

FRONTIER SECRETS



**A Storyteller Sourcebook for
Werewolf: The Wild West™**



FRONTIER SECRETS

The title 'FRONTIER SECRETS' is rendered in a large, bold, serif font. The word 'FRONTIER' is on the top line, and 'SECRETS' is on the bottom line. A stylized graphic of crossed pickaxe handles is positioned between the two words, with the pickaxe heads pointing towards the top right and bottom left. The letters have a slight 3D effect with shading.

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Greg "Grizzly Adams" Fountain, for living with the bears in The Hole when utopia comes.

Michelle "My Baby Daddy" Prahler, for bringing musical Ebonics to the lunch discussion.

Ash "Prince Blondie" Arnett, for adding a touch of Bryan Ferry to karaoke night.

Allison "You Didn't Tell Me It Would Be Like This" Sturms, for joining the monkey hous— er, E&D.

Chris "I Saw This In A Bon Jovi Video" McDonough, for shirt-ripping hints and tips.

Cynthia "Unseelie" Summers, for dealing with the less-Glamorous aspect of Changeling — the editing!

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PRINTED IN CANADA

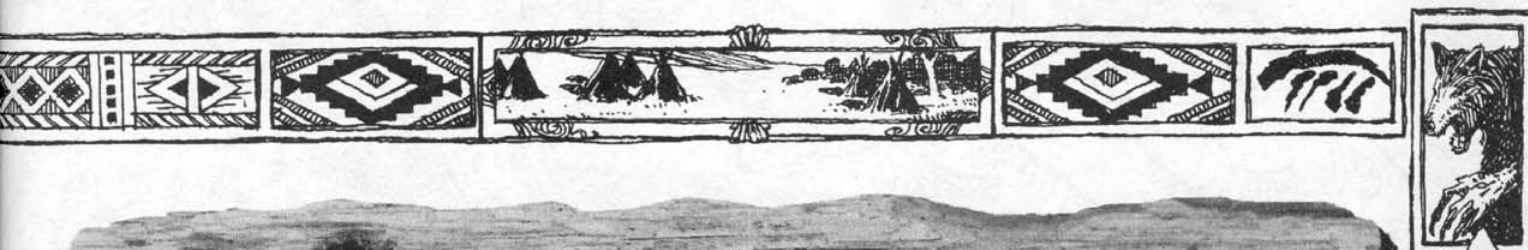


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Contents

| | |
|---|-----------|
| Introduction: How to Use this Book | 5 |
| Chapter One: Garou Ways of the Savage West | 7 |
| Chapter Two: The Changing Breeds | 15 |
| Chapter Three: Antagonists | 31 |
| Appendix: Odds and Ends | 55 |





Introduction: How to Use This Book

Well, welcome back to the Savage West. Glad to see you again.

So you've bought the Storyteller Screen, and you're wondering what all's in the accompanying book — that is, this **Frontier Secrets** thing. The answer is quite a bit, some that's suitable for players and some that isn't.


First, a word or two by way of explanation: **Werewolf: The Wild West** is a big book, but big as it is, we couldn't fit everything we wanted to inside. That's where a chunk of the material in this book comes from; it's leftovers, although tasty ones. Nothing absolutely necessary to a chronicle, but a passel of worthwhile ideas that might help a game out. Some of the other material is strictly not the players' business unless the Storyteller says it is — nothing spoils a good chronicle like out-of-character knowledge. Consequently, we've inserted some stuff here that we didn't want to put in the main rulebook, just because not every Storyteller is going to want their players to know such things.

There are a few more expansions on already-existing things like the timeline and weapons charts — you had the basics before, but now we're giving you more permutations. And finally, here's where we can tell you the full history of the Savage West: what happened to the Storm Eater, what happened to the Garou, and how all of this leads into the modern-day World of Darkness.

So, how's your appetite? Still hungry for some leftovers? Care to try a hearty meal of horror and action, a heaping helping of Savage West cooking? Well, dive right in. The main rulebook is a loaded plate, that's for sure.

But there's always room for seconds.





Chapter One: Garou Ways of the Savage West

Gifts

Circumstances of birth may influence a werewolf's affinity for certain Gifts, but they in no way determine the exact supernatural "tricks" that the Garou learns. Not all human-born Garou are taught Persuasion right after their Rite of Passage — in fact, the Gifts a werewolf might know depend entirely on who's calling up his spirit instructors and what those spirits feel like teaching him.

Although the Gifts listed in the main rulebook are the ones most commonly taught in the Savage West, the Storyteller may offer her players a wider range of choices if she's so inclined. Alternately, she can use these following Gifts as either surprises to spring on her troupe, or as the objects of visionquests. Whatever works.

Homid

- **Shape Smoke (Level One)** — When on the trail, sometimes it's better not to let anyone know where a body is camping. The tiniest wisps of smoke can give away a location and can bring no end of trouble. Using this Gift, the Garou can completely disperse or shape into patterns the smoke or steam from a small campfire to a train. This Gift is taught by an Air-spirit.

System: The player spends one Gnosis point and rolls Manipulation + Stealth against a variable difficulty (4 to shape a campfire's smoke, 7 to disperse a train's steam, 9 to dissipate the smoke from a raging inferno, etc.).



Metis

• **Shed (Level One)** — This allows the metis to escape from grabs and holds by releasing a layer of fur. This Gift is taught by a Snake-spirit.

System: If the metis is successfully grabbed or pinned, the player can roll Dexterity + Primal-Urge, difficulty 7. If successful, the metis slips from the opponent's grasp, and the opponent is left with only a handful of fur. The metis can also use this to help him squeeze through tight places, using his fur as a slick surface to ease passage. (reducing the difficulty of such actions). Hairless metis cannot possess this Gift.

Lupus

• **Cousin's Coat (Level One)** — Garou with this Gift can blend in with their natural surroundings easier than others of their kind. The Gift, taught by a Wolf-spirit, allows the werewolf to appear as the appropriate type and breed of wolf indigenous to the area.

System: This Gift only works in Lupus form. The player rolls Manipulation + Survival (difficulty 7). Only one success is required, but additional successes will handicap special senses or Gifts (Scent of the True Form, vampiric senses, etc.) from detecting the ruse. If the Gift succeeds, the werewolf's Lupus form shifts to match the indigenous wolves of the area. Garou using this Gift in a city or town usually resemble large dogs, a very unappealing concept to most.

Ragabash

• **Fool's Gold (Level One)** — The Garou makes relatively worthless objects (beads, cheap metal, cod liver oil) or items of inferior craftsmanship (blankets, rifles) appear to be highly valuable and desirable. This doesn't cause a blind lust in others

to possess the objects, but does make them extremely predisposed toward whatever deal is offered in trade. This is taught by a Magpie-spirit.

System: The player must make a Wits + Subterfuge roll (difficulty 7). The Gift affects all targets present, although individuals may make Willpower rolls (difficulty 8) to resist its effects. Alternately, particularly savvy characters may roll Perception + Subterfuge (difficulty 7) to pierce the deception. The number of successes determines the Gift's duration; one success only lasts a couple turns, three lasts the entire scene, while five makes the effect permanent.

Philodox

• **Strength of Vision (Level One)** — A Philodox can apply his will to a goal and then ignore all distractions from it. This Gift is taught by a Boar-spirit.

System: By spending a Willpower point, the character can ignore interruptions, distractions and upsets as she pursues some goal. Any information that the character needs to recall to achieve her purpose is immediately accessible. The effect lasts for one scene.

Ahroun

• **Iron Claws (Level Two)** — The Garou's claws transform to sharp iron talons, making her the bane of the fae, whether nunnehi or Kithain, who live in the Savage West. This Gift is taught by an earth elemental.

System: The Garou spends a Rage point and touches her claws to an iron object. For the remainder of the scene, her claw attacks then do an additional die of damage. The iron talons inflict aggravated damage on any target which has a susceptibility to iron. What's more, the character can more readily claw enemies that are toxic, spiny or otherwise dangerous to the touch; if the Garou would take damage from clawing such an opponent, she gains an extra three dice to soak this incidental damage. These dice are used *only* to soak damage that's a direct result of attacking such an opponent; if the cactus-skinned mockery smacks the werewolf with a fist, the werewolf must soak as usual.

Black Furies

• **Heightened Senses (Level One)** — As the Level One Lupus Gift.

• **Dispel the Golden Waste (Level Four)** — This rare and radical solution to the Gold Rush remains a deeply-kept secret. It summons up the spirits of gold from their resting places, whirls them into a dust cloud, and whisks the gold away, leaving the area worthless for prospectors. Where does the gold go? Most Furies simply shrug. Who cares? It's only valued by selfish men. Some speculate that the spirits deposit the loot in some hidden Fury den. The tribe certainly has ready cash when it's needed....

System: The player makes a Gnosis roll, difficulty 8. Success creates a whirlwind of gold dust which sweeps the vicinity free of gold and pyrite. Any shaped gold turns to dust. The Gift can and will work in "civilized" areas like banks, although a sealed vault prevents the dust from leaving. In open spaces, air currents carry the gold far away; the Fury cannot redirect the dust to suit her own needs. The gold's eventual destination remains a mystery only the Storyteller can solve.

Bone Gnawers

• **Scent of Sweet Honey (Level One)** — The werewolf can cause his target to exude a sickeningly sweet smell and become slightly sticky to the touch. This attracts all manner of vermin, and the target swiftly becomes coated with and surrounded by swarms of gnats, flies, bees, etc. The swarm causes impaired vision for the target, annoying stings and bites, maddening buzzing noises, total inability to function socially, and other inconveniences. The exact game effect of the swarm is up to the Storyteller. This Gift is taught by certain Plant-spirits, but Insect-spirits can also teach it.

System: The player spends one Gnosis point and rolls Wits + Subterfuge (difficulty 6). The effects last for one hour per success, and the smell will not wash off during this time.

Children of Gaia

• **Nature's Bounty (Level One)** — Even in the heart of a trackless waste, the Garou with this Gift can find sustenance. Gaia provides the werewolf with food and water throughout her journey: at least, enough to survive. The werewolf finds herself drawn to trickles of fresh water or tiny, hidden oases of plant life. The Cactus-spirit that teaches this Gift insists the Garou repay Gaia by leaving portions of food behind when she is not in need.

System: Every success the player receives on a Perception + Survival roll (difficulty 8) provides barely enough food and water for one person for one day. Multiple successes can provide for multiple people.

• **Fertile Lands (Level Two)** — The werewolf employing this Gift calls on Gaia to make even the harshest, most barren soil fertile. This Gift is taught by a Naturae in service to Gaia.

System: The player rolls Willpower (difficulty 7) and spends one Gnosis point per month to ensure that the land is capable of sustaining new crops. The Gift fertilizes one half-acre of land per success on the Willpower roll. Once ten Gnosis points have been spent, the land is considered permanently fertile, although overfarming or natural conditions may leach the fertility from the soil as usual.

Fianna

• **Firewater Kiss (Level One)** — This Gift allows the werewolf to induce a heady, euphoric feeling into another person's mind. This state of mind clouds judgment, impairs eyesight and reduces inhibitions, much like a heavy drinking binge. In some cases this may make an opponent easier to handle, but used improperly it can make a hostile situation even more dangerous.

System: The player must spend a Gnosis point and roll Manipulation + Medicine (difficulty of the target's Willpower). The number of successes indicates the strength and duration of the effect. Every two successes add one to the target's difficulties, up to a maximum of a 10 difficulty. The effects range from light-headedness for a minute (two successes, +1 to all difficulties) to a drunken stupor for an entire scene (six successes, +3 to all difficulties). The target can temporarily shake off the effects for a round by spending a Willpower point. If the subject spends a number of Willpower points greater than the number of successes rolled, the Gift's effects are negated. This power can't be used more than once on the same target in the same day.

Get of Fenris

• **Resist Pain (Level One)** — As the Level One Philodox Gift.

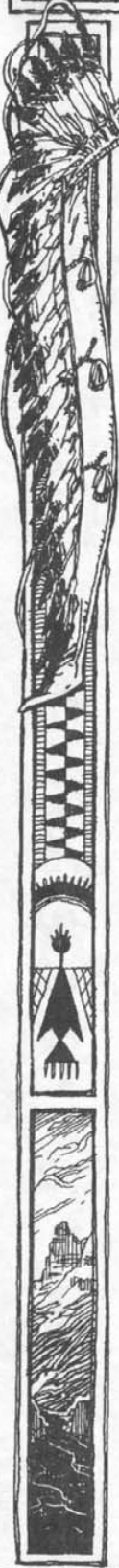
• **Fertile Lands (Level Two)** — As the Children of Gaia Gift.

• **Mark of the Enemy (Level Three)** — The Garou places a spirit-glyph on an opponent that can only be seen by other Get of Fenris. This mark is permanent, branding the individual as an enemy of Fenris who should be watched or destroyed.

System: The character must touch his target and the player must make a Gnosis roll, difficulty 7, to successfully brand the foe with the Mark of the Enemy. This mark is never left without good reason, and falsely accusing a person is a grave breach of Honor, if not cause for death.

Iron Riders

• **Well-Oiled Running (Level One)** — On the trail, all manner of mechanical devices suffer from exposure to the elements. Pistols jam from sandy grit, wagon wheels wear out from rough terrain and the occasional train breaks down from extreme heat or cold. This Gift allows the Garou to protect her tools of the trade from nature and the elements.



System: By spending a Gnosis point and rolling Stamina + Crafts (difficulty 7), the Garou can protect any mechanical device. The device is unaffected by natural corrosion or adverse weather for a number of days equal to the number of successes rolled. Note that this power does not prevent damage from anything but the natural elements.

• **Iron Claws (Level Two)** — As the Level Two Ahroun Gift.

Red Talons

• **Scent of Running Water (Level One)** — As the Level One Ragabash Gift.

Shadow Lords

• **Brand of Suspicion (Level One)** — The Garou brands an intangible mark of suspicion on a target. The subject herself feels no change, but all others in her vicinity feel subtle yet powerful misgivings, even if they were favorably disposed toward her previously. The target's actions and words are taken with the most negative inference possible; even inaction is seen as suspicious. If others are focused on the Garou or another individual, their attention will lock onto the target if she is brought to their attention. This Gift is taught by an Ancestor-spirit.

System: The Garou must concentrate for one turn; the player spends a Gnosis point and rolls Manipulation + Subterfuge (difficulty of the target's Willpower). Success bestows an intangible aura on the target, generating mistrust in those around her. Those who look into the Umbra will see the target's brand, but must make an Intelligence + Enigmas roll (difficulty 7) to properly discern its meaning (if the target does not cast a reflection in the Umbra, the brand will still float, crackling, in the space she stands). Note that Umbral spirits are similarly leery of the brand, modifying the target's use of Gifts by +2 difficulty. The effects last for a scene.

Silent Striders

• **Faceless Stranger (Level One)** — The werewolf may avert the eyes of onlookers, mentally convincing them that there is nothing noteworthy about her. This Gift is taught by Lunes and Shadow-spirits.

System: The player spends a point of Gnosis. For the duration of the scene, any neutral observers take no notice of the Garou, and subconsciously avoid her, ignore her and even forget any of her distinguishing features once she has passed. This power has no effect on characters who are already hostile toward the Garou, or who have been specifically instructed to look out for her.

Silver Fangs

• **Dramatic Entrance (Level One)** — The Garou may use this Gift immediately upon entering a scene or place. She strikes a commanding pose, and some environmental effect (ominous thunder, a stunned silence, a chilling wind and the

like) usually accompanies her. This Gift is taught by Falcon-spirits.

System: The player must spend a Gnosis point. The Garou must activate this Gift the moment she arrives upon the scene. The Silver Fang is considered to have an Appearance Trait of three higher than her actual score, but only until she speaks. This Appearance rating is not necessarily physical attractiveness; it is more often than not an awesome aura of majesty and panache.

• **Lambent Flame (Level One)** — The Garou creates a nimbus of fiery silver light surrounding her body. This Gift is taught by a Lune.

System: Activating this Gift requires a Willpower point, and the flame burns for the duration of the scene. The light illuminates a 100-foot radius, and the Garou glows so brightly that difficulties of hand-to-hand attacks against her are increased by one. The difficulties of missile attacks are reduced by one, however, as the Garou shines like a beacon.

Stargazers

• **Sense Wurm (Level One)** — As the Level One Metis Gift.

Uktena

• **Feast Upon Snake's Wisdom (Level Two)** — Unlike the Wurm, Snake is both wise and helpful. The Uktena may call upon the spirit of Snake to tell her one piece of nonmagical information. This may be where to find water in the desert, how a lost pot can be found or who a ceremonial rattle belongs to. Any single piece of information (barring something that could only be known through reading someone else's mind) can be discovered by the Garou. The Gift cannot be used to identify someone who has committed a crime (such as theft or murder); that would involve reading that person's mind. It could, however, be used to obtain circumstantial evidence, such as identifying the owner of a knife used in a murder. Because Snake reveals her Gifts only to those who are both resourceful and respectful, a wise Garou does not attempt to use her Gift more often than once a week. The Gift is taught by the spirit of Snake.

System: The player rolls Perception + Enigmas with a difficulty based on the likelihood of anyone else knowing the information sought. Well-known facts (the Cheyenne use the area as a winter camp) might call for a difficulty of no more than 4, while particularly obscure knowledge (exactly where within the painted desert does a particular prairie dog have its lair?) might have a difficulty of 9 or 10. Most information will fall between a difficulty of 6 and 8. Those who abuse this Gift too often should receive wildly incorrect answers, regardless of rolls.

• **Flick of the Fish's Tail (Level Two)** — The Uktena can breathe underwater and swim as fast as he can run in Hispo form. The Gift is taught by any Fish-spirit.



System: The player spends one Gnosis point and rolls Stamina + Animal Ken (difficulty 6). The effect lasts one hour per success.

• **Bounty of the Corn Maiden (Level Three)**

— Utilizing a couple of corn kernels, a few nuts, a strip of dried meat or other small, edible object, the Garou may call forth enough food to feed herself, and possibly a few other people, seemingly from nothing. This Gift is taught by the spirit of the Corn Maiden.


System: The player spends one Gnosis point and rolls Intelligence + Occult (difficulty 6). For each success she gains, she is able to create one meal consisting of the type of food used in the invocation. Thus, corn might produce ears of corn, corn cakes or tortillas or a corn mush, while meat might create a steak or beef hash. The food thus created will fully satisfy one person per meal created, being nutritious and sustaining. Botches result in no food being created and the destruction of the focus (nuts, meat strip, etc.).

• **Kachina's Luck (Level Five)**

— The Garou may make a specially constructed kachina doll representative of herself or another person or creature, which is used to

attract luck to the represented individual. The doll must incorporate some part (fingernail paring, eyelash, lock of hair) of or article belonging to the intended recipient. This Gift is taught by a Kachina-spirit.





System: The Garou spends a week to construct the doll. The player spends a point of Gnosis and rolls Perception + Crafts (difficulty 8). To bring luck to the target, the player rolls Manipulation + Occult (difficulty 7 or the recipient's Gnosis, whichever is less). Each success (to a maximum of 10 successes) should be recorded by the Storyteller, for each grants one automatic success on a single die roll of the Garou's choice later in the story, or allows all the successes to affect one die roll in the scene in which the kachina doll is activated (not counting damage rolls).

For example, if Song-of-the-Morning gets three successes on her Manipulation + Occult roll, she may use one of those successes to affect a difficult climbing roll she needs to make during the session; later in the story, she is confronted by a deadly foe and chooses to utilize another success in her attempt to slash him with her claws. If she still has successes remaining, she may use them in successive turns or save them for later. All successes must be used within a single story; those that are unused simply fade away. Conversely, if she wishes to use all her successes at once, she may add them to a single roll in the same scene in which she called forth kachina's power.

Whenever all the successes are used, the luck is gone and the doll crumbles to dust. Another doll must be made to utilize this Gift again. No more than one kachina doll made by the Garou may be in existence at any given time, nor can extra dolls be constructed during the time the luck has been invoked, but not yet spent. Making another doll requires the same ingredients and takes a full week of uninterrupted time.

Each failure rolled when constructing the doll removes one success from the possible 10, while a botch creates a doll that functions in reverse, automatically causing a 1 result on one die (or a whole bunch of them if the quick luck method is invoked) each time the doll's luck is called upon. The Storyteller may choose to make either roll for the player, so that the player will never be sure just how much luck she has to call on — or if she has activated a curse instead!

Wendigo

• **Buffalo Hide (Level One)** — A warrior isn't worth much if he dies before he can fight. This Gift, bestowed with a chant, allows a Wendigo to withstand the treacherous weapons of distant cowards. Once the two sides join, the warrior is on his own.

System: If the player makes a successful Stamina + Primal-Urge roll (difficulty 6), the Garou gains two extra soak dice against missile weapon attacks. Bullets, arrows and hatchets may strike the wolf, sticking in his hide, but he'll feel them less than he might have otherwise. This bonus does not apply against hand-to-hand attacks, magical damage or other nasty phenomena (explosions, storms, big rocks, etc.). This Gift lasts one scene and can be used on others.

• **Hawk's Guidance (Level One)** — In the endless stretches of the Great Plains, the Wendigo quickly learned how to find

the path home. By chanting to the spirit of the Hawk, a Garou may divine the best direction for his travels. The Gift bestows a "homing instinct," not an actual picture of the terrain; nevertheless, it's an effective spirit aid.

System: The player rolls Wits + Primal-Urge (difficulty 6) to find the best path to follow. This may not be the quickest or most direct route, but it will be the safest. The Garou's instincts guide him from there. This Gift lasts until the journey ends; its guidance dissipates if the Gift is used again before the trip is over.

• **Burning Tumbleweeds (Level Three)** — By summoning Fire-spirits into the dry bushes of the plains, a Wendigo can make rolling, flaming bombs. This Gift comes from Coyote, who used it for one of his more deadly pranks.

System: The player spends a point of Rage and rolls Manipulation + Survival (difficulty 6). For each success, one tumbleweed bursts into flames which last until the bush is consumed. The Gift also summons a stiff breeze. Once lit, the tumbleweeds can be blown by the wind to wherever they'll do the most damage; each rolling fireball is roughly equivalent to a small bonfire for purposes of damage (*Werewolf: The Wild West*, pg. 219). Before the Gift will work, however, there must be tumbleweeds to ignite; this Gift doesn't create them from scratch.

• **Trackless Waste (Level Three)** — As the Level Three Red Talon Gift.

Totems

Yes, it's a couple of spare totems.

Totem of Respect Thunderbird

Background Cost: 6

Thunderbird is the fury of the heavens, the wisdom of the true storm. He is courage incarnate, and his roar tests the mettle of those who seek his favor. His favorite people are the Wendigo and Pumonca, although some honored Shadow Lords have gained his blessing.

Traits: Thunderbird teaches his children Intimidation 1 and Survival 1. They can call on an extra five points of Willpower per story. The Pumonca and Wendigo will both treat a pack chosen by Thunderbird with some respect. In the most desperate emergencies, Thunderbird may strike a foe of the pack with lightning. He dislikes having to intercede in this way, however, and will demand repayment in the form of a quest.

Ban: Thunderbird doesn't like cowardice, and asks his children not to flee from any fight where they aren't clearly overmatched. He also demands that his children oppose the forces of decay (mockeries, vampires, Banes and the like) and the Storm Eater wherever they may find them.

Totems of Wisdom

Owl

Background Cost: 6

Owl is the quiet master of the night, the keeper of ancient wisdom drawn from the darkest shadows. Many of the Pure Ones associate Owl with ghosts and the Underworld; they are correct in their assumption.

Traits: Owl's aid is subtle and sagacious; he sometimes gifts his Children with strange premonitions of danger and forgotten secrets. Owl gives wings to each of his Children when they enter the Umbra, allowing them to fly from place to place. Owl's Children subtract two from all difficulties involving stealth, silence, or quiet. The pack gains three additional dice when using any Gift involving the air, travel, movement, or darkness. Each pack member gains two points of Wisdom. Silent Striders will sometimes show up unannounced to offer the pack assistance, but Rat's Children are less likely to look favorably on Owl's chosen, due to an old conflict between the two totems.

Ban: Owl asks that his pack leave animal sacrifices for him in the wild places, in the form of small vermin that are tied in place.

Raven

Background Cost: 5

Raven is a great trickster, and as such is venerated by Ragabash, Nuwisha and, of course, the Corax. However, Raven is wiser than most of the trickster-spirits, and tends to get caught in backfiring pranks far less often than Coyote. He satisfies himself on the leavings of other predators, and is an excellent provider. However, Children of Raven usually have to get by on their wits; strength alone is never enough.

Traits: Raven teaches his children Survival 3, Subterfuge 1 and Enigmas 1. All pack members gain an extra temporary Wisdom point. The Corax also look favorably on Raven's chosen.

Ban: Raven asks of his children that they not carry wealth, instead trusting in him to provide.







Chapter Two: The Changing Breeds



I tell ya, yer a damn fool if you think us werewolves are the first ones with rights to these lands. No, I ain't talkin' about the Pure Ones, ya blasted idjit! I'm talkin' about them other ones — the trickster-kin and lonesome walkers. Haven't heard of 'em, have ya? Damn, you Silver Fangs oughtta unplug yer ears ever once in a blue moon.

— Earl Cotten, Bone Gnawer Ahroun

People hear things. No matter the culture, it has its ancient stories of people who can wear the skins of animals and run on four feet or cross the skies on feathered wings. Most modern, “civilized” folk dismiss these stories as fancy superstition, but that isn't always the case. And the Garou know full well that they aren't the only people born of mingled human and animal blood. But the others aren't all that common — because the werewolves went to war with their shapeshifting brethren: once in the beginning of times, and now, they've done it again....



The War of Rage

Tales vary as to what touched off the first great war between the Changers, the War of Rage. Many say it was the pride of the Silver Fangs; that the Fangs, flush with pride from being the chosen among Garou, claimed dominion over the other Changing Breeds as well. Others say the first blows were traded over territory, over select bands of human Kinfolk — some Galliards even say the first battle began with a domestic dispute involving an errant lover.

But as with humans, it doesn't take a very just cause to start a war. Some werewolves joined the fight with thoughts of Glory; others set their envious eyes on their rivals' caerns. Their tempers fueled into white-hot Rage, the Garou charged into battle against the other shapeshifters. And not one Changing Breed, had they the strength of Bear, the cunning of Cat or the wisdom of Raven, was able to hold back the chosen warriors of the earth.

This War of Rage ended bitterly, with many Changing Breeds dead forever and the survivors forced into hiding. Many more shapeshifters fell to the Wurm's temptations as a direct result of the War of Rage. The Garou had staked their claim as the preeminent warriors of Gaia — even if they'd sacrificed their honor to do so.

For many of the shapeshifters, these wounds never healed. But things grew to be a bit different in the Pure Lands. The werewolves that traveled to the Americas long ago had decided there was plenty of land for all, and they made peace with the other changers of the land. Although both sides still bore scars, they were content to live quietly beside one another.

That peace was broken with the arrival of the colonists. Fianna strode among the mountains of the New World and reacted with violence when the Pumonca told them to leave. The Shadow Lords met the Nuwisha on the plains and were appalled when the werecoyotes offered nothing even vaguely resembling respect. And just like that, the second War of Rage erupted.

Where the first War lasted for centuries, the second took only a matter of decades. The Silver Fangs seized caerns from "upstart" shapeshifters and brought in more of their European allies via Moon Bridges. Blood flowed in the valleys and on the plains once more. Before long, the Bastet were all but gone, the Nuwisha had left the physical world for the Umbra en masse, and the Corax fled to the northern reaches where the Wendigo still kept the Wurmcomers at bay.

Once again, the werewolves are left with the blood of their cousins on their hands. While many regret the poor decisions of their forebears, they're hard pressed to make amends. Most of the other Changing Breeds have died lonely and broken in dank holes. Those precious few that remain refuse to talk with the newcomers; their reopened wounds are far too painful. And to make matters worse, the Uktena and Wendigo, friends to the vanished shapeshifters of the Americas, have seen the

second War of Rage as a sign that they cannot live side by side with the newcomers. Now many of the Pure Ones seek vengeance, and the killing begins once more.

Today

Not all werewolf cubs are taught the tales of their Changing relatives. Some tribes feel genuine shame at their ancestors' actions, and avoid mentioning the Wars of Rage. Particular examples of these are the Fianna, Bone Gnawers and Iron Riders, all of whom prefer to focus on the present rather than dwelling on old embarrassments. Other tribes maintain that they were in the right, and continue to assert their favored position over their rivals; the Silver Fangs and Shadow Lords are two of the worst offenders. Even so, some tribes, such as the Silent Striders, Children of Gaia and Stargazers, make a point of teaching their cubs of the Wars of Rage — and reminding their cubs that such mistakes shouldn't be repeated.

But not all of the Changers are dead. Gaia gave them many gifts to make them strong, swift and hardy, and they still haunt the wild places of the frontier where not even Uktena or Wendigo set foot. Some exact vengeance on any Garou who cross their territories; others just avoid any trespassers. But a handful, a very few, still remain.

Shapeshifter Characters

Naturally, it's entirely possible for a player who wants to run another sort of werecreature to do so, so long as the Storyteller is willing. Although the native Changing Breeds resent the heavy-handed belligerence of the werewolves, there's no reason why an open-minded shapeshifter and an open-minded pack can't settle their differences and work together.

Admittedly, the following are very bare-bones rules for shapeshifters. Storytellers who plan to make a habit of allowing Nuwisha, Corax or Pumonca characters into their games are encouraged to seek out a copy of **The Werewolf Players Guide**, which has expanded information on these and many more of the Changing Breeds. What's more, the Changing Breed books (such as **Bastet** and **Nuwisha**) are invaluable aids for anyone who wants the full story of these persecuted creatures.

And as always, if you want more detail in your chronicle, you're welcome to just go ahead and make it up! So what if you've got the only Nuwisha whose Gifts allow him to take the shape of a saguaro? As always, it doesn't have to be "official" to be enjoyable — as long as the players understand that the Storyteller's decision stands. Rules are there to eliminate arguments, that's all — if you don't have any arguments, you won't need any rules.

Corax:

The Children of Raven

Legendry

You didn't hear this from me. No, no, I mean, yes, I'm telling you, but don't tell anyone that you heard it from me. If you tell someone, he'll tell someone else, and sooner or later it's gonna get back to the ravens that I'm the one what spilled the beans. They get real upset over anyone else sharin' their secrets, and when they get upset, bad things happen to the folks they're upset with.

Funny. They're such blabbermouths, you'd think they wouldn't mind anyone else joining in the fun. But nope, that ain't the way it goes.

Anyhow, the Corax may be a bit tetched, but they've done us all a service, so we cut them a few cords' worth of slack. You see, back in the old days (and I mean the old days) Crazy Aunt Luna reached down and gave all of us a little present. That's how we got chopped up into Ahroun and Ragabash and whatnot, ain't it. And Gaia nodded and smiled over the whole thing, and everyone was real happy, 'cept for one. The Sun.

You see, he's a vain sort, and he got himself in a huff over the fact that everyone else was paying attention to Luna. So he did 'zactly what you'd expect he'd do. He went somewhere else to sulk and feel sorry for his own self.

Now, this had the sort of effect you'd think it might have. With Helios gone, the world got pretty dark right quick. Luna tried to light

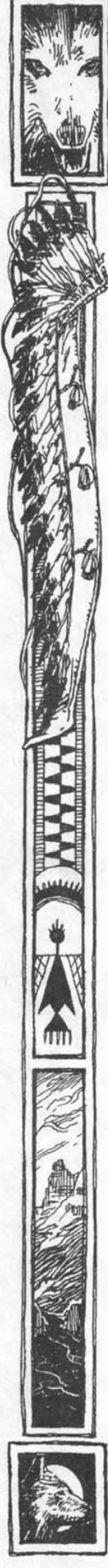
the whole place up, but she's not what you'd call the most consistent sort, and we were in the dark pretty much all of the time. What was worse though, was that without the sun, all sorts of critters who spent the daylight hours hiding from the light got uppity. So it was pretty plain that we needed Helios back, but it was also kind of important that we not let him know how bad we needed him, otherwise he'd keep on pulling this sort of thing. And let me tell you, there ain't nothing worse than a sun you can't rely on.

So we went looking for him, but we couldn't find him. We searched high and low, but we didn't look high enough, you see. He was off hiding behind the sky or some such, a place where we couldn't go.

'Course, Raven did think of looking up while all the rest were looking down, so he told his children where the Sun was hiding. They went off after him, and they took a mirror with 'em. Why? Well, that's the clever part.

You see, the whole flock of them carried that mirror right up to the Sun's doorstep, so he'd see it when he peeked out. Then, instead of ringin' his bell (or whatever spirits have on their doors when they're feeling put out), they sat down outside and started chattering about how wonderful everything was, and how bright the world was, and how beautifully lit things were, and all





that sort of stuff. Now Helios was listening, 'cause he expected them to be wailin' and cryin' over how much they missed him. So when he heard the Corax talking about how nice things were instead, he blew seven sorts o' gaskets and opened his door to see what in Sam Hill they were talking about. Of course, all he saw was himself, but, not being too bright (funny, that), he mistook it for another Sun that someone had hired to replace him. He got kinda glum at that point.

The Corax noticed this, and told him that they could help him get his old spot back if he came back with 'em. Helios agreed, but he got a bit too eager following them back and burned the lot of 'em black. The rest, as they say, is Litany. Or some such.

Now, that story comes from the Tlingit Corax, the ones who live up in the Northwest Territories. The Scots ones, they tell it a bit different, and so do the Irish, and the Norwegians up Minnesota way, and — hell, you get the idea. There aren't that many actual Corax around, you see, but they manage to be everywhere. It's annoying as heck, it is.

Oh, and one other thing: They don't have auspices. Seems Helios was so grateful to them for their help in getting his job back — and so jealous of Luna giving out her Gifts to us and the Nuwisha and folks — that he gave the Corax their Gifts. Wouldn't take "No" for an answer, either, which just meant that Raven had to get a little sneaky to keep His children His. But that's another story I heard....

Description

There are some secrets that need to be kept hidden, but you couldn't prove it to the Corax. The descendants of Thought and Memory, the raven-folk will go to the ends of the earth — and beyond the grave — to uncover what needs uncovering. This need to discover secrets goes far beyond mere obsession, though. It is a sacred duty, for while the Bastet may be Gaia's eyes, their visions do no good if they don't tell anyone about them. It falls to the Corax to serve as Gaia's early warning system, to shine Helios' light into the darkest places and illuminate the horrors breeding there.

And if they can pick up a few shiny objects while they're at it, the Corax won't complain.

If the Corax have an accurate count of their own numbers, they aren't sharing it with anyone. What is known is that the wereravens tend to show up whenever something interesting is about to happen. This seeming omnipresence gives the impression that there are a lot more Corax out there than there actually are.

While Corax are incurable gossips, they prefer to keep their relations with their fellow wereravens to conversation-length. After all, two Corax traveling together would find themselves in competition for the same secrets, and working together just isn't as much fun as discovering something all by your lonesome. This is why there are no Corax packs (or flocks, or anything else) except in times of direst emergency. However, all Corax make certain to stay in constant contact with others of their kind, just to keep the information flowing. If a Corax

drops out of touch for more than a few days, odds are one of her fellow birds is going to come looking for her.

Like the Garou, the Corax came to the New World in two waves. The first came across with their Kinfolk at the same time the Pure Ones crossed the land bridge into the Americas. These Corax settled along the coast in the Pacific Northwest, from Alaska down to northern California. Even these days, it's rare for a Corax with Indian blood in him to be found far from the Pacific.

The other wereravens came with the European immigration, forced to the Americas by famines, mass evictions and other pleasantries. Such Corax and their Kin travel in the second wave of settlers; there's no sense moving somewhere unless there's someone there to talk to. These days, you'll find Corax as cardsharps, telegraph operators, newspapermen and occasionally sailors on clipper ships. One or two are supposedly down southwest, chasing after the cities of gold that the conquistadores made fools of themselves for, but even the other Corax regard those folks as over-enthusiastic.

The Corax get along with the Garou about as well as anyone does, since even the Silver Fangs recognize the value of good information. However, the wereravens sat out the Second War of Rage; the bonds between Scots and Tlingit Corax being a lot tighter than those between, say, Wendigo and Shadow Lords.

Organization

What organization the Corax have is back in the Old Country; out west it's every bird for himself. Corax are always welcome at Garou council fires, and they prefer the status of honored guests at others' festivities — that way they don't get bogged down in the details of setting the blamed thing up.

What you do have among the Corax is a way of transmitting information that's fast, efficient, and set up to run parallel so that even if one messenger goes down, word always gets through. If one Corax uncovers something important, within a couple of days three others of his kind will have that information, and the exponential expansion goes on from there. Furthermore, the wereravens have a series of information drops in the Storm Umbra; even the Nuwisha know better than to disturb these.

Corax Parliaments are extremely rare events, existing primarily so the wereravens can talk around important issues. At the end of the evening, somehow everyone knows what the consensus is and acts on it without whatever matter prompted the Parliament being mentioned as such. Parliaments and their immediate aftermath are the only times you'll see large numbers of Corax in one place at the same time.

Young Corax sometimes run together in gangs mislabeled "murders" by a Silver Fang who couldn't keep his crows and ravens straight. The name stuck, and the Corax have bigger fish to fry than correcting a Garou semantic error. Besides, most "murders" fall apart in a year or two anyhow.

Traits

All of the Corax are Raven's special children, and he adopts them without being asked. As a result, all Corax are automatically allied to Raven and don't need to purchase the Totems Background. However, Raven's a little more indulgent with these children than he is with Garou who follow him; Corax are not bound by Raven's Ban, and often amass huge fortunes as a result.

While Garou and Corax agree on the types of Renown they value, Corax hold Wisdom in higher esteem than do the werewolves. All Wisdom awards for Corax are doubled, and wereravens seek Wisdom assiduously while sometimes forgetting to follow up on Glory or Honor.

Corax start with 3 Willpower, 6 Gnosis and a single point of Rage. There are no metis Corax, as the process of becoming Corax is independent of a child (or bird's) actual birth. Instead, through a rite enacted in the Umbra, a spirit-egg gets bound into the future Corax (often the child of a Corax, but never the child of two). Eventually, this egg hatches, the young Corax undergoes First Change and all of the local Corax rush to the side of the fledgling to defend her from any Umbral predators who might have heard her "birth pangs."

Breeds

The rite for creating a new Corax takes a lot out of a would-be parent — three Permanent Gnosis, to be precise — so it's not like there are a lot of new ones being born. There is literally no way to perform the rite on the offspring of two Corax, which means that there are no metis wereravens. (Nuwisha claim that there are no Corax metis because the birds can't stop talking long enough to climb into bed, but that's just vicious rumor.) As a result, there are only two breeds of Corax: homid and corvid. However, there's no real division along breed lines among the Corax. Who can afford to limit one's sources of information, after all?

Forms

Corax have three forms, one of which they try to avoid spending time in as much as possible. While wereravens are equally at home in skin or feathers, it's when the two get mixed that things get embarrassing.

- **Homid:** A Corax' human form looks like a normal human, though most Corax tend to be thin and sharp-boned. Most also have jet-black hair and dark eyes, and among European Corax pale skin is common.

- **Crinos**, also called *Rara Avis* as a Corax in-joke (*Bird-Man*): An unwieldy combination of man and bird, the Crinos form is nothing to write home about unless you're into amusing letters. While the form is still recognizably humanoid, the bones of the human face have half-fused into a beak, hair has mostly become feathers, and arms have become sparsely feathered wings. In this form, a Corax' hands and feet become wicked claws, which explains why some wereravens resort to

Crinos for defense purposes. Indeed, defense and intimidation are the only things for which Corax use this form.

While in Crinos, Corax do Strength +1 aggravated damage with their hands and feet. They inspire the Delirium, but at two levels less than usual on the Delirium Chart. Furthermore, Corax in Crinos are capable of flight despite the fact that they maintain their Homid body mass. This sort of flight is so awkward-looking that most Corax disdain it entirely.

- **Corvid (Raven):** A raven with a wingspan of a full four and a half feet, Corvid form is the one Corax prefer for flight. Of course, in this form they also prefer flight to combat, for obvious reasons. Corax in Corvid form attack with their beaks (Strength +1 aggravated damage).

Form Statistics

Crinos

Str: +1
Sta: +1
Dex: +1
App: -1
Man: -2
Per: -3 to diff.
Diff: 6

Corvid

Str: -1
Sta: +0
Dex: +1
App: +0
Man: -3
Per: -4 to diff.
Diff: 6

Gifts

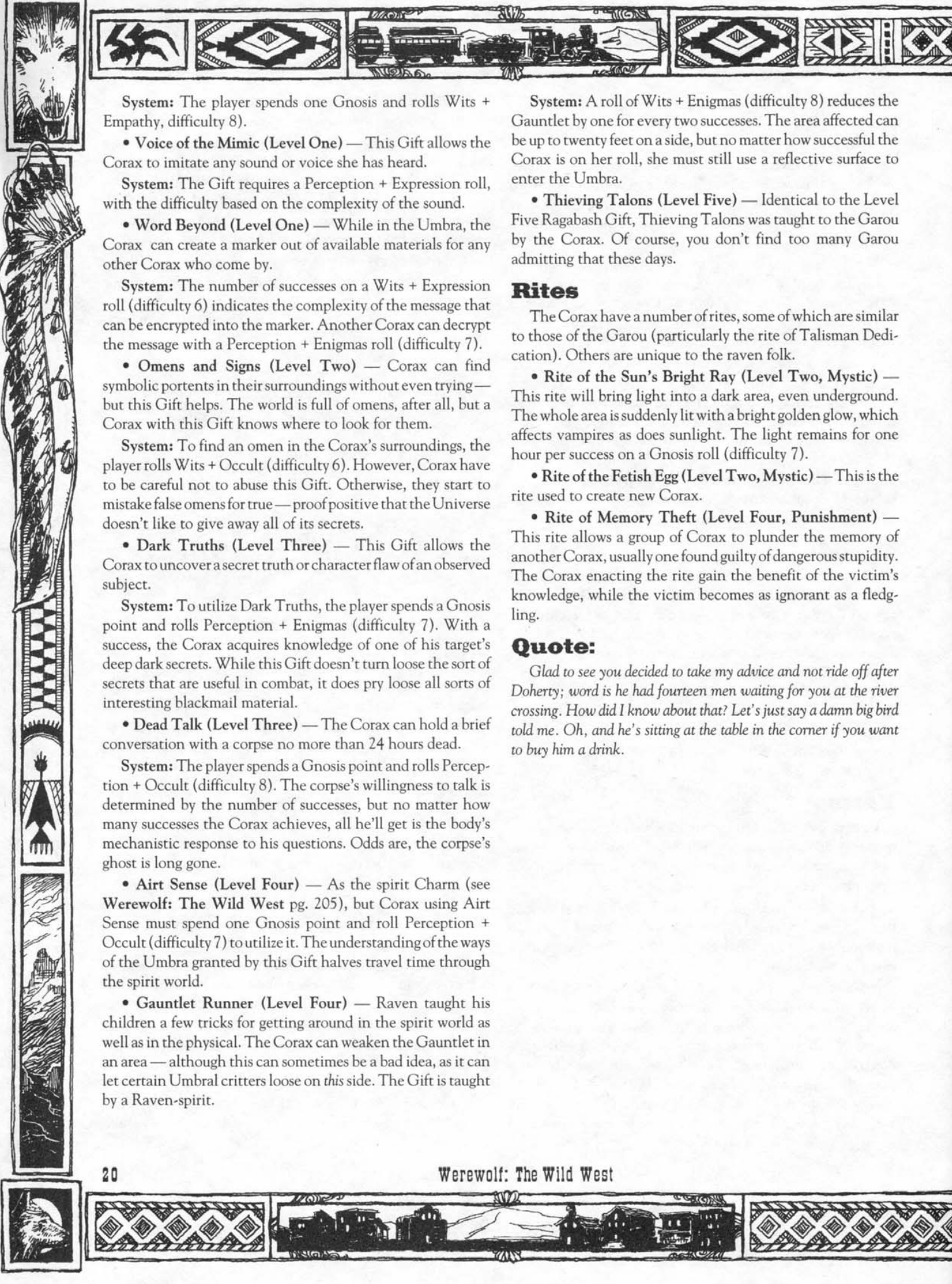
Corax have their own Gifts, taught to them by the Sun in mistaken thanks. There are particularly paranoid Garou who claim that the damn ravens have uncovered the secrets of all of the Garou Gifts as well, and Corax have been seen using plenty of Gifts equivalent to those of the Garou. It's cold hard fact, however, that the wolves have never been able to uncover the ravens' secrets, and that the Corax Gifts are known to Corax alone.

All Corax start out with three Gifts. Corax Gifts are directed toward uncovering and passing along information — and getting out alive with the latest news.

- **Enemy Ways (Level One)** — The Corax has a sort of danger sense, and can glean hints as to the nature of enemies in the area.

System: The player rolls Perception + Stealth. Usually a Corax who uses this Gift successfully can pick out the number and type of his opponents; with extreme successes, sometimes more can be learned.

- **Morse (Level One)** — The wereraven can go the telegraph one better; with this Gift, she can tap out a Morse code message on any surface and have the nearest Corax hear the message clear as day. Of course, the receiving Corax might not know Morse code, but that's the sort of risk you've got to take.



System: The player spends one Gnosis and rolls Wits + Empathy, difficulty 8).

- **Voice of the Mimic (Level One)** — This Gift allows the Corax to imitate any sound or voice she has heard.

System: The Gift requires a Perception + Expression roll, with the difficulty based on the complexity of the sound.

- **Word Beyond (Level One)** — While in the Umbra, the Corax can create a marker out of available materials for any other Corax who come by.

System: The number of successes on a Wits + Expression roll (difficulty 6) indicates the complexity of the message that can be encrypted into the marker. Another Corax can decrypt the message with a Perception + Enigmas roll (difficulty 7).

- **Omens and Signs (Level Two)** — Corax can find symbolic portents in their surroundings without even trying — but this Gift helps. The world is full of omens, after all, but a Corax with this Gift knows where to look for them.

System: To find an omen in the Corax's surroundings, the player rolls Wits + Occult (difficulty 6). However, Corax have to be careful not to abuse this Gift. Otherwise, they start to mistake false omens for true — proof positive that the Universe doesn't like to give away all of its secrets.

- **Dark Truths (Level Three)** — This Gift allows the Corax to uncover a secret truth or character flaw of an observed subject.

System: To utilize Dark Truths, the player spends a Gnosis point and rolls Perception + Enigmas (difficulty 7). With a success, the Corax acquires knowledge of one of his target's deep dark secrets. While this Gift doesn't turn loose the sort of secrets that are useful in combat, it does pry loose all sorts of interesting blackmail material.

- **Dead Talk (Level Three)** — The Corax can hold a brief conversation with a corpse no more than 24 hours dead.

System: The player spends a Gnosis point and rolls Perception + Occult (difficulty 8). The corpse's willingness to talk is determined by the number of successes, but no matter how many successes the Corax achieves, all he'll get is the body's mechanistic response to his questions. Odds are, the corpse's ghost is long gone.

- **Airt Sense (Level Four)** — As the spirit Charm (see *Werewolf: The Wild West* pg. 205), but Corax using Airt Sense must spend one Gnosis point and roll Perception + Occult (difficulty 7) to utilize it. The understanding of the ways of the Umbra granted by this Gift halves travel time through the spirit world.

- **Gauntlet Runner (Level Four)** — Raven taught his children a few tricks for getting around in the spirit world as well as in the physical. The Corax can weaken the Gauntlet in an area — although this can sometimes be a bad idea, as it can let certain Umbral critters loose on *this* side. The Gift is taught by a Raven-spirit.

System: A roll of Wits + Enigmas (difficulty 8) reduces the Gauntlet by one for every two successes. The area affected can be up to twenty feet on a side, but no matter how successful the Corax is on her roll, she must still use a reflective surface to enter the Umbra.

- **Thieving Talons (Level Five)** — Identical to the Level Five Ragabash Gift, Thieving Talons was taught to the Garou by the Corax. Of course, you don't find too many Garou admitting that these days.

Rites

The Corax have a number of rites, some of which are similar to those of the Garou (particularly the rite of Talisman Dedication). Others are unique to the raven folk.

- **Rite of the Sun's Bright Ray (Level Two, Mystic)** — This rite will bring light into a dark area, even underground. The whole area is suddenly lit with a bright golden glow, which affects vampires as does sunlight. The light remains for one hour per success on a Gnosis roll (difficulty 7).

- **Rite of the Fetish Egg (Level Two, Mystic)** — This is the rite used to create new Corax.

- **Rite of Memory Theft (Level Four, Punishment)** — This rite allows a group of Corax to plunder the memory of another Corax, usually one found guilty of dangerous stupidity. The Corax enacting the rite gain the benefit of the victim's knowledge, while the victim becomes as ignorant as a fledgling.

Quote:

Glad to see you decided to take my advice and not ride off after Doherty; word is he had fourteen men waiting for you at the river crossing. How did I know about that? Let's just say a damn big bird told me. Oh, and he's sitting at the table in the corner if you want to buy him a drink.

Stereotypes

• **European Garou:** Well, they're certainly intent on digging up all of the land's secrets. What they don't understand is that there are times you don't actually have to uncover something; lots of times you're better off just knowing what's buried where.

• **Uktena:** They're greedy for the land's secrets, and greedier for ours. Still, they mean well, and they always listen to what we have to say. Some other folks would do wise to follow their example, mind you....

• **Wendigo:** Speaking of whom, the Wendigo are real big on acting and not real big on planning. That's why they're losing. We'd be happy to share what we know with 'em, but they don't see the need to ask. More fool they.

• **Pumonca:** Cats and birds, oh my. Keep a healthy distance and, if you need to talk with a Pumonca, leave signs and messages instead. Too many predatory instincts wrapped up in the puma-folk, and they're too close with what they've learned. Try the lynxes instead.

• **Nuwisha:** They share our jesting soul, but that's as far as it goes. A Nuwisha will trick you to teach you a lesson; I'll trick a Nuwisha to find out what he knows. And at the end of the day, we'll tell each other how we tricked one another and go our separate ways a bit wiser.



Nuwisha: The Children of Coyote

Legendry

Wolf wasn't the first to travel to the stars and into the Middle Lands, oh no. When the Wall rose between flesh and spirit, the Garou were trapped on the side of flesh and dirt, just like everyone else.

No, the first one to nose his way back into the Middle Lands from the earth was Coyote. While the other animals watched, he burrowed his way under the Wall, and he left a hole big enough for others to stick their heads through. Cat sniffed around the hole, but she didn't want to get dirty, so she paced away in disdain. Wolf, though, stuck his head through and started digging. He worked at it until he slipped under the Wall, and then he called for his children to come and see how it was done. But when they got over there, they noticed that Coyote's children had slipped through first, and they'd already peed on everything to say, "We got here first."

For as long as we've known them, Coyote's children have been like that. They danced between this world and that, stealing things here and playing pranks there. They never took things too seriously, which got them into trouble. You see, the Nuwisha used to be favored by Luna, same as us; they understood all her faces and drew power from her blessing. But one time Coyote played a real big prank on her. Some say he stole her clothes while she was bathing in the ocean; others say he dressed up like her sister in order to get into her tent and sleep with her. Whatever it was, it offended her, and she turned her face away from him and his children. They began singing to her to reclaim her favor, but it didn't do any good. Now the only moon they know the secrets of is the No-Moon — which has just made them worse tricksters than before.

I haven't seen a Nuwisha for a long time — some say they've left this world to play in the Heavens. But you still hear one out there sometimes, sounding like a coyote but just a little different. They howl to the moon, singing her praises into the heavens in the hopes

that she will forgive them and smile full on them once more. Maybe it'll happen; maybe it won't. Even if she forgives them, maybe they'll play another prank to offend her again. It would be only typical.

Description

Even the earth itself needs to laugh now and again, and Gaia's laughter takes the shape of the Nuwisha. They are all children of the same totem, no matter what his face — the Trickster. And, as the Nuwisha laugh, the Trickster's truest, most favorite face is Coyote.

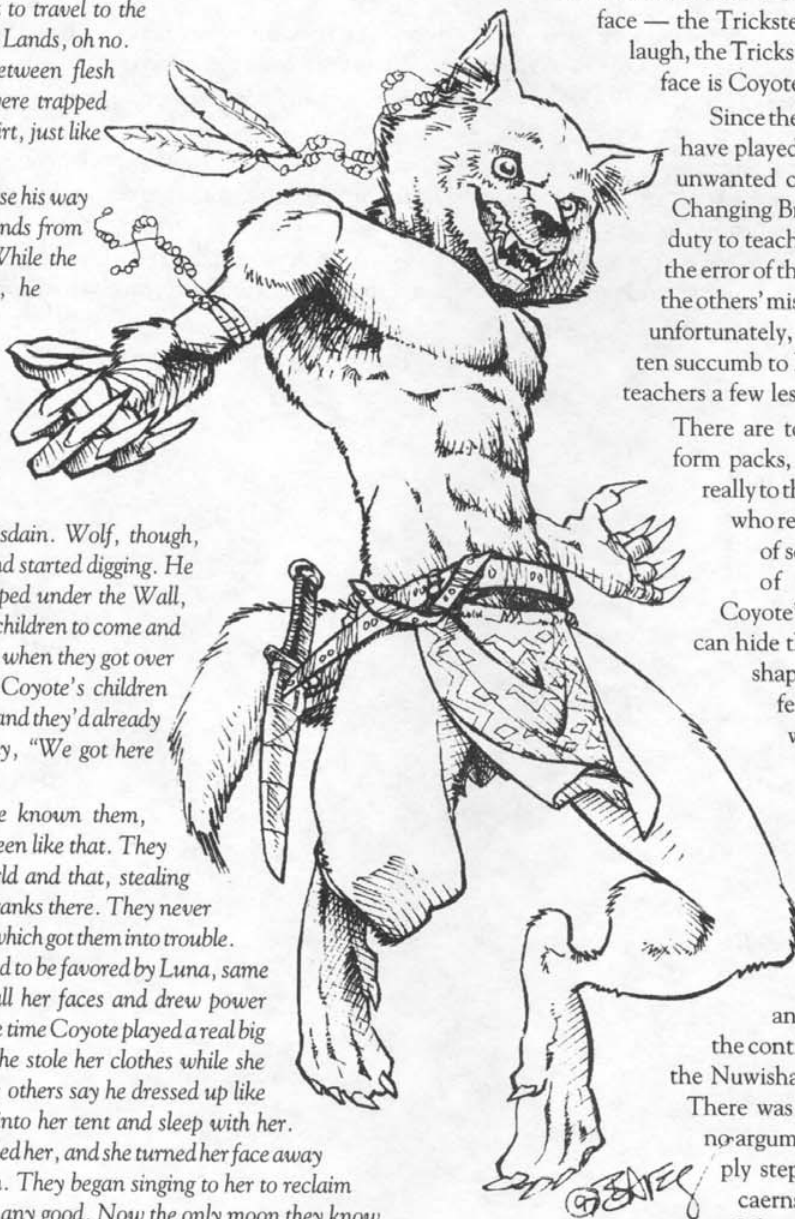
Since the beginning, the Nuwisha have played at being the gadfly and unwanted conscience to the other Changing Breeds. They feel a sacred duty to teach the other shapeshifters the error of their ways. They point out the others' mistakes and laugh at them; unfortunately, their targets all too often succumb to Rage and try to give the teachers a few lessons of their own!


There are too few Nuwisha left to form packs, and such things aren't really to their tastes anyway. Those who remain prefer the freedom of solitude to the hierarchy of the pack. But with Coyote's blessings, the Nuwisha can hide themselves among other shapeshifters, free from any fear of detection. In this way, the werecoysotes learn the practices and beliefs of their cousins, and covertly use their own abilities against Gaia's enemies.

When the Wendigo, Uktena and Croatan spread across the continent, they took most of the Nuwisha's caerns as their own. There was no conflict, there was no argument. The Nuwisha simply stepped aside and left the caerns to the Garou. Some Uktena grumble that the coyotes

had grown tired of maintaining the caerns themselves, and preferred to let the Garou play at groundskeepers.

When the second War of Rage came, the Silver Fangs accused the Nuwisha of conspiring with the Wyrms. They claimed that the coyotes had never taken the battle against the





Wyrms very seriously, an argument the Nuwisha refused to dignify with an answer. Damning the Nuwisha for their silence, the European Garou went to war. Rather than fight, however, the Nuwisha sadly bid their Garou friends farewell and danced away forever into the Storm Umbra. Only a few remain.

To this day, most of the Nuwisha still spend their days in the spirit world, searching for new allies or tricks to use in the war against the Wyrms. When they do return, it's only to breed, raise cubs or to train the wisest of their two hundred or so earthbound kin in the ways of the Umbral Dance. As a result of this secretive teaching, the werecoyotes know more about the Umbra than any of the other werewolf. But although they once were the ones to teach the werewolves how to step sideways, they have long since learned their lesson about passing on such information; the Nuwisha have no desire to teach the Garou more than they already know about the Umbra.

Organization

Organization? Not quite! The werecoyotes travel by themselves, even those few who remain on the land. They never seem to be able to tolerate each other's company for long, although they do have a yearly festival where they swap stories and pranks throughout the night.

The only subgroup of Nuwisha that seems to work well together for any length of time are the Storm Dansers, a small camp of werecoyotes who consider themselves the "local law" for the Storm Umbra. (Nobody else is qualified, they reason.) Only the Nuwisha truly adept at Umbral travel are initiated into the Storm Dance — and the skills the Dansers have mastered, allowing them to effectively police the Storm Umbra when so inclined, are frankly terrifying. Of course, even the Storm Dansers aren't grim and conservative by any means; they're just a little more responsible than some of their younger cousins.

Traits

The most remarkable thing about the Nuwisha is that they are one and all without Rage. They can't use Rage to gain extra actions or instantly shapeshift — but at the same time, they don't frenzy unless someone uses a frenzy-inducing Gift or power on them. As a result, silver is just like any other metal to them; they can soak damage from klaives, and don't take damage or lose Gnosis from picking up a dollar at the wrong time.

Nuwisha rise in Rank much as the Garou do, but although they see the value of Glory and Wisdom, they don't consider Honor quite so important. To the werecoyotes, Humor is far more important. Humor Renown can only be earned by teaching others the error of their ways by showing them, through the unique Nuwisha perspective, how they have been stumbling

towards the Wyrms. Apart from that, the Nuwisha gain Rank as do Ragabash.

Nuwisha can purchase any Background save Pure Breed, and their beginning Willpower is 4. Most follow a personal totem (Coyote or another of his faces), but don't care for packs or pack totems.

Breeds

The Nuwisha are randy folks, and have never been all that discriminating about their partners. In fact, just about the only person a Nuwisha won't breed with is another Nuwisha — they see too much of themselves in their fellows, and any fool knows one werecoyote's hard enough to take. There are no metis werecoyotes for this reason; even a Nuwisha-Garou coupling will only produce one, the other, or Kinfolk. (And consider the shame of a Garou with a Nuwisha cub....) Consequently, Nuwisha are always either homid or latrani, and there's no real status difference between the two. Homid Nuwisha begin with 1 Gnosis and latrani with 5, just as with Garou.

Forms

Nuwisha are equally comfortable in all their forms; their lack of Rage means that they become no more savage or ruthless, no matter their shape.


- **Homid:** The Nuwisha's human form looks just like any other person, save that they tend to be a bit more lean and wiry than most. Werecoyotes don't carry much fat on them in any form.

- **Tsitsu (Near Man):** The Tsitsu is much like the Glabro form of the werewolves, save that it's a bit more human-looking. Nuwisha double their bulk in this form. A Nuwisha can use human-speak with ease in Tsitsu, but her voice is likely to be substantially deeper than that of her Homid form.

- **Manabozho (Coyote-Man):** The brutish Manabozho usually stands about seven or eight feet tall. The total increase in bulk and weight is normally around 150% of the Homid form. The Veil (which the Nuwisha call the Trick) prevents most creatures from acknowledging the Nuwisha in Manabozho form. Nuwisha can still speak in this form, but the words slur a touch and the underlying growl of their voices makes even a pleasant discourse sound threatening. Like their brothers, the werecoyotes inspire the Delirium in humans but at two levels less than the Garou on the Delirium Chart.

- **Sendeh (Near Coyote):** Sendeh could easily be mistaken for red wolves, and a Nuwisha can hide amongst natural wolves in this form. The Sendeh's weight is almost identical to that of the Homid form. This form can no longer use human speech, but can easily mimic a baby's cry, a woman's scream or a man's bellow. The Sendeh can speak with both wolves and coyotes.

- **Latrani (Coyote):** The Latrani is indistinguishable from a coyote. The shapeshifter's weight decreases and the entire

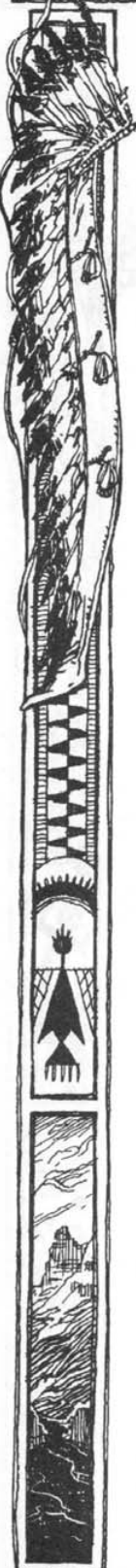


form is much leaner. Even in this form, the Nuwisha find it easy to speak with the wolves; they are, after all, brothers. Human speech, on the other hand, is out of the question.

Form Statistics

| Tsitsu | Manabozho | Sendeh | Latrani |
|---------|-----------|---------|---------|
| Str: +1 | Str: +2 | Str: +2 | Str: +0 |
| Dex: +1 | Dex: +3 | Dex: +3 | Dex: +3 |
| Sta: +2 | Sta: +3 | Sta: +3 | Sta: +3 |
| Man: -1 | Man: -2 | Man: -3 | Man: -3 |
| | App: 0 | | |
| Diff. 7 | Diff. 6 | Diff. 7 | Diff. 6 |

Gifts



Nuwisha start with as many Gifts as do Garou; one Breed Gift, one Ragabash Gift, and one Nuwisha Gift. Since the werecoyotes are Ragabash in all but name, they can purchase Ragabash Gifts as if they were New Moon Garou (although the Gift: Luna's Blessing does them no good, since they naturally have no vulnerability to silver). Their Breed Gifts are pretty much similar to the Garou's; latrani Nuwisha can use the rough equivalent of Lupus Gifts without too much trouble. Storytellers may want to devise alternate Breed Gifts for Nuwisha, but this is really a matter of preference.

Nuwisha Gifts proper are celebrations of the werecoyotes' trickster nature. Their pranks aren't always deadly, and most of their Gifts are either defensive or downright humiliating. Some of their Gifts are taught only to Storm Dansers; these tricks are kept secret until times of great need, when they're wildly flaunted. Only those Nuwisha who've undergone the Rite of Dancing can learn the Gifts of the Storm Danse.

- **Rabbit Run (Level One)** — As the Silent Strider Gift: Speed of Thought.

- **Shed (Level One)** — As the Metis Gift.

- **Spirit Speech (Level One)** — As the Theurge Gift.

- **Otter's Breath (Level Two)** — As the Uktena Gift: Flick of the Fish's Tail.

- **Odious Aroma (Level Two)** — As the Bone Gnawer Gift.

- **Gift of the Porcupine (Level Two)** — As the fourth level Metis Gift.

- **Sheep's Clothing (Level Three)** — The Nuwisha can hide in plain sight by taking any given form of a different type of shapeshifter (werewolf, Bastet or whatever). Thanks to this Gift, the Nuwisha don't have to bother with maintaining their own caerns — they can just use somebody else's. This Gift is taught by a Trickster-spirit.

System: The player rolls Wits + Primal-Urge and spends a point of Gnosis; the form lasts for an entire scene. The

difficulty depends on the shift difficulty of the form (7 for Hispo, for instance), although an unfamiliar animal form (wolf, crow, panther, etc.) is always difficulty 8. The form mimicked does not add the particular Trait bonuses, nor does it allow abilities like flight. If the Nuwisha wishes to fly in raven form, he must have another Gift that allows this (such as Sky Running). Sheep's Clothing affects all senses and powers, including Scent of the True Form.

- **Blisters (Level Three)** — By merely touching a target, the werecoyote can cause revolting blisters to erupt from the unfortunate's hide. Although the effects are basically harmless, the blisters do cause fur to fall out and make the target ugly as sin for a while. The Nuwisha tend to use this trick exclusively against the overly vain. This Gift is taught by a Toad-spirit.

System: The player rolls Manipulation + Medicine against a difficulty equal to the target's Rage (or 4 for creatures without Rage); the difficulty cannot be lower than 3. If the coyote is successful, the resulting boils subtract one dot of the target's Appearance per every two successes on the roll, but do no actual harm. The blisters last for two weeks, less the target's Gnosis in days. The inflicted party suffers a loss of two dice from any Social Dice Pools during the time he is Blistered.

- **Trickster's Skin (Level Four)** — The Nuwisha can effectively "swap skins" with her target; she takes on the likeness of her target, while her target assumes the Nuwisha's appearance. Nuwisha use this Gift primarily to flee packs which lack a good sense of humor. Such a pack invariably finds itself hounding its own packmate in the interest of catching "that damn coyote", while the errant "packmate" finds an excuse to slip away before her trick is revealed. This Gift is taught by a Coyote-spirit.

System: The player spends one Gnosis and rolls Wits + Subterfuge (difficulty of the target's Primal Urge + 3). This Gift may be used at a distance. The effects of this Gift last for one scene.

- **Teasing Mate (Level Five)** — The target affected by this Gift starts smelling pretty fine; all creatures of the target's race and gender who catch this scent start craving immediate copulation with the target. The Nuwisha absolutely love the humor value of this trick, especially in small, conservative towns. This Gift is taught by a Coyote-spirit.

System: The Nuwisha must successfully touch her target (requiring an attack roll in combat) and the player must roll Wits + Empathy, difficulty 6. The effects are instantaneous, and cause all creatures of the same race and gender to respond immediately, unless they succeed on a Willpower roll (difficulty 9). The effects last for the remainder of the scene.

- **Ghost Danse (Level Five, Storm Danse)** — This stage of the Storm Danse permits the Nuwisha to fight in the material world and the Penumbra simultaneously. The Nuwisha can attack and then completely avoid damage. This Gift is taught by an avatar of the Trickster.

System: The Ghost Dance requires the continued expenditure of one Gnosis point per turn while engaged in combat, during which the Nuwisha cannot be harmed by any attacks short of this Gift or the Gift: Sideways Attack.

Rites

The Nuwisha use rites just as all the other shapeshifters do; in fact, the coyotes have borrowed many rites from other Changing Breeds rather than design their own. They're kind of lazy that way.

The Nuwisha use variants of most of the rites in the **Werewolf: The Wild West** rulebook, although they don't care much for Frontier Rites, and the only Accord Rite they use regularly is the Rite of Cleansing. They've mastered many Punishment Rites, and have developed several of their own (which usually involve shaming the subject until he's ready to die from embarrassment). They also don't use the Rite of Caern Building much; why bother?

Werecoyotes also use Dream Rites, rites that allow them to visionquest for information that will prove useful later. Many use Dream Rites to instruct their cubs; however, others use similar rites to communicate with the Nuwisha who have left the physical world. A couple of exclusively Nuwisha rites follow.

Rite of Dancing (Mystic)

Level Two

This rite is the first step on the path of the Storm Danser. It requires the Nuwisha to devour peyote and fast for three full days. During this time, the Nuwisha must recite all his past experiences battling the Wurm, traveling the Umbra, and teaching the other creatures of Gaia the error of their ways.

System: The player spends one Gnosis point per day, and at the end of this rite must roll Enigmas + Manipulation, difficulty 7. Success indicates the Nuwisha has been accepted by the Trickster, and is now considered a Storm Danser.

Rite of Caern Concealment (Caern)

Level Four

This rite requires a meeting of at least ten Nuwisha, and will hide the power of a caern from detection by any but the Nuwisha themselves. The Nuwisha have not used this rite in several decades, but the wisest still are taught it by the elders.

System: This rite requires an total expenditure of 30 Gnosis points be spent, and the ritemaster must score 15 net successes on three Wits + Rituals rolls.

Quote:

Yah! Yah! Plod-foot mockeries, you couldn't catch a wingless duck, much less me! Hey, watch out! Who put that bear trap there? Oh, yes — you did! Oh, that will probably sting for a few days!

Stereotypes

• **European Garou:** Who are these ridiculous blind buffalo that come stampeding over the land, huffing smoke and puffing fire? My worst complaint about these newcomers is that you have to pull their tails so *hard* before they listen to you!

• **Uktena:** The thing that's so funny with you, cousin, is that you keep telling us we're too clever for our own good. You're like a bear laughing at a turtle's short tail.

• **Wendigo:** Wah! Touchy! Cousin, you have every right to be angry, but too much of that is bad for the belly and makes you sleep poorly. Let me loan you my pipe to relax you.

• **Pumonca:** Well, sister, I understand that you're hurting. But frankly, you're so proud that you'd rather let your wounds rot than lick them. Wake up!

• **Corax:** Hey, brother trickster, why not come and dance with us in the Middle Lands? You'd be pretty good at it if it weren't for those silly crow feet!



Pumonca:

The Children of Cougar

Legendary

As the Old World wolves know, Mother Cat is a jealous beast. Luna bestowed her blessings on Wolf, Bear, Coyote, even Raven, but had left Cat unchanged. Unsatisfied with her own gifts of beauty, grace and cleverness, Cat hid in the bushes while Luna bathed in a pond. Leaping from ambush, she stole Luna's mantle of light and the world plunged into blackness. Cat, who could see in the dark, was unmoved, but the rest of the creatures cried out in terror. Luna searched for Cat across the world; finally, she tracked the thief down by the light of her mantle. Mother Cat returned the light, but on one condition: her children would join the Changing Breeds.

Luna relented, but left Cat with a curse: Her kind, the Bastet, were forbidden to cross into the spirit world. As the wall between the flesh and the Umbra rose, Cat's kittens were left mewling on the other side. In their own jealousy, they declared war on their rightful betters, the wolves. Or perhaps the wolves declared war on them. No matter; the War of Rage took its toll on the catfolk. Strong as they were, they dwindled to a handful. To this day, they bear their Mother's jealousy and Luna's curse.

The Wendigo and Uktena know a different tale. They say: The catfolk were born from a curious woman who had sex with everything she met, just to see what it was like. The cats were strong and

supple lovers, and she liked them best of all. Her children looked like their fathers, and the most beautiful of them were those sired by cats. They shared their mother's curiosity, but also her foolishness. They did not know when to play and when to be serious, and when the wall blocked the spirit world off from the place of skins, they could not pass it. Restless like their mother, the cats wandered to the ends of the world, and some of them still wander now. These last, called Pumonca, are the most common Bastet in the west.

In either case, werecats are everywhere. Far north, the strange Qualmi lynxes riddle out their magic wisdom. Far south, the angry jaguar Balam stalk the Mexican night. Across the seas, tiger-folk, talking panthers and the odd Wyrms-cats of Egypt cross paths with the Garou. But in the homelands of the open West, the Pumonca are supreme. These strong, solid cats ride Thunderbird's breath. Like him, they have become guardians of purity, fierce warriors against the Wyrms and his tribe. If that tribe happens to include Garou, so much the better. Catfolk don't much like the wolves, and the feeling is mutual. To the Garou, Bastet walk on the left side of Gaia and the right hand of the Wyrms. They're not as corrupt as fomori, but they all bear watching.


Just as the cats watch every other living thing.

Description

There are eyes in the western night. Sometimes those eyes belong to Bastet, often Pumonca who watch the land for corruption and the people for betrayal. Although they become more moderate in later days, these so-called Storm Walkers aggressively hunt white folk across the Savage West. Many of these silent killers perish themselves before a Choctaw shaman called Old Stone Face successfully unites the tribe in the late 1880s. Until then, the werecougars fight their own War of Rage.

The Storm Walkers have proud creation tales: Some say their mother chose lovers from among the animals because no man could match her hunger; others tell of the depredations of the wolves, and claim catkind was formed to protect the human tribes. Their favorite





origin story, however, speaks of Thunderbird, who swept together the dust of the mountains, swamps and prairies and mingled it with the bones of men and cougars. He then charged the new Bastet to guard the land to which they still belonged. As a rule, they take that pledge seriously. A Pumonca would sooner die than see the land despoiled.

Unlike Garou, werewolves don't keep caerns; instead, some elders set up Den-Realms (see below) where they literally become one with the land. Pumonca rarely settle down this way, though; instead, they wander restlessly, making short friendships (and many enemies) before heading into the sunrise. They dislike magic as a rule. Until Old Stone Face gets his wish, most Pumonca avoid using their Gifts, relying on physical power and endurance instead.

That self-reliance makes for a strong, stubborn breed. A Storm Walker dresses simply and carries her few possessions on her back or wanders the hills in cat form. The change of seasons means little to the Pumonca, who bears the elements with a shrug and shuns dwellings in favor of woods and open skies. Technology is anathema to her; a rifle's okay if there's no other choice, but knives, hatchets and claws make more honest weapons. Animals fear the Storm Walkers; even in their human form, no werewolf rides a horse. Pumonca know the ways of ambush, and hunt cleverly and silently. They listen well and know plenty of stories, songs and lore. To protect their lore, the cats speak in a ritual riddle form called *tahla*. Everything is given a fable-name and if the listener doesn't understand, that's his problem.

The average Storm Walker works well with her hands and cares deeply for the sacred earth. She may be stubborn and suspicious, but she'll be an honest and hard-working soul. Her enemies learn to fear her, but her friends receive gifts of art and wisdom. It's said she draws her strength from America itself. If she ever leaves her Homeland, tales say, she'll die. Unless that happens, she'll be a hard person to kill. Like Thunderbird, she's a fearsome, brave and solitary spirit.

The Pumonca often carry that spirit in their hearts. Few of them can cross the Gauntlet. While some elders learn the secret, most cats are bound to this world. Their role in creation is to be the eyes of Gaia (or, as they insist, of Seline the Moon Mother). To that end, they gather stories, rumors and secrets and trade them when they meet. Bastet Gifts come through secrets, and some tribes gleefully steal Garou Gifts to make their own. The Pumonca prefer to live by their own strength, but aren't adverse to learning everything they can — especially if that knowledge will help them destroy the works of white folks.

In the time of the Savage West, Storm Walkers mate almost exclusively with Native Americans. To them, the invaders from the east are a curse, careless at best, more often corrupt. As the devastation spreads, the Pumonca become more aggressive. By the 1860s, the tribe faces extinction. It takes the vision of Old Stone Face to unite the tribe, and in so doing, to save it.

The war against the native people is a war the Pumonca return in kind. While some of them stand beside the Wendigo and Uktena, most Pumonca fight, walk and often die alone.

Organization

As one would expect, Pumonca have little formal organization as a tribe. They meet every now and then in wild ceremonies called *taghairms*, but they rarely gather into packs. The recent war has bent that rule a bit: the Storm Walkers occasionally get together to beat some bigger threat. On the whole, the folk detest each other's company. A young Bastet will often be taken in and taught the ropes, but her fosterage ends after one year. For the most part, cats trust no one, not even each other.

Every so often, a werewolf settles down. When he finds a place to his liking, he sprays the whole area, dedicates it to himself and sets up a *Den-Realm* — a spirit-home attuned him and no other. Within his Realm, a Bastet has special powers: He can appear out of thin air, cross great distances quickly, sense distant events and cross into the Umbra. The Storm Umbra destroys this ancient bond with the land. The tempest has spoiled many a Den-Realm, leaving some elder Pumonca homeless and very, very angry. The cats consider Den-Realms to be sacred ground. Anyone who enters a Bastet's territory without permission is asking for trouble.

Traits

On the whole, werewolves are more balanced than their savage cousins. Though the solid Pumonca measure their fury with quiet control (starting Rage 3; starting Willpower 4), silver holds the same curse for the werewolves as it does for Garou. Pumonca sense things on a level few werewolves can comprehend. A Bastet player reduces all of her character's Perception difficulties by 2; that same character can see in near-total darkness, except in her human form. Their innate knack for magic translates into a high Gnosis score (see "Breeds," below). What a werewolf lacks in companionship she more than accounts for in personal power.

Bastet measure Renown in their own way — Cunning and Ferocity are far more important than Garou concepts of Wisdom and Glory. The catfolk value Honor, but their concept of it is pretty flexible. Unlike the pack-driven werewolves, the cats account for their actions to the spirits. Society means little to a loner.

A werewolf can purchase any Background except Past Life and Totem. The Storm Walkers share a close relationship with Thunderbird, an association of kinship and respect, but not as intense as that experienced by Garou with their Pack Totems. Unlike Garou, Bastet have no auspices; the moon shows them certain favors (called *Pryios*), but these are more personality quirks than character Traits. (See the *Bastet* sourcebook for more details about status, Traits and Gifts.)

Breeds

Werecats go into season only once a year. The rest of the time, they often sleep with whomever they fancy, including other Bastet. During the fertile season, a female Pumonca looks for strong, healthy mates with a sense of adventure and independence. Males stay fertile all year 'round, but choose their lovers for the same qualities. As explained above, most homid Pumonca are Native Americans, with a stronger emphasis on eastern tribes — Cherokee, Mohawk, Seminole, etc. — than on plains nations. Old Stone Face is one of the first to break a taboo against mating with whites; some mountain cats and swamp panthers accepted European lovers in the old days, but since the States' War, most Storm Walkers feel the white man is unworthy of Thunderbird's Legacy. Homid Bastet begin with Gnosis 2.

Bastet tend to judge other cats on an individual basis. Since females avoid their own kind when they're fertile, metis werecats are pretty rare. Even so, they're not accorded the same hostility their Garou counterparts receive. Metis deformities are considered primal marks — signs of supernatural favor that often manifest as odd elemental Gifts. Metis start with Gnosis 4.

Full-blooded feline Pumonca are fairly common in the early 1800s, but hunting, war and human expansion thin the breed so badly that Old Stone Face's actions actually save the tribe. Feline Bastet begin play with Gnosis 6.

Forms

Like the Garou, Bastet shift between five forms:

- **Homid:** Even in their human guise, most werecats show their feline heritage. As a rule, they're lean, graceful and especially attractive. In dim light, their eyes betray a faint shine.

- **Sokto (Near Man):** The lean Sokto form resembles an oversized human with huge eyes, pointed ears and hidden claws. Though oddly disturbing, a Bastet in this stage of transformation is compelling, otherworldly. A Pumonca's hair lightens from the usual black to a dusky sand color and his eyes reflect an eerie blue or green.

- **Crinos (Half-Cat):** Solid and strong, the massive Crinos aspect melds the muscular grace of the cat with the frame and dexterity of a man. Although he can hold weapons, wear clothing and even speak in a harsh, rumbling tone, the Pumonca paces like a cat, twitches a tail and feels his way in the dark with slender whiskers. The Bastet Crinos form evokes a similar sense of Delirium to a Garou's Crinos form, though it's more eerie than terrifying (it affects a human viewer at one level less on the Delirium Chart than usual). Weird as he is, the Crinos fails to provoke the same astonishment as the....

- **Chatro (War Cat):** A Bastet's most terrifying form, the Chatro recalls the saber-toothed cats that, as of the 1800s, were all but forgotten. The Chatro form yanks the primordial fear of the cave lion out of the shadows and throws it into the face of

a screaming modern man. Not surprisingly, most folks experience the full effects of Delirium when this saber-toothed monstrosity appears. A Chatro Pumonca stands larger than a lion; his stabbing teeth jut nearly a foot below his jaw, giving the Bastet an extra damage die when he bites. His shoulders rise into a solid hump and his tail lengthens into a thick rope. Although unable to speak, the werecougar can communicate with other Bastet through coughs, snarls and purrs.

- **Feline (Cat):** Stretching out into a fluid feline form, the Pumonca still retains more mass than a normal cougar would have. These hardy cats tend toward sandy brown fur with white markings, but on rare occasion feature deep black coats. Although he can speak with others of his kind, human speech is beyond the cat. Some Pumonca prefer this form for that reason.

Pumonca Form Statistics

| Sokto | Crinos | Chatro | Feline |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| Str: +1 | Str: +3 | Str: +3 | Str: +2 |
| Dex: +2 | Dex: +3 | Dex: +3 | Dex: +3 |
| Sta: +2 | Sta: +4 | Sta: +3 | Sta: +3 |
| Man: -1 | Man: -3 | Man: -3 | |
| | App: 0 | App: 0 | |
| Diff. 7 | Diff. 6 | Diff. 7 | Diff. 6 |

Gifts

Like Garou, Bastet characters begin with three Gifts; unlike the wolves, the cats have no auspices and so receive no gifts from Luna. Because of that, many Bastet must "steal" Gifts from other Changing Breeds, or learn them from allies among Gaia's folk. Werecat Gifts range from stealth and perception aids to storm spells and warcraft. Each tribe has its "special secrets," but social roles are unimportant when learning Gifts. If a Bastet wants a certain power, she must go out and learn that secret for herself.

Until the 1870s, when Old Stone Face makes treaties with the spirits, most Pumonca avoid using their magical powers. The Gifts they do use focus on elemental forces and the Storm Walkers' ties to the land, and often resemble the secrets of the Wendigo. In general, catfolk have a wealth of Gifts at their disposal. Chapter Four of the *Bastet* sourcebook offers a couple hundred Gifts in addition to the ones below:

- **Stone Belly (Level One):** As the Wendigo Gift: Buffalo Hide.

- **Sense Corruption (Level One):** As the Metis Gift: Sense Wyrn.

- **Coyote's Tongue (Level Two):** The Trickster has a way with words. No matter how outrageous his claims might be, people tend to believe them. With this Gift, a cougar can borrow this glib talent. Anything he says while the magic's in motion will sound convincing to anyone who hears. It's ex-

ceedingly dishonorable to use this Gift on fellow Native Americans. The white men, however, are such liars that Coyote's Tongue is simple justice.

System: The player rolls the Bastet's Wits + Manipulation against difficulty 6. For the rest of the scene, everything the cat says will sound like Gospel Truth. A suspicious listener might be able to shake the Gift's effects (Willpower roll, difficulty 8) if the Pumonca's statements are too outrageous to believe; otherwise, his words seem completely convincing.

• **Sky Father's Anger (Level Three):** By chanting at the open skies, a Pumonca can call down a thunderbolt. With luck, he may hit a place, a vehicle or even a single person. This trick comes from the Stormcrows, who carry its wisdom from Thunderbird himself.

System: The player spends a Gnosis point and rolls the cat's Rage rating to call the lightning. The Gift's difficulty depends on the target: A building would be difficulty 6; a moving object (a train, a coach, a horse and rider), 7; a standing man, 8; a man in motion, 9. If the roll falls short by one or two places, the thunderbolt strikes the ground nearby. If it fails badly, nothing happens. If the werecat botches the roll, the Sky Father is annoyed and the lightning strikes the cat instead. The bolt inflicts two Health Levels of aggravated damage for each point of the cat's current Rage pool.

• **Walk Unseen (Level Three):** As the Uktena Gift.

• **Clawstorm (Level Four):** Backed into a corner, the cougar becomes a demon of flying claws and ripping teeth. An exhausting but effective last-ditch tactic, especially for lone Storm Walkers.

System: By spending one point each of Rage and Gnosis, the werecat gains three extra attacks that turn (to a maximum of four, total). The Bastet may not gain more attacks by spending additional Rage in that turn. Only slashing attacks apply — he can't perform elaborate maneuvers, shoot guns or travel more than 10', although he could use edged melee weapons. Clawstorm can be used several times in a single combat; the upper limit is the character's Stamina rating in Homid.

• **Great Peace (Level Four):** Often, war is not the answer to a problem. Fighting may feed the enemy even if the battle is just, and sometimes old foes must put aside their weapons, sit down and talk. This Gift may end a fight, brushing aside angry passions and replacing them with a soothing calm. The Great Peace cannot force people to stop hating, but it will make them stop fighting, if only for a few moments. Old Stone Face uses this secret to unite the Pumonca, and later to effect a truce with the Garou.

System: The player rolls Charisma + Empathy and spends one Gnosis point for every five combatants (not counting the werecat) in the area. The difficulty depends on the nature of the fight: a mere argument is difficulty 5; a brawl, 6; a skirmish, 7; a battle, 8; a duel or grudge match, 9; a genocidal bloodbath, 10. If the roll succeeds, all combatants step away from each

other and lower their weapons. A warrior who wants to resist the Gift must roll his Willpower (or Rage, if he has any) against difficulty 8. Otherwise, everyone within 10 yards per success stays his hand and listens to what the Pumonca has to say. From there, it's up to the peacemaker to talk sense to them. The Gift lasts one minute per success; after that, the fight begins again unless the cougar has convinced the others to stop for good.

• **Bringer of Winds (Level Five):** As the Level Four Red Talons Gift; however, the Pumonca summons a storm strong enough to do actual damage. The Gift's targets must soak five dice of damage from wind-blown debris, as well as an extra die for every success on the Pumonca's Manipulation + Survival roll. Additionally, if the targets fail a Strength + Survival roll (difficulty 8), they are swept away by the winds, to land later in a place of the Storyteller's choosing (or whim) up to four miles distant.

Quote:

The wind does not need words to speak with power.

Stereotypes

• **European Garou:** You talk of Wyrms, but do not realize they grow inside you all. Battle *those* and we will speak of peace. Until then, you are a stain upon my lands. I will drive you out or die trying.

• **Uktena:** I do not trust your secretive ways, snake-cousin. You speak in too many voices to tell the truth in any of them.

• **Wendigo:** You are right to rage, my brothers. Let us put our past troubles behind us before all our people become like dust.

• **Nuwisha:** The time for tricks is over. Perhaps someday I will laugh with you again, but my heart is too full for your nonsense today.

• **Corax:** Fat yourselves on the skin of the newcomers and on the lies they carry under their blankets. Hop carefully, my friends, and guard your feathers well.







Chapter Three: Antagonists

The Savage West is a dangerous place, even for Garou. The plains hide uncounted horrors, from vampires cursed to walk the earth after death to powerful wizards possessing new and wondrous technologies. Be careful out there — the plains are so vast there may be no one to hear you howl.

The Walking Dead — Vampires

We aren't the only monsters what prowl the gorges and salt flats, my friend. Sometimes, when the moon rides high in the sky and ill winds howl over the brush, the dead dig their way up from Boot Hill and walk again.

You've heard the stories — they've been telling 'em over yonder in Europe since the caern warders were knee-high to a boll weevil. Vampyr, they call 'em — corpses who rise up from the grave, all burning with a hunger for warm, sweet blood. Yeah, like in those penny dreadfuls from England — Varney the Vampyr, Lord Ruthven, Dracula.

Well, I reckon Lord Varney or whatever weren't content to stay in England. Either that, or things are worse out here than we thought. In any case, there's a whole mess of 'em out there, my friend. All cold and pale, sitting in the saddles of their dead palominos like a tombstone processional straight from the undertaker's. They're monsters, yeah, but that don't make 'em kin to us, see. 'Cause

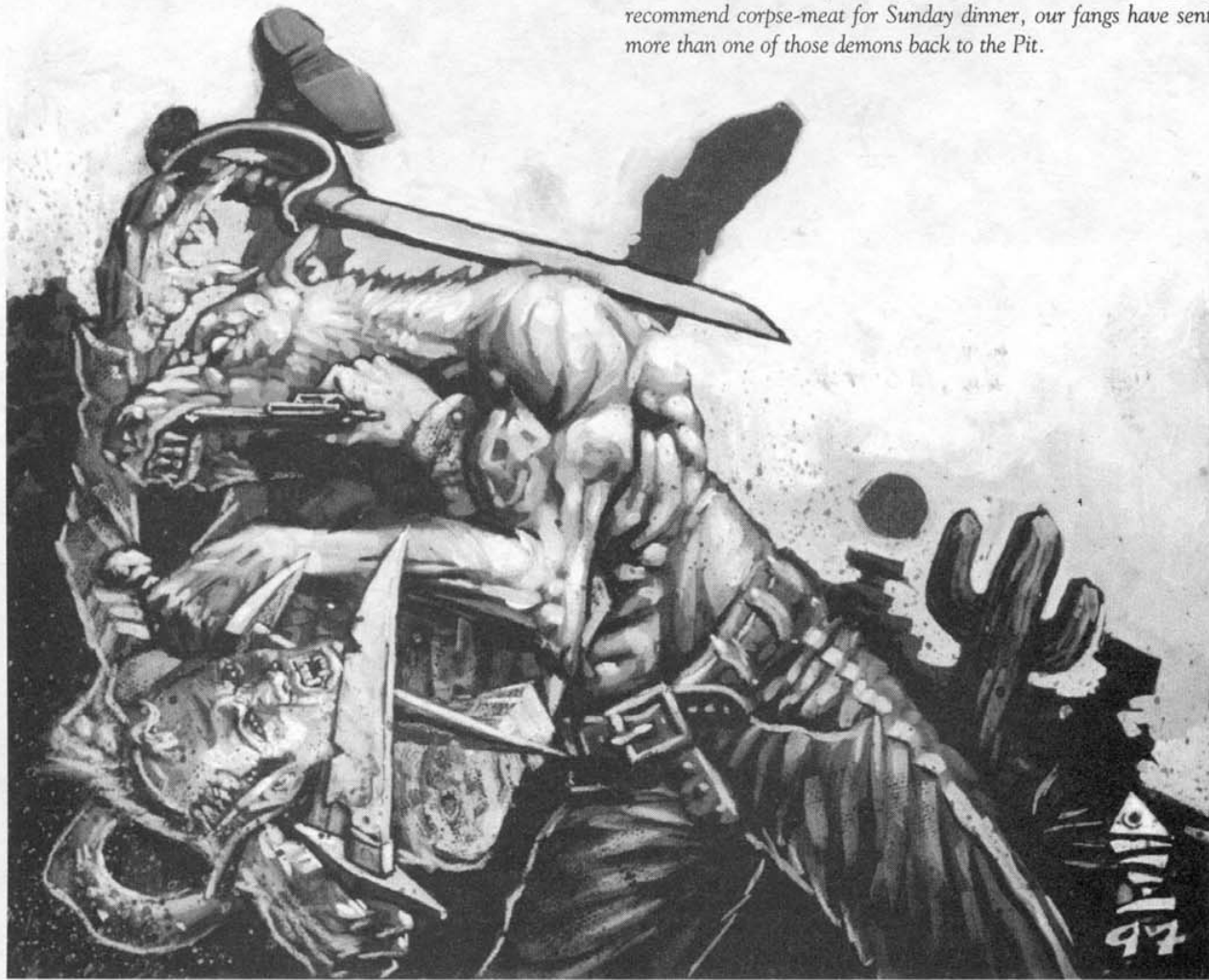
whatever unnatcherl thing happened to cause a body to sit up in its casket, it tore 'em clean out of good Gaia's grace. Yep, one night in the Mojave I had occasion to look into the red, gleaming eyes of a vampyr, and I'll be damned if I didn't see the coals of Old Scratch's furnaces staring back at me.

Yeah, I figger they're back up from Hell, roaming the Earth until Judgment Day. And I reckon it's our duty to send 'em back where they came from.

Monsters and Their Kynde

Now, how do we do that, you might ask. We're tough and all, but we can be killed by enough plano or even a little plata. Vampyrs — hell, they're already stiff. How do you kill that which shouldn't rightly be nohow?

It ain't easy...but it ain't impossible neither. See, they're afraid of us, 'cause we can sniff out their wickedness like the stink from a tanner's shop, and then we can come on 'em unawares, while they're sniggering and talking about all the blood they're gonna steal from infants and virgins and whatnot. And when you actually go mano a mano with 'em...well, they're tough, but our claws can shred the dead as easily as the quick, and while I wouldn't rightly recommend corpse-meat for Sunday dinner, our fangs have sent more than one of those demons back to the Pit.



Even better, though, 'specially if there's a whole nest of 'em, is to trick 'em into stepping outside while it's daytime. You see, vampyrs bear a curse from God and Gaia, and sunlight's pizen to 'em. Throw a Leech in the light, and it'll sizzle like bacon in a skillet. I've also heard that big fires — like a brushfire, or the bang from that dynamite ol' J.P. Morgan sends out here to blast the railroads on through — do the deed.

The tricky part, though, is gettin' close to 'em. See, vampyrs are tricky critters, full of spleen and treachery. They can stare you down with those devil-eyes and suck the spine right out of you, like a carny mesmerist, so you turn yellow or even become their slave. They also like to insing — insanu — kinda dig their way into a town, and turn all the locals into their slaves, so that one night everything's normal, and the next, the whole town's being run by the vampyr and his cronies. Except that nothing's different on the surface, and so you come into town and everything seems normal, till the grocer knackers your horse and the schoolmarm tries to brain you with a tomahawk and the deputy takes potshots at you from behind the hitching post and the hangman's just standing up on the gallows with a big noose, just waiting for you while the townsfolk mutter and kinda lurch out of their homes like people who've had too much absinthe, coming toward you like a lynch mob, and somewhere down in the dark that old devil vampyr's just a-laughing and a-cackling at its cleverness.

Young Vampire

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2, Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2, Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Intimidation 3, Subterfuge 3, Firearms 2, Melee 1, Ride 1, Stealth 1, Linguistics 1

Gifts: Any of a variety of Galliard and Homid Gifts, Levels One and Two. Vampires tend to specialize in Gifts involving mind control and sensory augmentation.

Blood Pool: 10

Gnosis 1, Willpower 5

Tough Vampire

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3, Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3, Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Intimidation 4, Subterfuge 4, Firearms 4, Melee 3, Ride 3, Stealth 3, Linguistics 2, Occult 2

Gifts: Homid, Galliard, Philodox and Silver Fang Gifts, Levels One through Three.

Blood Pool: 15

Rage 1, Gnosis 2, Willpower 7

Elder Vampire

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 5, Stamina 5, Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 4, Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 5

Abilities: Alertness 4, Brawl 4, Dodge 5, Empathy 5, Intimidation 5, Etiquette 4, Firearms 4, Leadership 4, Melee 5, Stealth 5, Survival 3, Linguistics 5, Occult 4, Politics 4

Gifts: Any Homid, Theurge, Philodox, Galliard, Black Fury or Silver Fang Gift.

Blood Pool: 20

Rage 2, Gnosis 3, Willpower 9 (can substitute Willpower for Gnosis when defending against Garou Gifts)

The Blood Pool statistic refers to the amount of blood a vampire can store in its body. Vampires may use this blood to heal wounds (one Health Level per point spent) or increase Physical Attributes (one point increases one Physical Attribute by one). Blood Pool may only be refreshed by feeding on mortals (and Garou); a mortal has 10 Blood Points in her body and will likely die if more than five are taken from her. Werewolves have more potent blood, though. A skinchanger's blood is such powerful stuff that a vampire can draw the equivalent of 25 Blood Points from a Garou before the hapless wolf is drained dry. Garou blood can have a few adverse effects on a vampire, mind; vampires who drink that brew full of Rage and bestiality are likely to slip into frenzy for hours on end, even if they normally can hold their drink.

Vampires take aggravated damage from fire, and sunlight inflicts one automatic Health Level of aggravated damage per turn the vampire is exposed to it. Most vampires can be detected through use of the Gift: Sense Wyrn.

Vampires divide themselves into a number of different clans, described below. Clans provide additional powers and Gifts to vampires who are part of them.

The Clans

Now, I reckon we've seen enough vulture-fodder to where we don't think so much about one more Cadaver, eh? I mean, a body's a body's a body, right?

Well...in the case of vampyrs, that ain't so cut and dried.

What I hear tell, there's a whole mess of Leeches out there in the dark. And not all of 'em are alike. Just as we divvy ourselves into tribes, so the vampyrs divvy themselves into things called clans. Each clan gets different powers from the Wyrn, but all are powerful mean. Sit back, son, I'll tell you what I mean.

The Dark Riders

The Dark Riders are the heralds of some vampyr lodge called the Black Sabbath. They come from out of the south, from Mexico; the Mexicans, who're right afeared of 'em, call them La Sombra — "the Shadow." They ride the ranges on moonless nights, lashing their hellhorses faster and faster, till it seems like they're gonna ride clean into the sky. They travel from town to town, and delight in taking over a community and turning the people to their will — and some of the things I hear tell the Black Sabbath do to those who resist 'em, well, they'll turn your stomach faster than Cookie's hardtack an' beans.

Yep, the Dark Riders are bad 'uns, no two ways about it. They dress all in black, and cover their faces with pulled-down black hats and black scarves and such. Some of 'em know about our troubles with silver, and these are the worst, 'cause they'll carry a pair of revolvers loaded with silver bullets. Of all the vampyrs out there, I do believe these are the worst.

(Lasombra vampire: Most Lasombra have superhuman strength; raise the effective Strength score to 5 or even higher. Use Ahroun, Silver Fang and Shadow Lord Gifts to round them out.)

The Wormies

The thing that's so dangerous about a lot of vampyrs is that you can't tell 'em apart from the people they used to be. They can walk right into a town and, so long as it's night, no one can tell that there's a monster in their midst.

That ain't so with the Wormies. They're monsters straight from the Devil's own.

Wormies, you see, are powerful ugly. I mean butt-ugly. Some of 'em look like they done kept on decaying after they came out of the ground. Others have skin like a cactus, or a kisser like a gila monster's, or a face like what comes outta you after you eat Cookie's hardtack an' beans. Yeah, that bad. They can't walk into town like the other Leeches, but they're mean and spiteful and like nothing better than to find pretty young misses and drink their blood.

The other dangerous thing about the Wormies is that they're sneaky. You see, they're so horrid that
the Devil

taught 'em a few tricks, ways to disappear and sneak around unseen. Sometimes you never know a Wormie's there until its claws appear out of thin air to wrap around your windpipe. Watch out for 'em.

(Nosferatu vampire: Use Ragabash, metis and lupus Gifts. Strength is usually 5 or higher. All Nosferatu are hideously ugly, with Appearance scores of zero. Some impossibly gross Nosferatu may even induce a Delirium-like condition in mortals.)

(Samedi vampire: Use Ragabash Gifts, and add Black Spiral Gifts and fomori powers. Like the Nosferatu, Samedi have Appearance scores of zero.)

The Bruja

"Bruja" is Mex — er, Spanish for "witch," so I'm told. Seems a fitting enough name for these vampyrs — they're always moving faster than the wind and disappearing in the blink of an eye. Travel in packs, like witches. Screech like witches, too — these ones got right terrible tempers, and they're always a-howling and a-cater-wauling like the damned souls they are. I swear, a Bruja in a fit's enough to raise your hackles, it is.

They like to go into a town and bespell all the folks in it — have 'em talking all sorts of crazy business about ousting the sheriffs and tar-and-feathering the marshals and what have you. The scary thing is, sometimes people'll be right taken — even to the point of willingly giving blood to the Bruja. "He's our friend," they'll say.


"He's going to turn this town into a paradise, just like the city where he came from."

Well, that's easy enough to fix.

Just call out the Bruja and start laughing at him, poking fun at him.

Sure enough, that'll bring out





his true colors. The problem then is you gotta take the roaring monster down — and of all the vampyrs, Bruja are probably the most dangerous in a straight-up fight. Strong as bison in heat, and near as fast as we are. You take down a Bruja, son, I'll give you these silver spurs right here.

(Brujah vampire: Brujah frenzy easily, and effectively have Rage scores ranging from 1 to 5; they must spend Blood to activate the Rage, though. Like the Lasombra, they have superhuman strength. Otherwise, use persuasive Gifts of various sorts.)

The Dark Prowler

Sometimes, I hear tell, you'll be all alone in the middle of nowhere, running mad and lonesome under the stars, and the mating time'll be upon you. And then, out of nowhere, you'll see this lean gray she-wolf, and she'll trot over your way, and circle you like she's sizing you up at a cotillion, and her ears'll prick up and she'll kinda display her haunches, the way she-wolves do when the heat's on 'em. And something in the back of your skull'll be screaming at you like a bugle, telling you it smells something foul in the air, like the stink of a morgue or a taxidermist or something. But you won't listen, 'cause the rut drives every bit of sense out of your head, and that she-wolf'll grip you with paws suddenly turned to hands, and she'll drink you dry under the stars and leave your shriveled carcass for the buzzards.

Whether she's a dead wolf that rose up and put on the shape of a woman, or a dead woman that rose up and put on the shape of a wolf, I don't know. It doesn't matter. Listen to that voice of warning, and mind your duty against the Wyrms, or Dark Prowler'll get you the way she's gotten so many others.

(Gangrel vampire: Gangrel can effectively change into Lupus form. Use metis and lupus Gifts, and reduce difficulties of all Soak rolls to 5. Also, Gangrel in Homid form can make aggravated claw attacks as though they were Crinos.)

Have a Lick o' Sense

Now, sometimes, I hear tell, you'll have one of these dead things cornered like a rattler in its den, and all its wiles have come to naught. And then it'll look up at you with eyes that may once have belonged to a young schoolmarm or even a child, and it'll talk to you. "Oh, please, spare me," it'll beg. "I don't understand what's happened to me. I didn't want to become like this. Please — I'm not a monster. I'm not evil. I can't help what I've become." And it'll start sobbing and weeping bloody tears, and you'll think about what it said, and you'll think about the thing that sometimes rises up in your own soul and what it makes you do, and your paw'll freeze up like molasses in Nebraska.

Don't do it. No matter how frail or beautiful or innocent-looking that body in front of you is, the person that used to be in it ain't there no more. Vampyrs are spawn of Satan and critters of the Wyrms, one and all. The best thing you can do for it is to kill it quick and true, and the best thing we can do for Gaia is to send all the vampyrs back down to Hell, as surely, swiftly and finally as we can.

Sorcerers and Medicine Folk

In the roiling frontier of the Savage West, magic is a fact of life. The natives aren't the only folks who believe in it, either — the Victorian disdain for miracles hasn't quite reached out into the lands of the Storm Umbra. The miracle workers some call *mag*es bend reality around their fingers through arts both ancient and bizarre. With the spirit world in chaos, mortal magics, and the folks who use them, are more common than you'd think....

As far as Garou are concerned, mages fall into one of three groups, depending on intent: witches, mad scientists and medicine folk. All mages, to the Garou, are Namers of the first rank. The power of a Name, of wild concepts given form, lies at the heart of magick. The Name sets the idea into reality, and that reality follows the will of the Namer. That which they will can become that which is. All too often, what they will is not what Garou consider good. In short, Garou don't like the magick folk; while some alliances stand, those pacts are as shaky as treaties with the Great White Father.

Witches

The sorcerers who remake the world according to their own dark visions are called witches, brujo, curanderos, wizards, priests and sorcerers. They might claim to speak for a larger God, like the missionary reverends, but they can't tolerate anything keeping them from fulfilling their own desires. They may not stink of the Wyrms themselves, but everything they do is suspect.

Most witches come from across the sea. Some European Garou remember many centuries of conflict between them. The odd sorcerer comes from the Orient instead, and reworks Gaia with strong hands or an able mind. The worst witches wear the skins of native shamans, or travel with the black-clad white men who seem to be found as often as not in various Masonic-type lodges, including the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon. These folks are as Wym-ridden as they are powerful. While some witches appear friendly, most of them are thieves, waiting to plunder the caerns for the precious spiritual energy they contain. No Garou worth the name will stand by and let them have it.

Witches practice frightening Arts, shattering boulders or calling down plagues through blood rites, chantsongs and brain-twisting diagrams. Some of them sacrifice people and animals, or enslave spirits, while others rely on their so-called "Awakenings" to supply their power. Witches are one of the new great plagues on the Savage West; they seem to be fighting some war among themselves, and gladly drag Garou into battle if they can.



Young Witch

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2, Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2, Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 3, Athletics 2, Dodge 2, Empathy 3, Animal Ken 2, Firearms 3, Melee 2, Ride 2, Stealth 3, Survival 2, Enigmas 4, Medicine 3, Occult 3, Rituals 4

Gifts: 5 Level One, 3 Level Two, 1 Level Three
Gnosis 6, Willpower 5

Equipment: Ritual tools (knife, wand, chalice, robes), comfortable clothing, herbs, book of notes and rites, pistol or shotgun

Mad Scientists

Sometime-allies of the Iron Riders, these warped Namers have the blood of the Weaver in their veins. Some of them test their mechanical toys on the sacred earth, and many such experiments tear the Gauntlet open, letting loose the Wyld storm. Deranged automatons, super guns and strange armored war machines appear wherever mad scientists play. To native Garou, these wizards are abominations; to the white-born ones, they're intriguing but dangerous characters.

Many mad scientists are obvious about what they are; white smocks, huge weapons and bizarre gadgets compliment their hectic manners and strange, garbled speech. A handful of them are threateningly normal — *too* normal. They speak in monotones and wear black clothing head-to-toe even on hot desert days. These "Black Hats" even intimidate Garou, and that's not easy. When threats don't work, they pull firearms from their dusters and let loose their devastating "science." You won't find these types on the open range; the cities are their homes, although some accompany trains out to the frontier towns to lay telegraph wire or collect gold shipments. The madder ones like to set up shop in the mountains — shops the Garou quickly learn to avoid.

Experienced Mad Scientist

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3, Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2, Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 3, Athletics 1, Dodge 2, Empathy 2, Subterfuge 3, Animal Ken 1, Crafts 4, Firearms 3, Melee 2, Ride 2, Stealth 1, Survival 1, Enigmas 4, Linguistics 2, Medicine 3, Occult 3, Science 4

Gifts: 10 Level One, 7 Level Two, 5 Level Three, 2 Level Four
Gnosis 7, Willpower 8

Equipment: Toolkit, oil, gloves, lab coat or duster, really heinous weapon (custom-built, like a flamethrower or gatling pistol), knife, pistol (just in case...)

"Black Hat"

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3, Charisma 2, Manipulation 4, Appearance 1, Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 4, Athletics 1, Dodge 2, Empathy 2, Intimidation 4, Subterfuge 3, Crafts 4, Firearms 4, Melee 3, Ride 3, Stealth 3, Survival 2, Enigmas 2, Linguistics 2, Medicine 2, Occult 1, Science 4

Gifts: 8 Level One, 5 Level Two, 3 Level Three; also project an aura of fear (as the Shadow Lord Gift: Icy Chill of Despair, but constant)

Gnosis 6, Willpower 8

Equipment: Black suits, dusters and hats; powerful firearms (probably custom-made gatling pistols); silver daggers; stiletto; shotgun

Medicine Folk

Most Garou are familiar with the medicine folk, the primal mystics who remember the old ways and dance with the spirits. That's not to say they're necessarily on friendly terms — the shamans remember the wolf as a hunter, even if he is a sacred one. Still, native Garou hold alliances with various human shamans, if only in the interest of self-preservation. In the earlier days, the different tribes might have fought, but not today. Medicine folk understand the threat the Storm Umbra poses; Gaia is sick, and these Namers devote their lives to healing Her.

Well, most of them do....

Some call the others "Vision Mockers," shamans who have left the beauty way for the hidden moon. Servants of the Wyrms, they twist the old ways into war magics fueled by hate, vengeance and despair. Although descended from Pure Ones, these fallen shamans war against their own kind, kissing dark spirits in their forbidden lodges. These sorcerers are worse than foreign witches — they've left the path of their ancestors to turn the Earth inside out. Vision Mockers still use the trappings of their ways — the dance, the drum, tobacco and chants — but their hearts are fouler than the Wyrmscomers they war upon. Their dance is an earthquake and the Storm Eater is their Dark Father.

Medicine folk work magic like werewolves do, calling spirits into fetishes or begging their secrets for mortal favors. They're clever as Coyote and understand the spirit paths. Unlike their cousins, these magicians can walk into the Umbra and find their way around. The visions they see there fuel their quest to preserve the good Earth and drive away the Wyrms — or fuel the hate that twists medicine into witchcraft.

Great Medicine Worker

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3, Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2, Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 5, Athletics 2, Dodge 3, Empathy 4, Expression 3, Animal Ken 3, Firearms 2, Melee 2, Performance 3, Ride 2, Stealth 4, Survival 4, Enigmas 5, Linguistics 4, Medicine 3, Rituals 5, Occult 5

Gifts: 15 Level One, 10 Level Two, 7 Level Three, 5 Level Four, 3 Level Five; may also step sideways

Gnosis 10, **Willpower** 8

Equipment: Medicine bag, ritual tools (drum, tobacco, paint, ceremonial dress), rifle, knife, tomahawk, walking boots, sturdy clothing

Magick

Reality is pretty fluid in the Savage West. The combination of warring cultures, open spaces and the Storm Umbra make magick an easy — if dangerous — pastime for those who know how to use it. Traditional Native American medicine isn't as easy to perform as it may have been a century earlier, but it still works impressively well. Clerical miracle-men can call upon God and expect a response — there are lots of good Christians out West, even among the Indians — but the darker Arts and wild technomagicks are chancy. Sometimes they're deceptively easy; other times, well....

For the Storyteller, magic can be a challenge. If he's got the **Mage: The Ascension** rulebook, he can use the Sphere magicks given there (see sidebar). If not, he's got a few options.


He might give magical characters a variety of Gifts (preferably homid, Theurge and Uktena, with a smattering from other tribes), add huge Gnosis pools (6 or better), and grant them simple Intelligence + Enigmas or Occult rolls to pull off their spells. Or he could simply leave the Black Arts to storytelling,

rolling the mage's Intelligence + Occult, Perception + Occult or even Intelligence + Crafts or Science, depending on the style of magic he pursues, against a variable difficulty. Small spells, which include seeing in the dark, stepping sideways or healing a person's wounds, have low difficulties (4-6), while more powerful ones (calling lightning, summoning spirits or making stone crumble) are harder to perform (difficulty 7-10). From there, he can assume that the sorcerer has a number of things he can do (draw down lightning, animate the dead, etc.), and can set a number of success that the mage needs to achieve his desired goals.

If the sorcerer botches his spells, terrible things happen. Demon spirits appear and whisk him off to Hell; the earth splits open beneath him; fire bursts from his pores or blows his machines to ruin. Magic takes no prisoners in the Savage West; when things go wrong, they do so with style.

Mages have another name when they're pitted against a Garou in combat: *cole slaw*. The Namers cannot soak Garou claw or bite attacks, and most of them don't regenerate. They can, however, reduce the effectiveness of werewolf Gifts by rolling a magical "dodge" of Wits + Occult, difficulty 6. (If you have **Mage**, assume that Spirit countermagick — pages 172-173 — subtracts successes from Garou Gifts if the mage wants to counter them.) Mages do their mischief from a distance, or channel it through elaborate rites and powerful machines. Hand-to-hand, they're buzzard-bait.





When they call upon their Arts and sciences, mages are a formidable lot. Damage from their spells may be normal (like a cold wind) or aggravated (like a blast of hellfire), depending on the form it takes. As a rule, assume that a sorcerous attack inflicts one Health Level per success; really powerful ones might deal out two Health Levels instead. While a werewolf can soak these castings easily enough, most mages are too clever to rely on simple damage spells. Instead, they'll ambush a Garou, start an avalanche or turn everything around him into silver....

Mage: The Ascension — The Wild West

For those who play *Mage: The Ascension*, the following outline describes important events in the West between 1850 and 1900. In that era, three events of great and lasting importance occur.

The Organization of the Technocracy

By the mid-1800s, the Order of Reason has become archaic. The Industrial Revolution and the explosion of new technology and social revolution has shown the Inner Circle that an update was essential. Most historians place the guiding vision in the court of Queen Victoria, and most accounts declare that the queen herself was a strong and informed member of the Technocratic Inner Circle. The changes she demands form the foundations of the modern Technocratic Union, and set in motion the forces that will create the Sons of Ether and the Virtual Adepts.

Although those august Technocrats don't appear as distinct groups until the late 1800s, many of their founders work within the Difference Engineers, Artificers (later Iteration X) and Electrodyne Engineers, developing telegraph technology, advanced weapons and transportation. While the real innovations are designed further East, a number of industrious scientists have taken advantage of the open frontier to construct laboratories for deeper research. As the last remnants of the Cabal of Pure Thought reorganize themselves into the NWO, their superiors test new agents — the "Black Hats" — in the field out West. These cold men in black, trained as expert gunfighters and intimidators, accompany money-men and un-Awakened grunts as they lay tracks across the land, bringing back gold and silver for the Union's vaults.

The Homelands War

During the 1800s, European explorers and settlers make permanent inroads into Africa and the Americas, crushing the indigenous cultures. As a result, a steady stream of Dreamspeakers from those lands defect from the Council of Nine to defend their people. Although this exodus begins in the 1700s, by the Westward Expansion period it has reached critical mass.

To make matters worse, many European mages see opportunities on both continents — opportunities to win new "converts" to their causes and paradigms, and opportunities to grab mystic secrets and worldly goods. Some of these — often Hermetics and Celestial Choristers — travel with the settlers. Their efforts are rarely appreciated by the "natives," or by their fellow Traditions, for that matter.

The decidedly militant Cult of Ecstasy — known in this period as the Cult of Bacchus — adds bitter spice to the brew. Unlike the peace-child stereotypes familiar to modern mages, the Cultists of the 1800s are a bloody-minded lot. In the Savage West, an Ecstatic sect called Los Sabios Locos — "the Crazy Wise Ones" — joins the Dreamspeakers and declares war on nearly everyone else (see *Cult of Ecstasy*, page 21). The Dreamspeakers themselves fragment badly during this era; many shamans quit the Council and return home. Some even cross knives with their former comrades, who stay behind to preserve the dream of Star-of-Eagles. Disdained by their cousins, abandoned by their fellow Traditions, the remaining Dreamspeakers are a sorry lot.


Inner Madness and Hate

The almost palpable hatred and Umbral chaos in the American West Awakens a number of Marauders and sends several new Nephandi through the Cauls. Some of these "converts" come from other groups whose decency or sanity are demolished by the struggles in the West; others burst into full Awakening to follow the ways of the Fallen and the Mad. Few of these new mages survive the times to achieve real power, but their "conversion" throws the centuries-old Ascension War into crazy new directions.

The so-called Vision Mockers undermine the efforts of the Dreamspeakers and other shamans. Wurm-ridden medicine folk, these *barabbi* turn their old ways into spirit poison, riding with Black Spiral Dancers and ice-cold Black Hats. One Mocker sect, the Lost Moon Society, joins the Ghost Dance movement near the end of the century and attempts to turn its energies to the Society's own purposes. Dreamspeakers within the Ghost Dance uncover the plot in the 1880s; a series of covert battles begins within the movement. The Nephandi keep the upper hand in the fight until the Ghost Dance's shattering defeat at Wounded Knee — which raises a troubling question: Does one of the vilest acts in U.S. military history help prevent an even greater evil from occurring? Or had the Vision Mockers already fallen before the army moved in?

Boundaries of Magick and Coincidence

Magick is a risky trade in the Savage West. Although the "set" of reality allows many styles to be considered coincidental, the consequences of failure are more severe than those the later mages face. Paradox takes rather punishing forms in the lands where the Storm Umbra boils. Mages who botch might earn double their usual Paradox (see *Mage*, page 169) at the



Storyteller's discretion, and backlashes are spectacular. No wimpy little Paradox Flaws, here. You screw up in the Savage West, you screw up big.

For Storytelling sake, consider Native American shamanism, Christian miracles and infernal witchcraft (as opposed to Verbena rites) to be coincidental throughout the West. Technomagick and other mystical styles are open to the Storyteller's discretion; the wild surges beyond the Gauntlet have ruffled the Tapestry so much that an Effect might be vulgar one day and coincidental the next. The beliefs of the time don't often allow for wild high magick (flying people, fireballs, summoned dragons), but superstition is rampant, so many forms of "witchcraft" (i.e., the rites of Verbena and some Nephandi) make many overt Effects "possible."

Oriental mages face a hostile climate here; although many of the Akashic Brothers who travel to the West make do with the raw physical powers of their Do, the more esoteric applications remain out of reach. The ceremonial wizards of the Wu Lung find their Arts backfiring (vulgar) until the establishment of permanent Chinatowns allows them to focus the traditional beliefs of their people to best advantage. Although Muslim mages are totally out of luck — virtually no one understands their concepts of magick here — the voodoo wizards of the Gulf find fertile ground for their beliefs along the coast.

Wraiths

One of the truisms of the Savage West is that an awful lot of people die there with unfinished business. Dead people with unfinished business have a tendency to...linger on, and sure enough, the American frontier has a much higher number of ghosts than the number of settlers might cause one to expect. However, as in life, so in death; the Shadowlands of the West are a lawless place where the soldiers of the Stygian realm are neither welcome nor wanted.

More to the point, they're not particularly safe, either.

What Is a Wraith?

A wraith, or Restless, is the ghost of a human being who has unfinished business remaining in the lands of the living (a.k.a. the Skinlands). Wraiths dwell in the Underworld, the Dark Umbra, the Shadowlands: a decayed version of the real world that is separated from the living by a Shroud of fear and pain. Wraiths seek to fulfill the goals they left unresolved in life and protect those people or things (or Fetters) that anchor them to the Skinlands.

Each wraith's personality is also splintered in two; the regular personality controls the shared body of the wraith most of the time, but the darker half of the soul, the Shadow, is constantly battling for control. Wraiths whose darker sides have taken over permanently are known as Spectres, essentially Bane-ghosts in service to an aspect of entropy they call Oblivion.

Few werewolves know anything about the Underworld; only a few even among the Silent Striders have the knack for entering the Dark Umbra, and they speak little of what they find there. A few say that an eternal storm pulses under the surface of the Underworld, a storm that has been there forever and can suck ghost or Garou alike into the hungry maw of Oblivion — the Wyrms by any other name....

Bad Places

Wraiths commonly haunt places that most normal folks are smart enough to leave alone. Old battlefields, graveyards, gallows, jails and sites of ambushes are the sorts of places where ghosts are liable to feel at home, and these places are called Haunts. Conversely, those homesteads that have, through long association, become more homes than houses may also bind the spirits of their owners through strength of affection.

Werewolves who venture into Haunts are generally not welcome, though some wraiths appreciate more corporeal protectors for their homes. The barrier between worlds is thin in a Haunt, and there are stories of Garou being drawn into the Underworld while intruding on a Haunt populated by particularly unfriendly wraiths. Other tales claim that Gifts just don't work properly when the Shroud between worlds is too thin, and that a Garou cannot count on even his most basic abilities. Regardless, Haunts are most often unfriendly territory for werewolves, and any who venture in had best possess either an invitation or a hidden trump.

Silent Striders in particular avoid Haunts, as any member of the tribe who meanders into one is liable to have a gaggle of ghosts strapped to her back when she wanders out. In addition, many Haunts have been formed by massive outpourings of negative emotional energy, and such places are magnets for creatures of the Wyrms. The ghosts of a particular Haunt may not be particularly pleased with the notion of sharing their home with Wyrms-critters, but any Garou who wanders in is likely to confuse cause and effect, and link the local wraiths with the tainted beasts dwelling there in the Skinlands.

Methods of Interaction

Not all werewolves can see wraiths; only Silent Striders can generally catch a glimpse of them as they flit through the Shadowlands. Once a Garou knows what he is looking for, however, he can generally spot wraiths quite easily; it's knowing what to look for the first time that presents the difficulty. On the other hand, wraiths have the innate ability to detect the auras of living beings, which enables them to pick werewolves out of a crowd easily.

Many people make the mistake of assuming that Restless are spirits, just like any other Umbral denizens. They aren't. Most Gifts that affect spirits either don't affect wraiths, or affect them in odd or weak ways. Furthermore, as most Garou interaction with spirits takes place in the Middle Lands, meetings with wraiths (who dwell exclusively in the Dark Umbra) when Gifts might be pertinent are few and far between.



Bultos

Not all wraiths retain personality or force of will once they cross over to the other side. These shuffling shells are called Drones, and they are doomed to spend eternity repeating some action or other in ghostly pantomime. Normally such wraiths are harmless, and other Restless consider it unlucky to disturb them. However, the West breeds a unique type of Drone called a *bulto* by the original Spanish settlers. These Drones, rather than passively re-enacting some scene from their lives, exist to guard a certain site or object. Endowed with the power to materialize and affect the physical world, as well as many of the more potent ghostly abilities, *bultos* can be fearsome guardians. Usually, a *bulto* is attached to a specific treasure (often buried) or location, and any attempt to "desecrate" the area will summon forth the ghostly protector. *Bultos* attack until destroyed, or at least dispersed, and no attempt to communicate with a *bulto* has ever been successful.

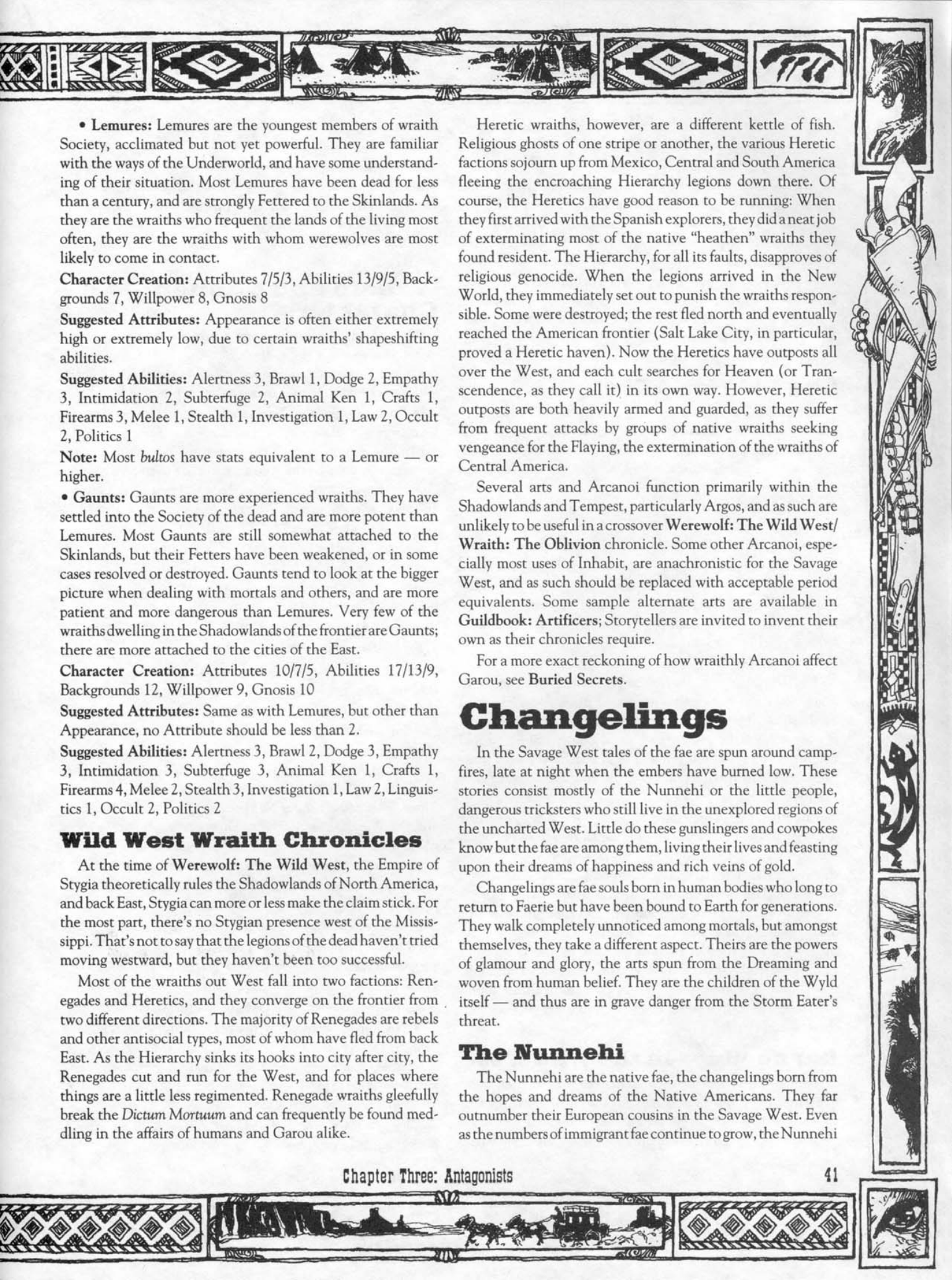
Powers and Possibilities

Many wraithly abilities and powers, especially the Arcanoi, have no readily convertible equivalent in *Werewolf: the Wild West*. With that in mind, Storytellers are encouraged to be creative and liberal in their treatment of Arcanoi when having their Garou characters interact with the restless dead. In essence, the Arcanoi cover the gamut of "classic" ghostly powers, from poltergeists flinging crockery to blood dripping from the walls to horrific nightmares being inflicted by the dead. For anything a ghost in a piece of fiction can do, there exists an Arcanos equivalent. Perhaps the most obvious applications are the Possession and Materialize Charms; more complex abilities can be simulated with specialty Charms or even pure storytelling.

Dead Folks

There is no such thing as a "typical" wraith — every occupant of the Shadowlands is a unique individual. As such, no generic templates are given for wraiths included in a *Wild West* chronicle. The Storyteller should carefully craft a wraith to suit her purposes and the demands of her chronicle.





• **Lemures:** Lemures are the youngest members of wraith Society, acclimated but not yet powerful. They are familiar with the ways of the Underworld, and have some understanding of their situation. Most Lemures have been dead for less than a century, and are strongly Fettered to the Skinlands. As they are the wraiths who frequent the lands of the living most often, they are the wraiths with whom werewolves are most likely to come in contact.

Character Creation: Attributes 7/5/3, Abilities 13/9/5, Backgrounds 7, Willpower 8, Gnosis 8

Suggested Attributes: Appearance is often either extremely high or extremely low, due to certain wraiths' shapeshifting abilities.

Suggested Abilities: Alertness 3, Brawl 1, Dodge 2, Empathy 3, Intimidation 2, Subterfuge 2, Animal Ken 1, Crafts 1, Firearms 3, Melee 1, Stealth 1, Investigation 1, Law 2, Occult 2, Politics 1

Note: Most *bultos* have stats equivalent to a Lemure — or higher.

• **Gaunts:** Gaunts are more experienced wraiths. They have settled into the Society of the dead and are more potent than Lemures. Most Gaunts are still somewhat attached to the Skinlands, but their Fetters have been weakened, or in some cases resolved or destroyed. Gaunts tend to look at the bigger picture when dealing with mortals and others, and are more patient and more dangerous than Lemures. Very few of the wraiths dwelling in the Shadowlands of the frontier are Gaunts; there are more attached to the cities of the East.

Character Creation: Attributes 10/7/5, Abilities 17/13/9, Backgrounds 12, Willpower 9, Gnosis 10

Suggested Attributes: Same as with Lemures, but other than Appearance, no Attribute should be less than 2.

Suggested Abilities: Alertness 3, Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Empathy 3, Intimidation 3, Subterfuge 3, Animal Ken 1, Crafts 1, Firearms 4, Melee 2, Stealth 3, Investigation 1, Law 2, Linguistics 1, Occult 2, Politics 2

Wild West Wraith Chronicles

At the time of *Werewolf: The Wild West*, the Empire of Stygia theoretically rules the Shadowlands of North America, and back East, Stygia can more or less make the claim stick. For the most part, there's no Stygian presence west of the Mississippi. That's not to say that the legions of the dead haven't tried moving westward, but they haven't been too successful.

Most of the wraiths out West fall into two factions: Renegades and Heretics, and they converge on the frontier from two different directions. The majority of Renegades are rebels and other antisocial types, most of whom have fled from back East. As the Hierarchy sinks its hooks into city after city, the Renegades cut and run for the West, and for places where things are a little less regimented. Renegade wraiths gleefully break the *Dictum Mortuum* and can frequently be found meddling in the affairs of humans and Garou alike.

Heretic wraiths, however, are a different kettle of fish. Religious ghosts of one stripe or another, the various Heretic factions sojourn up from Mexico, Central and South America fleeing the encroaching Hierarchy legions down there. Of course, the Heretics have good reason to be running: When they first arrived with the Spanish explorers, they did a neat job of exterminating most of the native "heathen" wraiths they found resident. The Hierarchy, for all its faults, disapproves of religious genocide. When the legions arrived in the New World, they immediately set out to punish the wraiths responsible. Some were destroyed; the rest fled north and eventually reached the American frontier (Salt Lake City, in particular, proved a Heretic haven). Now the Heretics have outposts all over the West, and each cult searches for Heaven (or Transcendence, as they call it) in its own way. However, Heretic outposts are both heavily armed and guarded, as they suffer from frequent attacks by groups of native wraiths seeking vengeance for the Flaying, the extermination of the wraiths of Central America.

Several arts and Arcanoi function primarily within the Shadowlands and Tempest, particularly Argos, and as such are unlikely to be useful in a crossover *Werewolf: The Wild West/Wraith: The Oblivion* chronicle. Some other Arcanoi, especially most uses of Inhabit, are anachronistic for the Savage West, and as such should be replaced with acceptable period equivalents. Some sample alternate arts are available in *Guildbook: Artificers*; Storytellers are invited to invent their own as their chronicles require.

For a more exact reckoning of how wraithly Arcanoi affect Garou, see *Buried Secrets*.



Changelings

In the Savage West tales of the fae are spun around campfires, late at night when the embers have burned low. These stories consist mostly of the Nunnehi or the little people, dangerous tricksters who still live in the unexplored regions of the uncharted West. Little do these gunslingers and cowpokes know but the fae are among them, living their lives and feasting upon their dreams of happiness and rich veins of gold.

Changelings are fae souls born in human bodies who long to return to Faerie but have been bound to Earth for generations. They walk completely unnoticed among mortals, but amongst themselves, they take a different aspect. Theirs are the powers of glamour and glory, the arts spun from the Dreaming and woven from human belief. They are the children of the Wyld itself — and thus are in grave danger from the Storm Eater's threat.

The Nunnehi

The Nunnehi are the native fae, the changelings born from the hopes and dreams of the Native Americans. They far outnumber their European cousins in the Savage West. Even as the numbers of immigrant fae continue to grow, the Nunnehi



continue their vendetta against the European kith, determined to drive them from the West, and indeed all of North America if possible.

The Nunnehi take many forms and faces, from the kachinas of the Southwest to the river-dwelling water babies. They also divide themselves by tribes, some of which may be as violently opposed to one another as they are to the Europeans. A Garou who allies himself with one fae tribe may very well find himself at war with one or more other tribes. Fortunately most tribes are separated by regions, so unless he travels a good deal, a werewolf who makes peace with one tribe can expect relative safety within the same area...though it's always wise to learn exactly where the lines are drawn.

The Old World Fae

Even the immigrant changelings, the Kithain, are no strangers to the Savage West; in truth, the fae came to the New World long before most European folk settled there. Watching their beloved Glamour fading from the world, many fled across the seas seeking a new place, a place they could live free of the Banality of man. Some, mostly the mighty trolls, came with the Vikings who settled in Vinland (or Maine). Others came on their own, seeking refuge from the oncoming tide of Banality.

Like the Nunnehi, the European fae are a diverse lot. Some are powerful warriors, like the doughty, Nordic trolls and the horrible hobgoblinlike redcaps. Others are wild rovers, like the ever-wandering eshu. Still others spend their lives building strange machines from the stuff of dreams, such as the wiry, goblinsque nockers.

The Nunnehi met the first arrival of European fae with much suspicion, but treaties were soon made and friendships established. The newcomers even tried to warn the Nunnehi of the coming of the white man and of the destruction he would eventually bring to their world. The Nunnehi scoffed at these tales, unable to visualize a people who could be so mindlessly destructive.

Then two things happened to destroy the peace. The first was the Shattering, a vast tide of unbelief that drove most fae back to Arcadia, their homeland, and forced the rest to adopt the way of the changeling, becoming half-mortal. The second was the arrival of the Europeans, and with that, the once-peaceful coexistence of the Nunnehi and the European kith disintegrated. The Nunnehi blamed the European fae for the Shattering and the devastation brought by the Europeans. Both sides quickly broke treaties and peace accords as animosities flared. Eventually the European changelings found themselves at war with the Nunnehi in an odd parallel with their mortal counterparts.

Changelings in the Wild West

The fae rarely bother with affairs other than their own. Currently, the war between Nunnehi and Kithain is in full fury in the Savage West. The changelings' allies all too often become caught up in this ongoing war; more than one battle

between Fianna and Uktena has been fought in the name of fae friends.

While the Nunnehi mostly keep to the wilds, the European kith can be found in many settlements and cities throughout the West. Though not nearly as prevalent as in Europe and even the East, changelings are still quite common, often working, living and dying unnoticed right alongside their mortal companions.

Kithain and Nunnehi Characters

Like wraiths, changelings are a diverse and disparate lot. What follows are a few rudimentary character concepts, included to give Storytellers a loose idea of the kinds of antics with which some fae may involve themselves.

• **Pooka Trickster:** The pooka are shapechanging fae who love to play tricks on those around them. Their pranks are generally harmless, though they can turn deadly, especially if an enemy or someone the pooka doesn't like is involved. Pooka changelings are generally associated with one sort of animal and affect some aspects of that animal's appearance, even when viewed as mortals.

Character Creation: Attributes 7/5/3, Abilities 13/9/5, Backgrounds 7, Willpower 3, Gifts 4, Gnosis 7

Suggested Attributes: Assume ratings of 2 in all Attributes, but 3 in all Social and 4 Dexterity.

Suggested Abilities: Alertness 3, Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Expression 3, Subterfuge 4, Animal Ken 3, Stealth 4

Suggested Gifts: Ragabash and Lupus

Powers: Shape Change — A pooka may instantaneously change into the one creature it has an affinity with.

• **Nunnehi Warrior:** The Nunnehi can be found in many places in the Savage West. Some live among the native people of the land, while others prefer solitary wilderness. No matter their origin, Nunnehi are often hostile to any non-natives. There are some alliances between certain tribes of Nunnehi and the Wendigo and Uktena. However, even native tribes war among themselves. Depending upon which side a Wendigo or Uktena finds himself, he may only make matters worse.

Character Creation: Attributes 7/5/3, Abilities 13/9/5, Backgrounds 7, Willpower 3, Gifts 4, Gnosis 7


Suggested Attributes: Assume ratings of 2 in all Attributes, but 4 in all Physical

Suggested Abilities: Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Melee 3, Stealth 4, Survival 3

Suggested Gifts: Galliard, Uktena, Wendigo

• **Nocker Inventor:** The nocker inventor spends most of his time locked away in a lab creating new wonders both real and chimerical. Most mortals see him as somewhat eccentric and reclusive. He revels in being the center of attention when displaying his newest creation.

Character Creation: Attributes 7/5/3, Abilities 13/9/5, Backgrounds 7, Willpower 5, Gifts 4, Gnosis 8



Suggested Attributes: Assume ratings of 2 in all Attributes, but 4 in all Mental and 5 in Intelligence.

Suggested Abilities: Crafts 5, Firearms 3, Enigmas 3, Medicine 2, Science 4

Suggested Gifts: Homid, Iron Riders

Powers: Tinkering — Given 24 hours, a nocker can create a device for almost any purpose he desires. All devices created by nockers will suffer some catastrophic failure at some point or will otherwise have some hidden flaw.

Changeling: The Dreaming — The Savage West

Playing changelings in the Savage West requires little or no adjustment to the *Changeling* rules by the Storyteller. The setting, however, is vastly different from a modern-day chronicle. The most obvious difference is that there are no sidhe, with the exception of a few scattered members of House Scathach. And while the European kith can certainly be found in the West, the Nunnehi are the most prevalent during this period. Any Changeling story set in the Savage West will almost certainly involve the Nunnehi at some point. Therefore, detailed information on this race of changelings is almost vital. Further information on the many Nunnehi kith as well as rules for playing them can be found in the *Changeling Players Guide*.

The trolls have been a part of the West since its very founding. As solitary souls and often misfits from society, many trolls find employment with the rail companies in the early days of railway construction. Conversely, few boggans or pooka make it out to the frontier, preferring the civility and excitement of the East to the pioneer West, respectively. The stark West also holds little interest for the hedonistic satyrs or reclusive sluagh. Many perpetually wandering eshu, however, find their way to western settlements, where they often stay for a time to soak up the local stories and drink the whisky before they are on their way once more. Likewise, the nockers have found the West to be something of a haven for their kind. Inventions of all kinds are always in demand and they are kept busy day and night tinkering with everything from new mining techniques to the latest steam-powered gizmos or automobiles. And of course, redcaps may be found among some of the nastiest gangs in the West. They take naturally to gunslinging and train-robbing, and their bloodthirst results in some of the more brutal murders and stage coach robberies.

All of the rules found in *Changeling: The Dreaming* function exactly the same in the Savage West. Most of the changes for running a western chronicle are cosmetic rather than rules oriented. One change Storytellers might wish to make is to lower the average human's Banality. Consider the average human to have a Banality rating of 4 to 6 (Native Americans will often have between 3 to 4). This lowering of Banality represents the fact that many of the miners and people in general in the West are willing to believe in the supernatural; what's more, most of them came west following a dream of

a better place. (Some Storytellers may feel that this lowering of Banality gives changelings too much of an advantage and may wish to ignore this option.)

Chimera are also affected in an odd fashion. Strange "mechanical" chimera have been sighted, often resembling some steam-powered creation of a mad nocker scientist. This is in fact only the beginning of a new variety of chimera that will become more common as time passes.

On a darker note, some chimera that began as allies to the fae have gone awry and turned against their companions, almost as if some dark taint affected their very being. Changeling scholars have been unable to discover the reason behind this corruption of chimera, though the effect certainly has a great many changelings worried. These dark creations are representative of the effect of the Storm Umbra on the chimera of the Savage West. Though the baleful influences patrolling the Middle Lands and Penumbra have no means of direct control over chimera, they've begun to have an effect on the dreamstuff of the West, often poisoning or twisting it in some obscene manner.

The Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon

We went out into the moonless and tortuous network of that incredibly ancient town; went out as the lights in the curtained windows disappeared one by one, and the Dog Star leered at the throng of cowed, cloaked figures that poured silently from every doorway and formed monstrous processions up this street and that...

— H.P. Lovecraft, "The Festival"

From under dark eaves and out of ill-lit alcoves come the members of the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon, filing silently to their secret lodges, wherein they conduct bizarre and occult rites. The Society is not, however, a mere cult, Masonic coven or petty hellfire club — they are, in truth, some thing far more hideous. They are willing servants of the Wyrms.

The Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon is a secular organization devoted to reverence of the Wyrms in its guise as the lunar satellite after which they name themselves. Whether they consciously pursue evil or are simply sincerely misguided depends upon each member. What is universal, however, is the sect's devotion to the Prophecy of the Weeping Moon: On an undisclosed night, after careful preparation on the part of her followers, Luna will herself descend upon the Earth, purifying it with her righteous tears.

Naturally, any self- and Gaia-respecting Garou believes this blighted perception of the Mother's mad sister to be blasphemy. The Garou, in an unprecedented display of solidarity, have sworn to the utter destruction of the Enlightened Society.



Their problem, however, is the subtlety with which the Society moves — public chapter houses are rare (and those that *are* public usually have the power, influence and contacts to remain so...), and many of the sect's rites are conducted on the same nights as those of the Garou.

The Society's Goals

The operational philosophy of the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon is simple: Progress through mysticism. This is the single greatest limiting factor with which the Garou come in conflict — communities with established Society lodges *love* the Weeping Moons. Almost any city with an Enlightened Society presence has one of them on its town council. There are almost assuredly additional Weeping Moons in local banking centers, telegraph and mail offices, and even passenger and freight train stations.

Luckily (for the Garou, at least) towns and cities under direct Society sway are relatively far between. Their covert nature is what has led to the success of the Enlightened Society as a whole. Rather than spreading their influence thinly over the vast Savage West, the Weeping Moons have instead focused on a few key locales. Here, they establish themselves, and begin the conversion and recruitment process, slowly garnering controlling interest in the next nearby town. Then, in the next town, the whole cycle begins anew....

The Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon uses mystical means for both its ends. Toward the end of assuming control, they use various scrying magics, not unlike Garou Gifts, to collect information on those who would stand against them. Naturally, this intelligence is used to undermine the efforts of those rivals and to implicate them in less-than-wholesome activities. They also use their occult powers in what they believe to be a genuinely altruistic fashion: To usher humanity out from under the thumbs of malevolent supernatural enemies and into a "golden age" of lay mysticism and humanocentrism.

While this latter goal may be a respectable *end*, it is the *means* by which the Society chooses to attain it that are dubious. All of their mystical powers are, in truth, bestowed by the Defiler Wurm and Pseulak, the Urge-Wurm of Lies. Pseulak in particular takes great ironic glee in using these mortals as its chief weapon — the lies by which he hides their true natures from the mortal world at large are the same lies by which he hides the ramifications of their magical gifts from them. In the end, all members of the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon are inextricably intertwined with the goals of the Wurm. Their souls bear the mark of its taint, regardless of any naiveté or illusions on their part.

The Storm Eater

Although the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon and the Storm Eater are both manifestations of the Wyrms, that doesn't mean they get along. To the Society, the Storm Eater is a ravenous and indiscriminate maelstrom, destroying its own servants and creations with the same mindless abandon that it does everything else. In fact, as the Society doesn't know a thing about the Wyrms as an entity or the Triat; they don't even know that they're related to the Storm Eater, however distantly.

The Society is aware, though, of the Storm Eater's presence as a "conscience," albeit a chaotic and stupid one. They have learned minuscule bits of insight through their close relationship with the spirits of the Savage West, though the whole of the true state of affairs escapes them.

The Enlightened Society is not inherently antagonistic toward the Storm Eater and its depredations — it generally assumes a policy of nonintervention. Only the most megalomaniac among the Weeping Moon's ranks would dare to suggest an attempt at harnessing the Storm Eater's potential. Most of the Society realize that such action would be folly, as the Storm Eater would simply devour them and leave nothing in its wake, as it has with so many frontier towns....

The Pecking Order

As with almost any quasi-religious mystical order, the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon has established a series of protocols and hierarchies to ensure that their endeavors go smoothly. From the highest tier to the lowest trench, the Enlightened Society operates with an almost inhuman efficiency that unnerves those who look upon it from the outside. Not that many of these voyeurs are allowed to live long....

Most Enlightened Magister, the Grand Unveiler of Secrets

The highest position in the Enlightened Society, this title is currently held by Lloyd Fairweather. There was only one Most Enlightened Master before him, the Society's founder Laurent de Mer, whose mysterious and traceless disappearance left the door wide open for Lloyd to assume directorship of the order.

The responsibilities of this office are many. The Grand Unveiler must conduct every ritual at the quarterly meetings of all members, adjudicate day-to-day business on a managerial level, organize regional "recruitment drives," find time to maintain and expand his occult knowledge and, perhaps most importantly, cultivate an air of social respectability and gentility.

Lloyd Fairweather has masterfully balanced these precarious responsibilities, with a skill that some would label preternatural. His newly published occult tome on the various uses of Saturnal (see below) has been very well-received among members of the Society as well as other occultists and supernatural bibliophiles. In addition, his shrewd business acumen has turned various "non-profit" ventures into surprisingly lucrative (if secret) operations. Where Lloyd truly succeeds, however, is his association with respectable society — it is said that Lloyd is so well-liked, he could have the United States' presidency if he wished.

Tenders of the Lunar Lore


The Tenders are like regional managers, each responsible for the affairs of all Weeping Moon chapters in their spheres of influence. Their responsibilities are similar to those of the Most Enlightened Magister, but on a more local level. Each Tender of the Lunar Lore directs the Weeping Moon cells in her assigned "Collective" of states, which usually numbers three or four. At present, there are ten Tenders in the ranks of the Enlightened Society. From these, the two showing the most promise (and best capability of assuming Lloyd Fairweather's office should something unfortunate happen) are Petula Ryan-Keaton of the Dixie Collective and Lucas Belmont of the Navajo Collective.

The Circle of Stars

The Circle of Stars is the name of the group of Enlightened Society members who govern the activities of all Society activities in a given state. Obviously, the number of Weeping Moons admitted to the Circle of Stars increases over the sliding time scale of *Werewolf: The Wild West*, but the individuals who comprise this level of the hierarchy are nonetheless extremely powerful and influential. Knowledge of the fifth level of Saturnal is required even to be considered for this position (though exceptionally accomplished members of other, non-magic wielding Moons are sometimes allowed the honor).

Revealers of the Mysteries

This title is given to distinguished members of the Enlightened Society and it allows them the authority to start their own chapter of Weeping Moons, should they so wish. The most senior Revealer of a given chapter is likely the one who started that chapter, and she is referred to as the Malviosin. The Revealers of the Mysteries are the most populous segment of the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon, and are responsible for all the "trench-work": starting new chapters, expanding power bases and influence within individual towns, recruiting new Revealers and Initiates and generally "enlightening the masses (with or without their accord)" through subtle rituals and secret meetings.



Initiates (also Acolytes, Novices and Vestals)

Though not truly "members" of the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon, there are those who are nonetheless sympathetic to its causes or interested in learning its secrets. If the Society as a whole can be considered the clergy, the Initiates are its flock.

Among the ranks of the Initiates are politicians who cannot publicly support the partisan Society, businessmen involved with other fraternal or mystical lodges, humanists who desire progress but cannot affiliate themselves with secular organizations because of their religious climate, and even Native Americans who have turned their backs on their own culture. These folk sometimes attend Society affairs, but they most often work "behind the scenes" as friends and representatives of the powerful but secret Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon.

Should the Society ever wish, they would likely be able to field a mob-army of enthusiastic supporters. Rallied by the coercive words of the Nascent Moons and the warlike charisma of the Harvest Moons, veritable legions of sympathetic rabble could be mustered at the speed of telegraph or spirit-message.

Joining the Society

Despite the fact that it serves the Defiler Wyrms, actively seeks the corruption of the physical world and practices forbidden rites under bloated moons in secluded crop fields, the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon is a surprisingly egalitarian organization. In the words of the Most Enlightened Magister Lloyd Fairweather, the sect is interested in "keeping the Society's doors open to all, whether man or woman, Christian or Jew, black, white, Indian or Chinaman."

Of course, this progressive outlook is purely subjective. If it is in the Society's best interests, they will gladly make Initiates out of a local Indian tribe by giving them grants to buy traveling supplies after being ousted from their homes by European pioneers. At the same time, they may make Initiates out of the settlers who drove those same Native Americans from their lands by giving them guns to stave off the "marauding Indian menace."

The Body Politic

The upshot of all this double-dealing is that the Society is completely mercenary. They take whatever benefits they can, sometimes playing both sides of a given conflict against the middle to reap the greatest profits from all involved.

It is not surprising, then, that many members of the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon are successful businessmen or opportunistic entrepreneurs. Bankers, rail barons, securities brokers, affluent merchants, solicitors, even wealthy snake oil salesmen — all are welcome to join the Society. Of course, many of their primary functions revolve around generating

enough untraceable revenue to fund the Society's covert activities. Additionally, members do best when they have enough money to spend their way into social circles, where they become the "toast of the town" and attribute their success to the Enlightened Society.

Outcasts

Other elements often join the Society for different reasons as well. Many "heretics" and occultists enter the fold for numerous reasons: protection from religious persecution, an opportunity to expand their knowledge of the mystic arts, safety in numbers; whatever. Members of this "caste" often work from behind the shadows. After all, it's downright unseemly to be seen associating with that Mormon witch, even if he knows how to conjure Gafflings from the Storm Umbra. Nonetheless, these "black sheep" members are a vital part of the Society's structure. They are often taken as advisors by more prominent (and socially acceptable) Weeping Moons, and are much valued for their insight into the spirit world and the mysteries of magic. Many members of the outcast class are born to the Horned Moon (see below) and excel in the practice of Saturnal.

Muscle

Even a subtle secret Society needs its enforcers. Thus the Enlightened Society opens its doors to various...undesirable...individuals. These miscreants are kept as cloistered as the other "untouchables," though a chapter of Weeping Moons will not hesitate to use force when it becomes necessary. The Society rarely allows base thugs to become full-fledged members and often conscripts muscle as Initiates (which they may then disavow *ex post facto*).

When the Society does take in an enforcer, she is selected from the cream of the crop. Physical formidability is merely a basic prerequisite — The Enlightened Society also needs brutality, cunning, stamina, devotion and outright meanness. Society members of this ilk are almost exclusively under the province of the Harvest Moon (see below), and tales of rattlesnakes curling up and dying after biting these folks abound.

The Black Spiral Dancer Connection — Moons

In one of the Wyrms' cruelest jokes, it has inundated the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon with some of the doctrine of Gaia's Garou. Through carefully selected (i.e., less homicidally insane) members of the Black Spiral Dancers, the Society has been provided with a role-structure that mimics Garou auspices. Each member of the Enlightened Society must trace his birth back to the date (and sometimes even the hour) to determine which phase of the moon is his "patron."



JAMES DALY '97

Needless to say, this practice infuriates Gaian Garou (and even disturbs some Black Spiral Dancers). This vile mockery of Luna debases everything the Garou stand for, and it is a significant part of the reason that the werewolves hate the Enlightened Society so much.

Of course, the Enlightened Society has no understanding of this. Instead, they only know that they are constantly under attack by werewolves. And after all, isn't it part of their responsibility to destroy these night-beasts so they may assume their proper role as the leaders of humanity?

Absent Moons

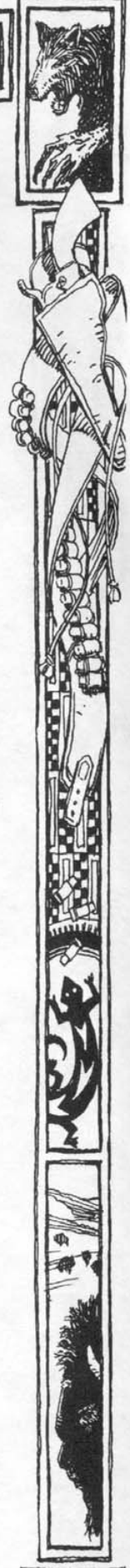
Absent Moons were born under a New Moon, when the sky was at its darkest. Their souls mirror this darkness, and it is the responsibility of an Absent Moon to challenge the *status quo* and bring new insight to the presuppositions of others. Absent Moons are visionaries and innovators, and perhaps the most different from their Garou counterparts, the Ragabash. They are less disposed to trickery and foolishness (there is no place for such horseplay in the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon) and more suited to uncovering a "better way" to get things done.

Absent Moons have the smallest membership percentage of the Enlightened Society. They are often viewed as precocious and inscrutable — as such, they are not widely trusted. It also bears mentioning that of all the Moons, Absent Moons are the ones who tend to get frustrated and try to leave the Enlightened Society. Only then do they realize that a commitment made to the Society is not so easily broken....

Horned Moons

Horned Moons are named after the peculiar shape of the moon in its crescent phase, for it resembles nothing so much as the horns of the Devil himself. The Horned Moons are keenly attuned to the movements of spirits and the demands of working magic. Many are looked upon almost reverentially by other Moons for their vast wisdom and knowledge of the mystical ways. The Horned Moons are masters of Manes Saturnal (see below).

Though they are in a numerical minority, Horned Moons wield the greatest amount of power in the Enlightened Society. Lloyd Fairweather is a member of the Horned Moons, as are many others who have risen to greatness under the Society's banner. They are respected as leaders and are often the most ardent and vocal supporters of the Society's endeavors. To some extent, it may be said that they provide the moral backbone of the sect, and rely upon others to bring order to the guidance they deliver from the spirit world.





Balance Moons

The dispassionate, rational thinkers of the Enlightened Society, the Balance Moons are commonly investors, bankers or other money-driven men and women. Their logic is respected, as is their excellent sense of logistics and the all-important bottom line. Many Malviosin are Balance Moons, and they are the most populous group of Revealers of the Mysteries. Though many possess the drive and aspiration to attain higher status, their lack of ability with the properties of Saturnal often resigns them to the lower levels. Nonetheless, many Balance Moons secretly enjoy this submission — by day they are powerful and in charge, while by night they are often no more than cogs in the machine.

Nascent Moons

This broad group consists of many varied individuals. At once the Moon of carousers, dilettantes, smooth-talkers, politicians, firebrands, performers and celebrities, the Nascent Moon is occupied by those who possess the ability to move others. Whether through vibrant speech or heartfelt art, skilled dance or talented writing, the Nascent Moons stir others into motion. Their role in the Enlightened Society is one of personal nature. They throw and attend the parties at which it is fashionable to be seen. They arrange the charity events that build popular opinion in the Society's favor and entreat new members into joining the glory of the sect.

Nascent Moons are the second most numerous group of Moons in the Society. It is their fluid rapport with the Balance Moons that keeps the ranks of the organization swelled and keeps the coffers in coin. Not a few of them are enthusiastic participants in the more bacchanalian rituals required by the performance of Saturnal as well.

Harvest Moons

The warlike Harvest Moons are the ruthless strong right arm of the Enlightened Society. Though hardly as savage and bestial as their Garou Ahroun counterparts, the Harvest Moons are nonetheless brutal fighters, effective when more subtle action has failed to generate any effect.

There are relatively few Harvest Moons, as the Society prefers to use more genteel methods. What this means, however, is that those few allowed to join the Society are true warriors, willing to fight tooth and nail for the Society. A few of these brutes have become veritable warlords, starting their own chapters and filling the ranks with thugs and bullies. To the rest of the Society, the Harvest Moons are a necessary (and sometimes useful) burden. To the Harvest Moons, they are an underdeveloped and underutilized arm of the sect that could accomplish so much more....

Charter of the Society

We gather from the moon's lucent bounty

A host of harvested boons:

The Absent Moon offers wisdom and insight both forgotten and unknown.

The Horned Moon offers the spirit ways and the paths of apportionation.

The Balance Moon offers judgment and the triumph of intellect over emotion.

The Nascent Moon offers silver-tongued grace.

And the Harvest Moon offers strength and prowess.

These we pledge to use for the betterment of men.

These we pledge to use against those who occlude our goals.

These we pledge to use as the stars hang low in the sky and the coarse howls of devils are heard from the hills.

A brotherhood we are, for only by standing united against our opposition can we hope to attain prominence.

— "Hezekiah's Chapter" from *The Yellow Truths*

Seminal Literature of the Society

The mystics and followers of the Enlightened Society base their occult beliefs on several important writings, all of which smack of the Wyrms. Unfortunately, these works are neither widely distributed nor easily recognized — they are as often hand-copied editions as they are printed "books." As such, many Garou do not recognize them, and thus an entire new generation of subverted acolytes grows under their noses....

The Yellow Truths

Arguably the most fundamental of the Society's texts, *The Yellow Truths* describes basic tenets that the sect upholds. It is essentially a primer, filled with mystical psychobabble and a hierarchy of morality "good" members swear to uphold. All the rudiments of Weeping Moon membership are detailed exhaustively in *The Yellow Truths*, and almost without exception, every member owns a copy — even illiterate members.

The Goddard Rubric

Supposedly translated from a sheaf of ancient scrolls by Aloysius Goddard in 1796, this book has quickly risen to prominence among the intelligentsia of the Enlightened Society. It describes an ancient sect of secret beings devoted to "shepherding" the "children of Seth" through the trials and tribulations of a terrible world besieged by mysterious monsters. Those members who support this book believe that the Enlightened Society is, by prophecy, an extension of these mysterious shepherds, and only by exerting their influence over mortal affairs can they hope to bring an end to these dark times. Of course, the times which followed would surely be no

better for the average Savage West denizen, but at least the Society would get their way....

Trismestigus

Occultists among the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon draw many of their rituals and rites from the nefarious book known as the *Trismestigus*. Practitioners of Saturnal magic (see below) base many of their theories and experiments upon the ideas established in this forbidding work. At once a compilation of notes on hermetic magic, numerology, astrology, agricultural witch-lore and sexual ritual, the *Trismestigus* is almost never seen outside the possession of a Weeping Moon member. It has been decried as both heresy and pornography by the Catholic Church, and, unlike other books in the Society's libraries, is easily and universally recognized, as it bears a distinctive sigil and black leather cover.

The Jeweler

Even among the wicked occultists of the Enlightened Society, unrest boils just below the surface. Though *The Jeweler* is proscribed reading for Society members, it has nonetheless gained some status with young occultists. The main premise of the manifesto is that the celestial body may be revered through obtuse rituals involving the ashes of cremated human bodies. Naturally, practices like these are hardly conducive to the air of respectability that the Society tries to maintain. Still, *The Jeweler* circulates, though those who subscribe to its doctrine find themselves driven underground and actively chastised for their vulgar ways.

The Diaries of Zeerne

One of the most powerful books at the disposal of the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon, *The Diaries of Zeerne* contains rules and formulae for summoning and controlling Bane spirits. The *Diaries* have never actually been printed on a press — every copy is a personalized and hand-crafted labor of twisted love. Many Society occultists actually go so far as to encode their copies of the manuscript, thereby discouraging would-be thieves and overeager acolytes from stealing the book (which would be worthless without the code key) and usurping their power. Only the most accomplished of magicians can even hope to comprehend the *Diaries*; learning anything from the maleficent work requires an Occult Trait of 5.

Saturnal

Saturnal is the ritual form of "magic" practiced by certain members of the Society of the Weeping Moon. Its secrets are highly guarded, and those who wield the powers of Saturnal are afforded great status by other members of the Society.

Very few members actually possess the ability to learn Saturnal; it is only available to followers of the Horned Moon and the Nascent Moon. The former use this ritual magic to commune with and coerce spirits, while the latter use it mainly to uncover secrets and unearth hidden knowledge.

Saturnal is something best left in the hands of Storyteller characters. It is unlikely (unless you are playing a game in which the players assume the roles of the Enlightened Society members) that players' characters will have any knowledge of this proprietary magic. In truth, unless they have actually dealt with the Weeping Moons before, it is unlikely that the characters will have even *heard* of the effects of this mystic path. Thus, Saturnal is an excellent opportunity to scare the characters with a fear of the unknown, for who knows what secrets and powers these witches wield?

Oh, God, Not Another Trait!

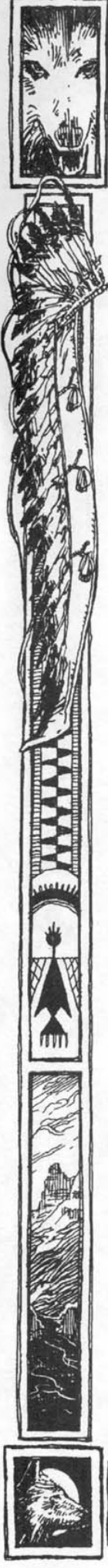
Relax. Storytellers who have familiarity with other White Wolf games will likely recognize similarities between Saturnal and Hedge Magic.

Saturnal is actually a Path of Hedge Magic, though most who practice it learn no other Paths (though some Weeping Moons learn the alternate path of Saturnal in addition to the one they began with). Rather than introduce all the basic rules for Hedge Magic here, we simply present the one most likely to be encountered in the Savage West. Saturnal works just fine as presented here, though Storytellers who wish to find more information on Hedge Magic may find it in *The Inquisition*, *W.O.D. Sorcerer*, *Ascension's Right Hand* and *Liege, Lord and Lackey*.

Manes (Horned Moon Saturnal)

This aspect of Saturnal grants control over the spirits of the Storm Umbra. It is the more powerful of the two branches of magic practiced by the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon. Its rituals are commonly conducted under the watchful eyes of the moon, far from the surveillance of suspicious outsiders. Manes Saturnal draws heavily from ancient fertility rites and, according to the magical theory of the Horned Moons, literally uses the magician's virility as a beacon to draw spirits. Rituals often involve agricultural items — sheaves of wheat, scythes and sickles, the blood of oxen and horses — and orgiastic sexual situations.

There's more to Manes than getting cornholed in an oat-field, however. Spirits are a notoriously fickle and capricious lot, and dealing with them requires tremendous skill and savvy. Those who practice Manes Saturnal for the sole purpose of satisfying their sexual desires are in for a shocking surprise, as the spirits will gladly drag an unprepared summoner off to the nether world....



System: Unless stated otherwise, the difficulty to implement these powers is equal to the level of the power being used + 4. Enacting the power any time other than when one is under the moon and committing a sexual act increases the difficulty by 2.

• **Summon Spirit**

This power allows the Weeping Moon to call forth a spirit. It does not grant control over that spirit, although some are predisposed toward giving information and may converse freely with the summoner (as per the Level One Theurge Gift: Spirit Speech).

System: The Storyteller rolls the character's Charisma + Occult (difficulty 8, though it drops to 6 if a specific spirit is summoned). The spirit may resist with a Willpower roll. Success indicates that the spirit must answer the summons. The number of successes denotes how willingly the spirit answers the call: One success means the spirit is uncooperative and eager to leave while five successes means the spirit is friendly and gladly imparts all he knows or acts to the letter of the summoner's request.

A summoned spirit must remain in the presence of the summoner for 10 minutes, though it need not cooperate. A friendly spirit may stay in the vicinity even after the summons has expired.

•• **Command Spirit**

The summoner may now command spirits to do her will. This power only affects spirits that have already been summoned or are in the immediate vicinity.

System: The Storyteller rolls Charisma + Intimidation. The spirit may resist with a Willpower roll. If the summoner is successful, she may command the spirit to perform any one task, lasting up to a duration of the remainder of the summons. The number of successes on the roll indicates how enthusiastically the spirit undertakes its quest. One success means the spirit is unwilling and performs a lackluster job while five successes completely subjugates the spirit's will, and it performs the task to the best of its ability.

••• **Beyond Death's Door**

At this level, the summoner is no longer limited to simple nature spirits and denizens of the Middle Umbra. He may freely interact with the restless shades of the dead.

System: There is no real system for this level of power. It affords the summoner the ability to use levels one and two of Saturnal on wraiths in addition to the "normal" occupants of the spirit world. Note that wraiths occupy a different portion of the Umbra and may not freely interact with other, nonwraith spirits.

•••• **Fortune**

The summoner may gather about her the spirits of good luck and fortune. She becomes, from the point of view of a "normal" onlooker, tremendously skilled and lucky with her undertakings.

System: The Storyteller rolls Wits + Enigmas. Success indicates that an entourage of luck-spirits surrounds the summoner, bathing her in their fortuitous presence. For the duration of the scene, the summoner (or a single subject of her choice) gains three dice to all Dice Pools. These three dice should be rolled separately, as ones are treated as simple failures rather than success-canceling botches. Fortune may only be used once per scene.

••••• **Ravage**

This is truly a horrible power, for it allows the Weeping Moon to bring the full wrath of the spirits down upon her foes. Angry spirits literally descend upon the target, racking it with fearsome force and damaging its core being. Entire crop fields have been razed by this power, and no few enemies of the Enlightened Society have met their ends and the talons of vengeful spirits.

System: The Storyteller rolls Manipulation + Occult and spends a Willpower point for the character invoking this power. The subject, whether an individual, an area or an inanimate object immediately suffers a number of damage dice (difficulty 6) equal to [5 + the number of success on the activation roll]. The destructive potential for this power is truly amazing, especially when it is used numerous times....

To those who are unaware of the presence of spirits, this power is even more terrifying, as the affected person or area seems to just wither away with no visible cause.

Anima (Nascent Moon Saturnal)

Anima deals with unearthing the secrets of the soul. It does not deal as much with spirits as it does with conscious, physical beings and their emotions. As Anima is less broad and powerful than Manes, it does not require all the mystical trappings and vulgar sexual practices of the latter. Anima only affects "mortals" and un-Awakened individuals; its powers are too petty to be of consequence to vampires, Garou, mages, changelings, etc.

System: Unless stated otherwise, the difficulty to implement these powers is equal to the level of the power being used + 4. The subject may spend a Willpower point and ignore the effects of a single use of Anima Saturnal.

• **Soul Reading**

This power allows the user to discern peculiarities of the subject's person. Such subtleties as whether or not the person

is lying, indications as to her true personality and her moods are easily readable to the Weeping Moon.

System: The Storyteller rolls Perception + Empathy. Each success garners the user one "facet" of information of the subject's being — her Nature, Demeanor, mood, whether or not she is insane, etc. Note that the fact that these powers do not work on supernatural characters is often revealing in and of itself...

•• Verse of Man

The language barrier is no obstacle to a Weeping Moon using Verse of Man. This power "translates" all statements into the native language of the user. Though it does not allow the user to speak the foreign language, she may understand anything that is said or written.

System: The Storyteller rolls Intelligence + Linguistics (at +2 difficulty if the user is reading written words rather than hearing spoken ones). This power lasts one full scene.

••• Silver-Tongued Devil

This power makes everything the speaker says pleasing to her audience's ears. Everyone within hearing range is affected, though each person may not "hear the same thing." For example, while the Silver-Tongued Devil says "Vote for me because I'm the best candidate," a farmer might hear "Vote for me because I'll cut agriculture taxes," while a woman might hear "Vote for me because I support the suffrage movement." In any event, the effect achieved is a favorable one.

System: The Storyteller rolls Charisma + Empathy against a difficulty equal to the highest Willpower score among his audience. Success indicates that he has wooed the crowd (though unaffected individuals like Garou see through the charade), and all Social rolls for the remainder of the scene are at -2 difficulty.

•••• The Darkest Plum

Using this power probes the darkest recesses of the subject's soul. In essence, it asks the question "What is the one thing that you most do not want me to know?" The frightening aspect is that it answers the question thoroughly. This power is frequently used to root out traitors and spies within the Society's midst, but it is useful in other venues as well. Some members, having ingratiated themselves in affairs outside the Society, use this power to uncover conspiracies against their companies or even the government.

System: The Storyteller rolls Manipulation + Subterfuge. Success imparts the information magically to the user, leaving the subject oblivious to the fact that his mind has been pillaged.

••••• Revelation

Often mistaken for other forms of divination, the Revelation is one of the most powerful secret-finding techniques in

the Enlightened Society's repertoire. By simply handling something with a "mystic link" to its "parent," the Weeping Moon may accurately determine the location of the greater object. A lock of hair may be used to find an individual, while a page from a long-lost book may be used to divine its whereabouts. There is practically no limit to the range of this power, other than the skill of the practitioner.

System: The Storyteller rolls Wits + Occult and spends a Willpower point for the character invoking Revelation. Success indicates the location of the object or person in question, though it's accuracy is limited by the degree of success on the roll, as determined by the table below.

| Successes | Range (The object is only found if it is...) |
|-----------|--|
| 1 | Within the county |
| 2 | Within the state or small country |
| 3 | Within a large country |
| 4 | In the same hemisphere |
| 5 | Anywhere on Earth |

The Rogue's Gallery

What follows is a collection of character template suggestions. Remember that these are just guidelines; feel free to toughen up or weaken these templates as your chronicle demands.

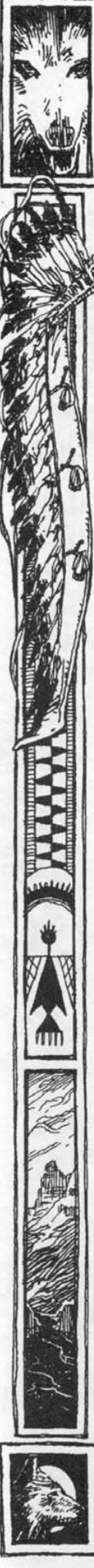
Lloyd Fairweather; Most Enlightened Magister, the Grand Unveiler of Secrets

Yeah, right; like we're going to give you "official" stats for this guy. If we did, your players would just kill him.

But if you wish to use Lloyd in your chronicles, have at it! Be sure to give him appropriate Attributes and Abilities as befit his station. His Saturnal scores, both in Manes and Anima, are 5. One thing to keep in mind about Mr. Fairweather is that he is secretly a fomor (don't call him a mockery — if you do, he'll eat your brain). Though he appears outwardly normal, he is in fact host to an impressive array of mental powers that should leave players slack-jawed with their power and versatility. Some powers are listed in the main *Werewolf: The Wild West* rulebook. Stranger and more esoteric powers (which are certainly appropriate for this fiend) may be found in *Freak Legion*.

Circle of Stars Member

Though not the most powerful or prestigious of positions, being on the Circle of Stars reflects a keen understanding of mystical secrets and enough grace to make others realize that he's the best man for miles around. The Circle of Stars member has fought werewolves and vampires among more mundane threats, so he knows what to expect of Garou whelps. Do they know what to expect of him?



Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3, Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3, Perception 3, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 3, Dodge 3, Empathy 3, Expression 3, Intimidation 4, Subterfuge 3, Etiquette 5, Firearms 4, Leadership 4, Melee 2, Performance 2, Stealth 3, Survival 2, Culture 4, Enigmas 3, Investigation 3, Law 4, Linguistics 2, Occult 5, Politics 4

Special Abilities: Saturnal (Manes or Anima) 5
Willpower 8

Slick Malviosin

Dapper and cunning, these folks are the up-and-comers in the Enlightened Society hierarchy. Whether this is a shrewd banker or a respected high-Society madam, you'd better not let your guard down or you'll be addressed like any other problem — by getting rid of you.

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3, Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2, Perception 3, Intelligence 5, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 3, Dodge 2, Empathy 3, Expression 3, Subterfuge 3, Etiquette 4, Firearms 3, Melee 1, Performance 2, Stealth 1, Survival 1, Culture 4, Law 2, Linguistics 2, Occult 4, Science 1

Special Abilities: Saturnal (Manes or Anima) 3
Willpower 7

Horned Moon Revealer of Mysteries

These newly established Weeping Moons are dangerous foes indeed because they possess the ability to turn the spirits against an incautious foe. While typically none too physically formidable, the dark powers at the Horned Moon's disposal are enough to give an experienced Garou pause.

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2, Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2, Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 2, Dodge 1, Empathy 2, Expression 2, Intimidation 1, Subterfuge 3, Etiquette 2, Firearms 1, Performance 2, Stealth 1, Survival 1, Culture 3, Enigmas 1, Investigation 2, Law 2, Linguistics 1, Occult 3, Politics 2

Special Abilities: Manes Saturnal 2
Willpower 6

Harvest Moon Bravo

The warrior class of the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon is a diverse and skilled group. Nevertheless, they have numerous things in common, not the least of which are bad tempers, mile-wide vicious streaks and a hatred for those damn werewolves who stalk the nights of the Savage West. They may be carrying any complement of weaponry from dull knives to top-of-the-line firearms.

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5, Charisma 2, Manipulation 1, Appearance 2, Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 4, Athletics 2, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Intimidation 4, Larceny 2, Subterfuge 1, Firearms 3, Melee 4, Ride 3, Stealth 3, Survival 3, Medicine 2, Occult 2
Willpower 5

Using the Enlightened Society in a Chronicle

There are several elements that combine to make the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon a very real threat to not only the security of the Garou way of life, but to the general well-being of Gaia herself. The fact that the Society wishes to eradicate Garou presence is key, as is their agenda to assume control of the Savage West (and then some...) one bit at a time. Their blasphemous adoption of the auspice system also infuriates the Garou, as does their subtle but nonetheless powerful link to the Wyrms. A Storyteller wishing to integrate the Enlightened Society into her chronicles would do well to keep a few dramatic devices regarding them in mind.

• The Society is Subtle

Members of the sect do not parade around in "I'm a member!" T-shirts. Their involvement in any endeavor is usually hidden by two or three attention-diverting layers of red herrings. Players' Garou will no doubt have to dig their way to the bottom of many false fronts before finding the true malignancy at work. Even those efforts publicly supported by the Enlightened Society will be "hidden in plain sight" as it were, behind such admirable causes as progressive movements and charity. It is for this very reason that the Society is held in such high esteem — the bad things they do are hidden and the good things are brought to the fore.

• The Society is Creepy

This element should become woefully obvious to those who observe their arcane and unsettling rituals. These are not mindless, lunatic cultists; these are fanatic Wyrms-thralls conducting hideous rites. Nothing they do is ultimately good for the world, and their gatherings reveal this. Different chapters conduct their affairs in different ways: While one group may ceremoniously slaughter a goat during an eclipse, another may fornicate wildly with spirit-monsters conjured forth from the darker corners of the Umbra. A pervasive sense of malignancy should accompany interactions with members of the Society. After all, their very presence serves to corrupt the Earth.

• The Society is Smart

The Enlightened Society, when confronted with an opponent, will try to work against that opponent without implicating themselves. The Society does not mobilize armies against their foes. They may send a skilled and anonymous assassin in the night, or they may flex their legal muscle to foreclose on a character's property. They may racketeer business away from profitable rivals or burn offensive (to them, at least) crop fields. And after everything is said and done, they'll cover their asses. For example, they may repossess a saloon or brothel, demolish

it, and then build an orphanage (placed, of course, to covertly launder money or take advantage of the children for rituals) on top. Who will be left smelling like a rose? The Society, of course.

• The Society is Savvy Old Money

High Society is the playground of the *Enlightened Society*. Characters who butt heads with the sect may likely find themselves blackballed and onerously excluded from social events. Contacts will be hard to come by or may not even fully trust the characters — because their allegiance has been bought out by better company. Business may dry up for someone who stands against the order, as customers will have found somewhere more fashionable to shop. All the while, the Weeping Moons will be laughing as they toast champagne to the demise of another *gauche* upstart.

• The Society is Different

Many of the things members of the *Enlightened Society* take for granted are at least odd and at most unthinkable by “normal” people. This may manifest as anything as simple as

odd, mounted animal skeletons around the home or unconventional sexual preferences to basements filled with corpses or bottled demons as coffee table ornaments. The bottom line is that the Society prefers to do things its own way, and damn anyone who would prevent them. Eccentricity is embraced as part of the Society’s progressive outlook, as is diversity. This doesn’t have anything to do with actual acceptance of or enthusiasm for others’ cultures as much as it does with needing all the able bodies it can muster.

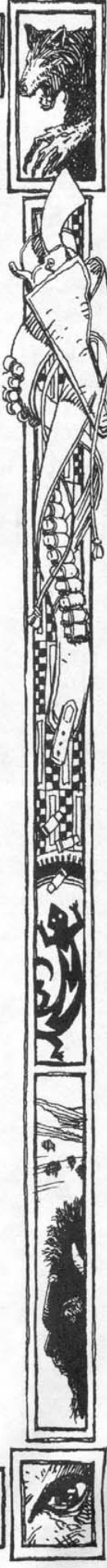
This is because, scariest of all...

• The Society is Sincere

The *Enlightened Society* of the Weeping Moon wholly believes that it does what it does for the betterment of the world. They truly believe that they are the harbingers of a new and prosperous era. Members would willingly lay down their lives for the good of the organization, and the seeds of this fanaticism are carefully ingrained through their indoctrination. No one ever leaves the Society — at least not if they want to live thereafter.







Appendix: Odds and Ends

A long time ago my father told me what his father told him, that there was once a Lakota holy man, called Drinks Water, who dreamed what was to be; and this was long before the coming of the Wasichus. He dreamed that the four-leggeds were going back into the earth and that a strange race had woven a spider's web all around the Lakotas. And he said: "When this happens, you shall live in square gray houses, in a barren land, and beside those square gray houses you shall starve."

— Black Elk Speaks, as told through John Neihardt

This Appendix is designed to offer the Storyteller a little more information to help keep games running smoothly. For one, there's an expanded timeline, complete with dates that players probably shouldn't know. There's also a firearms chart much expanded from that in the main rulebook (guns are a big part of the Wild West genre), and a section detailing how the Savage West turns out, at least in official World of Darkness continuity.

Of course, none of this can really compare with a good dollop of research. Having the statistics for a gun aren't quite the same thing as being able to recognize it in Clint Eastwood's hand, or realizing what sort of role it played in changing the course of a war. Therefore, Storytellers are encouraged to hit the local libraries before a game and have a look in history books if any tidbits from the timeline or other details of life in the West seem intriguing. Admittedly, much of **Werewolf: The Wild West** is fictional — but an equal portion's historical, and there's nothing like being the final arbiter of what really happened to Billy the Kid in your game.





Expanded Timeline

1796 — Laurent de Mer forms Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon in France.

1797 — Laurent de Mer exiled from France; flees to America

1811 — William Henry Harrison defeats Tecumseh at Tippecanoe; Shogecha Hunter Moon wanders westward in Harano.

1821 — *The Jeweler* becomes proscribed reading for Enlightened Society members

1827 — Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, is established to protect those using the Santa Fe and Oregon-California Trails.

1830s — Storm Eater is released.

1830 — Nathaniel Wyeth brings first emigrants over Oregon Trail.

1836 — Santa Ana's forces overwhelm the Alamo; all defenders choose death rather than surrender. Texas and California declare independence from Mexico.

1837 — Samuel Morse files for patent on his telegraph.

1838 — Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon opens lodges in California and Oregon.

1840s — Uktena and Wendigo Theurges begin to sense disturbances across the Umbra.

1846 — United States declares war against Mexico. Under pressure from veiled threats of war, Britain cedes half of the Oregon Territory to the United States. Potato famine in Ireland brings many Irish immigrants to U.S.

1847 — Mormons, led by Brigham Young, reach the Great Salt Lake.

1848 — Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo gives over one million square miles of land, including all or part of the future states of California, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada and Colorado, to the United States. Gold is discovered at Sutter's Mill, California.

1849 — Gold Rush to California begins. The Cheyenne lose almost half their population to disease. Laurent de Mer (over 100 years old at this point) vanishes suddenly; Lloyd Fairweather takes over directorship of Enlightened Society.

1850s — Vampires become present in the West in greater numbers, implying a migration from the Old World.

1850 — California enters the Union as a Free State. New Mexico and Utah become territories (no mention is made of their free or slave status). Pinkerton's National Detective Agency founded.

1853 — Washington Territory established. Gasden Purchase gives U.S. land in Arizona and New Mexico.

Levi Strauss produces first pair of denim pants for California miners.

1854 — Cholera epidemic rages along the Santa Fe Trail; some native tribes almost wiped out by the disease.

1858 — U.S. and Mormons settle their differences. Gold is discovered in Colorado. Butterfield's stagecoach company begins first mail and passenger service to the West Coast from Missouri.

1859 — Comstock Lode in Nevada discovered. Oregon becomes a state.

1860 — Pony Express begins. Gold found in Idaho.

1861 — Abraham Lincoln inaugurated. The War Between the States (the Civil War) begins. Transcontinental telegraph erected; the Pony Express becomes obsolete. Kansas becomes a state.

1862 — Homestead Act grants 160 acres of public land to settlers who reside there for five years and make "improvements to the land." Wendigo support Sioux uprising in Minnesota. Emancipation Proclamation issued.

1863 — Construction to link Central Pacific and Union Pacific Railroads begins. Kit Carson defeats Navajos; expeditions against Sioux and Cheyenne. William Clarke Quantrill's guerillas sack Lawrence, Kansas, killing some 150 civilians.

1864 — Nevada becomes a state; Montana becomes a territory. The U.S. Cavalry attacks a peaceful Cheyenne village at Sand Creek, Colorado, murdering 200 men, women and children; Cheyenne retaliate. Bozeman Trail opens.

1865 — Civil War ends. Reconstruction of the defeated South begins, as does southern emigration westward. John Wilkes Booth assassinates Lincoln. Jeremiah Lassater and partners incorporate into Premium Oil.

1866 — In Liberty, Missouri, ex-Confederate outlaws commit first peacetime bank robbery in U.S., leading to birth of James-Younger gang. Red Cloud leads war in Wyoming; Red Cloud and Crazy Horse force abandonment of Bozeman Trail and forts. Sioux massacre the Fetterman command, prompting full-scale retaliation.

1867 — Nebraska becomes a state. First major cattle drive leaves Texas; arrives in Abilene, Kansas.

1868-69 — Southern Plains War ends in Indian defeat.

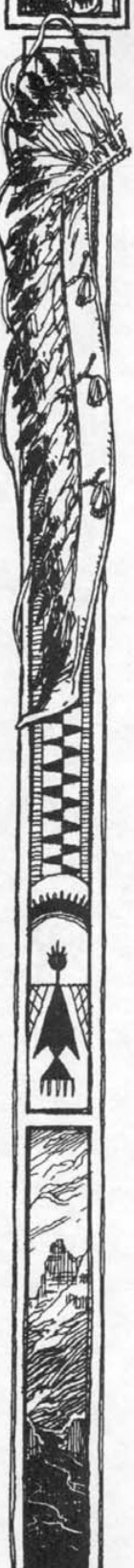
1868 — First practical typewriter invented.

1869 — Central Pacific and Union Pacific join at Promontory Point, Utah. Ulysses S. Grant becomes president.

1871 — Indian Appropriation Act nullifies all treaties, making Native Americans "wards of the nation."

1872 — Modoc Indian War begins. Dodge City, the "Bibulous Babylon of the Plains," founded.

1872-74 — Professional buffalo hunters decimate bison herds, killing over four million.



1873 — Barbed wire invented. Levi Strauss and Jacob Davis patent blue jeans. Colt .45 single-action released. Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon begins an "enrollment drive"; membership soon soars to over one thousand full-fledged participants.

1874 — Custer reports finding gold in the Black Hills. Final defeat of Southern Plains tribes.

1875 — Death of Cochise. The Uktena barely prevent the Storm Eater from releasing a second great Wyrn-creature like itself.

1876 — Chief Joseph's Nez Percés ordered onto reservation. Lt. Colonel George A. Custer's Seventh Cavalry killed at Little Bighorn. Colorado becomes state. Elisha Grey and Alexander Graham Bell simultaneously invent the telephone; Bell wins the patent.

1881 — The famous O.K. Corral shoot-out takes place in Tombstone, Arizona. Pat Garrett kills Billy the Kid. P.T. Barnum and J.A. Bailey create the "Greatest Show on Earth."

1882 — Two Moons Pack formed.

1883 — Northern Pacific Railroad completed; by now several railroads crisscross the West including the Southern Pacific, Texas Pacific and Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. Buffalo Bill Cody starts his first Wild West show.

1885 — Geronimo's final raids. Changing legislature ends the yearly cattle drives to Dodge City, ending the city's glory years.

1886 — Surrender of Geronimo.

1889 — The Two Moons Pack brings back the Rite of Still Skies from the Heavens.

1890 — Bureau of Census officially declares the frontier closed (defining the "frontier" as any area where there are less than two settlers per square mile; no such place is left). Indian Wars effectively end with the slaughter of 200 Sioux men, women and children at Wounded Knee, South Dakota. The sacrifice of the Thirteen seals the Storm Eater once more. Indian Territory redefined as Oklahoma Territory.

1891 — Lloyd Fairweather dies in curious printing press accident.

1892 — Jeremiah Lassater makes his proverbial "deal with the Devil," granting a Wyrn-creature control of Premium Oil.

1913 — The last anyone hears of the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon. Its coffers raided, occult libraries plundered and allies scattered, the sect dies an ignominious death as members of the different Moons undertake their own endeavors.



Expanded Weapons Chart

In a place as wild and lawless as the Savage West, violence is bound to break out sometime. The following chart expands upon the basic weapon information presented in **Werewolf: The Wild West**. You never know what your enemy may be pointing at you under the Faro table, but knowing what his options are may help.

Some models have different statistics for the same gun than are listed in **Werewolf: The Wild West**. These guns are manufactured in different years, or are upgraded models.

| Type | Difficulty | Damage | Range | (Rounds) | Concealment | Year/Notes |
|------------------------------|------------|--------|-------|--------------|-------------|--------------------------|
| Holdout Pistols | | | | | | |
| Home-brew holdout | 7 | 4 | 5 | 2(.36) | V | 1850 |
| Colt Model 3 | 6 | 5 | 5 | 1(.41) | V | 1840 |
| Philadelphia Derringer | 7 | 4 | 5 | 1(.41) | V | 1825 |
| Spies Concealable | 7 | 4 | 10 | 1(.38) | C | 1850 |
| Barns Boot Pistol | 7 | 6 | 5 | 1(.50) | C | 1850 |
| Remington Elliot | 7 | 3 | 5 | 5(.22) | V | 1860 |
| Remington Derringer | 5 | 4 | 10 | 2(.41) | V | 1865 over & under |
| Reid's "My Friend" | 7 | 3 | 5 | 5(.32) | V | 1860 knuckle duster |
| "The Protector" | 6 | 3 | 5 | 1(.22) | V | 1893 palm gun |
| "Wesson" Derringer | 6 | 3 | 5 | 3(.22) | V | 1860 three barrel pistol |
| Sharps Derringer | 6 | 3 | 7 | 4(.22) | V | 1860 four barrel pistol |
| Single Shot Pistols | | | | | | |
| Generic single shot | 7 | 5 | 20 | 1(.50) | C | 1810 |
| Hawken Pistol | 7 | 5 | 25 | 1(.50) | C | 1806 |
| Kentucky Flintlock | 7 | 6 | 20 | 1(.58) | C | 1821 |
| Le Page Duelers | 6 | 5 | 25 | 1(.45) | C | 1805 comes as a set |
| Harper's Ferry Flintlock | 7 | 5 | 15 | 1(.58) | C | 1806 |
| Single Action Pistols | | | | | | |
| Generic single action | 7 | 6 | 30 | 6(.45) | C | 1850 |
| S&W Schofield M3 | 6 | 5 | 30 | 6(.45) | C | 1875 cavalry pistol |
| S&W Pocket .38 | 6 | 4 | 20 | 5(.38) | V | 1875 |
| S&W Pocket .32 | 5 | 3 | 15 | 5(.32) | V | 1875 |
| Colt Sheriff's Peacemaker | 7 | 6 | 25 | 6(.45) | C | 1873 shortened barrel |
| Colt Peacemaker* | 7 | 6 | 30 | 6(.45) | C | 1873 |
| Colt .36 Navy | 6 | 4 | 20 | 6(.36) | C | 1851 |
| Colt .44 Army | 7 | 5 | 25 | 6(.44) | C | 1851 |
| Colt .44 Delux | 6 | 5 | 25 | 6(.44) | L | 1860 |
| Colt New Line Pocket | 7 | 5 | 15 | 5(.41) | V | 1850 |
| Colt Walker | 7 | 5 | 25 | 6(.44) | L | 1847 9" barrel |
| Starr Arms Co. .44 | 7 | 5 | 20 | 6(.44) | C | 1861 |
| Remington .45 | 7 | 6 | 25 | 6(.45) | L | 1875 7 1/2" barrel |
| Remington Army Model | 7 | 5 | 30 | 6(.44) | L | 1858 8" barrel |
| Le Mat** | 7 | 5/7 | 25/10 | 9/1(.44/.65) | L | 1860 |
| Double Action Pistols | | | | | | |
| Generic double action | 7 | 6 | 25 | 6(.45) | C | 1890 |
| Starr Double Action Army | 6 | 5 | 25 | 6(.44) | C | 1860 first double action |
| Colt Frontier | 7 | 6 | 30 | 6(.45) | C | 1880 |
| S&W Frontier | 7 | 6 | 25 | 6(.44-40) | C | 1886 |

| Type | Difficulty | Damage | Range | (Rounds) | Concealment | Year/Notes |
|-------------------------|------------|--------|--------------|------------|-------------|---|
| Rifles | | | | | | |
| Generic lever action | 6 | 7 | 150 | 14(.44) | N | 1880 |
| Generic muzzle-loader | 7 | 7 | 150 | 1(.50) | N | 1850 |
| Henry Repeater | 6 | 7 | 150 | 12(.44-40) | N | 1860 |
| Winchester Lever Action | 6 | 8 | 175 | 17(.44-40) | N | 1866 |
| Winchester Carbine | 6 | 8 | 140 | 13(.44-40) | L | 1866 |
| Mauser K98 | 7 | 8 | 225 | 5(8mm) | N | 1898 |
| Springfield Rifle | 8 | 9 | 200 | 1(.45-70) | N | 1873 cavalry issue |
| Springfield Carbine | 7 | 8 | 175 | 1(.45) | L | 1873 cavalry issue |
| Sharps | 6 | 9 | 230 | 1(.54) | N | 1859 very accurate |
| Hawken's Flintlock | 8 | 7 | 100 | 1(.50) | N | 1806 |
| Artillery Carbine | 7 | 8 | 150 | 1(.58) | L | 1861 Confederate rifle |
| Squirrel Rifle | 6 | 5 | 100 | 1(.32) | N | 1820 flintlock "varmint gun" |
| Shotguns | | | | | | |
| Sawed-off shotgun | 6 | 9 | 20 | 2(12g) | L | 1860 |
| American Arms | 6 | 9 | 30 | 2(12g) | L | 1860 |
| Remington Eight Gauge | 6 | 10 | 35 | 2 | N | 1850 |
| Winchester M94 | 6 | 9 | 30 | 5(12g) | N | 1894 first pump action |
| Special Weapons | | | | | | |
| Gatling Gun | 8 | 9 | 225 | belt (.50) | N | 1862 May only be "hip-fired" in Crinos form |
| Bow | variable | 3 | 60 | n/a | N | Attack successes do not add to damage dice |
| Melee | | | | | | |
| Bayonet | | 7 | Strength + 2 | | N | When attached to a rifle; counts as a knife otherwise |
| Cavalry Saber | | 6 | Strength + 4 | | L | |
| Bowie Knife | | 6 | Strength + 1 | | C | Big, bulky and effective |

Difficulty: The difficulty to hit a target at close range.

Damage: The base damage done on a successful hit.

Range: This can be doubled, but anything above what is listed here is considered a long-range shot.


Rounds: The number of bullets a gun can hold.

Concealment: V = can be hidden in a vest; C = can be hidden in a coat; L = can be hidden inside a longcoat or duster; N = forget about hiding it.

* In 1873 Colt invented the metallic cartridge; this creation spelled doom for the cap and ball cartridges used until this time.

** The Le Mat has two barrels; the top barrel fires the .44 pistol cartridge and the bottom barrel fires a .65 shot shell. This was used during the Civil War.

Entries labeled as "Home-brew" and "Generic" are an intriguing western phenomenon. Rather than purchasing a gun at a store, a shootist may purchase a "kit" through mail-order and then assemble the gun himself. The "Generic" entries reflect such homemade weapons.



Destiny of the West

Players already familiar with **Werewolf: The Apocalypse** and the other modern-setting World of Darkness games may be curious about a few little things — how the war with the Storm Eater ends, why we haven't heard of the troubles of the Savage West in the modern times, what happened to the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon — that sort of thing. So, here's something of a summation of how things turned out at the end of the **Wild West** timeframe in the official World of Darkness.

The Storm Eater's depredations attract quite a bit of attention toward the later half of the century, but by then it's become a problem of titanic proportions. As the encroaching Weaver-energies stir up the Wyld, the Storm Eater finds plenty of chaotic forces to sate its appetite. By the 1880s, the Eater is a spiritual monster the size of a small mountain range, and the Weaver-spirits it has grafted into itself have granted it a measure of immunity to the Weaver's forces. It moves as it likes across the Heavens, occasionally descending to the Middle Lands, unhindered by the Pattern Web. Most Weaver-spirits who encounter the Storm Eater falsely recognize it as one of their number — after all, it does seem to be "binding" the Wyld into submission.

The Rite of Still Skies

By the 1870s, most of the septs of Garou have realized the true extent of the Storm Eater's power, but they find themselves relatively helpless against it. All that they can do is fight off the great Weaver-Bane's misbegotten spawn, and do what they can to heal the earth where its fetid touch has rested. As a last-ditch attempt, the Uktena hold council with several of the more level-headed European septs, explain the situation and ask for their help in finding an answer. Galliards swap old legends and Theurges exchange occult theories, all in the hopes of finding some answer.

Then, in December of 1889, the multi-tribal Two Moons Pack returns from an extended foray into the Heavens. Although they never fully explain the details of their quest, the pack shares their discovery with the rest of the Garou — the Rite of Still Skies. The rite, apparently taught to the pack by no less than an unnamed Incarna, is revealed to have the power to injure, weaken and bind the Storm Eater itself.

However, such a rite has a terrible cost. Not only would the rite need to be enacted simultaneously at 13 separate caerns, but one of the greatest heroes of each tribe would have to sacrifice his life to lend the rite power. Still, desperation and courage drive the werewolves to a quick decision, and the Thirteen — Rank 6 Garou, one and all — volunteer themselves before a month passes. Mournful but vitalized with a new hope, the werewolves make plans to enact the Rite of Still Skies once the heavens are in conjunction.

At about the same time, however, a new idea begins sweeping across the Indian tribes. The rumor spreads that if the tribes performed a special new ceremony, they would return their dead ancestors to life, as well as bringing back the buffalo in force and driving away the white man forever. Soon, Sitting Bull and his band are making ceremonial shirts for this ceremony that were intended to protect their wearers from gunfire. When the U.S. authorities learn of this ceremony, they call it the "Ghost Dance" — and it worried them. They blame Sitting Bull for the "unrest," and send Indian police to deal with him. Sitting Bull is killed in the resulting shoot-out.

The werewolves themselves largely dismiss the Ghost Dance as a human superstition; many even suggest that the Ghost Dance rumor was started by Uktena or Wendigo Kinfolk who heard about the Rite of Still Skies, and misinterpreted the rite's fabled effects. Although some Pure Ones cubs throw their support behind the Ghost Dancers, most Garou concern themselves with the problem of the Storm Eater. However, the Ghost Dance draws plenty of attention from the "wise ones," the Namers — the mages. Some of these Dreamspeakers enter the Dance and attempt to work the Ghost Dance into a reality. Others, more sinister shamans in the Wyrms' own service, also attempt to channel the Storm Eater's energies through the Dance to remake the West in their own image.


The Final Battle

Finally, the Storm Eater itself enters the Middle Lands and charges into the Penumbra, surrounded by its lesser children. As it approaches, Silent Strider messengers race from caern to caern, warning the thirteen chosen septs. As the moon rises on the evening of December 28, 1890, the thirteen septs begin the Rite of Still Skies with one voice. Across the land, the werewolves stand almost totally unified, beating back the myriad spirit-minions that seek to spoil the rite. At the climax of the ceremony, the thirteen chosen heroes give their life-power over into the last truly powerful caern-web. The spirits respond to their sacrifice with a spirit-power surge of immense proportions, stripping the Storm Eater of its Weaver and Wyld-got strength and burying it once more, miles below the land.

Tragically, the very next day is stained by the massacre at Wounded Knee; en route to Fort Cheyenne, fighting breaks out between Chief Big Foot's followers and their escort of 450 cavalrymen. About 150 Sioux men, women and children are killed and eventually thrown into a mass grave. The Indian wars end at last, as one-sided as ever. Uktena and Wendigo both howl their grief into the skies, and swear that they would not openly fight the white man again.

The Set of the Weeping Moon

The Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon, one of the greatest, subtlest powers of the time, is fated for a rather more ignominious end. The imprisonment of the Storm Eater cuts off much of the spiritual power the Society was able to draw on.



Not too long after, in February of 1891, Lloyd Fairweather is accidentally pulled into a printing press in the St. Louis offices. Although he is not immediately killed, Fairweather's arm is horribly mangled, and the treatments of the local doctors do little more than spread infection. He dies after three days of fever dreams and delirious nightmares.

With Fairweather's death, the Society loses much of its drive and focus. Eventually, its various subgroups splinter away and embark on their own projects — usually meeting with little success. John Frederick Harris, head of the Harvest Moon, had long been of the opinion that the Society's machinations were far too subtle to work against the Garou. He leads most of the Harvesters on more blatant missions and caern raids against the werewolves of Gaia; they are promptly slaughtered by the infuriated packs, who are happy to set aside their mourning to exact some quick vengeance.

True to their name, the Absent Moon vanishes entirely over the space of a year, and are never heard from as a group again. The Horned Moon throw themselves further into occult research, hoping to find a way to draw more power from a mightier patron. Their numbers are eventually whittled away as members descend into Hives or long-forgotten subterranean passages, never to return to the surface. The Nascent Moon dissolves quickly enough, as its members return to rabble-rousing and politics, sometimes achieving a fair measure of success. And the Balance Moon, with no Society left to police or adjudicate, are left without a purpose. Many of their members die penniless and cold — and, several would argue, deservedly so.

As the Society begins to break up, deserting members pillage its treasury and embezzle its hoarded resources. With no money to sustain Society activities, their literature goes out of print and politicians snub their once-bedfellows. By 1913, the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon is nothing more than a footnote in the history books. Although undoubtedly some descendants of original members or devotees of their old publications survive to this day, it's highly unlikely that any of them retain even a fraction of the power that once belonged to the Weeping Moon.

End of the Savage West

As the frontier vanishes and the Savage West becomes less savage, the Garou themselves, for the most part, speak little of the time of the Storm Umbra. With the exception of the Uktena and Wendigo, the tribes pass on the lore of these times only to their wisest Galliards, thus ensuring that their lessons are not forgotten — but that their shame will not burn so brightly.

The Rise of New Evils

Unfortunately, it isn't very long before a new entity steps into the void of Wyrms-power left by the Storm Eater. In 1892, Jeremiah Lassater hears reports of difficulties at a new drill site

of his company, Premium Oil. After the fifth fatal accident, Lassater decides to visit the site to give it a bit of hands-on management. While there, he examines the newly bored tunnel — only to discover that his miners have awakened a great servitor of the Wyrms, still bound by ancient wards but also still in possession of its mental powers. To save his own life, Lassater offers it control of Premium Oil through himself as a proxy. The creature accepts, perhaps sensing the potential in this company's resources and influence.

In 1913, the Premium Oil Board of Directors officially changes the company's name to Pentex Incorporated.

Errata

Damn, son; you'd fergetcher head if it weren't screwed on so tight.

— Earl Cotten, Bone Gnawer Ahroun

What can we say? A few...mistakes...slipped through the cracks as **Werewolf: The Wild West** went out the door. The responsible parties have been delivered to the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon for use in the organization's...er...fertility rites.

Single- Versus Double-Action

Single-action pistols require their user to re-cock them after every shot. Double-action pistols automatically advance the cylinder after every shot. In short, you can only fan (see **Werewolf: The Wild West**, page 238) a single-action pistol. Well, you can fan a double-action pistol if you want, but it's kind of stupid. Just like us.

Owl Totem

Owl, the Silent Strider tribal totem, was accidentally dropped from the totem section. He appears here in **Frontier Secrets** on page 13, and he says he's sorry, but he just had to go to the snack machine.

Night of the Living XX

One of those horrendous little "page xx's" slipped in. It's on page 96. It should refer you to page 111-112.

FRONTIER SECRETS

It's the Savage West, Tenderfoot!

The world of Werewolf: The Wild West is a fearsome and dangerous place. Texas Tarantulas and Storm Eater spirit minions are everywhere, while the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon converts its followers under night skies. How's a Storyteller supposed to tie all the elements of the Savage West together? With the help of Frontier Secrets, of course!

Frontier Secrets includes:

- A durable screen that contains a plethora of reference information in one convenient location;
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ISBN 1-56504-341-3
WW3701 \$15.00 U.S.



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