

WEREWOLF 20TH ANNIVERSARY
WYLD WEST
EXPANSION PACK

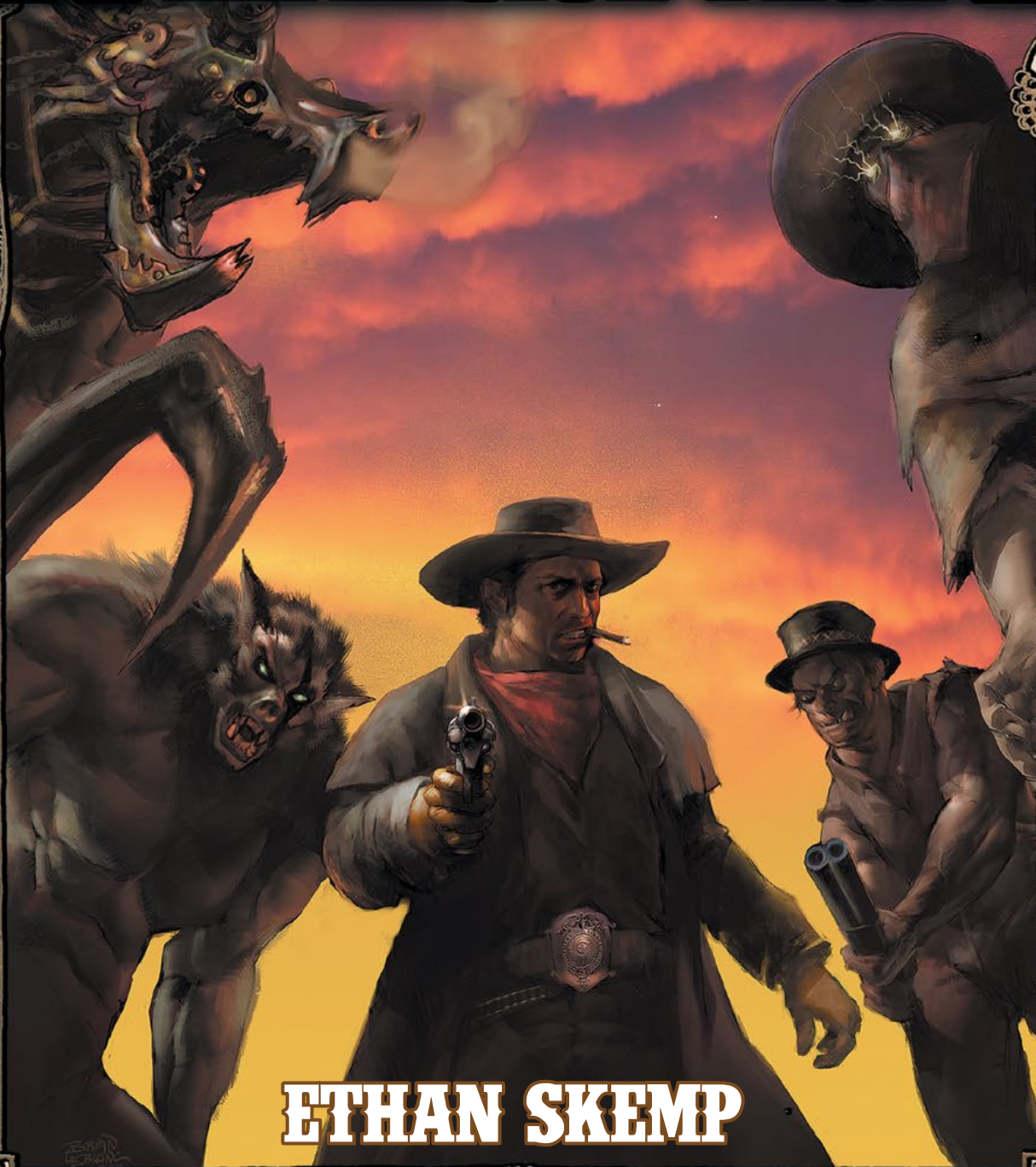


A Wyld West Sourcebook for
Werewolf: the Apolcalypse 20th Anniverary Edition

WEREWOLF 20TH ANNIVERSARY

WILD WEST

EXPANSION PACK



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Special Thanks

Thanks to everyone who worked on the Wild West setting. We knew six-guns and spirits would match well with the Garou – you helped prove it.

Rich Thomas for gentle patience, unflagging enthusiasm, and always spelling it "Wyld West" whenever possible.

Justin Achilli for laying the brickwork for the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon, a group clearly ahead of their time.

Holden Shearer for already sacking and pillaging the Wild West magic without remorse.

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This book uses the supernatural for settings, characters, and themes. All mystical and supernatural elements are fictional and intended for entertainment purposes only. This book contains mature content. Reader discretion is advised.

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WEREWOLF 20TH ANNIVERSARY WILD WEST EXPANSION PACK I

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INTRODUCTION



The World of Darkness has a long and fascinating history. Some time ago, we were exploring that history through the viewpoints of its supernatural inhabitants. What were the various clans, tribes, and Traditions like long ago? How were these older times different from the impending Apocalypse of the modern age? Well, as it turned out, a few things might have been better, but they were in no way idyllic. The stories of a historical setting were just as compelling. Real-world history side by side with the secret history of the supernatural world produced brand new takes on the timeless experience of what it is to be a vampire, a werewolf, a mage in any era.

Thus was born **Werewolf: The Wild West**.

What made us pick the American West for a Werewolf setting? Was it just the thought of putting werewolves on either side of the “Cowboys and Indians” divide? Well, no.

The Savage West summarizes and draws together a number of conflicts that are pivotal to **Werewolf**. It takes place during the dawn of the Industrial Revolution, and heralds the rise of the Weaver to tremendous new heights of power. It emphasizes the struggles between tribes, the Rage that has always been the Garou Nation’s greatest weakness. Of course, it really wouldn’t be a **Werewolf** chronicle if there weren’t a spiritual crisis in the Umbra making things weirder and even


more horrific. Everything started *really* changing for the Garou right here, right now.

What This Book Is

Note that this is a conversion guide, not a full-bore supplement about the West. Books and books could be filled with all of the possibilities of a 60-year time frame in a big, diverse setting, inspired by a shedload of Westerns. With the limitations of our space in mind, we’ve focused on the most directly **Werewolf**-specific information.

- **A Rules Update:** The 20th anniversary rules have changed and updated a number of rules. This book continues the process, updating more material that appeared in the original **Werewolf: The Wild West**. You’ll find more Gifts, especially to replace those core Gifts that don’t make sense in this setting. In addition, a healthy-sized bestiary of antagonists can aid and abet all the Banes, Black Spiral Dancers, fomori (only here we call ‘em mockeries) and other varmints present in the core.

- **A Historical Setting:** Even if you never picked up **Werewolf: The Wild West** its first time around, it’s our hope the setting will still strike a chord. The lessons of the age – the vicious tribalism, the short-sighted struggles, the xenophobia, and the dreams of destiny – they’re still applicable today. Of



course, if you're running an existing chronicle in a modern-day America, there are a lot of things here that could surface a hundred and fifty years later.

• **A Thank You:** It's not just the warnings that remain relevant. Werewolf would be nothing if people who care didn't carry on its message; the Garou would be forgotten if people still didn't enjoy telling their stories. Without you, this 20th anniversary edition would never have come to pass: without you, **Werewolf** wouldn't have taken off in the first place. Thank you for letting us sketch this portion of the World of Darkness for you, and thank you for bringing it to life.

How to Use This Book

While this book doesn't include everything from the Wild West line's core, to say nothing of its entire run, it is intended to be close enough to comprehensive that it covers all areas of the game at least a little bit. The organization is as follows:

Chapter One: The Savage West summarizes the setting, particularly the conflicts of the time and the threat of the Storm Eater, a singular monstrosity that made the spirit world just as chaotic as the rest. You'll also find character creation information here, and a quick summary of useful information regarding the technology of the time.

Chapter Two: The Tribes shows each of the Thirteen as they were in the time of the Old West. Some of the modern allegiances weren't as strong then, in the every-pack-for-itself environment of the frontier.

Chapter Three: The Storm Umbra focuses on the spirit side of the setting. The Storm Eater's rampage made the West a very different place on the other side of the Gauntlet. You'll also find information on the Garou's spiritual arsenal of Gifts, rites and fetishes.

Chapter Four: Antagonists piles up a number of vicious enemies peculiar to the setting. Find more Banes and mockeries, and more peculiar things, such as the Storm-Born and the cultured evils of the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon.

Inspirations

There is a multitude of depictions of the American West. So many over the years, that running the perfect Wild West game will be more about finding the selection of inspirations that suit you than trying to draw on them all. You may favor inspiration from romanticized Westerns such as *The Magnificent Seven*, and those might suit the more idealistic among the Garou. At its heart, though, **Werewolf: The Wild West** drew more from the bitter histories and tragic fictions that play down the romanticization and emphasize the bloody, heartbreaking struggles of the time.

Consider nonfiction works such as *Black Elk Speaks*; several historians particularly relevant for the period are Richard White, Ned Blackhawk, Patricia Limerick, Anthony Mora, and William Cronon. It's hard to flip through a book even as light as David Dary's *Seeking Pleasure in the Old West* without getting ideas for details to include in a session.

On the fiction side, Weird West books such as the works of Joe R. Lansdale and Robert E. Howard's "The Horror of the Mound" sit nicely alongside classics such as Cormac McCarthy's *Blood Meridian* and Larry McMurty's *Lonesome Dove*. There are almost countless movies that could inform a **Werewolf** game, but the World of Darkness is more aptly summed up in the anti-romantic works such as *The Wild Bunch*, Sergio Leone's works, and *Unforgiven*, to say nothing of more supernatural works like *Ravenous*.

Long story short, the West has captured a lot of imaginations for a long while, especially when some of the myths have been peeled away. Here's to it capturing your own.





CHAPTER ONE: THE SAVAGE WEST



The conflicts of the Savage West are sadly emblematic of the constant troubles of the Garou Nation. Xenophobia, territory pressure, and blind ideology created a grand spiritual war that could theoretically have been avoided. However, if the Garou are a little wiser and more perceptive than their human relatives are who suffer from all the same flaws, all undercut by the curse of Rage. The Savage West is therefore typical in many ways of other areas of conflict throughout the ages — made distinct by the presence of the Storm Umbra, a phenomenon all its own.

Wolves and Lupus

The wolf population in the American West of the 1800s is much larger than in modern times, though it used to be even larger still. Most native nations had no active practice of hunting wolves for the sake of the hunt, or out of a sense of competition.

That changes as the settlers move out west, and the wolves come under sustained attack. Ranchers are quick to blame wolves for lost profits. Enough people are killing wolves for bounties and pelts that they've earned the name of "wolfers." In the latter part of the century, it becomes common practice

to shoot prey animals, lace the carcasses with strychnine, and then come back the next day to collect the trophies.

About three out of every eight Uktena and Wendigo are lupus during the Savage West period, with the numbers going up or down by territory. The number is roughly one in four for the newcomer tribes (discounting the Red Talons, of course).

Umbral War

Step sideways in the Savage West and you can tell something's different. The Penumbra isn't like it was in the Old Country, nor does it resemble the pristine spirit lands the Uktena and Wendigo remember from a hundred years ago. Clouds scud across the overcast sky, obscuring Luna's light and reflecting in strange hues. The silence becomes thick in some places, and in others, the rumble of distant thunder echoes from unguessable directions. The Storm Eater has cast a long shadow over the land that once bound it.

As the Industrial Revolution makes its way into the frontier, the forces of Weaver, Wyld, and Wyrms are almost at stalemate in some places. The Wyld's old dominance of the land wanes due to the usual pressures from the increased concentration of human settlements, and by the Storm Eater. The Weaver is weak in most sections of the Savage West, but towns linked





THE GAUNTLET

In most parts of the Savage West, the Gauntlet hovers around 5 or 6, rising up to 7 in the largest towns or cities. The average Garou is accustomed to stepping sideways without much trouble. The Penumbra thus plays a large role in tactics such as outflanking enemies, appearing out of nowhere or making a quick escape — as long as the weather is calm, that is. When an Umbral storm is tearing through the area, stepping sideways isn't nearly the advantage it would be otherwise.

by telegraph and rail lines provide steady footholds for the mad spiders. Even though largely outnumbered, the Weaver's forces do surprisingly well at resisting and overcoming their rivals. For starters, the locals just aren't used to them, and the new wave of technology is granting new functions, and thus new forms, to spirits that draw an increasing advantage from unfamiliarity.

As much as the Uktena and Wendigo growl the name "Wyrmscomers," the forces of the Wyrms are far from homogenous. Certainly some of the Banes and mockeries followed the settlers out west, and the Black Spiral Dancers never had a foothold in the so-called Pure Lands until the other tribes led them there. However, the Wyrms were always part of the land, an inescapable facet of creation. Local Banes take on different forms than their newly arrived brethren, usually strange and chimerical things. No matter their form, they still prey on the dark passions present in any mortal heart, European or Native American, Pure One or Wyrmscomer. The worst Banes of them all are entirely local. Once bound deep beneath the land and held there by wards anchored by Uktena and Wendigo caerns, several now run free as the newcomers take those caerns for their own, and unknowingly disrupt the old bindings. They're huge, ancient, and monstrous, and one among them shapes the course of the age.

The Storm-Eater

In all the millennia since the dawn of Creation, there was never anything like the Storm Eater. It shaped the history of the Savage West — and it took decades for the Garou to as much as learn its name.

In the dawn times of the Pure Lands, the three tribes waged war on the great Banes that prowled the continents. Many of these Wyrms-spirits were too powerful to destroy — the Garou could only weaken them. So the Uktena bound them

beneath the ground, under layers of wards tied to the bans of these monstrous spirits. The Storm Eater was one of these, a colossal Bane that had an appetite for devouring spirits of the Wyld and a gift for cannibalizing their power. It lay in its prison for countless centuries, unable to create any of its Wyld-mocking spawn.

Then, sometime in the 1830s, it escaped. One caern after another had fallen to the European Garou and their claims of necessity. Then it was one too many. Nobody knows which caern it was that weakened the seal to the point of breaking — nobody knows who was responsible for accidentally disrupting the rites, fetishes, or pictograms that kept the bindings in place. All anyone knows is that the Storm Eater tore loose, throwing off the web of seals like it was a tent in a tornado, and it was ravenous. It immediately fell to devouring Wyld-spirits as in the old days, and halting only when a powerful Weaver-spirit came to bind it once more. The two spirits are said to have fought for a day and a night before the Storm Eater vanquished its rival and, its wounds still bleeding Essence, tried to devour it as well.

That's when the Storm Eater became something unlike anything else seen before. It fused with the Weaver-spirit, binding its wounds with corroded webbing and filling its gut with Weaver essence. Part spinner and part corruptor, it went hunting the Wyld once more to replenish its strength. Those spirits it didn't devour it changed — and it birthed even more in its wake.

Now the Storm Eater rampages in the High Umbra, occasionally dropping back into the Near to consume a particularly juicy bit of prey or to produce a few more minions. Its offspring, themselves hybrids of Weaver and Wyrms spirit, thunder thorough the Near Umbra and slide around the Penumbra, constantly drawn to the lands where the Storm Eater once lay buried. Like their parent, they hunt spirits of the Wyld for prey, and lash out against anything pure and clean enough to offend their Wyrmsish sensibilities.

For the greater part of the nineteenth century A.D., the Storm Eater runs unchecked largely because it is so much of an unknown. It takes decades for the Garou to discover just what's behind the strange progeny of Weaver and Wyrms that plague the lands. Then it takes even more time to discover the Storm Eater's story, and uncover its old bans and the secret of its binding. Then, of course, there's the time and effort necessary for the Garou to set aside their territorial feuds and blood grudges and commit to the shared hunt. So runs the Curse of Rage in every generation.

Wild Beasts: The Western Fera

Most of the native Fera have been just as surprised by the sudden changes of the Industrial Revolution and the Storm Umbra as the Uktena and Wendigo have — more so, really.

The local shifters kept unofficial truce with the Uktena and Wendigo, but now more Garou are tearing their way across the land, and the native werewolves are doing far too little to stop them from the Fera viewpoint. It doesn't help that many European Garou bloodlines have often been so long without encountering the exclusively American Changing Breeds that they sometimes mistake the unfamiliar shifters for mockeries or Storm-Born. Some Fera have also been making the journey from both Coasts, mostly the East, but sometimes the West. Of the European Fera such as Ratkin and Corax, most come here to meet their long-lost cousins, but the sight of others, such as a Simba who followed the Triangle Trade in search of lost Kin, isn't completely implausible.

The American West is clearly Nuwisha territory. Only the rare werecoyote went wandering across the oceans, and those who visited the East Coast kept an eye on the growing settlements, but now it seems the trouble has come right to home. It's vicious trouble, stirring up things that they haven't had to deal with for a while. There were always wars, murders, and sickness among the locals, but now things are moving at a scale that leaves the Nuwisha a little less amused. For many, the first priority is learning how to best use all the strange new devices that the white folks are bringing out West. Steam engines and dynamite may have their uses...

The Gurahl have strong roots in North America; every one of their tribes is represented. Some of their European relatives strike out to make contact, in many cases guided by friendly Corax. Of the various Fera, they manage to have the least hostile reunions between native and newcomer. But the Gurahl are still a territorial sort, and they're still known to shed blood in disputes with one another — to say nothing of what happens when stray Garou well and truly rile their tempers.

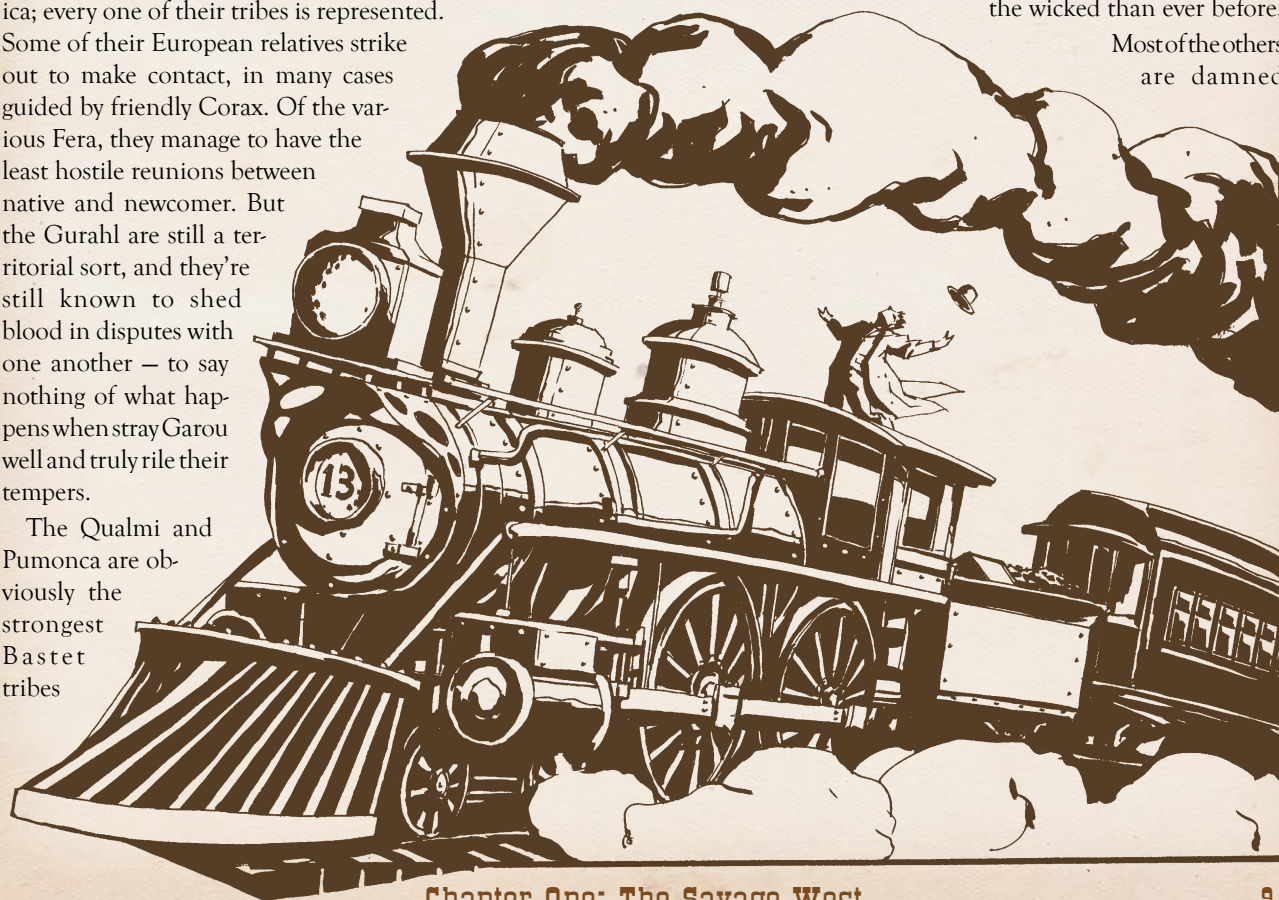
The Qualmi and Pumonca are obviously the strongest Bastet tribes

in North America. Jaguars used to range all through Mexico and even across what would eventually be the US border; a number of Balam still abide in the southern reaches. There are also rumors of old, old Bastet ancestor-spirits in the land, the last remnants of the extinct Khara, and the Simba tied to the American lion.



The Corax favor the northern climes where their raven Kin dwell, but a few have always roamed farther south to keep a watchful eye on the Uktena and Wendigo. The loosing of the Storm Eater and the tide of "progress" are drawing even more to come and see. Others have made the journey from the Old World, following human Kin or simply their own curiosity. They're cautious about revealing themselves, though, given that the Garou are fighting each other even more than is usual.

Both the Ratkin and Ananasi are damn near ubiquitous. The Ratkin have a greater presence in Europe and on the East Coast, following the denser populations that both support them and draw them to their sacred duties. The sicknesses that decimate the native peoples satisfy a few wererats, but others argue that the weaker targets are the ones less in need. The Ananasi travel West in alarmingly large numbers, finding their curious relatives and striking elaborate bargains along the way. The Nagah have always had a presence in the West as well, and the native wereserpents now find themselves faced with more temptation to punish the wicked than ever before.

Most of the others are damned



Chapter One: The Savage West



rare. The Mokole are strongest in South America and the American Southeast, and have had no desire to show themselves to either Uktena or Wendigo. The African and Asian tribes of Bastet, like the Ajaba, have had little reason to travel in numbers to claim American territory. The peculiarities of the Kitsune origin mean that there aren't native werefoxes despite the local fox populations; those few who find their way across the Pacific find themselves in a strange land with no close relatives and plenty of things to play with. The Rokea, of course, don't care about the wide-open plains and deserts at all.

How It Ends

A Savage West chronicle's endpoint is open-ended. If the Storyteller and players want in on the grand quest to defeat the Storm Eater, there's plenty of room to do just that.

Historically, the Storm Eater saga reaches its height in the late 1880s. At this point, the spirit is at its largest and strongest, roughly about the size of the Mohave Mountains. Precious little can even affect it, and nothing in the Near Umbra seems to have a prayer of stopping it. Now, the Uktena reach out to the most calm and honorable of the newcomer septs to propose a countermeasure.

The player characters may participate in the grand moot here. With some preparation, they may even be the ones bringing critical information about the Storm Eater from either side. They may have discovered its old name and the secrets of its binding if their pack is closer to the Uktena, or they may have brought back defeated minions and torn lore from its path if their pack with relations to European tribes.

The Rite of Still Skies

It all leads to a long quest into the Heavens for a rite that can bind the Storm Eater. Historically, the ones that succeed are the Two Moons Pack, a mixed pack of both native and newcomer tribes. They return in December of 1889 with the knowledge of the Rite of Still Skies, a modified version of the forgotten Uktena rite that bound the Storm Eater in the first place. The rite — taught to them by no less than an Incarna — has the power to injure, weaken and bind the ungodly spirit, but at a terrible cost.

The rite itself has to be performed simultaneously at 13 separate caerns. At each caern, one of the greatest heroes of each tribe must lay down his or her life to empower the rite. But within a month 13 Garou step forward, each one of the sixth Rank, and each one well aware of the stakes.

At the same time, the prophet Wovoka starts the idea of a ceremonial dance that would reunite the living with the dead, restore the prosperity of the land, and drive the whites out of the land forever. The Ghost Dance movement runs in alarming parallel to the pressure to perform the Rite of Still Skies. It's

uncertain whether or not the two are directly related, but the Ghost Dance does draw attention from other areas as it gains steam. Some human mages among the animistic Dreamspeaker faction attempt to enter the dance and charge it with true magical power. Other demented shamans do what they can to pervert the concept and remake the land in the Corruptor's image.

Any of these events may attract the player characters. The Two Moons Pack may be the players' own pack, perhaps renamed before their quest or after their success (if they do succeed) to memorialize the intra-tribal cooperation. If any of the player characters have reached Rank 6, they might be among the thirteen volunteering to sacrifice themselves to bind the Storm Eater. The caerns where the rite is performed will certainly come under attack, so it may be critical for the player characters to chase down enemies that may be learning of the rite, intercepting messages and keeping the word from getting out as long as possible. They may even bypass the Rite of Still Skies entirely, drawn instead into the struggles surrounding the Ghost Dance.

The Final Battle

As the night of the Rite of Still Skies draws near, the Storm Eater senses the gathering power. It descends into the Penumbra, flanked by legions of its lesser children. Silent Strider messengers race from caern to caern, warning of the oncoming dangers. The Rite of Still Skies begins at the 13 septs when the moon rises on the evening of December 28, 1890. Garou of every tribe stand side-by-side against the forces attempting to overwhelm the caerns and disrupt the rite. Nevertheless, when the rite reaches its peak, and the spirits of 13 chosen heroes burn free, the erupting force of the rite overcomes the Storm Eater. Its Weaver-aspect tears from it, shredding into remnants of spiritual weaver-stuff. The power derived from the Wyld drains away, leaving it shrunken and feeble. Then the spirit-chains close in on it, pulling it back below the earth and burying it in the darkness, miles below.

Exhausted but triumphant, the Garou are in no real shape to predict the following days' massacre at Wounded Knee. The West is won and lost in the space of 48 hours. Heartsick and much weakened, the Uktena and Wendigo swear peace with the European tribes, who for their part stop any further official expansion. The Savage West thus ends in a time of comparative calm. With the binding of the Storm Eater, the Garou are free to resume the war against the Wyrms in the form they're accustomed to.

Not long thereafter, the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon suffers a major blow with the death of Lloyd Fairweather in A.D. 1891, and never recovers — its members go their separate ways, embezzling its resources and splintering their followers. They are vanished from the earth by A.D. 1913. Unfortunately as always, where one head of the Wyrms is wounded, another flourishes. In A.D. 1892 Jeremiah Lasseter, head of Premium Oil, makes contact with a bound servitor of

SAVAGE WEST TIMELINE

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

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

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

1830s — Storm Eater is released.

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.

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. Lloyd Fairweather assumes control of Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon.

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).

1850s — Vampires become present in the West in greater numbers, implying migration.

1853 — Washington Territory established. Gadsden 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.

1860-1861 — Pony Express operates. Gold found in Idaho.

1861 — The War Between the States (the Civil War) begins. Transcontinental telegraph erected. 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.

1863 — Construction to link Central Pacific and Union Pacific Railroads begins; Kit Carson defeats Navajos; expeditions against Sioux and Cheyenne.

1864 — Nevada becomes state; Montana becomes 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.

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.

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



SAVAGE WEST TIMELINE (CONTINUED)

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

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

1871 — Indian Appropriation Act nullifies all treaties.

1872 — Modoc Indian War begins.

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

1873 — Barbed wire invented. Colt .45 released. Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon "membership drive."

1874 — Final defeat of Southern Plains tribes; death of Cochise. 1875 — The U.S. Cavalry forced the Apache and Yavapai people to march from the Verde Valley to a reservation in San Carlos.

1876 — Chief Joseph's Nez Percés ordered onto reservation in Idaho. Colorado becomes state.

1883 — Northern Pacific Railroad completed; by now several railroads crisscross the West including the Southern Pacific, Texas Pacific and Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroads.

1885 — Geronimo's final raids.

1886 — Surrender of Geronimo.

1889 — The Two Moons pack brings the Rite of Still Skies back 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). The sacrifice of the Thirteen strips the Storm Eater of power and binds it once more. Indian Wars effectively end with the slaughter of 200 Sioux men, women, and children at Wounded Knee, South Dakota.

1891 — Lloyd Fairweather dies in curious printing press accident.

1892 — Jeremiah Lasseter, head of Premium Oil, pledges his fealty to a servitor of the Wyrms.

the Wyrms at one of his drill sites. In A.D. 1913, the board of Premium Oil changes the company's name to Pentex.

Changing History

Or so runs the official history of the World of Darkness. In a **Werewolf: The Wild West** chronicle, however, it might not turn out that way. Your game might feature the same unavoidable fate that hangs over the Apocalypse timeline — as hard as they may try, the Garou can't escape their destiny. However, it might also diverge, giving the players' actions the weighty import that comes with knowing that the Savage West's ultimate fate rests on their successes or failures. Either option is a memorable way to celebrate the setting.

Character Creation

All breeds and tribes are open to characters from the Savage West. Still, the era necessitates a few changes to Traits.

New Abilities

Or old Abilities, rather. The Old West had considerably more horses than combustion vehicles and no computers at all. In a **Werewolf: The Wild West** game, the Ride Skill replaces Drive, and the Culture Skill replaces Computer.

Ride

You can saddle and ride a horse, and may be able to drive wagons or coaches to boot. The more skilled you are, the more animals and conveyances you might be familiar with.

- Novice: You know to get up on the left.
- Practiced: You can keep a wagon train running.
- Competent: You can get most any animal directed without even using your hands or voice.
- Expert: Notorious bronco buster.
- Master: They tell stories of you riding tornadoes.

Possessed by: Cowboys, Trailbusters, Show Riders, Express Riders

Specialties: Bronco Busting, Racing, Long-Distance Riding

Culture

This Knowledge represents accumulated experience with all kinds of people, from immigrant cultures from all portions of the Old Country to the multitudinous nations of Native America. It includes knowledge about how various peoples get along, where the old rivalries are, and notable points of cultural history. It's often complementary to Streetwise (which covers smaller power structures), History (which tells the "official story"), and Etiquette (which covers points of specific behavior).

- Tenderfoot: You've spent time around strangers.
- Practitioner: You know a little about all the local cultures.
- Professional: You're pretty well versed about who's who in all the neighboring states.
- Authority: Your knowledge crosses the length and breadth of the West.
- Expert: You know things about peoples most folks have forgotten.

Possessed by: Trailblazers, Folklorists, Autodidacts, Spies, Galliards, Uktena

Specialties: Religion, History, Taboo, Tribes, Specific Group (Plains Tribes, Pacific Northwest, Scandinavian Settlers, etc.)

Resources

As the **Werewolf: The Wild West** setting covers at least sixty years, Resources are by necessity even more of an abstraction. A dollar in 1890 won't buy what it could have in 1830. The monthly stipend will vary in specifics, but the general class of earnings remains consistent by level. As in modern days, the wealth may run dry if the character spends profusely and doesn't take action to maintain his accounts.

- Small savings: You're not penniless; you can rent a room and might have a horse.
- Middle class: You have some property, and a small house that will offer shelter, if not too much by way of luxury.
- Large savings: You may have a good house, or a nice place in town. You can eat out often.
- Well off: You own a ranch or perhaps a country manor in fair repair.
- Fantastically rich: You're a millionaire in a time when a million dollars is largely a foreign concept.



Technology of the West

60 years is a long time to cover. For purposes of conversion, we've hit some of the highlights of the time period in basic fashion, highlighting the most significant differences or details.

Firearms

• **Pistols:** Samuel Colt designed the familiar revolver in 1836, adapting a prior flintlock revolver model. The main distinction between pistols is the hammer action. Single-action

pistols can only release the hammer when the trigger is pulled; the shooter must cock the hammer manually. Double-action pistols (which became widely available only toward the later part of the time period) both cock the hammer and release it with a trigger pull. Single-action pistols therefore can't fire multiple shots in the same turn without fanning.

• Fanning a pistol is its own action, gained as usual through splitting dice pools or spending Rage. The fanning action is a Wits + Firearms roll, difficulty 8. Success allows the player to take multiple shots with as many dice as she has remaining, or by spending additional Rage. If the fan roll fails, the character can fire only one shot this

FIREARMS CHART

Type	Difficulty	Damage	Range	Rounds	Concealment	Year
Pistol, Light						
Colt Paterson .36	6	4	15	5 (.36)	C	1837
Remington Derringer†	5	4	10	2 (.41)	V	1865
Army Model .44†	7	5	25	6 (.44)	C	1860
Remington single-action†	7	5	25	6 (.44)	V	1860
Pistol, Heavy						
Colt "Peacemaker"†	7	6	30	6 (.45)	C	1873
Remington Army Revolver†	6	6	35	6 (.45)	C	1875
Rifle						
Hawken rifle (muzzle-loader)	7	9	175	1	N	1823
Henry Repeater lever-action	6	7	150	12 (.44)	N	1860
Remington single-shot, bolt-action	7	9	200	1 (.45)	N	1860
Winchester lever-action	6	8	175	16 (.44)	N	1873
Shotgun						
Remington Twelve Gauge	6	9	35	2 (12g)	L	1873
Winchester single lever-action	7	9	35	1 (12g)	L	1866
Spencer M1882 pump-action	6	9	35	5 (12g)	L	1882
Special Weapons						
Gatling gun	8	9	225	belt (.50)	N	1862


† Double-action pistol

Range: This is the practical range of the firearm in yards (or meters). A character may fire on a target at up to double that listed range, although this is considered a long-range shot.

Rounds: This is the type of ammunition fired by a certain gun, and the maximum number of bullets that can be loaded.

Concealment: V = can be hidden in a vest; C = can be hidden inside a coat; L = can be hidden inside a longcoat; N = cannot be hidden on one's person at all.

- **Shotguns:** Shotguns are generally single-barreled or double-barreled. Pump-action repeating shotguns debut towards the later part of the era.

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- **Gatling Gun:** The Gatling gun is the world's first automatic weapon, typically mounted on a tripod and belt-fed. Richard Gatling wrote that he intended for the weapon to reduce the size of armies, because of being a gun that could do the work of a hundred soldiers. The weapon certainly did reduce the size of armies, at least from one point of view.

The trick shot is a staple of Western film. Depending on how adventurous or gritty you choose to make your game, it may be quite genre-appropriate to allow for some fancy shooting in a **Werewolf: The Wild West** game. Naturally, some trick shots aren't possible with some weapons; you can't snap off a targeted shot with a Gatling gun.

Difficulty	Target	Damage	Special Effect
+2	Hand	no modifier	Drop weapon
+4	Eye	+3 dice	Blindness
+3	Head	+2 dice	Dazed
+1	Torso	+1 die	None
+3	Groin	+1 die	Stunned
+2	Leg	no modifier	Fall prone

It's true that most werewolves tend to travel by foot, or cross great distances via Moon Bridges. Unfortunately, such options aren't always available, particularly if caern relations aren't good – and they often aren't – or there's Kinfolk to move with you.

Stagecoach travel was common along the Eastern seaboard, but expanded into the West mostly as an outgrowth of government mail contracts, which made the operations profitable enough to take on other passengers and freight. They gained popularity with the 1849 gold rush, and the increased demand for mail that generated. They were still fast only by rough compare to ships traveling through Panama, though; a trip from St. Louis to California could take a little over three weeks.

Travel by passenger train sped things up greatly. The trains of the 1880s tended to top out at about 25 mph (40 kph) for a passenger train, 15 mph (25 kph) for a freight train. Depending on the train's size, load, and local terrain, it would have to stop every 30 to 50 miles to take on water and at least once per 100 miles for more coal.





CHAPTER TWO: THE TRIBES



Garou culture is an old, old thing. The tribes of the Savage Frontier are much as they were a few thousand years ago, and for the most part an ocean or two away. However, the nineteenth century is where the Industrial Revolution begins, and the point when the world begins to change at a speed the Garou could never have anticipated. The tribes of the Wild West are still largely similar to their twenty-first century incarnations. It's the context that strikes the most difference. Technology is only starting to allow the humans to catch up to the Garou. Tribal allegiances are different in the context of native versus newcomer.

That conflict is the greatest driver in the setting. The battle against the Storm Eater is what can unify the Garou—but the clash between settlers and the people they're displacing shapes the core of Garou politics. Tribes that side with the Uktena and Wendigo become further marginalized or distrusted where the Silver Fangs and those who stand with them are concerned. Garou haven't been pitted against Garou at this extent for a long time, and it might never happen again until the Apocalypse.

Black Furies

The Black Furies have come to the frontier in numbers disproportionate to their Kin. They bear an oath to protect

and nurture the Wyld, which pulls them to the threat of the Storm Umbra. Ideally, the Furies are more concerned with their spiritual goals than with the conflict over territory and Kin. In practice, the children of Pegasus are fallible and just as vulnerable to their Rage as any other Garou. They may claim they're not the same as the Fianna or Get or Silver Fangs, but they're prone to making the same mistakes. Just not quite as often, nor for the same reasons.

The tribe's concern with both the health of the Wyld and the well-being of women, whether settler or native, gives them some possible common cause with the Pure Ones. The Furies particularly admire matrilineal peoples such as the Hopi, and take their sides whether asked to or not. Sadly, they also find themselves in conflict with the Uktena and Wendigo at times. More than once the Black Furies have stepped in to save a settlement or family from Pure One resistance. They also aren't above "instructing" men from more patriarchal nations such as the Sioux. The Uktena and particularly the Wendigo have no tolerance for such meddling.

The Furies most frequently get along with the Children of Gaia, who align with their thinking on abolition and women's rights, and the Silent Striders, who focus more on watching the Storm Umbra than trying to take territory of their own. They have the least love for the Get of Fenris, Fianna, Shadow



Lords, and Silver Fangs, who are too often neglecting the greater struggles of the Storm Umbra to aid their tribes and their Kin against the native populace.

Beginning Gifts: Breath of the Wyld, Heightened Senses, Man's Skin, Sense Wyrms, Song of the Seasons

Territory: Black Furies tend to claim wilderness territories where they can, particularly those where there seems to be a stronger Wyld presence. They clash most often with Red Talons and Pure Ones over territorial disputes. When a Fury pack or sept sets up near a city or town, their influence spreads quickly. Pity the traveler who sets foot in Fury territory and starts talking about how the women here "don't seem to know their place."

Protectorate: The Black Furies are deeply invested in the stronger Wyld of the Storm Umbra, and are dedicated to driving out the Weaver and Wyrms energies that have caused so much trouble locally. It's their hope that the Savage West could remain a powerful bastion of the Wyld. Naturally, their oath to protect the health and welfare of women is also fully in effect. Many men have been drawn by the promise of a lawless West where a man can take what he wants and do as he please, only to find out that the law is the least of their worries.

Quote: Well, hell, ain't you the big man, talking to a lady in such a fashion. Oh, you gonna raise your hand to me now? This might sound funny, but I was kinda hopin' you'd do something like that.

Bone Gnawers

Plenty of people set out to make their fortune on the frontier because they had nothing else and nowhere to call home. And the Bone Gnawers came with them. The children of Rat see the Savage Frontier as a brand new vista of opportunities, a land of greater freedoms, and sometimes even as a cause worth fighting for. Drifting into the hardscrabble settlements and off up into the mountains, they search out places where they could live according to their own principles.

The Bone Gnawers identify with dirt-poor farmers, mountain men, slaves both former and present, migrant laborers, all manner of folk who have next to nothing. They are particularly keen on the thought of abolition, identifying as they do with both the ideal of freedom and the pain of oppression. Without much of a gift for influencing politics on their own, they find it expedient to make allegiances with like-minded tribes such as the Black Furies and Children of Gaia. They also sympathize with the Silent Striders, as fellow strangers in a new land with little to call their own.

The Gnawers' relations with the Pure Ones are difficult to stereotype. Sometimes they're allies, given the Bone Gnawers' general lack of factional loyalty to the other newcomer tribes.

Sometimes they're rivals or enemies, most often when the Gnawers side with settlers doing what they can to get by, even if it's at the expense of the natives. Overall, the children of Rat can sympathize with the growing plight of the Uktena and Wendigo's Kin, but their own Kinfolk come first.



Beginning Gifts: Cooking, Desperate Strength, Resist Toxin, Smell of Sweet Honey, Trash is Treasure

Territory: The Bone Gnawers populate settlements of any size, as well as living like hermits off in the more desolate wilds. They're perfectly at ease in shantytowns, mining camps, tiny farming villages, and such places where a gentleman might have cause to fear for his safety. They don't challenge the other tribes for the best spots; they take the lands nobody else finds that attractive, and then they dig in like ticks.

Protectorate: Rat's tribe cares about the people that'd otherwise go forgotten. They watch over isolated families disowned by their kin, Mexican peasants held under a landowner's heel, vagrants cheated out of their money by gamblers or bankers, escaped or freed slaves, and all such folk. They tend to leave the high-falutin' spiritual struggles to other tribes, but even a Bone Gnawer can't ignore the thunder of the Storm Umbra forever.

Quote: *Damn, twenty dollars? That's a princely sum and no mistake. But I ain't taking your money. I'd rather be hungry and my own man than wear a pretty gold chain.*

Children of Gaia

The Children of Gaia look at the conflicts breaking out between settlers and natives, between so-called Pure Ones and so-called Wurmcomers, and they don't like what they see. Their goal of unity between the tribes couldn't seem farther away. It particularly hurts because they're drawn to the romance of the American ideals — equality, democracy, and freedom — unfortunately the reality grinds the romance into the dust. Nevertheless, Unicorn's tribe hasn't given up on their dream yet, and they won't start now.

There are several immediate issues facing the Children of Gaia, and already they're spread too thin. The Storm Umbra is pure chaos, more than any one tribe can wrangle alone. The Uktena and Wendigo won't make peace with the newcomers, and it's hard to blame them given some of the outrages they've suffered. Even the human populace is afflicted with slavery, forced relocation, massacres, and all manner of venial ills. Many fear the loosing of the Storm Eater was the trigger that heralds the Apocalypse.

The American Civil War hits the Children of Gaia hard. Most of the tribe gets involved one way or another, and their inability to actually stop the war from taking place is a sore point exacerbated by the gruesome aftermath. Like many other tribes, their engagement in the affairs of humans and Kin distracts them from the early struggles in the Storm Umbra. They come to the Storm Eater's party a bit late, but they couldn't ignore their obligations to humanity. To their dismay, this doesn't greatly help their cause with the Uktena and Wendigo.

Beginning Gifts: Brother's Scent, Jam Weapon, Mercy, Mother's Touch, Resist Pain

Territory: The Children of Gaia teach that it's best to go where they're needed. The tribe claims lands in cities and deep wilderness alike. They're particularly drawn to small towns, where a few strong personalities can influence the settlement's entire dynamic. More than a few Children have wound up weary of the greater war and simply settled down to look after a more manageable populace, creating towns with an odd reputation among their neighbors.

Protectorate: Just about every human being falls under the Children of Gaia's self-appointed remit. There won't ever be peace until the humans really want it, so the Children work to spread the ideals of empathy and brotherhood. Of course, their ability to protect the native nations is limited to some degree by Uktena and Wendigo territoriality.



Quote: *You say you don't want trouble here. The way you treat your people tells me otherwise. A little bit of kindness and mercy would have saved you the trouble of begging for the same.*

Fianna

The Fianna love a good fight almost as much as they love their Kin. These traits have frequently led them into trouble, and the Savage West is a particularly tragic example. Many Fianna came out to the frontier specifically to follow or lead their Kinfolk to better lands and a brighter future. When the Uktena and Wendigo told them to turn around, they didn't take the demand well. Fianna can even wind up fighting Fianna, such as where English and Irish settlers come into conflict over land. In all, Stag's children are involved in some of the bloodiest feuds and territory disputes in the West, and it shows little sign of stopping. After all, that'd mean abandoning their Kin.

Some Fianna, especially those who came West independent of any family members, try harder to learn the rules of this new land. They hunt down the lore of the Pure Ones, who know many stories they've never heard. They search for clues to the fae of the New World, who don't share in the old pacts with Stag's tribe and don't see much to recommend forging such. But it's hard for even the most well meaning Fianna to avoid being drawn into the rivalries of their tribe. Such is the price of a passionate dedication to one's brothers and sisters.

The sad reality is that the Fianna, normally quick to call on a historical precedent for an honorable course of action, are generally ignorant of the last few thousand years of Uktena and Wendigo history. Without that grounding, it's awfully easy to trust one's passions or absorb European prejudices. It's those Fianna who pay more attention to the oldest stories of the Garou, and who go hunting down the lore of the Pure Ones, who eventually start joining the Black Furies, Children



of Gaia, Silent Striders, and Stargazers in the calls for truce. It's far from an easy path, but it's all too necessary.

Beginning Gifts: Faerie Light, Hare's Leap, Persuasion, Resist Toxin, Two Tongues

Territory: Fianna aren't terribly picky about the territory they take — whatever looks like a good place for their relatives to set up store will do. All other things equal, they do prefer forests to deserts and mountains to plains, both being a bit more familiar to them, but they'll also follow a railroad being laid through a bleak landscape if that's where their Kin are going. Settlements with a strong Fianna influence usually have more boisterous festivals or traditions of song, but can also be prone to violent feuding.

Protectorate: Naturally, the Fianna's first and most important protectorate is their Kinfolk. They're willing to extend their protection to other people who at least aren't in opposition to their Kin's best interests. They have a general appreciation for the underdog's lot, and are most prone to help keep an eye on the Bone Gnawers' protectorate as well.

Quote: *I'm a reasonable woman, as long as the circumstances are reasonable. You turn on me and mine, you try to drive us out of here and say you know better than we do, then we're going to have a problem.*

Get of Fenris

In an ideal world, the Get of Fenris would be the vanguard against the Storm Eater and its minions, setting aside all other concerns but the great and glorious fight. The reality, like the Fenrir themselves, is grimmer. The Get are constantly waging bloody conflicts over territory, Kin, and spiritual resources. As far as they're concerned, if they can take it, then the forces of the Wyrms could have done the same, and better than the Wyrms' minions.

To be fair, the Get don't hold much truck with a number of lesser evils. They don't care about gold or silver, or those who value such things too highly. Plenty don't care about social class or race; they figure a strong Apache woman is more worthy of respect than a weak white man. But their Rage is powerful, they're stubborn as hell about their ideology, and they'll take their Kin's side in just about any struggle, even if an impartial observer would point out that the Fenrir's Kin were the ones in the wrong. Too many tragedies in the Savage West have started with a Get who wasn't able to back down.

The Get don't have many friends on the frontier. They look down on the Uktena and Wendigo, who clearly weren't strong enough to keep the Wyrms at bay on their own. They're contemptuous of the Furies, Bone Gnawers, and Children of Gaia, who insist on protecting the weak and worthless among humanity. They even get into scraps with the Silver Fangs, Fianna, and Shadow Lords, who are often trying to advance their own Kin's fortunes over those of the Fenrir. But they're

steadfastly loyal to those few who actually earn their respect. Getting the Get of Fenris on your side is winning half the battle — the rest is convincing those they've warred against to bury the hatchet and sign on as well.

Beginning Gifts: Lightning Reflexes, Master of Fire, Razor Claws, Resist Pain, Visage of Fenris

Territory: The Get focus more on northern lands, both because they find the climate more familiar and because their Kinfolk tend to travel similar paths. Concentrations of Scandinavian and German settlers usually feature Get not too far behind. The Fenrir are some of the most viciously territorial Garou in the Savage West. Towns where the Get hold sway tend to be faintly xenophobic and leery of troublemakers — the Fenrir aren't in the habit of letting people disrespect their lands and Kin.

Protectorate: The Fenrir aren't just viciously protective of their own Kin — though they certainly are that. They take their battle against the Wyrms very seriously, and extend their attentions to anywhere that needs strong defenders. The problem is that they're prone to seizing caerns and territories from other Garou that don't seem up to the task in the Get's eyes. This has set them against Pure Ones and Europeans alike — at least “the weaker ones.”

Quote: *Maybe the Umbra wouldn't be such a sack of flaming horseshit around here if you people had done your jobs right in the first place. Now shut the hell up and let us handle this.*

Iron Riders

For most of their years, they were known as the Warders of Men. They were always interested in human progress, and now with the Industrial Revolution they see it as a promise finally fulfilled. Steam and electricity, gunpowder and coal — it's a new age. To honor that age, the children of Cockroach actually chose a new name for their tribe. Now they're the Iron Riders, following the railroads across the land and watching the destiny of iron consume all before it.

The spiritual conflict of the Storm Umbra hasn't escaped the Iron Riders. Those Riders who've come West are almost of two minds about the whole mess. On the one hand, the Storm Eater's a clear danger and it can't be good for the Wyld to be manhandled so. On the other hand, they're abettors of a sort to the forces of the Weaver, who are exacerbating the situation. Worse, they tend to get trapped in the mindset that the Europeans are “more civilized” than the native nations they're displacing. It's common enough for the Iron Riders to take the sides of bankers and industry barons, at least so long as those innovators keep free of Wyrmscent.

Despite their controversial ties to the Weaver, the Iron Riders still have allies among the other tribes. Their generally humanist line of thought gives them common cause with the Bone Gnawers and Children of Gaia in particular, and to lesser extent the Black Furies. Well-meaning Riders often reach out to the Uktena and

Wendigo, though those tribes don't think much of the newcomers' patronizing attitude regarding "progress." Their more urban proclivities bring the Iron Riders into conflict more frequently with those European vampires who have also drifted West, and it's fair to say there's no love lost between the two.

Beginning Gifts: Control Simple Machine, Diagnostics, Persuasion, Trick Shot, Well-Oiled Running

Territory: The Iron Riders prefer civilization, even in the form of small rail-towns, to the wilderness proper. The larger and wealthier the town, the more attractive they find it. They're particularly interested in establishing schools and universities in order to help humanity reach its full potential. Interestingly, the character of their territories isn't significantly different from other large towns where they don't hold sway. The Iron Riders often like just sitting back and watching humans innovate, waiting to be surprised once again.

Protectorate: It's something of a cliché for the Riders to claim that all of humanity is their protectorate. In practice, they pick favorites just like everyone else. They're interested in the idea men, the builders, the investors, and philanthropists. Of course, such people are sometimes susceptible to pride, greed, and the various other vices that open one's heart to the Wyrms. The Iron Riders do their damndest to keep those influences at bay. Nobody wants to imagine a world where the cities become suppurating lesions of Wyrms-taint.

Quote: *Exciting times, friend. There's a new day coming whether we want it to or not — might as well hitch up our sleeves and get to work shaping it.*

Red Talons

The Red Talons look at the conflict between settler and native with abject disgust. You see, they say, this is why humans are worse than any other beast. The chaos of the Storm Umbra appalls them, and is one more crime to lay at humanity's collective doorstep. They have no love for the apes on either side — the natives have their plagues and their cruelties, same as the newcomers — but they work to cull the settlers more, if for no other reason than the settlers are spreading faster and killing more efficiently. The activities of the "wolfers" (p. 7) whip Gryphon's children into a murderous spirit that few can match. The frontier is a dangerous place, and the Red Talons are intent on making sure the humans fear it.

The Talons came to the New World through the Umbra, not on any human ship. They managed to make peaceful contact with the Pure Tribes, and sought out unclaimed territory far from any human settlements. When the conflicts with the European tribes broke out, some Red Talons created "accidental" alliances with the Uktena and Wendigo. No child of Griffin would dedicate herself to defending the two-legged Kin of even the "Pure Ones," but they often shared common targets. Aggressive settlers would go missing now and again.

It didn't slow down the expansion much, but the Red Talons never were the tribe to abandon a losing struggle. Now that the struggle is in full sway, the Red Talons are still more prone to assist the Uktena and Wendigo, though they'll listen to the lupus of most tribes.

Intriguingly, a few rumors run that the Red Talons have always been in the Pure Lands. They followed moon pathways or land bridges into the wilds of the Americas, and quietly claimed the valleys where the humans never walked. If that legend is true, it's as yet unproven. No tribe can claim to have met native Talons — or if some could make that claim, they're deliberately keeping quiet.

Beginning Gifts: Beast Speech, Eye of the Hunter, Hidden Killer, Scent of Running Water, Wolf at the Door

Territory: The Red Talons claim the wild places just as they've always done. They are particularly protective of the native wolf population, having no desire to see the wolves become just as persecuted as they were across the ocean. A Red Talon territory is often surrounded by tall tales of horse-sized that devour men entirely, bones and clothes and bullets and all. When the humans organize wolf hunts to "strike back," then the Talons become more...creative about dealing with the problem.

Protectorate: The Talons defend the native wolf population, and to some extent the entire wilderness itself. They furiously resist the human efforts to make the New World more like the Old. Even though they may not care for the native apes, the Red Talons come to the aid of the Uktena and Wendigo's wolf Kin without being asked. Their lack of human Kin may mean they're the tribe most focused on the affairs of the spirit world as opposed to the welfare of the human population — at least in a positive sense.

Quote: *Their wagons brought sickness and spite. They never made it through the pass.*

Shadow Lords

There's no two ways about it: The Shadow Lords arrived in the Savage West with the intention of making the land their own. It's not that they saw the Uktena and Wendigo as lesser tribes compared to their fellow Europeans. Far from it. They treat the Pure Tribes as they would any others — as rivals who need to submit to a superior power. The frontier lands are too vast and too valuable to go without the guiding hand of the Shadow Lords. The scattered territories and newborn states of the West are rife with opportunity. The power structures are still being built, and what better time to place oneself at the top?

For these reasons, the Shadow Lords work to establish themselves as a force of authority in the frontier. They pay lip service to the rank of the Silver Fangs, but take every advantage of being in a land where the Fangs have no ancestral holdings. Some Lords establish temporal power over humans, bringing

small towns or outlaw gangs under their control. Others hunt for mystical power, bartering with the Uktena for powerful secrets — or stealing those secrets when the opportunity's there. Still others, such as the infamous Judges of Doom, play politics among the Garou of both sides. The upheaval in the Storm Umbra is problematic, but not insurmountable. At least, it shouldn't be insurmountable once everyone knows their proper place and is ready to receive orders.

The Shadow Lords tend to fall more on the settlers' side of the conflict, though not out of admiration and kinship. They stand with the Europeans to honor (or rather, exploit) old alliances and they deal with the natives when they see another opportunity for advancement. They're the tribe most likely to break treaties, though they do so only when they feel it won't damage their standing, and when the betrayed party seems to have no real chance of regaining enough power to even the scales. Like the Get of Fenris, they honestly claim to have the best interests for the Garou Nation in mind — and like the Get — they believe themselves to be the best for the Garou Nation.

Beginning Gifts: Aura of Confidence, Fatal Flaw, Seizing the Edge, Shadow Weaving, Whisper Catching

Territory: The ideal Shadow Lord territories feed their masters' sense of pride. The Lords appreciate lands of rugged, intimidating beauty; they favor high mountains such as the Rockies and Cascades, or forested valleys where thunderstorms tear through. Where they lay claim to human settlements, they find it useful

to encourage a sense of respect — or fear. Locals may treat visitors with fawning respect, just in case the strangers "have connections," or they may try to dominate the newcomers just as their Shadow Lord neighbors dominate them.

Protectorate: The Shadow Lords don't stick out their necks for just anyone. They guard (and dominate) their closest Kin, but don't glorify blood for blood's sake. They keep an iron grip on their territories, defending other Garou's lands when they stand to gain something from it. If a Wendigo sept can't hold a caern, or a Silver Fang pack a territory, then perhaps it's for the best when the Shadow Lords step in and claim the prize once the prior owners have failed.


Quote: *Well, I'd be glad to help you in your time of need. It's the brotherly thing to do. But you want my help, you're gonna have to follow my plan to the letter. You go off track and I leave you to die in this mess.*

Silent Striders

The other tribes can't put a date on when the Silent Striders first started roaming the Savage West. They sometimes talk like they saw the place before the Storm Eater got loose and started tearing up the spirit world, but they don't actually admit to anything. Some Garou suspect the Striders got to the New World

well before the others, but never said a word about it. It's





enough to make a paranoid sept leader wonder where the Striders' loyalties really are. They seem faithful enough in other ways, fearlessly bringing word of oncoming calamity to native and settler alike. It's just that silence that seems so damning.

Maybe the best argument that the Striders are new to these lands is that they constantly go to see what's around the next bend. They travel the southwest arroyos, the northern forests, the high mountain valleys, all with the same quiet intensity — always looking for something. They're more comfortable in the parched lands than most tribes are, even some of the Uktena. They accept the weathering of the sun and the dust of the gulch as badges of honor — the mark of a werewolf who can look beyond his own front porch.

Most Silent Striders stay as neutral as possible when it comes to the conflicts between newcomer and native. If they take sides, then one side won't listen to them, and that means greater troubles. Of course, sometimes Garou don't listen to them anyway, on account of seeing them as fence-sitting skulks. The Striders make common cause with the Black Furies, who are in the Savage West for similar ideological reasons, and with the Uktena, who they honor as the local experts on everything gone askew. If the Europeans won't listen to an Uktena telling them of the troubles, they might just listen to a Strider carrying the same message. Maybe.

Beginning Gifts: Heavens' Guidance, Sense Wyrms, Silence, Speed of Thought, Visions of Duat

Territory: The Silent Striders claim precious few caerns and territories of their own. When they do take a place for their own, it's somewhere uncontested. The Striders are far too few to start border wars over territories. They have a peculiar affinity for haunted territories, whether the ghosts are human or Garou. The Silent Striders may not actually enjoy the company of ghosts, but when necessity demands securing an empty caern, the Striders are some of the best equipped to do so.

Protectorate: The Striders watch over those others who spend a lot of time travelling or don't have a home to call their own. Traveling sideshows, itinerant work gangs, circuit judges: all are kindred souls to Owl's tribe. They have particular sympathy for Native Americans; those displaced from their original territories, and may watch over such people from afar, especially if there aren't any Uktena or Wendigo to provide similar protection.

Quote: *I might not be from around here, but I've seen more than you can reckon. Trust me — don't open that.*

Silver Fangs

The Silver Fangs strode into the New World, reunited with tribes most of their ancestors had never seen, and promptly

assumed that the so-called "Pure Ones" would fall right into step. It didn't work out that way. The Uktena and Wendigo figure things worked better without any of the settler tribes there, and would gladly pack the Fangs back aboard ships headed East along with all the other Europeans. It doesn't help that America has largely turned its collective back on the conceit of hereditary rule. Here kings are something that matter only in fairy tales.

Not that this dissuades the children of Falcon. They carry the ambition of unity, of bringing the wayward pups back into the Garou Nation. This noble goal unfortunately runs side by side with a personalized concept of manifest destiny. The Fangs claim new territories in the West without really thinking twice about it, and then their Rage gets stirred up whenever the locals defy their entitlement. Everything would work out so much better, they figure, if everyone else would just accept the way it's meant to be.

Naturally the Silver Fangs have the closest allies among other European tribes — the Shadow Lords, the Get and the Fianna above all. The Fangs offer the most justification for Garou of these tribes to claim territory for themselves and their Kin. They try their damndest to win over the Uktena and Wendigo to their cause of unification, but the native Garou usually see them as the very face of the Wyrmscomer.

Beginning Gifts: Eye of the Falcon, Falcon's Grasp, Inspiration, Lament Flame, Sense Wyrms

Territory: The Fangs figure they're entitled to the best. They favor natural territories that carry a sense of majesty — thundering waterfalls, grand cliffs overlooking the Pacific, stately forests. They bother themselves with looking after human settlements only where their Kin are fairly strong. A Silver Fang-claimed town usually has plenty of pride and respect for authority. When they find a town run by a single family of paramount influence and resources, they typically follow up by asking the pack Galliard if they recognize the name as Fang Kin.

Protectorate: Where humans are concerned, the Silver Fangs care mostly about those from their own bloodlines. Their greater protectorate, the one they spend the lion's share of their energy on, is all of the Garou Nation. If it's werewolf business, they say, it's therefore Silver Fang business. Sometimes this is a positive thing, as there are more than a few Fangs with a genuine sense of noblesse oblige. Sometimes it manifests as outright tyranny. It's especially thorny where the Uktena and Wendigo are concerned — the clearest case of the children of Falcon claiming responsibility to watch over people who want none of it.

Quote: *I won't lie. These are dark times, and a lot of folks are at fault for that. But we need to pull together if they're going to get any better, and I'm willing to lead the way.*

Stargazers

The Stargazers are peculiar in the Savage West as the only tribe more likely to have come from across the Pacific. Some of them are recent converts, former Ronin, lost cubs, or tribal defectors. Still, the greater portion of Stargazers in the American West came from Asia. Some followed their Kin; some followed premonitions. But the greater portion of a double handful is still a little better than a handful. So few Stargazers have come to the Savage West that for the first half of the nineteenth century, some septs don't believe they ever showed up at all.

As the Storm Umbra grows further out of control, it draws more of Chimera's children. It's imbalance given spiritual form — not the slow, creeping imbalance that comes of the Wyrms' relentless erosion and the Weaver's methodical spinning — but the raging imbalance of a tempest. The Stargazers hunt for the eye of the hurricane. If they can find the calm spot at the heart of the Storm Umbra, or the single flaw in the Storm Eater's design, then they'll have a magnificent opportunity. They'll be able to learn more than ever about the balance of the spirit world, and to strike at the heart of a great peril. The Stargazers are still Garou, after all. They still live for war — it just has to be the right one.

As is their way, the Stargazers make allies along ideological lines; their Kin aren't closely tied to the Kin of any other tribe, and they don't have many old debts to repay. They stay loosely connected to the Silent Striders, Children of Gaia and Uktena most of all. The Black Furies, Wendigo, and Red Talons all have interesting spiritual insights, but all three are also prone to indulging their Rage too much for the Stargazers' comfort.

Beginning Gifts: Balance, Channeling, Falling Touch, Iron Resolve, Sense Wyrms

Territory: The Stargazers claim precious little territory in the Savage West. They're too few to hold many caerns, and it's not like them to stake a claim on any contested lands.

The number of frontier human settlements under Stargazer protection could be counted on the fingers of one hand, if any exist at all. They'd be sure to be strange, somewhat surreal places where the locals have learned to listen to their dreams, and offer up advice in the form of unfamiliar almost-riddles.

Protectorate: The children of Chimera watch over people who dream — visionaries, seekers after truth, mystics, artists, philosophers. They frequently relate best to the Asian immigrant population, but also seek out native seers who might have insights new to the tribe. Those coming from the East Coast keep a close eye on the occultists and mesmerists in search of alternate ways of understanding the world.


Quote: *You call this the free frontier, but all I see are men and women who are slaves to the same fear and greed that takes root everywhere.*

Uktena

No tribe has a better understanding of the Storm Eater's danger than the Uktena. They were the ones whose ancestors bound the great Bane millennia ago. They know firsthand what the Umbra was like before the Weaver came in strength, and before the idiot settlers started breaking open old seals and releasing powerful Wyrmspirits. Their knowledge would be critical in setting the newcomers on the right path — if they weren't too bitter and wounded to trust easily, and if the newcomers weren't too stubborn to listen.

The Savage West-era Uktena aren't as ethnically diverse as they'll later be, though they are beginning to make steps in that direction. The great majority of them are descended from native peoples. Their magic is still diverse, though, encompassing the tricks of an entire nation, supplanted by some stolen from the intruder tribes. The Uktena may not respect the European Garou's judgment, but they'll gladly purloin secret arts that speak of the Europeans' power. For the first time in many years, they're also stealing tricks from the Wyrms and Weaver themselves. Such fire is dangerous to handle, but the Uktena are staring desperation in the face and they don't like the look of it.

Naturally, the Uktena consider the Wendigo their only true allies. They listen to emissaries from the Children of



Gaia and Stargazers, but don't put much stock in their pretty words — even if a child of Unicorn promises peace, the children of Falcon and Stag and Fenris and Thunder are damn unlikely to uphold that promise. But they've also noticed that the Garou aren't the only supernatural creatures that have crossed the ocean with the Europeans. An Old World vampire, changeling, or mage who goes to the frontier has a significant chance of drawing the curiosity of the Uktena, which may not work out so well for her.

Beginning Gifts: Sense Magic, Sense Wurm, Shroud, Spirit of the Lizard, Spirit Speech

Territory: Uktena territory used to be a lot more expansive. They held many caerns across the southern region, inheriting many of the Croatan lands when Middle Brother sacrificed himself. These days the Uktena have to choose which territories to cede to the Wurmcomers, and which ones to hold on to no matter the cost. They hold most fiercely to lands of strong magic, whether suffused with Gaia's might or the hiding places of bound Banes.

Protectorate: The Uktena watch over many of the native peoples, and have Kin in many nations. In very broad strokes, they have ties to mostly southern peoples; from the East Coast tribes such as the Cherokee to the Southwest tribes such as the Navajo and Hopi. They have some sympathy for those who came to the New World in chains, and their descendants, and sometimes absorb former slaves into their care. Most important of all, they watch over the many sites where Banes lie bound under the land. If only they could protect all these things, instead of being forced to choose.

Quote: *That klaive won't do you any good against the thing you set free. Set it down over there. It'll be my fee for showing you how to put that beast back down without losing your pelt.*

Wendigo

The Savage West sees the Wendigo at the height of their fury. The settlers are ripping fresh wounds across the lands, and the Wendigo are still strong and numerous. They remember the great Banes their ancestors bound into the land. If it had just been human immigrants, they could have stemmed the tide — but the other tribes came with them. The Wendigo named them "Wurmbringers," and there's no love lost between them.

The struggle of the Wendigo is a losing battle, one of the grand tragedies of the Savage West. More than any other tribe,

they fight on two fronts when they can't afford to. They refuse to cede any more land to the Wurmbringers, but don't have the strength to hold on and fight the Wurm at the same time. These dark days only strengthen their exclusive preference for native Kin. They're powerfully tempted to fall to their Rage, and some do. But it's hard for any minion of the Wurm that comes from European stock to get a real hold on a Wendigo's soul. They're not that desperate yet.

The Wendigo don't have many other tribes to call allies. They're still more numerous than most of the Wurmbringer tribes, but that's changing for the worse. They trust the Uktena most of all, though not implicitly. Of the other tribes, they hold the least grudges against the Red Talons, who can be sometimes relied on to tear apart the European settlers themselves, the Stargazers, who are few and generally inoffensive, and to some extent the Children of Gaia, who have yet to personally go back on any promises. At the same time, they particularly hate and resent the Silver Fangs, Get of Fenris and Fianna, all of whom epitomize European arrogance. It takes a truly dire threat to convince the Wendigo to work with the Wurmbringers on more than an individual basis.

Beginning Gifts: Beat of the Heart-Drum, Call the Breeze, Camouflage, Ice Echo, Resist Pain

Territory: The Wendigo claim the northern portion of the continent in particular, and used to leave the more southerly reaches to Older Brother and Middle Brother. With the arrival of the Wurmcomers, they've also moved to warmer climes to join in the defense against the invaders. They excel in lands where the weather is harsh and unforgiving, particularly as it keeps down the competition from weaker Garou.

Protectorate: All of the land is the Wendigo's protectorate. They defer to the Uktena — sometimes — but that's about it. Of course, they don't have near the numbers necessary to protect the entire New World at the same time, and have to pick and choose their battles. But they consider themselves to have the right and responsibility to interfere wherever things are going wrong. Of course, where humans are concerned this attitude extends only to the native residents of the New World. They pay more attention to nations who are willing to stand up and fight, and those who have no Uktena relatives to look after them.

Quote: *You shouldn't have come here. And you shouldn't have brought your family.*





CHAPTER THREE: THE STORM UMBRA

The changes wrought on any land in any time are mirrored in the Umbra. The spirit world reflects the zeitgeist, in a way. This is true in the Savage West as well, where the conflict of the encroaching frontier shows itself in the outlying strands of the Weaver against the still-raging forces of the Wyld. But the Storm Umbra is something more. It also shows the mark of the Storm Eater and its spawn, and is home to a battle that can't be explained by the conflicts of the West alone.

The Penumbra

The basic laws of the Penumbra still hold true in a Wild West setting. The webs of the Weaver stretch out where mechanization and industrialization take hold, and the Wyld is stronger in places where humans never tread. The Weaver's hold is much more tenuous in most of the Savage West, following railroads like snail tracks and building small nests in the scattered towns. A notable difference is that the Penumbra is host to unnaturally frequent storms, a mix of Gaian and Wyld energies. These storms are kicked up by conflict, magnified by Wyld energy, and then pursued by the Storm Eater and its kin.

Certain Domains are more common in this setting, and others are rarer. With the lessened power of the Weaver,

Blights aren't seen as often. Those that do arise are typically attributed to the power of the Storm Eater. Webs are rare as well, though one unfortunate side effect of that rarity is that the Uktena and Wendigo in particular have less experience in dealing with them. Webs also seem to draw the Storm Eater like they were lightning rods. By the time the monstrous spirit or its offspring finish rolling through a Web, it's torn and polluted into a new almost-Blight.

By contrast, Wyldlings are considerably more common than they would be in the modern world. The Storm Umbra tosses them about and even grows their influence, like a wind spreading a prairie fire.

Trods are fewer, and the nunnehi fae who frequent them are of breeds quite unknown to the European tribes. Hellholes are thankfully very rare in the Savage West, though they may still manifest near particularly vile mining operations or the like.

Umbral Storms

The storms tearing across the spirit world are sparked by the conflict between encroaching Weaver and resisting Wyld. Spirits from the Old Country follow human and Garou settlers into a spiritscape that wasn't prepared for them. The release of ancient bound Banes — and one in particular — has magnified the problem. The result is an Umbral weather pattern unlike



BROKEN LANDS IN OTHER LOCALES

The Broken Lands are emblematic of the Savage West, but they aren't exclusive to the setting. They could appear in other areas where a naturally low Gauntlet is battered further by an outside force comparable to an Umbral Storm. They would fit in well with other historical settings, or in very out-of-the-way places in a modern-day chronicle. It's only in the Savage West where they become anything like common.

anything seen before. The Uktena and Wendigo remember a calmer time before the Wyrmbearers came, but the European Garou are ill-inclined to believe that they're the ones responsible for such a drastic change in climate. It doesn't help that their own Galliards can't recall in any tale a time when storms such as this raged across the Umbra. Without a clear historical precedent, it's just as easy (and rather more convenient for their goals) to assume that the so-called Pure Ones are blaming them for the changes as an attempt to keep them from rightful prosperity.

The intensity of an Umbral storm tears apart parts of the spirit world the Garou take for granted. A blowing Umbral storm can shatter a moon bridge, scatter or tear apart a Domain, even tear holes in the local Gauntlet to create Broken Lands. The chaos ravages the Periphery as well, stirring up nightmares in the local populace even when the Gauntlet holds. It's common for disease, violence, and strife to break out where a powerful Umbral storm has rolled through.

Travelers caught on the other side of the Gauntlet when an Umbral storm hits are in for a world of trouble. To begin with, Umbral storms may be sources of environmental damage: extreme heat or cold, pounding winds (from one to five dice worth of bashing damage), even lightning bolts. But even without direct damage, they wreak havoc on an unprepared traveler.

While in an Umbral storm, Perception rolls have their difficulty increased by 2, and Garou and other shapeshifters capable of frenzy require one fewer success on a Rage roll to do so. Calling on Gnosis is exceptionally risky — each 1 on a Gnosis roll counts as two 1s for purposes of cancelling out successes and botching. A botched Gnosis roll creates a strange spiritual effect of the Storyteller's choice: a fetish may come alive in its wielder's hand, a rip in the Penumbra may let in something from the Far Umbra, or a nearby spirit may change its very nature.

The Broken Lands

Few things epitomize the chaotic spirit world of the Savage West like the Broken Lands. These are sections of territory where the raging Umbral storms have temporarily worn down the Gauntlet to 1. The Periphery is strong here, and in places it seems as though the landscape itself has been altered. Unlike other Umbral locations such as Glens or Hellholes, the Broken Lands are mobile. The winds of the Storm Umbra can blow them from place to place, like the shadow of a cloud falling over the land. They can drift farther into the Umbra, seeming to vanish, only to reemerge elsewhere.

A Broken Land is something right out of a tall tale. You hear tell of people finding a fork in a trail where there wasn't one before, or a cave opening in a cliff that was solid two days ago. Horses don't want to go down that path, and get real nervous the closer they get. Sometimes the path leads to a strange patch of wilderness where the animals don't behave quite right —



jackrabbits hunt coyotes, spiders spin webs out of silver, vultures eat the bones out of corpses without damaging the flesh. The sun might not come up for days, or the moon may shine green or red.

But other Broken Lands are settled. The people who live in a Broken Land, settler or native, don't even seem to know that something's out of the ordinary. In a small town, a piano player plays tunes nobody ever heard in the West. A mob gathers to lynch a rooster, but everyone refers to the luckless fowl as "the mayor." When a werewolf shifts, nobody reacts as though affected by the Delirium — they don't even notice at all. It's impossible to predict just how the spirit has altered the rules of the flesh.

Some might mistake the Broken Lands for something akin to the days of prehistory when the spirit world and the physical world were one. That's not the case. The old ballads describe a harmonious relationship between the worlds. A Broken Land is more like a bruise; the land suffers, abused and torn, and the spirit spills out and floods the land, discoloring it.

A place battered by an Umbral Storm until the Gauntlet falls eventually mends. For such a place to persist long enough to become a Broken Land, it needs a wellspring of constant spiritual force. This wellspring might be an abandoned caern, an ancient fetish, a sleeping spirit, or the remnants of an old rite. Garou who recognize a Broken Land may be able to heal it by cutting off that wellspring somehow. But the residents aren't likely to take kindly to such action. Their connection to the spirit world extends to an instinctive understanding that there's a power nearby, and that it's theirs. Rescuing innocents from a Broken Land may be a tricky business, given that they're likely to oppose even werewolves in order to keep what they consider their own.

The Storm-Born

They came out of nowhere, and can't tell the story of their origins. They may seem like ordinary animals or humans, but then you see one of their tells — eyes like obsidian, odd glyph-like brands that glow in moonlight, teeth that just don't look like a living thing's should. Their natures are part flesh and part spirit, but merged in a way unlike any possession. Most Garou mistake them for mockeries, but those who discern the difference call the newcomers Storm-Born, the children of spirits and material beings born from Broken Lands.

The Storm-Born are the inheritors of the Storm Umbra itself. Most are violent, haphazard as a tornado in their tantrums. They seem to have peculiar taboos that they can't violate, similar to a spirit's ban, that vary from one individual to the next. They're a variegated lot to say the least. They may be inheritors of Wurm, Weaver, Wyld or Gaian spirit nature, but they're a real danger to anyone around them, beholden as they are to impulses and allegiances tied more to the storm than anything else.

More on using the Storm-Born can be found in Chapter Four, p. 40.

Storm Magic: Gifts and Rites

The time between the modern age and the Savage Frontier is an eye blink, relatively speaking. A mere century and a half means little to ancient spirits such as Grandfather Thunder or Wendigo. But because the physical world impacts the spirit world, even an eye blink is enough time for things to change. New Gifts arise and old fetishes fall out of favor as technology and the Umbrascapes shift.

Some Gifts from **Werewolf: The Apocalypse** are unavailable at the time of the **Werewolf: The Wild West** setting — they have yet to be developed at all. Others might exist, but are rare and of rather limited use. Absent Gifts have other Gifts presented in this chapter to take their place.

Rare Gifts: City Running, Control Complex Machine, Diagnostics, Signal Rider (telegraph lines only)

Unavailable Gifts: Cybersenses, Jam Technology, Plug and Play, Tech Speak

Homid Gifts

- **Jam Gun (Level One)** — This simple trick lets the Garou render a gun unusable with a simple gesture. It is taught by certain Wyld-spirits.

- **System:** The player spends one Gnosis and rolls Manipulation + Crafts (difficulty 5). The gun becomes unusable for one turn per success.

- **Spirit Brand (Level Two)** — When horses react with fear toward werewolves, and are tracked easily enough by their enemies, it's usually a lot easier to get around by running in wolf form. Moving from town to town without horse nor railroad still raises questions, though. This Gift strikes a bond with an animal, usually a horse, to make it a more useful and sturdy companion. By touching the animal, the Garou can leave an invisible glyph on its skin that makes it not just friendly to the Garou, but harder to track and easier to feed. Horse, Unicorn or Pegasus-spirits teach this Gift.

System: The player spends a point of Gnosis and rolls Intelligence + Animal Ken. The Garou strikes a bond with the animal for one lunar month per success. Domesticated animals so branded serve the Garou loyally, and can understand his commands, although they may lack the intelligence to interpret them — a horse might understand a command to bring back his saddle blanket, but wouldn't recognize an unfamiliar item. Wild animals affected by this Gift treat the Garou with deference, but will not risk themselves for him.

In addition to goodwill, this Gift also confers a measure of protection. Anyone meaning the animal harm is at +3 difficulty to track it, and the animal gains two extra dots of

GIFT NAMES

It's not unknown for a Gift to change its formal name over the years, even matching human colloquialism. The actual name of a Gift is a word in the tongue of the spirits. Names like "Scent of Running Water" are inventions of the Garou to translate the Gift's effects, and as such are subject to change as language does. Using different names for some Gifts is of course also a way to reinforce the setting. The following is a list of sample Gifts that might have had different names in the Savage West. Of course, there were plenty of surprisingly well-read sorts on the frontier, so a mountain man who took books with him for company might well understand a reference to Helios or Aeolus — so really, the choice of using these terms is pure preference.

Blink — Run for Ground

Call Elemental — Call the Four Brothers

Circular Attack — Rage at Shadows

Cornered Rat's Ferocity — Cornered Rat

Curse of Aeolus — Murderer's Fog

Cutting Wind — Bitter Wind

Eye of the Cobra — Come Hither

Fabric of the Mind — Manifest the Vision

Geas — Honor Bound

Harmonious Unity of the Emerald Mother — As Gaia Intended

Head Games — Heart Twister

Invisibility — Walk Unseen

Kiss of Helios — Sun Dance

Kali's Tongue — Festering Wound

Liar's Craft — Bald-Faced Lie

Paws of the Newborn Cub — Whelp the Insolent

Sense Magic — Sense Medicine

Speed Beyond Thought — Windrunner

Surface Attunement — Measured Step

Thieving Talons of the Magpie — Thieving Talons, sometimes Broken Treaty

Thousand Forms — Beast Witch

Uncaught Since the Primal Morn — Run Free

Visceral Agony — Devil Talons

Visions of Duat — Ghost Eyes

Wuxing — Element Medicine

Wisdom of the Seer — Wisdom from the Heavens

Stamina for as long as the glyph lasts. Sadly, this Gift can't be used to protect human or wolf Kin.

• **Weave of Steel (Level Four)**—This Gift allows the werewolf to increase the tensile strength of any manmade structure of material with a touch. A denim work shirt can stop a bullet, a rotted trestle can support a train, and a steel chain can hold back a mountain. Weaver-spirits teach this Gift.

System: The werewolf touches the object and concentrates for a turn. The player spends one Gnosis and rolls Strength + Crafts, (difficulty 7). The full effects of the Gift fall within the Storyteller's discretion to adjudicate, but the more successes rolled, the more impressive the reinforcement. As a rule of

thumb, objects gain the equivalent of one Health Level per success, making them harder to destroy. Clothing so affected grants a die of soak (counting as armor) for every success, but these soak dice can be used only against lethal damage. The clothes lack the rigidity to protect against bashing damage. Against aggravated damage that takes the form of cutting or piercing, the soak dice are reduced by half.

Metis Gift

• **Rattler's Bite (Level Three)**—This Gift lengthens the metis' fangs when used, allowing her to inject a deadly venom into a bite victim. Any venomous snake-spirit can teach this Gift.

System: The player spends a Rage point before making an attack roll. If the bite succeeds, any remaining damage after the soak roll is doubled. If the attack fails or causes no damage, the Rage point is still lost.

Lupus Gift

- **Healing Sleep (Level Three)** – This werewolf is able to fall into a deep, healing sleep akin to hibernation. Bear-spirits teach this Gift.

System: The player spends a Gnosis point and rolls Stamina + Primal-Urge. With at least one success, the werewolf falls into hibernation. While she rests she is unaware of her surroundings, awakening only if injured. If she sleeps uninterrupted for a full day and night, she wakes with all her wounds healed, even aggravated damage. This Gift cannot heal Battle Scars.

Ragabash Gifts

- **Spider's Song (Level One)** – This Gift is new in the time of the Savage Frontier. Its form in this era is a simpler and easier trick to learn, being limited to telegraph wires or poles (which are treated as land lines). The Ragabash doesn't need to know Morse code to understand a transmitted message.

- **Man With No Name (Level Two)** – This roamer's Gift lets the Ragabash move through town without leaving a mark on the townsfolk's memories. People forget her name and appearance after she moves on. She becomes a figure of rumor and hearsay, which may even make her seem larger than life. A wind-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The player rolls Charisma, Manipulation or Appearance + Enigmas (difficulty is the victim's Intelligence + Alertness; when used to affect a group, the highest Intelligence + Alertness sum among the group applies). The difficulty is increased by one if the character has visible Battle Scars. Success indicates how much the group can remember about the character once she's out of sight. One success means that the people that the character meets have difficulty remembering specifics about the character's appearance – they'll remember perceived gender, rough assumed age (within a decade or so), and whether the character was an adult or a child, but have difficulty remembering her exact name or appearance. With three successes, they don't remember her name, where she came from, or where she went. With five successes, they don't remember her at all. An affected person may recall the Garou by spending a Willpower point, but even that memory fades after a day.

- **Ghost Town (Level Five)** – The Ragabash can take advantage of the lonely spaces between towns. This Gift lets him cause an entire settlement, landmark or the like appear to be abandoned or even seem to disappear altogether. This Gift is taught by a Mirage-spirit.

System: The player spends two Willpower points and makes a Wits + Subterfuge roll (difficulty 8) to enact the character's vision over the specified locale. The number of successes required depends on the size and activity of the town or place affected; it would take a single success to mask a hermit's shack or empty mine, and five successes to cloak a bustling town of moderate size. If the roll botches, the character is the only one affected by the altered perception. The locale's inhabitants are unaware of any change, but travelers, newcomers or even residents who have been away for a while perceive or remember the place as abandoned. Even evidence such as maps might not amend their memories. To penetrate the ruse takes active investigation, in the form of a Perception + Investigation roll (difficulty of the Ragabash's Wits + Subterfuge).

A ghost town's inhabitants and visitors cannot perceive one another. If either party moves a physical object, the other party can see the change, even if they have no explanation for it. The Gift's effects last for one story.

Ahroun Gift

- **Trick Shot (Level One)** – As the Glass Walker Gift (Werewolf 20th, pg. 183).

Black Furies Gifts

- **Song of the Seasons (Level One)** – An old trick, this Gift has always helped Furies who walk far from civilization. The Fury who calls on this Gift ignores the blazing heat of the day or the bitter cold of the night. This Gift is taught by a Weather-spirit.

System: The player spends a Gnosis point; the protection lasts for one day. During that time the werewolf suffers no ill effects or even discomfort from extremes of temperature, so long as those extremes aren't severe enough to be considered attacks. Temperature-related attacks (ice storms, bonfires, cold winds) can still affect her, though the difficulty on related attack rolls increases by 1. This Gift protects against temperatures only, not against other dangers associated with climate such as tornadoes or lightning.

- **Dispel the Golden Waste (Level Four)** – The Furies developed this Gift as a way of getting rid of gold rush towns and their attendant problems. If prospectors would come back as long as there was gold, then the thing to do was to get rid of the gold. This Gift calls on the spirits of gold to sweep away to a new locale, taking their physical equivalent with them. The gold's ultimate destination is a tribal secret; the Furies claim it's someplace harmless and undiscoverable, but rumor says it's actually the holdings of the Furies themselves.

System: The player rolls Gnosis (difficulty 8). Success creates a spirit whirlwind that converts all gold and pyrite, shaped or natural, into dust and whisks it away. Once the gold dust hits the open sky, air currents carry it to a destination outside the Gift user's control.

Fianna Gift

• **Prospector's Luck (Level Three)** – This Gift was originally taught by faeries, though the Fianna learned how to coax the trick out of rock-spirits as well. It allows the user to sense deposits of gold and silver within a fairly large area.

System: The player spends a point of Willpower and rolls Perception + Alertness (difficulty 7). The Gift scans an area of half a mile radius per dot of the Gift user's Gnosis. The amount of information increases per success: a single success indicates that valuable minerals are or aren't present in the area; two successes reveals the type, if any; three gives the Garou a general indication of actual location; five guides her right to the most accessible deposit, if any exist. Fianna can attempt this Gift, success or failure, only once in any given area.

Iron Riders Gifts

• **Well-Oiled Running (Level One)** – The frontier's rough country, and hard on mechanical equipment. The Iron Riders adopted this Gift to protect their favored belongings from the dust, sun, and other such elemental hazards common to the West. Elementals teach this Gift.

System: The player spends a Gnosis point and rolls Stamina + Crafts (difficulty 7) to affect a man-made object of the Garou's choice. This object can as small as a box of ammunition or as large as a covered wagon. The device becomes immune to natural corrosion or damage caused by adverse weather, immersion in water or other such hazards for one day per success. This Gift defends against natural elements only; it can protect against a prairie fire but not a kerosene fire or dynamite explosion, for instance.

• **Iron Coat (Level Two)** – This Gift, taught by Iron-spirits or earth elementals, suits the Iron Riders' newly adopted identity to a T. The werewolf shifts his fur into steel temporarily as defense against harm.

System: The player spends a Willpower point and rolls Stamina + Science (difficulty 7). The Garou's soak pool increases by one die, plus an additional die for each success; the Gift's effects last for a scene or until the Garou decides to end them. This Gift is less effective if the werewolf doesn't have a full coat of fur; hairless metis and Garou in Homid form lose two dice from the total, while Garou in Glabro form lose one. (This affects only bonus dice from this Gift, not the Garou's original soak pool.) While this Gift is active, the werewolf suffers a +1 difficulty penalty to all Dexterity rolls.

• **Pulse of the Railroad (Level Two)** – By placing her ear against a railroad track, the Garou with this Gift can hear anything happening anywhere along that rail as if she were actually there. An Iron-spirit teaches this Gift.



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System: The player rolls Perception + Science; the difficulty depends on the distance away from the area selected for eavesdropping. The difficulty starts at 4 with a range of 20 miles (32 km), and increases by one for every additional 10 miles (16 km) beyond 20. Thus, 40 miles (64 km) would be difficulty 6, and so on. The number of successes also reflects the amount of details the Garou can discern from the Iron-spirits' constant chatter.

- **Repel Metal (Level Three)** – The Iron Riders latched onto the concept of magnetism right quick. This Gift lets the werewolf repel ferrous metals with a gesture.

System: The player spends a Gnosis point and rolls Strength + Science (difficulty 7). He can repel objects weighing up to five pounds (2.3 kg) per success; four successes would affect objects up to 20 pounds (9 kg), for instance. Any suitably-sized object made of ferrous metal that is within 30 feet (9m) of the Gift user immediately flies 20 feet (6m) farther away from the Garou. Non-ferrous metals such as silver are sadly immune. Anyone holding an affected object can attempt to keep it in hand; this requires a resisted Strength vs. Strength roll against the Gift user.

- **Gift of the Iron Horse (Level Four)** – The locomotive transformed a nation, and the spirit of the railroad is immense in these times. Iron Riders learned the trick of drawing on that power when walking the locomotive's tracks. Spirits of the railroad naturally teach this Gift.

System: This Gift's effects are automatic once learned. Whenever the Garou is touching railroad tracks, she gains an extra die to all Physical Attributes and can run at double speed without tiring. When on open ground, her abilities return to normal.

Red Talons Gift

- **Dust Squall (Level Three)** – This Gift is largely unknown outside a few bands of desert-dwelling Red Talons. It allows the werewolf to conjure a dust devil to bedevil his prey. It's taught by various spirits of the desert.

System: The player spends a Gnosis point and rolls Charisma + Primal-Urge, (difficulty 6). The dust devil harasses the Garou's opponents for one turn per success. The squall's attentions add two to the difficulty of all dice rolls for the targets, and make it all but impossible to see or communicate during its effects (difficulty 10 for any appropriate rolls).

Stargazers Gifts

- **Threads of the Weaver (Level One)** – This Gift permits the user to sense the threads woven by the Weaver or any of its spirit minions. By concentrating on his surroundings, the werewolf can track Weaver-spirit activity more effectively by following the trail of their webs. It can also be useful for determining where the Storm Eater or its offspring have made their mark. This Gift is taught by a Spider-spirit.

- **System:** The player rolls Perception + Enigmas (difficulty of the local Gauntlet). The Garou gets a brief glimpse into the Penumbra, but can perceive only the webs strung by Weaver-spirits. A successful Wits + Enigmas roll (difficulty 8) allows the werewolf to read the pattern of weaving, determining roughly when the threads were laid, what sort of pattern is developing, and what these changes may signify.

- **Counting Coup (Level Four)** – With a single touch, the Garou can break an opponent's will, compelling him to flee or surrender. This Gift was learned from the native tribes, and is taught by an Uktena or Wendigo Ancestor-spirit.

System: The player makes a normal Dexterity + Brawl (or Melee) roll to touch the opponent, and spends one point of Gnosis upon success. The Gift's effects cause no damage, but if the attack roll successes exceed the target's current pool of Willpower points, the target loses his fighting spirit (even ending any frenzy he may be under). The affected combatant will withdraw from the field or give in to the Gift user, as long as he isn't attacked further by the Gift user or any of the user's allies.

An affected target cannot act against or defy the Gift user's will, not even by spending Willpower points, for the remainder of the scene. Mindless foes are unaffected by the Gift, though creatures of even animal intelligence can be affected.

Uktena Gifts

- **Counting Coup (Level Four)** – As the Stargazer Gift.

- **Eyes of the Thunderbird (Level Five)** – The great Thunderbird was renowned for being able to shoot lightning from his eyes with a glance. This Gift, which he or one of his servants teaches, allows the Garou to do the same.

System: The player rolls Manipulation + Occult (difficulty 7) and spends a Gnosis point. The werewolf may shoot one bolt of lightning per success. Each bolt strikes a single target and does five dice of aggravated damage; no actual roll to hit is necessary. The Gift user may launch all of the lightning bolts in a flurry on the turn she uses this Gift, or she can choose to hold one or more of them back. Releasing a stored thunderbolt is an action.

Lightning fills the eyes of the Garou using this Gift; in order to concentrate on the target, the Garou becomes effectively blind to all else but the opponent. The Garou *must* release each of the lightning bolts in the scene which the Gift is invoked, no matter the target. Failure to do so means when the scene ends, she takes five dice of aggravated damage for each one that isn't discharged as the lightning grounds out through her body.



Wendigo Gifts

• **Dust Storm (Level Two)** – By singing to the spirits of the wind, the Wendigo summons a driving cloud of wind and dust – or ice and snow, or leaves and bark, depending on the locale. This Gift is taught by any Wind-spirit.

System: The player makes a Gnosis roll to summon the dust storm. The difficulty depends on the terrain.

Terrain	Difficulty
Desert	5
Plains	6
Town	7
Mountains	8
Woods	9
City	10

A summoned dust storm blankets an area of up to a mile (1.6 km) radius for two turns per success. Everyone within the storm can barely see or hear anything; all Perception-related dice pools are halved. The storm has appropriate elemental effects on the area, such as befouling machinery, extinguishing small fires, or fanning the flames of large ones.

• **Burning Tumbleweeds (Level Three)** – This strange trick has its origins with one of Coyote's pranks, and is taught by his children. The werewolf conjures spirits of fire into the dry tumbleweeds of the plains, making rolling, flaming bombs to direct against his enemies. This Gift is particularly useful in attacks on settlements, especially mining camps with plenty of flammables and explosives.

System: This Gift requires the presence of tumbleweeds to work (though it can also work in the Penumbra). The player spends a point of Rage and rolls Manipulation + Survival (difficulty 6). One tumbleweed becomes a rolling fireball per success; the Gift also summons a stiff breeze. The wind blows the burning tumbleweeds wherever the Garou chooses.

• **Counting Coup (Level Four)** – As the Stargazer Gift. The Wendigo have all but stopped using this Gift, and at present use it only against Uktena or, under the right circumstances, others of their own tribe.

• **Tornado Rider (Level Five)** – One of the ultimate tricks of the Wendigo, this Gift conjures up a mighty twister for the Garou to ride as though it were a bronco. Thunderbird himself teaches this Gift.

System: The player spends two Gnosis points and rolls Willpower (difficulty 6). The twister begins taking shape on the next turn, and makes landfall two turns after that. The Gift user can choose to ride the tornado without injury. She can suggest a general path for the twister upon invoking the Gift, but cannot control it once it's fully formed.

Once fully formed, the tornado lasts three turns plus one turn per successes. It demolishes most anything it touches, within reason. Any living being caught in the twister takes five Health Levels of lethal damage, or more, before being flung in a random direction (which may further compound their injuries).

Storm-Eater Gifts

These powerful Gifts are peculiar to the Savage West, and are taught by the spirits of Weaver and Wyld in constant struggle with the Storm Eater – or in its service. They pass from use when the age of the Storm Umbra ends, though like many things of the Umbra, they might not be lost forever.

Galliard Storm-Eater Gift

• **Song of the Storm (Level Five)** – The Galliard draws on the energy of the Storm Umbra, singing forth Wyld energy to work dramatic change on his environment or targets within it. This Gift is taught by any powerful Wyld-spirit.

System: The player spends two Gnosis points and rolls Wits + Expression (difficulty of the local Gauntlet). One success is enough to begin the process of change; more successes increase the extent of the change and the precision in adhering to the Galliard's will. The Galliard can choose a general desire for the changes wrought, but the specifics are completely beyond her control. For example, a Galliard attempts to derail a train coming through town to get at its shipment of silver bullets. One success might transform the train's coal reserve into chunks of ice, ensuring the train can't continue but not immediately bringing it to a halt. Five successes might cause the ground beneath the tracks to become a colossal living spider, hurling the train from its back and attacking the guards aboard.


While the effects of this Gift are entirely at the Storyteller's discretion, remember that it is a Level Five Gift, and should work in the Gift user's favor. The Galliard's player should rightly anticipate just how random the Gift's outcomes may be, but shouldn't feel discouraged from using such a hard-won prize.

Black Fury Storm-Eater Gift

• **Wyldstorm (Level Five)** – The Black Fury with this Gift can pull a portion of the Storm Umbra across the Gauntlet, unleashing a spiritual tempest. The resulting storm is brief but unrelentingly strong, tearing apart almost anything in the material world.

System: The Garou must be in the Penumbra to use this Gift. The player rolls Manipulation + Enigmas, difficulty of the area's Gauntlet, and spends one Rage and one Willpower. Success summons a storm that manifests in a form of the Storyteller's choosing, though the Wyldstorm is unmistakably anything but natural – it may have red lightning blazing from





black clouds, icy shards falling in the desert, or winds full of writhing centipedes. The number of successes affect the Wyldstorm's length and severity: one success will conjure a storm that lasts for about a minute and can tear apart a small mining camp, while six or more successes brings down the equivalent of a hurricane that may last for hours, even until sunrise.

Iron Rider Storm-Eater Gift

• **Quell the Storm (Level Five)** — Where Galliards shape the Storm Umbra, and the Furies unleash it, the Iron Riders can attempt to impose order upon it. This Gift can calm Umbral storms, using the power of the Weaver to bind their Wyld energy.

System: The player spends two Gnosis and rolls Gnosis, (difficulty 8). The number of successes determines the Gift's effects; one success can slow a strong Umbral wind down or banish an Umbral breeze, while five successes can convert a full-blown Umbral storm into dead calm.

The werewolf can also use this Gift to target Wyld-spirits. The roll goes against a difficulty of the spirit's Gnosis, and the spirit loses five Essence per success. The werewolf cannot use this Gift more than once against the same storm or spirit.

Rites

Rites are more easily lost and forgotten than Gifts; a spirit will remember the tricks it's taught to the Garou before, but it takes ritemasters to pass a rite on. Powerful ritualists can forge new rites as well, if they can compel the spirits to agree to new pacts. The following rites were more common to the Savage West era, but have fallen into disuse for various reasons by the modern day.

The Trodden Track (Caern)

Level Three

The history of a caern is written in its heart. The Trodden Track draws on the spirits to manifest visible and audible echoes of the caern's past. The images of past glories and the sacrifices of those who defended the caern inspire the participants, strengthening their spiritual bond with the sacred site. Only a Garou who knows the caern and its history intimately can perform this rite, which is why the rite was lost to European tribes who took over native caerns.

The rite begins with a map drawn of the caern and its surroundings as they appeared when it was first consecrated. The ritemaster places the map in the center of the caern and burns it, symbolizing the passage of time. As the map turns to ash, the other participating Garou growl deep in their throats, a grinding chorus for the ritemaster's litany. The ritemaster recites the history of the caern and its greatest moments,

the sonorous speech melding with the growls to disorient listeners, making them more open to the visions of the past. The key visions — always high points in the caern's history, those that would inspire joy and pride — appear hazily around the participants, like reflections in a murky pool. As the rite concludes, those present feel a surge of resolve, and can feel their ancestors watching over them.

System: The Trodden Track requires an Intelligence + Rituals roll, (difficulty of 8); each dot of Ancestors the ritemaster possesses reduces the difficulty by 1. Participants in a successful rite gain an extra dot of Ancestors until the end of the current moon. This bonus applies even to those with a restricted Background for their tribe; the rite calls on ancestral protectors of the caern instead of their own ancestors. Success also reduces the difficulty by one of the next caern rite performed at the caern.

Rites of the Frontier

Rites of the Frontier are not a formal classification. Rather, these are a loose group of rites brought over by settlers to make the Savage Frontier a little more like their homelands. Not all ritemasters of the European tribes know these rites — they're notable in that they say something about the personality of the Garou who learn and use them.

System: These rites use a Charisma + Rituals roll, frequently against a difficulty of 9 (given that the land often resists such use).

Rite of New Territory

Level One

Disputes over territory boundaries are sadly common in the Savage West. This rite was created to resolve those disputes in a manner other than outright bloodshed. The Rite of New Territory regulates and ritualizes a given faction's claim to a territory for their tribe, sept, or Kin. It isn't used to determine the ownership of caerns or similarly important sites — no Garou would give up such a claim so easily — but it does allow a given faction's Kin first pickings of a settlement's choicer lands, for instance.

The Rite of New Territory is basically a non-lethal duel; the spirits are asked to serve as witnesses, and nothing else. As the rite is usually enacted to determine Kinfolk privileges, it is performed in Homid form and in full view of those Kin so affected. Each of the competing parties (packs, tribes, or septs) chooses a representative. The two representatives circle each other as the Garou witnesses speak to the spirits and state the stakes. The champions then exchange bare-knuckle blows, and the first to fall must lead his group and his Kin elsewhere. Of course, even with the human witnesses present to encourage a fair display, sometimes the participants lose



control of their Rage. However, by and large, the Rite of New Territory has saved more lives than it's ended.

System: The participants determine initiative as usual, though some are confident enough to let their opponents take the first swing. Each participant in turn rolls a normal Dexterity + Brawl attack for offense; the defender rolls Stamina + Brawl to resist (starting difficulty of 6). If the defender fails or botches the roll, he falls to the ground and the contest ends. The attention of the spirits deepens with each turn, and for every turn that passes without a victor, the difficulty to resist the blows is raised by one. Shifting out of Homid form, or falling into frenzy, is an automatic forfeit.

Rite of the Homeland

Level Two

This rite, practiced almost exclusively by the newcomer tribes, draws a spiritual tie between the ritemaster's homeland to the land in which she now lives. The Garou enacting the rite uses some natural item from her previous home as a focus — a seed, a stone, a handful of dirt or the like. Any other participants in the rite must be of the same tribe as the ritemaster. They stand in a circle, nose to tail, while the ritemaster begins the ceremony.

The ritemaster buries the token in the center of the circle, and the other participants then dance and howl about the site for some hours. If the rite takes hold properly, then over the length of a few days the encircled area changes subtly to resemble a small plot of land in the ritemaster's old home. An oak resembling those of the Black Forest might sprout; a mountain slope might grow a small covering of edelweiss; rocks may push their way out of the soil to resemble a Mediterranean hill. The affected area is just a bit more out of touch spiritually with its surroundings, unfortunately, but many Garou consider the connection worth the cost.

System: The area affected cannot exceed the area enclosed by the circle of participants. Within the affected area, the Gauntlet increases by 1.

Rites of the Pure Ones

This is also not a formal classification of rites. These are examples of rites known mainly or entirely by the Uktena and Wendigo. In most ways, they resemble other rites known to all Garou, though they are often a little more on the elaborate side.

System: These meticulous rites require a Manipulation + Rituals roll, (difficulty 7). The complexity of a rite is usually a matter of particular tradition, not a matter of grave danger. That said, it's certain the old rites that bound the Banes under the land long ago shared this intricacy; better safe than sorry.

Seam Between Worlds

Level One

This rite was devised as a reaction to the oncoming wave of colonization. It is used to inspire the native Garou to resist their invaders, and to attempt to warn the Europeans of the dishonor and danger of their actions. The rite must be enacted within sight of an actual disputed boundary. The ritemaster takes a branch from the oldest tree in the bawn of the caern and wraps it in copper wire. She then uses this talisman to draw a line in the dirt paralleling the frontier. All participants step sideways, where they behold a vision of the oncoming conflict. The encroaching frontier resembles a wall of roiling storm clouds, eating away at the virgin Penumbra and leaving behind a gnawed, hollow parody of itself, full of the Weaver's webs. The vision of the wall slowly pushes forward as the participants watch. Any Garou who lets the phantom wall wash over himself is unharmed, but he does notice something off about himself — like a healthy shine now coated with an oily film.

System: The ritemaster makes a standard roll; all participants must successfully cross the Gauntlet. Pure Ones participating in the rite have their Rage replenished at its completion. Members of other tribes gain no tangible benefit and suffer no tangible disadvantage; it depends on the individual whether they feel disgusted shame, sorrowful necessity, or unwholesome pride in the spirit of progress.

Facing the Final Journey

Level Two

When a werewolf can sense that his death is at hand, he may call for this rite. It reconciles him to his fate, calming his fears and steeling his resolve. The rite's master and recipient work together to build a small hut from baked clay, with a deep fire pit at its center. When the hut is completed, they enter together and a volunteer seals the entrance with more clay. They light a fire in the fire pit, and the recipient stands straddling the flames. With a howl of mourning, the ritemaster presents the recipient with a prepared draught of rattlesnake venom, peyote, and spiritual Essence. The drink induces trance in the recipient, who spends the rest of the ritual's long hours standing over the fire and slipping in and out of the Periphery. Each element of the rite stresses a different connection — the fire is his Rage, the smoky air the breath of Gaia and the potion her spirit. The ritemaster intones as the rite progresses. She recounts the story of the recipient's life, speaking of past achievements and the great duty he has served. The rite does not speak directly of the recipient's death, but rather emphasizes the worthiness of his life and the honor in duty fulfilled. At the end of the rite, the subject breaks out of the hut, shattering the clay in symbolic rebirth.



System: The ritemaster makes a roll as standard. Each success grants the recipient a point in each of Willpower, Rage or Gnosis. A botch indicates that the ritemaster has unwittingly called up painful memories and old wounds; the subject loses a temporary Willpower point for each 1 on the roll.

Totems of the West

Thunderbird:

Totem of Respect

Background Cost: 6

Thunderbird is the spirit of the uncorrupted storm. He is a spirit given to fury, but also an honored protector. He's closest to the Wendigo, and is said to have ties to the Pumonca, but some Shadow Lords have managed to gain his respect.

Traits: Thunderbird's packs gain a dot of Intimidation and a dot of Survival. They can call on an extra five points of Willpower per story. The Pumonca and Wendigo both respect Thunderbird, and will extend a portion of that respect to his packs. In the most desperate emergencies, Thunderbird may strike a foe of the pack with lightning. He dislikes having to go to such lengths for his children, however, and always demands repayment in the form of some quest.

Ban: Thunderbird looks down on cowards. His children are forbidden to flee from any fight where they aren't clearly outmatched. Thunderbird may also ask his packs to take the

fight to enemies of Gaia and the land, charging them with the extermination of local mockeries, Banes, vampires or children of the Storm Eater.

Rattlesnake:

Totem of Wisdom

Background Cost: 8

Rattlesnake is a compassionate totem, but he has the capacity for great wrath. Once someone has offended him, Rattlesnake's fury lasts a good long while. Despite his fearsome anger, though, Rattlesnake teaches caution and contemplation. His packs are encouraged to consider situations before acting, to give fair warning if someone is about to cross them, and to leave any enemies too stupid to back down lying in the dust.

Traits: Rattlesnake teaches his children the Gift: Pulse of the Invisible. He also grants them access to ancient memories not their own; the pack gains the mechanical equivalent of Ancestors 3. They may also entrance listeners by singing or howling (Manipulation + Performance, difficulty 8); success raises the difficulty of initiative and Perception rolls by 1 for the remainder of the scene, to a maximum of +3 difficulty. Uktena and Wendigo recognize and honor Rattlesnake and his packs.

Ban: Rattlesnake asks that his followers spare any serpents that cross their path. He also rejects any children who take up arms against the Pure Ones.







CHAPTER FOUR: ANTAGONISTS



Many of the Garou's enemies are timeless. Others are products of their era, blown into being by the animistic zeitgeist and scattered when the age passes. A good **Werewolf: The Wild West** chronicle makes use of both. The Banes, Black Spiral Dancers, fomori, and mortals that serve well in a modern chronicle can serve well here; but so too can the following packs of varmints and villains.

Desert Winds

Desert Winds are spirit incarnations of their namesake, Gaian with a touch of the Wyld. They aren't by nature friends to the Garou — or to anybody, really. They're quick-tempered things, appearing as a turbulent swirl in the air, sometimes tinged with soot and coal dust in areas of industrial settlement. They're reputed to know a hell of a lot about the patch of desert they inhabit, right down to knowing each and every person who's come through. Garou try to take advantage of that recall and with the proper respect and chiminage, a Desert Wind might share its knowledge of trails that it swept clean a long time ago.

The Desert Winds are frequently prey to the Storm Eater's forces, and some even become its minions. A corrupt Desert Wind has a more roiling appearance, with bits of bone and cobweb whirling about in it.

Willpower 7, Rage 6, Gnosis 8, Essence 21-80

Charms: Airt Sense, Cleanse the Blight*, Create Wind, Disorient*, Re-form, Updraft

*For Desert Winds corrupted by the Storm Eater, replace Cleanse the Blight and Disorient with Blighted Touch and Incite Frenzy.

The Howler

A gruesome and powerful spirit of vengeance, the Howler has tenuously served the Pure Tribes for many years, under many guises. They call on the Howler to avenge outrages in terrible fashion, in ways that would stain the Honor of a Garou. Various accounts describe it as a bear, a gigantic eagle, a hairy man with the head of an antlered wolf, a cloud in human shape, or a writhing mass of rattlesnakes. It's never conjured as a spirit of outright war — rather, it's a hunter. Its purpose is to ensure its victim knows true fear before the Howler tears him apart.

The Howler meticulously stalks its prey over the course of three nights. The first night, the target hears a faint, distant howl, no more than a lonely wind. The second night, he hears the howl much closer, as if it were just over the next rise or on the outskirts of town. The third night, the howl thunders



out of nowhere and wraps around the victim, as if the beast were standing just out of arm's reach. This final howl is the signal that the Howler will attack within the hour.

Though the Howler can be stopped or denied its prey, no rites or powers seem to be able to bind it or destroy it permanently. If its materialized form is destroyed in the physical world, the Howler disappears deep into the Umbra, where it waits for a full cycle of the moon before returning to hunt its prey once more. It's said that a few potent Uktena and Wendigo Theurges know the secret of calling off the Howler or redirecting it against new prey – but if true, it's a sure thing there's no way they'd tell any of the other tribes such a secret.

Willpower 8, Rage 10, Gnosis 5, Essence 60

Charms: Disorient, Forest Sense, Materialize, Re-Form (special), Shapeshift

Storm-Born

The weirdness of the Savage West manifests in the Storm-Born, the peculiar half-spirit children of the Storm Umbra. They have no real home in the material world, nor any in the Umbra, and on some instinctual level they all know it. A Storm-Born is resentful and frequently violent, with a temper like a twister. Because they're not quite like anything that came before, the Garou find it hard to recognize them for what they are. They're bogeymen of the frontier, things out of tall tales with a darker aspect.

The Storm-Born are said to have perished at the conclusion of the Rite of Still Skies. When the Storm Umbra quieted again, the theory goes, they had trouble adapting to the new environment and slowly died out. Some Theurges think it can't have been as easy as that, though, and suspect the Storm-Born are still present even into the age of Apocalypse.

Mechanically, the Storm-Born may be built as fomori. Use the mechanics for fomori powers, and change the in-character descriptions to suit your purposes. For example, Cancerous Carapace usually resembles a diseased malformation, but the same mechanics could represent a Storm-Born whose skin erupts with obsidian shards. Like fomori, not all are of human stock to begin with; some are hybrids of animal and spirit. Human-like Storm-Born may also have wildly different Attributes and Abilities despite a common ancestor or set of abilities.

Storm-Born share the following traits:

- All Storm-Born, even those of human stock, are immune to the Delirium.
- Except in a rare few cases, Storm-Born do not smell of Wyrmtaint.
- Storm-Born have the equivalent of five dots in the Spirit Heritage Background.
- Storm-Born have Gnosis, and can use it to enter or exit the Penumbra. They do not require a reflective surface.

- Every Storm-Born has at least one ban, inherited from its spirit half. They must obey the strictures of this ban, or else they'll suffer some sort of grave penalty. It's most common for a Storm-Born who violates its ban to sicken (-2 to all dice pools), weaken (Physical Attributes are halved), or even die.

Devil Coyotes

The great spirit Coyote had a reputation for copulating with just about anybody he could, be it human, beast, bird, or fish. Devil Coyotes would seem to have been the products of a more outrageous pairing. Shapeshifters in their own right, they run in packs of tricksters who can turn deadly on a whim.

Attributes: Strength 3 (5*), Dexterity 6, Stamina 3, Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 5

Abilities: Alertness 3, Brawl 2, Stealth 5

Powers: Gaseous Form (dust devil), Shapeshift (as the Charm), Size Shift x2, Venomous Bite

Gnosis 4, Willpower 5

Attacks: Bite 8 dice, plus 5 (7*) aggravated damage from venom

Health Levels: OK*, OK, *OK, OK, -1, -2, -5, Incapacitated
*When Size Shifted

Image: In its natural form, a Devil Coyote is about the same size as a healthy coyote, but its eyes are strange colors (most often purple, green, or blue) and its cry sounds like an unsettling, coughing laugh. Its teeth are black, and when excited its jaws drip a bluish froth.

Background: Like other Storm-Born, Devil Coyotes are new to the world. They're notably successful creatures, given that they've managed to breed more of themselves. A Devil Coyote can take the form of any physical object or animal, or even turn into a dust devil. In conjunction with its Size Shift power, it can even disguise itself as a human or a small horse.

Storytelling Notes: Devil Coyotes aren't specifically malicious, but they have a kind of cruelty that comes from not understanding that other creatures feel pain. They may harass targets for the fun of it, only to turn vicious once one of them is threatened. They have human intelligence, but if they understand language, they don't let on.

A Devil Coyote's ban usually has to do with some sort of forbidden hedonistic delight. They might fall asleep upon tasting honey, flee the sight of a mortal coyote in heat, or turn on one another when they hear a young girl sing.

Waking Sleepwalker

They wander constantly, day and night, never fully aware of their surroundings. Unable to tell what's real and what's unreal, they react to everything as if it were part of an ongoing dream or nightmare. Some might mistake them for lunatics





or prophets, but the Waking Sleepwalkers aren't just lost in their visions — they can draw others into them, too. Somehow born of both flesh and the dreamstuff of Epiphings, they redefine lucid dreaming wherever they walk.

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 6, Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 5, Charisma 3, Manipulation 5, Appearance 2

Abilities: Alertness 3, Athletics 2, Brawl 4 (Tendrils), Crafts 1, Enigmas 3, Expression 3, Firearms 1, Intimidation 3, Medicine 1, Stealth 2, Survival 4

Powers: Animal Control, Cause Insanity, Echoes of Wrath, Ectoplasmic Extrusion, Homogeneity Gnosis 9, Willpower 4

Attacks: Tendril (8 dice, 6 damage)

Image: They look like ordinary folks, although clearly tired and not all there. They shuffle a bit when they walk, and never focus their eyes. But if you look deep into their pupils, you see a kaleidoscopic dreamscape unfolding down in the dark. When a Sleepwalker's agitated into defending herself,

translucent tendrils uncoil from her spine and lash out at enemies, almost independently of her own mind.

Background: Waking Sleepwalkers are a breed of Storm-Born tied to the spirits of dream. Their senses are permanently attuned to the Periphery, making them at once remarkably capable at picking out the slightest change in their surroundings, but also handicapped when it comes to determining whether that change is real, spiritual, or imagined. They are generally aware that they're dreaming, which makes their capacity for lucid dreaming all the more dangerous. A Sleepwalker can alter the perceptions of others, twisting them around. They can also defend themselves physically, with phantom limbs drawn from the stuff of nightmares.

Storytelling Notes: A Waking Sleepwalker is a truly unpredictable sort of Storm-Born. They're often antagonistic, perceiving many of the humans they meet — and all of the Garou — as nightmares that have to be destroyed. A potent Sleepwalker can empty an entire town without ever realizing that he was dealing with living human beings, but some may be less wrathful and more curious. They might even serve as





dream-oracles for a pack that figures out a way to approach them safely. A Sleepwalker might be alone, or more rarely, there may be a small band of them, linked together by a shared presence in the Periphery.

Feel free to alter their Traits and Powers as much as you see fit. They're a diverse lot, and their strange knack for lucid dreaming can produce almost any effect the subconscious can stir up.

Wyldlings

The spirits of the Wyld play a more prominent role in the Savage West than they do in the average twenty-first century chronicle. They are stronger and more numerous across the land, but at the same time they're also preyed upon by the Storm Eater and its ilk. Most septs have recent and immediate experience with Wyldlings, both as something they've fought to preserve, and as a source of trouble they've had to deal with.

Cyclones

Wyld Cyclones are an offshoot breed of Vortices, only stronger and more common in the Savage West. They appear as howling, twisting pools of ever-shifting energy and matter. Though they spend most of their time in the Deep Umbra, a Wyld Cyclone sometimes touches down in places where the Storm Eater or its spawn are causing a ruckus. Like their Vortex cousins, these spirits inflict unsoakable aggravated damage.

Willpower 8, Rage 10, Gnosis 10, Essence 60-120

Charms: Airt Sense, Break Reality, Cleanse the Blight, Disorient, Materialize, Realm Sense, Re-form, Shapeshift, Umbraquake

Weaver Spirits

There aren't many Weaver-spirits in the Savage West, though that's changing as the Industrial Revolution continues to make its presence felt. Of the Weaver-spirits found in the **Werewolf** core book, only Pattern Spiders and Hunter Spiders are commonly seen (and the latter's weaponry reaches up only to the early twentieth century in form). The appearance of a Structural Geomid is a remarkable event, signifying a major offensive on the Weaver's part. Corrupted Chaos Monitors are thankfully rare, but some of the worst shock troopers in the Storm Eater's horde. Atomic spirits and Stasis Vectors are effectively undiscovered.

Wire Hoppers

These peculiar multi-legged Gafflings are a recent arrival to the Weaver's ranks. They cling exclusively to the wires of telegraph poles, racing back and forth to carry information relevant to the Weaver's growth. They make useful tools for

Iron Rider shamans, who interrogate Wire Hoppers to discover information transmitted across the telegraph, or coerce them to act as messengers for the tribe.

Willpower 2, Rage 1, Gnosis 3, Essence 6

Charms: Airt Sense, Solidify Reality

Wyrmspawn

Mockeries

The Fianna called them "fomori," but in the Pure Lands, they were mostly known as mockeries. The native people weren't any more innately virtuous than the Europeans, whatever the Uktena and Wendigo might have said, but their nations rarely had the kind of population density where mockeries could hide their natures on a regular basis. The mockeries were usually men or women already on the fringe, who became lonely dangers of the wild. Now with the settlements going in earnest, the mockeries have room for a population explosion.

Skin Walkers

The Skin Walkers are a specialized breed of mockery. Before their possession, they were shamans and mystics among the local peoples. Their anger at their mistreatment opened them up to Bane possession, and they began to haunt the nights outside both native and newcomer settlements.

The Skin Walkers' main purpose is to make more like them, using their Wurm-fetishes to infect new victims with possessing Banes. Their victims suffer lapses in memory, becoming more and more frequent, covering up murderous fugue states.

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Intimidation 3, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Animal Ken 4, Firearms 4, Stealth 3, Survival 4

Knowledges: Enigmas 3, Investigation 3, Linguistics, Medicine 2, Occult 4

Backgrounds: Resources 1

Powers: Corruption (as the Bane Charm), Eyes of the Wurm, Stone Seed*

Willpower 7

Image: The Skin Walkers resemble Native Americans of unearthly pallor, with very dark eyes that flash a deep red in dim light or darkness. Their sweat is oily, and their hands and mouths are usually stained with blood. They have wicked smiles, and never speak.

• **Stone Seed:** This fomori power allows a Skin Walker to bind a possessing Bane into a small stone and deliver it at range,



usually by means of a blowgun. The mockery must successfully hit his victim with a Firearms + Dexterity roll (difficulty 6) and spend a Willpower point. The victim doesn't feel anything more painful than a mosquito bite, and might not even realize she's been attacked. The stone dissolves, and the Bane within (usually a Debaucher; see above) may immediately make a Gnosis roll to begin possession.

Texas Tarantulas

The innocuous name "Texas Tarantulas" sardonically falls short of the truth. These enormous spider-mockeries can range from three to seven feet from the ground to the top of their cephalothorax. Their name comes from Texas-sized boasting, not actual taxonomy — they've been spotted in all number of territories, although they were first sighted around Nacogdoches a few weeks after the first appearance of the Storm Eater itself.

Texas Tarantulas are ravenous; worse, they're social, and can run in packs. The following statistics depict one of the smaller brutes, about three feet in height and five in length.

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3, Charisma 1, Manipulation 0, Appearance 0, Perception 4, Intelligence 1, Wits 2

Abilities: Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Stealth 3, Survival 2

Powers: Armored Skin, Claws and Fangs, Extra Limbs, Paralytic Bite*

Willpower: 5

Health Levels: OK, OK, OK, OK, -1, -1, -1, -2, -2, -5, Incapacitated

Image: Texas Tarantulas resemble arachnids only in the most general way. Their exoskeleton is almost crablike, and they may have anywhere from eight to 30 small eyes scattered asymmetrically around their head. Their long legs end in ugly claws. Despite their size, they manage to blend into the surrounding terrain by means of changing the color of their carapace.

• **Paralytic Bite:** On a successful bite attack, the Tarantula may inject the victim with venom. A living victim so affected must succeed on a Stamina roll (difficulty 7) or suffer paralysis. Paralyzed victims have full command of their senses, but no ability to react to stimuli. Garou in Crinos or Hispo form have the mass and healing ability to resist more effectively. They require two successful injections (with attendant failed Stamina rolls) of venom before they succumb to the paralysis. One successful paralytic bite is enough to halve such a Garou's Dexterity for the duration of the scene — or until another successful bite.





Black Spiral Dancers

The slur “Wyrncomers” is accurate without question as regards one tribe. The Black Spiral Dancers came to the frontier as the other European tribes did—following opportunity. Their first wayfinders came out in the sixteenth century, traveling with conquistadors and feeding on the conflicts that broke out. Now there’s cover for them to move in larger numbers. Some Spiral packs bring their Kin with them; others simply plan to take new Kin at the territory of their choosing.

For the most part the Dancers lie pretty low out in the Savage West. They don’t have the same advantage of numbers they’ll possess a century later, they don’t have much by way of support networks, and they don’t have the same confidence of an imminent Apocalypse. The Storm Eater and its minions are just about as hostile to the fallen tribe as they are to the other Garou, and of course there aren’t quite as many Banes out West... yet. It isn’t the time to unleash the howling berserkers chained up in the depths of the Hive. No, just as with the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon, the more subtle corruptors are the ones who prosper out West.

Most Gaian septs hear little of the Dancers’ work, drowned out as it often is by the thunder of the Storm Umbra. Advance scouts go slipping into towns to find the cruellest men and women out to exploit the land and people for all they’re worth. They leave temptation in the way of the proudest settlers, and whisper to the most desperate of the Uktena and Wendigo. They slowly gather their numbers and wait for opportunities to open. In a few of the more out-of-the-way places, where it’s too far for any stragglers to make it to the next town for help, wagon trains and camps and even tiny towns are overcome to the last. “Indian attacks” and “cavalry actions” take the blame for something even worse.

Banes

Most of the Banes listed in the **Werewolf** core book might appear in the Savage West—consider the Oolarath howling across a bleak desert Umbrascape, or the Gray Masses infecting a silver mine. In addition, several breeds of Bane exemplify the corruption gathering in the Storm Umbra. The hybrid Wyrn/Weaver spirit minions of the Storm Eater fall under this category.

Debauchers

Debauchers are a breed of Bane that is particularly prone to possessing mortals and driving them to act on sadistic urges. They formerly contented themselves with preying on hunters and warriors from the local tribes, but now they have a whole new suite of prey. In their natural form, Debauchers look like

bloody skulls hung about with horns and feathers. They form symbiotic relationships with Skin Walker mockeries (see above).

Willpower 7, Rage 8, Gnosis 8, Essence 23 (+10 per person killed by a host)

Charms: Airt Sense, Materialize, Possession

Mind Eaters

These corrupted Weaver-spirits are far more intimidating in the Umbra than in the physical world. They resemble horse-sized arachnids with blackened hides and seeping wounds, but when Materialized a Mind Eater’s physical form is no bigger than a tick. The Uktena theorize that a single Mind Eater might actually break up into a swarm when manifesting, but it’d still have to lose a lot of mass in the process—if there were thousands or millions of manifested Banes in one place, it’d be unmistakable.

The Mind Eaters have a particular taste for xenophobia, and are drawn to conflicts against “savages,” “common enemies,” “invaders,” and so forth. Their influence creeps into towns and camps where one faction is stirred up against the next, be it external neighbors or just a not-so-beloved social class within the settlement. They whisper thoughts of fury and vengeance, whipping up their targets against the “unrighteous.” Once a host is properly prepared, the Mind Eater burrows right into the skull. Any lynch mob led by Mind Eater-ridden mockeries gets a whole lot more dangerous.

Willpower 5, Rage 5, Gnosis 5, Power 35

Charms: Airt Sense, Incite Frenzy, Materialize (1 Strength, 3 Dexterity, 1 Stamina), Possession*

*A Mind Eater’s possession is not necessarily permanent; the Bane can leave or be driven out instead of fusing permanently with its host. The host body gains +2 Strength and +2 Stamina, as well as 3 Rage points (as a less powerful version of the fomori power: Berserker) for as long as the Mind Eater remains entrenched. After two days of continuous control, the Mind Eater melds with its host permanently and becomes a mockery.

Night Hunters

They are the stuff of nightmares, ancient Banes recently released back into the world. Each one is found only in the material world, permanently bound into a small fetish that possesses its owner. Sometimes they splinter to hunt on their own; sometimes they ride as a group. And Garou are their favored prey.

The Night Hunters began their existence as spirits of powerful, ravenous greed. Each one was bound into a small stone carving long ago. Each talisman is different in shape and bears a different complicated glyph, but they all are pierced to be worn on leather thongs. People who have a powerful bent



towards greed see the stones differently: as precious jewels or purest gold. The Night Hunter calls out to the avaricious, singing a subconscious song of wealth and prosperity beyond imagining. The talismans have been the stakes in deadly poker games, the objects of knife fights and pistol duels, the spark that touches off lynch mobs and riots. Once the dust settles and the bodies cool, the person left standing and in possession of a talisman becomes the new host for the Night Hunter.

During the day, the host seems perfectly ordinary. At night, though, the Bane takes control. Once the sun sets, the Night Hunter comes into its supernatural abilities. They use Moon Bridges to join together and hunt as a group, seeking out Garou for their revenge. Anyone unfortunate enough to see the Night Hunters riding in the dark, Garou or not, isn't likely to live to tell about it.

The Night Hunters carry firearms to help them in their trade, from small derringers to cavalry rifles. They ride tireless Bane "horses" that manifest after sundown. At present four of these terrible Wyrmspawn have surfaced; if the Uktena stories are correct, there are nine more waiting for their chance to break loose and bring hell with them.

Night Hunter (Possessed)

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 4, Dodge 4, Intimidation 4

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Firearms 4, Leadership 3, Melee 4, Ride 4, Stealth 3, Survival 5

Knowledges: Enigmas 3, Investigation 4, Law 4, Linguistics 3 (Spanish, French, German, at least one Native American), Medicine 3, Occult 4

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Ancestors 5

Gifts/Powers: All Night Hunters have Immunity to the Delirium, Eyes of the Wurm and Ghost Walk (see below). They imbue their weapons with supernatural power; a bullet from a Night Hunter's gun does aggravated damage.

Gnosis 8, Willpower 9

Health Levels: OK, OK, OK, OK, -1, -1, -2, -2, -5, Incapacitated

Image: The Night Hunters look like ordinary people, dressed much as you'd expect for the region, save that their faces remain shrouded in perpetual darkness. A pair of green eyes shining balefully from the dark hints at their malevolent intelligence.

Roleplaying Hints: The prey's out there somewhere. Rasp out questions as best you can, particularly about any "Indian raids" or "cavalry actions" that left people dead. Don't bother imitating mortal humor — don't smile, don't laugh. Pay your respects to the Storm Eater and its kin, for they've freed you.

Find the Garou, pin them down, and spend all the millennia of vengeance you owe them.

• **Ghost Walk:** The Night Hunter may spend a Willpower point and make a Gnosis roll (difficulty 5) to turn insubstantial for two turns per success, or until it decides to end the effect. When Ghost Walking, the creature can pass through solid objects and is immune to physical damage. The Night Hunter cannot attack while insubstantial. If riding a manifested steed, the Night Hunter can pass along the effects of the Ghost Walk to its mount.

Night Hunter (Bane)

Willpower 9, Rage 8, Gnosis 8, Essence 50

Charms: Airt Sense, Healing, Materialize, Open Moon Bridge, Possession, Re-form, Shapeshift

Night Hunter (Steed)

Willpower 6, Rage 7, Gnosis 6, Essence 20

Charms: Airt Sense, Materialize, Open Moon Bridge, Re-form, Shapeshift

Wurm-Winds

Wurm-Winds are corrupted air elementals and wind-spirits, resembling powerful dust devils when materialized. They are usually heralded by huge dust or sand storms when they come whirling into the physical world. Their Umbral form is more like a thunderhead shaped like a crumbling skull. These children of the Storm Eater are particularly dire given their penchant for creating Blights where they touch down for a while.

Willpower 8, Rage 10, Gnosis 4, Essence 22-55

Charms: Airt Sense, Blighted Touch, Corruption, Create Wind, Materialize, Re-form, Updraft

The Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon

Humans are by nature joiners. The nineteenth century is littered with fraternal orders, many of which claim some form of esoteric enlightenment or another for those whom the brethren accept, and swear to keep the order's secrets. The social advantages of these orders are quite the selling point: join up and you now have a pledge of brotherhood with other well-connected folk of like mindset, offering both clout and prestige. But those pledges lead to deep trouble when the like mindset in question is the manifold corruption of the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon. Like other secret societies of the time, it proclaims to work for the betterment of all its brothers (and some sisters; it's a forward-looking



movement in some chapters). The dangerous truth, however, is that its members swear themselves to the greater glory of the Wyrms itself.


The *Societas Erudita Lunae Lacrimandi* is a secular organization with mystic overtones. Their rituals pay a misguided form of homage to Luna, who manifests in the organization's mythology as an aloof and unforgiving goddess. The Prophecy of the Weeping Moon states that when the time is right, and her way has been prepared by her followers, Luna herself will descend to Earth and wash away the flawed aspects of creation with her silvery tears.

This perversion of Luna worship to the ends of Wyrms and Apocalypse is anathema to the Garou creed. But the Enlightened Society is careful about preserving their secrets. They move with exceeding subtlety, seeming to be an entirely benevolent organization from the outside. Why, in some towns all the upstanding citizens are part of the Society: folk on the town council, bankers, selfless workers at the telegraph and mail offices, railway barons and traders. They maintain few public chapter houses, and those that are public are

well-protected by the members' influence and contacts. Even their blasphemous rituals frequently go undiscovered in part, because the Society favors the same nights that the Garou do for their lunar worship.

The Society's Goals

The Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon proclaims a philosophy of progress. Mysticism is the path to enlightenment, and enlightenment shows the way to guide the world to a brighter future. This creed gathers them popularity as progress sweeps ever westward. It's still rare to find a town or city that has fallen largely under the Society's sway, but that's largely by design. The Society always starts small and subtle, and encourages its regional leaders to solidify their power in one town before expanding to the next. They prefer a carrot-and-stick approach to winning people over; the carrot is the influence, power and pleasures available to members, while the stick is blackmail garnered by their clever occult means.



The fully initiated learn that the “true goal” of the Society is to raise up humanity. Supernatural monsters are everywhere, passing as humans and preying on them to boot. The Weeping Moons aim to use their occult prowess to cast down those monsters and return humanity to the true mastery of the earth.

But it’s a lie. In fact, the final revelation of the Weeping Moon was crafted by none other than Pseulak, the Urge-Wyrm of Lies, and the Society’s mystical powers are granted by Pseulak and the Defiler Wyrm itself. Even the most altruistic of members has been ensnared by the Wyrm, and does its bidding in the name of progress.

Common Themes

- **Subtlety.** The Society is playing a long game, one that requires a clear façade of utter respectability. They are the very opposite of the brutal, savage horror of a Black Spiral Dancer massacre or the unmistakable danger of an Umbral storm. It takes cunning to beat them at their own game.

- **Intelligence.** Weeping Moons are aware they’re not as strong and hardy as many of their enemies. They manipulate events so that they’re always engaging enemies on their own terms. They strike through untraceable assassins or complicated legal tactics. They lobby to have all the local powers on their side. They don’t always think of *everything*, to be sure — but they didn’t get where they are by not covering their asses.

- **Ritual.** There’s a certain sort of *tradition* to ritual. It’s a rational, respectable way of going about things. Even those cornfield orgies gain a sense of propriety if they’re performed with the appropriate incantations and numbers and arrangements. Proper Weeping Moons may seem rightfully eccentric, with their queer old books or odd taxidermies or unusual collections, but their eccentricities should come across as the result of a strangely ordered mind rather than the product of chaos.

- **Respectability.** The Weeping Moons are creatures of high society. They fight on battlegrounds such as private clubs, grand balls, and smoke-filled back rooms. Tearing them apart would throw the whole town into chaos, and not in a favorable way. A pack’s Allies, Contacts, and Kinfolk are invaluable in the fight against the Enlightened Society — in fact, they’re damn near necessary just to break even.

- **Sincerity.** The members of the Society run the gamut from petty to megalomaniacal, but the thing is that they do believe they’re working towards progress. Unlike the more nihilistic servants of the Wyrm, the Weeping Moons aim for a new era of glory and prosperity. They may be self-sacrificing fanatics for a cause, but they’re erudite fanatics whose cause sounds honestly attractive to the average person. It’s just that the new age they envision would be more hellish than advertised — even for them.

Who Joins The Society?

On paper, the Enlightened Society is quite progressive. In the words of the Most Enlightened Magister Fairweather, the sect believes in “keeping the Society’s doors open to all, whether man or woman, Christian or Jew, black, white, Indian or Chinaman.” Of course, this egalitarian outlook applies only to those worthy of membership. They won’t help a Native American tribe unless they stand to gain some new Initiates out of it, and they won’t push a suffrage agenda unless it seems like it’d win them more converts than they’d lose.

As elsewhere, the most coveted members are the affluent and connected. Bankers, rail barons, solicitors, judges, heirs and heiresses — the Society is quite willing to let people buy their way into enlightenment. Having such brethren allows for greater fund-raising activity, and the Weeping Moons can find plenty to do with a filled coffer. Naturally, it also speaks well for the public image to be able to boast that the most respectable folk about town owe a portion of their success to the Society’s wisdom and auspices.

There’s room for the common person as well, though the expected contributions are different. A Revealer can always find use for more warm bodies, to fill out the various rites or to gather up a posse when the time is necessary. But a notable portion of the Weeping Moons come more from the fringes of society. They may have been occultists or even heretics before, migrant charlatans, or would-be oracles. Such members are discouraged from openly proclaiming their ties, as they are clearly less reputable in the public eye. Privately, they garner great respect and curiosity, exotic as they may seem.

And it may be *déclassé* to bring it up, but the Society also has its uses for enforcers. Sometimes you have need of a bounty hunter, some rabble-rousers, or a lynching posse on the payroll, so to speak. Most of the order’s muscle remains at the Initiate level, where they can be disavowed if need be. The best of the best (or rather, the worst of the worst) may make it into the Revealer status, where they can put their talents to use against the Weeping Moons’ more *durable* opposition.

Society Ranks

Like any fraternal order worth its salt, the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon has a number of various offices, titles, and ranks to fan the flames of its members’ ambition. The number of offices varies tremendously; one chapter may have a simple treasurer and master-at-arms, whereas another appoints a Magister of Pluto to keep its books and a Magister of Mars to enforce discipline. The following ranks are the most universal tiers within the Weeping Moons.



Most Enlightened Magister, the Grand Unveiler of Secrets

There have been only two men to hold the highest office in the Society since its inception. The first was the founder Laurent de Mer, who vanishes without a trace in 1849. His successor, Lloyd Fairweather, reigns over the Enlightened society for the duration of its existence. The Grand Unveiler's formal duties are to conduct the rituals at the grand quarterly convocations, oversee regional plans for expansion, and direct the improvement of the Society in the public opinion.

The informal duties are at the heart of the Society's occult practices. The Grand Unveiler constantly works to increase his own knowledge of things arcane and forgotten. He communes with "Luna," which is to say Pseulak, for direction. He communicates with the Blessed Brethren — which is to say, the Black Spiral Dancers — and translates their blasphemous revelations into a more refined expression of wisdom and guidance. His occult knowledge makes him the most personally dangerous of the Weeping Moons.

Tenders of the Lunar Lore

Below the Most Enlightened Magister stand the Tenders of the Lunar Lore. These are the men and women chosen to head up regional chapters of the Society referred to as "Collectives," each one spanning three or four states' worth of territory. The number of Tenders goes up as more states join the Union; for the latter part of the nineteenth century, there are ten Collectives and ten Tenders to oversee them. Should anything happen to the Grand Unveiler of Secrets, his replacement would be drawn from their Ranks. The two most distinguished Tenders over the course of the Society's history are Lucas Belmont of the Navajo Collective and Petula Ryan-Keaton of the Dixie Collective. All members at this rank must have fully mastered the Saturnal magics.

The Circle of Stars

Just below the Tenders stands the Circle of Stars. Each member (formally called an Honored Astromancer) oversees the Society activities within a given state. As with the Tenders, the Circle's numbers increase as more states join the Union — though during the Civil War, the Honored Astromancers of seceding states retain their position and connections. All members of the Circle of Stars are usually full-fledged practitioners of the highest levels of Saturnal; without such knowledge, a nominee requires great attainment in other areas.

Revealers of the Mysteries

The Revealers are those Weeping Moons who have been fully initiated into the Society's mysteries. They have access to the literature, they know the lore of the moon roles, and they

even possess the authority to start their own chapters if they see fit. They are the pastors, emissaries, recruiters, palm-crossers and lodge masters of the Society. Most Weeping Moons are Revealers. The most senior Revealer of any given chapter is probably that chapter's founder, or Malviosin. They may or may not know any truths about the supernatural, or have any talent with Saturnal — but they believe.

Initiates/Acolytes/ Novices/Vestals

The lowest rank within the Society is not really within the Society at all. The Initiates, whatever name they may be called in the local chapter, are not full-fledged members. They may be potential recruits or sympathetic allies. The politician who doesn't dare tie himself formally to a secret society of this nature but carries their favor, the religious man who wants to see progress but would never accept the creed of Luna, the xenophobic sheriff who hates the Society's enemies but could never accept its more exotic members as brothers, the band of angry townsfolk hungry for change and waiting for a spark — these are all potential Initiates. They may attend the occasional Society affair, but for the most part, they are "unaffiliated."

Roles of the Moon

The entire lunar focus of the Society is actually based on a garbled translation of Garou lore. The Weeping Moons have a history of being advised by the Blessed Brethren, their term for the strange shamans who stand outside the Society but carry the prophecies of Luna. The Brethren, of course, are Black Spiral Dancers of the more evangelistic sort. As a result, Society members delve into old almanacs and charts to learn the moon phase at the time of their birth. In an unintentional parody of Garou auspices, each Weeping Moon must determine which phase of the moon is his "patron," and is educated accordingly. They have no real idea that this practice is viewed by Gaian Garou as blasphemy. After all, when a lodge comes under attack by enraged werewolves, there's no real reason to assume that the bloodshed is motivated by philosophical differences when animal savagery explains things well enough.

The moon-roles are something like mundane astrology: to the faithful, they seem more accurate than they actually are. Humans don't become more violent when born under a full moon, no matter what the expectations of the Harvest Moon path may be. But in the Society, they *expect* the Harvest Moons to be more violent, and social pressure may make it a self-fulfilling prophecy. The faithful can read his fate in the Path of the Moons and say "why, that's me to a T," even though a more objective observer would realize he's just rationalizing and cherry-picking to avoid having to think too hard about it. Of course, many Revealers aren't above gaming the system.



THE PATH OF THE MOONS

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 apportation.

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

They'll tell a bull-necked brute that he was born under the full moon even if that wasn't the case, just to flesh out the Harvest Moon ranks with a proper worthy.

- **Absent Moons:** The Absent Moons are the New Moons of the Society. Their literature claims that the Absent Moon's role is to provide vision and insight. A number of Absent Moons make fine leaders, or are at least expected to be. They are sworn to find better ways to achieve their goals.

- **Horned Moons:** As with their Theurge counterparts, the Horned Moons are the children of the crescent moon, and expected to take the path of the mystic. The truly successful Horned Moons, those who have a natural gift for the occult, receive great reverence from their fellows. The exceptionally gifted learn the tricks of Manes Saturnal, the animistic path of lunar hedge magic. Lloyd Fairweather is a Horned Moon, and one thus skilled.

- **Balance Moons:** The teachings say that the Balance Moons are meant to be dispassionate and level. They're charged with problems of logistics and administration. Many Malviosin were born under the half moon, or at least identify that way. For all their power, though, they still have to defer to the Horned and Nascent Moons. Some are grateful for the chance to submit; they may make their own fate in the mundane world, but be a lowly worm in the culture of the lodge.

- **Nascent Moons:** The gibbous moon-born parallel Galliard lore in that they're intended to give inspiration. They may be politicians, firebrands, artists, snake oil salesmen, performers — it's their job to spread the word and oil the cogs of society

as a whole. They're expected to have talents for recruiting and boosting morale, arranging upper-class parties and ritual orgies alike. The Nascent Moons of true talent learn the Anima aspect of the Saturnal hedge magic path — the secrets of reading another person's soul.

- **Harvest Moons:** The full moon is redolent with violence, or so says the Society creed. Those born under the Harvest Moon are expected to be enforcers for the sect, with either raw strength, or skill with a blade, pistol, or rifle. The rest of the Society rightly sees them as a potential danger, if a necessary one. Theirs are some of the most dangerous tasks, and pity the poor fellow born with a weak arm and cloudy eye who finds out that his "brethren" now expect him to stand and fight the worst of the Weeping Moons' foes.

The Weeping Moon Threat

By and large, the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon is a human threat. Its members are mortals, without the advantage of true magic. A full-fledged lodge could hardly expect to overcome even the smallest Garou sept by force alone. But that's why they don't rely on force. Their other advantages are considerable.

- **Influence:** The Society moves in social circles and is well-connected among local settlements. They have the advantage of excelling in an arena where werewolves are naturally



weak. When the local politicians, law enforcement, bankers and gossipmongers are all listening to the Society, it becomes very hard for the Garou to accomplish anything without triggering riots and massacres.

- **Resources:** Many of the Weeping Moons are exceptionally rich. It's easy for the Society to win the loyalty of the wealthy: they play up the importance of progress over charity, passion over temperance, ambition over humility. A reasonably strong chapter can do more than just bribe their way to their goals. They can also hire a lot of muscle — and, if the Revealers know the truth about the Garou, they can buy a lot of silver, too.

- **Wurm Connections:** It's fair to say the Weeping Moons are reasonably ignorant. Their system of lunar roles is an imperfect hand-me-down from Black Spiral Dancer lore, most members can't really perceive or interact with the spirit world, and the majority doesn't even recognize the word "Wurm." But they still have connections. Society operations have a penchant for drawing Banes, even unwittingly. They have contacts who can connect them with particularly brutal muscle, in the form of mockeries. They know the Blessed Brethren are out there, and some Revealers are on a first-name basis with a Dancer or two. For ordinary mortals, they are the nexus point for quite a bit of Wurmish activities.

- **Magic:** The most unexpected advantage that the Society possesses is a specific collection of magic rites. These hedge magic powers, granted by Pseulak, are remarkably potent for tricks learnable by humans. While a Horned Moon or Nascent Moon sorcerer can't match the versatility or power of an elder Theurge, they can direct a number of nasty surprises against their targets.

Saturnal (Weeping Moon Hedge Magic)

Saturnal is a ritual form of lesser magic, something like Garou rites. Pseulak, the hidden patron of the Society, grants power to these rituals. The full secrets of Saturnal are revealed only to the Horned and Nascent Moons.

Manes (Horned Moon Saturnal)

The more powerful of the two branches of Saturnal magic, the Crescent Moon Path grants a portion of control over the spirit world. Manes Saturnal is a mixture of ancient fertility rites and Wurm-tainted sacrifices, usually conducted in open skies under the moon. Manes rituals tend to involve agricultural items (sheaves of wheat, scythes, sickles, ox or horse blood) and orgiastic sexual

activity. The premise is that the practitioner's virility is what draws the spirits down, though spirits tend to be far less impressed with displays of sexual prowess than the summoner might like.

System: Unless stated otherwise, the difficulty to implement Manes powers is equal to the individual power's level +2. An additional +2 difficulty is imposed if the practitioner is not committing a sexual act under the moon.

- **Summon Spirit:** The practitioner can call forth a spirit, though this power grants no control. The spirit must remain in the summoner's presence for 10 minutes, but otherwise behaves in whatever manner it is accustomed. Roll Charisma + Occult (difficulty 8, or 6 if the practitioner knows a specific spirit and calls on it). The number of successes determines the spirit's attitude when it arrives; one success indicates outright hostility, while five means the spirit is in a fine humor and may even linger after the ten minutes are up.
- **Command Spirit:** The summoner may now command a spirit in the immediate vicinity. Roll Charisma + Intimidation, resisted by the spirit's Willpower. Success indicates that the spirit performs any one task, lasting up to a duration of the remainder of the summons. The number of successes indicates the level of cooperation. One success means a grudging and slipshod job, while five successes indicate complete subjugation and the spirit performs to the best of its ability.
- **Beyond Death's Door:** The practitioner gains the ability to command the spirits of the dead. Once learned, this level of Manes allows the summoner to use Summon Spirit and Command Spirit on wraiths as well as spirits.
- **Fortune:** The practitioner learns to draw on spirits to aid her own personal luck. Roll Wits + Enigmas and spend three Willpower. If successful, the practitioner (or a single subject of her choice) gains three dice to all dice pools for the remainder of the scene. These three dice should be rolled separately, as ones rolled on these dice do not cancel out successes. This power may be used only once per scene.
- **Ravage:** The summoner calls down an angry host of spirits to expend their wrath on his subject. Roll Manipulation + Occult and spend one Willpower. The subject, which may be a creature, inanimate object or even a section of land, suffers a number of dice of damage equal to the number of successes +5. To those who can't perceive spirit activity, it's as if the person, field of crops or whatever target it may be just withers away without cause.



Anima

(Nascent Moon Saturnal)

The Anima path delves into the minds of others, particularly the secrets they hold close. It is less powerful than Manes, but also less reliant on the sexual aspects of that branch. The Anima path can affect only ordinary mortals – supernatural beings such as mages, shapeshifters and vampires are beyond its reach. Of course, practitioners are well aware of what it means to have an Anima power fail abjectly in such a fashion...

System: Unless stated otherwise, the difficulty to use Anima powers is equal to the appropriate power level + 4. If aware she is being influenced, the subject may spend a Willpower point to ignore the effects of a single use of an Anima Saturnal power.

- **Soul Reading:** By simply looking at a target, the practitioner can learn various peculiarities about that person's mental state. Roll Perception + Empathy; each success garners one aspect of the subject's being. This may be Nature, Demeanor, mood, presence or absence of mental illness, and so on.
- **Verse of Man:** The practitioner may invoke this power to gain comprehension of any language. Roll Intelligence + Linguistics; translating written passages instead of spoken language is at +2 difficulty. The practitioner doesn't gain the ability to speak or write the language, but may understand anything said or written. The power's effects last for a scene.
- **Silver-Tongued Devil:** This useful power twists the practitioner's words in the minds of listeners, encouraging them to hear what they want to instead of what's being said. For instance, a statement like "We have to capture that Morningkill outlaw because I have need of him" might become "We have to capture that Morningkill outlaw, and there's a choice reward" or "We have to capture that Morningkill outlaw, for I fear he lusts for your daughters" in the minds of listeners. Roll Charisma + Empathy; the difficulty is the highest Willpower in the audience. Success indicates that all present hear a pleasing interpretation of the speaker's words, and all Social rolls for the rest of the scene are at -2 difficulty.
- **The Darkest Plum:** This power burrows into the depths of the soul and drags the very darkest secrets out into light. Roll Manipulation + Subterfuge. Success brings the practitioner the answer to "What is the one thing that my target most wants me not to know?" – in exacting detail. The subject never

even realizes that his secret has been stolen. Nascent Moons with this power are experts at rooting out traitors and spies, to say nothing of efficacious blackmailers.

- **Revelation:** A powerful form of divination, this ability allows a Nascent Moon to find something or someone by handling an object with a sympathetic link. He can use a lock of hair or fingernail clipping to find a person, or a key to a steamer trunk to find the trunk itself. Roll Wits + Occult and spend a Willpower point. The number of successes necessary is determined by the proximity to the target.

Successes Proximity

1	Within the county
2	Within the state
3	Within a large country
4	In the same hemisphere
5	Anywhere on Earth

Sample Weeping Moons

Most Enlightened Magister Lloyd Fairweather, the Grand Unveiler of Secrets

The head of the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon is a fellow of variable strength, depending on what year it is – he becomes stronger and stronger as the century nears its close. Build him to suit your taste, though optimally he should be able to challenge an entire pack even before you take his various followers and resources into account. Most notably, he is secretly a fomor (he has *great* disdain for the word "mockery") with no obvious physical flaws but powerful mental abilities, such as the powers Mind Blast, Voice of the Wurm and Wrathful Invective. He also has full mastery of both Saturnal paths.

Honored Astromancer

You don't make it to the Circle of Stars without being a ruthless individual with a drive for self-betterment and a full suite of Saturnal rites. The Honored Astromancer has a small army of muscle to back him up, and a personal knowledge of the occult that makes him a more aware foe than most.

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

SOCIETY LITERATURE

The Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon has its foundation in a number of occult texts. These works are excellent objects to drop into an investigation, and may even resurface in a century or so. Most of these books are more often hand-copied than printed, making it all the trickier to recognize who owns such formative literature — or even that it exists at all.

• **The Yellow Truths** — The seminal work of the Society, The Yellow Truths contains basic tenets of the Weeping Moon, a hierarchy of morality, and the various responsibilities and oaths of membership. It is the organization's Bible, given out to every Revealer and a few Initiates.

• **The Goddard Rubric** — Supposedly translated from a sheaf of ancient scrolls by Aloysius Goddard in A.D. 1796, this book describes an ancient sect devoted to "shepherding the children of Seth" through a series of calamities brought about by the monsters that secretly prey on humanity. The Rubric is popular with idealistic Weeping Moons who truly believe in the necessity of shaping the world to their purposes.

• **Trismegistus** — This is a magician's work, a collection of notes on magic practices from hermetics, alchemy, numerology, and astrology to rude fertility rites. The Trismegistus is the foundation for much of the Saturnal practices. Its often-obscene content is typically concealed beneath a black leather cover with a distinctive sigil.

• **The Jeweler** — The more reputable members of the Society condemn this work, while the up-and-coming visionaries find it quite illuminating. The Jeweler holds forth on rituals involving the ashes of cremated human bodies, used in various ways to propitiate the moon-goddess. The Circle of Stars has condemned these practices as far too disreputable for "respectable magisters."

• **The Diaries of Zeerne** — This legitimately powerful codex is another foundational work in the practice of Manes Saturnal. The Diaries of Zeerne detail rules and formulae for summoning and controlling Banes. No printed works exist — each one is hand-copied, personalized, and often encoded.

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

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

Distinguished Malviosin

The heads of Society lodges are some of the wiliest snakes around — ambitious enough to reach for greater station, while cunning enough to keep an eye on jealous brethren from the lower rungs. This particular Malviosin is a dapper manipulator, exceptional at navigating social circles but also quite shrewd at playing the game of intelligence and intrigue.

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

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

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

Horned Moon Revealer of Mysteries

The average Revealer of Mysteries may be anywhere from a weedy solicitor to a hardened soldier. But the most dangerous of them are those with some small art in Saturnal. The Horned Moons are particularly troublesome not for their personal prowess, but because they're capable of turning spirits against their foes.

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

Abilities: Alertness 2, Athletics 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

Much of the Enlightened Society's muscle is composed of ill-bred thugs without much to recommend them, not even any great fighting skill. Such brutes linger as associates or

Initiates, never getting any further. But the Society keeps an eye out for men with real potential, even (and *especially*) if that potential is for being vicious as a rabid coyote and lethal as a Pullman car full of rattlesnakes.

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

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

Willpower 5



WILD WEST

EXPANSION PACK I

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed:
Auspice:
Tribe:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept:

Attributes

Physical

Strength _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Dexterity _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Stamina _____ 0 0 0 0 0

Social

Charisma _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Manipulation _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Appearance _____ 0 0 0 0 0

Mental

Perception _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Intelligence _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Wits _____ 0 0 0 0 0

Abilities

Talents

Alertness _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Athletics _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Brawl _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Empathy _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Expression _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Intimidation _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Leadership _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Primal-Urge _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Streetwise _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Subterfuge _____ 0 0 0 0 0

Skills

Animal Ken _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Crafts _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Etiquette _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Firearms _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Larceny _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Melee _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Performance _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Ride _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Stealth _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Survival _____ 0 0 0 0 0

Knowledges

Academics _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Culture _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Enigmas _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Investigation _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Law _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Medicine _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Occult _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Rituals _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Science _____ 0 0 0 0 0
Technology _____ 0 0 0 0 0

Advantages

Backgrounds

_____ 0 0 0 0 0
_____ 0 0 0 0 0
_____ 0 0 0 0 0
_____ 0 0 0 0 0
_____ 0 0 0 0 0

Gifts

Gifts

Renown Glory

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Honor

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Wisdom

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Rank

Rage

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Gnosis

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Willpower

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

Bruised _____ ☐
Hurt - 1 ☐
Injured - 1 ☐
Wounded - 2 ☐
Mauled - 2 ☐
Crippled - 5 ☐
Incapacitated ☐

Experience

WYLD WEST

EXPANSION PACK

Lupus

Difficulty: 6

Armor:

WEREWOLF 20TH ANNIVERSARY WYLD WEST EXPANSION PACK

Bad Moons and Silver Bullets

It was a time when a silver bullet could buy your life in a way gold couldn't. A time when the railroads barreled their way west, and the Umbral skies tore open over them. When Garou warred on Garou, divided by the ever-moving frontier, and ancient horrors broke free. In the World of Darkness, the American West wasn't just wild — it was *savage*.

The Wyld West Expansion Pack is a supplement that brings the mechanics and setting of Werewolf: The Wild West into 20th Anniversary compatibility. With it, your group can uncover the lost lore of the Storm Eater and the Savage West in a modern setting, or run a chronicle set in the most dangerous frontier the Garou ever saw.

- A setting overview of the Savage West and the Storm Umbra.
- Gifts and rites of the period, updated to 20th anniversary mechanics.
- A chapter of antagonists, from Banes and mockeries of the time to the secrets of the Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon.

