

the **PACK**



A PLAYER SOURCEBOOK FOR
WEREWOLF: THE FORSAKEN
SECOND EDITION

the PACER



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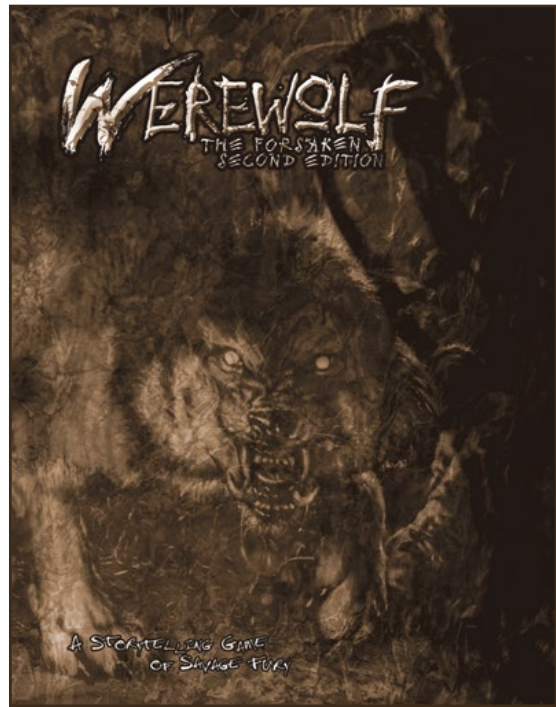
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INTRODUCTION

*All stories are about wolves. All worth repeating,
that is. Anything else is sentimental drivel.*

Margaret Atwood, The Blind Assassin

It's a machine. A machine of tooth and claw and instinct, but a machine no less. It has its parts and processes — its cogs and gears — and some are flesh, and some are spirit, and some look just like you. Fear is its engine, and natural selection is its purpose. You aren't fit to survive.

You can hide in the woods, but the darkness fuels it. You can lose it down the alley, but the walls are its design. You can even disappear in the crowd, but the crowd knows to *never* fuck with the wheels of progress. Not when the pack is on the hunt.

The Pack is about strength in numbers, and the danger of getting lost in those numbers. Packs are the werewolf's lifeblood, more than any auspice, tribe, or lodge. Almost every Uratha belongs to one, whether she's a Storm Lord or a Ghost Wolf, and whether she wants to or not. Not all packs are heroic. Few are good. Packs are street gangs and terrorists, or brainwashed cults with fat false gods, but whether it's the center of a werewolf's life or a necessary evil, she can never escape it. The Wolf Must Hunt, and it won't hunt alone.

This book picks up where **Werewolf: The Forsaken, Second Edition** left off, with a deeper look at the pack, the keystone of Uratha society. The outlooks and motives of packs are as important as any werewolf's, and its relationships are reflected in every part of the hunt. Here you'll see those relationships ripped apart and stitched back together, with new structures, new systems, and even a few new members.

THEME: PLAYING THE PACK

More than any other supernatural creature, werewolves are social animals. Vampires play politics, and mages form academies, but werewolves never come without backup. The half-moon bargains while the new moon backstabs; the Storm Lord thunders as the Blood Talon rends. Every piece falls in place or the prey lives to see another night. Even an alpha is

only one part of a greater whole, if the pack bothers with an alpha at all. The wolf yields to the will of the People.

Packs are bigger than their werewolves, too. Wolf-Blooded have goals beyond being pawns for Uratha, and humans work for their pack's success, whatever they think success (or the pack) might be. The totem doesn't bestow favor out of any mortal construct like selflessness. It has its own agendas, even if it came to them in the crucible of a werewolf's jaws. Packs are the sum of their parts. Each facet serves in harmony with the others, or else the pack is no pack at all.

MOOD: US AGAINST THE WORLD

A lone wolf is a dead wolf. The pack is army and family, gang and team, church and state. Those who stand apart are either too proud to follow the example of Mother Wolf and the First Pack, or too toxic for anyone else to bear. The lone werewolf cuts off her nose to spite her face, and when her enemies track her down, unclaimed and undefended, death will be the least of her dishonors.

Fanaticism is a feature, not a bug. Packs are the Mansions, the mafia, and the Michigan Militia rolled up in wolf skins. They're not — strictly speaking — sane. Yes, the pack stops its members from becoming rampaging monsters, but that just means they're monsters who got religion. If having a mad pack is better than having no pack at all, then better is a matter of degrees.

Packs aren't about sanity, though. The Moon is indifferent to your mental health. That's not why he blessed you. The flock will never learn to cull itself, and it will never understand the need. They cannot know. They must not know. The world is divided between *us* and *them*, and the pack is the thin red line. It's about who belongs and who doesn't, and it's about knowing how to tell the difference. That link is more important than any individual, or any individual's sanity.

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

Chapter 1: Us and Them explores the pack as a complete unit: how it presents itself, how it sees itself, how it recruits (or conscripts), and how it operates. Meet four packs who defy the typical structures, along with a guide to pack creation, and the ins and outs of troupe play.

Chapter 2: Moving Parts peels back the layers of the pack, from werewolves, to Wolf-Blooded to humans, to totems. Dig deeper, and you'll meet even stranger members, like spirits, wolves, and other supernatural creatures. Here you'll find new systems, like pack tactics, and special rules for totems.

Chapter 3: The Wider World puts the pack in context. See how protectorates rise to the challenge of greater prey, and fall on the sword of petty feuding. Learn the risks and rewards of lodges and the blasphemous secret societies of werewolves, with five examples to unleash on your chronicle.

Chapter 4: Hunting Grounds takes the pack global. From the island nations of Malta and Thailand to the megalopolis of Dubai, go on a world tour of the People's territories, and the packs who stalk them.

INSPIRATIONAL MEDIA

Werewolf: The Forsaken lists some great inspirational material, much of which ties into the themes of this book, but here are a few more examples to help you settle into the pack mentality:

LITERATURE

Geek Love, by Katherine Dunn: Mutilation, psychic surgery, and chemically induced mutation are only half the fun. This bittersweet chronicle of the rise and fall of a traveling circus could be the story of a Wolf-Blooded pack untethered from werewolves. More than just a business, the Binewski Fabulon is a family and — ultimately — a cult. The limb-cutting worshippers of Arturo the Aquaboy are a lodge in the making, with dismemberment as their own twisted form of *gathra*.

The Lies of Locke Lamora, by Scott Lynch: Swashbuckling fantasy rather than urban horror, but every page of this novel is an example of a precision-strike hunt, albeit one aimed at scamming the rich. The Gentlemen Bastards act with pack-like efficiency, playing off each other's specialties to best shake down their marks. Their sacred bond holds even through the most elaborate schemes, held together by a totem in the guise of a hidden god of thieves.

TELEVISION

Buffy the Vampire Slayer, "The Pack": Teenagers are wolves. They move in packs, they mate, they sniff out weakness. They eat their prey alive. The clique of cannibal teens in this episode is based more on hyenas than werewolves, but they still revel in the power of the pack — of *belonging* to the pack. Other elements of **Werewolf** are featured as well, like the horrors of spiritual possession. If you squint, Buffy and the gang could be a pack on the hunt, with a brood of Ridden as their prey.

True Blood: Later seasons offer diminishing returns, but even at its campiest, this series embodies the Uratha's nature in the World of Flesh. *True Blood's* werewolves are usually villains, but their pack culture is well-defined, with rites, hunts, and hierarchies. These werewolves are also keenly aware of the dangers of keeping mortal loved ones among the pack. For added crossover appeal, season three features a grim example of what becomes of packs led by vampires.

Wolf Lake: *What is the most important thing to the wolf? Survival of the pack.* This short-lived series regards the citizens of Wolf Lake, Washington, a small town with a protectorate of werewolves pulling the strings. Wolf Lake is what happens when packs go off the grid, away from prying eyes and human authorities. Everyone is everyone else's cousin, and everyone bears the blood of the Wolf. Werewolves at the pulpit, werewolves in the country club, werewolves on the high school soccer team... werewolves brewing their own brand of beer. Think *Twin Peaks* with Uratha.

GLOSSARY

adherent: A werewolf initiated into a lodge.

complication: A persistent obstacle associated with the pack, whether environmental or social.

hunting nature: The dominant ethos of the pack, defining its strengths and weaknesses on the hunt. It takes three forms: *wolf*, *human*, or *werewolf*.

pack tactics: A class of maneuvers werewolves develop for hunts. Their utility is tied to the pack's hunting nature.

pack Touchstones: Touchstones tied to packs rather than single werewolves, helping to further their hunts and spread their influence.

schism: A faction or cult within a lodge.

troupe play: A style of roleplaying where each player takes on multiple roles in the story, controlling secondary characters such as Wolf-Blooded or human packmates.

Zakmur-Dah: A pack's inaugural hunt. Often used to bind the totem, and to see who's worthy of belonging to the pack.



"Welcome to Spirit Machine, Ms. Druthers." The pixie cut stood out on Pan, tall and broad as she was. Neither she nor her guest matched the inoffensive taupe-and-off-white decor of the leased office space. Though she looked entirely at home, her color-striped hair and artfully-torn clothing looked as though it belonged in an underground rave. If Pan looked like she belonged someplace rougher, her guest looked like she belonged someplace more rarified. Old enough to be Pan's disapproving mother, her suit looked like it cost more than several months' rent on the suite they were about to tour.

A smile made the older woman's face warm and welcoming. The transformation reminded Pan of the change from Dalu to Hishu. It almost made her look human. "Follow me," Pan said, "and let me show you around the company you're thinking about buying." She turned and led the woman through a generic door labeled with the company name into a wide-open workspace.

"This is where we do most of our work," she said, gesturing across nearly two dozen desks separated by low walls. "I know the latest studies say that open workspaces result in decreased efficiency, but we're almost a family, really." Faces popped up from behind screens and craned over shoulders to look at the stranger. "When you work twelve-hour days for a few years, you get really close. And besides," she shrugged, "I think the results speak for themselves. Everything comes from here: the coding, art, GUI, writing," as they walked, she pointed out the section devoted to each activity. "When someone needs some privacy, they take one of the rooms around the back."

"And what about the leadership, the inspiration? Where does that come from?" The question might have sounded critical if not couched in warm tones, with a smile.

"We all supply that. The ideas for our past several projects have come from different members of the team. But if you're asking who quarterbacks, it's usually Helena. Let me introduce—" A short, dour-looking man stepped in front of them and stuck out his hand. Ms. Druthers took it after a moment of hesitation. "Um," Pan said, "this is Mike Panagos, lead artist."

"I just wanted to see who's going to be buying up our soul and commoditizing it." He leaned in close and looked Druthers in the eye. "Thanks." He stalked back to his desk and put headphones on.

"Not... everyone here is happy with the prospect of partnering with such a large company as Megalithic," Pan said, "but we operate by consensus, and—"

"And not everyone needs to stay with the company if they don't like its direction, I suppose. Let's meet Helena."

Druthers, Helena, and Pan spoke for nearly an hour in one of the private rooms, and then Pan cheerfully escorted Ms. Druthers out. Helena, a slight black woman in business casual, stood next to Panagos and watched her leave. "You get a good sniff?" he asked.

"Even if I didn't, that room's gonna reek of her for days." Helena looked at him. "Yeah, I got it. I can follow her wherever she goes, no problem."

"Good. Megalithic's been poisoning the Hisil long enough."



CHAPTER ONE US AND THEM

If one would have a friend, then one must also be willing to wage war for him; in order to wage war, one must be capable of being an enemy.

Friedrich Nietzsche, Thus Spoke Zarathustra

Every pack looks different. More than one takes the shape of a gang or a family, but no outsider can know a pack without time and effort. Uratha tell jokes about the stereotypes, but the stereotypes are thin at best. The Rahu isn't always the alpha, the Irraka isn't always the enforcer, the Wolf-Blooded aren't always close as extended family, and human members of the pack aren't always hangers-on.

The pack becomes what it needs to become. The best plans and ideals of the Uratha, guided by all the legends the Cahalith can provide, don't tell the entire story. For every pack where a few werewolves form the spiritual and magical core of a tight-knit extended, a dozen don't work out that way.

Maybe the pack never found an Ithaeur despite all its searching; when one of the Wolf-Blooded stepped up to fill that role, she became the spiritual heart of the pack. Perhaps a human applied a bit of logic to spirit behavior; after his algorithms beat the pack's intuition a dozen times running, they put him in charge of deployment. Say the handful of werewolves in a pack developed a phobia of each other after they all hit *Basu-Im* together and hurt lots of people; today, each one lives in complete isolation, relying on Wolf-Blooded and human packmates to point them at threats and let them go.

This chapter describes four distinct packs and covers how they appear to outsiders, how they see themselves, how they renew the pack with new members and resources, and the functional structure of those packs. It also provides new guidelines for filling out the pack in character generation or during play, and for portraying the pack through troupe-style play.

SPIRIT MACHINE

To most of the world, Spirit Machine is a successful indie video game company. Their games are tightly-designed, quirky affairs that entertain a growing audience and avoid competing with the behemoths of triple-A gaming. Operating out of a repurposed warehouse in south Seattle, the Uratha, Wolf-Blooded, and humans all work together and treat their pack more like the LLC that it is.

ENGINE 22

Ten years ago, a rash of fires and fire spirits broke out in and around Washington D.C. Other local packs followed bad leads or ignored the incidents altogether, but not the Witch Talons. When they saw an opportunity to douse the flames, they took it. The Uratha leveraged a Wolf-Blooded contact, took jobs with the local fire department, and dissipated the threat. Today, they've replaced or won over the entire firehouse and changed the name of their pack to reflect their focus.

DIE GAEDESTRASSEBANDE

Originally, the members of die Gaedestraßebande worked alone, only meeting on Gaedestraße when a large threat demanded they work together. As time went on, the loose band pooled more resources and let more outsiders into their little clubhouse, until the Schildergasse incident. Mid-investigation, all the Uratha members fell into *Basu-Im* together and left a street of popular shops covered in blood. Today, each Uratha member lives alone, attended by a small number of Wolf-Blooded or human packmates, who release each werewolf when it's time to hunt.

LA CLÍNICA

La Clínica is a team of therapists, psychologists, and psychiatrists working to improve the mental health of the people of Mexico City. On the surface, it is a simple practice that takes paying clients. To the elite of Mexico, it is a discreet source of tough-love detox for the families of businessmen, politicians, and cartel bosses. The money they earn from those under-the-table cases gives them the freedom to treat the impoverished — and a bit extra for illicit activities. All together, their work gives the pack a terrific lead on spiritual trouble throughout their region.

FROM THE OUTSIDE

"Hey, Cheryl, look." Dave tugged her shoulder and gestured across the exhibition hall. "It's Spirit Machine. You think if I show them my prototypes, I got a chance?" He hefted his laptop bag. "I got it all right here."

"Not with them." She turned away.

"Wait, why not?"

"First, 'cause they don't ever hire. They're a tight group. Two, you don't want to work for them. You like sleep too much."

"Really?"

"Oh, yeah," she said. "They make the twelve-hour workday people cry. And I hear they have some kind of company oath."

"An oath?"

"Yeah."

"Weird."

To anyone outside a group, be it a small team at a large company, a high school clique, or the folks who meet for yoga class twice a week, the inner workings of that group are largely opaque. The socially perceptive will pick out the tastemakers and trendsetters in those little groups, who wants whose approval, and who's attracted to whom. But even though an outsider can pick up the meaningful glances and notice the in-jokes, she won't know what they mean unless she becomes part of those groups.

Werewolf packs are like that, but ever so much more so. The Uratha's shared nature binds them together more than most outsiders can ever understand. When the outsider is one of the Forsaken, that similarity doesn't open the door more than a crack. Members of a pack have faced terrors, suffered agonies, and dealt punishments together. The intensity of these shared moments gives them invisible bonds that a team-building paintball day simply can't match. An unsuspecting outsider typically describes a pack as "insular," "tight-knit," "impenetrable," "closed off," "not very welcoming," and so on. A werewolf from another pack can expect a similar experience, but is more likely to consider it "prudent," "security-minded," "careful," or "wise."

Those are reactions from people who spend a short while with a pack. One might share a subway car with them, interrogate them as witnesses to a violent death, or watch them in a corner of the library reading very old books. However charming a pack member is, he still acts like part of a group, one atom in a tightly-bound molecule. The best a social packmate can hope to do is distract observers from noticing the pack dynamics at work.

Different sorts of packmates give off this vibe to different extents. Uratha feel the pack instinct most strongly. Between that and their spirit natures, they radiate in-group more than anyone else in the pack. Wolf-Blooded share a little bit of this nature, feeling a strong degree of camaraderie and reflexive aid for packmates, but it comes off less strongly. Human packmates vary based on their commitment to the pack, from mild attachment up to the extremes of human commitment seen in violent gangs, close military squads, and some families. Even so, human packmates rarely demonstrate the sort of instinctive bond that Uratha and, to a lesser extent, Wolf-Blooded do.

SPIRIT MACHINE

Externally, Spirit Machine is a legitimate business. It's registered with the state of Washington and the federal government, it pays its taxes, and it pays its employees. Like

many game companies, particularly indies, the staff of Spirit Machine work long hours. It's half passion project and half a necessity in the competitive world of video game development.

None of this makes Spirit Machine stand out. What sets them apart from their peers is their aloof attitude. When they attend conventions to show off their games, they are friendly to visitors to their booth but few others. The people from Spirit Machine rarely make more than superficial personal connections. Even when one opens up about graphics engines and design patterns and makes a friend, the outsider has an unshakeable sense that this team works together so smoothly and instinctually that she'll never understand exactly how they communicate.

Further, the designers and coders don't participate in the broader community of indie developers. Most of the community has a rising-tide-lifts-all-boats philosophy. If all the indies' games are better, gamers will give independent studios more attention, and everyone wins. So generally they help each other out with coding problems, discuss graphics engine issues, and provide feedback on game designs and prototypes.

Spirit Machine developers, not so much. They don't ask for help, and they don't give any. This further alienates the company from its peers. When it comes up in conversation, as it occasionally does after a few beers or when an outsider simply doesn't have any tact, a member of the pack says he'd rather figure it out on his own and learn from the experience. Outsiders come away with the sense that if he asked for help, he'd be seen as less in the eyes of his team.

Spirit Machine also has a reputation for treating its employees right. They all get a share in the company, and unlike many game studios, Spirit Machine has almost no turnover. A job with them is a job for life, or so it seems, so the pack throws away a lot of job applications. On the other hand, when a member of the company does leave, she leaves game development for good—and no one ever hears from her again.

ENGINE 22

Engine 22 is the rare pack entirely funded by the human government. Or almost entirely, since members of the pack pick up additional capital where they can and use it for the illicit parts of their missions. Paid by Washington, D.C. taxpayers, the pack runs the firehouse and fights fires, and they do it effectively.

Reporters, superiors, and the occasional inspector see the pack as typical group of firefighters and firefighters' families. They come across as dedicated to each other, quiet, and focused, but these are all qualities that feel right on a group of firefighters. It lets reporters cast them as heroes, and the complaints that go up the chain from within Engine 22 number exactly zero, so their superiors are happy.

Within the larger community of firefighters and emergency response personnel, Engine 22 experiences more friction. Occasional workshops get several firehouses in the same auditorium for training, and Engine 22 reliably sticks together in the corner. At department-wide social gatherings, Engine 22 does their part but keeps fraternization to a minimum. And at the occasional intramural sporting event, Engine 22

is intense, organized, and they look like they're going to win or die. No one enjoys playing them, and no one thinks they're enjoying it either.

Recruitment is another place where they appear strange. Rookies often imagine they want to join the best firehouse, and Engine 22 looks like the best. They have as good a record as a firehouse can get, and no one there dies — at least not on the job. After a decade of turning away nearly every applicant, veterans tell the rookies not to bother. Those arrogant assholes have their noses so far up their own butts all they can smell is what they ate for lunch.

DIE GAEDESTRASSEBANDE

This pack has almost no traction in the public eye. On the street, they meet in twos or threes at most, over coffee or ice cream, sharing what they've seen. Then they pass along that information to a different group the next day. They look like friends, and if they have a regular schedule, that's nothing unusual. Maybe it's unusual to give the cold shoulder when someone flirts, but it's hard to trust a gut feeling that something's off when that cute guy just doesn't call.

At the handful of locations where they keep the Uratha, pack members look like paid caretakers visiting someone in the well-insulated basement apartment, or sometimes a superintendent or janitor doing uninteresting work. The closest they come to appearing interesting is when the occasional larger group comes to visit, and that looks like a family drop-in or a big cleaning day in the basement. At least one of the Uratha lives somewhere more isolated, making it harder for packmates to get there surreptitiously.

When the pack releases the Uratha to hunt, they take great pains to keep the hunt away from people. The humans' safety is a primary concern, but it's also the Urathas' deep wishes that they get as little exposure to innocents as possible. So the pack runs the hunt in secret, dealing with whatever exposure stumbles upon them. At best, an observer ignores them or decides they're playing some form of game. At worst, the authorities get a phone call about possible terrorists.

LA CLINICA

This is a pack with several faces. The first and most public is that of a business, a small concern in Mexico City with modest offices in a modest location. They have almost enough clients to fill out their list, but between competitive rates and rents, they only get by. They pay their taxes and their protection money and they survive.

La Clinica has an underground reputation for discreet addiction treatment. For large fees, they break clients of chemical dependencies and instill behaviors that help keep them from relapse. Their methods are too harsh to be legal in most countries, and few of their clients are voluntary. Most of their patients are family members of the rich and powerful of Mexico, plus a few from out-country: politicians, leaders of business, and elite criminals.

Beyond a little flash to impress their powerful clients, and a bit set aside for the rainy day fund, most of the money from their underground and very expensive addiction treatment

flows into treating the poor. La Clinica offers mental health treatment to anyone who can't afford it, prioritizing those who most need help in a form of mental triage. La Clinica doesn't waste energy or money publicizing its generosity. Instead, they put all they can into helping those who most need their services, reaping the benefits of a healthier, less-troubled territory.

Members of the pack get a pass in most of these environments. Among their regular clients, the camaraderie looks like a familiarity born from years of working together. Other aspects of the pack bond — silent communication through glances, nods, and body language — the clients write off as some special understanding that therapists share and the uninitiated will never understand. That's partially true.

The powerful clients who come for illicit addiction cures already know they're getting into something they don't understand. They almost universally have a sense for social dominance and group dynamics, and they can respect that the people they're dealing with are part of a social circle the clients can't understand.

La Clinica puts the most effort into making comfortable the disadvantaged who they help. They are some of the most traumatized and require the most care. For various reasons, these patients are more likely to be suspicious of authorities and of the medical establishment. Ordinary humans who pick up on the subtle cues of a werewolf pack can think that they are watching a conspiracy at work, and if La Clinica is to help anyone, they must first ease their concerns. The pack members put their best feet forward here, in order to do the most good.

FROM THE INSIDE

"Gaw-dammit, why do we gotta run through these trainings every year? We're the fucking best there is."

Rob finished fastening his jacket and reached for his helmet. "Because, Rookie, if we don't do the best time through a fake burning building at least once a year, they forget we're the best. Now get your shit on before Chief sees you."

"Why? What's he gonna do," Vic said, reaching for a boot, "demote me? I've been the rookie for three years."

"Because he swore to me that if you're last for turnout one more time, he's going to see how fast you are with your hamstrings missing."

Vic leapt into action, and Rob chuckled on his way out of the locker room.

Members of the pack live surrounded by people who understand them, and that knowledge provides a deep feeling of security. While the rest of the world might be blind and dumb, these people have seen the same things and feel the same bond. They share a sense of belonging.

It's strongest with the Uratha. Instinct and tradition both drive them to gather into packs, the better to hunt and do honor to *Urfarah*. Even among those werewolves who do not know their traditions, instinct drives them to gather. A werewolf without a pack feels like a rowboat with only one oar: at the whim of the current, able to move forward with great effort but usually going in circles. She feels exposed, with no one to watch her back during the literal or figurative night. She feels cut off, having

no one to share her knowledge and discoveries with, and no one who can share with her the smells of territories unknown. She feels incomplete, lacking the elements of *Urfarah* that have descended to the other auspices. She feels alone, having no one in her life who can share the thrill and glory of the *Siskur-Dah*, or the ever-present threat of *Kuruth*.

Belonging to a pack resolves this discomfort. For one who has known the danger and emptiness of running alone, joining a pack is an enormous relief. Finally, she has people who know what she feels in her soul, who understand the instinct to growl and bite that would get her arrested in civilized society. That feeling alone can explain the deep attachment a werewolf forms to the pack. But as time passes, the werewolf builds up shared experiences: the victories of successful hunts, defeats at the hands of cunning enemies, the pride of gaining a reputation among packmates and having that reputation sung to other packs in the night. That binds her to the pack more tightly than any oath or mere loneliness.

Packs are not without their complications, however. Pack instinct doesn't substitute for trust, and it doesn't automatically create group cohesion. Pack members disagree, and the Uratha's brightly burning passions ensure their conflicts will erupt into open flame. One werewolf's cunning plan is another's suicide mission; one considers appeasing a spirit wise, the other says it shows weakness; one thinks slipping through a loophole in the Oaths is clever, another calls it an outrage. And even if two werewolves fight over a decision and one of them wins, who's to say the loser won't sneak off and execute his plan anyway, committing their pack?

After a short while, leaving the pack becomes nearly unthinkable. It becomes a werewolf's family, and for good or for ill, he will stick with his chosen family. He made his choice, and for all that he might want, his instincts tell him that he cannot leave. Times with the pack will be good and will be bad, but he sticks with it. Because it's his pack.

Not every werewolf who joins a pack remains with it. Some leave when a conflict grows to become unresolvable, just as sometimes one must cut oneself off from family. Some are too troubled, proud, or solitary to join a pack in the first place. Such lone wolves live challenging lives. They are in constant danger from their enemies and at odds with their instincts, and few survive more than a handful of months.

Wolf-Blooded don't experience the torments of solitude the same way Uratha do. They have a shadow of the werewolf instincts, but learned behaviors and experience can overcome their impulses. Proportionally, more Wolf-Blooded wind up solitary than Uratha or standard humans. The drive from those instincts the Wolf-Blooded feel remain at odds with acceptable behavior in most human societies. Given enough time, many sons of the Moon and daughters of the Wolf conclude that they just don't fit in with others and resolve to live alone.

Most are happier with others. Both humans and werewolves are social animals, after all. The Wolf-Blooded either forms her own pack around her, out of her family and friends, or joins a true Uratha pack. Many find the true pack more fulfilling; seven billion people out there can relate to their

humanity, but only the Uratha understand and respect a Wolf-Blooded's inhuman instincts.

A Wolf-Blooded gets a particular satisfaction when she watches a dispute between pack members resolve definitively because of shed blood. Her instincts echo the Urathas' joy at the vicious end to a wild hunt. The closeness and camaraderie resonate with her, and often feels like something she's always lacked with her human friends. These feelings can scare the Wolf-Blooded, and that fear can drive her away.

Werewolves offer as much as they take. The Uratha know that Wolf-Blooded can go places and talk to people that they can't. They value that access and provide what they can in return. In addition to the totem benefits, an Uratha can help smooth out troublesome aspects of his Wolf-Blooded packmates' lives. Gifts can ease a number of difficulties, and it only makes sense to keep the Shadow around packmates' homes and work healthy and friendly. And anyone giving packmates a hard time finds 800 pounds of really good reason to do anything else.

As much as the Wolf-Blooded can bond with the pack, she never sheds a sense of exclusion. It can be small, but it never goes away. It comes from the sight of packmates lifting their noses to the air and sharing a knowing moment that the Wolf-Blooded cannot experience. It comes from the moment when an argument erupts into anger, and the Uratha packmate restrains herself because she knows settling this the traditional way would kill her Wolf-Blooded packmate. It comes from watching the transformation, the cracking bones and twisting flesh, and wondering why her and not him.

It's those moments that give the Wolf-Blooded cause to keep human contact even after committing fully to the pack. The Uratha must cleave to the human, but the Wolf-Blooded needs it more. He needs to remind himself that he has another side, and that he's more than just a werewolf without the wolf.

Humans are the least members of the pack. Their involvement varies wildly from one pack to another. Some refuse to admit any purely human members for a variety of reasons, from prejudice to concern for pack security. Some werewolves just don't like humans for personal reasons, and others are too afraid they'll lose control and leave savaged white-and-red lumps where their packmates used to be. At least Wolf-Blooded are born to it.

Other packs permit humans on the periphery. The evident dedication, the feeling of direction, and the restrained power of the pack's leaders appeal to many. People want to belong to something, and if the pack satisfies their sense of how the world should be, they can be some of the most dedicated members even from the edges. The way a pack hovers on the edge of the uncivilized and how its activities run against the grain of socially-acceptable behaviors appeals to people who've never felt like a part of the greater world.

For many of these peripheral pack members, they feel like the roadies and groupies to rock stars. The werewolves and sometimes the Wolf-Blooded are the coolest of the cool, the renegade tastemakers, even to people who don't know anything about the supernatural. For a certain sort of person, being close to them is rewarding, even intoxicating.



Whether a human feels like a vital member of the team or an extraneous hanger-on depends on how the central members of the pack treat him. Some packs show respect to every member, recognizing even small contributions. The struggle to police the Gauntlet is eternal, after all, and every pair of hands helps, as long as those hands *can* help. If a human runs as soon as he sees a talking pile of elk heads, he might not be much use. Other packs refuse to see what a mere human can offer, especially considering the limitations they face working around Lunacy. In such a situation, human packmates don't feel valued. A small number of packs enforce a strict pack hierarchy, even on their human members. It can be based on general Renown, a specific Renown, might makes right, or any other form that makes sense to the pack. Most such hierarchies put humans at the bottom. Honor-based hierarchy is one of the few that sometimes does not. Packs that hew to Honor are often those that also apply the Oath, "The Low Honor the High, the High Respect the Low" to their human members.

For the human, life in the pack can be chaotic and confusing. She watches as the central figures of the pack come and go, sometimes screaming with incoherent rage and other times bloody to the bone. She hears and sees a lot of strange things, noises that come from nowhere, people disappearing from locked rooms, and powers that don't make sense. Some packs limit what the members on the periphery see. Maybe those humans aren't aware of any of this until some plan goes sideways and the Uratha haul one of their own back into the den with a leg half-torn off. Others let the humans see what

they're going to see. If they take off for the hills, they weren't worth having around anyway.

A few packs accept humans fully into their midst. They tell them everything and involve them in the daily operation of the pack and the hunt. Most are selective. Packs that don't vet the humans they accept almost certainly end up dead or scattered. All it takes is one freaking out to ruin operational security. Family members are the most common candidates; existing packmates are more likely to invite a close family member in, and the familial bond makes it more likely the new person will stay in the pack and endure the weirdness, violence, and blood.

A human member in the center of the pack sees it all, everything peripheral human packmates see but more of it and more often. Her werewolf packmates take precautions against striking her with Lunacy, but she can and will experience it periodically. Even knowing the truth of the life she leads, the madness will overtake her and leave her struggling to make visceral, emotional sense of what her conscious mind *knows* happened. When her brain insists everything is going according to plan, but her body spikes with adrenaline and wants to forget everything that just happened, it leaves a person drained.

Human packmates who see the full operation inevitably end up in physical danger, even though every pack tries to avoid it. Humans are almost always the most fragile members of the pack, and no one wants to see a packmate hurt. But the

packs for whom everything goes according to plan number exactly zero, and at some point human members wind up at risk. When that happens, most humans end up seriously injured, some end up dead, and only the smallest number make it through unscathed. Many leave the pack after such an experience, whether on a shield or on a bus. The pack values those who can survive a wave of spiders led by an Azlu and have the mental fortitude to stay with the pack. Such members also worry their packmates. Uratha do this job because they have to. A human that does it has got to be a special kind of messed up.

SPIRIT MACHINE

The way Spirit Machine sees itself, all members are core members. Everyone, from the most Renowned Uratha to the newest human in the pack, is equally invested in the pack's success. At the core of the pack, that is largely true. Werewolves, Wolf-Blooded, and humans all work together on all the company's projects, digital and supernatural. Each puts in 100%, whatever the task is at hand.

Family members form the pack's periphery. Many of the core pack have families, and like it or not, the pack pulls those family members into its messes from time to time. A wounded werewolf stumbles into a backyard she recognizes and recovers in the basement, forcing a packmate's daughter to lie to the cops for her. A group of Wolf-Blooded need to get eyes on the canal right this minute, so one calls his partner and gets him to drive over and pretend to be on the phone for three hours.

Peripheral members react similarly to families of workaholics. They want more time with their loved ones, worry about them, and resent the extra demands that the core members place on them. Core members treat it as a vocation, which makes it hard for them to sympathize with their less-dedicated family members. Especially when everyone they work with is just as passionate.

ENGINE 22

Engine 22 has a similar attitude to Spirit Machine about its core members: human, werewolf, or blood of both, anyone in the firehouse gets the pack's full trust, along with full responsibility for aiding the pack. Each member is a firefighter, and the pack expects each to be able to haul his weight into any burning building in their territory, and then to haul his weight plus one or two others' out again.

This attitude carries through to supernatural duties. Engine 22 expects each pack member to be ready to leap into any situation, from frustrating a possessing spirit to *Siskur-Dah* through the *Hisil*. Each member might not be best at every task, but every member of Engine 22 is leather-tough and can take the heat.

This pack doesn't have any periphery members, not really. Members keep their families out of it. Home is a place you go at the end of the day to let the tension run out of you, and family are people who fear for you while you're on the job. But they don't leap into fires to help, and they don't climb into

the *Hisil* to help out, either. Family is on the outside. And if that strains relationships between the pack and their families... they wouldn't be the first firefighters with that problem.

DIE GAEDESTRASSEBANDE

Everything is shades of grey with die Gaedestraßebande. The werewolves are the core of the pack's several clusters, but they control nothing. The people who run the pack are the handful of Wolf-Blooded and humans with the dedication to see the pack continue. Without them, the disaster that transformed the pack into its current form would have shattered it.

Each pack member running die Gaedestraßebande has her own small network of informants and allies. They consider a few of those somewhat attached to the pack, trustworthy enough to know at least one of the pack safehouses and deliver food or information, if necessary. These adjuncts wonder what all the fuss is about but play along out of friendship, curiosity, social pressure, or some other need.

The core members of the pack are constantly concerned with the care and feeding of their werewolves. If they were only tending weapons, they might just be careful. But in most cases, they are also caring for their friends. Many of the caretakers were around before the event that changed the pack. While part of their care is for their own safety, as much or more is worry over their friends' well-being.

LA CLINICA

La Clínica has pack members, partial pack members, and contractors. Contractors are those the company pays to do necessary work: receptionists, data entry, bookkeeping, and some of the clinicians, therapists, and doctors they work with. The pack does its best to keep the strange away from them. Contractors get weird feelings about some of the doctors and such sometimes, but that's it.

Partial pack members are employees. They know La Clínica is more than a simple therapeutic practice, but they usually don't know just how much more. The pack lets them into some aspect of the group's secrets, perhaps the addiction treatment, or the street clinics, and lets them believe that's it. The pack compensates the employees well and treats them kindly, which usually suffices to keep the pack's secrets.

Peripheral members enjoy the feeling of being in something special. Some go for helping the poor, and others get a kick out of taking the rich for huge sums of money. None know the exact shape of the business, so when someone from the core of the pack needs help with something strange, it feels like it *might* make sense.

If the central pack members have anything in common, it's being overworked. They all wear many hats, trying to keep three distinct operations functioning *and* running them as a source for information on spirit activity and other trouble. The Uratha of La Clínica are more integrated with unsuspecting humans than most, working alongside them day after day, often seeing them as patients. It can wear on them, and clients of the practice have grown accustomed to, if not always tolerant of, some of the counselors taking brief sabbaticals without warning.

REPLENISHING THE PACK

The night had crept into morning, and few were still at the party. "It's a cool group, Liese," Gabi said. "You said this was Maja's place, right? Which one was she?"

"Oh, she's... she's kind of got this social anxiety."

"Why's she throwing parties, then?"

"It makes her feel good to have people nearby, even if she can't come out and see us."

"That's weird though, right?"

Liese emptied the drink someone had left out. "Oh yeah, it's weird. But we do it for her. And she pays for drinks, y'know? Hey, come out with us tomorrow. We're checking out Club Monster." She smiled. "Maja's treat."

A pack that doesn't recruit new members is a pack that dwindles and dies. How a given pack recruits, however, is idiosyncratic at best. It relies mostly on the pack's ideals and how the pack distributes its limited trust. A pack of dedicated Iron Masters might not invite the pup just adopted by the Storm Lords. An alpha who experienced only abuse at the hands of her first family might never be comfortable trusting anyone related to the pack by blood. It varies from pack to pack and person to person. After all, these are the people they will have to work with, hopefully for a long time.

Every pack keeps their ears to the ground and noses in the air for *nuzusul* about to Change. It's a matter of keeping them safe from the Pure and from resentful spirits, but it's also an opportunity to scout for new talent. A pack may be on the lookout for a Cahalith since their last one died, on sharp lookout whenever the right moon is in the sky. Others just want to be the first pack that the new werewolf sees, the ones that help him make sense of the chaos that's just come crashing down on his head. That sense of gratitude goes a long way toward potential recruitment, and a successful pack does what's necessary to keep from dying, outnumbered, in a gutter filled with their own blood.

Being the first on the scene of a Change gives a werewolf a great opportunity to influence the attitudes and choices of a new pup. She might push the *nuzusul* to choose his own tribe, or to join a specific lodge. In some packs, the members each push their own tribes (or, rarely, other tribes), either to give the pup an educated choice, or out of actual competition. Werewolves of other packs agree to push the pup toward a specific tribe, be it the pack's majority tribe, that of an influential member, or a tribe that the pack needs. The pack might select a tribe unrepresented in their number, hoping for a new ritemaster to help them Hunt a specific prey, a diplomat to a neighboring pack that favors a given tribe, or a werewolf who makes a great candidate for another local pack — a bit of a favor to be repaid later.

Sharing new truths with a person helps with more than the newly-Changed. Wolf-Blooded, too, respect a pack that reveals to them the truth of their heritage. A daughter of the Wolf who's wondered her entire life why she stares at people's hamstrings and grinds her teeth will probably show gratitude to the pack that tells her. Unless the truth scares her and she blames them for her problems. It's always a gamble.

Humans react similarly, on the rarer occasions that the Uratha lets one of them into the loop. They come with the added complication that for most of them this "werewolf bullshit" is coming out of left field, and Lunacy might well stymie any attempts at proof.

Approaching an established Ghost Wolf for recruitment comes with a lot of dangers. Most packs consider a Ghost Wolf to be damaged goods, unless he's already part of a pack. Being in a pack, especially one with tribal members, shows that the Ghost Wolf has respect for his purpose and can get along with other packs, the same way that being in a committed relationship makes one a better prospective partner for others. It also makes it harder to recruit him into a new pack.

No pack will offer an unknown Ghost Wolf a spot. The pack asks her questions first, and sets little tricks and traps instead. It's an effort to find out if the Ghost Wolf can be a valuable partner, or whether she's dangerous — either through willful ignorance or cunning. More than one apparent Ghost Wolf has been a Pure in masquerade, or a hopeful initiate to the *Anshega* ranks trying to earn admission or make a reputation. Packs are careful with Ghost Wolves.

Most packs don't restrict their recruitment to the new and the unaffiliated. They poach. They cajole, wheedle, and entice werewolves, Wolf-Blooded, and even useful humans from other packs. Not all packs do this. Some consider it against the Oaths of the Moon, and those who don't still think it's at best impolite, at worst stupid, because failure earns scorn and success earns enemies.

Hunters in Darkness and Iron Masters in particular take a dim view of poaching their packmates. This bias comes out of their tribal vows with respect to their territory, which naturally means that those members of the tribes with different interpretations may not be *quite* as incensed. They still won't like it, though.

Some packs take a more proactive stance on increasing or sustaining their numbers than simple recruiting. It takes more than a sales pitch to make a dedicated new packmate. Some feel like anything that doesn't break the Oaths of the Moon is fair game. This is survival, not some corporate job fair — unless it's one of those job fairs where everyone dies at the end.

Packs that take it to the next level are broad in their approaches. Some stage events to drive the potential recruit to them. Shots from an unseen sniper run the Wolf-Blooded out of his house and into the pack's arms. Those same shots go straight through a new werewolf's arm with the same purpose. A phone call to the wrong person puts the subject's family in danger, and just when she realizes she can't protect them on her own, the pack is there to help. "Failure" to contain a Claimed drops it right in the human's path, and without the pack's timely intervention, he'd be dead for sure.

Enticements are not all creative encouragements and ginned-up debts. Some packs literally *take* people they feel belong in their group. They usually apply such extreme tactics only to those whose blood ties their destiny in with the pack. After that, they can't leave, so why not join the fight? This tactic's effectiveness varies.

No packs openly admit to using straight-up torture to win over new recruits, but it isn't against the Oaths of the Moon, and packs have done worse when survival's at stake. If word gets around that a pack is using such tactics, which most Forsaken associate with the Pure, conflict is sure to follow. It may start with legal arguments, but it always ends in lots and lots of blood.

New packs usually form when young werewolves find themselves without options that appeal to them. The storybook notion of five *nuzusul* going through the First Change in the same month and coming together stays in storybooks. More often, it's one brand-spanking-new werewolf, a handful who've felt out of place in their packs for the last few years, and maybe one that's older and dissatisfied with his current lot. When these misfits see an opportunity — in each other, in a piece of territory that's going underserved, in prey that's going unhunted — they band together and form a new pack.

Not every new pack includes new werewolves. Some form around experienced werewolves who've discovered a new need that their current packs cannot or will not address. Four Storm Lords decide their current packs don't do enough to address their vow to *Skolis-Ur* and form their own pack to solve the problem. Despite all the warnings, none of the local protectorate will acknowledge the surge in waste spirits Urging and Claiming, so a handful of werewolves leave their packs and form their own to go on the hunt. Members of a secretive lodge move halfway across the world, abandoning their old packs to form a new one in the wilderness.

SPIRIT MACHINE

The indie game company doesn't like to recruit. Its requirements are so strict that the process of looking for new pack members is often frustrating and disappointing, and the pack is rather disillusioned with it. They don't just require loyalty, but also creativity, interest in innovation, and the ability to contribute to the company's products.

Like many packs, Spirit Machine tries to be there when a *nuzusul* Changes. Even if they can't find a place for the new werewolf in their pack, they want the chance to point out the advantages of the Iron Masters. Besides, in a place like Seattle, it's an even chance a new werewolf will have experience in the tech sector that Spirit Machine can use.

Beyond that, the pack relies heavily on personal recommendations. Existing pack members have friends outside the pack — not many, but they do — and since like calls to like, they are often programmers, artists, and so on. When a pack member feels one of her friends would be a good fit and the pack has an opening, the pack investigates and possibly makes the person a very strange offer. The work is interesting and the benefits are good, but the hours are long... and the death benefits are good for a reason.

ENGINE 22

The pack has a reputation for being tough motherfuckers. That alone always manages to bring some young pups sniffing round for verification that they, too, are badass and belong in the pack with the other badasses. Most of them don't fit in, but every once in a while one does, and Engine 22 makes

sure the pup gets through firefighter training and into the firehouse with them. They do the same for Wolf-Blooded who fit their criteria, whom they meet more or less at random. A pack member notices a big bouncer that has the scent and knows the pack could use someone else on night shift, so he makes her an offer.

Humans are different. They don't come to Engine 22 because of their reputation, and the pack don't look out for new human members in the wild. Infrequently, when some exceptionally durable human applies to the firehouse and the pack has a need, they accept the application and move the new guy in. They integrate him into the group, haze him, and build up a rapport. Once he feels invested in the group and vice versa, they throw him into the weird like it's normal. Seeing the rest of his trusted group hewing at rat-things as though it's a regulation use of fire axes either sucks him into the fold right quick or breaks his brain a bit. It's always a risk, but so far it's worked out pretty well for Engine 22.

DIE GAEDESTRASSEBANDE

When it comes to Uratha, die Gaedestraßebande don't recruit. They could certainly use more help, especially more heavy firepower, but the werewolves who founded the pack refuse to be party to putting their friends or the public in any more danger. They know new pups are likely to be dangerous if not taught, but other packs can take that burden. Let them take responsibility for teaching the newbies how to police the Shadow without murdering innocents, because clearly die Gaedestraßebande don't know how.

The pack draws in new human members by showing them tidbits of a mysterious world that appears when the lights go out. They rely on human curiosity, the secret club factor, and the feeling of being needed to keep the world safe to draw in new members. Most of these they keep on the periphery, running errands and surveillance. Only a few show the dedication and deep, abiding interest that the pack wants in someone they're going to trust with their deepest secrets.

They've been losing Wolf-Blooded members for years now. The Wolf-Blooded that remained after the incident are dedicated, but attrition has worn down their numbers. Without the Uratha members on the prowl, the pack has trouble connecting with new Wolf-Blooded members. They find fewer these days, and those who they find rarely have any interest in their pack. Without some change in attitude or recruitment strategy, die Gaedestraßebande will wind up a human pack with some werewolf wards.

A small contingent within the pack believes that all Uratha should be contained the way theirs are. Their argument is that die Gaedestraßebande have the experience to make such a scenario work, therefore they should capture new werewolves, isolate them, and point them at hunts the way they do for their current werewolf packmates. If this attitude gains support in the pack, the pack could start kidnapping new werewolves to fill out their numbers, no matter how dangerous that is.

LA CLINICA

La Clínica fills out the periphery of its pack through hiring new employees. Even though they only hire applicants

they believe capable of enduring the mental strain of the supernatural, they keep employees at arm's length. The real core of the pack are the werewolves and Wolf-Blooded who believe in the pack's mission and strategy.

Unlike most packs, La Clínica avoids new werewolves. *Nuzusul*, they assert, are naturally mentally unstable after the Change. While La Clínica covertly offers counseling services for new pups, they prefer to recruit Uratha who've had some time to gain emotional equilibrium. They're more open to Ghost Wolves than many packs are, and they also occasionally win converts from other packs. La Clínica are diplomatic about it, as much as possible, simply talking about their mission, and strategies, and encouraging interested werewolves to talk it over with their packmates. This method doesn't prevent resentment when a packmate defects to La Clínica, but it diffuses a lot of the anger and potential claims of offense by placing the decision on the packmate in question.

DECISIONS AND ROLES: STRUCTURE

Her white coat over an elegant suit marked her as one of the important clinicians. Her long stride marked her as in a hurry. Gerardo swallowed, fingered the temporary badge they'd given him until his was finished, and matched pace with her. "Ms. Moreno? I think I found a, a little problem."

She didn't look over. "Tell me."

"I just, uh, inventoried the cabinets—" Now she looked at him. "I had some spare time and—"

"On with it."

"I found some discrepancies. Some serious substances are... well, there are way fewer than they're supposed to be."

"Really?" Gerardo thought her surprise sounded faked. He nodded. Her severe face softened into a smile. "Good work. Write me up a full report on what you've found. Can you get it to me in the morning?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"On with it, then." He ran off, too excited to notice her whispering to another attendant while watching him round the corner.

Being one of the Forsaken comes with many rules imposed from above. The Oaths of the Moon are sacred. The Uratha's purpose is to enforce the Gauntlet. Hunt. Honor. Cleave. With all this structure, it's no wonder that packs make a big deal of finding their own way to make decisions.

Many packs operate on a loose consensus. Pack members bring up concerns, and everyone suggests and discusses solutions until they settle on one, or sometimes two or three. As with any social grouping, one or two members of the pack have a bit more social influence than the others. Maybe they're more persuasive, maybe they take the lead and others usually follow. However it works, it's natural both in humans and in wolves, and it plays out in werewolf packs as well. Some packs call these alphas, or alphas and betas. Others ignore the wolf pack terminology and just live with it.

The occasional pack takes the alpha thing and runs with it like they stole something. The alpha is the strongest, and it's

her job to keep the rest of the pack safe and strong. Ideas may come from anywhere — though she has many of her own — but the final decisions are hers, and she expects her pack to obey. Disobedience results in punishments, usually loss of face or moderate physical suffering. Younger werewolves often assume that it's only older, more traditional packs that assume the strict alpha structure, but in fact it shows up in packs of all ages.

One advantage this sort of pack has is that no werewolf other than the alpha can form binding agreements on the pack's behalf. Some even restrict the vows a given werewolf can make on his own behalf without the alpha's assent. Other packs and spirits often recognize and respect this tradition, giving the pack more flexibility to explore diplomatic options without formally binding vows. On the other hand, alphas may be held responsible for the actions of individual packmates.

Occasionally, a pack takes on a more contemporary human structure. Complete equality and anarchy appeals to a number of younger packs but rarely works out well in practice. An Uratha's intense passions and her need to run with the pack rather than against it leads most anarchist packs to mispend their energy and die broken and confused. Democracies, with each pack member having one vote, work out well in groups with minor to moderate differences. In packs with deeper divisions, the majority tends to overwhelm the vocal minority sometimes to the point where the minority simply leaves — or debates get bloody. Pack-sized republics, which usually give only the Uratha the vote, encounter the same problem. Other packs take on the shape of corporations, with voting shares and everything.

Stranger rules exist: One pack in British Columbia decides contentious conflicts with trial by combat, another in Kentucky by betting on the horse races. One in Scotland decides everything to do with humans and Hosts by consulting oracular spirits, and everything to do with spirits by consulting drunk and high humans who really don't know what's going on. That one works surprisingly well. A pack in Russia has the human members of the pack make all the substantial decisions on the basis that they are less impulsive than their werewolf counterparts.

Authority figure is just one of the many roles in a successful pack, whether it's played by one alpha or many voters. A pack needs scouts, spies, hunters, diplomats, mediums, negotiators, and much, much more. Most werewolves wear multiple hats and work overtime, not that a pack has anyone to pay overtime.

Out of simple efficacy, nearly all packs divvy up the roles according to merit and skill. That ensures the pack gets the most of out its members, and that's a requirement for any pack that wants to survive. Often, this means dividing roles up according to auspice, but not always. The People aren't just auspices mixed with tribes, they're people, and the Rahu that used to be a car salesman knows how to haggle, just like the Cahalith that once clerked for architects knows something about finding rooms left off the floor plans.

It's not all about the Uratha, either. When a Wolf-Blooded has the knowhow to negotiate with spirits, she gets the task. If a human is former SAS and still spends an hour each day at the range and in the dojo, the pack calls on him when it's time to kick some ass.

Still, neither of those is the norm. As the ones with one foot in each realm, the Uratha are usually the ones who talk to spirits. As the devastating fighting machines with unnatural healing, the Uratha are the ones who go toe to toe with monsters and nightmares. Wolf-Blooded and humans are the ones who stay connected with human society. They track when the authorities are agitated over something, especially if it might bring them down on the pack, and maintain the loose web of contacts for gathering intel.

SPIRIT MACHINE

This pack organizes like the corporation it is. Each member has shares in the actual, legitimate company, and those shares represent voting power in pack decisions. Normally, shares held can only transfer through employment agreements or sales, but the articles of organization for Spirit Machine include a vague clause describing "share distribution for non-cash services rendered." That's enough to hand out additional shares based on the pack's supernatural business.

As a result of their dedicated work to game development and combating spirits, the Uratha of Spirit Machine hold a majority of the company shares. They could outvote everyone else combined, but they don't. They disagree often enough that most pack members feel like their votes matter.

The werewolves hunt, deal with spirits directly, and develop games. Other members take care of everything else, from research and investigation to keeping the company's books straight.

ENGINE 22

Everybody fights, is Engine 22's motto. They all fight fires and they all fight monsters. It's only other duties that the chief distributes. That's the fire chief's job. They haven't called her an alpha for almost a decade, but she's the one who decides the duty rosters, handles internal discipline, and swings her hefty authority at outside troublemakers, be they other firehouses or other packs.

Other packs occasionally call them out for putting their human and Wolf-Blooded members in such danger. The fire chief doesn't respond to such accusations. She lets her pack do it themselves. They step up to the plate and make so much noise that others usually back off. Or they get into it, and Engine 22's humans again prove they have the guts to do the job, even if they spend a month in the hospital afterward.

DIE GAEDESTRASSEBANDE

The humans and Wolf-Blooded run this pack more like a group of terrorist cells than anything else. In an effort to keep the Uratha separate from each other, according to their wishes, few members of the pack know the location of more than one werewolf packmate. A handful know only the one that they work with, who is usually a personal friend, and most don't know any.

Those two or three are also the ones who make the pack's decisions. They aggregate information from sources mortal and supernatural, find prey for the Uratha, and give the order to start the hunt. They have contingencies in place in case the



leadership dies, but if those lynchpins fall out the pack will be in real danger of crumbling. What happens when food stops coming, and a werewolf whose greatest fear is of uncontrolled access to humans has to leave her room?

LA CLÍNICA

Only about half the werewolves in this pack fight the enemy directly. They go in with Wolf-Blooded backup, and sometimes support from humans who only know half of what's going on. The pack's other Uratha consider it their highest calling to do the clinic's work: treating clients for the betterment of the city. It does more for the city's spiritual landscape than dragging claws across the pavement and ripping Essence out of spirits. They do go on the hunt — the Wolf Must Hunt, after all — but they tend to show up at the end, when it's time for the teeth to come out.

All the werewolves in the pack are on board with this distribution of labor. They're all on the same page when it comes to addressing the ills of their territory, and if that means the fights are harder because some of them are busy chasing away spirits of depression and anger, it's worth it. Besides, other packs are willing to get into the bloody stuff. They might complain that La Clínica don't know how to be true werewolves, but La Clínica know to ignore that.

It's the werewolves who make the calls in La Clínica. The Wolf-Blooded are dedicated to the cause, but they go where the werewolves command and use their brawn or their brains at the Uratha's direction.

BUILDING THE PACK

The pack is the central core of werewolf life. Though outsiders may ignorantly think of the pack as just the Uratha, it is much more to the People. It includes the Wolf-Blooded, humans, totem — and others — whom the werewolves value and protect. In Luna's eyes, sometimes the werewolves themselves are optional, with stories of packs led by Wolf-Blooded and their human allies. The distant gaze of the moon goddess overlooks the individuals and focuses on the structures and values of the pack. If it looks like the work of werewolves, it's often good enough for the moon and her servants.

PACK AS CHARACTER

Every pack develops its own character and personality, reflective of the people within it. This character can be bigger than individuals — werewolves join, hunt, and die, but the pack lives on.

Much like its members, the pack stands for something, and has desires, drives, and ambitions. The system in **Werewolf: The Forsaken** (pp. 89–92) gives a good outline for populating a pack and detailing the key personalities within. The steps presented here add detail and purpose, defining the pack's character and place in the world.

STEP ONE: PACK ASPIRATIONS

Why has this particular pack formed? Every pack has a reason for being, even if that reason is as undefined as its members had nowhere to go and no one else to rely on. Once

PACK EXPERIENCES

Pack as Character assumes the pack can grow as a whole, where the community develops new abilities and connections to strengthen its territory and improve the hunt. As with Pack Beats (**Werewolf: The Forsaken** p. 85), place all Beats the characters earn during play into a central pool, and divide evenly at the end of the chapter. Record the same amount on the Pack Sheet. The pack also gains Beats for fulfilling Pack Aspirations, and when Pack Complications negatively affect the pack.

Pack Beats convert to Pack Experiences, to spend on improvements for the pack. These include purchasing Pack Tactics, pack merits, or improving secondary members of the pack.

the pack comes together, the people within will have goals and desires they want to achieve.

The players choose three Aspirations for the pack to reflect these goals. The first Aspiration is the pack's short-term goal — something that the pack could achieve in less than six months if they focus on the task, or no more than a year if other duties draw their attention.

The second Aspiration is the pack's medium-term goal; something that they can achieve within one to two years. Finally, the pack's long-term Aspiration could require many years of effort, or considerable hardship. This is the pack's purpose when the individuals aren't focused on personal distractions.

When choosing Aspirations, they should be personal to that pack, and not just generic werewolf-related goals. 'Protect the pack's territory' is a given for every pack, therefore it's a poor Aspiration. Defining each Aspiration clarifies the pack's focus, players can leave some Aspirations to be accounted for in play. This works for newly-established packs, or for packs who have recruited new members, and defined new goals as part of the change.

The Storyteller should award Beats for scenes where most members work towards the pack's Aspirations, or where they make significant gains towards the Aspiration's goal.

Pack Aspirations usually change when the pack fulfils a previous Aspiration; they can also change if the pack abandons its previous goals. This isn't free — it's difficult for packs to abandon what they held dear and refocus their attention. Changing unfulfilled Aspirations costs one Experience for a short-term, two Experiences for medium-term, and three Experiences for long-term Aspirations. Storytellers may reduce this cost if the Aspiration being changed is truly beyond the pack's capabilities, or waive the cost if the

new Aspiration refocuses or incorporates elements of the previous Aspiration.

STEP TWO: PACK TOUCHSTONES

Much like werewolves, packs have Touchstones that connect them to their territory and purpose. Uratha carefully tend pack Touchstones; they can be lost if the pack is careless, which would shame and destabilize the group.

Every pack has at least two Touchstones. One represents the pack's place in the physical world, whereas the other cements its connection to its spiritual center. Many established packs have more Touchstones. Additional Touchstones speak of the pack's accomplishments and strengths — other packs may be jealous of the successful pack, and covet its territory and resources.

The strongest packs don't necessarily have the most Touchstones; they have as many as they can confidently protect. Inexperienced, overconfident, or greedy packs often overreach and claim more Touchstones than they can defend. The loss of any Touchstone is a moment of shame that shakes the pack's confidence — losing a Touchstone is a breaking point for every packmate. Werewolves break towards the opposite of the lost Touchstone, whereas other packmates risk Integrity loss.

In play, Touchstones drive the pack to greater effort when relevant to the hunt. Once per chapter, each pack member can add 2 dice to a pool where a Touchstone is relevant. If in doubt, the Storyteller has final say on whether an action qualifies. Additionally, Touchstones motivate the pack to protect them if threatened. Every member of the pack adds 1 die to all rolls in defense of a Touchstone. A pack is never more difficult to defeat than when it's fighting for what it deems most important.

Example: The Seventh Street Pack considers the place where it lost its first packmate to be a Touchstone. When hunting the same kind of prey that killed their packmate, the Seventh Street members could choose to add 2 dice to tracking or attacking the prey. No one except packmates may approach this sacred location. When a rival pack infiltrates Seventh Street territory to desecrate the site, the members of the pack add 1 die to rolls preventing the intruders from finding the location, or when fighting the invaders from the site.

STEP THREE: PACK COMPLICATIONS

Complications are elements that work against the pack. Not every pack has Complications, but players should consider choosing at least one. Complications provide story hooks, drama — and Beats — for the group.

Complications can apply to individuals, the whole pack, or environmental difficulties within the pack's territory. Regardless of whether a Complication focuses on one person or many, they work best if the entire pack can draw on the trouble they cause.

When designing Complications, players should resist the temptation to make them easy to overcome. The most effective Complications are difficult for the characters to remove, and provide an ongoing source of Beats for the pack.

When a Complication creates a setback, distracts the pack from more important tasks, or drains their resources, the pack gains a Beat. The Storyteller shouldn't impose more than one setback per Complication per session, but players can draw upon Complications multiple times per session — though no more than once per scene. When reusing a Complication multiple times in a session, each occurrence must be greater than before.

STEP FOUR: HUNTING NATURE

As detailed in *Playing the Pack* (p. 26), werewolf packs straddle the worlds of wolfish instincts and human reason. Most packs begin favoring either the human nature they were born and raised with, or the wolf nature with their newfound feral yearning for the hunt and blood. Some rare packs balance both and embrace the werewolf early; more often this takes time, experience, and effort.

Hunting nature only applies to packs with werewolves. Packs without the People, no matter how feral their Wolf-Blooded or how rigidly clinical their human members, lack the link to shapeshifter nature that opens access to hunting natures.

To determine starting hunting nature, the Storyteller rolls a number of dice equal to the combined Primal Urge ratings of each werewolf in the pack. On a success, the players can choose to begin with either the Human or Wolf nature. If they roll an exceptional success, they instead begin play with the Werewolf nature.

STEP FIVE: PACK MERITS

Much like individuals, packs have Merits — qualities that help define the individual nature of the pack. The pack has five dots of Merits. Players can choose from Pack Merits starting on p. 29, or can adapt general Merits (**Werewolf: The Forsaken** pp. 105-108) as appropriate. The section on Pack Merits contains advice for adapting general Merits for pack use.

STEP SIX: FINAL TOUCHES

At this point, the pack's character is defined by its goals and challenges, the peculiarities within its territory, and the way its members approach the hunt. This step brings these details to life. The group works together to describe how the previous choices appear, and how the pack interacts with them.

One of the pack's Aspirations may be to clear all vampires from the territory — is this simply predators clearing out the competition, has a packmate lost family to the bloodsuckers, or is it because of the smoke-like pseudo-spirits that follow the vampires everywhere throughout the territory. One Touchstone could be where packmates fell in battle — do the survivors visit with ritual and remembrances, or do they shudder and vow *never again*?

The group doesn't have to define every aspect this way, describe every detail. They can leave areas undefined, or sketch out some details but leave the rest. The goal is to provide the Storyteller enough detail to draw upon and to describe a living, breathing pack for the characters to fight, and possibly die, for.

POPULATING THE PACK

Werewolf: The Forsaken offers two methods for creating and detailing the individuals that make up a pack. The mechanically-oriented character creation section includes a brief discussion between players to introduce their characters and build the relationships between each. It also gives the means to build Wolf-Blooded and humans to flesh out the pack. The Storytelling section presents *The Funeral*, wherein players create the pack with a narrative process.

Presented here is another method of defining the pack, which examines the pack through the lens of its first hunt, and merges mechanical definition with a narrative path.

ZAKMUR-DAH – THE FIRST HUNT

Great heroes define themselves by the quality of their enemies. Only the fiercest Uratha can defeat the strongest prey. The Wolf Must Hunt, and no hunt has more of an effect on a pack than its first hunt; the *Zakmur-Dah*.

The *Zakmur-Dah* brings together character creation mechanics with the narrative drive from *The Funeral*. The werewolves gather against this first prey; they swear their oaths and declare their intentions to the world. Here they make their stand. Here they define who they are and what their pack stands for.

The *Zakmur-Dah* teaches every pack that werewolves are not alone in the world. The first hunt is an important rite of passage because it teaches young Uratha the differences between *pack* and *not-pack*. Through the *Zakmur-Dah*, the pack learns who it can trust, which Wolf-Blooded will stand beside their werewolf cousins, and which humans will (knowingly or otherwise) help a group of hungry predators locate, outflank, and defeat their prey.

Many packs learn that not every Wolf-Blooded or human can be trusted – some betray the pack to outsiders, or have divided loyalties and favor other packs. Some packs even learn the value of allying themselves with other supernatural beings that lurk in the shadows, using their alien views and powers to increase the werewolves' flexibility.

Some experienced packs like to recreate elements of their *Zakmur-Dah* to remind themselves what it meant to be a new pack; to see the world with fresh senses and experience everything for the first time. These commemorations center the pack, and reaffirm their self-confidence and their place in the world.

INTRODUCING THE PACK

During the *Zakmur-Dah*, players will take on multiple roles and introduce secondary characters. Some of these will resonate with the players enough that they decide to make the characters part of the pack. Most will be transitory, but the Storyteller should take brief note of interesting characters and consider their return in future stories.

Every player has 10 points to spend on adding humans, Wolf-Blooded, or more esoteric characters to the pack. These characters receive an appropriate sheet and details as described in pages 81-92 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. Players can combine points to add characters. Storytellers should note when players band together as it indicates those Uratha should have a closer association with that secondary character. Characters purchased by only one player often have a stronger link to one Uratha, and only cursory relationships with the others.

The Storyteller may also take a liking to some of these characters. If the players choose to not make a character part of the pack, the Storyteller can choose to pay points to the group to establish the character as a recurring obstacle or antagonist.

The nearby table shows the costs for players to add a character to the pack, or for the Storyteller to add as an antagonist. The table gives a rough guide to power level based on dice pool to help Storytellers gauge how much individual characters should cost.

A group may find it useful to track pack members attached through the *Zakmur-Dah* on a large sheet of paper or brainstorming software, drawing out the relationships between characters and making notes of names and pertinent information.

Character Type	Average Dice Pool	Pack Cost	Antagonist Cost
Small Animals	1	1	0
Low-skilled humans	2	1	0
Skilled humans	3-5	2	1
Highly skilled humans	5+	3	2
Wolf-Blooded	4+	4	3
Spirits (Max Rank 3)	20	5	4
Supernatural creatures 6+	5	4	
Uratha	6+	6	5

ROLLING DICE

Use dice sparingly during the *Zakmur-Dah*. As these events occurred in the pack's past, the players and Storyteller should simply decide the outcomes of most challenges. If dice are required, the Uratha have access to their full pools, while secondary characters have dice pools of 5, 4, and 3 dice, assigned to Physical, Social, and Mental challenges according to what seems appropriate to the character. The Storyteller can give antagonists full dice pools and run particularly challenging encounters as she would a normal scene, but remember that *Zakmur-Dah*'s goal is to explore the events and people that defined the pack, not to force the players to have to make new characters.

STEP ONE: THE URATHA

Zakmur-Dah assumes Uratha form the core of the pack. Create Uratha as per pages 81-88 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**,

NO WOLVES?

Zakmur-Dah can run for packs without Uratha. Players create Wolf-Blooded or human characters as the core of the pack. Use the rules on pages 90-91 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken** for primary Wolf-Blooded and human characters — humans lack the Wolf-Blood's Tell, but otherwise have the same spread of Attributes and Skills.

Primary human characters have at least basic knowledge of werewolf existence and their role in the Worlds of Spirit and Flesh, unless the group's chronicle specifically tells the story of an ignorant pack finding its way in a dangerous, supernatural world. The peripheral humans under the pack's protection are only as aware of the supernatural world as the players decide.

but stop before moving onto Family Matters, beginning on page 89.

After creating mechanical elements of the Uratha, the Storyteller runs the group through a prelude. The *Zakmur-Dah* prelude is the Storytelling equivalent of a montage; short, snapshot focus scenes that come together to show events over a period. Each focus scene within this montage is between 10-30 minutes, either showcasing something important to the pack's history, or revealing how a character views her relationship with her packmates. The prelude includes one focus scene for each Uratha character in the pack.

Each focus scene shows an overview of one of the first times the character met one, more, or all of the other Uratha in the pack. This does not have to be the first time the characters met, although it can be, but the primary character doesn't know the other characters well at this point. The scene can be from any time in the pack's history — even before the pack was formally a pack.

Focus scenes don't need to have a defined ending; they can finish *in media res*, leaving their outcome unknown. The important detail is how the relationships formed between the Uratha. Also, focus scenes don't need to portray positive interactions between the characters. If the pack's formation was a turbulent time, the prelude should show this.

In each scene, the focus character's player decides which other characters are present — this must include at least one other primary character. The player of the focus character sets the scene by declaring the following details:

Where does the scene take place? The location can be anywhere fitting the pack's story. The streets, a hotel lobby, or a bar are all suitable examples. The player adds as much detail as she likes. She may say the bar is dark from too many broken

SECONDARY CHARACTERS

Players without primary characters in a prelude scene can play secondary characters as needed. Secondary characters require little detail to create — a description and possibly a name usually suffice.

Players can pick up and discard secondary characters as the scene dictates. A scene requires secondary characters when a primary character needs someone to interact with to further the narrative, or when another player decides a secondary character would complicate matters in a way that benefits the scene. The Storyteller can veto a complication if it doesn't fit the scene, or adversely slows the narrative.

Secondary characters are only important when interacting with the primary characters. They otherwise fade into the background, present but unimportant. Note the names and descriptions of all secondary characters, to continue interacting as needed by the scene.

Importantly, secondary characters don't have to be antagonists. They can be — the players may want to play bad guys facing off against the Uratha — but they can also offer assistance, or simply be neutral. Should they require dice pools, assign 5, 4, and 3 dice to Physical, Social, and Mental rolls as seems suitable for the character.

Take special note of any secondary characters that stand out in a scene. They can appear in later scenes (adding continuity to the prelude), or may even become part of the primary characters' pack.

lights, with beer-soaked carpets that reek of stale alcohol not quite covering the underlying stench of vomit and urine that fills the place. She could say it's 'just a bar', and let the other players fill in details during play.

Which other Uratha characters are present? Players with characters in the scene control their own characters. Players without characters in the scene can play one or more secondary characters (see sidebar).

What threat are the characters about to face? The focus player can make this supernatural or mundane. She may describe a mysterious creature that lurks in this bar, or she may have her character negotiating with a human gang for something of value. The threat need not be violent, but should be something that the characters have to work together to overcome.



The focus player also declares the relationship between her character and others in the scene *as understood by that character*. This is important; the focus character doesn't speak for the other primary characters. Other players can't invalidate what was previously declared, but they can build upon or twist what is known to add drama. If disputes occur, the focus player's description takes primacy, as this is her flashback. If necessary, the Storyteller has final say in what is true and what is changeable.

Example: In his focus scene, Steven decides that his character has met Gloria's character several times over the last few months. Gloria couldn't decide that her character had never met Steven's, as this would invalidate what's established. Gloria could decide that her character doesn't remember Steven's, because she suffers amnesia, spiritual influence, or some other mind control. This adds drama to the scene without negating Steven's decisions. The two characters have met, witnesses could verify this, but now the pack has to deal with the memory loss.

STEP TWO: FIRST PREY

Once each player has led a focus scene, the Storyteller invites the players to summarize the montage that brought together the Uratha as the pack's core. The Storyteller then sets the scene going into the *Zakmur-Dah*. If they haven't already done so, the players define the current relationships between their characters.

Once every character knows her links to the rest of the pack, the Storyteller introduces the *Zakmur-Dah*'s prey. The

Storyteller may decide how the pack discovers the prey, or she can let the players decide for themselves. Suggestions are listed below.

Intrusion: The prey (deliberately or inadvertently) trespasses on the pack's territory. The pack hunts to remove the interloper from its domain.

Happencstance: While tracking something else, the pack uncovers a greater (or more interesting) threat and abandons the lesser prey for this more worthy foe.

Messenger: The pack's allies bring news of the prey. The ally may have had direct exposure to the prey, or have heard via a 'friend-of-a-friend'.

Deliberate: The pack decides what prey it wants for its *Zakmur-Dah* and seeks it out. This pack wants to shape its own legend.

Mystery: Strange occurrences and arcane clues abound in the pack's territory, pointing towards some unknown foe plaguing the pack's interests. The pack must investigate, track, and hunt the unknown threat to identify and defeat it.

Learning of the prey is the pack's first chance to introduce characters. Tie this into how the pack discovered their enemy. Did they rescue a human from attack, or was a Wolf-Blooded browsing the internet and found something troubling? Encourage the players to introduce secondary characters to the *Zakmur-Dah*. If the players lack ideas, or don't want to bring characters into a particular scene, the Storyteller can introduce secondary characters to the players. Give them

THE TOTEM

Before beginning the *Zakmur-Dah*, the players should have a reasonable idea of whether the pack has taken a totem. This early in their career, not every pack has hunted and bound their totem. Some packs wait until the outcome of their *Zakmur-Dah*, whereas others simply haven't yet successfully negotiated with the right spirit.

If the pack has a totem, follow the guide on pages 91-92 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. Remember that the totem is as much a part of the pack as the werewolves, and has an opinion and a voice on the pack's *Zakmur-Dah*.

enough detail that the players can visualize who they are, but don't define everything. Leave space for the players to take over the description and run with it.

Example: Storyteller Kim introduces the prey via police report. She describes a patrol car pulling alongside the Uratha—the police officer stepping out of the car is a friend. Gabby's Elodoth Iron Master greets the cop as Dave. She describes him as a little overweight; he spends more time in the patrol car than the gym. His hair is a little greyer than last time the pack saw him—he must be under some strain. Shawn likes the description and wants to add Dave to the pack. As a peripheral human packmate, Dave doesn't know the truth of the Uratha, but he knows the pack keeps the streets safer. Shawn's willing to pay the two-point cost to add Dave to the pack, but Gabby suggests they each pay one point.

STEP THREE: THE HUNT

The Uratha now know of the prey, even if they don't yet know details. Now the pack moves into the Hunt. The Storyteller again uses a montage of focus scenes, with a few differences. Each player has at least one focus scene where she demonstrates her character's skills in tracking the prey or learning more about what the pack hunts. But the Hunt montage is more than just showing the Uratha in action, it introduces and establishes the rest of the pack. Players should aim to introduce at least one potential packmate in each focus scene, and spend their points bringing these characters into the pack. Players can craft focus scenes that only include their primary characters, but these should be the minority.

Importantly, introducing a character doesn't cost points. The players only spend points when they are satisfied that the character adds to the pack. Ideally, the (on focus) players run the secondary characters, but the Storyteller can if needed.

Encourage players to approach focus scenes from new directions. They could introduce the scene from a peripheral character's perspective and run that character instead of

their Uratha. The pack wants to know how the secondary character contributes to the hunt, to decide if they bring the character into the family.

Each focus scene introduces a potential packmate, drives the hunt, or preferably both. Not every scene has to successfully bring the pack closer to the prey, but even dead-ends should showcase some skill or talent the pack might use in future hunts, even though it didn't work this time.

The Hunt scene ends either when the players have spent all their points introducing characters, or when they've sufficiently advanced the hunt to know where to find and how to fight the prey—or at least the beginnings of a plan. Now the *Zakmur-Dah* moves into the final phase—the Kill.

STEP FOUR: THE KILL

The Kill is more like a standard Storytelling scene than any other in the *Zakmur-Dah*. The pack has hunted the prey and harried it to the final confrontation. Now they define themselves and their place in Uratha society.

The Storyteller sets the scene by drawing on the characters' choices from previous steps. The group should try to include as many peripheral pack members in the Kill as possible, to showcase the entire pack in the *Zakmur-Dah*. Troupe Play (see below) discusses how players can run multiple characters in this scene if they wish. Including the Wolf-Blooded and humans as assistants, bait, victims—or fellow hunters—cements the pack as more than just the werewolves in the players' minds.

The Kill uses dice more than the other steps, and the players are encouraged to push characters to their limits. The players' Uratha and any secondary packmates purchased by spending points won't die in this scene. They can suffer other consequences—being knocked unconscious, maimed (but not making the character unplayable), or mentally scarred—but all wounds can be fixed through appropriate treatment and time.

The Kill doesn't require the actual death of the prey. Depending on what narrative the group wants for its *Zakmur-Dah*, the prey may escape, or the pack may allow the prey to live after securing assurances from it, or forcing it to impart Gifts or oaths. Having the prey survive can be a powerful Storytelling tool. This gives the pack a resource to draw upon in later stories, or establishes a recurring antagonist from the pack's earliest days. Whatever the outcome, this individual reminds the pack of its first triumph and dominance over its foes.

ALTERNATIVE: THE MERCURIAL CAST

The *Zakmur-Dah* assumes that the players spend their points populating the pack with a set roster of peripheral characters. Alternatively, players can add temporary characters that come and go as needed.

Each player has 5 points to spend populating the pack. By spending these points per p. 22, the players can temporarily add humans, Wolf-Blooded, or more esoteric characters to the pack. These characters fade into the background when the scene ends. The players' points refresh at the beginning of each scene. Temporary characters can't advance through Experiences no matter how often they recur—they always have

the same dice pools and abilities. Only permanent characters can improve with Pack Experiences.

Players can make temporary characters permanent by paying an extra point on top of their base cost. Permanent characters can appear as often required without spending points. Permanent characters can also improve through Pack Experiences (p. 20).

As with the Sanctity of Merits (**Werewolf: The Forsaken** p. 105), the points spent on permanent characters are protected. If permanent characters are lost to the pack, the points from making the character permanent return to the players. This doesn't include any Experiences spent improving the character – the pack should protect people they've invested time and effort to improve.

PLAYING THE PACK

Uratha see the world in terms of 'pack' and 'not-pack'. They include more than just werewolves in this worldview; the shapeshifters bring Wolf-Blooded, humans, and the totem into the family. Some packs include other creatures, such as wolves or other animals, non-totem spirits, or other supernatural creatures.

Every Uratha instinct says that the only people they can rely on are their pack, and outsiders can't be trusted. Though werewolves aren't human, human society forged their early lives. They understand that the pack can't meet every need. Outsiders sometimes have skills, experiences, and viewpoints the pack needs. They can't trust these people with pack secrets, but they can use their particular talents in exchange for whatever remuneration they require.

This worldview opens a range of Storytelling possibilities. Most Storytelling games focus on one set of characters for the players to control. Approaching the game from the perspective of the pack means players can experience the world through more than just werewolves. Every member of the extended pack has a different story to tell. The Wolf-Blooded experience – of being one step inside Luna's mad world, but lacking the full strength and flexibility of the People – is very different from that of the humans. These people are part of the pack, but rarely understand the full truth of the society to which they belong.

This section provides options for playing these other members of the pack, to guide their stories and understand how every member plays a part in cementing the pack's place in the world.

TROUPE PLAY

Troupe-style play, more commonly called troupe play, can reinforce the extended nature of the werewolf pack. It gives the Wolf-Blooded and humans more importance than just running errands for the Uratha. The hunt is more than just the kill, and everyone in the pack contributes in some way. Werewolves and Wolf-Blooded, Wolf-Blooded and humans, werewolves and humans; every combination comes together as the pack hunt its prey.

In troupe play, each player controls more than one character, sometimes simultaneously. Two players may have their

werewolf characters in a scene; a third has a Wolf-Blooded, while the fourth player controls three human packmates who have tagged along. Whether the group prefers having a set grouping of default primary characters for every scene, uses an extended list of secondary characters, or decides which characters are present based on the scene's narrative, is entirely up to the group. Often, the Uratha are the primary characters, but nothing stops players from having Wolf-Blooded or another character as primary, with the werewolf being secondary. In fact, choosing to take on 'weaker' characters and prove their worth to the werewolves can be an interesting story in its own right.

The combinations in troupe play don't diminish the role or importance of any character. One scene may begin with just the Uratha tracking the prey, and end with the werewolves splitting up to follow-up several leads. Troupe play then helps the Storyteller run the follow-up scenarios without having several one-on-one scenes, or inventing implausible reasons why the characters stay together. Instead, the one of the players runs her Uratha, while the other players take on the roles of the Wolf-Blooded, humans – or even the totem – that accompanies that portion of the hunt.

Nor does troupe play lose the focus on the other characters; once the first troupe finishes its scene, the Storyteller moves onto another, focusing on a different group with different goals. Ambitious Storytellers may want to weave parallel stories around the different Uratha in their scenes – or the scenes without Uratha – until each thread comes together, bringing the primary characters back into focus for the hunt's climax. Frequent shifting between viewpoints requires considerable effort from everyone to remember which aspects of the story apply to which groups of characters. When used successfully, this approach can build powerful stories with a very strong narrative.

An important aspect of troupe play is that the characters and faces may change, but the overarching goals and challenges remain the same. It is always the same story, just told from many different viewpoints.

USING TROUPE PLAY

Troupe play is a powerful Storytelling tool to open multiple viewpoints to players. What do the Wolf-Blooded think of the Uratha? Do they feel valued, or do they resent the full-bloods treating them like second class citizens? How much do the humans know about how the pack really works and who is in charge? While these questions can be answered through normal styles of play, troupe play lets the group find answers by inhabiting the characters themselves.

Troupe play is also useful when part of the group can't make it to a gaming session, but the other players still want a **Werewolf** fix. Here the Storyteller can take the primary characters 'off-camera' and focus the action on the players running Wolf-Blooded, or humans, doing all the often unseen (and possibly unappreciated) work that keeps the pack running and the hunt progressing. If the Uratha focus on action over research, how do they think the rest of the pack finds clues for them to follow? Troupe play lets the group explore

these less-travelled paths. The following discusses when using troupe play is most appropriate, and importantly, when it shouldn't be used.

Access to specialist skills: Uratha are powerful and versatile creatures, but they can't do everything. Normally, when the pack needs experts, they call on their allies and contacts and the Storyteller plays these roles. Troupe play hands this responsibility to the players, to breathe life into the temporary characters, and decide how they deal with the pack.

The split pack: Hunting Uratha often need to follow several clues at once, usually with limited time to do so before the prey escapes, or strikes again. This can lead to scenes where some players have nothing to do while the focus is on other characters. With troupe play, these players take on the roles of peripheral packmates accompanying the Uratha, or play the characters who interact with the hunting pack. The Storyteller gives these players a quick overview of what information these characters hold, and what they'll demand of the pack in exchange. The players then have the fun of interacting with each other to see how easy or difficult they'll make the challenge for each other.

Fun for players: The most important time to use troupe play is when it's most fun for the players. If the players want to roleplay beyond the pack and experience many different viewpoints, troupe play is the tool to use. When a player wants to rest her primary character and play a Wolf-Blooded and two humans, the Storyteller knows that troupe play can work.

WHEN NOT TO USE TROUPE PLAY

Troupe play isn't for every group, or at least, isn't how all groups want to play every time. If players are particularly attached to their characters and don't want to play anything else, don't force them. The Storyteller should discuss this with the players, and can explain where troupe play might assist the story, but if the players aren't interested, that's fine.

Players should also listen to the Storyteller here. Playing every character except the core Uratha can be exhausting – sometimes the Storyteller wants a break, and using troupe play can help.

It's also important to pick the times when troupe play is appropriate. It's not the time to play onlookers and secondary characters when the pack has reached the end of a chapter and is ready to destroy their enemies or die trying.

Ultimately, troupe play is a Storytelling tool – like all tools, it has situations where it's effective, and times when it just makes things more difficult. Picking these times can be difficult, but as a guide, if the group isn't having as much fun from a scene as expected, it could be a good time to start (or stop) using troupe play.

One troupe play challenge for the Storyteller is finding the balance between characters, and giving the group what it wants from the game. The following points give the Storyteller some ideas to meet these challenges.

Understand the scene: Going into a scene, the Storyteller should have a reasonable idea of its components. Which characters are present, what do they want, and what will they tolerate before reacting with anger, storming away, or attacking? Keep

this broad; if a detail doesn't have specific impact on the scene, let the players decide. Also, understand the location of the scene, how hard it is for new characters to enter (or leave), and who else could arrive. If the Storyteller expects certain characters to arrive, have an idea of who should play these characters. If the players themselves introduce new characters, let them decide who controls the newcomers.

Let the players lead: Be flexible with players' decisions, even for characters normally under Storyteller control. If characters do something unexpected, or make decisions complicating the story, adapt and roll with it if possible. If the changes are too great, and the Storyteller can't see a way of incorporating them without preventing the group from advancing the narrative, discuss the issue with the players so they can bring the story back on track. If the Storyteller needs to introduce some element to bring the story in line with the player's direction, she should suggest these to the players – or pass notes if she needs an element of secrecy.

Balance the spotlight: The players take the lead, but don't let the focus linger too long on any one character, unless the group is enjoying the antics of just these few individuals. If anyone appears bored or frustrated, move the spotlight to new characters and give everyone a turn. Finding this balance can be difficult, and relies on the judgement of the Storyteller, and for players to not steal the limelight.

Keep records: Make sure to note which characters each player used, and how they represented them. The characters' personalities and quirks are important to know for the future, as are any claims the characters made or story hooks they left dangling for later. Consider asking the players to take these notes, especially the players not controlling the character. This helps the Storyteller understand how each character appeared to the group, as well as what details the players focused on, and what they noted for later.

Have fun: Most importantly, relax and let the game flow. Don't worry about the little things, and understand that giving the players more control means that the story will change as a result. These changes usually improve the game, open new opportunities for the pack to explore, and makes the world more alive. Helping the players take the game where they want helps everyone get more enjoyment from the experience.

AWARDING EXPERIENCE

Troupe play is a fun alternative to playing the same character every game. However, its use does raise the question of how the Storyteller should assign Beats and Experiences to the players. The system isn't intended to disadvantage players who choose to rest their Uratha characters and take on the challenges of a Wolf-Blooded, or group of humans. Similarly, a werewolf played every game session shouldn't advance faster than the rest of his pack. When using troupe play, the group must use Pack Beats (*Werewolf: The Forsaken*, p. 85), with the additional details described here.

At the end of the chapter, divide the total pack Beats by the number of players (round down). Every player receives this many Beats for their Uratha characters, whether the werewolves appeared in the story or not. If using the Pack as Character

optional rules, the pack also receives this number of Beats as described on p. 20. Additionally, any Wolf-Blooded or human members of the pack who appeared as primary characters also receive the same number of Beats; those who didn't appear receive half this many Beats.

The Storyteller keeps a running total of these additional Beats (and Experiences), so packmates who rarely appear can advance with the pack. Wolf-Blooded use the same Experience costs as Uratha (**Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 84), whereas human supporting cast can improve a dice pool, or purchase a new one, for five Experiences, and may improve Willpower for six Experiences.

With this system, the Uratha always advance at the same pace no matter which characters the players choose to focus on each session, whereas the Wolf-Blooded and humans must be active to 'keep up', but still gradually evolve and advance with the pack even when not the focus of the action.

HUNTING NATURE

Uratha are apex predators pulled between human and wolf. Werewolves spend their earliest years raised among humanity, and experience their First Change as a flood of wolfish instinct and primal Rage. Few manage to balance these different natures until they've lived and hunted for many years. Most newly changed Uratha still favor their human nature. Some more feral humans, or those who experience a particularly strong flood of instinct in the First Change, move directly towards favoring the wolf, and may strive to bring themselves back to what they knew before. Some balance both natures and embrace the werewolf, though this usually takes years of experience and fluctuating between the human and wolf approaches to the hunt.

Even though individuals may feel pulled towards one extreme more than others, the bonding of the pack means the group determines hunting nature for all its Uratha. Packs determine their initial hunting nature according to the guidelines in Building the Pack (p. 20). Much like an Uratha's Harmony will shift throughout the game from the character's actions, so too does the hunting nature move between human, wolf, and werewolf through the actions of the pack's members. Not every pack has a hunting nature. Some packs lose their nature over time, or do not favor any one approach enough to manifest a hunting nature.

No hunting nature: Packs without a hunting nature haven't strayed too far into relying on human reasoning or wolf instincts, but neither have they incorporated the best of each world into making themselves the most effective predator. These packs don't have the disadvantages of wolf or human hunting natures, but they don't gain any of the benefits.

Wolf hunting nature: Wolves are creatures of instinct and survival. Every member of the pack knows what she must do to best work with the others. The pack harries the prey, separates the weak, and strikes fast and hard. Wolves work well as a team, but they struggle with out-of-context problems.

Hunters' traps, glaring lights, painfully loud sounds; the confusion of the unfamiliar places wolves at a disadvantage.

Human hunting nature: Humans think and strategize. They identify patterns in the world and work to understand the causes — and how they can be used to their advantage. Humans learn skills and train to work together with effective communication and coordination. They adapt quickly to unfamiliar situations by using what they know and changing it to see if it works. Human reasoning interrupts instinctive behavior — if they stop to think when they should just act, they can lose valuable time and be at a disadvantage.

Werewolf hunting nature: Werewolves incorporate their wolfish instincts into their human reasoning. They react quickly and instinctively to threats, but think their way through problems rather than rely on instinct alone. Few predators are more terrifying than an Uratha pack in harmony with their werewolf nature.

SHIFTING NATURE OF THE HUNT

The pack's hunting nature can change over time, depending on the pack members' behavior. Each time a packmate acts in a manner more in tune with wolves or humans, the pack's hunting nature shifts slightly towards that nature, or strengthens an already imbalanced pack. Though the actions of pack members can constantly shift the pack's focus, for game purposes the pack's hunting nature can only change at each turning of the lunar cycle.

HUMAN, WOLF, AND WEREWOLF ACTIONS

Every action a werewolf takes resonates with some aspect of her nature; wolf, human, or werewolf. Even though every action carries this resonance, not every action is significant enough to affect the pack's nature.

Examples of the aspects of various actions are below, but this is not an exhaustive list. The Storyteller should use these examples as guidelines for determining whether an activity is significant enough to move the pack's hunting nature.

The Pack Sheet includes a track for recording how the characters' actions shift the pack between different hunting natures. When the pack engages in behavior associated with wolf or human, the players or Storyteller move the marker on the Pack Sheet towards the appropriate nature. Generally, when the pack moves further towards the wolf or human extremes, the behaviors needed for further imbalance should grow more intense.

The pack's actions can also be of werewolf nature, which always moves the marker towards the center of the wolf/human track, regardless of towards which extreme the pack currently skews. If the pack engages in actions of a werewolf nature while balanced between wolf and human, they move up the axis towards 'Werewolf'. While moving up this track, non-werewolf actions move the pack's marker back down towards '0' before heading towards either the wolf or human extremes.

Action	Hunting Nature
Kill with natural weaponry (except in Gauru)	Wolf
Eating raw meat	Wolf
Sleep and feed primarily outside over a week	Wolf
Mark territory with natural scents and body fluids	Wolf
Kill with human-made weapons (except in Gauru)	Human
Sleep and feed primarily within human dwellings over a week	Human
Eating processed food	Human
Mark territory with symbols or tags	Human
Kill in Gauru	Werewolf
Successfully complete the <i>Siskur-Dah</i>	Werewolf
More than three packmates engaged in <i>Basu-lm</i> together	Werewolf

WHEN HUNTING NATURE CHANGES — THE LUNAR CYCLE

At the beginning of each lunar cycle, the pack's hunting nature surges and fluctuates with Uratha potential. The Storyteller (or one of the players) rolls a dice pool equal to the current value of the hunting nature track. If the pack is on the '0' box, they must roll a Chance Die.

The pack's lunar cycle need not start at the new or full moon; it can start at any phase. The start is most commonly associated with a time of significance for the pack, such as when the Uratha first came together, or when they bound their totem. The lunar cycle occurs every 28 days from this start point for that pack.

Dramatic Failure: The pack has lost touch with both primal instincts and thinking reason. The pack gains the Lost Hunters Condition.

Failure: The pack has no hunting nature, gaining none of the advantages nor suffering the drawbacks of any extreme. If the pack previously had a hunting nature, they lose it. The pack may choose to take a Dramatic Failure and gain a Pack Beat.

Success: The pack gains the hunting nature appropriate to their position on the track. If succeeding on a Chance Die, the pack may choose either wolf or human hunting nature. They gain the relevant Condition for the next lunar cycle.

Exceptional Success: The pack gains the Werewolf Nature Condition for one week, after which it loses this Condition and instead gains the hunting nature appropriate to the dice rolled. Packs with a dice pool from the 'Werewolf' axis gain the Werewolf Nature Condition for two lunar cycles — they don't need to test at the next turning of the cycle, no matter how extremely the pack's position has shifted.

PACK MERITS

These merits are specific to packs and can't be taken by individuals, unless the Storyteller decides otherwise. The merits listed here are a sample of what makes each pack unique. Players and Storytellers should work together to make new pack merits that suit the needs of their Chronicle. Pack merits rarely have prerequisites.

GENERAL MERITS (VARIES)

Several human merits from **Werewolf: The Forsaken** (beginning p. 110), intended for individual characters also have versions that apply to packs. For example, packs can have Allies (p. 110), Contacts (p. 111), Fame (p. 111), Resources (p. 112), or Status (p. 112), among others. Some merits intended for werewolves or Wolf-Blooded (or other supernatural creatures) may also be suitable for pack use. The Storyteller has final say on whether the pack can take a version of a merit intended for individuals.

Drawback: In addition to the specific drawbacks from any particular merit, all adapted Pack merits have the additional drawback that they belong to the pack, not the individual. Any time a character tries to use one of these merits they must roll the merit's dot rating as if it were a dice pool.

Dramatic Failure: Another packmate used the merit and created problems for the pack. The merit is unavailable to the pack for the rest of the Story.

Failure: Another packmate has recently used the merit and it is unavailable to the characters for the remainder of the Scene. The character may convert this to a Dramatic Failure, the pack then gains a Beat.

Success: The character can use the merit as intended.

Exceptional Success: The character doesn't have to test to see if the merit is available next time she tries to use it.

DEN (• TO •••••)

Effect: Most packs have a place where they come together to feel safe and relax. Packs with a Den take this a step further. A pack's Den is the heart of its territory, a stronghold against outsiders, and an easy path to the *Hisil*.

The Den must be a mostly enclosed physical location. An apartment, warehouse, or even a cave is suitable, but an open clearing in a copse of trees would not be. Regardless of a Den's physical appearance, the pack knows how to best use the layout to their advantage. Add the Den's merit dots to the Defense ratings of any packmates within the Den. This bonus does not apply against members of the pack, or enemies led by these traitors.

Though Dens aren't necessarily loci, their resonance attunes with that of the pack. Packmates capable of Reaching may do so within the Den, with an effective Gauntlet strength of 2. This resonance interferes with the Reach of non-packmates — Gauntlet strength is 5 for these individuals.

The Den can also be a Safe Place, and house a Dedicated Locus (**Werewolf: The Forsaken** pages. 112 and 106, respectively), if characters purchase those merits separately.

Drawback: It's difficult to hide a Den's location from outsiders. Though a Den is difficult to assault, the comings and goings of the pack and the scent of so many Uratha makes it easy for enemies to find. Any attempts to discover the Den's location add its dots to the dice pool.

DIRECTED RAGE (•••, •••• OR •••••)

Effect: No matter how much Uratha care for their packmates, the risk of *Kuruth* is always present. Werewolves in *Basu-Im* will tear their packmates limb from limb without hesitation, and regret their actions afterwards. Packs with this merit have somehow found a way to help their Rage-filled members direct their anger at foes rather than friends. How this works depends on the pack – intense meditation and hypnotherapy may work for one, negatively-reinforced scent-aversion techniques may work for another.

At three dots, packmates suffering *Wasu-Im* act as if they were one step closer to Harmony 5 for the purpose of determining the time period they may maintain may control. They may also spend Willpower to extend this period, but the effect diminishes with use – the first Willpower point spent gives a period of control based on the character's true Harmony, and each additional Willpower point moves her control a step further from Harmony 5.

Example: Ivy encounters a trigger and enters Wasu-Im. Her Harmony is 7, which normally gives her one minute of control. With Directed Rage she has five minutes of control, as if she was at Harmony 6. After five minutes Ivy is still too close to people she wishes to protect; she spends a point of Willpower, gaining an additional

minute of control, as per Harmony 7. If she spends another point of Willpower, she will only gain 30 seconds of control, as per Harmony 8.

At four dots, characters in *Basu-Im* may roll Resolve + Composure to prioritize attacking non-packmates before pack members, even if those packmates are closer, or easier targets. At five dots, characters won't target or pursue packmates as long as they're no threat to the rampaging Gauru, and can roll Resolve + Composure each turn to ignore innocents and non-combatants while searching for foes to attack.

MAGNANIMOUS TOTEM (WOLF-BLOODED ••, HUMANS ••• OR ••••)

Effect: The totem embraces the entire pack and spiritually connects werewolves, Wolf-Blooded, and humans. Despite this, it usually only deals directly with the Uratha, who take primary responsibility for its wellbeing. Packs with this merit spread the load more evenly.

At two dots, the pack's Wolf-Blooded members may purchase as many dots of the Totem merit (**Werewolf: The Forsaken** p. 108) as desired. (Wolf-Blooded are normally restricted to a single dot.) At three dots, human packmates may take a single dot to the Totem merit, while at four dots they may also purchase as many dots as they choose.

Drawback: Packs with this merit tend to attract larger, more powerful totems who require additional attention and gratitude for their patronage. In addition to fulfilling the requirements of the Totem merit, characters must spend a number of hours per week equal to their dots in the Totem merit giving chiminage to the totem. Other packmates can



make up a character's shortfall for one week only, after which the totem takes offense and expresses its displeasure in an appropriate way.

MOON'S GRACE (•••, •••• OR •••••, WOLF-BLOODED AND HUMAN PACKS ONLY)

Effect: Luna's choices and decisions are inscrutable, or as the Pure would contend, insane. The Goddess reserves many blessings for her Uratha children alone. Though she sometimes smiles on Wolf-Blooded and humans who ape werewolf behavior, she still doesn't share her secrets with them. Packs with Moon's Grace are the exceptions to this rule, gaining access to Uratha-only perks.

At three dots, the pack may learn and use Pack Tactics (p. 58) as if they were Uratha. At four dots, any member of the pack may learn and lead Wolf Rites as if she were a werewolf. At five dots, pack members may gain Renown and receive Shadow and Wolf Gifts from spirits, spending Willpower in place of Essence where required. Not every Gift (or Facet) is usable by non-werewolves; the Storyteller has final decision on what the characters can use.

Note that Luna's favor doesn't automatically translate into the same from lesser spirits. They can see Her blessing on the pack, but how each spirit engages with the pack depends on the individual.

Only packs without Uratha can take Moon's Grace.

Drawback: Luna's blessings are double-edged. The pack is edgy and more easily agitated when the full moon is in the

sky. Packmates who can see the full moon, or who bathe in her moonlight, enter a modified form of *Wasu-lm*. They must succeed in a Resolve + Composure roll to perform any actions other than attacking an opponent. These need not be physical attacks; scathing social barbs or humiliating displays of intellectual superiority are also acceptable. An exceptional success on this roll allows that character to overcome the effect for the remainder of the night. This effect doesn't require a character to shift into any non-human shape, and doesn't impart any shapeshifting ability on characters without multiple forms.

TERRITORIAL ADVANTAGE (• TO •••••)

Effect: All packs have territory. Packs with this merit know their territory intimately, and the best ways to use every inch of that territory to their benefit. Pack members may take advantage of this familiarity to inflict Conditions on intruders to the territory (or Tilts, if in combat). The packmate rolls a dice pool equal to relevant Attribute + Skill + Merit dots. The player and Storyteller work together to decide which characteristics are appropriate to the situation, and chosen Condition. The intruder resists with a Resistance Attribute + the same Skill. If the characters succeed, the intruder suffers the chosen Condition. On an Exceptional Success, the intruder suffers an additional Condition.

The pack may attempt to inflict Conditions this way once per merit dot per Chapter, regardless of which actual character carried out the attempt.





Maggie's no negotiator. Never has been, never will be, never wants to be. She's a woman of action, not debate, and everything about sitting at city hall on a Sunday morning is reminding her why. She's in a gray room with a gray man, trying to convince him that her pack's proposal for a vacant lot is some sort of environmentally sensitive, state of the art youth center. Where kids will play and teens will stay off drugs, and the local ilthum of community spirits will stop breathing down everyone's necks. Except not that last part.

Five minutes in, and Maggie could tell this was futile. She can't strangle the legalese into English. She can't make it a story. She knows she's the wrong wolf for the job, but Fred the half-moon is out of town, and she-of-the-gibbous-moon is the only packmate who can clean up nice and knows a thing or two about finance. She's also the only one who owed him a favor.

Conversely, the man from Urban Planning — draped in pinstripes and sitting before his ledger with all the poise of a carbon rod — he was born with a red tape tongue. He owes no favors.

"Our plan is barely more expensive than next lowest bid, and it's the only remotely green—"

"Ms. Dunne, this isn't a matter of green. The project your, uh, organization proposes doesn't serve city hall's interest."

"A youth center doesn't serve the city's interest?"

"Not with your capital, no."

"Our financial model—"

He closes his ledger. "Your financial model is voodoo."

The little hairs on the back of Maggie's neck want to spread. The fingernails she so carefully painted at the crack of dawn want to rip through her flesh into his, to see how much of his body she can ram into his desk. Instead, she pretends to cough. The man stands with the polite expectation that she should get the hell out of his office. "I apologize, Ms. Dunne, but we'll be passing. Good day." Maggie squeezes her hate into a cyst at the pit of her gut, and quietly hits Send on a text she typed out before the meeting.

Before the man can make his expectation explicit, a shadow crosses his door. It carries a hint of lavender, and something not quite human. Oh, and power. Lots of power.

The man's eyes water. "Mayor Larkspur?"

A woman strides into the room, only five-foot-four in heels, but filling the office with the overpowering musk of authority. "Trevor. I heard you were still taking bids on the Lawson Street development. I wanted to sit in." The Wolf-Blooded is having her usual effect, and the man from Urban Planning can do nothing more than grope for his papers as his higher reasoning asphyxiates.

"Uh, of course, Mayor... yes, please join us."

Maggie's cousin takes a seat with the smirk of a coyote about to crush a throat. "Good. I'd very much like to hear Ms. Dunne's proposal. I've heard good things about it. Very good things."

Maggie allows herself a smirk, too. Fred will be pissed off. He wanted to do this clean, and this means they'll both owe the mayor a favor. But pack is pack, she thinks, even at city hall. And you can't beat city hall.

CHAPTER TWO MOVING PARTS

*An army is a team. It lives, eats, sleeps, and fights as a team.
This individual hero stuff is bullshit.*

George S. Patton

The pack hunts. That's the heart of the story. It feeds on the flesh and fear of its prey, and howls for the pleasure of a mad Mother. It leaves broken bodies as tribute in its wake, and carves tales of Renown with the bones. This story is true.

It's just one story, though — one auspice among many. Werewolves make their legends at the bloody end of the hunt, but a pack is more than its violence. The *Siskur-Dah* is about planning, and a good pack values setting dominoes just as much as carnage. Yes, the wolf must hunt, but it's a careful hunter. It watches, it waits, it prepares. It organizes.

More importantly, it diversifies. The totem anchors Uratha in the ways of Wolf and Moon, shaping purpose out of instinct. The Wolf-Blooded lay the groundwork of the hunt, clearing ways to the Shadow, performing rites, and guarding the den while the wolves are away. Not to mention the humans risking their necks for a world they barely have a foot in.

This chapter breaks the pack down to its components, with a focus on the roles of each packmate: werewolf, Wolf-Blooded, human, and totem. It also examines the Other, members of the pack who don't fit into such tidy boxes, and whom other packs might take for prey. Finally, it rounds things out with systems for pack tactics and advancing totems.

THE HUNTER

The rain was a constant drumbeat above Saber's head. To her, it sounded like the beat of war drums. Saber looked up as Mike came through the tent flap. "How many do we have?"

"All the cousins, most of the regulars, and about three of the others." Mike snorted. "Call it fifteen."

She made a note on the clipboard. "We'll have to hope it's enough. Tell them to gear up and get walking for the trailhead. We'll be in position when they are."

"Yeah, no," Mike said. "You're gonna have to talk to them. Give 'em a speech."

"I hate this part," Saber said. She laid her head on Mike's collarbone, a sibling's gesture. "Why can't it just be us?"

"Because we'd die screaming," Mike said with a smile. "And Harmon likes socializing, at least. C'mon."

"Fine." She buckled on her namesake sword and stepped into the rain. "I hate camping."

The pack's deepest, tightest bonds form between the People. It comes from empathy. Only a werewolf truly knows what it's like to be a werewolf. That gives them a connection the rest of the pack can't understand. It grows out of instinct. Other werewolves smell right, use body language that makes sense, and respond to a werewolf's social cues in a way they instinctively understand. It also comes from time; the rest of the pack usually can't spend as much time on pack business. They have jobs, more family ties, and more social obligations than the werewolves do. When the Uratha are their own most constant companions, all that time spent working together forms ever stronger bonds.

Adding to the mix, a werewolf often feels that only another werewolf can be as committed to the pack as he is. It's a matter of choice. A Wolf-Blooded or human can leave the pack, flee the territory, and abandon the pack's duty. She has a normal life waiting for her, if she wants to build it. Not so for the werewolf. His burden is something he can never put down. With an escape like that waiting, pack responsibilities never back the Wolf-Blooded into a corner the way they do a werewolf. Even when a daughter of the Wolf says that she is fully committed to the mission, the werewolf wonders whether the pack's duty will one day chase her away.

Finally, a werewolf must always restrain herself around her human and Wolf-Blooded packmates. She wants to express herself by shifting into Dalu and throwing someone across the room, or by changing to Urhan and biting until she draws blood. With most of the pack, she has to hold back, especially if any of them are subject to Lunacy. Only among other werewolves can she truly let her hair down and speak her own violent language.

This doesn't mean that a werewolf's strongest bonds are always with other werewolves. It's often true within the pack,

but even werewolves have a semblance of a life outside the pack. Unless the werewolf is losing touch with the physical world, he has people that he's close to: a boyfriend, an ailing mother, the fifth grade teacher who taught him to stand up for himself.

AT REST

A pack is never truly off duty, but even an Uratha's hereditary enemies are sometimes quiet. For such times, the pack has a routine. It isn't easy or safe, but it demands less of them. The pack uses these times to rest and recover. They tend to the parts of their lives that don't revolve around warding the Gauntlet, repairing relationships that have suffered neglect and reestablishing their positions in the human world. It is the time when the pack is at its most relaxed, and when they see each other outside of the mission.

The werewolf relies on the entire pack for emotional balance. With them, she doesn't need to hide her true nature. She can tear into nearly-raw meat and complain that it's overcooked, discuss the resonance of the street where she bought it, and get in a bloody fight over what to do about it. Yet something about being her true self around people who stand with both feet in the mortal world helps keep her grounded and somewhat human.

She can release her anger with her pack. Every day she conceals the way she wants to clamp her teeth on these arrogant humans' throats and squeeze until they piss themselves into submission. With her pack, she doesn't have to hide anything. She just does it, and gets as good as she gives. Maybe she has to hold back with Wolf-Blooded and human packmates, but a good bare-knuckle brawl can be almost as satisfying as resolving an argument with teeth.

Human packmates, without a shred of wolf or spirit in them, are a necessary challenge for the Uratha. So many things are off limits with them. The werewolf can't crack their heads open, and she can't transform around them. She can't even heal from an open wound or multiple fractures without making them a little bit crazy. She has to keep her inner wolf penned, even while she's supposed to be open and feel camaraderie with these people. It's fucking frustrating.

That's the point. The Uratha must learn to restrain the wolf and subordinate the spirit. If she can't learn to perform that balancing act, she can't effectively fulfill her duty of guarding the Gauntlet. Some werewolves don't understand just how necessary humans are to the pack, and they rant about what a pain their human packmates are. Those who know better respect their human packmates. They make sure to spend time with them, not just because it is healthy, but because they are friends.

Sometimes human and Wolf-Blooded members go away. Not everybody who joins the pack is strong enough to handle the weirdness and the violence for the rest of his life. Even after years in the pack, realizing that the person tearing into fresh-caught, raw deer is one of your best friends can be too much. A werewolf might expect the eventual loss, but that doesn't salve the pain and disappointment.

It also comes with the heavy burden of dealing with the deserter. She's a packmate and a close friend. She's had the pack's trust and guarded the pack's back. She also knows too much:

names, places, pack secrets. Will she keep those secrets? Will she help the enemy, intentionally or not? Will she give up the information under torture? Can the pack afford to let her live? Every pack handles these scenarios in its own way, and lives with the consequences as best they can. If the situation calls for blood, it is the Uratha who shed it. Knowledge of that possibility colors the werewolf's relationship with non-Uratha packmates. Only once she's developed confidence that a packmate is in it to the end can she let her concerns go. Naturally, those are the desertions that are most devastating.

ON TASK

When the pack is on a mission outside its routine, attitudes change. The Uratha focus on the task. They spend their time investigating troubles and suspected causes, the analog of picking up spoor and tracking down prey. The time they have for socializing narrows to slow periods on stakeout or en route between locations of interest.

This being their mission and duty, a werewolf often starts treating her packmates as resources for the task at hand. Everything becomes more businesslike. When investigating curious occurrences at the local recycling and transfer station, a packmate is useful if he can survey the place without drawing attention. Otherwise, he is ignorable. While the pack is focusing on the investigation, everyone else should be attending their duties in a way that doesn't interfere.

That attitude strains the relationships between Uratha and the rest of the pack. To the werewolf, it's a compliment. On the hunt, every wolf has a role in driving, harassing, and bringing down the prey. Assuming a packmate will do his job is a great expression of trust for the werewolf. She has trouble considering that most people don't want their friends to treat them as a tool, just a collection of skills to be applied to the appropriate problems. She understands if she tries, but with the scent of prey in the air, it's hard to keep in mind.

On the other hand, a werewolf doesn't waste time on blame. Mistakes happen, prey finds gaps, and the pack adjusts. When a packmate slips up, the werewolf doesn't expect him to feel bad; she expects him to adjust to the new circumstances and fulfill his role. Chewing out packmates for screwing up comes after the mission, not in the middle of the chase. Of course, even wolves sometimes snap at each other when one gets out of line during a hunt.

ON THE HUNT

Everyone is excited when the pack declares a Sacred Hunt, but only the werewolves feel it in their souls. *Siskur-Dah* sings to them, calls them out into the night. It isn't meant to draw the werewolf away from her pack, but with the song of *Siskur-Dah* in her heart she runs faster, hunts harder, and those who are not of the People fall behind.

This doesn't displease the werewolf. The Sacred Hunt is at the core of what it means to be Uratha, and no werewolf wants the distraction of caring for weaker packmates or tiptoeing around Lunacy. She wants to feel the thrill of the hunt through her every fiber, to bring her prey down and hold nothing back.

Few packs achieve such a clean division of labor. People (including the People) just don't fit perfectly into pack roles. One Wolf-Blooded insists on staying near one of the werewolves after his private confession to long-time suicidal thoughts the previous night. A human pesters the ritemaster to help with rituals that could drive her mad, because she's been stealing occult books from private libraries on her own time and swears that she can help. The Irraka hungers for a bloody, claw-to-claw fight and Glory instead of teeth in the darkness. Emotions run high during *Siskur-Dah*, driving all these potential conflicts to the fore.

Sometimes the need of the hunt complicates things. Wolf-Blooded in particular have a handful of uncommon talents that the pack may call on for the hunt. When a Wolf-Blooded can see into Twilight, direct his familiar to help, or Reach, the pack may need those talents in the course of the hunt. Uratha can do many of these things as well, but Uratha are always in short supply. Demand for these talents can expose pack members to danger despite the werewolves' preference to keep them safely away.

Short, victorious hunts are glorious for everyone. The parties afterward bind the pack closer together and can last for days. Even humans only half aware of the pack's purpose revel in the righteous joy running through their packmates. These are times that the entire pack remembers months or years later, emotional memories that help them stay together in more trying times.

Longer hunts shake up the pack, causing fissures they must address. When the prey refuses to go down and the hunt drags on, the Uratha come home to the pack angry and unfulfilled. No one revels and no one gets to relax. The werewolves' pent up, restless rage infects the pack, putting everyone on edge. Downtime with an unresolved *Siskur-Dah* is hardly downtime at all.

Pack members not of the People can't sustain that heightened state as well as their werewolf packmates. They pull away from the pack to recover. Uratha sometimes find this infuriating, hardly able to conceive of resting in the middle of a Sacred Hunt. If wolves stop in the middle of a hunt, they starve to death. A werewolf feels something analogous in her spirit. Even knowing that humans don't, werewolves sometimes lash out at their packmates for seeking rest while the prey is still out there.

When *Siskur-Dah* takes the Uratha on long treks out of their territory, one of the greatest dangers is to their humanity. A werewolf on the long hunt is away from the people who help her feel human. She is in foreign territory, mired in the stress of constant danger, and traveling (usually) only with other werewolves. Bestial behavior that she would rein in among her broader pack goes unchecked. Her wolf instincts come to the fore. This protects her on the hunt, but by the time she returns she may be half-feral. Re-acclimating to life among humans can take time after a long trip.

Long hunts at home cause the Uratha to drive packmates away, and long hunts away from home cause them to pull away from their packmates. Regardless of how it happens, the period after an extended *Siskur-Dah* is a time for celebration, recuperation, and reconnection.

AT THE BREAKING POINT

Every pack has seen death. Tragedy visits every werewolf in one form or another. They struggle, they adapt, they survive. Inevitably, the day comes when the pack seriously doubts they'll still be there tomorrow. The *Beshilu* devour half the pack and bring the police down on the rest. Uratha come home to the pack only to discover several dead and the rest missing. The pack discovers the prey they're hunting is an *idigam* that possesses two werewolves and a dozen humans before disappearing. An argument over whether to kill the Pure, now at the pack's mercy after months of fighting, spills over into blows between one-time friends and splits the pack in two.

When something drives a pack to that breaking point, instinct tells the Uratha to stand strong, to be a beacon in the midst of chaos for the rest of the pack. That instinct helps hold the pack together when everything's fire and blood and people are screaming. It can also tear the group apart. Sometimes the right choice is to back down, make concessions, slink away, and recover. When none of the pack realizes that — or worse, when they're standing against each other with all their might — it can kill the pack more surely than any *Azlu*.

Even when the Uratha keep it together, their packmates may not. It's hard to blame anyone for freaking out when rats burst from a dear friend's heart, or when a trio of Claimed with buzz saw thorns for arms cut their way through the pack. In moments of crisis, a werewolf might not have any compassion for someone who's panicked and unsure whether to vomit, cry, run, or piss herself. Werewolf instincts say to snarl and snap at the packmate to snap her out of it. It works for Uratha, but for Wolf-Blooded and humans it can often push them over the edge.

After the crisis, whoever remains must heal the pack, assuming it hasn't shattered beyond repair. Reaching out to all the people scattered by a disintegrating pack can take months or years. Werewolves who remember to Respect the Low are unafraid to humble themselves before packmates who have been wounded — physical, emotional, whatever — and are reluctant to return to the fold. Not every werewolf has that temperament.

Sometimes a surviving member won't accept that her pack is gone. She spends her life seeking former packmates and trying to convince them to get the band back together. It's generally futile, but the occasional pack rises from the ashes. It's also where a handful of packs without Uratha come from. With all the werewolves dead or moved on, the Wolf-Blooded and humans who still care pick up the pieces and struggle on with what resources they can muster.

PACKS WITHOUT HUMANS

Some Uratha insist that all a pack needs is the People. A small group of werewolves is enough to hold a territory against other packs, conceal their presence from the authorities, and engage in the Sacred Hunt. They have contacts they use for information and small tasks, but none of them count as part of the pack. Not *really*.



These uncommon packs sometimes run up against criticism that they're losing themselves in their inhuman sides. Most counter with their own ways of cleaving to the human. They maintain personal human relationships or experience the chaos of humanity some other way, through volunteering at a rest home, holding down a part-time job, or panhandling and feeling the press of humanity around them.

Few packs swear off all human contact. Uratha who do typically live in remote places, though some live in major cities and avoid humans through paranoia. Other packs consider them dangerous oathbreakers, even on the verge of becoming Pure. Such packs are almost always troubled to begin with.

OUT OF THE CENTER

Not every pack revolves around the Uratha. They are and will always be the rock stars of the pack — no one else can transform into killing machines or reliably speak to spirits — but they aren't always at the pack's heart. Anyone with enough presence and force of will can keep the pack together. A werewolf's instincts don't demand that he be at the top of the pack hierarchy, they just drive him to favor packs with enough hierarchy to stay strong. As long as the hierarchy keeps the pack alive, werewolf instincts are happy.

Happy instincts don't always make for happy werewolves. Having a group of Wolf-Blooded running the pack might not make him itch with how wrong it is, but that doesn't mean the werewolf is happy about it. He may have ambitions to lead,

or simply feel rivalry with whoever's in charge. It's the same as in most packs, with a dash of added prejudice saying that only a werewolf can lead a werewolf pack.

THE WOLF-BLOODED

Tipsy singing and laughter filled the narrow alley, backed by music from the twenty-year-old radio. Everything except the music stopped when Ernesto, laughing and looking the wrong way, knocked Raw Meat's beer all over him. Raw Meat pushed the kid over and knelt on him, screaming obscenities and threats until Yuniel kicked him off.

Raw Meat was back on his feet in a second, knife in hand. Long as his forearm at least, he pointed it straight into Yuniel's eyes. Everyone froze, but Yuniel just stared Raw Meat in the eyes, like he dared him to do it.

Nobody breathed until Raw Meat laughed and punched Yuniel in the shoulder. Yuniel smiled, even though it wasn't a soft punch, and the two of them helped Ernesto up.

Wolf-Blooded are the glue that holds the pack together. Luna's touch and Mother Wolf's blood let them understand both werewolf instincts and human social inclinations. When the pack is all together, Wolf-Blooded move between the werewolves at the core and the humans around the edges. They talk with the humans and growl with the werewolves, and when werewolves and humans come together, a Wolf-Blooded is often nearby to smooth over any instinctive mismatches.

They're not always stuck performing constant translation. Unless a werewolf forgets her humanity, she knows how to talk to humans. The danger comes at times of stress and high emotion. That's when she needs someone who understands her impulse to grab a stubborn packmate by the throat until he stops annoying her.

In some ways, Wolf-Blooded serve as social crutches for werewolves. A werewolf needs humans in her life to maintain Harmony, but sometimes she just doesn't have the patience. Dealing with someone who doesn't understand what it means to bare teeth or expose the neck puts her on edge. A Wolf-Blooded packmate is like wading into the pool of humanity when an Uratha just can't bear to jump into the deep end.

Special talents derived from their Tells make Wolf-Blooded important contributors to the pack. Some Tells let the Wolf-Blooded enter battle with their werewolf packmates, capable of recovering from broken bones and blood loss that would cripple most others. Others make them good scouts, spies, or sources of intelligence. Packs make careful use of these talents, some of which a werewolf cannot replicate with Gifts.

Wolf-Blooded can feel like the most overworked members of a pack. They're always in demand from the Uratha, and the human members consider them more approachable. Like the werewolves, it's often instinct that keeps them in the pack. It's weaker than the werewolves', the sort of nagging feeling that a person could ignore his whole life with only a small heartache, but being part of a pack still satisfies something deep within a Wolf-Blooded. Whether that satisfaction is worth a life of knives, blood, and terror is a decision only the individual can make. Just as the pack attracts the wolf in him, something about the pack usually draws his human side, too, in the same way it draws in full humans.

THE UNAFFILIATED

Not every Wolf-Blooded joins a pack. Some fill that need with human organizations that feel similar, such as street gangs, martial arts clubs, or sports fandoms. Others avoid joining any sort of pack for all sorts of reasons. She's a pacifist by philosophy and won't participate or condone violence. He's a misanthrope and steadfastly ignores the little voice that says life would be better with an alpha. These two just settled down, and now they're raising a child, adopted so she won't be like them. Few can get away from the heritage completely. The Uratha find them, and once a pack knows someone is Wolf-Blooded, they want to use him.

Refusing to join a pack doesn't make the Wolf-Blooded any less useful. It just makes him more expendable. Werewolves have a long history of leaning on Wolf-Blooded for favors. One favor soon becomes two, then more, with repercussions if he doesn't play along. Before long, the unaffiliated Wolf-Blooded is just another asset, except the pack doesn't have to feel bad when something terrible happens to him.

AT REST

When the pack rests, the Wolf-Blooded works hardest. Downtime is when the pack turns attention and resources to

social maintenance. This is some of the most valuable work the Wolf-Blooded do for the pack. They see to rebuilding the bonds between the werewolves and the humans, defusing werewolf anger, and comforting humans in ways the werewolves find difficult.

Not that every Wolf-Blooded is a social medic. More than a few gravitate toward werewolf anger or human ambivalence more than compassion. They still help the pack dynamic. The angry, passionate ones run up against the anger of the Uratha packmates. They absorb the brunt of it, keep it away from the humans, and make it seem less scary. The ones who aren't social at all help the human packmates by example. Possessed of some wolf instincts, werewolf pack behavior doesn't bother them much. Just by their untroubled demeanor, they help calm their packmates who are less at ease with pack life.

The pack sometimes overworks and undervalues its Wolf-Blooded. Particularly during restful periods, it's easy for a daughter of the Wolf to feel like she does all the work and the werewolves get all the credit. She may become resentful of the werewolves' positions as the heart of the pack. This dissatisfaction can manifest in many ways: She may be lax in her duties, play some pranks on the Uratha's favorites, badmouth some of the werewolves, or simply leave the pack for a while.

When Wolf-Blooded behavior disrupts pack operation past a certain threshold, the werewolves address it, often in an appropriately wolflike fashion. A public show of anger and dominance puts the matter to rest in the mind of the Uratha. It doesn't always settle things for the Wolf-Blooded. The minds of the wolf and man tug in multiple directions, and the Wolf-Blooded's supernatural instincts don't always win out. Werewolves expect the Wolf-Blooded to accept the chastisement, but sometimes her resentment grows — all the more because of that small part in the back of her mind telling her this is how it should be.

Emotions like these aren't foreign to any pack. Most manage them as any extended, complicated family, with lots of minor strife and occasional larger conflicts. Packs that let such feelings get out of hand risk letting them grow into something more threatening — such as a Wolf-Blooded becoming a saboteur for another pack, or his feelings exposing him to possession by a spirit of jealousy.

ON TASK

When it's time to get organized, the Wolf-Blooded help herd the humans into place. The Uratha can't do everything, and their time is better spent dealing with the Shadow. Anyone can yell at a bunch of humans or start the phone tree. Fewer can Reach and negotiate with spirits, so Wolf-Blooded manage the more mundane tasks or delegate them to humans.

It can be hard for Wolf-Blooded not to wish for more glamorous assignments. Werewolves take the more dangerous assignments for themselves, because they are more durable, they have Gifts, and they have difficulty delegating sensitive tasks to others. They do so only when they must, and when the packmate has an advantage that makes him suited to the task. While the reasoning is largely sound, a Wolf-Blooded still has the little wolf in the back of his head questioning why

he's stuck doing the managerial work. Knowing it's because the werewolves trust him rarely satisfies that feral instinct.

Wolf-Blooded who act without orders get mixed results. Successfully going against the pack indicates that the Wolf-Blooded's instincts were right. The pack lauds her and rewards her infraction. Coming home with her tail between his legs means she made the wrong choice. It wasn't her instincts speaking but her pride, and she endangered the pack.

ON THE HUNT

The Sacred Hunt is dangerous. Dangerous enough that a werewolf welcomes any ally he can trust, and he finds it easier to trust those who share his instincts. A Wolf-Blooded has at least some of them. Not every Wolf-Blooded packmate earns that trust, or has the skills necessary to be a useful addition to the hunt, but Uratha look for Wolf-Blooded who can. When that fails, they try shaping the Wolf-Blooded they have. Anyone able to learn the skills of the hunt is a valuable resource.

The Wolf-Blooded feels pride in going with their Uratha packmates on *Siskur-Dah*; pride and joy and pain. She glories in watching werewolves in their element, having spent most of her life submerging her wolf instincts under human concerns. Watching the Rahu tear through enemy flesh, or the Irraka silently end someone from the shadows, feels like watching a storm rage. It's the most natural thing in the world, both beautiful and as horrific as any Grand Guignol — as long as it's aimed at someone else. This is an experience that few other than Wolf-Blooded have.

Joining the Uratha on the hunt often triggers feelings of inadequacy. A werewolf is the apex predator, the master of her craft. Through auspice, Gifts, and skill, she is the best at what she does. The Wolf-Blooded is not. Even if the very human act of comparing himself to the werewolf and coming up short weren't enough, the back of his head screams, that it should be him, that fate robbed him of that heritage. He would be out there, best of the predators, if only... something. If only he had been good enough, if only he had been luckier, if only he had listened to his wolf instincts that one time. Running on the hunt can be full of joy, pride, and beauty, but it comes with the inevitable reminder of everything the Wolf-Blooded is not.

Not every Wolf-Blooded is suited to join the Sacred Hunt. She may be philosophically or physically challenged; clumsy, lame, or peaceful in nature. When the Uratha declare *Siskur-Dah* and go on the hunt, she suffers a pang of loss that she isn't with them. However committed the pacifist, the wolf in her longs to hunt. For one who wishes to fight but can't, the pain is even sharper.

A Wolf-Blooded may also stay behind because she is the most skilled and most trusted. The pack needs someone who can keep it together while the Uratha are away, someone who can keep the pack true to the Oaths of the Moon and keep the territory safe. She has to be strong-willed, she is usually strong-bodied, and the only thing keeping her from the raw joy of the hunt is duty. That sometimes stings worst of all.

With the werewolves gone, the Wolf-Blooded is typically the highest authority in the pack. He might revel in it. Suddenly

at the top of the social order, he can reshape things as he's been unable to do beneath the werewolves' keen eyes. Usually these are small matters: small shifts to the social hierarchy, weighting surveillance from one type of supernatural threat to another. These are things that may go unnoticed when the Uratha return, or might provoke reprimands, but don't often cause lasting problems.

Sometimes, however, the werewolves return from the hunt to discover a jealous Wolf-Blooded has usurped their pack out from under them. Then they must recover their territory from hostile former allies who know all their secrets. It's not common, but it happens when Uratha don't pay attention and respect to their Wolf-Blooded packmates. They have a shred of the soul of the wolf, and cannot ever satisfy its urges the way a werewolf can. The tug of war they feel in their souls is real and impossible to quell. Wise Uratha do not forget this.

AT THE BREAKING POINT

The pack needs the Wolf-Blooded more than the Wolf-Blooded needs the pack. Sure, he gets some kind of deep, spiritual satisfaction from the pack dynamic and associating with werewolves. But he can ignore it if he needs to. Lots of people go their entire lives ignoring the dreams they think are unrealizable. In short, if a Wolf-Blooded needs to flee, he can flee.

When crisis hits the pack, a daughter of the Wolf can pick a million places to be that are safer than standing with the werewolves. Whether she goes for that safety depends on her. Some people have more important things to live for than the pack, such as families, close friends, or football championships. Others feel nothing more keenly than their pack loyalty.

Those who stay are hugely important in the pack's healing. They are the nodes that the broken pack can crystallize around, regrowing into a new, hopefully stronger structure. Their involvement with the recovery after a crisis can leave Wolf-Blooded in positions of greater authority in the reshaped pack.

THE HUMAN

"What a party, man." Ginger lay back and stared up at the moon.

"Fuck yeah." Ted sat next to her and stared out into space. He took another pull on the joint, then passed it over.

"That was a hell of a magic trick, telling Charlene all those things she thought no one knew." Smoke trickled up out of her nostrils.

"I thought it was great when he made Darryl's phone call his mother. How'd he do that?" Ted reached for the joint, but someone else took it first.

"You think it's all magic tricks?" It was Sigrid, older and dourer than most of the crowd. She took a drag. "It's not. They know things here. And if you're smart, you'll hang around and find out what."

Humans are at once the least of the pack and one of its greatest assets. They don't have the strength, regeneration, or Gifts of the Uratha, but they have numbers, and they have connections with human society that the pack needs. They

aren't just strings for werewolves to pull to get answers regarding the latest string of bizarre thefts or strange attacks. They're the strings that keep the werewolves tied to earth. Like string, they can be just as easily severed.

Human packmates are the most vulnerable part of any pack. Usually, they don't know just how vulnerable. Most humans don't know the truth about their pack. They can tell that they aren't part of the inner circle, but they figure the inner circle is hiding strategy, business decisions, or skeletons in the closet, not literal monsters out of myth and nightmares.

Not to say humans don't know they're at risk. In most packs, humans feel like the most *expendable*, even if they don't expect to be expended. They're the low-status gang members who want to work their way up until they're not cannon fodder. They're the contract employees who know only one in twenty gets promoted. They're the friends of friends who love hanging out but know that when the party ends they have to take the floor instead of a couch or bed.

But humans don't know that they're *targets*. Most think their position grants them some form of protection—intimidation against threats on the street, safety from unemployment, cool factor from being around the right crowd. They don't know the actual threats arrayed against them. The Pure want to rip them apart for supporting their Forsaken cousins. Spirits want to possess them to infiltrate the pack, or just to taunt the werewolves that they so resent. Stranger things stalk the night, and the pack stalks them right back. Being with the pack brushes humans right up against the weird, and the humans are almost always softer targets than their inhuman packmates.

For all these reasons, human pack members tend to form the closest bonds with other humans. The Uratha are the rock stars. Everything revolves around them, so every member of the pack wants to be near them. It makes it hard to form a real connection with a werewolf, and it's obvious they feel the same way. As Wolf-Blooded often bridge the gap between Uratha and human, human pack members are more likely to have a close relationship with one of them than with a werewolf.

In the end, it's the people with similar experiences, the peer group, that become the human pack member's friends. They occupy the same social position in the pack and get called on to perform similar tasks. They whisper rumors about pack leaders, wonder with each other about what the bosses or the cool kids are working on now, and tell the same stories about some amazing thing one of the werewolves did. They are part of the same larger thing, and that binds them.

TIES TO THE WORLD

No one comes from a vacuum. The people who come to the pack have relationships on the outside: friends, family, coworkers, customers, fans, and more. Those connections are part of their value to the pack. They know judge's clerks, waste reclamation specialists, volunteers at the animal shelter, local Masons, and a hundred others besides. Those contacts are vital to keeping the pack in tune with the territory they protect. It's those strings to the world outside the pack that will vibrate with the first warnings of resonance change and

intrusion from the Shadow. Those are the same strings the pack pulls when they need to make a small change.

Those connections also complicate the pack's operations. People close to human pack members wonder what their friends or family are doing and why these strange people take up so much of their time. The tidbits humans let drop about their time with the pack make people wonder. Physical clues from a wild rite or a wild fight lead to more questions, like lipstick on the collar from a secret lover. Human connections pull both ways, drawing information about the pack out as much as they bring intelligence in.

Pack leaders limit the leaking of information as best they can. Packs frequently demand secrecy from their members regarding all things to do with the pack: who's in it, where they meet, and what they do. This protects the pack from exposing specific vulnerabilities to enemies who might take advantage of them, but it provokes other problems. Jealous spouses send private investigators after their partners, family members wonder about drug problems, school advisors start investigating scholarship qualifications, and close friends get in touch with cult deprogramming experts.

Clever packs disguise their behavior as something more innocent to put people off the scent. Packs have posed as gentleman's clubs, service organizations, softball teams, gardening discussions, gatherings of wargame enthusiasts, knitting circles, and swinger parties—among other things. Those facades often take on an element of truth over time. Other packs know that leaking information is unavoidable and try to control what information gets out and when. They trickle false intelligence out through the grapevine, leading their enemies to waste resources on false leads—or leading them into traps.

A few people come to the pack with little or nothing in the way of human connection. Runaways, orphans, social outcasts, the impoverished, and others who have lost or eschewed social ties sometimes find the pack fills a need that nothing else has. These members cannot support the pack with their social connections, so they must serve in another way. If they don't have or cannot learn a skill that aids the pack in its duties, they're out. Wolves don't do welfare.

HUMANS IN THE KNOW

Not every human member of the pack is content to stay on the bottom of the totem pole. If a human wants to earn greater respect and responsibility, he has to work hard, bring value to the pack, and fit into the wolf-like social structure better than most humans. That gets him noticed. After that, the jobs get more dangerous and stranger. Not every pack lets humans get this close, but in those that do, they offer him the chance to pass through the threshold and learn some of the truth about the supernatural world.

Most can't handle it. They go a little mad and freak out. They may run off, attack their packmates, or appear stable while building up to a psychotic break at some crucial point. Werewolves are careful to tell only packmates who have their greatest trust and seem strong of mind. Even then, they watch the packmate carefully for some time afterward.

Those who handle the truth with grace become a more integral part of the pack. They have greater esteem from the werewolves at the center of the pack, and it's obvious to everyone else. Sometimes this causes resentment among their former peers, but a human packmate's job description includes maintaining social connections. Most who reach this point can keep a few friends.

Even humans in the inner circle don't get to see werewolves in action, not if everything goes right. A pack rarely *plans* to expose a human to that kind of danger. Though a trusted human packmate doesn't see werewolves transform, she sees more of their natural behavior than any other human. She hears their talk about spirits and resonance, about the Hosts and the Claimed, and she hears their true stories. She sees them fight as part of their arguments, and gets pulled into the same fights. Admittance into the inner circle comes with exposure to more of the People's inhuman language of violence. She may also hear their arguments over her status, that Lunacy makes her a risk to all of them, and that they ought to do something about her before it's too late.

Every once in a while, a werewolf does something that reminds everyone how inhuman they are. It's not necessarily something supernatural. A human may overhear one of his werewolf friends telling a packmate's young child where the arteries are, and how to drive a knife up through the ribs. It puts a spotlight on the gulf between werewolf and human. Any human member that deep in the pack is familiar with the recurring feeling of "what the fuck am I doing here with monsters?"

AT REST

When pack activity is at low ebb, a human member gets to relax in a way a werewolf can never manage. She enjoys the company of her packmates, she spends more quality time with family and friends outside the pack, and she gets to work without wondering if the hammer's about to fall. It's a time for repair and maintenance of her social web.

It's the period where she can explore her position within the pack. A pack is an intricate hierarchy of dominance and submission, even if humans play it out with words rather than teeth and bared throats. When the pack is out of danger, at least for the moment, pack members jostle for position. Pack members occupy themselves with contests of strength or endurance, games of wit and the mind, and tests of social maneuvering. It's all in good fun, except when someone takes it too seriously.

A human might also use downtime to investigate pack secrets. Human pack members rarely get the straight dope about the pack, and most can sense that something's hidden. For many, that's part of the attraction: the feeling that more hides under the surface, that this group is deeper, more potent, and somehow more important than any other group the person could belong to. Some can't help but investigate, trying to find out what's under the surface.

Werewolves don't take such intrusion well. The decision whether a human is ready to learn deeper secrets belongs to

the Uratha. If such a moment comes, they'll initiate him in their own way. A human who delves too deeply will likely disappear when the werewolves discover his probing. And if they remain ignorant of his discovery, what he learns often drives him away, typically to reappear at a dramatic moment to the pack's disadvantage.

ON TASK

When a human has been in the pack for a few years, her friends learn to recognize certain recurring behaviors. She asks pointed questions about strange, specific people, or places. She misses gatherings of friends or family, uses up sick time at work, and looks like she's low on sleep. She turns up in strange places: outside the jazz club, despite being a punk rock girl; waiting tables at the public relations convention, while calling in sick at the plant; or tromping across the golf course at 3 A.M. carrying lumpy bundles.

This is what it looks like when the pack shifts into higher gear. Human packmates pull their strings, call on people they know for intelligence and favors, and spend their time aiding the werewolves with surveillance and reconnaissance. Pack members with specific skills help prepare for the current threat however they can. They repair vehicles and gear, gather up special materials for spirit banes, gather resources, conceal useful caches across the territory, and anything else that might help.

They sometimes wonder what all the work is for. Keeping cars running smooth or filling the petty cash box for emergencies elicit no questions, but driving to a distant mine to bring back rust scraped from its abandoned mining carts — that's weird. It's the sort of thing that provokes questions. Pack leaders avoid giving such curious work to humans not in the know unless they have no other choice. Often, the work needs to get done, and no one else can do it. If that loses the pack a human member, so be it. Human packmates are expendable, and that doesn't always mean casualties of war.

ON THE HUNT

Humans almost never accompany the Uratha on the hunt. The People cannot spare the attention to protect their weaker packmates from the very real dangers of a hunt. Every werewolf expects to shift forms and use their Gifts during *Siskur-Dah*, so inflicting Lunacy on human packmates is practically a given. Additionally, since most human packmates don't know the pack's supernatural truth, letting them join the hunt is a certain breach of security.

Still, werewolves hunt for survival and for duty. When it comes down to it, if the pack needs another pair of eyes or hands and the only sets available are human, they'll take it. They might not expect him to survive, or to stay with the pack if he does, but the pack makes sacrifices.

A pack might have a few humans who know the full truth about werewolves. Even these trusted packmates rarely join the *Siskur-Dah*. Knowing is not the same as seeing or understanding, and the risk is still very real. Knowing the truth of the hunt, they rarely volunteer for it.

AT THE BREAKING POINT

When calamity befalls the pack, human packmates tend to scatter. Humans are the least invested members of the pack, so when the pack's future appears uncertain, when the fabric of the pack starts to tear, they are the first to jump ship. Not all of them, but proportionally more humans leave than werewolves or Wolf-Blooded.

In a twist, humans are some of the most likely to escape a shattered pack with their lives. Though the Forsaken's enemies target and victimize human pack members, the Uratha are almost always the real target. The enemy often tears through humans only on their way to the werewolves, at which point the regular folks can scatter.

THE TOTEM

Spirits are as varied and distinctive as the concepts they embody. They range from aggressive spirits of invasive bamboo to resentful spirits of endangered wildlife, from nervous and excited immigration spirits to sickly spirits of electronics reclamation dumps in China. Any of them can have a reason to join a pack as its totem.

A totem serves as its pack's guide into the Shadow. While the Uratha, especially the Ithaeur, are at home in the *Hisil*, they are not natives. Without an ally who can tell them the secrets of the Shadow, its dangers and shortcuts, a pack will almost certainly fail — and the totem knows it. It addresses its pack as something of a parental figure, a creature of wisdom and mystery. It speaks with pride and arrogance, sometimes using cryptic words to make the pack earn its knowledge, even when it wants to see the pack succeed.

The totem forms its closest relationships in the pack with the werewolves. Being creatures of spirit, they share a natural bond. No one else in the pack understands the call to run the *Hisil*, the urge to sup on Essence. Though a totem may maintain a distant attitude toward its pack, some warm up and treat them as cousins, sometimes even close friends. Packs may perform favors for their totems, providing *gathra* absent any necessity, or bringing them interesting knowledge from the Shadow. Even with such gifts, some spirits are immune to werewolves' charms and will never see the pack as more than partners in a bargain.

A totem is more likely to find common bonds with other spirits, though few of those want anything to do with a totem. Those who look past the totem's bargain with the hated werewolves are generally outcasts from local spirit courts, allies of the People, or deceitful spirits looking to take advantage of the spirit and pack or bring them harm.

To the totem, Wolf-Blooded pack members feel like something akin to children. They have just a touch of spirit about them, rather like the *muthra*. Whether the totem *treats* them like children depends on the totem, its ability to comprehend human emotions, and its desired effect when dealing with them.

Human pack members don't feel like real people to the spirit. They're more like walking resonance generators. Nature spirits and elemental spirits mostly consider them destructive,

conjuring resonance they can't consume, while artificial spirits and conceptual spirits see them as resources. Still, the pack treats the humans as people, so in the event that the totem reveals itself to them, the totem might as well.

ACQUIRING A TOTEM

Even spirits that want to help the Uratha — fairly rare — make the pack prove that they know the value a totem brings. Most spirits choose one of three ways.

Force: If a spirit does not want to join the pack, the werewolves must force it. The spirit may have an ancient and lingering resentment toward Father Wolf. Perhaps the spirit court it belongs to frowns on cooperation with werewolves, and it needs to make its aid look coerced, or the spirit values strength, and wants the pack to prove that it is strong enough to earn the spirit's patronage.

Bribery: *Gathra* is a traditional way of enticing a spirit to serve as the pack's totem, along with promises of future gifts. Most bribery starts small, a simple payment for the chance to make the request to the spirit. The payment for becoming totem is much larger. Spirits that want to help may ask for a token payment in exchange for becoming totem. For others, it's another form of cover with their disapproving siblings: if the bounty of Essence is large enough, other spirits will have trouble condemning the new totem for accepting the bargain — or at least they'll be less vicious about it.

Trial: Less commonly, a spirit demands that the pack succeeds at a trial (or several) before it becomes their totem. This is often a test of worthiness, but sometimes blurs the line into bribery. The spirit requires a service that brings it some material gain, that it could not (or chooses not to) complete on its own. It reaps the rewards of a success and joins the pack. A spirit may also subject the pack to a trial when it has no intention of becoming their totem, choosing a trial so dangerous it believes they will back out or fail.

MOTIVATION

Why does a spirit choose to join a pack as its totem? Each spirit has its own reasons, but most of them break down into one of the following handful.

Kinship: The spirit feels a family tie to werewolves, and that draws it to them. The most common of these is the Wolf-Brother, direct cousin of the People. Other spirits that may feel this bond include those of other canine predators (such as dogs or coyotes) and spirits of transformation. Some spirits of starlight or meteorites, being somewhat related to Father Moon, also feel this way. These spirits typically demand the lightest payment for their service, in part because the other spirits expect it of them.

Philosophy: The spirit has ideals that align with those of the pack. This might be a general belief that spirits and humans should stay on their own sides of the Gauntlet, or a specific philosophy that matches with the pack's personal mission or favored prey. The spirit of the United States Code is one of the first type, and the spirit Cat-Hunting-Spiders might be an example of the latter for a pack that hunts many *Azlu*.

Agenda: The spirit has specific goals that being a totem will help it achieve. It might be a grudge from way back, against an *ilthum* of local spirits or against the Pure tribes. Either way, it signs up with the Uratha so it can help Mother Wolf's children make its enemies' lives miserable. Alternately, the spirit wants some specific help from the pack. It might offer to become totem in exchange for that help, or work toward that agenda while the pack is hunting other prey. This can include discovering some important piece of information or climbing toward the top of the local spirit court.

Favor: The spirit discharges a debt by becoming the pack's totem. It might not relish the association, but it still chooses to be there. When Red-in-Flesh was just a sapling, a werewolf pack saved it from predation by its siblings. Now that it is a grand sequoia, it serves a pack as totem to repay that debt. Raging Condor once hunted alongside Father Wolf in the time before. It wasn't a partnership, but it was a joy that Raging Condor remembers, and now it looks after a werewolf pack in fond memory of that relationship.

Collaborator: The spirit wants to avoid becoming werewolves' prey. This is not a popular reason, but a common one — many spirits become totems out of nothing more than the implied threat of *Siskur-Dah*. City Owl offers to become a totem because it knows much. It believes the Forsaken may destroy it for the secrets it knows, so it joins them instead, despite the scorn it receives from other spirits for telling their secrets.

Ward: Similar to the collaborator, this spirit joins a pack for safety, but primarily for protection from other spirits rather than exemption from the hunt. When a new dam turns Rushing Torrents into Racing Waters and knocks it off the top of its own spirit court, the many spirits it's taunted and teased over the years want comeuppance. Taking refuge with a werewolf pack helps it stay safe.

Bound: The spirit has no desire to help the pack. The werewolves bested it and rather than tear it to shreds and let it dissipate in peace, they extracted a promise that it would serve as totem. It performs its duties ably but grudgingly. Most werewolves prefer a totem that volunteers help and information; they bind one against its will only when the pack has no other way.

Saboteur: The spirit joins the pack to undermine or destroy it. A cunning spirit who wants to harm the Forsaken may play the part of a good totem for years. It feeds the pack partial or false information, and it shares the pack's secrets and plans with its compatriots on the outside. Wolf-Who-Swims is a longtime ally of the Pure, but pretends to be a good cousin to the Forsaken. Its pack can't figure out why the Pure always seem to know when they're coming.

PACKS WITHOUT TOTEMS

The exceptionally rare pack makes do without a totem. Most ensure that they have a spirit bond as early as possible. A pack's first *Siskur-Dah* commonly either forces a spirit to become their totem, or impresses the local spirit courts enough to produce some volunteers.

A pack that does without a totem inevitably has a reason, and not always a good one. The Silver Anvil pack in Arizona sought a totem for years, and each one they approached rebuffed them. Some they offended during negotiations. Others set them trials that the pack failed. Eventually, the pack stopped trying. Their life is hard and their territory is small, and nearby packs expect them to fail soon. If the Pure don't wipe them out, other Forsaken will move in because the Silver Anvil's territory isn't properly cared for.



The Lamplighters pack in Ecuador chooses not to have a totem. They are Bone Shadows whose antagonistic relationship toward spirits moved them to disregard the custom. They reason that no spirit deserves that payment. It would only make the spirit a trespasser, and one that they would eventually have to evict from the world of Flesh. Their integrity impresses some of the local spirits and ironically keeps them from conflict with some of the mightier ones.

Whatever the reason, life without a totem is difficult. Giving up the totem boon is an obvious disadvantage, and makes it harder to entice prospective members to join the pack. It forces the pack to leave members behind to guard their headquarters and Locus. The pack has no one native to the Shadow to make their case there, no one to whisper the secrets of the *Hisil* into the werewolves' ears. It makes the pack a target for every supernatural threat around, suggesting that a pack that can't get a totem must be easy prey.

AT REST

When the pack is quiet, the totem rests. The Uratha may rouse it to ask for guidance in the Shadow, or to use its Influence, but in general it hasn't much to do. It spends its time watching the pack. It often hasn't much curiosity, but these humans and half-spirit creatures act in strange analogs to the way spirits do, so it watches and tries to make sense of things.

ON TASK

A roused pack puts more demand on the totem. With investigations going on, more often the totem is the only one left to watch out for the pack's home. It keeps a closer eye on the spirit world around it, and it watches the Flesh side of the Locus too, just in case.

ON THE HUNT

When the werewolves howl to Luna and stalk their enemies through the night, their greatest ally is their totem. It is more powerful and has more supernatural abilities than a pack's other typical allies. As a native of the *Hisil*, it provides the hunters guidance and aid unavailable from any other source. It helps them navigate through the Shadow, gives them insight into their spirit-prey's instincts and habits, shreds enemies that attempt to use Twilight as an escape, and uses its Influences and Numina to aid in the hunt.

Some totems enjoy the hunt more than others. The Wolf-Brother running with the pack is the classic example, but nearly any predator-spirit enjoys stalking the Shadow with a few skilled werewolves. Another spirit simply considers it a part of its duty as the pack totem, or just enjoys asserting dominance over other creatures and spirits. One with a more calculating outlook may join the hunt as a measure of security, protecting its investment in the pack.

Only a rare totem doesn't join in *Siskur-Dah*, usually because of a spirit's nature. A spirit of a place often doesn't want to move: Abandoned-Underbridge never leaves its locus beneath the overpass unless it has no other choice. Chiefly Without-Harm, a spirit of pacifism, supports its pack in other

ways without joining them on the hunt.

Some packs don't want their totems to join them on the hunt. This can be a matter of philosophy, or a temporary development. Nearly all the Royal Hounds' werewolves are Hunters in Darkness, and they do their duty to their territory in Northumberland by leaving their totem behind to police it. The Geysir-Runners of Iceland usually hunt with their totem, but recent credible threats have led them to leave it watching over their home territory during the current hunt.

When the hunt runs long, a totem that stays behind can start to feel disconnected. The werewolves who bound it to the pack are gone. They're the only ones in the pack the totem remotely understands, usually the only ones it can speak to. In their absence, the totem may withdraw from the pack. It still provides its boon and sees to its duties, but its communication with the pack is terse and impatient, when it bothers to communicate at all.

AT THE BREAKING POINT

A pack cracking apart leaves the totem on uncertain ground. When the conflict is internal, the totem must decide whom to back. Which part of the pack is the real pack? Which part is the totem bound to? When the werewolves are all of a like mind, the decision is easy. With werewolves on either side of the conflict, either might provide *gathra* in the hopes of keeping the totem with them. The totem usually makes its choice based on what's best for it.

The totem isn't certain to aid the pack. More than a few totems aid their packs reluctantly. When the pack comes to the brink and is about to topple over, the totem may well push. It's another reason for a pack to build a positive relationship with their totem. They want it to be on their side when a Pure surprise attack scythes through them or plague spirits possess half the pack.

TOTEMS WITHOUT PACKS

When the pack disintegrates around the totem, the spirit is left bound to something that no longer exists. That changes the spirit. A few return to their *ilthum*, resuming their old life, just somewhat changed. Former totems of shattered packs often become able to feed on resonance related to the disaster.

More often, the spirit is no longer welcome in its old circles. Its one-time allies and brethren chase it away, threatening to destroy it as a traitor. It becomes a roaming spirit, a vagabond reliant on finding sources of edible resonance and then moving on before the locals catch it.

In preference to this life, a spirit may seek to become a totem for a new pack. It looks for new-formed packs and offers to serve as their totem for safety and protection. Failing that, it may try to join a pack as an ally, in exchange for enough Essence to live and the improved safety of running with a pack.

A handful of former totems go mad. The strain of having the pack bond ripped away from them tears out some integral part of the spirit. Now incomplete, it roams the Shadow and the Flesh, seeking to become whole again but not knowing

how. The savagery and unpredictability of these spirits make them dangerous opponents, able to defeat and consume spirits normally beyond them.

THE OTHER

Not all packs are bound by tradition. Wolf-Blooded and humans make up the bulk of most packs because they're common, not necessarily because every Uratha thinks they'll make good hunters, or good allies for hunters. One pack values a wolf's fangs more than a human's intellect, where another relies on a spirit's Numina over a Wolf-Blooded's Boon. A few see the whole supernatural world as a resource, courting anyone and anything that can further the *Siskur-Dah*. The pack adapts to the needs of the hunt, and that includes adapting to who or what makes the best packmate.

SPIRITS

I'm right fucked. In ten minutes, cops are gonna be asking questions that only crazy people have the answers to. In thirty, they'll be sending me up to county and throwing away the key. In sixty, the rest of the pack will come roaring in, just in time to be too late. As I contemplate my plea bargain, every lightbulb in the building explodes. The lock on my cell melts with a pop and a hiss, and my ears start to burn.

"sister wolf. was...contained. sister wolf. is free. to rage. NOT. contained. MUST NOT. be. snuffed. out."

Beneath the sounds of gunfire, screaming, and pieces of furniture spontaneously combusting, I honor my packmate, and get the hell out of Dodge.

Spirits are chaos. The *Hisil* is wild abandon and infinite potential. Whatever has been conceived, or will be conceived, or can be conceived is reflected in its boundless landscape, and its war of ideas is never ending. If left without a cull, spirits would treat the world of Flesh as a new front, dividing the material world into a fiefdom cum madhouse, with every human, animal, and insect a serf or an Essence battery. This is why Father Wolf lived and died.

Yet chaos is seductive. Chaos is a flooding river, cruel and transformative. Rein it in, dam the river, and redirect it — not too much, not enough to rob it of momentum — and it can be a weapon.

Some werewolves dare to rein in chaos. These Uratha make spirits allies instead of prey, redefining the pack and how it hunts. Some do this out of rebellion, believing they can do more by setting aside the divide between wolf and spirit, while others have nothing left to lose, willing to make any deal with the devil to ensure their hunts. A few will take anything if it offers an edge — and not just spirits.

KEEPING YOUR ENEMIES CLOSER

Spirits aren't the sophisticated hunters werewolves are. They have no ancestors to honor, and no debts to pay. Indeed, sophistication in some spirits is a sign the *Siskur-Dah* is overdue. Apart from totems, the closest most werewolves get to spirit packmates comes in the form of offering *gathra* for favors. A little Essence greases a lot of ephemeral wheels,

and spirits are happy to work for their keep if it means werewolves won't see them as lunch. *Gathra* can quickly become a regular paycheck, if the werewolves play their cards right. A spirit of closed spaces will guard a locus and crush trespassers if it gets to keep the spillage. An *Anzah-Haz* will be more than happy to perch in high traffic areas then report back to the pack, just as long as its gossip leads to disembowelment.

Other packs are more pragmatic. They might not see every spirit as a potential packmate, but they don't see them all as prey. If a spirit has skills a werewolf or Wolf-Blooded can't provide, who are the pack to dismiss a resource? Numina and Influence are potent, and spirits wield them with a versatility few werewolves can match. Some packs have spirits for every occasion: conflict spirits to strategize against the Pure; nature spirits to unleash on encroaching technology; morale spirits to combat depression among the flock. A pack with a toolbox is one to be reckoned with. Yet that pragmatism is so often born of desperation. In the grand scheme of things, werewolves are few and spirits are infinite. A pack who's lost members on the hunt might see spirits as a quick way to bolster their ranks for a final assault, or as a parting shot on the werewolves who wouldn't aid them. Others look to increase their numbers in the face of uncommonly powerful prey. *Idigam* and *Maeljin* inspire strange alliances.

Some packs see spirits as a means to power. With enough Renown (and an ambitious totem), werewolves can become the highest Ranked beings in the *Hisil*, forming their own *ilthum* to dominate the others. Spirits in these territories are more subjects than packmates, with werewolves as a noble caste, siring bloodlines bonded to ephemeral knights sworn to Mother Luna's cause. The pack becomes more than a group of hunters, an empire of Essence.

Rarely, spirits offer to join the pack: maybe a refugee of a fallen court, or an enemy of the pack's rivals, or just an opportunist. Whatever its background, it decides the pack can meet its goals better than it can on its own, and better than it can with other spirits. Usually, it's a case of needing protection. Spirits torture each other for fun and Essence. They flay each other to gain power from the skinsuits. Every spirit has an enemy, and the *Siskur-Dah* makes an excellent deterrent. Even if these threats aren't quite existential, spirits deal in high-stakes politics, and werewolves are power players. Uratha don't appreciate being catspaws in spirit intrigues, but for the right price, wading in can be rewarding. A pack with spirits gains an in with courts who might otherwise treat werewolves with hostility, or a spy to place among them. Another pack's territory might be paltry in the Flesh, but when they and their new spirit friends revolt against the ruling *ilthum*, it extends farther than human eyes can see.

Sometimes werewolves gain spirit packmates inadvertently. Totems often command their own broods, pre-pack, and it's uncommon that they set their minions free. Having agents on both sides of the Gauntlet is better than having them on only one. With the totem as their bridge, the werewolves manage the Flesh and the spirits stalk the *Hisil*, enforcing the pack's

order in places the Uratha can't reach, or acting as envoys to distant courts and unaligned spirits.

Not all totems come of their own free will, though. Many are given a choice between being a slave in a gilded cage and becoming dog food. If these totems came with followers, they might abandon it. In the law of the Shadow, a cowed leader is no leader. Yet some spirits have a peculiar loyalty, one that's all their own. It's not of blood and bone like a werewolf's, but it's akin to it. An attack on one is an attack on all, and these spirits might join the pack for the sake of the totem. Their totem. They make their pledges, but plot in secret. This might be as simple as allowing prey to escape, or as sinister as offering Gifts to Pure packs. Yes, they violate whatever vows they made, but the letter of the law is, ironically, more important than the spirit. Promising to never aid an enemy doesn't prevent a spirit from aiding a potential enemy. Or making a new one.

AMONG THE TRIBES

How a pack uses its spirits depends on its tribes. Most packs aren't monocultures, but depending on pecking orders and memberships, one method might win out over another. Packs mix and match tactics as they see fit, but whatever best serves the hunt will usually trump politics.

Blood Talons view spirit packmates through the lens of "The enemy of my enemy is my friend." Many spirits despise the Uratha, and spend long years perfecting ways to settle real and imagined scores. Others collude with the Pure, teaching the *Anshega* ways to best skin a wolf. Blood Talons court tense partnerships with these spirits, presenting themselves as the lesser of two evils, or offering to make war on common Uratha enemies. In return, the *Suthar Anzuth* gain vicious, werewolf-hating packmates, beating the Pure at their own game — and alarming every Forsaken pack for miles.

Of all the tribes, **Bone Shadows** take spirit packmates the most. These packs command the essence of the world with their spirits, bending nature at the speed of thought. Every blade of grass and foot of dirt is pack. Even the prey's emotions betray it, warped into a noose of guilt and fear. A few of these Bone Shadows push the boundaries of what defines "spirit," taking on ghosts and stranger ephemeral beings into their packs. While the Seekers are more open to spirit packmates, gaining them is easier said than done. The Shadow fears the hunts of *Hirfathra Hissu*, and spirits kill for lesser crimes than collaborating with Dead Wolf's children. Their tribal vow also complicates matters, as it becomes difficult to pay a spirit in kind when it has a mutual relationship with the pack.

Hunters in Darkness are the next most likely tribe to keep spirit packmates. Many of their territories stretch into places where the Gauntlet thins, and invasions by spirits are a fact of life. A few packs deal with this by bringing them into the fold, rather than calling hundreds of minor hunts on every petty *Hursah* who happens to break through. These *Meninna* cultivate spirits of fear and darkness, turning the borders of their territories into bleak hellscapes that even the Hosts avoid. Shadows devour light, wind turns blood to ice, and every raindrop has eyes. Hunters in cities are subtler but just as clannish, using spirits of urban unrest and violence to keep the rabble out.

THE BROOD

Werewolves sometimes join spirit broods (**Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 182). A brood might adopt a lone werewolf if she has good enough rapport with them, and if she knows her place. Other werewolves simply drop too low in Harmony to bother with Uratha and Wolf-Blooded, joining "packs" with outlooks that better fit their imbalance.

The stereotype goes that **Iron Masters** are spiritual luddites, but they understand the *Hisil* as well as any tribe. That's all the evidence they need that cleaving to the human is the only sane outlook. Iron Master packs are least likely to take spirits, but it's not unheard of. When they do, they usually place them deep within the Shadow, dealing with prey and threats *Farsil Luhul* aren't equipped to deal with. Liberal Iron Masters are more direct, taking spirits suited to hunting humans, usually, those of technology, but spirits of modern concepts like sociology and psychology are useful as well. Gaslighting the prey is often just as good as wrecking his car.

Some **Storm Lords** — terrifying, awe-inspiring Storm Lords — attract spirits who want a part in something bigger. They tire of the *Hisil*'s endless struggles, and hearken back to the days of Pangaea and Mother Wolf, when the world knew balance and all its children knew their place. Whether by design or luck, some *Iminir* exemplify this outlook, and like-minded spirits will join them in fearful reverence. These Storm Lords lead protectorates that stand for decades, ruling by the lash of hurricanes. By their command, storms flood Ridden from their stolen bodies, and even the sun burns Claimed from their flesh; some say Helions are drawn to such packs, but this is so rare as to be mythical...

Misunderstanding the Shadow's alien nature, and grasping for any clue to what they are, some **Ghost Wolves** find themselves tricked into becoming enforcers and resonance makers for spirit broods. One particularly infamous pack believed completely that their purpose was to protect spirits from werewolves, and they were surprisingly successful before the Blood Talons showed them the error of their ways. Not all *Thiirtha Numea* packs are so credulous, though. Shrewd Ghost Wolves deal with spirits on their own terms, unfettered by Moon Tribe biases. They build information networks out of their spirit packmates, helping other Lost Pups keep abreast, or acting as neutral intelligence brokers in tribal conflicts over the Shadow.

Of course, Forsaken and Ghost Wolves merely play at a game the **Pure** designed. *Anshega* have always known that spirits can be pack, and for every tactic the Moon's bastard children fiddle with, the Pure have mastered ten. The greatest difference is ubiquity. Pure packs without spirits are notable,

and those rare few that completely eschew them are either new to *Anshega* ways, or purists even among *Pure*.

GIFT ECONOMIES

This story is true. Long ago, our elders were close to the *Hisil*. We hunted game with *Uralath*, and sat at the roots of *Those Who Wait*. These spirits treated our flesh and souls as canvas, inscribing wonderful and terrible magics, greater than any rites known to children of the *Wolf*. We earned their favor through great deeds and great wisdom, yet as the pack grew, the *Urdur* became impatient. "Why must we bow to things of *Essence*?" the pups would whine. "Why must we submit to prey?" Our elders counseled that high must respect low, but soon their words turned to action. The pups forced our spirit sisters to give up their magic through violence and trickery. But the spirits did not argue. They did not fight. They honored the pack, even as they were themselves dishonored.

One day, waking as the sun rose, the pups found their flesh and souls pristine. The spirits had stripped the Gifts from their skins as the pups had stripped the honor of their packmates. Many fell to *Kuruth* that day, and many more fell to prey as their magic failed. No more would we run with spirits, but truly they honored us with their parting gifts.

Beyond strength in their own right, spirits offer power and prestige. Rather than begging for scraps of magic from hostile prey and tricksters who bargain in bad faith, a pack with enough spirits gains an arsenal of Gifts. Unlike totems, nothing restricts a spirit from teaching magic to its packmate, and if the pack is small, gaining Gifts is as simple as offering *gathra*, or, if the spirit feels especially favorable, asking (which doesn't mean it won't call in the favor later). Easy access is a double-edged sword, though, and packs discourage their members from taking too much for too little. If a werewolf's path is that of the least resistance, the whole pack grows soft. All the Gifts in the world won't save werewolves grown fat on power instead of the hunt.

Some packs make rituals of learning Gifts from spirit packmates. Among the Old Devils of the Amazon basin, the spirits apprentice newly Changed packmates. They manage a pup's new life, teaching her about the *Hisil* and the hunt, and giving her tasks to foster resonance honoring their natures. When the spirits deem her worthy, they perform a bloody rite of passage, carving as many Gifts as possible into her as the rest of pack holds her down. If she survives, she's a true wolf.

Other packs are less for ritual and more for the practical. In a protectorate claiming the northern wastes of *Nunavut*, the Gauntlet is thin and the *Hisil* overflows, making spirit packmates a necessity. Pack spirits are so numerous that the Gift trade is harshly regulated. Alphas and elders determine who's worthy of power, awarding Gifts only for great service, and based on the acts that earned them. Saving a packmate from an ice floe might earn a facet from a spirit of frostbite, for instance. No economy is perfect, though, and sometimes ambitious werewolves will bribe their spirit packmates with *Essence* and other services, hiding the signs of their sloth beneath heavy winter fur and ceremonial clothing.

TERRITORIAL INTEGRITY

We used to have a spirit overpopulation problem. Too many courts fighting each other, too many critters trying to cross over. Too much *Essence* to go around. It was a nightmare for a small town like this, and even the *Bone Shadows* could barely keep up. Eventually we decided that if you can't beat them, join them. Or rather, they'd join us.

Our system's simple: pack or prey. Join or die. Membership means no hunts, stable territory, and guaranteed *Essence*. Peace, land, and bread. Standing apart means you're either dinner or a new fetish. It was easier than you might think. We have more than enough of them invested in the program that they'll turn over "dissidents."

No, don't call it a protection racket. That implies we protect them.

Keeping constant tabs on the *Hisil* can be costly, especially without a locus. Dealing with problems in the *Flesh* alone can be a full time job, and for this, some packs use spirits as enforcers on the *Shadow* side of their territories. For the *Uratha*, this means a first line of defense, and a way to deal with issues that aren't worthy of crossing over for. For the spirits, the job's its own reward. They're free to eat what they kill, and they're protected by their werewolf packmates if anyone questions their right to do so. However, *Uratha* using spirits to patrol their territories are careful to monitor feeding habits. Having *magath* among the pack is a surefire way to make enemies of every *ilthum* in the *Shadow*. Many of these packs assign a spirit warden, an *Ithaeur* or a spiritual *Wolf-Blooded* who tends the spirits' hunts and deems whether the kills are appropriate. If she feels her charges overstep their roles, she's free to call her own hunt.

More than just acting as hunters and guards, spirits can help develop territories, using their *Influences* to twist the area to the pack's liking. With enough spirits, a pack can bring its domain into metaphysical perfection, tending it like a great, ephemeral garden.

- In winter, the Cold Snaps of *Whitehorse* use squads of icicle-like *muthrum* to freeze the choke points of their territory. Alleys and one-way streets become so cold that werewolf metabolism slows, and even shapeshifting can be frozen in place. For their effort, the spirits feast on the *Essence* of frozen beggars and animals caught in their wake.
- The Tell-No-Tales of the Mojave Desert ally with three *Kur-Abha*, whose mountains in the *Flesh* bracket the breadth of their territory. The Old Men instill the area with crushing loneliness and arid sandstorms. Trespassers fall to despair, and then agony, as the pack picks them off one by one.
- A village in the Russian Far East is openly ruled by extremist Hunters in *Darkness*. Having purged the other tribes in the chaos of the Soviet Union's fall, they use an army of spirits to keep their territory cut off from the rest of the country. Mixing their natural Gifts with those of their spirits, they've warded off every road and grown the surrounding forests to impassable thickness. Today, no one remembers they ever existed.

- In the early 1990s, the Smoke Mongers of Chandrapur merged with the *ilthum* of industry. Each of the pack's spirits rules over a mine or factory, altering the resonance of the area so that productivity and job satisfaction are always on an upswing. If a site or a company shows signs of failure, the spirits push it toward a quick bankruptcy, and the pack places its employees more efficiently. Through spiritual insider trading, the Smoke Mongers are now the wealthiest pack in the city, forming a technocratic ruling caste that keeps its rivals at bay through the flow of cash, coal, and Essence.
- Some packs are fascinated by crowd psychology, using spirits to push the humans in their territories to more useful mental states. But social engineering so quickly becomes social experimentation — going from tweaking humans to making Stepford wives isn't far off. One pack of *Iminir* on the swamps of Florida used xenophobia spirits to ignite blood feuds between human families, to better gauge which ones would be useful to the pack. When the spirits began possessing the humans, gorged on hate-tainted Essence, the other *Uratha* dismantled the pack and purged the spirits. Some whispered of Ivory Claws and other Pure influence, but Storm Lords are rare in the area to this day.

RISKS

About twenty years ago, we had a pack around here that “embraced” their spiritual sides. Spent too much time in the Shadow, and claimed every good locus in the city because they thought they were the only ones hippy-dippy enough to be worthy. It was only a matter of time before they started seeing their prey as more friend than... well, prey. They got followers. Just little animal Hursih at first, but soon enough they got their teeth in the biggest court in the city. Nobody liked it, but by then they were too big to call out. A pack that deep in the Shadow? You push too hard and the really nasty voodoo starts flying.

That's probably when the disappearances started. At first we didn't notice — they barely came flesh-side anymore — but by the time we did, half of them were gone. No notes, no packed bags. When we'd corner the ones still around, they'd get a far off look and say the rest were off “hunting.” We finally raided their territory to stop whatever crazy werewolf rapture was going down, before it came for the rest of us. When we got past their wards, all we found were wolf spirits.

Cleave to the human? Goddamn right I do.

Chaos chafes at control. Eventually, the river stops flooding, or it breaks the dam.

Even werewolves who frequently take spirit packmates know to never trust them. Not fully. Packs are bedrocks; spirits are earthquakes. Whatever leverage the pack brought to a spirit's agenda will fade, leaving it with little reason to stick around when all the clout's sucked dry. Spirits get what they want as fast as they can and move on, leaving packs with nothing but a void to fill. At best. It doesn't have to make so much sense. Maybe the Essence the pack produced had a

special flavor the spirit craved, and now it just *doesn't*. Maybe that makes it angry.

Certainty is a byword for complacency. Any time a werewolf thinks she has a handle on a spirit's behavior, she's already wrong. The pack that thinks they've pacified their joy spirit have only themselves to blame when it decides to inspire a public orgy. In a pack, a spirit can get the idea that it has immunity from the usual rules of the Shadow, that it can behave on a scale other spirits can't. Why wouldn't it, when it has werewolves to protect it? Give a spirit an inch, and it'll take a mile. The *Hisil* can be so confining, and a spirit might think its membership gives it the right to cross into the world of Flesh, or feast on any prey it likes. A spirit hunting with impunity is a *magath* waiting to happen, or a Claimed preparing to make a break for it.

Even the loyalty packs enjoy can be turned into a weapon. Power corrupts, and a spirit in a successful pack can grow immensely powerful. If the pack isn't vigilant, the spirit might transcend its Rank, exceeding the status of the werewolves and either murdering the totem or calling a challenge to become alpha. If it's hoarded enough power and allies — stealing Essence on secret hunts, bullying other spirits into servitude — the pack might not be able to stop it. The low *must* honor the high. Most werewolves don't rank above a *Hursah*, and those who outrank *Ensih* are doubly rare. A pack bending the knee to such a cunning spirit would deserve every hunt called on it.

Whether the pack likes it or not, spirits are a political statement, one that many werewolves take unkindly. Spirit packmates scream of disharmony, of tipping the scale into the maw of the Shadow. Worse, they're a tool of the Pure. The *Anshega* are happy to make pacts with spirits at the cost of the Flesh, and the blasphemies of Pure spirits are burned into the scars of far too many Forsaken. Acting as the Pure cleaves the wolf from the human, not to it. Other werewolves couldn't care less about politics or Pure tactics, but they do care about the natural order of things. *Uratha* know the pulse of the world, and they know in their bones what is and what isn't permissible. Prey is not pack. It cannot hunt. It cannot know the Wolf's cause. Totems are the exception, but totems are vetted and hunted with care. Respect for the prey means treating it *as prey*, and packs with spirits flout that.

Taking spirits into the pack is a political statement in the Shadow, too. Spirit courts count slights like tax collectors. A pack with too many members from an *ilthum* of rivers is bound to run afoul of the mountain court. Landslides will start burying streams, and then it'll be war. Resolving the kind of bad blood spirits share isn't as easy as equaling out memberships. Many spirits don't even understand the concept of compromise. Survival is the law of the *Hisil*, and if werewolves have allied with a court's enemies, then they've made their bed.

TAXONOMIES

Spirits are protean. As no two fires are alike, neither are two fire spirits. When taking them into packs, it's pointless to assume their behavior, but some patterns are more common than others. Elemental spirits need the proper environments

to ensure they don't overrun the territory with conditions more to their liking, and even the most negative emotion spirits require indulgence from time to time. Not all spirits are equally obsessive, though, and a few require special care if the pack wants to hunt with them:

Wolf-Brothers: *Uralath* are the most common spirits to join packs. Politically, they're as close to safe choices as it gets. The Wolf-Brothers already hold tribal allegiance to some degree, and many will aid *Uratha* on the *Siskur-Dah* as a matter of course. They understand the needs of the hunt and its hierarchies, and will obey the will of their half-siblings. That has limits, though. Serving the Firstborn as they do, each Wolf-Brother has her own ideas about how her totem should be served. If she believes a member of her tribe is violating his vow, she may try to punish him. A literal-minded Wolf-Brother makes it difficult for the pack to operate in gray areas, and if she truly believes they dishonor Mother Wolf, she may challenge their right to hunt.

Lunes: Aside from the *Uratha*, the Warden Moon's servants are the most dedicated followers of her Oath. A pack of werewolves and Lunes can split minds as bodies, committing deeds of Renown that rival whole protectorates. It's said that Lune totems lead to insanity, but as a packmate, it's just crazy enough to be an ace in the hole. That still doesn't make it good idea. Loyalty is meaningless to a Lune when it can shed the very concept of "definition" like worn out shoes. Loyalty, to a Lune, means aiding the prey so it can test the pack, or murdering all the Wolf-Blooded because they haven't become werewolves yet.

Fetishes: Fetishes are a stark example of the way werewolves exploit the Shadow. Using and making fetishes may cause strain between werewolves and their spirit packmates, and in many cases it's a nonstarter. Some packs agree to stop using them completely, or at least to compromise on talents. Others only use their spirits as fetishes in cycles, or when absolutely necessary, with the spirits consenting as long as they're assured a shelf life on their service.

Claimed: Some packs will take anyone. Some packs will spit on every Oath, tradition, and shred of common sense they have if it means victory. While extremely rare, taking Claimed packmates is still more common than any Forsaken would care to admit, and it's not hard to see why. Claimed have most of the advantages of spirits without many of their weaknesses. They suffer no Essence bleed, and they need no special conditions to remain in the Flesh. Their powers are potent, with secret rites and abilities normal spirits only dream of. Some can go toe-to-toe with *Shartha*, a fact that more than a few *Meninna* have noted, but don't repeat too loudly around their Storm Lord packmates. Allying with *duguthim* means the pack has nothing left to lose, socially or existentially. The Claimed are the nuclear option, and bringing one to bear means fallout.

WOLVES

We run like rapids, bounding through a spray of dirt and rock. Our fur mats with everything we kick up, but it's the cleanest I've ever felt. We're the chill on the air just before the

dawn breaks. We're the brush beneath the prey's feet, snapping its ankle on its own momentum. We're its blood as it falls, and we're even the death rattle as it writhes in our fangs. I run with the wolves because they understand. Somewhere beneath instinct and survival, they see the world as it is. Our Mother commands us to hunt, but even she has her agendas. Lupus non mordet lupum. With this pack, the hunt never ends. No rituals, no plans, just blood and the meat of the prey. Some say I'm losing myself to them. I can live with that.

Urum Da Takus. That's the truth that underlies the pack, a tree branching through every drop of *Uratha* blood. Hunt. Kill. Eat. This is the way of a wolf, one who isn't bound by the Moon's laws or *Urfarah's* legacy. *Uratha* cleave to the human and tend to the Shadow, but the hunt is all wolf.

Wolves represent an ideal to strive for on the *Siskur-Dah*. A wolf's conscience never troubles it on the hunt, and it never hesitates when it comes to bloodshed. The wolf obeys her instincts and her pack because it's all she knows, all she needs. This isn't simplicity or stupidity. It's evolution. Some *Uratha* believe that quality makes the wolf an equal predator, one who hasn't forgotten that the hunt is all.

RUNNING WITH THE WOLVES

Running with open predators is attractive to *Uratha*. Wolves have no need to hide their natures; their prey knows what stalks through the woods and it doesn't matter that it knows. Even without magic and shapeshifting, wolves hunt almost as well as *Uratha*, and they bear a lifetime of experience werewolves lack. *Uratha* are children of three heritages, but a wolf is always a wolf. It never has to grow into itself after living as something it's not.

In the past, wolf packmates were rarer, if not common, but as society modernized and humans moved to cities, so did werewolves. Today most wolf packmates are drawn from captivity. Pure wolves are difficult to get legally, though, so many packs adopt dog hybrids—German Shepherds, Huskies, and Malamutes are the most common stock for crossbreeding. *Wolfdogs* have most of the raw aggression and strength of wolves, but they're more tractable to training and discipline, and have an easier time socializing with humans. *Wolfdogs* are also easier to move without drawing attention, and can serve as scouts in urban areas where a dog off its leash isn't an immediate cause to call animal control.

A dog is a dog because it's broken, though. It may serve, but for some packs, only a pure wolf will do. A wolf can bond with *Uratha* in a way few Wolf-Blooded can. It sees itself in the *Urhan* form, and even in *Hishu* and *Dalu* it recognizes a fellow predator. Werewolves of a slightly more scientific bent think wolves have a genetic memory of *Urfarah*, and are more willing to cooperate because of a link to the first hunter, but regardless of the cause, such is this link that a few packs try to merge with those of wild wolves. It's easier than trying to domesticate them, and it provides the werewolves with a pack who live the hunt twenty-four-seven. Dealing with wolves on their own turf demands respect, though, which is often more than some *Uratha* are willing to give wild animals.

THE MYTH OF THE ALPHA

It's well known that wolf packs break down between alpha males and beta males. So well known, in fact, that it's a terminology that's slipped into the uglier parts of dating culture. The alpha leads the betas. He makes the kill, he eats first, he gets his pick of the females. For years this has been our best understanding of wolf social dynamics.

The problem is, it's wrong. Studies showing this behavior were based off wolves held in captivity, adults who weren't raised together and who had to compete for limited resources. In the wild, packs are almost always family units, and the only real division is between parents and children. "Alpha" wolves are just breeding pairs.

That being said, the popular definition of packs holds true for the majority of Uratha. Werewolf packs aren't families (or most aren't), no matter how many claim otherwise as an easy metaphor. They're constantly competing for limited resources. Born among humans, werewolves also have an encultured tendency toward hierarchies.

If you want to include wolves in your chronicle's pack, try contrasting these social dynamics. If the wolves are wild, what can the Uratha learn from natural pack structures? Does running with Uratha change how the wolves organize? And if the wolves are born in captivity, what happens if they try to assert dominance?

For other packs, joining up with wolves is a matter of circumstance. Uratha and wolves can have common enemies, or at least common concerns. Wolf habitats are constantly under threat of human development, and if that habitat includes the Uratha's territory, it benefits the packs to find a solution together — especially if the development is valuable to the werewolves. Wolves can also be targets for possession, and Uratha can earn friends if they're willing to protect them from spirit predation. Wolves know strength, and strength means better hunting. A pack of wolves will join Uratha they see as superior, glutting on prey they could never catch in the wilds of the Flesh.

HUNTING WITH THE WOLVES

Packs handle wolves the same way they handle most Wolf-Blooded, allowing them to see the spiritual truth of the world. Wolves are no more or less mystically inclined than any other beings of Flesh, but unlike humans, they're not part of

the herd. A wolf can safely know the nature of the Uratha's prey. The reason a woman turns into a rat-beast might not be all that important to a wolf, but it's vital that she *knows* it can.

Each tribe has its own uses for wolves on the hunt, but like with spirit packmates, pragmatism is more important than ideology:

- Blood Talons raise wolves on the scent of *Anshega*. They teach them to distinguish the blood of the Pure from the blood of the Moon, and use them as trackers when they venture into Pure territory, or when the Pure raid theirs.
- Bone Shadows use wolves to create resonance in their territories, that of predation, hunting, pursuit, and pack. They use this resonance on spirits in a variety of ways, whether as bait, wards, or *gathra* — particularly *gathra* for their totem — if appropriate.
- Hunters in Darkness use wolves the same way police departments use bomb sniffing dogs. *Meninna* wolves are trained to patrol territories for signs of *Shartha* infestation, and are able to signal their packmates when they sniff out Hosts among the flock.
- Iron Masters breed and train wolfdogs for other packs, assuring quality control and making a tidy profit on the side. Some, especially those tied to criminals, keep wolves for intimidation. Feeding some lowlife's fingers to a wolf is a quick and dirty way of keeping humans in line.
- Storm Lords are the most likely tribe to be found among wolves. Like the *Meninna*, the *Iminir* use wolves to flush out their sacred prey, but some simply find the wolf better suited to the hunt than people. Wolves embody *Skolis-Ur's* ethos far better than modern, increasingly dependent human beings.
- Ghost Wolves gravitate to true wolves, some hoping to find a way to contain the animal gnawing at their sanity, and some looking to embrace the madness. Those who accept their animalistic side form feral bands, stalking the woods to commune with their wolf cousins, and hunting anyone who enters their territory.

Beyond the tactics of tribes, some Uratha see hunting with true wolves as a form of sacred self-care. Werewolves are chained by human intelligence and empathy, even as they run through the darkest shoals of the *Hisil*. The blood boils for the hunt, but it pumps through a human heart. Yet when that humanity gives way, werewolves fall to the fury of *Kuruth*, a danger to prey and pack alike. Wolves can Rage, but their instincts aren't tainted by lunar madness or human hurts. Their anger is always the product of survival, not passion, and they never attack a packmate without good reason. Some Uratha run with wolves to achieve a predatory Zen, a middle path between human reason and spirit madness. Packs who follow this philosophy hunt in the secluded wilderness

STORIES

"Some packs use wolves as vessels for their totems. It's usually just part of a rite, but sometimes a wolf makes a better vessel for hunting than some squishy Wolf-Blooded. Strange things happen when you do that. The moon has to be right, and the fight has to be really, really dire, but wolf and totem together can shift. Go full on Gauru. Just don't let it fall to *Basu-lm*, or it might never fall out."

"This story is true. The Firstborn bless packs with wolves. Run with the wolves, they say, and you remind them of their Father, and the hunts of Pangaea. Your body shifts faster, your fangs bite harder, and your Gifts cut through prey like hot steel. Be careful none of the wolves die, though... at least, not too many. You don't want to know what they do to you then."

"I know a pack who runs around with wolves, and those assholes are *off*. Like, they look Dalu when they're supposed to be Hishu, if you know what I mean. I don't even fucking know if they can go Hishu anymore. The wolves look jacked up on 'roids, too, and I hear all of them have to frenzy the night their auspice comes up. Wouldn't surprise me. Lon Chaney motherfuckers gimme the creeps."

and live off the land, though they're careful to maintain ties with humans and Wolf-Blooded. The middle path can't exist without boundaries.

CAGING THE WOLVES

A wolf is not a sacred hunter blessed by the moon. She's a wild animal, and she doesn't give two shits about duty. She fights for her pups and her pack. Culture and society are her enemies, things that want to trap her in a cage or shoot her with automatic weapons for the audacity of following her instincts. The laws of Luna and *Urfarah* are worthless to the wolf, and if Uratha are more concerned with their rites and Renown, they offer nothing.

Wolves are dangerous to keep, especially ones expected to take part in sacred hunts. Keeping a wolf caged and expecting it to run free on the *Siskur-Dah* is cruel at best and torturous at worst. Domesticated wolves can't be trusted not to run off, and when they do, they'll die at the jaws of wild predators. Forcing it to stay in line through Gifts defeats the purpose of an equal pack relationship, but even a perfect upbringing is no guarantee of obedience. Training out certain behaviors is impossible, and the tamest wolf will still challenge whomever she perceives as weak. An Uratha can fight one off, but a wolf will easily kill a human or Wolf-Blooded.

Running with a wild pack is safer for both human and wolf, but it means spending long periods in the wild, far away from civilization. Werewolves who care about their human identities can only do this so often, and even rural Uratha make sure to keep up appearances. Out in the woods, fetishizing the dog over the man, an Uratha loses what makes her a werewolf instead of just a wolf. Harmony tips too far into the Spirit, and soon, so does the body.

Having a real relationship with a pack of wolves also means imposing on their natural hierarchy. Although Uratha are often seen as dominant, taking that for granted is deadly. Wolf packs can feel threatened by werewolves, just as they would any interloping predators. They'll attack them as competition for prey, Mother Wolf be damned. Even if the Uratha can assert their dominance, wolf packs have expectations that werewolves don't. An Uratha alpha among wolves won't last long when she doesn't produce pups.

WOLF

Attributes: Intelligence 1, Wits 4, Resolve 4, Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3, Presence 4, Manipulation 1, Composure 3

Skills: Athletics (Running) 4, Brawl 3, Intimidation 3, Stealth 2, Survival (Tracking) 4

Willpower: 7

Health: 7

Initiative: 6

Defense: 8

Size: 4

Speed: 14 (species factor 7)

Weapons/Attacks

Type	Damage	Dice Pool
Bite	+1	7

SUPERNATURAL CREATURES

Werewolves keep to themselves. Wolf-Blooded, humans, spirits, and even wolves can be packmates, but all these things are kin in one way or another – if not by blood, then by the qualities werewolves see in themselves. Yet the night has inviting depths, with more residents than any pack could imagine. From blood sucking fiends to imps wrought from radium, if the pack would delve to those depths, it might find new prey to hunt, or new herds to protect. It might even find new peers.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

Generally, the other supernatural creatures are too concerned with their own affairs to join werewolf packs, especially in subordinate roles. That doesn't mean it never happens, it just means the reason had better be damn good:

Chapter Two: Moving Parts

- A court of vampires is devastated by the Strix, and a handful of survivors reach out to the protectorate as the owls turn their golden eyes on mortals (or so the vampires claim). The Kindred prove themselves able hunters, and in the aftermath the Uratha adopt the survivors. Nearly every pack in the city uses a vampire enforcer, and the greatest alpha among them judges their Traditions.
- A member of the pack visits an old friend laid up in the hospital. Every bone in his body is broken, and he's lucky to be alive. He keeps asking her to stay a little longer — just another hour, just another minute, just another *moment*. Finally, he breaks down. He tells her about the shadowed souls, screaming and begging, and the creature wrapped in bloody bandages that tore him from Hell. She tells him it's okay. She knows all about voices in the dark.
- “When Amy disappeared, it took me a long time to get over it. Even after they found her body, sometimes I'd convince myself I'd seen her out of the corner of my eye, walking down the street like nothing. About two weeks ago, I finally took a second look. It was her. Her eyes, her hair, her freckles. Her *smell*. But not her body. Not anymore. Something took her and turned her life into a fucked up fairy tale. Yeah, I showed her what I am. How else could we protect her?”
- For a week, the Wolf-Blooded is feverish, muttering in tongues as she wanders aimlessly around the pack's den,

unable to rest and lashing out when anyone touches her. The doctors don't know what to do, and even the Ithaeur swamp shaman they call in can't tell what's wrong. On the final night, spirits gather around her in reverence, and feed off the Essence that drips with her sweat. In the morning, the fever breaks. She speaks of a spire of thorns, and the oath she swore to it.

Some Uratha want nothing to do with conflicts beyond the hunt, and most don't view interlopers favorably, to say the least. Opening up the pack means exposing it to predators. Vampires might develop a taste for Wolf-Blooded, and mages might want to use totems as guinea pigs in occult experiments. In any interaction between Uratha and the wider supernatural world, the stakes are as great as the rewards. Sometimes, it comes down to respect, both for what the supernatural creature is and for what he does. A pack who treats a Sin-Eater as some guy who babbles at ghosts gets a different result from the pack who treats him as an honored speaker for the dead.

VAMPIRES

The mosh pit is sludge. I can't see a foot in front of me between the floodlights and the grinding, and we don't even know what body this thing is wearing. My senses are drowning in cheap beer and cheap sweat, and if our prey's smart, it's dousing itself in Pabst right now. I'm trying to push my way through, but even in Dalu the crowd's only got so many places to go.

That's why we brought Nate. He's gliding through the pit like he built it, like everybody knows where he's gonna be and that they don't wanna be there. When he hops on stage with the band I



almost think he'll play a solo. He sure looks enough like Syd Barrett. Instead, his eyes catch the floor lights like black mirrors, and with a scrawny finger he points into the pit. In the depths of my brain, he shows me our prey's face. I remind myself to save some blood.

Like werewolves, vampires are born hunters. Every ability a vampire has is fine-tuned for predation, from the sledgehammer of Vigor to the subtle scalpel of Auspex. Unlike werewolves, vampires are parasites. Kindred don't hunt to keep balance for a higher cause. They invest in territories and herds to ensure a blood supply, and if those things stop ensuring that blood supply, they eliminate them. With prejudice. The consequences of slavery, addiction, and murder only matter to a vampire so long as the locals don't wise up to the nightclub coyotes lapping up their blood.

So why would werewolves want vampires in their packs? Typically, because they run the numbers. Vampires are everywhere and have fangs in everything. They can open up a world of human resources with a speed rarely available to werewolves. Need to nix the city's plan to bulldoze a locus? Natalie the Mekhet bound the parks' board to her shadow cult years ago, and every drop of blood's a vote. Need a special sacrifice to appease the leech spirits infesting the lake? Lux the Gangrel has a whole chorus of blood dolls she needs to dump. Need someone to brainwash every single person who witnessed the pack tearing apart a horde of Beshilu? Stanislav the Ventrue is a man of means.

Not all packs want, or need, to take shortcuts. Many Uratha see vampires as carrion-feeding slavers. They attract spirits of dependence and death wherever they dig in, and their social structures work through feudalism. If a pack's territory is infested with vampires, some would prefer gasoline and matches to membership drives. War is costly, though, and vampires are experts in recruitment. A pack might be able to take out a coterie or two, but by that point the prince and her council have sired ten neonates and turned the police force into ghouls. Even if the pack wins the war, they'd be fools to rest easy. They don't call it the Masquerade for nothing. If a pack is concerned about vampires in their territory, it's often best to make a few well-placed deals. Having vampires on board for the hunt ensures the pack can keep an eye on at least a few of them, and puts their skills to good use.

Yet Kindred are selfish by nature. It's not personal, it's just that drinking blood will always top their hierarchy of needs. If a vampire is going to buy into the dangerous lives of werewolves, he's going to need a payoff. Apart from the obvious advantages of having a pack as backup in the venomous All Night Society, sometimes the reason's blood simple. A vampire feeding off a pack of werewolves has a nigh-infinite blood supply, a herd with little chance of death by blood loss. This is especially attractive to elder vampires, who, as they grow older, gain palates that need more potent blood, usually in the form of their Kindred. Rather than feeding off other vampires and risking blood bonds, some can sustain themselves on exotic, supernatural blood. Werewolf blood is about as exotic as it comes.

To some werewolves, becoming a blood doll is out of the question. They see those who consent to it as tainted, especially those who come to enjoy the effects of the Kiss. And blood so often flows both ways. The surest path to corruption is Vitae addiction. Tempting Wolf-Blooded and humans with blood is easy enough, but an ambitious vampire might think she can slip a few drops to the Uratha. She might be right, too. By then they'll be too hooked to quit her, even if they wanted to.

MAGES

"Here?" the witch says, peering into the crevice where the prey fled. Her breath swirls in cold air as she beams a flashlight through the opening, too human to see through the darkness, and too clueless to know it gives away our position.

I do not like the witch.

"Put that fucking thing out," says Blood-Smiles-on-the-Knife. The witch goes white and does as she's told, turning away from him to hide her embarrassment.

"We can't fit through that, and the entrance in the Shadow is blocked," I say.

Blood-Smiles glares at the witch. "If they haven't already scattered, we'll need to find another way in." But she isn't listening. Her eyes are closed and her fingers are dancing over the rock face, as if she's searching for a heartbeat. When she finds it, she strikes a crack with the face of her flashlight, flaring it with something more than light. Beneath us, the earth rumbles, followed by dozens of terrified squeaks. The crevice breaks wide open.

"Warn me when you do that shit, Carol," Blood-Smiles growls.

She pokes at the ruined rock, paying him no mind. "A handful lived. I feel them squirming."

Blood-Smiles lives up to his name and motions us to follow. The witch hangs back. "Remember, I get to dissect one."

I do not like the witch. But she is useful.

Werewolves and mages are bound to run into each other. Loci and shoals are tempting mysteries, and any Thyrsus who spends time in the Shadow is likely well-known to the local packs. In most cases, this isn't cause for hostility. Werewolves aren't police, and as long as the mage stays out of their territory — and doesn't screw with the Shadow too much — it's none of their business what she does with her time. Besides, interfering with a mage is a great way to find out which fates are worse than death. Hands-off is often the best policy when dealing with the Awakened, but it's hard to ignore a potential resource. Apprentice mages can work spirit magic even elder werewolves can't. Conversely, a master of Spirit will never be part of the Hisil's ecosystem the way a young Uratha is. Mages covet intimacy whereas Uratha covet versatility.

Packs who include Awakened tend to come in two types. The more common involves a pack (often Bone Shadows) recruiting a Spirit mage (often Thyrsus) to act as their shaman. She aids the pack with their rites, using the hunt as a Yantra in her own rituals, and working magic on spirits for them. If she's versed in the Life Arcanum, she takes the role of warrior-priestess, shapeshifting and hunting on the Siskur-Dah.

The second type of pack is less cohesive, but more adaptable. Not all mages follow the Path of Ecstasy, and not all

packs are concerned with the *Hisil*. In packs with less focus on spirits, mages are more akin to specialists. A Fate mage can fix it so a hunt goes exactly right, even down to the second the prey needs to take a wrong turn down a dark alley. A mage skilled in Death can use her necromancy to bring ghosts and other revenants against the prey, or simply choke the life out of them. A pack doing detective work could do worse than a Mind-based interrogator. And just because a mage can't use Spirit doesn't mean she can't help with the Shadow. The Awakened can easily produce emotional and environmental resonance, tailored to the needs of the pack's territory.

Mages have their own obsessions, and being part of a pack can interfere with those goals. To justify spending so much time with werewolves, some mages view their packs as puzzles. Packs are essentially mystery religions. Even the least sophisticated one has layers and secrets, and a totem is nothing if not a deity figure. A mage could learn a great deal finding out why a gang of werewolf Hell's Angels worship a spirit of motorcycles, or why that's a source of power at all. Some mages might choose their pack well enough that they witness the birth of a new lodge. More than packs, lodges are true cults and religions. Though she can't join it, a clever mage on the ground floor could help build symbolisms and rites that directly benefit her and her Order.

It's easy to go overboard in the hunt for a good mystery, though. Show off enough tricks, and every pack will want a piece of you. The ideologies and constructed religions of packs are infinitely variable, and some mages try to hold membership in more than one pack at once. Mystery is an addiction, after all, but playing too many sides is a fool's game. The mage might see a pack's customs as just another incomplete understanding of Supernal truths, but no pack will tolerate having its beliefs trifled with. Werewolves don't see themselves as mysteries, and to some, a mage's scrutiny implies questioning, with answers even the Awakened might not want.

PROMETHEANS

The Pure took us by surprise. We were dead. We were abso-lutely, say-your-prayers, make-peace-with-your-fucking-maker dead. Cindy and Marco were especially dead, lying in piles of organs I didn't know we had, and I was missing half my face. I had enough strength for a final run at them, and I figured I may as well get truly killed before they ate me alive. Between the adrenaline and the gut wrenching fear, the air around me started to crackle.

Except, like, literally. Suddenly the Anshega looked like they'd been dragged over a carpet on a dry day. They were almost confused, right before lightning fried all three of the fuckers. Out of nowhere – I swear to Mother Wolf this is true – out of nowhere this fucking hulk stomps in. He looks like someone put him through a blender, and he's throwing thunder bolts like goddamn Zeus, screaming about how they're "Killing the good wolves!" That's about when I passed out.

Yet here I am today. Never seen that thing again, and I'm not sure I shouldn't be hunting it, honestly. But I tell you, when I hunt Pure? I wear rubber soles.

Prometheans are shunned by humanity and their fellow night-folk. With the decay they sow through the world, the Created are beings Uratha are least likely to meet, and that's just as well. The pack will hunt a Promethean on its territory – it's only a matter of time – if not for the Wasteland in her wake, then for the hate and paranoia she causes. Uratha aren't immune to the effects of Disquiet. A Promethean wanting to avoid a hunt on top of torch-wielding mobs is wise to avoid werewolves. Even if the Uratha can manage to stave off Disquiet, the rest of the pack may not be so lucky. Human pack members are especially vulnerable to Disquiet, and the hunt of a pack under its sway is crippled.

A smart pack might see opportunity in crisis, though. Rather than hunting a Promethean who causes a Wasteland in their territory, the pack could send it against the Pure. The *Anshega* will tear themselves apart looking for an entropy spirit that doesn't exist, all while their resources turn to rot and their Wolf-Blooded turn on each other with witch hunts for imaginary slights. Prometheans of the Ulgan lineage can even tear verges to the Shadow given enough time, allowing the pack easy access to Pure territory. Werewolves might not approve of such tactics openly, but if the Pure have a problem with it, they're more than free to take it up with the Promethean.

Prometheans crave fellowship, even with monsters, and they can learn about humanity from werewolves in broad strokes. Packs are structured around duty and trust, concepts the Created find difficult to learn from humans, at least without leaving themselves open to hurt and misunderstanding. If she's careful, a Promethean can use the pack as a case study on camaraderie. Ironically, though, werewolves are most likely to encounter Prometheans following the Refinement of Silver, Mystics are more interested in what makes Uratha inhuman. Argentum Prometheans learn about the human condition by finding the definition of what it's not, and a cult of lycanthropes with a literal spirit totem is plenty far off the human baseline.

As for an in, the easiest way a Promethean can prove her worth is through labor. The Created, if nothing else, are beasts of burden. They're strong, resilient, and nearly incapable of running down. In a rural setting, this might mean keeping game trails clear, or building traps and hiding places. In a city, this could be construction projects, or acting as security on the outskirts of town. Packs who are more willing to take risks might use Promethean Disquiet to test humans and Wolf-Blooded in the pack, or simply people in the herd. Keeping the rank and file strong through adversity is especially useful to Storm Lords and Blood Talons. Those who can shrug off Disquiet – or are immune to it – are exceptional people, and prime for recruitment into the pack.

Werewolves might wonder what other good they can squeeze out of a walking liability, but apart from strength and endurance, Prometheans do have at one unique ability: an early warning system. The Divine Fire calls out to itself, and if another one of the Created comes into the pack's territory, they'll know about it. After all, not all Prometheans are so passive in their rot. Centimani – those Created who embrace

Flux instead of humanity — take great pleasure in pulling the world apart, and one likely wouldn't blink knowing it was on the pack's turf.

Unfortunately, as with all things for the Created, it's a double-edged sword. When Azoth calls to Azoth, it can flame out of control. The presence of Prometheans can awaken Pandorans, animalistic cannibals sprung from Divine Fire. Without a spark of Azoth, Pandorans pose virtually no threat to territory, but a Promethean can pull these creatures from sleep without warning. A pack with Pandorans running amok in its territory might be better off just disposing of the Promethean who woke them in the first place.

CHANGELINGS

The pack gathers, huddling against the indifferent cold of the Black Forest. Snow melts on fur as fire fills eyes. Sweet smoke spreads through the night with each bundle of herbs they toss in the flame. This is a funeral rite. Though the one they mourn was made from the wind itself, they mourn it no less than they would one of the People. But this is not just a funeral. This is the birth of the pack that shall be.

The one they call svartálfir — for she has no name her own — walks into the flames. Her skin is coal and soot, and she doesn't fear the burning. Of all the pieces of her soul the Kindly Ones took, she doesn't regret that fear was first.

The flames coat her, wrapping her in finery for the rite to come. She dances and pledges, and as winter breaks with an Equinox sunrise, she banishes the fire. The pack howls. Theirs will not be the Siskur-Dah, but the Wilde Jagd. Through hedge and thorn they'll Rage, and with a new dawn, they'll hunt again.

Changelings like nothing better than to get lost in structures. Any organization can provide a shield against the Gentry, a support network to reestablish stolen lives. If that organization happens to be a death-dealing pack of monsters, so much the better.

Like vampires and demons, changelings live carefully constructed lies, but the difference is that changelings had their lies forced on them. Opening up to others can be a way of reasserting control, and if a changeling has the fortune to meet a pack, she might see their sacred hunts as a safe place, a way to integrate herself back into the world. Not the human world, no, but a world that isn't Arcadia, and one that offers honor and protection. Locked into fairytale narratives, changelings might find the pack's predatory anarchism preferable to the fable logic that infects many Lost political dealings. Certainly a changeling of the Beast seeming understands the hunt. Hunting is how she escaped, how she tore her way through her fellow captives and retook her soul by the claws. Werewolves can appreciate things that hunt for their keep, especially if their hunt is existential.

If nothing else, a pack of werewolves makes for great cover. No Keeper is going to see that coming, not even for the most feral changelings. The True Fae also have no hold over the Shadow, and werewolves might allow their changeling packmates to hide in its bounds. While the *Hisil* is dangerous in its own way, a changeling behind the Gauntlet has time to

FEAR OF THE OTHER

Prometheans aren't the only supernatural beings sowing disquiet among werewolves. Some Uratha find the presence of any supernatural being infuriating. "The Other" Kuruth trigger (**Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 103) makes having supernatural packmates difficult for some werewolves. If a player chooses this for her character, that doesn't necessarily mean the story can't include a mixed pack, but she and the Storyteller ought to take time to find drama in the choice. It might be worth coming up with a reason the character has the trigger in the first place. If she experienced her First Change while a vampire fed on her, that creates personal stakes when the rest of the pack decide they need a Kindred agent.

Potentially, the new pack member could be a catalyst for change. Joining the pack could nullify the trigger when it comes to him or his kind, and with enough time and trust, it might change completely, though this is likely a chronicle-spanning journey. Maybe the trigger can never change, and always creates a dangerous tension in the pack. All the more reason for the werewolf to keep her Harmony in balance.

make spirit allies, and pledges against her former master. Spirits love deals, and many crave the emotions changelings can stir up. Changelings in general are good at producing *gathra* for emotion spirits, and a pack that uses those spirits to keep its territory in check might use one of the Lost as an ambassador.

Changelings can also weave fate. They can turn mundane lives into epics, or flip narratives already in play. The *Siskur-Dah* follows its own story structure, as any Cahalith can attest, and through a changeling, the sacred hunt's plot could be all the more glorious. Or cunning, honorable, pure, or wise. A changeling skilled in talecrafting can knit the story of every hunt into one worthy of Renown, helping the pack spread its influence. It doesn't hurt that the changeling profits, too. Where werewolves go, emotion follows. A changeling of the Autumn Court following the aftermath of a *Siskur-Dah* will have more glamour than he needs, enough to tangle or untangle fate however the pack sees fit.

Not all werewolves see changelings as benighted little victims, though. Changelings are emotional vampires who toy with humans just to get a fix, as far as some Uratha are concerned. That might not be enough to call a hunt most of the time, but enemies of the Lost can exploit the precarious

morality of changelings. A True Fae's agents might convince a pack that changelings are dangerous fugitives, or that they're a kind of Spirit-Claimed who need to be returned to their own realm. A pack might see through those manipulations, but it might not care. The rewards of the True Fae are greater than anything a changeling could hope to offer.

SIN-EATERS

Back in the 1920s, our pack had connections with bootleggers. Small time stuff, but even the little gangs were pretty vicious SOBs. One of them was run by a real psychopath, guy named Garvin McGuire. His signature was cutting off fingers and nailing them up at the docks, mostly for his own amusement. Unfortunately, he got too big for his britches, as my grandmother put it, and murdered one of our humans. Needless to say, that was the end of Garvin McGuire. Then a few years ago, our Wolf-Blooded started losing fingers. Then bigger pieces. When we tracked down his grave, he nearly ripped us apart. Turns out he'd been preparing a long time. Infinite hate and total insanity over the better part of a century do that.

Just as we were considering skipping town, this woman shows up at our locus. Smells of the grave and looks a half-step from falling in it. Says she knows all about "Mac-the-Knife," and that her own gang had as much luck dealing with him as we had. She figured two heads were better than one. Our brute strength combined with their knack for ghostbusting. Needless to say, that was the end of Garvin McGuire. For real this time. I still have his finger bones. Turns out laying ghosts to rest is fun and profitable, and the benefits of taking on one more piece of realty in our territory outweighs the downsides. And if I'm being honest, I like "krewe" better than "pack."

Sin-Eaters and werewolves occupy two sides of the same coin. Both keep balance between worlds, and both follow the laws of alien creatures. Similarity of purpose doesn't make interactions common, though. Sin-Eaters bring balance to the process of death; werewolves kill for fun (relatively speaking). The *Siskur-Dah* is spattered blood and shattered bones and gives no fucks about who goes gently into that good night. The pack howls to wake the dead for good measure. Many Bound in the know see the sacred hunt as a problem to solve rather than a solution in and of itself.

Despite this, common prey can bring the two groups together in extreme cases, especially if both benefit. Even a full pack of Bone Shadows might have trouble against the chthonic spite of an unfettered geist, fatally mistaking it for a spirit of death. These powerful ghosts bond with Sin-Eaters by bringing them back to life, but a rogue one is a dangerous, unpredictable problem, and leaves a heavy body count. If that body count includes humans living in the pack's territory, or their Wolf-Blooded, joining forces with Sin-Eaters is a matter of self-preservation.

As little as werewolves know about ghosts, the Bound know nothing of spirits. If a brood of murder spirits break through the Gauntlet at a krewe's Haunt, a veritable banquet of death Essence, the Sin-Eaters will have little recourse, at least until the werewolves show up. Dealing with threats together gives each side a chance to learn about the other's prey. For werewolves, this means understanding a whole new part of their

territory, and how to deal with its residents. For the Bound, this means a better understanding of the Shadow, and how to respect it, if not exactly how to interact with it. The sort of deaths that require sin-eating can cause great waves in the Shadow, and Bound with that knowledge can prevent future cross-pollination with werewolves.

Packs and krewes that meld form syncretic religions. The Sin-Eater's geists take on different faces of the Warden Moon, with a personal mythos centering around Father Wolf as a primordial deathlord, stalking the Border Marches for raw materials to build the Great Below. The werewolves become reapers, sending the souls of their prey to the Underworld and beyond. Ceremonies and rites merge into grand shamanist death rituals, and rumor has it that with enough time, these pack-krewes can share werewolf fetishes and Sin-Eater Mementos.

Even integrated groups have risks, though. While Sin-Eaters can aid werewolf hunts well enough, problems arise when Bound need to take their missions into the Underworld. A krewe might think a werewolf along for the ride makes a good defense, but they would come to regret the decision. Disconnected from both Flesh and Spirit, staying in the Great Below too long plays havoc with a werewolf's Harmony. This flux pushes her temper to the breaking point, taking her closer and closer to *Kuruth* the longer she stays. Even if she doesn't attack her Bound packmates, a mindless, rampaging werewolf will break untold Old Laws, violations that will ripple through the Underworld. The other hurdle to Sin-Eater and werewolf cooperation comes from the *Iminir*. Not all Storm Lords see Sin-Eaters as Claimed, but enough do that many Bound steer clear of werewolves as a general rule. Other tribes have more nuanced views, especially Bone Shadows knowledgeable in the Gift of Death. They can try to convince the *Iminir* otherwise, but it can be difficult to change a Storm Lord's mind, even at her most indulgent.

MUMMIES

The museum is forbidden ground. A pack of Ghost Wolves holds it, and they wish nothing to do with the rest of us. They run a cult of humans and Wolf-Blooded installed at every level of the museum's administration. As far as we've been able to glean, they all belong to branches of the same family. They call themselves children of Khonsu, an Egyptian moon god they claim as a totem. They believe they were cursed by Anubis, and that their patron adopted them to redeem them of this curse.

Nonsense, in other words, but don't mistake misguidedness for ineptitude. Normally, the protectorate would've removed such heretics by now – we have no reason to believe they follow, let alone understand, the Oath – but when we sent a pack to eradicate them, the Children left us only one survivor. He was never quite the same. All he could say, before he went completely catatonic, was that whatever Khonsu may be, it is no totem. It walks the world of Flesh, and it does not take kindly to those who harm its wolves.

The Arisen have purpose. Theirs is the will of Fate, an ancient decree to walk the Earth searching for remnants of a Nameless Empire, and to follow the inscrutable bidding of

primordial gods. They are rare, dangerous, and Deathless. Werewolves are mere blips in the long bends of their Memories. But even blips are useful.

Unlike other supernatural creatures, a mummy on his own has little reason to join a pack. Arisen foster cults, spending centuries refining mortal followers into ideal tools to serve their Judges. Those support structures are usually more than enough. The Arisen also operate on strict timeframes during their waking periods, so any direct partnership with werewolves would be brief, at best. For a mummy to ally with a pack in a lasting way, it's more likely he would attempt to induct them into his own cult, rather than join theirs. Werewolves do make attractive followers. They're superb warriors, with an innate connection to the Shadow that the Arisen don't have. The *Hisil* lacks the sense of order mummies cling to, but it's a world of untapped resources. Some spirits might know secrets of lost Irem, and an alternate realm makes a fine hiding place for a tomb or a relic, one that few rivals could reach. Indeed, the Shadow is rumored to bar certain mummies from entering.

Werewolves have bigger priorities than being lackeys for mummies, though. Rather than joining an Arisen cult, the relationship between a pack and a mummy might be more a matter of sharing one. The Uratha could serve as priests or emissaries, managing the cult's resources while the mummy sleeps. The pack would gain a virulently loyal following, and a broader depth of occult resources. Included among those resources is the mummy himself. Most mummies form their cults to serve the Judges of Duat, not themselves. If the pack needs the mummy, as members of his cult they have the right to awaken him and give him tasks. Maybe they need muscle only an Arisen at the height of his Sekhem can provide, or help sizing up unfamiliar prey. Ghosts are common, but Amkhat are far above a werewolf's paygrade. These chimeric monsters, seemingly from the nightmares of Egyptian mythology, feed by destroying Sekhem-infused relics and killing the living — not coincidentally, two keystones of the mummy's cult. As long as a task falls broadly within the mummy's purview, he must carry out his pack-cult's wishes, or risks falling back into death.

Partnerships are rarely so tidy when it comes to creatures driven by religion. Mummies believe in a rigid universe, with stringent Fate and divine punishment. If one comes to believe his werewolf cultists fall outside of that order, he won't hesitate to purge them. Fear of heresy is common among mummies, enough so that the Maa-Kep guild serves as a kind of secret police among their peers. If the Maa-Kep believe a mummy has fallen to blasphemy by keeping werewolves in his cult, allowing their spiritual beliefs to infect his cultists (or worse, the mummy himself), few things bring Arisen together more quickly than the need to root out an apostate. Even a pack of Rahu can't hold off beings who see death as a minor inconvenience.

DEMONS

Our pack has strange luck. I don't mean that figuratively. I calculated the odds. Our hunts succeed forty-four percent more than any other pack in the area. Exactly forty-four. Like clockwork. Kills, Essence, whatever you define as success, we hit the numbers

forty-four percent better than any comparable pack. Admittedly, I had to dig through some grade-A Cahalith bullshit to get comparative data, but even when I didn't adjust for gibbous moon hyperbole, the average always came out the same. Forty-four percent. I swear on my master's in stats. Some janky, bizarre coincidence saves our asses or just plain throws the prey in our lap if we screw up enough. The Host that got hit by the bus? The Claimed that fell through the floorboards? That fucking frost spirit that managed to run itself through with its own fucking bane? Who even owns an ice ax around here?

I went through my records. I figured out when it started and correlated from that. We have a Wolf-Blooded we need to talk to.

Not many werewolves know about the Unchained, and those who do often see them as a form of Claimed. They aren't wrong. Demons are body snatchers, and most Uratha would see that as ample reason to call a hunt. Some see their pacts as worse than Claiming, and hunt demons whenever possible. Even if a pack did have a favorable view of the Unchained, any demon known well enough for werewolves to offer her membership is a demon lacking discretion. Hunter angels will come down on her faster than she can say *Siskur-Dah*.

This isn't to suggest partnerships never happen, it's just that the werewolves rarely make the first move. In fact, they're usually not aware any partnership is taking place at all. Demons don't join packs so much as they infiltrate them. A demon manipulates a deal with a human packmate, exchanging his relationship with the pack for a boon or a favor. The demon might bargain for his soul if the mission is important enough, but she wouldn't ask permission. Suddenly the pack can't quite remember where their new fixer came from, but they're positive he's a good soldier.

Uratha also have tools demons don't have access to. Maybe the demon needs to sabotage a piece of Infrastructure extending deep in the *Hisil*. She needs the pack to repair it before a Wound forms, activating the God-Machine's matrices and birthing a powerful angel. Or maybe she needs help taking down a powerful Cryptid, one that can hop between the Flesh and the Spirit. Demonic missions are as varied as their masks.

Infiltrating a pack and hiding under an assumed identity is par for the course, though. That's how demons deal with most people. Forming mutual relationships is difficult for the Unchained, and werewolf packs operate entirely on mutual relationships. A pack might have nothing in common but loathing, but the hunt is above small differences. You may not like your alpha, but you damn well trust him. Demons can cultivate as many allies as they like, but many Unchained see "ally" as a word for future traitor. Trust is where dealings between demons and werewolves live or die. To some Unchained, the inherent unity of packs is refreshing — even something to aspire to — but many more view "the pack" as just as much a façade as any Cover. Demons know that everyone has a price, even werewolves.

If a demon wants to form a real bond with a pack, she has to overcome her paranoiac programming and prove that she's an asset rather than prey. If she can do that, and the pack

can see past her masks (and all that those masks imply), they gain a unique ally on the hunt. A pack with a demon has a spy with skills any Irraka would envy. She can be anyone and learn anything. She can cheat at physics. She can strip away bits of the prey's life with a pen stroke.

A loyal demon is still a traitor to someone, though, and angels have their own sacred hunts. A demon can never be rid of the cosmic bounty on her head, and if the pack adopts her, they'll have to deal with her old master's agents eventually. Angels have no mercy for those who harbor the Unchained, and it's only a matter of time before the pack's demon becomes a target. It's up to them to decide if she's a target worth living with.

BEASTS

Nightmares spread. Throughout our territory, neither herd nor pack could find solace in sleep. A great serpent haunted us, spreading sickness in the very air of our dreams. Even the spirits whispered of uneasy sleep. Some of the herd took up arms, searching for the creature and hoping to take its head for some imagined glory. But we found her first.

She was a girl hiding in a women's shelter, no older than sixteen. Her soul was different. Her soul was no soul, but a horror of legend, a great plague wyrm of rotting flesh and tumorous scales. She had tried to starve it, so it had tended its own hunt without her. It wanted her to feed, to run among the herd for prey, but she feared the hunger would destroy her and change her into something other than human.

We told her the truth, as we always do: humanity is weak, an evolutionary dead-end that requires culling. Her dragon was a gift, and we would show her how best to use it. We Izidakh know the power of fear and holy plague. Now the nightmares answer to us, keeping the herd in their place and the Forsaken at bay. We all hunt now, wolves and wyrm together.

Beasts move through supernatural societies fluidly, searching for new ways to fulfill their Hungers and strange locales to build into their dream Lairs. Joining a pack on the *Siskur-Dah* is an excellent way to do both. The prey's fear and the shifting landscape of the Shadow makes for excellent feed, and fine inspiration for a monster's den. If a Beast finds a pack, and he knows anything about werewolves, he'll almost always try to make new friends. Beasts think of werewolves as cousins, after all. Uratha and Begotten are all part of the same extended supernatural family, hungering, hunting, straddling realms, and descending from a sacred mother. The fine details are immaterial.

For their part, werewolves think of Beasts the same way they think of everyone: prey or not-prey. Though Beasts have a talent for ingratiating themselves with supernatural beings, to the People, the Children are often difficult to peg. Some are true monsters, people-eating trolls and gorgons turning victims to stone, all in need of a *Siskur-Dah*. Others are relatively benign, but packs who encounter Heroes may see the Beast slayers as confirmation that the Begotten have little value, and might see fit to join those Heroes on their hunt.

Some Beasts try to spread the Dark Mother's teachings, using their Hungers to show humans that a little fear of the

dark is the healthiest thing in the world. Whether werewolves buy into that philosophy, or want to be complicit in it, is complicated. Uratha obviously understand what it is to be obliged to a distant Mother, but even when a Beast's feeding is discreet, it comes with a cost. If a Beast indulges too much, or allows herself to go hungry, allowing her Horror to hunt freely, spirits gather for feeding frenzies. Every Hunger attracts its own scavengers. Collectors bring spirits of greed and theft, and Ravagers come hand in hand with spirits of ruin, to name a few.

Most of all, Beasts bring fear. From *muthrum* to *Dihim*, spirits of fear crave the Essence left by hungry Beasts. They don't care about lessons; they just know a free meal when they see it. A pack who hunts with Beasts will need to weigh the risks, or learn to repurpose the consequences. Bone Shadows might use Beasts as fear magnets in places where other, positive emotions push happiness spirits out of control. Or they might just use them to blight a rival pack's territory, attracting and forming fear spirits that can taint the Shadow side (some looking for all the world like proto-versions of the Beast's Horror). The problem comes when the Beast's natural resonance shifts the scale too far, and the pack is forced to clean up after its own mess. Poisoning the proverbial well in enemy territory is one thing, but making Ridden and Claimed is another, especially if they decide to follow the Beast's wake from ground zero. Working with Beasts also means becoming targets for Heroes. Heroes mostly aren't the self-deluded idiots some Begotten would have others believe, but few could be accused of nuance. A werewolf is a monster, and so are Wolf-Blooded and totems. A Hero who finds a pack helping a Beast has no reason to discriminate.

If the pack is willing to take these risks, then, the Beast had better work for his keep. Beasts can hit as hard as any werewolf, and Kinship with a Begotten boosts the potency of Gifts and rites. A pack with access to a Beast's Lair has a haven few enemies could hope to access. The Primordial Dream is a hub that can lead to any point in the material world, or the *Hisil*, a method of travel limited only by the imagination. With only a thought, a Blood Talon pack could invade the Pure's forest stronghold through the Lair of a lesly.

Beasts can also open up a wider supernatural world to werewolves. Begotten see every skulking horror as family, and can treat them as such. A Beast can be an envoy, negotiating on the pack's behalf with vampires for territory, changelings for passage through the Hedge, or even mages for insight into some greater mystery.

PACK TACTICS

Packs share a bond of trust and family, even when members feel tension between each other or just plain don't like their packmates. This familiarity gives rise to hunting strategies that draw on the link between their wolf and human natures. Group tactics aren't something limited to werewolves; many human groups train together to improve their effectiveness in the face of adversity, while wolf packs cooperate instinctively to bring down larger and stronger prey for the benefit of the pack.

STRANGER BEDFELLOWS

The Worlds of Flesh and Spirit hold more alien creatures than any run-of-the-mill vampires, mages, or Beasts. Can a pack include a ghost? A Strix totem? The answer ultimately depends on the story you want to tell, but as with the more common supernatural creatures, agency is key. What does the creature want, and how does hanging out with a bunch of werewolves help it? These beings have goals, and the pack should be able to meet them better than anyone else. The Uratha should never think of themselves as the only players on the board.

Pack tactics are special maneuvers the pack uses to gain advantage in the hunt. While tactics see most use in combat, werewolves develop tactics for almost any situation. Any packmate who meets the requirements and can perform the necessary actions can use a tactic. This may place some tactics out of reach of human or Wolf-Blooded packmates, but they're not otherwise excluded simply because they're not shapeshifters.

Balanced werewolf packs benefit from both sides of their natures, drawing on instinct and training to best work together to hunt the most dangerous foes. Packs who cleave too closely to their wolf or human aspects lose effectiveness; they can still employ certain tactics, but lose options available to packs who have better harmonized their werewolf natures.

WOLF AND MAN

Werewolves are creatures of duality. The amalgam of flesh and spirit forged a creature unlike any other; hunters who constantly fight to find the balance where they're most effective. Werewolf nature infuses the essence of primal wolfishness, but nearly all Uratha are born of humans and spend their formative years learning how to act and behave in human cultures.

This childhood shapes the Uratha with a human outlook. Regardless of cultural differences, humans are creatures of thought and pattern recognition; the human mind seeks to identify meaning in randomness. Humans plan and impose order to their actions, to best control the outcome and bring about a desired result. Humans learn from past experiences, the actions of other humans, and use this to plan for the future.

In contrast, wolves are creatures of instinct who live in the moment and act as they best understand the situation. Wolves learn how to react to what they've previously faced, but they struggle with out-of-context problems. If instinct doesn't help them overcome an obstacle, they may be injured, denied prey, or trapped as a result.

NOT QUITE WEREWOLVES ONLY

Luna is a fickle master, with exceptions to nearly every rule. No one can use Pack Tactics except the Uratha — and Wolf-Blooded with the right Tell.

New Tell: Primal Instincts

The Wolf-Blooded's mind is flooded with the same predatory drives as her Uratha cousins. Even other Wolf-Blooded comment on her fiery temper, and her approach to all aspects of life as if they were a hunt.

Boon: The Wolf-Blooded is on the same instinctual 'wavelength' as the werewolves in her pack. She gains the Primal Urge trait at 1 dot, which gives her a Supernatural Tolerance rating. She can raise this trait with Experiences, but without other Tells, she gains no access to other benefits such as regeneration.

Her Primal Urge also means the Wolf-Blooded knows the pack's tactics as she resonates with their themes. She may use Pack Tactics as either alpha or beta. Much like the pack's Uratha, she must forego her other actions and assist in the performance of a Pack Tactic if she is present when it begins. She can also initiate Pack Tactics knowing that the pack will join her.

Werewolves have both natures locked within. At the instant of the First Change, the new werewolf is overcome with a flood of instinct unlike anything she's ever felt before. Most work out how to incorporate this instinct into their lives, and make the duality enhance their hunts. Some rely too much on their human natures and try to predict their prey's actions and plan how to counter or take advantage of them. Others lose themselves to wolfish instinct and adapt to situations moment to moment, without plan or expectation. The best hunters, the Uratha who can truly call themselves Father Wolf's children, adapt both approaches into becoming the supreme predator.

USING PACK TACTICS

The pack's use of tactics depends on its Hunting Nature (p.28) and the skills and experiences of the pack. Packs imbalanced towards humanity must learn tactics before using them. They have less flexibility but can learn more complex and effective maneuvers. Packs imbalanced towards the wolf can respond instinctively without pre-planning or hesitation. Wolf-imbalanced packs can create simple tactics in the moment, with each packmate working as if she had practiced the tactic to perfection. These packs lack the patience and coordination

for the more complicated tactics of their human-imbalanced counterparts.

Packs that balance their wolf and human natures gain the benefits of both. They can learn and use difficult and intricate tactics, or create new tactics instantly if nothing they've practiced fits their needs.

Regardless of which hunting nature the pack cleaves to, only Uratha (and some rare Wolf-Blooded) can use werewolf pack tactics. Humans may have tactics that produce similar effects to Pack Tactics, but whereas humans carefully plan and rehearse their tactics, Uratha simply know what they must do, and when, to make the Pack Tactics work.

Only werewolves can use Uratha Pack Tactics. No other creature has the instinctive understanding that translates into knowing what, how, and when actions must be performed. Some other supernatural denizens have similar ways of 'just knowing' what must be done, but while they may superficially look like Uratha Pack Tactics, their underlying themes are different. Likewise, while humans may invent tactics that give similar outcomes to those used by werewolves, their tactics come from careful planning and drilling until the activity becomes muscle memory.

SYSTEMS

A tactic's dice pool depends on the desired effect, how the pack interprets the tactic's themes, and how the prey defends against the pack. This is typically a contested action where the pack rolls Attribute + Skill + modifiers (see below), and the target resists with Resistance Attribute + Skill. Some powerful tactics reduce or even eliminate the target's resistance. Pack Tactics that provide beneficial effects to the pack (or allies) are contested by a dice pool equal to the number of people the tactic could potentially affect.

Packs use tactics that play to their strengths, therefore the Storyteller and players should work together to agree on the appropriate dice pool for each tactic. Once set, a Pack Tactic's dice pool is the same each time it is used. Every Pack Tactic has a number of themes that resonate with the pack; incorporating those themes gives the tactic's leader 2 extra dice on her roll.

Using a Pack Tactic is a teamwork action (**Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 162). All werewolf members of the pack must take part. The tactic in question determines the dice pool; the pack should determine which among them is taking point, and is thus the primary actor. Bonus dice from themes (as opposed to other modifiers) only applies to the primary actor. As a teamwork action, using a Pack Tactic in combat requires the primary actor to hold her action until the lowest Initiative in the pack.

ROLL RESULTS:

Dramatic Failure: The pack's failure to properly use the tactic spreads confusion. The pack gains the Lost Cohesion Condition.

Failure: The pack fails to deploy the tactic. Further attempts to use this tactic in the scene inflict a -2 penalty on all participants.

Success: The pack successfully executes the tactic.

Exceptional Success: The pack executes the tactic to perfection, and it has a more significant result.



EFFECTS

The results of a Pack Tactic are made up of discrete effects. These can incorporate existing Conditions or Tilts, but are not constrained by them. Many Pack Tactics instead inflict significant but short-lasting benefits or drawbacks.

When creating a Pack Tactic, select one effect from the following list to apply on a success, and one further option for an exceptional success. Options marked with an asterisk (*) can be chosen a second time to be the result of an exceptional success, doubling the result. Options marked with a stave (†) may be chosen twice so that they apply for the rest of the scene, rather than a single action

- Add or subtract 2 dice to or from a specified action or dice pool†
- Add or remove one Door in Social maneuvering*
- Shift Social maneuvering first impressions one step*
- Count a specific action as an Advanced Action (*Werewolf: The Forsaken*, p. 162)†
- Count half of the secondary actors' dice pools as successes (instead of rolling) in a teamwork action†
- Allow Exceptional Success on 3 successes instead of 5†
- Halve an enemy's Defense for one turn, or ignore it for one attack
- Add one success to a roll that's already successful*
- Apply a specific Condition or Tilt to a target
- Apply a Persistent Condition to a target (counts as two options)

Pack Tactics that inflict a Condition or Tilt must be resolved as normal – a target whose arm is severed as the result of a Pack Tactic does not magically heal as soon as the werewolves have benefited from his weakness. Other effects last until the werewolves have benefited from them a single time, or for the rest of the scene, as appropriate to the tactic.

Importantly, don't get bogged down when creating Pack Tactics. If in doubt, pick the results from the list first, then pick an appropriate dice pool. The players and Storyteller can collaborate on the tactic to come up with something on the spur of the moment.

LEARNING PACK TACTICS — THEMES

Symbolism and meaning lie at the heart of many aspects of werewolf life, and Pack Tactics are no exception. Whereas humans repetitively drill actions until their tactics are second nature, Uratha draw on their shared heritage and the bonds of pack and totem to know what each pack member must do, and when. Themes represent the relationship between primal

nature, family and action. By understanding how these themes relate to the pack, the pack instinctively learns the actions required to successfully use a Pack Tactic.

Themes may be anything important and meaningful to the pack. Some common themes include the Pack bond itself, blood, specific forms, significant locations, times, or situations, or specific types of prey. Players and Storyteller should work together to describe items, times, or places of importance to the pack to personalize their themes and their Pack Tactics.

Themes are primarily 'back door programming' for using symbolism to teach Uratha how to work as a pack. By spending Experiences, the pack incorporates its themes into their personal hunt, and quickly learns how to perform the new Pack Tactic. If they choose, the pack can then teach others the tactic by explaining the themes and how they relate to each other. When the foreign Uratha understand the themes and link them to their own experiences they learn the tactic as it applies to their own pack.

Pack Tactics cost two Experiences per dot. These can come from Pack Experiences (p. 20) or through characters pooling their individual Experiences. Regardless of how the cost is paid, every member of the pack knows the tactic. A new member joining the pack can buy into these tactics at a cost of 1 Experience per two dots (round up), as she incorporates the pack's existing themes into her hunt.

Themes aren't prerequisites for the pack to use a tactic. A pack can perform their Tactics more easily in the presence of their themes (by adding dice to the alpha's roll), but a pack can still use the Pack Tactics they know without any of its themes being present.

THE WOLF PACK

Packs with either the wolf or werewolf hunting nature (p. 28) can spontaneously design and use tactic-like maneuvers without spending time learning a Pack Tactic. The alpha decides what she wants and expresses the tactic's themes through a brief display of words (or howls), actions, or body language, before making a reflexive Wits + Expression roll.

Dramatic Failure: The alpha's themes confuse the pack. All pack members gain the Lost Cohesion Condition.

Failure: The alpha fails to convey her intentions.

Success: The alpha conveys the themes and the pack instinctively understands. She may lead the pack in using a spontaneous Pack Tactic on the same turn. Choose two effects from the list above to apply on a success plus another one for an exceptional success, select a dice pool, and make a teamwork roll as normal to execute the tactic.

Exceptional Success: The pack is highly attuned to the tactic's themes. Select either an extra result from the list to apply on a success, or for the tactic to affect two extra targets.

Packs with the wolf Hunting Nature can't use or learn Pack Tactics higher than three dots, even those the pack knows through purchasing with Experiences when they had a different Hunting Nature. They do not lose the knowledge of higher-dot tactics, only the ability to execute them.

BUILDING TACTICS

Building a tactic involves the players imagining what they want their characters to accomplish, then working with the Storyteller to determine requirements.

Step One: Decide Effect — Most tactics inflict damaging or crippling effects on the prey, but they can also give a benefit or boost to the pack. Tactics can also affect onlookers or bystanders, or could even boost an adversary, if the pack desires. A given tactic always has the same result. The pack must practice a new tactic to inflict a different outcome.

Step Two: Determine Dot Rating — All Pack Tactics start out at a single dot, with a single benefit on a success and another on an exceptional success. Tactics that inflict greater effects, target more enemies, or call upon fewer pack members, increase their complexity — and dot ratings — accordingly.

A Pack Tactic's dot rating is determined as follows:

Aspect	Dots
Tactic affects multiple targets	+ • per 2 additional targets (round up)
Tactic has increased effect	+ • per additional choice from the list
Tactic requires fewer packmates	+ • per two Uratha freed (minimum 3)
Prey uses Resistance Attribute only	+ • •
Prey cannot resist	+ • • •

Step Three: Select Themes — Each tactic has a number of themes equal to twice its dot rating. Themes aren't required for the pack to use the tactic — they help describe the nature of the Pack Tactic, what it means to the pack, and how the pack can teach the tactic to others.

Step Four: Determine Dice Pool — Once you have a good idea of a tactic's themes and its result, determine the appropriate Attribute and Skill — both for the werewolves performing the tactic, and for its prey. Remember that all members of the pack use the same pool. Ask other members of the group and the Storyteller for inspiration if required.

CREATING NEW TACTICS

Creating a new tactic is a circular process for the character. The Uratha thinks about the tactic's desired effect, which reveals the themes she instinctively feels are important to the tactic. She then meditates on these themes, to work out how they combine to draw out the actions and effect from the pack. Once she discovers their combination, she understands how the themes cause the effect.

Creating a new Pack Tactic doesn't require a dice roll, but it does require the pack to practice it for a full lunar cycle (four weeks). A pack can only learn one tactic at a time, during which time all members can attempt the tactic but suffer a -3 modifier to their dice pools.

Packs with the wolf or werewolf Hunting Nature have an easier time when learning tactics that they have successfully come up with on the fly. A successful maneuver leads to a two-dot tactic, and an exceptional success to a three-dot tactic. When spending Experiences to codify it as a Pack Tactic, they only suffer a -1 modifier while learning. Packs with the wolf Hunting Nature can only create tactics of up to three dots.

EXAMPLE TACTICS

ANIMAL MAGNETISM (•)

The pack moves through the crowd like sharks circling their prey. Pheromones ooze from their pores. They engage the humans in conversation, discussing the virtues and desirability of the primary actor. They divide groups and introduce inculcated people into conversations ever closer to the prey. The room is abuzz with talk of the primary actor — everyone wants to be near her, to be like her. The prey's pulse races and goosebumps ripple across his skin as the primary actor enters the room. His heart skips a beat as she meets his gaze and walks towards him.

Themes: Hishu, Revelry

Dice Pool: Presence + Socialize vs. target's Composure + Subterfuge

Success: Improve Social maneuvering first impressions one step

Exceptional Success: Remove one Door in Social maneuvering

ALL ALONE (•••)

Everywhere the prey turns, she sees the pack. Werewolves always stand at the edge of vision, watching her every move. Sometimes she turns her head and they've disappeared. Those are the good times. Other times, they're still there, gesturing towards her, or whispering to her. She can't hear the words, not from this distance, but she doesn't need to. She knows what they're saying — she's doomed. Not even her friends listen to her ramblings; they see madness in her eyes.

Themes: Darkness, Friends, Shadows, Solitude, Strangers, The Pack

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Intimidation vs. victim's Composure + Empathy

Success: Inflict the Paranoid Condition; weaken Social maneuvering first impressions one step for the scene

Exceptional Success: Inflict the Shadow Paranoia Condition

OVERKILL (•••••)

The pack fights to kill. The prey must be destroyed. To allow it to live even a moment longer is too great a risk. This is the time for overwhelming force; shock and awe. The pack surrounds the prey, feinting and attacking from all sides. The prey whirls, trying to defend, but the pack never seems to be where the prey turns. The prey is confused; it doesn't know where the killing blow will come from. This is when the pack strikes.

Themes: Blood, Gauru, Loss, Pain, Revenge, The Pack, Tooth and Claw

Dice Pool: Strength + Brawl vs. prey's Stamina

Success: Each pack member's next attack ignores the enemy's Defense; the primary actor adds two additional points of lethal damage if successful

Exceptional Success: The target suffers the Stunned Tilt

TOTEMS

The totem is the lynchpin of the pack. A pack without a totem is just a group of werewolves, Wolf-Blooded, and humans who all share similar goals. With the totem, this group is a pack – united through spiritual and magical bonds against all outsiders.

Everyone within a pack feels this bond. The Uratha know from where the bond originates, and most Wolf-Blooded have some understanding of the spirit's importance. Human packmates don't usually have enough spiritual awareness to understand the exact nature of this connection, but it colors their attitude towards the rest of the pack, and to outsiders.

Even packmates of vastly different backgrounds and opinions tend to regard each other positively, and give each other the benefit of the doubt in disputes with non-packmates. This applies even when disputes or ill-will occur between packmates – despite the animosity, individual pack members won't side with outsiders against one of their own. Packs are family, and like many families individuals bicker and fight – sometimes nearly constantly – but they'll all unite rapidly against an outside threat.

The systems presented here supplement those found in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

BENEFITS TO THE PACK

The most obvious benefits the pack gains from the totem are the boosted Attributes, Skills, or Merits that linger as long as the totem provides patronage. The members of the pack also gain a couple of subtler advantages through their bond.

Like-Minded: Even packmates who don't understand their exact role in a werewolf pack know that they tend to agree more easily with some of the people around them. If a pack member uses Social maneuvering against a packmate, her first impression is considered to be one step higher than normal, and her target has one fewer Door than normal.

Us Against the World: The opposite of the similar worldview shared by packmates, even outsiders of similar beliefs or nearly the same opinion seem slightly strange and wrong to people under a pack bond. Non-packmates attempting Social maneuvers against the pack have their first impression downgraded by one step, and the pack member has one additional Door.

Even these advantages are representative of the Uratha's hunt instincts. The pack is something werewolves need, and they hunt for people they think would be suitable for the pack. The hunt doesn't care about the person's existing relationships

or what he may want; the magic of the pack bond shapes his thoughts and emotions to reinforce his reliance on the pack and alienates the rest of the world around him. More than one broken home has resulted from Uratha bringing just one parent into the pack. People expelled from a pack tend to become depressed as they try to readjust from the loss of this influence; most recover and survive without lingering ill-effect, others may take their own lives or become fanatical werewolf hunters in revenge for what they've lost.

BENEFITS TO THE TOTEM

A pack-bond isn't purely for the benefit of the physical members of the pack. The spirit who becomes the totem gains several benefits as well. In addition to gaining powerful allies who can perform tasks for the totem – as much as it can persuade or threaten them to, anyway – the totem gains the following benefits for its duty.

Intense Physical World: For spirits in Twilight, objects appear pale and unreal, light is dimmed, and sounds are distorted. This doesn't apply to a totem and its pack. The pack appears vibrant and alive to the totem even while it lingers in Twilight. It can easily pick out members of its pack in a crowd, as they appear to glow with an inner solidity that the rest of the world lacks. It can hear their voices clearly, and while they can't touch the totem any more than they could another Twilight spirit, the totem feels a tingling thrill when a packmate 'touches' the spirit's intangible form.

Protection from Essence Bleed: Totems don't experience the same loss of Essence as other spirits for being in the physical world. Totems must still spend the point of Essence per day to remain active, but as long as they remain bound to the pack, they need not spend more.

Essence Source: Not only are totems protected from rapid Essence loss in the physical world, they gain Essence when near their pack. The totem gains one point of Essence per day that it remains in proximity to the pack.

Increased Potential: Totems aren't bound to the same limitations as other spirits. Something about the pack bond allows them to be more than their peers. Totems can have Numina and Influence beyond their Rank limitations, up to the total number of dots the pack has invested in the Totem Merit. Totems that are torn from, or abandon their pack, instantly lose these additional powers.

Physical Protection: Uratha can sense the pack-bond on a spirit (though not who it is with) and won't be hostile to the spirit for being in the physical world. Werewolves may find other reasons to dislike and want to attack the spirit, but it won't be because it's on the wrong side of the Gauntlet.

IMPROVING THE TOTEM

The Totem improves through spending Experiences from the Totem Merit, or with Pack Experiences earned in play. In addition to granting additional advantages to the

pack, the totem may spend Experiences to improve itself in the following ways.

Trait	Experience
Attribute	4
Influence	5
Numina	4

INFLUENCE

Experiences can be spent purchasing Influence for the totem. Over time, most totems develop Influence relating to their pack, allowing them to strengthen their charges or exert control over their decisions. The most powerful totems can even create temporary simulacra of pack members to fight alongside the real pack.

GIFTS

Totems can't impart Gifts to its pack; something in the totem bond interferes with this. The totem can tear Gifts into the souls of Uratha but most are wary of dealing with any werewolves outside their pack. Some Uratha bargain the services of their totem in exchange for Gifts from another pack's patron.

This isn't without risk; it establishes a spiritual sympathy between the totem and the recipients of its Gifts. The totem can sense the rough location and distance of those Uratha, and each Gift risks eroding the bond with its own pack. The totem must succeed in a Power + Resistance roll each time it imparts a Gift, at a penalty equal to the number of times it has performed such a service. Failure disrupts the totem bond for a full lunar cycle – the pack loses access to the totem and any advantages during this time, while the totem slumbers somewhere unknown. Dramatic failure completely severs the totem bond. Characters keep their merit dots, as per Sanctity of Merits (*Werewolf: The Forsaken* p. 105), but these can't be used to regain the totem, or bond with a new totem.

SAMPLE TOTEMS

The following totems are included to help inspire groups, to be used for rival packs, or to be used by busy players and Storytellers who don't have time to run through the totem creation process.



Concept: Over-protective den-mother

Aspiration: The nest must grow

Description: Szigblal is the smallest of totems, suitable for a small, newly established pack finding its way in the world. The Wary Nest appears as a small bird, flitting about while constantly fussing over the pack and preening its feathers. It's obsessed with protecting what belongs to it—including the pack.

Totem Points: 5

Rank: 1

Attributes: Power 1, Finesse 2, Resistance 2

Willpower: 4

Essence: 5

Initiative: 4

Defense: 2

Speed: 3 ground/7 flight

Size: 1

Corpus: 3

Influence: Dwellings •

Manifestations: Twilight Form, Image

Numina: Innocuous, Speed

Ban: Do not forsake the nest

Bane: Szigblal can't be away from its nest more than 24 hours.

Totem Advantage: Specialty: Survival (Cold)



Concept: Strength in stasis

Aspiration: To remain strong despite all challenges

Description: A mid-strength totem suitable for an established pack, or one that has invested effort into gaining a powerful protector. Glabna represents a difficult path for the characters; the spirit desires strength and endurance, but its nature is to achieve these by never changing. Its ban prevents the pack from developing skills or interests for their own sake – Glabna only permits change when the pack proves the need. This can frustrate the mercurial Uratha. The Unyielding Stone prefers to anchor itself to a location and work through proxies, allowing other, fleshier creatures to scurry about while it remains unmovable.

Totem Points: 15

Rank: 3

Attributes: Power 4, Finesse 2, Resistance 9

Willpower: 10

Essence: 15

Initiative: 11

Defense: 2

Speed: 6

Size: 8

Corpus: 17

Influence: Rock 3

Manifestations: Twilight Form, Reaching, Fettered, Shadow Gateway

Numina: Awe, Blast, Implant Mission, Telekinesis

Ban: Don't change unless necessary

Bane: Sudden, massive changes in heat — enough to freeze boiling water in less than a turn, or turn ice to steam.

Totem Advantage: Stamina +1, Merit: Anchored



Concept: Ever-present specter

Aspiration: Spread death to the living

Description: *Ushugudh* is a powerful totem for a Forsaken pack. It exists at the upper limits of Rank 3 and desires to reach Rank 4 by spreading its gift of death wherever it goes. Its forthright pursuit of a generally unpleasant agenda can make it a strange choice for Uratha, who might otherwise hunt the spirit for the sorrow it leaves in its wake. A pack with *Ushugudh* as patron will likely have a high turnover of packmates, as the

spirit brooks no-one helping even members of its own pack to live. The injured or sick can heal themselves, but it does not permit even giving medicine or first-aid treatment to packmates.

Totem Points: 20

Rank: 3

Attributes: Power 7, Finesse 7, Resistance 6

Willpower: 10

Essence: 20

Initiative: 13

Defense: 7

Speed: 14

Size: 5

Corpus: 11

Influence: Death 2, Silence 1

Manifestations: Twilight Form, Image, Reaching

Numina: Drain, Emotional Aura, Entropic Decay, Innocuous, Seek

Ban: Prevent no death except your own

Bane: *Ushugudh* withers at the touch of any animal less than one week old.

Totem Advantage: Resolve +1, Composure +1, Merit: Indomitable





I stood in the field and stared at the three Predator Kings across from me. The lead one had taken Dalu, and I could see that he hated every moment of it. Their expressions of disgust at my tailored suit and Italian leather shoes would have been more humorous if I wasn't worried about them attacking me before everything else was in place. I'd watched the Hisil as they approached, wary that they may have one of their nightmarish totems with them.

"Hisil's clear, that's one less thing to worry about," I muttered, mostly to myself, and smiled at the Uratha. From the way they tensed, I think they viewed seeing my teeth as a challenge. It was, but the challenge was nothing their predatory instincts could prepare them for. We had barely four yards between us, and my stomach knotted as I fought the urge to shift to a more suitable form.

"You were stupid to come," the biggest one growled at me. The other two wore expressions of hunger; to them I was meat. "Your totem is pathetically small; you are so weak you won't even fill our stomachs. We will consume you and the rest of your pack, and we will hunt and kill the pathetic half-breeds and humans you surround yourselves with. All who stand in our way will die like you here today, like all of the moon-bitch's lapdogs."

I raised an eyebrow at the threat. It was crude, and wouldn't win any awards for its poetry, but I had to admit I was surprised he knew as many words as he'd spoken.

"You may have the spirits," I said, nodding, "And any one of you could tear my arms from my shoulders, but I've got more than my pack."

On cue, headlights appeared around the field as cars, pickup trucks, and motorcycles pulled up and the sound of doors opening and closing was clearly audible.

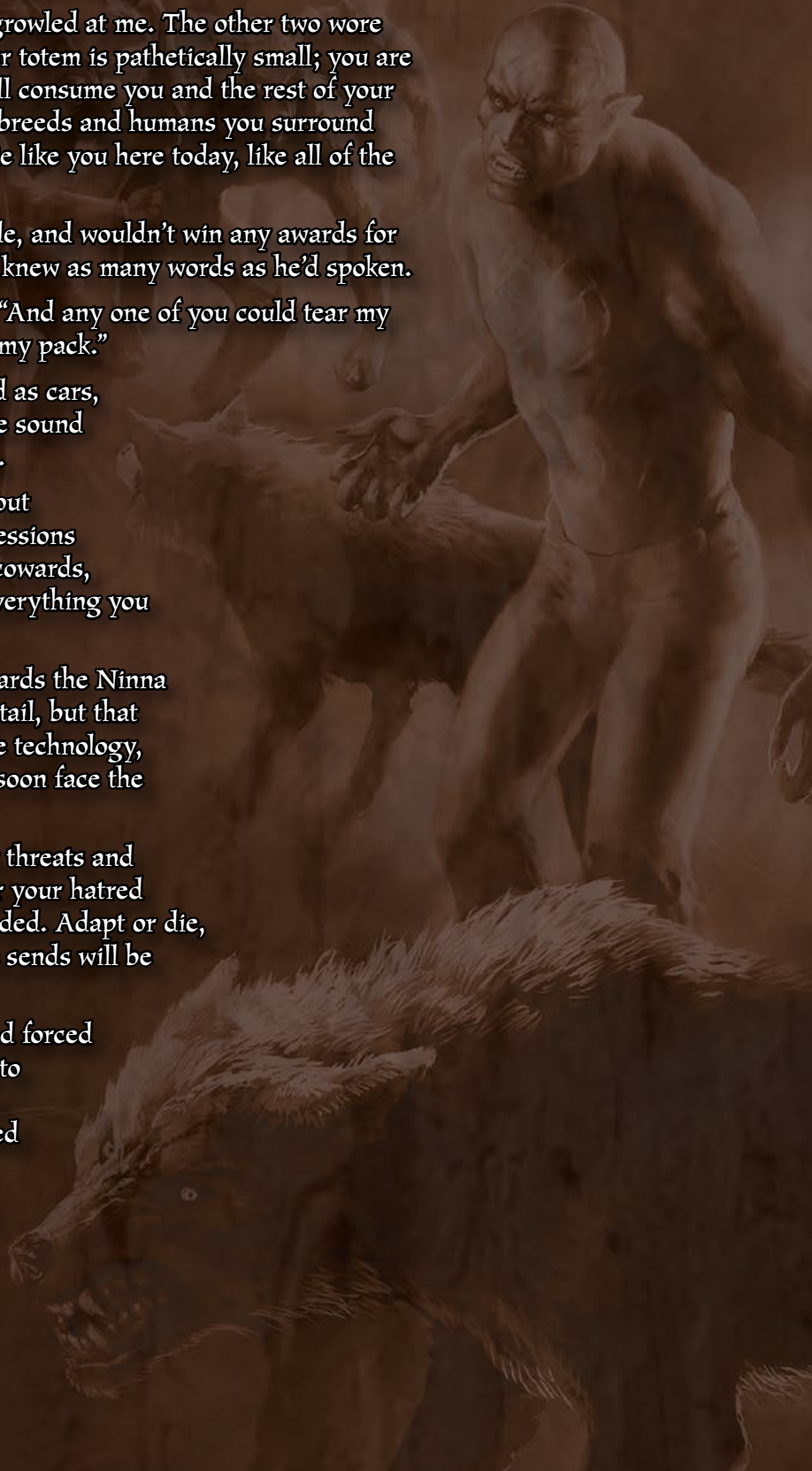
"You see; I've got the protectorate. We look out for each other against niur like you." Their expressions promised deadly retribution at my calling them cowards, "And I don't need them within earshot to hear everything you just said."

I held up my smart phone, screen facing towards the Ninna Farakh. From here they probably couldn't see detail, but that wasn't the point. The point was that they saw the technology, understood that they were dinosaurs and would soon face the same extinction.

"We've got an app, and everyone heard your threats and refusal to listen to reason. You should reconsider your hatred of humans and discrimination against Wolf-Blooded. Adapt or die, idiots. Maybe the next pack your backward tribe sends will be smarter."

I turned my back on the three werewolves and forced myself to walk calmly away even as they shifted to Gauru, intent on destroying me. Now wasn't the time to appear scared, even though I was terrified that this wouldn't work.

"Use silver, no survivors," I said and the air cracked with dozens of high powered rounds, cutting the screaming Anshega down before the other Uratha stepped forward. It was good to have friends to watch your back.



CHAPTER THREE THE WIDER WORLD

There are so many legends about wolves, although mostly they are legends about the way men think about wolves...

Terry Pratchett, The Fifth Elephant

Uratha don't live in a vacuum. Few want to be lone wolves; they value the companionship and support their pack brings. For most, pack is family, and tribes are distant cousins whom they rarely see but at least they have something in common when they do. Most werewolves are content with these structures, and regard the Uratha of neighboring packs to be neutral competitors at best, or bitter foes at worst.

Some werewolves have additional layers of obligation, service, and companionship on top of pack and tribe. As human population density increases and Uratha territories press together, tensions occur. Where packs identify common benefit, they sometimes want to make something bigger than themselves.

When werewolves of similar outlook develop their own mythologies and legends, they make the beginnings of a lodge. If this group grows and finds a totem that resonates with its vision of Uratha existence, their lodge gains strength and begins to attract new followers. Powerful spirits favor lodges because they fill a niche in the complex spiritual-Uratha ecology. These spiritual patrons are more powerful than a pack can manage, but aren't as great as the Firstborn. The lodge members redefine the hunt and gain power from their secret rituals and exclusivity.

As with all aspects of Uratha life, neither protectorates nor lodges are simple. The werewolf's instincts understand pack and tribe, and grow restless under the bonds of larger groups. Nonetheless, power comes for those who can make these structures work.

PROTECTORATES

For Uratha, the pack is of primary importance. It defines who they can trust, and who they can call upon for succor when they need somewhere to rest and regenerate. The pack watches their backs when enemies come from every direction. The pack gives werewolves people to talk to, with shared experiences and concerns. Without the pack, Uratha are simply

lone wolves howling in the night, trying to survive without friends or support.

But, the wolf must hunt. This instinct tears at the Uratha core; it colors everything they do. Even the pack is secondary to the hunting instinct, and sometimes the needs of the hunt are greater than what the pack can deliver.

This is how protectorates form. Regardless of superficial appearances, the coming together of multiple packs and territories into a protectorate has the needs of the hunt as its underlying purpose. Perhaps an area's prey is too strong for a single pack – a protectorate forms as multiple packs work together to overwhelm the beast. Alternatively, maybe the prey is elusive and taints the territories of several adjacent packs with its movement. No one pack can bring it low or trap it before it flees across borders, so the packs join forces in a protectorate to coordinate and harry the prey, cutting off all its exits until they move in for the kill.

Sometimes the shifting boundaries between territories cause tensions and violence between packs. The ongoing skirmishes and antagonism between Uratha weakens all involved; each pack finds it harder to control their territory and keep it free of strong, hostile prey. Here, protectorates acknowledge differences between packs. They set structures to deal with disputes between packs without unduly weakening any individual. Limiting petty disputes keeps the hunt strong.

More rarely, protectorates form because different totem spirits complement each other. They may be from the same *ilthum*, or represent different roles that exist well side-by-side. These spirits urge their packs to cooperate, forging the protectorate into something akin to an *umia* in the physical world.

On the surface, protectorates form for almost any reason. Some are exactly as they appear; straight-forward allegiances to benefit every pack. Others are deliberately deceptive, presenting an appearance of squabbling, mistrustful packs that would turn on each other in an instant. These draw enemies in and identify those who would harm any member of the

protectorate. Regardless of appearances, the wolf must hunt, and every protectorate serves to strengthen the hunt.

STRENGTH IN UNITY

As the name suggests, protectorates bring packs together for protection. Protection from threats and enemies that would prey on the Uratha, and protection for each pack against one another. This allows each pack to strengthen their territories without worrying about greedy neighbors. Focusing on the external threats helps dissipate the niggling discomfort each pack feels at relying on outsiders.

Less common are protectorates that come together to protect something besides the pack. The area encompassing the various territories may have unique qualities requiring coordinated effort to maintain. As no one pack can manage the rites or sacrifices on its own, multiple packs help one another protect this priceless asset. The packs of the *Num'galdna* protectorate in New England meet every thirteenth new moon to sacrifice a child's eyesight. In return, Luna blesses this child with prophetic dreams stronger than any Cahalith. She hides each new soothsayer somewhere within the protectorate; the packs must work together to decipher Her clues and find the right child.

Other protectorates form when one tribe dominates several neighboring territories. This tribe defines the protectorate's focus. The protectorate expects members of other tribes to follow the protectorate's hunts, and follow the primary tribe's culture. Uratha experiencing the First Change in these protectorates rarely have much choice in which tribe they'll join. This similarity of purpose often creates a strong protectorate against outsiders. The packs understand each other enough that they have little time or desire to fight amongst themselves.

Although they may seem one of the easiest protectorates to maintain, two tensions often lead these groups to fail. Unless favored prey infests the protectorate, the different packs soon find themselves competing over hunting rights, especially as the sacred prey dwindles and becomes hard to find. Secondly, packs tend to overlook other types of prey, or push these unfamiliar foes onto neighboring territories. This instills resentment in the Uratha left to deal with another pack's mess.

THE TRIBES

Tribes aren't homogeneous groups filled with werewolves of identical thoughts and beliefs, but tribe-mates do tend to have a similarity of outlook and an approach to the hunt that brought them to the tribe in the first place. Each tribe has a different outlook on protectorates. Some view them as worthy structures that strengthen the People. Others think they demonstrate weakness and such cooperation between packs is an affront to Father Wolf's natural order.

How **Blood Talons** see protectorates depends on whether the *Suthar Anzuth* are inside or out. Those within a protectorate view it as a necessary tool, used sparingly to strengthen the packs against their enemies. Establishing clear but cooperative boundaries between werewolves stops them preying upon each other and keeps opponents at bay. Conversely, when

the **Blood Talons'** sacred prey seeks protection deep within the many packs of a protectorate, they view the alliances as troublesome tactical obstacles requiring further planning to overcome — and bringing greater losses with any assault.

The **Bone Shadows** form protectorates with relative ease. They know territory is important, but understand that Shadow borders can slip and shift. These vicissitudes can quickly change the setting from a well-executed Uratha ambush, to an inescapable werewolf murder zone. The *Hirfathra Hissu* value agreed-upon cooperation between neighboring packs. Pre-planning allows packs to cross territorial borders without major risk of dispute, which assists bringing wayward spirits to account.

The **Hunters in Darkness** require strong reasons to form protectorates. Their territory is sacred, and allowing even trusted neighbors free access to such hallowed ground raises their hackles. No other pack can ever give any territory the same respect as the *Meninna* pack, and tend to it with the same exacting standards — not even other Hunters in Darkness. This perfectionism is an obstacle to *Meninna* joining protectorates. Sometimes, if the alliance strengthens all packs, and everyone agrees to stay out of *Meninna* territories except in dire emergencies, they will grudgingly agree to work with other packs.

Iron Masters form protectorates easily, and adapt well to the way territorial borders blur in such cooperatives. Protectorates are an adaptation for strength, and the *Farsil Luhai* know that humanity's greatest achievements come from alliances that achieve much more than individuals can do alone. The Uratha have already learned part of the lesson of their human heritage and come together in packs for protection and support, but the Iron Masters want more; to bring the Uratha beyond such limited groups and into a broader, global network that can ultimately eradicate any threat humanity may ultimately pose to the werewolf race.

Storm Lords are reluctant to join protectorates, and very rarely even countenance the idea. Such thinking is akin to admitting the pack needs help, and thereby demonstrating its weakness. When *Iminir* do identify a clear need for a protectorate, however, they are its strongest proponents and will gather the other tribes together under the Storm Lords' guidance. Such protectorates aren't an admission of weakness; either the Storm Lords have recognized that their weaker associates would benefit from the protection of a larger group, or the Scions of *Urfarah* have taken the bold step of demonstrating that powerful alliances are a declaration of strength. Similarly, once *Iminir* are within a protectorate, they are the most reluctant to allow the group to break apart. To allow dissolution before the threat is defeated would be another demonstration of weakness, that the Storm Lords weren't strong enough to keep the other packs united.

The **Fire-Touched** form protectorates more easily than even the Iron Masters, as their bonds of faith unite the tribe in a way other werewolves can never understand. Wherever two packs of *Izidakh* share a border, they quickly form an agreement about sharing resources, hunting rights, and mutual defense against enemies. All Fire-Touched territories give an impression of being larger and better protected than they may



actually be, as multiple packs of Rabid Wolf's followers assume the default status of a protectorate, whether they acknowledge the grouping or not.

Packs of **Ivory Claws** come into protectorates with relative ease, as long as the other packs can stomach the air of disdain they receive from the *Tzuumfin*. Ivory Claws' protectorates have clear territorial boundaries between packs, and they expect others to stay out of their territory. They may agree to work together against outsiders, but they don't agree to anyone soiling what's theirs without first seeking permission to enter. Protectorates that include *Tzuumfin* tend to be prone to infighting and fall apart relatively quickly, as the Ivory Claws don't respect the boundaries they demand of others, and seek to sabotage and gain advantage over their lessers.

The **Predator Kings** rarely form protectorates, but do tend to have unspoken understandings with each other when their territories share borders. To the *Ninna Farakh*, if an individual pack can't defend its territory or survive on its own, it doesn't deserve to survive. Territorial boundaries frequently shift as stronger packs take what they want, and weaker packs submit or die. Eventually the strongest reach too far and their competitors claw back gains, often capturing more than they originally lost. When humans—or worse, Forsaken—threaten their territories, multiple Predator Kings' packs attack with unmatched ferocity regardless of who owns specific territory. Once their common enemy is dead, the intruding werewolves

have a small grace period to retreat to their own territories before the Predator Kings take the incursion personally and repel it with bloody retribution. Of course, some trespassing packs capitalize on the violence and confusion to descend upon the owners and take even more territory as their own.

STRUCTURE AND LEADERSHIP

Protectorates are very much products of their environment, and reflect both the circumstances in which they were forged and the packs that came together in the protectorate. The way protectorates administer themselves are just as variable.

Some groups follow the lead of an individual, or a single dominant pack. They accept direction and loss of some independence as the price of better security. In short-term protectorates, this ruling pack or individual is usually the one that convinced the other packs to join forces against the common foe. This is less clear-cut for enduring protectorates, where the dominant pack may grow weaker over time—through age or attrition—and more junior packs sense the time has come to challenge the alphas for leadership. Uratha expect leaders to lead from the front in these hegemonic structures. The alpha must challenge the strongest prey and hunt the biggest threat. The lesser packs will assist, but if the alphas can't demonstrate strength they'll be challenged for dominance until the protectorate finds more suitable leaders.

Autocratic leadership is rarer, as few Uratha will abandon their packs on attaining power, and fewer packs would accept such apparent betrayal. Pack nepotism is expected, and mostly accepted, within protectorates. Even werewolves outside the alpha's pack would view her with suspicion if she didn't give her own pack more attention than everyone else. When an overwhelming threat wipes out all but one of a pack, the survivor may rally other packs against them as an individual war leader. Her experience — and the fact that she has nothing else to lose — calls to the instinct for glory within the Uratha, who view her as an inspirational leader. Such glorious final stands in great hunts are the stuff of legends and call to the innermost natures of most of the People.

Werewolves raised in democratic societies often bring those human-like power structures to their protectorates. Smaller protectorates may value every voice, giving each individual an equal say in how the protectorate functions, and which decisions it takes. This works best when most packs are approximately the same size. When one or more packs outnumber the others they gain disproportionate control over decision-making. This almost inevitably leads to resentment and opposition among the smaller packs. Some democratic protectorates tend to suffer from prejudice and exclusivity, as packs differ over who is worthy of a vote. Some consider the votes of Wolf-Blooded worthy, but don't extend this power to humans — even those who know the truth of the pack and what the hunt means. Others may give Wolf-Blooded or humans an unequal vote; the votes of five Wolf-Bloods or ten humans have the worth of one Uratha.

Alternative structures also exist. Perhaps the Uratha make the rules, but the non-Uratha can unite to veto objectionable ideas. Such protectorates may find themselves set up for failure, as the resentment of the lesser members of the protectorate boils over. The disaffected humans and Wolf-Blooded without a vote turn on the werewolves — sometimes even taking the drastic step of guiding the enemy through the protectorate's defenses.

More frequently, democratic protectorates use a representative model; each pack selects one representative to sit on the decision-making council. Some allow multiple representatives per pack, perhaps both Uratha and non-Uratha delegates, but maintains equal say for each pack. Some of the most successful democratic protectorates have the fewest Uratha on the council. The council of the Karisimbi protectorate on the Rwandan border is comprised entirely of Wolf-Blooded from the various packs. These councilors argue and debate each pack's interests before voting. They pass the decisions to their packs, but ultimately leave the Uratha free to focus on the hunts decreed by the council.

Ultimately, it is Uratha, Wolf-Blooded, and humans who build protectorates. They favor structures they know, but always adapt these to consider their werewolf competing natures. These adaptations work for the specific packs within that protectorate, and may be ineffective elsewhere. Any structure that tries to balance pack independence with protectorate responsibilities could potentially work. As such, even protectorates following a similar leadership structure are

never identical; each chooses its leaders, responsibilities, and pack disputes in its own way.

Each pack's Hunting Nature (p. 28) similarly impacts relations within protectorates. As each pack works out how to balance human and wolf, this invariably affects the stability and politics of the protectorate.

Protectorates favoring the **wolf** value strength and dominance; they establish which packs have status over their fellows, and who everyone follows when needed. Here, strength doesn't just mean physical might. The hunt requires more than brute strength, and packs with honeyed tongues or faster reactions than their rivals often dominate their more physically powerful, but slower-witted, competitors. Once wolf-dominated protectorates decide which pack is dominant, they leave the constituent packs to live without interference or specific direction. Every pack instinctively knows what the protectorate needs, and each performs its function. This includes knowing when the dominant pack needs to be challenged for leadership for the good of the protectorate.

Human-dominated protectorates favor structures and defined paths of communication. Werewolves come of age within human cultures, and protectorates often display aspects of this upbringing. These protectorates tend to mimic human political structures, including lobbying for support, promises of favors, and preferential treatment for allied backers. Other human-like protectorates favor inherited power structures, where their leaders come from prestigious bloodlines, and specific duties pass from parent to child. Protectorates dominated by human-like packs favor high intrigue, shadowy dealings, and shifting alliances and betrayals within the group.

SIZE AND POPULATION

Protectorates have no defined size or membership, as both aspects depend on the group's circumstances. For some, a high Uratha population and small geographic area gives the protectorate high membership but small individual territories. Both the Forsaken and Pure of Manhattan have formed protectorates to try and limit the intra-pack rivalries that stem from insufficient territory. Both sides know that the other is their most pressing enemy, and understand that their other foes will try to foment tensions to weaken their packs. They present a united front to each other, while within the protectorates the agreed pack boundaries barely keep the werewolves from each other's throats.

In most protectorates, the different packs have their own interests and hunt within their own territories when not performing the protectorate's purpose. Some protectorates have tried to blur the role of pack and territory within the group; building 'special' packs of hand-picked Uratha, Wolf-Blooded, and humans from throughout the protectorate to hunt prey that threatens the entire protectorate. These gestalt packs come to rely on each other as much as their original pack. Uratha instincts are strong, however, and such packs only work temporarily — and then only when the external threat is powerful enough for individuals to agree despite their misgivings. The Betrayed of Basra (**Werewolf: The Forsaken** p. 252) is an example of packs desperate enough to accept this concept.

DIVIDE AND CONQUER

With few exceptions, protectorates are impermanent. Even the longest-surviving groups have no guarantee that the packs won't suffer a major schism and break away from the protectorate. Protectorates tend to last only as long as the packs remember why they're working as one. Most protectorates last less than five years; many endure only a handful of months. Despite the difficulties, some protectorates work for decades — either fighting for ongoing survival against a lingering, difficult to eradicate external threat — or because the protectorate's particular mix of packs and personalities have enough commonalities to keep the relationships strong.

When they do end, protectorates usually dissolve for one of two reasons: either they've eliminated the threat that brought them together, or infighting between packs tears it apart. Although protectorates provide strength through unity, their existence strains against Uratha nature. Most people in a protectorate exist outside any individual werewolf's pack, and therefore the instinct for cautious mistrust is strong.

Shared heritage doesn't automatically make werewolves trust each other. If anything, this makes it worse; apex predators know one another, and they recognize competition for resources, territory, and prey. To many Uratha, the only way to defend against these competitors is to violently expel them from the area and ensure they're too broken and cowed to ever return. Of course, they suppress these instincts for other packs in the protectorate.

Additionally, Uratha divide and classify their existence even more than humans do. Few werewolves care about human prejudices like skin color, religion, or culture. Among the Forsaken, auspice sets divisions deeper than cultural clashes. Each auspice hunts differently. These differences are bone-deep and color an *Urdaga's* every thought and action. An *Irraka* doesn't strike from the shadows because she trained to be silent, or because she wants to be unseen. She *needs* to ambush her prey, to know she can be in the room with him and he never knows her presence until it's too late.

Each auspice understands (or at least accepts) Luna's wisdom in needing the other approaches in the hunt; they begrudgingly admit that their way is not always the preferred outcome. No auspice will admit that their hunt is not the best way, the closest expression of Father Wolf's purpose. Among the pack, these differences give hunts variety, options, and strength. Beyond the pack, they're just people who just don't get it, and can't accept their inferiority. Even those of the same auspice constantly judge one another, test for weakness, and try to assert their superiority. Throughout the protectorate, auspices establish pecking orders that can lead to resentment, ambition, and sometimes sabotage to improve positions within the order.

Beyond the divisions of auspice, tribes give Uratha a difference of quasi-religious opinion backed by immense spiritual imperative. Each Firstborn is a prideful spirit of immense power, which trickles down to their tribe — the certain belief of which prey is most important and which rituals and taboos a werewolf must observe. Beyond this, the hatred between

Anshega and *Urdaga* is a void rarely bridged, and then only temporarily. Few Uratha question this difference — the other side is clearly wrong — therefore, hatred is justified. Despite appearances of unity, both Pure and Forsaken have division within and between their member tribes. These animosities rarely flare enough to start civil war within a faction.

Many protectorates also fail because of simple naïveté. Few individuals have the political acumen, strength of character, and understanding of Uratha tensions to even forge a new protectorate, let alone a strong group that can endure the challenges before it. Good intentions tend to fade before the needs of werewolves, which draw from both the wolf and human natures, but are both more intense, and less forgiving, than either.

Whether division comes from instinctual or spiritual sources, or more mundane disputes of pack and prey, the underlying mistrust leads to a slow buildup of tension within every member of the protectorate. Uratha feel the tension as a nagging, unscratchable itch beneath their skin that they can only remove by violently rejecting the cause. Even the more diluted instincts of the Wolf-Blooded feel the essential wrongness of the situation; they see the strain on 'their' werewolves. Although few humans are consciously aware of their role in the pack, they feel an ever-growing sense of unease, and they know something isn't working as it should, but don't know what.

These tensions affect every protectorate, but they don't lead to instant dissolution. The Uratha purchase temporary relief through diversions related to their nature and the hunt. Few protectorates fail while strong prey persists; the ongoing pursuit of the prey provides an outlet to relieve the social and spiritual pressures.

Protectorates formed from tribes with alternative balancing and coping mechanisms tend to be more enduring. Fire-Touched protectorates use religious ceremonies, fiery sacrifices, and rituals of spiritual fervor to release irritations between packs. The Iron Masters take human coping mechanisms and adapt them for werewolf use. Organized social functions, inter-pack sporting competitions — even trusted psychologists and therapy sessions — have all been used to varying success.

Bone Shadows summon spirits to act as ritual prey. The *Hirfathra Hissu* promise the spirit favors and Essence if it leads the protectorate on a good hunt. The Uratha don't care that so many of these spirits deviate from the ritual, enticed by the pleasures of the physical world. This just gives the Bone Shadows a genuine hunt, and real competition between the packs to be the ones who score the kill.

Ivory Claws favor a 'time-out'. The *Tzuumfin* usually have various schemes — besides the protectorate — that require their attention. The *Anshega* rarely even have to discuss the need for a break; they all know when the time comes. The packs break off contact with one another and concentrate on their own interests, free from the pressures of the protectorate. For the period of the time-out, the protectorate effectively ceases to exist. Packs may fight and vie for territory and resources. They may trespass on each other's interests in furthering their plots, with no more care than they would have for any other rival. Yet the

protectorate waits beneath all this. When the Ivory Claws again instinctively feel that the pressure has subsided, they respect the duties and boundaries of the protectorate, and temporarily forget whatever slights they inflicted upon their fellow packs.

Protectorates of mixed-tribe packs, or from packs of different tribes, draw upon their differences to maintain cohesion when the protectorate achieves its primary goal. Multiple tribes mean different favored prey and different philosophies. Protectorates that form to eradicate one specific prey often (understandably) focus less on other threats within the protectorate. By the time the prime target dies, these lesser evils have often had time to sink their tendrils into the protectorate's territories, and hide themselves from the Uratha. The protectorate — and individual territories — benefits from having experts to call upon to help eliminate the new threats. Packs whose territory is destabilized by an unfamiliar prey know who to call upon for advice, specialized Gifts and rites — or rarely, to directly hunt the prey in exchange for favors and other considerations within protectorate politics.

Mixed Forsaken protectorates also give Uratha of the same auspice but different tribes access to each other. They ease protectorate tensions by forming cliques to discuss the ways each tribe approaches the auspice. Though Ithaeur concentrate on spirits regardless of tribe, the experiences and approaches of the Bone Shadows are very different to that of the Hunters in Darkness. Neither Spirit Master would disclose tribal secrets, but exploring their differences can make both more effective at their role.

Regardless of how protectorates deal with the tensions between packs, these diversions are always temporary in the absence of purpose. Without a clear enemy to fight, shared or adjacent territories to protect, or a mystery to solve, the protectorate will eventually dissolve into its component packs. The wolf must hunt, and this core instinct rarely allows the luxury of friendship and shared understanding outside the pack. Protectorates form for the hunt; when the hunt is complete, the protectorate is unnecessary.

Sometimes the protectorate's enemies understand this weakness and use it against the Uratha. These prey know that if they bide their time and avoid the attentions of the hunters, the werewolves will turn upon each other, and make themselves more vulnerable as individual packs.

LODGES

The darkness beyond the curtain beckons.

Lucy sets her jaw as teeth lengthen, feels her flesh crawl and bones wrench as muscle warps and knots, and steps through. A deep inhalation with senses now honed far beyond human, and she immediately regrets it — the air is too hot, too heavy with thick incense beneath which the tantalizing scents of sweat, drugs, and blood all simmer and seethe. Other throats stir the air in the darkness; growls and mutterings of sacred syllables.

She is alone and vulnerable, surrounded in the absolute gloom.

Powerful claws seize her arms and dig into her flesh. She feels the hot streams of blood, hears them anointing the cobbles around her feet. She hisses, but fights down the urge to roar and lash out. This is sacred ground.

The claws pull Lucy forwards as the incense fills her lungs. A spark pierces her fume-muddled thoughts, turning into a flame cupped in a gnarled hand. The light reveals little more than the talon and the toothsome grin of the ritemaster. Her world is darkness and her heartbeat and a slice of yellow fang and red tongue.

Something heavy is placed on Lucy's brow, and twisted fingers appear from the gloom before her face, daubing cold and oily trails on her cheeks and throat. The haze of the incense dances and swirls, and she knows it's not the drugs making the patterns of meaning appear. Something powerful is here, watching her. Judging her.

A gleaming plate appears in the light of the cupped flame, its silver smeared with crimson.

"To be reformed as a talon of righteousness, you must first be broken. To be raised up from dust, you must first be ground to dust. Partake, and fall, so you can be remade with virtue alone."

Lucy swallows hard and reaches out to the plate with a trembling hand. She picks up the first of the severed fingers, and raises it to her mouth.

BROTHERHOODS OF THE WOLF

The pack is the beating heart of Uratha society. The Tribes are the flesh and muscle, fed by all that blood, and adrenaline, and hunger. It takes more than that to make a predator, though. The gristle and cartilage, the sinew and guts are the Lodges — secretive cults and frenzied sects of the hunt.

Lodges hone the chase and the kill to holy perfection. They delve deeper into the divine nature of the hunt than the broad prey urges of the Tribes. Some Lodges relentlessly hound a refined palette of quarry, like the pale barghests of the Lodge of Death, who tear wraiths apart and rip the souls from the undying. Other Lodges believe profound, bloody revelation is in the chase, or the environment, or the way fangs tear flesh at the climax of the kill. Each Lodge teaches its members the sacred mysteries of the hunt that it has gathered, forging a band of dedicated predators.

Members of a Lodge are called adherents or *estha*. Every adherent has undergone sacred and often bloody initiation rites binding her to a powerful totem — a spirit that serves as the spine of the Lodge and embodies its purpose. She reinforces the bonds of fellowship with other adherents through shared traditions and secrets, building trust and fanaticism. She works tirelessly to uphold the Lodge's tenets and serve its agenda. A Lodge is not a simple fraternity or mortal 'secret society' excusing nepotistic networking and partying. A Lodge is a cult.

Lodges offer Uratha a sense of belonging to something both larger than the pack and more focused than the Tribe. Adherence to a Lodge opens up the horizon of the hunt beyond the everyday concerns of territory and struggle, bringing purpose and direction and the thrill of revelations. When an Uratha joins a Lodge, she is offering herself up to a greater cause, exchanging her faith and service for meaning and place. For a werewolf who finds herself adrift in the world, a Lodge can provide her with answers that make sense of the violence and madness of Uratha existence.

SECRETS

Nine wolves wearing the skins of men gather in a bare office to pull cards from a battered old deck; the dingy lamps spark and blink as the cards spell out the name of the prey. On a windswept hill, tatters of cloth flutter from the branches of the ancient tree; supplicants gather at its foot to scratch sigils into the bark and feed the roots with the blood of a fresh kill. Predators sit in a circle under the new moon, sharing their gravest secrets in quiet whispers; they bare their souls to each other to forge trust through mutual vulnerability.

Lodges are bound together by secrets and faith. Blood, heresy, and spiritual pacts are a part and parcel of any Lodge; adherents enter the fold through the sharing of mysteries and transgressions. Joining a Lodge is hard. Leaving a Lodge is harder.

The initiation and the tenets of belief that a Lodge imposes on an adherent are not empty or cynical tools. Lodge initiation involves communion with the spirit totem, an experience that leaves scars on soul and flesh and ties the adherent fully to the cult. This bond requires strengthening and maintenance through symbolism and spiritual power, and many of the strange ceremonies and taboos that a Lodge yokes its adherents with serve precisely that purpose.

Lodges are often laden with other alliances, pacts and traditions that have real power. The rites performed in a basement under a bloated harvest moon may appease an old, shuddering spirit to which the Lodge is in debt, or might maintain an oath protecting the werewolves from a foe's wrath. By bringing the carcass of each kill to a disused warehouse, are the adherents shaping the resonance there to suit their sacred rites, or is it

bloody sanctification repeated across a dozen similar sites to keep an ancient horror bound beneath the earth?

From initiation into a Lodge's ranks — and sometimes even before that — the adherent is treated as raw material to be honed. Tenets, traditions, and dogma are used to reinforce this reshaping. Novices hunt over and over again, mentored by veteran Lodge members or spirit-servants of the totem. Fierce training regimens, both physical and mental, purge weakness from adherents. Lodges use shared transgressions to enforce trust and camaraderie. Some Lodges that hunt the most terrifying of prey go even further, seeking to fully break down and rebuild a werewolf's emotions and mentality.

The Lodge's greatest secrets are those pertaining to the hunt. The cults closely guard rites, mystical knowledge of eldritch prey, the art of building powerful fetishes, or simply the accumulated lore of generations of predators. They jealously hoard such knowledge.

Many Lodges are mystery cults. An outsider observing the practices of a Lodge's fanatical adherents will see strange beliefs and philosophies, but ones that are acceptable for the mainstream of Uratha society — the principles of warrior perfection that the Garmir relentlessly pursue, or the strange obsessions with transition across the boundary between life and death of the Lodge of Death. However, Lodges inevitably possess more questionable tenets as well, which they carefully guard. Rumors abound that the Lodge of Thunder practices Essence-alchemy and the ritual consumption of Hive-Claimed corpses. Everyone knows the Tenders of the Fang have strange beliefs about the role of Wolf-Blooded, but the Lodge works



hard to keep anyone from knowing just what they do to ‘save’ the souls of their victims.

Some cults are outright blasphemous and malign. Since Lodges tend towards the secretive, these cancerous sects can fester and suppurate for generations before discovery. A rare few profane Lodges are so powerful or influential that they can exist openly, such as the decadent Temple of Apollo found across Europe or the twisted Daoism of the monstrous Cull in China. Most, though, are like the Wound-tainted Lodge of the Blue Moon or the void-eaten Hollow Rivers — sects of lunatics hiding their grotesque crimes behind ritual, ceremony, and respectability.

BURDENS

A fellow adherent turns up on the werewolf’s doorstep in the middle of the night, dripping with blood and hauling a crimson-stained bag that he needs rid of urgently — it’s Lodge business. The Lodge totem sends rats into an adherent’s home; they writhe and erupt in a bloom of viscera on the carpet, a grotesque tangle of guts that spells out the spirit’s demands. Ignoring the dancing little vermin that writhe and die around his feet doesn’t help; they just follow him to his place of work. A horror that wears human faces like trophies is on the prowl and so the Protectorate turns to the cultist of the Lodge of the Unmasked, demanding she hunt it down *now* despite her protests that she needs time to prepare. Someone needs to guard the Lodge’s storehouse of knowledge. Someone needs to clear up the carnage when a human stumbles upon it, and tangle the human investigations up in enough paperwork and blood to bring it all crashing to a halt.

A Lodge doesn’t just stand on the front line against the enemies of the Forsaken, it *defines* that front line. A Pure elder fears the champion of the Lodge of Garm, so *Anshega* assassins hunt her directly. An *Iminir* initiated into the mysteries of the Crows finds fear-spirits threatening his family before he even undertakes his first Sacred Hunt with the Lodge. In Ghana, the Lodge of the Firefly fights a constant war against the blood-sucking *adze*, monstrosities who hold no atrocity as too grave to commit in the name of victory. Adherents cannot be lax or laid back; a Lodge’s enemies will not wait on a hunter to be ready for battle.

SCHISMS AND SPLINTERS

Fracture lines of rivalries, feuds, and arguments thread through a Lodge. Splinter factions and hidden heresies nestle in the embrace of the totem’s bond. The factions of a Lodge, called schisms, are often hidden. Given the secretive and insular nature of Lodges, sometimes the schism’s members are the only people aware it exists at all. Other schisms are an open secret, or even accepted by the wider Lodge as a valid interpretation of its tenets. The White and Red Banners of the Lodge of Death are Chinese schisms that exert control over dealings with the unquiet dead amongst local Bone Shadows; Lodge members from elsewhere would recognize each Banner as simply championing a particular tenet of the cult.

Some schisms are tantamount to independent Lodges in their own right. The Blood-Talon-dominated Cerberus Mandate are a violent splinter faction of the Lodge of Death

that the rest of the cult has little leash over, but the totem still extends its patronage to them — presumably because they continue to serve some aspect of its agenda. Such fracture lines can break down entirely when a schism pushes too hard or diverges too far, such as among the Lodge of Harmony in Mumbai. Harmonious Ones there have decided the city’s Gauntlet is beyond redemption, and made pacts with sea and swamp with the aim of drowning the island city district. The Lodge of Harmony has declared this new Ulhas Lodge as an outright heresy, encouraging other Harmonious Ones to confront and defeat the schismatics.

THE PACK

Lodge adherents hold an uneasy place within the pack. Most werewolves are eager enough for the benefits that a cultist packmate brings: expertise in specific hunts, rites, and spiritual power, Renown, and Influence—but these advantages are marred by questions of trust and loyalty.

Lodges bring social connections and respect to the pack. Other Uratha may hesitate before laying down a challenge to a Lodge member, fearing her prowess or the wrath of her fellows. Broods of spirits allied with—or afraid of—the Lodge totem are more inclined to negotiate with the Uratha. Where an adherent’s Lodge is held in high regard or she possesses talents that the Protectorates and Tribes have need of, the pack can barter her skill and aid for greater influence or favors. This can sometimes be a double-edged sword. A pack including a crusader of the Lodge of Swords is likely to find itself thrust into the limelight when the Pure attack, even if the pack would really rather not be.

The adherent herself must face a harsh reality. The edge that she brings to the pack is balanced against the rift that opens between her and her fellows. She knows of secrets and schemes that boil at the Lodge’s heart but no matter how much she burns to, she cannot tell her packmates, and they must not pry. She disappears off to partake in hidden rites, meets outsider Uratha who belong to rival packs, and comes home wounded or with someone else’s blood all over her. She lusts to pursue the Lodge’s sacred prey, obsessing over that instead of the pack’s priorities. The others know she gives part of herself over to the Lodge. A bitter question lingers — when it comes to the crunch, can her pack trust her?

Two pack members both join the same Lodge and form a clique in their pack. The two shut out other pack members from their decisions, or try and force the wider pack to fall in line with their own plans. In another pack, every werewolf belongs to a different Lodge; clashes of ideology lead to long-running, unsolvable arguments, while rivalries between Lodges cause angrier confrontations to flare up. In both cases, these sorts of social pressures can result in ugly and violent tests of loyalty.


A third pack is made up of adherents of one Lodge — a powerful weapon for the cult. Their totem, however, is assertive and takes poorly to competition for *its* Uratha; lesser spirit followers of each totem first begin to try and curry favor with the werewolves, then start outright fighting each other wherever the pack goes. Another, similar pack has a totem that is a vassal of the Lodge, avoiding such a problem; but



LODGES AND OTHER SUPERNATURAL BEINGS

Lodges sometimes cross paths with the other supernatural creatures that haunt the world. Some Lodges take these beings as their favored prey; others find allies with like-minded monsters. A Lodge never includes other supernatural beings in its ranks, for a Lodge can only share its holy bond with the inheritors of the sacred hunt.

A Lodge totem usually has a retinue of spiritual servants and minions: messengers, enforcers, and helpers that can aid adherents. The Lodge of Death collects bottled ghosts, assembling echoing vaults of incarcerated dead for questioning or experimentation. Wily Crows catch fae-tainted humans or false-men of sticks and leaves in their nets of favor and bargain, forcing them to use strange powers for the Lodge's own ends. The Lodge of the Screaming Moon coerces or conscripts primordial beings of fear to serve as nightmare weapons. When the Lodge of the Cage turns out the prisons of their Place-That-Is-Not stronghold, they unleash gibbering and shrieking sorcerers with mutilated souls who spit fire and shout apart reality. Supernatural beings bound to Lodges are usually tools or victims, rarely friends, and never equals.



their monomaniacal focus on the Lodge's sacred prey takes precedence over all other concerns and no voice of wisdom exists to rein the Uratha in from excesses.

LODGES AND THE FORSAKEN

The fractured ranks of the Forsaken are fertile ground for Lodges to flourish in; a tangle of conspiracies and cults bickering over influence, secrets, and power. Lodges provide a vital role in producing specialists and experts on specific prey, girded with the tools and knowledge needed to deal with a threat. Bartering and trading favors around a Lodge's aid is part and parcel of tribal and pack politics amongst the *Urdaga*, with loyalties, alliances, and feuds built around them. When a human corporation buys up vital territory, Uratha turn to the Lodge of Scrolls for aid. A Scribe sets to work foiling the land purchase, then gives the pack the name of the executive who needs to die to prevent a repeat. A humbled Protectorate turns to proud, independent packs amongst whom the Lodge of Voices has adherents. It bows its head to the Vessels with offerings of talens and favors, and in return they bring their aid and their lore to bear against a raging ancestral spirit running riot through the Shadow.

In the fluid and pack-centric culture of the Forsaken, Lodges fill important social functions beyond the hunt and the kill. Lodge adherents often fall into castes and vocations, expected to take on ceremonial or shamanic duties. Cultists may have to handle a particular facet of human or spiritual society so that other Uratha don't have to. Garmir across central Europe and India have a traditional role serving as bodyguards to elder Uratha during the war against the Pure — in part because such service is likely to bring them into battle against the elders' Pure counterparts. The Lodge of Death often serve as funerary priests, letting adherents watch over the last breaths of dying Uratha with minimal interference and without being labeled as ghouls or vultures. The Cherufe in Chile deal with their violent spiritual namesakes, but they also handle the transport and trade of powerful fetishes up and down the country. Uratha seek out Jaw Hags not just for their eldritch prowess but to trade for specific resonances of Essence that the cultists keep.

Tribes provide the Forsaken with networks of contacts and communication, but the links between Lodge members are often more personal and direct. A pack needs help with a strange old spirit; a request sent through the Lodge of Voices is far more likely to give a relevant answer than a broad cry for help to all the Bone Shadows across a region. Lodges supplement modern forms of communication with spiritual messengers, First Tongue glyphs, objects that hold deep meaning to the initiated, and other, weirder techniques. The Lodge of the Screaming Moon listen to the shrieks of the mad for the echoes of fellow adherents' messages; the Wendigo carve messages into carriers with fetish blades, the wounds only blossoming into crimson literature when the courier reaches the intended recipient.

Sometimes, Lodges are responsible for more than just the spread of information; they cause *movement*. The Lodge of Death has declared *guhuh-gasgal*, pilgrimages of adherents to regions of mass death through war, disease, or natural disaster to try and deal with the tidal wave of unleashed ghosts and walking corpses. Dozens of pale hounds form temporary packs to undo the damage. Nomadic packs entirely dedicated to the Lodge of Swords relocate between warzones on the hunt for the Pure. In past eras, the Lodge of Seasons issued the call for the Harvest of Shards when the year blessed humanity with bountiful harvests, which were inevitably accompanied by surges in the number of Hosts. Hunt-hungry elder werewolves would heed the call of the Harvest from hundreds of leagues away for a chance to partake.

Some Lodges are strongly associated with a particular Tribe, its philosophies, or its prey, but it is extremely rare for a Lodge to exclusively recruit from that Tribe alone. If a candidate has the fervor for the Lodge's cause and the lust for its chosen prey, the cult cares little that the Uratha has the patronage of a different Firstborn. Lodges are often more selective when it comes to Ghost Wolves, holding them up to a higher standard to make up for their lack of Tribal devotion.

The greatest of the Lodges associated with Tribes are the Pillars — ancient societies spun from the earliest days after the Sundering, with adherents across the world. Pillars are the spine of the Tribes, providing leaders, chieftains, and visionaries. Pillars use the Tribes to reach out across the world in pursuit of the Lodge's

SACRED PREY OF THE TRIBAL PILLARS

Each Tribe of the Forsaken possesses three Pillars, great Lodges representing its main factions and philosophies. The Pillars are ancient and well-established, and adherentsexist in most Uratha populations of significant size.

BLOOD TALONS

- The Lodge of Garm hunt the elders and champions of the Pure, werewolves with great primal power.
- The Lodge of Swords hunt entire packs, preferring to see individual werewolves as threads within the larger tapestry of war.
- The Wendigo use terror and stealth to hunt weak and vulnerable werewolves, preying on them to spread fear and weakness amongst the foe.

BONE SHADOWS

- The Lodge of Death hunt ghosts, the undead, and those who would live beyond their allotted time.
- The Lodge of Harbingers hunt marauding spirits that rove from place to place, those that spread destruction and maledictions, or that bear baleful messages.
- The Lodge of Prophecy hunt powerful spirits that their omens show are fated to be dangerous.

HUNTERS IN DARKNESS

- The Lodge of Harmony hunt Hosts in the earliest stages of their infestations, seeking to prevent the Azlu and Beshilu from ever causing damage.

- The Lodge of the Seasons hunt Hosts through attuning themselves to the natural cycles of the world, letting the Uratha heal the damage done by their prey.

- The Lodge of Wrath hunt interlopers who intrude upon sacred places.

IRON MASTERS

- The Lodge of Arms hunt human warriors, foes who are skilled with the tools of war
- The Lodge of Lightning hunt down humans whose actions galvanize the society around them in dangerous ways; in the modern age, the Lodge concerns itself a great deal with technology.
- The Lodge of Scrolls hunt humans who arm themselves not with weaponry but with knowledge and influence, especially those who possess eldritch lore.

STORM LORDS

- The Lodge of Crows hunt their prey through the spider-web of their contacts and influence, patient and hidden.
- The Lodge of Thunder hunt the most powerful of Claimed, in particular the terrifying Hive-Claimed.
- The Lodge of Winter hunt possessed of all kinds, shattering the chains that bind entities to their victims.

agenda. The Lodge of Arms, gleefully matching wits with the greatest warriors and killers of humankind, do more than just brutally cull troublesome soldiers; they revere and honor their prey, drawing strength from them. Not only does the Tribe's more militant wing lean heavily on the Lodge for direction, but Iron Masters find cultists contacting them on the search for weapons that killed famous human warriors and commanders.

Lesser Lodges may have a mere handful of adherents across an entire country. Some are concentrated in a specific locale, concerned only with the prey and conditions of an immediate hunting ground. Few approach the sheer scope of the Pillars. The jaw-cracking, tooth-stealing Jaw Hags are so rare that

would-be initiates usually need the help of the Lodge totem to find a mentor. The Prince Bishop's Wolves hold vigil over a particular bound spirit in County Durham and hunt down those who answer its wailing, psychic call to set it free. With such an all-consuming duty, they have little reason to look beyond northern England. The Lodge of the Shield started as a few Iron Masters in the LAPD using the department to help hunt human quarry; now it has slowly spread, stalking amongst criminals and prisoners in pursuit of its prey. The Lodge of the Throne has always been focused on Thailand since its inception centuries ago in Ayutthaya, with only occasional travelers bringing splinters of the Lodge to farther monarchical countries.

Lodges can grow to dominate a region. Whether through their sacred prey being a major threat or sheer numbers of adherents, such Lodge-controlled cultures are usually unstable. Many are victims of their own success; the threat the Lodge hunts becomes overwhelmed and reduced, and thus the need for the Lodge diminishes.

New Orleans is an example of such a rise to power. The Uratha in the city can set their calendars to the yearly swarms of *Beshilu* that have emerged since Hurricane Katrina. The Shard-eating hunters of the Lodge of the Seven Venoms have turned from pariahs shunned for their self-mutilating practices into saviors and heroes in the fight against the fetid Hosts. The Lodge's success means that the totem itself has turned its attention to the region, dispatching spiritual servants to conquer the city's Shadow. The Bone Shadows have little option but to acquiesce in the face of the Seven Venoms' power, but the bigger threat to the Lodge might be from within. Other branches of the Lodge grow discontented with the attention and favor their totem is giving to New Orleans, while neglecting its followers elsewhere.

PACKS, LODGES, AND TRIBES

What is a Lodge but a pack with wider horizons, its members all bound by a totem just as a pack is? What is a Tribe but a Lodge that has grown vast and bloated?

This is a simplification, but some Lodges do grow from packs with very strong goals and beliefs and an equally dedicated spirit totem. Equally, Lodges exist that attempt to reach the same spiritual might as the great Tribes of the Forsaken and the Pure.

Some of these Lodges are made up of Ghost Wolves who have found defining beliefs or sacred prey and who wish to be raised up as equals to the Tribes, such as the Eaters of the Dead. Others are discontented with the Tribes or follow beliefs that are considered blasphemous, such as the Lodge of the Field of Dogs. A rare few ancient conspiracies claim to stem back to factions that existed before the Great Predator was slain, when the Tribes were nothing but vague ideas. The secretive *Kazithaga*, also called the Lodge of Irkalla, have the same Sacred Prey as the Iron Masters but with a very different goal. The Lodge believes that *Urfarah* might return to the world, but first they must cast innumerable human souls into the Underworld to balance the cosmic scales. If the *Kazithaga* had their way, they would be a Tribe in open warfare against all humanity, bringing about an apocalyptic slaughter to rebirth a dead god.

Lodges clash for the same reasons packs fight: resources, insults, grudges, and the spiritual demands of totems. Since Lodges usually survive for longer than any pack will, some cults possess entire litanies of wrongs and feuds that are passed from generation to generation, overseen by undying and angry spirits. It's harder for a Lodge to pull its adherents together to fight cohesively against a rival than it is for a pack, though, so Lodges often resort to fighting through proxies. One Lodge pushes its adherents to have their packs harass and raid the territories of those packs with rival cultists in their ranks. Another has Irraka adherents plan and execute a daring raid on a Lodge's storehouse that includes a sacred relic

REGIONAL VARIATIONS

Plenty of Lodges are close kindred, sharing sacred prey or ideals, but having emerged separately from each other in different regions. This is even true of the great Pillars of the Tribes — the Wendigo roam throughout the Americas, but in portions of Europe and Africa it is the Matagot who fulfill the same Tribal role and hunt the same prey.

Most such Lodges consider regional variations to be allies and friends but rarely, they do clash. This is usually due to what outsiders would consider as minute differences in doctrine or minor conflicts over resources. For the adherents involved, it is serious enough to fight or even kill over. The mad Lodge of the Clocktower and the bizarre, twisted Tindalos fight a relentless cold war of scheming, paranoia and occasional murder even as both sides hunt prey that meddles with the natural order of time itself.

of the Great Predator that both Lodges have been bickering over. A third gathers the Lodge under spiritually auspicious phases of the moon, summoning up the Shadow enemies of the rival Lodge and offering them empowering pacts.

THE LODGE TOTEM

The totem spirit of the Lodge serves as its heart and soul. Each adherent joins the Lodge through the agonizing bond of her initiation. This fusion of flesh, Essence, and zeal forges an intense, personal link — even with the most distant and awe-inspiring of totemic patrons. Totems take an active and deeply interested role as guides and exemplars for the cult, watching closely over its affairs.

How this attentiveness manifests depends on the spirit's nature, but a Lodge member always feels the totem's presence or attention the same way — perhaps as a dull ache where the spirit marked her during her initiation. Infinite Facets Reflected warps and twists an adherent's reflection in the mirror, turning it into a grotesque phantasm that smears messages on the gleaming glass in ephemeral blood. The Hrafnir leave dead birds on the doorstep of Lodge members as a sign that it is time for the cult to meet; ravens with uncanny intelligence watch over adherents as a sign of Hrafnir favor. Unchained Lightning hijacks phones and radios to spit its crackling demands at its followers. Plenty of totems use vassal spirit-messengers to deliver their desires to individual Lodge members; however, it is common for totems to actively manifest in the Flesh during larger Lodge gatherings. Wary or distant totems possess adherents, riding them as mouthpieces to the rest of the Lodge.

A typical totem is a scheming, planning, ambitious creature, and gains a great deal from being bound to a Lodge. The bond offers a steady stream of Essence, freeing the totem from the basic necessities of survival and allowing it to pursue its own agenda. Totems garner significant prestige amongst the courts of the Shadow, and no small share of new friends — and enemies. The spirit can wield a small army of werewolves as a tool to bring plans to fruition. This doesn't mean that a totem necessarily treats cultists as a mere means to an end; most totems build very strong relationships with those adherents who most exemplify their symbolism or best align with their goals.

To an outsider, the demands and instructions that a totem spirit inflicts on its adherents can seem insane. To a cultist steeped in the Lodge's mysteries, they are filled with meaning. Kill ten humans and lay their livers out on the rooftop of the old dinner, demands an avian spirit messenger. The carnage and the carrion causes a swell of Essence and resonance, empowering the spirit's servants and fatefully bringing a rare bird to the site that the totem needs for a rite. Adherents steal into the cemetery at night and dig up every grave of the name of Allen — one of the cadavers holds a family's warped secrets in the marrow of its bones. Under every full moon, cultists ceremonially swallow an eyeball plucked from a victim — everything that the eye has seen is passed on to the lore-hoarding amanuensis-spirit that the adherents serve.

It is extremely rare to forcibly bind a totem, a dangerous ploy likely to result in madness and death amongst adherents. Most totems willingly enter the bond, and some even seek out the establishment of a Lodge — probably because they want a retinue of shapeshifters to aid them — or because they have encountered werewolves who are paragons of what the spirit stands for.

Just because a Lodge exists amongst the Forsaken, however, does not mean that the totem is aligned with the broader goals of the *Urdaga*. A totem is focused first and foremost on its own desires and goals, quite possibly at the expense of Forsaken and Pure alike. Some totems will demand ritualized murders of Uratha who foil the Lodge's schemes, make treaties with the enemies of the Forsaken, or refuse to give out critical information that could save lives unless it serves the spirit's own purposes. A totem drawn from the broods and courts of the Firstborn may seem more trustworthy, but even these spirits can end up pursuing plans that cost the Forsaken gravely.

JOINING A LODGE

A woman steps into the blazing flames of a bonfire; smoke and embers pour into her lungs in a stream of searing Essence. A wolf-in-sheep's-clothing shifts uncomfortably in front of the panel of stern-faced executives; sweat pours down his neck as he picks up the pen and feels the barbs dig into his fingers, dripping crimson oaths onto the human-skin parchment. A van door flies open and the wolf is booted out of the back, tumbling in a heap; he has a name carved into his hide, that of the prey whose heart he must eat before the sun rises.

Becoming an adherent can be dangerous, draining, and in some cases frankly quite disturbing. Every Lodge has its

ADHERENTS AND POSSESSION

Adherents always count as Resonant for the Lodge totem, and the totem may add its Rank to any dice pools to attempt to urge, influence, or outright possess an adherent of its Lodge.

Some werewolves are understandably hesitant to let even a Lodge totem use them as a vessel in this way. Totems that practice such possession tend to pitch it as a mystical tradition or holy blessing.

own trials and tests an initiate must face. Some are simple tests of endurance or battle-skill; some are terrifying and possibly suicidal if the initiate's nerve breaks or she is not prepared for the challenge. These trials ensure an Uratha is of the right mettle and personality for the cult, weeding out the weak.

The first step in joining a Lodge involves finding an adherent and asking for admittance. This might be a challenge in and of itself; one adherent might live somewhere remote or dislike being found, while another takes it as her duty to berate and beat any would-be Lodge member in order to winnow out the insincere immediately. If the werewolf doesn't know of any adherents in the area, he will have to turn to the spirits. Even then, the nearest potential mentor could be hundreds of miles away, demanding a dangerous journey into foreign hunting grounds. Such risk does come with reward; adherents look upon this sort of effort as worthy of respect and a sure sign of dedication to the cause.

Some Lodges grant each adherent the authority and autonomy to set tests and trials for an applicant but others have formulaic or traditional challenges. The cult may require the supplicant to pass judgment by several members in good standing rather than just one, or even call a grand meeting or festival around an initiation. Modern-minded cults like the Lodge of Scrolls will run a full set of background checks on the initiate. The supplicant could even find himself in front of an international panel of cultists, as if he were applying for a high-powered business role at a Fortune 500 company.

While some Lodges simply demand that the Uratha run a gauntlet or survive a spiritual test then move promptly to initiation, usually the Lodge puts the initiate through a period of apprenticeship or teaching. This lets a mentor assess whether the werewolf is going to be a good fit for the Lodge, and also offers a chance to ensure that the Uratha is equipped with all the needed knowledge and power that the Lodge demands. Almost every pale hound of the Lodge of Death is scarred with the Gift of Death itself, but not every applicant yet possesses such spiritual power; thus Lodge mentors ensure

that an initiate seeks out or hunts an appropriate spirit during apprenticeship. In some cases, the teaching and assessment of such a training period is the real trial, and any final challenge is simply a formality that the initiate should trivially pass.

The actual initiation is a primal and powerful experience. It is not enough to simply mouth some words of loyalty or carve the flesh with a claim to Lodge membership. The Lodge totem itself manifests in some way; for most initiates, this will be their first encounter with the spirit, and every single adherent meets her patron in this way. Just like receiving a Gift from a spirit, the totem must wreak changes on the Essence and flesh of the new adherent; it spills its own Essence into the supplicant through these wounds, forming the totem bond. This admixture of Essence is an agonizing and euphoric sensation, heavily tinted by the nature of the spirit itself. Thereafter, the adherent gains all the strengths and weaknesses of the Lodge bond, and can undertake the Lodge's sacred hunt.

SINEW & GRISTLE

Lodges use the following rules and systems.

TOTEM

The totem spirit of a Lodge is always at least Rank 2. Most are Rank 3 or greater, with Rank 2 totems occurring when a once-powerful spirit has weakened from its former stature. A Rank 1 spirit is simply too weak to maintain a bond of the strength that a Lodge requires.

The totem is aware of the rough location of all adherents. If an adherent dies, the totem senses it as a faint ache when the spiritual bond severs. The totem is completely aware of the location, health and emotional state of all adherents within a hundred yards.

The spirit receives a steady stream of power on a daily basis, depending on the size and influence of its Lodge:

- For a local Lodge, or one of up to twenty members, the totem receives 3 Essence per day.
- For a moderately powerful Lodge of up to one hundred members, the totem receives 5 Essence per day and an additional dot of Influence.
- For the most widespread Lodges, such as the Tribal Pillars, the totem receives 10 Essence per day and 2 additional dots of Influence.

BONDS

The spiritual bond of a Lodge gives the Uratha a connection that is as vital and primal as the beat of her own heart's blood — a shared link to the totem and her fellow cultists. An adherent who is within her Primal Urge in yards of another Uratha can attempt to sense if the werewolf is part of her Lodge. Doing so requires a successful Wits + Primal Urge roll; Uratha who wish to conceal their allegiance can contest this roll with their Resolve + Primal Urge.

All adherents of a Lodge bear the three marks of the totem bond — the Blessing, the Aspiration and the Ban.

- **Blessing:** Every adherent gains a specific benefit. Unlike the close link of a pack totem, a Lodge blessing cannot grant additional dots in Skills, Attributes, Merits, or Specialties. Lacking the deep resonance of the Firstborn, the Lodge blessing cannot offer Gift affinities or other sorts of Experience cost discount. Lodge blessings are esoteric, specialized, and strange.
- **Aspiration:** The adherent gains an additional Aspiration; this is one of the Lodge totem's own Aspirations. Neither adherent nor spirit is automatically aware of the Aspiration — or that it exists at all — although observation might reveal that Lodge members tend towards a particular agenda. Some Lodges are fully aware of the totem's link imparting a given desire or urge to them; adherents may embrace it, such as the battle-hungry Lodge of Arms. Some fight it, such as the fire-spirit-battling Lodge of Embers (whose totem they are bound to imprison) or the drug-fueled Dream-Eaters (who know that they can so easily slip from necessity to excess).
- **Ban:** The adherent gains a ban that is specific to the Lodge. This reflects the Ban of the totem itself; it may not be exactly the same if the spirit's ban is impossible for a werewolf to uphold, but it will be a close approximation thereof. Flouting and breaking this ban not only has direct consequences for the offending Uratha, but will likely raise the ire of the totem as well. A Lodge member who disregards the totem's ban once will suffer it as a Ban Condition. Breaching the ban again while under the Condition results in the Lodge's Blessing being revoked for the Condition's duration.

THE SACRED HUNT

Every Lodge possesses its own refinement of the Sacred Hunt. An adherent who conducts the Sacred Hunt rite can choose the Lodge's Sacred Hunt benefit rather than her tribal benefit when applying the *Siskur-Dah* Condition. This is a choice, and she can use her tribal benefit instead if she desires. The Lodge benefit applies to all werewolves affected by the rite, not just Lodge members.

LORE OF THE LODGE

An adherent gains access to the hoarded resources of his Lodge: its repertoire of hunting traditions, secrets, and armaments. Lodges can offer special training, unusual rites, potent fetishes, and the like.

A Lodge usually possesses at least one rite, merit, or other advantage that an adherent can learn or gain, acquired at the usual cost in Experiences. Oaths, honor, and secrecy mean that teaching the sacred arts and mysteries of a Lodge to a werewolf who is not an adherent is a grave crime; the mentor who breaks the sacred trust of his Lodge in this way suffers a Breaking Point towards Flesh, and the totem immediately becomes aware of his transgression. Even then, a non-adherent being taught in this way faces three times the usual cost in Experiences for the advantage. Plundering the secrets of a Lodge is an expensive and risky endeavor.

Non-adherents *can* make and use the unusual fetishes that a Lodge employs, with some rare exceptions, but an adherent finds it particularly easy to construct them. When an adherent constructs such an item with the Fetish Rite, she can add her highest Renown to the rite's dice pool.

As well as unique abilities, Lodge adherents may be able to access one or more of the Lodge merits listed below. Not every Lodge has access to all of these Merits; the Merits that a Lodge can provide are listed in its entry.

LODGE ARMORY (••• OR •••••)

Effect: Your character has access to a substantial armory maintained by the Lodge. The armory contains a selection of legal weapons and a small number that are not legal under local law; a country's gun control regulations will dictate whether firearms are considered legal or not, for example. At •••, the armory includes weapons made from strange or rare materials, including at least one silver weapon. At •••••, choose three fetish weapons each of up to •••. At any one time, the character may borrow a single one of these from the armory.

LODGE CONNECTIONS (• TO •••••)

Effect: Your character can access the substantial support network of the Lodge. Once per session, she may benefit from any of the following merits of a dot rating up to her rating in Lodge Connections: Allies, Mentor, Resources, or Retainer.

LODGE LOREHOUSE (• TO •••••)

Effect: Your character can make use of a repository of lore and knowledge that the Lodge has gathered. For each dot, choose a specific topic or narrow subject that the lorehouse contains information on, such as Spirits of Death, Local Family

Genealogies, or Rites. When researching on that topic in the lorehouse, she gains the rote quality on her rolls, and research time is halved. If she uses the Sift the Sands Facet of the Knowledge Gift in the lorehouse, she needs only five successes and each roll takes one turn.

LODGE SORCERY (••• OR •••••)

Effect: Your character can draw upon the spiritual bond of his totem to wield its Influences as his own. At •••, he gains a single Influence that the Lodge totem possesses at ••. At •••••, he gains a second Influence from the totem's list at ••, and once per story he can use one of the Influences at ••••. Using an Influence costs Essence as if he was a spirit, and uses a dice pool of Presence + Wits.

LODGE STRONGHOLD (•• OR •••••)

Effect: Your character belongs to a Lodge that maintains a well-defended outpost in the area. The stronghold offers the benefits of Safe Place ••••• to any Lodge member taking refuge within it. At •••••, the stronghold also features considerable supernatural defenses tailored to the Lodge's nature; possibilities include wards that force spirits to spend Willpower to cross or Bane-laden traps. Strongholds also come with the potential aid of fellow Lodge members present in them.

Drawback: Abuse of a communal Lodge stronghold will lead to censure from the Lodge at the very least. Making use of the stronghold's defenses against any enemy who is not an enemy of the wider Lodge requires justification to other adherents; failure to do so results in the Merit's benefits being withdrawn until the Lodge is satisfied. Your character may also be called on by the Lodge to help defend the stronghold when it comes under threat.



THE LODGE OF GARM



GARMIR, CARNYX, FANGS OF UPUAUT

She stalks through the chaos of the battle, but has eyes only for the silver-muzzled wolf snarling orders at the lesser Pure – a Tzuumfin elder and the slayer of a dozen Forsaken. She feels no fear as she squares up against the scarred old veteran; it is the Ivory Claw who hesitates, for he knows he faces a Child of Garm.

The werewolves of the Lodge of Garm are single-minded in their pursuit of martial perfection. Adherents stand at the forefront of the war against the Pure, push themselves through constant physical and mental improvement, and spend nearly every waking moment preparing for the next conflict with the *Anshega*. Uratha fear the Garmir because Lodge adherents *crave* war; a cultist works to turn herself into a living weapon, an engine of destruction. With battle in her blood and fury in her breath, every Garmir knows that one day she will face her Ragnarök, her inevitable final battle – but better to go out in glorious struggle than die meek and cowed.

The Garmir take the mightiest of werewolves as sacred prey in homage to their god-killing totem. The Lodge hunts long-fanged veterans and silver-furred lords of the Uratha who are filled with *Urfarah's* primal might. This practice of seeking confrontation with the most powerful werewolves of the enemy is called the *uma suguthkuth*, victory through decapitation, and it dominates Garmir strategic thinking.

The Lodge recruits primarily from the Blood Talons, who find its philosophy of martial perfection attractive. A secretive schism of *Meninna* follow the heretical belief that werewolves whose primal might grows too strong become Wolf Hosts, and must die before they can become true Shards of *Urfarah*.

Some Garmir master a dizzying variety of weapons and

fighting styles; others push themselves to their physical limit over and over again through grueling exercises and challenges, tempering their own bodies into honed weapons for the fight against the Pure. The Lodge gathers stockpiles of weapons and trades for war-fetishes; Garmir establish strong-points in their territories and map out corridors of retreat and ambush. Lodge philosophy holds that studying the enemy is also vital, so Garmir examine the tactics and fighting styles of Pure packs, identify their hierarchies and their leaders. An adherent should and must explore and exploit every potential edge in battle.

Disciplined cells of the Lodge are scattered across the world. Neighboring cells maintain regular contact, passing on news of victories and of Pure elders straying into another cell's patch. Cells tend to cultivate contacts with arms dealers, criminal organizations, and paramilitary organizations; the latter particularly in war-torn countries where the Garmir can masquerade as insurgents or mercenaries amongst the herd. Some Lodges go so far as establishing cults of war or murder, drawing in human followers by co-opting the symbolism and mythologies of local cultures and religions.

TOTEM: GARM THE GOD-KILLER

Garm, the God-Killer. Upuaut, the Opener of the Way. Whatever epithet Uratha choose to call the totem by, Garm is a child of Destroyer Wolf and one of the first spirits of war to ever walk the world. Possessed of hungry ambition to bring down ever greater prey, the spirit appears as a massive wolf with a hide scarred and torn by all manner of broken weapons; sand spills from his wounds and his open maw. Where he walks, furious whispers worm their way into mortal minds, sparking strife and violence. Garm's appearance in the Flesh often heralds war.

Garm once slew a powerful wolf-god, a tainted spirit lord of hunger and rage; some Garmir believe this tale actually refers to *Urfarah*. It is this act that the Lodge emulates in their own Sacred Hunt; every elder werewolf they bring low gives strength to the totem and extends his influence across the Gauntlet. He stirs up war and strife to pour rich Essence into the Shadow. Where the Lodge's hunts slay enough to allow Upuaut to manifest into the world, the Garmir find aid from entire packs of war spirits.

Sometimes, Garmir receive orders to hunt other, stranger prey; hive-minded wolf packs, soulless werewolf



husks, or ravaging Uratha that murder and cannibalize their way through their kindred. The god that Garm slew spawned Hosts of its own, and these hunts attempt to finish what Garm started.

Garm has allies amongst the broods of war. His followers expect assistance from them, and the spirits expect aid in turn. Unsurprisingly, the spiritual allies and totems of the Pure hate Garm. Devoted Pure receive messages from their own spiritlords to destroy the Lodge, and the Ivory Claws are possessed of a particularly fierce loathing of the followers of Upuaut.

Veterans of the Lodge commonly hold to the tenet that Garm seeks his own Ragnarök — a final battle where one of the Garmir will defeat him. Stories circulate of elder adherents being called to the Shadow, never to return. Cultists claim these elders face down Garm himself in battle; should one ever prove victorious, they will inherit his mantle and his place in the *Hisil*.

BONDS

Blessing: A Lodge member adds 5 dice rather than 3 when spending Willpower to augment an attack roll against another werewolf.

Aspiration: To be defeated in battle by a superior foe.

Ban: A Lodge member must always be the last of her pack to retreat from a battle or confrontation.

THE SACRED HUNT

The Lodge Sacred Hunt grants your character the ability to sense if the prey has a Primal Urge of 6 or higher. Your character retains her full Defense when making an all-out attack against such prey.

TALES OF THE GOD-KILLERS

- A terrifying howl echoes through the *Hisil*. The local Garmir insist this is their totem, heralding war with the nearby Pure. They step up preparations for battle and demand that the Forsaken launch a first strike against the *Anshega* — after all, war is inevitable so best to be pre-emptive. But with no signs of aggression from the Pure for years, if Garm's howl doesn't herald war with the Pure, then of whom *does* it warn?
- The pack's Garmir is assigned to serve another werewolf as a bodyguard to protect him from Pure assassins — perhaps a powerful ritemaster, leader, or specialist whose own pack sorely lacks warriors. The problem is, he's an absolute asshole. How will the Garmir handle trying to integrate into this other pack, and how long can she keep a grip before her ward pushes her too far?
- The Garmir capture a wounded Pure elder. He's very powerful, and most Garmir agree that they should execute him. A loud minority believe the Lodge's honor is best served by letting the elder recover then face a Garmir champion in combat. But which Garmir would be the one to face the elder down, and what happens if the Pure wins?
- Garm wants a local simmering dispute between human communities to erupt into sectarian violence, to repay the

loyalty of a violence spirit that has served him. Sand-fleshed wolf-spirits insistently visit Garmir, coughing up runes and hieroglyphs marking the totem's will. Obey the orders, and the totem will bestow a powerful fetish weapon on the local Garmir as a mark of his favor. Obey the orders, and the communities that the Garmir's packs are part of will suffer, and tumult will wrack both Shadow and Flesh.

TOOLS

The Lodge of Garm has access to the Lodge Armory Merit (see pg. 81).

UMA SUGUTHKUTH (• TO; STYLE)

Prerequisites: Strength 3, Brawl 4

Effect: Your character has trained in the ritualized art of killing known as the *Uma Suguthkuth*. This style developed over centuries and Lodge practitioners use it as a technique for rending Essence and slaying werewolves with great spiritual might.

Uma Suguthkuth can normally only be used with unarmed attacks or natural weapons. A Lodge-made fetish weapon called a Predator's Doom (•••) is an exception to this, and does allow its wielder to use the fighting style with that weapon. A Predator's Doom is usually in the form of an axe, glaive, or spear.

Essence Spasm (•): The Garmir may use Essence Spasm by spending 1 point of Essence when she inflicts damage on a werewolf. For the remainder of the scene, the prey loses the 10-again benefit on dice pools that include his Primal Urge and suffers his Primal Urge as a penalty to his Initiative.

Primal Wound (••): The Garmir may use Primal Wound by spending 1 point of Essence when she inflicts damage on a werewolf. For the next turn, the prey is treated as Primal Urge 1 for the purposes of regenerating Lethal damage.

Flense Shape (•••): The Garmir may use Flense Shape by spending 1 point of Essence when she inflicts damage on a werewolf. On his following turn, the prey must succeed at a Stamina + Resolve — the prey's own Primal Urge roll or be forced to change into another form of his choosing; if he is in Gauru then he does not need to change, but he does lose his Primal Urge bonus to the number of turns he can retain the form for. Flense Shape has no effect on characters experiencing Death Rage.

Essence Bleed (••••): The Garmir may inflict Essence Bleed as a Tilt as a result of a Brawl attack to the victim's head or through the Weaken the Prey ability of the Urshul form. While suffering Essence Bleed, the prey automatically expends all remaining Essence per turn that he can at the end of his turn, bleeding it away into nothing. Essence Bleed lasts for three turns.

Jaws of Garm (•••••): The Garmir may use Jaws of Garm when dealing damage in a grapple to prey that has already taken at least 1 point of aggravated damage. The Garmir spends 1 point of Essence and adds half the prey's Primal Urge to the damage she deals that turn.

THE THOUSAND STEEL TEETH

STEEL PREDATORS, ROAD WOLVES, GEAR DOGS

He's on the road out of town, pedal to the metal. The wolves were on his bloody trail, but he knows they're territorial animals and no way they'll track him on the highway. He glances at his wing mirror and his eyes widen; he sees a car coming up behind, headlights bright in the night. The shape behind the wheel has a grin that's far too wide, and filled with way too many teeth.

The Thousand Steel Teeth are road warriors, hunters of the highways, oil-smeared wolves riding war-wagons bound with spirits. Claws hitting tarmac isn't enough for a gear dog; no thrill matches that of hunting from a chariot of steel. The Lodge exists wherever mankind has clogged the air with exhaust fumes and wherever the roads stretch out for miles. Prey fear the Thousand Steel Teeth because not much is as terrifying as being pursued by an adrenaline junkie werewolf screaming down the road in a van made of murder-spirits. The Lodge isn't just about roaring engines and blood on the asphalt though. Gear dogs provide the Forsaken with vital lines of transport, communication, and mechanical expertise.

The Thousand Steel Teeth choose those who would take to the road as their sacred prey, hunting humans and Claimed and Uratha alike upon steel steeds. Holiness is in the snarl of the machine, the thunder of the wind, and divine exhilaration in the sheer speed and adrenaline and impact of vehicle against flesh. So many prey think they can outrun the judgment of the hunt or the wrath of the *Urdaga*. So many prey think that taming a beast of metal makes them a superior predator than the wolves. The Thousand Steel Teeth prove them all wrong.

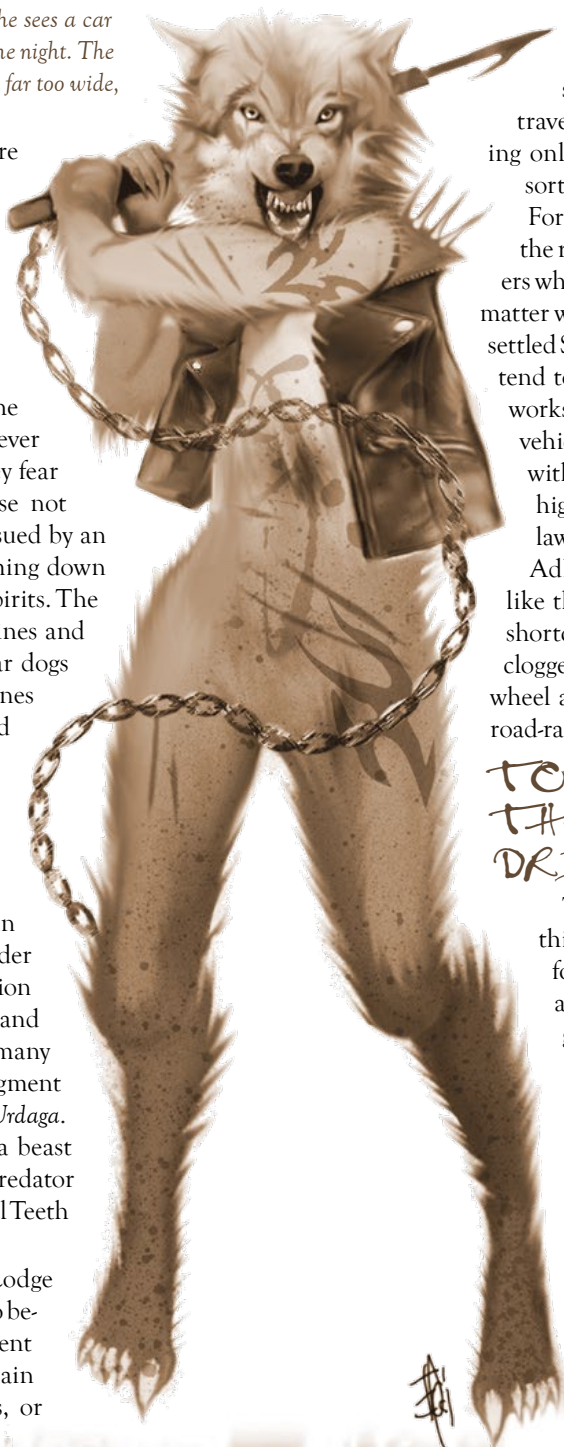
Most gear dogs come to the Lodge from the Iron Masters — Uratha who believe the flows of traffic and movement that run through humanity's domain hide deeper secrets and mysteries, or

who simply thrill at the sensation of hunting on the wheel. A surprising number of Storm Lords and Bone Shadows also join the Thousand Steel Teeth, usually because they concern themselves with spirits of machinery and travel; the Lodge has hunted down no few bizarre possessed and Claimed vehicles bent on their own bloody rampages along the tarmac.

Gear dogs in less densely settled areas tend to be nomadic, travelling from place to place and claiming only the roads as their territory. This sort of lifestyle has its benefits for other Forsaken; nomadic Steel Teeth take on the role of trusted messengers and couriers who always get the delivery through no matter what obstacle gets in their way. More settled Steel Teeth build lairs where they can tend to their great passion — garages and workshops of customized and modified vehicles. Gear dogs are often in deep with biker gangs, illegal racing circuits, highway police, car thieves, and — in lawless lands — actual road bandits. Adherents know the road networks like the back of their hands, learn every shortcut and underpass in the bustling, clogged city, and call upon little gods of wheel and steel at their bloody shrines to road-rage and tar.

TOTEM: THE SMOKE DRINKER

The Smoke Drinker has an eternal thirst that it cannot slake, a craving for speed and oil it cannot sate. It's a snarling thing of billowing fumes, grinding gears, and shining chrome, roaring out its utterances with all the subtlety of a thousand engines. The Smoke Drinker thunders through the Shadow at the head of a mad cavalcade of spirits of smoke and steel; its heralds are sinuous, snaking road-spirits that ooze tar and spew smog. The totem never stays in one place for long, loping along an endless journey through the *Hisil*.



The Steel Teeth prepare the way for their god of gears. Cultists maintain shrines of tangled chassis and machinery inscribed with sacred glyphs under soaring overpasses, in the dripping spaces beneath garages, in the corners of car factories; they anoint the rusted altars with gore and gasoline taken from kills on the road. Adherents caper through mad, frantic dances by moonlit roads, smeared with oil, scrubbing their own blood into the asphalt. Wolves howl to the snarls of finely-tuned holy engines. The ceremonies and sacrifices of the road feed the Smoke Drinker and provide its cavalcade of followers with thick, oily Essence at the Lodge's gasoline holes.

The Smoke Drinker has predators of its own — clattering, shambling hunters made of rust, decay, and wreckage that are always on its trail, the servants of a terrible god of ruin called That Which Is Broken. Steel Teeth are set on the pursuit of spirits and Claimed from the nemesis' court. The totem is terrified of obsolescence, falling behind the curve of vehicular technology, and has its adherents steal modern vehicles, take them to pieces and bring them into the Shadow as offerings that it can absorb into its own framework.

BONDS

Blessing: When she spends Willpower to add dice to a Drive roll, a Crafts roll to repair or modify a vehicle, or an Athletics roll to move between moving vehicles, the Lodge member gains the rote quality on that roll.

Aspiration: To improve and enhance a vehicle the adherent possesses.

Ban: A Lodge member cannot sleep in the same place on consecutive nights; she must travel to a different resting place at least a mile away.

THE SACRED HUNT

The Lodge Sacred Hunt grants your character the ability to track prey even while she is in a moving vehicle; she suffers no penalties to the tracking attempt for the prey using a vehicle. While the prey is in a vehicle, your character can downgrade any lethal damage to bashing damage that is inflicted due to being hit by a vehicle, falling off a moving vehicle or her own vehicle being damaged or destroyed.

TALES OF THE STEEL TEETH

- It's a tough time to be a gear dog. A tar-skinned duguthim runs the local court of fumes and fuel, and has no desire for peace or mutual respect with the Thousand Steel Teeth. Adherents' vehicles sputter and die in quivering submission any time they go near the Claimed lord. A gear dog needs to step up and tame the wildest, most savage spirit of the road — a vehicle so proud it doesn't accept the duguthim noble's authority.
- The Predator Kings have moved against the Steel Teeth. Lines of supply between Forsaken Protectorates are vulnerable to relentless attacks from wolves strong

enough to flip trucks right off the road. The Pure are hitting the city packs hard, and the Protectorates need all the help they can get; so a Steel Tooth convoy sets off, loaded with talens and gathra. The convoy has to make it through the Predator King blockade.

- The moon and the stock market prices of the big car manufacturers have aligned; it is time for the sacred Hecatomb. One hundred cars must burn in a grand sacrifice to the Smoke Drinker. Cue a night of thievery and high speed chases as the Steel Teeth compete for the finest rides they can steal.
- The Steel Teeth have made a treaty with the road spirits, and for a price they'll ensure green lights, clear roads, and healthy engines for Forsaken packs. Problem is, the Lodge stick their snout in whenever a pack tries to subdue the roads in its own territory, rolling up to support the spirits. Local Blood Talons are on the verge of violence, but the Steel Teeth refuse to back down; they seem to think the roads are theirs, no matter where the asphalt lies.

TOOLS

The Thousand Steel Teeth have access to the Lodge Connections Merit, but only for the purposes of vehicle- and travel-related matters.

IRON LEVIATHAN HARPOON (FETISH ••)

The barbed head of an iron leviathan harpoon will punch through the hide of any road-prey.

Effect: When thrown at a moving vehicle, this fetish weapon ignores the prey's Durability entirely. A vehicle with an iron leviathan harpoon stuck in it suffers a -2 penalty to all Drive rolls.

NOMAD CHAIN (FETISH •••)

Just a small trinket or talisman, but it marks the steed as having an owner.

Effect: An Uratha with the Ward the Wolf's Den Warding Facet can settle into the driver's seat of the vehicle and use the Facet for a modified result, targeting the vehicle itself. For the rest of the month the vehicle is warded — the fetish adds the werewolf's Glory Renown to dice pools and values to contest, resist or withstand supernatural effects from anyone other than the wielder. If an effect outright destroys or incapacitates the vehicle, the wielder may spend one point of Essence and suffer one point of aggravated damage to nullify it entirely.

ROADKILLER (FETISH ••••)

Roadkillers are hungry, angry vehicles whose headlights glare in the night.

Effect: A Roadkiller is a vehicle fetish that inflicts twice the normal damage from hitting characters or objects. If a Roadkiller wrecks another vehicle by ramming it, the fetish regenerates any Structure that it has lost.

THE LODGE OF THE SCREAMING MOON

HELLHOUNDS, BLACK CADEJOS, BANSHEES

Who's afraid of the big bad wolf, a voice croons through the darkness. The woman's head twists round impossibly on her neck, long black hair hanging wet with her victim's blood; lips peel back from savage teeth and she hisses at the shape moving through the gloom. Something's wrong, the mortal doesn't whimper or recoil; he just laughs. What, you're gonna scare me to death? Let me show you real fear.

The Lodge of the Screaming Moon seek to master fear itself. Fear is weakness, and weakness is unacceptable. The true predator does not hesitate before even the most awful of prey. Adherents work to purge themselves of fear, to turn themselves into apex predators beneath whom all other horrors of the night must quiver and shake.

Screaming Moon banshees take creatures of fear and terror as their sacred prey. Fear-spirits and their Claimed, sadistic serial killers, phantasms that literally scare people to death and other such horrors are all holy quarry for the Lodge. Hunting and slaying these beings is proof that the banshee is an apex predator and that her will is stronger than the horror that the prey wields. A disturbing amount of Screaming Moon cultists also take a deep pleasure in bringing down such prey, often terrorizing the victim as much as possible in a gleeful act of retribution.

The Screaming Moon recruits most of its cultists from the Bone Shadows and Storm Lords. Some adherents have been terrified or traumatized by abusers or horrors of the night and sworn to never be a victim again. Others crave to be apex predators feared by the very monsters that terrorize others so easily. The bulk of the Lodge is made up of Cahalith, already disposed to being nightmarish hunters.

The Forsaken admire the fearlessness of Screaming Moon cultists, but even werewolves can be unsettled by the Lodge's

grotesque terror tactics and cruel playfulness. The Screaming Moon adherent doesn't want to just bring the prey down — she wants it to feel the same terror it would inflict on others. An initiate into the Lodge undergoes ghastly, charnel rituals to harden her stomach and stiffen her spine. She's brought into the practice of the *kilisu-zithu*, girding herself with grim trophies and frightening adornments. The Lodge regularly declares hunts on its own members — banshee Cahalith assault the mind of the sleeping adherent, testing her resolve and dredging up her deepest fears.

Those fears are brought before the Lodge to be studied and understood, then given to summoned fear spirits that the banshee can tear asunder in a symbolic defeat of her weakness.

The Lodge of the Screaming Moon pays particular heed to dreams. The preponderance of Cahalith in its ranks leaves the Lodge uncannily prescient; in some regions, banshees gain respect more for being a community of prophets and diviners than they do for their talents at the hunt. The Lodge also maintains considerable knowledge of dream-beasts, nightmare plagues, and other phenomena of the realm of sleep.

TOTEM: ZAKINSUZI, THE TYRANT OVER FEAR

Zakinsuzi inspires awe and fear in equal measure. It is a cascade of screaming masks of steel and pearl and marble; streams of sparking white light and cold ice roil within the spirit's mass. Eyes of gold and flame orbit in circles around it. Most outsiders who know of the totem at all believe it to be a spirit of fear or bravery, and the banshees encourage this misconception. *Zakinsuzi* is actually a Lune of the Gibbous Choir.

The mad power of the Lune is diluted by the many banshees who share the Lodge bond, but it still affects every adherent. For some, it's like a maddening itch that just makes them a little crazy round the edges. For others, it's a sense of power and love streaming into their skull in a constant, distant wail. Elder Lodge members are worse, afflicted with twitches, involuntary laughs, drooling, or occasional fugues.

The Tyrant Over Fear is deeply invested in its cult — some would say it's almost



desperate. *Zakinsuzi* regularly manifests to Screaming Moon congregations to offer words of love and guiding prophecies. The Lodge's reputation for divination and visions isn't just down to the number of Cahalith in its ranks; the Tyrant bestows signs and portents upon all its adherents, and even visits the dreams of cultists' Wolf-Blooded relatives to terrorize and inspire them.

The Lune desires to be established as a queen over all courts of fear. Screaming Moon adherents are often directed not just to destroy powerful fear spirits but to *dominate* them. *Zakinsuzi* dispatches its own servants to take over spirit courts that the Screaming Moon has decapitated. The Tyrant claims to have Luna's sanction for these actions, yet it still seeks to keep its own involvement secret from the wider Forsaken community for now.

BONDS

Blessing: The Lodge member achieves an exceptional success with Intimidate rolls on 3 successes rather than 5. Killing prey that the adherent has successfully intimidated earlier in the scene rewards her with 1 point of Essence.

Aspiration: To rule through fear.

Ban: At the moment of the kill, the prey must scream or else the adherent must howl.

THE SACRED HUNT

The Lodge Sacred Hunt grants your character the ability to overcome any supernatural fear or panic effect originating from the prey or obstructing the hunt by spending 1 point of Essence, although it may affect other characters as normal. If the effect would also inflict damage (such as a ghost literally scaring people to death) then the damage is also negated if your character spends 1 point of Essence. If your character possesses the Fearless Hunter Inspiration Facet, then she does not need to spend Essence for these benefits.

TALES OF THE SCREAMING MOON

- A banshee's gone rogue. His artistic, terrifying killings have attracted a cult of the very things that he's supposed to be hunting; fear spirits and serial-killing murderers venerate his name and offer their victims up in his honor. The Uratha has let the madness overtake him, and now believes he is actually a god of murder made incarnate. The Lodge needs to take him down before his antics draw attention.

- An angry Lune of the Full Moon Choir has descended on the hunt for a rogue moon-spirit that it claims has betrayed the Warden Moon. The Lodge are remaining tightlipped and trying to avoid its attention for now, just in case the Ralunim is after the Tyrant Over Fear. Yet what if the Tyrant has betrayed Luna, should they

not turn on their own totem? And if it's not the Tyrant, then what is going on?

- In the face of terrible spiritual and Anshega foes, the Screaming Moon have a solution, but the rest of the Forsaken aren't going to like it. The banshees suggest harnessing fear itself — generating a wave of terror and nightmares across the region to form a horde of new fear spirits — then seizing control of the powerful fear court by killing and consuming the spirit-noble that rules it. This is an extremely risky idea at the best of times, and the Lodge needs the help of other Uratha to pull it off.
- Conflict breaks out between the Lodge of Prophecy and the Screaming Moon. The two cults are battling over a spiritual font of dreams and nightmares, a Place-That-Is-Not of immense value to each. The Forsaken were content to let the adherents bicker at first, but now the problem is spreading; more packs are being drawn into the dispute and it's started to poison the dreams of Cahalith across the region.

TOOLS

The Lodge of the Screaming Moon has access to the Lodge Lorehouse and Lodge Sorcery Merits, and may choose Influences from Fear, Inspiration and Moonlight.

BANSHEE HOWL (PACK RITE ...)

This rite draws upon pacts with spirits of fear and doom, denying lesser predators their kill.

Symbols: Death, earth, screaming, water

Sample Rite: The banshee unstops the cork from the vial, and pours the stolen tears held within onto his cheeks. He pulls and tears at his clothes, moans and wails, seizes handfuls of wet mud from the ground, and smears it on his skin. As he casts back and forth, reciting the names of his kills as if they were beloved kindred, his wailing grows to a shrieking howl. (Presence + Expression)

Action: Extended (5 successes; 1 roll per round)

Duration: Until sunrise.

Success: This rite lays claim to every death across an area of a mile's radius around the ritemaster, affecting any corpses in the area at the time of the rite and any killings for the rite's duration. A supernatural creature cannot gain any strength from such killings during this time; a nightmarish serial killer regains no Willpower from his slayings, a murder-Claimed cannot benefit from the Home Ground Dread Power when standing in its victim's blood, and a fear spirit cannot draw Essence from the terror of humans witnessing the violent slaughter of their friend. The ritemaster and his pack are unaffected by this.

THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO

APOLLONIANS, THEBANS, CHILDREN OF HELIOS

He made it past security and into the party, and it was everything he had hoped for; half the city's big names in a grand orgy, all decadence and debauchery. The concealed camera caught it all, enough to ruin a governor, a mayor, and a pop star alike. Then the beautiful blonde had his hand, her grip surprisingly strong and her musk entrancing it. Somehow they ended up in another room, a grand old hall of faux-Hellenic designs and marble statues of wolves. When she gave that predatory grin and pushed him back onto the stone altar, he thought he was in for the night of his life. He was, but not the way he hoped.

The Temple of Apollo rejects the creed of both Forsaken and Pure. Enclaves of the Temple thrive in cities and amongst the rich and wealthy, building a secret society of debauchery and decadence that they call the "Culte de la Raison." Apollonians see no point in denying themselves the luxuries and power that their spiritual blessings can acquire. They are, after all, the chosen priests and priestesses of Apollo, Wolf of the Sun.

As far as most Forsaken are aware, the Temple of Apollo build and maintain holy shrines that seem to be of the utmost importance to the cult, and they take as their sacred prey anyone who transgresses and intrudes into such a shrine. The Temple swears to protect its altars and its secrets, and is relentless in chasing down anyone — human, Uratha, or otherwise — who pierces into its inner mysteries. What outsiders don't realize is that the Temple has a second sacred prey — when the sun is right, Apollo's hungry maw must be filled with the life energies of human sacrifices.

The Temple of Apollo is made up of Ghost Wolves and converts from the Tribes. Temple members form entire packs of Lodge members, fiercely loyal to each other and to the cause. Outsiders need not apply. Every pack centers its activities around a shrine or temple, usually well-hidden and guarded

with the finest security money can buy. Outsiders who breach the sanctum are killed.

Apollonians are treated with suspicion at best and hostility at worst by the Pure and the Forsaken, but the cult often tries to position itself as a neutral go-between that can mediate between the two sides. The Culte de la Raison, the human wing of the Temple, gets its hooks into the rich and powerful by satisfying their hungers and darker appetites; Apollonians often try to do the same to werewolves. No whim or desire is too sick or twisted, and tales circulate of Apollonians luring werewolves into cannibalism.

The Temple is strongest across Europe and North America, but has a surprising number of enclaves across the rest of the world. Most werewolves presume that the Temple actually worships Helios or one of the sun spirit's mightiest servants, and explain the cult's persistence and power through the spiritual aid of such beings.

TOTEM: APOLLO THE SUN WOLF

Apollo is not a servant of Helios; it's not even clear if he's a spirit at all. Apollo is a ravenous, alien horror of energy and light, swimming in the blazing sea of the sun's outer reaches. He is trapped there, unable to pierce past the guardian stride of the Warden Moon. He craves release into the bountiful feeding grounds of the world that he might consume life and gather enough souls to journey on through the void. When he manifests in the world, he attempts to contain his form in the shape of a wolf of nuclear light, but such an avatar struggles to contain his true presence; if angered, wounded, or disrupted, it distorts and twists into streaming tendrils of flame and energy.

The Temple believes itself to be the inheritors of Apollo's human priesthood from a past era, blessed with lycanthropy as a reward from the gods. Cultists



know Apollo watches over them, and believe it is their holy duty to offer him the sacrifices his divine nature is due. The Lodge's bond offers the alien horror some small access to the world; he can manifest a tendril of himself to mark a new initiate, and the temples and shrines that his cult maintains are based around occult geometries that gather and focus the life energy of sacrificial victims. During phases of solar activities, when the sea of nuclear fire spasms and flares and the Warden Moon's embrace falters, Apollo can manifest a stronger presence at each of these shrines. On such sacred days, the cult must furnish each avatar of their god with a bounty of victims that he might consume. In the modern age, Apollo urges his followers to build ever greater temples that might gather even more souls for his feasting, bringing him closer to breaking free and descending upon the world.

BONDS

Blessing: The Lodge member does not suffer any penalties to a social roll to force Doors if the desired action aligns with the prey's Vice (or Blood).

Aspiration: To slake any hunger or desire the adherent feels strongly.

Ban: To allow no infidel to enter a shrine of Apollo and live.

THE SACRED HUNT

The Lodge Sacred Hunt grants your character the ability to sense if the prey has entered a sacred shrine of Apollo while not a member of the Lodge. Should the prey have done so, your character may activate Facets targeting the prey, augmenting attacks against the prey, or defending against the prey's own attacks at no cost in Essence. Once she has activated five Facets in this way during a scene, Apollo's power pours through your character, causing light to spill from her mouth and eyes. For the remainder of the scene while thus empowered, she adds her Glory Renown to her Defense and her Cunning to her perception rolls; darkness of any kind, even a supernatural source, is no impediment to her vision.

During periods of intense solar activity such as solar flares, your character gains the ability to consume the soul of a human marked as prey in the *Siskur-Dah* when she kills him. Consuming the soul in this way refills the adherent's Willpower entirely, grants her 5 points of sun-resonant Essence, and transfers the soul on to Apollo.

TALES OF THE SUN WOLF

- An enclave of Apollonians make the pack a very handsome offer of money, favors, and talents in exchange for a portion of the pack's territory — including a Locus. The Apollonians plan to use the Locus as the lynchpin of a new shrine's sacred geometry. If the pack refuses the offer, the Temple will get more insistent; starting by bringing the influence of their mortal pawns to bear.

- The Temple usually uses humans for sacrifice to Apollo, but one Theban has discovered that Wolf-Blooded seem to better slake the solar horror's hunger. The local branch has already murdered all of its own Wolf-Blooded; now hired thugs and bound hellions start kidnapping those of other packs in the area.
- The Culte de la Raison is a tool for the Apollonians, not a spiritual movement; they keep it focused on the worldly and material, a playground of debauchery and excess through which they can influence powerful humans. Recently, though, a fad has spread amongst the party-goers and deviants — the pagan worship of Apollo in his guise as a wolf. When the Thebans track down the source, it's another Uratha, one accompanied by a powerful totem spirit — a wolf of fire and light that calls itself Apollo. The Uratha gives the Thebans a choice: join the true Lodge of Apollo or die when he purges the Temple by fire and claw. Civil war erupts amongst the Thebans as they struggle to reconcile the two figures demanding their allegiance.
- A group of Thebans have excavated what seems to be a fragment from one of Apollo's major manifestations in a past era: an omphalos stone, a carved piece of stone that pulses with raw spiritual power. The cult believes that by merging an Uratha with the omphalos stone, she might become a powerful channel for Apollo to manifest through, but the vessel would require immense primal strength to survive the energies pouring into it. None of the Apollonians have such power, so they target a Forsaken elder instead. If seduction and debauchery won't lure him into the Apollonian's grasp, they'll try and engineer war between Forsaken and Pure to give them the needed cover for a direct attack and abduction.

TOOLS

The Temple of Apollo has access to the Lodge Connections, Lodge Sorcery and Lodge Stronghold Merits, and may choose Sorcery Influences from Fire, Hunger, and Light.

GLORIOUS LYRE (FETISH ...)

A Glorious Lyre is a work of art simply to look upon; its strings gleam iridescently and always seems slightly aquiver.

Effect: When the Glorious Lyre is played, anyone other than the musician and Lodge members has their Doors reduced by one against any social maneuvering during the scene. Playing the Glorious Lyre also allows the musician to reflexively engage in a Clash of Wills against any mind-influencing supernatural powers that affect any listeners who can hear the music, using a dice pool of her Primal Urge + Glory + Expression to counter the effects.

THE EATERS OF THE DEAD

CARRION HOUNDS, KI ANAGH, ERBORU

Blood on the wind. The hunter sniffs the air and shows her teeth; the prey isn't far now. She lopes on over the ridge, a dark expanse spilling ahead of her beneath Ay Ata's silver light, and there it is, hunched amidst a darker smear of flattened grasses. She creeps closer, her approach easily masked by the ghoul's hungry grunting and slurping. The smell of all that meat stirs the hunter's own appetite, but she knows she'll eat soon. It finally senses her too late, when she's almost on top of it. The thing grins widely in hungry glee. It thinks one lone Ghost Wolf is a meal. She feels no fear; it's the ghoul who's about to be dinner. She doesn't hunt alone any more.

The Eaters of the Dead are a young Lodge of Ghost Wolves that has erupted into prominence over the last decade. The Lodge has many adherents across Central Asia, but as the years pass its call spreads farther afield. The Eaters of the Dead promise Ghost Wolves a new brotherhood, a new Tribe, one that will embrace the werewolves cast off or ignored or spat upon by the eight elder Tribes. The Eaters of the Dead are both proud and humble, believing in their sacred and ordained role beneath Asena and Ay Ata — Mother Wolf and Father Moon.

The Eaters of the Dead gain shamanic power through transgressing against their sacred nature as predators, consuming carrion and carcasses; the Lodge emphasizes making the most of every kill, leaving nothing to waste. Yet the Eaters of the Dead are still hunters at heart, and take as their sacred prey the hungry dead that would defy the cycle of life and death. The Lodge chase down cannibal horrors, blood-drinking vampires, and other such necromantic fiends, purifying the world of their taint. An Eater of the Dead also hunts prey that other werewolves would feel more comfortable with, but tries to avoid killing humans lest she be forced to eat the prey to meet her Ban. This perversely has given the Lodge a reputation for cruelty, because the *erboru* maim and cripple human prey to ensure they are no longer a threat.

The Lodge was founded by an elder Mongolian Rahu named Dorj Tserendjav, who stumbled upon a trove of ancient relics that he claimed dated back to Pangaea and held evidence of *other* Firstborn, children of the Great Predator now forgotten. According to Dorj, traces of one of these lost Firstborn existed somewhere on the steppes, a ravening wolf-spirit that would welcome followers. For a long time, the 'Lodge' was nothing more than a loose collection of like-minded Ghost Wolves under the guidance of Dorj, but in 2004 an excavation in a remote area of Mongolia unearthed what the Lodge had been searching for — what the Eaters of the Dead claim to be Ravening Wolf. Now, the Lodge is bound under the spirit's totemic patronage, and it welcomes all Ghost Wolves to its banner.

TOTEM: ISIM-UR

Isim-Ur, Ravening Wolf, has returned to the world. She says she is the child of Mother Wolf, and who of the Eaters of the Dead would gainsay her? *Isim-Ur* is ever-hungry but also ever-humble. Once, she was proud but monstrous, consuming all that she could and causing misery and horror wherever she went. She made deserts where once there had been verdant life, and was left alone with only her endless appetite. *Isim-Ur* learned and grew wise, for she wished to love and be loved as well, and swore binding oaths before her mother that she would thereafter master her hunger and make the most of everything that came before her, rather than falling to gluttonous excess.

Dorj Tserendjav is dead, but Ravening Wolf and Dorj Tserendjav may be one and the same. When he descended into the ancient, buried lair that the excavators had revealed, he found there the unthinkable — the corpse of the Firstborn he had been seeking. Colossal and crumbling, the remains seemed to be as much flesh as spirit. Seized by uncontrollable hunger, Dorj fell upon the carcass and devoured it over a day and a night; his primal spirit fused with his carrion meal, and the dead godling was reborn through him.



Ravening Wolf is still weak from millennia of dormancy; the sacrifice of Dorj's power is not enough to return her to her former strength. She utterly loathes the undead, for she believes they stole her divine power and brought her low all those years ago, draining her dry and sealing her in a dusty tomb. By consuming the undead, the Eaters of the Dead take back their stolen power. With every kill, Ravening Wolf grows stronger. Surely soon her brothers and sisters will acknowledge her again. She wants her family back.

BONDS

Blessing: The Lodge member can purge the Sick and Poisoned Tilts from her body by spending a Willpower point; she can also throw off similar supernatural effects in the same way, such as a vampire's blood-vinculum or the corruption from consuming a Wound-tainted aberration.

Aspiration: To have a family, and to protect and provide for them.

Ban: Leave no kill to rot. This requires Eaters of the Dead to either consume the kill or to use parts of it to craft something. Simply disposing of prey without making any use of the remains is a breach of the ban.

THE SACRED HUNT

The Lodge Sacred Hunt grants your character the ability to destroy the animating energy of an undead prey upon striking him with a bite attack. As well as dealing damage, any such hit also destroys a single point of Essence, Vitae, Plasm, Pillar or whatever other source of energy the undead is drawing on to fuel itself. A victim that has all of its energy drained by such means suffers a single point of aggravated damage instead. Prey include ghosts, vampires, Sin-Eaters, mummies, and other reanimated entities. It does not include Prometheans, as Ravening Wolf's mad logic seems to see them as putting dead body parts to good use.

TALES OF THE RAVENING WOLF

- The blood-drinkers have had their revenge. The Eaters have purged the area of the leeches, but now werewolves who ate of vampiric flesh are falling sick beyond even the Ki Anaghs' ability to overcome; worse, those who die from the affliction rise as gore-hungry undead creatures themselves. The stories say that the Blood Talons of Eastern Europe once faced such horrors and must have found a way to defeat the spiritual plague. A Ki Anagh will have to plead the Lodge's cause to the Suthar Anzuth, gain their trust, as well as their aid.
- Two emissaries from China arrive at a great meeting of the Eaters of the Dead. One is a Bone Shadow of the Lodge of Death, offering alliance and warning against the other messenger. That second emissary, for her part, says she is part of an ancient pact that once Ravening Wolf was part of, although the totem does not remember

this. The emissary calls her cult the Tesfurfarrahu, the Devourers, and states that a new era is coming once all of Mother Wolf's dead children have been found and consumed. By shouldering this holy duty, the Eaters of the Dead will prove themselves worthy to be a Tribe. The pale hound of the Lodge of Death calls her Pure, but the strange emissary does not bear the angry, ruddy brands of the Pure Tribes. To which call will the Eaters answer?

- As the Eaters of the Dead spread west, they meet the adherents of the Lodge of the Field of Dogs spreading east. At first glance similarities exist between the two Lodges—the Hounds of the Field are also Ghost Wolves, eaters of carrion, serving a powerful totem and seeking to become a Tribe—but the Eaters of the Dead cannot tolerate the Lodge's cannibalism and outright rejection of the Forsaken. War brews between the two; will this righteous stand against the heretics finally win the Ki Anagh the respect of the other Tribes?

TOOLS

The Eaters of the Dead have access to the Lodge Sorcery Merit, and may choose Influences from Hunger and Death.

CARRION FEAST (WOLF RITE ...)

The carrion feast draws upon laws and pacts that Ravening Wolf half-remembers, granting power to those who would eat of the dead.

Symbols: Hunger, wisdom, drums, horses

Sample Rite: The ritemaster rattles out the drumbeat on a crude little thing of taught horse-skin, the mane-hair of a dozen fine stallions hanging from its rims. He calls on the names of ancestors who died in times of famine; he calls upon shamans before him who won great boons from spirits of hunger. As the slow, grim rite continues, the supplicant kneels before the carcass and partakes, cracking bones and rending rancid meat with her teeth. (Intelligence + Occult)

Action: Extended (5 successes; 1 roll per five minutes)

Success: This rite requires the subject to consume most of a carcass or corpse of at least Size 2 during its performance. The carcass must not have been killed by the ritemaster, the ritemaster's pack, or the supplicant's pack, and cannot have been given as a gift. If successful, the consumed meat will not cause the werewolf to sicken regardless of how rotten it was, and furthermore she gains a single point of Essence that is rich with the resonance of hunger and death. Additionally, she can draw upon the dead creature's power three times before the next full moon, adding three dice to a roll that uses the attribute most symbolically associated with the creature. A swift-footed deer might enhance Dexterity; a ferocious bear would enhance Strength. A werewolf can only benefit from one Carrion Feast at a time. Consuming a human does not offer this benefit, but restores all expended Willpower points.



The world lurches. Massive claws haul me up off the ground, and I briefly catch sight of the frothing, mad-eyed face of my assailant. I half-spit a curse at him that lashes from my mouth as a tongue of flame; the Predator King roars in pain and throws me through the wall.

The brief moment of weightlessness turns into a jumbling mess of debris and blood. I roll through it, stagger to my feet, and pull off what's left of my jacket as a serpent of fire coils round me protectively. The hammering rain steams off the spirit. If everything weren't getting soaked in the deluge I'd feel worried that my vassal might set the wharf alight.

There's a crash as the wooden house begins collapsing in on itself and, for a moment, I let myself believe the whole thing will splinter and drop into the water, stilts, werewolf and all. The Pure tears himself free first, though, landing on the wharf with a heavy thud while he rips free of washing lines and electrical cables. He rears up to his full height and bellows over the rainstorm's own voice in anger.

I'm dimly aware of the screams and panic around the edges of the scene. If I had any confidence of walking out of this alive, I'd be concerned that it's going to be a right shit to clean up and cover up afterwards. At least the downpour is masking the worst of it.

The King storms towards me, and there's nowhere to go that isn't water. My fire spirit lashes out at the Anshega but he barely notices it; he's given himself over to the royal shape, fully intent on killing me.

As for me, I've never been a brawler even at the best of times. There was supposed to be a minor bhuta prowling the canal, something I could investigate and get the measure of before reporting back. Even if I'd run into a Tzuumfin or an Izidakh, we'd talk rather than fight; everyone wants to conserve their strength for the real battles, the battles that count. But no. It's just my luck that I run into a Predator King, here of all places. Dire Wolf's assault on Bangkok isn't even supposed to have started yet; last I heard, the Kings were still on the march, and even the other Pure are readying defenses against them.

Those massive claws close in again and I try to duck aside, but of course I slip in the wet. He hauls me up to stare right into those hateful eyes.

Fortunately, his monomaniacal focus on me has let the rest of my pack get into position.

The fire serpent lashes round one leg; I smell cooking meat. The wind and rain howls and slams into the Predator King; the combination of fire, water, and wind together send him reeling. He stumbles and drops me; I feel the concrete of the wharf wrap up around my feet and legs. A moment later the entire structure shudders and shakes, throwing the Pure bodily off it and into the canal.

"Thank you, sisters," I mutter as I regain my balance and the concrete gently releases its grasp on me. As the Anshega in the water splashes and roars, I run as fast as I can to find the rest of the pack, the flesh-and-blood Uratha and Wolf-Blooded. The spirits have bought me time, but at cost to themselves, and now the Pure will take out his cruel rage on them.

I have no intention of letting my packmates suffer like that.

CHAPTER FOUR HUNTING GROUNDS

The map is not the territory.
Alfred Korzypski

The territory defines the hunter. A huntingground has its own personality, its own history, its quirks and eccentricities. The predator is a creature of the *now* but the territory has seen countless ages come and go, and those rugged contours of accreted time shape the hunt.

Uratha experience very different lives across the world, because the territories they cherish and the hunting grounds they prowl dominate their existence. No werewolf can escape the powerful influence that the land and the culture around her exert. No werewolf is an island untouched by the sea around it. The three hunting grounds detailed in this chapter – Dubai, Malta, and Bangkok – have shaped the packs and the Tribes of the Forsaken that dwell within them in strange and unique ways.

CITY OF CHAINS

Dubai, United Arab Emirates

Dubai is a shining success story – a global city wallowing in wealth. It's a byword for excess, for gleaming towers reaching for ever-greater heights, and entire shorelines sculpted at the whim of the rich. Dubai's dark side is just as infamous; a city known worldwide for oppressive laws and human rights exploitations, with an underclass of entrapped migrant workers. Grinding poverty exists side-by-side with astounding luxury; social conditioning prevents the lucky elite from witnessing the exploitation that the city is founded upon.

Despite the incredible wealth of Dubai, the Uratha of the region have spent recent history lurching from one crisis to another. Even werewolves struggle with the city's stratified society, hampering the Forsaken from hunting their prey. Worse, a dark power rules over the Shadow of Dubai – streams of black ichor taint spirits that drink from them, and vast chains hang between the warped, distorted towers of the *Hisil*. In Dubai, everyone is a prisoner.

THE PRISON OF PROSPERITY

This story is true.

The Srizaku just stopped coming one day in 1966. It was only much later that we found out why – that the Hosts' retreat came on the exact same day they found oil out in the Fateh. We thought that was it – that we'd finally see the back of the bad old days, when you had to fight just to get a bucket of water, let alone a job. We didn't care why the Srizaku had gone, not at first, only that their relentless attacks had ceased.

But oil wasn't the only thing that came bubbling up from the Fateh.

As Dubai's prosperity erupted, we saw the first signs of the Warden's presence. Black ooze seeped into the Shadow, tainting Loci and the spirits that drank from them. Those spirits became the *egur sahendar*, the Warden's loyal servants, and they set about remaking the Shadow. Everywhere the Warden claimed as its territory became laden with those chains, massive great links tying down the oldest slumbering spirits and harnessing their power.

We fought it as best we could, but the Warden – whatever it is – never made an appearance in person. The Forsaken contented ourselves with culling the *egur sahendar* and trying to figure out just where the hell the Warden came from, and what it wanted.

Then the migrants came; not a trickle but a flood, a tidal wave of humanity that overflowed from Dubai. Caught in the grinding gears of Dubai's ascent, the migrants brought a grotesque carnival of new spirits into the Shadow – hunger, thirst, misery, greed, hope, despair, fear, you name it. That right there is where we lost. Us Al-Muwateneen were buried trying to deal with it all, and the new Uratha Changing amongst the migrants. The Pure surged in power, the Fire-Touched exploding in numbers.

Through it all, the Warden just grew stronger. Its servants did what we could not – drove the spirits it didn't want out of the city center, all that hunger and desperation. It corralled the undesirables out where the migrants lived. It took control, and made us strangers in the Shadow of our own city.

The Forsaken of Dubai are faced with a challenging obstacle, the stratification of human society. Dubai nationals form the wealthy elite, while Western migrants and professionals are a privileged caste who enjoys the decadence and luxury of the city. At the bottom of the heap come the migrant workers from elsewhere, the semi-skilled, the servants, and the mass of exploited laborers upon whose broken backs Dubai's grandeur is built. Even the Uratha can't blithely mix across these class lines without caution; doing so attracts the attention of the mortal authorities and, for the truly unlucky, that of the Warden.

Thus are the Forsaken of Dubai just as divided as the humans amongst whom they live. The oldest packs of Dubai are born from amongst the native *Al-Muwateneen*, sharing in the riches of their privileged position. Most of Dubai's werewolves Changed from within the indentured migrant caste and dwell amongst poverty, oppression, and the knowledge they will likely never see their homelands again.

The Forsaken all share the same creed, but the sheer disparity of social rights and privileges between the castes enforces a divide in how they pursue the hunt. *Al-Muwateneen* wield money and influence just as adeptly as they do claws and Gifts; they stalk the halls of the powerful and shape the human development of Dubai so as to control how the Shadow evolves, seeking to counter the Warden on the grand scale of architecture and social engineering. Immigrant werewolves are shut out of much of society and prowl the territories at the edges of all that wealth and splendour. They hunt amongst the poor and the entrapped, struggling against the deluge of spirits and Hosts that the Warden has deemed 'undesirable' and swept from Dubai's center.

Packs often acquire human members from the other side of the caste divide; since such mixing is antithetical to Dubai society, these 'partnerships' are appropriately reinforced through sex, threats, supernatural compulsions, or bribery. Uratha also have spiritual tools for pushing the boundaries of their class — a werewolf can skin a human and wear his shape as a glove, command spirits to fill her claws with money or food, and simply change into a man to evade the city's restrictions on women. Such powers only go so far; a Forsaken who wants a more permanent change in his social station has to make a deal with the Agency. Such a bargain is fraught with dangers even when the Uratha are on good terms with the Agency's operatives — when you make a deal with a devil, the cost is always high.

HUNTERS

The Blood Talons of Dubai are viciously divided. Plenty of Pure dwell in the city, not to mention a blasphemous cult that worships elemental spirits rather than Wolf and Moon. However, a harsh fault-line runs between *Al-Muwateneen* and migrant in the Tribe. Many of the migrant *Suthar Anzuth* support a plan by the Lodge of the Burning Claw to incubate a brood of spirits of rage and revolution, intending to unleash them on Dubai and bring down the Ivory Claws with the rest of the social order. The *Al-Muwateneen* accuse the Burning Claw of being little better than Fire-Touched.

The Bone Shadows have been tempered in the fires of Dubai, forged into a Tribe strong as steel. In the poorer areas of the city, the *Hirfathra Hissu* are the front line against the constant stream of vicious and starving spirits that the Warden forces out of the center; some Bone Shadows have become urban legends in the growing folklore of Dubai's underclass. The tribe has gathered a great deal of information about the Warden now, and *Al-Muwateneen* packs plan and execute swift ambushes in the Shadow to destroy *egur sahendar*. The Tribe has still yet to track down the Warden itself and theorize that the entity likely isn't a spirit at all. Even if that is the case, they can't explain its incredible influence over the Shadow.

The Hunters in Darkness hold vigil against the return of the *Srizaku* locust-fiends, remembering the days when they came with the swarms to slaughter and devour. The Lodge of the Drumming Sky still practices traditional techniques for slaying *Srizaku*, but it's rare to see one in the city limits any more. Dark rumors occasionally circulate that a handful of *Meninna* know how to contact the *Srizaku* under pacts made in the old days. The Tribe denies this, of course. Still, the story that some Hunters in Darkness plan to ally with the *Srizaku* against the Warden just refuses to die.

The last decades have seen the Iron Masters struggle. The Tribe has done its best to adapt to the changing face of Dubai, but the *Farsil Luhai* suffered a major blow when the Warden wiped out a congregation of influential Iron Masters in 1977. As far as anyone can tell, the Tribe's meddling in human affairs provoked the Warden into action. Ever since, the Iron Masters have played second fiddle to the Bone Shadows, wary of acting too boldly and drawing the wrath of the Shadow's strange master again.

The Claimed are a serious problem in Dubai, and the Storm Lords have plenty of prey to hunt. Most *duguthim* within the central regions are infected with the Warden's ichor — and presumably acting on its will — while the Bone Shadows simply cannot hold back all the spirits in the poor areas. The Storm Lords and Bone Shadows have formed a tight alliance to combat the problems of the *Hisil*; they share hidden lairs in parts of the city, Essence-laboratories funded by *Al-Muwateneen* money where infected Claimed can be studied and vivisected.

PREY

The **Warden** rules the Shadow of Dubai, but it isn't a spirit and probably isn't an *idigam* either. Inhabitants of the *Hisil* can sense it as a distant presence, surging to a deep feeling of unease when the Warden's attention falls directly upon them. The ooze and the chains that mark its presence form from tainted Essence; consuming this turns spirits into *egur sahendar*, enslaved servants of the Warden with threads of pulsing black corruption running through them. Humans who drink the Essence-laden muck die. Werewolves fall horrendously sick. Moving through the Shadow of Dubai's center is peaceful as long as a pack causes minimal disturbance; the Warden's efforts have created a sense of dead serenity to the place. Beyond the Warden's influence, though, the Shadow descends into total chaos; refugees from its orderly will fight and squabble over every scrap of Essence they can find.

For the **Pure**, Dubai presents much the same problems as it does for the Forsaken. The Pure totems are on the defensive against the Warden's efforts to taint and assimilate them. The Ivory Claws rule the top of society and the Fire-Touched rule the bottom — an arrangement that suits them both — but they cannot help but be enraged by the fact that it is the Warden who rules the Shadow, not they. Beyond the city, out in the desert, the Predator Kings lurk. More and more of Dire Wolf's children have been gathering around Dubai as the years pass, drawing innumerable spirits of sand and storms and sky to them in the process. Even the other Pure are getting nervous that the Tribe has something big planned for the city.

The **Hosts** seem to be as subject to the Warden's will as the spirits are. It has some strange plan that it forces them to conform to; allowing *Azlu* to remain in the city's heart, even encouraging them to deaden the spirit world with their webs, while hounding *Beshilu* to the outskirts amongst the migrant worker towns and the impoverished districts. As for the ***Srizaku***, the terrifying Locust Hosts that once infested the region, they have been banished far out into the desert. Occasionally a lone *Srizaku* makes it into the city and sets about tainting the Gauntlet with a strange, hungry presence that warps and twists it. This infected Gauntlet is hostile to the Warden's servants — it attacks and consumes them, dragging victims into the interstitial space of the Gauntlet to be destroyed. Such infections draw a surge of *egur sahendar* to the location in an attempt to cleanse and purify it.

The **Agency** claim to be demons, and it's not hard to believe. They act like operatives out of some espionage novel, spying on each other and on the corporations and companies that base themselves in Dubai — but they're really shapeshifters of steel and cartilage, capable of snaring peoples' lives and wearing them like a hermit crab. The Agency seems as interested in the Warden as the Uratha are, and the Bone Shadows suspect the demons know something that they aren't willing to share with the werewolves. The Agency is willing to let its members make deals with the Uratha, though. The demons are somehow capable of grafting pieces of stolen personality or history onto a werewolf, letting a migrant suddenly live amongst the *Al-Muwateneen* as if she was born among them. However, these transactions always come with a considerable price tag attached, usually a significant service that the demons need performed. Furthermore, these grafted 'covers' are patchy, and prone to unraveling in chaotic fashion if the recipient acts too wildly out of line with the person she is now supposed to be.

PACKS

The **Children of Bonds** are migrant Changed. They hate the society that entraps them and their human fellows, and act as much as they can to sabotage construction works, maledict rich Emiratis and generally give the wealthy a taste of the underclass's misery. They have a lot of support amongst the lower caste Forsaken, and have mustered a large number of Blood Talons to the cause of the Lodge of the Burning Claw. The Children have not shied from provocation of the *Al-Muwateneen* Forsaken in the past, claiming that they are just

as bad as the Ivory Claws. If civil war breaks out amongst the Forsaken it will be the Children of Bonds who lead the charge.

No-one pays much attention to the **Creek Fishers**, who are an odd thing in Dubai — poor native citizens, born from amongst the tailing remnants of the pearl-diving and fishing industries that once flourished here. The Creek Fishers resent the immigrants and the rich alike, and hark back to the older, harsher days of Dubai through their brutality and their mystic practices. The Fishers keep a dark secret very close to their chest; they have allied themselves to the *Srizaku* with the intention of tearing down the Warden and what they see as the decadence of what their civilization has become. The Fishers have invited men and women whose flesh squirms and crawls with locusts into their pack, and aid the Hosts in infecting areas of the Gauntlet. When *egur sahendar* respond to the damage, the Fishers ambush them. The wounded Gauntlet is spreading further like a cancer; the pack believes it will eventually overwhelm the Warden. In the process, they are causing horrific damage to both sides of the Gauntlet, not to mention allying themselves with monstrous, ravenous Hosts.

The **Scythe** has a bizarre pack structure. One half is made up of Ivory Claws, the other half Iron Masters. All Scythe members come from a series of extended Emirati families with strong wolf blood, and are allowed to choose their allegiance to Pure or Forsaken when they 'come of age' and Change. The two halves of the pack are *not* friendly with each other, but they serve as a stable bridge between the Pure and Forsaken through which negotiations can be held. Furthermore, they allow the Scythe to keep its talons deep in the construction and development industries of Dubai without having its rival family members constantly sabotaging or blundering through each other's plans. The Scythe makes sure the family and the big picture of Dubai comes first over any such feuding. The pack is actually a Lodge unto itself, with an ancestral spirit as its totem and a devotion to the expansion and empowerment of the family and Dubai; it takes as its sacred prey anyone who obstructs or harms the structural growth of the city. Neither faction particularly likes the Scythe, but neither Pure nor Forsaken can deny that they have their uses.

PLACES

The '**City of Gold**' is a worker camp, a town unto itself called Sonapur where overseers corral innumerable laborers. Thousands upon thousands of workers live here in the blistering heat and terrible amenities. They can't escape — their supervisors keep the workers' passports and they don't have any money. The Uratha who prowl through Sonapur have a constant battle on their hands with *Beshilu* thronging through the crumbling blocks and spirits of all manner of misery seeping across the Gauntlet to feast. These werewolves are born from this bubbling cauldron of grinding poverty, Changing in bloody tragedies that only serve to feed the fear and despair that fills the City of Gold. It's usual for the newly-Changed to try and go on murderous hunts of retribution against the people who they blame for it all, but experienced Uratha try and reign in such atrocities — foreign workers killing *Al-Muwateneen* would

have terrible repercussions for Sonapur's inhabitants. All that rage and resentment builds up, though. Sonapur Forsaken put their efforts into stirring up illegal strikes, sabotaging construction projects, and gathering blackmail material on the rich and wealthy who are served by foreign workers and maids. Ithaeur of the City of Gold have bound and gathered all manner of horrific spirits as servitors, but they can't make any good headway into the areas where the people they blame actually live; the Warden controls those regions and reacts to intrusion by 'undesirable' spirits.

The **Heart of Dubai** is the site of a three-way conflict between Pure, Forsaken, and Warden. A series of malls provide air-conditioned protection from the brutal heat of the day, hand-in-hand with the crass consumerism of huge numbers of shops. Powerful Loci exist in most of these malls — usually somewhere out-of-the-way and hidden from the public. Werewolves from both factions had their hand in ensuring an occult arrangement of the malls for precisely this purpose, and now they vie with one another in a quiet war for control and access via human pawns. The Warden has also noticed this vast bounty of Essence, and has succeeded in taking control of and tainting more than half of them — and bolstering the numbers of its *egur sahendar* to new heights. It acts through manifested spirits and carefully selected Claimed. Recently, the angry Ghost Wolves of the Seize by the Throat pack have managed to get their claws into the security services that the malls use. These migrants plan to use their new connections to deny *everyone* the spiritual wealth of the malls — they have enthusiastic but unrealistic ideas of somehow tearing the buildings all down and despoiling the occult energies that collect there.

The **Broken Man** goes through the motions of life, but he's long since lost any real will of his own. He's little more than an automaton, the Warden's tender ministrations ensuring that money will never be an object for him and that there will always be someone contracted to care for his needs. None of the Uratha of Dubai, nor even the Agency, know the Broken Man's pivotal role, how he was there when the Warden came forth from the *Fateh*, and the deal he brokered with the entity. It is this pact upon which the Warden's dominion really rests, and so it cannot let him die. His passing breath will end the binding agreement, and then the *Srizaku* will return to claim their domain.

CROSSROADS OF WORLDS

Malta

Malta is the crossroads of the Mediterranean Sea. For centuries, its prime positioning has led to it being a center of maritime activity. The navies of successive powers have moored at its ports; bloody battles and sieges loom surprisingly large in the history of so small a cluster of islands. Today, Malta is rich with the relics of its troubled past and with the monetary rewards of finance and funds. It is prey to the swarms of sun-hungry tourists who descend upon it



like locusts. Its stark landscape is arid but beautiful, scarred by the ruins and terraces of earlier eras.

Malta is a crossroads for more than just humanity. All manner of creature comes through the ports of these islands — a stream of the unnatural from every country with coast on the sea. Malta is a melting pot for monstrosities, and the Uratha of the islands have done their best to ensure that it retains its position as the Casablanca of the supernatural world. Almost anyone is welcome here, as long as they follow the laws of Death Wolf's children. Malta lies over a door into Hades itself, and the Bone Shadows are its terrifying guardians.

THE LODESTONE OF MADNESS

You've heard all the stories of prehistoric floods that turn up in mythologies of the world, right? Well, this story is true.

A very long time ago, Luna flooded the world; she took hold of the tides and crashed the seas over the land. Spiritual sickness had taken hold of humanity, a creeping infestation that had come from beyond the Warden Moon's patrol. The floods cleansed the world, swept all the villages and towns away. It wasn't the end of the world, but it was close enough.

Even after Luna's wrath had subsided and the waters had begun to recede, a lot of the land stayed underwater. The Firstborn didn't like this very much. They turned to their sibling, Red Wolf, and asked him to change it back to how it was. He wasn't much inclined to do so, as he was too busy exploring how this changed world worked. Then they turned to Destroyer Wolf, and he dove into the waters and swam all the way to the sea floor and tore a bloody great hole out of existence itself

Now the waters started to drain out of that hole, and Destroyer Wolf was very proud at having solved the problem in his usual direct way. Problem was, the waters never stopped draining. Death Wolf realized that eventually all the waters in the world would go that way. She went and found all the left-overs, the weird and strange detritus left over at the edges of existence, and rolled it all up into a lump. Then she dropped it over that hole like a plug, and so saved the world.

That plug is Malta.

Now do you understand why things are so weird around here?

The werewolves of Malta keep a constant watch on the sea and the sky. Most of the supernatural visitors who come here travel on ships — far safer than flying thousands of feet up if you have anger issues or a propensity to catch fire in sunlight — and far easier to navigate the security and customs. Newcomers get the spiel from the Forsaken, although most have already been warned or know it through reputation; you can feed but you can't abuse the local resources, you can fraternize but don't start fights, and you can wander the round the islands but don't ever mess with the tombs. The wolves will be watching you. *Have fun.*

The Forsaken don't mind the visitors who come to hold clandestine meetings with others of their kind, to trade, to escape clusterfucks in their homelands, or for a hundred other reasons. The werewolves encourage the idea of Malta as this neutral ground, and feast upon all the information that pours through their claws, all the favors and connections they make with all manner of creature, and the gifts and bribes they

receive for protection and good treatment. In order to make handling outsiders easier, some packs include other supernatural creatures to act as intermediaries. On the one hand, it can be a good life — a vampire who has an entire band of Uratha to watch her back and to ensure she gets blood when she needs it — but it comes at a price. The Forsaken will not tolerate any other rivals on Malta, so the vampires here have no Prince and no Covenants; the wolves abide no Changeling court and no sorcerous Consilium.

Malta warps and frays at supernatural means of travel. Witches attempting to travel across the Mediterranean by folding space sometimes hurtle wildly off-course to arrive on Malta — occasionally at terminal velocities. Wise-women striding paths that stretch through the Shadow and beyond find the twisting routes leading onto the arid islands. Through odd quirks of fate, objects with sinister or momentous destinies find their way here. So, too, do those mad who stand at the shore of the world's supernatural truths; those otherwise normal men and women who have seen too much.

The islands also have a surfeit of ghosts. Something is awry across the other side of death's threshold, and the dead here are slow to move on. Death-steeped sites like the Neolithic tombs that stud Malta can be incredibly dangerous for those attuned to the occult; they are often the lairs of immensely powerful wraiths that have been spat back out of Hades. Once, the Bone Shadows and Iron Masters ceaselessly hunted the ghosts of Malta, but centuries ago the relationship changed. Instead of treating all the ghosts like spiritual invaders, the Uratha sought out those with the most sentience remaining, especially ghosts that still felt strong ties to Malta and its protection. In the modern day, almost every pack includes several ghosts: valued repositories of lore and wisdom, useful agents, and in some cases the shades of werewolves' own ancestors.

HUNTERS

No Pure call Malta home, and that's partly down to the success of the Blood Talons. Once, Predator King packs ran these isles; now, the Pure continually try and push a presence back into the country from overseas. The Blood Talons keep vigilant watch, repulsing the occasional intrusion by Predator Kings descended from those old packs or Ivory Claws that have some sort of obsessive interest in the old burial sites of the island. The Tribe also deals with all the other werewolves whose paths bring them through Malta, policing travelers and transients.

The cult of Death Wolf reigns here. With centuries of lore on the spirits and their bans, the Bone Shadows can stand toe-to-toe with the surprisingly fractious and belligerent spirit courts of the islands. The Tribe is helped by the prizes they lever from Malta's soil and stone: relics, trophies, and outright anomalies; the detritus of Death Wolf's efforts. The Bone Shadows are masters over the dead here, relentlessly hunting newly-formed ghosts and forcing them to submit or be destroyed. Bones carved with the Tribe's history log the feuds and struggles against the ancient ghost-lords that rule some areas of Malta, and even today the *Hirfathra Hissu* have yet to subdue and bind all of these Stygian horrors.

There is never a shortage of *Beshilu* on Malta. No matter how many the Hunters in Darkness slaughter, more of the pestilent Hosts come with each freshly berthed vessel. The Tribe in Malta struggles with diverging drives; the Hunters need to hold territory in the ports if they are to stem the tide of *Beshilu*, but the Lodge of Wrath is a powerful tradition here and several sites of holy significance to the Tribe stand well away from the urban centers. The odd result is that a number of Hunters in Darkness have come together in a tiny Protectorate, investing in agriculture to purchase the land around these sites and hold them in trust for the entire Tribe — under the cover of growing fruit and vines.

The Iron Masters of Malta are like global superstars to their Tribe. Exploiting the Maltese economy, the Iron Masters run a financial hub, handling the funds and investments for werewolves across the world. Along with wealth, they trade knowledge; the humming server rooms of Iron Master lairs packed with rumors and information gleaned from the stream of supernatural beings who pass through Malta. The Bone Shadows are the spine of the Maltese Forsaken but it is the Iron Masters who have made the *Urdaga* here a genuine success.

The smallest Tribe on Malta, the Storm Lords run themselves like an obsessive priesthood. They still hunt the Claimed as their holy prey, but the *Iminir* of the isles are the inheritors of long traditions that focus around stories of sunken civilizations — a werewolf take on Atlantis. According to the Storm Lords, somewhere near Malta lay a mighty kingdom of humans ruled over by werewolves; it was drowned like everything else when Luna unleashed her wrath on the world. The Storm Lords look outwards from the island shores, scouring the seas for signs of this lost glory — and for briny prey as well. Piscine things stir in the Mediterranean waters; some are Claimed of the sea, but others are far stranger and far older.

PREY

Sometimes the flotsam and jetsam of the occult that passes through Malta include creatures that don't play nice, or that even the open-minded Uratha of the islands refuse to tolerate. Even a well-mannered **outsider** can find herself at the wrong end of a raging werewolf if she breaches the rules and kills off a rival; offenders get a brief opportunity to explain themselves before a swift judgment. Some of these outsiders do not arrive voluntarily, instead they are torn from their astral journeys or arcane passages and slammed into Malta with all the tenderness of a hammer. The Uratha try to talk these disorientated visitors down and keep them calm, but some are too shaken up or hair-trigger to be reasoned with — or simply can't be communicated with at all — and violence breaks out.

The islands of Malta are not that large, and have few places to hide. This is a great boon to the werewolves when it comes to locating and tracking visitors — but the Uratha are not the only ones who can exploit this. The **Knights of Malta** are insane hunters, broken men and women who have seen too much and somehow felt the islands' call. Despite the name, the Knights have no verifiable link back to the once-rulers of Malta and no connection whatsoever to any of the Order's modern descendants or branches. The Iron

Masters try to purge cells as soon as they catch wind of the hunters setting up shop, but inevitably Malta calls more victims to its embrace — and inevitably they take the same name for their little compact. The hunters possess no esoteric powers, but their madness makes them unpredictable, and extremely hard to influence or scare off.

Somewhere out in the Mediterranean floats the *Bathsheba*, a creaking old vessel that serves as a throne to the **Black Minister**. Boats heaving with *Beshilu* come from all around the Mediterranean coast to listen at the feet of the bloated old Host as it rants and raves and plans the next assault on Malta. The Minister believes it has the holy duty to destroy the islands; it wants to tear a great hole through the Gauntlet to cast Malta through, revealing the gaping wound that it claims to lie beneath. Then the seas will boil and drain away in an age of revelation, revealing the Plague King's burrow as the waters lower.

The **ghost lords** are ancient and powerful shades squatting on gateways into Hades itself. Some of them are utterly insane, and they're all different. One of the Neolithic temples is guarded by a screaming mass of ectoplasmic faces, while an Aghlabid tomb from when the Muslims ruled Malta is the lair of a man wielding eight curved shamshirs. Unlike lesser ghosts, the lords are utterly unbending in their vigil; all attempts to negotiate with them or convince them to allow the Bone Shadows access to the gateways they guard have failed. In the meantime, even more ghosts arrive through the ghost lords' territory, including some from distant lands, and even ancient times.

PACKS

The **Beekeepers** are the oldest pack on Malta; if the Bone Shadow record-keepers are to be believed, its lineage traces back to when Carthage ruled the islands. The pack's totem is an immeasurably ancient insect-spirit, a servant of *Kamduis-Ur* that claims to have been placed on Malta to guard it in her name. The Beekeepers keep a ghost-repository in a honeycomb of caves deep under Gozo, a whispering gallery of bottled wraiths that dates back centuries. Twice as many ghost pack members are active as werewolves, and the Beekeepers regularly rotate out and replace these shades with other ghosts who have the skills or knowledge that the pack needs to tackle a given problem.

The **Port Authority** are at war. Responsible for tending to the Freeport at Marsaxlokk, the Authority have to constantly fend off the influence of the vampire Prince of Messina, who sends vampires and ghouls to Malta as her agents. Before the Forsaken eradicated them, the vampires of Malta were vassals of the Prince's predecessor, and she craves the return of her authority. The Port Authority have to keep vigilant for these intrusions and most of the pack's Bone Shadows are vicious undead-slayers of the Lodge of Death, but the werewolves have another ace up their sleeve. The Prince of Messina has made plenty of enemies in her very long unlife, and quite a few vampires have fled Messina to Malta to escape her ire. Three such rogues have sworn themselves to the Authority as pack members, helping the Uratha hunt down their own former kindred.

In the ancient past, so folklore has it, giants roved Malta and raised up many great megalithic temples to old divinities. The Storm Lords of the **Manzara** believe a slightly different tale. Giants did indeed exist; shuddering, twitching, and bloated Hive-Claimed, who cavorted and prayed to impossible gods. The Storm Lords fell upon the abominations and slew many of them; the rest they drove into the sea. The Manzara believe that fabled Atlantis was an infestation of Hive-Claimed ruling over an insane city, and that the Tribe sunk that blasphemous island beneath the waves with furious storms. Now they patrol the waters of the Mediterranean, hunting with harpoons and spirit magic for giants that have grown piscine in aspect. The Manzara tell anyone who will listen that the giants are gathering once more and that they will soon attack the Forsaken to retake their ancient home, but few other Uratha have time for such fairy tales.

PLACES

The **megalithic temples** date back some five thousand years — shrine complexes and caves that throng with ghosts. Several of the sites are the domain of hostile ghost lords; the specters ignore humans but react poorly to intrusions by werewolves and other supernatural creatures. Some of the specters have been destroyed or subdued and bound, and it is in these sites that the Bone Shadows have discovered gateways to the realm of death. Lacking the knowledge to open the doors themselves, the werewolves mostly attempt to keep watch ensure nothing unpleasant comes through. Sometimes tidal waves of panicked ghosts pour out, pursued by wraiths that look like nothing that has ever lived on this world.

The **Hypogeum** is a sprawling club in Valletta, constructed in mimicry of the actual underground temple of the same name found elsewhere in Malta. Unlike its prehistoric namesake, the Hypogeum is a stylish and upmarket affair with plenty of private rooms. It's a prime spot for occult expatriates in Malta to gather at; vampires, sorcerers, and stranger things rub shoulders here. Most of the clientele are just normal humans, of course, oblivious to the predators who walk among them and to the deals and negotiations made in the darker corners. The Iron Master elder, Crawling Stone, holds court here, reminding visitors that the Forsaken are keeping watch and granting audiences to those seeking the werewolves' favor. The 'White Room' is a morbid private meeting chamber decorated with the bones of extinct species of Malta; it was here that a famous accord took place between rival factions of sorcerers on the southern Mediterranean coast, an accomplishment the Iron Masters are incredibly proud of facilitating.

Malta is littered with weird esoteric left-overs and occult phenomena. The **Travelers' Mausoleum** is an underground gallery that the Iron Masters recently discovered, filled with skeletons that seem to be partially merged into the stone. **Fungus Rock** is a small island off the coast that produces strange and alien species of flora and fungus; the Bone Shadows are fairly sure that the life that takes root on the rock isn't of this world or of the Shadow. Some of the natural limestone arches that reach out over the waters are, under certain alignments of stars or other natural energies, gateways opening into strange places-that-should-not-be or locations in distant countries.

The old **air raid shelters** in Mellieha once provided shelter during the Second World War. Now they're a tourist attraction, as well as holding a strange trio of Loci closely entangled with one another. The Loci each bubble with a different resonance; stone, fear, and hope. As far as the Uratha can tell, the Loci were buried in the earth before the shelter tunnels were ever dug; signs show that a previous underground chamber collapsed centuries ago. Alarming, a human visitor recently wandered out of the public areas of the tunnels to go exploring in the deeper chambers and stumbled on the Loci, where spirits of the three resonances set upon her. When they discovered her disappearance, the Uratha assumed the spirits had slain her — only to discover the hapless woman staggering through the Shadow of Mellieha, her body warping with the surging Essence of three spirits all struggling to Claim her at the same time. They dispatched the Claimed, but now the Uratha fear more humans may fall victim to the Loci.

THE GOLDEN THRONE

Bangkok, Thailand

The capital of the 'land of freedom' is known today for its tourist attractions and its political instability. Thailand is a monarchy where the king is above reproach, *coups d'état* have overthrown numerous governments in recent history, and lurid media stories eagerly drool over the problems of sex-tourism and prostitution. Yet Thailand is a significant power, its fields providing the rice that feeds the world and its industrial power burgeoning. Despite all the setbacks, Thailand thrives, a leading figure in South-East Asia. Bangkok thrives with it, a center of culture and finance.

The werewolves of Bangkok style themselves as *yaksha*, the spiritual guardians of the land. The Forsaken remember the glorious age of Ayutthaya, when they brought all of the Shadow into righteous and harmonious spiritual order in a heavenly reflection of the mortal kingdom. The modern Tribes seek to remake that lost paradise. They will bring the wayward brothers and sisters of the spirit world to heel, and a new shining beacon will rise to inspire the *Urdaga* of the world. Spirit armies march in the city's *Hisil* as the Uratha bring this dream closer to realization — but now a dark prince has risen to challenge their supremacy. An *idigam* has come to Bangkok.

RISE OF THE YAKSHA

This story is true, and soon it shall be made real once more.

The kingdom of Ayutthaya was a golden age for our kind. Ayutthaya was powerful, and so the herd thrived and lived well. We yaksha saw that this was good, and that the kingdom brought order and stability — at the price of squabbles amongst powerful factions seeking the throne. It was a time of law and medicine and learning.

We looked to the spirit world and saw how it reflected the world of flesh. Amongst our brothers and sisters of the Hisil, the benevolent flourished and the malevolent weakened. The spirits came together in a natural mirror of the kingdom's hierarchy, with lessers flocking to serve nobles. We saw that this was not enough, though; that we

had the chance to raise up a true utopia of both heaven and earth, bound together in unison.

Our People bound all the spirits together under one master, a queen of the Hisil who was the spirit of the throne and the royal family. Beneath her, spirit nobles were elevated to power and given authority and duty to enforce righteous and harmonious life upon their lessers. Power and order cascaded down the hierarchy. Not every spirit accepted the queen's rule, but they were few and far between. The spirit courts crushed such rebels, or the yaksha ran them down.

So everything was good. The yaksha guarded the boundaries between heaven and earth, and the spirits made the Hisil a lawful and civilized place. We were welcome to walk in whichever world we chose.

No golden age lasts forever.

Ayutthaya fell in 1767, brought low by the Burmese. A new Thai kingdom rose from the ashes with Bangkok as its capital, but the ordered paradise that the yaksha had created never recovered. The Bangkok werewolves tried as best they could; but Taksin, the first of the new dynasty of monarchs, fell to insanity by the whispering voices of the old spirits of royalty. The spiritual hierarchy had suffered too much damage. Some of the structure remained; the Shadow became the domain of powerful spirit warlords, mighty nobles feuding and struggling with each other. As the symbolic heart of the nation, Bangkok served as their chief battleground.

In the modern age, the Tribes are finally ready to bring about a return of the golden age. It has taken long decades of work for the yaksha to reach this point, but they have been bolstered by Thailand's success and the enduring nature of its monarchy. The eruption of urban construction in the late twentieth century provided a glut of new spirits that utterly threw the existing, entrenched powers of the Bangkok Shadow out of balance. The Forsaken leapt on this opportunity, brokering fresh pacts between these new spirits of the city's prosperity and growth and the most trusted of the old guard. From the chaos, the yaksha forged order. Many spirit courts have been brought to heel, and the yaksha muster spirits to fight against those that still remain rogue. The werewolves have compelled the spirits to remember their traditional roles through ceremony, persuasion and hunting. Once again, every yaksha pack includes benevolent spirit-beings among its members.

Yet Ayutthaya's spiritual domain has yet to be fully reborn. The werewolves of the city have split into factions of their own, each backing a rival contender for the Hisil's throne. The Pure have their own candidates. As they all jockey for position, a new threat has emerged — the three-faced terror known as the Broken Majesty.

Bangkok werewolves consider themselves tied closely to the human population; it is the duty of the yaksha not just to hunt their sacred prey, but to protect the Thai nation. The Uratha expect a werewolf to be guardian and protector of any temples in her pack's territory. She should consort with spirits to make sure that only benevolent denizens of the Shadow enter the world, and to drive away malevolent spirits that would do humanity harm. In the countryside, many Uratha masquerade as *phram*, village shamans, though modern generations chafe in such limiting and restrictive roles.

Many young Thais move to Bangkok after they Change, as the bustling, thronging city is where much of the power and opportunity is, the site of the glorious struggle for the throne itself. This steady influx of werewolves is ramping up the pressure amongst the packs. Most Bangkok packs eagerly seek recruits to champion the cause of their chosen throne candidate, but many are reaching such sizes that they struggle to cope with the resulting tensions and disorder that arise within the ranks. The Pure, meanwhile, have just as many of their own young bloods flowing into the city in search of a righteous cause and a good fight.

Bangkok packs of all factions commonly include spirits. These are mostly vassals tithed from the spirit courts to serve and aid the yaksha, and so a pack can end up with a fairly random assortment of grudging Shadow-denizens at their beck and call. *Urdaga* Packs also tend to take spirit-nobles who have agreed to become part of the Forsaken's new Ayutthaya as totems, helping to ensure that the Uratha play an integral role in the growing power structure. Bangkok werewolves call spirits brother and sister, and often treat them as family members or kindred.

Packs also often include human cults. These are small, secretive affairs, focused around the yaksha as being protector-spirits themselves; two or three men and women who are aware of the pack's existence and something of its nature.

Innumerable Lodges practice their mysteries amongst the Bangkok Forsaken, but one cult in particular stands ascendant. The Lodge of the Throne is an old sect from the days of Ayutthaya itself. The Lodge was the spine of the harmonious union between heaven and earth, the foundation that built and enforced the spiritual hierarchy of the Throne. Unusually for a Lodge, the cult does not have a single totem spirit. Rather, a number of old survivor spirits from the era of Ayutthaya hold that position communally — allies who are still bound to the Forsaken's vision of harmony through pacts and agreements made before that kingdom fell. The Lodge's chosen prey are those spirits who rebel against the harmonious spiritual order descending from the throne or who refuse to bow to the Forsaken's vision for the Shadow.

HUNTERS

Blood Talons in Bangkok are politician-warriors; they are the negotiators, emissaries and ambassadors between the rival factions for the throne. The Tribe is at the forefront of efforts to raise up this new Ayutthaya of the Shadow; ironically, it is the children of Destroyer Wolf who are doing their best to ensure the squabbling between the contenders and their Uratha backers doesn't get out of hand. The Pure are an exception, of course, and several holy sites have seen bloody battles between *Suthar Anzuth* and the Pure as the sides struggle to sway the spirits to their cause.

The Bone Shadows are the careful architects of the new hierarchy. It is not simply a case of welding together several spirit-courts through simple pacts. A complex web of bonds, oaths, agreements, and levers must be in place to prevent such a spiritual polity from simply collapsing in on itself the moment the werewolves stop paying attention. The Tribe holds

mass gatherings in Bangkok every three months, meaning that even more Uratha flood into the city from across the nation to report on their regional efforts and contribute to the growing master plan of spiritual entanglements. Most of the Tribe belongs to the Lodge of the Throne.

Of all the Bangkok Tribes, the Hunters in Darkness are the least concerned with grand delusions of a new golden age. Far too many other threats loom for the Tribe to busy itself with, especially around the often-polluted waterways that thread through the city. When the rainy season begins, leech Hosts crawl from the Gauntlet. Battling the pulsating horrors takes a tremendous physical and mental toll on the *Meninna*. Even when the leeches are dormant there is no respite; the *Ukusgualu*, horrific lamprey Hosts, slither through the canals to victims from the waterside and lair in damp slums. The only saving grace is that the blood-guzzling lampreys, leeches, and the chittering *Beshilu* share the same hunting grounds, warring on each other as often as they do on the Uratha.

In a Forsaken community that emphasizes humanity, the Iron Masters are influential – and needed. The reality of mortal politics threatens the spiritual ideal that the *yaksha* seek, even in a country that is so traditional in its approach to the monarchy. The Lodge of the Throne is constantly fearful that the royal family might fall, and it is up to the Iron Master adherents of the Lodge to meddle in politics and the army – preying on anyone who threatens the physical anchors to which so much spiritual symbolism is attached.

Storm Lords in Bangkok are the hunters of the *bhuta* – malevolent spirits that have Claimed victims. Most *bhuta* have an aversion to built-up areas so they lair in the hills or the countryside, preying on innocents there. As a result, few Storm Lords live permanently in Bangkok and most are itinerant. Several hunters belong to one pack, but that pack will only meet up upon set dates once or twice a year. In the meantime, the werewolves travel far and wide, welcomed by packs that they visit. A growing faction of *Iminir* are rejecting this tradition and aligning themselves strongly with the Lodge of the Throne.

PREY

The Shadow of Bangkok is in the throes of an energetic war. Innumerable **spiritual courts** march on one another; some to pacify rogue spirit broods that refuse the authority of the *yaksha*, and some at the orders of the Forsaken factions as the werewolves maneuver their candidates for the spiritual throne of Ayutthaya. Others are just taking advantage of the shifting power structures for their own gain. The actual **contenders for the throne** are all spirits linked to the symbolism of the royal family and governmental authority – once one of them becomes the monarch of the Shadow, the symbolic power of the hierarchy of the Flesh will enforce itself on the spirits of the *Hiril*.

The **Pure** of Thailand followed the lead of the Predator Kings for decades. While Dire Wolf's children may still rule the roost amongst the *Anshega* of the countryside and the highlands, though, the Fire-Touched and Ivory Claws both hold the lion's share of power in Bangkok – and hence the most influence over the spiritual struggle for the throne. The

Tzuumfin are currently in the strongest position amongst the Pure, with several of their own ancestral spirits well-placed to take the crown. The Predator Kings have finally realized their error in leaving the capital to the other Tribes for so long, and now scramble to catch up. Now their warriors are leading a horrifying spiritual convoy from the highlands, planning a route of territorial conquest that will bring them to Bangkok. With the savage Pure comes their prize, a loathsome spirit-queen of pain and misery born from the Burmese refugee camps.

All fear the coming of the **Broken Majesty**. A towering horror from a past age, the *idigam* has Coalesced as a giggling, burbling mountain of flesh and faces, bedecked with the regalia of a hundred different monarchies. Its groaning, grimacing visages drool and dribble as it totters along on a forest of legs, belching orders at the spirits that it seems to entrance with its mere presence. The Broken Majesty currently lairs in Pak Kret, west of Bangkok itself, from where it has sent warped messengers to demand all the *yaksha* accept its claim on the throne. Local Forsaken packs have fled Pak Kret, faced with former brethren whose souls the Majesty has replaced with spirits.

The **Hosts** of Thailand are particularly grisly, even amongst Shard-kind. The leeches bubble out of the Gauntlet with the rains, squirming into the orifices of sleeping victims and guzzling on their blood. Victims grow more and more withered and desiccated until the Host moves on to its next victim; horrifically, if these corpses lie to rot in standing water, some of them reanimate into gory, slithering monstrosities just as blood-hungry as the Hosts. As for the lampreys, they burrow into the flesh for blood just as the leeches, but have far more startling effects on the Gauntlet that they taint. The Gauntlet becomes almost fluid, becoming a bloody medium through which the *Ukusguaku* swim and prowl. It starts seeping blood and oozing into the Flesh, and *Meninna* tales whisper of wallowing horrors reaching out of its depths.

A small sub-department of the **Marine Police Division** has a surprisingly large budget for what's supposed to be an office dealing with administrative paperwork. This small compact of monster-hunters was born from one too many encounters with ghastly water-dwellers, but has since branched out to other areas – including keeping tabs on werewolves. They've cottoned on that the shapeshifters have something big in the works, something that necessitates getting their hooks into politicians and powerful executives. They've started to go after human patsies who they can identify, using corruption and fraud charges to take the targets out of the picture, though their focus remains on the leech and lamprey Hosts.

PACKS

The **Wheel of Law** was once a pack steeped in a fusion of Buddhist traditions and Forsaken beliefs; that was many generations ago. The modern incarnation of the pack has little of the old respect for spirituality. Almost entirely made up of Iron Masters, its new nature is just the result of the young werewolves around Pak Kret finding Red Wolf had more to offer them than any mortal faith. They don't even call themselves *yaksha*.

Unfortunately, the Wheel's modern and iconoclastic approach has left them in the lurch. The arrival of the Broken Majesty in Pak Kret dislodged them in short order, leaving the pack without a territory to call their own. It took a while before anyone paid any heed to the wild claims of the arrogant young *Farsil Luhai* when they began to travel and plead with the Bangkok packs for aid. Now the Broken Majesty's presence is beyond doubt, but who has time to help the young punks of the Wheel?

Three Worlds' Blood Talons and Bone Shadows have a long and proud history. This pack was the birthplace of the modern Lodge of the Throne, and few Protectorates in the country would not at least pay respectful ear to what the pack has to say. The pack claims territory in central Bangkok but at any one time its *Suthar Anzuth* are mostly on the road, visiting other Forsaken across the country and mediating between rival factions. Notoriously, the Three Worlds also provide a warning example of the dangers of so much fraternisation with spirits. A vassal of an allied spirit noble possessed one of the pack members a few years ago and went on a bloody rampage until she was put down. That disaster has run some fracture lines through the authority that the pack commands.

The mixed Tribes of the **Rapidity** think that the whole scheme of establishing a spiritual hierarchy is insane. For starters, they point out, Ayutthaya fell once before. That's not to mention the shaky ground of the modern world and the Thai government with its coups and protests. The Rapidity are of the opinion that when they've got Red Shirts, Yellow Shirts, Blue Shirts, and any other political factions marching in the streets, the Forsaken shouldn't be looking to the distant past for answers — they need to look to the *now*. The *yaksha* are supposed to care for the people of Bangkok, not try and prop up a human regime just to push the spirits in line. Not to mention that spirits can't exactly be trusted — you just need to look at what happened to the Three Worlds for proof of that.

PLACES

The streets and plazas of **Bangkok** itself are incredibly rich with Essence, a veritable bounty worthy of warring over.

The whole Shadow here seems incredibly vital and lively, while the violence and passion of political protests caused so much resonance to stream through the area that the after-shocks still send invigorating tremors through the spiritscape. As far as the Bone Shadows can tell, the only cause of this is that Bangkok is the capital and therefore the symbolic center of the country; few other capitals, however, have such sheer spiritual verve as this place. The reflections of the busy roadways are mad cascades of vehicle spirits — but less of a stampede than a festival. Some vehicle spirits slip across the Gauntlet to possess their material counterparts; a number of *bhuta*-hunter Storm Lords have full-time jobs as 'traffic police' sniffing the rogues out.

The **Bodhisattvas** are curious *yaksha* statues found around Thailand; several are located in Bangkok. They have the fierce and unsettling aspect of human-made guardian statues but these *yaksha* actually used to be Uratha, if the tales are to be believed. They were werewolves who achieved such great acts of Wisdom and such depths of primal power that they transcended mortality, rejoining with the lost spirit of *Urfarah*. Every bodhisattva is also a locus, gathering all the Essence generated by the rituals and reverence of humans who attend the temples the statues guard.

Something is wrong in the area around the temple of **Wat Saket**. The Fire-Touched used to hold this area, taking on the mantle of harsh and unforgiving *yaksha* who watch the humans not as guardians but as judges. Uratha passing through have noticed that the Gauntlet is warping strangely — and not from the depredations of Hosts. Spirits of wilderness and nature have started spewing out of the region and directly attacking the *Hisil* of **Rattanakosin Island**, the historic and symbolic heart of the city. Even the warring city courts have left the Island as sacred ground where they can meet peacefully for negotiations, but these new nature spirits pay no heed and attack whatever they can. The Bone Shadows fear the Predator Kings have found a route through the deep Shadow into Wat Saket, giving them a beachhead right into the center of Bangkok.

APPENDIX CONDITIONS

HUNTING NATURE: HUMAN (PERSISTENT)

The pack values preparation and practice over blind instinct. It relishes the thrill of a well-executed scheme, where everyone performs their roles as rehearsed, and the prey is overwhelmed and brought low exactly as planned. The pack can spend Experiences to learn, develop, and use Pack Tactics of any dot rating. The pack gains a pool of Willpower points equal to the number of Uratha in the pack each lunar cycle. Any packmate in Hishu or Dalu can spend from this pool instead of their own.

Possible Sources: Hunting Natures

Resolution: The pack's actions and behavior cause a shift in hunting nature at the turn of the next lunar cycle.

Beat: The pack can sometimes have difficulty with actions that rely on instinct more than reason. When rolling a dice pool using Physical Skills, a character may choose to suffer -2 dice to the roll. If the character fails this roll, she gains a Beat.

HUNTING NATURE: WOLF (PERSISTENT)

The pack values instinct over reason, the thrill of the chase, and the freedom of acting without the constant need for thought. Every member of the pack knows what to do and when to do it. The pack can use spontaneous Pack Tactics, and create and use tactics up to three dots. The pack gains a pool of Willpower points equal to the number of Uratha in the pack each lunar cycle. Any packmate in Urshul or Urhan can spend from this pool. The pack can't use tactics greater than three dots even if previously purchased with Experiences; they've lost the connection between complex, rehearsed plans and action.

Possible Sources: Hunting Natures

Resolution: The pack's actions and behavior causes a shift in hunting nature at the turn of the next lunar cycle.

Beat: The pack can sometimes have difficulty with actions that rely on reason more than instinct. When rolling a dice pool using Mental Skills, a character may choose to suffer -2 dice to the roll. If the character fails this roll, he gains a Beat.

HUNTING NATURE: WEREWOLF (PERSISTENT)

The pack has incorporated the strengths of both wolf and human into its hunting. It relishes the thrill of instinctive free action, as much as the joy of a well-executed scheme. The pack can spend Experiences to learn, develop, and use tactics of any dot rating, but can also spontaneously use tactics without spending time to develop them. The pack gains a pool of Willpower points equal to the number of Uratha in the pack, which refreshes at each lunar cycle. Any packmate can spend from this pool regardless of form. The pool also gains a point each time a packmate enters *Basu-Im*, to a maximum of the number of Uratha in the pack.

The pack suffers none of the limitations of packs imbalanced towards either human or wolf hunting natures. Prey can sense the predatory nature of these monsters; the pack gains 2 dice to Intimidation rolls.

Possible Sources: Hunting Natures

Resolution: The pack's actions and behavior cause a shift in hunting nature at the turn of the next lunar cycle.

Beat: The pack's predatory nature can sit very close to the surface, at times causing unease in those nearby. When rolling a dice pool using a Social Skill (except Intimidate), a character may choose to suffer -2 dice to the roll. If the character fails this roll, she gains a Beat.

LOST COHESION

The packmates just can't seem to communicate properly, or understand each other's intentions. While suffering this Condition, any dice roll made in the presence of another packmate suffers a 2-dice penalty. Additionally, actions intended to directly assist other pack members (such as in tactics) suffer a further -2 dice to the roll (for a total of -4).

Possible Sources: A pack rolling Dramatic Failure when trying to use a pack tactic, or a wolf-or-werewolf-Hunting Nature pack failing to spontaneously use a pack tactic

Resolution: The pack succeeds in using a Pack Tactic.

Beat: n/a

LOST HUNTERS

The pack has somehow lost touch with its instincts, feeling out-of-touch with both the wolf and human aspects of its nature. Until a member of the pack exemplifies what the pack stands for, or Luna's light inspires the pack, every member suffers -2 dice to any roll involving the hunt, protecting territory, or seeking prey.

Possible Sources: Dramatically failing a Hunting Nature roll.

Resolution: A pack member achieves an Exceptional Success despite the -2 dice penalty, or the pack's lunar cycle resets. If this Condition resolves due to Luna's influence, the pack loses any Hunting Nature for that month.

Beat: n/a



The wolf must hunt, but it cannot hunt alone. Your hunts need the talents and instincts of other werewolves to slaughter the most dangerous prey. Your hunting grounds and families need the watching eyes of those with the blood of the Wolf or the spirit of the Moon. Your pack needs grounding in the world, humans who provide their contacts, expertise, and support. A pack is not a pack without a totem, a warden in the world of Spirit that watches over the entire pack.

A pack is family and gang and club and cult, but some werewolves go further. Tragedy drives werewolves apart, leaving the Wolf-Blooded to hold the pack together and herd the surviving Uratha in service to the Siskur-Dah. A pack cannot hunt without knowledge of the broader supernatural world, so accepts a mystic into their ranks. Packs form protectorates — fragile alliances, cemented in rituals of honor or arranged marriage. A packmate joins a Lodge, a mystery-cult that teaches dangerous secrets that empower their whole pack on the hunt.

Alone you die. Together you will feast on the blood of your prey.

This book contains:

- The pack from within and without, including a number of sample packs.
- Other organizations of werewolves, including protectorates and Lodges.
- New systems for pack creation, hunting nature, and pack tactics..
- Three new hunting grounds that show different sides to the pack.



WEREWOLF
THE FORSAKEN
SECOND EDITION

