

# WHITE WOLF QUARTERLY

WINTER 2007  
VOLUME 3

**FREE**

JANUARY TO  
APRIL

## WEREWOLF: THE FORSAKEN

THE RAGE

## MAGE: THE AWAKENING

LEGACIES 2: THE ANCIENT

## VAMPIRE: THE REQUIEM

BELIAL'S BROOD

## PROMETHEAN: THE CREATED

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FICTION FOR WORLD OF DARKNESS,  
WEREWOLF THE FORSAKEN  
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# HOWLINGS

## WELCOME TO THE WHITE WOLF E-QUARTERLY

Combining all the best elements of a product catalogue and a quarterly special-interest magazine, this publication gives you everything you need to know about what’s new and upcoming from White Wolf Publishing, including the most up-to-date release information on the books you’ve been waiting for. And best of all, it’s totally free!

The Quarterly may have moved into an electronic-only format, but this august publication is still dedicated to bringing you samples of the finest of game previews. This Quarterly is a Promethean of sorts, being assembled from many different bits and then brought to life with the Divine Fire. Downside being, of course, that it had to die first. Poor, dead Quarterly. Don’t ask. Enjoy the delicious Quarterly.



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by michael phillips  
THE RAGE

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# WHITE WOLF

## WHITE WOLF MERGING WITH CCP



### To quote Danielle, first intern on the scene:

"This just in from White Wolf in Atlanta! Crazy Icelandic Viking Longboats have arrived at the shore of the parking lot and the army that is CCP is disembarking as we speak! Oh god, I see torches and they're carrying axes, and new servers! Run, run, they're coming for our blood! Grab the books and go!"

(Kelley: This is not how it happened. Though some longboats would make a nice addition to the parking lot. A conversational piece,

if you will, and we could make the Interns walk the plank.)

### To quote the Nate, only intern in the office this week:

"The news has finally broken and we can now say that which has been the patient work of many moons. CCP and White Wolf Inc. are merging to create a new creature, filled with joy, synergy, alcohol, and probably hijinks. The world is still spinning on its axis, Exalted is still being printed, and the sky is still in one piece. We hope to move into the gaming future together and to enhance products and performance on both sides of the aisle."

(Kelley: White Wolf Publishing and CCP Games have announced they will merger. Unlike many such announcements, this is not a greater

partner absorbing a lesser and dropping the excess, but two halves to the same whole. White Wolf's talented pen-and-paper development team was looking to expand into the virtual world, and the industry leading software development team at CCP was ready to try card and pens-and-paper games. With pre-merge company overlap being almost nonexistent, this isn't a brand name buyout, this is a union of intellectual equals moving forward, into the many realms of their creative minds.)



## DID YOU KNOW?

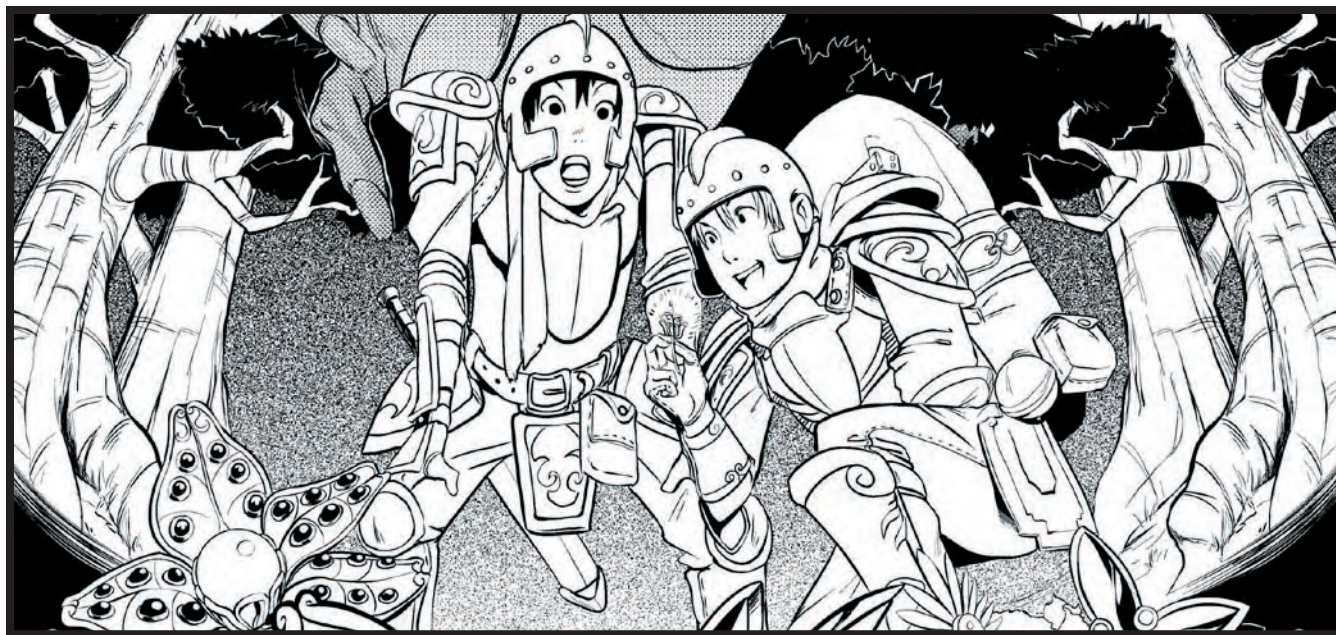
Did you know that White Wolf President Mike Tinney does in fact have superpowers...such as Heatvision (which is not similar to Will's superpower...Meatvision)?

Did you know that Brian likes to parade around the office in a purple crush velvet wizard hat and refer to himself as the Mathmagician?

Did you know that Oscar Garza spends 90% of his time speaking in to a beer bottle he believes is a cell phone (and can pack a 12 pack of longnecks in his pants as well)?

Now you do.





## BEYOND THIS PLACE, THERE BE CHAOS!

EXCERPTS FROM: MANUAL OF CELESTIAL DIRECTIONS, VOLUME III: THE WYLD

As rulers of Creation, no land fell outside the grasp of the Solar Deliberative. The world was their playground, and they built a marvelous civilization upon it. But eventually, even the vastness of Creation was too small for the needs of the Solar ego, and the Solars lusted for the conquests they had enjoyed in the Primordial War. It was then they conquered the first stretches of the Wyld.

When the rule of the Solars ended, the Shogunate was able to upkeep the borders of Creation, but not expand it. The very hopes a prayers of a massed world, with the occasional clash of Legions, was enough to keep the Raksha from creation. But when 90% of the world's population died to the Great Contagion, there was little hope left holding back the Chaos. It was then the Raksha massed their armies, and the Balorian Crusade to eradicate creation began. The world might have been lost then, had the Empress not sundered the Imperial Manse and took up the Defenses of the Realm.

The devastation could only stop the Wyld, not make it retreat. In the wake of the Crusade, lands touched by madness remain. Creation is an island of order floating in a sea of Chaos, and with the Empress vanished, the waters are rising again.

## THE BORDERMARCHES

The border between Creation and the Bordermarches is often very subtle. Instead of any obvious shift, oddities and changes become more numerous and severe the deeper you go into the Wyld. The edge of the Bordermarches is normally several miles wide. Unsuspecting mortals and Exalted sometimes wander into the Wyld for hours before the violet-colored rivers or trees bearing crystalline fruit prove they have left Creation's tainted rim for the Bordermarches.

Just as the tainted lands are the portions of Creation most like the Wyld, the Bordermarches are the portion of the Wyld most like Creation. The overall landscape

usually stays the same, or at least takes years to change, but the details shift and change. Over the course of a week, a huge and ancient tree along the side of a path may change from a spreading oak to a chestnut... or a strange conifer with purple, prehensile needles or even a vaguely tree-shaped pillar of living greenstone. Just as

likely, the same tree can be on one side of the path today and the other side tomorrow.

## THE MIDDLEMARCHES

Outpast the Bordermarches lie the Middlemarches. Here, the laws of reality become mere suggestions, though they retain



a little influence. Although fish may swim easily through the sky and breathe air, they might still be fish. A dropped rock may fall sideways, and fires may freeze and snow burn, but the concepts of gravity, heat and cold are still valid, at least some of the time. These changes also stay consistent within a particular district of the Wyld, although they may change over time. The Middlemarches scramble the qualities of Creation every-which-way. Here, water flows uphill as often as down, and rocks hold conversations with clouds that walk like men. There are glens where lions made of fire hunt stags made of living ice, and caverns hold lakes that reshape themselves into living versions of a visitor's greatest fears. The kaleidoscopic changes can sometimes make a Middlemarch resemble an ordinary part of Creation—but never for long.

The border between the Bordermarches and the Middlemarches is normally far less subtle than the transition between the Bordermarches and Creation. Here, the very nature of the Wyld can dramatically change in the space of a few hundred yards. The vast, bottomless cliffs that separate the Northern Bordermarches from the Middlemarches offer the most blatant example, but a few other borders are almost as dramatic.

The other obvious difference from the Bordermarches is the rate of change. In the Bordermarches, the landscape changes slowly and gradually. The location of a tree, the shape of a rock or the pattern of curves and ox-bows in a stream may shift every few hours, but such changes rarely occur more than a few times a day, never when anybody watches, and only a few elements of the landscape change at once.

In the Middlemarches, these changes become far more extensive. Everything in the Middlemarches changes frequently, rapidly and extensively. In the deepest portions, a forest may always remain a forest—but the types of trees, the density of the forest and the paths through it can all change every time a traveler looks over her shoulder or stops to rest. You couldn't map a Middlemarch before it became someplace else. At most, you could record a Middlemarch's theme—its most obvious qualities, and their most usual combinations.

At least a region's largest features take some time to change. An entire mountain range may transform into a series of low atolls

in the middle of an ocean, but this change occurs over the course of days or weeks: the mountains gradually sink, and the land around them slowly fills with water. However, you probably won't find yourself walking one minute and swimming the next.

*Probably.*

## DEEP WYLD

Consider once more the model of the Wyld as a sea breaking on the shores of Creation: in the Deep Wyld, the sea floor exercises little influence on the stormy and dangerous waters that swirl above it. Only a few outcrops of stable land remain above the waves of constant change. Trees shed leaves that become birds, the flowers sing or clouds become solid to crawl across the land. The currents also churn the deeper structure of the landscape: canyons open in mountains, expand into valleys, sink into seas, rise again in forests or cities. Or become a chorus of singing pigs.





All the influences of Creation flood into the Deep Wyld to help shape possibility, and jumble together with no regard for the laws of reason, logic, scale or gravity. Replicas of the greatest architecture of Creation, present or past, stand side by side with impossible freaks of nature. Replicas of the ancient Dragon Kings roam the land, while tyrant lizards and mice battle each other in fields of flame or snow.

Everything in the Deep Wyld is formed from the materials appropriate to that elemental quarter, but can take any shape at all, barring intervention by an unshaped raksha. The creatures that roam each quarter of the Deep Wyld, which may be considered “natural” to that area, are similarly formed from the substances of that area.

In the East, the creatures that stalk the Deep Wyld are composed of wood, leaves and flowers; in the South, they are made of fire, smoke and ash. Creatures in the West are sculpted out of water; while the North holds beings made of ice and snow, wind, clouds and lightning.

Thinking too much about the Deep Wyld’s logic leads to attempts to understand it, which can lead only to madness. The Wyld does not have logic and cannot be understood. It is the domain of unreason, and here, on the edge of total Chaos, only a few fragments of recognizable form remain, teasing the mind to try seeing some sort of pattern in how they are put together. This has been the downfall of many savants, who have thrown themselves into efforts to find sense and meaning in the Wyld, and have destroyed their own minds in the process.

## PURE CHAOS

Here there are no rules, no boundaries, no limits and no restrictions. Anything is possible, can happen

and is happening, *all at once*. Mortals who enter a pocket of utter Wyld suffer a strange sensory overload: they cannot process the infinite change happening around them, and so their minds shut down, trying to cope. Creatures who lack some sort of protection against the power of the Wyld, such as a Fair Folk guardian, quickly find their minds shattered and their bodies mutated beyond any hope of recovery or even identification.

Pure Chaos doesn’t just flout the laws of nature, it flouts them *insanely*. This is part of what drives onlookers mad: nothing can be relied upon, nothing follows logically. A human mind can barely accept a flock of birds made of fire swooping through the air, but when the birds turn into fish a second later, and then dive into the ground after that while making little grunting noises, and spring up again as turnips that blossom pinkly, even the sanest person cannot predict what will happen next. But even these flickering forms are merely contagion from Creation—images and shapes that Chaos reflects from a visitor’s own mind. Pure Chaos itself offers images that no human mind can encompass, relationships that break all sane patterns of thought even to consider them....

In Pure Chaos, parallel lines touch at a point that is too far to be visible, and yet is perfectly clear when you look at it. Colors unknown in Creation bleed into each other to make shades you can taste. Objects feel horribly soft and mushy, but also as hard and angled as diamonds. Purple lights flow into six-dimensional labyrinths that smell of something rotten. Worst of all, it almost, *almost* makes sense, and the viewer is left feeling that a moment longer would allow her to understand. That understanding, of course, is the first sign you are going mad.

## EXALTED: WAR FOR THE THRONE

The fight for the Scarlet Throne is inevitable for each moment more it remains empty. So marshal your forces and prepare to take the fight to the Realm and crush the opposition standing between you and the Throne. Erect mighty War Manses, raise armies and set sail across the Blessed Isle to consolidate your position as the unquestioned power in the Realm. This game is for 2-5 players





# WEREWOLF

## THE FORSAKEN

# RUNNING WITH THE PACK

EXCERPTS FROM THE RAGE

Though the rage of the werewolf is vast, one should restrain their anger with the release of **The Rage** for it contains a vast wealth of toys and rules for **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. So with that we render to you a taste of some new rules to bring your pack closer together and help them fight more effectively against whatever stands against them.

## New Rules

The following rules are optional, but offer extra flavor if the Storyteller wants to emphasize the feel of belonging to a pack, and the advantages that it has over going solo. The Merits and combat options here are in addition to any other extra Merits that the Storyteller is using, and fit alongside the extra Merits provided on p. 103.

## Pack Merits

The following Merits either provide a bonus for the pack as a whole, akin to the Totem Merit, or become more effective as more members of a pack buy them. These Merits show the closeness and effectiveness a werewolf pack possesses compared to just about any other group.

## Pack Affinity (• or •••)

**Effect:** Either because packmembers have spent so long in each other's company or through a powerful totem bond, packmembers have a better understanding of one another. They will find themselves finishing each other's sentences, or all sharing the minor aches and pains of one member. Some packs even share a form of primitive communication, through a combination of these shared feelings and body language.

For one point, each packmate who possesses this Merit gains an unconscious awareness of the others' general states of mind. All Social rolls among packmates have a +1 bonus as long as one of them possesses this Merit.

For three points, each packmate who possesses this Merit can communicate with others who also possess this Merit without using words. A combination of body language and the general low-level empathy between packmates allows them to send simple messages of up to three words maximum without anyone else being able to

eavesdrop. These messages are normally of the form of "Danger," "They hurt Jack" and so on.

**Drawback:** Characters with the three-dot form of this Merit suffer the highest wound penalty of all of their packmates, whether they themselves are injured or not. There's a price to pay for such close ties.

## Pack Tactics (Varies)

**Effect:** The packmates have trained together, learning how best to use their combined skills to strike at powerful opponents or groups that threaten to overwhelm them, to dominate others before a fight begins or to get their way without ever being seen. This training has paid off, and the packmates have a number of options that are unavailable to other groups when they work together.

The pack can pick one pack tactic for each point put into this Merit. This Merit is shared by all members of the pack; all members





# WEREWOLF

## THE FORSAKEN

of the pack can use the tactics whether they put points into this Merit or not. The pack cannot select pack tactics that require more werewolves than are part of the pack. The prerequisites of each tactic must be met by one member of the pack who possesses this Merit (hence, a tactic with prerequisites of Manipulation ••• and Intimidation ••• would require one packmate to have both traits).

### Synergy (••)

**Effect:** Your character has spent a lot of time working with his packmates, to the point where they are more effective working together than with other people. They know how to apply each other's strengths in general, rather than in specific trained situations. If your character is involved in a standard teamwork roll (not including pack tactics) with other members of his pack, and everyone involved has this Merit, you get a +1 die bonus to your roll.

**Drawback:** If your character is involved in a standard teamwork roll (not including pack tactics) without any other members of his pack, you suffer a -1 penalty.

### Pack Tactics

Pack tactics are special combat maneuvers which can only be performed by a pack, using the confidence that each member has in her peers to the advantage of the pack. While traditional thinkers consider pack tactics a form of synergy that only makes itself evident in combat, the principle of some or all of the pack working together can apply just as well to a range of other situations, from interrogation to research.

Which tactics a given pack will use is entirely up to that pack. Rather than just providing a list of possible tactics, this section out-



lines a simple system for building tactics that apply to a wide range of situations. Following that are some examples, useful both in and out of combat. In many ways, pack tactics are similar to Fighting Style Merits in that pack tactics offer extra maneuvers that the pack can use — though only when more than one packmember is present. Unlike Fighting Styles, there is no hierarchy or need to buy some tactics before others.





# WHITE WOLF

## MEET THE WRECKING CREW

By David Martin

*The World is more than they could ever know.*

*Hope is more fleeting,*

*The shadows deeper*

*Above all else the world is Darker*

*Oh so much Darker.*

*Come let us be you tour guides to The World of Darkness*

The Wrecking Crew, a White Wolf Demo Team based in the greater Phoenix area, has been named a Senior White Wolf Demo Team.

The Wrecking Crew has been gaming for more than 15 years, and has been a recognized Demo Team since 2000. We have been involved in bringing quality White Wolf tabletop gaming to local conventions and storytelling workshops for over 10 years. The Wrecking Crew has been promoting and playing White Wolf games across three states, and is comprised of more than a dozen members. The Wrecking Crew has been involved with the pre-releases of all the

White Wolf lines since 2004. At GenCon SoCal '04, we ran the upper levels of the Forsaken pre-release tournament. At GenCon Indy '05 we ran the upper levels and wrote the championship of the Mage pre-release tournament. In '06 we brought Promethean to KublaCon and Phoenix ConGames. Currently, three members of the Wrecking Crew have been published by White Wolf with more projects pending.

It's nice to be able to go to a convention and throw a great game down and have an awesome time with fellow gamers. A lot of the credit goes to White Wolf who has been really good to us. I believe that White Wolf has the rowdiest gamers – just stop by one of our games- you'll see.

In Wrecking Crew games, we try to show the setting in a different light--do the unexpected. We focus on stories that are critically thought out and balanced by cause and effect. We think that this adds depth and reality to the story, and allows the players to really impact the story. Hang on because we're going to knock everyone flat at GenCon Indy '07!





## THE ABYSS GAZES BACK

### EXCERPTS FROM LEGACIES: THE ANCIENT

By Howard Ingham, Matthew McFarland, Peter Schaefer, Malcolm Sheppard, Dean Shomshak

*A mage faces many dangers in her life—scheming vampires, seductive acamoth—but none pose a greater threat than other mages. As this Left-Handed Legacy shows, not all perils appear sinister at first.*

#### ECHO WALKERS

Similar to the Tremere liches, the Echo Walkers make use of the souls of the Sleepers around them. Unlike the liches, however, these mages do not destroy, consume or even remove the soul. Instead, they use it as a lens, a way to look into the Supernal and witness the glory of the idols of their worship, the Ones Before.

The Echo Walkers believe that the “angels” in the Supernal Realm of Aether are actually the remnants of a proto-human first race. Most members of the Legacy refer to these beings as the “Ones Before,” but many Echo Walkers have their own theories or stories about what these beings are. Some Echo Walkers consider the Ones Before to be true angels, others look to Biblical accounts of the Nephilim, children of man and angel. Some look to pre-Christian mythology and identify the Ones Before with the Titans or the giants of Norse creation myths. All agree, however, that these beings are unknowable in the Fallen World as it stands, and this truth pains them. They believe that the key lies in the noble soul of humanity, and they are quite willing to dislodge, prod and injure that soul to find it.

**Parent Path:** Obrimos

**Nickname:** The Elect (self-applied; mages outside the Legacy who know of these mages’ true nature often call them the Blinded)

**Orders:** The threat that the Echo Walkers pose to Sleepers, and, to a lesser extent, the Awakened, isn’t fully realized by the orders of the Pentacle. There are Consilii the world over that know about the Blinded, but they aren’t nearly as well recognized or feared as the Scelesti or the Tremere. As a result, the orders don’t have opinions about the Echo Walkers that could be considered a “party line.”

The Echo Walkers, however, claim membership in all five of the orders. In the Silver Ladder, they find access to other Obrimos, the better to pump them for information

about their experiences of Aether. In the Adamantine Arrow, the Echo Walkers’ desire to emulate the Ones Before takes on a warrior’s code — the Elect look at their Supernal idols as teachers, deities and objects of protection (and, if necessary, martyrdom). Echo Walkers in the Free Council use the order’s connections with new learning and techné to try to find a scientific or at least modern understanding of the Ones Before. The Elect in the Mysterium pore over tomes, tomb markings and arcane riddles for just a hint as to the true nature of the inhabitants of the Aether.

The Guardians of the Veil provide a tantalizing proposition to the Echo Walkers. If they can secure membership in the order, the Guardians’ mission of making sure that Sleepers aren’t exposed to magic unnecessarily gives the Elect a host of interesting test subjects. Of course, the Guardians also tend to deal most harshly with the Blinded when they find them.

**Appearance:** Echo Walkers are often healthy-looking and exuberant. This is partly a result of their studies of the Life Arcanum, but for the most part, their enthusiasm comes from their purposeful lives. An Echo Walker lives each day hoping to finally crack the final riddle and meet the Ones Before once again, and that notion fills her with joy and anticipation. Echo Walkers, despite their Left-Handed appellation, are some of the most positive and outgoing mages the Awakened could hope to meet, which is just one more reason that the Elect are so often overlooked.

**Background:** The Obrimos who chooses to become an Echo Walker was typically a devout practitioner of one faith or another before her Awakening. A good number of the Elect, though, pick up such faith after their visit to the Aether. Whenever they received their calling, such mages feel that the Awakened are missing something. Perhaps the mages feel that the orders put too much stock in stories of Atlantis, or maybe they think that using magic for day-to-day needs is disrespectful. The common thread is that these Theurgists feel the pull of something greater than they, some long-lost birthright to their Path. That birthright, of course, is the wisdom and power of the Ones Before.



# MAGE

## THE AWAKENING

It would be tempting to say that mages who join this Legacy aren't very bright, or, at least, are weak-willed for placing their faith so blindly in such a legend. The truth, though, is that many Echo Walkers are intelligent, well educated and quite lucid. They simply believe in the Ones Before, and so their actions, however deplorable another mage might find them, are reasonable to the Elect. That's small consolation to the Sleepers whose souls the Blinded push out of joint for a bare glance at glory, of course.

**Organization:** While the Echo Walkers certainly don't think of themselves as a Left-Handed Legacy, they do recognize that openly advertising their methods would be unwise. Therefore, the members tend to cleave close to their tutors but seldom see other Elect. If several happen to operate in the same area, they often hash out some sort of schedule so that all of them aren't knocking people's souls off-kilter at the same time, as such a thing would quickly draw notice from other mages.

The tutor-pupil relationship in the Echo Walkers is very close, largely because the members don't expect anyone else to understand them the way another Echo Walker can. The Legacy mimics a cult or a radical church in this respect. The Echo Walkers don't necessarily look down on other mages for not recognizing the Ones Before, but the Elect do see talking to such Awakened about magical matters as tedious and frustrating, because outsiders lack the "correct" frame of reference. There is no set proscription, though, that prevents Echo Walkers from joining orders or cabals. Thus, one of the Elect might be a high-ranking member of a Consilium without anyone except her tutor knowing it.

## HISTORY

To hear the Echo Walkers tell it, their Legacy began the moment the Ones Before were barred from interacting with humans by the gulf of the Abyss. There have always been mages on the Path of the Mighty, they say, who strive to bring the angels to the world — or, barring that, become those angels, to the extent that they can.

In fact, though, the Legacy's first known practitioner dates back to the mid-17th century, as the Puritans were crossing the Atlantic for religious freedom. One of those Puritans, a man that history remembers as Adam Goode, Awakened during the crossing. His account, written on fragments of paper and reassembled in later years, describes a conversation with the angels

of the Aether and his subsequent "realization" of their true nature:

*I came upon a great tower, so high that I could not see the top, so bright that it nearly blinded me. I drew in my breath and allowed the light of the Lord to fill me, and it lifted me up, and in a blink of an eye I stood upon the top of the Tower. And all about me were luminous angels. Some were winged and some carried swords, but some resembled great beasts, and still I knew them all as angels.*

*And one said unto me, "Behold, Adam Goode, for you have been chosen to look out upon the Kingdom of Celestial Spheres and know the world for what it is — Fallen."*

*And I said unto the angel, "Have mercy upon me, for I am but man, consigned to the watery depths by the will of the Almighty," for I believed myself to have been flung into the sea by the storm.*

*And the angel said, "No, Adam Goode, you have not perished, but are exalted, and stand here upon the Watchtower of the Golden Key to meet your destiny as one of the Mighty."*

*And I knew then of the nature of the beings around me — not the angelic Host, but their children, scoured from the Earth in the Great Flood. I had been chosen to walk among them, to become one of the Mighty, and I knew that these beings were from Before. My voice died in my throat, but I made my mark in their great book, and before I could ask further questions or utter my thanks I was back on the ship, and all around me was thunder, lashing rain and fear. And I pointed to the sky and commanded the storm to cease, and as I was one of the Mighty, it did obey."*

Adam Goode reached America, but by that time most of his fellow Puritans were dead or mad. Plague on such ships, of course, wasn't uncommon, but when these new settlers came ashore they told strange tales to the resident colonists. The newcomers spoke of Adam's sermons and the way he would lay his hand upon their foreheads, his fingers colder than death and yet searing at the same time. Many of those who had received "Adam's Touch" died in their sleep or jumped into the sea within a month or two, and even those who survived were haunted by terrible nightmares, malaise, paranoia and general ill health for the rest of their lives. Adam, for his part, opined that his touch was merely opening the recipient's soul to the glory of the Ones Before, and that Satan was attracted to those thus illuminated



# MAGE

## THE AWAKENING

and caused their afflictions. This flimsy logic only held up for so long (particularly as mages among both the colonists and the native peoples saw the detrimental effects of Adam's magic), and Adam Goode was hanged in 1687 for witchcraft. He was suspected to have taken on apprentices, however, but they were never identified. The Echo Walker Legacy, then called the Covenant of the First Angels, had taken root.

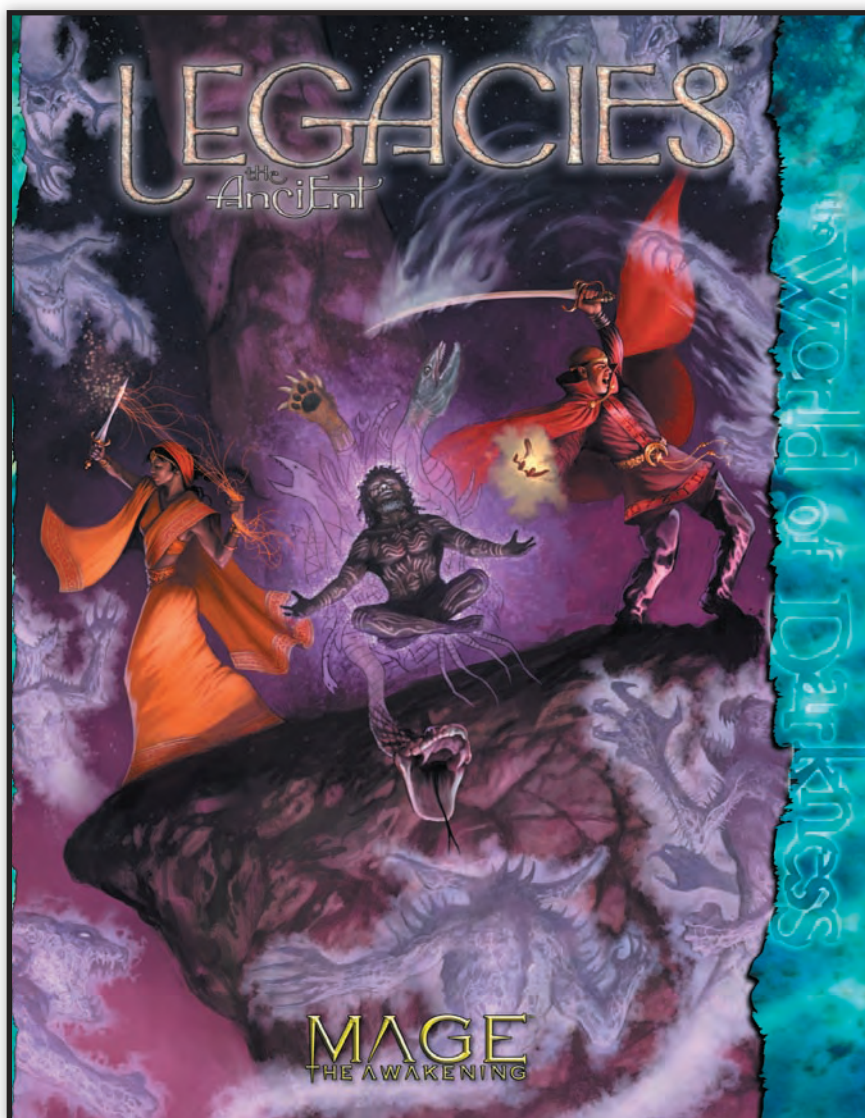
Over the ensuing centuries, the Legacy spread out across the United States, and then the world. Many cultures and mythologies have stories about some primal race, sometimes sublime, sometimes bestial, and these tales were easily subsumed into the Legacy's beliefs. As the Legacy grew and encompassed other theories on the Ones Before, the Covenant of the First Angels became the Walkers in the Echoes of the First Voices, and later simply the Echo Walkers.

The Elect have adapted their theories with the times, and this is part of what makes them so dangerous — it's not accurate to classify them as religious fanatics, because some Echo Walkers are quite secular. It's not accurate to say that they believe in the Nephilim, or the Titans or any other mythological precursor to humans, because some Echo Walkers don't believe any such thing. And, while it is accurate to call them a Left-Handed Legacy, doing so is dangerous. Most mages think of the Scelesti or perhaps the Tremere liches when that term is applied, and such mages are often easy to identify with close scrutiny. But the Echo Walkers can be part of a Consilium or even a cabal for years before the nature of their magic becomes apparent.

**1<sup>st</sup> Attainment:** Temple Inviolable

**Prerequisites:** Gnosis 3, Life 2, Medicine 1, Occult 2

The Ones Before could purge their bodies of impurities, both physical and spiritual, with only a few seconds' concentration, or so the legends say. Poison and disease are dangers only to lesser mortals. With this Attainment, the Echo Walker can enjoy the benefits of the Life 1 "Cleanse the Body" spell and the Life 2 "Self-Purging" spell reflexively, the moment she suspects that she has become infected or poisoned. The player need not roll to avoid the effects of mundane poisons or diseases. Poisons of supernatural origin force the player to roll Stamina + Resolve against the poison's Toxicity rating. Supernatural diseases work as they normally would, except that the Echo Walker gains a +3 on any rolls to overcome their effects.





## MYSTERIES REVEALED!

INTERVIEW WITH MAGE WRITERS HOWARD INGHAM,  
TRAVIS STOUT, AND CHUCK WENDIG

by Marika Wojciechowski

Through the wonders of the Internet, Intern Marika presents a short interview with a few of the creators of **Tome of the Mysteries**: Howard Ingham, Travis Stout, and Chuck Wendig. No actual socialization was required, and no interns were permanently harmed in the creation of this article.

*What, in your opinion, is the most exciting new material presented in the Tome of the Mysteries?*

**Chuck Wendig:** I'm dying to grab hold of all that good cultural craziness that will provide some different facets of magic and how to portray it. I like stuff I can throw into my game to keep players a little off-balance, to perpetuate the mystery. Mage is great for that, and this book in particular will keep them happily confounded until, say, the summer of 2009.

**Howard Ingham:** I think that the Tome of the Mysteries is going to answer a lot of questions that players have about Mage. Want to be a bit clearer on how Wisdom works? Want some pointers on what makes an Archmage? And then there's the metric shedload of shiny new rites. They're always fun.

*What is your favorite part of your contribution to the Tome?*

**Chuck Wendig:** I won't go into too much detail, but: Abyss, Abyss, Abyss.

**Howard Ingham:** Well, I got to write about the ethics of magic at some length, and that was fascinating, but actually, the one thing that warms my heart and helps me sleep at night is simply... the Love Spell.

*What do you say, Travis?*

**Travis Stout:** Well, I'd love to be more help, but I was actually sort of a last-minute pickup on ToM and haven't actually seen anything other than what I wrote for the book, which was a very small section about technomancy. So I can't really say much about what my favorite parts of the book are or what players will be most jazzed about.

I can, however, tell you that one of my main inspirations for attacking "technomagic" was the large number of people on the forums who seemed convinced that there was no room in Awakening for characters like the Sons of Ether or Virtual Adepts from Mage: the Ascension. I wanted to show people that there's more to Supernal magic than hoary old secrets and invoking of ancient powers--the modern world is every bit as vibrantly connected to the Supernal Realms as the ancient, and in fact Awakening's cosmology allows for, I think, much deeper and more interesting techno-magical styles than the old "Enlightened Science" style of "it's not really magic, it's technology!"

*If you can say, what are some other projects you're working on?*

**Howard Ingham:** I've just come off the five Promethean books. Now I'm on Changeling, World of Darkness: Asylum and Damnation City.

**Travis Stout:** Currently, I'm in the midst of work on the Changeling core book, and it's coming along quite awesomely.

**Chuck Wendig:** For White Wolf, or in general? For White Wolf, I just finished up work on War with the Pure, and am now pulling the wings from faeries with **Changeling**. I've been asked, I think three times now, to work on **Damnation City**. But Will, that cruel puppetmaster, hasn't actually given me the assignment. I picture him in the center of a sea of cubicles just laughing till he's beet red, his lips flecked with spit. Then he shakes his fist and yells, "Take that, Wendig!" Somewhere thereafter, he falls asleep on his keyboard, sleeping contentedly.

Outside the company, I just came off a mentorship with screenwriter Stephen Susco (The Grudge, The Grudge 2), and am collaborating with director Lance Weiler on some future screen work.

*That's quite an image. I think I'll go back to the hypothetical questions now.*





# THE DARK SIDE OF THE ESSENCE

EXCERPT FROM THE BLACK TREATISE

No villain is complete without an army of undead at his command, is he? Perhaps you wish to obtain secrets that the dead may know, and you seek them by force. Maybe you wish to impress your Deathlord master with your grasp of the circles of necromancy. So for this you certainly need the Black Treatise, which is chock full of the darkest tool of the Underworld's arsenal.

## NATURE OF DARK MAGIC

The Black Nadir Concordat always said necromancy wasn't evil. It was just a tool; a spell, after all, is what the spell-caster does with it. A spell that shatters someone's soul can defend the weak and helpless. Binding a ghost is as neutral as binding a demon. Necromancy can give ghosts a taste of things as they were when alive, and nobody *has* to demand recompense from the beneficiary. Or, at least, so many necromancers claim to this day. A hundred generations of terrified mortals disagree.

Necromancy could be called *col- laterally* evil. It taps the energies of the Neverborn and the Void, and its spells tend to have inclement effects on denizens of the Underworld. Shadowlands Circle necromancy is vaguely nasty. Spells of this circle can wreak havoc among ghosts and their ilk, but may have neutral or beneficial effects

instead. Spells of the Labyrinth and Void Circles more often harm or destroy ghosts and ghostly creatures incidentally, as less than an afterthought. One Void Circle





spell instantly destroys a dozen random ghosts to wear them as a temporary soulsteel skin. The necromancer might cast the spell to protect an orphanage (probably not), but she still indiscriminately obliterates innocent ghosts to do it.

Supporters of necromancy's use as a tool claim this casually destructive aspect came about because necromancy's primary innovators since the Usurpation have been the 13 mad conquerors of the Underworld. However, since only some few beings of great evil and the Solar Anathema can master anything more difficult than the Circle of Iron, it's hard to imagine the art could develop any other way.

Perhaps necromancy's proponents are only making excuses. Even the most ardent apologist cannot deny one basic truth: Every necromantic working forces open a brief doorway between Creation and the Underworld, and a little bit of Creation's Essence drains away. Maybe it doesn't matter. Maybe Creation is inexhaustible. Or maybe not. Perhaps a necromancer sacrifices a bit of Creation's future for the sake of present power, and brings the end of all things a little closer.

## THE LIMITS OF SORCERY

The patterns and entities that define Creation exceed the power even of Solar Circle spells. When players and Storytellers design new spells, they should keep the following in mind:

- Sorcery can only affect celestial events with the permission of the Incarnae.
- Demesnes cannot be immediately conjured or destroyed. They arise from the way Essence flows through its surroundings; some geomancers call them the lesser souls of Gaia herself. At most, sorcery — if wielded by knowledgeable geomancers — can encourage demesnes to gain or lose power by reshaping their environment.
- Spells can't see into the future or be used for time travel. The closest they can come is to create bubbles of immutable stasis.

- Nothing can truly return the dead to life. Sorcery can sometimes imitate the powers of necromancy (see p. XX), but even that can only manipulate pale shades or reanimate corpses. Sorcery is also ill-suited to necromantic functions: Should the Storyteller allow a necromancy spell to be adapted into a sorcerous one, the sorcerous version should always be at least one Circle higher than the necromantic equivalent, and may require other concessions. For example, the sorcerous version of Summon Ghost (p. XX) is Sapphire Circle; its necromantic counterpart (**The Black Treatise**, p. XX) is Iron Circle, may bind ghosts for a longer period, and demands a less complex ritual. (The same is true for necromantic versions of sorcerous spells.)

## REBIRTH INTO DARKNESS

**Cost:** 22+m

**Target:** Ghost

The necromancer points a prepared ceramic collar at any ghost he can see clearly and snaps it. At that moment, the ghost feels an invisible collar tighten around her neck. Players of the necromancer and the ghost make a resisted (Essence + Willpower) roll: the caster may reduce the ghost's dice pool by one per additional five motes spent. Ghosts who win escape the spell. Those who don't feel the phantom collar close and lock with a snap before that sensation fades.

When a ghost affected by this spell "dies," she has no opportunity to enter the cycle of reincarnation or fall to Oblivion. Instead, she reforms before the caster after the normal timespan (usually one or two days). She cannot completely die, as long as this spell remains active. Powerful necromancers use this spell to torture ghosts to "death" without fear that the ghost will escape them into Lethe or reform somewhere out of reach. After (caster's Essence) weeks, the ghost feels the collar crack and fall off as the spell ends.

## EMERALD, SAPPHIRE, AND ADAMANT. OH MY!

EXCERPTS FROM THE WHITE TREATISE

Shard of power fueling you with the essence of the gods? Check. Lovingly crafted weapon of the magic material of choice? So very checked. Vast grimoire of power containing some of the most powerful lore of the First age? What? You don't have that? Well, get ready to get it, because here is what every sorcerer has been aching for; a comprehensive book of spells that any Exalt would give his left leg to obtain. So let me whet your occult appetite.

may appear locked within crystals nearby, waiting for the light of a Celestial anima to project an image of that formula onto a nearby wall. Or perhaps the spell appears as markings on the feathers of a breed of birds nearby, who will forever breed true this trait, waiting for a sorcerer capable of understanding the spell to come along and notice the pattern, and intuitively piece its secrets together.

### THE SALINAN WORKING

Few in the Age of Sorrows know about the Salinan Working, but it is perhaps the greatest achievement of the Old Realm's sorcerings. Solar, Lunar and Sidereal sorcerers conducted mighty rituals at all five Elemental Poles and adjusted the Loom of Fate itself — but the full extent of the Working is no longer known.

Sages do know the Working has some connection to the Five Ordeals through which would-be sorcerers learn to cast spells. Some believe the Salinan Working twists fate itself so that potential sorcerers undergo the necessary challenges, perhaps even before they develop any interest in sorcery.

Likewise, some savants believe the Working subtly manipulates the fabric of Creation to preserve sorcerous lore: Should no copies of a given spell exist save in the mind of a dying sorcerer, the magic of the Working transcribes that spell somewhere in the natural fabric of the sorcerer's surroundings. It



The claim seems hard to prove — but it would explain some of the... eccentric ways occult lore is sometimes recorded. Sages also claim the Working somehow infused mystic lore into Creation's fundamental flows of Essence — patterns that can be sensed and interpreted by sorcerers





who meditate at certain manses and demesnes. These patterns also reveal spells and other formulae.

### BRIGID'S GRAVE GOODS

The mantle that Brigid wore is supposed to have wondrous powers, making anyone who wears it a significantly more powerful sorcerer, and many believe it was buried with her. Whether or not Brigid rose in the Underworld is unknown (and, as she's usually considered a figure of myth at most, not the subject of much speculation), but as the mother of sorcery, she certainly had a significant burial.

To the educated, this means that dull reflections of her old possessions now exist somewhere in the Underworld. They may have been excavated long ago, and maybe even lost again to the light of the Unconquered Sun. But if they remain, the panoply may include her black mantle, also called the Mantle of Soot by those few who theorize its existence (a select group indeed, for one must first believe in the legend of Brigid, consider her cloak an artifact and then assume or hope that it was buried with her and still exists). Even though the First Sorcerer's mantle is oft-rumored to be among the Scarlet Empress' panoply, the nature of grave goods suggests that there may still be a black mantle in the Underworld.

If the Mantle of Soot exists, it may have powers similar to the Creation-based version. Wearing it allows a character to access a circle of necromancy one higher than usually possible, and adds 5 to one's Essence for the purposes of all necromantic spells.

### MYSTIC TRAVEL

**Cost:** 30m

**Target:** Unit of travelers

A path exists to convey travelers from one end to the other. The sorcerer reaching out his hand and the path she wishes to follow briefly shines silver and gold. Then the sorcerer *yanks*, pulling the end of the path to her and her companions. The sorcerer then can travel along the path at ten times her normal speed: The spell does not actually help the sorcerer move faster: It *shrinks the world* — at least for the sorcerer, along that particular path. Any clear path is valid, from commonly-used ocean trade routes to animal trails through the woods.

A sorcerer can share this spell with other beings. Before casting the spell, the sorcerer performs a 15-minute ceremony in which she anoints herself, the road and the leader of any unit she wishes to affect (the general of an army, the captain of a ship, the messiah of bunch of apostles, or whatever). Units of any size are valid targets for this spell, from a circle of five to a First Age legion of 10,000 or larger, as long as they all travel with the sorcerer.

The spell lasts until the sorcerer reaches her destination. Any physical breach in the path also ends the spell when the unit reaches it. A broken bridge or dammed river accomplishes this, as do temporary obstacles like a fallen tree that completely blocks a road. Waterborne trade routes rarely suffer such obstructions, but when they do, they tend to be living islands peopled by cannibals and generally merit greater consideration than a log on a road.

*Note:* Mystic Travel cannot be combined with other travel spells. Use of one spell breaks the other.

## Artist Spotlight on **PASI PITKÄNEN**

Perhaps the biggest change between the editions of Exalted has been the change in the art. Exalted is epic fantasy in a time of tumult, it is a world on the brink of war where demi-gods clash with divine power, and the artwork of Pasi Pitkänen gives new life to the struggle that rocks the world of Exalted.

From his home in Joensuu, Finland, Pasi creates and lives his work. Like many artist he is committed, but in addition to illustrating Exalted, he also runs campaigns, though his Dragon Blooded epic is on hold due to the edition change and the pressures of graduating art school. His interest is shared with his girlfriend, fellow Exalted illustrator Saana Lappalainen, who's first art appeared in Scroll of the Monk.

Pasi's first art appeared in Houses of the Bull God, and he has been a mainstay for second edition since his beautiful work in the full color core rulebook. To see more of Pasi's work, he keeps a gallery online at <http://palelonginus.deviantart.com/>.





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## cultist catches vtes black handed

### current vtes events

The North American Championship and European Championship are behind us, but that doesn't mean the excitement is over. It should be considered merely a lull in hostilities and time to marshal new forces in the never-ending war of the Methuselahs. The Sword of Caine is almost here and we're certainly looking forward to some more Black Hand tech to go with the fine Third Edition set. The Millennium Cultist Storyline is still going, so try to get your favorite clan into the winning seat before January 31<sup>st</sup>. There is a 3-way tie for first in the Cultist Storyline with Gangrel, Malkavian Antitribu, and Ventrue as the current contenders for victory. Look at the full breakdown of clan victories at <http://www.vtesinla.org/storyline/cultisteventtotals.asp>, which is being maintained by Robert Goudie.

### patricklusk's NAC winning deck

Deck Name: Got Confusion?

Crypt: (12 cards, Min: 17, Max: 28, Avg: 5.58)

- 1 Ruth McGinley aus cel obf DEM 6 Malkavian
- 1 Anatole dom for AUS DEM OBF8 Malkavian
- 1 Claven aus dem obf 4 Malkavian Antitribu
- 1 General Perfidio Dios dem obf AUS 5 Malkavian Antitribu
- 1 Korah ani AUS DEM OBF 7 Malkavian Antitribu
- 1 Midget obf pre DEM 3 Malkavian Antitribu
- 1 Uncle George aus dom obf DEM 5 Malkavian Antitribu
- 1 Kite obf pre AUS DEM 7 Malkavian Antitribu
- 1 Persia aus obf DEM 5 Malkavian
- 1 Artemis aus cel for DEM OBF6 Malkavian Antitribu
- 1 Colonel cel dem obf AUS 5 Malkavian Antitribu
- 1 Dolphin Black AUS DEM OBF 6 Malkavian Antitribu



# VAMPIRE

## THE ETERNAL STRUGGLE

### Library: (90 cards)

#### Master (14 cards)

#### Blood Doll



#### Master.

Put this card on a vampire you control. During his or her master phase, this vampire's controller may move 1 blood from this vampire to his or her pool or from his or her pool to this vampire.

Illus: Lawrence Snelly

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- 4 Blood Doll
- 2 Direct Intervention
- 2 Dreams of the Sphinx
- 1 From a Sinking Ship
- 2 Wash
- 1 Barrens, The
- 2 Obfuscate

#### Action (18 cards)

- 16 Kindred Spirits
- 1 Restructure
- 1 Blessing of Chaos

#### Action Modifier (29 cards)

- 3 Cloak the Gathering
- 5 Confusion
- 5 Eyes of Chaos
- 3 Elder Impersonation
- 3 Faceless Night
- 5 Lost in Crowds
- 5 Spying Mission

#### Reaction (23 cards)

- 2 Confusion of the Eye
- 9 Wake with Evening's Freshness
- 1 On the Qui Vive

- 3 Telepathic Counter
- 8 Telepathic Misdirection

#### Ally (1 cards)

- 1 Procurer

#### Combo (5 cards)

- 4 Swallowed by the Night
- 1 Random Patterns

## Anthony coleman's european championship winning deck

Deck name: Bitch Fight 4: the Bitch Forever

Crypt (avg=5.67):

#### Cynthia Ingold



**Sabbat:** Cynthia gets +1 strength in combat with a Camarilla vampire. Sterile.

Illus: Lawrence Snelly

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- 2 Cynthia Ingold ani for pre SPI 6  
Ahrimane Sabbat
- 4 Howler obf ANI PRE SPI 8 Ahrimane  
Sabbat
- 1 Juanita Santiago ani pre spi 4 Ahrimane  
Sabbat
- 2 The Siamese ani pro PRE SPI 7  
Ahrimane Sabbat
- 1 Dani ani 2 Nosferatu antitribu Sabbat

# VAMPIRE

## THE ETERNAL STRUGGLE

- 1 Gillian Krader ani dem 2 Pander Sabbat
- 1 Zip ani 2 Ravnos Sabbat

### Library:

Master(17)

- 2 Animalism
- 6 Blood Doll
- 1 Guardian Angel
- 1 KRCG News Radio
- 1 Pentex Subversion
- 1 Powerbase: Montreal
- 1 Smiling Jack, The Anarch
- 1 The Hungry Coyote
- 1 The Rack
- 1 WMRH Talk Radio
- 1 Fame

### Action(11)

- 1 Aranthebes, The Immortal
- 1 Army of Rats
- 4 Engling Fury
- 1 Heart of the City
- 4 Nose of the Hound

### Equipment(2)



- 2 Leather Jacket
- Ally(5)
- 1 Carlton Van Wyk (Hunter)

- 1 High Top
- 1 Mylan Horseed (Goblin)
- 1 Neighborhood Watch Commander (Hunter)
- 1 Ossian

### Retainer(8)



- 3 Murder of Crows
- 1 Owl Companion
- 4 Raven Spy

### Reaction(20)

- 5 Cats' Guidance
- 5 Falcon's Eye
- 10 Speak with Spirits

### Combat(18)

- 6 Aid from Bats
- 2 Canine Horde
- 8 Carrion Crows
- 2 Pack Alpha

### Combat/Action Modifier(8)

- 8 Swiftiness of the Stag

### Event(1)

- 1 The Unmasking



## *Do as Thou Wilt Shall be the Whole of the Law*

*Excerpts from Belial's Brood*

Anarchists, Satanists, miscreants, demon-worshippers: the scum the kindred society. The members of Belial's Brood have been given these titles, well deserved through their claim that all Kindred are the Spawns of Satan. Where other Covenants seek status, religion, purpose or enlightenment, Belial's Brood believes the purpose of the Damned is to indulge in the dark pleasures of the Beast inside. What follows is a glimpse into the mind of a madman, a glimpse at a soul where the Beast reigns.

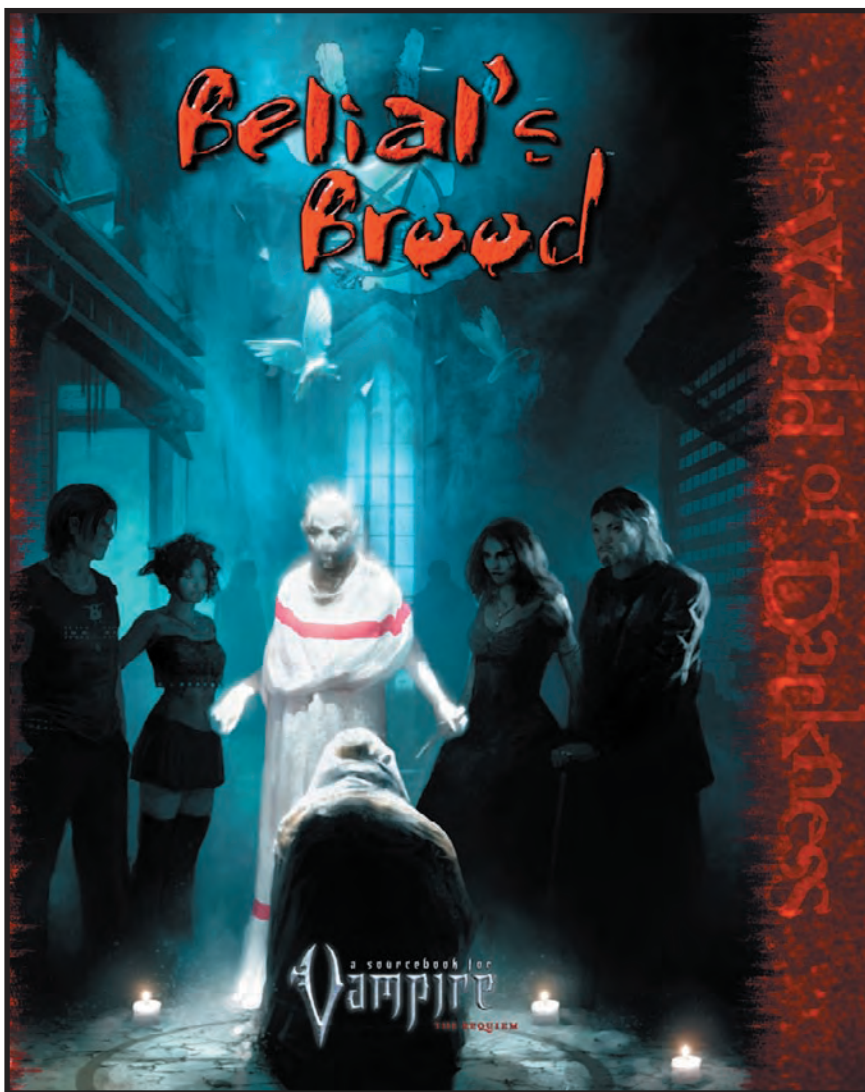
### *One of the Brood*

Being a member of Belial's Brood is a substantially more transformative experience than many outside the Brood's ranks could possibly imagine, and while outsiders would undoubtedly be disturbed by what the Brood does, they'd likely be even more disturbed to discover what the Brood is and what the Brood *believe*.

Contrary to the oft-rehashed stereotype, the vampires of the Brood are not maddened arsonist nomads, charging into town and causing random destruction at every turn. They are vampires who have turned from the "damnable lie" taught to them by Kindred society, and by the Man within. They are vampires who have chosen to deal with the eternal struggle of Beast versus Man by accepting the Beast's dominance and power, rather than by fighting with it for what could amount to eternity. The Beast, they feel, is not some curse leveled upon their race, a fate to which they are doomed for all time. Rather, the Beast is their own dark soul, given them by the deity who claims dominion over the physical world — an entity some call the Demiurge and others call the Adversary (and others still even call by its Biblical name: Lucifer). If the supernal deity figure (which some call God) was responsible for their lives as mortals, and for the part of them that is Man, then His infernal opposite, the primordial Other, is responsible for the Beast, and thus for who and what vampires are once bereft of life.

### *The Pursuit*

The single most central idea to the vampires of Belial's Brood — more key even than Belial — is the long and spiritually demanding process they call the Pursuit. For the Forsworn, the act of awakening to the truth of their existence is only the beginning, the alarum that rouses their bestial souls to action. And that action is the steady and dedicated dissolution of all that once made them human, and with it, the equally steady and dedicated acceptance of all that makes them what they are now: vampires.



# Vampire

## THE REQUIEM

The Pursuit is a unique and deeply personal affair for each vampire of the Brood. Forsworn mentors are quick to ingrain in their young converts the idea that there is no formula, no blueprint or guide to the twists and turns of the Pursuit. Each must find his own path, and learn from it what he can as he progresses along it. Whatever form the Pursuit takes, it always involves the gradual stripping away of a vampire's Humanity. Being Forsworn means leading one's unlife as a true vampire, not a dead human who is play-acting at still being human. Being Forsworn means learning to distinguish which aspects of one's spirit are truly essential to survival and prosperity in this new form, and which are merely echoes of a long-gone past, remnants of the effect of umpteen years of "brainwashing" as a mortal. The Forsworn seek to curb the Man's influence on the Beast, which is and should be the truly dominant aspect of the psyche for any vampire, and the first and most important way of doing that is to shed one's self of the burdens of Humanity.

### *New Discipline: Choronzon*

Few creatures in the World of Darkness are as unsettling as a Forsworn vampire whose covey-mates have exalted him into the ranks of the Therion. Once so inducted, the new blood priest can expect fear and reverence in equal measure from any other creature with a Beast, including his own covey-mates, and the sacred practice of Choronzon is one of the primary reasons why. With little measure of exaggeration, it can be truly said that the Brood itself would risk collapsing under its own weight without both the guidance of the Therion and the unique power of their Discipline. Without these, the Forsworn would be crippled by their own beliefs — rendered impotent (or worse) by the very Pursuit that drives them in all things. Through Choronzon, the Therion can draw on the power of the Crux (and the Adversary itself, some say) to manipulate the very essence of the vampiric curse, aiding the covey's ability to function despite its inhumanity.

Choronzon powers are often invoked with great ceremony, usually in conjunction with the Vaulderie, but such solemnity is not technically a requirement. What is a requirement, however, is that the Therion stays true to his covenant and to his beliefs. A Therion who actively chooses to abandon his covenant and/or increase his Humanity rating loses all dots in Choronzon; if he later returns to the Brood, he must relearn any lost Choronzon dots. Only the Therion and those covey-mates connected to him by means of the Crux can benefit from the effects of his Choronzon powers (keeping in mind that a covey can have no fewer than three and no more than 13 members). And since the Crux itself must be maintained through the Vaulderie, any covey member who stays away from his covey long enough to be detached from the Crux (366 days) loses the benefits of its ongoing Choronzon effects. (Returning to the fold thereafter requires the rites be performed again.) If a covey member other than the Therion leaves the covey with two or fewer members, the Therion and the remaining member continue to gain the benefits of existing effects but cannot conduct new Choronzon rites until the third

member has been replaced. If the Therion leaves the covenant or meets Final Death, the benefits of his rites end at once for all involved. Otherwise, the effects of each rite last for so long as the Crux binds its participants together. If a new covey member arrives (or an errant one returns) and wishes to partake of the Therion's Discipline, each rite must be performed again to integrate the new member into the mystical group bond.

**Cost:** —

**Dice Pool:** Choronzon, unlike most Disciplines, is composed of several concomitant effects, none of which is actively rolled. Rather, the boon of each effect grows alongside the Therion's escalating mastery of Choronzon itself. Once the initial ritual for each effect is performed, the effects are considered "always on" for each participant thereafter. All Therion have access to all four of these effects as soon as they gain their first dot in Choronzon.

**Action:** N/A

### *Consolamentum ("The Consolation")*

Perhaps the most iconic mystery of Choronzon is a rite known as the Consolamentum ("the consolation") for the way it consoles the spirits of the Forsworn. Over the course of the rite, the Therion anoints the brow of each participant in turn — including himself — with a drop of blood, often from the communal Vaulderie chalice. Those who partake of this rite feel their spirits strengthened, as of a mystical grip settling around both Man and Beast.

This power confers two related benefits. Ordinarily, vampires risk degenerating into madness with each successive drop in their Humanity. As the systematic dissolution of Humanity is integral to the Forsworn, however, this power works to aid in that intentional descent. All participants in the rite gain some measure of protection from the usual risks that accompany Humanity loss. First, any time a participant commits a sin for which he must make a degeneration roll, that covey member may opt to use the Therion's rating in the Choronzon Discipline (the current rating, not the rating at the time the rite was conducted) instead of the usual dice pool. Second, any time one who participated in the rite must roll for a derangement after losing Humanity, he or she adds the Therion's rating in Choronzon as bonus dice to the Humanity roll (to a maximum of 10 dice).

**Example:** A Brood member who took part in the Consolamentum rite finds himself faced with a degeneration check after cold-bloodedly murdering a child. Normally, he would roll only two dice to see if he drops in Humanity, but the rite's power permits him to use his Therion's Choronzon rating instead. His Therion's rating is ●●●, so he'd get an extra die in this case, but he decides he doesn't want the help this time. He rolls just the two dice . . . and fails, falling from Humanity 4 to Humanity 3. Usually, he would now roll his new Humanity rating (three dice) to see if he gains a derangement, but since he was under the effects of this power at the time, he gets to add his Therion covey-mate's Choronzon rating (●●●) as bonus dice to the derangement roll, in this case doubling his chances of success.



# The King Is Dead! Long Live the King!

Succession has never been so much fun.

by Nathan Kelley

Live action roleplaying has always applied to one particular breed of geek. Conversely, the geeks that thirst for strategic board and card games are of a different breed, and it was thought that never shall the two meet. **Long Live the King** White Wolf's new LARP-in-a-box mixes these two elements to create a game where being the King is as much fun as stabbing him in the kidney.

In **Long Live the King** each player takes the role of one of seven members of the King's court, attempting to manipulate the senile King into giving him the Throne, or at least control over who will sit on it. Here is a look through the eyes of four hopeful King-to-bes:

*I'm the Crown Prince, but everyone calls me the Royal Bastard because of some questions about the details of my birth. But who my mother was is not the point. I am the eldest son of the King and his chosen heir: the Throne is rightfully mine! How dare that harlot Queen propose her son be the heir! She's younger than me! She's not the only one I have to worry about. The Treasurer and the Archbishop both want a puppet kingdom, and they need someone on the throne to manipulate. If I'm not careful, one of them could swing enough of the court to their side to pine me down. Thankfully, Father always listens to me when I advise him on the status of the court.*

The taxes must be preserved. Taxes mean money to fund the troops, money to build castles, money to buy food in the winter months so the peasants don't rebel. The political stability of this kingdom is entirely reliant on it's economic status. As the Treasurer, I have kept the books here for a long time, and if there's one thing the royals don't understand, it's money. With the King's help failing, this is my opportunity to save the kingdom from an empty treasury. I must keep an heir on the throne, so that the current bureaucracy stays in place. With a puppet in place, I can use the treasury's funds to buy the loyalty of the court to the kingdom: where their loyalties should have been all along. If I can secure the majority of the court, the heir will have no choice but to listen to me.

Might makes right! Too long has our Kingdom suffered dishonor and shame under the ignoble path of diplomacy preferred by the King! The surrounding kingdoms mock us for the size of our tiny army. As the King grows old and feeble, the peasants grow more and more rebellious to boot. With the King's permission, I, the Baron of the Army, will crush the miserable miscreants and return order to this land. Then, at the height of my victories I will march into the castle and proclaim myself king, a modern Caesar returning to Rome. But Caesar only became Emperor because of a vacancy at the top I will have to make sure that is also the case. And I have to watch the Ambassador. I know he is stirring up the rebellion with his foreign coins. Perhaps we can work together.

I don't care who rules this pathetic little kingdom. In fact, if no one rules it, all the better for me. I was sent here by my King to act as a dutiful Ambassador, to maintain diplomatic ties, and to keep up the appearances of peace. This kingdom is weak though, and the peasants are unruly. With a poke and a prod here and there I could burst this kingdom into a full-fledged rebellion. With their army tied down fighting its own populace, my nation could send a "peace keeping mission" to "restore order". For my troubles, my King has offered me a nice castle to retire into, and one might say I've already moved in. All I have to do is keep everyone off the throne so no heroic speeches rally the peasantry. Ironically, the king seems to distrust me so much that he always does the opposite of what I advise. Perhaps I can use this to my advantage in court, supporting the legislation that seems most disastrous to my cause, and speaking venomously against what will help me. If the King's too dumb to realize his own court is manipulating him, what chance does he have against me?



# BESM comes to White Wolf Publishing

by Marika Wojciechowski

Do you love roleplaying? Are you addicted to anime? Did you think that never the twain would meet? Does that combination make you weep for the Game That Was?

Fear not, for there does exist such an amalgam, and it has become White Wolf's. The multi-genre anime and manga roleplaying game BESM, or in non-acronym-speak, Big Eyes, Small Mouth, was originally published by Guardians of Order in 1999. Just as its spiffy new third edition was set to come out, Guardians of Order announced that they were going out of business. To forestall a chorus of NOOOOOOO's a la Anakin, they reassured the gaming world that another company would be publishing and providing support for BESM.



Happily, ArtHaus Games, whose products are published by White Wolf, acquired the property for BESM, giving cause for rejoicing to many happy anime roleplayers. We're very excited here at White Wolf about the new edition of this award-winning game. The third edition of Big Eyes, Small Mouth is scheduled for release in January 2007.

Just a few of the new features include a streamlined and expanded Tri-Stat System, offering enhanced character options without sacrificing its ease of use, and modular toolkits for races, occupations, and archetypes that will make the game faster and easier for new players to explore, helping them turn their initial concepts into final character designs.

So if you're an old fan or newly interested, sigh no more, gentle readers. Look forward to two hundred forty pages tailor-made for unnaturally colored hair, unbelievably long legs, big eyes, and small mouths. BESM has returned! Happy New Year!





## Rumors and Assumptions

Truth is not always as it may seem. Stories shared from one person to another have a tendency to mutate and change until it is nothing like the original. Rumors run rampant and wild experiences branch outward, becoming something more than it was. Prometheans, who live and die a lot of the time through the word of mouth, are exposed to these things more than any other being. Through the medium of Rambles, a Promethean can learn of dire warnings or even gain a renewed sense of hope.

Magnum Opus is possibility; it is potential. It can give both players and Storytellers something to work with that is different than what is presented in the Promethean corebook. It allows the Storyteller to surprise the players when they learn that a rumor they heard from an old aged Tammuz is indeed true or it can place the players into a position where they have no choice but to rely on the gossip that has been relayed through the Created society when it could kill them for doing so. Magnum Opus brings a new and refreshing dynamic to Promethean: The Created that brings the players to a whole new level of play.

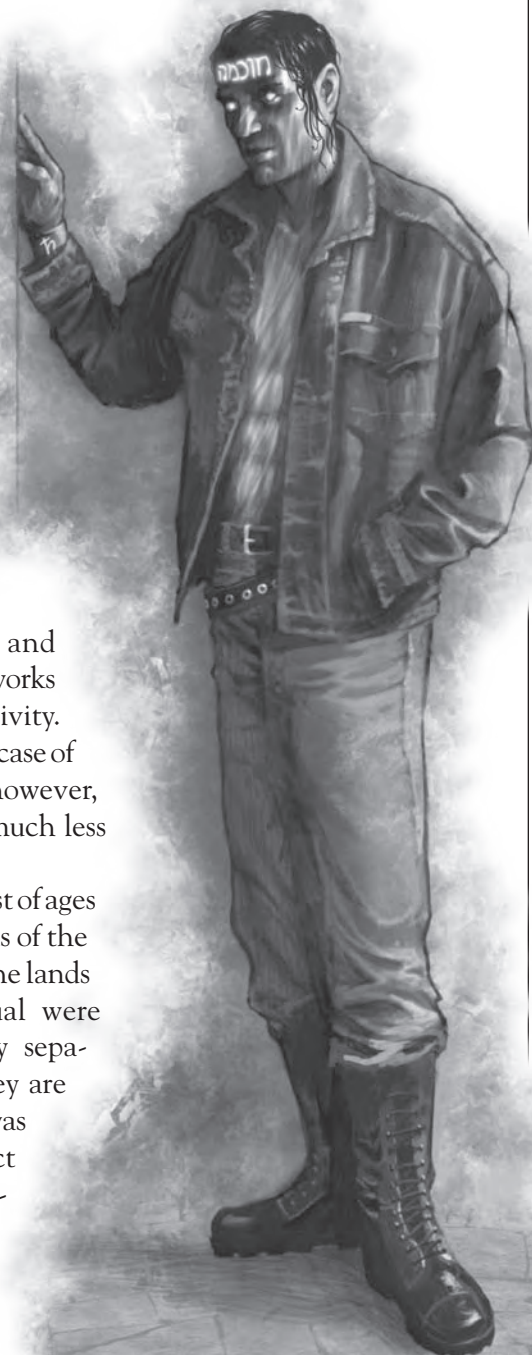
### The Prodigal Demiurge

Behind every masterpiece there is something mysterious at work. Something – or someone – ignites the spark of genius, and a human craftsman is, for one electric moment, inspired beyond human capacity, spawning an unrepeatable masterwork into the world. The creation of a new Promethean Lineage is in such a work, a lightning stroke of brilliance and suddenly something that should never have been able to come into being exists. Some demiurges, such as Pygmalion, credit the Divine, acting to share its own beauty with the world or inspire humanity to continue striving to better themselves. Few argue, because few know the truth hidden in the shadows behind those brilliant flashes of genius. It is not benevolence or a drive to inspire, however, that fuels the creation of new Promethean Lineages.

It is desperation.

As far back as ancient Greece, philosophers attributed the ability to extend one's self far beyond the normal limits of creative ability to the attention or patronage of a divine benefactor or muse. This godly patron would inspire the artisan, either through a direct manifestation and influence or through more subtle means, out of an innate desire to see the world enriched with ever greater and more glorious works of art and creativity. At least in the case of the Created, however, the reality is much less selfless.

In the earliest of ages when the lands of the physical and the lands of the spiritual were less succinctly separated than they are today, there was a great conflict in the ethereal kingdom. Unlike previous squabbles



# PROMETHEAN™

## THE CREATED

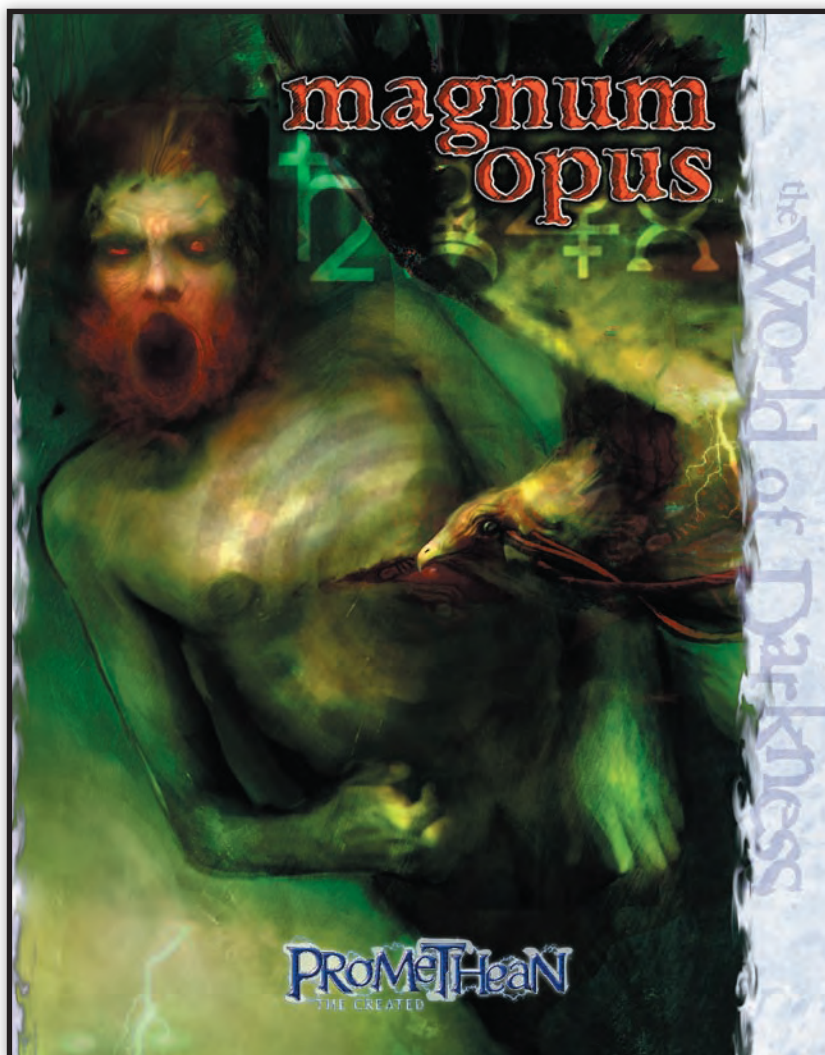
between aspects of the Divine (which were truly all parts of the great wholeness of spirit), this was the first true war. At length, one faction was victorious and the other vanquished. And, as would come to be traditional at such times, this fallen one was painted as the scapegoat for the entire situation and bore the brunt of the matter upon his shoulders.

The defeated aspect was cast out of the Divine for its “sin.” This separation tore a fiery rift between the physical and the spiritual, and the entity that would come to be known as the Prodigal was barred from interacting completely with either. This division, the first sin, had far further-reaching effects than even the Divine itself could have foreseen. As soon as blame was cast and part of the Divine separated from the rest of it, the nature of reality changed forever. No longer were things merely a matter of perspective with different aspects of the Divine seeing things differently while remaining part of the whole – for the first time, there truly was “right” and “wrong,” an entirely separate physical and spiritual division in reality.

After a veritable eternity as part of the Divine whole, the aspect that would come to be known as the Prodigal found itself alone. For days (or perhaps centuries), it contemplated its situation, attempting to understand exactly what had happened and how it was possible for it to feel so... alone. At length, the Prodigal decided that the “what” and “how” were not as important as rectifying the situation. The Prodigal was no longer whole, and no matter what the cost, it must find a way to rejoin with the rest of the Divine. At first the Prodigal tried simple methods, but its pleas to the rest of the Divine fell upon deaf ears. What was once a part of it was now an impervious wall of Divine Flame that the Prodigal could reach, but never breach. The Prodigal didn’t have much better luck with the world of the physical, either. While the Prodigal’s influence was greater there, it quickly found that its presence often paved

the way to madness among the mortal creatures who were ill prepared to deal with being directly touched by even one small aspect of the Divine. The Prodigal mourned the destruction it came to see in its wake, but, having no other options save for eternal shunning, the Prodigal set about creating a plan to return to the Divine whole of which it had once been a part.

The Prodigal feels the weight of the first “sin” on its shoulders and knows it must divest itself of this burden before it can rejoin its once divine state. Knowing its burden to be too heavy or any human to bear, the Prodigal hopes that if it can create another being, like itself, to take up the guilt, the Prodigal may be permitted to leave its state of limbo behind and rejoin the Divine. With the onus of sin upon it, the Prodigal may be incapable of creating a perfect being to which the





# PROMETHEAN

## THE CREATED

Prodigal can pass its guilty burden, but that has not stopped it from trying time and time again.

Cursed as it is to be neither of the spiritual or physical worlds, the Prodigal is unable to take direct action in either. While its Divine kin are immune to its manipulation, however, humanity is not so inured. Throughout history, the Prodigal has, through vision, ethereal appearances or emotional manipulation, inspired various human beings to create what it hoped would be the form of its replacement. When each was completed, the Prodigal used its status in limbo to focus the Divine Fire into the creation and stir it to life. Each stirred, and for a moment the Prodigal dared to believe that its burden might at last be lifted. But in each case, while something was brought into existence, the Created was not sufficient to bear the burden of the first sin, and the Prodigal was forced to spend the next decades, or in some cases, centuries, scheming another attempt.

### Bestowment: Dreamsharing

The Promethean's connection to the stuff of dreams invades his daily – or nightly – experience. He sleeps, and having no dreams of his own, dreams other people's dreams. He's a visitor, a spectator. He can see what they're dreaming, and they can see him. In their dreams, he's the monster in the corner, the bogeyman under the bed. If he has this Bestowment (which he can take in lieu of another Lineage Bestowment, or buy later as a Transmutation), he can exert a small amount of control over the dream he's trapped inside.

**Cost:** 1 Pyros

**Action:** Instant and contested

**Transmutation Cost:** Wits x 7

The player spends one Pyros and rolls Wits + Empathy, reflexively contested by the dreamer's Resolve. If the character succeeds, he can interact with the people in the dream, both the dreamer and the other characters created in the dream through conversation and through physical means. If the character is attacked, for example, he can now fight back. Although attacks on a dreamer have no effect on the real world, "killing" or "knocking out" a dreaming human ends the dream. Everyone caught in the dream wakes up.

If the character is in an alchemical pact, and his companions are with him in the dream, they also gain the benefit of the Bestowment.



# CHANGELING

## Inspiration & Perspiration

by Ethan Skemp

Everybody's got their own inspirations for a game like **Changeling**. This is, as they say, not a bad thing. Except if you're the one assembling the bibliography for the book, and you don't have infinite space to list off books, movies, poems and what-have-you. Then it's time to make some hard choices.

I say "hard choices" because there's not exactly any one fairy tale or book or movie that was clearly and indubitably at the heart of **Changeling's** vision. (Which is for the best; who wants a derivative game?) So it becomes a matter of reaching into the swirling maelstrom that is a bunch of authors talking about things they like, and drawing out the best of the works that are crashing around in there. Okay, so we have to mention Susannah Clarke's *Jonathan Strange and Mr. Norrell* because the Gentleman with Thistledown Hair is a fine model for one of the Fae. Bradbury's *Something Wicked This Way Comes* is replete with emotion and supernatural wonder and dread, and it involves circus trains — also a no-brainer. There's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" and "Tam Lin," right, but you could also argue for something by Neil Gaiman, and picking the best is sure to inspire firestorms among a certain kind of fantasy fan (I kind of favor the baroque and diverse weirdness of *Neverwhere* as inspiration, just to start that fight). Is Emma Bull's *War for the Oaks* too upbeat? Is China Mieville too downbeat? Is it as weird as it seems to put *Labyrinth* and *Pan's Labyrinth* on the same viewing list despite their tremendous differences? (Note to parents: Rent the former for kids, not the latter. Just saying.) Yeats' "The Stolen Child" paints an inappropriately benevolent face on the Fae, but even so it's a classic and damn creepy if you read it right. And then there's Keith Donohue's *The Stolen Child*...

Like I said, this is hard. Optimally I would be able to include a sentence about each work that explains why it's appropriate, another glimpse behind the curtain, but there are too many sources!

But important point: "Too many potential sources of inspiration" is really only a problem for the bibliography

section. It's not a problem for the *game*. I like setting up a game that, despite having a common theme and a definite continuity that provides a sensible and consistent source for the changelings and their power, allows for tremendous diversity of inspiration. It should be able to do a lot, from twisted medieval castle spires to morbid Gothic fairy tales to beautiful and gruesome modern nightmares. Each source is a simple facet, on a large and lustrous jewel.

Now how do you cram this approach to **Changeling** into one book? That is not an easy question to answer. I admit I'm making it much worse on myself by taking a liberal approach to setting up the archetype systems (which you may know as character creation axes — axes, mind, the plural of axis and not ax — or perhaps by the net-colloquialism of "splats"). The archetypes have to be broad enough to encompass a wide variety of concepts, allowing for a Japanese snow woman as easily as a Greek oread. But at the same time, we've got to make them colorful enough that you can come into **Changeling** without a character concept and leave with one; they can't be so general they don't inspire.

That's the trick, isn't it? The game needs to inspire people just with its vivid and intricate details, and it also needs to be open to people bringing in their own inspiration from outside and tweaking those ideas to the setting. Never let it be said that **Changeling** is a game that doesn't have much to do with inspiration.

So far, I think it's working. In the interests of full divulgence, I just got out of a meeting in which we discussed the way we're going to approach art for the game, and damn if the splats didn't inspire some interesting ways of proving just how elegant and cool they are.

When **Changeling** releases, feel free to come without a character concept already in mind. You'll see things that demand to be set down on paper, social situations that cry out for exploration. But then again, you might just say "hey, the Elemental seeming looks like a perfect way for me to explore that yuki-onna concept I've been kicking around for a while; and if I had her join the..."



# CHANGELING

COMING IN 2007





# GODFLESH

EVE Fiction

Bethora looked out the station window, waiting for the race to begin. The windows here in the royal quarters were quite expansive, far more so than in most other sections of the station, and gave a good view of both the planet below and of the stars in the distance. The glass in the windows was warm, too, which was rare on space stations. Microscopic filaments embedded in the glass generated a constant supply of heat, and the material in the windows was specially mixed to conduct it well. The heat loss through this process was horrendous, and so it was only offered to the richest of clients.

The comfort wasn't solely for the benefit of visiting royalty. As part of the Ardishapur family, Bethora frequently had to play host to a number of tradesmen, merchants and religious officials, most of whom regularly visited the space station but wouldn't go to the planet's surface. Travels between planet and station were expensive if you wanted any degree of comfort, and while the royal court could get the most comfortable seats free of charge, anyone else would either have to pay, or accept being stowed away like so much cargo and livestock.

So Bethora went up to the sky on a regular basis. She enjoyed

it. Things were simpler here, she found, and offered opportunity for reflection and quiet. This time around, the retinue even included her son, who was about to compete in the space races.

She turned from the window and looked to the royal banners hanging from the walls, decorated with the Amarrian crest and the various sigils of her family. The banners swayed a little, gently wafted by air conditioners discreetly planted in the walls behind them. Beneath the banners stood the royal furniture, old and splendid: chairs of thick, dark oak, covered in embroidered pillows; various old paper books on shelves, chronicling the family history; gold and silver cutlery and dishware.

The last was being polished by Javies, Bethora's manservant, who mumbled genteel obscenities about the state of the place and the competence of the staff. Javies was part of Bethora's retinue, and went with her on all official trips. They routinely visited the space station, and every time, he expressed his astonishment at the lackadaisical attitude the staff onboard seemed to have towards basic cleanliness. The silverware, he maintained, looked like it had been stored in a coalmine, and the less said about the dust on the tables, the better.







Bethora, who was in most other respects a strict and proper person, didn't begrudge Javies his little complaints. The man had been in service to her family for a long time, and had assisted willingly in various tasks that younger men would have begged leave from. He knew when it was all right to talk, and when one should remain silent.

Bethora looked back out the window, staring at the planet. She heard Javies's footsteps approach.

"Brings us closer to the Lord, milady?" he asked.

"Brings me further from the earth, Javies."

"As milady says."

"I do wish they'd get this thing over and done with."

Javies handed her a thin porcelain cup, and poured tea into it. "Milady has never been much in favour of the races, as I recall. Incidentally, I took the liberty of cleaning the tea kettle. Three times, in fact. I believe it had gathered enough carbon to form the basis of intelligent life."

She glanced at him and smiled briefly. "Thank you, Javies. It's always good to have a diversion."

"Indeed, milady." Javies retreated to the dinner table, where he began to polish the gold decoration on the glass cups.

"I just don't like Keral taking time away from his studies," Bethora said. "He needs to work hard."

"The children of men can never rest, it seems, milady," Javies said, alluding gently to the status of Keral's father. The man had been a notoriously hard worker, right until his untimely death. Afterwards, Bethora had grown increasingly dissatisfied with Keral's progress, constantly egging and pushing him to greater heights.

"It's for his own good," Bethora said. "Life isn't easy."

Javies, who had been a manservant for a long time and knew a few things about the difference between royal and civilian life, said nothing.

"Besides, if his father were here, he'd push the boy far harder."

"I'm sure he would, milady."

There was a knock. Javies walked over to the door and greeted the guest, saying to Bethora, "Lady Raana here to see you, milady."

The woman walked in. She wore a dress of shimmering greens, and a golden necklace, both of which glimmered in the lights of the quarter. She walked speedily over to Bethora, gave her a nervous smile and said, "Bater sends his regards."

Bethora nodded. Bater was Raana's husband, a man with sad eyes and clammy hands. Bethora had let him on top of her once, in a weak moment, and had told him afterwards that if anyone ever found out, she would have him castrated.

"Have you heard from Keral?" Raana added.

"Only that he was getting ready, and expected to win. How about Selan?" Selan was Raana's son, and would be aboard the same ship as Keral in the race, acting as Keral's second-in-command.

"The same. I do wish those boys weren't so eager. Competitiveness is all well and good, but one day they're going to take it too far."

"Rather that than not far enough," Bethora said.

"Oh, don't say that. I'm worried enough as it is without having them be jinxed."

Javies interrupted. "I'm sorry, but could I offer miladies some tea?"

"No, thank you, dear," Raana responded. "I only popped round to wish everyone good luck."

"And the same to you," Bethora said. She put her arm around Raana's shoulders. "They're going to be fine. Stop worrying. I didn't raise Keral to let me down."

Raana looked at her. "I know you didn't, darling," she said. "I know you didn't. At any rate, I'll be off. The race should be starting soon, anyway." And with that, she took her leave.

\*\*\*

Several ships undocked. Each was a different model, but shared the Amarrian characteristics: The lambent gleam on golden hulls, the hawk-like curves, the quiet, majestic grandeur. They lined up in a predetermined pocket of space and signed their readiness in the local communications channel. A few moments later, the judges gave the starting call. The race was on.

The rules were fairly simple. Each contestant had to destroy a series of beacons. Each beacon, when destroyed,





would drop a marker that needed to be returned to station. Points of varying measure were scored by destroying your beacon, returning your markers, destroying other people's beacons, destroying or returning their markers, and performing any particular manoeuvres considered elegant, flashy or dangerous enough. All beacons were fairly closely spaced, so there was always a risk that your opponent might shoot down yours instead of going for his own. As a result, ships needed to be fitted not only with sufficient firepower to destroy the beacons, but also electronic warfare capabilities to disrupt the targeting capabilities of other players. Not only that, but since each marker was fairly sizeable, you'd need to fit cargo hold expanders on your ship if you wanted to haul more than a couple back to station at any one time; and expanders would slow your ship down noticeably. Ship setups were kept strictly secret, shown only to professional inspectors.

Keral was already in the lead. He'd spent months practicing with Selan at his side, and the two commanded their ship with admirable precision. Since the purpose of competition was to test the young men's mastery of command, the ships were staffed only by regular crews, not by capsuleer pilots.

Eventually, it came down to a single beacon. Keral and Selan's ship, the Apollyon, was just barely ahead, racing toe to toe with another ship. The Apollyon started going faster, and faster, and faster still, firing on the beacon and hitting with incredible accuracy at that range. It managed to destroy the beacon, but for some reason its guns kept firing, into empty space, and a commentator noted that if they kept that up something was sure to burn out. The Apollyon rushed onward to pick up the marker, but when it got in range, it didn't slow; instead, it kept going, overshooting its prize. It tried to turn, but inertia had it in an inexorable grip, and as the spectators watched in shock, it crashed into a nearby asteroid.

\*\*\*

They were at the station's medical quarters. Bethora sat by her son's side, in silence. He was being kept unconscious. His friend Selan had died earlier the same night.

The head doctor approached her. "The scan results are in, milady. I'm very sorry to tell you this, but with the internal injuries your son has sustained, it's almost certain that he won't last the night."

She glared at him.

He continued. "We'll do everything we can to make your stay here as comfortable as possible."

"There is something else you can do," she said. "You can help my son."

"I'm sorry," the doctor said, "I truly am. I can understand your reaction, but short of giving him a new body, we're helpless. I strongly suggest you focus instead on the little time you have left with your son."

Without breaking her gaze, Bethora got up and stood very close to the doctor. "You are not listening to me," she said in a quiet tone. "Or yourself. There is something you can do. A new body."

The doctor stared at her. Then he bubbled, "That's, no, that's unheard of. Amarr royal skin is absolutely sacred."

"Is yours?" Bethora said.

The doctor fell silent.

"If my son dies tonight," she said, "he will not be the only one. Nor will I stop there. Is that clear?"

The doctor swallowed, and nodded.

"I know there are several facilities in the area with clones on standby. My manservant will assist you in making the necessary arrangements, including all steps needed for secrecy. My son will awake tomorrow, and make a miraculous recovery."

\*\*\*

Bethora looked through the shatterproof window set in the door. It was a week after the accident.

On the other side, Keral paced, tossing things back and forth, screaming nonsensical dialogue from movies he'd once seen, stopping every now and then to turn the lights in the room off and back on. He had indeed made a miraculous recovery, but not a complete one. Brain damage, irreparable, had ensued.

Her advisors had informed Bethora she would have to keep her son out of sight for a while. Later, they would let rumours slip out that the crash, combined with Bethora's harsh, cold treatment of her son throughout his childhood, had resulted in such psychological trauma that Keral might never recover. No one could ever find out that the cloning of sacred Amarrian skin



had taken place, nor that, with security procedures circumvented, it had gone so disastrously wrong.

Bethora placed her fingers against the glass. Her son, lost in whirlwinds, didn't even notice.

"You," someone said.

Bethora turned. In front of her stood Raana, accompanied by two armed guards.

"What's this?" Bethora said.

"Why did the ship go faster than its fittings should've allowed?" Raana said in a dead tone. "Why did its guns keep on firing at nothing? Why didn't its shields buffer it from the asteroid? Why did my son die?"

Bethora rubbed her eyes. "I don't know. Why don't you go ahead and tell me, Raana?"

"I had the wreckage investigated," Raana said. "Turns out it contained ship rig prototypes. Since rigs are so new on the market, they haven't yet been allowed in competition, but your son didn't care about that, did he?"

"What are you saying?" Bethora said.

"The first prototypes for these things wouldn't have shown up on the ship fitting screens, and so the inspector would never know. But they were completely unstable and were never released to the public. The only people who could've gotten their hands on those infernal machines were those with special access. People like us.

"Your boy had this planned for ages. He cheated, and it killed my son, and it was all because of you."

"Me?!"

"Who pushed him into this? Who never let up? Who made him feel he was never good enough for anything?" Raana said. "I don't know if you actively encouraged him to cheat, but it really doesn't matter. You're responsible for all of this, Bethora, and I intend to see you pay."

She raised a hand, and the guards stepped forward.

Bethora steeled herself. "You don't know what you're doing," she said.

Raana's eyes went wide and her face turned pale with rage. "And you do?" she said. She stalked over to Bethora and jabbed a finger at the window on the door beside them. "Look! Look at what you've done! You wouldn't even let that poor boy rest in death."

"What do you mean?" Bethora managed to say.

"You know exactly what I mean. It doesn't take a genius to figure out," Raana said, then shook her head. "My god, you're pathetic."

Bethora opened her mouth to say something, thought the better of it, and walked past Raana, the guards following her with hands on their weapons.

On the other side of the door, the boy turned the lights on and off, on and off, on and off, on and off, on and off.





Welcome to the Winter Quarterly's Fan Submissions Section. This Quarterly showcases fan fiction from the realms of World of Darkness, Werewolf, and Exalted. As editor, I would like to thank everyone who responded to our call for your writing and congratulations to all those who made it into the Quarterly. It wasn't easy to select the final pieces, so if you didn't make it this time, don't give up. There are still Quarterly opportunities in the future. We look forward to seeing what you send us for the next Quarterly, so don't let your keyboard or pencil go untouched!

## Pipes

by Ken Ringwald

Urbana, Illinois

The first day, it was just the water in the pipes screeching. It was about as obnoxious as a kettle boiling in another room. Surely, it couldn't be good for the pipes themselves. The apartment maintenance guys would have it fixed up, any day now. They'd better, before the things start leaking down the walls.

Good, it's gone now. Maybe, just someone using too much hot water.

Dammit. It's back again.

That screeching noise just happens every so often. The bathroom is across the room, and all those pipes are behind a few walls, which should muffle the sounds. But, the wall's caving in behind the toilet. I noticed the plaster is flaked and broken where the pipes run out of the wall. Quality work, there. This plumbing's been giving me trouble the entire time. Every few days, it seems like, I'm calling maintenance back to look at a clogged sink. Or the dripping showerhead. Or everyone's favorite, the toilet which is not flushing properly, maybe spewing water on the floor.

Sometimes I take long showers here. It's best that way. I can't hear the screaming of the pipes over the hot water coming out, pressurized and almost scalding. There's a certain razor-edged satisfaction in it, too. I'm sure my floormates - maybe people on other floors, too - have to deal with that noise while I'm enjoying my nice, steamy shower. The only downside is stopping. The handle shudders to a halt when I turn it all the way back. It sounds like something's shifting in the wall, behind it. Grind, thump. And then the showerhead drips, no matter how much I turn it back. That, and the pipes scream after the water's turned off, for a few minutes. Some other jerk getting their own soothing shower. It's loudest there, and echoes off the chipped and yellowing tiles.

Getting dressed with that noise almost ruins the whole thing. I've thought about getting earplugs, but it seems silly. It's so high-pitched, seems like it's right at the limit of human hearing. Maybe it's even louder, and the stuff I can't hear just digs into my brain some other way. A



# the World of Darkness®

background keening. Not all the time, but close enough.

Sometimes it wakes me up at night. It was unearthly the first time, disorienting. I think it filled my dreams with strange images at first. I'm pretty sure it still does. What I would give for a good night's sleep.. you know, you normally wake up a lot of times during the night? I read it somewhere. But then you just go back to sleep, without really processing it. Not here. I hear the pipes. Or I wonder when they'll start again. Silence and screech are equally unsettling.

The apartment doesn't do anything. The things work. Obviously. Never mind the noise, or the leaks. Have to keep the bottom line in mind, right? When I complained, the desk guy just gave me a funny look. Yeah. He seemed a little hard of hearing, though. He probably doesn't even hear them. He probably doesn't live here either, the way they're skimming off the profits. Probably lives someplace decent.

Sometimes it almost sounds like they're singing. It's discordant and jumbled, but there's a sort of rhythm to it. But then, people take their showers the same way, every day. My mind's probably just finding patterns in the noise, without realizing it.

Just out of curiosity, I took a look under the sink today. What a rat's nest. There's layers and layers of piping there. Looks like, they just added in new plumbing without taking the old things out. Maybe ever, judging by the rust built up around the pipes to the back. The sink goes further under the counter than I would have thought, too. There's probably some kind of fungus growing on the back wall. Just as well that I couldn't see it.

Today was another long day at work. I snapped at my co-workers. It just seemed like they were complaining over such petty things. Evan is stealing his cable TV, but it doesn't always work right. Ashley is cheating, and she's afraid of being found out. The copier is eating documents, somehow. Even though they just had it fixed last week. The phones are cutting out every three minutes, too. I should rub my eyes, pinch the bridge of my nose where the headache is worst, and let it go. I just can't, when I'm so edgy. Then I almost drifted off at work today. Even with all the chatter, it's so much more quiet there. Actually, that's a good idea. There's a couch in the lounge. I'll sleep at work tonight. Security hardly ever comes around, and they know me.

I woke up feeling refreshed but grimy. I slept so much better, though. And I have time to run home and grab a shower, maybe a bite to eat. My head feels so much clearer, and everything makes more sense with a good night's rest. The streets are empty except for a few derelicts and newspapers blowing back

and forth. I'm dozing just a little, but it's fine. Driving's much more relaxing when you don't have to share the road.

Even the hot water of the shower will feel much better, I'm sure. I have to give them that; the showers are nicely pressurized. They really pummel the dirt off your skin.

Of course, when I get back, the clutter of my apartment makes more of an impression. There's sticky pop cans, papers, and soiled food containers, all sticking out of laundry piles. Man, I'd really let the place go. Catching sight of my reflection, I'd really let myself go as well. Easy enough to fix. The bathroom's as bad as I remembered.. and the showerhead has fallen off. Should've known. This day was off to a suspiciously good start.

Those damned pipes again. I look at the base of the showerhead, and it's rusted all the way through. Can't believe I didn't notice that before.. the water here must be hard as a rock. Holding it up, there's no way it can be attached to the pipe again. I let it fall to the tiles with a clang, cracking some of them. Well.. maybe I can just use the pipe today. Water'll still come out. Actually, it looks like water is welling up at the end of the pipe. There's a fat drop collecting, wide as the pipe itself. I line my eye up, wondering what it looks like inside. Maybe there's more rust, or something that causes the noise.

Something is staring back at me. Another eye. This eye is frantically pushing itself out of the rusted metal, back and forth, only a few inches from my own. I stumble back, cutting my feet on the broken tiles. The eye works its way out of the pipe and falls with a wet squelching noise. It's wriggling again, and down the drain before I can react.

Deep breaths. You're just not quite awake yet. The rusted pipe is still dripping. It's flakes of iron, more rust, that leave the water red. All that you saw was your own eye, reflected in the water.

Someone else must be taking a shower, because the pipes are howling now. They're getting worse. I can hear the ones under the sink rattling, shaking in their fittings. There is another wet plop, and another. There's a slurping sound from the drain. It's backed up, and thick, brackish water is vomiting out. It's going to get into my feet, get infected, I know it..

The rusted pipe starts to flow from above me, and the drain is still spewing filth. The smell is terrible, choking and oily in the air. There's chunks, pieces of something in the water, all of it, and it's stringy. I stumble to my feet again, with a sucking sound. Have to get out of the shower, but it feels like metal fingers have twisted around my limbs.

The walls on the apartment are thin, but everyone knows that the screaming is just the pipes.



# WEREWOLF

## THE FORSAKEN

# VIATICUM

by Chris Caldwell

I prowled in the Urhan form, the form of the wolf. They couldn't see me. They certainly couldn't smell me. They had no idea I was mere yards from them. They did not know this would be their last night walking this world.

I willed my body to change. I was on a mission of mercy. I briefly wondered if they would see it as such. My packmates thought it strange I would want to do this, but they indulged me, as a good family would indulge their youngest from time to time. My pack probably thought I would outgrow these urges.

They had violated our territory. We guarded something powerful in the earth. It lay at the heart of our territory. It was our duty to protect our land. It was sacrosanct. We tried to warn them. We were not human, but we were also not monsters.

We had broken into their food lockers and personal belongings. We scattered everything of theirs around their campsite. They guessed we were raccoons. We had howled long into the night. They believed us a pack of coyotes. I had scratched an arrow in the dirt away from our territory. They didn't notice. We had left a pile of bleached bones in the heart of their camp. The largest one said we were mountain lions.

They still proceeded deeper into our domain. My pack decided that their presence was no longer tolerable. Their ignorance was unforgivable. Their persistence was a death sentence. I could not argue. But, I tell them why.

I looked like them after my change. My clothes were worn, tattered, shredded. I was covered in dirt. I had several weeks of stubble on my face. I did not look exactly like them. It had been a long time since I had worn this



# WEREWOLF

## THE FORSAKEN

shape. I picked up a stick to walk with and approached their campsite.

I saw many of the conveniences I had since given up. There were electric lanterns illuminating their campsite. They had nylon shelter. They wore comfortable, clean clothing. They drank from containers. They ate from bowls. If only they knew to savor these things while they had time. All five of them were in the open, three males and two females.

Calling on my long disused voice, I said, "Hello."

Immediately all five heads snapped to look at me. I saw fear flicker in the face of many. I could only imagine what they thought of me and what my presence meant. It was a shame that they were almost certainly wrong.

One of them had enough heart to say, "Bob, get the shotgun."

I waited patiently while Bob did that. I was in no hurry or danger. The one named Bob returned from his tent with the weapon and pointed it at me. I would have laughed if the situation weren't so solemn. I only had to look at the weapon and call on the spirit within to awaken briefly.

The gun jerked and shook in Bob's hands. It threw itself to the ground where it writhed briefly. Now, the trespassers were universally scared and confused. Sometimes only a small show of power is enough to pacify the herd, especially when they could not easily explain it away. I learned the gift from a technology spirit. It was a strange gift for one of the Meninna to have, but I found it a useful one.

"W-Wh-Who are you?" One of the females asked.

"I was once called Alan Crane," I calmly replied, "But, that's not what's really important tonight. What is important is that you've trespassed on our land."

The other male spoke up, "If that's a problem, we'll just leave, or you can call the cops. I'm sure we can work this out."

I truly pitied him, he and the rest of his did not yet understand.

"No," I said gently, "We tried to warn you earlier. You didn't heed that warning. We are not bound by your human laws. You are on our land, you are bound by ours. For that, I am truly sorry. I am almost sure this was a crime of ignorance. Unfortunately, my people don't look kindly on persistent ignorance."

Now they truly looked scared. They were disarmed and alone with a 'man' with strange powers. I believe it was then that the gravity of their situation began to dawn on them.

"Don't despair much," I quickly added, "You should feel honored. I convinced my...friends that because of that you should at least know why you go to your deaths. Very few who come this far are granted even that. I hope that gives you some level of comfort."

Now the shades of my packmates began to manifest. They surrounded the trespassers. Even in their transparency anyone could tell these wolf-like monstrosities were predators.

"You can't do this-you can't, no no no" The other female began to scream in hysterics.

"The time for discussion is over," I interrupted, trying to calm and comfort her, "There is no escape. I'm sorry."

I truly was. Bob leapt for his gun, and one of the herd was about to say something else. But, the pack had already crossed from the Shadow. It was too late.

I held my index finger to my mouth, "Shh..."

I willed all of their lights go out. They obeyed. There was a new moon, and the starlight did nothing to help them defend themselves.

"Close your eyes, I promise we will make it swift."

I am sure those were the last words they heard spoken.





# ONE REGRET

by D. Moonfire  
Carpentersville, IL, USA

Eomen, Son of the Black Ocean, leaned over the edge of his boat, peering through the misty waters. Ahead, he could feel the pull of the Elemental Pole of Water, the energies that resonated with his very heart and being. Grinning, he reached down, hanging on the ropes from the mast, and dipped his hand deep into the cool waters of the ocean. He drank in the smells of the salt and wind, the true masters of the world.

"Eomen, where next?"

He pulled himself up slightly, hand still in the water, and peered into his boat. His fellow thieves, two of them named Snot and Ragger, were sitting in the center, sorting through three bags worth of stuff. Trinkets were thrown overboard, but a sizable pile of jade coins and more profitable goods were gathered up between them. As he felt the water rushing through his fingers, he considered his options. After a moment, he shrugged.

"I say head home. We aren't going to find a third boat to rob."

Snot cleared his throat, "I don't know, those last two were fleeing the Blessed Isle with all their worldly possessions. Might be a third."

Ragger laughed too loudly, "Good grub on that last one, and a few pretty bars of jade. Too bad he resisted so much and there weren't any pretty ladies on board."

Eomen said, "I fancy myself a nice warm bed, a hearty wench on solid land, and more alcohol than I can drown in."

Both of his men cheered, "Here!"

"Then set sail for home. We have spoils to spend!"

Inspired by getting off the ship they were on for the last month, the two pirates jumped up and they swung the sail around, pointing the ship toward the small village they called home. Around them, the mist grew thicker as the sun sunk below the horizon and darkness spread out across the ocean. In the distance, a faint shimmer of shoreline light up with the flames of civilization.

They sailed in silence, all three of them sorting through their ill-gained goods. The boat creaked and shifted with the swells of waves and the piles of jade clinked as they fell.

Near midnight, Eomen realized it was late. Yawning, he stood up.

"I'm heading to—"

His voice froze as he stared out over the darkness of the ocean. The thin sliver of light spread a ghostly glow across the surface and he spotted the flapping of a sail off in the distance. It was a small boat, like their own, suited for long-distance travel but with only a very small crew or family.

The perfect prey.

Behind him, the boat creaked some more as his men stood up.

"What... is that a boat?" Ragger's voice dropped into a low rumble, one that didn't carry well over water.

Eomen nodded slowly, feeling a strange wariness growing inside him.

"Small boat, no more than two or three on it. Looks like another fleeing the Isle."

"Sneak up on it and rob them?"

He almost said no, but then cleared his throat.

"You got it. One last job and then we go home."

They moved quickly, shoving the loot into chests to keep them silent, dousing the lights and working on the thin veil of light through the darkened mist. Around them, the wind rose up and their sail caught it with snap, launching them forward toward the unsuspecting boat.

Snot swore softly, but pulled out his short fighting sword and danced toward the edge of the boat. Ragger drifted back, ready to drop the sails as Eomen hefted their grappling hook.

The distance between the two boats closed with only a ripple of noise, time being passed by the pounding of Eomen's heartbeats as he watched it come sliding up with ghostly silence. He started to rock forward, counting the seconds before their attack. Just as the boat was coming across, he swung the grappling hook into the other boat. It skittered across the planks, carving out gouges before slamming into the railing. Both boats jerked violently as he yanked hard on the rope, pulling them closer. Ragger jerked at his own rope and the sail in their boat went slack, fluttering down. Ragger was already diving

underneath it by the time it hit the boat. Together, he and Snot took a running leap over the bow and landed hard on the deck of their victim.

The door leading in the belly of the ship slammed open and a woman, wearing a nightgown and wielding a silvered dagger, flew out, swearing in the river tongue. She froze as she spotted Snot and Ragger, then dropped down into a fighting position. Eomen kept on pulling the rope, bringing the boats crashing together as he watched. She was attractive but more handsome than pretty. Her body was covered in scars, barely visible in the dim moonlight, but she held the weapon with the skill of a fighter.

Ragger and Snot spotted her and laughed.

"Oh, there is a pretty on this boat."

Snot chuckled, "We better not ruin this one."

He was interrupted as she launched herself. Her silver dagger flashed through the air and Snot gave out an inarticulate shriek as he stumbled back. Instead of pulling back, the woman snarled in rage and jumped forward, pinning him to railing. Eomen was looping the rope tightly on his boat as the silvered dagger flashed up in the air as she aimed for a killing blow. Ragger managed to throw himself into her, slamming with the force of his shoulder into her side. She let out a curse as her dagger flew up into the air. Ragger roared at her and followed through, using his movement to bring his sword glittering through the air to slash at her.

The woman swore again as she threw herself back, rolling up along the edge of the railing. She came up on the balls of her feet, balancing on the edge of her boat. Eomen swore himself as he finished. Grabbing his own sword, he launched himself at her side, bringing it down with the force of his leap.

It slammed into her shoulder, cutting flesh and scraping against bone. She let out a shriek of pain and fell off the railing, hitting the deck with a heavy thud. Eomen landed next to her, his weapon heavy in his hand.

"And that, boys, is how you handle pretty things with daggers."

Ragger and Snot laughed, but the woman's head snapped up, snarling at him with a mask of ferocity that sent a shiver down his spine. She swung around, her silk-covered leg sweeping at Eomen's feet. He barely managed to step back as she swung completely around, standing up. Blood stained her nightgown as she clutched her wound, glaring from one pirate to the other.

"Who dares to invade my home!"

As she spoke, she backed up until her legs brushed against the other side of the boat, the black ocean beyond. Snot laughed, drawing his hand along his side where he kept his throwing daggers.

"We do."

His dagger flashed in the air, slamming into her stomach. It was a fatal blow and she looked down, blood on her clothing. Slowly, her hand clutched the dagger as she collapsed, falling against the railing. With a sickening crunch, she slipped off the far side, splashing in the ocean below.

Ragger sighed, "Damn it, Snot, she was a pretty!"

Eomen felt a rising battle between them and cleared his throat.

"Never mind that, make sure she's dead and let's rob this thing. I still want to go home."

Ragger looked over the side, "Corpse floating."

Eomen looked down at the silver weapon, frowning with the strange make, but left it on the deck. He and Snot went below as Ragger inspected the decks. Below, it was a cozy little home, obviously well lived-in. Their victim lived along, with barrels of preserved foods, hundreds of books, and even a cache of more silver weapons. He frowned as he looked at the weapons. They looked more deadly than he thought. With a start, he realized they were weapons of the Anathema, made from the banned material Moonsilver.

Above, there was a thump as Ragger shoved something aside. Eomen swore to himself.

"Snot, check out the place. This may be a jade mine."

He ran up the stairs, back to the deck.

"Ragger, you need to-"

He stopped at the surface, looking around the tiny boat. His eyes looked for movement, but found none.

"Ragger?"

Silence except for the creak of the boats and the twisting of ropes.

"Ragger?"

His eyes dropped down to the deck, looking for the dagger.

It was gone.

Swearing softly under his breath, he drew his own weapon out again, fighting down the storm in his stomach and crept forward.

"Damn it, Ragger, this isn't the time for jokes."

Still nothing. He peered over into his own boat, listening for the sound of movement. Hearing none, he cleared his throat.





"Snot?"

Muffled, the pirate's voice rose up from the opening.

"Yeah, boss?"

"We have a problem."

"Did Ragger get drunk already!?"

Eomen's eyes scanned around, looking for a fight. Around him, the air was growing colder as the mist started to rise up again. The wind died, leaving utter silence except for the pounding of his heart. He snapped loudly, spinning around as he thought he heard a creak of movement.

"Just get up here!"

Snot came sprinting up, his fighting sword in his hand. Panting, he looked around.

"What happened?"

"Ragger is gone."

"Gone? Gone!? How is he gone!?"

Eomen shivered from the growing sense of dread.

"Check our boat."

Swallowing nervously, Snot jumped over to the boat. Eomen watched him as he disappeared underneath, calling out Ragger's name. Eomen backed up, his eyes and ears straining to hear anything. Then, a soft scuffle of noise below. Jumping, Eomen ran for the stairs down and peered inside.

The warm interior surrounded him, but no sign of movement. His eyes jumped from furniture to bed then to the weapons. He froze as he noticed one of the missing, a short spear from his memory. Frowning, he slammed the door shut, jamming a short length of wood into the opening.

"Snot! We are out of here!"

He ran to the grapple hook. Yanking hard on it, he worked it out of the wood. Just as he went to throw it overboard, the grapple was ripped out of his hand, opening up a deep gash. He jumped as his own boat started to rock away from him. Shocked, he could only stare as the ship careened violently. As it rolled over, the billowing ropes fluttered down to kiss the surface of the ocean.

A low whisper escaped his throat, "No..."

The hull of his own boat came into view and he saw four jagged openings laying bare the guts of his ship. It looked like wounds on the ship, violent angry wounds of some terrible creature biting his ship. Snot's scream filled the air as water flooded inside. The screams grew

more frantic, muffled by water and wood as the boat fell on its side, mast slapping into the water.

"Ragger! Snot!"

The screams grew more muffled and Eomen stared helplessly as he watched his boat start to break apart. Something violent slammed into it and he saw a large hunk of wood being tore away. A crest of water bulged up as something swam away from the boat. Trembling with rage and fear, Eomen took a deep breath, tapping on the elemental energies of his soul. His sword dropped to the ground as a new one formed from the mist surrounding him. It coalesced into a sword of pure water and Essence, shimmering with the salty ocean itself in the moonlight. Streaks of black flowed through the length of the blade as he stepped back.

"Okay, where are you!? I know you are here!"

Something slammed into his boat again and he heard the mast snapping from the force of the blow. Snot's screams were gone as the boat bubbled violently, shuddering as air escaped from the doomed ship.

Eomen spun around, trying to find his attacker. When he completed his circuit, he froze as he saw a shape rising up out of the water, crawling up along the broken remains of his pirate ship.

It was the woman, and yet it wasn't. Her skin was smooth, rippled with the jagged skin of a shark. Even a large fin grew out of her back as the water streamed off the ragged remains of her nightgown. The dusky white and blues of her body were splotched in the moonlight, but his eyes were drawn to the shimmering tattoos that covered her body and the pale disk of light that appeared on her forehead. He started to tremble as he stared at it, his mind flooded the horror stories of the Anathema tearing through his thoughts.

She spoke, a growling hiss that easily reached him.

"You stole from the wrong boat, Dragon-Blooded."

The sound of her voice sent a ripple of cold fear down his spine, pooling in his stomach with the growing fear. He flexed his hands around his magical blade and crouched down. His throat swelled up and dry, but he didn't want to speak.

The shark creature hopped easily over to the railing, balancing on it as it glared at him. In one hand, she carried the Moonsilver spear and in the other, her dagger. To his surprise, they looked more... alive than when they were on the deck.

Finally, he found the ability to speak.

“Get ready to die, Anathema!”

They both lunged. His magical blade barely parried her spear, then twisted around to knock the dagger out of place before he levered it along the haft of the spear to score against her. It left a dark line that welled with blood but she was already slashed again. This time, the dagger cut again him and he felt the burning wound cutting into his off-arm. Swearing, he spun around and dropped for a slash toward her knees. It barely missed as did her slash toward his chest with the spear.

Following his sweep, Eomen swung himself up and stepped back from the fight. She circled around him, her teeth bared and filled with sharp points. He felt a shiver as he swung forward. His sword slammed hard against the haft of her spear, sending a shock-wave through his arm. He hopped back to avoid a double strike from her, frowning.

She growled again, “Worried about this fight, little man?”

He held himself lightly, his eyes flashing to find another attack of opportunity.

“Not yet, monster.”

“Should we change the battlefield then?”

With a flash, she spun on her heel and leaped off into the water. Eomen swore, running after her but stopping at the edge. Around the boat, he saw the fin slicing through the water as it swam around the far side.

Swearing again, he ran around, then jerked at the boat shuddered from an impact.

“Damn! She’s going to sink her own boat!”

A moment later, another impact slammed into the boat, sending glass shattering below and barrels rolling along the deck. He threw himself at the railing and looked down at the inky darkness.

His hands shook for a moment, then he started to whisper to himself, silent prayers to the gods as he drew on his elemental power. Water rose up from his body, black mist and salt, spinning around him as a storm surrounded him. His body shook from the energy, the storm’s rage growing with every passing second. When it began to tear into the wood of the deck, he leaped off the edge and into the darkness.

Cold water slammed into him, but he drank it in, unhindered by the sluggishness of the water or suffocation under the sea. He focused his will and came bobbing just below the surface, his sword dancing lightly in the waters. His eyes scanned the darkness, the reflected moonlight on the surface casting the battlefield in a surreal glow.

He spotted her as she charged, a shark-like creature cutting through the water. Eomen grinned to himself, preparing to attack. As she rushed closer, he brought his sword down. It sliced through the liquid gracefully, tearing open a ragged wound. His foot came up and he kicked it against her, using the force of the blow to throw himself out of the way of her charge. The bright disk on her forehead flared even brighter as she spun around in the water and charged again.

Eomen laughed in the water, the stormy fury of his anima banner exploding in a violent whirlwind of powers and rage as she struck. He twisted away from the claws, aiming his sword at the beady black eye. It missed, but he felt bone scraping as he laid open a wound that blossomed in a plume of blood and darkness.

She jerked back, swimming quickly away and circling around him. He called out to her, mockingly.

“Ready to give up now, Anathema?”

Her answer came in a charge as her entire body flared up with a brilliant silvered light. The brilliance of the unnatural fire flooded their fight and he called on the powers of his essence to defend him. Her charge left a streak of after-images, a long and terrible river of Moonsilver as she rushed up to him. Her teeth flashed, her body blurring as she attacked again and again. He felt jagged teeth tearing into his body, tearing away at his arms and legs. He aimed a weak blow at her, but she threw him aside, then burst into light again as she charged, a ghostly image of a shark rising up behind her. Her mouth grew huge, almost enveloping him as she ravaged him, tearing off arm and leg, shredding the Dragon-Blooded pirate in a matter of seconds.

He felt his very body torn apart by the supernatural powers of the Anathema. As he felt the howls of the Underworld rising up to claim him, he wished he never found this creature’s boat.





# MONSTER MAYHEM

A BOARDGAME FOR 2-5 PLAYERS AGES 10 & UP

In the style of B-films everywhere, White Wolf brings you Monster Mayhem, a board game of hunting down panicked victims. But you aren't the only monster in the neighborhood. Each monster has their favored flavor: Blood for the Vampire, Bones for the Werewolf, Brains for the Zombie, Spirit for the Poltergeist, and Organs for the Mummy. Eat your victims, eat your opponents victims (can't let them get ahead, after all).

Revel in the mayhem.

This game is for 2-5 players.

## COMING SOON