *every werewolf*. That is both selfish and stupid, and as such it has no real defense.

In Conclusion

Certainly, an Elodoth must question all laws, but only to discover if those laws are worthy. The honorable Uratha follows only those oaths that can stand up to questioning. The Oath of the Moon comes from Mother Luna herself, and we question it just as we test our relationship with Her — to reaffirm that it is strong, and that we remain strong by Her presence.

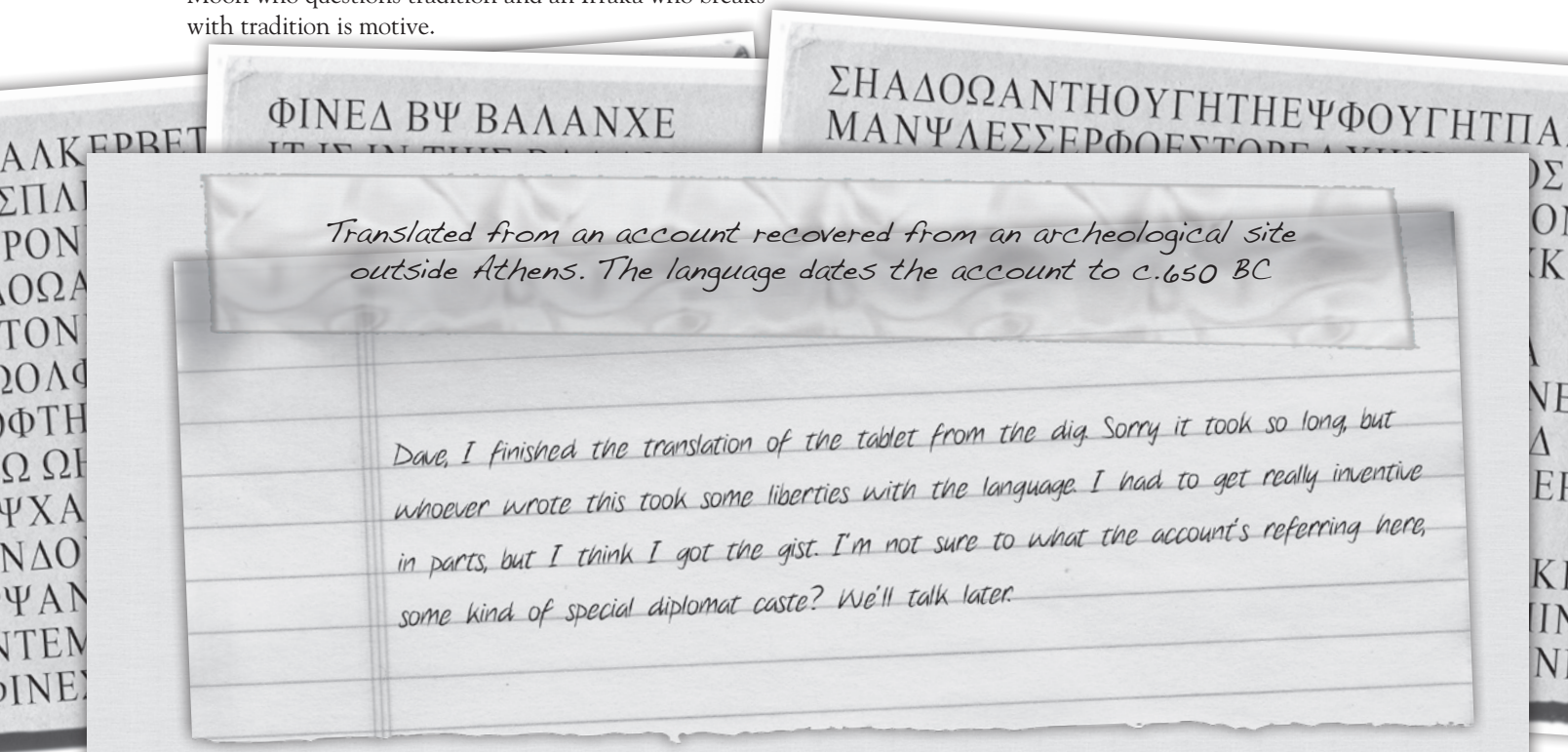
These counterarguments are my own, and they are weak. I write them here not as an exhaustive guide to the Oath of the Moon but as an example. Learn from them. Devise your own attacks upon them. Understand both why Uratha must follow the Oath and why we must ignore it, then decide for yourselves which way is stronger. I already know how you will decide.



Refutation

Some Elodoth feel the need to question the existing laws and traditions. Many only go so far as to question the traditions of their own packs. Others go all the way to the top, poking and prodding at the Oath of the Moon and their tribal oaths. The crucial difference between a Half Moon who questions tradition and an Irraka who breaks with tradition is motive.

An Elodoth doesn't — or shouldn't — question the ways for the hell of it. He does so to find points of weakness in the existing laws. That process of testing and investigation is strongest among the Iron Masters, but every tribe has some members who have embraced the scientific method. They hope to update the laws, but to traditionalist werewolves they can be as dangerous as any *shartha*.



The Walker Between stands alone. His feet split between one world and another, one half of his face shrouded in shadow and the other picked out in light. One side of his body called to the wolf and one side to the man. Others of the People think they might know what it is like for him, but they cannot.

Other moon-phases stand out of balance — tipped towards fury and passion or detachment and contemplation; their imbalance defines them. Only a Half Moon is defined by balance.

It is in this balance that we honor Lycurgus the Bold. Through his actions did his pack end the feud between the shadow-dwellers and the People of Athens. The pack fought with words and wits alone, yet forced the invaders back into their own lands, bound in chains of loyalty and honor to forever respect the border. The pack traveled to the heart of the shadow-dweller's lands, there to meet with the Archon of the Shadow, and though they fought past many lesser foes to reach him, no sword was raised against the Archon. Instead, Lycurgus forced his pack to remain while he spoke.

The bold one's words writhed like a nest of snakes, seeming to mean one thing but twisting to reveal the hidden truth. While his pack waited, every member feared that the Archon would see the truth. Lycurgus talked like no other, alternately charming the shadow-dwellers and appealing to their sense of honor. Rather than the People abandoning Athens, the Half Moon called upon the Archon to work with him, to recognize that both sides had their rightful place. He called for them to work together with honor and dignity.

Unlike those who had come before him, Half Moons who thought that simple pleas would be enough, Lycurgus the Bold did not stop with entreaties and prayers. He took more decisive action, tying together promises and vows in a web of truth that the shadow-dwellers did not recognize until it was too late. Through his cunning, this Half Moon master of iron did chain the shadow-dwellers, and through his own honor were they forced to accept that his way was the only way. Swearing oaths that bound his people for all time, the Archon of the Shadow only realized the importance of his own words once it was too late.

Lycurgus the Bold has done a great deed, one that should be remembered not just by the People of Athens but the People of the entire world.

Dave, I think I've found more on this Lycurgus. This one probably comes after the other, and it's not exactly the normal story of how the Athenians treat their champions. Again, lots of places needed some intensive translation. The change of tone makes me think it's not the same person, but I could be wrong.

All must know the folly of Lycurgus the Bold. By his actions did he doom the People of Athens. By his words did we ignore the shadow-dwellers, and that was our downfall.

The burden of war is a terrible one, the spirits of the dead forever reminding us of those we have lost. The burden of peace is far worse, complacency makes us forget our oaths and ignore our purity. The Half Moon thought he had averted a war by words, but his words bound us as much as they bound the Archon of the Shadow. He did not care that he had sworn oaths that stopped us doing what we must.

It is not for the shadow-dwellers to police their own when they cross into our lands. That is our duty by right of birth. That the foolish Half Moon bargained that away does not change a duty inherited from the all-father. When a shadow-dwelling rider came to our lands, we drove it back to its own territory. We didn't know that in doing so, we had contravened the oath of Lycurgus. By breaking that oath, we incurred the wrath of the Archon of the Shadow.

Not for the first time, he named the People as oath-breakers. Not for the first time, he cast us out of the shadow entirely, and threatened us with death. Not for the first time, we ignored his pleas and struck back for invading our lands. Not for the first time, we were at war with the Archon of the Shadow. This time, we had no warning. By our reckoning, we had not struck the first blow. The attack was unexpected, and yet we fought hard. Every step we took over a pile of bodies; every time we struck, they struck back; but we are at war. We never pause. We never tire. We never surrender. The Archon of the Shadow knows this, and has sent his people to die fighting us.

More fool Lycurgus, who believed that peace with the shadow-dwellers could hold for more than a short time. He claims that the oath was not broken, that he did not barter away our sacred duty, but he cannot explain the lives lost and the people crushed by what he calls a misunderstanding. This war will show the folly of listening to a single Half Moon.

Dave, the last tablet also refers to Lycurgus, and this looks like the end of the story assuming our ordering's right. It's a morality play about the successes and failures of diplomacy; though this fable goes further than others.

The true burden of peace is vigilance. The war with the shadow-dwellers has come to a close. All praise must go to Lycurgus the Bold, binder of oaths and paragon of honor.

The shadow-dwellers, though bound with terrible oaths, saw the sacred duty of the People as contravening that oath. Some called Lycurgus a fool, while others believed that hubris was his downfall; to bind the Archon of the Shadow with vows and oaths was surely above the station of any among the People. Yet though Lycurgus drew back from the People in shame, he never stopped thinking. His cunning was great, but his honor greater. He knew in his heart that he would never barter away the sacred duty of the People.

While the People of Athens fought the shadow-dwellers, Lycurgus consulted Oracles and auspices. All told him what he needed to know: the oath-breaker stood not among the People but among the shadow-dwellers. Desiring a way out of the binding web of oaths and vows, he broke a forgettable clause and caused the oath to shatter. This knowledge became the spear and shield of Lycurgus as he returned to the People, certain in the knowledge that he had not betrayed them.

Lycurgus the Bold did not walk into the shadow alone. One of the greatest Half Moons ever seen in Athens, he rallied other packs to his side. The warriors bowed to his strategy even as they lead on the field. The bold Walker Between brought his bodyguard of all moons to bear witness as he named the Archon of the Shadow an oath-breaker. Calling on the light of the moon to illuminate the truth, he stirred both the People and the shadow-dwellers to arms. His words carried such weight that the oath-breaker stood alone that day. With quick thinking and a rousing speech, Lycurgus the Bold ended the war between the People and the shadow-dwellers. But that was not the end for him.

His cry for peace was a rallying cry, a great shout to both sides that the truth must shine free. Embodying the edge between light and darkness, he called on everyone present to take arms against the real traitor. With the truth laid plain to everyone there, the whole world saw the Archon for what he truly was. Lycurgus did not lead the hunt, but he did not have to. His work was done. By calling the hunt, by making the truth clear to the whole world, he reinforced his position as the most honorable of all the Half Moons.

The world will remember the name of Lycurgus the Bold, he who knows well the burden of peace. Standing between both worlds, he saw the truth and knew he could not deny it.

The Burden of Peace

Lycurgus the Bold is more than a historical oddity, or a legendary Elodoth. He paved the way for Half Moons to regain the respect of spirits. His greatest act was enforcing the idea that an oath made between werewolf and spirit is binding on both parties. While others have built on his work, he was the one to blaze the trail. Those who follow in his footsteps may make the pilgrimage to Greece to join the Lodge of Lycurgus.

Of course, a spirit willing to break one oath will break others. Lycurgus banished the Shadow Archon from Greece, but over the past thousands of years it could have rebuilt its power and gained new followers. Never one to forget, the Shadow Archon would first target those werewolves most like Lycurgus: other Elodoth.

Transcripts taken from the private files of Julio Wind Talker, now deceased. The original audio recordings of the interviews are currently missing.

Julio: Some humans recently coined the term "out of context problem." Their highbrow term has a simple meaning: it's a situation you have no way of understanding and no way to relate it to another problem to help you solve it. To the People, we have a whole bunch of other ways to approach our problems — the Gifts Mother Luna has given us for a start. I wanted to understand how we approach these "out of context problems."

Julio: Why? Well, it's part of my own context. The moon gave me the edge between light and dark, and that means I think of weird questions. And those questions need to be answered. I hit up the local packs for their ideas.

>cut to<

Backwards Grayson: I got one for you. My pack's not exactly physical, and we had a real damn problem with some monstrous rat-beast. We couldn't talk to the damn thing and it was entrenched in its lair so we couldn't strike from stealth. We had to hit the damn thing and hit it hard, but even with Gauru on our side, we didn't stand a chance. We got lucky, we had time. I've got a few spirits who owed me favors, and a couple of my packmates had built a network among the local folks. Between the spirits and the crowds, we flushed the thing out to a place where we had the advantage. I guess that's how I deal with your "out of context problem": take time, and use every advantage you have.

>cut to<

Lady Cate: Yeah. I've been in situations for which I've had no frame of reference. The trick is just to throw yourself into them. That's one of the gifts of the Half Moon: when the shit hits the fan, there's some part of you that can adapt to anything. So we're not the great warriors. But if your Rahu goes down then you need to fight twice as hard to make up for his loss. Dig deep, and trust that you can do it if only you have the will to. Turning away from a situation just because you don't know how to deal with it? That's a whole pile of dishonor.

>cut to<

Orson: Your question makes no sense. As an Elodoth, it's my role to be prepared for everything. If I am alone in a fight, I need to win. If a spirit refuses to listen to negotiation, I need to bind it. If a monster hides in the skins of humans, I need to track it down. If the future is uncertain, I need to make it more certain. Just because Mother Luna hid half her face from me isn't any reason that I should turn all my face from any problem.

That's the only reason that the Elodoth can stand in judgment: because we understand the other auspices. We have to walk with their paws and see with their eyes. Half of Mother Luna's face was shining with light, and so I understand part of what it means to be Rahu and Cahalith. Half of Mother Luna's face was hidden in shadow, and so I understand part of what it means to be Ithaeur and Irraka. If I didn't, I'd be no good to anyone. Honor comes from always knowing what to do. Only whelps cry when they're unprepared. The honorable Uratha is never unprepared.

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Lady Cate: An example? I can't think of one off the top of my head. Oh, I get it; this is the part where you call my bluff. Well, to hell with that. We had a turf war going on between two gangs of occultists, the kind with real power. They called up terrible things, evil things, without considering the effect on our territory. They weren't scared of us — they had enough power to wipe us out. But I kept my head, and I noticed that one of them had a… connection to the Shadow. It marked her. Then it was merely a case of waking the spirit of the local community center, an actual unifying force in the neighborhood, and showing it that we shared a goal. Our pack had to help out a couple of local gangs to help the spirit, but it was a small price to pay.

>cut to<

Backwards Grayson: I guess what I'm saying is that the best way to deal with something that's outside of your expectation is to think, but don't to lose yourself in thought. You have to act, but don't be dumb. Everyone you know, everything you own, every fact and clue and whisper you've ever remembered, all that stuff can be a weapon. You've got to work out what you're going to use and do it quickly.

Falling Down

One of the most important facets of being an Elodoth is thinking outside the box. A Rahu may consider everything as a means of striking at a foe, but an Elodoth goes one further — everything's a solution to a problem. Sometimes, it just takes a few minutes to work out what that problem is. When he's got that straight in his head, it's up to an Elodoth to work out which of his assets can tackle that problem — a square peg will fit a round hole after a couple of minutes with a lathe, after all.

Retrieved from the e-mail account of Steel Trap Mind, one of London's more respected Elodoth.

From: steeltrapmind@zeropointinformation.com
To: billyboy1989@hopmail.com
Subject: Teething Trouble
Date: October 11, 2008 at 10:21

>>>Jono,

>>>I appreciate you taking the time to look out for me. There's not many who would, not after what >>>happened. You stopped me from losing my shit, and that's important.

>>>But something's come up, something big. Everyone's looking for me to deal with it, like I've been blessed >>>with good judgment and a sound head. Some of these people have been like us for years, and they're >>>looking to me because I'm an Elodoth and I don't know what the hell I'm supposed to do. I'm not sure >>>who I am half the time, and they're expecting me to be perfect. I really… fuck, man. I can't be what >>>they're expecting.

>>>I know I'm never going to live this down, but I need help. You saved my arse once, I'm hoping you can >>>save it again.

>>You're a lucky bastard, Billy. See, ask two Elodoth what they're supposed to do when another asks for help >>and you'll not get them to agree on the specifics. A lot of folks hold to one of two unspoken rules.

>>The first theory is a simple one. If you get in over your head, then asking for help is dishonorable as hell >>— you've already proven that you can't handle the situation, but you don't have the balls to make a go of >>it so you palm it off on some other guy who doesn't know the lay of the land and doesn't know the locals >>and you expect him to make a snap judgment without evidence. It's a bit like running off to mummy >>because you don't like how the big boys play. Sure, you can do it, but you'll look a complete idiot doing it.

>>The other theory, and this one bugs me, is that it's dishonorable for me not to give you some help. I've >>already taught you things, so it makes sense for you to ask me. Thing is, it only makes sense if you've never >>faced the situation before and if it really is a tricky one. You have to realize that just as I'm honor-bound to >>teach, you're honor-bound to learn. I give you one helping hand, and you take that and that's all you get.

>>Those two rules aren't exactly mutually exclusive: you get one free pass, but needing to cash it in is a sign of dishonor. >>You're lucky because I know you. I'll help you out with this one time.

>>So, what particular thing kicked off this particular outburst?

>Two local packs. For a place with few of us, that a father and son bred true is a big shock. After the boy's Change, >everyone thought he would join his father's pack. He did, and he remained with them for almost two years.

>Last week, he started banging on the door of our alpha's home, begging us to take him in. He told us about the sexual >abuse he'd gone through at the hands of other members of the pack, without his father's knowledge, and he told us >he wanted to join with us. Dad gets wind and calls his son a liar and a coward who didn't have the stomach for life with >his pack.

>The kid has no physical signs of abuse, and it's not like I'm about to take one of us in for a psychological exam. I can't >get any sense of truth out of either of them. If I don't decide, they're going to kill each other and likely my pack for >failing to protect them.

Fuck me. You did right, Billy. Asking for help ain't a cop-out.

First thing's first. The kid wouldn't have any signs of physical abuse. He's one of us, so he's a fast healer. That doesn't mean he's a liar, though. It means you have to work harder.

Step one: Research. Talk to people who know the pack. Talk to their friends and talk to their family, but if you can at all get away with it, talk without the pack present. Better yet, don't let the other pack know at all. Either that, or go the whole hog and tell them that honor demands you investigate the claims. You can only judge based on evidence. Stick with that line come what may. That should cover your arse. If it doesn't, then it's a real sign that the other pack's hiding something. Of course, if they don't kick off, it could just mean they're really confident.

When you're interviewing people, don't mention the allegations. Just ask if they know any of the pack's traditions, that sort of thing. Let the details flow naturally. Keep as quiet as you can. A good silence begs for the other guy to fill it. And don't forget to have words with their totem. Get a feel for these "traditions" that the boy didn't understand. And yeah, have a word with the kid. Don't let anyone think you're going to call them liars.

That should give you a good feel for the background. Now, he doesn't have any lasting evidence because he's one of us. But whatever happened will have left a resonance in the area, and between local spirits and good old-fashioned hunting for evidence, you should be able to get a picture of what happened. Get bolshie if Daddy doesn't want you poking around: you're investigating something that's too fucked up for one pack to deal with internally.

Now, you might not get enough evidence to be sure of anything. You need to be careful, if that is the case. Keep asking questions. Whoever doesn't answer to your satisfaction — and don't be scared to turn Gifts onto anyone you're not sure of — you just keep asking and asking and if they really don't like that, you start breaking things until they answer.

You need to be *sure*. If you brand the kid a liar then any bastard in Daddy's pack can get away with whatever he likes. If you brand Daddy's pack a bunch of sick fucks, you ruin their rep and possibly wreck their territory.

Keep pressing until people tell you the truth. The truth will set you — and this kid — free.

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STM

Excerpt from the private journal of Cassie Half-Blind, Elodoth of the Tornado Fang pack.

It happened again. Every single time I think I've got a solution, one of these idiots fucks everything up. And the really annoying thing is that they don't realize what they're doing. They're pushing me and pushing me and I have to be really careful or I'm going to break someone.

And then someone breaks me in retaliation and I've wasted a damn month.

The real problem here is. shit, we've more than one real problem. Start from the top. I've been immersed for so long I have to get things straight in my head. Two packs of Uratha, not including my own. One pack had a Wound in their territory, and in the process of healing it, they fucked both packs' territories in the Shadow. The other pack noticed, and tried a spot of murder to even the score. Both packs have an Elodoth, but neither's got any experience in fixing up dodgy situations. One's a real charmer in the Shadow who's almost forgotten how the People deal with each other, the other only changed a couple of seasons ago and doesn't have any practical experience. His pack brought their little dispute to me. Played my ego, said that he figured I could come up with a sensible way to resolve the situation, and the kid can learn from me.

Show me a werewolf without an ego and I'll show you a liar.

Like a fool, I said yes. I mean, I'm not exactly grand master of the judges, but that mad psycho in the sky pushes me towards finding resolutions and I know better than to argue with a psychotic moon goddess. And I don't totally suck, so I guess she was having a good day when she picked me. Hah. But this is out of my league.

Two packs. They've got adjoining territories. One of theirs, the Falling Hammer with the new Elodoth, adjoins ours. The Red Midnight's on the other side to us, but they accepted my adjudicating the situation once I pointed out that I wasn't going to go in favor of close neighbors because that might give our neighbors an advantage over us. You've got to think about this. In the end, you can be biased or honorable. Never both. It's like the old happy/smart dichotomy: pick one, and you can never be the other. The second you ignore a chance to question because you want to be happy and ignorant, you stop being smart. The second you start being biased, the very fucking second, you stop being honorable.

So I laid out my terms. Falling Hammer and Red Midnight both agreed. They'd each tell what happened, and my pack would try to figure out what was going on; which, if we asked, could include poking around their territories as long as we were supervised. In the meantime, I'd run my thoughts past our alpha, because if I nailed this then the whole pack looks damn good.

Turns out there's some sort of contagion loose in the Hisil in Red Midnight's territory. They're not exactly happy about that. Thanks to their Half Moon, Red Midnight had a sort of thing going with some of the spirit courts in their Shadow, dealing with external threats in spite of the hate. They had a bit of a reputation for that. Over ten years, they'd managed to actually make some real allies in the Shadow, which is damn rare. Meanwhile, Falling Hammer was having real trouble with a shitty motel in their territory. They'd not even noticed it was bad until the damn thing turned into a Wound. Now, the Hammer takes their name from their direct approach. Three Rahu and an Ithaeur who likes scaring spirits do not a cerebral bunch make.

I need a beer and Carla's sucking back the last one. Just damn perfect.

The Falling Hammer did their best to treat the Wound, but it persisted even after the motel burned to the ground – three dead, including the night manager who videotaped couples getting it on, and a couple of bent cops. I don't believe that was accidental. Anyway. The Hammer figures that the best way to close that Wound would be a rite to remove the corruption. Rather than asking other werewolves, like the spiritual experts adjoining their territory, the dumb bastards tried to scare a rite out of the spirit of a lake near the motel. They quiet naively figure that it'd want them to purify the Wound to stop the lake from getting corrupted. The lake's a lying son of a bitch at the best of times, and I've half a mind to sell Falling Hammer a bridge in New York and the Hollywood sign.

Falling Hammer works the ritual. The Wound heals, as they thought it would. A couple of weeks later, spirits in their territory start getting sick. Not all of them; mostly animal-spirits. Some contagion that drives them rabid. Worse, it gives them a desire to jump across the Gauntlet and screw with the physical world. Dana called it a spiritual zombie apocalypse, and I can't say I disagree. At first, I thought the lake was just out to ensure that Falling Hammer left the Shadow well alone. Then the contagion spread into Red Midnight's territory.

Interesting thing about Red Midnight: a river in their territory runs right through, and drains into that same lake. And guess what? Spirits in their territory went rabid just the same. Including some spirits they'd spent a long time dealing with and had forged oaths with. So this pack that is into actually making a beachhead in the Hisil, trying to set things up so that other Forsaken might have a bit easier time of it, it gets shafted. And naturally Red Midnight blames Falling Hammer and Falling Hammer claims innocence.

Normally, this would be reasonably open and shut. Falling Hammer is full of fucking idiots who should have known they were out of their depth. They could have gone to Red Midnight and offered something in exchange for their assistance, but the two packs hardly talk. Soon as the spirits freaked out, Red Midnight went on the warpath. Lucky that Falling Hammer got us involved, or we'd be negotiating a new border with Red Midnight and burying a pack of dead cretins.

See, Falling Hammer claims they're innocent. Grayson, our newest packmate who's still addicted to cable TV, asked about the "patient zero." I got him to explain it to me, and it turns out that's the first infected spirit. We'd thought it was the lake, or maybe the river, but we were wrong. After questioning everything that'd listen, we figured it out. The contagion actually started in Red Midnight's territory and spread between animal spirits from there.

I've got both packs ready to listen to me, but I've got to tell the members of Red Midnight that their territory has a spirit of disease loose that's corrupted their Shadow and the Shadow of their neighbors. Worse, I've got to tell them

they tried to kill Falling Hammer for no good reason. Just a coincidence. Yet Falling Hammer isn't blameless. Their rite could well have sparked shit off. It didn't. They got lucky. That's no reason to let them off the hook.

I remember my old boss once told me that the easiest way to present a problem is to present a solution. I can't make both packs kiss and make up under threat of force, because Falling Hammer's got us beat there. Much as I hate having to do it, I'm going to have to tell them that all three packs will be working together to Fix this plague. It's got to be all three; if I'm not there someone's going to do something dumb and Falling Hammer and Red Midnight are back to trying to kill each other, probably on live television news.

At the back of my mind, this is all part of a bigger plot. Who gains by turning the two packs against each other? I think I know. Rumors have carried word that there might be a new pack of Fire-Touched nearby. I wouldn't put this past those bastards. First, I get the three of us working together. I've got an honorable solution. I just have to make both packs listen to me. Then, and only then, we hunt the Anshega.

The Nature of Honor

Honor's a tricky beast. An Elodoth must live her life by its dictates, but that doesn't make her life easy. She has to come up with solutions to problems that no other werewolves have faced. Worse, the honorable solution isn't necessarily the best situation. Take the pack accused of sexual abuse. The honorable thing would be to discover the truth then punish the pack if they're guilty. But the accuser isn't anyone of repute, while the accused are local heroes. Some werewolves — and some Elunim — would say it's more honorable to protect the heroes than to reveal the truth, and damn those who get in your way.

Recorded IRC conversation between Cassie Half-Blind and Steel-Trap-Mind.

<Cassie.5>: One of our local packs found a newly-changed Elodoth last week. Asked me to give him some insight. I've got used to being on my own, so what do I tell him?
<STM>: You're lucky.
<STM>: Some of us get all this shit.
<STM>: You get a bit of respect, you survive longer than any other Elodoth and the bastards expect you to be this well of insight.
<Cassie.5>: You'll like this. He told me all about his Change.
<STM>: Yeah?
<STM>: Should be good for a look in his head.
<STM>: Or a laugh.
<Cassie.5>: He was on a camping trip when it happened. Hunting. The whole lot of them were drunk. *Really* drunk.
<Cassie.5>: His new pack had been tracking him for days. The tension this nuzusul had built up was big news. Like a bomb was going to detonate in the Shadow.
<Cassie.5>: This pack wanted to spook the hunters. If nothing else, they'd shot at a couple of wolves and the pack wanted some revenge.
<STM>: Let me guess: it got out of hand?
<Cassie.5>: It always does.
<STM>: How many dead?
<Cassie.5>: All the campers. Started shooting wildly, but that was before anyone shifted. Normal people coming at you in the dark, not making a sound, not announcing their presence.

<STM>: I would've taken no chances myself.
<STM>: Shot the bastards, clean and simple.
<STM>: Back when I was young, dumb, and full of… well, when I was in the Army.
<Cassie.5>: Of course. You've never lost your head since.
<STM>: Watch it. I don't like you *that* much.
<Cassie.5>: I'm thousands of miles away. You'd have to like me more than you do to bother hunting me down.
<STM>: Point. So what happens next?
<Cassie.5>: Guy flips out at the sight of the bloodbath. Gets it into his head that the werewolves in front of him
<Cassie.5>: who are just beginning to shift, by the way
<Cassie.5>: are nature's revenge for the hunt. So he's slowly morphing like a bad Hollywood special effect and he thinks that he's the link. Nature's coming for him to make him one of them. They shot at wolves, and now the wolves are going to make him one. Proactive reincarnation, you might say.
<STM>: The fuck?
<Cassie.5>: The way he tells it, he thought he was shifting back and forth between human and wolf as a physical representation of the conflict for his soul.
<STM>: So he's shifting all the time?
<Cassie.5>: Yeah. He thought he was under this curse, and he finally settled in Gauru form. Stuck halfway between the two, not knowing how long he's going to be stuck like that before he died… scary shit.
<STM>: At least you could straighten him out.
<Cassie.5>: Go on. Share.
<STM>: I got involved in a lot of riots, a bunch of anti-government stuff.
<STM>: At the time, I was homeless and strung out on junk pretty much all the time.
<STM>: One of the biggest riots, some fucker bites my shoulder.
<STM>: I get arrested, and I've got this big urge to tear it all down, more than before.
<STM>: Not the people. The actual concepts. Like I had these claws that could rip through politics and schools of thought.
<STM>: Of course, I don't know if I've some spiritual destiny or if this is what cold turkey feels like.
<STM>: Three weeks of not knowing what was going on. I was a wreck.
<STM>: Then some of the chancing bastards I lived with tried stealing the last of my money.
<Cassie.5>: Three weeks? I've not heard of the tension lasting that long in other cases.
<STM>: It can. There's a guy in Kowloon who had the tension for eight months.
<Cassie.5>: Wow. I never knew that.
<STM>: Anyway. Long story short, I lost it totally and the Irregulars picked up the pieces.

<STM>: They were damn good people, and they had to beat the shit out of me pretty much every day for six months to straighten me out. I've still got the scars.
<STM>: You've got a weird one, but everyone's change is different.
<Cassie.5>: You're not wrong there.
<STM>: How your fresh one deals with his Change, and how you deal with it, can shape him more than anything else in his life.
<STM>: Especially an Elodoth.
<STM>: He's effectively just had a shot of intense wrongness.
<STM>: The only way his body can react to it is shifting between forms again and again.
<Cassie.5>: You're right. I guess I didn't realize my responsibilities. Remind me to tell you about my Change sometime.

The Change

An Elodoth's First Change is marked by a feeling of wrongness. A new werewolf can only respond to that feeling by stretching the new muscles and strange instincts, shifting form until he finds one that can handle the situation. Often, he can't — either through indecision or inexperience. Other times he settles on a form early on, but can't access the skills and knowledge he needs to fix what's wrong. In that one moment, he's at his weakest, feeling like a mechanic without a toolbox.

After their Change, a lot of Elodoth try to hold on to their human lives. Everything else is changing so rapidly they need some constant to keep themselves grounded. Unfortunately, that doesn't help. As a Walker Between, an Elodoth can't hold on to any remnants of his human life for too long. Something always reminds him that the honorable choice is to leave his old life behind.

Traditional prayer to Luna still used by modern Elodoth. This version dates to 1342, possibly based on earlier sources.

Mother Moon, hear my howl! Mother Moon, answer my cry! Mother Moon, guide my thoughts!

You have made me Elodoth. You have made me Walker Between. I live life with your gift. I live life with your punishment.

Your light is truth. It illuminates falsehood. Shine it where lies would spread. Shine it where dishonor breeds. Shine it to show my way.

Your shadow is spirit. It reveals the hidden world. Cast it where spirits would gather. Cast it where the barrier is weak. Cast it to draw me in.

Your edge is the barrier. The line between truth and lies. But is the truth in your light or your shadow?

I am your edge, mercurial Mother. I am your light and I am your shadow. Guide me, mad moon, that I may follow your wisdom. Guide me, blessed Mother, that I may ignore your insanity.

You are light and darkness in us. You are truth and lies in us. You are flesh and spirit in us.

I reflect you. Your fickle heart. I love your light and hate your shadow. I hate your light and love your shadow. For you blessed us with great madness and great sanity both. So are our lives.

Taken from an underground magazine circulated among Canadian werewolves in 1992.



The Dance of the Elunim

by Jack Lapsley

Our Mother's mad. That's not up for debate, not now. Mother Luna, blessed though She be, is hardly the most constant of spirits. Forever changing moods go along with Her ever-shifting face, and the only ones to know Her are lying or mad. All that's well known. But Her servants, the little gods who guide us and bribe us and lead us astray, at least they've got some measure of permanence, right? The Irralunim are the Mother's hidden face, Her back turned to the world. The Ralunim are the moon's baleful glare, a blast of pure bright power and Rage. While it doesn't make them much more comprehensible, at least you know the general tone a Lune's going to take, right?

Right?

Ahh, but the Elunim. Blessed of balance. Light and dark in equal measure, and because of that each one reflects Luna in miniature. When the Mother's shining full, one Elunim's full of Rage and another wants to shine the light of Truth. When her face is hidden, one wants to hunt and one wants to contravene the old ways. The only problem is, all four of those spirits are in fact the same Elunim, just on different days.

The Elunim are Luna shrunk down, and in the Half Moon choir the mad Mother has truly out-done herself. It's like the Elunim are Luna's hologram, shattered into a hundred thousand pieces with each one containing the whole.

But wait! All Elunim hold honor in the highest regard. And true, this is their unifying trait. Honor. But as a defining trait, that ain't a good one:

I know of one spirit of the Half Moon choir who appears as a mottled pattern of light and darkness, like a 1960s special effect made of light and shadow. To that spirit, honor is all about accepting differences and checking judgment.

I know of one spirit of the Half Moon choir who shows up as a highlight on edges and corners, and a faint glow around doorways. Darker shadows and brighter lights until the world is almost monochrome. To that spirit, honor is finding the edges and the doorways, then feeling to see how far an edge goes or what's on the other side. Define and understand boundaries, then transcend them.

I know of one spirit of the Half Moon choir who appears as a shaft of moonlight, a perfect cylinder shining light onto one exact half and shadow onto the other. That spirit knows honor as discovering where a border separates two things, then acting as a bridge through that border.

I know of one spirit of the Half Moon choir who is only ever visible as a cloud of fog lit by moonlight. To that spirit, honor is defending tradition and resisting challenges, protecting your own before all others.

Each one of these spirits only remains constant in its interpretation of honor. Everything else *changes*. Mother Luna always changes, she can't help it. Our choir, our spirit-guides, the closest we ever come to a shifting god, change along with her.

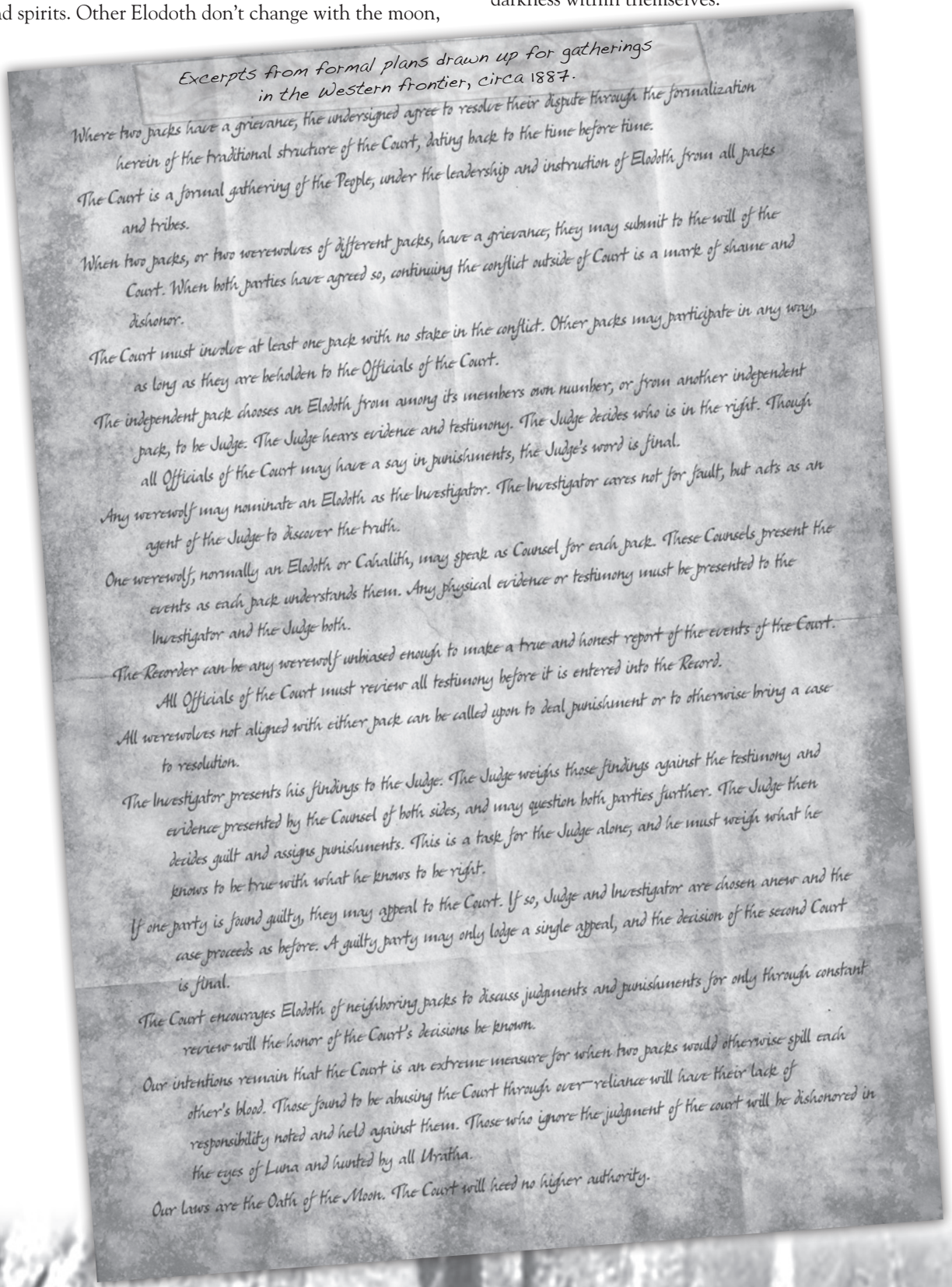


Though this sounds like a lament, it really isn't. I love the Elunim. Without them, we Half Moons wouldn't have to justify our actions within a context of the spirit's expectations and the wider world around. With them, we constantly test ourselves to earn their patronage, and hopefully, their respect.

I love them. I just can't stand them. Every Elodoth out there knows what I mean.

Prayer of the Half Moon

No two Elodoth feel quite the same way about Mother Luna. Blessed by the moon at her mid-point, a Half Moon may experience personality shifts as the mad Mother hides and reveals Her face. As the moon grows fattens, She feels the passion and rage building within Her, looking for any excuse to lash out. When more than half of Luna's face is shadowed, She's drawn to shadows and spirits. Other Elodoth don't change with the moon, but resent its pull towards other auspices. These werewolves make the best judges, able to keep a level head in every circumstance. Some of each camp love Mother Luna for showing them the whole range of Her blessings as a month passes. Others hate Her fickle temperament, unable to be one thing from day to day. A few realize that their love and hate stem from the same source. They embrace the moon's dual nature, by embracing the light and darkness within themselves.



Excerpts from formal plans drawn up for gatherings in the Western frontier, circa 1887.

Where two packs have a grievance, the undersigned agree to resolve their dispute through the formalization herein of the traditional structure of the Court, dating back to the time before time.

The Court is a formal gathering of the People, under the leadership and instruction of Elodoth from all packs and tribes.

When two packs, or two werewolves of different packs, have a grievance, they may submit to the will of the Court. When both parties have agreed so, continuing the conflict outside of Court is a mark of shame and dishonor.

The Court must involve at least one pack with no stake in the conflict. Other packs may participate in any way, as long as they are beholden to the Officials of the Court.

The independent pack chooses an Elodoth from among its members own number, or from another independent pack, to be Judge. The Judge hears evidence and testimony. The Judge decides who is in the right. Though all Officials of the Court may have a say in punishments, the Judge's word is final.

Any werewolf may nominate an Elodoth as the Investigator. The Investigator cares not for fault, but acts as an agent of the Judge to discover the truth.

One werewolf, normally an Elodoth or Cahalith, may speak as Counsel for each pack. These Counsels present the events as each pack understands them. Any physical evidence or testimony must be presented to the Investigator and the Judge both.

The Recorder can be any werewolf unbiased enough to make a true and honest report of the events of the Court. All Officials of the Court must review all testimony before it is entered into the Record.

All werewolves not aligned with either pack can be called upon to deal punishment or to otherwise bring a case to resolution.

The Investigator presents his findings to the Judge. The Judge weighs those findings against the testimony and evidence presented by the Counsel of both sides, and may question both parties further. The Judge then decides guilt and assigns punishments. This is a task for the Judge alone, and he must weigh what he knows to be true with what he knows to be right.

If one party is found guilty, they may appeal to the Court. If so, Judge and Investigator are chosen anew and the case proceeds as before. A guilty party may only lodge a single appeal, and the decision of the second Court is final.

The Court encourages Elodoth of neighboring packs to discuss judgments and punishments for only through constant review will the honor of the Court's decisions be known.

Our intentions remain that the Court is an extreme measure for when two packs would otherwise spill each other's blood. Those found to be abusing the Court through over-reliance will have their lack of responsibility noted and held against them. Those who ignore the judgment of the court will be dishonored in the eyes of Luna and hunted by all Uratha.

Our laws are the Oath of the Moon. The Court will heed no higher authority.

The Court

Sometimes, werewolves reflect human culture. The Court is one such example. Packs expanding into new territory in the Western Frontier often didn't care much for their neighbors. That was no different to the situation back East, but with the population spread so thin, a pack of Storm Lords realized that resolving their differences without undue violence would allow the Forsaken to take and hold more territory. Taking on the basic structure of human courts, that pack imposed their will on nearby werewolves. It took time, but after five years of work they'd swayed a large number of packs to their way of thinking, and exported their ideas back East. Some packs still hold to the Court in more modern times, while others have adapted other human conceits to help resolve their differences.

Recovered from the personal effects of Paul DeLisle, a.k.a. Fair Paul, after his death in the care of Suttons Manor secure mental hospital.

This story is true.

In the tunnels under Vauxhall Cross in London is an old room. It smells musty and stale, and no human has set foot inside it since the Cold War ended. Thirteen chairs, upholstered in old leather like antiques from a gentlemen's club, stand around a circular table. The table is old wood, varnished to the point where oak and mahogany are hard to tell apart. A claw has scratched an eight-pointed star in the table. A series of Half Moons shine down from the ceiling, painted much more recently than the rest of the room.

This story is true.

I have been in that room. I have sat in one of those chairs. My buttocks have graced leather once deemed fit only for the leaders of the free world. I was not alone. Almost every time, I shared the room with twelve others. We would talk of people who posed a threat. Over brandy or whisky or other strong drink, we would sit and decide the fate of people who would never see our faces or know of our existence.

This story is true.

We never had a schedule. Nobody could predict our meetings. We communicated through signs in the streets — some graffiti here, a dead junkie there — and in this way, we always knew when to meet. I took pride in being a member. We took pride in knowing what was right for all of London. I'd be lying if I said I didn't agree. We knew what had to be done, what others could not do. And we talked ourselves into believing that absolute secrecy was the only way, that silent judgment was better than admitting that we might be wrong. We made shadowy judgments

without accountability.

This story is true.

Our judgments had to remain hidden. The People cannot bend their knees to mundane authority in all things. What court understands the bond between a pack and its hunting ground? Which judge can adjudicate a crime by — or against — the Pure? Only one who understands intimately. Only one touched by both light and shadow. Our Secret Tribunal, a place where judgments must be harsh and no appeals heard. There we heard the charges brought against monsters, and we believed that we had the right to pass judgment because we were monsters ourselves.

This story IS TRUE.

The last time I stood in that room, I shared it with thirteen others. I stood as my peers and my comrades judged me as I had judged so many others. They believed that I had betrayed the Tribunal. Each of my former colleagues — my conspirators — believed unreliable witnesses and accepted fabricated evidence at face value. On that day, I saw our system from the outside, and it repulsed me. I tried to fight, but the others overpowered me. And that was that. They didn't kill me. Maybe that was an act of mercy. Maybe it was the cruelest punishment yet.

THIS STORY IS TRUE!

I know what happened. I have been remanded here under the Mental Health Act. My former friends have given statements and invented evidence that I am a danger to myself and others. The drugs stop me from thinking straight, from focusing the Rage that burns within my heart. I cannot take on the other forms within me. I haven't entered the Shadow in over eighteen months. I can feel my sense of self drifting away. It is too late to help me, even if anyone could. It is not too late to help others who would otherwise be victims of the Tribunal.

Silent Judgment

Some Elodoth go further in taking on human customs. The Secret Tribunal is a lodge based on the idea of the Star Chamber, that only a group of monsters can judge monsters. Few enough werewolves are aware that the Tribunal exists, and those few who do are either members or victims. Without oversight, members of the Secret Tribunal now act as the secret masters of the Forsaken. It's only a matter of time before they overstep the mark, and other werewolves lash out at them.

A set of notes circulated first among the Storm Lords but passed on to other tribes. The original author is unknown.

You are Elodoth. Yours is the path of balance, of opposites contained in a greater whole. You think your path is one of duality, but you know nothing.

You are born to crisis. The Shadow hated Father Wolf, but they feared his great power. After more years than you could ever know, he had earned the respect of the Shadow. Then we killed him. Was it the right thing to do? He was weak, but we earned the enmity of the Hisil for daring to put ourselves above Urfarah. Some believe we were right. Some believe we were wrong. Who is right?

As Elodoth, you must know: who is right?

You do not know enough to decide yet. When you do, you can come back to these words with new understanding, but for now put aside the rush of power that the mad Mother's touch brings. You do not know. You were not there. This is the story of your life. You were not there, yet others look to you to decide who is right and who is wrong. They ask you to be the edge, the dividing line. Others call your role that of judge, but they are short-sighted. As you stand on the boundary between wolf and man, the perfect edge where all Uratha aspire to stand, they look to you. But your fellows forget that Mother Luna did not name you Judge. She named you Walker Between. One side blessed with Her light. One side blessed with Her shadow.

Before you can say who is right, answer this: who are you?

Are you the judge, the werewolf who puts himself above all others? If so, know that your burden is great: your judgments hold value only when you are true. Your own people, your own pack, will ask you to mediate disputes not by the wisdom of your words but by demanding that you answer with honor when they present themselves before you. By placing yourself on a higher level than all others, will you conduct your life openly so others may see that nothing influences your decisions? If you do, know that everyone you know and everything you do is under constant scrutiny. Start to live your life as a paragon, and those around you demand more: more honor, more impartiality, more right decisions. Beware them when they turn on you, for they will. If you choose to keep your life a secret, mediating your disputes by your moon-sign alone, then you must beware those who do not trust you and those who would see you fall. They ask both what you hide and from where you draw your authority? You must be ready with answers that do not betray yourself.

The path of a judge is hard, but rewarding. It is the surest way for other Uratha to know your honor. For many Half Moons, the lure of honor and respect is a powerful draw, but they result from hard work against tremendous pressure.

Are you the mediator? The two halves do not have to be the two halves of the werewolf nature; duality might be no more than snide banality. You may walk between the world of werewolf and human. If so, know that your burden is great: you exist as a bridge between the People and the world. You immerse yourself in a world that some werewolves would give anything to return to, yet you must never give in to that impulse yourself. Likewise, for some Meninna the Change is the moment that allows them freedom from the human world, and you must anchor them, remind them of whence they came. However you choose to go about your duty, you must forever remember that your life is one of balance. Some go further, acting as the bridge between the tribe and other Forsaken. Each tribe has traditions and attitudes that others may not understand, and a mediator makes it his job to explain the differences as best he can. Without you, members of a pack fall prey to petty bickering and misunderstanding. Larger groups have trouble forming, and when they do come together only a Half Moon who walks the mediator's path can hold them together. You must stand with your pack and your People while standing apart from them. Only when you master that balance can you act as mediator.

The path of a mediator is the surest way for other Uratha to know your skill. You can draw together information and resources both human and werewolf, from across many tribes and auspices, and bring everything into a whole greater than its parts. Your honor will be great, but you must use your resources to their best or you will fail.

Are you the scientist, the werewolf who tests every established order? If so, know that your burden is great: you will forever stand at the edge of your pack and your tribe and your lodge. Questioning every decision is not the act of a werewolf who makes many friends, but sometimes even Gurim-Ur needs someone to speak in her favor, if only to know why she is so reviled. You will make many enemies. Some will resent you for questioning their decisions, and when you face them you must understand their resentment. Remember that you are in opposition not because you believe that a plan is wrong, but because you are testing it. You must highlight the weaknesses and suggest ways to compensate for them, making the result stronger. Others will hate you for questioning traditions that they hold to without thinking. Again, remember that yours is not to tear down the tradition, but to strengthen the tradition with your questions. By hunting an idea, you purge it of weakness and leave it stronger. But which ideas deserve your hunt, and which must stand? Will you question your alpha, or lead your pack to disbelieve everything? What of traditions that extend beyond the People? If you question your alpha, will you hold your tongue during the hunt? Or is nothing sacred, even the Oath of the Moon and the vow of your Tribe?

The path of the scientist is a sure way to raise the ire of other Uratha. When you raise weaknesses in plans that would have led them to fail, you show both your honor and your wisdom. By showing the world the opposite, you can touch more hearts and minds than any other.

Are you the envoy, the werewolf who walks the Hisil with words rather than magic? If so, know that your burden is great: you would approach with respect and humility those who hate you. Why do you approach the spirit world with words rather than claws and teeth? Do you honestly believe that the Uratha should atone for Urfarah's death by serving the spirit courts? Or are your words merely the first blows struck, with your pack's Ithaeur providing unspoken backup? The role of a Half Moon doesn't include bullying, but with one foot in the material and one in the physical, it is your duty to remind the spirits of their place. It is yours to forge oaths and binding vows, and to ensure harmony between your pack and the Shadow of your territory. While the moon's light does not carry to harsh words or violence, that matters not. Do you discover a dangerous spirit's ban through research and observation? If so, you must remain careful to deal with spirits as equals, lest they take umbrage at your standing apart from them. Do you play the spirit courts against each other? If so, beware the strange ties between courts. If you aren't sure precisely who you are calling on for assistance, then you may end up owing favors to strange and terrible gods. But by bridging the physical and spiritual, you evoke the sacred memory of Father Wolf.

The path of the envoy is hard, pushing you away from other auspices. But by showing mercy to spirits, by approaching them first with words rather than claws, you show both your honor and purity. You sacrifice immediate recognition for a later reward —— as long as you're good enough to be remembered.

Who is right? You are.

Whichever path you walk, know that you are right to do so. You can forge your own path. Will you walk as the witness, who cannot turn away but knows the facts of every situation? Are you an edge-walker in your heart, constantly forcing yourself to confront and transcend boundaries? Do you feel the need to know the Uratha in your region, looking after those who may change in the future? It matters not. You may walk one path for all your life, or you may embrace the light and shadow as you take different roles at different times. As long as you know that you are right, then all your judgments, your words, your plans, they will be right.

It is up to you to be right. The burden of truth rests on your shoulders. Do not let it crush you.

Born to Crisis

The treatise above was originally something kept within the Storm Lords, a primer given to a new Elodoth of that tribe to help him understand what role he'd play. Almost ten years ago, Half Moons of other tribes found copies. At the time, some Iminir wanted to discover who had leaked the document, but they never found a source. Was it someone in the tribe, or someone on the outside? And what did they hope to gain? Nobody would release the file for no reward, after all.

A myth spread by word of mouth among many packs of Forsaken, origin unknown.

This story is true: Not all Elodoth are born to their auspice role. The earliest example to pass into our memory is Two Fires of the Blood Talons. Two Fires may have Changed under a Half Moon, but he was not born with the soul of a judge or envoy. He had a simpler philosophy: when the world is wrong, bite and tear and kill until it is right. The patronage of Fenris-Ur suited him, but he could not live up to his moon-given role.

At first, Two Fires didn't admit his weakness to anyone, not even to himself. He sat in resentful judgment over other Uratha, wishing that had received the warrior's calling. He made poor decisions more than once, letting his impulsive heart leap to conclusions before he had heard all the facts before him. Any Elodoth who took that path would be a bad judge, but Two Fires was worse. He had neither the will nor the aptitude for respecting spirits — in his eyes, those Shadow-dwellers who hated him for being a Kinslayer should face his claws and be glad if he left them alive. Though he didn't show the same arrogance when talking to humans, he still scared them without meaning to. Too often he would return from a village having left the humans scared and angry.

Soon, Two Fires began to hate his role. Mother Luna had named him Walker Between, though he could see no point to balancing on the edge. Other werewolves promised to help him change, but they missed one important point — he did not *want* to change. All he wanted was to live the life he'd envisioned as a great warrior who won many battles. Surely it was not for him to change but for the world to change around him. When it did not (for the only time the moon absolutely refuses to change is when you need Her to), he directed his resentment back at the moon. She had chosen him to fulfill a sacred role that he didn't want. She had made him make decisions that he could not handle. Certainly, some of Two Fires' judgments were good. Many others were bad, and he felt their effects.

Consider the murder of Black Sky. Found dead, with a silver knife through his heart, and a look of surprise on his face. Was the killer his alpha, Shrouded Talon? She had worried that he was growing too close to one of his packmates, and had warned them to avoid each other. Did she discover that they had produced a child and silence Black Sky to save the rest of the pack from dishonor? After hearing what others thought of Shrouded Talon, he proclaimed her guilty. Only later did another pack discover that Black Sky had killed himself for the good of his pack, fearing that he could not keep his urges in check.

Two Fires would never have been called to judge the death of Black Sky were it not for the simple truth that he was the eldest Elodoth for miles around. Despite his reluctance to take on the duties of his moon he dared not deny them totally, and so other werewolves had to put up with his sloppy judgments.

Two Fires could have done nothing, or he could have continued resenting his station until the end of his days. If he had, he would be no more than a footnote. Facing incredible pressure from other werewolves, he cracked and asked for help from other Elodoth, both from far afield and younger Uratha in local packs. He did not wish to be a judge and they did not want him to remain as a judge. Instead, they came up with a way for him to salvage his battered honor. And so Two Fires learned not just the art of battle but the art of *war*, turning his hand to finding those few spirits who he could convince to be allies and directing spirits and werewolves alike to hunt powerful foes. He was not the first Half Moon to understand the art of strategy, but if he had not embraced his auspice he would have remained resentful of the moon that blessed him so.

The First

Some werewolves don't fit in with their auspice. Two Fires was the first documented Elodoth for whom that's true, but he certainly wasn't the last. That conflict between what the heart wants and the soul needs can break a werewolf. Rather than denying the truth, an Elodoth who can't fit with his role has to carve a new niche for himself. Two Fires is a good example, but he's only one. At its heart, the Half Moon is a flexible auspice, and a suitably dedicated werewolf can find a way to adapt it — if he's willing to change himself as well.

Edges of the Walker Between

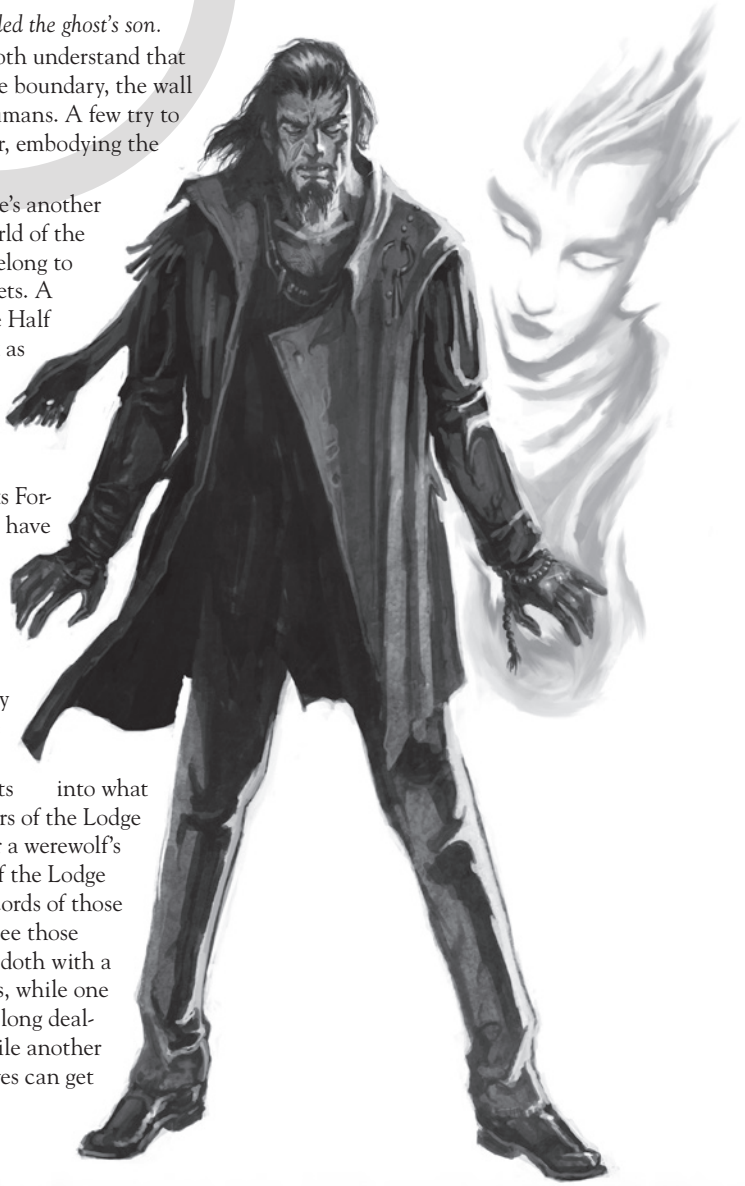
This section presents a range of new tools for Elodoth characters, including new Gifts and rites, several lodges, Elodoth Aspects, and the Elodoth Milestone Gift.

The Lodge of the Boundary

The transparent woman wept tears of blood. "My son," she cried. "I have to tell him how I died."

Jackson nodded, hoping that he could get to his pack before they killed the ghost's son.

The Half Moon is two halves divided by an edge. Several Elodoth understand that the edge is an important part of their auspice moon; it represents the boundary, the wall between flesh and spirit, or the Rage that divides werewolves and humans. A few try to embody that boundary when they take the role of judge or inquisitor, embodying the line that cleaves truth from lies.



Those Elodoth who join the Lodge of the Boundary know there's another barrier there in the Half Moon: the wall between the light, vital world of the living and the shadowed world of the dead. While many members belong to the Bone Shadows, the Lodge of the Boundary doesn't hunt for secrets. A member of the lodge is far more interested in the recently dead. The Half Moon is the envoy to the spirits, and the Lodge of the Boundary act as envoys to the dead. Most members focus on those ghosts that haunt their territory, discovering what the dead need before they can move on. A few go further in their quest to settle the affairs of the dead, travelling far to slay a ghost's enemies.

The Lodge of the Boundary isn't exactly well-known; though its Forsaken are spread across the world, only cities with close ties to death have more than one or two members in residence. Most members don't even tell their packmates they act as envoys for the dead, especially considering the strange requirements most ghosts have before they can move on. Other members explain what they do to their packs. Often, it takes several werewolves to move on a powerful and intractable ghost. One may require a complex exorcism performed by the whole pack, while another just wants to deliver one last message to her son — who died two hundred years ago.

The Lodge of the Boundary doesn't have any secret insights into what happens after death. Even after years of dealing with ghosts, members of the Lodge don't gain any special understanding. No "inner circle" watches over a werewolf's dealings with the dead. No patron spirit knows when one member of the Lodge burns a ghost's anchors. While all members should keep detailed records of those ghosts they've dealt with, and any member of the Lodge can ask to see those records, operating on the honor system is a dangerous thing. An Elodoth with a strange fixation on death may create more ghosts than he dispatches, while one who believes that he is some sort of hero to the dead may spend too long dealing with the dead rather than his fellow werewolves and spirits. While another member of the Lodge will hunt them out eventually, these werewolves can get away with a lot in the meantime.

The Lodge of the Boundary has the blessing of Silent Jackal, the Envoy of the Dead as their totem. Silent Jackal serves as an aspect of one of Death Wolf's offspring, the picker of bones and envoy of ghosts. Certainly, he has powerful connections within the Underworld, and he is the final judge on those souls the Lodge of the Boundary sent to their final reward.

Prerequisites: Members of the Lodge of the Boundary must have an understanding of what they're getting into by becoming the boundary between life and death (Academics •, Occult ••). Silent Jackal demands that werewolves learn about the ghosts they deal with (Investigation •).

Membership: The Lodge of the Boundary may not keep itself a secret, but its actual beliefs and practices are remarkably hard to discover. In many ways, members rely on generalizations and "common knowledge" to shield themselves from scrutiny; hidden in plain sight. Only Elodoth may join the Lodge of the Boundary.

Initiation into the lodge is one of those well-guarded secrets. The prospective member — always an Elodoth, though from any tribe — has to understand what she's dealing with: she has to find what a ties a ghost to the world and resolve it, and must be able to justify her resolution at a heartbeat's notice. She must spend six months apprenticed to another member of the Lodge of the Boundary, learning how best to communicate with ghosts and winkle out precisely what ties a ghost to the world. After a while, she learns to identify those ghosts who know what they want against those who endlessly repeat the same moment from their lives. After her time as an apprentice is over, she has to pass one last test: identifying a ghost's needs, and sending it on to wherever ghosts go. Once she's succeeded — if she succeeds — she has to justify her decision to another member of the lodge.

Benefits: All members of the Lodge of the Boundary count Death Gifts as an affinity Gift list, and pay (new dots x 4) experience points to purchase Death Gifts. Members can also use their Spirit Envoy ability on ghosts as well as spirits.

The Lodge of Lycurgus

With a glower, Mary pointed at the Fire-Touched who had threatened her. "Your allies can't follow you here. This is my territory. The spirits here are mine to command. I have bound them in sacred oaths, and I call on them now!"

The Anshega screamed as a spirit of pain wrapped barbed appendages around his throat. The spirits who had followed him to the edge of the Forsaken's territory were nowhere to be found.

Lycurgus the Bold (p. 81) was a shining example of what an Elodoth could be — he put the blessings of his auspice to good use and brokered a lasting peace with the spirit courts. Sure, a powerful spirit thought it had found a loophole, and the story ends in blood and death, but unusually the deaths are not Forsaken deaths, and Lycurgus came out of the whole situation with his honor intact. Only a few Elodoth who have been in a similar situation can say the same; all too often the Elunim would not recognize a werewolf's honor after one bad judgment or one broken deal. Even so, some optimists never give up. Every day, some people push themselves to be better. Some of those Half Moons formed the Lodge of Lycurgus.

The Lodge got its start in Athens shortly after the death of Lycurgus, but for most of its existence only a handful of werewolves wanted to be members. Over two thousand years it became something between a mystery cult and a family tradition. Were it not for the discovery of Lycurgus' story on an archeological dig, that's what it would have remained. The sudden swell of interest has broadened the lodge's appeal and Elodoth from all corners of the world travel to the Greek capital to learn the secrets and pass them on to interested werewolves at home. In many ways, the Lodge of Lycurgus' sudden popularity is similar to the spread of Indian mysticism to the West in the late 1960s. Currently, the Lodge is a very popular group — a lot of Elodoth who don't join still appreciate that some are willing to go to the lengths that the Lodge demands.

Trading on the Half Moon's role as spirit envoy, the Lodge of Lycurgus teaches two key things: respect and restraint when in the Hisil; and oaths made with spirits are binding for *both* parties. Members of the lodge must conduct themselves with incredible honor around spirits. In return, every denizen of the Shadow will enforce an oath struck with a member of this lodge. Unfortunately, that's not always easy — treating every spirit with respect is almost impossible in the modern world, especially when they try to exploit poorly-chosen wording in oaths and vows. Just one slip can turn the whole deal sour. The lodge teaches a wide range of ways that a werewolf can maintain her cool around spirits, and their techniques really work — assuming a werewolf can understand the lessons on offer.

A few werewolves see the sudden popularity of the Lodge of Lycurgus as something more than a passing fad for the memory of an ancient hero. These few, who are trying to set up areas outside of Athens where they can induct new members, want to use the lodge as a spearhead to forge oaths and compacts with spirit courts, taking away the advantage that the Pure Tribes have had for so long. Currently, they're in a minority, but were those werewolves to start teaching the lodge's ways in English, they may soon be a force to be reckoned with.

Prerequisites: To join the Lodge of Lycurgus means learning from one who has fully internalized the Lodge's teachings. While much can be done in the First Tongue, a lot of the training is only available in modern Greek. A member of the lodge must understand the basic protocol of the Hisil, and how to approach spirits without antagonizing them (Politics •, Persuasion •). Finally, a member must have demonstrated that he is willing to behave honorably in all manner of situations (Honor •••). If a werewolf's Honor Renown ever drops below three dots, the lodge disowns her.

Membership: If an Elodoth is serious about joining the Lodge of Lycurgus, she'll likely have to travel. The only werewolf

qualified to initiate others into the lodge lives outside Athens, and the others only refer to him as the Mentor. An old and xenophobic werewolf, he refuses to teach anyone who doesn't know at least enough Greek to understand him.

The Mentor has spent his life dedicated to the memory of Lycurgus. He was inducted into the lodge by his pack when he was in his mid twenties. That was over 70 years ago. Since then, he's broken many spirits to his will and forged an incredible number of oaths. He's also watched his pack die off, from renegade spirits and plain old age. Now he must pass on his secrets to a generation of foreigners, or have the secrets of the Lodge of Lycurgus die when he does.

Prospective members must live with the Mentor for a full lunar month, and in that time they're his "second pack." He teaches them the right way to phrase an oath, the specific details of shifting resonance that replace body language among many spirits, and many more details besides. At the end of the month, he has each prospective student forge an oath with a spirit in his territory as a test. After many years of effort, the Mentor has broken many spirits to his will and thus can set each initiate a challenge that will properly test her before letting her return to her pack.

Benefits: All members of the Lodge of Lycurgus add their Honor Renown in place of the flat +2 bonus when using their Spirit Envoy ability. This change is permanent; even were the lodge to disown a werewolf, she would still add her Renown to the roll.



Losing Renown?

Currently, the primary way to lose Renown is to leave a tribe via the Rite of Renunciation. Some Storytellers may feel this gives characters an incentive to ignore their Renown when they're not directly working to increase it. Those Storytellers may want a system that gives an Elodoth with Honor 5 incentive to avoid starting a war against a powerful rival spirit.

As an optional rule, the Rite of the Spirit Brand can be used to remove one dot of Renown in place of its normal function. The character has to have deliberately ignored the expectations of his Renown even when he had a chance to do otherwise, or the rite automatically fails. Note that one event can only ever cause a werewolf to lose one dot of Renown in total.

Some examples of deeds that might cause a werewolf to lose Honor Renown include: deliberately setting an unfair challenge out of personal bias towards one participant; knowingly ignoring one's pack and totem when faced with adversity; ignoring the rules of a just challenge in order to win; directly concealing taint or great injustice; or deliberately provoking a potent rival spirit into all-out war. Note that these deeds are intended to contrast the notable feats of honor on p.196 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken.**

The Secret Tribunal



Danny flinched as someone pulled the hood from his head. As his eyes adjusted, he could see other people — other werewolves — staring down at him. He struggled, but couldn't free his arms. One of the werewolves in front of him spoke.

"You've caused us a lot of trouble, Danny. This is how you're going to make it right…."

The People trust their Half Moons to stand in judgment. After all, the Elodoth sees the world through the eyes of every auspice, giving him a unique perspective. Some Elodoth stand in judgment only when their packmates ask for their assistance. Others have earned the respect of many packs, and their honor is such that other werewolves will travel for miles to resolve a particularly thorny problem — not because the local Elodoth are bad, but because the renowned Half Moon lends an air of legitimacy to all his judgments.

Some Elodoth don't believe in waiting. When a pack seeks out a judge, things have already gone too far. Better that they dispense justice from the shadows, with only the guilty ever sure that they exist. These werewolves belong to the lodge known as the Secret Tribunal.

While members like to paint it as an ancient institution, the Secret Tribunal only got started in the late 1990s. In much of Europe and North America, alien abduction experiences and ghost sightings reached an all-time high. People wanted to believe in anything. A few reckless werewolves could cause quite a backlash in that atmosphere. Word spread among packs in New York, and nine werewolves gathered in an abandoned penthouse. After a week engaged in dangerous rites, they founded the Secret Tribunal. One member then traveled to London, one to Chicago, one to Los Angeles, and one to Paris. Those four had to find like-minded souls and spread the word. The others would sit in judgment over the werewolves of New York, kidnapping those who threatened to unveil the presence of the supernatural and enacting harsh punishments.

The Secret Tribunal isn't just a secret police for the Forsaken. By making an example of werewolves who would break the Oath of the Moon, and by punishing small infractions before bigger ones occur, the lodge brings the local werewolves into line. Not for nothing is the Tribunal's base in London decorated as a "star chamber."

Ultimately, the Secret Tribunal acts as a place where those Elodoth who devote themselves to judgment can have the best effect — and keep an eye on the extremists who would rule the Forsaken from the shadows. The lodge members don't kill those they find guilty, as a rule. Members much prefer sending a message to all werewolves in the area. Some of those judged receive Punishment Brands (see above), but others don't get off so easily. A werewolf in New York had his hand cut off with a silver blade for selling his pack out to a gang of vampires. The lodge removes those who can't be allowed to remain in Uratha society — including those who betray the Secret Tribunal — by locking them up and making sure they cannot shapeshift.

The lodge has taken the Shadowed Vizier as their totem, though a few members still believe they should appeal for the patronage of the Hanging Judge. The Vizier won't give up without a fight — the spirit's pleased that it has some means to remove undesirable Forsaken without showing its hand.

Prerequisites: Members of the Secret Tribunal must be able to discern the truth (Investigation ••), and determine a fitting punishment that sends a message to other Uratha (Empathy ••, Streetwise •)

Membership: Most werewolves who deal with the Secret Tribunal never know it. Ghost Wolves and wolf-blooded informers gather the word on the street, and a stranger might ask a pack to capture one of his wayward packmates who has strayed onto their territory. For most, that's where their involvement ends. Members of the

lodge seek out some Elodoth — those who rankle at judging situations only after they've happened — and offer them a chance to be a bit more pro-active. So far, the Lodge has only one Ghost Wolf member, and the Shadowed Vizier won't accept any werewolf not of the Elodoth auspice.

Initiation into the Tribunal is a strange affair. The prospective member stands in front of the other members of the local Lodge. They question him for hours and days on end, re-living old cases in exhaustive detail to ensure that he thinks as they do. If he proves to be a match, he then has to judge a werewolf accused of planning some grievous breach of the Oath of the Moon. Just one hitch — roughly half the time, the victim is an innocent patsy. It's up to the prospective member alone to judge the correct outcome of the situation, determining guilt and, if necessary, assigning a suitable punishment. If he satisfies the members of the Lodge, they welcome him into their number.

Those who fail, and those who become disenchanted with the Secret Tribunal's means of acting, suffer whatever punishment their Tribunal deems appropriate. Some undergo a rite that strips all traces of the Lodge from their memories. Others are remanded to mental institutions, or suffer yet crueler fates.

Benefits: Upon joining the Secret Tribunal, a character gains two dots spread between the Merits: Allies (Local Werewolves), Contacts (Local Werewolves), and Contacts (Local Spirits). Members of the Lodge can also purchase dots in Investigation or Subterfuge at a rate of (new dots x2) rather than (new dots x3) experience points.

Honor Gifts

The Elunim can grant many favors to a Walker Between, but only a few cut to the very core of the auspice's role. Other werewolves often understand the importance of honor, but those who have received these Gifts embody it. The Elodoth must hold himself to high standards, but his rewards are great: he can turn his honor into a shield or a weapon, and can bind others to those same standards. The Elunim alone teach Honor Gifts, and only to those few Half Moons who manage to impress them.

These Gifts are exclusive to Elodoth characters, and are treated as affinity lists for the purposes of experience costs. A character cannot purchase an Honor Gift rated higher than his Honor Renown.

Instant Measure (•)

An Elodoth with this Gift can gain the measure of another's honor with only a few words. By measuring miniscule changes in body language and scent, the Elodoth knows how honorable his companion is, and can choose his words accordingly. This Gift doesn't allow the werewolf to detect lies; instead he can play to his target's sense of honor to bring him around to the werewolf's viewpoint. The werewolf must engage the target in conversation, without threatening or bullying, to use this Gift.

Cost: None

Dice Pool: Wits + Composure + Honor – target's Composure.

Action: Reflexive

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The werewolf misreads the person with whom he's talking. Maybe he draws the wrong conclusions, or picks up on the body language of someone in the background. Whatever the case, the target gains a die on any rolls to hide information from the character.

Failure: The werewolf doesn't get a decent read of his target.

Success: By interpreting changes of scent and body language, along with spiritual intuition, the werewolf knows how honorable his target is. By applying this knowledge, he knows how best to play his target in a social situation: each success gives the werewolf the 9-again quality to one Empathy, Persuasion, or Socialize roll made against the target until the end of the scene.

Exceptional Success: The first roll enhanced with this Gift gains the 8-again quality. If that roll succeeds, the Elunim reward the werewolf with a point of Essence.

Beyond Reproach (••)

An Elodoth must act with honor in all things. This Gift makes the world aware of the werewolf's deeds on a subconscious level. Those who would take away control of her actions must fight her honor, and even people who merely try to talk her into lies and dishonorable behavior face greater resistance. The protection of this Gift lasts only as long as the werewolf acts with a base amount of honor, if she ignores the basic tenets of honorable behavior then the Elunim remove their protection.

Cost: None

Dice Pool: This power requires no roll.

Action: Reflexive

The character can activate this Gift in two circumstances. Against supernatural powers that try to control her mind or directly influence her actions she adds her Honor to her Primal Urge for contested rolls, and adds her Honor to the Resistance trait for any Resisted powers.

The second use for this Gift is in social situations. When anyone tries to convince your character to act in a dishonorable fashion, you can add your character's Honor to the contested roll or to the Resistance trait as appropriate. For the purposes of this Gift, a dishonorable action is any action that would directly contravene the base expectations of Honor Renown (see "Contravening Honor" below).

If the werewolf takes an action that breaks the base expectations of Honor Renown, she cannot call on this Gift until the next moonrise. This includes actions that she is compelled to take by supernatural powers.

Forge Contract (•••)

As the Half Moon is two-in-one, darkness and light that only exist as reflections of each other, so the Elodoth can reflect his honor in another. Some Half Moons use this Gift to arbitrate disputes, binding both parties to an oath with chains of honor as unbreakable as the werewolf's will. Spirit envoys use this Gift to enforce the oaths they swear with spirits, and boundary walkers often need to make deals with otherwise untrustworthy people — and creatures.

The Elodoth calls on the Elunim to witness a deal being struck. As both parties agree, he cuts the palm of his hand and touches the blood to all involved. Most usually, he does so by shaking hands with both parties, but hostile negotiations may require the werewolf touches his target (Touching an Opponent, **World of Darkness Rulebook**, p. 157). Shadows gather around one party, while moonlight suffuses the other; both are now parts of one greater whole. The werewolf can bind himself to a particular oath, but that oath cannot involve him breaking the base expectations of Honor Renown (see "Contravening Honor", above).

Contravening Honor

Several Honor Gifts work on the concept of a werewolf upholding the basic expectations of Honor Renown. These expectations are set out on p. 196 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. In short, the Elunim expect a werewolf to be honest, to admit his mistakes — or at least when he's taken action, even if he believes he was right to do so — and to treat both werewolves and spirits with a basic level of respect.

If an Elodoth doesn't do that, he's going against what it means to be honorable. Lying is a breach of honor, but only if the Elodoth actually speaks an untruth (of course, the Elunim accept lies told to keep the existence of werewolves a secret). Lying by omission isn't a direct breach. Likewise, convincing a spirit to act against its best interests isn't a breach of honor, but using Gifts or rites to compel a spirit to act is — as is forcibly dismissing a spirit.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Persuasion + Honor versus Resolve + Primal Urge

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The werewolf attempts to bind both parties to the deal into his own honor, but the Elunim are fickle and the bonds do not hold. The first time one of the parties breaks the terms of the contract, she gains a point of Willpower. At that point, the werewolf loses a point of Willpower.

Failure: The werewolf cannot impose his own honor on the parties to the deal.

Success: Each party to the contract is bound by the werewolf's honor. If either one attempts to break the terms of the oath, she must fight against chains of honor and duty to do so. Any actions performed in service of breaking the oath suffer a negative modifier equal to the werewolf's Honor Renown. The penalty represents the world putting obstacles in the oath-breaker's way; circumstances conspire to make it easier to adhere to the contract. Two packs that vow to never step on each other's territory might find cars and subway trains break down as they're about to cross the boundary, or the roads are closed to fix the gas main or a sink-hole. A spirit who swears to never cross into the physical world finds the resonance of every locus opposes him, or might cross the path of a werewolf pack tracking another spirit foolish enough to attempt the crossing. The oaths' supernatural protection lasts for a lunar month. Note that this Gift offers supernatural protection to the contract, and does not control or manipulate the minds of either party.

Exceptional Success: The chains of honor bind both parties tight, enforcing the behavior of everyone who is a part of the oath. The first time a character attempts to contravene the oath, her action is automatically resolved by a chance roll.

Shining Example (••••)

An honorable werewolf can't rest on her laurels. Others have to see her being honest and impartial, putting them ahead of herself, and doing her duty to her pack and her totem. Sometimes, that's hard. Uncovering taint is never easy, but it's worse when she discovers her own alpha is a Bale Hound. Negotiating with a powerful spirit is an exhausting ordeal, but all most people will ever know is that tomorrow is much the same as today. Carrying the flame of truth is hard, especially when it's a truth most people would wish buried. Fortunately, just as the Elunim give Half Moons the ability to channel their honor backed with spiritual power, they empower particularly honorable behavior. A werewolf can use this Gift after performing a notable feat of honor (**Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 196).

Cost: 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Presence + Occult + Honor

Action: Reflexive

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Elunim turn their shadowed faces to the character. Whether they misunderstood her motives or see some flaw of which she is not yet aware, their displeasure is clear. The character loses a point of Essence.

Failure: The character fails to impress the spirits.

Success: The werewolf's deeds impress the Elunim, showing that she is willing to put everything aside to do what is clearly right. For the rest of the scene, the werewolf can change a resisted or contested action into an instant action. She can do this a number of times equal to her Honor Renown.

Exceptional Success: The character regains two points of Essence in addition to the effects of a success.

Honor Incarnate (•••••)

Sometimes, a werewolf must wear her reputation as a shield against those who would do her harm. This Gift channels her honor into an almost tangible form. She seems to stand taller than before, as if she has just discovered an extra six inches in height, and patches of light and shadow play across her body. Everyone who sees her knows deep down that she will do the right thing, make the right decision, no matter how unpleasant or painful. Guns pointed at someone under her protection start to waver, and nobody can hold a knife steady if it's pointed in her direction. Deep down, in the primitive parts of the mind and the soul, everything knows that it's not *right* to strike one that even Mother Luna knows as honorable.

Cost: 2 Essence

Dice Pool: Stamina + Expression + Honor versus Resolve + Primal Urge

Action: Contested; resistance is reflexive

Roll Results

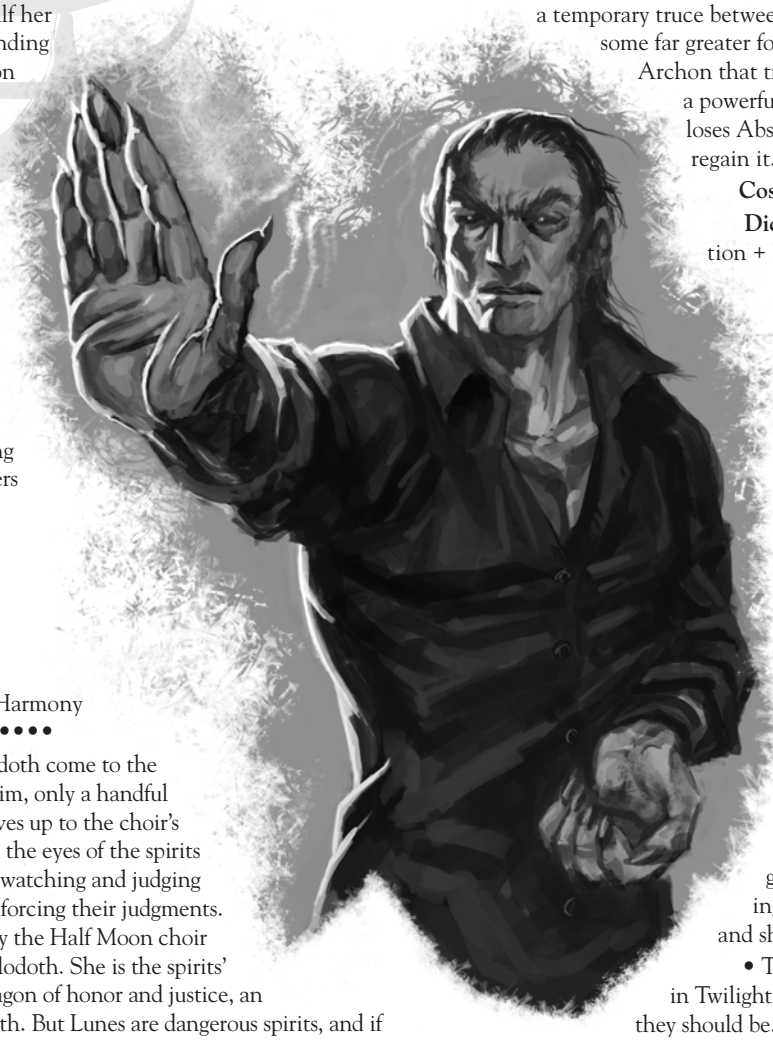
Dramatic Failure: The character believes the world sees his honor, but he's sadly mistaken. His overconfidence means he loses the benefits of his Defense for the first turn of combat.

Failure: The werewolf gains no benefit.

Success: Her foes are instinctively scared of actually striking a blow against the werewolf or someone she is defending. The most honorable use of this Gift is to protect another, though the werewolf can shield herself if she needs to. As long as she is in physical contact with the person she wishes to protect, anyone attacking the character's charge suffers a penalty equal to the character's Honor Renown (which has to be five dots).

If the werewolf chooses to protect herself, attackers only suffer a penalty equal to half her Honor Renown, rounding down. This protection lasts for one turn per dot of Primal Urge, and the werewolf cannot attack while using this Gift.

Exceptional Success: The werewolf's selflessness impresses everyone. As long as she is protecting someone else, anyone attacking either character suffers the full penalty.



Milestone Gift: Absolute Authority

Prerequisites: Harmony ●●●●●●●, Honor ●●●●●

While most Elodoth come to the attention of the Elunim, only a handful in each generation lives up to the choir's ideals. Those few feel the eyes of the spirits on them at all times, watching and judging them — but also reinforcing their judgments. A werewolf chosen by the Half Moon choir is no longer just an Elodoth. She is the spirits' envoy, a walking paragon of honor and justice, an avatar of ultimate truth. But Lunes are dangerous spirits, and if their chosen ones anger the choir, their revenge is terrible.

A werewolf who possesses this Gift instinctively knows how to find the truth in any conflict. She doesn't just know which side in an argument is the closest to being right, but by careful questioning and investigation can discover the objective truth. Any Empathy, Investigation, or Politics rolls made to uncover truth are Rote Actions (see **The World of Darkness**, p. 134).

Discovering the truth is just one facet of the Elunim's ultimate Gift. The Elodoth is charged with *enforcing* that truth in the world — as walker of the boundaries, she must make sure everything remains where it should be. When she does so, half her body shines as if in moonlight and half is shrouded in darkness. She sees everything, including ghosts and spirits in Twilight. With a glare she can send the restless dead on to whatever awaits them, banish spirits to the Shadow and humans to the physical world, unravel illusions, and free minds from the influences of others.

As a Milestone Gift, only Elodoth who perform some great act that embodies their auspice can learn Absolute Authority (Milestone Gifts are described in the Introduction, p. 5). Normally, the Elunim choose those who try to live up to the inherent contradictions of the Half Moon, taking every role rather than focusing on just one side of things. If the character's Harmony falls below 6 after he learns this Gift, he has one cycle of the moon to regain spiritual balance, during which time he must perform a feat of honor dedicated to the Elunim — striking a temporary truce between Forsaken and Pure against some far greater foe, or binding the Shadow Archon that troubled Lycurgus the Bold with a powerful oath. If the character fails, he loses Absolute Authority and can never regain it.

Cost: 2 Willpower

Dice Pool: Presence + Intimidation + Honor

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The werewolf attunes himself to the true nature of the world, but it all happens too fast. Overwhelmed with confusing, conflicting information, she suffers a –3 penalty to all actions until the end of the scene.

Failure: The Elunim withhold their authority for some reason. Has the character displeased them, or are the spirits merely fickle servants of the mad Mother?

Success: With one eye pearly white and one absolute black, the Elodoth becomes gatekeeper to the world, returning things to their rightful place and showing illusions as falsehoods.

• The werewolf can see creatures in Twilight, and can move them to where they should be. By expending a point of Essence, she can send a Twilight being to its rightful place — sending spirits into the Shadow and ghosts on to the Underworld. To resist the shift, a spirit or ghost spends a point of Willpower and rolls Resistance. If the immaterial being gets more successes than the werewolf did when activating this part of the Gift, it remains where it is. Beings that have Attributes and Skills such as disembodied mages roll Resolve + Composure instead. Uratha, being half-spirit, can spend a point of Essence to be forced into the Shadow rather than materializing fully.

• She can also detect illusions by scent, and free those afflicted. By touching someone taken in by any illusion, she can spend a point of Essence to render that person immune to all illusions until the end of the scene.

• The werewolf can also free people from all forms of mental control or compulsion, returning control of the target's faculties to himself for a scene. She gains the benefits of this part of the Gift as soon as she succeeds at the roll.

• The effects of this Gift last for a scene. At the end of that scene, the character loses all her remaining points of Essence, and for the next scene her Essence maximum is set to 0.

Exceptional Success: The Elunim bless the character, leaving her with a small reserve of spiritual power rather than taking it all from her when the Gift's effects end. The character loses all but two points of Essence (if she had more than two at the end of the scene) and for the next scene her Essence maximum is set to 2.

Rites

The Elodoth keep some rites to themselves. Not as secrets, because that'd be dishonorable. It's just that some tools only make sense for a Half Moon to use. A Rahu has his battle-prayers and a Cahalith her sacred stories and howls; rites of truth and boundaries are the providence of the Half Moons. Many Elodoth find it relatively easy to collect rituals, even compared to Ithaeur — even in the World of Darkness, one can catch more flies with honey than vinegar.

Boundary Rite (•)

The Elodoth is the Walker Between, the one auspice with a real understanding of boundaries and edges, the oft-invisible lines that divide the world into "yours" and "ours." Werewolves fight over territory all the time, but when neighboring packs have helped each other in the past, starting a turf war is a really bad idea. To that end, the rite defines a shared border between two territories. Both packs must agree on where the border runs; the spiritual compact that empowers the rite recognizes no disputed zones. Any werewolf of either pack can see the boundary as a softly glowing wall, about as bright as the light of the Half Moon on a dark night. The boundary doesn't stop anyone crossing it; it just acts as a reminder that two packs have drawn a line in the sand. In the Shadow, the boundary is a wall of bright moonlight almost a half-mile high; easily enough to scare minor spirits into remaining on one side or the other.

Performing the Rite: Both packs must have agreed on a shared border before this rite begins. The ritemaster howls to the totems of both packs and to the spirits of both territories, entreating them to honor the boundary. Each pack's alpha urinates into a large container prepared with agrimony, camphor, salt, and collected rainwater from both territories. The ritemaster walks along the boundary with both alphas, spilling the mixture in the bowl along the line. At the end, both alphas call to their pack totems to respect the divide between the two territories.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (5 successes required per mile, rounded up; each roll represents 20 minutes)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: Perhaps the boundary spells out a curse in some ancient spiritual tongue or the packs' totems were on the wrong side of the line. Whatever the case, the boundary is invisible. Any werewolf or spirit who crosses from one territory to the other gains a +1 modifier to the first roll made in the new territory.

Failure: The boundary goes unmarked.

Success: The boundary shows up to the eyes of werewolves and creatures that can see into Twilight as a faintly glowing barrier, and in the Shadow, the barrier shines so bright as to be unmistakable. The boundary offers a slight physical resistance to any werewolf attempting to cross it. Even blindfolded, a werewolf will know when she crosses the barrier. Any werewolf who crosses from one territory to the other suffers a –1 penalty to the first roll made in the new territory. The barrier lasts for one full lunar month (28 days) before needing to be renewed.

Exceptional Success: Knowing that they've a strict line between their territories makes it a little easier for both packs to trust one another. Socialize rolls made between members of both packs gain a one-die bonus while the boundary's in place.

Echoes of Truth (••)

The truth is a slippery thing. The old saw has it that every story has three sides: your side, the other guy's side, and the truth. Elodoth have passed this rite from one to another for countless generations, as it remains one of the few reliable means of getting a fragment of the truth without relying on the fickle favor of the Elunim. It only shows a glimpse of what happened, a moment frozen in time like a photograph taken of the past — to the point where some irreverent Iron Masters call this rite "Polaroid Postcognition." Often that glimpse is enough to reveal hidden details.

Performing the Rite: The ritemaster writes his query on a piece of blank paper or bark, in the First Tongue. The question always starts with the crucial words *Duzag lal*, "show me." The question is then burned over a fire made with at least one piece of oak, and the ashes mixed into a bowl of dark ink that shows an image that answers the question.

Dice Pool: Harmony

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

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The werewolf sees a snippet of the past, but from a misleading angle that casts the truth in an unlikely light. When acting on information revealed by the picture, he suffers a –2 modifier.

Failure: The bowl contains no link to the past, just murky liquid.

Success: A still image coalesces in the bowl that answers the werewolf's request. The image is relevant to the question asked — a werewolf asking to see who stole his keys would see a still image of the moment someone picked his pocket, but if the pickpocket wore a disguise, the image won't reveal his real face. The image revealed by this rite fades after ten seconds, and can't be photographed or otherwise recorded.

Exceptional Success: The image reveals incidental details that give a lot away — the pickpocket in the above example had a distinctive tattoo. Rolls based off information gained from the image gain a +1 modifier.

Rite of Parlay (••••)

Half Moons have many roles to play in Uratha society, but perhaps one of their most important is envoy to the spirits. While Ithaeur are the masters of spirit conflict, the Elodoth practice diplomacy and wit to ensure that both sides get what they want without blood or ephemera being spilled. This rite anoints a space as a place where Uratha and spirit can meet without either side becoming the victim. Spirits cannot attempt to reach into the physical world while in the space, and Uratha cannot banish them if this rite is used with spirits already in the physical world.

Performing the Rite: A werewolf using this rite can prepare an area ahead of time, and many do. The ritemaster pours sand in a circle around the area, no more than 50 yards across. At each of the cardinal points, he places a specific type of stone — sandstone to the North, quartz to the East, granite to the south, and limestone or chalk to the West. To the inside of each stone he places a skull painted with glyphs of warding, with the eyes facing in to watch over the site. Atop each stone, he sets an unlit candle. Once the space is complete, he anoints each stone with a drop of his own blood, and howls to each of the cardinal directions to bring calm and clear thought while his packmates drum and howl their support.

Cost: None

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (20 successes required; each success represents 15 minutes)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The spirits watching over the area promote the idea of violent resolution. Each Uratha in the circle must roll to resist Death Rage immediately. Most spirits won't show any self-restraint.

Failure: The circle is no more effective than any other line drawn at random.

Success: The area is prepared correctly. The effects of this rite start when the candles are lit, and last until the end of the scene, or until one of the candles is put out. The area can be prepared up to 24 hours beforehand.

The spirits ensure that tempers remain calm within the circle. All rolls to resolve a conflict peacefully between the pack and the spirits gain the 8-again quality. If the situation is resolved without resorting to force, every participant gains a point of Essence. Any attempt to use force by either side, whether through physical violence or rites such as Banish Spirit (**Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 152) suffer a 4-dice penalty.

Exceptional Success: Anyone trying to resolve the conflict by force must spend a point of Willpower in addition to incurring the penalty.

Judgment Brand (•••••)

For better or worse, an Elodoth must act as judge. As walker between wolf and man, between flesh and spirit, and between Uratha and human, he is uniquely poised to consider all the facts before levying a punishment. Not that all Elodoth are perfectly honorable judges, but those who aren't don't tend to know this rite. A Judgment Brand is a ritual scarification that ensures a victim's crimes will walk with him until his death. Some Elodoth save this punishment for those who refuse the chance to redeem themselves, while others like to make examples of those who piss them off. A judgment brand is permanent, barring a similarly powerful rite. For that reason, most Uratha don't like seeing this rite used too lightly.

Performing the Rite: In times past, the ritemaster would literally brand the victim as part of the ritual, but these days things have changed. The accused is brought before both his own pack and that of the ritemaster, and each werewolf takes her turn speaking one of the victim's crimes in the First Tongue. Half the victim glows with an eerie white light, while half is hidden in dark shadows. The ritemaster howls to powerful spirits before anointing the victim in blood and casting him from the circle.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Harmony versus target's Honor

Action: Extended and Contested, resistance is reflexive (30 successes required, each roll represents 10 minutes)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Elunim overseeing the rite absolve the victim of his crimes, or decide on leniency. The ritemaster loses two points of Willpower for seeing his authority weakened.

Failure: The rite has no effect.

Success: The rite brands the victim with the words of his crimes. These show up as pale patches of skin, rather like scars, written in the glyphs of the First Tongue. These scars are reflected in the spirit brands that record his honor. The victim's Honor Renown is reset to 0, and he must pay double the price of increasing non-primary Renown (new dots x 16) to raise it again. If the character's Honor was his highest category of Renown, he loses access to any Gifts of a rank higher than his new highest Renown. Finally, the victim of a permanent brand suffers a –2 penalty to all Social Skills when dealing with other Forsaken, including Ghost Wolves.

Exceptional Success: The ritemaster knows his judgment was the right one, and that comforts him. He regains a point of Willpower.

Fetishes

While the Elodoth are masters of spiritual negotiation, they rely less on fetishes. Convincing a spirit to imprison itself in an item to grant a Forsaken werewolf a measure of its power is a lot easier with the threat of force, and that's something that many Elodoth prefer to leave to Ithaeur. A few persevere, and the items they craft remain with them for life. After all, to one of these werewolves, the spirit made a deal with *her*, not any other werewolf.

Farseer (•)

Most Farseers don't look like much: two pieces of broken mirror, one much larger than the other. Their lack of decoration doesn't mean they're not useful: activating the fetish and focusing on the larger mirror, a werewolf can see the area around the smaller one as if looking from about five yards overhead. Many Elodoth use Farseers, though not often; using it is a sign that the werewolf doesn't trust his target. Often, that's justified. To other Elodoth, justification is no excuse. Sitting in judgment over other werewolves isn't an easy task, and a Half Moon needs other Uratha to trust him; something they have a harder time doing if they suspect he's going to spy on them. Focusing on the image requires the user's full concentration, and he forfeits his Defense against any attacks if in combat. Some Elodoth bind spirits of vigilance into their Farseers, while others bind spirits of animals noted for their stealth. Some Iron Masters and Ghost Wolves go so far as to use the spirits of security cameras. The werewolf must convince the spirit to enter the mirror and then smash it, keeping hold of the largest fragment, and another at least an inch across. Planting the smaller shard on an unsuspecting target may require a Dexterity + Larceny roll to remain undetected.

Action: Instant

Badge of Honor (••)

Werewolves know that Elodoth hold to tenets of honor, but humans remain ignorant of the renown handed down to werewolves. Often, this is a blessing — allowing a pack of werewolves to hide in human skins. Other times, it's a punishment, as the Uratha cannot fall back on his reputation as a judge or diplomat when dealing with normal people. Humans may know him as fair (or as a shady bastard), but they'll never know the depth of his honor. The Badge of Honor is a small trinket, a stone or disc of metal painted with glyphs depicting the werewolf's deeds. She must convince a spirit of honor or nobility to inhabit the badge — one of the Elunim would be far too fickle for a relatively delicate fetish. Activating the Badge gives her a pool of points equal to her Honor Renown. Spending a point provides a +1 modifier to all Empathy, Persuasion, and Socialize rolls for the rest of the scene when dealing with normal humans. Her player can spend as many points on one roll as she likes, but the fetish can only be activated once per day and any points left in the pool at the end of the day are lost.

Action: Instant

Trade-Off (•••)

The true nature of the Half Moon is balance, the perilous edge between light and darkness. An Elodoth who convinces a spirit to power a Trade-Off can shift the balance of her own body. A Trade-Off is a pair of six-inch spikes. Some werewolves bind spirits of steel or other alloys, while others prefer more traditional horn or bone. The werewolf must thread the spikes through his skin to activate the fetish, taking a point of lethal damage. That damage cannot be healed while the Trade-Off remains in place. Once activated, the werewolf must name one group of traits: Power, Finesse, or Resistance. All rolls using an Attribute in that group gain a +3 bonus. Rolls using Attributes from other groups suffer a –1 penalty. These bonuses apply for as long as the spikes remain in the werewolf. The modifiers provided by the fetish don't apply to derived values — a bonus to Finesse Attributes doesn't affect a werewolf's Defense. When a roll involves two Attributes, only the highest modifier applies: when rolling Wits + Composure for perception, the roll gains a +3 bonus if the user has selected to boost Finesse or Resistance Attributes, or a –1 penalty if she'd chosen to increase Power Attributes. Likewise, a character who boosted Resistance Attributes would only add +3 to a Resolve + Composure roll to shake off mental influence. Spirits of balance and edges — including the spirits of ceremonial blades — can power the Trade-Off.

Action: Instant

Band of Restraint (••••)

Being a werewolf means building a life around burning Rage. Uratha who face their foes may fall to dread Kuruth, the Death Rage, but any situation can provoke the beast within. A couple of pool-sharks who try shaking the werewolf down in a crowded bar can send her over the edge, as can someone holding a gun to her child's head. Even werewolves with high Harmony feel the fires burning within. Perhaps her husband reveals that he's joined a werewolf-hunting conspiracy by pointing a shotgun at her chest. Whatever the case, sometimes the threat of Kuruth is too great. In combat, perhaps it can be excused, but not outside. A Band of Restraint is a woven band, threaded through with the werewolf's hair and decorated with Half Moons, scales, shackles, and chains: symbols of balance tempered with restraint. A werewolf has to activate a Band of Restraint in a short period of meditation when he remembers all the times people have pushed him to the edge, whether he went over or not. Once that's done and the fetish is activated, the character adds four points to his Harmony when determining what events outside of combat will provoke Kuruth, as shown on the table on p. 174 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**; note that if the werewolf's adjusted Harmony is above 10, he cannot be provoked to Death Rage. The Fetish's effects last until the moon next sets. Spirits of chains or bindweed — those that restrain and entangle — can power a Band of Restraint.

Action: Extended (15 successes required; each roll represents 5 minutes)

Dead Zone (•••••)

A Dead Zone is a truly nasty fetish, something that most werewolves wouldn't go near. Only the most skilled Elodoth can convince a spirit to lend its power to strengthening the wall between worlds, and only a foolish Uratha would want to create one in the first place. But when fighting a pack of Pure with many spiritual allies, or enacting a punishment on a powerful Ithaeur, sometimes a Half Moon *wants* to remind people that the dark side of the moon hides truly dirty tactics. A Dead Zone is a sharpened bone taken from an honorable man. Driving the bone into the ground activates the fetish. The spirit world grows distant in a radius of twice his Harmony. Loci in the area seal up temporarily, and spirit magic becomes harder to use. All Gifts and rites used in the area of a Dead Zone require an extra two points of Essence to use. A werewolf cannot gain Essence in the presence of a Dead Zone, and a spirit in Twilight must spend Essence each minute, rather than each hour (per the Gauntlet Breach Numen, **Werewolf: The Forsaken** p. 277). The nullifying effect lasts until the end of the scene. Spider-spirits and spirits of order can power a Dead Zone, and rumor has it that some Azlu know how to make items that work in the same way.

Action: Instant

Mental Flaw: Anthropocentric

Your character can't fully capitalize on his shapeshifting abilities. He instinctively tries to solve any problem in his Hishu or Dalu forms, and derides his Urshul and Urhan forms because they don't have opposable thumbs. While he can still shapeshift, it takes some serious thought to break him out of "human mode," and even Dalu form doesn't feel right. You get an experience point at the end of ever session where your character's reliance on his human understanding of the world gets in the way of your character's goals.

Elodoth Totem: Blind Justice

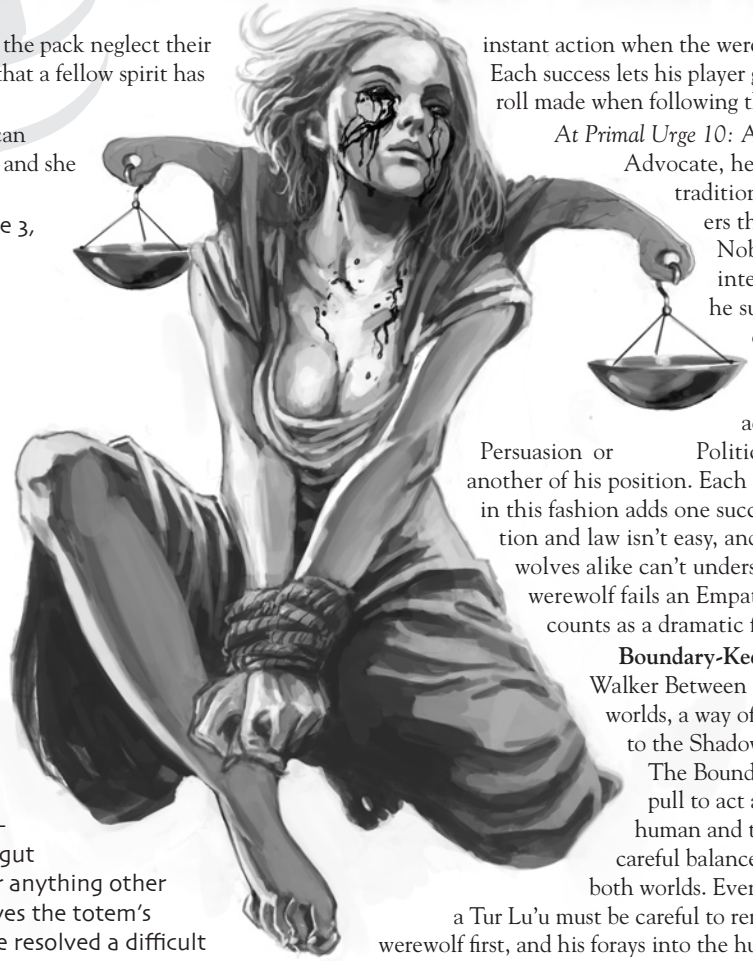
A rare few packs contain only Elodoth. Some form by chance, while others are a matter of conscious choice. Whatever the case, a pack of Half Moons is a powerful and versatile tool, capable of negotiating their way out of trouble or rending foes with tooth and claw as the situation warrants. Other packs of Elodoth form to judge their fellow werewolves. If it holds territory, a pack of judges does not wish to expand. Rather, members hold court over nearby packs, acting as mediators in disputes and a tribunal that judges fellow Uratha. Such packs often find spirits of justice as patrons, and none is as great as Blind Justice, She Who Judges Without Favor.

Human interpretation has shaped Blind Justice some: she looks much like a female human clothed in a billowing robe. Her eyes are empty sockets that never stop bleeding, and her hands are shackled in front of her — she's a slave to evidence and to the truth. A yoke stretches across her shoulders, bearing two large pans: she is the scale in which the facts are weighed. Blind Justice's ban is severe for any werewolf who prefers to temper raw justice with wisdom. Beyond that, she's a driving, active totem who won't stand for a pack that ignores its duty to her. While she doesn't stoop to the level of micromanaging the pack, she can sometimes push packmates too far in service of her own

agenda, and can demand that the pack neglect their territory to right an injustice that a fellow spirit has heard of.

Only a pack of Elodoth can have Blind Justice as a totem, and she costs 17 points.

Attributes: Power 4, Finesse 3, Resistance 3
Willpower: 6
Essence: 15
Initiative: 6
Defense: 4
Speed: 12
Size: 5
Corpus: 8
Influences: Justice ••
Numina: Chorus, Material Vision
Bonuses: Wits 2 (story); Investigation 1 (given)
Ban: Pack members can only take two things into account when making a decision: what they have seen as a pack, and what they have a reliable eyewitness to. Deciding based on gut feeling or social pressure or anything other than cold, hard facts removes the totem's bonuses until the pack have resolved a difficult situation according to the totem's ban.



Aspects

As a werewolf's spiritual power grows, so does her connection to Luna. Mother Moon is ever-changing, and often the only way for a werewolf to reconcile herself with that change is to retreat to her auspice. While each of the Forsaken's sacred roles has some structure to it, Aspects further refine both how a werewolf approaches her duty and how it changes her.

Advocate (Zabar-su): It's the role of the Elodoth to test laws and social norms, finding weaknesses in the existing structures and discovering new cases that fall just outside existing rules. The most effective way to do that is to argue against the current laws and to break taboos. An Elodoth drawn to the path of the Zabar-su tests the laws to strengthen the existing ones and to discover areas that need new laws to handle them. While he'll likely never be pack alpha, he's well-suited to being omega. A few advocates do their best to spend more time in their Urhan forms, letting the unique perspective of the wolf inform their view on laws and traditions.

At Primal Urge 3: As an Elodoth starts on the journey to become Zabar-su, he sees that examining the world from all angles has its benefits. He gains the 8-again quality on all Investigation rolls to solve puzzles (see "Solving Enigmas", the **World of Darkness Rulebook** p. 60). However, his constant testing of traditions provokes people around him, and Persuasion rolls do not benefit from the 10-again rule.

At Primal Urge 7: The werewolf has got so good at finding flaws in plans that he can identify weaknesses without dedicated study. His player can roll Intelligence + Investigation as an instant action when the werewolf formulates a plan. Each success lets his player give a +1 modifier to any roll made when following the plan.

At Primal Urge 10: As the pinnacle of the Advocate, he who proves laws and traditions, the werewolf discovers the truth of a situation. Nobody can argue his interpretation, whether he supports the established order or argues a boundary case. He can spend points of Essence to add successes to any Persuasion or Politics roll made to convince another of his position. Each point of Essence spent in this fashion adds one success. Testing every tradition and law isn't easy, and humans and werewolves alike can't understand him. Any time the werewolf fails an Empathy or Socialize roll it counts as a dramatic failure.

Boundary-Keeper (*Tur Lu'u*): The Walker Between is a bridge between worlds, a way of connecting the Uratha to the Shadow and the human world. The Boundary Walker feels the pull to act as a bridge between the human and the werewolf, holding a careful balance that keeps him part of both worlds. Even more than the Envoy, a Tur Lu'u must be careful to remember that he's a werewolf first, and his forays into the human world must serve a purpose.

At Primal Urge 3: The werewolf gains the 9-again quality on all Empathy and Persuasion rolls when dealing with normal humans as he knows exactly what to say. Spending so much time around people who do not shapeshift leads him to consider every situation from a human perspective, granting him the Flaw: Anthropocentric (see sidebar).

At Primal Urge 7: The werewolf can spend a point of Essence to ignore the penalty to Social rolls from his Primal Urge for a scene when dealing with humans (a character with Primal Urge 8 normally suffers a –4 penalty to Social rolls, but spending a point of Essence reduces that penalty to 0).

At Primal Urge 10: Luna's guidance makes the Tur Lu'u a bridge between the Uratha and the man. He can reflexively spend a point of Essence to either render a human immune to the effects of Lunacy until the end of the scene, or to inflict full Lunacy on one human as though he'd taken Gauru form. The price for this boon is high: for every day he spends in Hishu form, he must spend one in Urhan to retain his balance.

Envoy (*Hissu-kag*): While Ithaeur are spirit-warriors and hunters in the Shadow, the Elodoth approach denizens of the Shadow from a different angle: by treating spirits with respect and understanding. A Crescent Moon may threaten, but a Half Moon negotiates. Many envoys spend more time in the Shadow than in the physical world, while others use their contacts in the Hisil to build knowledge — or to bring them spirits fit to be bound into a fetish.

At Primal Urge 3: The Elodoth walking the path of Envoy starts to make a name for himself. He gains the "Spirits" specialty in one of his auspice skills, and a dot in Allies (Local Spir-

its). If he already has that Merit, he increases its rating by one. He becomes more aware of how his actions affect the Shadow around him, developing the fixation derangement (mild).

At Primal Urge 7: The character is so used to being in the Shadow that he no longer needs to be at a locus to step sideways. He can take other werewolves with him, but only as long as he is the pathfinder (**Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 251).

At Primal Urge 10: The Hissu-kag sits in the middle of a web of owed favors and bonds of honor from all manner of spirits. Once per chapter she can "cash in" a favor by succeeding at a reflexive Presence + Politics roll. The spirit exerts its Influences. The next Instant or Extended action the character makes is counted as an Exceptional Success, without requiring a roll. In return, the Envoy must uphold his end of innumerable spirit bargains. He suffers from the obsessive-compulsion derangement (severe), and must maintain Harmony 7 or above, or lose the benefits of this Aspect.

Judge (*Dikhut*): The Elodoth Aspect most recognized by other Uratha, it takes a relatively level head to resolve disputes between werewolves. Drawing on his understanding of every auspice, other werewolves call upon a Dikhut to tell them who is right and to resolve complex disputes without resorting to violence. In that way, a Judge must not only resolve the situation but leave both parties certain that his judgment is correct. Elodoth who follow this path are held to higher standards of honor than all others.

At Primal Urge 3: The werewolf can spend a point of Willpower to use his Spirit Envoy ability on one other werewolf until the end of the scene. He starts to obsess over making the right judgment without provoking either side. When rolling Intimidate against another werewolf, do not reroll 10s and subtract 1s from successes.

At Primal Urge 7: The werewolf can add his Wisdom Renown to any Investigation roll made to resolve a complex dispute. The character can also purchase Honor Gifts (p. 102) for new dots x 4, rather than new dots x 5.

At Primal Urge 10: The character's honor is such that few can doubt his judgments. Once he has made a decision, anyone who knows of it suffers a penalty equal to his Honor Renown to all actions that would go against that decision. The price of being a Dikhut is a subtle one — he has to give his consideration to all problems brought before him. He can prioritize, but he can't ignore any request for judgment, no matter who makes it.

Truth-Seeker (*Lul Galah*): Some Elodoth pride themselves on digging deep into a situation to find the truth behind it. Let the Dikhut decide who must be punished, the Lul Galah



would rather know precisely what happened. This Aspect draws a lot of Iron Masters and Bone Shadows, both tribes known for their love of knowing what really happened or what's really going on. A Truth-Seeker doesn't receive the same respect as Elodoth following other Aspects, for no werewolf knows when she'll look into their dark pasts.

At Primal Urge 3: Luna teaches a Lul Galah to leave no stone unturned. The character gains the 9-again quality on all Empathy, Investigation, and Politics rolls made to uncover the truth behind a situation. However, she suspects anyone and everyone of hiding the truth, giving her the suspicion derangement (mild).

At Primal Urge 7: The werewolf has the scent of the truth, and knows where to find reliable witnesses. When using her Spirit Envoy ability to uncover the truth behind a situation, the character may spend a point of Willpower to turn her roll into a rote action (**World of Darkness Rulebook**, p. 134).



At Primal Urge 10: Lying to a Lul Galah is a losing prospect. Anyone trying to intentionally hide information from the character must roll Resolve + Composure as a reflexive action, with a penalty equal to the werewolf's honor. If he fails, he tells the Elodoth the truth as he knows it. The spirit of truth so suffuses the character that she cannot lie. She can commit lies of omission with a Resolve + Composure roll, but cannot utter any statement that she knows to be false.

Jamie Rankin, "Wandering Voice"

Background: Jamie Rankin always felt the pull to test his edges and boundaries. He couldn't help it. In school he broke the rules just because he could, to see what it felt like. Sometimes, it felt good — especially when the rule didn't make any sense, like having to keep his hair cut short just because he was a boy. Other times, he broke a rule and found out just what the rule was there for: running between classes was fine for Jamie, but he made life harder for everyone around him, and pushing past the star quarterback earned him a beating after school.

He went to a local college in Pennsylvania, but he couldn't concentrate worth a damn. None of the classes he went to seemed to have a practical use in the real world. Wandering through an arbitrary world of classes and GPAs and pointless, stupid rules, he spent every single day feeling hollow. One day, out of the blue, an old friend called him from El Paso. Something felt right about that phone call, something he'd not felt during the nine months he'd spent in college.

He emptied his bank accounts, burned all his IDs, and dropped out of all his classes. He hopped a Greyhound to El Paso, hoping that a change of scenery would fill the void within. Jamie naïvely assumed that he could crash on his friend's couch, and hadn't made any plans for what he'd do when he got there. When he stepped off the bus, something felt right. That feeling didn't last. Six months later, three people beat Jamie half to death after his "friend" got him a job as a drug mule without warning him. Once he'd recovered, Jamie stole a car and drove off towards Arizona. He took his sweet time, and wandered the Mexico border for nearly three years.

In the back streets of San Diego one night in 1979, Jamie suddenly felt it: something in the world matched the hole in his soul. He couldn't help but investigate. Something was working in the dark, something the size of a man with four legs and thin hairy arms like a spider. The creature vomited a translucent web. Jamie could tell that the web hurt the world. He ran at the spider-thing. Jamie tore the Azlu and his web to shreds. Waking up covered in blood and scraps of odd spirit-stuff, he felt sated for the first time.

A pack of young werewolves took him in, and claimed the weak locus he'd saved as part of their territory. Jamie saw the Bone Shadows and their understanding of the Hisil as the right place for him — he'd first felt whole in a locus, and every hour in the Shadow felt like it was recharging his batteries. The rest of his pack weren't exactly wise in the ways of the Shadow; they'd pissed off a lot of local spirits. Jamie had learned a lot about dealing with different people from his travels, and he put that to use as he began to talk the spirits around. It wasn't easy, but he started to bring them round.

After years of talking to spirits and making deals, Jamie felt Luna pulling him deeper into the shadow. He became a *Hissu-kag*, an Envoy to the Shadow. He got a reputation amongst neighboring packs that came to him when they needed someone who could get spirit on-side. He heard of werewolves who needed his help from as far away as Los Angeles and Tijuana, and he couldn't turn them down. His pack travelled with him into the Shadow, and saw as he earned favors from all manner of spirits.

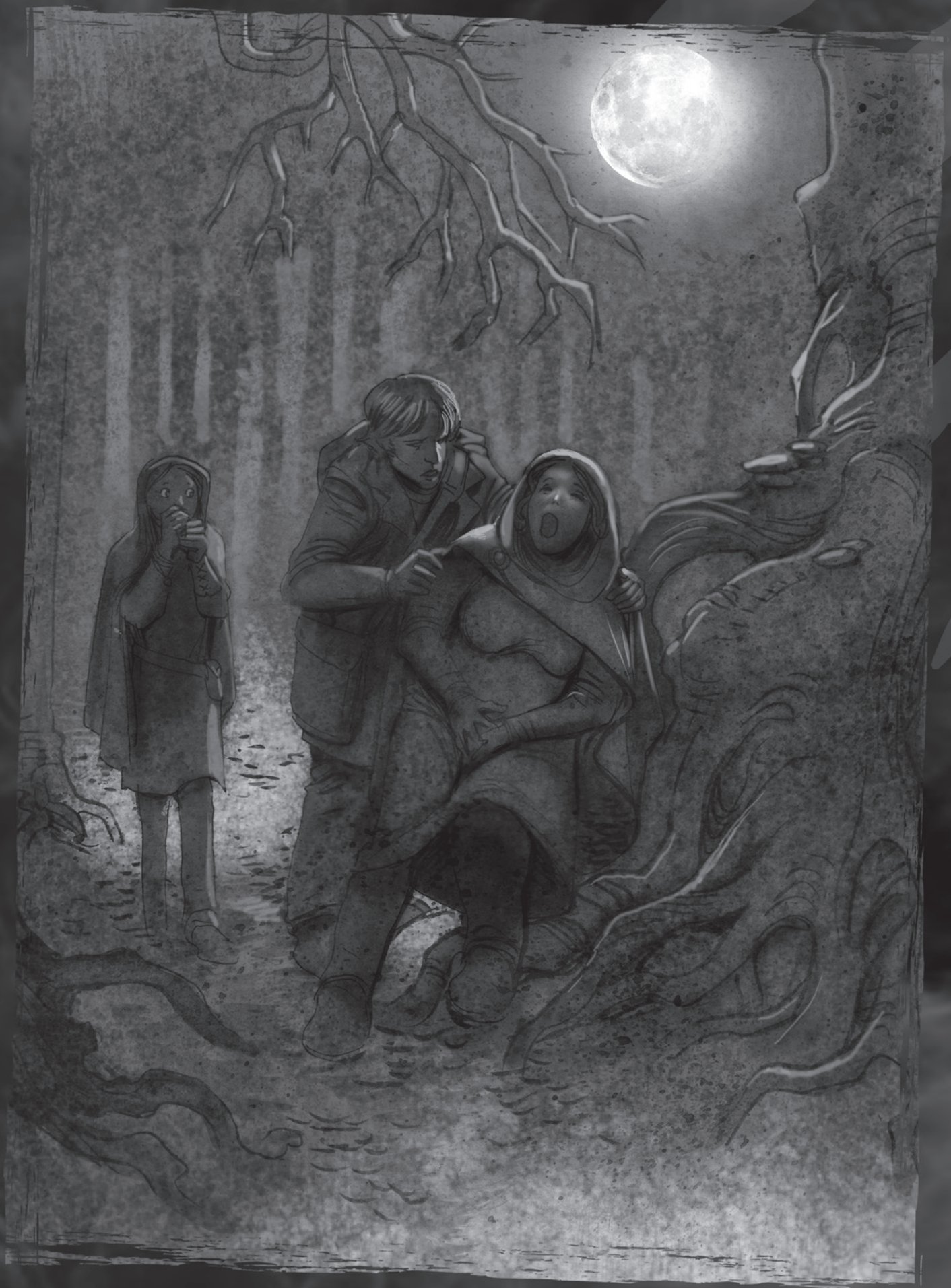
Learning of the powerful and mad Fire-Touched known as the Mountain Man through a prophecy, Jamie learned that he was leading an army of spirits towards California. He gathered the biggest alliance of Forsaken and spirits seen in the last hundred years. He cashed in every favor he could think of, and over forty werewolves joined him, alongside powerful spirits. Jamie took his army to Mexicali, where they met the Mountain Man's army. The Pure's horde of bound spirits broke against the Forsaken army — Jamie's army. After four nights of terrible violence, the Pure fell. Exhausted but still alive, the Forsaken army celebrated their victory. For a few nights, packs of werewolves fought alongside each other without petty violence getting in the way. That day, the Lodge of Harbingers added him to their number.

Wandering Voice still holds territory in San Diego, but he travels the southwest looking for prophecies and delivering them to whoever needs to hear them. Trusted by spirits and Forsaken alike, any werewolf hearing a prophecy from Wandering Voice knows that whatever he says is going to change their lives.

Description: Jamie's a tall, slender man in his early 50s. His hair's turned gray early, a reminder of his father back in Pennsylvania, but he sports a deep tan and his face has deep lines from spending most of his years in the sun. He dresses for durability, wearing blue jeans and old boots that never wear out. The same philosophy carries over to his car, a 1974 Cadillac Eldorado that he's somehow kept running through thick and thin. When he speaks — which he rarely does, these days — he never needs to raise his voice to be heard. Everyone who knows of him shuts up, desperate to hear what he's got to say.

Storytelling Hints: Wandering Voice stopped trying to bridge the physical and spiritual even before facing the Mountain Man. He is that bridge now, a living conduit between flesh and spirit. He's spent a lot of time in both worlds, but he feels best when he's taking something through, be it a human who's crossed the Gauntlet somehow or forbidden knowledge from a spirit. About the only thing that pisses him off is seeing how much other werewolves rely on him; between his secrets and his force of personality, a lot of packs will go along with whatever he says. Jamie can't stand that; other people should be able to rely on themselves first and foremost.

Auspice: Elodoth
Aspect: Envoy
Tribe: Bone Shadows
Lodge: Lodge of Harbingers (see p. 200 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**)
Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 3
Physical Attributes: Strength 3 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 5 (6/7/7/6)
Social Attributes: Presence 7, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 6
Mental Skills: Crafts (Auto Mechanic) 3, Investigation 3, Medicine (First Aid) 2, Occult (Spirit Lore) 3, Politics (Spirit Courts) 4
Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Drive 3, Larceny 2, Stealth 4, Survival (Desert) 4
Social Skills: Animal Ken 2, Empathy 4, Expression (Storytelling) 2, Intimidation 1, Persuasion 5, Socialize (Uratha) 3, Streetwise (San Diego) 2
Merits: Allies (Local Spirits) 4, Contacts (Local Spirits, Local Werewolves) 2, Direction Sense, Inspiring, Iron Stamina 3, Language (First Tongue, Spanish) 2, Totem 4
Willpower: 9
Harmony: 8
Virtue: Fortitude. When Jamie sets his mind to something, he won't let anything stop him.
Vice: Pride. Sometimes, he really should let things stop him.
Initiative: 9 (9/10/11/11)
Defense: 3 (3/4/4/4)
Speed: 12 (13/16/19/17)
Health: 10 (12/14/13/10)
Primal Urge: 7
Renown: Honor 5, Glory 2, Purity 3, Wisdom 4
Gifts: (1) Instant Measure, Feet of Mist, Scent Beneath the Surface, Sense Malice, Ward versus Predators; (2) Beyond Reproach, Blending, Scent of Taint, Snarl of Command, Ward versus Humans; (3) Echo Dream, Forge Contract, Running Shadow; (4) Shining Example, Soul Read; (5) Honor Incarnate, Omen Gazing
Rituals: 3; **Rites:** Banish Human, Banish Spirit, Bind Human, Blessing of the Spirit Hunt, Boundary Rite, Cleansed Blood, Echoes of Truth, Sacred Hunt, Wake the Spirit
Essence/per Turn: 20/5



Chapter III

"...Maybe six hours from the nearest midwife by foot, seven from the nearest hospital. We are in the middle of fuckin' nowhere." Moe, though good with maps, had the kind of cynicism that wasn't welcome at the moment. Gary sneered at him and Moe shrugged it off.

Beatrix, their alpha, paced through the circle of trees, her stomach so heavy with her baby it looked like she might fall over. She'd stop walking every now and again, rub her stomach and howl like an animal at the moon. Her being in Hishu made it seem strange and made the other three in the pack uncomfortable.

"She wasn't supposed to go into labor for another two weeks," Tara said, looking up at the looming gibbous moon as it peered through the trees as if coyly watching what the pack was doing. Her voice was small and nervous.

"Well, we weren't supposed to get lost on the other side and somehow end up hours from civilization, either," Moe hissed. "Whose bright idea was that?"

"Knock it off you two." Gary kept his voice low, not willing to draw any more of Beatrix's attention from whatever it was she was doing. "We all knew what could happen and..."

Their alpha squatted and started breathing in short sharp sounds, not unlike barking.

"Seriously, this is natural." Gary said making himself sound sure.

"And scary," Tara whispered. She thought it was under her breath. She sometimes forgot how good the others could hear. She was younger by almost ten years.

Gary, hearing honesty in her fear, did the only thing he could; he got right in the girl's face. "Tara Beth. That is your alpha. She is a good strong woman doing what comes natural to women. You suck up this chickenshit attitude and help me help her birth that baby."

Tara swallowed and shrank. "She could die."

"Every day she wakes up or dreams." It wasn't the perfect thing to say, Gary never seemed to have the perfect thing to say, but it did the job.

Beatrix started to yowl, and then she stood up again. "Now," she said in a voice with power like none of the others had ever heard. "I need you all now." Gary turned away from Tara and stepped away from Moe to where Beatrix rocked back and forth on her feet. Directly behind him, Tara followed, with Moe at her side. Inwardly, Gary let out a sigh of relief.

The pack put down a blanket and helped their alpha out of her dress. "Gibbous moon is the fertile moon." Gary said, holding Beatrix's hands as she lowered down to a squat. "You're going to make a miracle tonight. You're like Luna tonight."

In what light that moon provided, Beatrix's stomach contracted down in waves as visible and strong as the tides. Gary squeezed his alpha's hands, "I'm going to tell this story to your kid when he's older, and he isn't going to believe it."

A bird does not sing because it has an answer.
It sings because it has a song.

— Chinese Proverb

The Cahalith are duty bound to tell the stories of dead, the stories of the past, and the stories of the world around them as it unfolds. No other auspice feels the weight of what has been so heavily as the Cahalith. Glory is a function of the past, present, and future. In order to ensure that tales of the Uratha are still told in the future, those of the present must carry the stories from the past forward. With this method, generations of storytellers and visionaries satisfy the Cahalunim choir.

Myths

Most Cahalith recognize no single right way to tell a story or carry on its precious message through time. To the average Cahalith, the distinction between a mythical tale and a bit of history preserved through oral tradition is thin. After all, any time a story is told it changes depending on who tells it, even the details change depending on who tells it. The message is what's important, so what difference does it make if it's a fantasy or a news report?

Of course, not everyone is a Gibbous Moon, and a wise Cahalith will remember that details matter to other people and so anything that can't be well confirmed as fact is just labeled as a myth and told as best remembered.

You've all heard this one, so go ahead and jump in when you like. Way back, like back so far most things had only forms and not names, the Cahalunim looked for a wolf that was special enough to be touched by their grace. (Pause for recognition of story.)

So the light of Luna's vision wandered the Earth as Three Sisters: Ubita, Uda and Egir. They wondered about the children of the Firstborn, and if these Forsaken would be able to accept the gifts of their grandmother, Great Luna.

As they walked, they spied a young Uratha slowly making his way though the woods at night. And he was (pause for fill in from others) that's right, Shahar the Blind. They saw that he could not see, but he walked with careful steps through the dense brush and never once bumped into branch or tree trunk.

So first, spoke (pause) that's right, Ubita. Ubita, the Lune of Glories Past. And she said: "Shahar, the Blind, how do you walk through these woods when you cannot see?"

Shahar knew that he was in the presence of greatness and bowed his head deeply. "I know these paths as they are the paths that many have taken before me. I have heard their stories

and remember all that they have had to say. Memory carries me along familiar paths."

It was whose turn to talk? (Pause.) That's right, Uda, the Lune of Glories Now. She said: "But what about now, Shahar the Blind? Things do not stay the same, how can you be sure you are following the right path if something has changed?"

Again, Shahar bowed his head. "I hear, still, and my people are always in communication, even if we are not right now talking. I, like a heartbeat, am a center pulse for their wisdom and their knowledge." (Pause for the best part.) "And besides, what better time to be adventurous than when you are unsure of the present?"

The first two sisters smiled in approval, but grew quiet as their eldest sister stepped forward. Where she walked, the present slipped away and her footsteps rang with a thousand potentials. She was Egir, Visions of Glories Yet to Come. "And what of tomorrow?" she asked with the echo of ages in her voice.

Now, Shahar bowed lowest of all, honoring the great Lune by brushing his nose across the ground. "Great Lady who is like my Grandmother, knowing what will be is one thing that I cannot do. I remember what has been and learn what is, but knowing what is not yet, that is a gift I cannot hope for."

"Then do not hope, Shahar the Blind. You have pleased us, here now, recite the Oath that Luna offers you, and forever be our Vision and our embodied Glory. Forever be Cahalith." (Pause for recitation of the Oath.)

Cannot believe I got to hear Millstone's newest telling of "Quarter of Full." It was amazing; his gift with words just BLOWS my mind. Gonna write it down as best I can remember it for posterity, but I just so totally know it won't be nearly as good. Millstone = God.

So, we're talking about way, way back when. Like so way back that the continents weren't where they are now. I think they called it Patagetа or something. So there were these two crazy powerful Urathа sitting around talking, right? Well one of them was a Half Moon, and one of them was a Gibbous Moon. They were related and close in age and power so they'd often sit around and compare notes. So, one day a pack of much younger Urathа came to the two in hopes that they would have some advice. (Swear to God, every time he tells this one, I TOTALLY picture him as the ancient Cahalith. That's so sad, right?)

The alpha of the pack stood with his arms crossed and his eyes narrowed when the rest of his pack spoke. He got so mad, his nose scrunched, what do they say, it flailed or something?

"Elders," said the omega. "We have a great and powerful alpha that is much stronger and smarter than us. He fulfills his duties well and we are honored to be in his presence. However, sometimes," she lowered her voice to sound all meek. (Millstone really sounded like a different person, it was awesome.) "Sometimes he is cruel to us and says nasty things that are true but don't have to be said because we already know. We feel bad most of the time, though he never outright abuses us or asks us to do things we cannot. What can be done?"

The elder thought about it while the alpha, who was so done with this crap, sneered.

The Half Moon spoke first. "This is a simple one, and barely one that deserves my attention, but you are here and so I will explain. You honor your alpha, which is good because he is higher than you. He shows you respect by not abusing you and commanding you to do your duty. That is the way of things. He does no wrong. If you want something different, you will have to challenge him. That is your only thing to do."

The alpha smiled, the others shrank, and the Gibbous Moon sighed dramatically. "Not so fast, friend, while nothing you said was untrue, maybe it is too quick to say that there is no other way to settle this. Look past the words to the meaning. Why does the high respect the low? Because they earn it, surely, but also because an endless cycle of anger

es not reduce our packs to waves of young killing the old while old :presses the young." She looked at the alpha as she went on. "Showing hem respect with words and disrespect with attitude serves no one, ot you nor anyone else in your pack." The alpha bowed his head with a ouch of shame as he considered the Elder's great words.

"We will have to agree to disagree," said the Half Moon.

"That we will," replied the Gibbous Moon.

Seriously, how awesome is that? I think I'm going to talk the others into following Millstone into Cleveland so I can hear him again!!

Once in the old country, Jasper the Old walked along the road to Bersher, the road between his territory and the next. His knees were old and his hip grinded terribly when he moved too fast, but this road was his patrol and he walked it that day as sure as he had done his whole life. Most of his pack was long dust, and Jasper the Old waited only for a new pack to move into Bersher and take over so that his bones could rest. By those days, he had a hundred years of stories to tell or more.

On the road he spied a fair maiden just old enough to be married, but she wore her hair down and loose the way unmarried girls do. The hair glowed like gold and her eyes sparkled as does the sea before a storm and though Jasper was a great grandfather, he felt a great longing for the girl.

"Stop in your travels, grandfather," she said to the old man as he approached. "Tell me a thousand stories, rest your bones. I will listen."

He smiled and nodded his head, but did not stop; he could smell the Hisil on her skin and knew at once that she was no mere maiden. "I would stop, for you appear comely and kind, but not all is as it appears."

She fell into step beside him as he walked. "But I am just as I appear, and I hope to hear your stories. It is well known in all the land that you are the greatest storyteller in the world, and that you have a thousand stories that will still the beasts to sit down and listen. Tell them to me, now. It will please me greatly, and you can stroke my hair and hold my hand."

Jasper the Old smiled but kept on his slow patrol. "Much of what you say is said to be true. It may even appear to be true. Or I may just be an old man on a long walk. Surely, this road is no place for a lovely young maiden. Leave the road, we can sit in the meadow and I will tell you all my stories."

"Tell me here, on the road," she said too quickly. "I mean, the meadow is far from here and I am eager. Tell me some stories here, and we can go there later."

But he already had her.

"I know you, spirit," said the old lore keeper to the maiden. "You are Umasila, the witch of the road. You have heard of me and thought you could prey on my vanity and trap me here on the road to be your dinner and leave Bersher empty of protectors. But I know you, wicked witch, and I know how to destroy you."

If he had not been alone on his patrol, if he had but one single pack mate to howl to, the witch would have been put to her end. But Jasper was old, and alone, two of the saddest things for any Uratha to be. He struggled with her to force her off the road and to her destruction. When they fell from the road, she dissipated, and Jasper gasped and died of his wounds and his age. A thousand tales were lost that way, and so if you see a beautiful witch along the road side who wants to hear your stories, kill her in the most painful way possible and some day we might all make up for what was lost in Jasper.

History

So what can you call legitimate history in a mostly oral tradition that involves supernatural monsters, spirits, and gods? Specifics help, of course, and while naming a protagonist in a distant fable is common, putting him in a place and time tends to turn the ancient myth into an ancient story.

Still, a Cahalith knows that the message is the point, and some have been known to stretch the fact (at least so far as they know it) to make the story more memorable to the audience. For the same reasons that a rock star will yell "Denver audiences are the best audiences in the world!" one night and "Cleveland audiences are the best audiences in the world!" depending on where he is playing, a Cahalith can bend the truth so long as it doesn't interfere with the lore on which he's drawing. History, she would argue, need not be written by the winner, but written for the audience.

Spirits of Story

Spirits have a history, just like everyone else, and a Storyteller should keep in mind *when* the spirit came from as much as *where* the spirit came from. The character's pack doesn't exist in a vacuum, and there is no reason to assume that a powerful spirit has never run into a werewolf before. Who might it have run into? What might its experience have been like? What might be known about it, passed down in oral tradition?

Some spirits, like Umasila, are well known by Cahalith just because their stories have been passed on to anyone willing to listen. Some spirits, like the Dreameater (p. 147), are creatures so tied to the auspice, that the fate of each is inexorably tied to the other.

Umasila, Witch of the Road

Rank: 3
Attributes: Power 5, Finesse 7, Resistance 5
Willpower: 10
Essence: 20 max
Initiative: 12
Defense: 7
Speed: 22
Health: 9
Influences: Loneliness 3
Ban: If her victim knows who or what she is and calls her Umasila, she must flee.
Numina: Blast, Harrow, Memory Theft

• **Memory Theft:** When she hears a true story, Walks can spend a point of Essence and make a Power + Finesse roll, resisted by the Storyteller's Resolve + Primal Urge. If successful, the story is erased from the teller's memory completely. It can be learned again, but the original information is lost forever.

Eigner Dream Research Clinic

Patient Ricky B. talks to me about his dreams (Transcription):

"I hate war, lemme start by telling you that. I can't even watch *Tora! Tora! Tora!* or anything. *MASH* is the worst. I think my grandfather died in Korea, and I know that show is supposed to be funny, but it makes my skin crawl. When I have the dreams, I know I'm in Korea.

"In the dream, I'm in the X Corp under MacArthur's Chromite Operation. Me and my pack are landing in the thick mud banks and are expected to push forward till we retook Seoul.

"Even when we get over the cliffs and start on our march towards Inchon we can feel the threat of the coming Monsoon, the air is thick with water and mud. We can hear the distant sounds of mortar fire and artillery puncture the silence.

"My skin itches and every part of me wants to get out of the area. The spirits don't want us there, we are foreign. We are invaders. I feel ashamed. It's right at that point that my buddy Bennett says 'we got visitors.' I smell them as soon as Bennett says it. Another pack; a stronger, faster pack. We're in the pack's territory and the warning howls can't be missed. I didn't even know they had wolves in Korea, maybe they don't, and maybe they only have werewolves. Parker, Our alpha, a good man with a big heart is getting twitchy like I've never seen him. He's going to lose it and I can smell it like piss.

"I tell the rest of them, 'It's just another pack. We don't know anything about them and that's why we're in a panic. It's just a pack and if they attack, we can handle them. We've seen much worse than this.' I'm lying to them, but I don't think they can tell. I know by the way they're howling that it's no pack of Uratha out there in the mud, it's Pure and we're on their turf. I don't let that into my thoughts, I try to stand upright and I can see the alpha has settled down some. He's making orders and we're moving out in formation in response to those orders. I tell myself we're going to pull through enough times that I'm starting to believe it, and I know the boys believe it. 'A little longer,' I say to them, 'a little longer and we'll be in Inchon and out of their territory.'

"That's when we all see them for the first time. White fur and seething, fiery eyes so filled with hate I almost ran right there on the spot. Tommy does, just plain bolts. The three we see before us aren't the entire pack. We hear Tommy scream for mercy not ten seconds later, the rest of the Pure get him just that fast. They don't say anything to us, like they are waiting for us to run. I can feel our alpha next to me twitchy again. He is going to bolt.

"'I won't die running,' I snarl and run forward at what looks like the biggest and meanest of the Pure. He looks surprised. Not enough that he won't kill me, but enough that I get a claw into his face he won't ever forget.

"He murders me, I know I am dying, I feel cold. But apparently my death sends the rest of my pack into a blood frenzy that results in two of the Pure falling, and the other two retreating. I remember a glimmering light that whispers, 'You won't be forgotten. Your blood will always remember.'

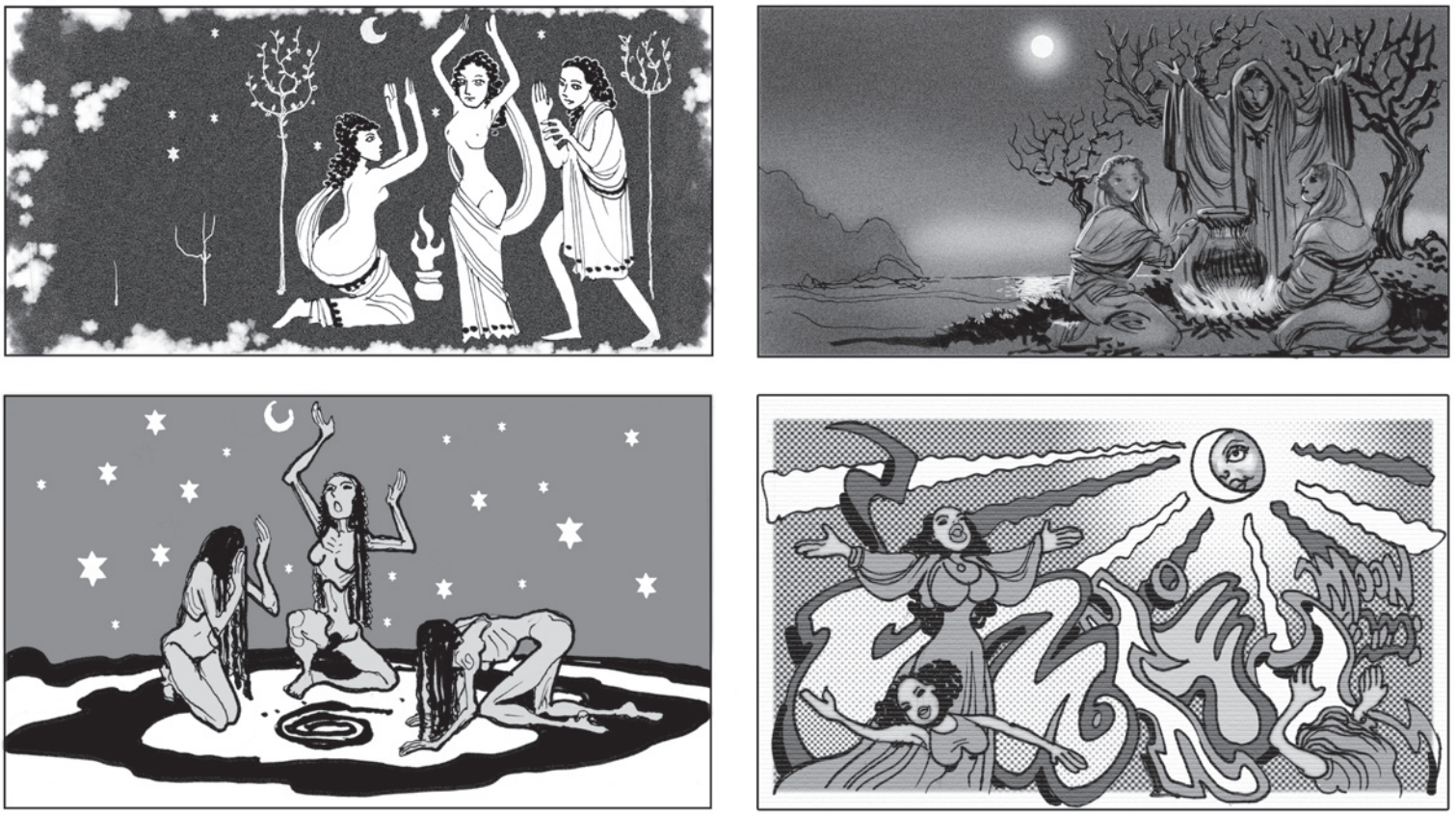
"Is that why I have the dreams, doctor? It isn't fair."

Ricky B's descriptions from his dreams are vivid and visceral. When he sleeps under observation, he seems to have almost physical responses to the dreams he was having; a unique manifestation of the prophetic dreams.

Singing Psalms of Glory

As long as people have looked up at the moon in wonder, some people have dropped down to their knees in worship to Her.

Of course, it would be foolish to state that any one group of the Forsaken has more claim to Luna or a closer connection to Her. Since the Cahalunim claimed the Cahalith for their own, there have been no types of werewolves better suited to act as leaders in prayer and dedication. For that reason, Cahalith have been considered a sort of default priesthood. It's rarely a formal role, and historically, pack-based werewolves have never been able to build any kind of structured church.



The High Priestess

Eigner Dream Research Clinic

Transcribed notes from account by Sandra A.

I knew ninth grade was supposed to be hard. My mother was a realist and told me outright, 'Baby, from the first time you bleed, life gets harder ever day.' She'd been a feminist and activist in the sixties. Now she was just kind of boring.

So I wasn't surprised at all when I felt like I didn't belong. I wasn't caught off guard by the fact that I couldn't seem to communicate with my peers and that even most of my teachers just didn't "get it." I thought that was just a part of the growing up experience. I guess what hit me first was when I started having these

dreams that I couldn't explain to even my "coolest" and "artistic" friends. I saw these things in my dreams, like animals that weren't quite animals or objects that moved and thought and ate. I remember everything was hungry in one way or another, and it terrified me.

It didn't get bad until I tried to explain it all to my mom and realized she really didn't understand. I couldn't tell if it was because I wasn't describing it right, or if it was because she wasn't smart enough to get what I was saying. I screamed at her a lot in those days, probably unfairly. I felt like the lone survivor of the tower of Babel and no one around me had been afflicted by God's curse. Only, God had nothing to do with it.

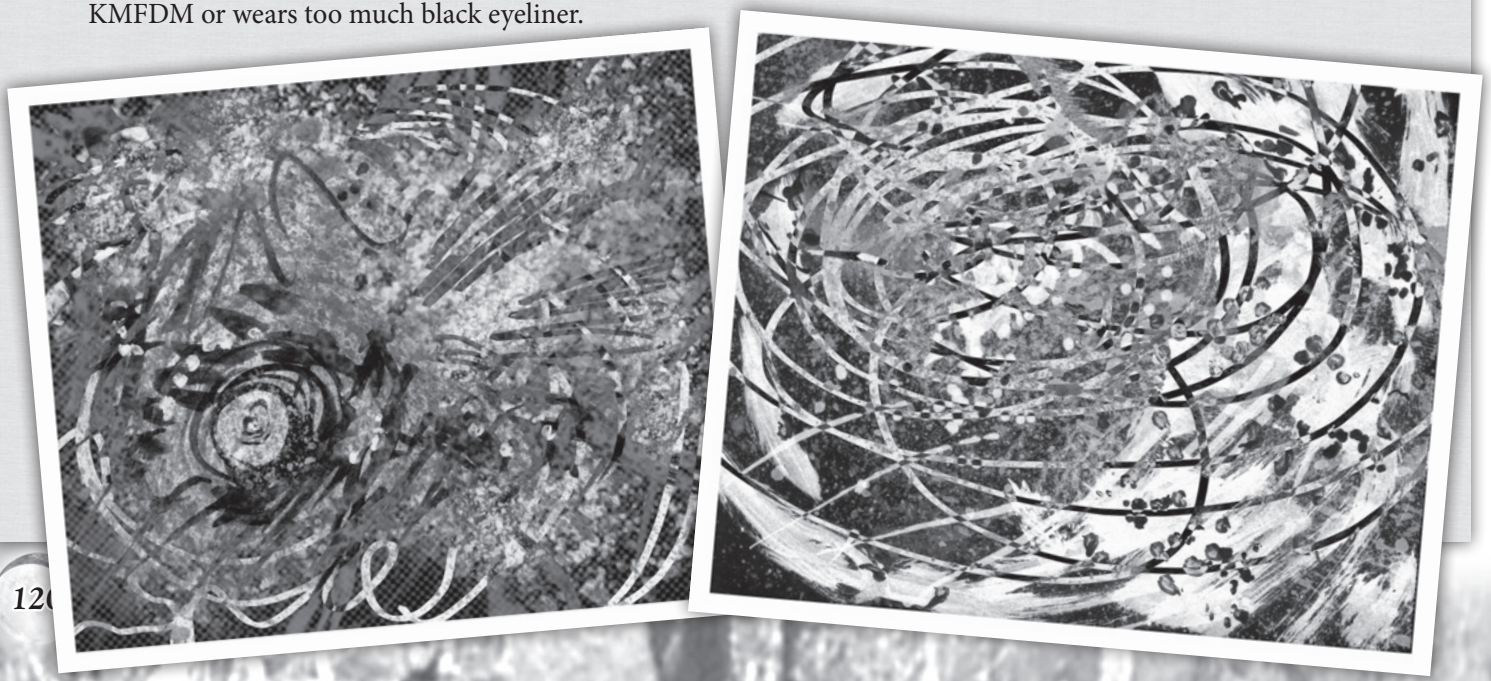
I spent a lot of time trying to explain my frustration, and yes, my violence to the school psychologist. I told him about the dreams and the visions. I told him about the wolf that bit me on the camping trip; I told him how I sometimes thought I saw the monsters from my dreams. To his credit, he didn't immediately lock me up. I can only imagine what would have happened if he had. He told me about art therapy, told me that he'd noticed a lot of skill in the way I doodled on my jeans and note books. He took me to the art department and set me up with canvas and paints and all the time I needed to work through "what ever was really bothering me."

I started with broad, wide, bright strokes. I filled the canvas with angry reds and burnt colors with a lot of black. It was juvenile, and didn't say much about the monsters in my mind. I painted as much as I could, cutting class and staying late, throwing paint at my problems instead of violence. On days where communication was the most difficult I'd splatter Pollock-esque messes I thought expressed the way the blood sprayed in my dreams of battle. On days when things were calmer, I filled the canvas with surrealist images of monsters I thought looked like prints I'd seen of Dorothea Tanning. I was arrogant then, and likely am now. When teachers were watching I took up Dada and painted nonsense to see what they'd make of it just to spite them.

Just when I felt like maybe something was getting through, just when I felt like I had the tools to explain what I was seeing and feeling, things changed. Policy changed, I was told, budgets and "the system" were forcing the school psychologist to end the art therapy. My mother offered to buy me the art supplies I needed to work at home, but it wasn't the same. I was mute again for eight hours a day and the visions were only getting worse.

A teacher called me out in class, he was bitching at me that I never spoke in class, and that class discussion was a requirement for the class and a part of my grade. I guess it all came to a head there and then. I started shouting at him, then screaming, and before I knew it I was howling things I knew were messages but the rest of the class sat in speechless horror. I remember them running from me like herd animals. Some of them even injured each other trying to escape the room. A short kid I didn't hate a lot was trampled because he got to the door first and I think it was his head in the door jam that stopped them from getting out. I think that's justice. When I came to, it all looked like a butcher shop. I kind of wanted to paint the scene, but I figure that would make me a serial killer or something, besides, my pack wouldn't have let me stick around that long.

The papers accused me of being one of those Columbine-types. They said I brought a gun to school and that explained the carnage in my English class. They never caught me, my pack came running at my first howl, but I know they still tell stories about me as a terrible warning to any kid in school who listens to too much KMFDM or wears too much black eyeliner.



The Story Is Now

A Cahalith can fill his heart with the past, and she can fill her head with dreams of the future, but in the end, her body is in the here and now. She must live in the present, because the story of her life is happening right now, and her pack needs her right now.

In order to fulfill the needs of "right now" a Gibbous Moon must became a master of communication. That means a very different thing today then it did yesterday, and keeping up with the dizzying global nature of communication can be difficult for even young savvy Cahalith.

@Frank: Turned down for territory challenge again. When are they going to see what I can do? Have a story for this old man? Can't take this shit! <=>10/27/07 11:58PM.

@LShepard: hate litle butons. yor jst angry. give it tim. story? wht abut stry of haunted union rd? remember? <=> 10/28/07 9:32AM

@LShepard: get message? <=>10/28/07 10:45AM

@LShepard: does ths thng wrk? frank? <=>10/28/07 11:30AM

@Frank: Yeah, got it. Sorry Len. Didn't get up till 2. You need a phone with a full keyboard like mine. Union Rd? With the sleeping wrath spirit? That's a great idea! <=>10/28/07 3:34PM

@LShepard: wht idea? story abut young wrcklss warior who bit of morre than he chewd <=>10/28/07 4:03PM

@Frank: But that spirit is still there, now, right? If I put it down, I've destroyed a local legend. They can't ignore me <=>10/28/07 11:30PM

@LShepard: wht? no! no frank!!1! <=>10/29/07 6:34AM

@LShepard: frank? <=>11/2/07 11:57AM

@LShepard: frank? <=>11/11/07 12:27PM

@Frank: Len, everything is fine. Gearing up. This is going to be awesome. I am so ready. Leaving tonight to have full moon at my back. Going to kick its ass. <=>11/24/07 6:07PM

@LShepard: damnit frank, ansr my phn call! rmber rest of stry! yur jst going to repeat it! yull die! <=>11/24/07 6:28PM

@LShepard: frank? answr me! dn't go to union rd! frank! <=>11/24/07 10:08PM

@LShepard: frank!? <=>11/24/07 11:00PM

When a Story Goes Wrong

If what a character needs to know about the Shadow exists in the collected stories of the Cahalith, how does a Storyteller avoid characters "knowing the ending" and ruining the Storyteller's plot with a good roll?

Like the example on this page between Frank and Leonard, sometimes werewolves just aren't patient or wise enough to listen to the whole story. Plus, sometimes spirits change, and the story that was true about them once might not apply anymore. Any ban implied by an old story might have shifted or changed as the nature of the spirit changed based on what has been eating or how powerful it has become. Plus, stories can be just wrong — the game "whisper down the lane" has it that the more one repeats a story, the more it changes. Here, that means its accuracy shifts over time until the point where it's no longer true at all.



Sandy's Coffee and Crafts: Closed for the Weekend. *Tur* for the city Cahalith to meet, talk, share. It's Saturday, Willard stands, reciting his latest poem. Others listen. Aisha sits alongside with friends looking unimpressed.

"He cast her back to rend her throat from neck
She hissed she spit her blood ooz-ed not specked
He crushed her bones beneath his boots of suede
The Hag lay dead as dead can be, un-made"

People clap. Willard's people stand and clap because he's supposed to be a genius. I'm watching Aisha because she's standing up now.



"No. Stop it. Stop clapping. Stop encouraging this shit. We do this every three months, and every three months you fucking sheep clap for this recycled crap. I've seen better poetry from high school students. It's repetitive, it's dull, and it's been done. *To death.* Where's the life? Where's the new sound? Are we our ancestors, or are we the streets we live on?"

Some people are nodding to what Aisha is saying, but no one has the balls to agree with her. Willard looks stunned, but that smug is right back on his face.

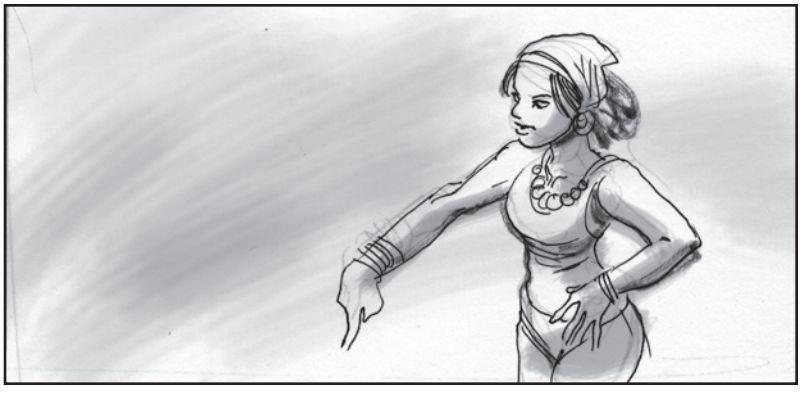
"It's nice to hear from you, Aisha. I mean, it's nice to understand what you're saying. The last time I heard from you, you were, what, rapping? Maybe you're talking to the wrong crowd. I don't think most of us even speak Ebonics."



The whole room goes quiet, and though I don't speak 'Ebonics' all I can think is 'oh no he didn't.'

"So that's all you got, Willard? Modified redneck jokes and a smile? Let's talk about substance. Let's talk about rhythm. Let's talk about the way the world changes and show it in our stories. I rap, I didn't see any confused faces when I communicated my story using the language of the street last time. As a matter of fact, I had some kids way whiter than your ass talk to me about it after. They got it. What's the matter, all that racist Ivy League education get in the way of your ability to listen and learn?"

Almost anybody balks if you imply they're a racist, but Willard keeps his cool. He can't show weakness, so he can't show if she's getting to him or not. I'd put money down that she is.





"It's about tradition, Aisha. You might not know much about that, I understand if your family couldn't afford the sorts of education I was lucky enough to receive. At Swarthmore they taught us real artistic expression. These forms, these constructs, our ancestors have been using forever. I've just accepted them as a fantastic ground work and found ways to innovate from that model."

I'll give her credit, she didn't flinch, I watched for whatever card she hadn't played. The weight of the room was on her, but she kept her shoulders up and her chin high.



"Boy please. You wanna bring education into this? You wanna bring background into this? Fine. We can play like that. You wanna talk about innovation? You've used the same boring iambic pentameter for the past sixteen poems you've performed. I don't even mean anything edgy, either. You didn't deviate from the iamb form once. Would it goddamn kill you to try trochaic once in a goddamn while, or maybe anapest? And your heroic couplets? That shit's been stale since Chaucer. Shakespeare could sometimes rock that kind of rhyme, but you, honky, are no Shakespeare."

"Besides, you never graduated Swarthmore."

Which is about when it got violent. And awesome.



Totem Relations

It is often assumed that the Cahalith has no direct role when a pack is dealing with the spirit world. Except… what about the totem? The totem needs a representative. Some totems even need a voice. The Cahalith can serve as that voice, as that representative, sometimes even becoming the mouthpiece or prophet of the spirit. (Of course, this dismisses their role as storytellers and Lorekeepers. An Ithaeur may understand and control the workings of spirits, but it is the Cahalith who knows who a spirit has been in the past, and therefore who they might be today.)

In regards to dealing with pack totems, the Cahalith might have a special role. What spirit, in dealings with the Uratha, would not love to hear its name told over and over again in praise or evocation? While it could be argued as a dangerous relationship to have with a totem, some packs allow their Gibbous to act something like a priest to the spirit. Examples, like the one below, exist of human ritual traditions being used by Cahalith in their role as priests to Luna.

"May Our Father obligate Surulama to give us rain,
to soften the wasteland's face when it is dry as rock.

With water Surulama symbolized Our Father's might in Scripture,
to soothe with its drops those in whom was blown a soul,
to keep alive the ones who recall the strengths of the rain."

~

A katha SuruLama lurih seh, lum arua saramus.
Surulama estha ah suga Athihirusu imi.
Di luzu sur.

Human Relations

On average, the Cahalith is thought to be charming, clever and creative. It is for these reasons that when a pack has to deal with humans, it tends to be through their Cahalith. In many ways, the pack needs it, the Cahalith hopes his talents can overcome the discomfort humans feel around the more potent members of the Uratha.

Romantics and poets find themselves among the Cahalith in more numbers than most other auspice, though there is no way to determine if that's a branch of nature or nurture. So it must be asked, what about love? Love paints the world the sorts of brilliant shades that make lyrics flow and rhythms beat in time with the human heart. It's also a flame brighter and more dangerous when Forsaken are involved just by their volatile nature. The most cautious avoid love in any shade outside of his love of the pack. Less cautious love quickly, falling in and out if it easily so they can enjoy the rush without all the complication.

Of course, glory is not the path of the cautious, and some of the greatest acts of glory are acts in the name of love.

Eigner Dream Research Clinic

From a session with Derek K. (Transcribed.)

I asked Derek if he wanted to talk about the events that led to him having the dream. He remained taciturn about it for some time, but when he opened up, it was as a flood gate.

"I never used to dream, but now I can't stop. I wish the whole thing had been a dream, not what it was.

"Rich and I had been fooling around for years. I mean, we never took it seriously, but I think we both knew it was serious. He had some issues with his father and I was a full blooded killing machine who could snap at any point, so we both had reasons to keep things chill. I mean, not that they weren't hot when they got hot. We just didn't feel any need to march on Washington and demand the right to get married. It never would have worked. My pack and me had this running joke that anytime someone would give me a hard time about not being a good little breeder wolf, I'd go jerk off in a cup at the sperm bank.

"Anyway, the thing was, we were about as deeply in love as any two people as fucked up as we were could hope to be. We'd drift in out of each other's lives and when he wasn't around I ached for him, to know he was safe and that he wasn't out getting serious with some piece of shit.

"I'll admit we had problems. I got territorial sometimes, which makes sense if you consider what I am. He'd mess around with another guy and I'd throw a shit fit and we'd fuck and it's be over like it never happened. I hit him, once, but Rich was tough, he stabbed me with a steak knife. I ran instead of raging that time, and decided I'd never hit him again and risk it.

"So I was territorial, and sometimes maybe I got a little bossy. We'd get competitive over nothing. I guess guys can be like that, but with us it was the start of more fights then even him messing around. He'd say I could or couldn't do something. I'd do it, and he'd try to do better. Who could drive faster without getting pulled over. Who could go longer without getting off. Stupid stuff.

"For whatever reason, earlier that month he'd called me a fruit or a pussy or something, and I'd told him I was way more masculine than he was. We'd bickered about it, and I'd proven it by going into a biker bar notorious for catering to local skinheads. I had a couple of drinks, talked to some people without getting into a fight, and came home to brag.

"A week later, we got in another idiotic fight that ended with me calling him a fairy. He stormed out in a huff and I stalked around my apartment kicking over my own furniture. Scarlet came by, she's older and she gets this whole 'gibbous' thing better then I do.

"Rich sent me a text message saying he was down at 'Nazi central.' Someone was hitting on him, and he was trying to pick the guy up. He was walking into a set up and I knew it. I should have ran down there as fast as I could. I didn't, I sat down on the fold-out bed and sulked.

"Scarlet took my phone from me, looked at the message then scowled. She started barking at me, just not literally. She finally told me she'd kick my ass if I didn't go down there and make sure things weren't getting stupid.

"I hurried, but didn't get there until he was already outside with the guy. I'd been dead right about the trap, which consisted of a couple of little skinheads trying to make their bones waiting in the alley where Rich was being led. I guess they'd decided to beat on a queer to prove how straight they were, or whatever reason it is those fucks have for the doing things. I didn't step in right away. I figured Rich could take one and that would make the others run like little bitches. Besides, I figured, if I went over there and got involved I'd flip shit and kill people.

"Maybe I should have just stepped in, killing skinheads or not. Scarlet wanted to, I could feel it in the way she coiled next to me, watching. I think she was just as concerned about raging as I was. Rich was as tough as I counted on him being and he broke one of the kid's nose immediately. That's where things went wrong. I guess kids are different than when I was young, because as soon as Rich proved to be more than some drunk fairy, one of the other kids yanked out a gun and shot him.

"Just like that, just shot him right in the face.

Derek was quiet for a really long time at this point, trying to regain his composure. When he went on, it was with his head in his hands.

"I wish I'd just walked away, but I couldn't. It wasn't that they'd shot someone — that's going to happen in this city. It wasn't that they shot someone who didn't have it coming. It wasn't about honor or any 'eye for an eye' crap. When I marched across the street and stuffed that gun down the kid's throat it was because Rich had been mine. He was my lover, my man, my life. It felt like the moon was glaring down at me and demanding that I avenge Rich because he was the man that I loved.

"I asked Scarlet what I was supposed to do. She told me the Cahalunim demanded that I take revenge for a lover, and that it had to be a spectacular display if I wanted to make this right.

"I don't know why I let the other three run back to their crash space. I don't know why I didn't just take them all out in that alley. Instead they ran, and I chased, and when they led me to where they stayed I killed them. Not just them, either, but their friends too. Anyone there that night was forfeit to Rich's memory.

"When I was done I pissed on the corpses, and crushed their skulls to make identifying the bodies as hard as possible. Then I burnt the place to the ground. I can only imagine what the spirit side of that place looks like because I never had the courage to go there myself.

"When I dream, I dream that Rich is there, at that house, thanking me. I wish he'd stop."

Public Relations

Being naturally outspoken or at least having that tendency thrust upon them by Luna's fickle nature, Cahalith often end up doing the talking for a pack when it comes to dealing with the rest of the People. While actual acts of full diplomacy and war are the purview of others the Cahalith introduce, charm and carouse.

In times of conflict, though, it is often the Cahalith's howls that are heard first. Taunting, accusing or demanding, the Luna's singers can just as often be the first to cry out for battle.

No Speak Nancy Sez

Just because I can't talk doesn't mean I don't have anything to say

HOME BLOG ABOUT CONTACT

This is a friends only Blog, if you've hacked into this, you're a jerk.

Read More…

Comment 0. Uncategorized, Permanent Entry.

TUESDAY

Razz, thank you for standing up for me the other day, but it isn't necessary. I'm dumb, not stupid. That guy was a cop, and that's why I was ignoring him. You're good to me, dog, I don't need you to prove it.

Comments 2. Tags: Thanks Dog, My Alpha Rocks, Pigs Suck

Razzar says…

It wasn't about you bein' deaf, pup, it was about respect. That asshat, pig or no pig, doesn't treat anyone in my pack that way. Period.

Nospeaknancy says…

Well put. I guess learn something new from you every day. Thanks.

Reply to this…

FRIDAY, NANCY'S CALL TO STFU

Look, the state of us in this city is stupid. I know what I'm about to say is dangerous, but at this point I don't care who sees it. Quote me. E-mail this to your friends. Print it out and mail to those backwards old fucks. I don't give a shit because *someone* has to say it.

I love this city, from its shining glass penthouses to the shit that flows under our feet into the river to the west that smells all the time. This city is ours, and that makes it hallowed ground. This city is sacred because we have it and we make it our own.

Do you forget what we do? We have a normal life stolen from us by fate and the gene pool and in return we get to save humanity from the bad guys every day! Seriously, how awesome is that? We find territory and we eke it out and make it our own, and why? It isn't because we're goddamn real estate investors. We do it because it pushes back the chaos of the primal. You know out there, in the chaos, the People have no chance. We form territories to patrol, protect, and bring order so that there CAN be order and the bad guys have that much less of a foothold in the world.

And yet, what do I hear is happening to our friends in the suburbs? They're making concessions? They're GIVING UP TERRITORY TO THE PURE IN THE HOPES OF PEACE?

What are you, retarded? You can't have peace between one party and another party whose entire ideology revolves around REVENGE against the first party. Haven't you twats learned ANYTHING from history? WTF.

And what does the first club do about this? Nothing. Those old bitches stay in their penthouses reminding us they're better without putting one foot out of the clouds to see how deep this shit really is.

I can't say this to your face, you idiots, but you are so fucking dumb I can't type straight. Just don't think for a second that because I can't talk that it means I can't howl. Don't think for a second that because I can't hear means I don't know what's going on here. Just because I can't sing doesn't mean I can't have my boys whipped up into such a frenzy that we'll wipe this city clean of any and all assholes who stand in our way.

It's simple. You're with us, or you're against us. You have one week to decide. After that, we're taking this fucking war to the streets.

Comments 58. Tags: War, Last Warning, Learn Your History, My Alpha's Bigger than Yours

The Future

The future is not set, except when it is. Nothing is predetermined except when it's fate and since the Uratha tend to tie fate very closely to Luna, it follows that fate is one unpredictable bitch.

The Cahalith cannot see the future, of course, but they do dream about things that are supposed to happen. Dreams are as tricky and fickle a thing as Luna, of course, and while trying to sort through the delicate tapestry of symbolism, a direct vision from Luna might be. The layers of confusion that a sleeping mind can add often bury true meaning deep in the dream. Often, these layers of symbols are far deeper than even the most skilled dreamer can hope to decipher.

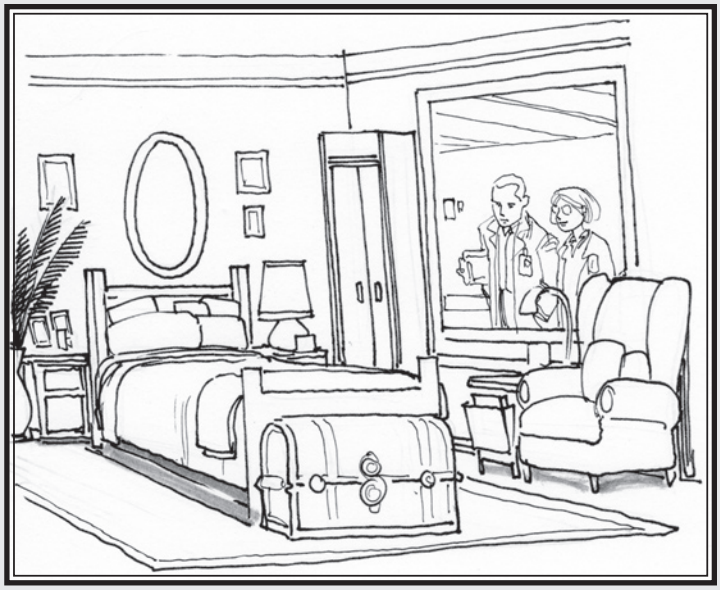


Eigner Dream Research Clinic

About Us

Eigner Dream Research Clinic was opened in response to a public need that was simply going unanswered: the study of insomnia, and the study of dreams. Here at the clinic we have a full staff of doctors, nurses and interns. Many staff members have backgrounds in several schools in order to help our patients to understand the images and messages their sleeping mind is trying to send to the waking mind.

While our laboratories might be state of the art, our patented sleep observation rooms are comfortable and inviting. All observation rooms are fitted with bedding, private bathrooms and other creature comforts the likes of which are found in the world's best bed and breakfasts. Come stay in a standard room, spend study nights in our observation rooms and sleep your troubles away. You can rest comfortably knowing our staff will be working through the night to help you sleep better.





Do nightmares and night terrors keep you from getting the kind of quality sleep you deserve? The kind of sleep you need to live your life? Does the strangeness of your dreamscape frighten and confuse you? Do you feel as if the things you dream about are destined to happen no matter what you do? Let our staff talk to you, help you understand the chemistry and biology of dreams. Once you understand how your body works and why you are having unsettling visions, we can help you work through the causes to peaceful nights and fulfilling days.

This place is run by a pack of Gibbons. If anyone could help your foster daughter, it's them. I've never seen anyone suffer from the visions the way she does, maybe they have. She is in all my prayers, and has been since her First Change.

—Margaret

What do you think you can "bring to the table" as an employee with us?: Nothing. I used to be a hard working person until I realized how fucked up people are and that everything you do in an office setting means very little since it all relates more to politics and psychology than to ability or talent. Besides, at this point I'm just in here for an interview because it's the only way to keep the unemployment checks coming in.

What do you consider your greatest strength?: My greatest strength comes in the form of my unabashed honesty. I'll tell you exactly the truth and nothing less because there's no reason not to. For instance, I know we're both pretty much wasting our time because you're going to hire the blonde woman who came in ahead of me. She's less qualified but she reminds you of a girl in college who rejected you so you're going to hire her over me so that you can boss her around and somehow get justice for your imagined mistreatment.

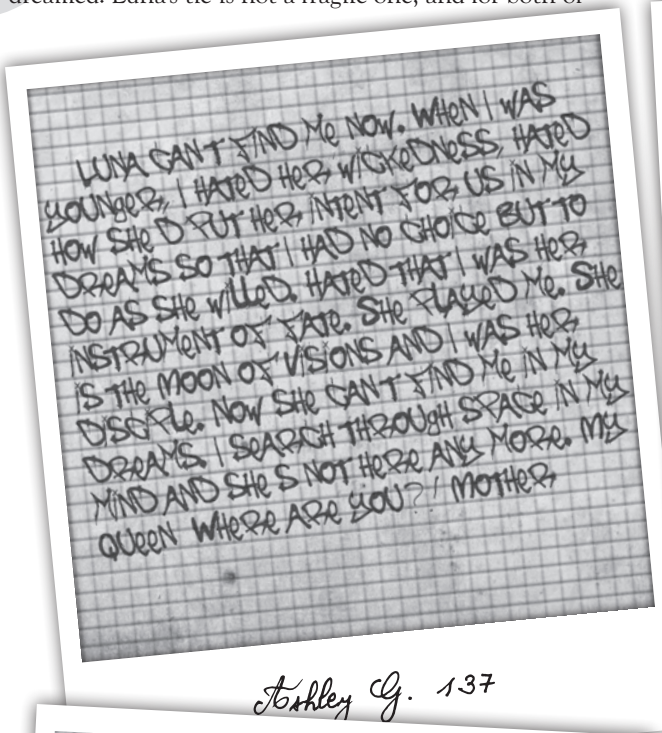
What do you consider to be your greatest weakness?: I know how I'm going to die, is that a weakness? I started dreaming about the day I was going to die when I was twelve. I know it's going to involve me being successful and well loved, and it all seems so happy and perfect, but the bottom line is, I'll die when I reach that point. I don't want to die, so I keep sleeping around on the men who would really love me for me and keep blowing good job interviews in my field that wouldn't interfere with my "familial, duties," like this one. It's all a means to keep the future at bay, because I don't want to die. It's stupid too, because all I'm really doing is hurting myself and other people who don't deserve it. It isn't like you can keep the future from happening, anyway. I'm a modern day Oedipus, or Cassandra maybe, and I'm telling you that because otherwise you might actually hire me, and then, well fuck, I'm going to die.

Oh, also I keep saying shit like that.

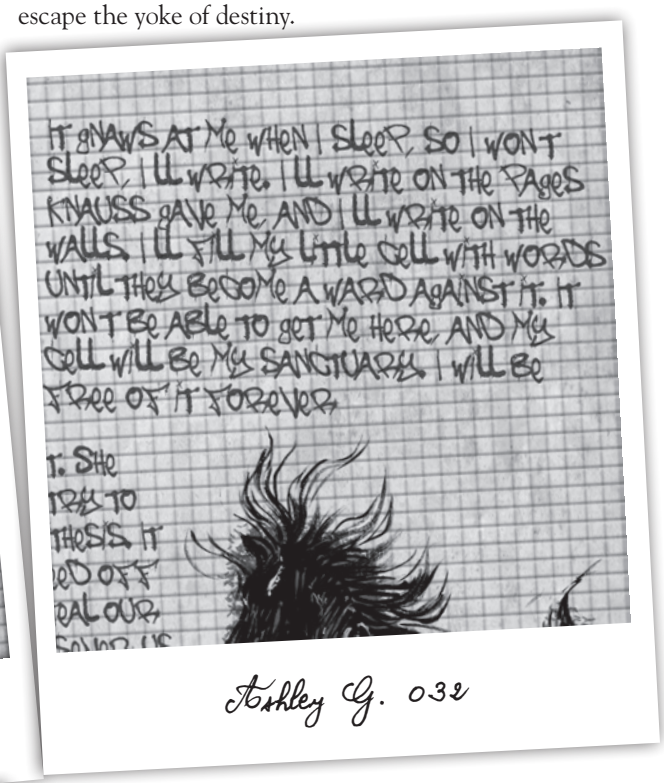
Not Functioning While Knowing

So what about the Cahalith who doesn't learn to let it go? What about the Cahalith that cracks under the weight of predestination? Surely some try to avoid dreaming, turning to caffeine or harsher drugs to stay awake for long stretches at a time. Some seek out drugs that put them so deeply under that they wake not remembering having dreamed. Luna's tie is not a fragile one, and for both of these solutions, Luna has an answer. Not remembering having dreamed does not mean that an unstable Cahalith hasn't. In time those dreams will invade the conscious mind like the effects sleep deprivation have on a normal person.

Some take more extreme measures still, attempting to force their dreams to be untrue or even attempting suicide. Sometimes, these suffering beasts find other means to escape the yoke of destiny.



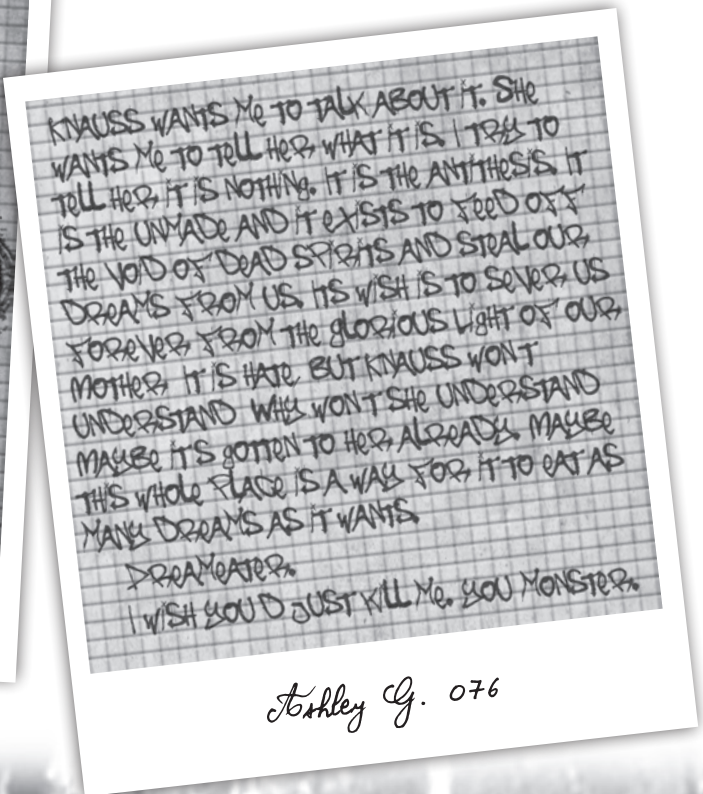
Ashley G. 137



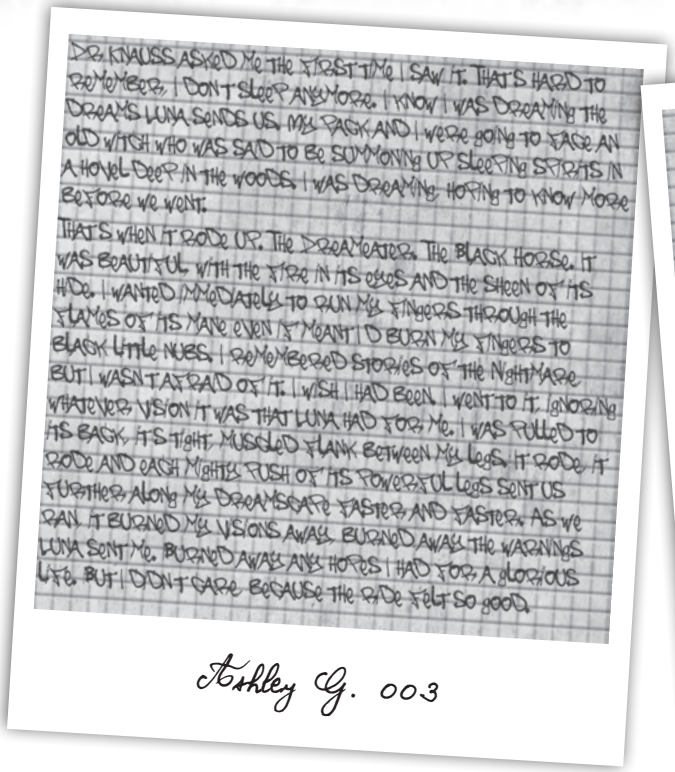
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Ashley G. 012

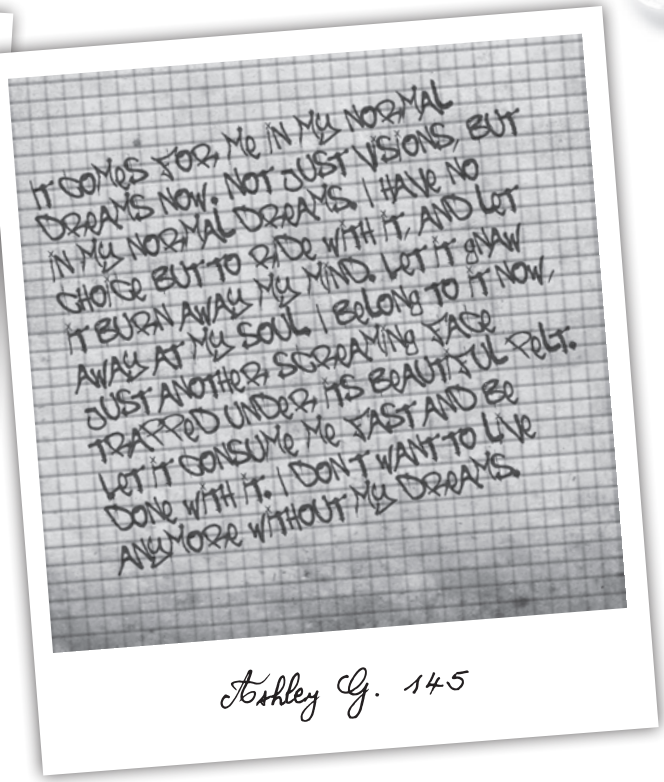


Ashley G. 076


DR. KNAUSS ASKED ME THE FIRST TIME I SAW IT. THAT'S HARD TO REMEMBER. I DON'T SLEEP ANYMORE. I KNOW I WAS DREAMING THE DREAMS LUNA SENDS US. MY PACK AND I WERE GOING TO FACE AN OLD WITCH WHO WAS SAID TO BE SUMMONING UP SLEEPING SPIRITS IN A HOVEL DEEP IN THE WOODS. I WAS DREAMING, HOPING TO KNOW MORE BEFORE WE WENT.

THAT'S WHEN IT RODE UP. THE DREAMEATER. THE BLACK HORSE. IT WAS BEAUTIFUL WITH THE FIRE IN ITS EYES AND THE SHEEN OF ITS HIDE. I WANTED IMMEDIATELY TO RUN MY FINGERS THROUGH THE FLAMES OF ITS MANE EVEN AS I MEANT TO BURN MY FINGERS TO BLACK LITTLE NUBS. I REMEMBERED STORIES OF THE NIGHTMARE BUT I WASN'T AFRAID OF IT. I WISH I HAD BEEN. I WENT TO IT, IGNORING WHATEVER VISION IT WAS THAT LUNA HAD FOR ME. I WAS PULLED TO ITS BACK, ITS TIGHT, MUSCLED FLANK BETWEEN MY LEGS. IT RODE. IT RODE AND EACH MIGHTY PUSH OF ITS POWERFUL LEGS SENT US FURTHER ALONG MY DREAMSCAPE FASTER AND FASTER. AS WE RAN, IT BURNED MY VISIONS AWAY, BURNED AWAY THE WARNINGS LUNA SENT ME. BURNED AWAY ANY HOPES I HAD FOR A GLORIOUS LIFE. BUT I DON'T CARE BECAUSE THE RIDE FELT SO GOOD.

Ashley G. 003


IT COMES FOR ME IN MY NORMAL DREAMS NOW. NOT JUST VISIONS, BUT IN MY NORMAL DREAMS. I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO RIDE WITH IT, AND LET IT BURN AWAY MY MIND. LET IT GNAW AWAY AT MY SOUL. I BELONG TO IT NOW. JUST ANOTHER SCREAMING FACE TRAPPED UNDER ITS BEAUTIFUL PELT. LET IT CONSUME ME FAST AND BE DONE WITH IT. I DON'T WANT TO LIVE ANYMORE WITHOUT MY DREAMS.

Ashley G. 145

Dying Glorious

Death is the end for anybody, for everybody. While now and again the rumor of an immortal Forsaken makes the rounds, it's probably not true, which means that the Uratha die, too. For the Cahalith, simply dying isn't enough. To end their lives in the way they were supposed to have lived it demands that they go out like a meteor strike.

Eigner Dream Research Clinic

Interview with Danny H. (Transcription.)

Knauss: So at this point you felt melancholy and were contemplating suicide?

Danny: No, nothing like that. I mean, I'm not some kind of whiny kid, not a man of my age. I was just tired of the fight. I mean, we'd been fighting for so long that I wanted a rest. It isn't like there's a retirement plan for us. I just wanted to know that if I was going to die, I'd die the kind of big-bang fireworks sort of death a man of my experience deserves.

Knauss: Not suicide, I understand. But you were making plans to die.

Danny: I was making plans, yeah, I guess. I was making plans to go out big. We knew of an Azlu nest that hadn't been touched. My whole pack was talking about ways to take it out, but there was no way we were getting in and out alive. I figured if I went in there alone I could make some do some real damage and, I don't know, make a real sacrifice.

Knauss: And did you go through with that plan?

Danny: Well obviously not. I mean, I figured I'd better sleep on it just in case. That's when I saw her, in my dreams.

Knauss: Who was she?

Danny: I dunno, she was sort of this glimmering presence. I was dreaming that I was being eaten by the Azlu and my muscles were all burned in the worst way. I guess it was the host's poison. It was so hot and I

just wished it was over with when there was this silver glimmer in the air. The Azlu just sort of melted away and I felt cool and calm. My body didn't hurt, and even some old aches and pains were gone.

Knauss: That's still not really telling me who she is.

Danny: It sounds stupid. I've been at this for forty years and I've made a name for myself, sure, but when the glimmering beauty in my dream said she was a Lune I figured I'd lost my mind.

Knauss: But you think this spirit was really there visiting you and not just a part of your imagination?

Danny: Hey, you know the difference between a dream and a vision. So do I. She read me the riot act too. She warned me there was no glory in pointless suicide and would take no explanation. She told me that dying while fighting against unbeatable odds was well and good for lesser Uratha. She said for a man like me, my only choice is to survive those unbeatable odds. Lunes, they mark us. Crazy as it is, they're the ones who tell us how good we're doing. If the Lune says that path leads to no glory, well, fuck it. She's right, because she is Glory. Or some shit.

Knauss: And you burned the nest to the ground, I'm told.

Danny: Yeah, I guess I did. It felt good and I know wherever that Lune is, she approved, but I'll tell you something else too. I'm still tired.



My Grandfather
Brass and marble
1987

From the Sculptor: My grandfather was the kind of hero you only read about in books. He was an honorable man who lived his life taking risks so that others could be safe. He put himself at risk time and time again both as an artist and in his professional life. Taking risks made him great, and that's why I don't regret that he died like he did. He loved me very much, so much that when he died, he gave me a part of his story to carry on forever. I crafted this piece in honor and glory of the greatest man I ever hope to know, knowing that my talents would be hollow if he hadn't given me a piece of himself when he died.

I'll never escape the images of his final moments in my mind, the enemy circling around him while his wife and children escaped out the back of the building. He cursed and taunted, driving them to a bloodlust for his death so that they would forget the rest of his family. His satisfaction in death knowing that his family would go on, and with his family, his story. Our story. My sculpture.

Enemies Yet to Come

Long vision and a deep connection to "what may be" is not always foolproof, and many Cahalith find that knowing danger is coming is not always the same as being able to do anything about it. Many assume they want to see death coming, but the fact of the matter is most people don't cope well when faced with the looming reality of their own end.

Knowing what dangers wait just past the horizon is a challenge few are prepared for, it is also what it takes to be born of the Glorious Moon

Eigner Dream Research Clinic

Ashley is getting worse and worse as the days go by. When we let her mingle sometimes she tells long loving stories about the beautiful creature in her dreams. Sometimes she screams and cries, begging that we not let her sleep. Sometimes she simply lashes out and needs to be restrained before she risks the safety of the Uratha and others on site.

She's tried to kill herself twice this month, which luckily has proven difficult for her.

In the interest of keeping careful records, I have to say that I'm feeling a strong connection to Ashley and her story. She reminds me a lot of myself at her age and experience. I can hear my professors warning about sympathizing with the patients and I know it's having its effects on me already.

I [redacted] dreamt I saw the black horse that she's drawn all over her room. In my dreams the horse is tall and as lovely as she describes. It stands off in the distance, watching me with burning eyes. I can see the desire to approach it. It seems to be, I think, a function of desire. Maybe I need to date more, or just take some time off for me. In my dreams I want to run away with it. It's a great distance away and my dreams tend to wander off to other things before I can head over to it.

The funny thing is, a few of the other staff members and patients have mentioned dreaming about a black horse as well. Even the non-Uratha on other floors of the facility say they've dreamed about it. Could something be here, on site? Or is Ashley really just a vivid storyteller?

The Stuff of Legend

Excalibur, Thor's Hammer, Dorian Gray's Portrait and Christine, the 1958 Plymouth Fury. These are all things, or at least ideas, famous because of the stories told about them. But without King Arthur, the hero, Excalibur would just be a sword stuck in a rock and without Artie Cunningham, Christine was just a car on its way to the junk yard. In any good story, the protagonists carry with them rare items, special talents, or memorable companions to add style and drama.

So it is with the Cahalith, noble storytellers and glorious heroes, that they must bear unique treasures and skills to set their stories aside. These treasures make their stories different and worth recounting for generations to come.

The Eigner Clinic

I was so sick when I went there. I never slept, I'd close my eyes and lay there and for hours and hours nothing would happen. The days blurred together and I didn't know which end was up. Now I sleep deeply. I sleep perfectly. I even dream, I mean, I dream so long as I'm at the clinic. When I go home, it's more of the same. The doctors say it's psychosomatic. I'm not so sure.

The Eigner Clinic serves two functions for both players and Storytellers. For players, the Clinic is a Cahalith-specific lodge that Forsaken characters can join. For Storytellers, the actual clinic itself can serve as something of a "mysterious place" that provides a number of story hooks for your **Werewolf: The Forsaken** game. Both sides of the Eigner Clinic are detailed, below.

The Eigner Lodge

Heinmen, chief lab assistant to the illustrious Professor Tamara Haughten, squirmed in his seat while the professor watched him. Her expression was distant as always, but never unfeeling.

"How does that make you feel?" She fixed the glasses on the bridge of her nose and Heinmen nearly started screaming. Nearly.

"How do you think it makes me feel? I dreamed about the doppelganger before it attacked, but I didn't see the signs. I could have stopped it if I'd just been able to understand what the dream was trying to tell me."

"And so you failed," the Professor said, deep in thought. She rose from her seat and began to pace the floor. "And yet, from your failure, there is discovery, yes? How much we can learn from how drastically you failed! We had recorded your dreams in such detail, and now we can compare them to reality. This will be brilliant, Heinmen, brilliant, and for every life lost, a dozen saved!"

In the late 1920s, the studies of Freud's "talking therapy" and his dream analysis were just beginning to take hold and blossom into science. It was this analysis of dreams that drew the attention of science-minded Cahalith in Austria, Forsaken who had kept in contact with one another through letters and meetings.

It was the interpretation of dreams — a real effort for clinical understanding of the symbolism in dreams, particularly — that piqued the Cahalith interest. What a thing, they thought, if somehow these analytical techniques could be used to better understand the visions that Cahalith so frequently got and so rarely understood.

After heated exchanges through letters, the group decided to hold a sort of salon in Vienna. During the day they debated and discussed, at night they would exchange tales and partake in various drugs and substances (the coca plant, opium) as a means to stimulate prophetic dreams that might be interpreted the next day. Strangely, most of the participants experienced the same dream, where they all saw a barbaric monster wolf with eyes on all sides of its head. It warned them that it would make itself known to them in three year's time, but only if the gathering presented a wider collection of Gibbous Moon werewolves.

So, three years later, the salon reconvened with representatives from all over Europe, gathering under the steady hand of nascent leader, Fredrik Eigner. The first night of the gathering, with most participants lost in drug-infused sleep, the wolf-spirit introduced itself as Gezu, and offered itself as a totem to the would-be lodge in exchange for their continued work studying dreams. (Members of the lodge speculated among themselves as to the meaning of the name, Gezu. While some point to the First Tongue and suggest it's a reference to the Jungian concept of the self as God in analysis, others argue that it is unlikely that the spirit had read Jung or understood it enough to rename itself in such a fitting manner. To this day, some members of the lodge argue there was no Gezu before they collected their dreams together, that Gezu is in fact, them.)

Whatever the interpretation of their totem may be, the members of the lodge offer their services as both interpreters of dreams and therapists to those tragic Visionaries who cannot cope with their ability to divine the future. As interpreters, the lodge has been very successful. As therapists, their efforts have been… less successful.

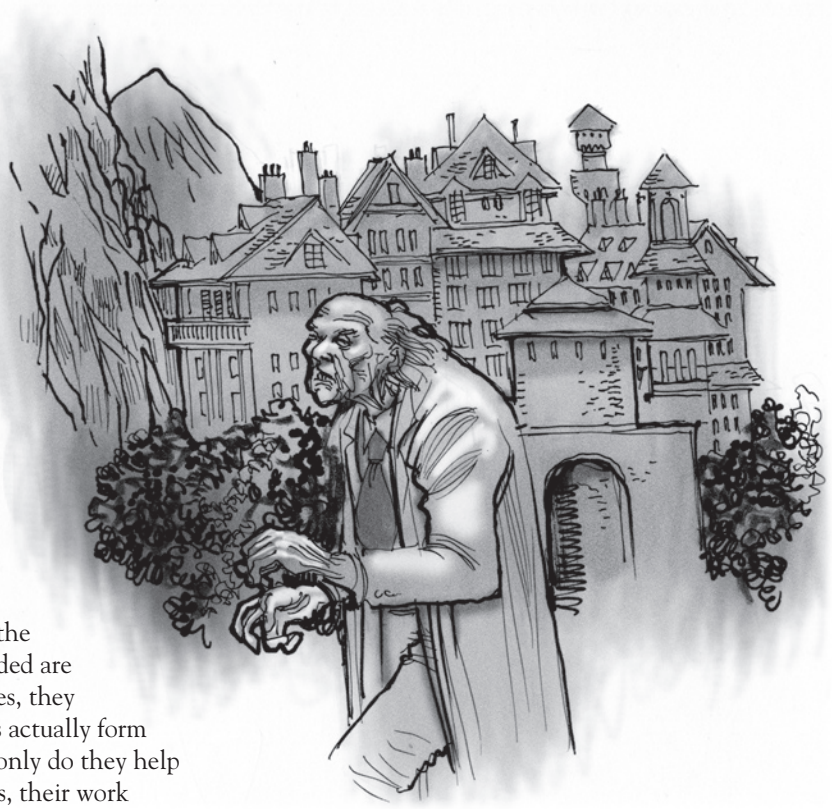
Prerequisites: Formal members of the lodge are usually accomplished scientist or doctors in their own right. All standing members must have at least three dots in Academics as well as three dots in either Science or Medicine. Gezu favors Cahalith with intuition and an ability to understand others on a gut level. To reflect this, members must have a point of Wisdom before joining.

Membership: Any Cahalith able to show their usefulness in research are welcome to join the Eigner Clinic. Since the inception of the information age, it is no longer necessary for inductees to travel to the clinic itself in Vienna, as they can do most of their mentorship and study via the Internet and telephone.

Today, a Cahalith must approach the clinic with a written application and three essays describing the talents and abilities they would add to the Lodge through membership. Once the hopeful's application is accepted, that Cahalith is considered a research assistant. At that point, he may spend a year or more working with a tenured member writing his dissertation (dots in the Mentor Merit are not uncommon). Previous work with a tenured member may be considered as a part of this probationary period for outstanding or well-connected students. Once the research assistant has proven his worth either through written work or by unraveling a particularly intricate vision for an important member of the auspice, he is considered a full lodge member and given an honorary degree in dream analysis.

Benefits: Doctors of the clinic have, through years of study and research, mastered many of the fine details of understanding dreams and visions. The members of this lodge can help other Cahalith interpret their dreams as per their auspice ability. The Prophetic Dreams ability becomes a teamwork roll — each lodge member present (as secondary actors) working on the interpretation must succeed on an Intelligence + Medicine roll. Successes are added as a dice bonus on the subject's Wits + Occult roll

made to interpret omens or solve riddles conjured by her dreams. Additionally, members of the lodge enjoy a bonus Medicine specialty in Psychoanalysis as a result of their research.



The Clinic in Austria

Below, you'll find details about the clinic itself — the physical location has its own side effects that local lodge members harness in their research.

Background

From Fredrik's notes, the Clinic was built to the very specific specifications outlined by the lodge's collective visions. The best and brightest Cahalith psychoanalysts and sleeping disorder specialists have operated the clinic since the late 1930s, and most of the services provided are totally mundane in nature. That means yes, they do treat normal humans — those patients actually form the bulk of their clientele. However, not only do they help Cahalith of any age interpret their dreams, their work with humans allows them to occasionally identify those Forsaken who have not yet undergone the First Change, Forsaken who are quite often destined to walk the path of the Visionary.

Description

The building built might seem uninspired and dull: a simple square building, tall and narrow with a pleasant stone façade and cheerful "homey" landscaping. Bright sunlight falls through the plethora of windows that set the design of the clinic aside from other architecture of its era.

Within, the clinic is set up similarly to a boarding house: a series of one-bedroom suites with observation minilabs attached. The occupants have the option of sleeping in their suites normally, or with staff observing their sleeping habits through one-way glass. Any equipment needed for the studies are hidden with the furniture when not in use, to give the suites a more comfortable feel. The basement is furnished with more structurally solid suites, and it is here where members of the lodge cater to visiting Cahalith in need, with doors that can be automatically locked in case anyone was to lose control. Even these basement rooms have small windows at ground level so that no suite is without light from outside.

The architecture of each room is unique, with walls and half walls at the occasional strange angle to one another. In the clinic's brochures, it says that the odd wall placements create simple puzzles for the sleeping mind to focus on and dream about when the patients fall asleep.

Mechanics

The clinic's careful design is no accident. Indeed, all parts of the suites, from the window placements to the structure of the rooms themselves, are part of an overall design meant to increase the potential of the dreamer in sleep.

For the most part, patients don't really grasp the significance (as most patients are normal mortals). However, when the gibbous moon is in a clear sky, and falls through the windows of the facility in just the right way onto someone sleeping within, strange things may happen.

- Luna infuses those sleeping in the facility with Essence. The moonlight must be able to touch the sleeper, but with at least six hours of sleep, an Uratha gains two points of Essence. Humans sleeping within still absorb Essence, but they are unable to use it, it simply dissipates into the world around them. Spirits can anchor themselves to objects touched by the moonlight to gain the same benefit.
- Dreams are much more vivid. Cahalith sleeping within have far more detail to their dreams. Once a Cahalith successfully interprets her own dreams (likely with help from lodge members, as per the lodge benefit on p. 135), she gains +1 dice to any rolls meant to put the dream's messages and visions into action. (For example, if she dreamt of a spirit whose ban must be deciphered, she would gain +1 to rolls made in support of uncovering that particular spirit's ban.)

• Nightmares while sleeping under the moonlight are similarly vivid, and thus much more terrifying. Any individual sleeping at the clinic must succeed on an Intelligence + Resolve roll at the start of the night. Success means that the character is cognizant enough within the "dreamspace" to avoid stirring terrible nightmares. Failure on this roll means a truly terrible nightmare takes hold. Humans will likely awaken at some point, suffering one point of lethal damage due to thrashing or seizing. Uratha suffer the damage, too, but are likely to heal it. Any who suffer a nightmare fail to gain a Willpower point upon waking, and the remnants of the night terrors remain — any Mental rolls the character makes during this time suffer –3 dice until eight hours of uninterrupted nightmare-free sleep can be achieved.

• All rolls to resist Death Rage by a werewolf having slept in the facility gain +2 for the next day.

• The dreams evoked by the facility are engaging, be they frightening, enchanting, or mysterious. Any Wits + Composure rolls made to awaken, even if physically threatened, suffer a –3 penalty.

Characters

Fredrik Eigner is still alive and mostly well. He's pushing a hundred years old, and seems to live in a state similar to lucid dreaming even when wide awake. Some attribute his odd way of speaking and strange way of seeing the world to the drug use of his youth. Others blame his advanced age. Members of the lodge and his pack specifically say he's found a way to dream consciously. EEG readings of his brainwaves show he never leaves the Delta wavelength as if he were always asleep or even in a coma. His role at the clinic and within the lodge is largely a ceremonial one, since he mostly keeps to himself and out of the day-to-day work. Still, many speak to him in private, approaching him for the vast knowledge hidden in his riddle-speak and rambling.

Dr. Uli Knauss is the acting alpha of the Eignar Research Team, Fredrik's pack. She is also chief of staff at the clinic and oversees all operations at the clinic. She is a deeply caring woman, but maintains a cold clinical exterior to ensure all patients get equal treatment. She is notoriously hard to work for because she demands the best from her inferiors (and she often feels she's not getting it). This proves doubly true for the rest of her pack: three Cahalith studying with the lodge, an Ithaeur studying the spiritual side of the clinic, and a pair of large Rahu brothers who provide security. Her focus on the pseudoscientific endeavors of the lodge often distract her from the practical side of life as a werewolf, a trait that has put her pack and the clinic in danger more than a few times. Still, her analytical abilities are second to none, and her ability to unravel the meanings of dreams has made her quite a name the whole world over.

Story Hooks — The Secret of the Clinic

Characters visiting the clinic will quickly see that there is more to the facility than lab coats and Jungian analysis. Below are some possible story hooks for the Eigner Dream Research Clinic.

• Through word of mouth, the characters are invited to the lab to take part in a dream study. A simple exchange, the characters come and sleep in the suites for three nights, and the lodge will reward them for their time. All seems simple and straightforward until the second night when the pack's dreams turn strange. A Storyteller should give dramatic prophetic dreams to each character, with focus on the non-Cahalith within the pack. The staff will have no idea what that's all about, but will want the pack to stay for more study. By force, if need be. (Any dreams given in this way do not count against the Cahalith auspice ability.)

• Mad spirits serving the Dreameater (p. 147) are trying to force one of the characters to submit to the terrible ride the Nightmare provides. Killing the spirits off does no good since the Dreameater has plenty more to send after the pack. They'll have to track the spirit all the way back to the clinic. The Dreameater is there, hiding in the body of Ashley G, a hopeless patient of the clinic.

• Fredrick Eigner is going to die soon and is looking for someone to listen to his story. His letters asking for help have been scattered around the world by spirit allies of the old wolf. One such letter has fallen into the hands of the pack Cahalith. If she agrees to help Eigner preserve his experiences, they are invited to the clinic. By day, the pack is asked to help the staff maintain the constant spirit problem Knauss is not interested in fixing directly. By night, the strange building plunges the pack into the dreams of Fredrick Eigner as he tries to remember who he has been. Like the old wives' tale suggests, if any of the pack is harmed or killed in the dream, the same will happen in life. Problem is, this isn't their dream. It's Eigner's.

The Lodge of the Hazzan



"You came to ask me about, what, this demon stealing wolf-blooded children? I think I've heard of it. You tell me, are there feathers left behind, but of a bird no one can identify?"

Shelly motioned for Switch to empty his pockets and produce the feathers. "Do you know what it is? We've been tracking it for weeks and none of us can get a scent. It's like it vanishes as soon as it grabs the kids. You're the oldest in these parts. If anyone knew, it'd be you."

The old man, dressed typical of Jewish orthodoxy, all black with a full wavy beard, seemed big and muscular under the traditional clothing. He made a ticking sound with his tongue and stood up from his couch, and moved to a wall of old leather-bound books on shelves from floor to ceiling. "There is nothing more important to a people than their children, I'll see what I can find on the spirit for you, and because it involves children, we'll discuss what you can do for me after you've destroyed the wretch."

Shelly sighed dramatically, but they were between a rock and hard place, and she had no choice. "Deal."

Not all werewolves toss away their mortal upbringing and discount their old faiths just because they discover spirits are real. In many Jewish traditions, a *hazzan* is a lay-person who leads the synagogue in prayer through song. So long as there have been practitioners of the Jewish faith, and so long as there have been Cahalith, there has been the Lodge of the Hazzan.

Among Jewish werewolves, the Cahalith have acted is demi-clergy, helping Jewish-born werewolves interpret the Torah in ways that made sense with Uratha culture and condition. The Cahalith, as Lorekeepers and performers, fit with the Jewish requirements for the position of hazzan, even if many werewolves considered themselves too "unclean" to ever be fit to serve as rabbis. Having a hazzan isn't the same as having a real rabbi to guide the people in tradition, but as many Jewish Uratha are fond of saying, "it is enough."

Jewish folklore is rife with stories of spirits, whether those spirits are classified as demons, angels, or ghosts of the dead. Many modern branches of Judaism have left those stories behind as fables at best or blasphemy at worst. Still, much of the folklore remains written down in the hands of Rabbinical scholars the world over. Uratha among the Jewish people have long known that hidden in those human texts are truths about the spirit world the human scholars do not fathom. It is the Lodge of the Hazzan that safeguards these stories by protecting certain special temples and libraries in Jewish communities. The hazzan make sure their written history is not lost or forgotten. Every member of the lodge is expected to be an expert on the lore held by his local community. The lore is sacred, but not secret, and the hazzan can be approached by even gentile werewolves for information in regards to spirits that might have been written about. Nothing worth knowing is worth knowing

for free. Members of the lodge are renowned for requiring quests and favors be performed before they will answer any questions to Uratha from outside their community. Members within their community have likely already proven their mettle to the hazzan, and so therefore rarely require the same level of scrutiny by deed.

Perhaps the most difficult aspect for Jewish Uratha to justify is the relationship with Luna, and is the place where members of this lodge must be both creative and sensitive. The Father Wolf story, it seems, is not one too difficult to accept at face value, and many Uratha see him both as a spirit and as founder of a different" lost tribe" of Israel. Father Wolf thereby needn't be at conflict with Jewish concepts of divinity. Luna is the problem. Many scholars within the lodge see a great deal of Luna in the stories of the Shekina, an entity looked at as God's wife or "helpmate." Many ancient rabbis described the Shekina as God's light, a sort of essence that would settle on good people when they perform good acts, Jewish or not.

Today, members of the lodge also work as matchmakers finding good Jewish men to marry good Jewish women and promote healthy children under the Fertile Moon.

Their totem, Sukkalaila, is described by them as the angel who comes to the wombs of pregnant Uratha and determines if the unborn will be Uratha or wolf-blooded. The totem then teaches the unborn the whole Torah. If the unborn will be Uratha, the spirit also teaches the Oath of the Moon. Birth makes the child forget, but to the Lodge of the Hazzan, all people know from before birth the right way to live, it's just up to the individual to remember the stories that explain how.

Prerequisites: Any Cahalith of Jewish descent or conversion can become a hazzan so long as he has Expression •, and Academics •• with a Specialty in the Torah or Rabbinical Studies. Additionally, he must be of good standing in the community reflected by at least one dot in Status: Jewish Community.

Membership: A member must be at least fifteen years old and have expressed talents as a singer or public speaker. The Uratha must do everything they can to keep to the laws of *kahrut* (i.e. "keeping kosher"), and if at any time, higher members of the lodge feel the Uratha is particularly unclean, they must take steps to cleanse themselves before serving in any public role outside of their pack.

Benefits: Members of the Lodge can learn the Rite of Laila's Message (see sidebar). In addition, lodge members also gain the 9-again quality on any Occult rolls made in regards to Jewish mysticism.

Rite of Laila's Message

Taught to the Children of Father Wolf and Israel, this rite assists the ritemaster in determining which members of their community are more likely to go through their First Change than others.

In the past, Jewish communities were small and tight-knit. The potential violence that comes of the First Change was often more than the population could bear. As a result, the totem of the Lodge of the Hazzan taught them a rite to perform over a pregnant woman to make it easier to keep track of which children might change and which wouldn't. Since Sukkalaila is said to teach the Oath of the Moon to unborn babies who may be Uratha one day, by singing the right prayers and blessings to the expectant mother's stomach, the ritemaster may hear whispers of the Oath of the Moon echoed back.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (10 successes are needed, and each roll represents 10 minutes of prayer)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The child is cursed. The mother's body reacts poorly to the process, and the result can be terrible. A miscarriage might occur (or the child may be born prematurely). It's also possible that the infant might be Ridden upon birth, needing to be cleansed of the spiritual infection.

Failure: No successes are added.

Success: The ritemaster is rewarded with murmurs of the Oath of the Moon if the child will be a Uratha, and whispers from the Torah if the child is to be human or only wolf-blooded.

Exceptional Success: The child will be born in exceptional health, with an added +1 to his Health score than normal.

Lodge of the Spoken Word

Big T slid to a stop on all fours, realizing he'd emerged from the Hisil on an unfamiliar street. He didn't know where the rest of his pack was. He was alone.

Then again — maybe he wasn't. He pressed his hand to the asphalt, felt the heart beating there. It matched his own heartbeat, drumming beneath his breastbone. He didn't know who owned this stretch of street, and now he didn't have to give a fuck. He pulled out a can of spray paint, figured he'd leave a message behind to let everybody know just what was up.

In the late 1970s, an African-American Uratha by the name of Jasmine B publicly rejected poetic verse and epic poems as the means by which Cahalith should share their stories. She said, in essence, that the bardic poem was dead, and there was no reason to keep digging up Shakespeare in the hopes he'd start smelling better. To Jasmine, there was a new age of spoken word and rhythm was the only way to live up to the glories of the past.

She began a formal war against traditional storytelling. As she followed the roots of ethnic Africans as it grew and changed in the US, she witnessed the birth of hip-hop and rap. Being a Visionary, she could see the potential in hip-hop as it was bound to the heartbeat of the city. She reasoned that, since some Uratha were destined to be children of the cities, it followed that they would need to adapt to the language and culture of the streets.

As Jasmine promoted her views in as many public forms as she could manage, some older and more established Uratha found her youthful demands for attention to be annoyances at best. Over time, as she started to develop a following, they began to see her and her pack as a threat, both because she was regularly on the scene to challenge the talent and value of traditional Cahalith, and because she had a strong and unsettling tie to the spirits of the city.

No one can say for sure what pack of elders first reached out to try and silence her rabble rousing, but whoever struck first failed dramatically. Jasmine knew things because the city told her. The city streets seemed to bend and twist so that assassins could not find her easily. When they finally did, she was always prepared; spirits warned her of anyone passing through the urban sprawl with bad intentions meant for her.

This relationship with the city that Jasmine and her followers cultivated grew into a formal lodge when they finally struck a deal with a spirit named Heart of the City. The totem agreed to provide its patronage for the lodge, so long as they never remained static in their message, and that they would evolve along with the music and art in which they lived. Many members of the lodge follow this deal by keeping at the very edge of modern hip-hop and rap, living the lifestyle to the hilt for better or worse. Others seek the small pockets of artistic obscurity, seeking out methods of communication that might evolve into the next big progression. The totem seems no less interested in either extreme.

Prerequisites: In order to be able to understand and converse with their peers, all members have both Streetwise and Expression at three dots.

Membership: Prospective members of the lodge are expected "make their bones." With its traditions in civil disobedience and activism, most mainstream members of the lodge made a name for themselves by… well, fucking with elders. Tagging an elder's territory with violent or prophetic hip-hop lyrics or embarrassing them by publicly airing their dirty laundry in rap performances did the trick, though creativity was always rewarded. In more extremist packs, actual violence or even hits against enemies of the street have happened. The lodge has no racial requirements, contrary to popular rumor, though it is home to a larger-than-normal African-American membership.

Benefits: Because of their intimate connection to the streets, members of the lodge can purchase Allies: Urban Spirits at half cost. In addition, members of the lodge have access to a Standard of Station fetish (see sidebar).



New Fetish: Standard of Station (•••)

The Standard of Station is a piece of jewelry (any piece will do; gold necklace, silver watch, capped tooth, diamond nose ring). They're usually showy, flashy items in an effort to draw attention. Lodge members infuse the trinket with a spirit of pride, usually awarded to a member as he's made a particularly impressive accomplishment. When the fetish is visible, the Cahalith can activate it. If successful, for the remainder of the scene, the Cahalith's reputation bears down on those who would oppose him. In order to attack, insult, or otherwise oppose him, an assailant must spend a point of Willpower and make a Resolve + Primal Urge roll. If the successes scored do not meet or exceed the Cahalith's own Glory score, the would-be assailant acts with deference and refrains from disrespectful behavior.

Action: Reflexive

New Rite

Below is a new rite, available to Cahalith characters.

The Whelp's Rite

It's thought that long ago a young Visionary, much younger than the rest of his pack, found that he was outpaced by the rest in speed, strength and martial capability. Normally, this would be a thing corrected over months or years, and the young Cahalith would be expected to work hard to keep up, but at the time his pack was at war with a pack of the Pure and any day expected a deadly assault. They knew they would likely die, and the young werewolf knew he would be only a burden to the rest of his pack.

He went out into the night and prayed to Luna, calling out with his most soulful howls and pleaded with Luna that there might be a way he could be of aid instead of a hindrance. Luna, taking pity on him, gifted him with the following rite.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended, each roll represents 10 minutes of prayer to Luna and the transference of self from the Gibbous to his pack. The rite has no set number of necessary successes — the ritemaster may continue with the rite as long as she can muster the uninterrupted prayer. (His packmates must be within sight for this to work, however.)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: Luna's grace is not garnered, and the rite fails entirely. The ritemaster suffers a terrible wound across his throat, a single aggravated burn scar.

Failure: No successes are added.

Success: For every successful turn that the ritemaster harnesses this rite, those pack members within sight can downgrade all damage done — aggravated damage becomes lethal, lethal damage becomes bashing, and bashing damage has no effect at all on the members of the pack. However, this comes with a significant downside: for every turn the ritemaster sings this prayer (successful or no), he suffers one point of aggravated damage.

Exceptional Success: As with success.

Scheherazade's Gifts

The fictitious storyteller, Scheherazade, was not a werewolf. However, since the earliest printings of *1,001 Arabian Nights*, many Cahalith have looked to the doomed bride as one of the foremost storytellers and see her as an ideal even if she never existed.

Spirits of memory and inspiration teach these Gifts so that most Visionaries tie to the heritage of Scheherazade. Only Cahalith can purchase this Gift path.

The Unending Story (•)

With a good enough yarn, a Cahalith can hold her audience captivated indefinitely, so long as she maintains the story. Upon activating this Gift, anyone with hearing distance of the story will sit down and listen for its duration, even spirits that might not normally understand or grasp the meaning of the tale.

To enact this Gift, the Cahalith must be able to tell a story in song or words. While lyrical tales happen in other art forms, this Gift requires spoken words.

Cost: None

Dice Pool: Presence + Expression + Glory, minus the highest Composure of the gathered listeners (or the highest Resistance if those are spirits)

Action: Extended and resisted, each roll represents one minute, and the Gift can last for up to one full scene.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The story stirs something vile and brutal within listeners. They become angry, and are likely to attack (this is especially true of spirits).

Failure: No successes are added. During that minute, listeners are free to act as they see fit.

Success: During a minute where the Cahalith achieves any successes, listeners must spend a point of Willpower *and* must succeed on a Composure + Primal Urge roll in order to take any action that might interrupt the storytelling.

Exceptional Success: The story is so potent, at its end the Cahalith feels truly triumphant, gaining a point of lost Willpower at the culmination of the tale.

The Storyteller's Indulgence (••)

Since time immemorial, a storyteller sitting down to pass along a tale by the fireside has been granted certain indulgences. A man comes to town with a tale; someone will bring him a pint. If an aunt sits at the table to talk the old family yarns, someone is bound to bring her a slice of cake and some tea.

So it is with the Cahalith. With a successful performance of this Gift, the storyteller begins an engrossing tale meant to keep his audience attention distracted from his goal. He may involve the people listening, or call up local history. Regardless, as he's telling the story, he can make a small request of the listeners and they are compelled to agree.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Persuasion + Cunning, contested by the listener's Composure + Primal Urge

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The target sees the story for what it is, an attempt to manipulate those listening. This may cause the target to respond with hostility. Regardless, the Cahalith suffers a –1 to all social actions against anyone who heard the story for the reminder of the scene.

Failure: There is no compulsion for the listener to obey the Cahalith.

Success: During the course of his story, the Cahalith can give a single command to one listener. If successful, the target will perform one task for the Cahalith without being aware of the manipulation. The command must be within the confines of the tale told, and must not put the target in direct danger. The task must be something that can be completed within the given scene.

Exceptional Success: The listener obeys the compulsion with greater fervor. On future rolls involving the listener, the Cahalith gains +2 to all pertinent Social rolls.



Perchance to Dream (•••)

Stories told at bedtime can help a child sleep, guiding her toward restful slumber with pleasant dreams. Here, the Cahalith harnesses that core idea not to necessarily provide *restful* sleep, but to grant a listener a *meaningful* sleep.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Wits + Expression + Purity

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The story told before the target sleeps is inadvertently haunting and harrowing. The target suffers terrible nightmares — upon the target's next awakening, she doesn't gain a Willpower point.

Failure: The bedtime story has no effect.

Success: The Cahalith effectively grants the listener the Prophetic Dreams auspice ability — the target sleeps and has a meaningful dream cast in prophetic symbols. Interpretation can be made with a Wits + Occult roll — if the target is not a Uratha, however, that roll suffers –3 dice.

Exceptional Success: As above, and the target feels very refreshed and clear-headed upon waking, gaining +1 to all Mental rolls for the remainder of the day.

Drawing the Curtain (••••)

A wise storyteller knows that when an enemy must be dealt with, the best story is a tragedy. Striking an enemy from any history the Cahalith might create is surely satisfying, but a dramatic end in a story long remembered may be more fitting, and ultimately serve as a good warning to others who would cross the Cahalith. Cahalith with this Gift can tell a tale of woe so terrible that the subject of the tale is marked by fate for an awful end.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Expression + Wisdom versus the subject's Composure + Primal Urge

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: Not only does the story not stir fate to turn on the listener, but the listener is aware that the Cahalith was toying with his destiny.

Failure: The Cahalith finishes her story, but nothing happens.

Success: The story influences the listener in a dark way. The next time the listener's player (or Storyteller) chooses to spend Willpower to add dice to a roll, tragedy strikes and the roll is automatically considered a dramatic failure. The Willpower is not actually spent, however.

Exceptional Success: As above, but the Willpower stays spent.

Magnum Opus (•••••)

Stories serve a number of functions for a pack: to remind them of past glories, educate, or inspire to future greatness.

The inspirational potential of the story is demonstrated at its full potential with this Gift. The storyteller weaves an epic tale of how spectacular their successes will be in the near future, and the listeners are so inspired they are able to perform acts with success beyond their wildest dreams.

Cost: 1 Willpower and 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Expression + Glory

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The story's effect is counter to the intention. The next time the listener spends Willpower to enhance a roll, no dice are added to the roll, and the listener still loses the point.

Failure: Nothing happens.

Success: The story rouses greatness in its listener. The next time the listener spends Willpower to enhance an action, instead of adding three dice to the roll, add three *successes* to the total rolled. Note that the Cahalith can use this Gift to affect several listeners — up to her Primal Urge score.

Exceptional Success: The next time the listener spends a point of Willpower to enhance an action, that action is *automatically* an exceptional success.

Glory Gifts

Without Glory, there would be no Cahalunim, and so it follows, there would be no Cahalith. Luna's brilliant light falls strongest on the Cahalith who has learned not just how to follow her precepts, but how to follow them in the most memorable fashion possible. Of course, while a brave Cahalith seeks to live each day like it should be remembered for all time, a wise Cahalith leans to temper himself with the talent and knowledge to perform in spectacular ways.

Glory Gifts require that the Cahalith have Glory Renown equal to the Gift being learned, even if the werewolf would normally be able to learn the Gift without raising Glory.

Only Cahalith can learn these Gifts, taught by the members of the Cahalunim choir.

Relentlessness (•)

Rare is the culture that does not have stories of great heroes who fought their enemies for days and days at a time. History and myth glorify the warrior who keeps on long after he should be dead, from the gladiator bleeding from the belly who fights on regardless of his inevitable death, to the gun-slinging desperado who manages to shrug off bullets because he's got *revenge* to satisfy. With this Gift, the Cahalith on the path to Glory can shrug off even the most determined attempts to make her sick or poison her. What's more, she laughs in the face of danger thanks to her tenacity.

For the remainder of the scene, the character adds his Glory score to his Health dots. See "Temporary Health Dots" in the **World of Darkness Rulebook**, p. 173.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: This Gift does not require a roll.

Action: Instant

The Lesson Learned (••)

It is not enough to remember the stories of the past or make a name for the future. A Cahalith performing in his role for the pack must be able to make use of his experience in a way that benefits all members of the pack. With this Gift, the Cahalith uses the hard lessons he and his pack have leaned and applies them to future confrontations, pointing out where the pack went wrong in such a way that they can do better next time.

After a scene where a Cahalith or her pack has wounds while her enemy has gotten away, the Cahalith can activate this Gift. Activation requires the Cahalith to tell her pack a story about the failed encounter. The next time the pack encounters those opponents, they gain an advantage due to the lessons learned from the failure.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Expression + Glory

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Cahalith's story is particularly uninspiring or teaches the wrong lessons. During the next encounter with the named opponents, the opponents gain a +2 bonus to their first actions against the pack, as the pack is left with the sense that they cannot win easily.

Failure: The story fails to inspire the pack. They gain no bonus.

Success: The story is rousing and educational. During the next scene where the pack encounters the story's opponents, each pack member gains temporary Willpower equal to the highest Glory rating in the pack. This gain *can* exceed her maximum. The pack must use these points on rolls against the opponents in question, and are lost if not used by the end of the scene.

Exceptional Success: The story is something of an epic. In addition to the effects of a success, the pack members each enjoy +1 to Defense against the named opponents for the next encounter, and cannot be ambushed by their foes.

Harvest of Glorious Fury (•••)

What greater or more dramatic display of the People's Glory is there than the Gauru form? As powerful, potent, and ultimately memorable as it is to take the war form, giving in to Death Rage is perilous. The Cahalith who make it to any great age or great understanding appreciate the need to balance purpose with focus and so the Cahalunim teach this Gift. With it, a Cahalith can take the Gauru form and utilize it as a war machine that brings him blood-soaked Glory.

This Gift must be activated the moment the character enters Kuruth. Any time the character kills another living creature in the Gauru form of Death Rage, he gains a series of cumulative bonuses that build with each of her slain targets. He gains:

- +1 to attack rolls
- One point of Willpower (though not past the character's maximum pool)
- +1 to Defense

So, if the character kills three individuals — be they guard dogs, mortal thugs, or other werewolves — he now has +3 to attack rolls, +3 to his Defense, and three new points of Willpower. What is reaped, is sown. The bonuses to attack and defend disappear after the character leaves Kuruth. The Willpower points remain, however, until spent or otherwise lost.

Cost: 1 Essence



Dice Pool: This Gift does not require a roll.

Action: Reflexive

Glorious Empowerment (••••)

A Cahalith need not be a power unto herself. Separate even from the comfort and confidence that comes of being a pack animal, a vetted Cahalith has a lifetime of accomplishments to draw upon. Whereas Uratha of other moons may face new challenges with uncertainty, a great Gibbous can look at her past successes and her future potential to draw on Glory itself to pull her through events she might not otherwise be able to handle.

Whenever the Cahalith spends Willpower, she adds her Glory score to rolls instead of +3. In the case of resisted actions, it also adds Glory to resistance traits instead of the normal +2.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: This Gift does not require a roll.

Action: Reflexive

The Legend Lives On (•••••)

When the Cahalith witnesses death, she can turn her eyes or she can make a story. During a scene where she sees another Uratha die, the Cahalith can activate this Gift and develops a story to tell in honor of the fallen. The death is not in vain, as the Cahalith takes the lesson, learns from it, and inspires others with it.

When the Cahalith tells the story, she chooses one element of the tale to emphasize. Upon investing a bit of her soul into the story, she learns a single trait involved in the story. This can be a Skill or a Gift path possessed by the fallen. Afterwards, her story helps inspire others to learn the same edge.

This Gift only works once per witnessed death, and only on fallen Uratha.

Cost: 3 Essence

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Expression + Glory, with a –1 penalty per dot of the trait the dying target possesses that the Cahalith wishes to acquire.

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The story is a disgrace to the memory of the fallen. Not only does the trait not manifest in the Cahalith, but for the next seven nights she is besieged by nightmares of the fallen Uratha. She gains no Willpower upon awakening during this time.

Failure: With failure, the Cahalith's story is not magnificent enough to transfer the trait.

Success: The story is sufficiently moving. When she tells the story of the fallen, listeners subtract from the experience cost one point per success when trying to learn it themselves. This will not reduce the cost of a trait below half its original cost (rounded up), and the character can make only one attempt to help others acquire this knowledge. In addition, the character herself can automatically buy points in the chosen Skill or Gift path at half the normal experience cost. She can only tell the story of the fallen once per game session (i.e. "chapter").

Exceptional Success: With exceptional success, the Cahalith's story is so inspired that any time she tells it to help others, she gains one experience point herself.

Milestone Gift: Songs of Uplifting Glory

Prerequisites: Glory 5

To satisfy the Cahalunim that a Cahalith is a walking legend among her people, she must honor an ancient pact with the Gibbous choir by showing visions of the past, present, and future. To do this, she must arouse the interest of Luna herself, so that she sends her emissaries, Ubita, Uda and Egir.

To satisfy Ubita, Lune of Glories Past, the Cahalith must in some way restore a story or tale that has been otherwise lost from the world. A snippet of private information from a slumbering spirit is not enough, as indeed the story restored must be something of lasting impact. Revealing the past names and bans of an *idigam* would suffice, while recounting an older story about a minor rage spirit would simply not satisfy Ubita.

To satisfy Uda, the Lune of Glories Now, the werewolf must be of such fame or notoriety that Cahalith on five separate continents must have sung the praises of the character at the same time. (This usually requires the character having at least a Glory of four or five dots.)

To satisfy Egir, the Lune of Glories Yet to Come, the Cahalith must have had a vision of a terrible fate to befall her, and accept Luna's cold grace. Furthermore, the Cahalith must have done nothing to prevent that fate from occurring, enduring it instead. Simply knowing that a date will go poorly, or that a fight might not be successful but going through it anyway will not do. In the case of Egir's blessing, the Cahalith must face some terrible reality; maybe the inevitable death of a packmate, or even the destruction of a locus, but no matter what, he face the fate unflinchingly. Of course, telling which visions are meant to be changed and which are meant to be accepted is no simple thing, and so this is a mark of a truly great Cahalith.

Once the Cahalith has satisfied the Three Sisters in these ways, she may be considered an inspiration to any and all around her, but one final hurdle awaits. Once charged by the Three Sisters, the Cahalith must find a potent spirit (at least a lesser Jaggling), and tell hat spirit a story that evokes an emotion contrary to its nature. The Cahalith might seek out a spirit of murder and tell a tale so sad that it is driven to tears, or seek out a spirit of sorrow and make it laugh. With that complete, the Three Sisters call their choir together to sing the story of the Cahalith and infuse her forever with those songs of praise.

System: This Gift does not require activation. Once the Cahalith has learned it, its effects are permanent, adding additional advantage to Willpower expenditure. A legend of this caliber does not just succeed; she excels, she inspires, she overwhelms opposition. More importantly, she never fails when it matters.

Any time the Cahalith spends a point of Willpower to enhance her rolls, she does not get the traditional three-dice benefit. Instead, if her roll fails, count the roll as having a single success. If her roll succeeds with fewer than five successes, consider the roll to have resulted in five successes. If she attained five or more successes, not only does she not lose the Willpower point spent, but also she gains an additional point of Willpower, not to exceed her limit. With any use of this power, all those favorable witnesses to her greatness gain a point of Willpower, similar to the use of the Inspiring Merit.

Merits

Below, you'll find a new Merit available to any character in the World of Darkness.

Seductive Grace (• to •••)

Prerequisites: Dexterity •••, Expression ••

The character has mastered the nuances of seduction through their expressive craft. With coy looks, meaningful words dripping with intent, or graceful hypnotic movements in dance, the artist is able to soften a target to suggestion. The performer can subtract her rating in this Merit from a subject's Wits + Composure roll to resist seduction attempts (see the **World Of Darkness Rulebook**, p. 84) when she uses her talents to directly allure and distract onlookers.

Cahalith Aspects

Speakers (*Fiuremekir*): As Uratha with a spiritual charge to maintain the stories of the People and the spirit world, the Speakers (also known as Speakers of the First Tongue) study the old stories in their spiritual proto-language, empowering the half of them that is spirit to the detriment of the half that is not.

At Primal Urge 3: The Cahalith can speak the First Tongue with the fluency found amongst spirits. Social interac-



tions with spirits receive 9-again. In contrast, the Cahalith's ethereal nature sometimes slips through; consider the Cahalith's Primal Urge to be one higher for the purposes of interaction with humans, thus inflicting a greater Social penalty.

At Primal Urge 7: If the Cahalith knows the ban of a spirit, she can manipulate the subtle nuances of the Hisil to eradicate it temporarily. Spend a point of Willpower and make a Manipulation + Subterfuge + Wisdom roll, contested with the spirit's Resistance. If successful, the Cahalith can remove the ban for the remainder of the scene.

At Primal Urge 10: The power of a Cahalith at this stage is unbridled — she may convince lesser spirits to destroy themselves. Such spirits do not cease to exist, but discorporate (see "Discorporation and Healing," p. 276, **Werewolf: The Forsaken**). To command a spirit to discorporate, Cahalith's honorary Rank (see **Werewolf: The Forsaken,** p.272) must be equal to or higher than the spirit's Rank. The Cahalith's player must roll her Presence + Intimidation *or* Presence + Persuasion (whichever is higher) against the spirit's Resistance. Success indicates that the spirit undoes its own existence (for now).

Because the Cahalith has given too much strength to her spiritual half, each time she suffers Essence bleed she must succeed in a reflexive Resolve roll or slip automatically across the Gauntlet (needn't be near a locus). Failure also lowers the level of the Gauntlet of the area by two for the next month.

Dreamers (*Mashi*): Having mastered their mundane dreams, Lucid Dreamers take their talents of controlling their own unconscious minds to the next level, influencing the future through the control of their visions.

At Primal Urge 3: Due to the clarity with which the Cahalith remembers his dreams, any time his auspice ability is used, for the next day all Investigation-related rolls receive a +3 bonus. In contrast, this clarity sometimes comes at a price of single-minded focus. During that day, any Wits + Composure rolls to react to surprise (see the **World of Darkness Rulebook**, p. 46) are at a –3 penalty.

At Primal Urge 7: At this point, the Cahalith can see the real-world relevance of his dreams with little confusion. During each game session (chapter), the Cahalith's player can re-roll a number of rolls equal to her dots in Glory Renown. On each re-roll, she can choose one of the two roll results.

At Primal Urge 10: While sleeping, the Cahalith can spend a Willpower point to impose fortunate or terrible dreams on any one sleeping subject. Fortunate dreams give the subject 9-again on all rolls for the next 24 hours. Unfortunate dreams impose 24 hours of terrible luck, where all rolls the subject makes lose the 10-again quality, with 1's subtracting from successes. However, the Cahalith at this point constantly exists in a state of consciousness half in dreams, half in reality. Any time the Cahalith fails a Mental roll, he believes he is in a dream until proven otherwise. The next Resolve, Composure, or Stamina roll he makes automatically fails, as he doesn't understand the reality of the world around him.

Lorekeepers (*Susiba*): Let no story be lost so long as there are Uratha who call themselves Lorekeepers, and let no spirit question the power of knowledge in their presence.

At Primal Urge 3: The Cahalith benefits from the Eidetic Memory Merit. If she already possesses it, she enjoys an additional +2 bonus to any roll to remember facts or details. As a side effect of this, the Cahalith has difficulty ignoring things or letting them go. Mechanically, she suffers from the fixation derangement.

At Primal Urge 7: The character enjoys the benefits of a modified version of the Encyclopedic Knowledge Merit that relates specifically to Uratha and spirit folklore. So long as there may be reason to know about a given subject, the Cahalith's player can make an Intelligence + Wits roll to recall a story relating to it. Listeners gain the 9-again quality on later rolls relating to the subject for a number of days equal to the successes gained by the Cahalith. Cahalith with the Encyclopedic Knowledge Merit already receive a +2 bonus to this roll.

At Primal Urge 10: The Cahalith with this advanced wisdom doesn't even need to hear a story to be able to produce knowledge about a topic. She uses recurring concepts and general themes from similar stories to draw likely pieces of information into a coherent, mostly true story. Once per game session, the Cahalith's player can make an Intelligence + Academics roll. Each success affords one "yes or no" question about the topic her player can ask the Storyteller, who must answer as correctly as possible. However, at this point, preservation of knowledge is an all-consuming compulsion. Any destruction of knowledge, such as the death of a wise Uratha or the burning of a book, triggers automatic Kuruth in the Cahalith. Any time she enters Kuruth, she gains a severe derangement as a result that lasts for one week (or until she enters Kuruth again, gaining a replacement derangement).

The Mad (*Ithaim*): The visions of the moon are ripe with madness, and the Mad Visionaries embrace this role gleefully, seeking to harness their visions to greater and greater levels through insanity and self mutilation.

At Primal Urge 3: The character can look at a person and with a successful Wits + Empathy roll can determine his Virtue, his Vice or any derangements he may possess. She can only perform this one time on a subject, meaning she can only truly know one of those three elements for certain. The price of this knowledge is high, however. The Cahalith receives one mild derangement automatically upon attaining this Aspect's level.

At Primal Urge 7: With extended interactions, the Cahalith can manipulate others' psyches. Roll Manipulation + Empathy, with each roll requiring one minute of interaction; a number of successes equal to the subject's Willpower is required. At this point, the Cahalith can force the subject to make a Harmony (or equivalent Morality) roll as he calls the victim's morals and perceptions

into question. If the Cahalith succeeds, the victim suffers a mild derangement of the Cahalith's choosing. If the subject has a mild derangement already and the Cahalith knows of it, she can instead exacerbate it to the severe level. (Note that the result of the Harmony roll does *not* cause the subject to actually lose Harmony.)

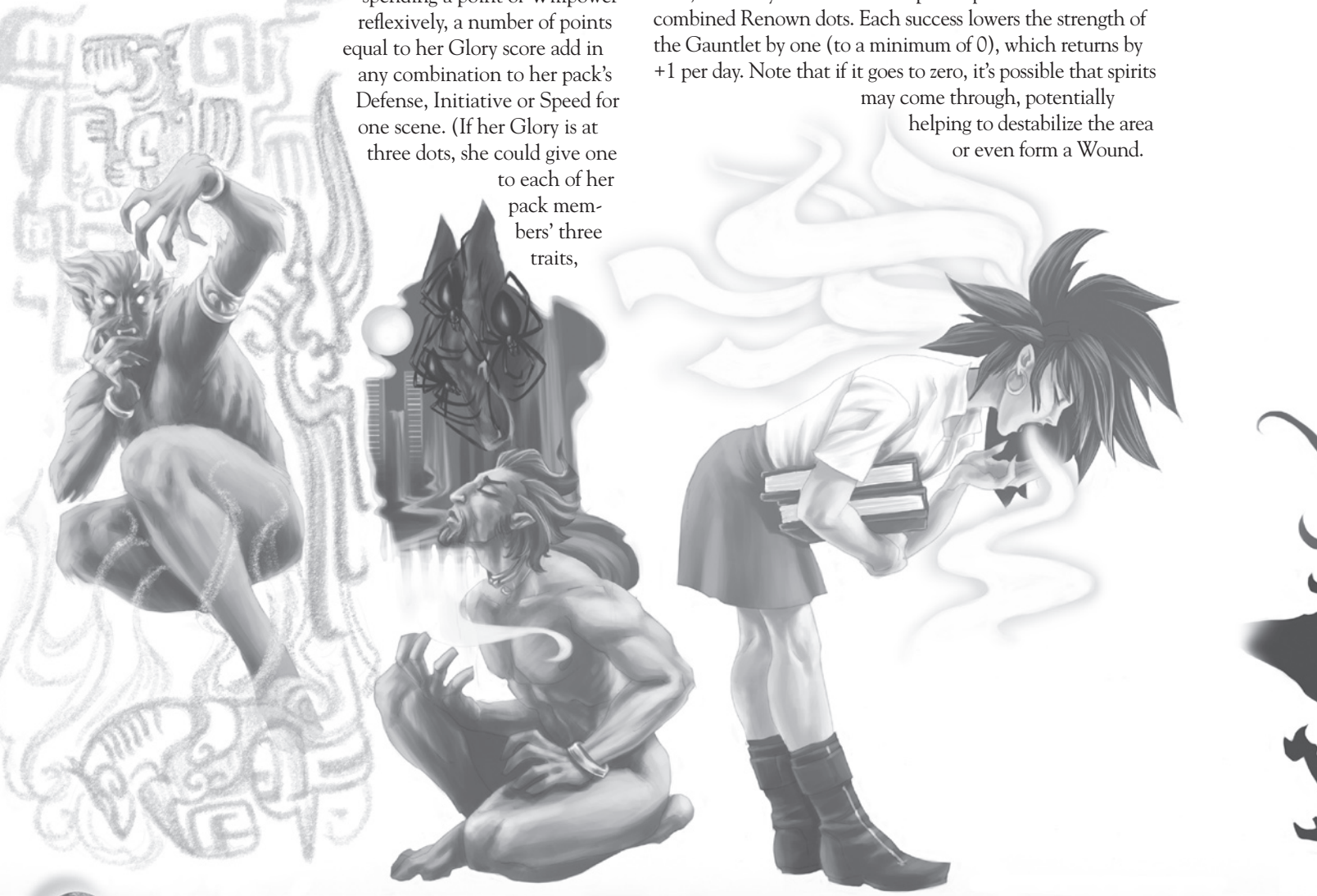
At Primal Urge 10: Once per month, a single statement she makes comes true. This has no direct mechanical effect, but the Storyteller is encouraged to choose a statement that has a clear potential benefit and an unexpected drawback. For instance, if a Cahalith states that the Pure will leave her territory, at some point in the month it will happen. It may happen because the CDC quarantines the territory due to an outbreak of a flesh-eating virus; the character does not choose all elements of the "how," just the "what."

Warhowlers (*Huhsih*): Glory waits in war. Victory is earned through shrieking howls and tearing claws. The Cahalith of this Aspect know that very well, helping urge her pack to greater and greater levels of martial ability.

At Primal Urge 3: The Cahalith's howls push her pack to strike more quickly. When she howls, she can push herself and her allies to glory. By spending a point of Willpower reflexively, a number of points equal to her Glory score add in any combination to her pack's Defense, Initiative or Speed for one scene. (If her Glory is at three dots, she could give one to each of her pack members' three traits, or she could give two to Defense and one to Speed, or all three to Initiative, or so forth.) She can perform this howl once per story. However, the howls of war are forever in her mind; the Cahalith cannot easily abide silence. Any Stealth rolls she makes automatically suffer –3 dice as she consciously or unconsciously strains to make herself heard.

At Primal Urge 7: Her howls at this point give her pack the strength to persevere. In addition to the previous benefit, when she howls, her pack also gains a point of armor (+1/+1) per point of the Cahalith's Expression score. (Lasts for the scene, as above, and can only be used once per story.)

At Primal Urge 10: At this point, the Cahalith's howl rallies forces outside the pack itself. In addition to the above benefits, when the Cahalith howls, the Hisil quakes and commands all those beings without higher thought. During a turn of howling, a number of lesser Gafflings equal to the Cahalith's total Renown dots battle alongside her pack. They fight, they work, they assist however possible, even putting themselves in danger. If the Cahalith fights in the material world, they use their influences and Numina to aid. However, the Cahalith's voice is so strong, it shreds the Gauntlet the way only Father Wolf's could. Any time this advantage is used, the Storyteller rolls a dice pool equal to the Cahalith's combined Renown dots. Each success lowers the strength of the Gauntlet by one (to a minimum of 0), which returns by +1 per day. Note that if it goes to zero, it's possible that spirits may come through, potentially helping to destabilize the area or even form a Wound.



Performers (*Halamaaz*): Virtuosos and experts in their fields, the Performer is the pinnacle of whatever expression of art they've been chosen for. The grace of Luna shines through their every gesture or action.

At Primal Urge 3: The Cahalith receives the 9-again quality on all Expression rolls. However, the Cahalith cannot accept his own failure to communicate. If the Cahalith fails a Social roll, she gains the depression derangement for the next 24 hours.

At Primal Urge 7: By spending a point of Essence, the Cahalith can substitute his Expression Skill for any single Physical or Social Skill for the remainder of the scene. The action taken must be executed during an appropriate performance. For instance, a Cahalith might dance with swords during a fight, substituting his Expression score for his Weaponry score, or she might use the elaborate movements of a belly dance to barter with a business associate, substituting her Expression score for her Persuasion. The Storyteller is the final arbiter of what is appropriate.

At Primal Urge 10: The Cahalith's presence and performance is potent. When amongst her pack, her player may spend a point of Essence and roll Presence + Expression. If successful, she begins a captivating performance that empower her pack's actions and fills their mind's eye with that performance. She can affect one Attribute per success gained on the Presence + Expression roll — each packmate gains a bonus to those Attributes equal to the Cahalith's Glory score. These bonuses last for one scene *provided* the Cahalith does nothing but continue the performance. If she is interrupted, the bonuses end.

However, this has a potent downside, too. Her performance does wonders until it ceases — when she uses this ability successfully, ending it causes an enervating effect on her packmates. They feel listless and hollow, desperate again to hear her voice or see her writhing body. They suffer a penalty equal to her Glory score on all Mental- and Physical-based dice pools for the next 24 hours.

Antagonist: The Dreameater

Aliases: The Black Horse, The Nightmare

Quote: *<A distant horse's whinny and the sound of licking, consuming flames>*

Background: Old wives' tales gave birth to the Dreameater, and stories of its nightly rides gave it — and continue to give it — power.

Nobody knows exactly where the Dreameater — sometimes called the "Nightmare" — come from. Some suspect the spirit comes from old Europe, born of whispered folklore that told of a horrible black horse that could carry you away in your dreams. Others say it is the product of some truly old Cahalith, some ancient dream-maker whose prophetic visions were not only suggestions of a coming future but would be born wholecloth from the Forsaken's mind upon waking.

Description: The Dreameater has grown to fit the story it feeds off, thriving on fear and night terrors. Its hide is blacker than night and it appears to contain the faces of a thousand screaming women. Its mane and eyes are always on fire, and its hoof tracks leave flames behind.



Since the Cahalith's stories spread so long ago, the Dreameater became jealous of Luna and her ability to grant visions to her followers. The Dreameater thinks itself a superior spirit and wants to steal the prophetic ability of the Gibbous to grant the fear choir that follows it. Of course, it hasn't figured out how to, yet, and so it sends its choir out to destroy the dreams of the Cahalith and leave only night terrors wherever they go. It does not know that Luna had children other than the Cahalith, but it would be less interested in them since they do not possess what the Dreameater covets.

Storytelling Hints: The Black Horse is a very powerful conceptual spirit, even if it exists as largely a function of its own myth. Since the darker stories of the Black Horse have become so pervasive, it has in kind, become a spirit of existential evil. It has no demon master to drag virgins back too, but it does well off of the fear of concept. It now lives to maintain its own folklore, and satisfy an apparently recent need to destroy the Cahalith. Whenever possible, the Dreameater will come to Cahalith in their dreams and attempt to seduce them into willingly taking a ride. At this point, the Dreameater eats their dreams as represented below, and for the next day will ride them.

Dreameater

Rank: 4
Attributes: Power 10, Finesse 8, Resistance 10
Willpower: 20
Essence: 25
Initiative: 18
Defense: 10
Speed: 28
Size: 5
Corpus: 15
Influence: Fear ••••
Numina: Blast, Claim, Harrow, Possession
Ban: Must eat the dreams of living beings daily. (See Dream Eating, below.)

Supernatural Powers:

• **Ride the Willing:** Unlike most spirits, this being is able to use the Possess Numen on willing Uratha. The Claim Numen, however, still does not work on Uratha.

• **Dream Eating:** By anchoring itself on a sleeping victim, the Dreameater can see, interact with, and devour dreams for its own gain. Invading a dream requires no roll, but assaulting the dream is an extended task. The Dreameater initiates an extended struggle, represented by a roll every half hour of dreaming. The Dreameater's dice pool is Power + Finesse, the dreamer's roll is Intelligence + Resolve + Primal Urge. Each successful roll for the Dreameater above the target costs the victim one Willpower point, and the Dreameater gains one Essence. Each successful roll for the dreamer costs the Dreameater two Willpower points. If the Dreameater loses all its Willpower, it is expelled from the dream and cannot enter that person's dreams for one month. However, if the dreamer is reduced to zero Willpower, the Dreameater successfully eats her dreams.

A person without dreams gains no Willpower from rest, as her sleep is devoid and unfulfilling. She has to sleep twice as much to fight off fatigue. Also, any degeneration rolls made during the next day are made at a –2 penalty, due to the detachment caused by the loss of dreaming. The only way to restore the dreams is to destroy the Dreameater, or to wait one year.



• **Vision-Hungry:** The Nightmare is especially fond of eating the dreams of Cahalith. While the spirit can eat the dreams of any individual, human or Forsaken, the dreams of the Visionaries seem to give it pleasure, covering the stallion with a blood-hued froth across its screaming hide. Any time the Nightmare successfully eats all the nightly dreams of a Cahalith werewolf, that Cahalith suffers a mild derangement (the Storyteller's choosing) until she gets eight hours of uninterrupted, Nightmare-free sleep. Rumor has it that if the Nightmare can do this to a Cahalith ten times in a row, the Cahalith will lose her auspice ability forever. No proof of this exists, but then again, how would it?

The Goddess of Nightmares: Aisling Tulane

I know why you've come out here to see me, boy, but she's already dead. What do you mean 'who's already dead?'

Aliases: Mistress of the Spirit Wild, She-Bitch of the Woods, The Seer, *Ithama'heme*

Background: Most Cahalith have heard the story of Aisling Tulane, the seer who knows the future as Luna does. Every Cahalith knows the stories of the black she-wolf who runs with nightmares and bad omens instead of a pack and sometimes rips havoc across a city or town, with Luna ever at her back. Few Cahalith know that Aisling Tulane is real.

At some point, long ago, Aisling Tulane and her pack went out into the spirit wilds. Aisling was a potent and nurturing alpha, and had convinced her pack they should devote themselves to Luna in a way no one had before. They should, she said, run into the wild places fit only for the Pure, and fill them with Luna's light. She chose her path, unaware of its consequences. Stories of her plight suggest that Aisling suffered under particularly traumatic visions when she slept, and that Luna often gave her dreams about which she could do nothing. It's said that she was mad long before her pack, which followed her with cult-ish, sycophantic devotion, fled to the spirit wilds.

They say that once there, Luna sent visions to Aisling nightly, compelling her to do strange things during the day, odd rituals with no apparent meaning or changing things in their environment with no clear purpose. More than that, Luna compelled the mad woman deeper into the Shadow.

The further Aisling went, the more of her pack died and the crazier she got. In time, new wolves began to run with her: odd, ethereal black dogs that seemed to herald doom wherever they went. Eventually, lesser nightmares fell in step with Aisling's mad run through the spirit wild until she was, after a fashion, their goddess.

But what does the mad seer do now? It seems that she is now mostly a function of Luna's strange and fickle nature. The great Cahalith is most often found running through the Shadow following strange impulses that lead to trouble for the Pure, though Aisling seems to have no awareness of her actions. Sometimes, guided by moonlight, Aisling will leave the wilds, bringing her pack of night terrors with her, and approach the territories of the Forsaken. Chaos tends to follow as Aisling's visions rarely coincide well with the present. She might know, for instance, that a building must be destroyed, and so she sets about having it destroyed, but not realize that the building's end wasn't necessary for another forty years.

Description: Though she has the appearance and upkeep of a wild woman, she still appears quite young for her age and very fertile. Her movements and gestures around human men are seductive and coy, like the bright coloring of a poisonous plant. She, like the plants, is meant as a warning. When she can be reminded to speak in English, she is eloquent and clever, if not overly educated. Most of the time she grunts, trying to force out human (and when she inevitably fails to communicate her ideas, she defaults to the First Tongue).

It's said that if an Uratha really ought to know what will be, he'll find the Goddess of Nightmares, and he'll tell him what he wants to know. This is thought to be a curse as much as a blessing.

Storytelling Hints: Aisling is a catalyst and puppet in a lot of ways, a victim to visions of the future she cannot understand or ignore. Her nature was once a gentle and giving one, and that might have had something to do with why she chose to devote herself entirely to Luna. She *wants* to stop, but is fatalistically dedicated to doing "whatever it is Luna demands of her."

She is practically incapable of fear, since she lives her life at the edge of death and in her madness laughs in its face. Her only companions in the world are creatures that feed off of the fear and foreboding she creates in her wake, and the only way to keep on top of them and not be consumed is to have no fear.

She does not know how much of a hindrance she has been against the Pure, nor does she know how much they well and truly hate her. It is likely that if she did know, she wouldn't care, and in her devotion to Luna, she would revel in their hatred. Some argue that her purpose is as Luna's tool against the Pure, but since she is often also a problem to Forsaken, it cannot be the sole reason for her existence.

Aisling can see limitless potential futures at all times, and so she often has trouble differentiating now from then and then from has been. It is for this reason that Uratha sometimes seek her out, in hopes that she can clarify some future event for them in ways a less potent Cahalith could not.

When using Aisling in a story Storytellers should use caution, just because she can see the future doesn't mean the future she sees at the time is set in stone (or sane enough to be understood at all). Using Aisling should not be a means to steamroll characters into an event or end if it takes away from the story to do so. Additionally, Aisling is very mad, and cannot function in a way that allows her to tell the characters everything they want to know.

So how should she be used? One thought is that she can tell the characters exactly what they don't want to hear. Why would she lie? Perhaps the fortune told was merely a step on the path to get the Uratha to do what they were destined to do. Maybe it wasn't a lie at the time, but the triumphant heroes changed their own destiny.

Another thought for Aisling is to use her as the catalyst to a battle against the Pure who hate her so. In this case, her mad visions have driven her to cripple or somehow hinder the Pure in question in such a way that if the characters are clever enough, they might be able to win the day. Of course, if it only appeared that Aisling was hindering the Pure, the characters could quickly find themselves in a new degree of danger against their ancient foe. It isn't as if Aisling understands any of it, anyway.

Aisling Tulane

Auspice: Cahalith
Aspect: The Mad
Tribe: Hunters in Darkness
Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 7
Physical Attributes: Strength 3 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4)
Social Attributes: Presence 6, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 3
Mental Skills: Academics (History) 3, Investigation 2, Medicine 1, Occult (Death) 6, Politics 1
Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl (Claws) 4, Drive 3, Stealth 2, Survival (Finding Shelter) 3
Social Skills: Animal Ken 1, Empathy 2, Expression (Storytelling) 5, Intimidation 4, Persuasion 2, Subterfuge 3
Merits: Allies (Death Spirits) 5, Fast Reflexes 2, Inspiring, Language (First Tongue, Spanish) 2, Striking Looks 2, Totem 4
Willpower: 10
Harmony: 2
Virtue: Faith. Aisling is a passionate devotee of Luna, and is willing to do anything for her Glorious Queen. Of course, no one can know the wishes of the moon, and so Aisling tends to assume random actions are the best way to give proper worship.
Vice: Wrath. Aisling's whole existence is forfeit to Luna, and in her ecstatic worship, she has lost herself. While she cannot see it, that makes her full of anger. That anger is largely focused on the Pure, her goddess' enemy, but it is by no means well focused.
Initiative: 12 (12/13/14/14)
Defense: 3 (in all forms)
Speed: 11 (12/115/18/16)
Health: 8 (9/11/10/8)
Primal Urge: 10
Renown: Glory 5, Honor 2, Purity 2, Wisdom 3, Cunning 2
Gifts: (1) Death Sight, Know Name, Pack Awareness, Relentlessness, Right Words, (2) Camaraderie, Ghost Knife, Lesson Learned, Resist Pain, Traveler's Blessing, (3) Corpse Witness, Hone Fury, Sagacity, True Leader, Unspoken Communication, (4) Glorious Empowerment, Word of Quiet, (5) Call of Glory, Legend Lives On, Vengeance of the Slain
Rituals: 4; **Rites:** Banish Human, Banish Spirit, Bind Spirit, Blessing of the Spirit Hunt, Call Gaffling, Cleansed Blood, Dedication, Fetish Rite, Funeral Rite, Spirit Brand, Wake the Spirit
Essence/per Turn: 20/5



Chapter III



Warrior

They circled the lip of the crater, eyes locked, both in wolf form. Their packs waited above, glaring at each other, occasionally snarling or mouthing insults, but never speaking in English or First Tongue. This was between the two of them.

The full moon lit up the desert, turned the sand a bluish-white and sent the nocturnal critters running in circles, confused, hungry, angry. A bat snapped up a moth, soft body crushed under fangs and dusty wings folded into its throat. A wasp landed on her prey, the spider, laying eggs that would hatch into burrowing grubs. On the highway, a man in a truck glanced at the biker riding on his left and moved the wheel over just a touch, before he remembered himself and pulled back into his own lane. The biker swerved, and thought of the pistol in his belt. This was a killing moon.

The two wolves lunged forward, snapped, pulled back. The battle hadn't begun yet, because once it did, that was that. The moon was in control. The moonlight would go red, and the sands would be stained with the blood of Uratha. No one wanted that, because the People Do Not Kill the People.

But the killing moon did not know that, even though the Uratha had made these vows under the moon on some long-past night. Tonight, all She knew was blood, and She reached down through moonbeams and pushed the red wolf to strike.

The gray wolf felt no such push. He felt rage, but he felt rage no matter what the moon said. His pack snapped and snarled and urged him on. Across the crater, the red wolf's pack also gave encouragement, but with one wary eye on their packmate, fur glimmering in the soft white light.

"Come ahead, then," said the gray wolf.

The red wolf could say nothing. To open his muzzle would be to attack. That was the killing moon's wish.

"Frightened? You can leave," said the gray wolf, "and howl that this land belongs to the Pure—"

The red wolf surged forward, paws barely touching the sand, a mouthful of rage and moonlight in his eyes. He Changed, and took the Gauru form, the war form, the form of the killing moon. He pinned the gray wolf to the desert floor and raised dagger-claws up, and raked them down across the gray wolf's face and nose. These wounds would heal, but until they did, the gray wolf was doubly blinded — no sights, no smells. He could hear, though, and he heard the words of the red wolf, struggling their way out of a throat made for nothing but gulping meat torn from prey.

"Pure. No pure. Moon is Purity."

The gray wolf swallowed, and a tiny trickle of urine left his body. He had lost.

The red wolf took on his birth form. The killing moon was still in his eyes. "Go, and howl to the moon. And be glad She let me stop."

Listen, you fuckers, you screwheads.
Here is a man who would not take it anymore.
A man who stood up against the scum,
the cunts, the dogs, the filth, the shit.
Here is a man who stood up.

— Travis Bickle, Taxi Driver

The full moon shines down on the Earth, the illumination haunting and somehow hollow. A howl rises from the hills, from the forests, from the alleys, from outside the door. A frightened man bolts the door and opens a bottle of vodka, not wanting to admit that he hears the sound.

The door explodes inward. The man barely has time to react to the sound before the teeth are in his throat. The werewolf tears out his larynx, his trachea and a chip of his spine, and spits this mouthful of flesh and gristle into the sink. And then the werewolf takes on human form and makes for the door. As an afterthought, he picks up the bottle and takes it with him. No sense letting it go to waste.

The World of Darkness demands a certain kind of subtlety. Yes, the supernatural exists and monsters prey on humanity, but humanity, as a whole, knows not to overtly acknowledge it. Humans know the truth, on some level, else why would monster films and books still be so popular? But to stare out into the moonlight and *try* to see the monsters would be expressing a desire to know the supernatural, to understand the howls, and few people really want that. The supernatural has its own rules and its own routines, and human beings have theirs, and they don't knowingly cross paths.

Rahu werewolves spit in the face of that subtlety. The howl long and loud, they exult in who and what they are, and they revel in their status as the dominant predators in the world. A werewolf that Luna chooses — *blesses* — with a full moon Change is destined to be his brother's keeper, the one in the pack who will keep true to the Oath of the Moon. He is meant to feel first blood on his claws and to take the spoils of victory, whether they be bragging rights, valuable fetishes, or just a bottle of good vodka. The Rahu enjoys the blessings of the Fury Choir, and the greatest packs in the world have Full Moons leading their battles.

Of course, it's not always so rosy. Rahu keep the Oath sacred because their Lune patrons, the Ralunim, desire Purity, but when Full Moons become *Zi'ir*, they become peerless monsters, capable of any depravity and respecting nothing. A Rahu might *wish* to be a great leader, but not every werewolf that Changes under the full moon has the skills to inspire a pack to death or glory, or the intelligence to be a good tactician. The werewolf can expect other Rahu to teach him these things, yes, but if they don't come easily, other Full Moons might suspect that the werewolf isn't trying hard enough (the fact that Luna might have made a mistake doesn't occur to them, or if it does, they don't tend to mention it). Eventually, such Rahu become vicious bullies, unable to do anything except the one thing that comes naturally to all werewolves: violence.

Growing Up Rahu

At what point, a contemplative werewolf might ask, does Luna choose her children's auspices? Some Uratha feel that she does it at the werewolf's birth, others believe that in the weeks before the First Change, Luna asks for input from her servitors, the Lunes. In any case, though, many werewolves look back upon their pre-Change lives and find the "seeds" of their auspices long before they knew of their true natures.

Rahu werewolves, pre-Change, tend to be aggressive, violent and single-minded. Many become heavily involved in whatever religious faith they are taught, not because they have actual religious experiences, but because they feel the need to place their faith into something. Politics and other ideologically based groups also attract Full Moon *nuzusul* for the same reasons. Interestingly, Rahu don't rise to be *leaders* in these sorts of groups, usually because their intensity puts others off. They tend, instead, to be the ones knocking on doors, pounding pavement and looking after the group's interests in more direct ways.

Rahu also tend to get into trouble. Many are diagnosed with Oppositional Defiant Disorder and other psychiatric conditions, sometimes even serious ones such as Antisocial Personality Disorder. The doctors and therapists often make these diagnoses with some reservations, however, because Rahu *can* function in society. They just feel that they should be the head of any given social hierarchy, and demonstrate an animalistic urge to challenge the current leader. For a child trying to "challenge" a teacher for the right to run the class, this can end badly, especially if the teacher happens to be a weak and ineffectual person. If the teacher meets the child's challenges and refuses to back down, the nascent Rahu becomes a willing "beta," probably the best student in the class.



Wasn't able to find much on these sculptures. They're Puerto Rican, I know that much, and they look a lot like other Santos that I've seen. But the bite and the blood and everything? That's new.

I found these at a street fair in San Juan last month. There weren't any others like them, and the guy I bought them from wasn't sure who made them (he said, "a woman" made them, but when I asked him who she was or where he got them, he looked puzzled, like he didn't remember). I thought at first they were supposed to represent a vampire (usually in Puerto Rico, you hear more stories about chupacabra than what we'd understand as a "vampire," but still, I thought I'd ask). And the guy said something weird. He held up the one with the girl biting the guy and said, "No, she is not hungry. She is angry, because God turned away from her. But God turned from her because she is angry. That's the story."

The way he said it made me think there was more to it, so I did a little digging. And sure enough, there's a story from the early 1900s about a girl who was just a little holy terror. Defiant, gluttonous, promiscuous (it's implied, but never stated, that she seduced her older brother), and her folks sent her to church to be "cleansed." The story says that she wanted to be absolved, but she was so angry that God wouldn't grant her absolution, and that made her so angry that she couldn't stand, so God took pity on her and turned her into a wolf so that she could be vicious and violent (and naked, I guess) without worrying about her soul.

It's a weird story. I talked to a folklore expert, and he says usually the "wild child" stories are about kids that we'd now understand to be autistic or handicapped or whatever. He'd never heard the "turned into a wolf by God" version before, though.

To: bloodspatter@gorydeathphotos.com

From: holeinhell@aol.com

Subject: Awesome pix – but r they legle?

Hey, dude. I luv yer site I check it every day for new photos. I have some pix that u culd put up. Their really awesome, I guess a bear smashed into a hotel room and killed two ppl over the weekend. I have a bud in the precink and he sneaked me copies of the pix. I can send them 2 u, but I don't want THE MAN to cum knockin on my door lol! Is it legal to post these? Let me know and Ill upload or snailmail

BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD,

The Hole in Hell

To: holeinhell@aol.com

From: bloodspatter@gorydeathphotos.com

Subject: RE: Awesome pix – but r they legle?

Hey, dude, thanks for your support and thanks too for the donations (I see you're a Premium Member — rock on!). Okay, here's the thing. If these pictures are part of an ongoing criminal investigation, then, yeah, you could get in trouble for posting them and so could I. But if it was an animal attack, it's an accident and there's no homicide, right? Go ahead and upload the pix; if they're good quality I'll post them and I'll just make sure to edit anything that has, like, the hotel name or the city or whatever.

Yours in BLOOD,

Cap'n BloodSpatter

To: bloodspatter@gorydeathphotos.com

From: holeinhell@aol.com

Subject: RE: RE: Awesome pix – but r they legle?

Ok uploaded

The Hole in Hell

To: bloodspatter@gorydeathphotos.com

From: holeinhell@aol.com

Subject: RE: RE: Awesome pix – but r they legle?

Oh something else! I talked to my bud @ the presink today and he says this dude who worked at the hotel disappeared that night. He said this dude had like 4 assalt complaints already and he was like violent and got in fights at the local shithole bar and stuff.

OH AND GET THIS! Now there saying it wasn't a bear it was a PACK OF WOLFS! HOLY SHIT! They found footprints on the ground outside that this zooologist dude said were wolfs prints OMG

BLOOD AND WOLFS!

The Hole in Hell

To: holeinhell@aol.com

From: bloodspatter@gorydeathphotos.com

Subject: RE: RE: RE: Awesome pix – but r they legle?

Nah, I doubt it was wolves, man. Did you see the size of the hole in the wall? Bear I could believe, but wolves don't go smashing through walls to kill people in hotels. The pix are *awesome*, though so thanks for that. If you can find out the name of the dude that disappeared, that'd be awesome, because I could post what you told me (all anonymously, of course). That'd make a great tag for the story.

Oh, and you totally get next year's Premium Member package for free. These are AWESOME gory photos!

Cheers and BLOOD,

Cap'n BloodSpatter



The First Change

Engaging in murderous slaughter during the First Change is common amongst all Uratha, but Rahu truly take it to a different level. The full moon seems to carry Death Rage with it, and those werewolves who Change for the first time in its harsh light enter a frenzy that does not recognize family, friends, pity, pain or fatigue. Rahu trade stories of their First Changes, bragging (or confessing) about the deaths that they caused and, more often, what the human authorities did to cover it up.

Because of the extreme brutality of the First Change, few Rahu manage to hold on to their human lives after becoming Uratha. Their lives are simply shattered, unless they have the good fortune to Change far away from their everyday lives. But even if that's the case, a newly Changed Rahu feels different to his acquaintances. He's always been aggressive, now he's a real animal. He's always been a little too demanding, now he gives people the impression that if they don't perform, he's going for their throats. And besides, Rahu feel the urge to *lead*, to dominate and to demonstrate their might. They just can't do that anywhere else but among the People.

Why am I angry?
I'm angry because I have to write this. I'm angry because I have to make you happy, you stupid fucking cow of a course director. I'm angry because I have to take this fucking course in the first fucking place. I'm angry because I punched that guy. Because I don't know WHY I punched him. I wish he was here instead of me.
Why am I angry?
I'm angry because the clock makes too much noise. I'm angry because there are religious tracts mixed in with the government assistance pamphlets, and that just seems wrong. I'm angry because I'm angry at everything around me — what the hell? Why would the COLOR OF SOMEONE'S EYES make me angry?
Why am I angry?
I don't even know how to answer that. I'm angry from when I wake up in the morning to when I drink a bottle of Jack and fall asleep at night. I'm angry that I never seem to get drunk enough to forget that I'm angry. I'm angry when I see parents yell at their kids in stores. I always want to say "fuck you, you weren't a kid once? Fucking let them run around and act stupid for a while, you don't need to be embarrassed!"
Why am I angry?
I'm angry because I want to hurt people sometimes. FUCK YOU I KNOW IT'S WRONG. The fucking annoying born-again chick with the tats that she's retooled to say "JESUS" instead of "JAMES" keeps saying that. "It's wrong to want to hurt people." She doesn't know SHIT. I know

of James keeps saying that. Its wrong to want to hurt people. She doesn't know shit. I know
its wrong to think about this shit but I think about it anyway. I don't mean to. I try to think
about people and know that they're all coming from their own bad days and weird places but
FUCK when I get stuck behind someone walking down the hall I just want to fucking shove
them.
Angry because my hand doesn't hold the pen. Because I'm still here and I think about hurting the
guy next to me with annoying clik pen angry because I want to be away far away where no one
can get hurt from me [redacted]

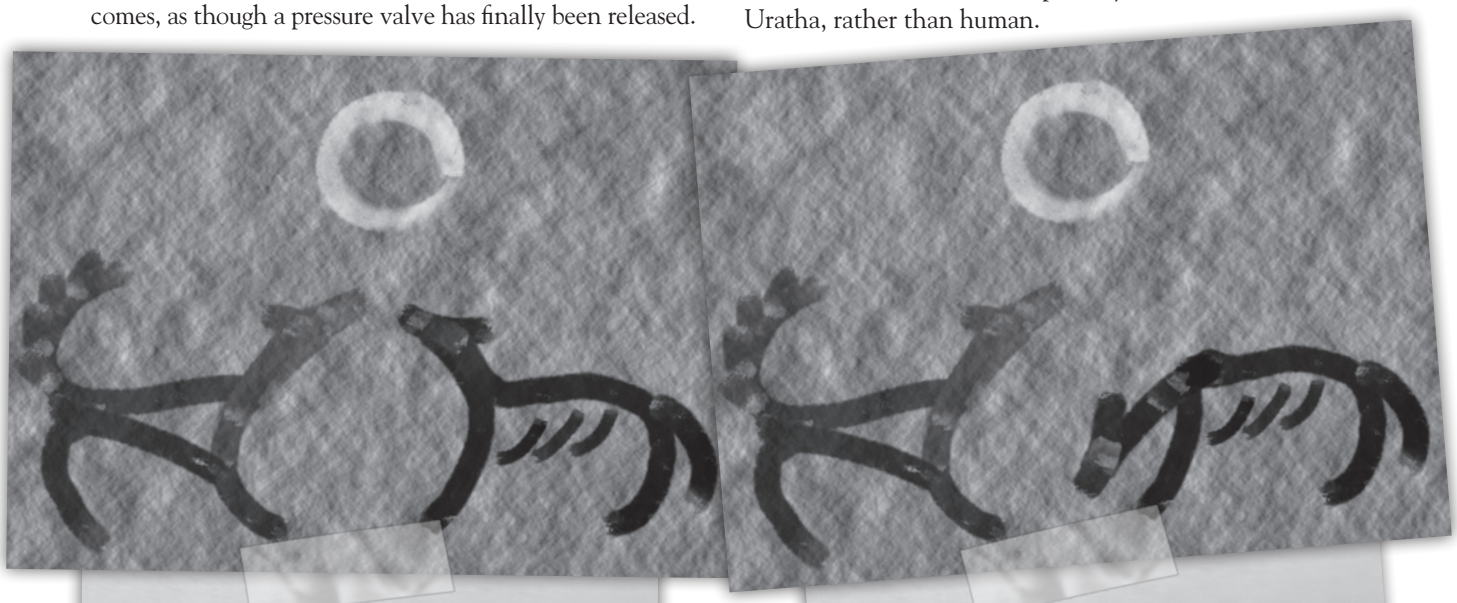
Why I am angry?
I don't know. I wish to God I did.

Anger Management

Rahu, despite what other werewolves might think, aren't any angrier than other werewolves, and they aren't any more likely to fly into Death Rage — once the First Change actually hits. Before the Change, however, they tend to be constantly angry. Many werewolves see this as Luna preparing them for their lives as warriors and enforcers of the Oath, while others see this as nonsense — *all* werewolves are angry, and it's impossible to gauge a *nuzusul*'s auspice by his anger management problems. In any case, a Rahu's rage tends to "level off" when the Change comes, as though a pressure valve has finally been released.

Rahu do, however, tend to see violence as the first choice of solutions, and their roles as the Spirit Warriors of the Uratha prepare them for this kind of thinking. Rahu train in martial techniques as a way to keep violence under wraps, but once the muscle memory for ripping someone's throat out is ingrained, it's hard for the Full Moon to switch it off.

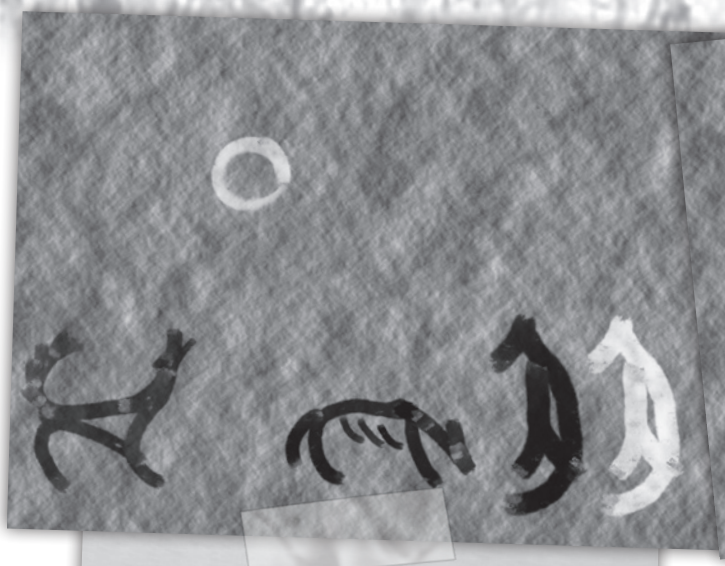
Every werewolf has trouble coping with human society. A Rahu's focus on Purity makes coping that much harder, since the werewolf's primary behavioral code is Uratha, rather than human.



Rabid Wolf and Skolis-Ur sit staring at Luna as she wears her Warrior's face

What the hell makes you think it was winter Wolf? I always heard Black Wolf.

Rabid Wolf was ashamed of his sickness, and he couldn't gaze upon the light of Amahan Iduth.



The other "Pure" wolves mocked him and threatened him, but he could not stand in Luna's purest light.



These wolves hid from Luna, and in their shame and rage, they decided Her light was wrong, impure, and so they called themselves Anshega, the Highest, thinking the title would make them greater than the moon.

"Anshega" doesn't mean "Highest." I always heard it translated as "gods of the sky."



Skolis-Ur was the only wolf with the purity of heart to face the full moon. And so he was granted the name "Rahu," for "Purity" and Luna chose the most worthy to succeed him.

Who the hell translated this? Go talk to some spirits. You need a refresher!

Purity

The Uratha have many legends, of course, about how the various choirs of Lunes came to look for different qualities in the Forsaken (that is, grant the different types of Renown). The Rahu have always been associated with Purity, and this fact inspires more legends than perhaps any of the other choir/auspice pairings. It seems to some werewolves that the Elodoth, as judges and balancers, might be better suited to Purity than the warlike, violent Rahu. But ask any Full Moon to expound on what it means to be righteous, and that Rahu will wax as poetic as he can.

Purity, the Rahu feel, is enlightenment. When a werewolf acts within the boundaries of Purity — within the Oath, in the best interests of the pack — he is fulfilling the purpose that Luna intended for him. Other auspices doubtless feel this way as well when they perform deeds of note to their patron choir of Lunes, but the Rahu have the added advantage of doing so in righteous battle. In a fight, the situation in which werewolves can reach a state of glorious, savage freedom, a Rahu finds his true mission.

Finding that Purity, making sure the werewolf is not violating Harmony but acting with spirit and flesh in balance, is difficult, but the Rahu would have it no other way. In the modern world, this is difficult, because some of the precepts of Harmony are difficult to observe. City life is frustrating, and a volatile werewolf runs the risk of killing out of sheer frustration. Loci are defiled and destroyed by human progress (in fairness, human progress also *creates* loci), and in a city, consuming human flesh is a tempting proposition for a spiritually weakened Uratha.

But Purity is what allows the werewolf to cut through the illusions, to focus on what is truly, immediately important. It allows the werewolf to *hunt*, and to lead his pack in hunting.

In case I ever get lost, lonely, depressed, whatever:

This is the world. It is dark, it is wrong and it is confusing. The world has shadows and they make it a maze. You can't see for the corners and the nooks and crannies and the bullshit and lies. And then the full moon rises, and we can see again.

The full moon shows us *everything*. The full moon shows us what's lurking in those crazy little places that the others don't want to peek. It shows us the darkest places in ourselves, and we don't have time to be anything other than pure. We have to follow the rules, not because we'll do time or pay a fine if we don't. We follow the rules because if we don't, we lose the moon's light. We lose that clarity and we fall into the shadows.

So many excuses. "I didn't mean to eat him, I just lost control." Bullshit! Where was your pack, man-eater? Why couldn't you run? "I didn't mean to knock her up, but we used a condom." You know the law, Ghost Father! You knew the risks, and you fucked her anyway. "It's just a tiny spirit, screw it." "So what if he brought down an *idigam*?" So what? Tiny spirit? You respect the low and you honor the high, and that's what is demanded of us. It is *not fucking optional*.

We don't have freedom of speech. We aren't free people. We're part of a pack, even if we don't have packmates. We're *Imru*. We're Uratha. And under the full moon, we have to be able to see ourselves for what we are.

The world has enough shadows. Don't make more. Look to the moon and howl. *That* is your right!

Don't shitcan this, at least not yet. I want to read through it again. There's something bugging me about that first scene.

Howl

by Kent Orwezor

THEME AND CREDITS

FADE IN:

EXT. FARM — NIGHT

Distant est. shot shows farmhouse, barn, tractor, all illuminated by full moon. It's winter, but there's no snow yet — ground is hard and frosted, no plants in evidence. The lights are on in the farmhouse, but there's no movement. And then we hear SCREAMS, BREAKING GLASS and a LOUD CRASH.

CUT TO:

Three men standing by the tractor. The first, RYAN, is blond, muscular — would be a Captain America type, except for the yellow, wolf-like eyes. He is wearing an Army jacket and blue jeans, and is watching the farmhouse intently. As the LOUD CRASH rings out, he starts and takes a step forward.

An arm cuts across his chest from the second man, WILL. He is black, shirtless, and his body is covered in spiraling tattoos. As the moonlight hits them, they glimmer as though made of highly polished metal.

The third man, HUTCH, is sitting on the tractor smoking a cigarette. He's barefoot, and has a wide-brimmed hat on his chest. His head is shaved and he stares lovingly up at the moon.

WILL

Wait.

RYAN

For what?

WILL

(indicating the moon)

Ain't time yet.

RYAN

(walks to the end of the tractor)

Fuck.

HUTCH

S'beautiful.

WILL

You drunk, Hutch?

HUTCH

Nah, man.

(he smiles big, takes a drag off the cigarette)

I'm in love.

Another SCREAM from the farmhouse. Reaction from RYAN.

(CONTINUED)

Continued:

RYAN
Jesus, Will, how long—

WILL
Until I *say*.

WILL'S last words are accompanied by a throaty, wolf-like growl. RYAN backs down, cowed.

WILL
I don't give a fuck about her, and neither should you. We're waiting until the zenith. Then it's time. Hutch, how long we got?

POV SHOT of HUTCH looking up at the moon, then quick CLOSE-UP of his face. His eyes reflect the moonlight and he's clearly lost in the beauty of it. As we watch, his eyes go from deep, soulful blue to the same wolf-like yellow as RYAN's.

HUTCH
Now.

CLOSE UP on WILL. His tattoos glow brighter for a second, and then fade. His eyes go wolf-like too, and he drops over on all fours, thick black fur sprouting from his back and face. His cheeks elongate into a wolf's muzzle….

CUT TO:

RYAN, already running across the field. He pulls off his jacket and tosses it to the side, rips off his T-shirt as the fur grows from his body. As he runs, he jumps forward, the two-legged run changing to a four-legged series of leaps and bounds.

CUT TO:

HUTCH, jumping down from the tractor, already fully changed into a wolf. HUTCH and WILL start running toward the farmhouse, RYAN well ahead of them.

INT. FARMHOUSE — NIGHT

BARNARD RETT is sitting at the table. His WIFE lies dead on the floor, her skull caved in, in a pool of her own blood. BARNARD is drinking a can of beer. He has blood on his clothes and hands, and he's sweating and tired, but not fearful or guilty. He's obviously drunk and looks in poor health — bad skin, yellow teeth, smoker's wrinkles around his mouth. He stares at his beer as he talks to himself.

(CONTINUED)

Continued:

BARNARD
'f I wanna have 'nother beer, bitch, I'll have 'nother beer and you can't…
(continues rambling)

A HOWL from outside. BARNARD stands up and walks to the large front window.

BARNARD
Goddamn coyotes.
(pronounces it "kye-oats")
Where's the fuckin' shotgun now?

He starts looking around the room for it. The place is a mess from the fight, but the walls and shelves are orderly — his WIFE obviously kept up the place. The shotgun rack is empty, though. As he searches, something catches his eye and he squints out the window, but because the light is on in the room all he sees is his own reflection.

POV SHOT BARNARD. We see the reflection of the room, and then RYAN (as a wolf) running up toward the window. RYAN leaps and smashes through the window, knocking BARNARD over and sending them both crashing onto the table, which collapses.

CLOSE UP of BARNARD'S horrified face as RYAN worries at his throat. Sick chewing and STRANGLED GASPS.

CUT TO:

POV BARNARD. He looks under the now-smashed table and sees the butt of his shotgun! He grabs for it, pulling it toward him…

CUT TO:

The window. HUTCH and WILL leap into the room. WILL clamps his jaws down on BARNARD'S wrist and worries it back and forth until his hand comes away.

OVERHEAD SHOT of the destroyed room. We see the WIFE'S corpse, RYAN and WILL tearing into BARNARD, and HUTCH circling the room, sniffing.

CUT TO:

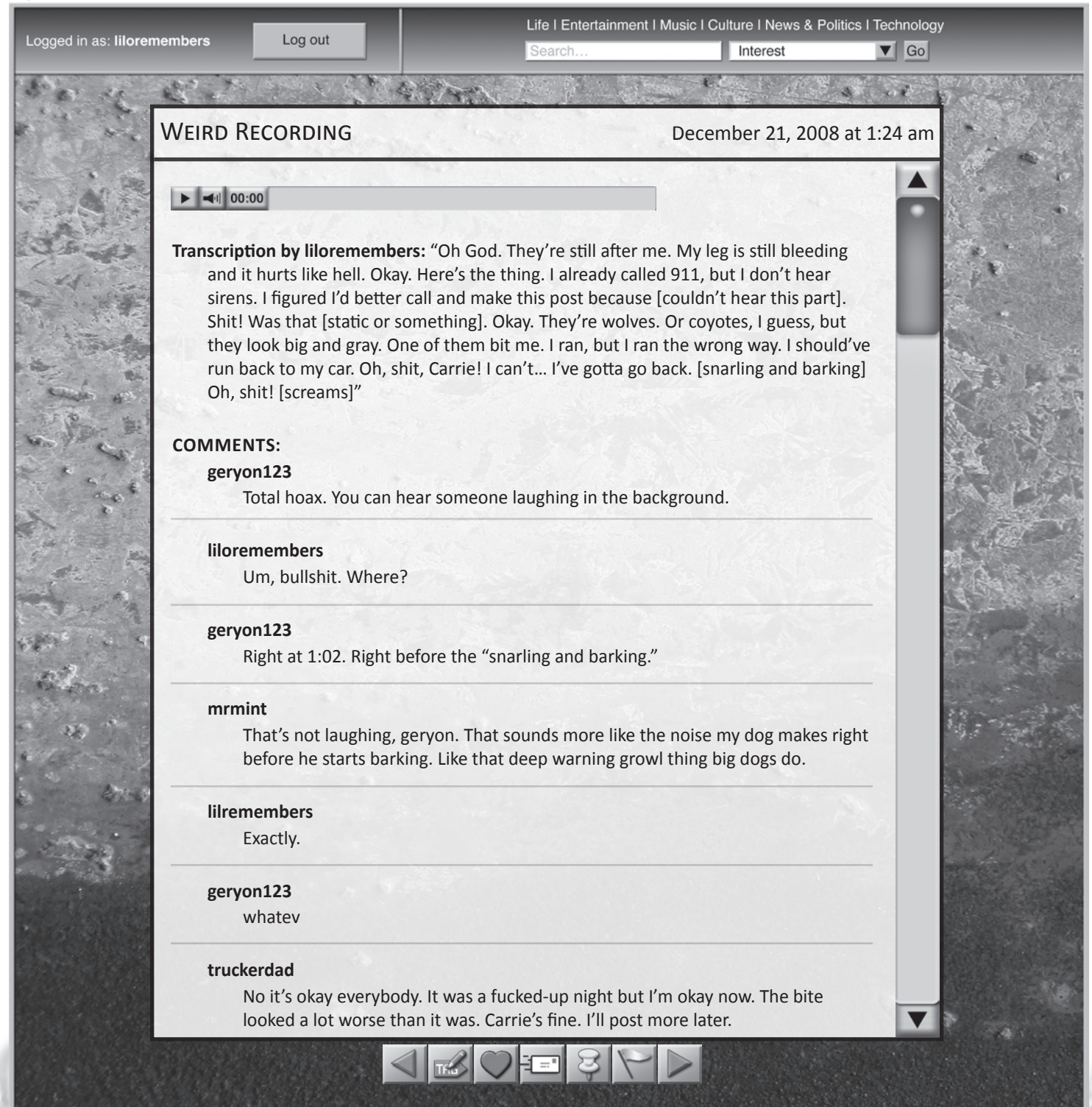
HUTCH turning and looking out the shattered window at the moon. He lifts up his head and HOWLS, and the other two look up from their victim and join in.

The True Werewolves

Cinema, fiction and legend paint werewolves as slavering monsters that hunt down and devour their victims by night. Rahu have, of course, embodied the more savage, brutal and direct aspects of the lycanthropic condition (minus the part about devouring human prey, of course, since this is a grave violation of the Oath), but that doesn't mean that werewolf attacks do not take place during the rest of moon's cycle. Why, then, has the full moon come to be associated with the shapeshifter's fury?

One possible explanation, of course, is that during the full moon the spirit wilds become savage and dangerous, even more so than usual. Werewolves are therefore likely to be not only active during this time, but on edge and spoiling for a fight.

Uratha also recognize certain phases of the moon as being appropriate for certain activities; stealth and stalking during the new moon, for instance. The full moon is, naturally, the time to make war. This has less to do with mystical connotations than modern werewolves might believe. If the full moon is shining, it means more *light*, which means a better time to engage in large-scale battle because the chances of injuring one's packmates are reduced.



The First Hunt

Rahu are unquestionably the most enthusiastic practitioners of the custom of hunting down a werewolf about to Change and helping things along by scaring the hell out of him. Many werewolves refer to this experience as "the first hunt." Of course, during the first hunt, the *nuzusul* is the quarry while the pack members are the hunters. For a Rahu, the first hunt is meant to be the *last* occasion that he will ever be the quarry.

The first hunt takes the werewolf out of familiar territory, driving him from his home and any means of support, and hopefully into the wilderness. If wilderness is unavailable, the Uratha generally force the *nuzusul* into an empty or sparsely inhabited part of the city. Subways make for superb hunts, as do warehouse districts and burned-out apartment complexes, any place that the pack can force the hapless Rahu into a corner. The thinking is that in such a place, the werewolf will embrace his inner Rage and fight back, Changing.

Differing opinions exist on whether having the presence of mind to stop and call for help, grab a weapon, or otherwise try to get the better of the attackers is a good quality in a Rahu. On the one hand, tactical thinking is very much a hallmark of the Full Moon. On the other, a *nuzusul* is not yet a werewolf, and some Uratha see going for a gun rather than simply Changing as evidence of a little too much human mentality lingering in the new werewolf. If the character Changes, it's moot anyway — he becomes a Rahu (presuming he Changes under the full moon) and begins his life as an Uratha.

One thing that the first hunt *is* definitely designed to do, though, is get the *nuzusul* away from his human loved ones. Many werewolves killed people during their First Changes, but the Rahu are notorious for slaughtering everyone within reach. Too many Full Moons know the pain of having killed someone for whom they would have gladly given their own lives, and the first hunt is one way that these Uratha can spare others the same anguish.

booksabillion: turn on your cam

moonfucked: no fuck you

moonfucked: no way

booksabillion: ok ok fine. Where are u?

moonfucked: gone. dead. you guys should just leave me alone

moonfucked: I'm logging off now

booksabillion: no wait!

booksabillion: you there still?

moonfucked: …

booksabillion: we thought we you were dead, man. Tara's been crying her eyes out

moonfucked: you can't make me feel guilty

booksabillion: that's not what I'm trying to do. Come on, come back. We need you

moonfucked: you don't need me. you can all fight

booksabillion: it's not about fighting. It's about fighting well. It's about…shit, you know, right?

moonfucked: I don't know

moonfucked: I never killed anything before

booksabillion: I never saw spirits before, either

moonfucked: I wrote you a letter. I'll c/p

moonfucked: Dear Everybody. Look, I'm sorry I bolted. I just got fed up. If it had been the half moon when She picked me, if I could have used a little judgment or balance, that would have been OK. But instead I'm a damn weapon. I grew up with weapons. I told you Dad was a cop and mom was a doormat, and we learned about guns from when I was 4. And then my brother shot himself, and mom left and Dad just gave us some bullshit about how "That's not the gun's fault." Well, shit, who's fault, then? He was 14 and stupid. I sat there with a gun to my head five nights out of 7 for a year, waiting for the goddamn noises to stop and they always got worse on the full moon.

moonfucked: But then I changed, and you guys came for me, and I have to say thank you for that. Thank you for pulling me out of that shit and keeping me away from my Dad. But this isn't right. I can't be what She wants me to be. I can't be just a weapon. I've got to go away and figure out how to change this. Love, D.

booksabillion: You still there?

moonfucked: you aren't hunting me down r u?

booksabillion: dude. no.

moonfucked: I want to come back

booksabillion: So do it. It's ok. We all have this sometimes

moonfucked: I don't want to hurt anybody

booksabillion: that's the human part of you talking

moonfucked: fuck you I'M HUMAN

booksabillion: I KNOW

booksabillion: SO AM I. We all are

booksabillion: You listen to that side now because there's nothing to hurt

booksabillion: but when something comes for your ass, you're going to LIKE that you can kill, trust me

booksabillion: D?

booksabillion: you there?

Doubt

Not every Rahu feels he is right for the job. All werewolves can fight, yes, but some young Rahu feel they are not cut out to be the superlative warriors that all Full Moons must be. Others balk at being defined by violence, and still others look at the mysterious Ithaeur, the cool and competent Irraka, the verbose Cahalith or the measured, respected Elodoth and feel that they missed their calling.

Most of these Rahu eventually come to accept their station, but it can be a long and difficult road. Mother Luna chooses a werewolf's auspice, but although the Uratha don't say it aloud often, Mother Luna is capricious at best, crazy at worst. Sometimes her choices don't seem to make much *sense*. A lifelong pacifist or a clumsy, oblivious oaf might Change under the full moon and wonder how on Earth he is ever supposed to become a Rahu.

Interestingly, though, those who rail against their fates often wind up fulfilling them despite themselves. The pacifist might become a master Tactician (see p. 184) precisely because he is unwilling to fight unless absolutely necessary. The clumsy oaf might discover that standing still and absorbing the blows meant for his pack makes him a great Defender, or he might find that in Death Rage, he finds grace and ferocity he never thought himself capable of, making him a Berserker.

I looked him the eyes, and I knew I would have to kill him.

In his eyes, I saw myself from ten years ago, before the night of the Harvest Moon, before I found myself. I saw the scoundrel who lies to women and seduces them, taking their womanhood and leaving them ruined and devastated. Someone should have killed me when I was that cad, but instead a woman greater than any I could have imagined saved me, and it is to Her that I dedicate this kill. It is through Her insight that I knew this man.

Can I call him a man? It was strange — my packmate, the inestimable Franz Michner — informs me that something from the Shadow clings to the man. A spirit, I asked? He is duguthim, then? No, said he. They are not bound by the spirit's power alone, but by something within the man, some quality that reeks of death. And the binding is not possession, but organic, like skin grown over an embedded piece of shrapnel.

I could not fathom this, but then, Franz is a Crescent Moon and so often speaks in metaphor that I am ill-equipped to understand. And so I met the man, I found him at the salon and I looked him in the eyes.

I think, then, that he knew me for what I was. I was foolish. I should have watched him from afar, for Franz warned me that he was not altogether a man. But I approached him and tipped my hat, and I introduced myself as I do to humanity: Lord Dalton, at your service, good sir.

And he responded, Pleased to meet you, sir. I am Doctor Arthur Northrup.

We sat together and made conversation, but I could tell he was waiting for an opportunity to leave. And so I pressed, keeping him firmly there, and I looked at him to see if I could kill him.

I said at the start of this that I knew I must kill him. But what I saw when I looked in his eyes by no means inspired me with confidence. I shall attempt to describe what I saw, but it is not easy. This language — my mother tongue for my life until the Harvest Moon — fails me. It does not possess the words that I want. I am forced to speak of "death" rather than thim, "rot" rather than… well. I shall do my best.

He is a beautiful man. His eyes are a clear blue, his hair thick and black, and his skin the rough and yet boyish type that makes woman flush and avert their eyes, yet dream of things primal and savage. But why, then, did his eyes make me think of gravediggers? Why did his immaculate fingernails bring to mind the smell of churned earth? Death saturates him, death informs his every move, lingers on his every breath. And I cannot believe that this indicates an easy victory. I think, in fact, that a battle between us would result in lasting and painful injury, even illness — I suspect disease and rot plays a role in his power.

And again, I feel I must kill him. I have already informed the pack. Tonight, the Gentleman sleeps and the Wolf hunts.

This journal entered our archives in 1914; it was written in 1887. I was reading through it because the tales of narrator's "conquests" make for, well, stimulating reading, but when I got to this point... I mean, doesn't his description sound like Dr. Archer?

Warrior's Eye

The ability of Rahu to size up opponents is one of the greatest weapons in their arsenal. With a glance, a Full Moon can find the answer to a simple question: "If I had to kill this person or being, could I?" For Luna's chosen warriors, this is an important point, because any given situation can turn into fierce battle in a matter of seconds.

Warrior's Eye feels different to various Rahu. Some see the dangers of their foes illuminated in moonlight — a master brawler's fists shine silver, for instance, or a marksman's eyes and gun hand. Others smell their own blood from a superior foe's breath, or urine from a weaker opponent. In any case, the Warrior's Eye is what helps a Rahu decide whether to pursue a fight, whether the pack needs to be involved and, of course, what glory there might be in taking on the opponent alone.



The Other Auspices

Other werewolves tend to look at Rahu as the big brother that would protect them from the neighborhood bully, but might just haul off and smack them if he felt like it. This isn't entirely untrue, but it's not entirely fair, either. Rahu live in a constant state of controlled anger, and werewolves are the only other beings that they *can* haul off and smack (or bite) when they need to let loose a little. A bit of sparring allows for release of tension, and that's good for a Rahu's psyche.

The trouble is that the other auspices tend to lose these sparring matches, and no one wants to be a punching bag. Rahu, therefore, often earn some resentment, especially in young packs. As the pack members learn their places in the hierarchy, they come to understand that the Full Moon's desire to fight is no different than an Ithaeur's curiosity or a Cahalith's desire to tell stories. It's just what Luna wants for the Uratha.

Note, too, that the Rahu of a pack isn't always the alpha, though he does tend to be in charge of battle tactics. The alpha of a pack isn't usually determined by vote or even raw violence (at least not in a successful pack), but is something that evolves organically, in much the same way as it would in a wolf pack. If the Rahu becomes the alpha, it's normally because the other pack members respect him, not because he could beat them up.

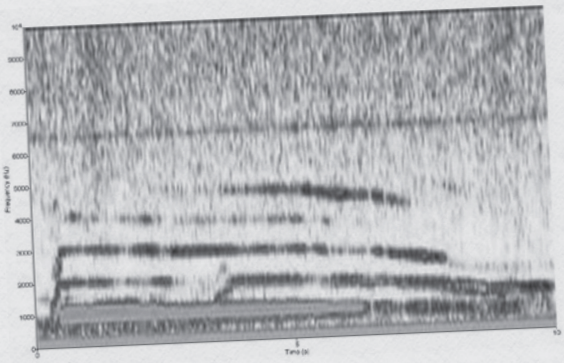
Note, though, that this is an ideal situation. Some Rahu really *are* bullies, and rule over their packs through fear and violence. Packs like this might not last long, especially in an area with a high werewolf population. But in a region with only enough Uratha to compose a single pack, the social instinct often overrides the will to leave an abusive alpha. Packs whose alphas rule through intimidation and violence are often feral, vicious and lacking in Harmony, and a Rahu that rules this way usually eschews Purity in favor of whatever form of Renown his tribe espouses.

Who's the Alpha?

It's easy for us to say that a pack chooses its own alpha, but when dealing with *players*, many of whom have difficulty taking orders from other players, how does a pack leader really emerge?

Just watch the dynamics in a troupe. You'll see the player or players that are always moving things forward, that are making the final decisions, that are willing to argue points if something doesn't seem right and, more tellingly, who the other players look to for approval. An alpha doesn't have be declared and made official. Most of the time, social dynamics does the work.

That said, having a supporting character ask a pack member who the alpha is can also spark some interesting discussion. For the purposes of dealing with other werewolves, especially packs that view the alpha position as critical, is one pack member permitted to call himself the alpha? Or does the pack simply respond, "We're a pack" and leave it at that?



Have a look at this spectrogram. We really hit the jackpot here, right? I know you're not as "up" on how this tech works, so let me break it down for you.

This particular spectrogram is one howl. We recorded over *three dozen* that night, and based on the data that Dr. Shaw gave us (I'll get to that in a minute), we're looking at a pack of at least six, probably more like eight to ten. Needless to say, that's pretty darned amazing by itself — we had no idea that these woods supported a pack that big, and honestly the evidence we've found (droppings, prints, prey habits) doesn't really seem to indicate it… but there it is. This data doesn't lie.

Anyway, Dr. Shaw is a professor from our alma mater, doing research into formant frequencies of human speech. As I understand it, every sound has a unique signature on one of these spectrograms, and Shaw's good enough at reading them that he can tell what city you're from by looking at a speech sample (seriously, he demonstrated on the lab staff — we all talked into the machine with him sitting in another room, unable to hear us, and he nailed it; twelve out of twelve). Anyway, Shaw wanted to see some data on other "social" species and the sounds they made, he knew we were recording wolf howls, so here we are. What he came up with is pretty damned exciting.

He looked at our data for the last six months and figured out that the wolf activity spikes on the full moon. We knew that much, right? But here's the really interesting thing — it gets more *aggressive* on the full moon, too. Based on his interpretation of the formant frequencies and the changes in inflections of the howls, there's a much greater amount of warning and threatening sounds on the full moon than any other time of the month, and that's for six straight months. There's some other interesting stuff going on when you start to analyze other times of the month, too, but it's not as consistent. Full moon, though? As soon as the moon rises, boom, the wolves get, for lack of a better word, angry.

Now, we can't get too excited yet. There are lots of holes here, not least of which is the whole question of how this area is supporting this many wolves without us noticing them. But there's something else — Shaw says the frequencies are indicating complexity in the howls that goes deeper than anything we imagined. He says it's *almost as complex as human speech*.

Obviously, we need a tag-and-release mission, and we need it done yesterday. Do you have any grad students you would trust with this? We recruited some hunters from town last time; anyone you'd recommend?

Rahu and the World of Darkness

If the first werewolf a denizen of the supernatural meets is Rahu, the experience isn't likely to be pleasant. This isn't because Rahu are all brutish, violent and hair-triggered (though such Full-Moons do exist, of course), but because they are dedicated to protecting their packs and they know that the shadows are full of dangerous and manipulative creatures. Even human beings aren't to be trusted. Any human that looks too deeply runs the risk of forcing a werewolf into a choice: kill the nosy person, or violate the Oath (*Nu bath githul* — "The Herd Must Not Know"). Of the two, a quick, clean kill is infinitely more palatable.

Rahu don't take well to attempts to study, manipulate or investigate them. The intentions behind such actions might be innocent or even benevolent, but ultimately such intentions are irrelevant. A werewolf pack that submits to questioning by, say, a human sorcerer or a group of people seeking to "understand" the supernatural is giving away information that might one day be used against it. Moreover, a pack's activities and its beliefs, the totem it follows and how it reveres (or intimidates) the spirits around it, are all highly personal pieces of information. They define the pack, and they often define its territory. A Rahu cannot see how relaying such information to outsiders could be beneficial in the long run, and this can lead

to clashes with the usually more gregarious Cahalith or inquisitive Crescent Moons.

Among other werewolves, Rahu usually feel more at ease. Werewolves are *Imru*, the People, and that should mean a certain degree of trust. Of course, that assumes that other Uratha follow the Oath, and that's not always the case, but a Rahu often makes the mistake of assuming that other werewolves adhere to the same standards of Purity that he does. This kind of idealism doesn't usually survive past one deep betrayal from another pack, however.

The Bone Quarry

Howls echo across the man-made canyon whenever the full moon shines down. When the rains come, the quarry fills with water, and the Uratha leave the place alone, except for the pack that has sworn to guard it. But when the summer heat leaches the water from the rocks, and the bottom of the quarry lies dry, dusty and white as bone, the Rahu come. They make a pilgrimage to the place where Luna fought Earth. They come to the Bone Valley to shed blood there, so that the peace between the two will continue.

Background

It used to be a limestone quarry, but it hasn't been used for more than a decade. The company that took rock out of the quarry released an official statement saying that "a geological anomaly" made the limestone brittle and difficult to mine successfully, and that it wasn't high enough quality to be cost effective. The United States Geological Survey (USGS) backed them up, and the forest was allowed to grow up around the quarry. A single, gravel lane leads from the service road off the interstate to the quarry, and only surveyors and teens from the local high school ever use it (and then only during the spring and fall, when the quarry is filled with water). During the winter, the road is impassable from snow. During summer, it isn't safe to go to the Bone Quarry.

The mining company learned that the hard way. The accident rate was triple any of their other sites. The USGS and the police made regular visits, looking for signs of cutting corners or foul play, but the company was playing by the rules. Maybe the men in charge finally realized that it was more cost effective to shut the place down than to keep paying out insurance money to widows, or maybe it was the tall, lean man with the missing fingers that visited the site as the harvest moon rose over the quarry. Either way, no one ever tried to mine it again.

The surviving workers had their stories, of course. They said the deaths always came on the full moon. They said the mine hated them, and would pull them into tunnels before they collapsed, that it would send sheets of rock cascading down the quarry sides with no warning, even that the rock walls would crumble and send heavy equipment down to crush unsuspecting miners. Ghost stories spread, of course; most of them blamed the deaths on the restless spirit of the first miner to die at the mine. Some went further back, claiming the Native Americans that had once occupied the land hadn't taken kindly to white men ripping the ground up. Neither story even came close.

The Battle of Earth and Moon

This story is true.

Luna shone down upon the Earth, shone down with her full glory, and she demanded that the Earth recognize her beauty. The Earth refused, saying that Luna always kept part of herself hidden, whereas Earth turned and spun and showed her beautiful, verdant body and her boundless seas to the cosmos. She was proud of her beauty and her fecundity and jeered at Luna for her barren, rocky soil.

Luna, of course, was offended by this accusation. Barren? The Mother of the Uratha? The consort of Father Wolf? She stopped her rotation and glared down at the Earth, and the Earth stopped her endless dance and stared back. And the two goddesses hurled insults at each other through the void. Where the Earth's harsh words struck the moon, she developed pits and craters deeper than any others. The Earth called her ugly, inconstant and wanton, a whore and a neglectful mother. "I," said the Earth, "am raising your children, for you cannot suckle them at your cold, rocky bosom."

The moon responded that she was free, and that her children respected and loved her and sang to her, even if they couldn't live on her surface. They were fragile because of their flesh, and they got that *from their father anyway. Besides, she said, the Earth was a busybody, so desperate to be different that she brought forth creatures that would ultimately doom her. Humans, said Luna, would split open the Earth's skin and defile her skies and her precious blue waters, and the moon would laugh when she was too sick to spin again. And where Luna's withering gaze touched the Earth, it turned her skin to rock, penetrating deep and sucking the life out of her. In that one place — for Earth still did not turn, and so Luna's gaze was focused in one, small corner of her skin — the Earth's skin changed to a stone found nowhere else.*

The Uratha on Earth and the Lunes on the moon begged them to move once more, before all living things and all spirits drifted off into the blackness. And they agreed, but Earth refused to believe that any of her creations would turn on her. If ever human beings split her open, she said, they would only find the rock that Luna had made of her skin, and they were welcome to that.

And of course the years went by, and men did *split the Earth open. And they took the rock away in all its myriad forms — shining silver, study limestone, sharp obsidian — and Earth was furious. Luna laughed in spite, and Earth slowed in her rotation again, but the Uratha begged her to keep spinning. The rock that humans had found, after all, might have been there since the beginning of time. Only at the place where Luna's light had shone during their battle could the true stone*

created by Luna's words be found, and human beings had no interest in that.

Until, many centuries later, when people found that rock. When they started digging that quarry, the Earth howled in rage and pain. There were earthquakes all over the world that day, not that anyone made the connection. But the Uratha knew, and we went there to sing to the Earth and try to keep them from digging.

It didn't help, and the Earth grew angrier. Luna, of course, loved it. Inconstant as she is, she can hold a grudge forever.

The Uratha Come to the Bone Quarry

Whether or not Luna and the Earth Celestine (sometimes called Gaia) ever actually engaged in a battle of insults that nearly destroyed them both, werewolves who have visited the Bone Quarry agree that something is undeniably *wrong* with the place. For most of the month, things seem normal, but when the full moon rises over the quarry and touches the stone of the open mine, the spirit world grows restless and violent. This isn't uncommon under the full moon, of course, but the physical realm seems to follow suit. Accidents are common, injuries are worse, and normally timid or docile animals grow aggressive and cunning. The legends of the Native peoples of the area don't even mention the location, and this has led the werewolves to believe that the violence effect only began after the mining operation started.

A pack of Hunters in Darkness led by a venerable werewolf called Last Howl was responsible for driving out the miners. Last Howl, a Rahu, knew spite when he saw it, and over a period of months his pack made the mining company understand that their interests were best served by leaving. The USGS, as mentioned, agreed with this assessment, but the fact that a packmate of Last Howl had a brother working for that organization may have tipped things in the pack's favor.

Once the miners were out, the pack established its territory. They discovered that under the full moon's light, the quarry became a sort of temporary, but extremely widespread, locus. Essence was easily available — werewolves could simply breathe it in, in fact, as could spirits. The problem was that the resonance of this Essence was pure, refined hostility. It wasn't hatred or bitterness, exactly, it was the desire to fight, to express one's feelings through the raw power of biting, clawing, swinging fists, causing pain. It was animalistic and pure, bloody and savage. Perfect, then, for the Uratha in general and the Rahu in particular.

Last Howl and his pack knew they couldn't keep other werewolves away from the site. It was too natural a draw for the Uratha. And so the pack spread the story of the battle between Luna and Earth, about the anger of Gaia as her skin was torn open and the spite and envy of Luna. They told other packs that during the summer months, when the quarry was dry, the nights of the full moon were for blood. There, the Rahu of all tribes could come together to hone their warrior's eyes and their fighting skills, to test their mettle against a part of the world that hated them for their ties to Luna. And Luna, in turn, would see how powerful her sons had become, and both Earth and moon would keep spinning.

In the end, the story of the battle was just that — a story to lend the place an air of mystique, to keep pilgrims away for three quarters of the year.

Lies

The problem, though, is that the Bone Quarry *is* a mysterious place. Something causes the influx of Essence and the air of hostility during the full moon, and the fact that Last Howl's pack made up a story to explain it doesn't get anyone any closer to learning the truth. Worse, the story that they made up has become part of the Rahu culture, and Full Moons from hundreds of miles around the quarry are expected to journey there (with their packs or without) at some point in their lives.

Drinking in the Essence there helps the Rahu understand the nature of the warrior, it is said. The hostility of the quarry focuses what all Full Moons already feel, and shows them what happens if they lose sight of the human (or at least temperate) side of themselves. Luna and Earth, spirit and flesh, the Uratha are both. That is the lesson of the Bone Quarry. It has taken on a religious significance, and the werewolves of the Last Howl pack are revered as sacred guardians. But they have no real idea of the nature of the place they guard, and someday, the truth will out. And when that happens, the pack might well receive visits from dozens of Rahu incensed at putting their faith and dedication in a pack of liars.

Description

The Bone Quarry is an open mine, more than 100 feet long, 60 feet wide and 40 feet deep. Water erosion has smoothed the walls somewhat, but the stair-like pattern is still evident. The land around the mine has grown wild, and miles of forest separate it from the nearest town. Wolves, bears and other wildlife are native to the area, and hikers view the forest as a superb, if dangerous, place to explore. Hunters, too, frequent the area, and the werewolf protectors don't discourage them (though they do take pains to hide their own activities).

Roughly a quarter mile west of the quarry is a small house, originally built for use by the mining company. The pack lives there now. It has power (via generator) and well water, and the werewolves obtain their own food by hunting the forest. Occasionally, a pack member takes a jeep into town (close to 100 miles round trip!) to purchase supplies that they can make or grow themselves, and to check for visiting werewolves.



Mechanics

For most of the month, the Bone Quarry confers no mechanical penalties or bonuses. It is only during the nights of the full moon that the area becomes violent and hostile. Despite what Last Howl's pack tells other werewolves, the dry seasons have no particular significance. By keeping the pilgrimage limited to one time of year, though, the pack prevents the Bone Quarry from seeing a year-round influx of visitors.

This *does* mean, though, that on full moons during the summer the quarry is home to as many as several dozen angry werewolves. Geography prevents the Uratha from storming out of the area and charging into an inhabited area (the Rage would probably peter out before they reach the next town, although with the strange influence in the quarry, that's not a given), but several times in the past the quarry has degenerated into an orgy of death.

In terms of game mechanics, the following rules apply during the full moon:

• During the days *and* nights of the full moon, any werewolf can gain Essence through simple meditation (see p. 51 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook**). Every success grants the werewolf one point of Essence. Spirits gain a point of Essence each day during the full moon automatically, and if they remain stationary and take no other action, they gain a point per hour.

• While the moon is actually shining on a non-Rahu werewolf (no clouds or other cover), he can gain one point of Essence per turn as a reflexive action. Rahu can gain Essence equal to their Primal Urge ratings each turn instead.

• All rolls to avoid Death Rage suffer a –3 penalty during the full moon (days and nights).

• Spirits and animals are more prone to hostile action. Social rolls to deal with spirits or Animal Ken rolls meant to train or placate natural creatures suffer a –3 penalty (days and nights).

• All rites suffer a –3 penalty during the day, and a –1 penalty at night. Gifts that require interaction with Lunes (such as Read Spirit) also suffer these penalties.

• The Right of the Spirit Brand suffers a –5 modifier — Lunes just aren't interested in recognizing a werewolf's achievements during the full moon in the Bone Quarry (this isn't cumulative with the above penalty). Rahu look at gaining Purity at the Bone Quarry as a badge of honor. A Rahu attempting to gain Purity Renown at the quarry pays new dots x 5 — provided that someone successfully performs the rite. The rite functions as described on pp. 151–152 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, save that if the ritemaster fails three rolls in a row, the rite fails and cannot be attempted again until the Rahu has done something worthy of Purity again (in essence, the action he

took to gain the Renown is ignored). Only Rahu can take advantage of this benefit.

Characters — Last Howl's Pack

A pack of Hunters in Darkness claims the quarry and the area around it as its territory. The pack presently has six members, only three of whom know the truth (or rather, the lie) about the Bone Quarry.

Last Howl is the pack leader, and is a Rahu. He got his deed name tearing out the tongue of a Predator King in battle; he also lost three fingers in the process. Last Howl is nearing his 90th birthday, but his Uratha constitution keeps him strong and spry, at least physically. His mind and his soul have started to drift, and his pack knows he won't have the wherewithal to lead the pack in another few years. Since his body has degenerated, however, he meets any suggestion that he should step down as a challenge.

The other members of the pack suspect that Last Howl knows the truth of what is happening in the Bone Quarry, but that he wanted to shield his pack from the awful facts of the place. If that is true, he's become far too addled to explain it anymore, which means he might take the truth to his grave.

Last Howl is a tall, lean man, apparently in his early 60s. He isn't as fast as he used to be, but he makes up for it with two lifetimes' worth of combat expertise. He is missing his thumb, index finger and middle finger on his right hand, and the flesh has become brown and callused over the years. In wolf form, his muzzle is graying and his left eye droops a bit, but his teeth are sharp and clean and moonlight shines from his many Renown tattoos.

Dreamcatcher, also a Rahu, earned her name chasing down a Lune and forcing it to teach her the Luna's Fury Gift (p. 117, **Werewolf: The Forsaken**). She has been with Last Howl since his First Change (they Changed within a night of each other, and went through their initiations into the Hunters in Darkness together), and is in many ways the alpha female of the pack. The two Hunters would never consider mating, of course — they both keep the Oath close in their hearts — but both of them have secretly wished that one or the other could be human instead of Uratha.

Dreamcatcher, like Last Howl, is feeling her years, though her mind is still sound. If anyone has a chance of convincing Last Howl to step down, it is her, but she can't stand to see her oldest friend lose what he loves most: the pack.

Although she is younger than Last Howl by nearly 30 years, Dreamcatcher looks about the same age. Her hair, lustrous and black in her youth, has become a softer shade of gray. She is thin and her flesh sags in places, but when the need (or the full moon) arises, she is quite capable of becoming the silver-furred nightmare of Luna's Fury and meeting any enemy of the pack head-on.

William Pine, called "Billy" by his packmates, is a Cahalith. He was one of the original members of Last Howl's pack. He has seen packmates die in pointless skirmishes in and around the Bone Quarry, and though he understands why Last Howl felt the need to concoct the story about Luna and the Earth originally, he has begun to feel that it was all a horrible mistake. After all, not only is the pack lying to the People, but they are actively impeding any real exploration of the quarry and what the effects mean, because werewolves come to the quarry already "knowing" the truth.

Pine wants to become the leader of the pack and work toward setting things right, but he isn't anything close to the charismatic and intimidating force that Last Howl is, and the old wolf *just won't die*. As such, he's taken to sending out messages to other werewolves that he knows, urging clever packs to make the pilgrimage to the Bone Quarry, but to not take anything for granted.

Billy Pine is a grizzled-looking black man in his late 40s. The beginnings of a beard jut out from his bold chin, and a scar forming the First Tongue glyph for "Glory" is barely visible on his right cheek. He carries a cudgel bound with the spirit of a rockslide, which can knock any opponent to the ground with a successful strike. He uses it to distance hotheaded Rahu from his packmates when necessary.

Fetish: Billy Pine's Cudgel (•••)

The cudgel is a wooden staff, just over five feet long. The top end sports a large knot, and a leather cord on which Pine strings knucklebones, bits of metal, and other keepsakes from battles and adventures. The cudgel inflicts 3B in combat, but Billy can forego inflicting damage to inflict Knockdown instead (p. 168 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook**). Unlike most knockdown effects, though, the victim does not have the chance to resist — he feels as though he is being forced down by a crushing weight.

Action: Reflexive

Lou Wendling is the youngest member of the pack. At 16, the Rahu is still officially listed as a missing person after he vanished from a party at his parents' mansion. The Wendling family is rich and, worse, politically connected, and so Lou has highly skilled people looking for him. He hasn't bothered to share that with any of his packmates yet, other than Belinda, who found a Web site devoted to his safe return during one of her illicit forays into town.

Lou still knows little about spiritual matters or werewolf society, but he fights well and he manages his Rage like few Rahu can, which earned him Last Howl's respect immediately. He accepts the official story of the battle between moon and Earth unreservedly, and would probably be devastated to learn of his pack's lie.

Lou is a handsome teenager, with smooth skin, blond hair and a confident, haughty expression. He spends most of his time roaming the woods, hunting rabbits in wolf form and looking for interlopers. He takes his tribal vow as a Hunter in Darkness very seriously, and is likely to attack other werewolves on sight.

Belinda is the other non-Rahu of the pack, and is easily the most in touch with human society of her pack. She joined the pack after the death of its previous Ithaeur, and Last Howl, while he wasn't keen on the idea of allowing new members, had to admit that the territory's strange spiritual makeup required a Crescent Moon's presence. Unfortunately, the very curiosity and spiritual acumen that makes Belinda such an effective Ithaeur also led her to ferret out the pack's secrets in short order. She knows that Lou is on the run, she knows that Last Howl and Dreamcatcher are in love (but have never acted on it) and she knows that something is deeply wrong with the pack's cover story. She does not, however, know the truth about the Bone Quarry, and so she searches for it as best she can under Last Howl's disapproving eye.

She also has a habit of sneaking away into town and getting on the Internet, something of which Last Howl strongly disapproves (he isn't tech-savvy, but he does understand the dangers involved in leaving any kind of trail). Belinda has an impressive web presence and knows more about computer-spirits than many of her tribe, and wonders if the spirits of the mining technology might still be present in the quarry's Shadow.

Belinda — she gave up her human surname years ago — is in her late 20s. She has bobbed red hair and wears a necklace made from leather, wood, bone and metal. She usually carries a pair of mirrored sunglasses, allowing her to use Two-World Eyes at a moment's notice without worrying about witnesses seeing her starred left eye.

Breeze, Spring is a Rahu and a member of the Lodge of Seasons (see p. 201 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**). He heard about the Bone Quarry and, interested in a place that attracted so many Rahu, went to visit it. Upon finding that it was a place of unreserved violence, he made to leave, but a wolf covered in silver fur and with a scent like spring rain blocked his path. This wolf — apparently a Lune — told Breeze that something was wrong here, that the true nature of the Bone Quarry had been lost amidst lies and paranoia, and that renewal was necessary. That was four years ago, and Breeze, though the pack accepted him, hasn't been told the truth yet. They keep sticking to their story about the moon hurling insults at the Earth.

Breeze, meanwhile, has grown a little unhinged. He killed three werewolves in one full moon — a fight got out of hand, and he succumbed to Death Rage. He's grown obsessed with the idea of "renewal," "lost Purity" and "cleansing storms," and sits on the edge of the quarry during the rains, watching it fill and imagining hundreds of werewolves trapped there, drowning, letting the quarry

Story Hooks — The Secret of Bone Quarry

What's really causing the hostility in the spirit world? We haven't included a specific answer, but below are three possibilities.

- Luna really did change the earth to rock many years ago, but it was nothing to do with a fight with the Earth Celestine. Luna simply lost her temper when her wrathful side (i.e., the full moon) had taken her, and she vented that spleen onto the side of the Earth that was facing her at the time. The Essence continues to bleed off every month, and eventually (probably in another decade or so) it will all be gone. The full moon effect actually predates the mine, but until the "moon rock" was laid bare, it was much subtler. The problem is that so many werewolves in the area attract the Ralunim, who report back to Luna. If she ever remembers what she was so mad about, she might turn everything in the quarry to stone again — including any unfortunate werewolves on pilgrimage. Characters might arrive at the Bone Quarry to find a bizarre statuary garden of Uratha, or they might have to chase down Ralunim to prevent them from innocently telling their mistress something she doesn't want to remember.
- An *idigam* lies sleeping below the limestone. The miners very nearly freed it, but spirits of all types were working to stop them from breaching the ancient creature's prison. Since Last Howl took over, the spirit has been absorbing the blood of Uratha spilled during the frenzied nights of the full moon. It provides the Essence that seems to spill forth from the land, and thus its progress is glacial — at the end of year, it only absorbs a tiny bit of blood for all of the Essence it is forced to expend. Yet it understands the need to remain predictable, to avoid suspicion, and to have grateful followers awaiting it when it finally consumes enough Rahu blood to overpower the full moon's light and break free.
- The spirit wilds are always dangerous on the full moon, but the Bone Quarry focuses that danger into three nights of utter hostility. This is because the quarry is the site of the death of one of the Firstborn. Which one is up to the Storyteller, though Destroyer Wolf or Dire Wolf would probably make the most sense. The monthly Essence and anger infusion doesn't come from the moon, at least not directly. Luna sends her Ralunim to help the spiritual power of the area bleed off. If this isn't done, the effect would spread, or the quarry might become a verge, allowing free passage into and out of the Shadow.

soak up their lives. He isn't sure how this vision fits in with his mission, but he's always trusted his visions before.

Breeze is in his early 30s, and is so pale and delicate that other werewolves can't believe he lives in the woods. They understand when he changes shape — his wolf forms are rugged and vicious enough to compensate. Far from the blond-white hair he sports in Hishu form, his furred forms are jet black, and his Gauru form is all but invisible at night. Breeze might identify with Spring, but he's a Full Moon through and through.

Ways of the Warrior

Below are some traits designed for Rahu characters, including a new Gift list, several lodges, and the Rahu Milestone Gift.

Lodges

Lodges formed from Full Moons are, of course, warlike in nature. But all werewolves are warriors, to some degree. Rahu who are dedicated enough to the ideals of Purity to join a Full Moon lodge are fervent, zealous, even fanatical in their outlooks. Purity is not just a form of Renown. It is a way of life, an unbreakable code. Of course, any code followed too rigidly becomes destructive, and all Rahu lodges have members that have lost sight of the true meaning of Purity.

Lodge of the Fury Choir

He circled the bloodsucker, foam dripping from his jaws. The vampire, previously sleek, seductive and fashionable, had abandoned pretense. It was all fangs and blood now. He had flayed the flesh from its side and its ribs were clearly visible. It did not bleed, but dust trickled from the wound.

And yet he was not winning. The vampire had bled him, and he staggered unsteadily. One more bite would finish him, and he was too exhausted to assume the war-form again.

Exhausted? *said the moonlight around him. Are you Rahu or not?*

I am, *he thought back*, but I am so tired.

Fight, *said the voice*. We fight alongside you.

He let out a roar and lunged at the undead monster, the very moonlight coming alive around him, carrying him, granting him the strength he needed to finish this battle.

The Fury Choir, the Ralunim, are the Lunes of the Full Moon, and as such are the fiercest warriors in Luna's army. Only spirits of war and combat are deadlier, and only spirits of light itself burn brighter. Some Rahu have a kind of hero worship for these spirits, which is only natural. But Lunes are not werewolves, and do not (necessarily) obey the precepts of Harmony. The Ralunim are, in some ways, "more Rahu than Rahu" because they are not and cannot ever be human.

The werewolves of the Lodge of the Fury Choir think this is a good thing, and ultimately something to which they aspire. The members of this lodge — who call themselves *Ralurnim* or "full moon spirit wolves" — believe that achieving true Purity means leaving behind all other forms of Renown, all ties to the physical world, and all other identifying traits except for being Rahu.

The Lodge of the Fury Choir doesn't have its own totem. The Ralunim act as patrons and allies for the lodge, but because Lunes cannot usually act as true totems for werewolves (see p. 190 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**), the relationship is slightly more distant than other lodge totems. Members of the lodge regret that this is the case, but it must be so — the Ralurnim don't wish to go mad.

Most of them, however, believe this in a sort of abstract way, just as a modern Christian might recognize Christ's admonition to give away all worldly possession without literally doing so. The Ralurnim see the lodge as a way to commune with their spiritual brethren, to learn the best defenses against spirits, and to travel the Hisil safely. Actually disavowing the physical world, however, is too extreme a step for most of them.

But rumors swirl about the werewolves who have actually done exactly that. Uratha outside the lodge see the Ralurnim as disturbed zealots, werewolves who would give up their own packs (the ultimate violation of Harmony, and therefore a mark *against* Purity) in order to emulate spirits. Inside the lodge, stories circulate of members who left their packs with their packmates' blessings and *joined* the Fury Choir, becoming Lunes themselves. Again, though, these are only rumors.

Members of the lodge are not required to leave their packs; indeed, membership in a blessed pack (one werewolf of each auspice) is keenly encouraged. Ralurnim are expected to learn as much as possible about travel in the Shadow, about discovering methods of fighting spirit enemies (apart from discovering their bans, which is seen as the Ithaeur's task), and learning any lore possible about the Fury Choir. The lodge studies a fighting style based on the combat techniques of the Lunes, which is only available to Ralurnim.

Prerequisites: Purity ••• (members can begin the process of joining at Purity ••), at least five dots spread in some combination between Brawl, Firearms and Weaponry. Members are expected to maintain Harmony 7 or more.

Membership: Only Rahu are permitted to join the Lodge of the Fury Choir, obviously. The lodge doesn't see a disproportionate number of any tribe; any Full Moon might appreciate the power of the Lunes.



A werewolf wishing to join the lodge must first make contact with one of the Ralurnim and declare his intent. At that point, the supplicant is taken into the spirit wilds on the night of the full moon, where he can expect to battle spirits of varying power and type with the Ralunim watch. If he acquits himself well during this battle — which means fighting with a good, practical strategy, showing reverence to Mother Luna and showing respect, though not mercy, to powerful spirits — the Fury Choir descends upon him, raising him up and giving him a second wind. If this does not happen, the sponsor assumes the werewolf does not have the requisite Purity to join the lodge, and drags him back into the physical world (if he is able, though supplicants do occasionally die during the trial).

If the Fury Choir does descend, however, the sponsor immediately performs the Rite of the Spirit Brand, granting the supplicant a dot of Purity (which means that if a player's character is attempting to join the lodge, he must have enough experience points to raise his Purity rating to at least •••). The Lunes take part in the right, searing the Purity rune into the werewolf's flesh with such power that it glows brighter than his other Renown markings while in the Shadow.

Benefits: Once per story, members of the lodge can call upon the Lunes to grant them extra time in Gauru form. This only works when moonlight is touching the character, meaning that he must be outdoors at night with at least the crescent moon showing. The player spends three points of Essence for a crescent moon, two for a half moon and one for a gibbous moon — if the moon is full, the werewolf can invoke this power at no cost. The werewolf may stay in Gauru form for a number of turns equal to his Purity.

In addition, the character is able to learn the Fury Choir Fighting Style.

New Merit — Fighting Style: Fury Choir (• to •••)

Prerequisites: Werewolf, member of Lodge of the Fury Choir

This Fighting Style is the result of observation of Lunes and how they fight. It takes best advantage of the werewolf's ability to shapeshift reflexively, meaning that a werewolf using it is going to burn through Essence quickly. Of course, since a Rahu can shapeshift reflexively on the full moon, this Fighting Style becomes much deadlier during this time.

Dots purchased in this Merit allowed for special combat maneuvers. Each dot is a prerequisite for the next, so a character can't have Savage Ambush until he has Shapeshift Dodge.

Shapeshift Dodge (•): The character changes form quickly to dodge an attack, usually to Urhan form, and then positions himself so as to take greatest advantage of his now off-balance foe. The character must change to a smaller form reflexively before his opponent rolls to attack. The character's Defense in the smaller form is doubled and he

can take no further action that turn, just as if the character had Dodged (see p. 156 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook**). If the attack misses, the player receives a +2 modifier to attack the opponent on the character's next action.

Savage Ambush (••): The character bursts into Gauru form, gutting his opponent before the victim knows what is happening. The character must change to Gauru form reflexively and then make an attack as usual. The opponent's player rolls Wits + Composure (Danger Sense applies, but the opponent also takes a penalty equal to the werewolf's Composure). If this roll fails, the opponent does *not* apply his Defense to this attack. The werewolf must be within reach of the opponent, but Gauru form has a considerable reach, which is why the opponent so rarely anticipates the attack.

Moonlight's Revelation (•••): It's impossible to surprise a Ralunim. While werewolves aren't quite so omniscient, the members of the Lodge of the Fury Choir have learned to "feel" moonlight. As long as moonlight touches the werewolf (whether from the actual moon, moonlight generated by a Lune or by a packmate using the Moonlight Gift), he applies his full Defense against all incoming attacks, including Firearms.

Lodge of the Second Moonrise

I'll confess.

I was one of those Anshega *bastards. I was a Predator King. And I did horrible things in service to my pack and the spirits that enslaved us.*

I remember once our pack learned that there was a wolf-blooded girl, kin to a local pack leader. A Storm Lord. And we went to her home and we tore her apart. We did unspeakable things to her. By the time we were done, she was glad to die, but we didn't even make that easy. We started at her toes and cut pieces off, and then we stopped the blood, just to see how much of her body she could lose before she died of shock and pain. We got up to her thighs, but then we hit the artery and she bled out.

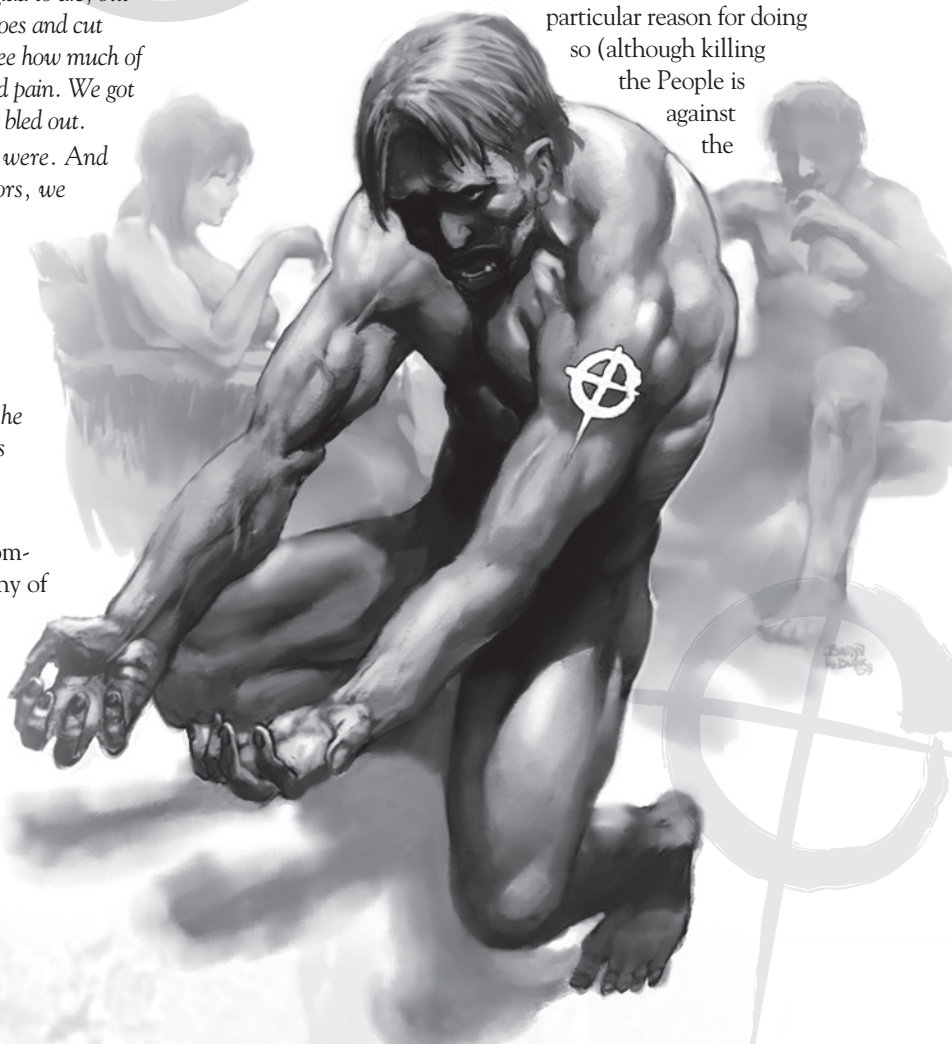
That was what we did. That was what we were. And we called ourselves warriors. We weren't warriors, we were monsters, cowards, brutes. We *are the warriors.*

Mother Luna might not have chosen us, and She was wise not to. But we're here now, and we've seen what a warrior can do. What a pack of warriors can do. And whether we have the markings or not, we're warriors. Whether She ever chooses to send down her angels and call us "Rahu," we're warriors.

Who's next?

The Lodge of the Second Moonrise is composed of werewolves who wish to repent. Many of them are not truly Rahu, but they all think of themselves as Full Moons, self-identify as Full Moons, and try to live as though they are Full Moons. Many of them are Ghost Wolves, have performed the Rite of Renunciation in order to atone for some horrible crime they committed before being "saved."

All members of the lodge believe that their moment of salvation came at the hands of either a Full Moon werewolf, a Ralunim or Mother Luna herself. "Salvation" here is typically as bloody an event as one would expect from werewolves — most lodge members, in fact, barely survived it. Some committed terrible violations of the Oath. They might have habitually consumed human flesh, sired or bore a Ghost Child, or even betrayed a pack to an enemy. They might have hunted down and slain other werewolves with no particular reason for doing so (although killing the People is against the



Oath, killing sworn enemies such as the Pure or the Bale Hounds isn't usually cause for tribal expulsion by itself). Some members of the Lodge of the Second Moonrise actually *were* Pure, or even Bale Hounds or *Zi'ir*. That, they say, is the power of Luna to grant salvation. Even the Empty Souls can be refilled.

The lodge functions much like a religion, in that it requires faith that Luna will accept a non-Rahu into the auspice if he is "Pure" (with reference to the Renown category) enough. Members look up to the true Full Moons in the lodge reverently and treat them as spiritual guides and leaders, which, in fairness, they are usually quite qualified to be. It does happen, of course, that a Rahu who is manipulative or simply sick uses the members' faith for his own ends, but when this happens, the false preacher usually ends up being discovered and torn to shreds by other members of the lodge. This, the lodge feels, is proof of their beliefs: once the lodge has been cleansed of impurity, *all* of the members will ascend and join the ranks of the spiritually clean, guiltless Rahu.

Group confessions are common. The members of the lodge — who refer to themselves as "Rahu," no matter what their actual auspice — gather together and tell stories of their terrible deeds pre-salvation. As is common in such situations, this frequently becomes a contest to see who can tell the most horrific, lurid tale of depravity, and the truth often gets stretched more than a little. The members have no fear of retribution at the confessions, however. Once "saved," a member of the Lodge of the Second Moonrise cannot be held accountable for his prior actions, at least by the lodge. Other parties have certainly been known to search for a hated enemy only to discover that this enemy now considers himself a holy, penitent warrior for Luna and, worse, has a pack of *other* such warriors ready to fight for him.

The lodge's totem spirit is a conceptual spirit of pious anguish. It calls itself *Isi'is-ur*, "Anguished Wolf," and it takes the form of a silver wolf with a bloody smear across its otherwise pristine face. Despite the name, the spirit is not a wolf-spirit and bears no relationship to the Firstborn or any of the other, minor wolf-spirits that act as lodge totems for the Uratha. *Isi'is-ur* is a spirit of a rather complex concept, that of frenzied and often violent religious zeal. In fairness to the spirit, though, it is just as deluded as the werewolves it protects. It honestly believes that the members of the lodge will one day be accepted as true Rahu, and that it, in turn, will join the Fury Choir.

Prerequisites: No special traits are required to join the Lodge of the Second Moonrise, though all members have at least one dot in Purity Renown.

Membership: Joining the Lodge of the Second Moonrise is simple. The character simply needs to find a member of the lodge and pour his heart out. The lodge actively recruits whenever it can, searching out Pure werewolves who are unsure of their place in their own society, *Zi'ir* who might be able to be saved, and Forsaken who teeter on the brink of becoming Broken Souls. They nurse them back to health, spiritually speaking, all the while telling them what magnificent warriors they will become and how a place at Luna's side awaits them. By the time the already broken werewolf is able to make any true decisions, the brainwashing (combined with a werewolf's natural instinct to follow the pack) has taken hold, and he gladly completes the initiation requires. These consist of an emphatic recounting of the evils the werewolf committed before he was "saved," and a ritual combat.

A Forsaken initiate does not have to renounce his tribe, though most do in order to make a clean break from their old lives. Initiates who were previously Pure or Bale Hounds, however, must formally become Forsaken, though they can choose to remain Ghost Wolves. Perhaps ironically, Pure initiates have the greatest chance of becoming Rahu, because they gain an auspice when "converting" from the *Anshega* to the Forsaken.

Defection from the Pure

The Pure don't have auspices, so if one of these werewolves "defects" and joins the Forsaken, where does his auspice come from? It depends on how he came to be Pure in the first place.

If the werewolf Changed with no influence from the Pure, then he has an auspice and leaving the *Anshega* simply reinstates it. This assumes that he was inducted into one of the Pure Tribes with no say in the matter; a werewolf who deliberately left one of the Tribes of the Moon to become Pure and now wishes to change *back* probably faces a series of spirit quests before Luna would consider recognizing him.

The Pure prefer to capture werewolves before they Change and subject them to painful, torturous rites that strip the auspice away. If such a werewolf wishes to defect to the Forsaken, he never had an auspice. Once he has undergone whatever spiritual cleansing is necessary, he might take on the auspice that corresponds with the moon phase on the night he officially becomes Forsaken. Luna might grant him an auspice based on the moon phase under which he Changed originally (he might not remember, but Luna assuredly does).

Rumors among the Lodge of the Second Moonrise state, though, that a Pure werewolf who leaves the *Anshega* and in the process strikes some important blow for the Forsaken is allowed to *choose* his auspice.

Benefits: While the lodge makes frequent prayers and supplications to Luna to grant them access to the Gifts taught by the Ralunim (Full Moon Gifts and Purity Gifts), she has yet to do so. The power that *Isi'is-ur* wields as a lodge totem, however, has enabled the members of the lodge to learn either Strength Gifts or Dominance Gifts as though they were affinity Gifts (the character picks one list upon joining the lodge).

Lodge of the Starless Sky

The city has a million little hidey-holes for them. A million places into which they can slither.

They? By "they," I mean things like the Azlu. Like the Beshilu. Our enemies. The enemies of all of the People. Yeah, sure, the Pure, but you can see *them. I'm talking about the ones you can't see.*

They come up through the city's cracks at night and they live in your mattress. They hide from you, but they hide from you in your apartment. They wait for you in alleys and they snicker when you walk past. They know where you're not, and they don't fight you. That's what I mean — a werewolf would fight you. These things, they just slink away and wait until you're gone.

A million cracks in the city, all filled up with dirt so packed down it looks solid. It looks like part of the pavement. But guess what — they can burrow through it, and they will, if you don't watch.

Like I watch.

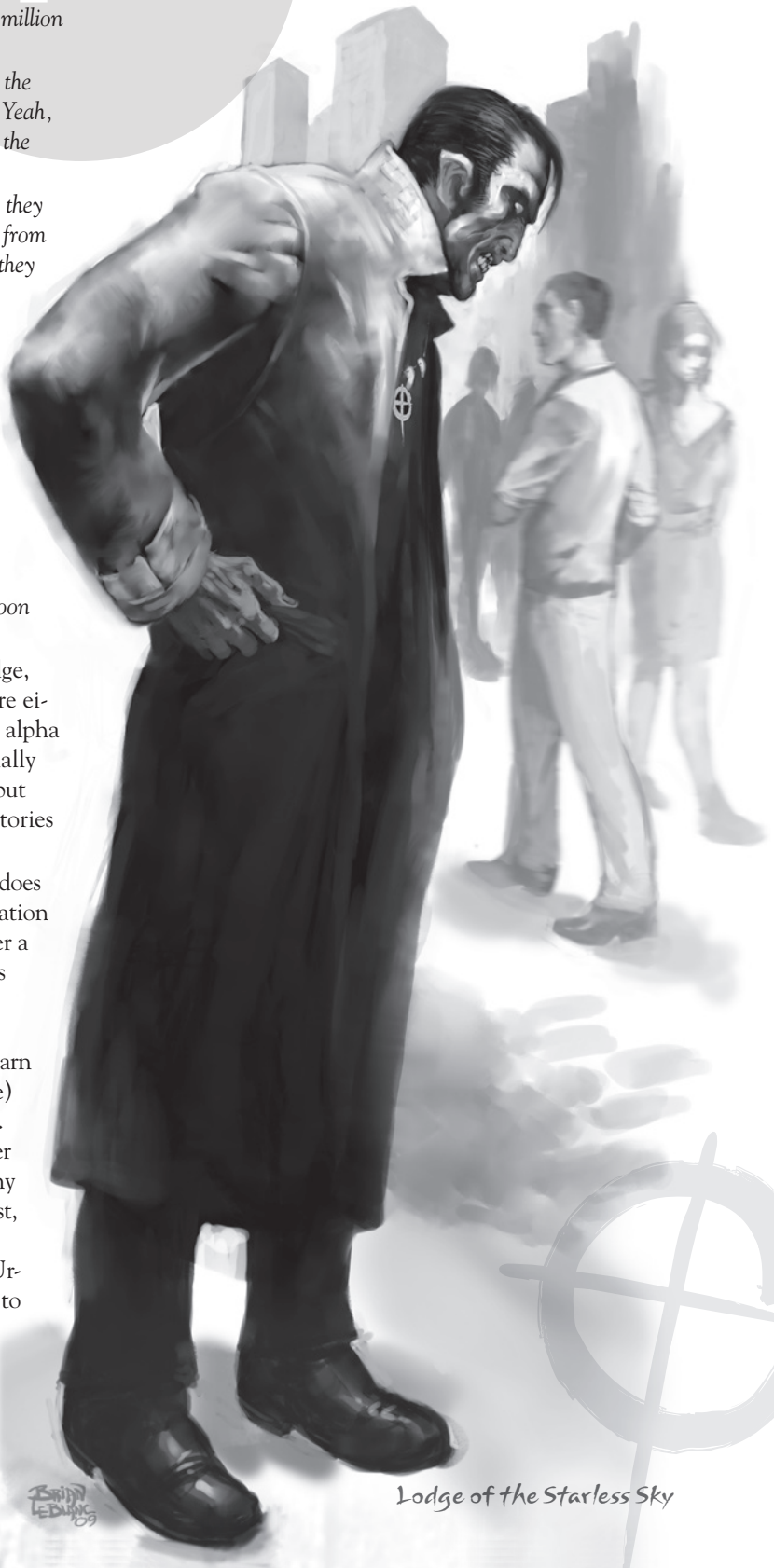
Like we *watch.*

Even through the smog and grime of the city, the moon shines down.

The Lodge of the Starless Sky is still a small lodge, boasting only a few dozen members. The members are either lone wolves or, more frequently, Rahu acting as alpha to their packs. They believe the city is an exponentially more dangerous place than rural or suburban areas, but by the same token, cities are the most desirable territories that werewolves can claim.

Much of this is opinion, of course, but the lodge does make some valid points. Cities typically have a population density that allows for hiding in plain sight. The larger a city, the easier it is to get lost in a crowd. Yes, it places great impetus on a werewolf to retain self-control, to avoid Death Rage, but this in turn provides a strong motivation for staying in Harmony. The pack must learn to coexist with the creatures around it (that is, people) and this, the lodge believes, breeds a kind of humility. A herd of prey animals kills young predators whenever it can, and human beings will rise up and slaughter any werewolves they discover living in their midst (at least, they would if they *did* discover them, or so the lodge feels). Living in the city is the ultimate trial-by-fire. Urban werewolves must learn to meet their obligations, to protect their packs, to honor their totems and most importantly to *hunt*…all in secret.

The members of the lodge call themselves *Mihira*, from a First Tongue word for "night watchmen"



Lodge of the Starless Sky

or "guardians." The name of the lodge draws on the notion that, in the city, the stars are invisible, but the full moon still shines brightly. The *Mihira* take it upon themselves to police the city not just for interlopers into their territories, but for more insidious threats. The Hosts are some of their most reviled foes, because rats and spiders are functionally invisible in the city — and Beshilu and Azlu are usually only noticeable when they start changing the Gauntlet. The Rahu of the lodge, therefore, keep a careful eye on spiritual activity, make it a point to know all of the loci within their territory, and try to cultivate a healthy relationship with the powerful spirits in the area's Shadow. The result is often a werewolf who is equal parts warrior and sleuth, a Rahu who is perfectly prepared to fight for his territory, but counts a true victory as *avoiding* a fight.

The lodge has little in the way of direct organization, but the members know each other, since the lodge is so small. They don't always know names, of course — one member in Los Angeles might be aware that a local Rahu left for Chicago and then took on a student with a noticeable scar on his arm. If the LA *Mihira*'s student takes a trip to the Windy City, then, he might tell the initiate to "look for the guy with a scarred arm; he's one of us." It's up to the student to suss out the Chicago *Mihira*'s identity from there.

The lodge's totem is an adaptable bird-spirit called the Falcon that Flies on Smoke. The "Smoke Falcon" resembles a peregrine falcon and is usually seen flying above lodge members, guiding them to matters that require their attention. It never interacts with them directly. Rumor has it that only one werewolf, the founder of the lodge (an Iron Master known as Casper), has actually seen it. He advises other *Mihira* to seek the Falcon, when he meets them, as a visit from the Falcon can open a werewolf's eyes to nuances and information that would otherwise remain invisible. Finding the spirit, however, requires leaving the streets and prowling rooftops, and many members of the lodge would prefer to stay on that ground. That's where the action is, after all.

Prerequisites: Purity ••, Stealth •••, Streetwise •••, Investigation ••. Members are not required to maintain any particular level of Harmony, but revealing the existence of the Uratha to a human remains a sin against Harmony no matter how low the Rahu's Harmony trait actually falls (see p. 181 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**).

Membership: The Lodge of the Starless Sky is a bit haughty in its beliefs that Rahu are the truly worthy guardians of the city, regardless of tribes, and thus far no non-Rahu has been admitted. They do not discriminate on basis of tribe, and although their urban focus would seem to appeal mostly to Iron Masters, the tribes are roughly equally represented (again, though, the lodge is small yet).

Gaining membership in the lodge requires living in a particular city for at least five years, and living *in* the city proper, not a suburb. Once a werewolf has done that, he can petition to an existing member of the lodge for membership. The lodge is young enough that initiation rites haven't been formalized, but all existing members agree that a period of tutelage is necessary. During this time, which usually lasts for three months, the initiate is taught about the city's history, especially the criminal and occult truths that a trip to the library won't reveal. The mentor reveals some (but not all) of his contacts in the city, both spirit and physical, to the student. He presents the student with challenges that require lateral thinking, investigative work, interpersonal contact (someone always knows something, after all, and you can't *always* beat the truth out of people) and, of course, combat. The combat portion of the initiation isn't judged on whether the student wins or loses the fight (obviously, if he dies, he's out), but whether the fight takes place in a manner that leaves the neighborhood talking about it for weeks to come or in a manner that leaves people simply wondering what that loud bang was last night.

The lodge has no formal acceptance ceremony. The mentor takes the student out for a drink (mentor's choice, but usually whiskey of some type) and simply says, "You're in." From then on, the new *Mihira* is free to make his own way and even to accept other students, but can always treat members of the lodge as trusted colleagues.

Benefits: Members of the Lodge of the Starless Sky can use the Warrior's Eye (**Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 80) differently than other Rahu. In addition to sizing up an opponent for direct combat, the *Mihira* can learn how dangerous the target is considering outside factors. For instance, a werewolf uses Warrior's Eye on an old Colombian man sitting on a park bench. By himself, the man is no threat to a werewolf — but the *Mihira*'s power reveals that he is highly dangerous from influences beyond his own body. More specifically, the man's son is the drug lord of the area, and if the old man should turn up dead, a small army of heavily armed and drug-crazed men will be searching for the killer. The Warrior's Eye doesn't reveal information beyond "dangerous in a fight," "dangerous due to outside considerations" and "not dangerous at all," but it does give the *Mihira* a slightly better idea of what's in store for him.

In addition, when a werewolf joins the lodge, he chooses a new affinity Gift list from either Knowledge or Stealth.

Purity Gifts

Ralunim are uncompromising, brutal and honest. They might take the forms of proud, powerful warriors, shining silver-furred wolves, or blinding shafts of moonlight. In addition to the Full Moon Gifts found on pp. 116–117 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, the Lunes of the Fury Choir can teach Purity Gifts.

Purity Gifts require that the Rahu in question have Purity Renown equal to the Gift being learned, even if the werewolf would normally be able to learn the Gift without raising Purity. For instance, a Bone Shadow Rahu uses Purity and Wisdom as his primary Renown categories. When he reaches Wisdom 3, he is eligible to learn three-dot Gifts, regardless of his Purity rating. However, for him to learn The Illuminated Battlefield, he would need to increase his Purity rating to three.

Only Rahu can learn these Gifts.

Moonlight (•)

The silver Renown markings that all werewolves bear are marks of pride and accomplishment, but Purity markings have the added benefit of being badges of moral merit. Ralunim recognize them and the mere presence of such a Lune is often enough to make Purity markings glow slightly, even in the physical world. A Rahu with this Gift can cause his Purity tattoos to shine with full moonlight. This has the effect of providing illumination, which can be useful on its own, but it also cows any spirit that sees the light.

Once this Gift is activated, the player adds the character's Purity rating to any Social rolls made against spirits for the rest of the scene. If the full moon is visible, the player adds an additional die to such rolls.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: This Gift does not require a roll.

Action: Reflexive

Righteous Rage (••)

Death Rage is one of the most terrifying possibilities for a Rahu, because in Kuruth, the werewolf can't tell the difference between friend and foe. And yet, Death Rage has its own purity, a complete focus on violence and killing that the Ralunim respect.

This Gift allows the werewolf to instinctively ignore his own pack while in Death Rage. He can't take part in pack tactics or do anything else normally prohibited during this state of frenzy, but he never attacks werewolves with whom he shares a pack bond.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: This Gift does not require a roll.

Action: Reflexive

The Illuminated Battlefield (•••)

Ralunim can appreciate clever tactics, but they don't tend to use them. To the Fury Choir, the perfect tactic is meeting on the field of battle and *winning* through superior strength and skill, not sneaking up behind an opponent and planting a knife in his back. Anyone can do that. A true warrior wins or loses on her own merits.

The Ralunim do recognize, however, that others don't think this way, and this Gift helps to keep everyone honest. Once the werewolf activates this Gift, the site of the battle is immediately bathed in brilliant, white moonlight, as though taking place on a clear night during a full moon. If the werewolf activates the Gift during the day or in an otherwise illuminated place, the existing light takes on this moonlight-like quality.

Anyone in the fight who attempts an underhanded tactic — sneak attacks, taking hostages, mind control, etc. — reflects the light, appearing to glow. This doesn't prevent the tactic from happening, necessarily, but it ensures that the Gift's user knows about it.

If the werewolf's pack contains a traitor, he glows under this Gift's effects as well. A "traitor," here, is any werewolf actively working against the pack's goals, currently breaking the pack totem's ban, or helping enemies of the pack in any way. As with so many matters involving Ralunim, this Gift doesn't take into account certain nuances, such as double agents, and it illuminates the Rahu's packmates dirty tricks just as much as their enemies. The Rahu is advised to use this Gift with caution.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Survival + Purity

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Gift gets the attention of a Ralunim, but not in the way the werewolf intended. The Lune takes offense and blinds the werewolf — *all* she sees is the bright moonlight for the rest of the scene.

Failure: The Gift fails to activate, though the werewolf can try again.

Success: As described above, anyone involved in the current fight using any tactic that involves deception, trickery, ambush or forcing opponents to act against their own side glows brightly. In addition, any werewolf belonging to the Gift user's pack who is involved in actions against that pack, even if those actions make sense in a greater context, glow as well. In addition, the Rahu using the Gift adds his Purity rating to all Perception rolls made during the scene.

Exceptional Success: All members of the werewolf's pack (except for any "traitors" identified) add the Rahu's Purity rating to their initiative modifiers for the scene, as they take best advantage of the Illuminated Battlefield.

Harmony's Reward (••••)

Observing the Oath of the Moon can have tangible rewards. A werewolf who lives in balance can use that Harmony to amplify almost any endeavor. Obviously, this Gift is of greatest benefit to werewolves that studiously cultivate Harmony and avoid violations of the Oath — but that's what Rahu are supposed to do anyway.

This Gift adds the werewolf's Harmony rating to any one dice pool. It can be used only once per turn, and no limits are imposed upon the action itself, regardless of whether or not the attempted action is in violation of the Oath of the Moon. However, using Harmony's Reward to take an action that could lead to degeneration is risky, in that it puts the werewolf in a fragile spiritual state, making degeneration more likely.

In game terms, if a player is called upon to make a degeneration roll during a scene in which the character has used this Gift, subtract one die from the degeneration roll for each use. Note that it is not possible to roll a dramatic failure on a degeneration roll, so even if the dice pool is reduced below one, a roll of 8 or above on the die is still a success.

Cost: 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: This Gift does not require a roll.

Action: Reflexive

Intractable Warrior (•••••)

Once a Ralunim has chosen a foe, nothing can stop it from meting out its fury. Werewolves, likewise, are the greatest hunters in the world — a single taste of blood is enough to allow a werewolf to track her target. A Rahu of impeccable Purity can learn to refine this hunting prowess, so that no force on Earth can stop him from chasing down her foe.

The werewolf must be able to see her target, or else have previously tasted his blood, obtained some other piece of him or acquired an item of great personal significance to him. Once the character activates the Gift, the werewolf can unerringly track the foe. The player gets a bonus to tracking the target equal to the werewolf's Purity rating (five dice).

Once the werewolf has found the target, the true horror of the Gift begins. Nothing can stand in the character's way. Other opponents fall aside with a casual shove (in game terms, the Rahu can make a reflexive attempt to touch (not strike) opponents other than his target; if it connects, the target is subject to a Knockdown effect), doors unlock themselves, and other barriers break or part for the hunter. If the target is protected by some supernatural means (magic that hides him, a supernaturally sealed door) the werewolf's Purity rating acts as a modifier to any rolls made to maintain this means, positive or negative in the werewolf's favor. For example, if the werewolf's player would normally roll Wits + Composure to detect a hidden character, she adds the character's Purity rating to the roll. If the target would roll Composure + Stealth to use an invisibility power of some kind, the target's player *subtracts* the werewolf's Purity rating.

This Gift lasts from when it is activated until the next sunrise, whereupon the werewolf can, if she wishes, use it again. Once combat with the target begins, the Gift has no further effect.

Cost: 1 Essence
Dice Pool: Resolve + Survival + Purity
Action: Instant

Milestone Gift: Luna's Gaze

Prerequisites: Purity 5, Harmony 7+

Any werewolf can fight, but only a few are true warriors. Luna sometimes sends her Ralunim to bestow this Gift upon Rahu who are diligent in protecting and guiding their packs, and who maintain their commitment to Harmony no matter what the cost.

In order to be granted this Gift, the werewolf must fulfill three criteria. First, he must suffer temptation to break the Oath of the Moon and resist it. The temptation that he suffers need not be commensurate with his current level of Harmony (that is, it might be as simple as being tempted to forego a hunt for a more human concern, such as a good friend's wedding), but often the temptation involves one of the most important precepts of the Oath. The Rahu might meet a werewolf that he feels would make an ideal mate — or, conversely, that he feels the world would be better off without. In any case, no matter



what justifications he might otherwise be able to make for breaking the Oath, he *must* keep to the precepts of Purity.

Second, the werewolf must uncover a serious threat to his pack *before* it gains an advantage on him. Learning that a local vampire is gathering data on the pack and eliminating said *muth luzuk* would qualify, even if the vampire had no immediate plans to harm the werewolf.

Finally, the Rahu must earn Purity in a manner that catches the attention of the Ralunim (since the Gift requires Purity 5, this is usually not a problem).

Once the character has fulfilled all of these criteria, Luna sometimes, though not always, sends a Lune to open the character's eyes. The Ralunim grasps the werewolf by the head and exhales moonlight into him. The character becomes blind, but the Lune informs him that this is a Gift from Luna and he must not question it. He remains blind until the next full moon. If he rails against his fate, curses Luna or complains even the slightest bit, his sight returns, but he risks degeneration (roll three dice) and can never gain this Gift. If he suffers this test well, his sight returns as the full moon rises, and his eyes forever after glow with faint moonlight.

System: The character can always see in even pitch dark. In addition, the character is impossible to surprise. Reaction to Surprise rolls always succeed, but the player should still roll to check for an exceptional success (see p. 46 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook**). Finally, the character cannot fail rolls to spot hidden opponents; opposed rolls to find such characters always have at least one success, regardless of what the player rolls. In addition, ties always go to the Rahu on these actions.

Aspects

All Rahu are warriors, and all werewolves are hunters. As such, the Rahu Aspects are refinements of both of these traits. When a werewolf Changes under the full moon, he can expect the remaining years of his life to bloody, but also glorious. He must decide how he wishes to express Purity, and how the mantle of the warrior will sit upon him. The First Tongue titles of the Rahu Aspects all include the prefix *Hud*, for "warrior."

Berserker (*Hudhuz*): The Berserker revels in Death Rage, glorifying in the extra strength it grants him and the complete freedom that loss of control brings. To him, Kuruth isn't something to fear and it certainly isn't something to control. He knows that he will fly into Rage during a fight, and he warns his packmates well in advance. It is then up to them to stay away from him when the Rage takes him.

The Berserker relies on raw power in a fight, rather than clever tactics. Nothing stops him from using the Death Rage *as* a tactic, of course, but he recognizes that in a serious fight, he won't be able to differentiate between friend and foe. That means his pack must execute any actual strategy. It also means they need a way to bring him out of Death Rage. Some packs develop fetishes for this, and some work closely with their pack totems to enable it. Kuruth is powerful, though, especially for the Berserker. Often, all the pack can do is let the Berserker ride it out.

Note, too, that the Berserker enters Death Rage in a *serious* fight, a fight in which the enemy must die. A battle between two werewolf packs over territory or a slight to honor isn't grounds for murder (the Oath prohibits it, in fact), and the Berserker, as a Rahu, must respect that. This means that while the *Hudhuz* surrenders to Death Rage whenever he can, a large part of this Aspect is knowing when *not* to do so and being able to rein in the Rage.

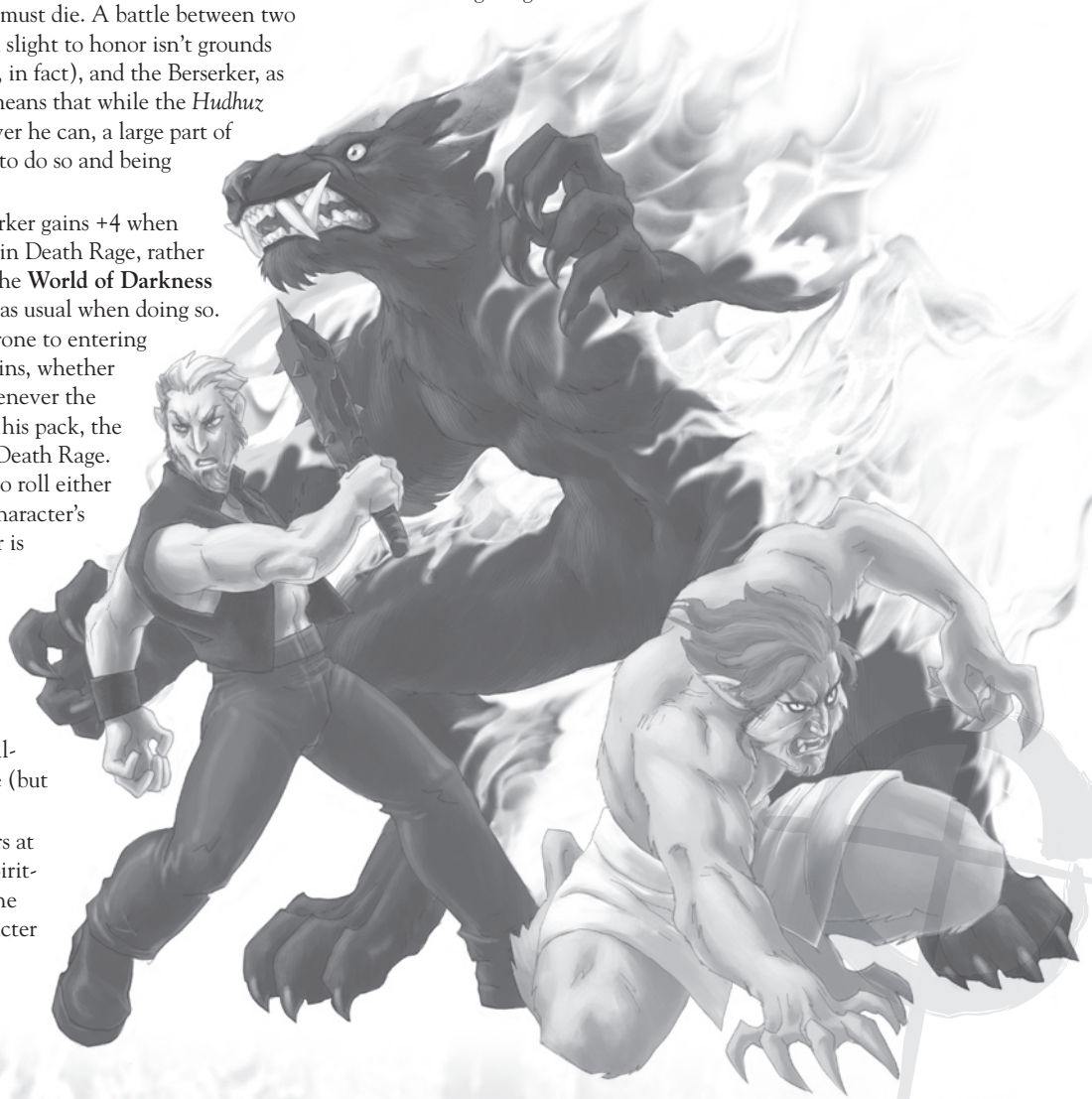
At Primal Urge 3: The Berserker gains +4 when he makes All-Out Attacks while in Death Rage, rather than the usual +2 (see p. 157 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook**). He loses his Defense as usual when doing so. Unfortunately, the character is prone to entering Death Rage as soon as a fight begins, whether or not it is truly appropriate. Whenever the character enters a fight alongside his pack, the player must make a roll to avoid Death Rage. However, the player can choose to roll either the character's Harmony *or* the character's Resolve + Composure, whichever is higher.

At Primal Urge 7: The *Hudhuz* has mastered the art of Death Rage combat, and blends the animal instinct to survive with the Uratha instinct to kill. Defense now applies to All-Out Attacks made in Death Rage (but the +4 bonus remains).

At Primal Urge 10: Berserkers at this level are legendary, almost spirit-like emblems of mindless rage. The player of anyone seeing the character (werewolves included) in Death Rage must succeed on a Resolve + Composure roll or be affected by Lunacy, whether or not it would normally apply. In addition, those who *are* affected by the character's Lunacy suffer a –3 to their effective Willpower ratings. All should flee before the *Hudhuz* — including his own pack.

However, the Rage that such a powerful Berserker feels at this level of Primal Urge is quite beyond his control, and it never really leaves him. Anyone who comes into contact with the character runs the risk of falling prey to that fury; it rolls off of him in near-palpable waves, covering and influencing anything nearby. In game terms, players of characters that touch or speak with the character must roll Resolve + Composure. If the roll fails, the character is infected with a driving need to *kill*. How this expresses itself depends on the character; a man who has harbored serious thoughts of murdering his wife will now put thought into action. A woman who doesn't have a violent bone in her body normally might break something on impulse. Supernatural creatures capable of frenzy (vampires and werewolves, for instance), immediately enter that frenzy — which, of course, probably sets off the Berserker himself. The character's pack is immune to this effect, though the members do suffer a –2 modifier to all rolls to avoid Death Rage.

Crusader (*Hudzith*): It's not enough to fight. The Crusader has to fight *for* something, and it must be greater than self, pack or even territory. These are worthy concerns, but the true *Hudzith* fights for faith, ideology and other lofty notions. A Crusader might fight in the name of someone that she finds



worthy — a powerful alpha, a mighty totem, or even the whole of her tribe — but she is still a Rahu, and that means if she fights on someone's behalf, that someone must be the greater warrior. As such, Crusaders that start out as soldiers eventually wind up becoming their masters' cause.

A Crusader might fight to keep the spirit wilds pure of any infestation (whatever she considers unacceptable — murder-spirits, Beshilu, Wounds, etc.). She might fight to do the same for the physical world, and a truly dedicated and tireless *Hudzith* might do both. Some Crusaders were policemen or activists pre-Change, and continue their pet causes as werewolves. One might discourage drug dealers by beating them senseless. Another might arrange to be arrested so that he has easy access to murderers and rapists, planning to escape after one blood-soaked rampage at the state prison.

Crusaders are idealists, with all of the problems that idealism presents: disillusionment, burnout, the ends justifying ignoble means, reconciling their cause's ethics with their own, and, especially, whether their packs share the cause. It's possible for a pack to form around a Crusader's zeal, but what happens when the other members abandon the quest? Will the Crusader choose her calling or her family?

At Primal Urge 3: Once per chapter, the Crusader can regain all spent Willpower by making a sacrifice in furtherance of her cause, just as if she had fulfilled her Virtue. This sacrifice must have an immediate detriment, but ultimately benefit the character's crusade. For instance, a werewolf who wishes to cleanse the streets of drug dealers might kill one in front of several nascent druggies, hoping to discourage them. This is risky, of course; if she relies on Lunacy, she has violated the Oath, but if she kills him in human form, she might be identified. Either way, she can regain all spent Willpower.

Unfortunately, the character's cause has become so important to her that betraying it is a betrayal of herself. If the character takes an action that would actively harm or set back her cause, she risks loss of Harmony (roll two dice). Note that this is a risk no matter what her current level of Harmony — until she renounces the cause entirely (losing the Aspect and all associated benefits) or becomes *Zi'ir*, she must uphold her crusade.

At Primal Urge 7: At this level, the Crusader's cause usually becomes more global in focus. Where before she focused on removing drug dealers from the streets, now she hunts down the people who benefit from addiction and misery and makes them suffer. The character receives a pool of dice equal to twice her Harmony that she can apply over the course of a story to any rolls that further her cause. For example, a werewolf with Harmony 6 has 12 dice to use to further her cause, but once she uses all 12, they do not "refresh" until the story ends.

At Primal Urge 10: Finally, the Crusader's cause transcends the physical world. Here, the werewolf who formerly hunted drug dealers, then drug suppliers and kingpins, targets the culture of drugs, hunting down powerful spirits of addiction, helplessness, victimization and entitlement. The Rahu knows instantly whether a given person is on her side or not (continuing the example, a drug dealer or casual user — even of a legal drug — is not on her side, while an ascetic would be). With those who do not share her cause, she receives a +3 modifier in any action against them, physical or otherwise (this bonus only applies when the character is acting against the opponent in furtherance of the cause, but at this level, that's probably almost all the time). With those who do share her cause, few though they may be, she does not suffer the usual Social penalties that werewolves do. She serves as an intense, fierce beacon to such people.

The drawback is that the character has almost literally *become* the cause. She is not capable of taking any action that would impede her crusade, even on a conceptual level. If she is forced to do so, she immediately loses a dot of Harmony, and her player must make a degeneration roll each day (roll two dice) until the werewolf can make amends for the transgression. "Making amends" varies depending on the transgression in question, but the Rite of Contrition is usually appropriate. Another common method is to find a spirit that personifies the cause and grant it a boon — or find a spirit antithetical to the cause and destroy it.

Defender (*Hudta*): Werewolves are capable of taking a great deal of punishment in combat, but none more than the Defender. He suffers damage so that his pack doesn't have to — they might jokingly refer to him as the "meat shield," but the truth is that whether or not he ever lands a blow against the enemy, he is an integral part of winning any fight that the pack takes on.

Hudta are usually masters of defensive combat and grappling, seeking to immobilize, rather than directly harm, their opponents. They trust their packmates to deliver the death-blows, while they suffer whatever attacks their enemies can dish out. Some Defenders focus on provoking and then dodging their opponents' attacks, seeking to lead them into disadvantageous positions for the pack to exploit.

Such Rahu are seldom pack leaders, at least not at first. But as it becomes obvious that the Full Moon is suffering wounds so that the others can fight more effectively, the pack members usually develop a great deal of respect for him. Whether he is the pack alpha or not, his word carries weight, and should he ever actually *fall* in battle, the others won't stop until they've torn his killer to pieces.

At Primal Urge 3: Defenders have to be able to remain standing long enough for the pack to move in and attack. They are used to suffering attacks from multiple sources. As such, the character's Defense does not decrease from multiple attackers until the number of attacks exceeds the character's Brawl rating. A character with Brawl 3, for example, enjoys his full Defense in combat until the *fifth* attacker, at which point Defense begins to decrease normally (see pp. 155–156 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook**).

Unfortunately, Defenders take slights and assaults on their packmates very seriously. If a Defender witnesses someone harm, attack, or even taunt a packmate or someone else that he has sworn to protect, the player must immediately check for Death Rage, regardless of the character's Harmony. The Storyteller should apply a positive modifier for minor slights, and a negative modifier for serious ones. An offhanded insult might give the roll a +3, while stabbing a packmate with a silver knife might be worth a –5 modifier.

At Primal Urge 7: The Defender becomes even more steadfast and difficult to move as his power grows. At this level, the Defender is immune to Knockdown, and does not suffer wound penalties. The player can spend a point of Essence for the character to immediately escape a grapple. In addition, the player can spend a point of Willpower to lend the *Hudta*'s packmate his regeneration for the turn. This means that the packmate can regenerate two points of bashing damage, or benefit from his own Essence *and* that of the Defender for healing lethal damage.

At Primal Urge 10: The Defender gains the ability to absorb surreal amounts of damage in protecting his pack. His Health pool is increased by one for every member of the pack; the Health bonus applies in any form, but only when he is physically with his packmates. He can choose to take on any damage that would harm a packmate (or a non-packmate that he has sworn to protect, such as a mate or child) as a reflexive action. In addition, if he suffers aggravated damage while doing so, he immediately regains all spent Willpower, as if he had fulfilled a Virtue, except that this bonus applies once per *scene* rather than once per chapter. Finally, the character regenerates all bashing damage suffered on his pack's behalf at the end of the turn, regardless of whether or not the player spent Essence to heal lethal damage.

At this level of power, though, the Defender's life is tied to his packmates' in a very literal sense. If one of his packmates dies as the direct result of another's actions (that is, dies in battle, is murdered, or dies in an accident arising from human error rather than natural causes), the Defender's life is also forfeit. In addition, the Defender *cannot* leave a battle until his pack is safe.

Oathkeeper (*Hudinim*): The Oath of the Moon is more than a code of conduct. It is the moral and legal code by which werewolves (proper, Luna-fearing werewolves, anyway) live. Irraka may bend it, Elodoth may interpret it, but the Rahu *live* it. They measure their Renown by it. The Oath is Purity, and the *Hudinim* make sure it stays pure.

Keepers of the Oath are the moral centers of their packs. They make sure the other pack members aren't committing grievous violations like eating people, but they also watch out for more subtle problems like disrespect of elders and failure to hunt. A werewolf that doesn't hunt is barely a werewolf at all, and a Keeper knows how easy it is to fall into complacency, using the power that Luna granted the Uratha to do nothing but laze about. Sometimes being a Keeper means meting out punishment, and sometimes it means waking the pack up in the middle of the night to hunt down an unspecified quarry.

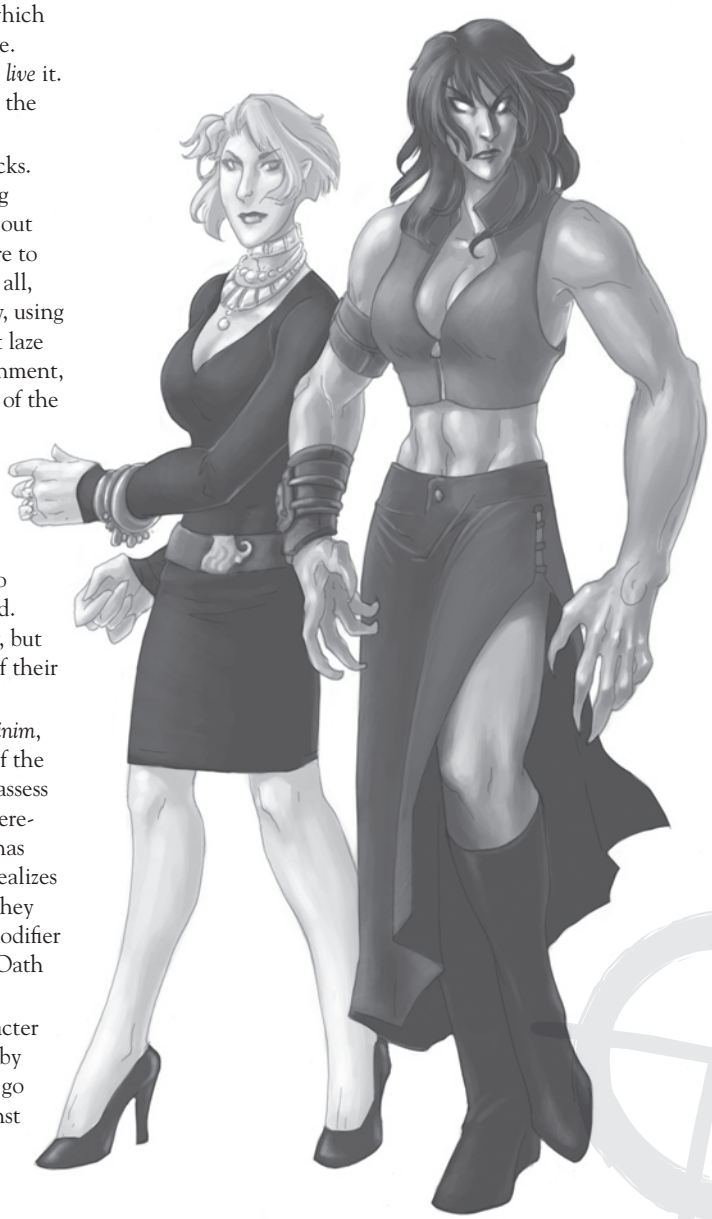
Hudinim must be careful not to step on the toes of the Elodoth. They aren't meant to mediate or advocate, they simply point out when the Oath has been or is in danger of being broken. Sometimes a Half Moon comes to a Keeper for advice, and that Half Moon must be able to expect the Keeper to know the Oath forward and backward. Keepers of the Oath are often moralistic and even preachy, but their high Harmony also means they are more in control of their Rage than other Rahu.

At Primal Urge 3: Upon accepting the mantle of *Hudinim*, the character is expected to avenge and correct breaches of the Oath. Fortunately, she is given the ability to seek out and assess those breaches. With a successful Wits + Purity roll, the werewolf can assess a werewolf's Harmony rating. If the target has lost Harmony within the last lunar month, the character realizes this as well and has a vague sense of the circumstances as they relate to the Oath. In addition, the character gains a +2 modifier in battle against werewolves she knows have violated the Oath within the last lunar month.

The responsibility is a serious one, though. The character risks degeneration if she allows a violation of the Oath — by *any* werewolf with an auspice, not just her own pack — to go unanswered (roll three dice). This is considered a sin against Harmony 1 for the character; as long as she remains a Keeper, she must abide by this ban.

At Primal Urge 7: When the character fights to avenge or correct breaches of the Oath, her Purity Renown tattoos blaze with silver fire, granting her strength, speed and tenacity. Once per scene, when acting in her capacity as Oathkeeper, the character can activate these tattoos (the player spends one Essence point). The character then either regains spent Willpower equal to her Purity, or can add her Purity rating to combat rolls rather than her usual +2 bonus. This effect lasts for the scene.

At Primal Urge 10: A Keeper who reaches this level of power possesses a surreal degree of insight into the Oath of the Moon and the mind of Mother Luna herself. At night, the character can summon Lunes to help her prevent, avenge or correct a breach of the Oath. If a rival pack murders one of the Forsaken, the Keeper can call down Lunes to hunt and punish those responsible. If a young werewolf flies into Death Rage in front of witnesses, the *Hudinim* can call up Lunes to ease their madness into the realm of dreams. No roll is required for this power; the player simply expends five points of Essence. The number of Lunes that respond is commensurate with the severity of the breach.



However, Luna takes a personal interest in the character at this level. The character cannot sleep during the night, and must remain within view of the moon at all times. If she does not, she loses one point of Essence for every five minutes that she remains out of Her sight. Once the Rahu runs out of Essence, she loses Willpower, and finally Health (this damage is considered lethal).

Tactician (*Hudhesdu*): The Tactician is the Rahu who recognizes that the victors can sing whatever song they want about the glorious fight, while the losers just get to limp away in defeat, or lie dead on the battlefield. He focuses on winning the battle, and doing so within the guidelines of Purity — but for the most part, that means not killing other Uratha. The Oath provides precious little guidance about battle, and the *Hudhesdu* are perfectly comfortable with that.

Modern Tacticians train their packs in hand-to-hand combat techniques, firearms and urban warfare. They use the terrain to best advantage, stage surprise attacks and ambushes, and see "fair fight" as "outnumber the opponent," just like a wolf pack. They are not always the most physically imposing of werewolves, but wise enemies fear them just the same, because they drill their packs in various combat scenarios to ensure preparedness. If the Tactician has time to consider his approach, he'll find a way to win.

At Primal Urge 3: The *Hudesdu* can use Warrior's Eye on *situations*, as well as individual opponents. The character can immediately decide if a situation is winnable and what the pack's greatest assets and deficits are. This uses the same system as Warrior's Eye (p. 80 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**). If the character successfully uses this ability and has even one turn to communicate with his pack before the battle starts, the pack members receive +3 to their Initiative.

Fortune favors the prepared, however, and Tacticians are never quite sure that they are prepared enough. The character must spend three hours out of every day training, planning out battle tactics, drilling with his pack, or in some other way making sure he is ready for the unexpected. Failure to do this imposes a –3 penalty on all rolls to avoid Death Rage — the character is unsure of himself, and this leads to a lack of control.

At Primal Urge 7: At this level, the Tactician gains an almost preternatural sense of battle and its possibilities. Rather than a logical, rational understanding of probability and strategy, though, this manifests as an animalistic gut instinct — the character *feels* the most likely outcome of the battle. When a battle begins, the player rolls Intelligence + Purity and adds the number of successes on this roll to the character's Purity rating. This is the number of dice the Tactician's player may grant to any packmate during the ensuing battle. Each die may be used only once, and the character can use those dice on himself.

At Primal Urge 10: The truly awesome Tactician possesses a battle instinct bordering on precognition. Instead of adding *dice* based on the result of the Intelligence + Purity roll described above, he adds *successes* to particular dice rolls during the fight. In addition, he can spend a Willpower point to make any non-reflexive action, by him or one of his packmates, into a rote action (see p. 134 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook**). A pack led by such a Tactician is truly a terrifying force.

Of course, such Tacticians are used to winning their battles, and they don't cope well with events turning against them. If the pack loses a battle — fails to achieve a stated objective, is forced to flee, or is otherwise unambiguously defeated — the Tactician loses all of his Willpower and becomes unable to regain it until he has led the pack to victory in some endeavor — without the benefits usually conferred by his Aspect.

Tomorrow's Battle

Background: Born Elke De Keizer in South Africa in 1960, the woman who would become Tomorrow's Battle lived a life of privilege and opulence. Her father owned businesses and enterprises around the world, from emerald mines to oil rigs, and she never saw anything that would upset her. Her parents made sure of that. She moved to New York in 1978, and for another five years the blinders remained over her eyes. She moved in the richest circles, she supped with politicians, artists, rock stars and actors. Her world was a dream.

This was only barely metaphor. Elke had always felt, even when she was a little girl, that something was surreal about her life, and she was just on the verge of waking up and discovering it was all false. Drugs and alcohol helped to stave the feeling off but as she grew older, chemicals did less for her, as though her body was learning to ignore them. The wind spoke to her. Cars growled hungrily when they saw her as though they knew her family controlled their precious food. Women dripping with jewelry would nod in supplication whenever they saw her. And then one blisteringly hot night in August, 1983, she woke up.

Her First Change happened far from the Manhattan fantasy in which she lived. She was on a ship, sailing north to avoid the heat, when the full moon struck her, pinned her to the deck, slapped her, fucked her, woke her up. She killed everyone on board, tore them to pieces and chummed the water with their flesh, and the morning found her awake, staring at the horizon, finally *aware*.

She joined the Storm Lords within a month of her First Change, and joined a pack of urban werewolves. They were looking for a member who knew the high society ways of New York, just as they knew the Bronx, the street gangs, Little Italy, the mob, the docks. But she wasn't interested in returning to that life. She was ready to leave the pack and strike out for parts unknown when she received a letter. It said only, "Use what you have," and was signed with the First Tongue symbol for Purity. She listened.

Years passed, and she became a *Hudesdu*, a Tactician. Her pack was unparalleled in combat, especially in fighting foes in plain sight without revealing its true nature. One night, her pack found itself in an impossible situation — blocked into a tenement as the police surrounded it, trapped between the vicious creature infesting the walls and the innocent men trying to serve the public. And Tomorrow's Battle saw it unfold before her — the police would storm in. The creature would consume them. The pack would die in the crossfire.

And then she came to with a start, and realized that the battle hadn't happened yet. She changed her strategy, stayed outside the building, called in a bomb threat and then burned the place to the ground. The police watched it burn, but kept the area clear. She earned the name "Tomorrow's Battle" from her decision, and also earned entry into the Lodge of Crows.

Elke still lives in New York, a society maven with a reputation for long disappearances, drug fueled insanity and spoiled, vapid entitlement. She once hated this image of herself, but has come to appreciate it as a tactic that requires her utmost commitment. She takes lovers, abuses drugs and breaks bread with the mighty and corrupt, and under the full moon, she and her

pack hunt down anyone in the five boroughs that they deem a true threat to the city.

Description: Elke is a beautiful woman in her early 40s. Her werewolf constitution has kept her young-looking, and she takes great pains to ensure that she isn't obviously too young for her identity. She has a robust figure, short blond hair and pure, unblemished skin. She wears a dizzying array of jewelry, most of it custom made with patterns of occult symbols. These mean nothing to the average witness, but have just enough significance to confuse a scholar. Elke does not rely on fetishes, however — if she needs to fight, she relies on her skills and her pack.

Storytelling Hints: If Elke has a regret, it's that she never took a true mate or had a family. This would have been a monumentally bad tactical decision, after all — if she had a child, she would want to raise it, protect it and love it above all else, but she could not compromise her loyalty to her pack this way. So she remains fundamentally alone. Not even her pack knows that she is a member of the Lodge of Crows, of course, but while another Rahu might regard this secret as a betrayal, she knows that it is for the pack's protection.

Auspice: Rahu

Aspect: Tactician

Tribe: Storm Lords

Lodge: Crows (see p. 202 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**)

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 5, Resolve 4

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

Social Attributes: Presence 4, Manipulation 5 (4/5/2/5), Composure 5

Mental Skills: Academics 3, Computer 2, Crafts (Jewelry) 2, Investigation 4, Occult (Spirits, Secret Societies) 3, Politics (Global) 4

Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 5, Drive 1, Firearms 3, Larceny 1, Stealth (Hunting) 3, Weaponry 2

Social Skills: Animal Ken 1, Empathy 2, Expression (Fascinating Stories) 3, Intimidation 4, Persuasion 3, Socialize (High Society) 5, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 3

Merits: Barfly, Contacts (High Society, National Government, Local Government, Police, International Business, Corporate), Fame 2, Fast Reflexes 2, Iron Stamina 3, Language (Afrikaans, Dutch, German, English, Italian, Spanish), Resources 5, Status (High Society) 5, Striking Looks 4

Willpower: 9

Harmony: 8

Virtue: Prudence. Every decision that Elke makes is measured, calculated and weighed against her own instincts.

Vice: Envy. But, sometimes she wishes she could be foolish and vapid again, if only for a little while.

Initiative: 11 (11/12/13/13)

Defense: 4 (4/5/5/5)

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

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

Primal Urge: 7

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

Gifts: (1) Call the Breeze, Clarity, Death Sight, Know Name, Moonlight, Partial Change, Warning Growl; (2) Attunement, Luna's Dictum, Mighty Bound, Righteous Rage, Silent Fog; (3) Primal Howl, The Illuminated Battlefield, Voice of Command; (4) Harmony's Reward, Killing Frost; (5) Fog of War, Intractable Warrior

Rites: Cleansed Blood, Rite of the Spirit Brand

Essence/per Turn: 20/5



Chapter 4

Faces and Phases

I was born in corn, the harvest moon above my head.

The farmer lay dead by the tractor nearby, face down in a pillow made of his own guts. His son — a gangly boy, probably not a boy at all, really — was draped over the tractor's hood, one shoe on, one shoe off.

In the distance, their farmhouse burned.

I did that.

Eventually, they found me. They told me I was the same as them, grabbed by Luna during the bright full moon and made to understand the purity of her unforgiving light. Rahu. Full Moon. Warrior.

But over time, I came to realize that what they said wasn't true.

I realized it when I stood over their bodies. My dead friends. My dead pack. Veins and arteries dangling from my claws like pumpkin guts, another harvest moon above my head. That, too, reminiscent of the pumpkin: fat, round, muddy and ruddy with orange.

Every time she comes, I harvest something. Or someone.

I think I'm going mad.

And I think that's what Luna wants.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
in feelings, not figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs.

— Aristotle

In this chapter, we further examine the nature of a werewolf's auspice from the vantage point of, "How do I use this best in my story?" Auspice is something that can be approached in your **Werewolf: The Forsaken** game from the theoretical (where you use it to highlight theme, mood, and concept) and from the practical (where you utilize auspice to create plot and character events that push the tale forward).

Storytelling the Auspices

Auspice is at the core of Forsaken existence, and this chapter explores how to tell stories in which auspice is a focus. In a few places, we break format and give mention to ways you can change the game to better suit your chronicle's needs in order to highlight auspice. This section assumes that you have a working knowledge of the Storytelling chapters of the **World of Darkness Rulebook** and **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. Inside are styles, methods, and chronicle hooks to emphasize the role of auspice in a game.

Auspice is what separates the Forsaken from the Pure. Auspice gives depth and definition to the Forsaken, past what everyone knows from werewolf myths, movies, and other fiction. Luna gives the Forsaken irrefutable evidence of their cosmologies and mythologies. In our human societies, we often take for granted a number of things; economics, religion and class are prime examples. Auspice is a symbol, a metaphor for these things. It draws lines in the sand; it divides and unifies The People. What would the religious do if their gods slipped by and through them every day? Imagine the light with which the religious would then cast rare atheists and heretics. What would the poor do? What would they think if economists had a spiritual prerogative and predisposition towards success? It adds a layer of futility or even oppressed hope to those not so blessed.

For example, Irraka are the stalkers, but what happens when the mafia hitman changes under the Ithaeur moon? Does he back off and try to learn his own auspice skills, or does his perseverance and machismo force him to excel beyond his new moon cousins?

The Pure

No discussion of auspice is complete without addressing the issue of the Pure. The Pure exist in stark contrast from the Forsaken, emphasizing differences and playing up potential prejudices. From the perspective of auspice, how does one look at the Pure?

It's easy to cast them in an unsympathetic light: a sympathetic enemy has its place, but the Pure have little place for sympathy. For a Forsaken to sympathize with the Pure, he may have to abandon fundamental philosophies and beliefs, and that is not an easy thing to do. The Pure have an utter disregard for the core principles the Forsaken hold dear. They hate Luna the way human cultures oppressed for centuries hate their oppressors. They do not feel the need to maintain respect and dignity, their behavior shows derision and utter apathy towards the enemy.

Luna is not a goddess; she is *Usumma*, the Bitch Mother. Forsaken are not distant cousins, they are *Suuf-ur*, cowardly dogs. Harmony be damned, the life of an enemy is always worth less than the life of an ally to the Pure. Should Forsaken believe similarly? Do their partially human natures require a degree of sympathy for their nemeses? The Pure cannot and will not hesitate to use this sympathy as a weapon; a knife they twist until they confirm the kill. The fact that Pure do not possess auspice is a deeper driving wound, confirmation that they have rejected Luna, or that she has rejected them.

Of course, some Forsaken may find sympathy there. A werewolf who feels shackled by his auspice may look to the Pure with a measure of understanding. Or, he may feel so glorified and empowered by his own auspice that he can only wonder how horrible it must feel to be outside Luna's touch in just such a way. Sympathy is possible, and when it is, it's often channeled through an examination of auspice (or, specifically, the lack thereof).

Luna in the Modern World

Luna causes the tides. Everyone who has ever been to a coast has felt her sway; anyone whose profession relates to the ocean feels her direct influence daily. Luna inspired men to build giant metal ships that carried them to a once-unknown body. Politicians sometimes fight over space programs with the zeal of abortion rights battles. On a full moon, nine-one-one calls increase measurably. Talk to the nurses in an emergency room and they'll tell you why they don't want to work on the night the crazies come out.

Luna is powerful. Luna is everywhere. She is not just a construct specific to Forsaken cosmology. Every culture of humans has given at least some value to the great white goddess in the sky. Remember this when designing your auspice-centric chronicles. Do not just present Luna as something for the werewolves. If you neglect her influence on the human world, the game loses the strength of a clear connection to the real world.

Early Considerations

Auspice is an inborn element of a Forsaken character, one chosen not by the character, but by fate (and fate is represented by a player in this case). It offers a contrast to the social element of tribe, which the character typically chooses. Immediately from the first hints of the change, auspice takes the driver's seat. After the change, auspice guides the character, suggesting roles in the pack and in life. In addition, auspice affords a supernatural benefit in the form of Gifts unique to those changed under the same moon.

Auspice as Theme

A theme is essential to every good story, and essential to every good chronicle. Theme is the basic message that flavors the game as a whole, and the direction of individual stories. In a broad sense, **Werewolf: The Forsaken**'s theme is "savage fury." Your individual story in the chronicle should have a more specific theme; auspice can offer such a theme. Be specific. Examples could include:

- **Rahu:** Purity versus practicality; a Forsaken's life is war; contravention of the Oath always leads to consequence
- **Cahalith:** Fate versus free will; poems and prayers are never sane; Glory is a path both well-lit and indelibly doomed
- **Elodoth:** Balance is relative; justice versus wrath; Honor cuts both ways
- **Ithaeur:** Wisdom versus knowledge; Wisdom is not reached by cultivating sanity; the Shadow is forever hostile, and so the Ithaeur must be hostile, too
- **Irraka:** Darkness versus light; deception to others and to oneself is necessary to persevere; true Cunning necessitates a callow or selfish demeanor

It's important to note that you don't need to have a pack of all Rahu to ascribe your game a Rahu-based theme. "All of life is war" may resonate with a Rahu, but it can be true for all, or at least true for this one particular story.

You are encouraged to mix these up — different chapters or stories may see the focus change from one auspice theme to another.

Auspice as Mood

Similarly, auspice can be highlighted as a "mood enhancer" for your game, too. Mood is less about a "message" for your game, and more about a pervasive feel that permeates each game session. Certainly some overlap exists (and one can certainly use theme-as-mood or mood-as-theme). Examples include:

- **Rahu:** Feelings of rage; aura of zealousness; the world is soaked in blood
- **Cahalith:** Helplessness; hallucinations; insane splendor
- **Elodoth:** Everything is out of balance; paranoia; the feeling that one false step or bad call can lead to everybody's downfall
- **Ithaeur:** The world is insane; the Shadow bleeds and stains everything; isolation and alienation
- **Irraka:** Twilight and obfuscation; the world is cruel; everything is a lie

Auspice in the Prelude

The most important way to heighten the importance of auspice in a game is to integrate deeper focus into the before-game processes. Chronicle emphasis starts during the first stages, this foundation is essential if player expectation is to be set. During the chronicle, bring auspice into attention through task and role-related focus. Add more questions to the *Spark of Life* sections of **Werewolf: The Forsaken** and the **World of Darkness Rulebook** to build emphasis. Example questions include:

- "What role does auspice play in your character's day-to-day interactions?"
- "How did your character's auspice influence the events of her First Change?"
- "How does your character reconcile social expectations created by tribe and auspice?"
- "Is she good at her expected auspice skills? Why? Was she skilled in them before the Change?"
- "What does his auspice moon mean to him? Does he own it? Is he proud of it? Is he ashamed of it?"
- "How does she break the auspice mold? How does she identify herself apart from her definitions of her auspice?"

Think outside the box. Develop unique questions that are more specific and prompts to start the gears of creativity turning in a player's head. Suggest minor tweaks and additions to a background to help highlight important building blocks of your chronicle. "So you've told me your character's father was an alcoholic who beat his wife and children. Would your character ever wonder why that only occurred on the full moon? Maybe this didn't affect his First Change, but might it have built a certain disdain for the Lunes of his Rahu moon?"

Prelude scenes set the stage for an auspice-centric game. The opportunity exists to plant seeds with your players emphasizing the importance of auspice and Luna in a chronicle. Symbolism is a very effective tool for preludes, often giving your players a stepping-stone for further character development. Consider the cultural importance of the moon in the real world. The Internet is rife with sources for symbolism; almost every single human culture affords a degree of symbolic importance to the moon. The moon represents both wisdom and insanity. Not every character has to be a sage or lunatic, but keep these elements in the back of your mind while running through a prelude. The character might swear that a moment ago, the clock struck thirteen. She knows within her heart of hearts that behind the vault door, children are hungry and will not live another 12 hours. The moonlight falls on the world and seems to change it; sometimes subtly, sometimes drastically.

The First Change

To the Forsaken, auspice is the first impression between moon and Uratha. Auspice helps define the First Change, which is easily one of the most traumatizing events of an Uratha's existence. Both players and Storytellers should work together to talk about how auspice shaped the First Change. Below, you'll find some visual and thematic cues that might inspire:

Irraka do not find instincts compelling them to hide wistfully amongst nature. They find themselves afraid of everything. They realize that the walls, the trees, their coffee, their friends, everything has eyes. Those eyes are hungry; those eyes are only as useful as the new Irraka is clumsy. The urge forces her into the shadows, into places where no eyes dare open. Sometimes it is so dark, even she is afraid to open her eyes.

Ithaeur do not wake up to a wondrous new world of mystery and fascination. Crescent Moons suffer a rude awakening, seeing enemies where once there were strangers. The barista

who eyes him every morning is not a needy chick with baggage; she is a possessed cannibal who daydreams about the differences between the tastes of human livers. The world shudders. Something always seems like it's "coming through" from another plane of existence. The Shadow bleeds.

Elodoth do not see a newfound sense of justice and duty. They see everything off-balance. The showerhead drips cold water on his back during a hot shower. His girlfriend cannot return all his affection equally; when she tries, she comes off as clingy. The part in his hair is a little far to the right, but if he centers it the hair just flips back to the side. The mirror did not break itself, he is to blame and the bigger shards hold more of his flaws than the smaller pieces, so in a fit he smashes it to bits with bloody knuckles.

Cahalith do not have the epic, prophetic dreams that make fantasy novels. The young, sweaty beasts cannot sleep due to devastating and frightening nightmares, images of a world they cannot hope to understand. They hear a song somewhere that they cannot quite decipher — they recognize it, almost, like a song long unheard. It's an itch that will not be scratched deep in the bones, deep in the mind.

The **Rahu** change is not one of noble conquest; it is not one of purity or natural strength. A Full Moon opens her eyes, sees the blood beneath her fingernails, and realizes that she has the mother of all excuses to tell. She knows that no amount of money can undo the damage she has done, that no amount of apology will bring those people back to life. The tears of the survivors bring her no catharsis. The moonlight is bright. It exposes all, laying it bare of mystery and comfortable illusion.

Choosing Auspice

In a perfect world, a pack of welcoming, helpful Forsaken is present and ready to help integrate a fledgling into her new life. Circumstances are rarely so perfect, sometimes the Change happens alone, and in times where memory is subjective, auspice is not always perfectly determined. In times past, humans consulted with oracles to divine the destinies of youth. Forsaken have an advantage in the form of Lunes, who know instinctively the kinship of new Uratha.

Also in a perfect world, everybody would create characters knowing full well what auspices they want to play. It's not always so cut-and-dried, however, so here are some questions to consider when deciding on an auspice for your character:

• Who will decide the auspice? Usually, it's the player, but consider the option that the Storyteller — or even the other players — can help decide. The pack, as represented by the player troupe, may know that, "We need a Cahalith's visions" and so that makes the choice a bit easier.

• If the player has used the character as a human previously, choosing an auspice may not be so clear, either. Look at the character's primary Skills, then compare them to the Specialty Skills of the auspice. Can a good match be found?

• Do you want an auspice that moves in line with your character's abilities, or do you want the roleplaying conflict of having a character whose auspice seems to (initially, at least) not fit his nature? A cop who seems to be better fit toward the balanced Elodoth might experience his First Change under the Warrior's moon — then what?

Also, consider the ramifications of integrating a new player into the pack. Integrating a new player into the story is easier if discussed by the troupe as a whole. If the player is unfamiliar with **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, this discussion can highlight the importance of the various auspices, and allow her to find what she feels most appropriate to the character. For instance, the Cahalith's visions give the pack a place to start, a taste of things to come. Finding the Lune in question requires the hunting skills of the Irraka. Once found, the pack realizes that vicious spirits surround the resting place, spirits the Rahu must find a way to dispatch. The spirit itself is asleep, requiring the rituals of the Ithaeur to summon forth. Lastly, the Elodoth's negotiation skills get the pack out alive after encountering the massive and temperamental Lune.

The Making and Breaking of Stereotypes

In a pack, auspice offers an implied role, a predetermined destiny. The five auspices offer solutions for almost all the typical problems that Forsaken characters might face. Of course, that's in a perfect world. Ultimately, Luna is fickle. Luna is arbitrary. Left to fester, tradition and stereotypes become crutches. Sometimes, tradition cannot apply. Unfortunately, not everyone is born to excel in one of five predetermined roles.

Even if characters are very close to their auspice stereotypes, nothing guarantees success. A martial arts champion Rahu still has complications when confronted with Fire-Touched warriors. A Cahalith's prophetic dream might tell the pack everything it needs to know, but that does not mean the pack can interpret the true value or meaning of the vision in time to take advantage of the gift. In the real world, incompetence at a job results in termination. Forsaken cannot be fired from their auspices. Punishing inferiority does not make the culprit any better at something in which he is inherently inferior.

Sometimes auspice does not correlate with the Forsaken's actual capabilities. Interpretation can go a long way, as the previous chapters have explored. The chess captain for example can make a valid if nonstandard Rahu. Sometimes though, the clumsy, awkward kid who could not be subtle if his life depended on it makes her change under the new moon. In these instances, the character could train to compensate. This takes time and leads to interesting stories, but when does the pack stop allowing predisposition and luck as excuses? Some packs are less forgiving than others. Some demand that their members push to fulfill auspice roles above all. A pack led by a Storm Lord almost certainly will require no excuses, only results. Some look at an individual by her strengths alone, not worrying about expectations and predetermined roles so much. In either instance, inadequacy and worthlessness can invade a young Uratha's mind.

The Blessed Pack

A blessed pack has members of each of the five auspices. The concept of a blessed pack is important for two main reasons. Functionally, a pack of Uratha representing each of the moons is capable of handling most of the problems it faces. Most Forsaken pass on tradition orally, with a disproportionate number of stories about such packs. This comes down to bias in the storytellers, and sometimes just the relative versatility of the pack.

Why does such a pack prevail so frequently? This is a nature versus nurture issue. The term alone implies a certain degree of predestination. It implies a positive fate. Forsaken pay more at-

tention to these packs due to their "blessed" nature. With attention given, successes are exalted. However, are failures equally exalted? Pressure to succeed can result in underachievement.

If the players' characters form a blessed pack, consider giving a minor bonus to members when they could potentially reinforce assumptions as to their blessed natures. When working together towards grand, epic goals, a minor edge like the 9-again quality on auspice skills will help to exalt their deeds, making them just a little more successful. (Alternately, consider seeding the tale with some elements that can give strength to, or take strength from, a blessed pack. A powerful spirit has a ban that allows it to be easily defeated by a blessed pack, but an infamous *idigam* seems to *gain* power when confronting a multifarious pack.)

However, if you choose to use this option, consider the weight of failure. Visible, memorable failures make earning Renown a bit more difficult. To balance the advantage, pack members that have failed terribly in their auspice roles have to spend an additional three experience points to purchase dots of Renown until they cleanse their reputations.

A blessed pack might have elaborate hazing rituals to allow membership. If a member dies, kidnapping ideal candidates and forcing conversion is not out of the question. If the blessed pack begins to believe its own legends, let hubris bite those werewolves right in the ass. No matter what terrible acts the pack commits, Lunes and other Forsaken refuse to acknowledge transgressions until it is too late. Then, by the time retaliation happens, judges see the pack as little more than rabid dogs, mockeries of a blessed legacy.

Auspice Gifts

The learning of auspice Gifts is the most common interaction Forsaken will have with the Lunes and by proxy the likeliest interaction with Luna. In a traditional chronicle, using this opportunity to increase awareness of Luna is readily available. Lunes are avatars of Luna, and they are aware of their importance in the cosmology around them. Uratha are touched by their moonlight, but barely comparable to their purity of essence. So why would they go easy on Uratha when petitioning for Gifts? Auspice Gifts are one of the only measurable advantages Uratha have over the Pure, and Lunes know this.

Consider the angelic hosts of Milton's Paradise Lost. A number of the angels looked at humanity as unfairly blessed. Not only did God build them in his image, but he also loved them dearly, and granted them free will. The angels were clearly more powerful and certainly holier, so why, some asked, were they devalued in God's eye? Lunes may take a similar stance on the Forsaken. They are aware of their duties, but may envy or even loathe Forsaken secretly, acting out of a misguided "love." To learn a Gift, Forsaken will often have to complete a task to prove worth. Lunes are terrible and unpredictable creatures; these tasks aren't always as expected, and rarely occur exactly as planned. No prohibition exists to stop Lunes from complicating matters.

For instance, a Lune tasks the Ithaeur trying to learn another Crescent Moon Gift to learn and exploit the ban of a Lesser Gaffling. During the Itheaur's search for it, the Lune corrals a choir of pestilence-spirits to the home of the Gaffling, feeding and strengthening it, so when encountered, the Ithaeur finds more than she bargained for. Lunes tell the Elodoth hoping to learn Aura of Truce that he needs to peacefully resolve a pack dispute. Little does the Elodoth know that two packmates prone to dispute have been fed gruesome nightmares, heightening them to a point very close to Kuruth.

Changing the Game

This section deals with offering more significant changes during the scope of the chronicle, tweaking and removing elements of the game to bring auspice forward.

This style may not be for all troupes, and requires a deal of patience and understanding from the troupe when throwing certain game expectations out the window. Discuss with your players the possibilities of this type of game, and work out a style that best fits all players involved before character creation begins.

The easiest way to address a change in game paradigm is to isolate one major element of the game you wish to emphasize, determine why you wish to change it and using that information, make a decision as to how you wish to change things. Address each thing you wish to change this way, and you can maintain focus on what your goal is without bogging yourself and your players down in unnecessary arguments. Decide what kinds of stories you can and want to tell using these paradigm shifts.

Here is an example of such chronicle development, particularly focused on auspices. Developed systematically, it is ready to plug into a game or just give ideas for your own chronicles.

After talking to his players, Harrison decides he wants to make auspices more important in his game. His desire for emphasis is placed more towards the nature versus nurture Aspect of auspices than the traditional game themes. Typically, his players choose auspice depending on their character concepts, sticking very close to character strengths with auspice strengths. To mix this up, he decides to randomize auspice, and only select auspices after the troupe creates their characters.

He sits down with the group, coming up with very human concepts. For each character, he rolls a single die. On a result of 1–2, the character is Irraka. A 3–4 results in an Ithaeur. A 5–6 causes an Elodoth, 7–8 means the character is Cahalith, and lastly a 9 or 10 makes a Rahu. Harrison does not tell his players the results yet.

He conducts a prelude for each character, revealing auspices through the First Change. At that point, the players determine how the characters met, and how they forged a pack. They work out basic dynamics, focusing on how they reconcile the variations and similarities between their auspices and their personal skills. At this point, Harrison allows players the opportunity to reduce Harmony scores for experience points per ***Werewolf: The Forsaken****, p.65. This allows characters to compensate for their shortcomings through past moral dilemmas and compromises.*

Ghost Wolves: Auspice as Tribe?

Tribe is typically very defining for young Forsaken, helping to guide them philosophically through a new existence. Packs give them true structure, a family, and a group of people ready to help carry them through the tough transition into becoming Uratha. Traditionally, auspice helps them find a place in their tribes and packs, giving them purpose and direction. When there is no tribe, Uratha do not receive that level of structure, and often have to find it elsewhere. That elsewhere is either pack or auspice.

As it stands, the Firstborn stand as totems for the Tribes of the Moon. Some of these totems tie more intimately to their children than others, but exist in some measurable fashion. A story option for Ghost Wolves is that Luna holds them in special regard. They do not have the mixed affiliation of tribe. Luna presents herself as a sort of surrogate tribal totem for the Ghost Wolves. Most Forsaken know that Lunes never successfully serve as pack totems, but what stops them from serving as personal guides and makeshift tribal totems? In this play option, other Forsaken would loathe this preferential treatment, and may retaliate, shunning the Ghost Wolves.

One direction to take this option brings back the tribes in full circle. The Lunes who are stepping in are not doing so because of a benevolent desire to nurture, they are doing so because as spirits they are ultimately predators and survivors. They are looking for the edges necessary to do their own stepping into the material world; they are looking for servants and protectors. Ghost Wolves might not see the illicit nature of this union until it is too late; they may be too busy reconciling their newfound situations, or basking in totems that pay personal attention to the Uratha more than other totems do. Where is the line? When can Lunes begin to demand otherwise ridiculous tasks of the impressionable Uratha?

Moon-Driven Shapeshifting

Here, we change the terms of the shapeshifting mechanic. Except in the case of Kuruth, Forsaken become unable to change forms unless the moon is visible during the shift. During a Forsaken's auspice moon, he needs make no roll to change, but rolls to resist Kuruth receive a –2 penalty. When Uratha see the moon for the first time during a night, players make a reflexive Resolve + Composure roll to resist compulsion to change. With Storyteller discretion, during a time of stress or heightened emotion, a player can spend a point of Willpower to force the change at other times, but in that situation, alternate forms can only be maintained for a number of turns equal to the character's Stamina + Primal Urge.

From a social standpoint, this changes many core assumptions about the game. Uratha must be more aware of their surroundings, as they do not have an inherent weapon at their constant disposal. Hunts have to take place during certain times in order to take advantage of form Aspects. Forsaken acting during the daytime must better utilize their Gifts and Rites, finding utility and function in new and creative ways. As well, mundane technology becomes more useful, as it is far more reliable than the moon.

(Alternately, consider the possibility that when one's auspice-specific face is in phase, the character gains +3 to the Shapeshifting roll found on p. 170 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. If his auspice moon isn't in phase, the modifier is a –3 penalty, instead.)

New Auspices

Werewolf: The Forsaken assumes that the First Change happens under one of five particular moon phases. What happens to a new Uratha during anomalies of the moon, such as eclipses and certain visible variants like the red Harvest Moon? The default answer would be, "nothing different." However, this section explores alternate answers to that question, offering elements a Storyteller can implement in a chronicle. It also includes a few sample auspices, utilizing some of the options presented.

Okay, but Why?

Creating a new auspice isn't something to undertake lightly. The game has five auspices for a reason, and they work as designed. Moreover, the moon only has five phases. So, how, and why?

First, the moon may have five phases, but as noted, variants are present. An alternate auspice based on one such variant can serve a number of functions. It could act as a catalyst for a legend, it could serve to upset tradition, or it could just be an anomaly in order to surprise players. No matter what the intention, it plays the biggest role in determining how you handle the inclusion of new auspices. If you intend on surprising players, you might consider adding a new minor Gift List, or a unique auspice advantage. If it is for legend's sake, be certain to pepper its introduction with plenty of rumors and stories. This sort of thing is primarily for the benefit of players, to give play options and opportunities. It should never be something that highlights how great *Storyteller* characters are — putting them front and center as unique heroes does little to enhance the game, unless you're hoping to show how the Storyteller character is more of a deranged or dangerous anomaly rather than a potent hero for Luna. If you're using alternate auspices in any way, we suggest using them to highlight only the player experience. Similarly, if only one player out of the troupe has a character with a rare auspice, be sure not to make that character front-and-center in the story. All pack members should find focus within the game.

Theme

Each auspice has a theme, a role to serve in a pack. The theme may overlap another existing auspice, or could be a completely new role altogether. Sum this theme up with a simple phrase, one indicative of the implied role. Note that many lunar anomalies occur only during certain phases. For the purpose of example, below is the construction of a new *selenelion* auspice. A selenelion is a specific type of rare lunar eclipse where both the moon and sun are visible. Visibility and radiance are the common themes of the auspice.

Primary Renown

Auspice grants every character a single dot of Renown, and allows it to be purchased more easily than other Renown types. The default for a rare auspice would be to give the character the same Renown she would get if she were not a new auspice. For example, if changed under a lunar eclipse, Purity would be the affinity Renown as the character would otherwise be Rahu. Another option is to choose another Renown dot appropriate to the new auspice. This should not be a difficult decision, but if the option of changing or creating Gift lists is used, the Renown should reflect the theme of the new auspice. The example selenelion auspice, emphasizing visibility, has Glory as an affinity Renown.

Specialty Skills

Each auspice gets three specialty Skills. Existing auspices can be used as a model, or they can be chosen to fit the theme. The selenelion, auspice of radiance and impressiveness, emphasizes Athletics, Expression, and Persuasion.

Auspice Gifts

As it stands, each auspice confers three affinity Gifts to a Forsaken. One pertains directly to the auspice, and is limited only to those of that auspice. The other two are general Gift lists. Auspice Gifts stand to give Forsaken a manner of separation from the Pure, and advantages in their packs and tribes. If a Storyteller intends to change Gift lists for unique auspices, consult Creating Gifts below. Whether or not a Storyteller intends on introducing a new Gift list, any new auspices should have some manner of auspice Gift. The selenelion auspice will keep the Full Moon Gift list, and add the Inspiration and Strength Gifts, to exemplify the impressiveness of the Uratha. For more information on new Gifts, see Creating Gifts, p. 195.

Auspice Ability

An alternate auspice could have either its own unique advantage, or it may simply share the advantage of the auspice that would have occurred, if not for the anomaly. If the advantage does not change, players or characters may not truly perceive the anomaly as an auspice at all. On the other hand, avoid falling into the trap of giving this rare auspice a unique advantage that outshines an existing advantage or gives clear benefit superior to the existing auspices.

If the advantage is strong, counter it with a disadvantage. This helps to highlight the auspice as an aberration and anomaly, not just a source of new power. The disadvantage may work to give the auspice a truly unique feel in comparison to the other existing moons. For example, if the above-mentioned selenelion auspice gains the ability to glow lambently, causing fear in creatures weak against the sun and negating darkness penalties, the drawback might be that the Uratha loses the 10-again quality on any actions relating to stealth. Player and Storyteller should work together to come up with a good balance.

The First Change

If the First Change occurs during an anomalous moon phase, does the circumstance of the Change reflect as well? Again, it comes back to the intended purpose of the new auspice. If a Storyteller wishes to keep the auspice a mystery, it might be advantageous to present the First Change just like any of the standard five. Presented as an anomaly, benefits exist in presenting the First Change as the first of many oddities in the new Uratha's life. Look into the implications and stories surrounding your new auspice. Look to its relevance in human tradition. Frighten your players. If it is a player's character, never let them in on the truth. Never give her the impression that what she is going through is in any way normal, or that survival is in any way a guarantee.

If our new selenelion auspice emphasizes the visibility of the Uratha, shower him with the pale light of the two heavenly bodies even when inside or in shadow. If the purpose is to add Helios's patronage to the new werewolf, add a distinct golden sheen to the beast's coat, unsettling all manner of nocturnal creatures. Perhaps all spirits can see him during the First Change — and that is, of course, not a good thing for the nascent werewolf.

Sample Auspices

Below are a handful of new auspices for introduction into your chronicle, or as model for further development.

Solar Eclipse, Hiriraka, the Chaotic Stalkers

Irraka changed under a solar eclipse, Hiriraka, are rare. A total solar eclipse only happens once about every eighteen months, but only in a given location about once per 370 years. Human legend sees the solar eclipse as a portent of rapid, often massive change in the world. Hiriraka exemplify this. They embody the principals of Irraka in a different manner. Instead of working through stealth to exemplify the nature of their Cunning, they work through unpredictability. They stand to protect the unknown, to surprise the pack's opponents with tactics never before seen, with distractions, ambushes, feints, tricks, bait, and sometimes even showy displays of self-sacrifice. The Hiriraka are the proverbial eyes of storms, surrounded by chaos wherever they go.

Primary Renown: Cunning

Specialty Skills: Intimidation, Stealth, Survival

Gift Lists: New Moon, Stealth, Evasion

Auspice Ability: The Uncertain Flesh. Solar eclipses are masters of changing their forms to surprise opponents. Once per scene, they are able to change shape reflexively without expenditure of Essence. As well, they are always able to return to Hishu form reflexively without spending Essence.

The Change: Everything breaks down. Murphy's Law strikes tenfold, anything and everything that could go wrong does. Technology breaks, things catch fire, people trip into traffic. Often too much for the new Uratha, it typically causes the Hiriraka to seek seclusion and shelter.

Lunar Eclipse, Suharrahu, the Trickster Warrior

Slightly more common than solar eclipses, lunar eclipses obscure the moon at least partially. Often this tints the Moon an odd color due to the obscuring effects of the Earth. Lunar eclipses always occur during the Rahu moon. Rahu of this peculiarity embody tactical advantage as a particular Aspect of their birthright. The Suharrahu should strike first, strike in the most advantageous spot, and guarantee minimal casualties on her side in all cases.

Such tactics are dishonorable but effective, guaranteeing continued existences. Suharrahu do not hesitate to throw sand in the eyes of an enemy, or to hamstring recuperating victims. Nothing is unfair when survival is on the line, and no apologies are given to the fallen. (In a way, this is almost a combination of Rahu and Irraka — the bright purity of the full moon is obscured into darkness.)

Primary Renown: Glory

Specialty Skills: Brawl, Subterfuge, Survival

Gift Lists: Evasion, Full Moon, Stealth

Auspice Ability: The Hidden One. Luna obscures Suharrahu the way the Earth obscured her during their Change. All rolls to notice or remember the Suharrahu receive a –3 penalty. This includes rolls to notice ambushes or dirty tricks during a fight.

The Change: Where the Rahu sees red during his First Change, the Suharrahu sees cracks in every wall, breaches in every piece of armor. Brutally efficient in their destruction, the lunar eclipse ends with many torn throats.

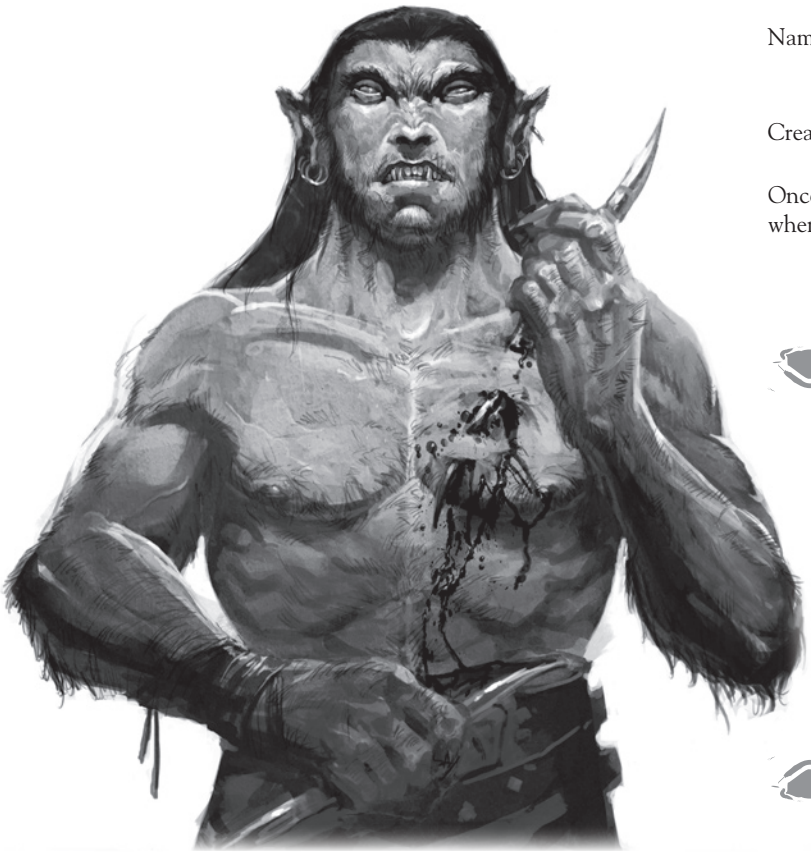
Blood Moon, Gishtahu, the Feasting Killer

The Blood Moon is also called the Hunter's Moon. Traditionally, this refers to the first full moon after the one closest to the autumnal equinox. This auspice peculiarity, however, refers to an instance when the Blood Moon is tinted red and brighter than normal. Multiple cultures hold feasts during such an occurrence. In circles of knowledgeable Forsaken, the Blood Moon means something completely different. Uratha that Change on the Blood Moon are often terrible creatures, cannibals. Some such Forsaken suffer death immediately at the hands of their "merciful" would-be pack.

Rahu of the Blood Moon can claim any Renown but Purity for their affinity, as Luna sees them as martyrs, examples of what a total breach of Purity can be. This comes down to a nature versus nurture situation; it is possible that they behave the way they do because of the stigma forced upon them from their Change. However, their monstrosity is irrefutable; they are far more prone to loss of control than other Rahu.

This auspice *is* viable for players' characters, but note that their impulses make for difficult and antisocial characters. They exhibit brutality and break taboos. One attempting to play such a character should do so hoping to attempt a sympathetic character that struggles with who he is (though, should one hope to play an outright monster, that's fine provided the whole troupe is on board with the idea).

Primary Renown: Any Renown except Purity.



Specialty Skills: Brawl, Intimidation, Survival

Gift Lists: Full Moon, Rage, Strength

Auspice Ability: The Hunger. The rare Gishtahu are possessed of a frightening mixed blessing. When eating the flesh of victims, he gains twice as much Essence. As well, during any turn when the Gishtahu feeds from its victims, he can spend an additional Essence to whatever ends he wishes, on top of whatever his Primal Urge would allow. However, this advantage comes at a terrible price, because gaining the auspice ability *at all* is a Harmony violation.

The Change: Gishtahu hunt for flesh. Upon changing, they attempt to eat the flesh nearest to them. This makes for complications if Forsaken try to mentor them.

Stellar Eclipse, Namm-Dar, the Adaptive

A Stellar Eclipse is a frequent situation, where the Moon obscures a star. However, in more uncommon cases, the result is a brief but brilliant flash as a bright star shortly passes behind the moon, revealing itself moments later. This particular phenomenon results in an odd variant auspice. This happens under each of the five major phases, so the Namm-Dar auspice fully replaces whatever auspice the Forsaken otherwise would have become. Namm-Dar are welcomed as auspicious blessings by Forsaken versed in folk stories. Almost every instance of a stellar moon Uratha includes an epic story.

Uratha set the bar high for every Namm-Dar, expecting them to fill the roles of any auspices unrepresented in a pack. Fortunately, Luna looks kindly upon them and often aids them in their daunting duties. The Namm-Dar embody adaptation and unhesitant willingness. They might not actually be the best, but their reputation comes from their versatility.

Primary Renown: Because of this expected versatility, Namm-Dar can choose any one category of Renown for affinity.

Specialty Skills: Expression, Occult, Politics

Gift Lists: Inspiration, Knowledge, Stellar Moon (See Creating Gifts, below.)

Auspice Ability: Luna's Adaptation. Luna favors the bold. Once per chapter, Namm-Dar receive the benefit of the doubt when in a crisis. A player can choose to reroll one failed roll.

Doubly-Blessed, Doubly-Cursed

Here's an option: consider the blessed pack, which has one werewolf from each auspice present. Now, consider a pack where each werewolf is of a variant auspice, as described here. Yes, they might be renowned for the rarity of who they are and what they might be able to theoretically accomplish, but this also puts big targets on their heads. (It also assures that, with every player controlling a werewolf of an alternate auspice, everybody gets a chance to play in the customization pool.)

The Change: Namm-Dar are auspicious Uratha. Their First Changes are always surrounded by portentous events, but are otherwise very similar to those Uratha changing under similar moons.

Creating Gifts

Here, we detail a few methods and suggestions for creating new Gift lists. These might be Gifts for new unique auspices, or they might just be new Gifts pursued by or awarded to the players' characters. In theory, an infinite number of Gifts can exist, those published represent the most common and widely known.

What this section is not is a hard and authoritative list of rules for any and all Gift creation. Always keep in mind what would and would not fit in your game.

Where Did It Come From?

When creating a Gift, the first question you should ask is, "Where did it come from?" Truly new Gifts are very rare; most have been around for quite some time. If the list is rare, why has it been hidden away?

If the Gifts are restricted to a specific, rare character type, such as a unique auspice, this question answers itself. However, if the list is an open list that any Uratha could theoretically learn, consider this. Is the Gift so very specific in focus that most Uratha would not bother learning it? For instance, a Gift list that creates and manipulates light might not be seen as that useful to Uratha living in the modern era where one has to search hard to find a place with no artificial light. A highly specialized Gift list might not be worth the effort, as certain other Gifts might be able to emulate the desired effects. For example, a Gift list that helps with jumping abilities might be a bit too specialized; Uratha wishing to jump higher may just learn the Strength Gift Mighty Bound instead.

Theme

Behind every Gift list is a general theme. A Gift list that strays too far from theme is likely too scattered to be a Gift list. However, a Gift list that is too specific runs the risk of being over-specialized and not particularly functional. A single Gift that allows an Uratha to see emotion could be very useful, but it is probably not a very useful theme for an entire Gift list.

The theme of a Gift list can also help determine the source. Typically, spirits that logically know them teaches Gifts. Bear spirits could teach strength Gifts, Technology Gifts might be taught by a spirit of urban development. Keep this source in mind, as spirits must teach Gifts, Forsaken cannot just trade them amongst one another. Also, watch out for overlapping Gifts.

Powers

Once the theme is settled, the next step is to create a list of powers. Typically, the first Gift in the list is the weakest, but it is often versatile or at least very iconic of the list's theme. A good example is the Technology Gift list's first power, Left-Handed Spanner. It causes a haywire. This is not earth shattering, but could be very useful. In addition, it most certainly displays the general theme of the Gift list. The fifth power is an extreme example of the Gift list's purpose. For example, the Weather Gift at fifth level allows an Uratha to strike a foe down with lightning. Powers between tend to have more specific, more far-reaching extensions of the theme.

As a rule of thumb, if the theme cannot support more than two or three powers easily, you may consider instead designing a Ritual to serve the same function.

Mechanics

Having chosen the five powers, the next step is to work out the specific game mechanics. Below are a number of considerations.

- Does the Gift require a cost? Most Gifts require Essence to activate; some more powerful require Willpower expenditures. Only very specific, relatively weak Gifts require no activation cost.
- Does the Gift require a dice pool? Gift dice pools are usually an Attribute + Skill + Renown, and very rarely does only one category of Renown apply to all powers in the list. If the power targets other characters, is the roll resisted or contested? Typically, powers based on Mental Attributes are resisted with Resolve, contested with Resolve + Primal Urge, Social powers similarly using Composure and Physical using Stamina.
- What effect does success have? Does the number of successes influence the degree of effect (i.e. increasing duration or damage done), or is the roll all-or-nothing
- How long does the power last? Most powers last only for the scene or the turn activated. Rare is the power that lasts indefinitely.
- Does the Gift cause damage directly? Typically, Gifts causing lethal damage are at least level two; attacks that cause aggravated damage are level four or five. If the Gift causes aggravated damage, how does this relate to Harmony?

Stellar Moon Gifts

The Stellar Moon Gifts are offered as an example of a new Gift list, made to accommodate the new Stellar Moon auspice in the previous section.

These Gifts are the unique blessing of Uratha Changed under a Stellar Eclipse. Due to their legendarily implied societal roles, their packs sometimes force them into positions they're otherwise incapable of filling. These Gifts help alleviate that, allowing them to adapt and succeed where otherwise they would be unable. Nammunim, a rare choir of Lunes, teaches these Gifts to the Stellar Moon Uratha.

These Gifts are not rolled as traditional Gifts are. They are considered successful when activated. Each of these Gifts can only be activated once per scene.

Adaptation (•)

The basic art of the Nammunim gives the Namm-Dar a flash of insight where otherwise there would be none. A squeamish computer programmer could improvise basic first aid, having no real experience with medicine. This spark of brilliance is very brief, and affords no long-term knowledge.

Note that this Gift does not allow for exhibitions of rare or obscure knowledge, the ability offered is purely Skill-related. A computer-illiterate Namm-Dar might be able to find a security glitch if presented with compiled code, but an hour later if a packmate asked her to explain what she pointed out; she would be at a loss for words.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

Upon activation, the Uratha chooses one Skill in which he has no dots. For the scope of a single roll, dice pools using that Skill suffer no penalty for being unskilled.

Focus (••)

Sometimes, basic skill is not enough. A nurse is no surgeon; a baseball player is not a swimmer. With this blessing, an Uratha of the stellar moon can draw upon the specific knowledge of a field, enabling greater success in what may have otherwise been a mundane skill. Upon expending the Essence to fuel the Gift, the Uratha finds himself far more capable in one field, inspired and competent.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

When activating this power, the Forsaken chooses one Skill Specialty. For the remainder of the scene, he has that Specialty. This works best on Physical and Social Skills, as it never confers knowledge the character would otherwise not have. This "phantom Specialty" cannot be used in conjunction with any other Specialties.

Optimal Conditions (•••)

Often, the difference between victory and loss is the difference between desirable and poor conditions. Typically, one does not choose conditions, but with this Gift, their negative impact can be overlooked.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

When the Forsaken activates this power, choose one Skill. For the remainder of the scene, no environmental or situational penalties apply to use of that Skill.

Dedication (••••)

The most successful actions are those taken with passion and drive. Sometimes, willingness and desire make or break an attempt. With this blessing, the Namm-Dar acts with that devotion consistently, without the true intense personal investment.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

Upon activating this power, the Forsaken chooses one Skill. For the scene, all rolls with that Skill gain the +3 bonus as if Willpower was spent on the roll, but no Willpower need be spent. Willpower cannot be spent to further bolster these rolls.

Mastery (•••••)

When the best take action, the world takes notice. A true virtuoso moves crowds, inspires cultures, and awes the competition. The Namm-Dar awarded with this pinnacle blessing can tap into that level of excellence temporarily. She can crack a safe with a ball-point pen or sing a song that brings her listeners to tears. For better or for worse, the degree of acumen this Gift grants never goes unnoticed. When a kid from the suburbs does a perfect Paganini, people ask questions. The Uratha had best be careful in her use of this Gift, lest she draw unwanted attention.

Cost: 1 Essence and 1 Willpower

Action: Instant

At this level of blessing, the Gift user spends a point of Willpower and a point of Essence and chooses one Skill. For the remainder of that scene, use of that Skill is a rote action (see **World of Darkness**, p134). This power is useable only once per day.

Using Luna in Your Chronicle

As a Storyteller, Luna is at your disposal as one of the most powerful and iconic in-game tools in your kit. In most chronicles, as an entity, she should never directly enter the equation. However, characters feel her influence on a number of levels without overt influence and obvious action. Lunes are a tangible device to interject into a chronicle. Mythology and folklore assist in fleshing out the animistic side of the setting. Ultimately, Luna should be a source of mystery and wonder, she is not just another spirit or a Deus Ex Machina.

Luna is an opportunity for a Storyteller to challenge players. Luna is what makes a Forsaken a Forsaken, and not just the werewolves of myth and legend. She separates Forsaken from Pure. She presents an uncertain truth to existence and a shaky legitimacy to the creation myth most Uratha share. Luna exists between the hours when Helios lays down for sleep, until he arises new. She stands strong during the time when humans are instinctively afraid, when they look over their shoulders for unseen threats. This fear is rational. The night is dark, and in the absence of sight, most humans have only their imaginations to draw from. Luna is a goddess to the Forsaken, but she is not a benevolent, universally loving god. She is not the humanist god of so many monotheistic traditions in which Western people are so familiar. Luna is the unknown; Luna is fear, chaos, and change. Why then should she behave like she is not?

This section addresses ways to use Luna in your chronicle. This is first achieved by addressing Lunes, then by using human mythology and folklore in your chronicle. Using humanity as a grounding point will help to tell visceral, powerful stories.

Lunes

Throughout history, humankind has attached itself to whatever physical manifestations of divinity it possibly could. One could argue that its part of human nature to find the flesh that represents the holy, and worship it in kind. Why should Forsaken be any different? Luna presents the Forsaken with direct avatars. Lunes are a powerful device for Storytelling, as they add this form of direct connection to an otherwise ethereal deity. Lunes give validity to the Uratha's story of creation, turning it less into a creation myth, and more into a palpable part of their history.

The most important thing to note about Lunes is that expectations should never be completely correct. Luna is an alien being; Forsaken should never be able to understand her fully. Her avatars should work in mysterious ways; a Storyteller should not feel obliged to explain their motivations or methods. The existence of the Lunes alone calls into question any conflicted stories Uratha may have about their existence, which is powerful enough a device without having Luna effectively on speed dial.

Do not hesitate to give personality to Lunes. While being mindful of the auspice the Lune represents, one can stretch the boundaries of what that auspice may mean in relation to the spirit. Under a Cahalith moon, a Lune may appear to be speaking out of time; it may speak statements appropriate to the conversation five minutes ago, or in regards to what may be happening tomorrow. It may appear prophetic or insane, but never consistent. If fueled by the Irraka moon, a Lune may refuse physical appearance, existing only as sound darting from one

place or another. Be creative. The moon is the source of creativity and inspiration in a number of cultures, run with it.

Lunes as Divinity

In most human religions, divinity requires agents for translation and message carrying. Luna need not be different. Lunes act as her voice and sometimes hand. Lunes can be the mysterious pseudo-priesthood, or even demigod figures.

The goal is to keep Lunes accessible, while giving them an air of the mysterious. Luna may have a message to deliver to the Forsaken through Lunes. That message is never, "You need to be at the north Central Park pond tomorrow night." Messages are vague and cryptic: "The moonlight slices down on the orchids, guarded from the filth of the black water. You will see the target in the esplanade, axial to the island's development. Then, you will have pleased the Mother." Characters should be a little confused — that's the nature of a cryptic cipher. But, they should also be afforded the chance to discuss it and solve the spirit riddles.

Lune Totems

It's well-known what happens when a Lune becomes a pack totem: the Forsaken involved go insane. What isn't well-known is what Forsaken do when confronted with the situation. How does a pack react to an otherwise friendly pack that has broken a rarely encountered taboo? What if the pack seems completely innocent? Do other packs come down on them regardless?

Rumors lurk about; a pack claiming a neighboring territory has taken a Lune as a totem. Said neighbors have always done well to keep to themselves, is it worth investigating? Do they represent a threat? Investigated, it turns out the rumors are substantiated. A Lune has accepted the pack for its patronage. Unknown then is that the Lune itself is corrupted; another spirit has infected it. The hybrid creature has directed its pack to lay low, to build power. It plans an eventual takeover of many nearby loci. Do the players' characters handle this issue through diplomacy, through violence, or do they ignore it and hope it goes away?

Auspice Challenges

Included in this chapter are a number of challenges tailor made to fit each of the five auspices. They are specifically designed to be used over the course of an ongoing chronicle, dropped into the story to test the characters when the opportunity for their inclusion presents themselves. They do not, however, provide a single coherent narrative. They are but the side dishes to the main course that is your chronicle.



The Challenges

The Last Stand (p. 203) pits a Rahu against an overwhelming foe. Can he overcome the swarming enemy? Will he even fight to live another day? Who will pay the price for his decisions?

Point of Purity (p. 204) forces a Rahu to make a choice: to take the easy road and sate her rage or to cling to Mother Luna's dictates.

The Omen Grinder (p. 205) poses a frightening threat to any Cahalith. What manner of creature might haunt dreams? What would an Uratha do to overcome it?

Our Fallen Brothers (p. 207) cannot be honored when the most cherished and sacred of rites, the Funeral Rite, is corrupted. Will the Cahalith twist the rite to her own ends or refuse to dishonor the fallen?

Questions of Honor (p. 209) are raised when a character accuses an Elodoth of dishonorable behavior — before challenging him to a duel. Can the character reclaim his honor?

A Night of Light and Shadow (p. 211) presents a mystery. Two packs approach the Elodoth after a bloody confrontation broke out between two of their members. Can the character bring resolution to this feud, or will it turn deadly?

The Lonely Road (p. 213) exists in the Shadow, in the wilderness, even in the recesses of an Ithaeur's own mind. This challenge presents guidelines for presenting a shaman's vision quest.

The Witches' Gather (p. 215) to assist an elder Ithaeur perform a dread rite. Can the character pull her weight, or will an ancient spirit of murder rise from the hard ground?

Quelling the Herd (p. 218) posits the existence of a reporter ready to blow the whistle on Uratha society. It's up to an Irraka to fix the damage. How much does Alicia Regan know? Can she be stopped? Given the story that she's already published, will simply killing her only lend credence to her writings?

The Con (p. 220) begins with an elder approaching an Irraka with a proposition: if the character retrieves a powerful artifact from one of the oldest packs in the region, the elder will sing praises of her Cunning to the spirits. There's one twist, however; to keep the wronged pack from coming after her, the Irraka needs to make them think another pack did the deed.

About the Storytelling Adventure System

If this is your first Storytelling Adventure System (SAS) product, you've chosen a fine place to start. To keep this story kit lean and focused, though, we haven't included a lot of the core premises and Storyteller suggestions that are at the heart of the SAS. Whether you're a new Storyteller or an old hand, be sure to read the *free SAS Guide*, found at the SAS website:

www.white-wolf.com/sas

Theme

Luna's expectations of the Uratha take center stage in each of these stories. There's always an easy way out, but rarely is the easy way the *right* way. These challenges serve as tests for the People, and the characters can fail them, even if they *solve* the problems presented.

Mood

These scenes present a sense of *auspiciousness*. Luna seems to take a perverse pleasure in forcing her children into situations that test their mettle. The warlike Rahu must always retain their Purity while the Elodoth, so capable of seeing every angle of a situation, must maintain Honor. Are members of these auspices drawn to such situations, or is Mother Luna behind the scenes, pulling their strings?

Chapters in Your Chronicle

The challenges presented here work best as short stories in your larger chronicle. Each presents a single decision or conflict that must be navigated by the character. These decisions will help the players understand their characters better, allowing them to look back at the decisions they made to uncover just what motivates them.

Stories by Themselves

These challenges are too short to serve well as individual stories, though they can certainly be expanded to do so. An ambitious Storyteller might even thread the challenges presented here together into a single long narrative. Doing so will require the Storyteller to find a theme that runs through the story that she wants to bring to the forefront, otherwise the story may come out fractured and confusing. The Storyteller may also wish to expand the challenges to involve more than just one or two of the characters each, or she will find most of the players bored at the table most of the time.

Setup

While most of these stories require very little in the way of set-up, a few require that the Storyteller fill slots in the cast with characters from their chronicle or establish the motivations behind the Storyteller characters. A Storyteller interested in using these challenges is best served by familiarizing himself with them, sketching out a few ideas for which characters from his own chronicle to use when necessary, and then keeping an eye open on the story for the best time in which to drop these challenges. Used in this manner, these challenges can offer an interesting new dimension to any story, fitting seamlessly with what you have created on your own.



The Cast

Some of the stories below assume that the Storyteller uses the characters throughout this book or the denizens of her own chronicle. A few characters are specific to these stories, however, and they appear here.

The Omen Grinder: Maskiku

Quotes: *(Intimidation) <a low, rattling hiss, the sound of claws being dragged across metal, and a distant scream>*

(Persuasion) "Leave me be, wolf-child, and I will plague your enemies."

Background: The Omen Grinder does not think in terms of *then*. The past has no meaning and the future is but the vague promise of more of the same. Luckily for Maskiku, that means more slouching in the dark corners of dreams and chewing on the edges, which is precisely what it desires. The creature exists in the now, with little to no concern for its past.

Maskiku recognizes that it is incredibly old, that it nibbled on the first dreams of the first dreamers, but that others hunted it for its crimes, and trapped it in a realm with no minds and no dreams. Half a century ago, the dreams of mankind reached out to *it*, to its prison, freeing it to return from its long banishment. Now it has focused its predations on the descendents of the creature that imprisoned it so long ago: the Uratha.

Description: The Omen Grinder has no constant form. Instead it adapts itself to whatever dream it has invaded. It often takes on a form that is predatory in nature, whether that of a vicious woodland wolf, a hazy cloud of mosquitoes or even an avaricious, crisp-suited banker. It occasionally adopts the form of accepted dream monsters such as the mare, the hag, or the succubus or incubus, especially if the dreamer seems inclined to fantasize about such entities anyway. Oddly, Maskiku won't (or perhaps can't) take the form of or claim to be Father Wolf or Mother Luna.

Storytelling Hints: While Maskiku has a rudimentary ability to communicate in the First Tongue, its mind is an almost solely instinctual construct. Hunt, feed, rest, repeat. Its primary imperative is survival, and it will do whatever is necessary to do so. The Omen Grinder communicates in a manner more-or-less appropriate to its chosen form. (The above-mentioned banker will simply speak, while the cloud of mosquitoes may form words in the air or buzz out a halting speech.) Maskiku can easily adopt frightening forms in order to intimidate its enemies and will not hesitate to do so.

Name: Maskiku
Concept: Omen Grinder
Rank: 4
Attributes: Power 8, Finesse 12, Resistance 6
Corpus: 0 (see Willpower)
Willpower: 14
Essence: 50 (max)
Size: N/A
Speed: N/A
Defense: 12
Initiative: 18
Armor: 6
Influence: Dreams ••••

Numina: Dream Eating, Harrow, the Nightly Dance, Shapeshifting

Ban: The Omen Grinder cannot exist outside of dreams. While it has a limited ability to travel between dreamers (see below), this weakness can be used to trap it in a single mind. If Maskiku were somehow torn from the realm of dreams, it would become a weak and flailing thing, its Attributes reduced to 1.

Notes: Maskiku is a non-physical entity and cannot be harmed through normal combat. It can be fought in dreams, however. The following changes apply to dream combat:

- **Attack:** Highest of Intelligence, Strength or Presence + Combat Skill of choice. Maskiku uses Power + Finesse.
- **Defense:** Highest of Wits, Dexterity or Manipulation. Maskiku uses Finesse.
- **Armor:** Equal to highest of Resolve, Stamina or Composure. Maskiku uses Resistance.
- **Health:** Willpower.

If the Omen Grinder is reduced to zero Willpower it loses the mental fortitude necessary for cohesion and ceases to be. If the character is reduced to zero Willpower, she immediately awakens (devoid of Willpower). A character that regularly falls in dream combat to Maskiku may develop a derangement.

Supernatural Powers

- **Dream Control:** Maskiku becomes master of a sleeper's dreams, controlling each aspect of them as a director does a film. This necessitates an instant action and a successful Power + Finesse roll.

• **Dream Eating:** After hijacking a sleeper's dreams with Dream Control, the Omen Grinder can consume the dream to regain Essence. It rolls Power minus the subject's Composure. If the Omen Grinder succeeds, it immediately regains one Essence per success; furthermore, the victim gains no Willpower for having rested. While the roll is an instant action, Maskiku requires three hours to fully absorb and digest a dream (during which time it must remain in the dream being consumed). The entity may eat a single sleeper's dreams only once per night. The ability to change dreamstuff into Essence seems to be unique to Maskiku.

• **The Nightly Dance:** Maskiku can, as an instant action, spend one Essence to leave one sleeper's dreams and travel to the dreams of another sleeper within two miles. If no other dreamer is available, the Omen Grinder is trapped.

• **Shapeshifting:** Maskiku changes its form as an instant action by spending one Essence and rolling Power + Finesse. This change may grant bonuses on rolls appropriate to the change. Maskiku may, for example, change into a being of angelic beauty, effectively gaining a bonus to all Social rolls; conversely, it may shift into a terrible monstrosity with ragged claws, gaining a bonus to attack rolls. This bonus is equal to the number of successes rolled on the Shapeshifting roll.

What is This Thing?

The Uratha that have had the misfortune of being haunted by Maskiku only know three things for sure: that it claims to be incredibly old, that it can reap Essence from the slumber of the Uratha, and that it boasts great power. Unlike normal spirits, however, which are defined by the Aspect of the world they reflect, Maskiku seems defined by a lack of such stasis.

While the Storyteller is encouraged to define the Omen Grinder's background for herself, this chapter assumes that it is one of the formless *idigam* (p. 37, **Werewolf: The Forsaken**). Maskiku has tied itself to dreams, exposing itself to attack through dreams. Its ability to consume dreams for Essence (and massive Essence pool) and its shapeshifting prowess are functions of its nature. The Storyteller needs no further information than that provided here to use Maskiku in a story, but those with an interest in the *idigam* can find a wealth of information on these most alien of spirits in **Night Horrors: Wolfsbane**.

That Which Slumbers: Uspur

Quotes: <*a wet, inchoate hiss, like a torch being doused in blood*>

Background: Long ago, when life was hard and fields of hard-packed ice stretched from horizon to horizon, a woman gave birth to a baby heir to her clan's leadership. Yet even when the child had been wrapped in furs and taken to his father, the woman didn't stop bleeding. When told, the chief commanded that his wife be left behind. The savage world left no room for weakness. The woman's dying grief, resentment and pain gave birth to a being without flesh. It traveled, stalking the clan, and one night fell upon it, killing one of its members. Each month during the Sickle Moon, it would come again, slowly culling the herd. When that clan finally fell apart, the spirit followed the boy to a new group, to begin anew.

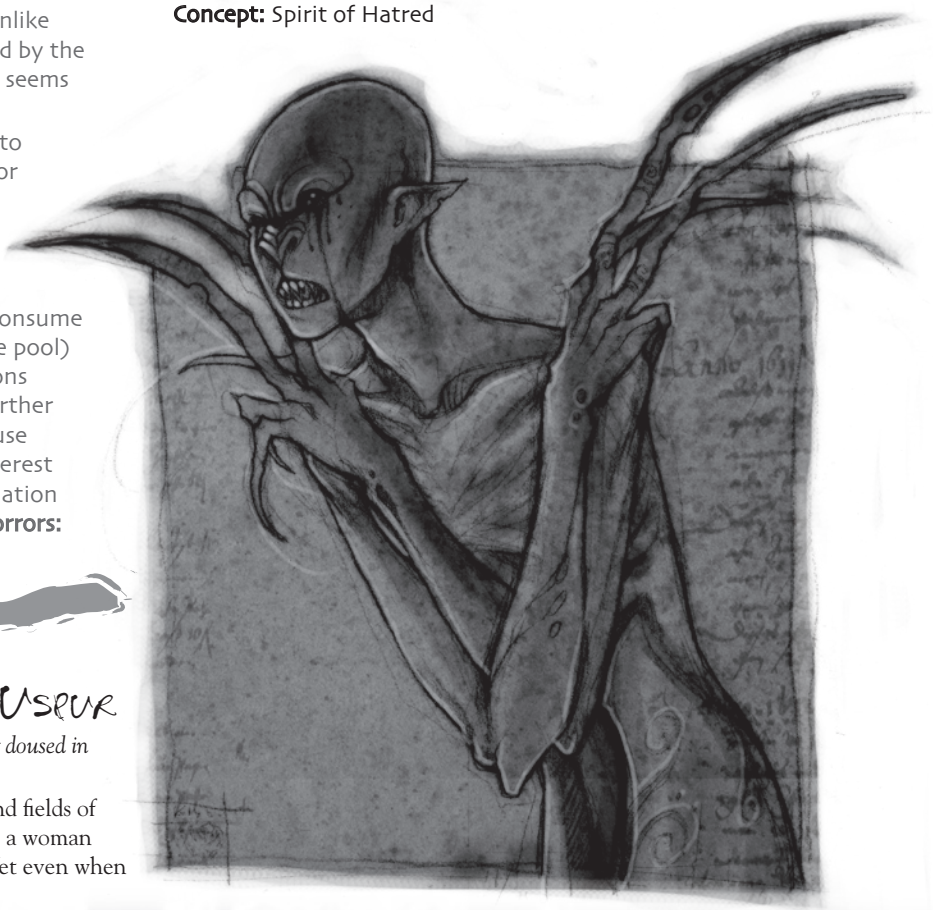
Unfortunately for it, the new clan included a cadre of Iron Master sages. These wizened Uratha constructed a prison for the spirit, divined its name, summoned it, and bound it to the Earth. Every one hundred and one years, they knew, they would have to return to bind it again, and so they passed on the secret rites to their heirs. Those rites have survived to this night.

Description: A tall, lanky, monstrosity with skin the pinkish-gray color of spoiled ground beef, Uspur's hairless body lopes forward as if always chasing something. Its red eyes occasionally brim over, streaming tears of blood to the corners of its flat face. The spirit's skeletal arms are slightly longer than its body, and it keeps them crossed over its chest (giving it a bat like appearance) or extended before it (as if reaching for its next victim). Its voice is a low, malicious hiss, giving the few words it speaks the quality of a whispered threat.

Storytelling Hints: Uspur is a woman's dying hatred and whispered curses given form. During its time active it evolved into a spirit of spite, malice and murder. These things are all it knows. While Uspur may be willing to make a deal, it will only do so to preserve its existence or come closer to fulfilling its murderous agenda.

Name: Uspur

Concept: Spirit of Hatred



Rank: 3
Attributes: Power 6, Finesse 5, Resistance 7
Health: 12
Willpower: 13
Essence: 20 (max)
Size: 5
Speed: 21
Defense: 6
Initiative: 12
Influences: Anger •••

Numina: Blast (steaming mixture of boiling blood and freezing wind), Chorus, Claim, Gauntlet Breach, Harrow, Savage Rending (as per the Gift, p. 115, **Werewolf: The Forsaken**)

Ban: Those who wear the accoutrements of the honored dead, such as a death mask, significantly weaken Uspur. The item must be something that can be worn and constructed to honor the dead. Something taken from the dead doesn't count (so, for example, a death mask works, but a suit taken from a corpse does not). Uspur's Numina automatically fail against a character in such raiment, and its Defense falls to one for the purposes of attacks made by that specific character.

Alicia Regan



Quotes: *(Persuasion) "Of course this is off the record."*
(Intimidation) "Stay back! I have a gun! I have friends in the police!"

Virtue: Fortitude. Alicia has never liked the idea of backing down from a challenge. If she were the type to give up, she would never have hauled herself up from the poorest neighborhoods in the city to her job as a respected reporter.

Vice: Pride. Her ego drives her forward, even when any sensible person would have given up. Even when she knows she should turn back, her need to prove her ideas right pushes her on.

Background: Born one of three children to a mother who shared a small apartment with her two brothers and their families, Alicia had a hard time forging a place of her own in the world. The public library became a haven from the madness of her home life, and her attraction to it helped her excel in school. While the other kids were getting involved in crime, she actually did her homework. The effort paid off and she was able to attend the state university on a scholarship. She majored in journalism, interned at the local paper, and eventually got a job covering crime, a job that takes her back to her old stomping grounds more often than she cares for.

About a year ago, Alicia was writing up a story on a group of gangbangers who had been severely hurt in an animal attack. Her editor wanted her to frame the story as Mother Nature fighting back against the corruption on their streets, but Alicia found too many loose ends to rest easy, even after the story went to press. The testimony of the boys involved had been too fragmented, too confused, and the things they described… well, they didn't sound like any animal she'd ever heard of. Since then, Alicia's kept a careful eye on the violent crimes in the region, slowly putting together a picture that scares the hell out of her. It's gotten to be too heavy a burden for her own shoulders, so she plans to share her findings with the world.

Description: A woman in her late twenties, Alicia's skin is the same dark color as diner coffee, and her hair falls in thick curls about her round face. She has a matronly frame that immediately puts people at ease, and a voice that can be cool and comforting one moment and hard as stone the next. Alicia dresses professionally at all times, as if one small tear in the fabric of her persona might bring her whole life crashing down around her.

Storytelling Hints: Alicia is a driven woman: driven by her pride, her need to prove herself, and her fear, both of what lurks in the darkness and what will result if she ever fails. Though her professional situation rests on solid foundations, she secretly fears that the whole thing is far more fragile than it appears, and one false move will send the whole thing crashing to the ground. Yet those insecurities pale in the face of the fear she has of what she's uncovered over the last year. As scared as she might be of losing her job, she is more frightened of what might happen if she doesn't expose the monsters to the world before they find out just how much she knows.

Name: Alicia Regan
Concept: Reporter
Virtue: Fortitude
Vice: Pride
Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 2, Resolve 3, Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3, Presence 2, Manipulation 3, Composure 3
Skills: Academics (Law) 2, Computer 1, Craft 1, Investigation (Reporting) 3, Medicine 1, Occult 2, Politics 2, Science 1, Athletics (Running) 2, Drive 1, Firearms 1, Larceny 1, Animal Ken 1, Empathy (Sense Motives) 2, Expression (Journalism) 2, Intimidation 1, Persuasion 2, Socialize 1, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 2
Merits: Allies (Media) 3, Contacts (Police, Underworld, Gangs) 3, Danger Sense 2, Encyclopedic Knowledge 4, Fame 1, Fleet of Foot 2, Resources 2, Status (Newspaper) 2
Health: 8

Willpower: 5
Morality: 7
Size: 5
Speed: 11
Defense: 2
Initiative: 5
Weapons/Attacks:

Type	*Damage*	*Range*	*Dice Pool*	*Special*
Glock 9mm	2(L)	20/40/80	5	—

Beshilu Swarm

Quote: <*a cacophony of mad chittering*>

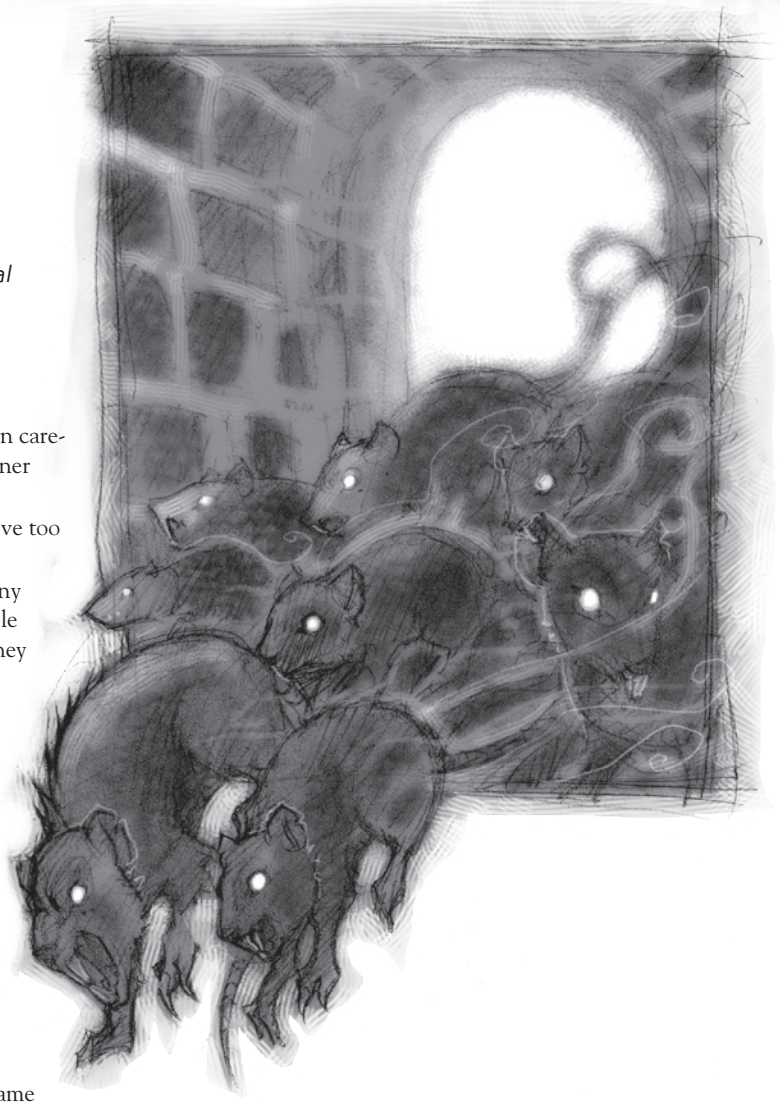
Virtue: Prudence. The Rat Hosts toe the line between careful and cowardly. If the tide turns against them, they'd sooner flee than face destruction.

Vice: Gluttony. But the feast of Uratha flesh may prove too damn tempting to overcome.

Background: These pathetic creatures have only a tiny fraction of the Plague King within them, making them little more than common rats. As a ravenous horde, however, they can be quite dangerous.

Description: A slick, pulsating mass of vermin, these creatures' eyes flash golden in the smallest sliver of light, punctuating the darkness like an endless sky of twin stars. They flow like water, crawling upon one another as they crash upon everything before them like a wave.

Storytelling Hints: They're a mass of insane spirit rats with limited self-awareness. They'll defend their slave drivers to the death — or until the slave drivers are dead, at which point they'll scatter, melting away into the darkness.



Scenes

The challenges begin here and are presented in the same order as they are in **The Challenges**, above. Each challenge includes an Overview of the scene, specific Descriptions, examples of Actions the characters might take, and the Consequences thereof. Furthermore, each scene includes Variations on the Theme, advice for changing the scene to fit any chronicle.

Swarm Tactics

The character sheet below provides the stats for an individual Beshilu, but in this challenge these creatures attack in a massive swarm. To keep bookkeeping simple, use the following swarm rules:

The Beshilu swarm has a natural radius of 10 yards. However, the small confines of the sewer force them into a more compact swarm of 2 yards. The swarm's bites inflict three dice of bashing damage per turn to every enemy within the swarm's radius. (The damage drops to 1 die of damage per turn if they're able to spread out to their natural radius, but rises to 4 dice of damage per turn if they funnel into the sewer tunnels, in which case the characters are literally wading waist-deep in rats.) Characters do not benefit from Defense against this roll, and Armor does not protect characters from the swarm unless it covers the entire body (even then, its effective value is halved against the swarm).

The writhing mass of rats is extremely distracting, levying a –2 to all Perception and concentration rolls made by characters within the swarm (even those not being attacked). The swarm can only be effectively attacked by attacks that affect an area, such as fire. Such attacks halve the size of the swarm when attacked (reducing the damage by 1 die). Five successful attacks are necessary to disperse the Beshilu swarm presented here.

The Last Stand (Rahu)

Mental ••• Physical ••••• Social •••

Overview

A general must know when to stand her ground and when to retreat. Werewolves must always be prepared for the possibility of assault by overwhelming odds. This challenge provides guidelines for just such a scene.

In this scene, the characters have descended into a sewer in search of a nest of Beshilu. What they find is a massive colony of the slavering creatures. It falls to the Rahu to get his pack out alive… or to die fighting.

Description

The sewer smells even worse here, a thick, fetid miasma that clogs your nostrils and burns your lungs. A slight tingling along your skin alerts you to the thinness of the Gauntlet here; you must be close. As you feel something semi-solid brush past your legs you hear a chittering in the distance. Your ears instinctively attempt to hone in on the sound, to establish just where it's coming from. Your stomach tightens as you realize that the sound of teeth and claws on stone approaches your ears from every direction. You feel the blaze of Luna's glory within your heart as it pumps adrenaline to your extremities. This is your moment.

The characters have about thirty seconds to decide what they are going to do (tell them so) before a veritable swarm of Beshilu comes pouring out of the pipes. The Beshilu colony vastly outnumbers the characters and is made up of at least one Sewer Slave-Driver (p. 242, **Werewolf: The Forsaken**) per character and a swarm of lesser Rat Hosts (see Beshilu Swarm, opposite).

An undulating wave of slick fur pours forth from the pipes, slipping into the water with the sound of a torrential downpour. Hundreds of beady golden eyes reflect the light. You feel the small forms slip past your ankles, their long tails whipping against you in the sewage. The mass splits long enough for a form to rise from it. At least as tall as your shoulders, the massive bipedal Beshilu's fur is caked in sludge that runs from it in rivulets, dropping chunks of unidentifiable matter into the muck. The creature's lips curl back as it hisses.

The characters begin in a cistern large enough for close-quarters combat (no more than 10 square yards). The tunnels branching off from the cistern are narrow, perhaps only a yard wide, and the nearest exit to the surface is at least a hundred yards away. (Small pipes and ducts off of these tunnels are too small for characters to fit into, even in wolf form, but may present opportunities to clever and enterprising characters.) The thick muck on the floor halves the Speed of the characters (but doesn't seem to hinder the Beshilu). Worse yet, only two of the tunnels lead to exits (and one requires wading through the Beshilu swarm) while the other tunnels lead the characters deeper into the sewers. Luckily for the characters, the slave-masters can't get around them in the narrow tunnels. The swarm, however, can.

The characters, especially the Rahu, must think quickly and use every advantage they have to survive, much less win the day.

Storyteller Goals

Present the character with a threat of overwhelming odds. Make it harrowing, but not so hard that the characters have no chance of survival. Do not punish them for running. Discretion may, in this case, be the better part of valor.

Character Goals

Survive. Take a bastard or two down if they can.

Actions

A fight against overwhelming odds does not necessitate that only the characters' pack be present. If other packs or groups are in the scene, it might be up to the Rahu to take command of the situation.

Taking Command

Dice Pool: Presence + Persuasion

Action: Instant

The reek of the sewers and the approaching rats becomes almost overwhelming, but you know what must be done. You have only moments to make the command that will damn or save your pack.

Hindrances: Each discreet friendly group, pack or unit on the field (–1 each), characters being commanded have more Renown (–1 *and* –1 per difference in primary Renown) massive size of groups being commanded (–2 to –5)

Help: The character has experience leading *these* groups (+1 to +3 *or* +1 per dot in appropriate Status), character has experience leading groups of similar size (+2), communication devices such as walkie-talkies or hand radios (+3)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The force routs, and each group bolts, looking to take care of itself.

Failure: The character's orders are ignored.

Success: The character successfully commands one group to perform one action or the entire gathered force to perform a single unified action.

Exceptional Success: The character can successfully command two groups to perform two different actions.

Consequences

This challenge can end with the utter destruction of a pack, so it should be used with care. If the Storyteller is willing to let the pack die heroically, this may be best suited for the end of a story or chronicle, the very height of a climax. If not, then the Storyteller should have an escape route ready for the characters (this may be as simple as allowing the pack to break apart and successfully run for their lives with nothing worse than a few scars and broken bones to show for their defeat). If the Rahu's decisions lead to the failure, she should be held responsible, either by being maimed or killed, by losing respect (and Renown) among the People, or losing an important Mentor or Ally.

Conversely, if the character overcomes the challenge, either by successfully leading her pack's retreat or even by leading her pack to victory against overwhelming odds, she should be rewarded greatly. This would be an excellent justification for Renown. Any Renown might be appropriate, depending on how victory (or retreat) was achieved. While Wisdom, for example, might be appropriate if the Rahu leads his pack to retreat immediately, Glory would not be. A particularly bril-

liant plan on the part of the Rahu (especially one that uses the environment against the Rat Hosts) might pave the way for a raise in Cunning.

Variations on the Theme

While this challenge assumes that Beshilu have surrounded the characters in the rank depths of an urban sewer, the guidelines here can easily be adapted for use in other situations. The characters may have stumbled upon a nest of Azlu, for example, or an army of Pure may be amassed at their borders.

No matter the details of the confrontation, emphasize the desperation, the limited decision time, and the need for strong wartime leadership and the thunderous sounds of an overwhelming foe, and the scene should come alive.

Storytellers with a penchant for foreshadowing might do so in the form of Tomorrow's Battle (p. 184). This Rahu faced a similarly overwhelming situation and used her cunning to come out victorious. A story that features **The Last Stand** might begin with the character meeting Tomorrow's Battle or hearing a tale of her deeds.

Point of Purity (Rahu)

Mental •• Physical • Social ••

Overview

Blood runs hot within the children of Father Wolf, hotter yet in those branded to be Luna's rage-driven warriors. Yet Mother Luna holds the Rahu auspice to a high standard: they are associated with Purity, the adherence to the Oath of the Moon. But in the blood-spattered battlefields of the Forsaken, sometimes one can't cleave as closely to the tenets of Harmony as she might like. Sometimes murdering another werewolf seems the only option. Sometimes it's merely the most appealing.

In this challenge, the character finds a loathed enemy at her mercy — and begging for that very thing. Putting an end to the antagonist once and for all may seem the most simple and rewarding solution, but what price would be paid by her soul?

Description

Werewolves are creatures of high passion, and hatred is as strong a passion as they come. Many (if not most) of the People hate someone, whether mortal, spirit or werewolf. When claw meets claw and fang finds purchase in fur and flesh, when Mother Luna's wrath flows through a warrior's spirit as surely as the burning blood in his veins, how does he cling to Luna's commandments?

Conflict doesn't have to end with the conclusion of a battle. As a character's nemesis rests broken on the cracked concrete, the hard-packed snow or the wet forest floor, how does she treat him who she has overcome? Does she give in to her most base instincts and commit murder, or can she somehow reconcile her duty to her wrathful soul and emotions with her duty to the patron goddess?

This scene can be utilized when the character has defeated a major foe, preferably one against whom the Rahu holds a personal grudge. The foe lay wounded, utterly at the pack's mercy (lost all Health to Lethal damage), completely unable to act save to whisper a plea for clemency from his bloodied lips. With the contradictory passions of Father Wolf and Mother Luna whipping through her body, the Rahu must decide between dedication to Purity or the fulfillment of vendetta.

He coughs, and the tangy scent of blood hangs in the air. A rivulet of the red liquid runs from his torn lips, mingling with dark wetness seeping from his broken nose. His eyes are watery, but they seem to find you, to lock on you, then gaze beyond you. You see reflected in them the cold and distant moon.

"Please," he whispers, "please. I… I give up. Please… have mercy…"

As you stare down on him, you remember everything he has done to you. Every wrong and slight, every insult, and the blood boils inside you, pushing you to lose your inner beast, to lash out and feast on this fallen foe.

But the light of Mother Luna above chills the heat of your beating heart and howling mind. You know that the Oath condemns what your rage demands. And yet, as you look down on his broken frame, you know that you can bring his depredations to an end, once and for all.

"Please."

At this point, what happens is entirely in the hands of the character. She controls the situation. Does she believe it's possible to permanently resolve whatever crisis is at play without killing the foe? Even if she doesn't, can she bring herself to kill someone pleading for pity?

Either way, a decision must be made. The decision not to murder the fallen does not guarantee the foe's survival, either (which might require some quick medical work). The following can be used if the foe dies:

The light goes out of his eyes as his clenched jaw relaxes. A sick smell of urine and feces mixes with the scent of blood hanging in the air. The ground is slick, reflecting the shimmering moonlight. The light offers no judgment, neither condemnation nor vindication. It leaves you alone, at least for now.

Storyteller Goals

Humanize the antagonist. Emphasize what is at stake for the character making the decision. Can she be judge, jury and executioner? Can she carry that burden in her soul? Whatever decision the character makes, ensure that she lives with it. Don't lessen the impact of the scene by ignoring the consequences of the character's decision. Emphasize the tension between Purity and Honor; after all, Honor may demand that the enemy's wrongs be revisited upon him. How does the Rahu feel when an Elodoth presses him towards murder?

Character Goals

Navigate the narrow path between what the beast within commands and the Oath sworn to distant Mother Luna. Make sure that whatever path she chooses, the crisis is resolved.

Actions

The character must decide whether to murder the fallen foe (a simple Killing Blow, p. 168, the **World of Darkness Rulebook**) or allow him to live (likely necessitating a Medicine roll, p. 61, the **World of Darkness Rulebook**). Before doing so, the character may interrogate the antagonist in the hopes of learning whether or not she has any intention of turning over a new leaf if allowed to live.

Reading the Foe's Intentions

Dice Pool: Wits + Empathy – target's Composure (if lying)

Action: Instant. (Given that the foe is dying, she cannot actively contest this roll. Instead, her Composure acts as a penalty if she attempts to lie.)

"Don't," the wounded werewolf mutters, bloody saliva clinging to his teeth and red mucus bubbling from his broken nose.

Hindrances: The foe's face or body has been damaged enough to make reading his intentions difficult (–1 for every two Health Levels lost to lethal damage or one Health Level lost to aggravated damage). Wound Penalties (–1 to –3).

Help: A successful Intimidation roll might grant a bonus die per success (but might also be construed as torture, a Harmony 3 sin). This action can benefit from the Teamwork rules.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The character drastically misinterprets the foe's intentions, possibly clouding her judgment regarding his fate.

Failure: The character can't determine the foe's motives.

Success: The character gets a strong idea of what the character's motives are.

Exceptional Success: As success, plus the character gains a +1 bonus to Manipulation rolls against the foe for the remainder of the scene.

Consequences

If she grants the foe his life, he thanks her profusely in whatever manner is appropriate to the specific character. (Of course, the conflict doesn't end here; the Rahu's packmates may have very different ideas about what should be done with the foe.) This, of course, assumes that she survives; a tense attempt to bandage up a bleeding foe can make for an intense scene, whether or not it ends in the foe's survival.

If the character kills her foe or lets him bleed to death, then he dies, never to be heard from again. While the consequences of the action (retribution from the foe's pack or allies or police investigation into the grisly slaying, for example) should haunt the character for some time to come, resist the temptation to actually bring the character back from the grave in any form (unless, of course, the characters themselves work towards this end). The foe's death should be final, underscoring the permanence of the character's decisions. A Rahu that kills those who beg for his mercy will be hard-pressed to justify increases in the Purity Renown; furthermore, the Ralunim may be less-than-inclined to aid the character in any way (such as providing Gifts).

A Rahu who refrains from slaying a helpless foe may, of course, be eligible for an increase in Purity. Furthermore, a spared foe may become an indispensable ally to the character in appreciation for his continued existence. On the other hand, the decision to spare him may come back to haunt the character as surely as murdering him.

Variations on the Theme

This scene works best if the foe is another werewolf foe. It can, however, be used with a human foe if the Rahu in question is Harmony 6 or higher (in which case the needless murder of a human calls for a roll to resist degeneration).

A character that has fallen below Harmony 3 (and is likely, as a result, no paragon of Purity) will not be as bothered by slaying an enemy as one who has retained balance, but such a character may still benefit from this scene. In that case, the Storyteller can focus the scene less on the weight of the decision and more on how far the character has fallen. Do witnesses stare at her in horror? Do her packmates call for her to hold her attack? How does her totem react?

This scene can be further complicated if letting the downed foe survive would somehow violate the character's tribal vow (a Harmony 7 offense). While the breaking of a tribal vow is less a threat to Harmony than the murder of a werewolf, the former can have social repercussions that the latter might not (if, for example, the fallen foe is one of the Pure).

The Omen Grinder (Cahalith)

Mental ••• Physical • Social •••

Overview

The Cahalith are Mother Luna's dreamers. One of their great powers lies in the dreams granted to them by their celestial patron. But the character has begun to suffer nightmares. Rather than vivid dreams tinged with the madness of the moon, the character experiences draining night horrors that leave her exhausted in body and mind. Has Luna forsaken her, or has some otherworldly terror begun menacing her in her dreams?

Unfortunately for her, it's the latter. The Omen Grinder (p. 199) is an alien entity that subsists off the gossamer stuff of human dreams. It has recently discovered the character and found her Uratha dreams, fueled as they are by the madness of the moon, particularly delicious. This leaves the character feeling exhausted (she ceases to regain Willpower from rest) and may be preventing her from receiving visions from Luna.

As the nights stretch on, the nightmares become worse. Eventually the character must face her dream demons and put an end to the predation or face madness.

Description

A vague shadow lurks at the edge of your peripheral vision. No matter where you look, it seems always just out of sight. Then you notice the fraying… it's as if the very landscape of this dream is fraying at the edges, unweaving and fading into nothingness, which is when the nightmare begins.

This challenge likely begins with increasingly unpleasant dreams narrated to the Cahalith player, possibly over multiple chapters. Eventually the Cahalith comes to be able to divide the outside presence from her own dream, possibly due to her connection to Luna (in which case, the Omen Grinder may be described as limned with a pale lunar light).

Nightmares and dreams offer the Storyteller and player a unique way of exploring the character's ambitions, fears and anxieties. As surreal and dangerous as the Shadow can be, a character's mind multiplies that, allowing for a constantly shifting landscape of glory or horror. Luna's influence on the Cahalith's dreams allows the Storyteller to take it even further, creating dreams so vivid the character should be sure that they are reality.

Like spirits, dreams function on their own mutable logic, which does not make sense to the waking mind. The Storyteller should feel free to free associate, to take the dream in whatever direction she or the player want to, exploring the vistas of the mind. Just keep in mind the horror of an entity with similar control over the course of the story is always lurking, chewing on the fraying edges of the Cahalith's psyche.

The character will likely decide to turn on the creature that plagues her sooner rather than later. The Storyteller has a lot of freedom to make this impossible at first, so long as it doesn't become frustrating for the player; a few near misses or hot pursuits through a ruined dreamscape can keep the action alive without bringing it closer to its conclusion. Eventually, however, a showdown is inevitable.

You see it lurking in the twisted shadows, its eyes the deepest black, its form limned with the silver light of Mother Luna. It slinks towards you, apparently unaware that you have seen it. In your mind you hear a mad chorus of whispering voices speaking a single word in the First Tongue: "Now."

Storyteller Goals

Use dreams as a way to expand on the usual threats to the Forsaken. Bring the character's fears and anxieties into sharp relief. Drive home the fear of losing one's auspice ability.

Character Goals

Figure out what's plaguing her and overcome it.

Actions

Combat with the Omen Grinder, explained on page 199, allows for fantastic and impressive displays of combat ability usually outside of the abilities of the Uratha and the physical laws of the World of Darkness. Furthermore, the Cahalith may borrow from her connection to Luna to manipulate the very environment of her dream with a bone-shattering howl, levying devastating attacks upon her abuser.

Forsaken Dreams

The dreams of the Uratha are not so different from those of their mortal kin, though they tend to be simpler, tinged with an animal instinct that commands even the dreaming mind to run free, to hunt, to mate and to kill. A Forsaken's dreams are intense, emotional and always present *in the moment* (even when dreaming of the past or future). Generally speaking, the dreams of werewolves lack the subtlety of human dreams, with less interest in metaphor than in raw reality. When metaphor does intrude into an Uratha's dreams, it is often the raw metaphor of nature: rain cleanses and redeems, blood represents death and birth, and a cave can be shelter or the embrace of the Mother.

The Cahalith, however, are a major exception to this. Luna's dreamers experience wildly bizarre dreams twisted through the lens of the Shadow and touched with the Mother's lunacy. Metaphors may be twisted or have their usual meaning undermined by context (that rain isn't so baptismal when it turns everything it falls upon into twisted, squirming locusts with unnatural fangs). Cahalith also have a relationship with tradition, history and language that few other werewolves share; as a result their dreams often borrow from these sources.

Variations on the Theme

While the Omen Grinder is presented as a spirit, players with access to the other **World of Darkness** books might take a page from any one of those in determining the Omen's background. Storytellers with access to **Vampire: The Requiem** may paint the Omen Grinder as a member of an obscure bloodline. **Mage: The Awakening** opens up the possibility of astral beings. **Changeling: The Lost** provides rules for numerous creatures that enter and manipulate dreams. **Hunter: The Vigil** provides guidelines for demons, some of which might haunt (or feed on) dreams. A character from **Promethean: The Created** might cause effects that resemble the Omen Grinder given here without even meaning to.

In short, the Omen Grinder allows a lot of room to bend the usual rules and themes of **Werewolf**. Borrowing from the other Storytelling games allows you to twist them even further.

Dream Manipulation

Dice Pool: Wits + Expression + Primal Urge – target's Defense and Armor

Action: Instant

The power of your connection to Mother Luna fills you. The dream seems to become more vibrant, more powerful, and you realize that it's happening at your will.

Hindrances: Omen Grinder has been preying on the Cahalith long enough to have consumed a dream from Luna (–3)

Help: Glory Renown (+1 per dot)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Cahalith fails utterly to take control of her own dream. She may not attempt this attack again during the scene.

Failure: The Cahalith fails to wrest the dream from her assailant.

Success: The Cahalith dictates the contents of the dream for the turn and may inflict a point of Willpower damage against the Omen Grinder per success on the roll.

Exceptional Success: Additional successes are their own reward.

Consequences

The consequences for failing to take on the Omen Grinder are prolonged mental weakness (lack of Willpower) and a loss of what connects a Cahalith to Luna: her dreams. The loss of these two advantages would weaken her significantly in the face of the usual threats to werewolf existence. Even her pack may turn against her if she cannot pull her own weight.

Overcoming the Omen Grinder may help her reconnect with Luna, that she might cherish that connection all the more. This may lead to an increase in the Purity or Glory Renowns.

On the other hand, the character may simply drive the Omen Grinder out or even strike a deal with it, sending it to harass one of her enemies. In this case, the Omen Grinder remains out there, possibly preying on those the Cahalith cares about.



Our Fallen Brothers (Cahalith)

Mental ••• Physical — Social ••••

Overview

The People respect the spoken word. Theirs is a culture of oral histories, tales of personal valor, boasts, vows and, of course, Renown. The Cahalith takes on the mantle of historian and lore master, a role that, in the violent world of the People requires that she be part combat journalist, part poet, and part priest.

One of the most important roles of the Cahalith is that of speaker for the dead. The Uratha steel themselves against their nigh-inevitable destruction with the knowledge that they will be remembered, that their deeds will be praised. One may not die tonight or tomorrow, but eventually he will get older, will weaken, or will simply take on an opponent that he can't best; but he will continue to strive, even unto death, because he *knows* that a Cahalith will howl his name to the moon.

In **Our Fallen Brothers**, the character finds herself tasked with performing the Funeral Rite (p. 149, **Werewolf: The Forsaken**). Perhaps one of her packmates died during their most recent clash with the pack's enemies; perhaps a werewolf of another pack died in a larger battle in which the character was somehow involved. Either way, an Uratha died and the character was there to witness it.

Description

Leading the fractious (and often judgmental) Uratha community in a rite to honor the fallen is a difficult proposition on its own. Unfortunately for the character, Mother Luna seems set to challenge her with an additional complication: an elder of either tribe or auspice (such as Aisling Tulane on p. 148) to skew

her retelling to inspire support or antipathy for a certain course of action. Some examples include:

• The Funeral Rite has been scheduled for a meeting during which the local Uratha plan to discuss a threat from the Pure (or other universal menace, such as the Hosts or *idigam*), and the elder wishes the character to use her performance to emphasize the deceased's bravery and skill, and inspire in those gathered a desire to forge stories of their own bravery against overwhelming odds. Conversely, the elder might ask the character to comment on the foolhardiness of hunting a foe one doesn't truly understand, a tactic sure to make the character less than popular with those close to the deceased.

• A powerful Uratha hopes to use this opportunity to further his political agenda (not that he'd put it in such indelicate terms). In a story set in the Rockies, for example, Max Roman (p. 299, **Werewolf: The Forsaken**) might ask the character to emphasize the importance of unity across tribal lines, or Rachel Snow (p. 300, **Werewolf: The Forsaken**) may task the character with painting the deceased's demise as somehow the result of Roman's liberal policies. Max would frame his request as "inspiring hope in a time of woe," while Snow would construct her own desires as "using a moment of introspection to re-examine our priorities as a People."

• If the deceased is a member of another pack, perhaps one of the members of that pack approaches the character to ask her to reframe the story in a way that benefits said pack. If the loss of the deceased has significantly weakened, the pack, for example, he might ask the character to describe and even embellish the story of the combat that led to the deceased's death in order to make the pack seem stronger than it actually is ("You know, to prevent more bloodshed"). The character making the request may instead be making a bid for pack alpha, in which case he needs the character to skew events to paint him in a better light than the current alpha (perhaps even laying the blame for the deceased's loss at the current alpha's feet… a tactic sure to incense at least one Uratha). Conversely, perhaps it is the former alpha that died, and two different members of the pack come to the character to ask her to support their bid for the position during the Funeral Rite. The characters that approach the Cahalith may even be willing to offer her some form of remuneration for her aid.

• For an extra twist, perhaps the request either aligns with or against the character's tribal vow. A Storm Lord Cahalith, for example, may have difficulty in preparing something to say if her own failures (or those of a Storm Lord ally or packmate) were somehow responsible for the death. Similarly, an Iron Master may have difficulty with any request to manipulate the Funeral Rite if it is to be performed in her territory. Similar tension arises if the story of the deceased's demise includes the character breaking or skirting her own tribal vows; for example, a Bone Shadow character may find it difficult to speak at the funeral of a character that died due to the character's own negligence in paying a powerful spirit its due.

Whatever the Storyteller chooses, the character should ultimately be worried about balancing the necessities of Uratha tradition, her role as a Cahalith, her relationship with the deceased (and the companions of the deceased) and whatever agenda the elder hopes to push through.

Her body lay before you, cleaned, perfumed and wrapped in heavy linens. Without those cloths, you know, the body would fall apart, so badly was it mauled. The white wrap has been stained red with the blood of those present, each making an offering of themselves to the deceased, whether in love, respect, simple recognition or some ineffable confluence of the three. The orange glow of the dying fires mixes with the pale glow of the moon above, throwing the hard features of the werewolves around you into sharp relief. Their eyes catch that light, reflecting it back at you. It is a convocation of predators, and it awaits your words.

The details, of course, are highly variable and entirely dependent on the locale of the story and the specifics of the deceased's demise. Who is in attendance? How do they react to one another? Have a pair of enemy packs set aside their differences for the night to pay their respects?

The Storyteller should also give thought, if he hasn't before, to how bodies are disposed of in the setting. Are the deceased laid to rest in the ground, burned on a pyre or set to sea with all of their worldly possessions? Conversely, the details might be left to the Cahalith player, who might have his own ideas as to how a werewolf funeral should play out.

Storyteller Goals

Emphasize the culture of the Uratha. Make the Funeral Rite seem as important as it is by showing how much stock is put in the rite and how much respect is shown to the ritemaster. This also serves as an important opportunity to show players that death isn't the end of their characters and that their deeds can and will live on in the minds of the Storyteller characters. Allow the player a lot of freedom in her performance of the Funeral Rite if she so desires — this is an opportunity for a Cahalith to shine.

Character Goals

Navigate the turbulent waters of the Funeral Rite, where Uratha cultural obligations and politics meet. Pay respect to the deceased without bringing offense to anyone.

Actions

The Funeral Rite is one of the rare werewolf rites with no quantifiable effect. It does not call forth spirits, banish humans or seal wounds. As a result, it is open to subversion.

Usurping the Funeral Rite

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Expression

Action: Extended (15 successes; each roll represents 10 minutes)

The eyes peer at you in the darkness, two, maybe three dozen sets waiting for the words you've composed for the occasion.

Hindrances: Highest Composure among the witnesses who know the Funeral Rite (–1 to –5), the character does not actually know the Funeral Rite (–5)

Help: Character witnessed the deceased's demise (+1), Character uses the Right Words Gift (p. 125, **Werewolf: The Forsaken**) (+2), Deceased was a member of the character's tribe (+1), lodge (+2) or pack (+3)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The character's attempt to twist the Funeral Rite to his own ends becomes patently obvious to those gathered. The results can vary drastically (and may be quite violent), but at the very least later attempts to sway a member of the audience to the desired course of action suffer a –3 penalty. The character suffers a –5 penalty on all Social rolls with

Variations on the Theme

An important variation on the theme, and one that can be used in a story with little prep time, is the possibility that an elder will approach a Cahalith to perform the Funeral Rite for a character whose death she didn't witness. Such a story can involve investigation of and interviews with the survivors (if there are any) of a tragic combat. What happens when the character uncovers something that the deceased's pack would rather remain unknown (such as, for example, their role in the deceased's loss)?

Alternatively, perhaps *nobody* witnessed the death. This might happen if the character's pack comes across a long-dead Uratha in a remote location. How does one perform the (usually very personal) Funeral Rite for an unknown soldier? It might also happen in the case of an entire pack being wiped out. How does a character in the Rockies, for example, cope with being asked to perform a Funeral Rite for the whole of BMX (p. 309, **Werewolf: The Forsaken**) when it finally bites off more vampire than it can chew?

Of course, if the Cahalith does not know the Funeral Rite, learning it might make for a story all its own.

werewolves for the week following the botched rite, –4 the week after, –3 the week after that, and so forth. The –1 penalty does not fade, however, and remains until the character has made appropriate amends (and performed the Rite of Contrition to reaffirm her respect for the Uratha cultural traditions, p. 155, **Werewolf: The Forsaken**).

Failure: The character makes no progress towards completion of the rite.

Success: The character progresses towards completion of the rite. If the character garners 15 successes, she manages to pull off a convincing simulacrum of the Funeral Rite. Furthermore, her words had the intended effect, granting *any character* a +2 bonus on Social rolls intended to sway those in attendance to favor the agenda or idea put forth in the subverted rite. This bonus lasts for one week.

Exceptional Success: If the character garners 20 or more successes, the Funeral Rite is a smashing success. The effects of a success apply, and the character gains a personal +1 bonus to all Social rolls with attendees for the following month.

Consequences

Four likely conclusions await Uratha faced with this challenge: the character refuses to suborn Forsaken culture for an agenda and hosts a successful Funeral Rite; she refuses to suborn Forsaken culture and hosts an unsuccessful Funeral Rite; she leads a successful Funeral Rite in which she suborns Forsaken culture; or she leads an unsuccessful Funeral Rite in which she attempts to suborn Forsaken culture.

So long as the Funeral Rite is successful, the character can look forward to being well regarded by those present. If she manages to sway a few opinions in the process, so much the better; the only moral authority she has to answer to is her own (and possibly the Lunes the next time she attempts to purchase Purity or Honor Renown). A particularly strong performance by the Cahalith may pave the way for the Glory Renown while a clever way of tying the Funeral Rite to whatever agenda the character needs to emphasize may put her on the path to the Cunning Renown.

If she fails in performing the actual rite, her contemporaries likely think she is incompetent or inexperienced, but she does no lasting damage to her reputation. If she fails her attempt to subvert the rite, on the other hand, all hell might break loose. The character's reputation will be permanently tarnished (at least until she has proven her worth and honor again in the unforgiving eyes of the Uratha) and she may even inspire allies or packmates of the deceased to violence. Given the importance of the Funeral Rite, such failure may well lead to broken alliances or new enmities for the character's entire pack.

Questions of Honor (Elodoth)

Mental ••• Physical •••• Social •••

Overview

The Elodoth uphold Honor above all other Renown. They are expected to keep their word, to fulfill their oaths, and to refrain from dishonesty. They are expected to recognize the bans of their totems and to bargain with and respect spirits rather than binding and commanding them. Werewolves expect other Uratha to treat them honorably.

So when an Uratha levels charges of dishonor against another one of the People, everyone takes notice. In **Questions of Honor**, a werewolf makes just such a claim against the character, going so far as to challenge the character to honorable combat. The reason may be spurious, such as a simple misunderstanding that has grown out of proportion or the infuriated party blaming the character for the actions of one of his packmates (such as the fallout from **The Con**, on p. 220). On the other hand, the accusatory Uratha may be in the right; the life of an Uratha is not always clear-cut black and white, no matter how much the Elodoth wish it to be.

Whatever the cause of the disruption, the character has been called upon to make it right. How he does so depends largely on other factors, such as Virtue and Vice, tribe and lodge, totem ban, and pack philosophy and politics. A Storm Lord or Rahu, for example, may take up claws immediately against someone who questions their honor, while an Iron Master or Bone Shadow might find some other way to smooth things over. Whatever the alignment of the character, he must resolve this situation with honor (which includes keeping to his tribal vow and the Oath of the Moon), lest others question his again in the future.

Who is the Challenger?

The character that calls out the Elodoth for dishonorable conduct needs to be a character sufficiently incensed by the character's actions to do so. Chances are someone in the Storyteller's motley cast fits that description. It's okay if the challenger is vastly more or less physically powerful than the character, but the Storyteller needs to be aware of the thematic implications of a more or less powerful character and adjust her Storytelling appropriately. Using a more powerful character may lend the challenge a tone of an angry adult chastising a child while utilizing a less powerful character may make the Elodoth look like a bully… at least if he doesn't pull his punches.

The character will generally be aware of the difference in power between himself and his enemy (and if he isn't, his pack's Rahu can usually figure it out). He must tailor his response to the challenge with that in mind, or else he may find himself validating his foe's claims. There's nothing honorable, for example, in beating a newly changed pup into a gore-soaked pulp.

Description

"You have shown great dishonor in your actions," the werewolf claims, approaching you across the circle, the bonfire throwing her features into sharp relief. The others gathered watch each of you carefully, their eyes betraying some hunger for the fight that is sure to come. "If you value your name at all, you'll take up claws now and defend it before all gathered here, Luna and the totems of our tribes. If you fail to do so, you are but an honorless coward. Stand up. Stand up and face me!"

If combat doesn't break out the moment the accusation is levied, Uratha will approach characters on both sides of the disagreement, making sure that the terms of the challenge are understood and accepted. If the combat is to take place that evening, those gathered will prepare a space where the two can have out their differences without endangering themselves or others (at least no more than a fight between two werewolves requires).

Combat should not be the only way out, however. A wise Elodoth may be able to come to an understanding with his opponent and figure out a resolution that serves each equally. This can be an honorable path. A Storm Lord might even do both, talking things through with the challenger to ensure that whatever sparked the situation is resolved before (or after) answering the slight against his honor in the hard-packed dirt of the fighting ring.

Storyteller Goals

Challenge the character's honor, presenting him with a situation where protecting his honor may not be as simple as fighting for it. Allow the character an opportunity to prove his honor before the whole of the local Uratha.

Character Goals

Resolve the challenge, whether with words or actions.

Actions

Actions in this scene may vary from hand-to-hand combat to an extemporaneous public speech calling for understanding from all involved. If the challenger is too incensed to see reason, however, it may be necessary to calm her down.

Talking Her Down

Dice Pool: Presence (or Manipulation) + Empathy – subject's Composure

Action: Extended (number of successes necessary equal to subject's permanent Willpower; each roll represents thirty seconds of conversation)

Her eyes brim with anger, and her lips are curled back from her teeth like a growling dog. Words have power, but you're not sure you can summon up words powerful enough to blunt this primal rage.

Hindrances: The challenger's accusations are true (–2), others present aggravate the situation with threats or cat-calls (–3)

Help: A well-crafted appeal by the player (+1 to +5), The Right Words Gift (+2)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The character misspeaks, causing yet more offense to the challenger (and perhaps to others gathered). Combat may erupt immediately.

Failure: The character makes no progress towards calming her challenger. If the character fails to accumulate the required number of successes in a number of rolls equal to his (unmodified) dice pool, he fails to calm the subject.

Success: The character makes progress towards the goal. If the character acquires the required number of successes, he manages to calm his rival. The challenger becomes immediately more receptive to alternate approaches to rectifying the perceived breach of honor.

Exceptional Success: The character makes significant progress towards calming his challenger. If the character acquires 10 or more successes, the challenger backs down a bit, making it easier to make amends with her and granting a +2 bonus to all social rolls to mollify, encourage or pacify her for the remainder of the scene. This bonus does not apply to attempts to intimidate the character or gauge her motives.

Consequences

The character must make some answer for her honor. He does so in a way that raises him above rebuke, causes him to lose even greater face, or leaves things as ambiguously as they began. If he faces the accusation without dishonoring himself further (or if he honorably proves that he never acted dishonorably in the first place) he may find himself well on his way towards his next dot in the Honor Renown. If, on the other hand, he shames himself, he will find the Honor Renown more difficult to earn in the future (if he doesn't immediately lose a dot altogether, a fate that should be reserved for particularly egregious displays of dishonorable behavior). A character that conducts himself with honor may also gain face in the larger Uratha community,

earning him a Mentor or making him a figure that younger werewolves approach to assist them with their troubles (perhaps leading to **A Night of Light and Shadow**, below).

Variations on the Theme

Perhaps the character hasn't wronged the challenger in any way. Perhaps the accusations of dishonorable behavior seem to come out of thin air, from an Uratha the character has little to no (or perhaps even a friendly) relationship with. What's going on?

This scene may come about as part of another werewolf's schemes. While it might be a friendly elder hoping to test the character's mettle or an ally setting up the character for an easy victory (or a nasty loss for the challenger), it is more likely that the schemer hopes to harm the character's reputation. In this case, the crimes levied against the character are likely even more egregious, putting increased pressure on the character to clear his name and prove his honor.

A Night of Light and Shadow (Elodoth)

Mental •••• Physical — Social •••

Overview

Luna anointed the Elodoth to walk between opposing forces, to be her judge who hears all with an open mind before rendering a verdict. But the Uratha exist in a harsh world that demands a level of pragmatic thought and action sometimes at odds with the ideals asked of Mother Moon. No matter how much an Elodoth wishes to see all things with unclouded eyes and make decisions based on careful observation, the reality of Forsaken existence necessitates a more nuanced approach. When those over whom one sits in judgment are his peers, how does he walk the straight and narrow?

Two packs with a connection to the character — perhaps they share a tribe or have staked out territories that neighbor those of the character — have come into conflict. They approach the character to resolve the conflict, swearing to abide by the terms he sets out. While a pair of conflicting characters (and their packs) is provided here, this conflict can easily be rearranged to feature characters that already exist in your chronicle.

Description

Two packs, the Silent Howlers and the Second Passage, came into conflict when Marcus, a member of the latter pack, attacked White, one of the Howlers, with silver. Each combatant claims the fight occurred on his pack's territory.

The Silent Howlers: Made up of Jackie K. (Ithaeur, Iron Master, Alpha), White Shadow (Irraka, Iron Master), and Restless Screams (Rahu, Iron Master), the Silent Howlers seem more a techno-rock band merged with an underground computer-repair company than a werewolf pack. These progressive Uratha don't usually interact much with other werewolves, and don't have any strong alliances (at least none they make public). Their totem, Hard Drive, is a spirit of digital piracy that demands the pack never pay for something they can take for free.

Interviewing members of the Silent Howlers may reveal any of the following information:

- The number of ghosts in the pack's territory has been increasing steadily over the last few months. The largest concentration of these ghosts seems to be along the border shared with the Second Passage. (The Second Passage denies involvement.)
- Second Passage's Kelly has threatened the pack on multiple occasions, claiming that she will tip off the police to Silent Howler's illegal activities. So far, nothing has come of it. Members of the Howlers believe that what they do in their territory is their business, and that when the Passage threatens to tip off the police, what it's really threatening is to break the Oath of the Moon.
- The Howlers claim White noticed Marcus in Silent Howler territory. He asked the Uratha to leave. Then, upon noticing the silver knife in his belt, White berated Marcus for his pack's hypocrisy (specifically Kelly threatening to call the cops when her own Rahu carriers a silver weapon). At that point, Marcus attacked White.
- White fell back from Marcus after receiving a nasty wound from the silver knife. He used his auspice abilities to escape, but is sure that Marcus would have killed him.

The Second Passage: Composed of Noah (Cahalith, Bone Shadow, Alpha), Marcus (Rahu, Bone Shadow), Kelly (Elodoth, Hunter in Darkness) and Winston (Ithaeur, Bone Shadow), the Second Passage are a secretive cult of a pack that holds sway over an old graveyard commonly accepted to be haunted. They don't have a lot of friends among the Uratha of the city, but rumor has it they're connected to another, older pack that shares their interests (such as the Pickering Family, p. 304 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, if the characters are in the Rockies). Their totem, Final Sigh, is a spirit of death that demands members of the pack always offer solace and comfort to the dying.

Interviewing members of the Second Passage may reveal any of the following information:

- The pack claims that the Silent Howlers regularly use their technological know-how and close relationship with spirits of technology to attack and steal from businesses and residences in Second Passage territory. Meanwhile, they protect their own territory from similar attacks. (The Howlers deny this.)
- On the night in question, Marcus was patrolling the edges of his territory (but was still within their borders) when he was accosted by White, who had apparently been stalking him in the shadows. White threatened physical violence, at which point Marcus pulled his knife in self-defense. White, apparently incensed by the presence of the silver, attacked Marcus, who fought back as best he could, wounding White, who then fled ("like a coward," according to Marcus).
- Marcus's silver knife is not meant to be a weapon, but rather a trophy, an item he took from a monster hunter he fortuitously killed on the night of his First Change.

The Truth

• Of the claims above, only one is an outright lie: the Howlers *have* been focusing their techno-crime on the Passage's territory.

• Whether or not the number of ghosts have been increasing in the Howlers' territory (it may just be their imaginations), the Passage is in no way involved.

• The attack took place in an area that each pack claims as its own. This overlap is part of the tension between the two groups. Therefore, neither claim registers as a lie, even to supernatural powers.

• Marcus's silver knife is a trophy, but he'd be lying if he claimed never to have drawn it against another Uratha. He won't make that claim, however, owning up to its use. He has never killed another Uratha with it, however.

• Both Marcus and White believe they were attacked first. In reality, however, White was merely aggressive and belligerent; Marcus struck the first blow. Parsing this out may be difficult for even the best investigator. Marcus never intended to kill White, but rather to "teach him a lesson in respect."

This information is for the Storyteller's use. The purpose of the scene is for the character to parse out what truth he can from the testimony and make a ruling based on that, *not* to uncover what really happened (though he will likely try). Be careful not to give the player too much information, and don't confirm or deny his suspicions (unless, of course, the character comes up with some way to confirm them in the story).

Storyteller Goals

Provide a challenge with no right or wrong answer. Let the character uncover what is right and what is wrong for himself.

Character Goals

Get to the bottom of this conflict and come to a resolution that both parties can live with.

Actions

Investigation, Empathy, and Persuasion are all Skills likely to be used over the course of this challenge. If the character becomes completely stuck during the investigation, a Storyteller may allow him to make the following roll:

Putting Together the Pieces

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Investigation

Action: Extended (5 successes necessary; each roll represents 20 minutes of thought and re-examination of the evidence)

You turn over the stories in your mind, searching for the rough edges. Where don't the pieces fit?

Hindrances: The character hasn't thoroughly interviewed those involved (–4)

Help: The character uses the Sagacity Gift (varies); the character has uncovered all of the information given above (+2); the character talks the case through with a sympathetic individual such as a pack member (+3)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The character comes to a faulty conclusion. The Storyteller should provide a hint that points the character in the wrong direction.

Failure: The character makes no progress towards understanding. If she fails to accrue the required number of successes in a number of rolls equal to her unmodified dice pool, she has no flash of inspiration. The character (and the player) must work through this by herself.

Success: The character makes progress towards unraveling the complexities of the case. When the character has accumulated the required number of successes, the Storyteller can grant her a hint designed to point her in a direction that will help her get past whatever's got the player stumped.

Exceptional Success: If the character achieves 10 or more successes, she has a sudden moment of insight. The Storyteller can grant one piece of information from "The Truth" sidebar that is related to what has the character confused. It should be a piece of information that the character has not already figured out on her own. Furthermore, the Storyteller should remind the character there may not be a right answer, but there may be a *best* answer.

Consequences

Depending on the character's final judgment, the conflicted parties may either both be satisfied, one may be satisfied while the other is frustrated, or neither is satisfied. If anyone is left unhappy with the agreement, they may approach an older, more experienced Elodoth. If she rules differently than the character, it may cause the character to lose face. Conversely, unhappiness on either side of the conflict may result in continued argument between the two packs, which will likely eventually culminate in violence. Ideally, the Elodoth can present a solution that will assuage the wounded pride of both parties while taking steps to eliminate the tensions between the two packs. This is easier said than done (though establishing firm territorial boundaries that both packs agree to uphold is a huge first step in the right direction).

Successful arbitration of this argument can lead to an increase in Honor and Wisdom, while a creative (and perhaps underhanded) solution might justify a reward of Cunning. Meanwhile, a botched arbitration can lead to a difficulty in justifying future purchases of Honor. Any ruling that fails to punish Marcus for his transgression against the Oath of the Moon may make Honor and Purity more difficult to gain in the future.

Variations on the Theme

This scene can vary drastically depending on who the arguing parties are. A conflict between Jagged Sky's Pack and the New Hope Pack from the Rockies will look very different than the conflict presented here. A conflict between two elder packs (such as the Silver Syndicate and the Pickerings) might seem even stranger. Why would a young character be tasked with such a duty? Is it because he's theoretically unbiased? Can the two pack's Elodoth not come to a consensus, and every other pack's Elodoth has the good sense to stay out of it? Worse yet, what if the conflict is between two packs of very different power or if one pack has a close alliance with a pack of elders? What are the consequences of offending the most powerful and renowned local Forsaken?

Furthermore, the feel of the scene will be very different if an elder tasks the character to judge the conflict as it begins to get out of hand. The two packs will be less inclined to cooperate with an arbiter imposed from above than they would if they sought out his help.

Perhaps only the character's honor lies in the balance — what if this is a setup, a conundrum concocted by an elder without the character's knowledge? Why would another Uratha devise such a test? What does he hope to learn about the character? To what end?

Prophecy for Profit

Note that the goal is to guide the character to her own conclusions. Giving an Ithaeur concrete advice on how to overcome specific obstacles or enemies through a traditional vision quest treads too closely on the toes of the abilities of the Cahalith. If, on the other hand, the vision quest is the result of a power that grants just such information, it is best to cleave to the specifics of that power. In that case, the vision quest may teach the character a bit about herself, but it also provides the mechanical benefit promised by the Gift.

The Lonely Road (Ithaeur)

Mental •••• Physical — Social —

Overview

The vision quest and ecstatic trance have long been important rites in animistic culture. Uratha culture is no different, and the Ithaeur, in their role as shaman, are those most likely to pursue secret truths from the Shadow — or the shadows of the mind. Sometimes these questing shamans seek to peel back the veil of What Will Be, and though the Cahalith possess a monopoly on prophetic dreams from Luna, the Ithaeur can and do pursue other paths to prophecy, whether from Gifts (such as those of the Insight and Knowledge lists) or even, if rumor is to be believed, from obscure rites and fetishes.

Description

Some Ithaeur go about vision quests the old-fashioned way. They travel to a remote location where they will not be bothered, then bring themselves to an altered state of mind through meditation, starvation, drug use (even if that drug is simply caffeine or tobacco), or sleep deprivation. Some Ithaeur disagree about whether the natural spiritual affinity of the Uratha grants them a leg up in these pursuits. Some believe the innate ability to peer beyond the physical world harms their attempts to realign their modes of thought into the ecstatic model, while others feel that such abilities provide the canny Uratha a handy shortcut.

Other Ithaeur believe that if the heart of the vision quest is communion with the spirit world, one might as well cut out the difficult part and travel directly to the realm of spirits. These Ithaeur are the most likely among the People to enter the Shadow alone, conversing with spirits without the intemperate interruption of packmates. They make bargains with the spirits or bind them with powerful rites in pursuit of secret knowledge. These Ithaeur believe that, despite the obvious dangers, the benefits yielded by the path through the Shadow are worth it.

As its name suggests, **The Lonely Road** focuses on the solitude of the vision quest (and, as such, may be best suited to a solo game, or one in which the other characters have some other pressing matter to attend to). It assumes a journey into the Shadow in a rural, forested setting, but can easily be adapted to other wildernesses and approaches to the vision quest. An Ithaeur character may decide to take on a vision quest without suggestion, or another Uratha may encourage him to do so, perhaps even inviting him to a location conducive to such a journey.

Vision quests are, by their nature, extremely personal journeys. They should be couched in metaphor that is meaningful to the specific character. A character may be led by a spirit guide, and such an entity is likely to be unique to the character, though a pack totem, auspice Lune, or even a servant to a lodge or tribal totem may take that role. (Even if the vision quest does not take place in the Shadow, these are possibilities. After all, a vision quest that occurs entirely in the mind borrows from the character's conscious and unconscious associations, which include such entities.)

Furthermore, **The Lonely Road** is designed with the idea of shared narrative construction in mind. The scene prompts the player to fill in many of the gaps from his own imagination, placing a large part of the burden of storytelling on the shoulders of the player. Ideally, the experience of **The Lonely Road** is a cooperative exploration of the character's anxieties in a meta-

phorical backdrop driven by the player's will. It is not a place to provide easy answers to those anxieties, though the Storyteller is certainly welcome to grant the character some guidance. The primary lessons to be learned from the vision quest are those of one's self and one's understanding of one's place in the world.

The Rest of the Pack

While this scene has been designed as an exercise between the Ithaeur's player and Storyteller, there's no reason that the other players can't be involved. Perhaps the vision quest isn't entirely voluntary, and the Ithaeur's packmates must find her (whether she's wandering the Shadow, the wilderness, or merely the urban jungle) before some harm comes to her. Perhaps the other characters accompany her on the vision quest in a support role, guarding their priestess but not allowed to speak to her. If the vision quest takes place in a dreamspace, perhaps a ritual exists that allows the characters to share it. (Such a rite would also be useful in combating the Omen Grinder, above.) In this case, the Ithaeur faces not only her own anxieties, but those of her entire pack.

Of course, the characters need not be involved in the scene for the *players* to have a hand in it. The Storyteller may allow the other players to come up with their own challenges or enemies for the Ithaeur to face, letting them be the Storyteller for a little while. The two approaches may even be combined, with the players portraying their characters as they exist in the Ithaeur's mind, an approach that allows them to guide the Ithaeur. This even allows the dream characters access to information that the actual characters could not know.

The forest is calm tonight, the whispers of cicadas no more than background music. The warmth of the day is fading, and a cool breeze rustles the branches above, sending a few dead leaves floating to the ground. Above you, only a few clouds mar the dome of the sky, a glittering ceiling filled with stars that seem set just above the treetops.

Prompt the player for any actions she'd like to take. When she is ready to continue, do so.

Your awareness of the life around you grows. These things, these trees and animals and fungi, they aren't simply alive. They're aware. *Everything seems to have sight, everything watches you, waits for you, for your actions. The world seems to hold its breath, and all is stillness.*

Allow the player to take a little more control now as she explores her environment. Provide vague verbal sketches of what she sees and finds, just enough to inspire the scene, but not enough to establish complete control of it. Speak as little as possible, allowing the player to be alone with her character's thoughts and perceptions. Don't be afraid to ask "what do you see?" or "what do you use?" When this dynamic becomes comfortable, introduce the character to her spirit guide.

The trees rustle quietly, and you sense the approach of another. It spreads the branches before it as it approaches you through the darkness. What is it?

At this point, take on the role of the spirit guide. As the spirit guide, you are a mentor of sorts, but you teach with the Socratic method, always asking questions and pulling forth the answer from the player. Think of yourself as a mirror, holding yourself up to the character that she might see her own faults and strengths.

If, at some point, the game seems to slow down, a change in venue seems in order. The spirit guide tells the character that it wants to take her somewhere. Ask the player where the spirit guide takes her, and then utilize the new locale to shed some new light on the character's problems or as a new metaphor or riddle for the character to unwrap. This can be trying for a Storyteller on the fly (and if you need to break for a moment to make it work, feel free to do so), but the secret rests in finding the connections between the location (or what's at the location) and the character's problems.

By allowing the player to decide where the spirit guide takes the character, the Storyteller already has the advantage of having an idea of what it is the player hopes to learn. A player who decides that her spirit guide takes her to the site of a grisly murder her pack is investigating hopes to glean some new clue from the trip, for example. A player who says the spirit guide takes her to a graveyard may be hoping to reconnect with someone from the past; one who asks to go to a waterfall may be looking for serenity, or she may seek the power of that rushing water.

The headspace of an Uratha is no sane thing, however, and the scene eventually collapses into a bad trip. The Storyteller should play on the character's anxieties, both those she knows in advance and those she gleans from this session, bringing them to the forefront and forcing the character to face them, all the while couching them in the milieu of savage horror. At this point the scene can become a narrative challenge, a back and forth between player and Storyteller, with the latter presenting horrific challenges of nightmare and the former presenting solutions that allow the character to fight through (and possibly overcome) her fears.

Ideally, the character comes to some greater understanding of her trouble through the course of the scene. On the other hand, the vision quest may leave the character with more questions than answers, and that's okay, too. Questions make a great place to start when seeking answers. When the scene has come to a comfortable conclusion, wrap it up. Return to the world of the concrete and realistic (or to the material world, if the character was in the Shadow), but take pains not to describe anything in banal terms. In the wake of even the most surreal vision quest, the world should now seem to the character to brim with life, energy, possibility and horror.

You blink, and when your eyes open again you're back in the forest, far from where you started. The scents of the trees strike you and the stars above blaze like a million shining eyes, watching you. Darkness surrounds you, but a blue silver light illuminates the forest before you as if providing a path home.

Storyteller Goals

Establish an environment in which the player can assume some control over the narrative, allowing her to comfortably explore the issues at play in her character's mind. Help guide her to the answers she seeks, but in a way that puts the onus on her. When the player becomes comfortable with the format of the scene, take back most of the control, presenting challenges from which the character can learn.

Character Goals

Find answers to the questions that plague her. Survive.

Actions

Typical actions in a werewolf's spirit quest include foraging (p. 77, **World of Darkness Rulebook**), hunting and tracking (p. 178, **Werewolf: The Forsaken**), meditation (p. 51, **World of Darkness Rulebook**), solving riddles (p. 60, **World of Darkness Rulebook**), interacting with animals (p. 78, **World of Darkness Rulebook**) and combat. The following provides a mechanic for creating a substance that helps the character achieve the ecstatic state:

Preparing a Mind Altering Substance

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Medicine (or, if applicable, Occult, Science or Survival)

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

The pungent scent of the reagents singes the sensitive hairs within your nostrils. Soon, the concoction will be finished.

Hindrances: The character fails any rolls to find the necessary ingredients (–1 to –5, depending on the importance of the ingredient), the character lacks appropriate tools for the task (–1 to –5), the character's first time (–3); additionally, environmental penalties (low light, concentration, etc.) may apply

Help: The character researches how to correctly ingest the substance (+1 to +3, depending on extent of research), the character purchases mind-altering substances from a (moderately) reputable source (+3)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The character accidentally concocts a poison of Toxicity 4. Unfortunately, she's sure she got the recipe right.

Failure: The character makes no progress towards her goal. The character may make a total number of rolls equal to her unmodified Intelligence + Medicine pool; if she fails to garner 10 successes, her substance is ruined and she must begin again from scratch.

Success: The character makes progress towards her goal. Once she has accumulated 10 successes, she has produced or prepared a substance with the desired effects.

Exceptional Success: The character makes greater progress towards her goal. If she accumulates 15 or more successes, she produces a substance of unusual potency or quality (the player's choice). A particularly potent drug's effects may last longer or be more vivid, while a drug of high quality has no ill effects on the character's system (or dice pools) after the effect has worn off.

Consequences

The character either learns something new or clarifies something about her current circumstances or she comes away from the encounter empty-handed. Of course, utilizing what she learns from the journey and applying it towards the challenges that face her is a sure way towards garnering the Wisdom Renown. Furthermore, the character may use what she learned for the benefit of her pack or even local Uratha society as a whole, which could pave the way towards any other Renown type.

An obstinate character, on the other hand, may cause offense to the spirits over the course of her journey (this might happen even in a traditional vision quest, as the spirits are always watching). Such offense may make further vision quests far more difficult for the character and may even limit her chances of gaining Renown.

Variations on the Theme

The Lonely Road can be used if an Ithaeur character has been badly injured, allowing the Storyteller to keep him involved even as the character heals up. Similarly, an Ithaeur sidelined by a poison, toxin or disease may travel the vistas of the mind as her compatriots search for a cure or antidote. The wise Storyteller ties the events in the two stories together, weaving the threads into a unified whole.

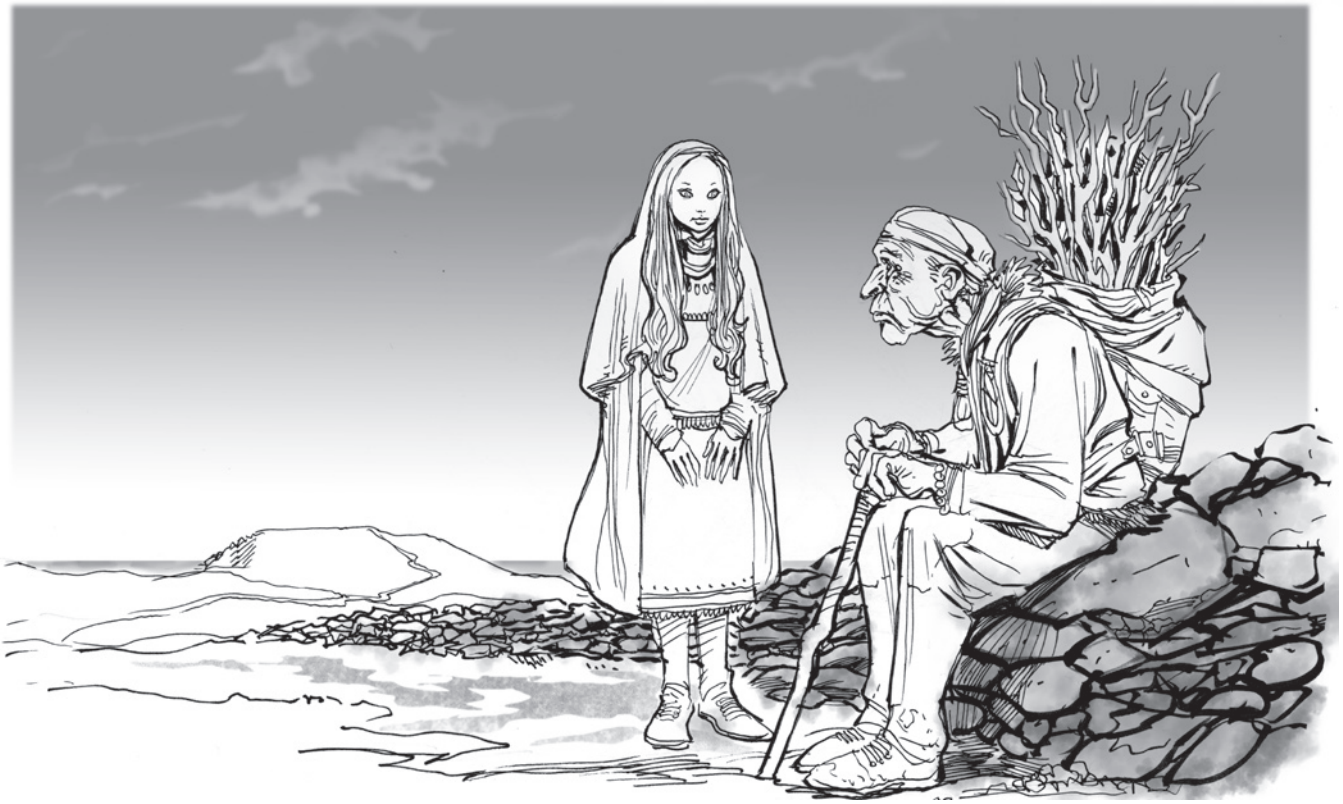
The Witches' Gather (Ithaeur)

Mental •••• Physical ••• Social •••

Overview

While the Ithaeur are not necessarily the keepers of Forsaken culture (that honorific goes to the Cahalith), they *do* exercise culture in a way few other Uratha do. They are the keepers of ritual, the priesthood. Each rite stands as an agreement forged between the Uratha of the past and the spirits. Each remains as a story of the wisdom, strength and faith of the People. The Ithaeur have a singular talent for mastering rites, and as a result they often seek out other ritemasters in other packs to learn from. This creates a loose community of shared understanding without compare in Uratha society. So when an elder of the auspice speaks, the Ithaeur pay attention.

Just such an elder has called a gathering in the character's region. The specific elder is open to Storyteller decision. Perhaps Blake Calloway (p. 74) needs assistance. Rockies characters may hear the call of Obadiah Pickering or Park Sun Ae (p. 304 to 305, **Werewolf: The Forsaken**). Conversely, a powerful Ithaeur of the Storyteller's design works just as well. The ritemaster



needs assistance in the performance of a massive rite of binding meant to renew the seals on a local ancient evil. She has promised to teach those who aid her one of the many rites she knows in exchange for their assistance. (This may be a rare, secret rite, one of the Storyteller's design, or simply a rite the character desires.)

The exact nature of the evil to be sealed is left to the Storyteller. That Which Slumbers (p. 200) is presented as a possible choice but is certainly not the only one. The Storyteller should determine exactly what the evil is, if only to help convince the characters to help bind it. (Though, on the other hand, perhaps even the ritemaster doesn't know exactly what her rite keeps sealed away.)

The ritemaster's motives for binding the evil will vary with the ritemaster chosen by the Storyteller. While one may be concerned for her territory (or the region, if the sealed spirit is that potent), another may simply be going through the motions out of a sense of tradition — his pack or his family has been the keepers of the sacred seal for generations.

Description

The gathering occurs in a remote location deep in the heart of the ritemaster's territory. The character, assuming she accepted her elder's offer, has been presented with a specific route to use through the area. As she follows it she senses that she is being watched (by spirits bound to that purpose by the elder). She may have an encounter with another member of the ritemaster's pack, and tensions should be appropriately high. It is not every night that a group of Uratha invites others into its lands.

The ritemaster gathers those in attendance at the location before performing the rite. The elder explains to the characters how the rite is performed, ensures that they understand (perhaps even questioning and challenging them on the minor points), and then begins to lead the rite. The tension in the scene shifts focus to the correct recital of the rite: performance matters not only in the binding of a destructive spirit but also in keeping face among fellow ritualists. With so many local Ithaeur gathered, a poor performance is sure to haunt the character for a long time to come.

A second character, someone obviously new to the world of the Forsaken, accompanies the ritemaster at her behest. She may be a young wolf-blood, a newly changed Uratha, or even the least experienced member of the elder's pack. Her presence should seem slightly incongruous, but if asked why she's present, the elder will answer "to bear witness."

The hair on the back of your neck stands up and you feel an electric chill along the surface of your arms as you step into the stone circle. Each stone, a massive block three feet tall, is carefully carved with representations of the spirits. One bears the avian features of an eagle or a crow. Another appears to be a stout, flat-faced bear. Each is stained with old blood. The largest stone, set to the north, is an obvious representation of Father Wolf, all rage and fangs and hunger. On the opposite side of the circle, facing the relic of Father Wolf, stands a similarly large stone carved with feminine features of an indefinite ethnic origin. She is represented as being draped in heavy gowns, and a piece of ice set into a hole in the forehead contains a small candle. The ice captures and fractures the light strangely, and it seems that as you move about the relic, the glowing ice shifts through the phases of the moon.

As the ritual begins, the energy in the air intensifies. Finally, the spirit is summoned. Unfortunately, the binding fails.

The air itself seems to crack, and from the rent an arm reaches, grasping towards you, groping with bloody claws. Those wicked fingers stop just before you, held back by some invisible force, before

slamming into the ground, digging deep furrows in the stone as the spirit hauls itself forth from its age-old prison. The elder witch lets forth a final howl, a summation of the incantation, a cry for the ancient beast to honor an oath sworn ages ago. For a moment the spirit pauses… You feel it inside you when the bonds break, a sudden sinking feeling in the pit of your stomach as if the floor has fallen away. The spirit ignores the howls of the elder, instead dragging itself forth from the depths, its mad, hungry eyes searching for someone to blame for its millennial imprisonment.

At this point, the elder demands that the character offer up the youthful non-participant described above in sacrifice to the spirit to buy her time to perform the rite again. The character must choose whether to throw this relative innocent to the claws of a spirit of murder or find some other way of putting the spirit down, perhaps once and for all. Unfortunately, if the character hesitates too long in making her decision, the spirit flees, escaping into the world.

Storyteller Goals

This is an opportunity on the part of the Storyteller to really drive home the feel of rites and their importance. Ideally you can inspire the player to really get into describing the rites she performs on her own as the chronicle progresses. This is also a chance to offer the Ithaeur the spotlight, allowing her to interact with other Uratha with similar interests. She might not hobnob at all, but she might establish friendships, rivalries or mentor/pupil relationships.

The character should also feel like there's a real danger to what the elder is doing. Ideas about how to heighten this are in the Variations on the Theme sidebar below, but at the very least the character should feel the danger inherent in the possibility of this entity escaping. Energy permeates in the air, and it is not at all pleasant. If the player makes a bad roll when performing the rite, describe the slip-up, the pulse of energy that accompanies it, and the fearful or angry glances from her temporary compatriots. If the player rolls well, have one of the other characters mess up. When things finally go south, it should seem almost inevitable.

Allow the player a good deal of freedom in describing the rite if she desires it. This is her opportunity to take the stage — let her run with it.

Character Goals

Seal this entity away. Learn a new rite. Establish relationships with other ritemasters.

Actions

While this scene may include numerous actions such as creating art, solving enigmas, surreptitiously investigating the other Ithaeur, ritual combat or leaping dances, the heart of the scene is assisting the elder in her ritual. The "rite" is actually two: unique variations of Bind Spirit and Call Jaggling (p. 157–158, **Werewolf: The Forsaken**) specific to the entity being bound. The characters call forth the spirit while the elder focuses her formidable will on binding it.

Assisting in the Rite

Dice Pool: Harmony

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

The ritualists form up about the elder in a semicircle, a crescent that recalls the moon in the sky. Mother Luna's smiling face, her vicious scythe, her shadowed face. Each association seems to float to the forefront of your mind unbidden as the elder witch begins to chant. As the others take up the growling howl, the air begins to shift, like a breeze both cold and hot at the same time.

Hindrances: The performer suffers wound penalties (–1 to –3), the character knows no rites (–5)

Help: The ritemaster is in Dalu form (+1); the ritemaster's auspice moon is in the sky (+1); the ritemaster meditates successfully prior to the ritual (+2)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The character makes a fatal blunder in the performance of the rite. The ritual immediately fails and the evil escapes.

Failure: The character blunders, perhaps drawing the annoyed attention of his fellow Ithaeur. He makes no progress towards the completion of the rite.

Success: The character completes her portion of the rite. Unless the Storyteller has other plans, the rite is completed without further difficulty. The space has been specifically designed as a seal for this spirit (the descriptions above suggest a circle of stone totems, but the space might be a cave painted with ancient sigils or a columned temple in the suburbs ostensibly dedicated to Vesta, the Roman goddess of the hearth) and cannot be broken without great effort. The ritemaster whispers something to two of the ritualists, one of which might be the character. The words are "Once it earns Mother Luna's pardon, it can go free."

Exceptional Success: The character performs the rite with incredible skill, earning approving nods from his fellows. If the character finishes the rite with 15 or more successes, he earns the respect of all gathered. He gains a second rite for his participation in this scene, either from the elder or from another impressed ritemaster. He may also find himself approached by younger Uratha for tutelage.

Consequences

The likeliest result of this challenge is the continued binding of the dangerous spirit. If, however, the spirit escapes, *someone* will have to do something about it. The character may be tasked with the duty if he was responsible for the failure of the rite (most likely if he didn't own up to not knowing any rites and attempted to assist at a –5 penalty, resulting in dramatic failure). What the spirit does with its freedom depends on its nature, but will doubtlessly be unpleasant; That Which Slumbers, for example, might find someone to Claim before embarking on a murderous rampage.

The character's performance of the rite may turn heads or earn scorn, depending on how well or poorly it was done. The character will find her attempts to learn further rites helped or hindered by his actions that night. He may even find justification for purchasing the Mentor Merit. A character that attempts to assist in the rite without knowing any rituals will find it difficult to acquire Honor or Wisdom Renown for some time; a character that admits to his failings and sits the ritual out, on the other hand, may be well on his way to gaining Wisdom (and may impress one of the ritemasters present with his honesty, leading her to offer him tutelage).

Variations on the Theme

The Witches' Gather is ripe for variation, and small twists on the scene as presented can dramatically alter the focus of the scene. For example, the scene assumes that the rite takes place in the elder's territory, but a simple change of venue can alter the feel of the scene significantly. What if it takes place in the wilds, where no Uratha holds sway; or worse yet, in an area known to be haunted by the Pure? The scene takes on a furtive danger if the characters must sneak to the location of the rite, perform it, and escape without drawing dangerous attention. What if the rite takes place in the character's territory, representing a hidden threat and a secret of the past of which his pack had no knowledge? What else might they not know about their own hunting grounds, and who else knows it? What if the rite takes place in a rival pack without an Ithaeur (or whose Ithaeur has no interest in the rite)? Can the character negotiate some understanding with these rivals for the greater good?

What if the rite somehow *isn't* in the interest of the greater good? Perhaps the character notices during the course of the rite that the way it is set up funnels power into the ritemaster. Is the ritemaster lying to the characters, or does she not understand the full extent of her own ritual? What happens if a character recognizes a mistake in the rite, one that might have empowered the spirit and set it free? Can the ritual even be interrupted without disastrous results? Perhaps the ceremony is twisted in other ways. Perhaps it is unnecessary, a tradition established long ago to provide primacy to a certain pack under the guise of a universal threat; how does the character react when a pack making that very claim arrives to interrupt the ritual?

Finally, what if the character is the only Ithaeur aside from the ritemaster to show up? Perhaps she only invited the character, or perhaps the others refused to involve themselves with this ritual. Either way, the character's own actions bear the entirety of the weight of tension in the scene. How does she comport herself? Why was she chosen? What will she learn in return?

Quelling the Herd (Irraka)

Mental ••• Physical — Social •••

Overview

The Irraka have a complex relationship with the Herd. On one hand, they are stalkers and hunters of the wild without compare. Unlike the often unsubtle humans, an Irraka can steal through the most silent room unheard, cross the brightest room unseen, and leave no trace of his passage behind. Yet the Irraka have a certain affinity for the Herd. They bear the least of Mother Luna's maddening touch and have the least difficulty hiding their feral passions from prying eyes. That places them in a unique position within Uratha society.

So it is that when a popular reporter like Alicia Regan sets out to uncover the truth about werewolves, it is an Irraka tasked by her pack or elders that makes sure the reporter is silenced… without bloodshed.

Description

Late last week Alicia Regan published an article in the local news about an act of violence in which individuals were severely mauled. These people may have even been killed. The details of the act are left up to the Storyteller so that she can tailor it to her specific setting or story needs (possibly even making the act of violence one perpetrated by the characters). While the police have labeled the assault an animal attack (bear, dog, wolf, whatever is appropriate to the locale), Alicia's story suggests that a group of people are responsible.

Alicia, in investigating the attack, found some piece of evidence that the police missed, ignored, or failed to notice the significance of. Perhaps it is the remains of a used talen. Perhaps she found a set of footprints that didn't belong to any of the victims. Again, the Storyteller should tailor this to the Uratha involved in her setting or use this scene when the characters have been a bit sloppy cleaning up after themselves. Worst of all, Alicia claims to have evidence that this attack was only the most recent in a long string of violent crimes, evidence that she plans to publish in a special report the following week. Have the Uratha been found out?

If the character doesn't take it upon herself to right this wrong, she may be approached by an ally, mentor or tribal elder and tasked with it. Obviously, Alicia can't simply be killed: her sudden death would simply lend veracity to her work. Instead, she needs to be discredited or convinced not to run the story (whether by convincing her that she's wrong about what she's found or that running the article is otherwise not in her best interests).

The character should have a lot of freedom with what approach he takes to overcome this obstacle. Clever ploys that might normally be a little outside of the scope of realism may well pay off when put into action by an Irraka. Mother Luna smiles on her cunning children. A few possible tactics are presented below.

This scene does not assume the characters go to any particular location. Below is a description of Alicia's office and one of her apartment. Her office is located in the building of the

local newspaper, accessed by a locked wooden door with frosted glass across which her name is emblazoned.

The office is narrow and, given the preponderance of file cabinets along the walls and the large desk in the middle, severely cramped. The orange lights of the city filter through the blinds of the large window that makes up the far wall, a window that likely helps Alicia from going utterly stir crazy. The room is neatly organized, mostly, but the desk itself is a disastrous mess of note pads, paper clippings, and printed sheets.

If the characters somehow sneak into the office during the day, they might find her laptop on the desk. Otherwise, there are no computers in the room. Characters that thoroughly search her file cabinets find the evidence from the various scenes of attack on a successful Wits + Investigation roll. Even a quick glance over the evidence reveals sticky notes with the word "werewolf" in her handwriting.

Alicia's apartment is in an area of town on the rise. This gentrified neighborhood was a slum until a few years ago. The buildings may be new and the paint fresh, but the sharp perception of a werewolf picks out the telling cracks in the sidewalk and scent of decay. A character that peers into or approaches via the Shadow find this heightened, and spirits of pain, drugs and murder haunt the shadows, hunting small but resilient spirits of hope.

The apartment isn't large, but it is open, an impression aided by the white walls, hardwood floors and track lighting. The only furniture in the main room is a couch, a coffee table, and a stand for her 36-inch television. A bar separates the main room from the kitchen, which is immaculately clean. A hallway to the left leads to a bedroom and bath. A few pieces of modern art hang in frames on the walls, including a piece that looks suspiciously like a subway map.

The character will find little in her home; Alicia keeps her home life distinctly separate from her work life. They *can* find a notebook in which she's written numerous ideas for headlines and stories, a few of which have to do with the werewolf case. Additionally, if they search the apartment when she's home (or has returned for work but left to work out, buy groceries or some similar activity) they might find her laptop. Unfortunately it's password protected, but a successful Wits + Computer roll at a –3 penalty can overcome that protection. The laptop contains all of her notes and the drafts for most of her stories. She keeps her computer backed up on a portable hard drive that can be found hidden in her bedroom (at the bottom of her underwear drawer), if the characters search it and succeed on a Wits + Investigation roll with a penalty of –3.

Storyteller Goals

Present a situation in which the simplest solution isn't the best. Encourage and reward the player's lateral thinking.

Character Goals

Shut this woman up.

Actions

The character's approach to this problem can (and should) take any number of interesting, compelling turns. Here are just a few examples (and their likely outcomes) of ways a clever Irraka might keep Alicia's wild ideas about werewolves from hitting the presses.

• **Blackmailing Alicia:** One way of keeping Alicia quiet is through blackmail. Perhaps the character uncovers the sources of her Contacts and threatens to reveal them to the public if she doesn't retract the article. Conversely, perhaps the character simply threatens Alicia, her friends, her family, or all of the above. (Note that to keep Alicia from publishing, these threats have to be *very* persuasive. Pictures of the individuals being threatened taken at intimate moments, for example, might do the trick.) This has the downside of making Alicia *positive* that her article is right. These threats against her may even push her into a new hobby: monster hunting.

• **Destroying Alicia's Evidence:** Sneaking into Alicia's home *and* office and uncovering and taking or destroying the mass of circumstantial evidence she's gathered, can serve as a strong step towards silencing the reporter. Unfortunately, this tact poses the same major disadvantage as simply blackmailing her: she becomes sure that she was on the right track. This may lead to her attempting to gather her evidence again (more subtly, this time) or even taking up the difficult life of a monster hunter.

• **Discrediting Alicia:** On the other hand, the character might simply skip the step of *threatening* to discredit Alicia and simply do it. The effectiveness of this tactic depends on discrediting Alicia in a believable manner. If it is wildly unbelievable, the tactic will likely fail. If, on the other hand, the characters uncover one or more of the less savory aspects of Alicia's life or career, they may be able to ruin her. Again, however, this poses the threat of confirming Alicia's suspicions.

• **Killing Alicia:** Murdering Alicia is problematic. Foremost, it is a breach of the Oath of the Moon and a sin against Harmony (killing her, in this case, is not *necessary*). Secondly, her evidence will still exist (and her editor will almost certainly attempt to find it and run it), so it will need to be destroyed as well. Furthermore, unless the characters do a damn good job at hiding the truth behind the death (by making it look like a believable accident, for example), her death will likely only add veracity to the claims she made in her paper. No matter how the death happens, it will clue in any local monster hunters, who likely suspected just such a thing to occur.

Conversely, a character might decide that keeping Alicia from airing her story is the wrong solution to this problem (after all, the public *is* expecting it). Instead, she might try to link the attacks with some other mundane phenomenon, such as gang or underworld activity.

Creating a False Trail

Dice Pool: Wits + Investigation

Action: Extended (10 successes necessary; each roll represents thirty seconds of crime scene manipulation)

As you glance about the scene, eyes taking in the blood splattered across the walls, nose catching the chaotic, earthy scent of the Uratha, a picture of Forsaken violence immediately springs to mind. Now you have to repaint the picture.

Hindrances: The character is rushed (such as by the approach of police sirens) (–2), the character is unfamiliar with the details of the previous crimes (–3), witnesses if the characters aren't in disguise (–5)

Help: Specialty in Crime Scenes or Falsifying Evidence (+1), witnesses if the characters are in disguise (+3), the character somehow ties the animal formerly accused by the police of the attack with the party they intend to frame (+3)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The planted evidence doesn't fool anyone. Now the police are taking Alicia's claims more seriously. This is a problem.

Failure: The character makes no progress towards his goal. If the character fails to accumulate 10 successes in a number of rolls equal to his unmodified Wits + Investigation, her work isn't enough to throw the police (or Alicia) off the werewolves' tracks.

Success: The character makes progress towards her goal. When the character has accumulated 10 successes, she has successfully set the scene to turn police attention towards those the Irraka has decided will take the fall. A few doubters may remain unconvinced, however… including monster hunters.

Exceptional Success: The character makes significant progress towards her goal. If the character achieves an exceptional success, her work is so thorough that even the doubters believe it.

Consequences

In many ways, Cunning is a measure of how well a character lives a virtuous life through nontraditional means. While a character *can* take an immoral (from the perspective of Harmony) approach to the problem of Alicia Regan (including murder, torture, or, Luna forbid, cannibalism), doing so will bar her from increasing her Purity and will do little towards earning her Cunning. A clever character should be able to solve a problem without resorting to breaking the Oath of the Moon.

This story is likely to end in one of four scenarios. If Alicia is killed, her writing (if it isn't destroyed) may be taken more seriously, and hunters will be clued in to the presence of the unusual. If Alicia is convinced not to run her story, she will likely be convinced that her investigations were about to unearth something real, and turn digging her nose into werewolf business into a personal hobby. If Alicia is discredited, her career will be ruined, and her interest in werewolves may take on an embittered, vengeful hue. Finally, if Alicia or the police can be convinced that some other group is responsible for the attacks, the Uratha may well find themselves entirely in the clear. Of course, the character responsible for any of the above outcomes will bear the brunt of the fault (or praise) of that outcome.

The Con (Irraka)

Mental ••• Physical — Social ••••

Overview

Sometimes the Irraka have to bend the rules. When they do so, it's always good to have someone to take the fall for them. An elder Irraka (either the character's Mentor, Edward Miller, (p. 38), or another character specific to the Storyteller's setting) approaches the character with a challenge: he wants his charge to liberate an item of some importance (a powerful magical talisman, a familial sword or simply a reminder of a lost packmate) from one of the city's most powerful packs. Obviously simply stealing such an item could lead to extremely unpleasant retribution for both the Irraka and her elder, so another pack needs to look like the perpetrators.

Variations on the Theme

One major variation on this scene involves a change in the focus of Alicia's investigations. This is particularly useful for a pack that tends to be sloppy in their use of violence. Rather than having her notice odd things at various unrelated sites that puts her on the trail of the Uratha in general, perhaps she has been snooping around the *characters'* activities, and is putting together a case fingering them specifically. This raises the stakes and the tension of this scene.

Instead, perhaps none of the Uratha know who has been leaving this trail towards the werewolves for Alicia to follow. Are the Pure responsible? Perhaps the Hosts or some more bizarre shapechangers have been active in the area, and the Uratha seem primed to take the fallout? Perhaps a group of hunters planted the evidence of the werewolves to lure a reporter towards them and expose the truth. Whatever the case, in this variation, the Irraka must not only keep Alicia quiet, but also uncover the real culprit and put an end to his or her activities.

Conversely, Alicia may be following the trail of the Uratha but jumped to the wrong conclusions. Violent mutilations with trappings of shamanism may scream "witches" to her rather than "werewolves." Unfortunately, the real local witches have a code of discretion of their own, and they're quite upset with the werewolves for putting them in danger. This might make for a good crossover session for Storytellers who own **Mage: The Awakening** or **Second Sight**.

Monster hunters are mentioned a few times in this section. While the hunters on p. 207 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook** and p. 235 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken** can serve admirably for such an individual, Storytellers are encouraged to read **Hunter: The Vigil** for more information on the backgrounds and motivations of those few brave (or foolish) souls who take up weapons against the creatures of the night. Perhaps, for example, Alicia Regan becomes a member of Network Zero or Null Mysteriis after her encounters with the characters. Perhaps she's already a member.

Description

It's a quiet night as you make your way through your territory. Nothing seems out of the ordinary. Perhaps the world even seems a little more calm than usual. You can feel *Mother Luna above you, watching from the shadows, encouraging you to hide, to hunt, to be*

one with the darkness. It's one of those rare nights in which everything seems in harmony. Which is why you're surprised when you realize a werewolf is standing in front of you — an Uratha you neither heard nor saw coming.

What help can the elder provide? He tells the character what the item is, hints at why it's important, and perhaps gives a few suggestions as to where its current whereabouts may be. He also offers to sing to the Irralunim of the character's Cunning and grant some other gift, whether a fetish, a secret rite, membership in a secretive lodge or simply an extended mentorship. Otherwise, the character is on his own. This is *his* challenge, after all. (His pack can and should support him in this, of course, whether a Cahalith bending her silver tongue to lies, an Elodoth and Rahu judging just who the pack can get away with screwing over, or an Itheaur enlisting the aid of the spirits.)

The make-up of the power pack can obviously vary from game to game. A Storyteller might use the Silver Syndicate or Mountain's Proud Children from **Werewolf: The Forsaken** and **Hunting Grounds: Rockies** or the Architects of Steel or Slaughterhouse Five from **World of Darkness: Chicago**. A Storyteller without any of these books might even fashion a pack of (incredible) power from the sample characters in this book (though showing how such experienced and varied characters function together towards a goal might be a difficult exercise). Furthermore, the details of how the fetish is kept need to be defined, and should be based on the pack. A few possibilities include:

• The alpha or some other member of the pack **wears the fetish** at all times. He may take it off in the shower or during sex, but the rest of the time it's on his body. The characters will have to abscond with it from right under his nose.

• The fetish is now considered a central spiritual focus of the pack, and they keep it hidden deep within their territory. Whether it has been hidden in the material world or the Shadow, **the fetish is guarded by the pack's totem**.

• The pack has more confidence in human technology than the mystical wards of the Uratha or the mercurial spirits. **They've placed the fetish in a state-of-the-art safe** behind an extensive security system.

• The fetish doesn't belong to a single pack, but is considered a testament to the efforts of several. **The fetish is passed between the packs** at a regular interval in an elaborate ceremony. Each pack has its own way of protecting it.

• The pack that now holds the fetish has become freakishly paranoid. **They have slipped the fetish into a condom and forced one of their wolf-bloods to swallow it**. When it comes out, they put it in a new condom, and stick it back in.

The Con is more freeform than many of the other challenges presented in this book. While the core premise is relatively simple, the details, such as who approaches the character, what pack is to be conned, which is to be framed, and the nature of the mysterious item in question, will both limit and present approaches the character can take to solve the problem. Like the other Irraka challenge, **Quelling the Herd**, the Storyteller should encourage player creativity and allow a great deal of player freedom in exploring the options for tricking the group of wary predators.

But why does the elder desire the item? Perhaps the elder considers the item a danger to himself or to others, and feels some responsibility for securing it (perhaps because it was he who let the target pack have it in the first place). Perhaps the pack wronged the elder in some way, and the elder wants to teach them a lesson. Maybe the elder just wants to make a quick buck. Perhaps the item itself doesn't matter, and the elder just wants to help the character discover the inner confidence to stand up to and outsmart his elders.

Whatever the reason, the way the elder presents the challenge to the character will be influenced by his rationale for doing so. Establishing this beforehand will make the scene flow more smoothly and make more sense, even if the character never discovers why he was tasked with this errand. One sample fetish, the Lionel's Promise, is given below.

New Fetish: Lionel's Promise (••••)

They say that Lionel's Fist, a blessed pack of Iminir, once traveled the rough and wild trails of the western frontier. These fine Uratha were the greatest of their time, leaders without par who led numerous battles against the Pure before finally being overwhelmed and destroyed. Only recently have the Forsaken regained Lionel's Promise, a necklace of ivory beads on a leather thong of deceptively simple appearance, from the Pure.

Close examination reveals (to those versed in such things) that the beads are the polished teeth of a fallen werewolf and the thong his or her tanned skin. Each bead bears a light carving of an Uratha glyph, though these are almost impossible to see when the fetish is inactive. When charged with spiritual energy, the glyphs take on a pale silver glow, wreathing the wearer in a mantle of power and authority. Once every 24 hours, a character may expend one Essence to gain a bonus to all Social rolls equal to his Cunning. (The fetish was originally crafted for a member of the Lodge of Crows.) This power lasts for the scene.

Furthermore, the character seems preternaturally trustworthy to others. While benefiting from this fetish's power, she may roll Manipulation + Persuasion + Cunning versus a subject's Composure + Primal Urge as an instant action to entice a character to reveal some great secret. This is almost always something the subject feels guilty about; the subject usually reveals the last action she committed that necessitated a degeneration roll, whether she succeeded or not. Otherwise the secret may be a pack or lodge secret. The subject may expend two points of Willpower to overcome this compulsion.

Action: Instant

Storyteller Goals

Give the character a goal that is impossible if approached in a straightforward manner. Inspire her to show creative problem solving, cleverness and finesse. If she succeeds, reward her thoroughly.

Character Goals

Get the desired item for the elder without getting caught in the act. Turn the wrath of the elders on some other group.

Actions

Numerous tactics might be taken to obtain the item and frame another group. Here are a few:

The Shapeshifter: A character with a strong command of the Gifts of Mother Luna might use Skin-Stealing (p. 129, **Werewolf: The Forsaken**) to imitate a werewolf of the pack to be framed (or of the pack to be stolen from). While this may, at first, seem to be the most simple and straightforward solution, the theft must still be performed with some manner of finesse. After all, the wronged Uratha may be suspicious of a thief so openly brazen as to allow herself to be easily seen and be more receptive to the framed party's claims of innocence. Furthermore, in a culture as focused on the public telling of deeds as the Uratha, the list of werewolves known to possess the Skin-Stealing Gift may be very short indeed.

The Sneaky Spirit: The character might enlist the aid of a spirit of very similar appearance to that of a known spirit ally or totem of the pack to be framed to steal the fetish. This approach poses some of the same faults as the Skin-Stealing approach, with the added disadvantage of being foiled by a timely use of the Read Spirit Gift. One major advantage to this approach is that it might ferment discord between the framed pack and their totem.

The Self Frame-Up: This convoluted strategy is an example of something so crazy it might just work. First the character must start a public fight with the character to be framed. Then, the character steals the fetish (possibly using one of the tactics above), but leaves evidence pointing at herself. When the elders come to question her, she claims innocence, suggesting that perhaps she's been framed — and, of course, everyone knows who has the motive to do so. Of course, an Uratha with the Scent Beneath the Surface Gift can foil this entire plan.

The Grift: Conversely, the character may set up the pack to be framed by actually convincing a member of that pack to do the dirty work. The character must exercise incredible care and subtlety to convince one of the fall guys to take the fetish from the elder pack (by, of course, making him want it for his own use). Then, in the chaos that results, the character quietly liberates the fetish from the thief. One major advantage to this strategy: even if the framed character realizes he's been cheated, he may not be inclined to admit it. Nobody wants to admit they got conned.

Consequences

The Con is a challenge with the potential to go very, very poorly for the character. She might make enemies of two packs and be branded a thief, liar or worse among the local Uratha. The best-case scenario, if the character is caught, is that the elder pack doesn't bring the pack the character hoped to frame into it at all. Furthermore, failure to acquire the item and set the wronged pack against a pack of patsies will lead to a disappointed elder Irraka.

Successfully carrying out this challenge, on the other hand, can lead to some major rewards. The character almost certainly has earned her next dot in the Cunning Renown. She's earned the respect of one of her elders. She may have done all of this without even ruffling any feathers. A particularly sharp character might even use this to frame up a pack that is already her enemy, embroiling them in a conflict with their elders.

Variations on the Theme

The Storyteller can cook up a few easy variations on this story simply by changing who wants the item to be stolen and why. Perhaps the item is dangerous, either to the pack who has it or to someone else because the pack has it. An example of the latter: a member of the Silver Syndicate (from the Rockies) approaches the character to relieve a powerful item from Rachel Snow's pack because they fear how she might use it. This challenge can also work as a tribal initiation from the Iron Masters, though as far as tribal initiations go, its one hell of a doozey.

An interesting variation might involve an inside job of sorts; perhaps a member of the pack currently in possession of the item wants it for himself. He can't just steal pack property, so he enlists the character.

Finally, a Storyteller might place the item in question in the hands of other supernatural creatures, such as vampires, mages or changelings. This might allow for a bit of crossover, requiring the character to trick enemies whose powers he doesn't understand.

Experience

Characters that participate in these challenges should be given an additional experience point (beyond the usual points granted each session) for doing so. A character that successfully overcomes the challenge presented to her garners yet another point, and a particularly novel or brilliant solution may garner a third point at the Storyteller's discretion. Finally, a character that successfully completes an auspice challenge should usually be allowed to purchase a dot of her auspice Renown (if she has the experience to do so) as soon as she can find someone to perform the Rite of the Spirit Brand for her.

Afterword

With this book, **Werewolf: The Forsaken** comes full circle. The loop closes. Part of me certainly wishes it could have gone on with publication forever — complete with major motion pictures, testimonials from celebrities and more useful public figures about how they love the game, and a major shift in how we as a people look at how what we do every day matters in the long run. As long as I'm wishing, of course. But things are what they are, and now we must close. And though I still kind of wish it could continue in perpetuity, another part of me says we had a very good run.

That's no small thing, the good run. If one cannot have perpetuity — in particular, if one cannot have perpetuity without sacrificing quality — then a good run is the best you can ask for. And when it's pretty clear you've had a run of quality, it's something to be proud of.

Werewolf has, overall, had fewer books than the other permanent game lines that match it. It's something that powers me with mixed feelings. On the one hand, fewer books — it's hard not to think "Are we just not giving out enough to our people?" But on the other hand, I look at the reasons we've had fewer books.

And the reason that really sticks out is that the books we put out were *good*. I take a lot of pride in what the **Werewolf** team put together. **Predators**, **Blood of the Wolf**, **Blasphemies**, **Lore of the Forsaken**… the list goes on. Books that were so complete and well-written that they somewhat sabotaged the need for subsequent generations to qualify. Up to this book itself, which is itself something that fills me with a vicarious pride. Even when I wasn't personally developing books, there were such talented people willing to take over for me that the quality never stinted. In fact, I kind of suspect that the books get better when I'm not the one in charge. But my personal ego will gladly take the hit if it means that you folks — the readers — are the ones who won out.

It's not just about the books, of course. I love creating books, something physical you can hold and revisit whenever you like, but ultimately the books were just a means to an end. It was about the stories. I have my **Werewolf** stories, of course. I have stories about playtest and neat ideas and linguistic brainstorming and long nights at the office and discovering new authors and artists, all that sort of thing. But some of my best anecdotes are about hearing other people's stories. About listening to what people did with the game. How they discovered the pride of the underdog triumphant, how they found glory in a thankless struggle, how they found all the meaning in the world in a few city blocks.

Those stories are what kept me going. And it thrills me to think that ten, twenty years down the line, I can pick up a **Werewolf** book, listen to the rush of the stories as they come flooding back, and say to myself "I was a part of this."

It's a bittersweet thing to say goodbye to working on the line — to move to being simply a reader and a gamer again. The goodbyes have gotten easier, though, because of what comes next. When I turned out the lights on **Werewolf: The Apocalypse**, that meant I got to work on a new game — this very one. There was little time to mourn before we were immersed in the heart of creation again. And although I can't really talk about the next phase of what I'm up to just yet, again it softens the blow. I'm back at the task of creation, and it's going to take me to the same inspiring place — the nexus of a thousand stories, mine and yours.

I hope to see you there. Once again, I think we'll have a lot of interesting things to talk about.

Ethan Skemp
June, 2009


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