

THE PURE™

the World of Darkness



WEREWOLF
THE FORSAKEN™

*"Child, we do not hate you for being born who you are.
Each of us was born of wolf and man, and marked
by the moon harlot with her silver
when the Change came on us.*

*We cannot hate you because you were born
of the blood that murdered our father,
for many among us were born of that blood as well.*

*"But you have heard our truth, and you reject it.
You have felt the wrath of the spirits,
and you do not abase yourselves before them.
You wear the silver brands of the slave with honor,
rather than purging them from you with flame.*

*"We do not hate the ignorant child.
But you are grown, and you know, and you still do not kneel.
And for that — you will burn."
— Hunter's Voice, Fire-Touched*

This book includes:

- An intensive treatment of the society of the Pure from their legends and history to modern day practices of indoctrination and penance
- A full treatment of each of the three Pure Tribes: Fire Touched Ivory Claws and Predator Kings
- A plethora of Gift lists rites fetishes totems and other tools to craft the perfect Pure werewolf or pack
- A sample setting where the Pure are in control ready to be used as the basis for a chronicle or dropped into an existing game



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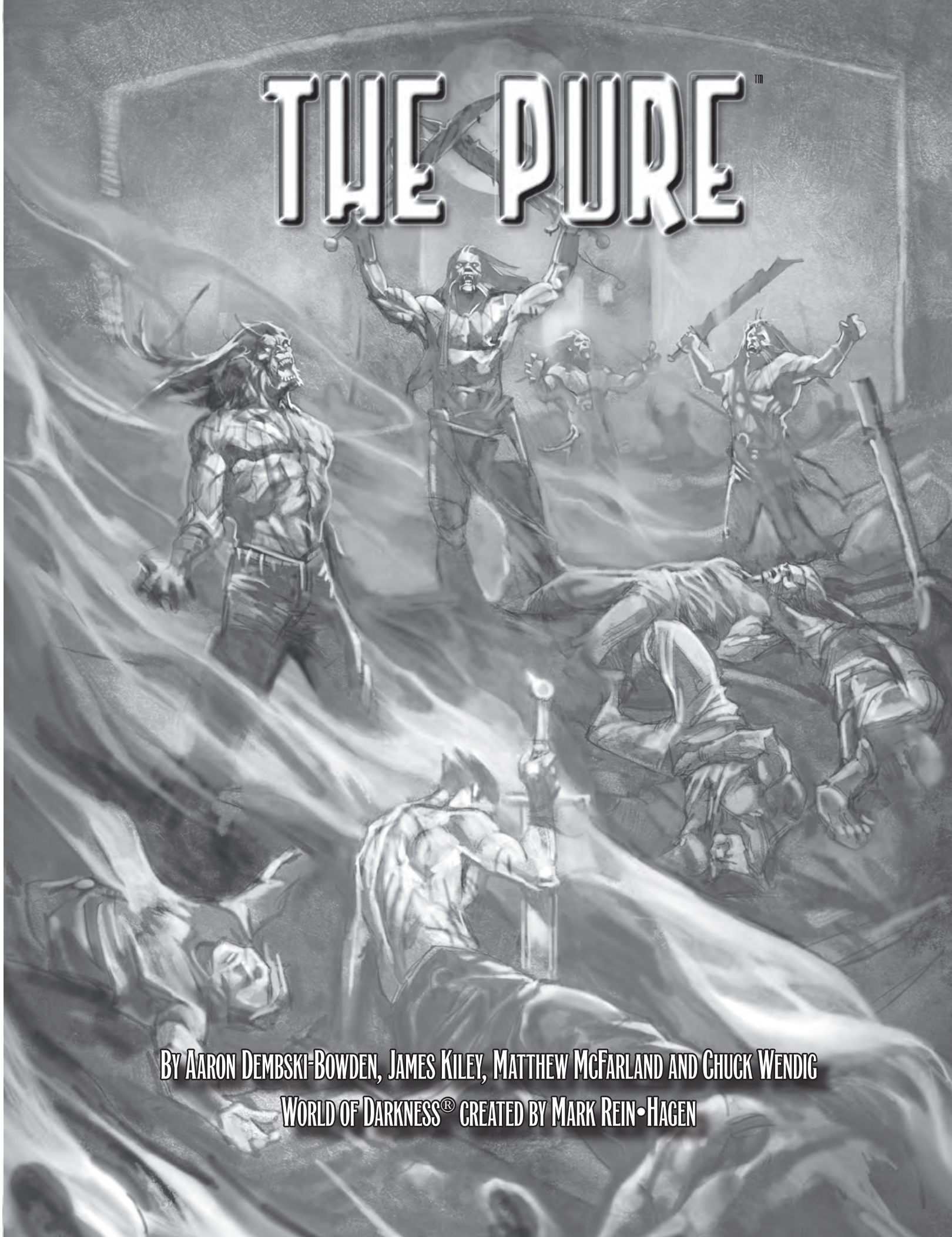


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WEREWOLF
THE FORSAKEN

THE PURE™



By AARON DEMBSKI-BOWDEN, JAMES KILEY, MATTHEW MCFARLAND AND CHUCK WENDIG

WORLD OF DARKNESS® CREATED BY MARK REIN•HAGEN

PROLOGUE: SMOLDERING

"We did it!" I'd never seen Ember so happy. She was beaming, her strawberry blond hair falling down around her face. I could smell the blood from the bite on her leg and I knew it had to hurt her, but nothing was going to dim her joy today. She couldn't stay still. She was rocking back and forth on her heels, and I was reminded of how young she really was. Gurim-Ur had chosen her when she was only 14, and unlike me, she'd been lucky enough to be discovered by our people. For her, this was a victory against an enemy she'd never truly known. I envied her that.

I stepped forward and hugged her close. She buried her face in my chest, and I felt her start to cry. I didn't blame her. None of us had slept in three days. Few of us had eaten. We were wasted, spent, but every one of us would sleep well tonight. We had won the greatest victory in the region's memory.

• • •

We'd all lost battles before, but this was something different. Something new. Something worse.

When something really bad happens, there's always that moment in your mind when you think *No, wait, this isn't real. I can change this.* But you can't. And now I can't.

There weren't many left of us. I could already see the urge to flee starting up in people's eyes. We were scattered and bleeding and hurt, and the survivors were ready to turn on each other. Out of anger? Frustration? I saw faces from maybe six or seven packs, all streaked with blood and tears. It was almost funny — we ran away together, moving like a real pack as we fled. The fight was over, the ritual couldn't be stopped, and we finally had to run. Totem bonds shattered, pack brothers and sisters dead and dying all around, and the survivors fled, howling, like a true wolf pack. We had no bonds to one another — it was all instinct.

And that was showing. When the heartbeats have slowed, the tempers flared and the accusations flew. That's instinct, too.

They were all looking at me. I think I'm the only alpha who survived.

• • •

Ember let me go and wiped her tears away. "Come on," she said. "Let's go find out if everyone else is all right." She limped off, her slight body melting down to Urhan form. I followed, but I kept my human skin. I wasn't sure if I was ready for the scents that would greet me. I knew, after all, that we had not won this battle unscathed.

I trotted up over the hill just as Ember was starting to howl. She'd found her brother. His body was splayed out on the ground with a massive wound in the chest — one of the Forsaken was actually so low as to carry a silver-loaded shotgun.

I stood behind her and laid a hand on her shoulder. She changed to Hishu form, and I don't blame her. It's hard to cry as a wolf, and the grief simply stays, caged, inside the heart. As a girl, she could weep. "Why?" she sobbed. "They could have fought him as Uratha. They could have killed him that way. Why this? He never even had a chance."

Crouching down next to his body, I tried to comfort her. "Had he been given the chance," I said, "he'd have killed them. They knew him. They'd heard of John Red-Hands." She looked back at me, eyes brimming with tears. It broke my heart to see that, and I silently swore that she'd hold the head of her brother's killer as his body lay cooling. "Remember Auren told us that?"

She nodded. "That's right. She said they'd spoken his name at their gathering and shown fear." Her face crumpled again. "But I thought they would have the honor to..." she couldn't finish before the sobs came fresh.

I held her close and rocked her, stroking her lovely hair. "They don't have honor," I whispered. "Your brother did. He's gone to *Taga Dan*, now."

• • •

"We're never going to recover from this." Helen said to me. She was dry-eyed by then, but she looked as if she'd aged a decade in the last 10 minutes. I used to think that was just something they said in films. The tears started again, and she was in my face, spitting and pointing and shrieking, "You should have seen this coming!"

Maybe that's true.

"Leave him alone." These words from Caroline Dawnsprinter. Her eyes, like everyone else's, were locked onto me. But she looked awed; the way new Changers stare at the Mother and really *see* Her for the first time. The look in Caroline's eyes unnerved me much more than Helen's spite. "Leave him alone," Caroline said again, barely more than a whisper. "He killed John Red-Hands. I saw him do it."

That's also true.

When we first heard the Fire-Touched were coming, that name had been on everyone's lips. Our packs gathered around campfires outside the city to talk it all over. It was the first time we'd all assembled together, and the hate was hotter than the fires that night. Hell. We were enemies. We hated each more than we hated the Pure. We knew everything about the other local packs, all their mistakes and sins against the Oath, so it made it that much easier to scorn them. All we knew about the Pure was that they were coming to our hunting grounds, and that John Red-Hands was at the head of the horde.

That night the alphas decided we had to use silver. That bastard had to go down fast, and we had to be sure he wasn't going to get back up. So when John Red-Hands came to howl us down as faithless sinners, we proved him right. I stood waiting for him, watching for the Uratha whose hands were covered in blood even before the battle started. I had my father's shotgun and two shells loaded with my mother's cut-up silver jewelry, and when he charged into view, I gunned him down.

When I pulled the trigger, I hated myself. He never even had a chance. He was still crawling toward me after the first shot, trying to push his guts back in. I hated myself when I pulled that trigger, and that hate doubled when I pulled it again. Sure, I hated him, too. He'd headcased more than a few of us over to his side lately; he'd killed at least a dozen of us during the past year. He was our bogeyman, and I knew that Caroline wasn't the only one who was going to look at me differently for killing him. But I hated him for what he'd made me do. For proving him right. For making me a sinner.

And it's not like it helped.

• • •

John was not our only loss that day. Ember and I visited the bodies of four other Uratha, good *Izidakh* all, and we said our goodbyes and howled with their packmates. Though neither of us said it, we were gladdened to find that our other four packmates were alive. They had suffered in the battle, of course. All of them had engaged the Forsaken. Michael, called *Gurim-dakh* among our tribe, had killed two himself, and he sat quietly, his mind trying to reconcile with what his heart knew to be right. Ember started to go to him, to comfort him and tell him that he had only killed unbelievers without souls, but I stopped her. "It's not easy, the first time," I said. "It still feels wrong, even when you know better." She nodded, but she didn't yet understand. Though she had seen battle, she had never killed one of the People.

We didn't find Rachel until the morning light crept over the valley. We found her in a stream, passed out from loss of blood. We learned later that that Forsaken scout had found her during the first few hours of the rite, and that she had fought them off the best she could. They chewed off her leg during the battle, or perhaps to induce her to talk. She had never said a word, never emitted a cry to give away our plans or position. Ember and I howled with pride and took her back to the others to be bandaged and treated, and we called her *Si Zi'the*, "Silent Truth."

• • •

"We have to make them pay. I lost both my brothers in that fight." Helen couldn't be calmed. The Blood was thick in her family, and she was raging against the loss of her siblings. I didn't know her well — only well enough to dislike her — but I knew she was on the edge of *Kuruth* right now.

I started to talk, to say that there was nothing we could do until we found out exactly what had happened, but I was shouted down. A Blood Talon — I think he was called William — yelled and stormed over to me. I saw it coming but didn't flinch as he knocked me to the ground.

I breathed back my hate and looked up at him. He snarled at me.

"This is all your fucking fault. If you'd got it out of that Pure bitch, we could have stopped it all before it started."

This, too, was true.

We'd found one of them alone before the slaughter began, but she wouldn't say a word. I remember Harry sweating, shivering. "We've got to get it out of her, Jason," he said to me, blinking at twice his normal rate. "Make her talk, man."

I swallowed, looking at the Pure woman as she lay there, breathing heavily with the hideous claw wounds we'd given her.

"How?" I shared the question with my pack.

"Cut her." Karen said. "Make her talk, boss. If she doesn't talk, the Shadow will be on fire."

"Bite her, man. Just make her tell us how to stop it!" Harry was panicking. "We're all going to die, I know it. We should just run. Three other packs have already run, you know —"

In the end, I was the one who sank my teeth into the woman's thigh. I knew I'd be wielding silver in the battle, and I didn't want my packmates to share the sins.

So I tasted her blood and tore at her flesh. And she still didn't talk, not even when I took her leg off.

• • •

I heard the howl go up, calling for the pack leaders. I didn't want to leave Ember. She was fragile, joyous from our victory but still grieving for her brother. In the end, I took her with me to the meeting and introduced her as my second. To her credit, she stifled her tears when I said it. Her brother had been my second.

The war leader, Janos, was in fine spirits. *Because he lost no one*, I thought, and then bit my tongue. Such thoughts were false and therefore sinful, and I would have to pay for them later. For now, I merely ground my teeth together until the tip of my tongue came away. I swallowed it, shutting my eyes until the pain subsided and the flesh regrew. If anyone noticed, they did not say.

Janos took reports from the other pack leaders. John Red-Hands was not the only one of the Pure to fall that day, but he was one of the most respected. The Tzuumfin there spoke softly to Ember, expressing condolence, while the *Ninna Farakh*, when they heard of how he died, curled their teeth in rage, for no great warrior should die in such a fashion. I stood close to Ember and marveled at how well she bore their words. When the reports had finished, Janos gave us news of the rite.

• • •

Away from us all, away from the bickering and the accusations, one of the *Meninna* howled into the night sky. It was a howl of sorrow, of mourning and regret. It rang out into the heavens and I swear on my soul that the Celestines must have heard it, because in that moment it started to rain.

The howl drew all our attention immediately. The Hunter in Darkness, a skinny little teenager called Terry, didn't look at anyone else as his howl echoed all around. It was a howl the Forsaken had been crying out for 100 generations. When we have died under the desert sun, when we have died under the light of the full moon, when we have died under skies darkened by storms or eclipses — we have howled like this.

There was no organization among our survivors. There was no decision or choice in how we were going to show our grief or honor our dead. There was just that one moment, triggered by the howl of a Hunter, a moment of instinct. In a world that hates us, sometimes instinct is all we've got to fall back on.

As one pack, we changed. As one pack, we howled our grief to the Mother's face.

• • •

Our pack knew, of course, that the rite had been successful, but when Janos told us that Charles Flint, the ritemaster, perished in the blaze, I hung my head in shame. Janos *had* lost a packmate, and his packmate died making the victory possible. I resolved that my penance for doubting our leader would be long indeed, until such doubts were purged from my heart. But I could not dwell on my own frailty now. There was more to be done.

Janos ordered us to clear away the dead. All would receive proper funeral rites, Forsaken and Pure alike. Ember started to protest, but I shushed her. Janos, like me, had once been Forsaken, and knew that all Uratha are *lmru*, no matter how horribly misguided. Ember and I left and went looking for bodies. There would be human hikers in these woods soon, and Janos preferred to avoid killing them. I didn't share his concern that any one of the humans in the nearby town might be *uragarum* to his line, but I did agree that attracting attention was dangerous. In any case, he is alpha.

• • •

"We will rise from this," I said in the silence after the howl.

I could tell no one believed me. Not yet. Some of them went back to talking about what had happened, but the howl had drained the atmosphere of all the vicious tension. Terry, back in his gangly human form, nodded to me. Smart kid, that one.

The talk now was of how to recover the dead and what the shattered packs were going to do. The answer was obvious to me.

"We should stand together. We can form a new pack out of the ones that died today."

For a moment, it seemed as though it was going to work. Terry smiled slightly through tear-stained features. Caroline nodded, as did several others. Even Helen was subdued and inclined her head toward me. But William broke the moment.

"No fucking way. A pack of losers who lost everything they had. Count me out."

Heads turned away from me then. Talk started back up, focusing on the packs that had run away from their hunting grounds rather than fight the Pure. Most of the survivors wanted to follow them and join those that had had the "good sense" to flee the disaster.

• • •

"Oh, look!" Ember beckoned me over, and I felt a sensation of water rushing over my feet, even though there was no stream. A *nahdar*, a small one, buried in a now-dry creek bed. There were no tracks around, so the Forsaken had missed it as well. "Let's step across," she said.

I started to shake my head, to tell her it was too dangerous, but then I saw her face. She needed to see it. She needed to see what good Uratha like her brother and Charles had died for. So I gripped onto her hand and led her across, and we saw what we had wrought.

• • •

I went back to the heart of the hunting ground. William had laughed as I left, saying there was nothing to see at "Ground Zero" anymore.

I ignored him, but I soon saw he was right. The Shadow was flayed, skinned bare and devoid of life. It was a spiritual rape that left the whole region hollow and burned.

So many spirits destroyed and promises broken. The echoes of this act would last well past my own lifetime and that of my son, Marcus, who was hidden safely in the city with his mother. Hell, the pain from this event might last forever. I ground my teeth and clenched my fists. I could've wept, but it wouldn't be enough, and I didn't have strength enough to howl again.

"It's so ugly." I turned at the sudden voice. Terry approached me, but his eyes weren't seeing me. They were focused on what had been the spirit valley. "I've always thought the Shadow was beautiful, in a savage way. But this..." He stopped. I can't imagine what it must have been like for him, a Hunter, to see this.

Behind him were Caroline Dawnspinter and Helen. Caroline rested her hand on my shoulder. Elaine, miserable and bitchy Elaine whom I had hated the day before, offered me a slight smile.

"What do we do now?"

I looked at the three of them as we all stood in the ravaged Shadow.

"We do what we always do. We keep our promises and we fight back."

• • •

It was beautiful. The land was open, exposed, and the heat from the fires seared our hair and eyebrows and made us wince. Spirits of all descriptions flew overhead trying to escape the blaze, and only here, at a locus made from rushing water, did anything but ash cover the ground. I knew that from far-off *Taga Dan*, John Red-Hands, Charles Flint and all the other good Uratha who had given their lives that day saw, and howled in triumph. And though I still mourned their loss, the tears I shed then were for pure joy.

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THE PURE™

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INTRODUCTION

WHAT THOUGH THE FIELD BE LOST?

ALL IS NOT LOST; TH' UNCONQUERABLE WILL,

AND STUDY OF REVENGE, IMMORTAL HATE,

AND COURAGE NEVER TO SUBMIT OR YIELD.

— JOHN MILTON, *PARADISE LOST*

The Pure occupy a singular role in the world of **Werewolf**. They aren't simply a culture based around a rival ideology or a splinter political faction — they are one of the greatest adversaries the Forsaken could possibly have. In one sense, the Pure represent the ravaging werewolves of cinema, the predators that cannot be negotiated with — but other werewolves are their prey. Where the Pure are concerned, the Forsaken take the role of the human protagonists in the classic werewolf story — better armed and often more cunning to boot, to be sure, but still protagonists on the defensive holding out against an enemy that will only be satisfied by the taste of their hearts' blood.

That's the classic role of the Pure, at any rate. But they can be used for more. While they make a striking antagonist in the role of the hunter that will never listen to pleas for mercy or reasoned negotiation, they can also argue the superiority of their position to the Forsaken at a tense meeting on neutral ground. A Predator King might only ever be seen as a massive, rust-furred Urshul with bones and teeth braided into its pelt, but conversely the Forsaken could conceivably see her as she takes on human form to visit the secluded shack where her child sleeps. The Pure, at their heart, are interesting because they're a fusion of the implacable beast and the human-born werewolf. They are very like the Forsaken, and yet almost unreachably different.

This book is dedicated to providing a wealth of detail on the Pure Tribes, so that they can be used to greater effect both as the unreachable predator and the dark mirror. Storytellers wanting to push the Pure farther into the gruesome aspects of the horror genre should find plenty to work with here, as should those more interested in the cloudier and more subtle aspects of psychological horror. There's even enough information here to run a chronicle from the perspective of the Pure, with the players controlling the *Anshega*, should that be to the players' tastes. The Pure's creed of hatred is hard to endorse as a valid way of looking at the world, but the same can be said for many potential concepts for a Forsaken chronicle. Hate can be at the center of many an interesting and provocative story — and the best are always maturely told.

THE THORNY MIDDLE PATH

The Pure present a number of interesting questions and concepts to a **Werewolf** chronicle. On the one hand,

they are more complicated adversaries than a monomaniacal spirit or Host; each Pure werewolf was once a human being, with dreams and aspirations, and each one still is one of the People, still with dreams and aspirations even if the particulars have changed. They are very like the Forsaken in many ways, including the presence of free will.

However, the Pure challenge another assumption — the assumption that they are basically “misguided.” Just as it's inaccurate to oversimplify them as rampaging monsters, it's inaccurate to oversimplify them as werewolves who differ only in a few particulars of viewpoint. The Pure are creations of their own society far more than the Forsaken are. Though the Pure have the same capacity for choice, many of their choices are violently ripped from them. Each one is a trauma survivor who has endured great pain at the hands of parents, teachers and siblings — victims who are taught with fire and silver to become victimizers. They are one and all marked by the same cycle of abuse, because the cycle of abuse reinforces what it is to be Pure.

Using the Pure effectively in a game requires paying attention to each of these viewpoints to some degree. Just as the cartoonish evil caricature has little value as an antagonist, the sworn enemy who acts and thinks exactly like the protagonist save for one key goal isn't as visceral. Naturally, the scale can be adjusted to suit the chronicle's needs. One chronicle might focus more on the innate humanity (so to speak) of the *Anshega*, in order to play up the tragedy of the fratricidal war between the Pure and the Forsaken. Another might focus on truly monstrous Pure packs that have seared away all but the last remnants of their human sides, becoming a terrible force that cannot be reasoned with in their hatred. But as a general rule, it's best to avoid either extreme, particularly as said roles can be easily filled by other antagonists. The Pure pack that has nothing in common with the Forsaken save some supernatural powers might as well be a group of Hosts or Claimed, and the pack that doesn't bear the usual scars and dehumanizing marks of Pure society could easily be replaced by a murderous pack of fellow Forsaken. There in the middle is what makes the Pure the Pure.

THEME

There are many potential themes that can be addressed in a story about the Pure. The most obvious, of

course, is hate. The Pure have fallen prey to one of the greatest dangers of hate, how the emotion eats at one and corrodes the soul even as the emotion gives a group a common bond. Hate also can serve as the foundation of stories that explore other themes — *Romeo and Juliet*, to use the obvious example, is a tragedy about love that could not have existed without the theme of two families locked together in mutual hatred.

A second theme common to the Pure is that of loss. The *Anshega* don't just lose part of themselves emotionally from the abusive culture that sustains them; they lose certain freedoms by swearing themselves to the spirit pacts they make. The Pure have less opportunity to turn on an abusive totem or to overthrow a bad leader. The Forsaken lose much as well, of course, but they still enjoy certain freedoms. Luna is a mad and distant patron goddess, but those Forsaken who know about the Pure's closer bonds with their totems are often grateful for the moon-mother's distance. Every society requires that its members give up certain freedoms for the good of the society as a whole, but from the Forsaken's point of view (and perhaps our own), the Pure have given up too much.

MOOD

The mood of this book is fervor. The Pure are energetic, constantly driven by their beliefs and the concerns of their fellows. The Fire-Touched move with the heat and energy one would expect from their name. The Ivory Claws aggressively pursue purity rather than withdrawing from the outside world. The Predator Kings don't try to hide from their foes like prey animals — they take the offensive and hunt. The Pure howl loudly and with pride. They may patiently devise a plan to overrun their enemies' territory, but when the Pure go into action they strike quickly and furiously. Their rituals are bloody and painful things, highlighting the pain of willing sacrifice. The Pure are as capable of introspection or meditation as any werewolf, but nowhere is their common bond as evident (and as dramatically compelling) as when they act in the frenetic zeal that binds their nation.

USING THE PURE

This book is intended to explore the multiple dimensions of the Pure, the aspects that make them individuals. At the same time, this book concerns itself with the powerful bonds of Pure society that strip away certain things from its children and cement them together in an iron grip.

The Pure are tragic. They aren't sympathetic in the sense that their viewpoint is justifiable from any sort of human standards, but they're sympathetic in the sense that Macbeth is sympathetic. Portraying the Pure is about understanding what would bring people to this, about portraying werewolves who could have been better people who live better lives if they hadn't been drawn into this dynastic culture of hate. In the name of family and faith, each generation injures and abuses the one coming after

them in order to perpetuate their ideals. Perhaps someday all that could change — but the werewolves who dream of Pangaea don't want a new future so much as they want the glories of an idealized past.

This book is about the wretched of the earth who have been raised up through fire and pain to be Wolf Lords and the genteel, high-class aristocrats who have channeled a lifetime of stress and regret into their anger. The Pure have weary soldiers, cunning hunters, frothing lunatics, broken waifs, death-cultists, orphans, patriarchs, the grieving, the heartless, the incestuous, the reserved — werewolves of all stripes and sorts who have been bound together by the inner pull of Rage and the exterior constructs of their indoctrinations and rites. They all feel the anger and all have been scarred with hate, but the pack mentality of the Pure Tribes can't suppress their individual personalities.

Chapter One: A Pure Society gives an overview of the practices and concerns common to all the Pure Tribes. Here can be found the legend of Father Wolf and the history of the People as they tell it, the laws that bind the *Anshega* together as a whole and many of the ugly details of their recruitment practices. Also covered are many of the concerns affecting the Pure as a body, from the dangers and benefits that derive from their singular relationship with spirits to hotspots and areas of particular interest around the world.

Chapter Two: The Three Tribes focuses specifically on each tribe — tribal customs, practices, dogma, laws and the like. Information ranges from the various proselytizing techniques used by the Fire-Touched to the Ivory Claws' treatment of their wolf-blooded kin and the brutally pragmatic tribal laws of the Predator Kings.

Chapter Three: Scourge and Brand contains the various tools and weapons that the Pure bring to bear. Here are found the Gift lists that set the Pure Tribes apart from their brethren, as well as many of the rites that reinforce their community — including those rites that can remove a werewolf's auspice or prevent a *nuzusul* from ever gaining Luna's blessing. The chapter is rounded out by some sample Pure totems and a supply of fetishes common to the *Anshega*.

Finally, **Chapter Four: Storytelling the Pure** contains in-depth advice and tricks for using the Pure to full effectiveness in any chronicle. Not only does this chapter look at ways for using the Pure to stress theme, mood or other narrative elements, but it also provides ideas for tactics Pure packs might use in the war against their rivals and other such tools. This chapter also contains the sample territory of Santa Fe, providing a look at what it's like in a section of the country where the Pure are fully dominant.

Here it is, then — how the other half lives. How they fight, what they believe, why they kill and die. Welcome to the war.



CHAPTER 1

A PURE SOCIETY

The pain was not literally unbearable, at least not yet, because she still was able to bear it. She felt each languid turn of the knife as it traced another of the brands' outlines, and she felt the cold wind on flayed muscle when another silver-printed strip of skin was lifted away. It was terrible and maddening, but she could at least still remember her name. She could recognize the prayers they repeated as they cut at her, even if she wasn't sure she understood all the words any more. She held on to her name for as long as she could.

At last, she broke. Her body and spirit exploded outward, coalescing into claws and fangs and a rabid, unreasoning bloodlust. She couldn't feel the pain of her mutilated back, or of the shackles at her wrists and ankles — she couldn't understand why she couldn't kill her tormentors, what was preventing her no matter how hard she struggled.

And then when she collapsed sobbing back into her tattered human skin, they took up the knife and began again.

PURITY IS THE POWER TO CONTEMPLATE DEFILEMENT.
— SIMONE WEILL

PROPER HISTORY

Without proof — concrete and incontrovertible evidence — history is relative to the teller. It is no different with the werewolves of the Pure Tribes. The history that they tell, teach and believe does not present them as hateful monsters. The tales and legends of the Pure feature their own kind as a besieged minority, as moral paragons, as just executioners.

They are the center of this story. To them, the Forsaken are the monsters — murderers and deviants, the whole lot. The others have been lied to, and cling to justifications for their actions so long ago. The Pure are not driven by conscious deception. This is no deliberate illusion. They have faith that history will prove them both right and righteous in whatever actions and choices they make.

PERPETUAL IRONY

The Pure suffer from ceaseless incongruity. To remain pure, they degrade themselves. They believe they represent the natural order, and yet many of their practices are a cold contravention of nature. They believe themselves righteous, but they knowingly perform actions that tear their Harmony to tatters. Their history is the same. The Pure see themselves as martyrs, as the tormented minority, when in reality they have become quite the opposite. Forever they have hunted with cruelty and dishonor, and yet claim themselves proud predators. They walk a cold line between necessity and regret, between violence and penance.

How are they able to convince themselves that they exist as a powerless minority? The same way every oppressive majority does, by accepting conspiracy theories and revisionist history that suggests the minority is a secret cabal of criminals and controllers.

Some Pure are able to recognize the ironies intrinsic to their people, just as humans can recognize their own hypocrisies. Just as humans, though, most Pure fail to act, and many simply cannot see past the hate that drives them ineluctably forward.

BETRAYAL OF URFARAH

This story's true.

You've been lied to, boy. All the important parts were sold to you as an honest tale, but in your heart I think you see what's right. Your blood stirs to old memories that haven't been told to you, not yet. Time to change that, I figure.

We were the kings of the country, once upon a time. Pangaea was our territory, the forest in which we hunted. We sat at the very top of that food chain — all the beasts of the wood and spirits in the Shadow bent knee to us and our alpha, Father Wolf. None dared disrupt the balance that we had so carefully forged. The human apes scurried back to their trees at the sight of us. Birds flew from our snapping jaws. Even the tangled vines and bright flowers recoiled from us for fear of earning our ire. All was good. Father Wolf — Urfarah — was a proper father, caring for his children and raising us right.

But she figured out how to make it all fall down. That bitch — our Mother — helped betray Father and tear the worlds asunder. Those others, they'd tell you that Luna was powerful and joyous, and that she truly loved Father when she came down and offered herself to him. It wasn't like that. The manipulative creature, that thing with moods and faces as fickle as those she shows in the sky above — she was lonely and useless sitting way up there in the dark sky. She wanted a piece of what Father had: dominion, authority, power. Mother Moon knew she couldn't just take it from him, for he would've bitten her clean in twain would she have tried. So, she needed to take it from him piece by piece, sucking it from him like a patient leech.

We helped do him in, but not in the way that the others did. When she gave birth to us and he raised us in his image, it was a distraction. Our nativity drained him. Our training and raising sapped his strength. And all the while, behind the scenes, she made sure that the spirits found him during times of weakness. Luna set upon him with her own magic, the same magic that spooks the human herd when they see us in our true and rightful forms. Madness crept in at the edges of Urfarah, and we were blind to it.

At least, we were up to the point when it was too late. All the while, Mother Moon grew in power and Father Wolf was losing his, and we sat idly by, performing our duties and ignoring what was obvious.

When Luna came to us with the suggestion, that's when it became clear as crystal waters. Shit, it was her idea, that Father's children take his place. She came to the nine tribes of those nine pups and pleaded with us to do what was right,

to make real what had to be done. Some of the others — too many of the others — agreed. They had suckled long at her sweet teat, trusting her pretty white face and believing that one's mother must always have the best intentions at heart. Those kinslayers did what we would not. They brought down Urfarah. Tore out his throat, and the blood that spilled was the last pure blood that washed the land.

But we didn't take part. We tried to stop the betrayers, led by their noses, but there wasn't enough of us to save him. Now, we're the last keepers of that pure blood. We stood in it as Father's body cooled, the blood growing thick and sticky around our feet, and we all drank of it. Now, some of that blood churns through our veins still, running hot with acid and anger.

Father Wolf was betrayed by Mother Moon. Isn't any other way to see it. And now, those who wear the brands that glow with her tainted touch, they think they have themselves badges of honor. They're wrong. They have slave collars. Marks of shame. Bitter burns of treachery. They are truly Forsaken, those animals. The Shadow turns away from the degenerates, but it doesn't turn from us. We shed ourselves of the bitch's brand, and by doing so the spirits know that we have cut out the human cancer.

We let the Forsaken destroy the greatest thing we'd ever had because we were deaf, dumb and blind. Worse, there weren't enough of us. That's why our numbers have grown. That's why we outnumber the degenerates. Because it's time to remake the world in Urfarah's image.

We are the Pure, and may Mother's children tremble and wail with our approach.

SCARS AND STIGMA

Pure legend claims that its progenitors — following the Firstborn totems of Rabid Wolf, Silver Wolf and Dire Wolf — were left in a broken world. The murder of Father Wolf shattered Pangaea, leaving the Edenic forests as hollow husks.

Stories claim that the children of those three incorruptible Firstborn saw how Luna had branded her co-conspirators, and the Pure sought to mark themselves as well to show solidarity. The enraged children of Rabid Wolf burned brands of rectitude into their flesh. Those of Silver Wolf drew elegant scars with river-washed claw. And the feral supplicants of Dire Wolf simply bit hunks out of their own meat and muscle as marks of honor. They stood in the wreckage of a hunter's paradise and claimed their righteousness.

POGROM

Mother Moon was not content to give her enemies time to plan and grow. She tugged on the ropes tied tightly around the necks of her slaves and set them after the Pure werewolves (as they now called themselves).

The murderers, shepherded by Luna, did not care to have their guilt remaining as a living reminder, and so they sought to destroy it. The Forsaken instituted a long-

standing pogrom against the Pure Tribes, a bloody crusade of tooth and claw that nearly eradicated the children of the untainted Firstborn. They would have been destroyed, too, but what saved them remains an oft-disputed piece of Pure legend. Three stories, each different from the next, suggest what may have happened that kept the Pure from utter extermination:

- Some Pure believe that, up until this point, a werewolf was not ruled by Harmony. Their innate balance was stronger and more easily maintained, and they were allowed to commit whatever actions without repercussion. However, when the Pure had their backs against the wall and the Forsaken were poised to claim total dominance, Harmony came crashing down upon all like a wave. Whether instituted by the spirits or by some distant presence, the Pure cannot say, but some believe that the guilt and madness so weakened Luna's slaves that the Pure were given a chance to escape and lick their wounds. The Pure, of course, were not given over to such degeneration, having been virtuous all along.

- Some say Father Wolf saved them. A few myths suggest that some part of the dead patron stirred at seeing his loyal children on the cusp of annihilation. Even in this, though, stories vary. Was it his ghost that swept across the Forsaken like a death-touched wind? Was it a physical manifestation of Urfarah's anger, given life as a storm of blood and fire? Or did Father Wolf's true spirit find life once again and strike out against those who killed him?

- Some claim that this was the first instance of *Kuruth*, or Death Rage. The Pure — already near to death — had no other choice but to fight against overwhelming odds or accept the yoke of Luna's control. The choice was clear, as none could bear to accept her touch. But from somewhere within each of them came a terrible fury. As beasts of war, they raged forward and slaughtered those who had come for them, evening the odds and leaving behind a battlefield muddy with the viscera of the betrayers. The Forsaken — now equally diminished — somehow learned to loose their own uncontrollable furies in the same way. But the Pure accept that the *Kuruth* of their kind is a just anger, and that which is born of the impure is merely an eruption of repressed guilt.



BLOOD-SOAKED RESURRECTION

The Pure wish to revive the fallen Pangaea. Some believe they can make a literal Pangaea — a place where the two worlds again become one, and the human herd knows its place further down the food chain. Others accept that Pangaea is a metaphorical ideal, but one that can be achieved by culling the traitorous Forsaken and forcing the mortals to heel.

However, some Pure seek not only Pangaea's rebirth, but Father Wolf's, as well.

Spirits, after all, are hard to truly destroy. *Urfarah* was powerful enough that surely some remnant of him exists in the Shadow, and some seek to see him reborn from the skins and bones left from his murder. Perhaps Father Wolf can be reconstituted from swatches of fur and puddles of dry blood, or maybe he will come out of hiding once Pangaea rises again and Mother Moon's hold upon the world weakens. One nomadic Pure pack travels the world looking for Father Wolf's fossils buried deep in the Shadow. The pack claims to have hundreds of bone slivers and osseous rock, all of which were supposedly part of *Urfarah's* living body. The werewolves claim that, if they find enough of him, he will once again have power — and with it, he will come to cleanse this sickened earth.

SHADOW OFFERINGS

The Pure survived that first pogrom, but knew they could not survive another. The spirits, sensing this, came to the Pure in various faces and forms, and offered aid. The gathered beings — of various choirs and descants — offered the werewolves power against *Urfarah's* killers. The spirits did not care about Father Wolf or his demise, but were growing concerned with the selfish eye that Mother Moon had cast upon the Shadow. She seemed bent on controlling all of it — the Forsaken acted in the guise of “policing” the spirits as a task given to them by Luna. But the spirits distrusted this and saw the promise of terrible imbalance.

Powerful spirits, vengeful and angry, offered to act as patrons to the packs of the Pure. The spirits, too, said they would offer succor and shelter to those Pure who needed help. All of this came with a cost, however. First, the Pure must give up Father Wolf's ways of hunting spirits. If the Pure wished to truly survive in the face of the Forsaken plague, then they must concede that the Shadow is not werewolf territory. Second, the Pure must worship the totems that guard the packs. Such beings are not to be shackled and abused, but adored and adulated. Third — though this price was one the Pure were glad to pay — was that they must make the Forsaken pay. Not only for the murder of *Urfarah*, but for their mistreatment and exploitation of the Spirit Realm.

The Pure, of course, agreed. They recognized that no price was too high to give themselves advantage over their enemy. With hateful spirits at their side and their numbers growing, the Pure saw the chance to turn the tables and make the degenerates suffer.

WAXING AND WANING

The Pure's numbers have not always remained strong. The centuries have seen the imbalance between the Forsaken and the Pure shift again and again.

The general rule seems to be this: in times and places of trouble, the Pure numbers dwindle. Whether during global conflicts such as the two world wars or the Crusades, or nationalized skirmishes between Tibet and China, India and Pakistan, the Pure lose some modicum of power. During such times, the Shadow enters a period of upheaval. The Forsaken in a given area of conflict are forced to some level of action — in mobilizing they gain unity, and in unity they gain strength. This, more often than not, leads to a period of dominance for the Forsaken.

During periods of complacency, the Pure rule. The Forsaken seem less likely to preserve bonds among packs when immediate threats come off the table. During such complacency — as a result of abject poverty or sudden prosperity — the Forsaken often turn inward. Territorial conflicts rise from pack to pack. Unity shatters, and bitter games of dominance become the rule of a new day. In the ensuing chaos, the Forsaken weaken themselves — and the Pure exploit the advantage. The Forsaken seem to have a short memory, for this cycle seems to come back around every couple of decades. The Pure, however, believe themselves to have a much better plan, and far greater connection of purpose. When times are tough, they merely wait for their enemy to hamstring himself.

The most recent example of this happened about 20 years ago. The Forsaken call it the Brethren War. The Pure have another name for it.

THE IDIGAM

Something happened at the end of the 1960s that brought the bizarre idigam back to the world. Nobody knows what caused their return, or even precisely what those entities really were — what was clear, however, was that they were ceaseless. With servants new and old in tow, the creatures began taking chunks of territory worldwide.

This period of idigam threat represents one of the few times in recent history when the Pure and the Forsaken worked together. They didn't work together *happily*, and often enough their hate and distrust got packs killed. But still they tried, and sometimes they succeeded.

More peculiar still, though, is what happened to some of those groups working together. The idigam seemed capable of entrancing or enslaving werewolves, seducing them with power or taking over their bodies outright. Some Pure packs and Forsaken packs were taken in by the idigam, possessed and left as mad as the spirits themselves. These Pure and Forsaken — if they can even be called that, anymore — still work together, and some of these packs are still out there, even with their idigam masters destroyed or exiled. Woe to any werewolf who comes across these wandering madmen.

THE RECLAMATION

The '80s and '90s in America were years of peace and prosperity. Sure, America had its share of war and conflict — but nowhere near its borders. Humans were happy, bodies and wallets both fat with prosperity. That's not to say the country wasn't without its problems: race riots, cold war paranoia, a widening gap between rich and poor, the threat of AIDS and the persistent specter of terrorism. But the country was blissful in its ignorance. Humans turned their gaze from such obvious problems. As a result, the Shadow was less of a tempest in a teacup, and most of the grievous wounds of the past were sealed nicely beneath old scars and ragged burns.

The Pure had never been strong here. They had pockets of power, controlling some of the country's desolate places (run-down towns in the Appalachians, tracts of canyon and desert out where they used to test nuclear bombs, swaths of swamp in the bayou and the Everglades), but they'd never claimed dominance. The Forsaken were

too strong. So, the Pure waited. They gathered power and cultivated cruel totems. They bred, too, near-constant as they could.

The time came during the latter two decades that the Forsaken turned claw toward one another. With the traitors distracted and weakened, the Pure struck. They came out of the darkness and fog, striking fast and brutal, claiming powerful expanses of land and loci in the process. The Forsaken were stunned. The Pure had been quiet for so long — *too* long, really, but once again ignorance is bliss — and suddenly there they were, a plague that had been hiding in the walls and rafters and was now spilling out everywhere. Territories fell like dominoes. Werewolves were hanged, burned alive, dismembered and left in piles by defunct loci. By the time the Forsaken even realized what was happening, it was nearly too late. They mounted some resistance, regained some level of unity. And in some places, that worked. Most other places, though, the Pure became kings, and the Forsaken were forced into the pathetic, lonely territories the Pure had abandoned.



BRIAN
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The werewolves of the Pure call that time the Reclamation (it was no war, it was an occupation). The irony is, of course, that they never “claimed” much of the nation to begin with, but the way they saw it, all the world is rightfully theirs and it’s all a matter of patient repossession.

They haven’t become complacent like the Forsaken, not yet. Wherever the Forsaken are found, the Pure subjugate, exile or eradicate the degenerate wolves. Wild-eyed seers among the Predator Kings, however, have begun to smell trouble on the wind again. The world and the country, they say, are going on another dark ride, and the Shadow will go along with it. The Pure are determined not to let the Forsaken use that to their advantage. The whelps can’t be allowed to thrive and flourish.

NOW

The Pure hold power in most places around the globe. They’d long held authority in places such as India and in some parts of Europe, but recent movements have given them a longer reach in the Western world. The Reclamation that took place in America was mostly about extermination — by lessening the Forsaken, the Pure could more easily take control. Now that the Pure have it there and elsewhere, the tactic has turned more to subjugation and conversion. Those criminals are given a chance to make penance for their actions, much as the Pure themselves do. If the Forsaken choose to remain true to their betrayal, then they deserve whatever horror can be brought against them.



SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL

And so ends history as the Pure see it. Those who hear the history and tell it to one another may give into a kind of cultural relativity, an acceptance that, how can one truly judge another group? This isn’t evil. It’s war. Survival. *Justice*.

The Pure believe what they are selling, and the Forsaken who join them are just as sold on a powerful story. The Pure’s legends help to fuel their actions, and give them justification that pushes them past any regret or fear they may possess. A few dissenters suggest that they have perhaps become the criminals and degenerates the Pure claim to hunt, but those voices are few, and silenced quickly.



BECOMING PURE

No werewolf initiation is kind, and no First Change is easy. The weave and weft of one’s world shifts, twists and then snaps. One’s old life is gone in a rush of anger and a monster’s bite. The victim is marked as different and

will forever be separate from the human herd: a hunter, whether he likes it or not.

With the Forsaken, a new werewolf isn’t given a reprieve when it comes to the nightmare. Spirits assail him and his loved ones. He is marred by a bite from a beast he does not yet understand. But when the First Change is all said and done and a pack of the People has found him, he is given the reins of his own destiny. Luna looks down and gives him purpose, and he may then choose to join one of the Tribes of the Moon (or choose not to join one at all).

The Pure aren’t interested in the luxury of choice. When becoming Pure, the nightmare goes on much longer.

NUZUSUL

The Pure want *nuzusul* above all else. Those who have not yet experienced their First Change are not yet sullied by the touch of Mother Moon — they are, in a way, *truly* Pure. If a werewolf hasn’t yet been claimed by the Forsaken, his mind and outlook are still clear. He has been fed no lies. He is free of deception, and the Pure can teach him truth.

NEW BLOOD

Finding pre-Change werewolves is never easy — and yet, the Forsaken know that discovering and tracking *nuzusul* is a fight against time, because the Pure always seem able to beat the Forsaken to the punch. Why is this? Why do the Pure have what appears to be a powerful network in place, granting them a nightmarishly potent edge when it comes to sniffing out new blood?

Their first advantage is aid from spirits. Most spirits have a vested interest in keeping a werewolf from joining the Tribes of the Moon. The Forsaken hunt spirits and attempt to maintain a balance that many such entities wish to disrupt. The Pure, on the other hand, have little concern for policing the Shadow (except when it conflicts with their interests). Because of this, should the spirits find a nascent werewolf, they may go tell the local Pure that this is happening. Those spirits might even harry the *nuzusul* toward the Pure and away from any Forsaken territories. (Some spirits go quite a long way toward this endeavor. They might, for instance, trick the pre-Change werewolf with hallucinations. Forsaken territory may seem marked by splatters of stinking blood or may appear eerily dark and foreboding. Pure territory, on the other hand, might be shown as safe, well-lit, even somehow comforting.) Many Pure packs establish this relationship with spirits upon claiming territory — if the spirits aren’t amenable to such a request, a pack’s totem can go a long way toward “convincing” the local Shadow-dwellers to oblige.

The second advantage is the populous nature of the Pure. The Pure, in most areas, outnumber the Forsaken. Even when the Pure don’t, they still tend to hold the larger and more useful tracts of territory. Having numbers and bigger, better territory gives them a statistical advan-

tage, giving them more eyes with which to watch for signs of pre-Change werewolves as well as a wider swath of land upon which to hunt and trap such poor souls. In fact, the more successful the Pure are at claiming new blood, the greater their numbers grow — and larger numbers make it all the easier to find *nuzusul*. The cycle spins perpetually, building Pure advantage.

The third advantage is a pack's network of allies. The Ivory Claws and Fire-Touched often maintain tight arrangements of mortal allies, be they wolf-blooded sheriffs, members of animal control or urban gangs. The Pure despise or dismiss mortals most of the time, but that doesn't mean that such livestock can't be useful. When the sheep start bleating (in other words, when word of a "rampaging animal" comes out across the police band), the Pure know they might have a Changing werewolf to claim as their own. Even the Predator Kings might have intimidated park rangers, local sailors or hermits into keeping a vigilant eye (the alternative being to *lose* that eye). This network of allies isn't always present — some Pure do not have the numbers, wisdom or interest to maintain such an arrangement. Generally speaking, however, the Pure will claim a number of contacts by favor or by intimidation, even going so far as to steal the allies of local Forsaken.

(A fourth advantage is the Rite of the Found, which helps Pure track *nuzusul*, found on p. 125 of this book.)

GOOD BREEDING

Of course, eventually the Pure claim natural and inexorable dominance over an area — at which point, having to scabble and hunt down new blood seems foolish when breeding *nuzusul* in relative comfort is far easier. Let the Forsaken scrape and crawl through mud and thorn to find new soldiers.

Many packs establish new families in a given area, watching over and shepherding the wolf-bloods for signs of the Change. In areas that have long been held by the Pure (be it 10 years or 100), the wolf-bloods are bred in very

specific, zealously guarded bloodlines. Some families may be bred for strength or intelligence; others are bred for money or because their lineage seems likelier to produce more actual werewolves from the blood. Some of these bloodlines are huge — dozens upon dozens of family members, lorded over by the Pure (who may be distant masters or who may instead dwell among the wolf-bloods daily). Other bloodlines are small, nuclear families in which a Pure werewolf is the center figure. All of this is

— to a Pure pack with the appropriate numbers — easy to defend and keep going.

Their wagons are circled in a wide, easily unassailable ring. Few Forsaken could manage to breach that circle and steal *nuzusul* out from under the Pure, though it has happened on rare occasions.

PURE BLOODLINES

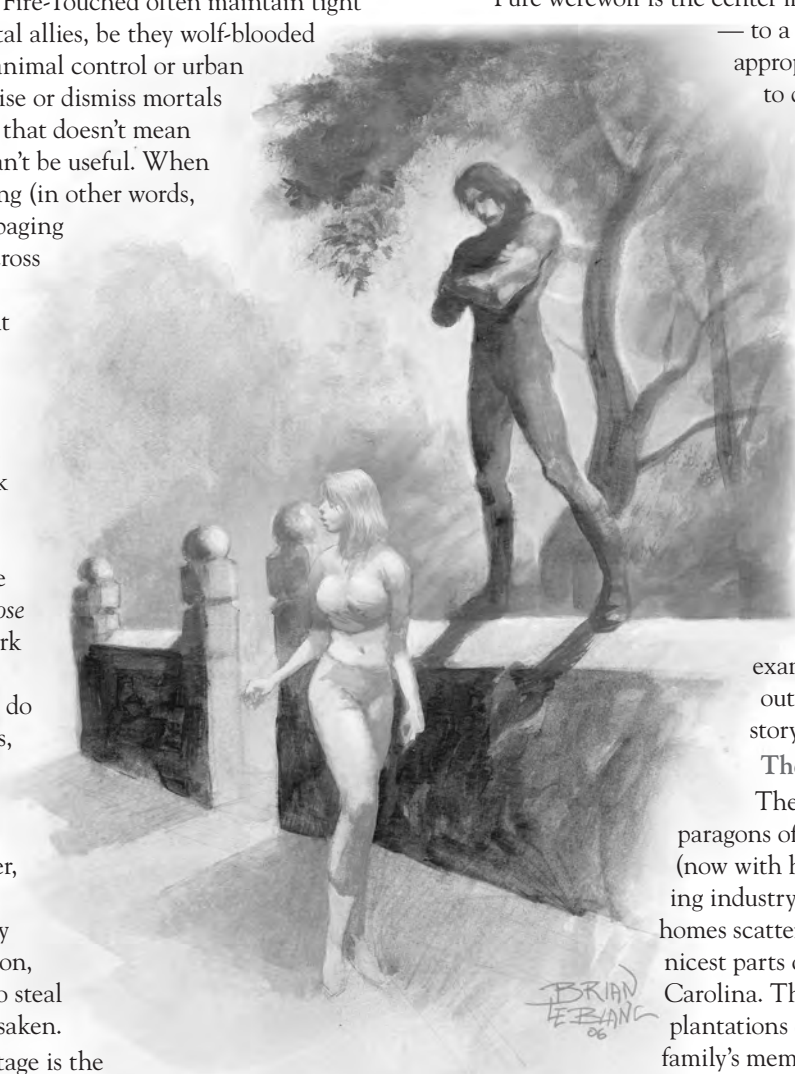
Below are a handful of Pure wolf-blooded families.

They can be used as examples, or can be fleshed out and dropped into a story.

The Lancaster Clan

The Lancaster family, those paragons of old plantation money (now with hands in the banking industry), have their ancestral homes scattered throughout the nicest parts of Charlotte, North Carolina. Their mansions and plantations dot the area, and the family's members are many. They've been a bloodline watched over by the

Ivory Claws for nearly two centuries. The Lancaster children aren't told exactly what they are, but they do entertain visits from "strange uncles" and "odd cousins" now and again, and none can deny that they get along better with one another than with "outsiders." (Others think them snobbish, but in reality they're just rich and weird.) The Ivory Claws have instituted a nice little system that keeps the family true to itself and to the tribe — if one should betray the family or the Pure, that individual is not punished. The head of that particular family, however, is. This forces the various Lancaster families to police their own. One does not betray family — doing so is anathema, and can leave the traitor penniless, arrested



or hung from a tree miles from the city. Some Forsaken have tried to breach the impregnable family and steal away their members — but the family is resourceful when it comes to thwarting those who want to hurt its blood.

Los Asesinos

Worlds collide: the Los Angeles sprawl is home to both the rich and famous as well as the downtrodden and oppressed. In the worst parts of town, the gangs make the rules. In the barrios, the gangs are as much families as they are criminal organizations — mothers raise children to be gangbangers, knowingly committing their babies to that life. The Fire-Touched have capitalized on this, making one of the overarching gangs (*Los Asesinos*, or “The Murderers”) their own for purposes of both breeding and utility. Most of the families within the gang are wolf-bloods, and the Fire-Touched assume a very hands-on approach in teaching and protecting the members of *Los Asesinos*. Every day seems a new initiation for the gang’s members: new tats, scars, gauntlets and tasks. Those who fail their Fire-Touched masters (known as *Los Jefes*, or “the Bosses”) are either never heard from again — or disappear for awhile and return as Ridden. Children who grow up with desires to leave gang life are seen as betrayers, and are made by their peers to suffer and fail so that they become mired in the life of *Los Asesinos*. Unfortunately, the Fire-Touched who preside over these gangs have gotten sloppy of late as the family has grown by leaps and bounds. The Forsaken have been able to sneak in under the radar (or beneath the chaos of urban life) to thief *nuzusul* out from under the Pure wolves.

Keeltown, Colorado

It’s supposed to be a ghost town. Near the Utah border, this old gold mining town is supposed to be dead, defunct, a place of dust and snakes. But it’s far from dead, this area, and its two dozen residents have lived there since the town’s stumble some 50 years ago. The residents are haunted, nearly mad, hiding from any humans who come their way. The cycle is the same. Once every year, the beast-men come — those dark hulking shapes — and leave behind a message scrawled in blood on a board or rock: “Breed.” Those who breed are rewarded with food or items stolen from travelers. Those who don’t breed are punished — the wolves come and bite off hands or tear out Achilles’ tendons — but they’re given a second chance. If they forsake that second chance, then they are dead. Same with those who try to follow the old dirt roads or red canyons back to the highway. The Predator Kings watch their bloodlines from a safe distance, letting the dirty wolf-bloods breed and birth their children. Sometimes, a new King is born or one of the older residents goes to Change. The wolves sweep in and steal those who belong to them, initiating them into the tribe quickly and mercilessly.

SPURNING MOTHER

The advantage in finding *nuzusul* is that the whelp hasn’t yet been burned by Luna’s brands — that is to say,

he is without auspice. The Pure loathe Mother Moon’s touch; her brands represent the very essence of impurity, of what it means to have truly forsaken Father Wolf. To be able to take a werewolf before his First Change and ensure he exists untainted by her is a powerful moment. When the First Change comes, however, Mother is not easily fooled into averting her gaze. If the Pure are not careful, and they are too slow or otherwise unprepared, the werewolf will go through the Change under her attentive eye.

The process of concealing the pre-Change werewolf is called the Rite of Purity (p. 126). The Pure must perform this rite before the *nuzusul*’s First Change, or he will be marked with an auspice by Luna. Once the Pure know of a *nuzusul*’s presence, they tend to move quickly, doing whatever must be done to track and abduct the subject. They do not merely bite him and let him be. When the Pure find the *nuzusul*, they kidnap him and take him back to their territory, where they may perform their rites in relative safety. They will destroy whoever and whatever stands in their way when it comes to claiming such a werewolf. Those werewolves never touched with Luna’s burns are considered in many packs to be the ideal of their kind: the purest of the Pure, untainted by Mother’s so-called love.

INITIATION

Both Pure-claimed *nuzusul* and converted Forsaken must go through the Pure’s Rite of Initiation. Unlike with the Forsaken, the werewolf does not necessarily have the luxury of choosing to which tribe she belongs. Yes, in some cases werewolves are allowed that measure of freedom, but in many cases, the attendant Pure decide the fate and path of a given initiate.

Each tribe has its own Rite of Initiation, but these may vary by region or pack. Initiation is always a brutal affair, a rite meant to test a novice’s mettle once and for all. Tests can be harsh and humiliating — the attendant ritemaster lays out a particular task to be completed by the initiate. This task may be to appease a particular spirit (often a tribal or pack totem), but is often likely some kind of proof that the werewolf “has what it takes” when it comes to war. In particular, initiates are often asked to inflict some kind of harm against the Forsaken: it might be anything from defiling a locus to cutting off a Forsaken’s finger and wearing it as a trophy. If the task is performed (and the initiate is still alive), then that werewolf swears to the Oath of Urfarah (p. 33).

Initiation varies from tribe to tribe — Fire-Touched initiation tends to be chaotic and primal (and often involves burning things), whereas the Ivory Claws prefer a test of purity and sacrifice (killing loved ones, claiming a locus in the name of the tribe). The Predator Kings drive their potentials through brutal affairs out in the wilderness — there, initiates are forced to give themselves over to the hunt, purposefully losing their rational minds to instinct for a time.

Worth noting is that the Pure, in many cases, prefer to have several initiates go through Initiation together. The Pure do not act alone — solitary wolves are spurned or exiled, and if Initiation can be performed on several wolves to teach them to work together, then that is what will be done. This isn't always the case, but the Pure are likelier to have several initiates at a single time, given that their numbers are generally far greater than those of the Forsaken.

FRESH BRAINS

Once initiated, it's time to exploit that other chief advantage of newly Changed Pure: they have no preconceived notions regarding werewolf society. Their minds haven't been polluted by Forsaken teaching. They are not degenerates to need to be retrained, as their minds are clean slates, *tabula rasa*. Pure packs can teach their new initiates the reality of the war that they fight, and how they struggle against the degenerates to bring sanctity back to the world in honor of *Urfarah*. The following generally applies to such fresh teaching:

- The Forsaken are obviously the villains of the story. Certainly some Pure mitigate this teaching by explaining that the foolish degenerates are monsters out of ignorance, but many tell the story with a harsher tone — the Forsaken are betrayers, deviants and spiritually corrupt. If they will not kneel, then they will lie dead in their own blood.

- The Pure generally act more favorably toward new initiates than toward initiates who were gained through conversion from the Forsaken (see below). New initiates get the benefit of the doubt, having never been discolored by Luna's brands or degenerate teaching.

- Still, lessons aren't learned easily. The Pure can best be described as loving abusers. They truly love their own kind, but most recognize that this is war, and a lesson cannot be learned halfway. It's a little like the military: yes, drill sergeants break down their privates with mental and physical abuse, but that abuse isn't born of gleeful cruelty. The abuse comes from necessity. The Pure want to harden their initiates. Toughen them, scar them, give them a taste of what they will give and receive out in the world. If these fathers hit their children, it isn't out of aggression, but only to impart valuable teaching. (That's not to say some Pure haven't given in to cruelty and hatred — but they are the exceptions, not the rules.)

CHECKS AND BALANCES

The Pure can easily swing wildly out of balance. Harmony is a consideration for them, at ways, but rarely the priority. The end justifies the means, yes, but they commit to moderating their Harmony loss whenever possible. This is true when acting against the Forsaken, or even when

teaching new recruits — pain is fine, if given in moderation.

The Pure operate with a primitive system of checks and balances: they all watch one another. If one gets out of line, the pack and its members have to step into correct him. If a whole pack gets out of line, the Pure confederacy comes in and straightens the fools out. Everybody watches everybody else's back. Sure, it makes some of the Pure a little paranoid, but that's the true nature of a pack, something the Forsaken have perhaps forgotten. Any werewolf is capable of forgetting his lessons from time to time. It just takes a rap across the knuckles — or claws across throat — to steer him back on the path.

CONVERSION

Obviously, not all Pure can be claimed before their First Change. Some are found shortly thereafter, rampaging in a crowded theater or howling mournfully in an icy alleyway. Some of the Pure's numbers, however, are taken from the ranks of existing Forsaken. Although recruiting Forsaken to the Pure "cause" (that cause being, in many ways, the eradication of the Forsaken themselves) is by no means easy, many werewolves would be alarmed to know just how many of the People have broken rank and joined with the enemy.

The conversion of Forsaken to Pure is a rough road that necessitates a great deal of sacrifice on the part of the once-Forsaken. Understanding why any Uratha would willingly or unwillingly give up so much to cross the field of battle is difficult, but crucial.

Note that some of the items below can apply to *nuzusul* initiates as well as to the newly converted. That said, freshly Changed Pure are treated with greater respect and moderation than converts.

PURE HATE

When attempting to understand how a Forsaken can tear away his own blessed auspice and become Pure, it is first important to understand the nature and place of hatred within the Pure.

Many Forsaken believe that those converted to the enemy were done so under duress of torture and brainwashing. This is certainly true for some (information on both can be found below), but cannot be true for the majority of the Pure.

Hate is what drives the Pure as a people. This hate is real, not manufactured. It cannot be created by others, and is rarely born solely from pain or manipulation. In most cases, the raw hate seething in a werewolf's heart is present *before* she joins the Pure in the first place. That is what allows her to make the sacrifices necessary. Hate is

what keeps her going despite the costs, and what stops her from clawing open her own throat to escape.

The Forsaken are not paragons of good behavior, much as the Pure have not universally monsters (for to be that, they would be Bale Hounds). An individual Uratha may find one of countless reasons to despise his fellow People. The depredations some werewolves suffer at the hands of pack, tribe or lodge may not be common, but when they do occur, they leave indelible effects upon a werewolf's psyche. An omega may be physically or psychologically abused by all the packmembers ranked above him. A beta wolf may find her sister chosen as a brood mare for a domineering alpha (the inevitable rape being an expression of the leader's so-called authority). Lodge members may humiliate a Forsaken or even his whole pack time and time again. A werewolf might find that his pack — operating in his "best interests" — has killed his wife and children. An Uratha may feel abused, neglected or oppressed by his packmates, totem or even the spirits. Therein lies an object lesson for Forsaken who treat their own kind poorly. One day, those bitter werewolves may turn waywardly toward the enemy, bringing the Pure's abhorrence to bear upon those who once spurned their Forsaken packmates.

Hate — so easily brought forth in the fires of a werewolf's instinctive anger — always begins as a small spark. The Pure represent the wind that stokes those embers into a full-fledged fire, and eventually a conflagration of the heart and soul. A converted Forsaken may not initially *want* to join the enemy. But propaganda and brainwashing work because the Pure can exploit, explain and give credence to the werewolf's ills and doubts. They fan the flames and direct that fire against the People.

The point is, the Pure as a whole cannot exist on total deception and hollow half-truths. Certainly some have been forced along for the ride, shackled to their new "allies" and totems because they have been made to do so by tooth and claw. But the Pure as a body of werewolves runs on genuine hate, not artifice. Those Forsaken who come willingly may soon realize that the imperfections of the People are found just as easily within the packs of the Pure, but by then, the Forsaken have given themselves over to the anger and odium, lost in their own reprisal.

TOOLS OF PERSUASION

The elements of conversion are left to the idiosyncrasies of tribe, totem and pack. The Fire-Touched are generally open to any who wish to join their ranks. They are prophets and proselytes, flesh marred with the burn-scars of Luna's excising, and are often happy to convince others of their position. The Ivory Claws are more discerning, seeking only those whose breeding represents strength and supremacy. The Predator Kings are unpredictable in when and why they seek to bring Forsaken into their ranks — anything from a feral stare backed by powerful animal charisma to a demonstration of true hunting skill may

convince the Kings that a Forsaken must be amongst their wild number.

Some totems refuse Forsaken, whereas other totems thrive from the Forsaken's conversion. Similarly, some Pure packs simply cannot accept such degenerate half-wolves into the fold, while other packs swell with the zeal of the newly converted.

Every pack has its own tools of conversion, as well. These tools range from sermons of hellfire to lessons delivered at the wrong end of a pipe cutter. Below are just a handful of the tactics demonstrated by those Pure willing to bring Forsaken into the family. Few packs rely exclusively on one tactic; most concoct an amalgam of several methodologies.

ONE TOOL: CRIM CALLOWS

Most Pure resist resorting to torture when it comes to recruiting the Forsaken. Torture is a short-term tool that leads to a weak conversion (if any), but for some, torture, regardless of value, ends up on the menu. One trick some packs use for conversion or punishment is hanging.

The reason hanging is so effective is because a werewolf doesn't have a chance to do much about it. Death Rage can be nearly ineffective as the massive beast's neck swells in the noose and the monstrous Gauru body thrashes about. Of course, rope won't do the trick. Something heavier is necessary. Galvanized aircraft cable, maybe, or braided wire.

PROPAGANDA

The aim of propaganda is to dehumanize and enflame hatred regarding a specific target: in this case, the Forsaken. Of course, the Pure don't rely on normal channels of propaganda. They don't hang anti-Uratha posters or place false stories in the newspaper. (Though some Pure certainly recruit human cults over the Internet or through rallies.) They do, however, exploit the means of communication most commonly used by both Pure and Forsaken.

The primary method of propaganda distribution is through the spoken word. Werewolves by and large rely upon oral communication to convey history, threats and news. One pack might commit a message to a favored spirit, whereas another pack might send a runner to several nearby territories in an effort to gather aid or simply spread a particular message. The Pure can exploit such channels. They may hijack a spirit, either earning its trust over the Forsaken or simply obliterating it and sending another in its place with a *new* message. Alternately, the Pure may plant rumors (be they entirely false or partly true) about local packs amidst the Forsaken in an effort to

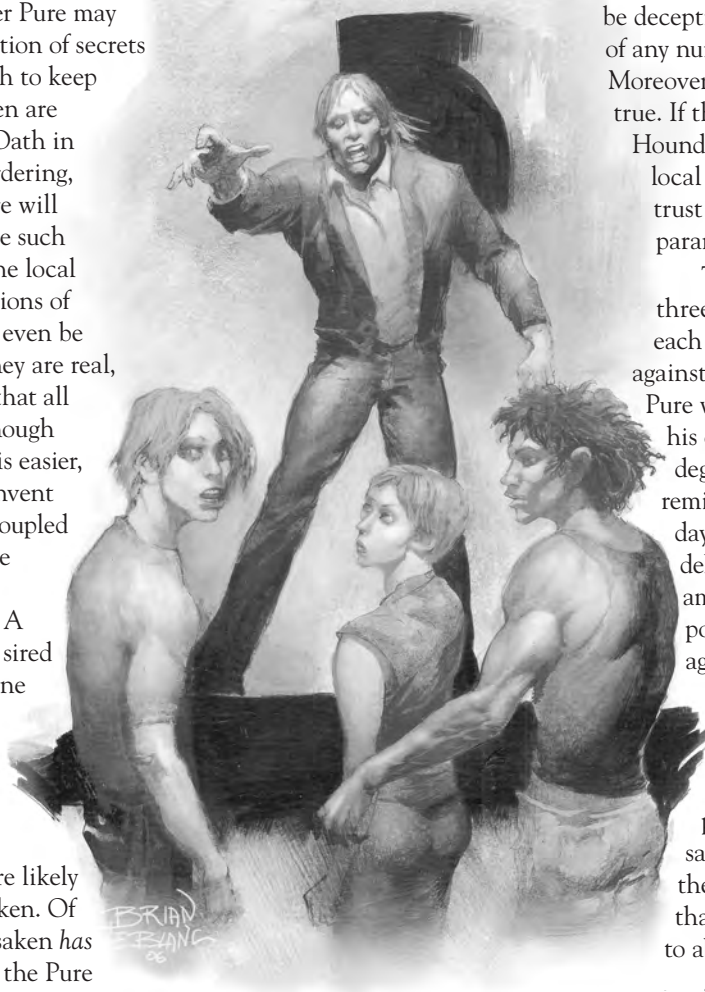
propagate distrust. Many Fire-Touched are altogether less subtle, preferring instead to deliver loud sermons about the corruptibility and degeneracy of the Forsaken. Other Pure may orchestrate the revelation of secrets that the Forsaken wish to keep hidden: if any Forsaken are caught breaking the Oath in any way (mating, murdering, cannibalism), the Pure will do their best to expose such concealed truths to the local Forsaken. Such violations of Oath or trust needn't even be real (though, when they are real, the Pure can exploit that all the more easily). Although revealing *true* things is easier, the Pure are glad to invent grotesque behavior (coupled with "evidence") if the invention damages a Forsaken's credibility. A Uratha may not have sired an *unihar*, but when one comes calling (summoned by the local Ivory Claws) hissing that the Uratha is surely its father, that Uratha's packmates are likely to find their trust shaken. Of course, when the Forsaken *has* sired a spirit monster, the Pure can wave such evidence about like a banner.

In some cases, demonizing the Forsaken takes relatively simple forms: sermons indicating them as lesser beings, lies spread through the Shadow, mocking howls from a safe distance. Other Pure prefer to spread full-scale conspiracy theories. If a few Forsaken can be convinced that the rest of their packs or local Uratha society are somehow engaged in concealed malfeasance, then the job of the conspiracy theory is done. Some such planted theories are uncomplicated, perhaps convincing the local omegas that the alpha packs are stealing Essence from several loci so that the weaker Forsaken may not have it. Other "exposed" conspiracies are quite elaborate: a local lodge (already secretive) may be made out to look as if Bale Hounds trying to awaken some long-buried Maeltinet, engaging in reprehensible orgies of shifting Forsaken flesh. If even a single Forsaken can be convinced of such untruth, then all is well. (For this reason, simpler conspiracies are altogether more convincing. A Forsaken will more easily believe that her packmates are hiding food or

filching Essence than accept they might be worshipping some dark entity from behind the Shadow.)

Of course, not all propaganda needs to be deception. The Forsaken are capable of any number of missteps and violations. Moreover, some conspiracy theories *are* true. If the Pure uncover actual Bale Hounds, why not expose them to the local Forsaken? Why not shake the trust of the Uratha, amplifying their paranoia of one another?

The goal of propaganda is threefold. First, the Pure use it upon each other to reinforce their beliefs against the Tribes of the Moon. A Pure werewolf could begin to doubt his crusade against the so-called degenerates. As such, propaganda reminds all Pure of their duty from days past. Second, propaganda dehumanizes and sows discord among the existing Forsaken population. If they can be turned against one another, then the Pure can abuse that vulnerability when the time comes. Third is propaganda's purpose as a tool of conversion and persuasion. If even a single Forsaken believes the lies (or accepts the truths, if they be that), then that one Forsaken may be willing to abandon pack and People.



WHISPER IN THE EAR

If a pack finds one Forsaken who seems like a strong potential convert, the Pure may begin to poison him against his packmates, as Iago did with Othello. Whenever the werewolf is alone, the Pure approach him. They act with as much friendliness as they can muster. They slowly try to turn him against the others, whether by lies or actual exposure of secrets. They might slip him bits of revised local history, or apocryphal gospel of old Pangaea.

Sometimes isolating a single werewolf goes the other way, and poisons his pack against *him* instead. His packmates smell the Pure on his skin, and sense betrayal. That's fine. Maybe his packmates kill him. Maybe they exile him, and he comes crawling to the Pure. Both are good.

BRAINWASHING

Propaganda targets several werewolves in its scope, but brainwashing reforms the thoughts of a single individual. Brainwashing can be used as a viable tool for conversion (sometimes in conjunction with torture, see below). In essence, this tactic allows the Pure to inculcate the group's values and ideals onto a single target. Some of the individual methods of brainwashing by the Pure include the following:

Dominance. Werewolves are given at least in part to instinct. Some of that instinct drives a werewolf, whether Pure or Forsaken, to follow the stronger wolf. The Pure continue to assert dominance over the Forsaken target. The subject eats last. The subject endures humiliation and degradation by the Pure. The target must complete small tasks or be punished severely. The Pure may also stack the deck in physical or mental challenges, competing against the target in competitions in which the target cannot win. One of the inculcated rationales to reiterate the Pure's dominance is, "We abducted *you*. We are therefore stronger." Use of the Pure pack's usually frightening totem can also convince a subject of his obvious weakness.

Reciprocity. The Pure do nice things for the subject: give him a good cut of food, a comfortable bed, perhaps even teach him a few throwaway tricks. The desired result is one of reciprocity: if the Pure seem to care about the target, then the target will come to care for the Pure.

Fear. The subject can be made to feel fear. Fear may come from physical torture, but is likely to work when the fear is instead psychological. The Pure often inundate the subject with threats to his external world. The target is told that if he does not give in and join the Pure, some aspect of his valued existence will be made to suffer. The Pure might threaten to kill his pack, take away their locus or torture the subject's secret wolf-blooded lover. The goal is to give the subject the power to avert whatever causes the fear. Join the Pure, no more suffering. This is, of course, only a temporary fix. Unless handled by a true master of the craft (which admittedly, some Pure are), fear alone is not a technique with long-term success.

Social Reinforcement. Werewolves are social creatures, given instinctually to be a part of a pack. The Pure attempt to demonstrate that the subject — now isolated from his own pack — belongs with the Pure society. The Pure show a healthy pack, vigorous and strongly committed to one another. The Pure further provide constant example of how the subject's own pack was a weaker unit, proven unfit. The intended result is another form of dominance: except here it is not dominance of one wolf over another but the authority of a functional social group over a weaker, less-functional group. The Pure show how well the pack hunts together, performs rites, entreats the spirits and eats together. This tactic is best used against those Forsaken who come from clearly dysfunctional packs or lodges. The goal is that once you break them, it's critical to rebuild them in the image of the Pure.

TORTURE

Performing physical torture upon a werewolf is risky. Despite a werewolf's given healing factors, the fear of physical pain certainly has an effect. The problem, however, lies with Death Rage. Too much torture can push a subject over the line and into *Kuruth*. The intended purpose of causing corporeal anguish is not to turn the victim into a slaving whirlwind of tooth and claw, so many Pure commit to torture only as a complement to psychological manipulation (brainwashing, see above). Death Rage can be mitigated, though. The target can either be bound in industrial chain or forged shackles, or the torturer can utilize Gifts such as Leech Rage.

Below are a few tortures common to some Pure packs. Certainly this is only a sampling; some werewolves are capable of invented anguish existing *far* outside the box.

- The Fire-Touched often cut off a limb (the foot is favored for hobbling purposes) and then burn the stump to delay healing. When the limb *does* heal, they cut it off again, and cauterize the wound anew. This continues until the subject pledges allegiance to a Pure tribe and pack totem. Often used in conjunction with dominance brainwashing.
- Werewolves are heavily dependent upon their senses. They are not sight-dependent, like humans, but can harness an acute range of sensory capabilities through taste, smell and sound. One favored torture technique is sensory deprivation. Removing a Forsaken target from all his senses (nose plugged with pungent herbs, ears nailed flat to the skull, body bound and chained in a black sheet, eyes covered with tape, etc.) is disorienting and sickening.
- The Ivory Claws, more than other Pure tribes, enjoy the humiliation of a degenerate subject. Cutting off swatches of skin of Luna's brands is only one part of the equation. Pissing on the resultant wounds (both as a mark of degradation and a mark of territory) is a common follow-up. Some Ivory Claws also force subjects to ingest impure materials: infected blood, Beshilu droppings, chemical pollution, drugs.
- Forcing the subject into any kind of Oath or Harmony violation is useful toward breaking him down. Subjects with high Harmony are more easily driven toward violation (stopping the target from shapeshifting, entering the Shadow or hunting). Other tactics include keeping the target utterly isolated and alone, forcing him into betraying his pack or tricking him into breaking his tribal or totemic ban. (Note that breaking down a convert's Harmony needs to be short-term: the Pure don't want gibbering lunatics on their side. The goal of Harmony reduction is to break the convert down so that he may be built back up as Pure, not Forsaken.)
- Generally speaking, the Predator Kings do not torture, at least not conventionally. The Kings take example from the beasts of the wilderness: wolves do not torture prey. Feats of dominance are enough. That said, some feats

of dominance are worthy of the term “torture,” even if the Predator Kinds don’t expressly intend it. One particular game of dominance is for the Kings to set upon a subject in a vicious hunt. They harry the subject through Pure territory, tearing hunks of meat off as the prey runs and sometimes moving the victim toward an ineluctable trap (a deep ravine, a claw-dug pit or simply the Kings’ pack alpha waiting with open jaws).



MECHANICS OF MISERY

It isn’t necessary to invoke whole new systems to support the effects of brainwashing and torture. The **World of Darkness Rulebook** supports systems that can help incur or resist the effects of psychological and physical persuasion. Social Skills such as Empathy (to read a subject’s emotional state), Intimidation (to invoke misery), Persuasion (to change opinions via force of personality) and Subterfuge (to convince a subject of lies) all go toward making brainwashing and torture viable possibilities. If utilizing such tactics, a few guidelines are perhaps worth adopting:

- Brainwashing rolls can be resisted with a Resistance + Composure roll.
- Torture rolls can be resisted with a Stamina + Composure roll.
- Characters with the Meditative Mind Merit can gain +2 dice to resist brainwashing efforts.
- Characters with any dots in the Iron Stamina Merit can gain +2 dice to resist torture efforts.
- Equipment bonuses can come into play when torturing or brainwashing. Using sharp (or depending on the situation, painfully dull) tools may grant a +1 bonus. Certain environments (flickering lights, a corpse-stink forest, a claustrophobic space) or sounds (discordant music, eerie howls, metal scraping on metal) can also grant +1 to the brainwasher’s roll.

Remember that no player character, no matter how horrible the scenario, should be forced into thinking or feeling a certain way simply through Storyteller prerogative. The battle of wits and flesh that the Pure wage is far from absolute; a character should always be given the chance to resist such effects accordingly.



OTHER TACTICS

The Pure utilize other tricks to both degrade the morale of the Forsaken and to convert appropriate targets.

Variant Legendry: The legends of the Forsaken are, in part, the legends of the Pure, but the Pure have a different spin on it. Not all Forsaken buy into the legends of

their own kind, and those who question the veracity of such myths may find more to like in the Pure’s version of things.

Revisionist History: Local history is up for debate, according to the Pure. The struggles of pack versus pack, of shifting territories and broken Oaths: all of that is relative to the beholder. Whereas a pack of Forsaken might think that they were being oppressed, and that fearsome Ridden destroyed their kind, the Pure might tell a different tale. Perhaps the Forsaken are playing at being oppressed to gain sympathy and advantage. And, to boot, the Ridden probably didn’t kill that werewolf — as the Pure suspect, the Forsaken likely killed one of their own to hide their secrets. In most cases, the Pure aren’t crafting lies, for they believe the stories they tell. Sometimes, they’re even right, and the Tribes of the Moon are the ones who’ve altered the real story.

Offers of Power: The Pure, individually, are not more powerful than the Forsaken. Neither side is fully aware of this. Individuals might have a glimmer of this truth, but it is, of course, a difficult theorem to test. The strength of the Pure lies in their advantages together: powerful totems, less indignation from spirits, greater numbers holding larger swaths of territory. The Pure also have power by dint of their willingness to commit actions the Forsaken might not, thus granting the Pure access to Gifts and rites that require sacrifice to which few werewolves are willing to commit. Thus, when seeking new recruits, the Pure can make clear their advantages. This may not come across so much as a direct “offer” as more as a display of obvious supremacy. Lupine instinct is to respect and follow the more powerful — even if the Pure only *appear* more powerful, this is usually enough. Important to note is that those Forsaken who do side with the enemy do not often do so only for power. Other, safer routes exist to such advantage. No, power is only a deal-sweetener for most. Hate (and the opportunity to harness and invoke that hate) leads most to the ranks of the Pure.

Martyr Complex: Despite the Pure Tribes’ recognition of their own power, these werewolves also claim a level of weakness. Acting as martyrs, the Pure believe that they are misunderstood. As crusaders for purity seeking to reclaim the world from the bitch mother, they are cruelly demonized and their goals mislabeled. They are not monsters, they assert, but are vilified as such by those Forsaken and those spirits that seek to keep them from accomplishing their righteous goals. Many Pure even allege that they are in the minority, beleaguered and sullied, desperately trying to hold back the ineluctable tides. This creates a glimmer of sympathy, however small, for the “poor” Pure werewolves.

Hate Speech: As a lesser version of focused propaganda, the Pure inculcate their own kind and the Forsaken with a numbing array of hateful speech. Common invective spat at the Uratha include the following terms: degenerates, dogs, hyenas, murderers, quislings, traitors,

whelps and Judas Moons. While hate speech doesn't serve as a direct tool to help in conversion, invective does act as a supplementary aid. If besieged Forsaken hear it often enough, they might begin to believe such invective. They are, of course, given a way to shed such weakness: become Pure.

Moral High Ground: The Pure believe they hold the moral and spiritual high ground, and are glad to share this fact with others. The Forsaken already accept some complicity in Father Wolf's death as well as a level of moral turpitude by sheer example of their name, "Forsaken." Moreover, many Forsaken believe that the spirits spurn them because of that crime in Pangaea so long ago. The Pure often present a clean slate regarding their own kind: not only did their forebears eschew Mother Moon's plan to execute *Urfarah*, but the spirits act more respectfully toward the Pure because of that decision. The Pure often present their potent totems as an example of the rewards of such obvious morality.

EXCISING THE CANCER

When a Forsaken is converted to the Pure, he bears the contamination of auspice. To the Pure, auspice represents the touch of Luna, which is on par with an invasive cancer. As such, auspice must be removed. Cancer is not easy to eliminate, however, and neither is the stink of the bitch moon. Excising tumors requires sacrifice; they must be cut out. So, too, with auspices.

RENUNCIATION

When it comes to converting extant Forsaken, the Pure do not perform one Rite of Renunciation across the board. Each tribe has its own variant, and even with that, many packs or lodges within the Pure maintain variants of *those*. Renunciation is meant to cleanse a Forsaken of more than just the stains of his tribe — Renunciation rids him of his degeneracy, the turgid cord connecting him to his paltry totem, and, most importantly, his tie to Luna.

Rites of Renunciation often have several elements in place to burn away all the impure elements of the Forsaken. Again, every rite is different, with several regional deviations.

- **Cutting Out Brands:** Luna marks her children with auspice, and her Lunes mark them for Renown. Where brands glow silver in the Shadow, the physical flesh is in some way mauled. That spot may be burned, cut or scored with acid, or the skin might even be stripped from that spot and dried as a souvenir of an old life.

- **Vocal Renunciation:** The Forsaken forswears all ties to his life among the People. Bonds of pack, totem, tribe, lodge and Luna are all verbally renounced. This may be a small prayer among the Pure, or might be a dissonant howl cast across the countryside or cityscape.

- **Physical Renunciation:** Aside from cutting out brands and vocally declaring oneself separate from the degenerates, the supplicant must also perform some other

physical action that indicates a rejection of his old life. This might be as simple as taking one last look at the moon, or might be as complex as binding and murdering another Forsaken in cold blood. Some packs or lodges demand purgation: vomiting, starving or egregious expenditure of "tainted" Essence.

- **Sin and Penance:** The Pure want to break the Forsaken apart, rebuilding him in the image of the Pure. Many demand that the Forsaken convert perform some sin that brings a measure of Harmony loss. This may mean touching silver, torturing prey, remaining for too long in the Shadow. The Pure *always* demand that such sin is followed by penance, however. The convert must learn that Harmony loss comes with the package — but so does the mitigation of that loss through atonement.

Note that a converted Forsaken must first go through the Rite of Renunciation, but then must *also* suffer through the Pure's Rites of Initiation, whereupon he joins one of the Pure Tribes. (Information on Initiation can be found above, p. 18.)

WAYS OF THE PURE

The three Pure Tribes share a common culture — in some ways, their culture is more uniform than that of the Forsaken, because the Pure endeavor to keep it that way. Their unity (as dysfunctional as it may be at times) is what helps keep them dominant. Powerful traditions and advantages allow them to keep their boots on the necks of the Forsaken.

PACKS

The pack remains the fundamental structure within the Pure society. Loners are not tolerated; those who choose a solitary path within the Pure will be forced into a pack or culled. Their strength is in numbers, and violating that precept by wandering away from the herd only weakens the group. One belongs to a pack, or one does not belong at all. The only exception to this rule is the rare elder, too scarred and powerful to spend time with others (some packs *want* to destroy such rogue wolves, but that's easier said than done).

Because the Pure's strength is in numbers, the Pure tend to accept — and even expect — packs larger than the Forsaken usually maintain. A Pure pack of 10 or more werewolves is not unusual. This allows them to gather, en masse, for war or sermonizing or whatever task is at hand. Moreover, because the Pure have eschewed auspice, this helps to make up for the weakness created as a result of that deficit. Though, having rejected auspice, the Pure have no versions of a "blessed pack." Certainly they separate themselves by function, and a strong pack features werewolves with various strengths and specialties, but the notion of a blessed pack is absurd to most Pure. Ideally, they have packs with mixed tribal representation, but this isn't uniformly the case.

The advantage of higher pack numbers also allows for stronger pack totems. The totems of the Pure are more demanding and insidious than those of the Forsaken. The greater the number of packmembers who are capable of giving worship to the totem at hand, the better.

Most Pure packs adhere quite rigidly to expected pack hierarchy. Every pack likely includes a dominant alpha, a secondary beta and the leastmost omega. In such packs, the alpha is usually a Pure who was never despoiled with auspice, having never been Forsaken at all. The omega, on the other hand, is often a werewolf who was once Forsaken. These rules of thumb are particularly true among the Ivory Claws.

TOTEMS

The Pure do not hunt down and bind their own totems. Forsaken packs are content (and, to the Pure, the degenerates have little choice anyway) to settle for weak spirits that end up as nothing more than slaves to slaves. Packs of the Pure are not satisfied with such trifling totems, and so they seek the patronage of greater entities.

While most Forsaken totems start as Greater Gafflings, Pure totems are considerably stronger. A few are

even as powerful as Greater Jaggings. Some totems possess abilities that transcend even that level of ability, displaying frightening and unforeseen displays of puissance.

The benefit of such beings is not without cost, however. Pure totems are on par with small gods, and do not accept the patronage of a pack without serious investment and upkeep on the part of the werewolves. Such spirits can be quite demanding.

CONCEPTS

The totems of the Pure are colossal — perhaps mythic in size or design (such as an amalgamation of many creatures), or maybe they are beings of palpable power such as a massive, fire-breathing bull. Some are simply inscrutable: a pile of writhing, whispering snakes or a harsh flashing light that makes one's eye tear and sting. Pure totems are legendary, frightening in scope. They may possess natural characteristics, but are unnatural in their potency: walking mountains, dragon worms formed of turgid, thorned vines, howling beasts of ice and frozen blood. They may be Elemental, Conceptual or Natural (though rarely Artificial). Some exist as magath. None, however, are Lunes — while the Pure may find time to bargain with



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these chaotic spirits, they cannot be controlled or trusted as totems.

FAUSTIAN BARGAIN

On rare occasions, a powerful totem will offer itself to a pack of Forsaken. The totem will demand much of the same things it would demand of a Pure pack, though the totem often builds to such commands over time.

Some Forsaken packs have inadvertently become Pure in this manner, seduced by a totem too powerful for them. When the totem finally demands that the packmembers hunt their own kind — and meet with local Pure to have the Forsaken auspices ripped from them — they are often too deeply entwined to escape the relationship without great sacrifice.

BANS

The rules and sacrifices that govern a Pure totem and its relationship to the pack are not lenient, or ever simple. Bans are often byzantine in complexity, with equal parts brutal and bizarre. A totem cares nothing for its pack's good will, and everything about the pack's Harmony (and a pack should beware the wrath of an offended Pure totem should the pack's Harmony anger that spirit).

Certainly, the totem will strive to keep the packmembers out of harm's way provided they offer it veneration and Essence, as well as keep the creature's ban and maintain some level of Harmony. Even the slightest violation of the totem's demands, however, and a totem sees no problem with sending a pack into danger. Forsaken totems often share a symbiotic relationship with their packs, and therefore endeavor to keep their packs as safe as can be expected. Pure totems don't embody such symbiosis. The relationship is, instead, one of dominance: the totem is lord, the packmembers are lesser. (Some would instead suggest that a Pure totem is more parasite than power-monger, though, feeding slowly from the packmembers and draining their energy and morality like a leech feasts on blood. It all depends on the nature of the totem and its demands.)

Assume that, except in rare situations, Pure totems are on par with Forsaken totems existing at 21 to 25 Totem points (severity five, p. 192 of *Werewolf: The Forsaken*). Some are even worse.

Examples: The pack must offer the totem a sacrifice of a child's finger once every two days. Packmembers must attempt to breed whenever possible. Members must consume human or wolf flesh for Essence at least once per week and yet maintain Harmony above 5. They must burn one building down

per week. The pack must exterminate any Forsaken that cross the pack's path and keep the "pelts" for souvenirs.

CHOOSING AND THE CHOSEN

A Pure pack is rarely given the luxury of choice when it comes to the pack's totem. Many times, the totem chooses them. A pack without a totem need only wait; before too long, a powerful entity is likely to come to them. Such a spirit is not coming to beg or even ask politely to be the pack's patron, however. When such an entity arrives, it demands that the pack show its worth to the spirit. This request may be nebulous, asking for a non-specific performance of the pack's worth — the pack continues to work until the spirit is pleased. Other entities are quite particular about their demands, and may ask that a pack collect the ears of Forsaken (one from each tribe and auspice), breed violently with nearby wolf-blooded or burn out one another's eyes with burning sticks. Some spirits ask for pain on the part of the pack, some ask for trophies.

A Pure pack might think that, should it disapprove of or fear the totem, the pack can avoid the totem's patronage by failing to do as the spirit asks. This is true, to a point — yes, falling short of the entity's demands will likely ensure that the spirit refuses to be the pack's totem. Such a being will not take kindly to being spurned, however, and may levy its wrath against the pack. Worse, some rebuffed spirits will *still* demand to be the pack's totem, despite evidence of the pack's supposed unworthiness. Such aggressive totems are rarely kind to the packs over which they preside. In this way, the pack doesn't hunt the spirit, the spirit hunts the pack.

A pack could find a mythic spirit and ask it to be their totem. Totems in this way can be often even *more* demanding, exploiting the request for aid. Other spirits, sensing a fruitful relationship (or seeing puppets who will do the spirits' work), will command a more moderate challenge.

While the cost is high, the relationship is not without its reward. The pack gains the aid of particularly powerful totem spirit (assume that most packs have 21 – 25 Totem points to spend, if not more). This spirit also furnishes them with a deep connection to the Shadow and its inhabitants — the totemic "liaison" can command the service of others by dint of its own Rank. In return, the totem not only gains fulfillment of its ban but can also make constant demands (both reasonable and perverse) of the totem's pack. If the spirit has a grudge against the Forsaken — and many seem to come to the Pure for just this reason — then the pack will be the hands that enact judgment.

ENGUM

The *engum* — or loci guardians — help the Pure protect a locus even while away. This arrangement grants a pack a certain advantage: the packmembers can leave the locus alone and in the hands of the spirit. The spirit will then defend the area from any enemy incursions, whether

from Forsaken, Hosts, Ridden or other spirits. In this way, the *engum* is like a secondary totem for a Pure pack.

Most *engum* are servants of the pack's extant totem. If not a direct servant of the totem, the *engum* is likely an ancillary spirit of the totem's choir, or is instead some entity enslaved to the totem or bound to it via some manner of chiminage.

The locus guardian does not work for free. It is allowed to sup from the fount of Essence, provided that the *engum* is capable of some modicum of restraint. A spirit that drains a locus when the Pure need it will meet with swift vengeance, potentially from their true totem.

THE PURE NATION

The Forsaken do not always play well together. Packs squabble with packs for dominance over crumbs, at least in the eyes of the Pure. Moreover, the Forsaken don't have strong numbers to begin with — the next pack of Forsaken might be 50 miles away, which makes it hard to work together. The Pure, on the other hand, endeavor to maintain a level of togetherness that their enemies do not.

All the Pure packs in a given region often form what is often called a "confederacy." Such a grouping of Pure packs has little purpose other than to mobilize for war when the time comes. This may mean organizing raids on existing Forsaken territory or defending the region from a variety of enemy incursions.

The confederacy gives the appearance that the Pure work well together, and when it comes to cooperatively forcing the degenerates to heel, they *do*. This union, however, is not designed to help the packs mediate disputes, organize territory or share mystical knowledge. As such, the confederacy guarantees that the packs maintain an alliance, but not necessarily a *healthy* one. While the Pure are united in common cause and that often keeps them from self-destructing, they have a great deal of hate in their hearts that can easily spill over onto one another. Packs fight, just as those of the People do. The Pure move for power against one another whenever it is appropriate. Politics among them are fierce and necessarily cruel.

Except, all of that stops during times of war. The Pure do not quarrel or battle when it will weaken them. This certainly isn't a perfect system, and it breaks down as much as it holds up, but it still allows them to remain steadfast against their enemies.

PURE TERRITORY

All werewolves claim territory. Yes, it provides tactical advantage, but instinct is what drives most to claim land as their own. A pack *needs* to establish territory, much as a pack needs to ascertain dominance and submission. A pack needs a place to hunt and breed. A pack needs a place to call their own.

The Pure are no different, and in fact tend to claim larger swaths of territory than their Forsaken cousins. The Pure claim large territories because they can. With larger

packs, greater numbers and more profound spiritual assistance, the Pure have an easier time cutting themselves a bigger part of the pie. Assume that most Pure do not claim a portion of an area but instead do their best claim the entire area. Whereas the Forsaken may hold several acres in a big forest, the Pure instead choose to take an entire forest. They don't claim a few buildings in town, they take the *whole town*. This isn't always the case: the Pure cannot explicitly control every square inch of the physical world and in fact are powerless in some regions. They simply hold a majority of the land, and that gives them leverage to claim what they want in most places.

In most cities, the Pure cannot claim such wide swaths of territory — though, the Forsaken can't, either. Some Pure packs reject the city entirely — the Predator Kings in particular are more likely to see the city as a blight and a cancer, and are glad to let the Forsaken have such prisons to themselves. Other Pure packs work together to orchestrate massive block-by-block takeovers of urban areas, working in tandem to edge out the Forsaken and any other fools who dare stand in the Pure's way.

MARKINGS

Some Pure packs mark their territory quite clearly, kind of a *Here There Be Dragons* sign to ward off interlopers. Others care little for such physical markings, letting their presence be enough to color the land for what it is. The wise will see who the territory belongs to, and the foolish will stumble blindly into an early grave.

Those who actively mark territory may do so in much the same ways that the Forsaken do: piss, shit, blood or claw marks. That said, many Pure like to distinguish their marks as being all their own. Their enemies need to realize that it is not the Forsaken who control a territory but the much-stronger Pure. A few examples of how the Pure mark their territory include the following:

- The Fire-Touched naturally have a ritual inclination to mark boundaries with fire. Some burn signs (such as x's or warnings in the First Tongue) into trees or walls, whereas others actually use controlled burning to turn the literal borders to ash. When one comes across a charred line cutting across the forest floor, it's likely he's entering land claimed by the *Izidakh*.
- Predator Kings want trespassers to know that they are entering a hunting ground — and, by doing so, have become potential prey. The *Ninna Farakh* use carcasses (or the parts of carcasses) to outline their hunting grounds. The Predator Kings let the carcasses and entrails rot away, leaving a distinct scent marker along the borders. (A few packs like to keep their territories framed by fresh bodies, but this isn't precisely practical.) The Predator Kings also tend to accentuate such borders with urine, feces and paw markings — the trademarks of hungry wolves.

- Markings left by Ivory Claws tend to be almost elegant. Some write calligraphic signs in their own blood (as their own blood is believed to literally be pure), others

leave artful configurations of Forsaken parts (three wolf claws snapped off and stuck in a door, a small velvet pouch of werewolf teeth hanging from a lamppost, a tongue marked with warnings nailed to a willow tree). Some Ivory Claws choose markers that represent purity. One might hang a polished piece of silverware (not real silver, of course) from a silken thread, whereas another might dangle several phials of uncontaminated water from a tree branch like sun-caught ornaments.

No matter how a Pure pack marks its territory — if the pack chooses to at all — the territory is colored regardless. Most territories claimed by the Pure suffer from a number of characteristics born as a result of the werewolves' actions and emotions:

- The Pure are drawn to totems of obscene power. Therefore, the Shadow around and within Pure territory is affected by such primal strength. Spirits are stronger. The area seems more chaotic, and untamed. Animals are more prone to attack. Plants grow up out of the earth, fracturing sidewalks and creeping through brick molding. Nature takes hold in ways it could not before.

- Because the Shadow throbs with power, conceptual-spirits of chaos and violence may be drawn to the region. Not only are the wild areas dark with untamed growth (as mentioned), but the people suffer some personality change, as well. Humans become unpredictable. They may rage, succumbing to sudden violence. Some suffer heart attacks.

- Going inside Pure territory can leave a trespasser with strange physical and mental effects. Some become nauseated. Others suffer odd hallucinations or, if sleeping, nightmares. This is rarely enough to cause any kind of negative dice modifiers, and such effects sometimes amount to nothing more than an uneasy feeling.

- The weather, too, may seem abnormal within the boundaries of Pure territory. If the sun shines, it shines too bright and too white, and is often fiercely hot. Storms may sweep through with unusual frequency, and the winds and rains (or snow) can be powerful. The weather may even be inconsistent with the season — a sudden squall of snow in June, a heat wave in January.

- Because spirits tend to be stronger in Pure territory, so do the Ridden. Such territory might feature an unusual prevalence of Urged or Claimed individuals. Some Pure fight against such intrusions, while others cultivate relationships with them as potential allies.

While some Pure fight against the chaos intrinsic to their territory, most accept the repercussions of their presence. It proves an advantage, and makes for a clear sign of their authority over a given domain.



BAIT AND TRAP

Some packs fake vulnerability — or actively pretend to have deserted territory — in an

effort to lure foolish Forsaken into a trap. With the promise of a powerful locus (or merely open ground), the Forsaken stumble blindly into a situation they cannot easily escape. It might be an inescapable canyon, an endless bog or a pit dug out of the forest ground. Some Pure construct elaborate scenarios to convince the Forsaken to come sniffing around.



LOCI

Pure make every effort to include the strongest loci in their territory. For one, the Forsaken cannot be trusted with such power. More important, though, is that using a strong locus can help the pack transform its territory. The larger a territory, the stronger a locus needs to be to provide transformation.

The Pure have to be careful, as their actions will have an effect on a locus, giving it a resonance they may not desire. Yes, many Pure-held loci are colored by chaos and out-of-control primal forces, but that's to be expected. What most Pure *don't* want, however, is for the spirit to take on too much of a negative resonance.

The Pure perform egregious actions in the name of what they believe is necessary. They murder werewolves, forcibly breed with humans and may even abuse one another to “harden” their packmates for wartime. Negative actions can breed negative resonance, however; the Pure are hateful creatures, and as such, may darken a locus' output with such grim resonance. Smart Pure stave off this effect by either keeping the area around a locus sacred, or by performing penance and upkeep at the spiritual site to keep the area clean. Not all Pure are so wise, however, and let their loci grow contaminated with dark resonance, which then brings spirits of pain, murder and bad emotion to sup on the energies.

Most Pure also try to improve the output of their loci over time. Certainly not every pack is practical, and with packs running generally larger than those of the Forsaken, Essence is a powerful commodity. However, if the Pure truly control an area, they can — if given to such patience — let the spiritual energy aggregate in an effort to eventually raise a locus' rank, and therefore, its Essence.



SHOALS

The Pure can be victims of their own negativity. If their hatred goes unchecked and the destructive spirits mass, thus discoloring a locus, a shoal may form from such degradation. A pack rarely expects it: Pure hate often takes on a powerful, zealous life, whereas a shoal is a gray space of sucking nihilism. Still, a locus and its surrounding area can only support so much raw negativity

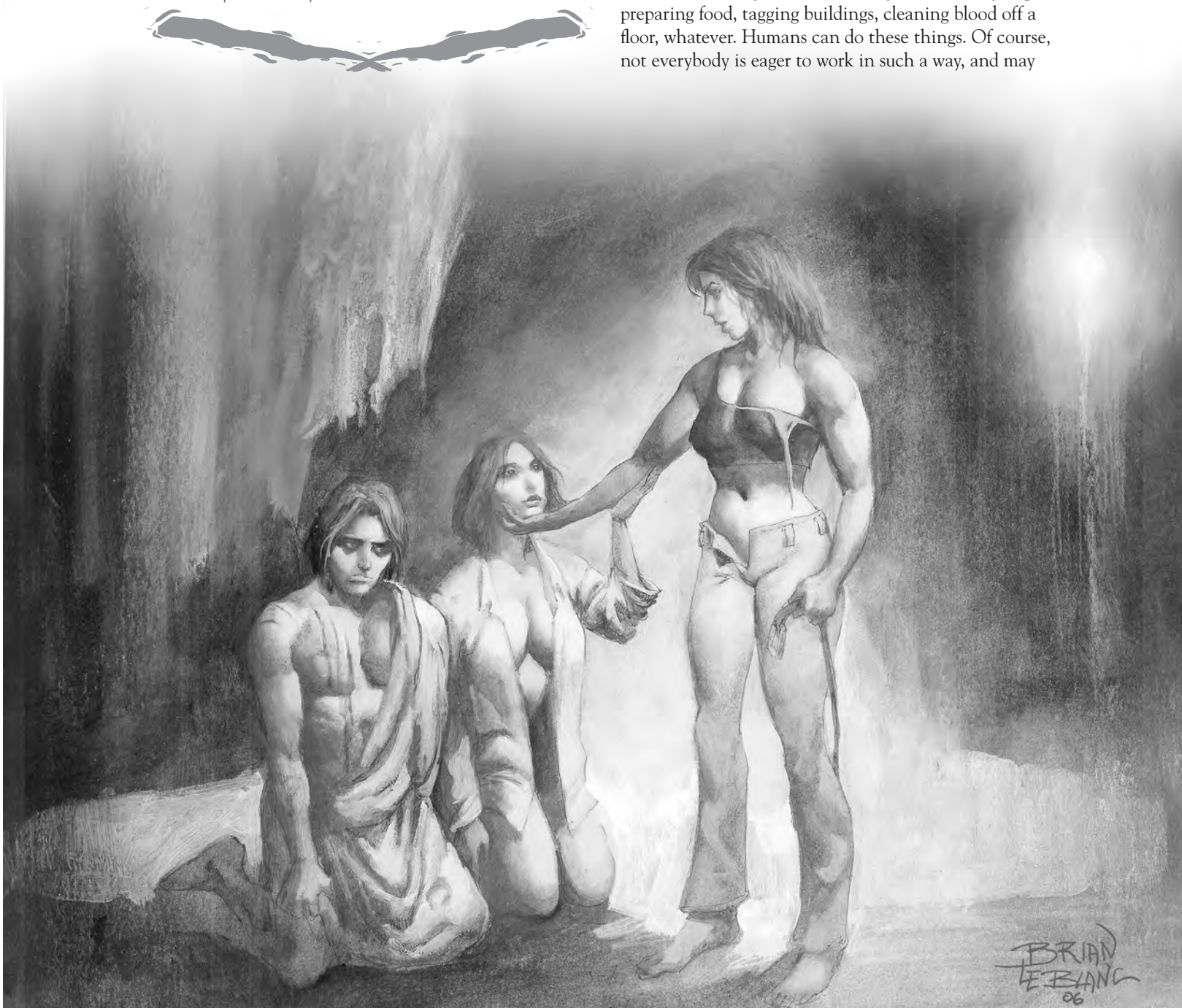
before the locus begins to malfunction. Most Pure see it coming — they have, after all, learned to mitigate their Harmony loss to find some level of functionality. A few, however, are too lost to see the forest for the trees.

If a pack doesn't see the shoal coming — and doesn't stop it as soon as it starts — they may suffer from a shoal's effects. More than one Pure pack has been found seemingly trapped in its own territory, bleak and bitter, listlessly wandering the circumference of the locus. Forsaken who find such a situation do not have an easy solution. Go against the Oath and destroy the weakened Pure? Remove them from the area, thus empowering them again? Or simply leave the area alone, containing the shoal at its borders and leaving the region as a kind of self-made prison? The Pure must be vigilant not to be poisoned by their own venom.

CHAFFEL

Humans are useful. The Pure may not like humans or consider them a higher life form, but that doesn't make them worthless. Invariably, Pure territory suffers human interference. Whether a handful of campers or a town full of folk, the world supports too great a population of mortal beings for them not to eventually wander into Pure territory. Some Pure let the humans alone: the spirits or the wildness of the area will do its work on them without the werewolves' direct intervention. Others despise such intrusion and kill such trespassers as soon as one foot crosses the boundaries of their territory.

The occasional pack finds a better use for the mortal herd, however. Work is one function. The Pure need things done, and either can't do them or would rather not. A large territory may require a precipitous amount of scutwork: burning bodies, checking locks, setting traps, preparing food, tagging buildings, cleaning blood off a floor, whatever. Humans can do these things. Of course, not everybody is eager to work in such a way, and may



need — *encouragement*. This encouragement can take various forms. It may mean making good on some threats, or it may mean convincing spirits to act as Spirit-Thieves — taking bodies and forcing them to work. Some packs pay their humans in baubles or even money. One way or another, if the Pure needs pack mules, then humans work just fine.

Humans — usually carefully chosen — also function as hand-picked breeding stock. Some Pure prefer to sequester their bloodlines away for this purpose, keeping their lineages “clean” (though this may involve some level of incest). Other Pure set aside those humans who are strong, beautiful or charismatic in an attempt to spawn and perpetuate Pure bloodlines. How one convinces a mortal to start a family is up to the individual werewolf. Some woo with baubles and compliments, some use threats, some simply take what they want and hit the road (usually for about nine months, whereupon the Pure comes back to see what child has been born in his absence).

In comparison to the Forsaken, the Pure are likelier to keep their wolf-blooded families close. That’s not to say their relationships are precisely healthy — war takes a toll on any relationship, and families with a Pure mother or father may suffer the stresses of neglect, verbal abuse, physical abuse, head games, even madness. Not all Pure are like this; some packs force their members to keep their families healthy and well protected. It doesn’t mean that the werewolves are *friendly* or contribute a great deal of love to the family — but they *do* protect them, keep them fed and ensure they have enough money to survive. The spouses and children in such Pure families may not know exactly what their fathers or mothers really *are*, but the family members can’t deny that such figures are a powerful and primal force (whose clothes and hands are stained with blood more often than not).

Of course, not all Pure werewolves are capable of supporting families — though that doesn’t stop those Pure from trying. Such relationships break down. Families try to run from their monstrous patron, and might end up chained in the cellar or held fast by possessing spirits. Some aberrant Pure keep their humans on literal farms, forcing the humans into muddy pens or barn stalls and letting the fools rut like beasts. (Some Pure go so far as to brand their “families” with a homespun sigil or mark of the tribe.) Other packs might lord mightily over a whole town, assuming the entire populace as the pack’s breeding stock. The humans who appease their Pure masters are rewarded: money, gifts, comfort. The humans who go against the breeding program are drugged up, chained or made to work until their fingers show bone and sinew. While this goes against Harmony, some Pure lose sight of how necessary it is to *mitigate* their Harmony loss — and losing sight is a slippery slope. Once focus is lost, it can be lost forever.

OTHER WHITE MEAT

Humans can, for some Pure, serve a third function, though it is one that the Pure as a whole frown upon. Humans can serve as food. Treating humans this way is a contravention of Oath and Harmony, but some werewolves (Predator Kings in particular) become so unknowingly debased that human meat (sometimes called “pink pork” or “long pig”) acts as an almost addictive form of sustenance, which is both physical and spiritual. A few Pure packs have set up ranches where the humans are bred fat and sweet for purposes of butchering. Note that this is particularly rare, and other Pure condemn such atrocity as being truly against the codes of nature, however brutal those codes may be. (Moreover, few totems — unless insane themselves — would allow such broken Harmony to continue unabated.) That said, Pure isolated from the rest may find that madness creeps in at the edges, and the above “farm” might very well be one of the possible results.

GATHERINGS

Pure gather often, although this is not a rule. Part of the reason for doing so is the mere luxury of the possibility: a confederacy of local packs usually controls a large swath of defensible area, and can thus afford to abandon territory for a short while. (And, with *engum* guardians standing vigil at the loci, the Pure need hardly worry about trespassers at all.) The other reason for gathering is that the Pure Tribes’ strength lies in their numbers, and it would be foolish not to exploit that and forge bonds of brotherhood and strategy.

Gatherings can take countless forms, much as they do among the Forsaken. The Pure might assemble to resolve territorial disputes, perform rites, celebrate victory, engage in ritual competitions, deliver punishment or honor the Firstborn totems. Violence is expected (though not encouraged) at most Pure gatherings. Strength both brutish and clever is the watermark of authority, and such expressions are generally tolerated. Of course, if such infighting disrupts prayer devoted to Rabid Wolf or some other totem, that is a different matter entirely: one that might cause the disruptor to find himself pinned to a tree with a pitchfork.

Meetings are rarely held on neutral ground (*tur*), and are instead located in the territory of the confederacy’s dominant pack.

Below are a few types of gatherings common to the Pure Tribes.

RITES OF BECOMING

After the Rites of Renunciation and Initiation, the werewolves generally gather to introduce the newcomer to the local packs. At this point, the Pure place the werewolf into a pack (and in some cases, tribe). If the locals are in dispute over who desires or detests the newcomer, they will engage in various competitions to determine the fate of the newly Pure. For instance, the Ivory Claws may have claimed the werewolf for their own, believing his blood to be unmixed with the foul effluence of the Forsaken — however, a pack of Fire-Touched may have already laid claim to the neophyte. Such disputes must be mediated — sometimes with words, often with teeth.

Once a newly Pure's fate is determined by the powers-that-be, the packs tend to go the distance in making the newcomer feel at home. Most Pure literally believe that the Forsaken are low creatures who don't truly grasp the nature of the pack. Part of this type of gathering is showing the newcomer that the Pure consider loyalty to one another utmost. Together, a fresh initiate and his pack might make a raid on some Forsaken, might go out and seek to breed with local wolf-bloods or might go into

the Shadow for several nights of mad camaraderie and Essence-hunting. Other packs may accompany them at times, helping to deepen the newcomer's understanding of a confederacy of packs united by common purpose.

Some neophytes glimpse the unhealthiness intrinsic to such connections, though. At times, the newcomer may feel as if his life is not at all his own. Moreover, the hysteria of a crowd is likely to be contagious. More than one newcomer wakes up a day or two after such a gathering, hands flaky with dried blood, bits of flesh stuck between molars. Flashes of *Kuruth* are not uncommon.

WAR PARTIES

The Pure go to war with their blood hot, claws honed and anger stoked. One or several packs do whatever is necessary to fuel their fury, whipping one another into extreme states of agitation and excitement about the task at hand. Different packs rely upon different techniques to rile the "troops" into a vicious froth:

- Pain is an excellent motivator. It gets the heart pumping and makes the flesh feel alive. The Pure inflict low (but semi-constant) levels of pain against each other and themselves, whether by knife, fire, acid or their own



natural weapons of fang and claw. Some mark themselves with the pain: brands of hate seared into shaved skin, metal bolts and rings piercing muscle tissue or elaborate configurations of blister and scab.

- Some Pure engage in vicious hunting games. In what is known as “Zero Hour” (or “Killclock”), the alpha sets a type of target, a number and a time. The pack must kill a number of the target by the time desired. The target might be animal, human, Forsaken or something else entirely (Ridden, vampire, sorcerer). The pack might need to kill one, three, even a half-dozen — though never enough so it debilitates the pack before war. Such tasks tend to be easy enough in an effort to amp up one’s strength, confidence and thirst for blood. The time frame given is usually a few hours. Those who do not complete the tasks are punished in front of the others.

- War dances are not uncommon. One pack (or a confederacy of packs) comes together, singing and dancing around a raging bonfire. Sometimes humans or animals are sacrificed by the pack’s ritemaster while the rest of the throng dances, howls, yips and marks the dirt with kicking paws.

- Many Pure totems hunger for war, and give packs the blessing to go out and be victorious. Such blessings do not come lightly or without cost, however. Many totems demand veneration during the war party: prayer, poem and sacrifice. Some totems demand simple tasks: go into the Shadow and hunt Lunes for Essence. Other totems demand elaborate ceremonies that go long into the night: they may involve howls telling tales of the totem’s glory and power or a ritual cleansing that demands the werewolf bathe himself in various elements (air, water, mud, blood). Totems that do not feel appropriately exalted will revoke their blessing and, thus, their gifts of power.



SCALPING

The Pure take trophies, and often wear them into battle. Such trophies usually come from living Forsaken, whether an ear, finger, muzzle or a strip of pelt ripped from the back. The process usually involves a physically restrained, beaten or exhausted Forsaken. The Pure uses a knife or claw to cut into the flesh around the trophy, and then plants one foot on the Forsaken’s body (or head) and pulls with all his available strength until the trophy is free. The Pure takes the prize, offers a war cry to pack and totem and flees with it.

This process is called “scalping,” whether or not an actual scalp is taken. There are many ritual ways of preserving such items, helping to keep them reflecting the form in which they were stolen (from Hishu to Urhan). Sometimes skin is stretched over a wooden hoop and dried under the sun, other times the trophies are blessed and cleansed in salt water and buried

beneath the earth. Every pack has a different ritual for preserving trophies. Once a prize is prepared, the Pure decorates it with etchings, paint or his own blood. Many put their trophies on staves, let them hang from knife hilts or wear them as jewelry. Some Pure even make fetishes from their prizes.



SERMONS

The Pure have very specific beliefs, and these beliefs drive the Pure. Without such faith, they have no hate, and hate is what lets them accomplish their goals. And so, many Pure gather for sermonizing in an effort to renew and enforce their faith. Sermons may be impromptu, and delivered under the hot noonday sun in the middle of the ragged desert. Some Pure prefer more elaborate presentation, and preach beneath big tents or inside large mansions or barns — many of which are decorated with the symbols and icons of the gathered packs and tribes.

Some sermons are stories of Pangaea, of the paradise lost that will be regained. Others are evangelical tirades against the Forsaken and how they are lesser beings — slaves, really — whose existence poisons all worlds. The Pure might howl the accomplishments of local packs, or preach about the weakness of each of the collected werewolves.

Sermons are often led by a single werewolf, who may or may not be the alpha. The Pure rely on their most charismatic member to deliver such proselytizing.

ACTS OF PENANCE

Some level of regret is fundamental to the werewolves of the Pure Tribes. What they do for their vision of the world involves sacrifice on their parts — particularly, they give up their Harmony, throwing it on the fire as an obligation of war.

They can’t help but recognize the Harmony loss, though. While some certainly don’t notice the slippery slope of degeneration, most feel it affect them in one way or another. They develop odd behaviors. They feel disconnected from one another and the Shadow. New desires — inappropriate ones — rise and take the place of healthy urges. Most Pure aren’t ignorant about their downward spiral (though few are truly aware of its depth), and so they perform group penance to help soothe that spiritual degradation.

Penance is key to Pure society. They deliberately sin, purposefully opposing their own Harmony because some things *need* to be done. Pangaea will not rise again with the degenerate Forsaken running around. Most Pure walk a very fine line, knowing that the balance must be upset from time to time to achieve certain goals. And yet, they must also take time to recalibrate the scales, so to speak, and attempt to rebalance themselves by mending their

damaged Harmony. Few Pure walk the line perfectly. Most eventually tip the scales too far in one direction — some are unwilling to sacrifice enough for their righteousness, whereas others are willing to tear their own souls ragged in the fight for *Urfarah's* “virtue.” Sometimes, circumstance doesn't allow a werewolf the time to salve her soul and perform penance — perpetual wartime, for instance, in which the Forsaken enemy rises like an endless tide, may not allow the Pure a period of reflection and penance. As self-proclaimed sacrificial warriors, they must constantly ask themselves if they've gone too far.

Wise Pure always make time for penance. Each tribe has its own particular rites of penance, but some packs may deviate from this and have their own homespun rituals for soothing the soul and easing Harmony loss. Some individual packs may starve themselves and pray, others may scar their skin while weeping and tearing at their skin and fur while begging for absolution from Father Wolf and the spirits. Penance is always cleansing, but it's important to remember that while water washes away the stains, fire can burn away the taint just as easily.

OATH OF URFARAH

That the Forsaken swear an Oath to Luna disgusts the Pure. Worse is that this particular Oath was once howled to Father Wolf as an acknowledgement of his patronage — now that Oath has been thieved by Mother Moon, twisted in meaning and used by her children as a certification of slavery.

The Pure believe that their creed — the Oath of *Urfarah* — remains the same as it was when once it was sung to Father Wolf.

THE WOLF MUST HUNT

Werewolves are predators; they are nothing without the instinct to hunt. The Pure demand that this instinct be served. However, they do not serve it in the way that the Forsaken do. Luna's hunt — or so the Pure claim — is about diminishing the Shadow so that she may gain power. The Forsaken serving this part of their wretched Oath are hunting the wrong prey. Spirits are not prey by dint of their nature. The Pure care little about hunting the Ridden, the Hosts or wayward spirits. Yes, such hunting is necessary when such creatures disrupt Pure plans or invade a pack's territory, but otherwise the Pure don't hunt them as a rule.

No, the Pure have other quarry in mind. They first hunt as wolves do, tracking down and killing prey both human and animal. The second form of quarry — and easily the most important — is the Forsaken themselves. The Pure know it is their sacred duty to punish the transgressors and cull them from this world.

THE PURE DO NOT MURDER THE PURE

The Pure phrase this differently from the Forsaken. The Pure believe that they are true werewolves. They — and only they — are the true children of Father Wolf,

those whose paws are not stained with *Urfarah's* blood. The Forsaken are lesser. They are not true werewolves but cursed beasts kissed by the betrayer bitch, Luna.

In seeing the Forsaken as lesser, the Pure theoretically believe it's perfectly acceptable to murder the Forsaken. Not just to kill in the heat of battle — but to outright execute them. (Note that this still constitutes a Harmony violation. The Oath to *Urfarah* and sins against nature are not in accord.) In fact, some grudgingly accept that murdering Forsaken is the only way that Pangaea and Father Wolf will be allowed to return. Still, killing Forsaken rattles many Pure, whether or not they admit it out loud.

The Pure openly abhor the murder of one another, however. To diminish their own numbers is to damage the future and to betray Father Wolf. Some Pure do kill one another in extreme territorial squabbles or during periods of penance and castigation — but many Pure are able to explain away such events, despite how badly it shakes them.

THE LOW HONOR THE HIGH

This tenet goes one way, and not the other. Pure society is about strength and dominance. One does not dominate another by respecting him. In fact, to many Pure, disrespect and humiliation can be powerful motivators.

That said, despite the lack of the phrasing “The High Shall Honor the Low,” the Pure do not as a rule treat their lesser wolves poorly. Most packs recognize the fault in doing so — far better to denigrate the enemy than to weaken one's own pack. The Oath simply guarantees that such respect needn't be a two-way street.

THE PURE SHALL CLEAVE TO THE HUMAN

The Pure uphold this tenet just as the Forsaken do: the mating of two werewolves is a perversion against what Father Wolf demanded, and so it is punished severely.

All things are not perfect, however. Because the Pure have a different relationship with spirits, the Pure sometimes believe that they can make more of a relationship with the grotesque *uni-har*. Some Pure have certainly forged relationships, however unhealthy, with their “spirit-children,” but this rarely works out to any Pure's advantage. Pride blinds them, and for that they suffer.

DO NOT EAT THE FLESH OF HUMAN OR WOLF

Certainly many Pure consider this a terrible violation: they are creatures made of both human and wolf, and to eat either is anathema. Still, this precept is broken often enough. The Pure hunt humans on instinct and as sport — while most hunts do not end in the consumption of mortal meat, it does happen. Death Rage, too, can easily push a werewolf to swallow a goblet of long pig now and again.

That said, the biggest reason this tenet is violated is because of the level of nourishment gained from doing so. Essence is strong for those who perform such cannibalism,

and the Pure can easily justify nearly any action when it helps them crush the Forsaken. Some Pure rely on the safety net of penance to save their souls after breaking the Oath in this way (though many find that they can fall through that net, too).

THE HERD MUST NOT KNOW

The human herd is dangerous — just as any herd of livestock, sometimes it stampedes when spooked. Plus, *these* cattle know how to use silver. Spooking the herd is a good way to get dead.

Still, some Pure break this tenet in a controlled manner. The Ivory Claws in particular seem to relish forcing humans to heel, building farms of human servants or towns of depressed mortal “employees.” Such humans are made aware, at least in part, of the werewolves’ nature. Of course, the humans are kept close at hand. Townsfolk never leave. Livestock don’t escape the fences. It happens from time to time, and occasionally contravention of this precept has gotten some Pure werewolves killed for their cockiness. Most times, though, an appropriately small number of humans can be kept quiet — whether by threat of death or reward of a nice “payroll.”

Another exception to this rule is some of the families of Pure wolves. Many Pure keep their families close, making quite clear what they are, and what purposes the bloodlines serve. In this is a kind of grudging respect.

ATONE FOR ALL TRANSGRESSIONS

Many packs know that what they do degrades them over time. An Ivory Claw who can’t help but dissect his prey and line the bones up in order of largest to smallest begins to get a glimmer of his own degeneration. The Pure demand penance of their people.

Since each tribe has its own rites of penance, this isn’t too hard — but some packs just don’t care enough to make penance an obligation. In the constant madness of war, many lose sight of this, and let their penance taper off — and with it, their Harmony.

REFUSE THE MOTHER DESPITE THE COSTS

The Pure will not be made slaves like their Forsaken cousins. Luna conspired against *Urfarah*, and this very Oath is what reminds the Pure of that. This final tenet therefore caps the litany of pledges to Father Wolf, serving as a spiritual reminder of why they do what they do.

It also subtly serves as a practical reminder, however. Luna affords her children protection and power — by throwing off her shackles, the Pure do not gain the benefits of auspice, or are they protected in any way against the harm of silver.

VARIANTS

The Oath of *Urfarah* is not universal. Many packs add their own tenets to it. What follows is a handful of lesser precepts that some packs include in the Oath:

- *Pangaea Must Be Restored.* This ambiguous idea means different things to different Pure, though all seem to agree it’s necessary in one form or another. To the Pure, *Pangaea* represented a hunter’s paradise in which the two worlds were one, and the Pure were the crowned predators sitting comfortably at the top of the food chain. The exact machinations of restoring paradise are up to individual packs. It might involve exterminating Forsaken, or first converting them. Some assume that creatures such as the Rat Hosts have it right: whittle away the Gauntlet so the worlds may come crashing together. Others assume that by hunting humans, controlling loci and empowering the Shadow the job is already half-done.

- *Respect Your Totem.* The totems lording over the Pure packs demand respect — though sometimes, “respect” really means sycophantic adulation. Most Pure know that their packs would be severely weakened without the aid from their potent totems, and to dishonor them or deny them not only weakens the pack but weakens all the Pure.

- *Claim New Territory.* The Pure want control. Territory is very important to them — not only does it allow them tactical advantage but carving up more of the world for themselves allows them to bring the worlds closer together *and* exterminate the Forsaken. What territory the Pure own, the degenerates do not, and that is always a good thing. Hence, some werewolves put this into the Oath to *Urfarah*. It says nothing about defending that territory once claimed, but wise Pure recognize the necessity of protecting what is claimed.

FUCK PREY

One notable exclusion from the Oath of *Urfarah* is the Forsaken’s tenet: “Respect Your Prey.”

The Pure think this rule is ludicrous. Animals don’t respect their prey. A lion doesn’t treat the gazelle kindly, or offer prayer over its cooling body. No, the lion kills and eats what it wants — and sometimes toys with its prey for enjoyment. Respecting prey is a maudlin, human idea. The very thought breeds weakness.

Of course, torturing “prey” can still degrade the Pure’s Harmony. Some use penance and a degree of moral relativity to excuse such behavior. Others suggest that, once *Pangaea* is restored, such spiritual ramifications will no longer matter.

VIOLATION AND PUNISHMENT

Castigation among the Pure Tribes is often swift and without mercy. They simply don’t tolerate dissention or treachery (though, an individual pack’s ideas of both can be quite subjective).

Minor infractions fall to the pack to punish. Such infractions might involve an unwitting breach of the Oath, or an inappropriate challenge to an elder. Such punishments might include the following:

- Isolation from pack for a pre-set period of time
- A significant wound that is not allowed to heal (when it starts to heal, the pack reopens it)
- Humiliation (insults, mockery, forcing the target to denigrate himself, covering him in waste, making him hurt himself)
- Running the gauntlet (the target must run through a pathway formed of his packmates — as he passes each, they hit him, kick him, claw him, bite him)
- Stoning (for hours, packmates pelt the target with sharp stones)
- Forced penance

Major Oath-breaking is left to a confederacy to punish, if such a group is available. The local alphas deliver punishment for any serious violation of the Oath (mating with another Pure, consistently disrespecting elders, failing to venerate the totem). Reprimands for such a violation might include the following:

- The violator becomes the target of a hunt. They harry him and treat him as prey. He is often brought to the brink of death.
- They give him over to the totem and let the patron spirit decide the punishment. The totem may ask for a difficult task to be completed, or may simply take the target into the Shadow and torture his body and mind.
- Burial (the target is bound and buried 10 feet or more below the earth, usually in some kind of container so that he may have a supply of air).
- Castration or mauling of sexual organs, done in a manner so that the wound is not quick to heal (aggravated).
- Force the target into a pack omega role for a long period of time.
- Force the target to burn himself with silver.

Crimes worse than that are given no leeway. The judgment — whether delivered from a pack or the entire confederacy — is nearly always death. Some packs will exile the Pure and send him to the Forsaken, though the downsides to this are obvious.

THE IMPURE ENEMY

The Pure have enemies like anyone else, but most of their adversaries are secondary to their primary prey: the Forsaken.

THE FORSAKEN

The Pure teach that Father Wolf was murdered, and that it was a conspiracy born of Mother Moon that led to *Urfarah's* demise. The Pure accept that they either refused to take part in Father Wolf's execution or were

simply ignorant of the whole affair to begin with. The blood, they say, is not on their paws, but forever mats the fur of the Forsaken. Some Pure accept complicity in his death — through ignorance or inaction, his slaying went forward — and now they seek justice against those who dared such atrocity.

To the Pure, the Forsaken represent 100 different things, and not one of them is good. They are criminals. They are degenerates. They are slaves. Some Pure packs are certainly capable of sympathy toward the Forsaken, but that sympathy only masks utter disdain. Other Pure packs are unable to summon sympathy for those murderers clutching at Luna's apron strings, and the result is often a coordinated pogrom.

How a Pure pack or confederacy of packs chooses to deal with local Forsaken is given to the whims of the dominant wolves. Below are some ways they attempt to handle the betrayers.

DESTRUCTION

Suffer not a Forsaken to live, say some of the Pure. The Forsaken are murderers, and hence deserve to be murdered in return. Other Pure consider the obliteration of the Forsaken less about revenge and more about pragmatism: exterminate them now or they'll breed like rabbits and roaches.

The nature of destruction can take wildly variant forms. Some, such as the Predator Kings, prefer to take on the Forsaken in battle. In this way, the Pure still act with some level of honor, even if they stand triumphant in puddles of cooling gore and piss. The Fire-Touched, on the other hand, often prefer a scorched earth policy — burn forests, blow up buildings and raze loci to the charred ground. The Ivory Claws tend to create elaborate plans that end in the cold assassinations of the impure, one by one (though it is just as likely the tribe will get others to do their dirty work).

While destruction remains the most obvious and direct route, it is not the first tactic of every pack. In fact, in some territories the Pure consider utter destruction to be secondary. Yes, many Pure are implacable killers, but many packs, if they sense the potential for recruitment, will try that tactic for a time to see if it bears fruit. Conversion is also a tactic of those who flinch during wartime — rather than suffer the perhaps necessary degradation of Harmony (from killing werewolves), the pack attempts first to exhaust all other options.

SUBJUGATION

The preferred method of dealing with the Forsaken is subjugation. Conquering them, forcing them to submit and enslaving them: to most Pure, this is, perhaps, the most appropriate punishment, with echoes of practicality as well. After all, the Pure believe the Forsaken are used to slavery, being shackled to Mother Moon and all.

Subjugation can mean a number of things. At its most basic level, it involves taking power away from the Forsaken (what some Pure call “metaphorical castration”). Local wolf-bloods end up either killed or abducted (for work or breeding). The Pure steal or destroy any loci within Forsaken territory. Allies are turned into enemies or are just plain eradicated altogether. The Pure might break fetishes, diminish territory, even ruin the Forsaken’s spirit relationships. Once weakened or “castrated,” the Forsaken can be allowed to exist without concern. Sure, they get toothy sometimes, but the Pure have effectively stacked the deck against such insurgency.

In some cases, the Pure fully occupy Forsaken territory and don’t want to deal with the degenerates, but don’t feel like killing them, either. Another form of subjugation is exile. After taking away every iota of power and advantage, the Pure simply kick the Forsaken out. The Pure let the Forsaken run away, tails between their legs, to some other place. Many fight and refuse such a destiny, at which point the Pure can feel justified in sending the poor fools to an early grave. But if they accept, fine, let them go. Such is the extent of Pure mercy.

Mercy doesn’t always play into it, though. Sometimes total slavery is what the Pure claim as necessary. Give those whelps any length of rope and they’ll try to hang you with it, and so the Pure refuse to grant the Forsaken any modicum of leniency. The Forsaken will serve, or they — and those they love — will suffer. Enslaved Forsaken end up with all the scutwork. They deal with the ugliest or nastiest spirits. They are forced to clean up the Shadow while the Pure watch. Enslaved Forsaken fetch food, teach Gifts and rites and are made to endure illimitable humiliation. Humiliation is sometimes straightforward, even puerile (eating unnatural foods, begging, being denied a comfortable place to sleep), but can become dangerous Harmony violations (consuming the flesh of a wolf cub, being kept from shapeshifting).

All of this is seen as penance first, pragmatism second and entertainment third. The Pure believe themselves justified in treating the Forsaken this way. Not only are the Uratha criminals requiring castigation, but they’re barely werewolves at all. The Pure salve their consciences by allowing the subjugated Forsaken territory (usually a tiny slice nestled within Pure land).

Arguably, another form of subjugation is conversion. Some Pure believe the Forsaken can be made to heel to such an extent that they will want to become Pure (or are perhaps even worthy of shedding Luna’s mantle). Information about conversion can be found on p. 19.

COEXISTENCE

In some areas, the Pure do not have control. Their numbers may be low, or the Forsaken may simply be stronger than expected. In such cases, the practical choice — without fleeing to another region entirely — is to coexist with the Forsaken. Coexistence is never *friendly*, but

it does require a certain level of non-aggression. The two sides often agree to a pact of peace and strive to maintain it. Tension never completely leaves the situation, and the two sides are always ready for pre-emptive attacks and reprisals, but such accords can have surprising longevity (even if the inevitable imbalance will one day lead to the shattering of the accord). The Pure stick to their territory, and the Forsaken keep to theirs. All seems well.

That said, not all Pure choose this option out of pragmatism. Some packs are surprisingly merciful toward the Forsaken, allowing sympathy to overwhelm hatred and contempt. Pure with this outlook often share a fire or even food with such Forsaken from time to time in the spirit of brotherhood, however damaged that brotherhood may be. This is certainly an unusual perspective, and should other Pure discover this kind of untoward compassion, it will be dealt with swiftly and painfully.

THE OTHERS

The enemies of the Forsaken are not the enemies of the Pure. They *can* be, yes: individual packs can hold whatever blood-boiling grudge they choose. Certainly any creature that messes with a pack or its territory will find itself at the top of a very unfortunate list. As a rule, though, the Pure do not hunt those the Forsaken consider adversaries.

- The Beshilu are useful, if out of control. They help whittle the Gauntlet away, which the Pure ultimately support. The after-effects are not always so nice (the disease, the potential for Wounds to be born), and so sometimes the Beshilu need to be weakened. Still, though, if they can be kept under control — and made to be a thorn in the side of the Forsaken — then it’s all good.

- The Ridden are just spirits that have fled the Shadow. The Pure don’t care that those spirits have escaped, and don’t feel a need to hunt them on sight. Some are certainly offensive and create situations that are counterproductive to a pack’s goals, and then the Pure hunt. Otherwise, the Pure either let the Ridden be, aid them for aid in return or enslave them.

- Ghosts are toothless, if occasionally useful. They can be made to scare away humans, too, and that’s a bonus. Sometimes ghosts know things — *secret* things — and the Pure can torture them for such information. Otherwise, who cares?

- The Azlu are perhaps the only exception to these rules: the Pure hunt the Azlu whenever possible. The Spider Hosts make trouble. The Spinner-Hag’s little children fortify the Gauntlet, which the Pure cannot abide. Moreover, the Spider Hosts hunt werewolves more commonly than the Beshilu — and worse, the Azlu seem all the more driven. The Beshilu can be swayed and convinced. The Azlu do not always seem so reasonable. And so, most of them must be destroyed. Once in a while, a Pure pack will cut a deal with a single Spider *shartha*, perhaps sending the Azlu against some local Forsaken. It doesn’t happen often.

ASAT CADAR

Bale Hounds plague the Pure just as they do the Forsaken, if not worse. Consider that the Pure are given over to a great many negative emotions. Their hate is positively palpable. The step to becoming a Bale Hound is a shorter one for the Pure — more of their number have gone to that extreme than they probably know.

The Pure consider the Bale Hounds to be wolves of the worst treachery. They are *far* lower than the Forsaken on the scale of loathing. Along with the idigam, the Bale Hounds are the only enemy that can bring Pure and Forsaken together time and time again to fight a common enemy. Such bonds are temporary and tenuous, but if it means uncovering and routing those insufferable blasphemers, then so be it.

WARFARE

The reality is this: in many locales, the Pure wash over the Forsaken like a crashing wave. The Pure have the numbers, the totems and the territory. The combination of these advantages is often enough to reduce the Forsaken, whether by outright destruction or conquest.

The Pure are not clumsy warriors, however. Their in-built advantages are useless in the hands of the inept, and more importantly, those advantages were gained through war in the first place. (Some Pure do become complacent, assuming that long-held supremacy is unshakeable. Forsaken can gain swift dominance by taking advantage of admittedly rare Pure laxity.)

The Tribes of the Pure comprise a brotherhood of werewolves forever at the ready for war. In addition, they are often prepared to use tactics and strategies that their enemies would consider barbaric or impossible. To the werewolves of the Pure, all of life is war. The struggle of tooth and claw does not cease until all the degenerates are made to heel — or are left as corpses face-down in the mud.

BLOOD UNDER THE SUN

The Forsaken gain some small advantage by hunting under the moon (in particular, seeing one's auspice moon for the first time that night earns a Forsaken some Essence). The moon is their matron, their shepherd. The Pure have excised all bonds to that bitch.

Therefore, many Pure like to hunt and make war under the harsh light of the sun. They've no

problems with Helios (and in fact some of their mythic totems are born of the sun). Moreover, if fighting in the midst of day denies some Forsaken a small portion of power, then it's worth it. Of course, some Pure just want the degenerates to have full sight of their pathetic defeat.

Alternately, some Pure *want* Luna to see what they're doing. Sometimes, as a vicious call to spite, the Pure might even call for Mother Moon's attention when they throat a weakened Forsaken.

DEMORALIZATION

The Pure believe that an enemy can be defeated even before the battle begins. All that is needed is for the enemy to believe himself capable of defeat — and in that moment of acceptance, the war is over. All that remains are the motions.

Verbal violence is the likeliest means for demoralizing the enemy. The Pure may send along threats via howl or spirit — such threats may range from the simple ("You will be dead in three days' time") to the intricate ("We will take your breeders, piss on your locus and cut off your sniveling muzzles. Then, we'll burn it all down"). Some packs prefer invective over threats, convincing the Forsaken of their powerlessness by dint of ceaseless insults. Some Fire-Touched have been known to stand on the borders of an enemy pack's territory and howl vicious affronts over and over again.

Sometimes, the enemy is cowed — a pack becomes tractable or simply abandons its territory to fight another day. Other times, the Pure must take such demoralization up a notch to help weaken the enemy. Packs utilize a number of tactics:

- Kidnapping one of the enemy and humiliating him utterly: shaving him, scarring him, dismembering extremities with wire cutters, covering him with filth. This tactic only works if the humiliated individual is sent back to his pack, or paraded before them somehow. (Some Fire-Touched send Polaroids.) This is a Harmony violation, and requires penance afterwards.

- One timeless tactic is turning one of the enemy's own against them. Nothing undermines a pack's confidence more than this level of betrayal. It's by no means easy, but the Pure have many tools of indoctrination at their disposal.

- The Pure may make stealthy excursions into Forsaken territory and defile the area. They might chop down beautiful trees, dump barrels of chemical or medical waste into ponds or tag an area with ugly or insulting graffiti (sometimes using blood and feces for paint).

- Rigged competitions may convince an enemy pack of its inability to succeed. The Pure go to the pack under the banner of honor and neutrality, and claim that they

will cease their incursion if the Forsaken can win at some kind of game or competition (scavenger hunt in the Shadow, convince a certain number of spirits to grant a number of favors or a convoluted race). The Pure often cheat.

Demoralization can take an ugly and unexpected turn. Such humiliation may not drive an enemy pack to weakness, but instead drive the packmembers toward anger (and even Death Rage). Wise Pure can redirect such unfocused anger away from themselves, exploiting it as a chaotic vulnerability. Pure packs that are not so shrewd find themselves caught in a storm of rampaging Forsaken.

SEVER SUPPLY LINES

A pack needs a number of things to maintain its territory, both strategically and personally. Werewolves need food, clean water and Essence. Other ancillary concerns might be electricity, wolf-blooded or other allies, spirit aid, shelter, Internet access, money, lines of sight or routes for transportation.

If the Pure have a large pack — or are part of a strong confederacy — they will likely attempt to disrupt and destroy as many enemy resources as possible. The primary goal is to weaken a pack's food supply and clean water, but this isn't easy. Spreading diseases might bring a blight upon local animals and crops, and spirits can help to spread such sickness. (One Forsaken pack, with its hunting totally disrupted, defaulted to hunting and eating local humans. Doing so was enough to help the pack repel the Pure incursion, but not enough to stave off the defilement of the packmembers' own souls.) Disrupting Essence can be even harder, for the Pure must strike at the likely heart of the enemy's territory, where the locus surely waits.

Secondary resources are easier to interrupt. Electricity can be taken away by destroying a transformer, cutting power lines or convincing spirits to go elsewhere. Allies, both wolf-blooded and other, can be kidnapped or murdered. Spirits can be turned away through threats or gifts, city or area infrastructure can be damaged by bombs or fire and general chaos will do wonders in interrupting mundane services.

UNLIKELY ALLIANCES

The Forsaken are not well liked. Even when a pack does not truly fulfill the mandate set by Father Wolf (or, as the Pure believe, set by Luna), it still suffers from guilt-by-association. The Pure Tribes believe in the proverb: "The enemy of my enemy is my friend."

A number of Forsaken enemies hunger for retribution: spirits, Ridden, the Hosts, ghosts. If the Pure can direct these enemies against the Forsaken — whether by forming temporary pacts or by indirectly shepherding adversaries to clash — then the Forsaken can only be weakened. If the children of the Spinner-Hag can cut the quisling Forsaken off from the Shadow, or if the Rat Hosts chew enough holes in the Gauntlet to let all kinds of nastiness through, the Pure gain advantage. Anger ghosts may provide misdirection, spirits and Ridden may seek Essence

from the flesh of the Forsaken and the packs of the Pure can enter through the fog of war and take control of a territory.

This strategy does not work flawlessly, however. Inevitably, such low creatures turn upon the Pure — or, worse, infest Pure territory like termites.



TERRORISM

Some Pure rely on terrorist-style tactics as means to an end. The objective of terrorism is not direct violence — certainly that's a common result, but the goal is fear. By causing violence or by threatening the spread of mayhem, fear weakens the enemy. If taking a pack's wolf-blooded family and cutting off their hands and feet and hanging them from the locus sends a message to the Forsaken and clouds their judgment with terror and rage, then the Pure have succeeded. If setting an old-growth forest aflame helps diminish the Forsaken in some way, then that is what is necessary, no matter who or what burns along with it.

Certainly, some Pure don't consider terrorism a viable tactic. In seeking to maintain some kind of honor, some Pure prefer to take the Forsaken on directly, often marching into the enemy's territory and demanding a fight. That said, most Pure have trouble seeing past the hate that drives them inexorably forward. They believe that what they do serves a greater good, and that dishonor is forgiven if done in the name of righteousness.

Of course, the Pure don't think of themselves as terrorists. As with people, one man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter.



DIRECT ASSAULT

The Pure have the numbers, and are given over to totems whose power generally surpasses even the strongest Forsaken totem. Sometimes, the only thing that will end a war is to fight it directly.

Packs preferring this simply march on enemy territory with the intention of bringing the dogs to heel. Fire-Touched prefer a head-on assault, whereas the Ivory Claws prefer a pseudo-civilized approach (often declaring war and even giving the Forsaken a chance to surrender before an assault begins). The Predator Kings are likely to invade a territory as hunters, taking advantage of cover and stalking enemies as if they were cunning prey.

Those Forsaken who have lived through an assault by the Pure often suffer nightmares as a result. The Forsaken claim the monsters come from nowhere, emerging with nearly double the numbers that most Forsaken packs maintain. Sometimes, the totem comes with the Pure, materializing as whatever legendary beast the Pure wor-

ship. The Pure, in this way, seem unstoppable, implacable. Emboldened by their numbers, given strength by their totem, the Pure are ceaseless warriors. Many Forsaken, unprepared for such a head-on invasion, find their packs scythed like brittle wheat.

Such boldfaced confidence can also hurt the Pure. In assuming that they will crush the Forsaken, they may not consider all the strategies available to the enemy. A pack that assumes dominance may find a silver-tipped arrow sticking out of the alpha's throat. Sometimes, the Forsaken are willing to do whatever it takes to win a war, too.

NEGOTIATIONS

Mediation between the Forsaken and the Pure is not impossible. The two sides are spiritual enemies, but pragmatism can at times dampen such fury. If the two find that they are too evenly matched, or if a given territory is simply too valuable or delicate to survive such ugly warfare, sometimes negotiation is necessary.

When it comes to werewolves, however, negotiation is rarely straightforward. Tempers flare. Hackles rise. One werewolf rebuffs another's suggestion, and suddenly the claws come out and everybody starts to see red. The in-built rivalry between the two groups only makes this outcome more likely. Still, some are capable of swallowing such passion long enough to hammer out an agreement. Such accords often end in a basic stalemate: one pack stays in its territory and the enemy does the same. A few tokens might be thrown around — maybe a fetish, perhaps an acre or two of land, a spirit ally.

Sometimes a Pure pack will believe itself so clearly dominant that it will first attempt negotiation in an effort to hasten the process. Like a chess game, some packs expect that their victory is a foregone conclusion — seeing several steps ahead, checkmate seems obvious. The pack approaches the Forsaken to “negotiate” — though, truly, the pack is really mediating the enemy's surrender. Such deals rarely come out at all in favor of the Forsaken. The deal usually involves giving up a locus, a huge chunk of land (if not all of it) and relinquishing any fetishes, knowledge or wolf-bloods kept in the territory. Sometimes the Forsaken are allowed to keep a small chunk of land or are instead given the opportunity to leave (and thus, survive) with no questions asked. Other times, the Pure demand nothing short of enslavement.

The Pure may seek negotiations if the opposite is true, as well. If the pack is clearly the weaker of the two forces, the pack may hope to mediate a solution. Curiously, the Pure usually approach such arbitration the same way, acting as the obviously dominant force despite a reality that suggests otherwise. They do this because, in most cases, they cannot and will not present true weakness to the enemy. (Death is preferable.) If a lesser Pure pack can still convince the stronger Forsaken that the Pure are clearly more powerful than they truly are, they may

be able to turn a potential loss into a certain win. Many Forsaken are taken in by a Pure pack's bluff.

JUSTIFICATIONS FOR WAR

Perhaps more important than war itself are the Pure's justifications for it. The Pure can be notoriously cruel in warfare. While some approach battle with a commitment to honor, most recognize the necessity of mercilessness and brutality (these are not real werewolves they are killing, after all, but weak slaves of a betraying mother). Harmony loss is not uncommon during and after wartime — most Pure recognize this, and know that they are scouring their own souls with sin for the cause they support. They are still able to justify their actions, however, in a couple of different ways.

The first is that, as mentioned, the Forsaken are not perceived as equal beings. As criminals and degenerates, they are not subject to the same mercies that others may receive. The Pure do not treat each other with equal maliciousness, because they are true werewolves whose hands are clean. The Forsaken are lesser beings: trash, waste, common swine. (Humans, too, are seen as lesser, though usually as below notice.) Hurting the Forsaken is killing a diseased herd.

The second justification is based on the natural world. The Pure believe that nature is cruel, and to survive one must *be* cruel. Chimps and gorillas engage in full-scale war: they beat and bite one another, breaking limbs and tearing out fur. They steal, mug and murder. They defecate on the defeated and leave them to die. They kill the males and steal the females, raping them and forcing the conquered to be breeders for the victorious. All of nature is brutal. Ants massacre and enslave competing swarms. Bees subjugate entire enemy hives. Cats rape, chickens peck each other to death, baboons steal babies (and occasionally dash them against rocks until dead). Even in the plant world, cruelty is the order of the day: vines strangle trees, invasive species subvert whole tracts of flora, plants edge each other out so that one may see the light of the sun and the other may die. The Pure, therefore, are only fulfilling nature's way: wrath and brutality are the watermarks of a dominant creature.

BREEDING AND RAPE

Sexual dominance is important among the Pure. They seek strong breeders — wolf-bloods, if possible — to continue their kind. Because the Pure have various definitions of purity (be it spiritual, emotional, physical), they choose a variety of mothers and fathers for their progeny. Such partners, sadly, needn't be willing.

Rare Pure also use rape as a tactic against their enemies. Not only does forcing themselves upon a pack's allies therefore diminish the pack (at least, in theory, for doing so convinces the

enemy of the pack's weakness), but the Pure also use rape against the Forsaken directly. Particularly brutal Pure have been known to impregnate Forsaken women, resulting in *unihar*. (Abortion seems ineffective at destroying the poisoned fetus.) This is a serious violation of the Oath and can hurt the Pure as equally as it can the target of such abuse — but not all Pure are capable of clear thinking. Many will cut off a finger if it means the Forsaken will lose a hand. Even the rape of an ordinary human is still a level-three sin against Harmony, a violation akin to “torturing enemies/prey” no matter how the werewolf pretends to rationalize it.

Rape is a sensitive topic and should be handled delicately in-game. The Pure as a rule despise rape — and yet, some perhaps don't have a clear definition of the term. Breeding with a proper partner, even if she's not willing, may not be *rape* to the Pure, but instead be nature's way. That said, no character should ever be the unwitting target of rape. If such an element figures into a character's story, the issue should be discussed beforehand by all members of the group.



THE SHADOW

The Shadow Realm is a tragedy. The Pure recognize it as a sad reflection of the physical world, a place wrenched from the fundament and made into a separate strata of existence. Once upon a time, the worlds were together, and that was Pangaea, the hunter's paradise. But with the death of Father Wolf came the birth of the *Hisil*. In fact, many Pure tie the Shadow to Father Wolf, so much so that they perhaps muddle their own purposes.

By associating the two together — thus ignoring Father Wolf's one-time dominance of the spirits and their world — the Pure elevate the Shadow Realm to a level of inviolability. The Forsaken wish to use and abuse the Shadow Realm for their own (or Mother Moon's) purposes, and that is something the Pure cannot abide. Moreover, the Pure Tribes' own totems demand a kind of reverence for the *Hisil*; to not bend knee and offer it respect and adulation assures that the Pure will suffer at the hands of their spirit lords.

SPIRITS

Generally speaking, the spirits do not hate the Pure as they do the Forsaken. With the Forsaken, hostility is nearly automatic and must often be overcome. The Pure have gone to great lengths to prove that they are taking the spirits' side. Though the Pure are still a hybrid of flesh and spirit that feels “unnatural” to most denizens of Shadow, the Pure openly swear their allegiance to spirits other than the children of Father Wolf.

The Pure claim a stronger relationship with the Shadow because they do not seek to cull it and clip it as the Forsaken do. By letting the Shadow exist on its own merits — and even helping it gain strength over the physical world in places — the spirits can more easily ally, not enemies. This is only partly true, however. The Pure are given over to their totems. The Pure have willingly put their necks in collars for access to unparalleled power. By doing so, they have reserved much of their fire and ire for the Forsaken and the physical world — and that is something that the spirits can respect. Certainly, this doesn't castrate the Pure or their power; they still hunt spirits and mold the Shadow in the Pure's given territories. But they have certainly brokered a restrictive peace with the *Hisil*. Some Pure see this and buck at the chain, struggling to reclaim Father Wolf's stranglehold over the realm. These Pure are usually punished by their totems, or besieged by tormenting spirits.

SIGNS OF RESPECT

The spirits grant a level of respect to the Pure above what is given to the Forsaken. This manifests in a number of small ways when the Pure enter or traverse the Shadow.

- Some spirits make a motion of deference when encountering a pack of Pure werewolves, particularly if the packmembers are accompanied by their totem. Lesser Gafflings spirits might bow; others might offer a complex greeting dictating the werewolf's Rank, tribe, pack and lineage. Plant-spirits might inch away from the Pure (a tangle of thorns, for instance, might slowly edge away and open a path). Particularly lowly spirits might offer small gifts of *chiminage* (an answer to a small riddle, directions to a locus, a point of Essence).

- Many spirits will perform tasks for a “fee” that is less than what they would attempt to glean from the Forsaken. (Spirit negotiation information can be found on p. 273 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. Assume that the prices related to each task are more relaxed for the Pure.)

- Spirits not tied to a particular area may accompany the Pure at a distance, following like an aggregated herd of vigilant watchers.

- Spirits will utter a First Tongue prayer toward the pack's totem.

- More playful spirits may gleefully engage in hateful banter regarding the Forsaken. These spirits will attempt to please (or one-up) a Pure with such invective toward the degenerates.

TIGHTROPE

The Pure do not have a perfect relationship with spirits, and can easily step on a good relationship by causing offense (knowingly or unwittingly). This is always dangerous for the Pure. Sometimes, it has no effect or even works in their favor. But just as often, offending the spirit poisons the relationship terribly. Spirits maintain complex bonds with the other ephemera of a given area. Offending one can set off a chain reaction that can earn the indignation of all the local powers.

How is this different from what a Forsaken might experience? The Pure have a generally respectful relation-



ship with spirits, but when that is broken, spirits resent it all the more (for, in a manner of speaking, the relationship has farther to fall). The spirits already *expect* antagonism from the Forsaken, but with the Pure, spirits believe an unspoken deal has been brokered. A Pure who missteps and breaks that deal may suddenly find himself the target of various angry entities. They may curse him from afar or set traps for him further down the path. Some attack outright, swarming the werewolf and demanding some kind of payment for the offense. Reparations must be made.

Another concern is that upsetting a given spirit might upset the pack's totem. Pure totems are not always forthcoming in what they want or don't want — the pack is expected to simply *know* how to please its patron. If the totem shares some invisible bond or understanding with a given spirit, and the werewolf does something to upset that tenuous balance, his suffering can be significant. And it's likely that his pack suffers with him.

MODEST PROPOSALS

Spirits will ask favors of Pure that the spirits would not ask of most Forsaken. The rewards for such aid can be quite valuable to the pack — the spirit may help the Pure attack the Forsaken, might teach forbidden Gifts, might even help the Pure uncover Forsaken rites. A few examples of such illicit spirit requests might be the following:

- Help a spirit escape the Shadow and find an acceptable mount. The spirit may ask that the Pure help identify an appropriate target body, or may instead demand protection on the “outside” once the spirit crosses over.
- Negative spirits feed off negative results. A murder-spirit feeds off murder, and so the spirit may ask that the Pure either go out and commit murder or incite such crimes in others.
- Some spirits favor the Rat Hosts, because they gnaw holes in the Gauntlet. As such, a spirit will occasionally ask that the Pure go and help the Beshilu accomplish their tasks.

This is sometimes at odds with what the Pure want, given that they favor the controlled shredding of the Gauntlet but not all of the potential results of a random breach.

- The spirit may ask that the Pure fetch a particular Forsaken for various reasons (revenge, consumption, questioning).
- Some spirits may ask that the Pure help the spirits to foster a cult in the physical world. Human cults are good ways for spirits to earn Essence and increase in power. The Pure may perform simple tasks such as posting flyers or complex ones such as kidnapping targets and indoctrinating them into the “new” way of thinking.
- A natural spirit may ask the Pure to help eradicate those who seek to do its real-world reflection harm. A lake-spirit may ask the pack to destroy any fishermen who seek to plunder the lake’s resources, thus allowing the lake to grow out of control (and thus, teeming with life).
- A spirit may ask that the pack free the spirit’s “brother” from some bond or another — perhaps a mage has enslaved a spirit, or the spirit is shackled to a Forsaken pack as a totem or in a fetish.

It’s important to note that while the Pure can ask more of spirits, the spirits are also free to ask more of the Pure. Spirits often approach the Pure to make bargains and exchanges — many totems demand that their packs make such deals regardless of other interests.



LUNES

Lunes are fickle spirits. Some are incessant warriors, others capricious ambassadors. As with snowflakes and crazy people, no two Lunes are the same.

The Pure sometimes despise Lunes on principle that they belong to hated Luna. Some packs hunt the spirits for Essence — or to torture them so that the packs may learn Luna’s secrets Gifts. Others attempt to negotiate with the unpredictable spirits in the hopes of gleaning a taste of that moon-magic (without, of course, shackling themselves to the whore’s wrist). Many Lunes are willing to deal with the Pure. Some Lunes, however, hunt the Pure zealously. A Pure pack might find itself harried by mad packs of razor-honed luminescent ribbon: Ralunim thirsty for blood.



WORLDWIDE

The shadow of the Pure is dark and deep, but it is not all-pervasive. They have no national or global unity. They do have stronger regional ties than the Forsaken tend to maintain, but rarely do regional bonds leave state,

country or continental lines. In some corners of the world, the Pure thrive, their hate giving them license to act in whatever way accords them victory. In other parts of the world, the Pure have been driven into rat-holes and left to the darkness by their enemies.

The information below should give an idea as to the Pure’s nature and strength in different parts of the globe. This list is not comprehensive; the world has too many dark places to list here.

NORTH AMERICA

For a long time, the Pure could not manage a foothold in North America. They managed some regional power — cruel confederacies waited in places such as the Everglades and in small mountain hamlets away from prying eyes. But when the Forsaken became complacent and turned their territoriality toward one another once again, the Pure found their opening and they took it. Now, for the last 20 years or so, the Pure have claimed wide swaths of territory, and haven’t yet lost momentum.

The Forsaken now hold territory that once belonged to the Pure: tracts of land cast away in favor of bigger and better plots. The Tribes of the Moon are not powerless, and still maintain a grip over many of the major cities (the Pure seem given over to open expanses and towns rather than living among what they perceive as the filth of humanity). By and large, however, the Pure Tribes have dominance.

Many werewolves among the Pure, particularly the Fire-Touched, believe there is a growing dissatisfaction within the Tribes of the Moon. Many Fire-Touched believe that guilt and anger are gathering like flies within many of the Forsaken, driving them to utter self-loathing. Some Pure seek to reconcile that, illuminating that self-hatred with hungry fire. A growing number of Pure in the United States and Canada now seek to convert Forsaken to the cause instead of killing them outright. Whether new supplicants come from the lure of a honeyed-tongue or from having their skin filleted off until they comply — well, that’s up to the recruiter.

SOUTH AMERICA

The struggle between Pure and Forsaken burns hot in the wild countries of South America — from the poor *favelas* of Brazil to the peaks of the Andes, the two sides remain matched in bloody struggle.

One difference is the large presence of Predator Kings in the Amazon rainforest. The rainforest here is the largest contiguous rainforest in the world, spanning nine countries. The Forsaken know that the Predator Kings have claimed the darkest heart of this jungle for themselves — a wide expanse of territory marked with crude traps and corpses.

The Kings here are not the Kings elsewhere. These Kings have rites and initiations different from their mates elsewhere, and seem altogether more debased, as well

(though they have found a way to function at low levels of Harmony). Whispers among all tribes, Pure and Forsaken alike, suggest that the Kings have chosen the rainforest to be the birth of a new hunter's paradise. Pangaea will rise from the sodden jungle, and they see themselves as the lords of it all, tendons between their teeth, claws rooted in deep mud.

ONE FISHING

Up and down the coast of Central and South America, particularly along Panama, the Pure have taken to the seas. These wolves have lost much of their Harmony and troll the oceans as pirates, destroying whatever crosses their paths. Packs of them traverse the straits and the areas just outside the shipping lines. These Pure are not without weapons: machetes, guns and a plethora of unexploded ordnance. They travel along in unexceptional fishing trawlers and cargo boats.

Bloodthirsty, they take human prisoners, and either eat them or breed with them. The werewolves never eat the heads, though. Those the Pure save for the ocean. They toss the heads, bloody and still fresh, out into the deep. Those few Forsaken who have encountered these sea-borne wolves suspect that they are perhaps doing this for some bizarre totem — or, worse, that they seek to gain favor of some powerful Incarnae curled up beneath the depths.

THE MIDDLE EAST

History makes its mark on the Shadow everywhere. In most places, layers of the past are buried beneath others, and turgid scars keep old, poisoned blood from spilling forth constantly. The Middle East does not have that advantage. Daily, fresh scabs are ripped from Wounds formed thousands of years ago, vomiting black bile and broken spirits.

The Forsaken have the power in most domains in this region. These werewolves are born of hard people: desert nomads, holy men, war-hungry guerillas. They have the numbers and the fortitude to stay together against any Pure incursions. That's not to say the Forsaken have an easy job — the Shadow here seems irreparable, a ragged injury that cannot heal.

The Fire-Touched have made inroads, however, within many of the larger cities in the region. From bombed-out Baghdad to Tehran or Beirut, the skills of the Pure propagandists have a great deal of hate with which to work. Turning local prejudices against the Forsaken is easy for these Pure — if a werewolf is Persian, an Iraqi can be turned against him. If he is a Kurd, a fierce Sunni may

have hate that can be exploited. And so, the Fire-Touched — alone among the Pure — have found a foothold in this volatile region.

Of course, before too long, the two sides may find cause to work together, if only for a time. The spirits hiss about something hiding in the valley of Ge-Hinnom (Arabic: *Wadi al-Rababah*). Some spirits call it Molochinim.

THE QAT CHEWERS

While the Pure do not hold dominance or even a significant population within the Middle East, they do have some places of power. The Pure in the old walled city of Sana'a, in Yemen, believe that the Forsaken are worthless enemies. Luna's werewolves are trying to hold back the storm by shouting at it; their efforts are futile. Humans, on the other hand, make for a frightening effect on the two worlds. Because of humanity, the worlds remain separate, and paradise remains out of reach. Humans are therefore the enemy.

These werewolves recognize the uselessness of attacking humanity: it would be as futile as the Forsaken's task of bringing order to the Shadow. Instead, these Pure have decided to let humankind destroy itself. The Pure merely hand humans the tools, and let them build their own gallows and hang their own nooses.

The Pure form the Lodge of Sana'a, sometimes called the "Qat Chewers," named after the addictive habit of most Yemeni men. (Qat is a leaf one chews and provides the chewer with the warring sensation of both amphetamines and alcohol, fast and slow. The werewolves use qat every day, and claim it not only froths them up for war but also grants them easier access to the *Hisil*.) The Pure in the area join the lodge, or they are exiled from Yemen. The lodge itself has its hands in various illicit behaviors: gun-running, drug smuggling, misogyny, terrorism. The members of the lodge work in coordination with a local vampire "family," the Tathari. Anything to help push the monkeys back up in their trees, or kill them outright.

INDIA

The Pure hold unprecedented power in most parts of India. The caste system works in the Pure's favor: many here expect to be born into a role and that is where they stay. Centuries of conditioning and subjugation has convinced the Forsaken that they are truly of an inferior caste: they are *Shudra*, or servants. The Pure, on the other hand, are *Kshatriya*, or warrior-leaders.

Here, it seems as if the war is over. The Forsaken have been truly subjugated. Packs are given small pieces of territory — always carved out of a larger Pure domain — and are allowed to do with the lands as they will. (Often, such territories are found among the *dalit*, or “untouchables.” The Pure believe the Forsaken belong among the cripples and vagrants.) There they operate as servants of the Pure. If the Pure demand a service, then the Forsaken must bow and serve.

That’s not to say the Forsaken do not resist: packs all across the sub-continent have formed lines of resistance against their long-entrenched Pure masters.

EUROPE

Most of Europe is a veneer of civilization covering a long-standing infection. The Pure are capable of exploiting this in many countries. The Ivory Claws hide among the social predators of high society, while the Fire-Touched cling to the ranks of hate groups and the disenfranchised. (The Predator Kings have small clusters of territory in places such as the Scottish highlands, the forests of Germany and the small islands outside of Greece.) The Pure’s mission to exterminate the Forsaken here has met with some success — but the war is far from over.

The Pure have begun a campaign of terror against the Forsaken territories in Chechnya. They Pure have bombed oil refineries, kidnapped citizens and tortured them (or strapped them with explosives and sent them wandering drugged into open bazaars) and have given resources to the invasive Beshilu. All of this is, of course, done within Forsaken territory.

ASIA

It is impossible to detail the exact nature of the Pure and Forsaken struggle in Asia. China alone is home to 1.2 billion people, with choked cities sitting not far from land barely touched by human hands. It seems that the hotbed of violence between werewolves lies in Tibet: the mountains and passes represent a number of abnormally

power loci and gateways into the Shadow, and the two sides seem locked in a permanent war for supremacy. One rumor that has been making the rounds, however, is that the Chinese government has a ministry devoted to the supernatural.

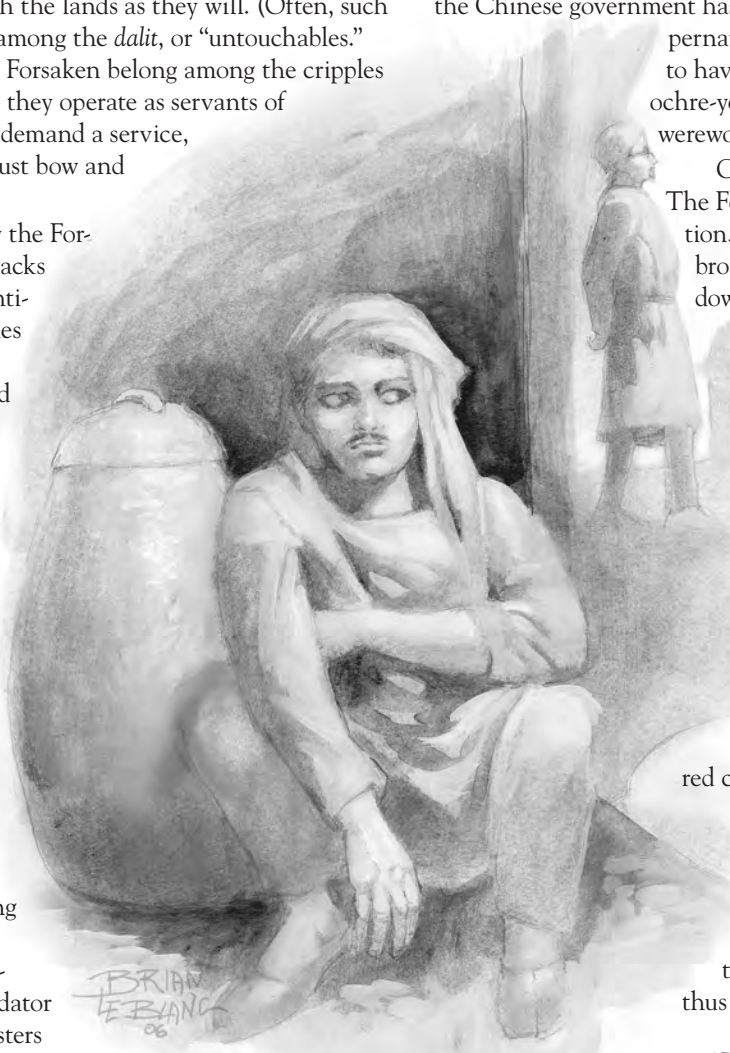
Some werewolves claim to have seen black-suited soldiers in ochre-yellow gas masks hunting the werewolves with surprising efficiency.

Cambodia is worthy of note.

The Forsaken there live in civilization. They control the casinos and brothers of Pailin, have locked down the loci in and around Angkor and lend aid to the gangs of Phnom Penh.

They Forsaken are savvy with various forms of technology and artifice and hide nearly in plain sight within the throngs of humanity.

The Pure, on the other hand, are wild men. Even the Ivory Claws are overconcerned with purity, attacking packs of Forsaken utterly naked, caked with red clay, draped in garlands of human skulls. The Pure have amassed along the borders between Thailand and Cambodia, and seem to be waiting for some opportunity that, to the Forsaken, remains thus hidden.



RED WORMS

The Bangkok Metropolitan Water Authority claims that its water supply is safe, that the system filters out parasites such as *non daeng*, or the red worms. It seems to be true. While parasites show up occasionally in fish and poultry, humans don’t seem to suffer the effects of parasitic intestinal infection. The Forsaken don’t, either.

But the Pure? Somewhere, somehow, the Pure lords of Bangkok are nearly all waylaid with *non daeng*. Sometimes called “gutworms,” the spaghetti-thin red worms knot and clot in the stomach and bowels of the werewolves, boring holes through tissue, letting it grow back and then eating it again. The worms don’t kill the host, though infestation in the body can cause fever, chills and occasional vomiting or diarrhea.

Worst, though, is that a persistent infection increases chances for a werewolf to enter Death

Rage. The Pure have grown concerned at this relatively recent invasion of *non daeng* — why don't the Forsaken get it? Will this shake the Pure's powerbase in Bangkok? Or will the infection simply drive them mad, with all the gut-squirming and writhing vomit...?

AFRICA

Apartheid is not dead in parts of Africa, not among the werewolves. The Pure are in the minority, and yet in many places they maintain a level of power disproportionate to their population. Much of Africa is ruled by corrupt generals, warlords and UN officials. In many areas, South Africa in particular, the Pure have managed to run channels of influence between themselves and such officials. (Such relationships are rarely direct: the Pure are distant brokers, not face-to-face middlemen.) This gives the Pure access to places and resources for which the Forsaken must struggle.

The Forsaken have resorted to their own brutal tactics to help oust the Pure. Not only do the Forsaken rule some of the untouched stretches of wilderness in Africa (from the fetid Congo to the endless sand of the Sahara), but they have also made alliances with some pretty nasty costumers. Local Hunters in Darkness have partnered with the young Maji-Maji Ingilima, brutal magic-using teen gangs in the Congo. The Maji-Maji do drugs, drink “magical potions” and eat the flesh of their enemies. These thugs wield guns and make weapons out of pipes, faucets and garden hose. They do not make safe allies, but if they can be turned like a plague against the Pure, then the Hunters will do just that.

FIRE AND DIAMONDS

Angola, a nation on the western coast of Africa, is one of the most dangerous places in the world. Angola is a country in name only, as a civil war divides the populace with lines of blood and money. Worse, this war is fueled by big Western corporations — one side of the fence is oil and on the other, diamonds. The two sides of the war control these two resources, respectively, and each wants the other's half. War consumes everything. The country has the highest population of amputees in the world, and the Shadow reflects this: everything is ripped to pieces and dismembered, and spirits limp along, missing hunks of ephemeral flesh.

This is also one of the few places in the world where the Pure are involved in their own civil war — against one another. Two great spirits lord over the current conflict: Many-Faceted Gaze is a spirit of diamonds and purity, and Black Oil Burning is the maddened reflection of oil fields and fury. The Ivory Claws have taken up with Many-Faceted Gaze, and the Fire-Touched have been claimed by Black Oil Burning. The two tribes have been clashing for more than a decade, now, mirroring the conflict happening all around them. The Forsaken hope for a way to get a foothold, but with rampant disease, countless still-buried landmines and violence over every square mile, they haven't yet found a way to capitalize on the chaos to repair the Shadow.



CHAPTER II

THE THREE TRIBES

When I sleep, I dream of Pangaea.

The sound of my howl rolls across the land; my heart is a drumbeat, in time with the thunder of Dire Wolf's own heart. I smell the blood racing in the veins of my prey. The sun burns hot, the moonlight is cold and the air is so clean that the humans weep.

My brothers and my sisters share the dream. We all wake from time to time with a lingering taste of blood on our tongues, with the scent of the unending forest fading from our senses. We can look into one another's eyes and see the dream reflected there for just a few seconds before it fades.

While we live, the dream will not die. It feeds us and makes us strong. It sets us above mercy and weakness. It unites us in blood and bone and spirit, makes us one with our lord and forefather, the Dire Wolf.

We will kill for our dream. There is no finer reason.

FIRE-TOUCHED

Faith Is Not a Sickness

He was called Rabid Wolf, Gurim-Ur, even by those who loved and respected him. He was mad, and we, his children, the Fire-Touched, feel no shame in admitting that, for his madness — ours — is what comes with faith. He was implacable in his fervor, and he refused to be shouted down. His brothers called this purity of soul “sickness,” but Gurim-Ur knew the truth of the world. It is true that this knowledge cost him. It cost him his position, for the other Firstborn called him weak and stupid, and they made him the omega. It cost him peace and comfort, because Luna’s treacherous light burned his eyes and his flesh. Gurim-Ur was pure before the Pure existed, and the price for this grace was one he paid gladly, though it marked him forever as Rabid Wolf.

But Father Wolf understood him. Father Wolf passed along his most sacred wisdom to Gurim-Ur. Gurim-Ur was wise and Gurim-Ur was honest — he could not even suffer a lie in his presence. Is it any wonder, then, that he was mad? Even in the time before time, even in Pangaea, the world was filled with lies and impurity. Look only to Luna, the inconstant whore that the Forsaken revere. Look only to humans, so discontent with the lot that the world handed them that they won’t rest until they have sullied their hands with the blood of every living thing. And look at the Forsaken themselves, so self-deluded that they killed off their magnificent patron and then claimed that it was a necessity.

Is it any wonder that Gurim-Ur was mad? Gurim the Honest, who saw the world for what it was and tried to right the wrongs — but such a task was too large an undertaking for the youngest and smallest of the Firstborn.

After the murder of Urfarah, Rabid Wolf became calm for the first time. He had seen the truth of his father’s words, and he knew what needed to be done. He called out for the Uratha, and unlike his demanding older brothers and the complicit totems of the Forsaken, he asked for something very simple of his followers: faith.

The Fire-Touched have faith. We believe in Rabid Wolf, and we believe that He tells us what He needs us to know. Sometimes that wisdom is clear and calm, and sometimes it comes in the midst of foaming madness. We do not question Rabid Wolf.

THE RABID

The Izidakh are probably the most populous of the Pure Tribes (and therefore of the Uratha as a whole), because the Fire-Touched ask so little of their members.

They require only unwavering, uncompromising faith from each and every werewolf claiming allegiance to the Fire-Touched. Any Uratha willing to live under these terms (and able to survive the tribe’s initiation rites) can join and enjoy a peace of mind experienced by few, if any, groups in the world.

What brings this purity of purpose? Simple honesty. The Fire-Touched’s tribal vow forbids them to lie or even hear lies. That lifestyle is exhausting, to be sure (and the Izidakh do not begrudge their wild totem his madness — they often find themselves driven to Death Rage by the sheer amount of untruth in the world around them), but their honesty is cleansing. The sins of the world do not have a chance to accumulate on the souls of the Fire-Touched. They are savagely honest, with themselves or each other, and they are never happier than when purging the lies from other Uratha (Pure or otherwise).

TRIBAL PRACTICES

Similar to all of the werewolf tribes, the practices of the Fire-Touched vary from place to place. In one territory, the Izidakh might resemble a cult dedicated to Gurim-Ur, while in another, they might be much more interested in disease warfare (and thus at first blush seem almost cold and antiseptic). The principles of faith and honesty, however, are the bedrock of the tribe and are expressed in every Fire-Touched pack, indeed, every individual Izidakh, the world over. Some commonality, therefore, can be observed regarding their practices.

INITIATION RITES

The Fire-Touched are willing, in theory, to accept any werewolf who wishes to join. In practice, though, that werewolf not only has to pass the Rite of Initiation but survive it. These rites are a brutal combination of confession, baptism and oath-swearing. The exact form of the rite varies by the ritemaster in question, but follows three general stages:

The Burning: All dishonesty and impurity must be scoured from the supplicant. Any bonds of pack or tribe must be shattered, and marks of Lunar Renown are burned away, leaving the livid red marks of the Pure. This part of the rite usually involves red-hot branding irons, though some packs simply immolate their recruits, and a few use specially prepared silver implements to scar away the werewolf’s old life (this latter practice isn’t looked upon favorably by the other Pure Tribes, but even they have to

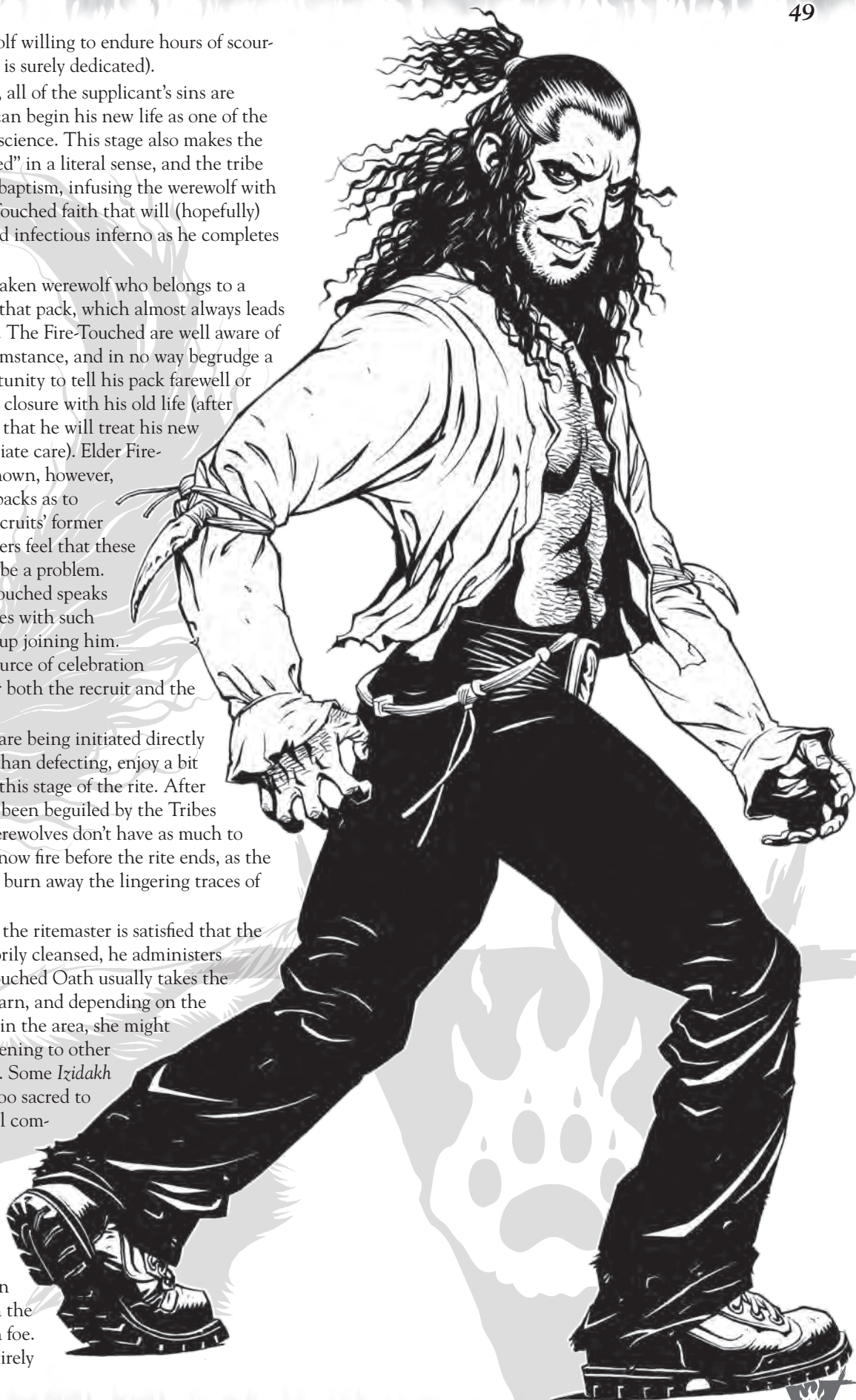
admit that any werewolf willing to endure hours of scouring with a silver blade is surely dedicated).

During this stage, all of the supplicant's sins are burned away, and he can begin his new life as one of the Pure with a clean conscience. This stage also makes the supplicant "fire-touched" in a literal sense, and the tribe views this as a sort of baptism, infusing the werewolf with the spark of the Fire-Touched faith that will (hopefully) catch into a raging and infectious inferno as he completes his initiation.

Of course, a Forsaken werewolf who belongs to a pack has to renounce that pack, which almost always leads to a drop in Harmony. The Fire-Touched are well aware of this unfortunate circumstance, and in no way begrudge a new recruit the opportunity to tell his pack farewell or in other ways come to closure with his old life (after all, the *Izidakh* expect that he will treat his new pack with the appropriate care). Elder Fire-Touched *have* been known, however, to inform other Pure packs as to the locations of the recruits' former compatriots, if the elders feel that these Forsaken are going to be a problem. Occasionally, a Fire-Touched speaks to his former packmates with such fervor that they wind up joining him. This is, of course, a source of celebration and much Renown for both the recruit and the ritemaster.

Werewolves who are being initiated directly into the tribe, rather than defecting, enjoy a bit more leniency during this stage of the rite. After all, since they haven't been beguiled by the Tribes of the Moon, these werewolves don't have as much to atone for. Still, they know fire before the rite ends, as the ritemaster attempts to burn away the lingering traces of their humanity.

The Oath: Once the ritemaster is satisfied that the supplicant is satisfactorily cleansed, he administers the Oath. The Fire-Touched Oath usually takes the supplicant weeks to learn, and depending on the practices of the packs in the area, she might have to learn it by listening to other Fire-Touched repeat it. Some *Izidakh* feel that the Oath is too sacred to write down; others feel committing it to physical memory is acceptable long as the Oath is not written on paper or some other human medium — for instance, the Oath can be scribed in blood on the treated skin of a fallen foe. The Oath, spoken entirely



in the *Uremehir*, of course, includes an affirmation of the choice to become Fire-Touched, multiple pledges of faith to the tribe and Gurim-Ur, a promise to protect and fight alongside “the elder brothers” (that is, the other Pure Tribes) and specific touches added in remembrance to local Fire-Touched heroes. The supplicant is encouraged to add her own poetic flourishes to the Oath, especially if she is a convert from a Forsaken tribe (since such recruits usually know the First Tongue better than newly Changed recruits).

If the werewolf fails this recitation, she is allowed to try again, but is first put through the Burning once more. Obviously, her faith is in some way wanting. The Fire-Touched are normally quite patient about this, and are well aware that some recruits need multiple attempts to complete the Oath. Some of the greatest heroes of the tribe, in fact, could not complete the Oath until they were spiritually ready, and the *Izidakh* are normally quite willing to wait.

The Hunt: After the supplicant’s sin is burned away and she has successfully taken her Oath, she is finally allowed to hunt as one of the Fire-Touched. The newly accepted *Izidakh* names the target of her first hunt. If she has already joined a pack, her pack accompanies her. If not, the ritemaster who performed her Burning usually brings his pack along for the Hunt.

The Hunt begins at the first moonrise after the Oath is completed, meaning that the werewolf might have anywhere from a few minutes to 24 hours to name the target. The target of a Fire-Touched Hunt varies depending on the Uratha in question and the practices of the Fire-Touched in the area. A Fire-Touched who has never met a werewolf other than another *Izidakh* might choose as her target “a Forsaken werewolf,” while a convert from the Tribes of the Moon might choose “Jason Shearing, Rahu of the Storm Lords,” either because he has a particular grudge against Jason or knows that he will be an easy kill. The target might also be human — sometimes Fire-Touched name their parents, spouses, spiritual leaders or other authority figures, or even “the first human I see” as the targets of their hunts. Other Fire-Touched choose spirits, though are careful to avoid violating any of the spiritual pacts under which they live when doing so.

The Hunt takes as long as necessary. If it isn’t concluded by first light, the Fire-Touched suffers no stigma. Gurim-Ur, it is said, might take years to complete a hunt, because he would be distracted by other matters along the way. The Fire-Touched don’t shy away from following impulses, but they don’t forget their targets, either.

PUNISHMENT AND REPENANCE

The Fire-Touched understand that all Uratha sin, even after the purifying rites of the tribe. Death Rage accounts for many such sins by itself. The Pure are quite capable of losing control and slaying their fellow werewolves, just as any werewolf is. The Pure’s interrogation

and indoctrination techniques can legitimately be called “torture,” and keeping their natures secret from the herds of humanity is a trying task. But the Fire-Touched believe wholeheartedly that sin can be forgiven, that Harmony can be restored, and that any werewolf can be made spiritually whole again. Not surprisingly, though, this kind of absolution doesn’t come easily.

The Fire-Touched draw a sharp distinction between punishment and penance, though they have elaborate rites for each. Punishment, to the Fire-Touched, means that a werewolf has committed a sin against Harmony or otherwise made a mistake that *directly affects his pack, the tribe or the Pure as a whole*. For instance, revealing the nature of the Uratha to a human being is probably deserving of punishment, because that potentially affects all Pure werewolves (as well as the Forsaken, but the Fire-Touched naturally aren’t so concerned about them). For a werewolf to be punished, she must be proved to be guilty to the satisfaction of her pack and at least two other Pure Uratha. If these criteria are met, she is taken to face her punishment. The form of this punishment varies based on the severity of the crime, whether or not it was the offender’s first offense and how the offender comports herself. If, for instance, she admits to her guilt and even seeks punishment for her crimes, she is likely to get by with a metaphorical slap on the wrist (though among the Fire-Touched, this probably involves suffering multiple claw and bite wounds over the course of several hours, being allowed to bleed almost to death and finally being thrown into a small pool of alcohol or gasoline). If she attempts to avoid justice, denying her crime until it becomes embarrassingly obvious to everyone that she is guilty, her tribe’s retribution is much more severe. Limbs might be sawn off and then quickly reattached and allowed to regenerate. Some more progressive members of the tribe use soft-load bullets that remain in the offender’s body, so that she has to go digging for them. Most often, though, the offender is immolated and left to burn until the last possible second, at which point the flames are doused.

The Fire-Touched, despite their apparently boundless creativity in thinking up such punishments, take no pleasure in tormenting their fellow *Izidakh*. Indeed, it grieves them terribly, because in punishing their tribemates, they not only open themselves up for loss of Harmony (torture is torture, motive aside) but also must bear witness to the fact that no one, not even the Fire-Touched, are truly pure. The latter is a sobering realization that every *Izidakh* must eventually face. For the former problem, however, a solution exists in the form of penance.

Penance is similar to punishment in that penance stems from a crime against the Pure, on some level. There are two main differences. One is that an *Izidakh* (or a Pure werewolf of another tribe — the Fire-Touched are happy to assist their Ivory Claw and Predator King brethren in cleansing their souls) must choose to undergo penance. The second is that the crime that precipitates penance

can be, and usually is, a crime that the Pure commits against herself rather than another werewolf. For instance, eating the flesh of humans probably doesn't hurt the offender's pack or tribe in any measurable sense, but it damages that werewolf's relationship with spirits and her spiritual health. For this reason, a werewolf probably wouldn't suffer punishment for eating a human being (depending on the circumstances) but would be encouraged to accept penance. Punishment for a crime, if any, does *not* count as penance, and traditionally punishment is levied first, although in some packs it's considered more proper to let the offender come to terms with her own soul first before holding her accountable to her society.

Penance is usually undertaken alone, though some Fire-Touched feel more comfortable with their packs watching. Another *Izidakh*, usually one with a greater rating in Honor, Wisdom or Purity than the offender, determines the form of the penance. (This does lead to the problem of who advises the elders of the tribe; in many places they are simply expected never to sin, though some take spirits as moral advisors.) A penitential werewolf might be asked to burn herself with red-hot irons, to drag heated blades across her open eyes or cut off her eyelids, to pierce her flesh with heated needles or to swallow burning coals. "Forgiveness comes when flesh blisters," the Fire-Touched often tell their new recruits. Some extremist packs even send their penitential into the *Hisil* to submit to the attentions of pain-, fire- or disease spirits, but this, as might be imagined, can get out of hand quickly.

MECHANICAL EFFECTS

Aside from justifying higher than average ratings in Stamina and Resolve, what effect does punishment or penance have on the Fire-Touched? For one thing, it helps them regain lost Harmony. The Fire-Touched don't delude themselves into thinking that sinning against Harmony is noble or appropriate, but they believe fervently that sometimes sin is necessary. That is the way of the world — it requires the faithful to sin in order for sin to be abolished. Some Fire-Touched rail against the Forsaken for the loss of Pangaea, where such sin would not have been necessary, and others wax poetic about the beauty and nobility of cleansing fire taking away the sin of the world. In either case, the brutal punishment and penance rites are sometimes the only things keeping a Fire-Touched from becoming *Zi'ir*.

Of the three tribes of the Pure, the Fire-Touched are undoubtedly the most willing to take on Forsaken converts. It's not that the Fire-Touched find any redeeming

value in the blasphemous worship of the traitor Luna or the overly forgiving Firstborn totems. It's simply that the Fire-Touched see all Uratha as Uratha, children of Father Wolf, and therefore every werewolf has the potential for honor. Indeed, a Forsaken werewolf is better off dead than following her present path, but the murder of other Uratha pains the *Izidakh* as much as it does any other werewolf. As such, the Fire-Touched are happy to offer an "out" to their Forsaken foes — join, and be assured of perfect peace of mind and soul forever. Refuse, and die, but die knowing that the world is better for the loss.

LIAR, LIAR

The *Izidakh* have a tribal prohibition against letting untrue statements lie. That ban is a cornerstone of their faith, and thus plays a greater role in the day-to-day behavior of the tribe than, say, most of the tribal bans of the Forsaken. How often does a Blood Talon really have to consider whether a surrender is one he would accept, after all? But in the end, the ban is simply a tribal vow, and therefore most Fire-Touched do not suffer any immediate penalty from violating it. In mechanics terms, only at Harmony 7 or above does violating a tribal ban call for a degeneration roll, and few Fire-Touched remain at that level.

The tribe as a whole, however, takes this vow very seriously. Lying is a sin regardless of how moral the werewolf in question is, and the elders of the tribe are happy to enforce the ban in any number of painful ways. Of course, Fire-Touched at Harmony 6 or below (which is most of them) often view lying in the same way that a Catholic might view a minor sin — a bad idea in front of one's pastor, but not a big deal in the grand scheme of things.

FUELING THE FIRE

One of the reasons that the Fire-Touched are as populous as they are is that they recruit. The Fire-Touched would rather parley with the Forsaken than jump directly into combat with them, because every conversation is an attempt to sway them. The Fire-Touched want the Forsaken to see the truth much more than to see them dead. That doesn't mean that the Fire-Touched are benign or kind, however. If a Forsaken pack refuses to talk, the Fire-Touched enter battle with no mercy in their hearts. When they do manage conversation, however, the *Izidakh's* fervor surprises the Forsaken. This can manifest in a number of ways: One Fire-Touched might be a barely contained lunatic, unable to complete a sentence without an utterance of prayer to Gurim-Ur or a curse to the enemies of Harmony. Another might be a charismatic, almost sympathetic manipulator, smiling and professing that the Forsaken and the Pure are only enemies because of millennia-old misunderstandings. Whatever the methods, though, the Fire-Touched are dangerous and frightening not because of what they say, but because they believe it. The instant that an *Izidakh* feels that a werewolf is unsalvageable, that



werewolf ceases to be one of the People as far as the Fire-Touched are concerned.

The Fire-Touched are therefore happy to attend Forsaken gatherings, if the Fire-Touched feel that they can do so without touching off a battle royal. If the territory consists of more Pure-claimed area than Forsaken-claimed, or if the dominant packs have agreed to some form of non-aggression pact with the opposing side (rare, but not entirely unheard of), the Fire-Touched make it a point to show up in their Sunday best, so to speak. They present the best face of the tribe, as they see it — the unwavering commitment to honesty and Harmony, the perfect faith in their totem and their way of life and, of course, the strong bond of pack and tribe that can only be found among the Pure. Most of the time, the Forsaken see the Fire-Touched as religious fanatics, hopelessly misguided and slaves to their stifling faith. But sometimes, especially to werewolves who come from strict religious backgrounds or who are having trouble adjusting to the chaotic life of the Uratha, the Fire-Touched seem clean, enticing and, of course, pure.

The *Izidakh* do not rely on converts for their membership, though. The Fire-Touched also look for *nuzusul* and wolf-blooded in order to swell the tribe's numbers. Finding newly Changed werewolves and converting them is comparatively easy. It just requires snatching them up before someone else does, and that is entirely a matter of how many Forsaken packs (or Pure packs, for that matter — the Ivory Claws and the Predator Kings don't *usually* compete for members, but it happens) are in the area and how alert they are.

Breeding new werewolves, though, is time-consuming and difficult. Wolf-blooded are susceptible to Lunacy, even if not as susceptible as normal humans. The chances of producing Uratha offspring are improved, but it's still difficult to tell if a given child is going to Change, and even if the Fire-Touched knew with certainty which children would and would not become Uratha, they wouldn't know *when*. Sometimes the Fire-Touched adopt a wolf-blooded family, protecting them and sheltering them from the supernatural (especially the Forsaken), and keeping careful tabs on the members in case they Change. This requires years of patience, however, and normally only happens if the Fire-Touched receive a sign that the family will produce a hero or visionary for the tribe.



STORY HOOK — THE ROBINSONS

The characters discover a pack of Fire-Touched guarding a large family, the Robinsons. Several of the Robinsons are wolf blooded and some of the young adults of the family know about the Uratha (though the younger ones are of course, grossly biased by the Pure mindset). The Fire-Touched protecting them believe that from the Robinson line will come a scion of the *Izidakh* destined to be the greatest spiritual

leader of the Pure in history one who will lead them to "thrown down the moon into the sea and lead the howls of the victors as the waters turn to blood." The Fire-Touched will fight tooth and nail to protect the family, but even if they are defeated, they make it clear that they don't believe the characters can stop destiny. Are the Fire-Touched right? Is this leader's First Change looming even now? And if the characters believe what the *Izidakh* claim, what are the characters going to do about it? Can they really slaughter an entire family on the off chance that the prophecy is true?



MAKING WAR

The Fire-Touched claim that they use violence as a last resort, which is true, up to a point. In fact, violence is typically their second course of action. The first is to demand submission and acquiescence from their foes. If their foes refuse to acknowledge the moral and spiritual superiority of the *Izidakh*, then bloody combat is the only alternative.

From the Fire-Touched standpoint, this makes perfect sense. After all, they are at least uncomfortable just hearing lies, and the most enlightened cannot stand to hear untruths spoken without challenging them. This kind of adherence to the truth is bound to make anyone a bit righteous, and the Fire-Touched are immersed in the principles of honesty and harmony from the first moment of their initiations. Anyone who would claim a stance counter to that of the honest, spiritually pure Fire-Touched, then, is obviously wrong, and must either submit or die.

Of course, this attitude breaks down on a few key points. The first is that the Fire-Touched don't always emerge victorious. While they often have numerical superiority, the Forsaken aren't exactly a dying breed, and can usually muster up enough strength to fight the Pure. If the Forsaken best the Fire-Touched, the survivors must ask how this could happen, given the *Izidakh's* purity. The answer that elders of the tribe usually provide is that the world is dishonest and impure, and that the Fire-Touched, no matter how brightly they burn, cannot hope to change it unopposed. The Forsaken, and their vile patroness Luna, are actively working to thwart the spiritual purity of the world. They pose a true threat, because they are willing to resort to cowardly tactics such as using silver, but spiritually they are inferior.

The second problem with the Fire-Touched attitude of uncompromising superiority is that the tribes of the Pure don't *always* agree on everything. Thus, sometimes a Fire-Touched pack battles a pack of Ivory Claws or Predator Kings. The Fire-Touched always feel on extremely shaky footing in such instances, because they don't have an easy dogmatic answer to these conflicts. The other Pure are

quick to remind the Fire-Touched that, in legend at least, Gurim-Ur was the omega of the Firstborn, submissive to his older siblings. Sometimes, this answer entices to the Fire-Touched to stand down and accept that the Gurim-Ur moves in ways too mysterious for the mortal Uratha to understand. Sometimes it drives the Fire-Touched to rabid frenzy, even against their fellow Pure. The penance that follows such a battle is brutal, indeed.

VISIONS AND FEVER DREAMS

The Fire-Touched see their totem as the font of all wisdom. Oracular proclamation figures heavily into the spiritual mindset of the *Izidakh*, be it in the form of ancient prophecy, hidden “texts” (usually scrawled on rock walls rather than in actual book form, although sometimes the Fire-Touched do commit their visions to paper) or the gift of a fever dream. To the Fire-Touched, the world is a mysterious and fundamentally unknowable place, except insofar as they are *granted* knowledge by their tribal totem.

Of course, Gurim-Ur doesn’t actually appear and make his will known to his tribe, at least not as far as any living *Izidakh* knows (although stories of *personal* visitations and visions of Rabid Wolf aren’t uncommon). He sends his messages filtered through omens, hallucinations and dreams brought on by disease and pain. In fact, it is widely accepted within the tribe that if a revelation takes place with no pain, the revelation is not to be trusted. Luna, the Fire-Touched say, sends her lies in the form of soothing dreams or angelic Lune messengers. Gurim-Ur tests his subjects before granting them wisdom.

Bringing on an oracular vision isn’t something that a Fire-Touched attempts lightly. The tribe understands that walking out into the desert with no food or water and remaining there for a week is much more likely to cause death from exposure than to bring on spiritual wisdom. The Fire-Touched generally only attempt to seek Rabid Wolf’s advice when they are facing a crisis of faith or an apparently insurmountable foe. When this happens, a member of a pack is chosen to receive a vision. Werewolves who have proven themselves in battle as tacticians and cunning warriors rather than as brutes, or who have had success communing with spirits, usually have the honor, but sometimes a pack alpha chooses a Fire-Touched based on omens, advice from elders or a gut feeling.

Inducing the vision is, as with most things in the tribe, a painful ordeal. Many of the same techniques used to perform penance are applied (and indeed, it’s not uncommon for a Fire-Touched to come out of penance with tales of visions from Gurim-Ur). Sometimes the querent subjects herself to the effects of the Disease Gifts (see Chapter Three), and loses herself in the fever dreams they bring. A werewolf who dies in pursuit of a vision is posthumously revered: hunts and feasts are carried out in her name, and songs praising her are composed and recorded. Often, she returns in dreams to guide her packmates.

THE “TRUE” NATURE OF PROPHECY

As anyone who has actually studied “real-life” prophecy knows, creating vague oracular pronouncements and then retrofitting them to actual events is very easy. Likewise, a werewolf who undergoes penance for a heinous crime probably loses some face with her packmates, and claiming that Gurim-Ur granted her a vision during the penance can be a good way to regain social standing, since it not only (potentially) gives the tribe some direction but implies that Rabid Wolf forgives whatever the trespass was that led to the penance in the first place. A pack alpha who inadvertently causes the death of a packmate by choosing her to receive a vision might suffer the ire of the rest of the pack, but if he sings her praises loudly enough highlighting the paradise she now enjoys for giving her life to enlighten her pack, he not only gets himself off the hook with his packmates but entices them to chase visions as well. If he claims that she’s returned in dreams to guide him, any decision he makes can gain a great deal of legitimacy. None of these possibilities require that any prophecy obtained is anything more than fiction, either.

Of course, not all or even most Fire-Touched are so cynical or opportunist. Most Fire-Touched who claim to have received a vision from Gurim-Ur really believe that they did. That doesn’t make these visions legitimate prophecy, of course; fevers and pain really *can* cause hallucinations, and they are normally nothing more than constructs of the mind trying to relieve the trauma of the body. The inherently mystical and spiritual nature of werewolves makes prophecy, perhaps, a bit more likely (or at least plausible), but the point is that the Fire-Touched never really *know* if a prophecy is genuine. As with so much of their lives they must be willing to stake all on faith

THE VIRUS OF FAITH

The Fire-Touched have immense respect for disease. Indeed, it is one of the first concepts that spring to mind when the Forsaken think of the tribe, which might seem odd, considering the Fire-Touched’s primary focus on faith and honesty. But they know that faith and ideology can spread much like a plague, and they are perfectly happy with that arrangement — provided, of course, that the faith being spread is theirs. The Forsaken spread their blasphemy is much the same way. A *nuzusul* is indoctrinated into a tribe, and learns that tribe’s mandates and mores. As he grows more powerful and experienced, he learns the rites required to initiate others. Eventually,



he can “create” other members of his tribes, provided he has the raw material to work with (that is, uninitiated werewolves).

The Fire-Touched can therefore spread their faith like a disease across Uratha society. They aggressively search out susceptible werewolves and “infect” them. While no *Izidakh* would refer to his faith as a disease, the parallels are unmistakable, and over the years the tribe has forged strong relations with spirits of disease, as is evidenced by the tribe’s use of Disease Gifts (see p. 114).

LIFE AFTER DEATH

The belief in an afterlife reward (or punishment) isn’t nearly as widespread among the Uratha as it is among humans, but the Fire-Touched adopt it wholeheartedly. New recruits to the tribe are told that when Forsaken die, their souls become Lunes, forever trapped in the service of a cruel, capricious and irrational mistress. The very marks of Renown that serve as badges of honor during life indicate the horrors to come. For instance, a Rahu who devotes his life to purity and becomes an exemplar among his people will, after death, become a member of the Fury Choir and be forced to serve as a whipping boy or punching bag for more powerful spirits. The Fire-Touched claim that the “Lunes” know of their former status, but cannot communicate it to the Uratha. And, what’s more, the moon-spirits despise the Forsaken for their stupidity and envy the Pure for their freedom, but the moon-spirits are bound by their mistress’ will to serve the Tribes of the Moon. This, say the *Izidakh*, is why the Lunes are so hostile to the Pure — because they are free to be. Some very learned Fire-Touched point out that when Lunes become totems for packs of Forsaken, the werewolves slowly go insane. What further proof of the Lunes’ hatred is necessary?

As for Pure who fall from grace, they have a similar fate. Instead of becoming Lunes, however, they become spirits of dreams, destined to wander in and out of the deceitful minds of human beings for all time. The fallen Fire-Touched are consigned, in short, to becoming illusions and lies, never having the ability to say or do anything true or honest again. To the Fire-Touched, this is true Hell: to have consciousness, but not integrity.

The faithful Pure, of course, enjoy a much different fate upon death. In fact, the Fire-Touched say that the Pure are presented with options. Some Pure choose to be reborn, and in fact many of the great spiritual leaders among the Fire-Touched recount, with great detail, their past lives as members of the tribe. (These details aren’t usually verifiable, since the Pure don’t exactly keep worldwide records of their membership, but of course the Fire-Touched don’t lie.) Other Pure choose to return as spirits, surrendering everything human in their souls and joining with the Pure Tribes’ totems forever. Finally, those Pure who die in service to their tribe, pack or the Pure in general may choose to enter a place in the *Hisil* called *Taga Dan*, the Paradise of the Hunt. The tribe has

multiple stories about the delights to be found there, but they all agree on one point: no one is capable of lying, and the truth is never hurtful or offensive. In such a place, the Fire-Touched can finally be free of the snares and webs of the earthly world and its dishonesty.

Stories of *Taga Dan*, along with warnings of afterlife torment, are quite sufficient to motivate the Fire-Touched if they should begin to despair. They might have to suffer now, but provided they keep true to their faith, they will reap the rewards when they finally die.

THE FIRE-TOUCHED MINDSET

One of the strengths of the Fire-Touched is their diversity, which stems in large part from their great numbers. But what makes the Fire-Touched so enticing to new werewolves, and how do the *Izidakh* induce Forsaken to leave their tribes and convert?

The Fire-Touched do not have a special lure to offer converts, some powerful carrot that makes the tribe look irresistible. What the *Izidakh* do have is a long tradition of brainwashing, indoctrination and even conversion at the point of a sword (or the claws of the Fire-Touched). When the choice is “convert or die,” many werewolves choose to convert. Some reason that they can tell their captors anything for the moment and escape when the time is ripe, but the Fire-Touched are very much aware of this tactic. Indeed, they assume that *anyone* they capture is lying to them from the start. Only after a period of “education” and spiritual cleansing can the captive even begin to accept the notion of joining the Fire-Touched, and so, while the tribe talks to the potential recruit about the possibility of joining from start, the *Izidakh* don’t seriously consider her a possible convert until some preparation has taken place.

As might be expected, this “preparation” involves torture, though not usually of such a brutal variety as the Fire-Touched use in punishment, penance or even their initiation rites. They simply want the captive to know that they are serious about their claims of accepting her as a Fire-Touched, and serious about their faith in general.

Though the Fire-Touched accept any werewolf who wishes to join (or whom they can coerce into joining), some commonalities exist among the Uratha who become *Izidakh*. The first, obviously, is the capacity for faith. Even if a werewolf isn’t a devoted follower of a religion or ideology at first, the Fire-Touched become practiced at recognizing a soul just waiting for the right set of principles to guide it. Uratha who have grandiose goals, especially involving uniting the tribes of the Forsaken or even uniting local packs into a larger werewolf community, make good converts because the Fire-Touched can show them that their idealism isn’t misplaced. Werewolves who have lost their packs or whose packs have fallen on hard times due to bad leadership or falling Harmony among the members are also susceptible to *Izidakh* blandishments.

A certain degree of willingness to give up control of one's own life is also a good trait for potential Fire-Touched. The tribe is much like a cult in certain ways — members are expected to be ready to kill or die in service to the tribe's ideals. Gurim-Ur serves as a godlike figurehead for the tribe's reverence and worship, but, as mentioned, the *Izidakh* don't expect to actually see him anytime soon. Thus, the cult-worship aspects of the tribe become focused on powerful elders, on the spirit-totems of the tribe and on the notion of honesty and Harmony.

Many members also exhibit delusions of persecution. Even though the Pure outnumber the Forsaken and the Fire-Touched outnumber either of the other Pure Tribes, members of the tribe often rail against a world that seeks to destroy them.

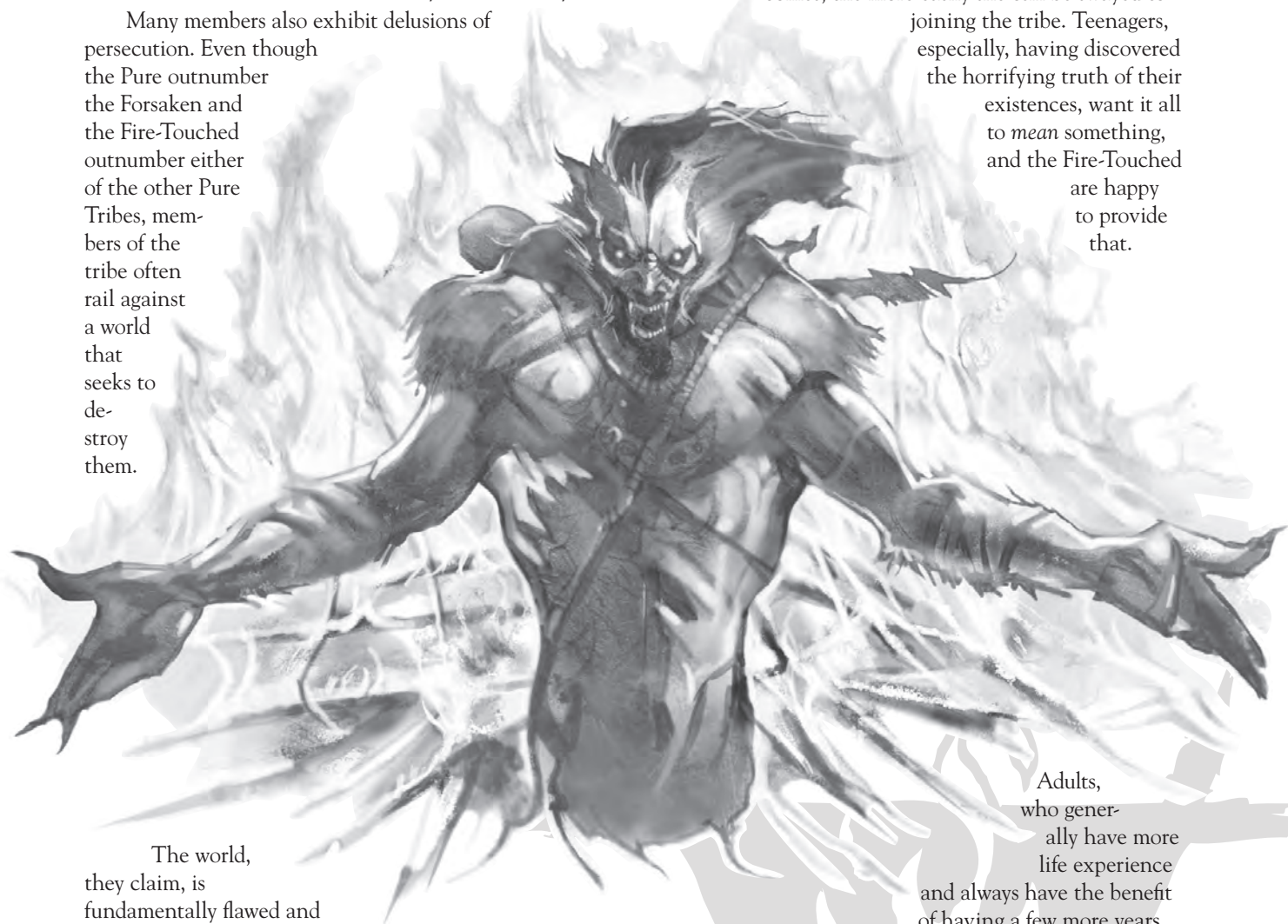
The world, they claim, is fundamentally flawed and dishonest, and evil and falsehood lurk around every corner. This claim is spurious, of course — lies don't literally attack werewolves. Spirits of lies *do* exist, but they aren't nearly as prevalent as the Fire-Touched would claim, and such spirits aren't (usually) powerful enough to challenge the *Izidakh*. But the idea of being constantly under attack, even if the attack is one of spiritual implications rather than bloody realities, is crucial to maintaining the culture of sacrifice and self-inflicted pain that the Fire-Touched so prize. To admit that they have a majority, that they are winning their war or even to *define* that war too closely would probably result in some of their members reconsidering why it's necessary to

flay their flesh from their bodies with red-hot knives. And once penance falls, the elders of the tribe fear, the entire moral fabric of the Pure won't be far behind.

Werewolves can undergo the First Change at any point in their lives, and so the Fire-Touched need to be prepared to take on new members who are adolescents, adults and even elderly (though the Change doesn't usually come *too* late in life). The Fire-Touched find that the younger a werewolf is when her Change comes, the more easily she can be swayed to joining the tribe. Teenagers, especially, having discovered the horrifying truth of their existences, want it all to *mean* something, and the Fire-Touched are happy to provide that.

Adults, who generally have more life experience and always have the benefit of having a few more years

under their belts, often have the perspective necessary to avoid accepting the rhetoric of the Fire-Touched right off the bat. Engendering the necessary faith and fear in intelligent, mature individuals is easier if the person comes from a background of black-and-white, exclusionist moral belief, but the jarring nature of the First Change helps things along. Taking the newly Changed Uratha into the spirit wilds and explaining how things have gone awry since the murder of Father Wolf is a typical technique, as are sleep deprivation, starvation, bombardment with encouragement interspersed with shaming and a host of other tricks employed by mortal cultists.



THE FAITH OF THE FIRE-TOUCHED

Much is made in this section of the *Izidakh's* devotion to their faith, and as such it is beneficial to take a moment and delineate that faith. The following behavioral codes are taught to all members of the tribe, though not always in the same words. Violating these strictures only calls for a degeneration roll at Harmony 7, much like violating a tribal vow, but doing so also carries *social* censure among the *Izidakh*.

- **Keep to the code.** The Oath to Urfarah (see p. 33) is inviolate, though it's interesting to note that Fire-Touched dogma states (if subtly) that the Oath must be followed because Gurim-Ur endorsed it, *not* because it came from Father Wolf.
- **The wisdom of Rabid Wolf guides us.** The Fire-Touched believe that Gurim-Ur makes his presence known through visions, but also through madness and disease. The mad and the sick therefore enjoy a degree of mercy from the Fire-Touched, though the Fire-Touched, of course, still defend themselves as necessary.
- **All born of the same pack.** The *Izidakh* regard all Uratha as siblings, Forsaken and Pure alike. (Most Fire-Touched are willing, in principle, to extend the same courtesy to Bale Hounds, but in reality the Fire-Touched feel much the same revulsion toward the *Asah Gadar* that the Forsaken do). Killing another werewolf is a terrible thing, because all werewolves are capable and worthy of redemption. Killing a Pure werewolf, even in self-defense, is one of the greatest sins imaginable.

• **The truth cannot be hidden, and liars must burn.** On the other hand, if a werewolf is afforded the opportunity to convert and refuses, the Fire-Touched have no recourse but to kill him. They feel remorse at this act and perform penance to atone for it, but that it is wrong does not change the necessity. The only time the Fire-Touched are given leave to lie is when infiltrating the Forsaken, and such brave souls are afforded the opportunity to perform as much penance as necessary to redeem their souls when they can finally return to their people.

• **Service is rewarded, sin is punished.** The Fire-Touched have perfect faith that the world works in a particular way, and the greatest source of virtue is found in being true to that way. (Gurim-Ur, of course, is the ultimate authority on the true nature of the world, having received his wisdom from Father Wolf.) The Fire-Touched have specific beliefs about the afterlife (see p. 54), and those beliefs guide their actions in this one.

Of course, different packs observe these beliefs in different ways. A particularly militant pack might believe that Forsaken are all touched by Luna's madness and therefore irrevocably damaged (or, at least, that they require protracted purgation before redemption is possible). Some packs feel that pretending to be Forsaken or otherwise hiding their allegiance is permissible as long as they are actively working toward the tribe's greater glory.

As with human religions, there are as many permutations as practitioners.

FACES OF THE FIRE-TOUCHED

Below are several examples of "archetypal" Fire-Touched characters, along with a brief description of what such a character might look like. No game traits are provided for these characters. They are simply meant to be examples and inspiration for Fire-Touched werewolves as they might appear in a **Werewolf** chronicle.

• **The Inquisitor:** This Fire-Touched deals mainly with other werewolves. He might or might not be a convert from the Forsaken, but if he is, he probably is particularly harsh to other converts. The Inquisitor levies punishment and assigns penance, and so he needs to be an accomplished ritemaster. He is also a warrior, and is brutal in combat against the Forsaken. He knows the price of letting Harmony fall by the wayside — even if he hasn't experienced such a fall himself, he has seen other Fire-Touched near the state of *Zi'ir* and fears such a thing with all his heart. He might have been a loyal (or even disloyal) soldier in his pre-Change life, or he might have had a less martial profession that still required wrangling difficult people (teacher, policeman, factory foreman).

The Inquisitor needs to be strong and brutal, certainly, but he also needs to be creative. People are capable of becoming inured to pain, especially if it is always inflicted in the same way. The Inquisitor therefore needs to be able to surprise his subjects with a new technique, to integrate psychological pain with physical and to be expert in interrogation methods.

Cinder is hideous. Years of penance have left his face a mass of burn scars. His ears are almost completely gone, as he cuts a little piece of them away with a heated blade for small transgressions. Once, he was a Rahu of the Storm Lords, but converted to Fire-Touched after two of his packmates conceived an unihar child and the rest of the pack helped them conceal their crime. Although he is a once-Forsaken convert, he is reluctant to allow other such conversions unless he believes in the recruits' sincerity from the outset. He views the Forsaken as hopelessly tainted by human society, and, indeed, wishes that all Pure werewolves could be conceived, raised and reared far away from humanity.

• **The Charming Proselytizer:** This character is the most likely to meet Forsaken werewolves in a non-combat situation. Her pack might be looking for recruits, or might be sizing up the local Forsaken as targets. She walks a delicate line when dealing with other Uratha, because she cannot deny her tribal affiliation (not without violating her tribal vow, at least), but she also wishes to avoid immediately leaping into combat. As such, she needs to appear menacing, but not threatening. She must be a force to be reckoned with, but cannot make the Uratha feel that she is backing them into a corner. Such an *Izidakh* becomes practiced at recognizing ambushes and pack tactics, knowing when parley is an option and when combat is a neces-

sity and knowing exactly how far she can be from her pack while keeping them in range of a howl.

More important than all of this, however, the Proselytizer must love her tribe. She must have complete and perfect faith in the Fire-Touched and their ideals, and she must have answers for all of the questions and spiritual rhetoric that the Forsaken will undoubtedly throw at her. If she *doesn't* have this sort of faith and knowledge, she'd better know how to fake it.

Shawna Singer was born to a Fire-Touched family. Her mother and grandmother before her fought and died in service to the tribe, and she claims that she knew in her heart that she would Change long before she did. She also claims that Gurim-Ur didn't allow her to Change until she had demonstrated her faith sufficiently — which she did by killing her brother, who had Changed before she did but had become one of the accursed Bale Hounds. His death was actually a major boon to the Forsaken of the area, and so she has a small amount of grudging respect due her, which she uses to fullest advantage when dealing with them. Despite this, Shawna hates the Forsaken with all her heart. Until they accept the truth and become Pure, they are not Imru to her. She is quite capable of masking that hatred when dealing with the Forsaken, but cleanses herself thoroughly after every conversation with a Forsaken werewolf.

- **The Infiltrator:** That Infiltrators must exist at all pains the Fire-Touched, because Infiltrators are by their very natures liars. Sometimes, though, in places where the Forsaken have a stranglehold on the desirable territories and have reshaped the *Hisil* in their perverse images, it becomes necessary to insert a plant into their society. Infiltrators must be conscious of the faces they put forward, but in a different way from Proselytizers. Infiltrators must keep their affiliation secret, and that sometimes means they must deny their tribe. They must pretend to buy into the rhetoric of the Forsaken, and must find some way of dealing with Lunes and faking Renown. The Pure have crafted fetishes that aid in these endeavors (such as the Dye of Shame; p. 131), but even so, Infiltrators must be constantly on guard. Few of them join Forsaken packs. Instead, either a small pack of Infiltrators enters the area, usually claiming membership in a tribe that isn't well represented, or the Infiltrator must pretend to be a lone wolf. In either case, long-term Infiltrators are rare, and are usually much more powerful and learned than they pretend to be. That strange Ghost Wolf who claims no territory and runs with no pack might seem to be worthless, barely recognized by the Lunes, but woe to the pack that crosses him and finds him to be a well-seasoned and brutal combatant.

Tremor was once an Elodoth of the Blood Talons, but joined the tribe largely because of his military experience. He never felt a strong connection with his tribemates, and the pack he joined was mostly composed of Bone Shadows. One night, the pack went hunting and ran afoul of the Pure. Tremor was lagging behind, and arrived in time to see his alpha's skull split open by a Fire-Touched warrior's claws.

Tremor joined the fray, and for the first time felt like a werewolf. The Fire-Touched subdued him and, over the next few days, educated him in their inimitable style. Tremor returned to his pack's territory and told the others that his packmates had died fighting a strange creature from the spirit wilds. Since then has denied joining another pack, he says out of respect for his fallen comrades. In fact, he is waiting for an opportunity to prove himself useful to the Izidakh, after which he will join a pack again.

- **The Scholar of Faith:** As human devotees of various religions have discovered over the years, living up to a code of behavior handed down by a divine being is often hard to reconcile with simply living one's life. This is especially true when, as part of that code of behavior, one is expected to believe something outlandish or outright impossible under every observable law. Fortunately, there have always been priests, scholars and theologians to help massage fact into a form compatible with belief. The Fire-Touched have their Scholars as well. Such werewolves help the *Izidakh* cope with the modern world while still remaining true to the precepts so dear the tribe. Scholars sometimes recommend penance, as well, though this tends to take the form of relating what other Uratha have done to themselves and instructing sinners to take inspiration from their examples. Scholars know the history of the tribe, both actual and mythical (though they don't tend to distinguish) and often act as war planners, ferreting out the most important targets for the Fire-Touched to hunt.

Scholars also act as ritemasters for the tribe and for other Pure in the area, if necessary. While these ritemasters don't necessarily have prophetic visions, they are quite comfortable choosing an *Izidakh* to take on the responsibility and are often called upon to interpret the vision afterwards.

The most important task that a Scholar might have, though, is to bolster the faith of the Fire-Touched if it flags. The Scholar needs to be more than a historian: he must be a leader, a rabble-rouser and an inspiration to the rest of the tribe. After all, if the Fire-Touched lose their faith, they have nothing.

Samuel Mentis was indoctrinated into the Fire-Touched shortly after his First Change. During his Hunt at the culmination of his initiation rite, he saw a sign. The sun rose in the east, bathing everything in blood-red fire, and only he could still see the quarry through the brilliance. Since then, Samuel has taken it upon himself to be the member of his pack who sees through everything that might mislead them — lies from the Forsaken, spirit deception, even Kuruth, when necessary. He is still learning the history of his faith, but every new fact or legend he learns only supports his decision to be a guide.

- **The Prophet:** Detractors of the *Izidakh* among the Ivory Claws say that the Fire-Touched aren't awaiting their Messiah, they're just awaiting the next Messiah. While that assessment is a bit glib, it is true that the Fire-Touched revere their prophets, to the point that any *Izidakh* with a bit of charisma and a willingness to undergo



some trauma can be hailed as a great seer. Prophets therefore aren't uncommon in the tribe, but one who survives the title long enough to gain a name for herself is a rarity.

As mentioned in the preceding sidebar, some Prophets are charlatans, some believe that they have visions and some actually *do* have visions. It's worth noting, though, that even if a Fire-Touched doesn't have visions and still claims to (which is risky to Harmony, as well), he must undergo the agony that the tribe requires of its Prophets. Thus, the life of a Prophet is not for the lazy or the cowardly, though the greedy or power-mad might enjoy it.

Among the Fire-Touched, Prophets serve a role similar to Scholars, in that Prophets are also called upon to give the tribe direction. Unless a vision or prophecy has an obvious meaning, however (rare), other Uratha quickly step up to interpret it. A canny Prophet, therefore, must learn how her prophecies are likely to be interpreted if she wishes to wield any real influence. She might *not* wish to, however. Some Prophets would secretly love to escape their visions, especially since the Fire-Touched must undergo such horrible pain to have them.

Nails had her first vision while undergoing penance for lying. The penance was simple — she held her hand still while her packmates each drove a heated nail through it. As the last nailed pierced her flesh, she saw treachery in one of her packmates' eyes, and approached another Fire-Touched pack about her vision, fearing that her own pack would not believe her. They agreed to watch her pack as neutral observers, and therefore were nearby when the Izidakh she'd named tried to sneak a Blood Talon pack through a nearby locus. The traitor was executed, and Nails, as she now called herself, was declared to be a Prophet. She has yet to have another vision, however, and her pack is beginning to doubt her ability. It is possible, she feels, that she simply needs a new kind of pain to bring on another vision.

LIFE AMONG THE RABID

Just as most werewolves, the Fire-Touched run in packs. They are not averse to joining with other Pure werewolves, but most *Izidakh* feel truly at home among their own kind. The knowledge that everyone around is being honest, and shares the same faith, is comforting to these Uratha just as it is to humans.

Although the Fire-Touched do not have auspices to guide them into firm roles in the pack, they still find that every pack has duties that need filling. These duties don't have titles or formal descriptions in the pack, ordinarily, although packs with a strong sense of tradition often adopt named positions, which are then passed along to protégés and successors. The duties listed here are most common in Fire-Touched packs; in a mixed pack, these duties might not be necessary or desired.

- **Truthcatcher:** It's a sad fact of the modern world that lies are commonplace. Even a statement such as "I'm sorry" or "Have a good day" is usually insincere, common in human conversation only through years of repetition

and reinforcement. If a Fire-Touched pack claims urban territory or comes into frequent contact with humanity for other reasons, the pack might benefit from a Truthcatcher. Despite the name, a Truthcatcher actually spends more time "catching" lies, which she then either notes mentally or records somehow. At a special monthly ceremony, when the lies of the pack are expunged, (see "The Rite of Purgation," p. 123), the Truthcatcher adds her collected litany of deceit to the proceedings.

- **Liaison:** Most common in *Izidakh* packs that do *not* deal with humans, or even other werewolves, often, the Liaison is typically a Fire-Touched with a lower Harmony score than her packmates. He is therefore able to easily converse with other werewolves, even lie to them as necessary, without risking his soul. Of course, the Liaison does not (or should not) take any pleasure in this office, and indeed, many packs use this kind of duty as a punishment for committing some sin against Harmony, if proper penance isn't performed. Even so, the Liaison does enjoy a certain amount of autonomy in his dealings, since his packmates usually aren't present for his negotiations or conversations with others.

- **Purifier:** This position is normally awarded to the member of the pack who has done the most to distinguish herself during the past month, either by suffering wounds in battle, leading the pack to a victory or blessing the pack with a vision from Gurim-Ur. The Purifier is simply responsible for making sure that the pack's sacred space and ritual tools are clean, functioning and spiritually cleansed for the next use. Depending on the pack in question, this might simply be a matter of scrubbing bloodstains from a basement floor and making sure that a fresh can of lighter fluid is nearby, or might require hours of painstaking work cleaning gibbets of flesh from iron implements of pain. In any case, the Purifier is expected to be grateful for this position — monotonous though it may be, it is not only a holy duty but is also *safe*.

ELDER BROTHERS

The Fire-Touched fight alongside their Pure brethren with pride, secure in the knowledge that even if the Predator Kings and the Ivory Claws don't share the Fire-Touched's deep commitment to truth, the other Pure tribes at least on the right track. That said, conflicts do sometimes arise among the Pure Tribes.

The Predator Kings, the *Izidakh* feel, have an admirably deep commitment to the principles of the Pure, but the Predator Kings might be just a bit skewed in their focus. After all, the humans weren't the ones who murdered *Urfarah*, and the humans aren't the ones who routinely do battle against the Pure. The Fire-Touched are not human, and they recognize that, but humanity owns the physical world now, and so living in it requires certain concessions. The Predator Kings, it seems, would rather risk exposure than capitulate to this reality, and to the Fire-Touched, this is robbing Peter to pay Paul. Better to avoid the expo-

sure of the Uratha and expatiate sin when necessary; but, despite constant offers of aid with penance, the Predator Kings don't seem interested.

The Ivory Claws, on the other hand, seem to have gone in the other direction, embracing a little too much human ideology. Keeping a bloodline pure isn't really *natural*, because an infusion of new blood only makes a species stronger. The Fire-Touched don't begrudge the *Tzuumfin* their insistence on familial purity (and the Fire-Touched don't really have much choice in the matter), but they do worry that the mighty Ivory Claws might paint themselves into a corner. Therefore, if the *Izidakh* find a newly Changed werewolf who has Ivory Claw blood, they *usually* cede him to that tribe, provided that an Ivory Claw pack is in the area to look after him.

THE ENEMY

The Fire-Touched are of two minds about the Forsaken. On the one hand, many of these werewolves are simply misguided. The Fire-Touched don't hold a werewolf born in the 20th century responsible for what happened in the uncharted mists of the past (most don't, at least), and so such a werewolf deserves a chance to repent. If, when confronted with the facts as the *Izidakh* see them, the Forsaken agrees to renounce his sinful life and join the Fire-Touched, or even agrees to hear more, the Fire-Touched count that as a great victory.

On the other hand, the Forsaken are living a sinful life. Sin can be forgiven, of course, but the Uratha has to *ask* for forgiveness. Redemption cannot be forced. If the Forsaken werewolf refuses, the Fire-Touched are left with one option: kill the sinner to prevent the sin from spreading.

The Fire-Touched see traits worthy of redemption, as well as traits that justify slaughter, in each of the Forsaken tribes:

- **Blood Talons:** The mighty *Suthar Anzuth* provide the Fire-Touched with a host of problems. Blood Talons are exemplary warriors, and would be worthy additions to the *Izidakh*, but Blood Talons are dangerous to approach precisely because of their martial prowess. The Fire-Touched don't subscribe to the same kind of warrior ethic that the Blood Talons do, and when faced with a pack of Blood Talons, the Fire-Touched often rely on numerical superiority and sheer faith in their righteousness to see them through.

More experienced Fire-Touched find, however, that Blood Talons are less equipped to deal with foes that they can't fight directly, such as fire or disease. Both of those things, naturally, happen to be well within the *Izidakh's* area of expertise. Once a Blood Talon sits in the charred remains of his home, coughing up blood from an illness he can't seem to shake, the Fire-Touched are on much more solid ground for proselytizing.

- **Bone Shadows:** The Bone Shadows and the Fire-Touched have little common ground. The *Hirfathra Hissu*

focus their spiritual attention on the dead and on the mysteries of the *Hisil*, while the Fire-Touched are more interested in moral issues. When the Fire-Touched try to recruit among the Bone Shadows, the *Izidakh* usually target the Elodoth. The half-moons are often concerned with the moral ramifications of dealing with spirits (and with the effect that moral decisions can *have* with such dealings), and thus the Fire-Touched have something to work with. Other Bone Shadows, though, must be considered individually.

Many Fire-Touched, though, would rather kill Bone Shadows than try and turn them, even though such an attitude is nominally counter to the *Izidakh* ethos. The Bone Shadows make a point of trying to understand death and what comes after, but much of the Fire-Touched propaganda used to inspire werewolves to maim, kill, torture and self-mutilate works on the principle of great reward after death. If the Bone Shadows discover something that runs counter to those stories (as some already claim to have done), the *Hirfathra Hissu* threaten all that the Fire-Touched stand for.

- **Hunters in Darkness:** The *Meninna* have many respectable qualities. They are, as a tribe, devoted to purity, and while the Fire-Touched don't hold with letting Lunes dictate and mark Renown, the *Izidakh* do agree with the precepts of Harmony. The Hunters protect their sacred places, and any werewolf should find that admirable. Of the five tribes of Uratha, Hunters are perhaps the werewolves who have the least wrong with them, from the Fire-Touched perspective.

Of course, Hunters are also secretive and skulking, and the Fire-Touched find these traits to be a bit too close to dishonesty (or worse, shame) for their tastes. Even so, with a little education, these Uratha can make fine *Izidakh*.

- **Iron Masters:** The *Farsil Luhal* confound the Fire-Touched a bit. On the one hand, Iron Masters are adaptable and clever, taking the best innovations of humanity while keeping their identities as werewolves. The Fire-Touched note that wolves hunt where the game is plentiful, and won't starve just to stay in the same area. The Iron Masters exemplify this survival instinct, and what's more, their tactics work. They have abilities and fetishes that the other tribes cannot match, and they have a decided advantage over the other tribes in the urban *Hisil*.

On the other hand, the Fire-Touched must ask: At what cost this knowledge? At what peril to their souls these abilities? Embracing what the humans have done to the world is a dangerous proposition, precisely because so much of what humans say, do and believe is pure fiction. The Iron Masters aren't married to humanity per se, simply to adaptability, and in the current state of the world that means cleaving to human achievement. But how many human lies must the Iron Masters then absorb? Some werewolves of the tribe, the Fire-Touched believe, even follow human *religions*, which sickens them



to no end. Lying is bad enough, but staking one's soul on an obvious lie is unfathomable to the *Izidakh*, and often unforgivable.

- **Storm Lords:** The strong and proud *Iminir* don't impress the Fire-Touched much. Yes, Storm Lords focus on honing their personal strength, on burning away weakness and on not burdening their fellow werewolves, but the Pure have heard the legends. They know that when Father Wolf fell, Skolis-Ur howled in fear and grief, regretted what he had done, but did not take the honorable option of joining the Pure. Instead, his shame and guilt was so great that he stood with the betrayers, fearful that Gurim-Ur and his brothers would bring him low. The Storm Lords, followers of Winter Wolf, carry this seed of weakness in their souls, and imagine that by appearing strong and resolute they can make others ignore it. This might work on the Forsaken, but the Pure know better.

Of course, redemption is possible. The weakness of Skolis-Ur can be burned from even the most cowardly Storm Lord, and the Fire-Touched have done so many times over the years. Storm Lords, the Fire-Touched say, scream in pain just like anyone else when the brands sear their flesh, but afterwards, finally free of this ancient sin, Storm Lords make superb *Izidakh*.

- **Ghost Wolves:** Why would a werewolf shun the tribes? To the Fire-Touched, it makes perfect sense. A werewolf who Changes under Luna's fickle gaze is locked into a false duty through no fault of his own, and the Fire-Touched don't blame Uratha who pledge themselves to a Tribe of the Moon when they aren't presented with another choice. But a werewolf who instinctively sees the evil and blindness of the Forsaken — that werewolf is commendable. Fire-Touched approach *Thihirtha Numea* cautiously, until they find out why the Ghost Wolf in question claims no tribe. A werewolf who has been expelled from a tribe or found the Forsaken tribes foolish or somehow wrong receives a much-different welcome than one who is simply deciding which tribe to join. In any case, though, the Fire-Touched are aggressive in their pursuit of Ghost Wolves, simply because there is less to undo in the process of making them Pure.

THE WORLD OF DARKNESS

Werewolves are not alone in the shadows, and although the Fire-Touched are most concerned with their Forsaken brethren and how best to enlighten them, the *Izidakh* sometimes cross paths with other, stranger beings.

Vampires don't much interest the Fire-Touched. The *muth luzuk* prey upon humanity, and the Fire-Touched, while they don't fully understand what animates the bloodsuckers' corpses, do understand the nature of predator and prey (or, perhaps more accurately, parasite and host). Vampires sometimes work at cross-purposes to the Fire-Touched, especially where urban hunting grounds are concerned, but these creatures look for different things in a territory than werewolves do. Such conflicts, therefore,

tend to be minimal. In any case, a vampire isn't often a physical match for a pack of Pure Uratha.

Human spellcasters are another matter. The *Izidakh* often prefer to ignore the fact that mages exist at all, because to acknowledge their existence means granting humanity a place in the werewolves' spiritual mindset that their dogma doesn't really allow for. Humans are supposed to be weak, spiritually speaking, and a human who can summon up spirits, transform steel to silver or extinguish Death Rage with a glance threatens the faith of the Fire-Touched. Some members of the tribe believe that mages are actually a specialized breed of Ridden, possessed at (or even before) birth. Indeed, some Fire-Touched theoreticians believe that the spirits responsible for these creatures are no less than the *unihar* (and, not entirely coincidentally, this just gives these Fire-Touched another reason to hate the Forsaken). Other theories as to the source of human magic exist, but none paint mages in a very flattering light. A mage living in Pure territory had best tread lightly. Fortunately, most of them do so as a matter of course.

Ghosts don't raise the collective hackles of the Fire-Touched nearly as much. Scholars of the tribe occasionally come up with reasons for why the spirits of the dead linger, but since all werewolves are born human, they have already had exposure to the notion of unquiet spirits. The general Fire-Touched attitude on the subject is that human souls go somewhere after death, but it isn't *Taga Dan* and it isn't anywhere in the *Hisil* that the Fire-Touched have found, so it really isn't any of the tribe's concern. Ghosts, then, are just human souls that get stuck on the way. Some Fire-Touched, perhaps retaining a shred of their humanity, try to help ghosts along the way by destroying their anchors, but very few *Izidakh* make a habit of dealing with these shades. The exception is if a werewolf attracts the specific attention of a ghost (usually by killing the human herself). In this case, the werewolf's pack makes a special point of bringing the ghost to rest or, if that proves impossible, destroying it.

Other strange beings lurk in the World of Darkness, of course, and the Fire-Touched sometimes cross paths with them. The first reaction of the *Izidakh* when they encounter a being that they don't immediately recognize is to try and shoehorn it into their worldview. Thus, although a creature might have no relationship with the spirits of the *Hisil*, if a Fire-Touched pack has no other information the creature might be called a Ridden or *hithim*. If the Fire-Touched cannot reconcile what she sees with her own beliefs, her next response is typically hostility. The creature might be a trick of Luna, the unholy spawn of a spirit and a Forsaken werewolf (that the Tribes of the Moon submit to the sexual whims of their totems is a widely-circulated story among the Fire-Touched) or something else not meant for this world. Allowing it to live could jeopardize the Fire-Touched — best to be safe rather than sorry.

SPIRIT MATTERS

The *Hisil* is home to an infinite variety of spirits. Virtually every place, animal, material, object and even concept found on Earth has a representative spirit (except, of course, for humans). The Fire-Touched, however, tend to view this diversity in simplistic terms. The main question that the tribe asks when confronted with a spirit in Twilight or Materialized is: does this spirit pose a threat?

This question might send the message that the tribe is overly conscious about security or physical survival, and certainly these things merit consideration to the *Izidakh*. But the Pure, as a rule, enjoy better (or at least, less hostile) relations with the spirit wilds than the Forsaken do, and so the notion of what spirits pose a threat means something different to the Fire-Touched than to the Tribes of the Moon. A spirit is a threat if the spirit bears the tribe ill or if it serves as a distraction from the faith. The Fire-Touched have an agenda, and the tribe can ill afford spirits of lust or even war luring its members off on meaningless errands. While the Pure don't suffer the same stigma that the Forsaken do, the Fire-Touched at least don't trust the ephemeral denizens of the *Hisil*. Spirits, the Fire-Touched feel, are incapable of faith because they are largely incapable of choice. This attitude is, for the most part, true, and the Fire-Touched don't begrudge spirits what they are. Spirits don't have faith, but they don't require it to do their appointed tasks. Sometimes, though, a spirit's appointed task is to be torn to shreds by the Fire-Touched.

Ridden trouble the Fire-Touched considerably, because although the tribe considers humans largely beneath its notice, the Fire-Touched do recognize that humans have the potential for faith (and, since any human could conceivably be *nuzusul*, humans even have the chance to have *correct* faith). Spiritual incursion upon humanity removes this choice, and therefore Ridden, the Fire-Touched feel, should be exorcised or destroyed. Of course, Gurim-Ur works in mysterious ways, and occasionally a spirit allied with the Fire-Touched chooses a human pawn. The *Izidakh* respect Gurim-Ur's wisdom on the matter, as in all things.

HARMONY

The Pure are bound to the precepts of Harmony, just as the Forsaken are. A werewolf, no matter her tribal affiliation, is still a werewolf, and committing sins against Harmony isn't permissible just because a tribal mindset says otherwise. That said, though, the Fire-Touched often maintain their Harmony better than the Forsaken. There are several reasons for this, but what they boil down to is that the Fire-Touched live according to a strict code of belief and behavior, and much of that behavior mirrors the tenets of Harmony.

In general, the average Fire-Touched hovers around 6 or 7 Harmony. If the pack lives in an area in which conflict with other werewolves is rare, the mean might be as

high as 9, while in a heavily contested territory the mean might fall to 4. The Fire-Touched tend to work toward maintaining their Harmony, though, and this is one reason that penance is so important. In game terms, an act of penance can serve as a justification for a sin against Harmony, meaning that if a Fire-Touched were to succeed in an attempt to avoid losing Harmony after sinning, an act of penance (such as the Rite of Penance) might provide a method of doing so. Likewise, regardless of their actual Harmony rating, Fire-Touched tend to act as though they are morally sound.

LODGES OF THE FIRE-TOUCHED

The *Izidakh* have many lodges, but most of them revolve around different ways to revere Gurim-Ur, and many consist of only one pack. Two lodges are presented here that boast slightly larger membership. One is fairly "mainstream" in the tribe, while the other is blatantly heretical.

LODGE OF PLAGUE

Any *Izidakh* can learn Gifts from disease-spirits, and in fact most Fire-Touched do. Some among the tribe, however, make their fixation on disease and contagion a way of life. The members of the Lodge of Plague (who usually call themselves "Plague Dogs") believe that ideas, faith and knowledge are contagious. They simply require the right vector.

Plague Dogs endlessly search for a way to spread faith in Gurim-Ur and the principles of the Pure with a bite or, better, a howl. If all Uratha could simply be infected with these ideas, rather than having to be killed or converted, Pangaea could return in a matter of months. Unfortunately, the spiritual plagues that these werewolves unleash upon the world tend to wipe out whole spirit populations, kill packs of Fire-Touched and warp spirits and werewolves alike into corrupted, pustulent nightmares rather than actually transmit belief. The answer, the Plague Dogs feel, still lurks somewhere in the shadows of the world, and enough Fire-Touched agree that the lodge maintains its numbers.

The lodge does not have a patron spirit, though packs that belong often take disease-spirits as their totems. Members wear their allegiance openly (which makes other Pure nervous, since they never know what malady the Plague Dogs might bring) and are permitted to belong to packs of non-members. After all, once the disease is found, everyone *will* be a member.

Initiation into the lodge is unpleasant at best and fatal at worst. The elders of the lodge perform a rite that infects the prospective member with an illness of the brain. If the werewolf is strong enough to "work through" the disease, maintaining his sanity and faith, he finds that the symptoms fade and he is welcomed into the lodge. If



not, the illness drives him slowly mad, his brain breaking down into mush over a period of weeks or months.

Prerequisites: Members are required to know at least one Disease Gift (see p. 114) and have Wisdom •. Many also have dots in Medicine, but this isn't required.

Membership: The Lodge of Plague is open to all Fire-Touched; the lodge would probably accept Pure of either of the other tribes if they wished to join and could pass the initiation.

Benefits: Plague Dogs are hardy and resilient. They claim that they know how to shrug off pain because of their horrible initiation experience, though some cynics claim that they are resistant to pain due to brain damage from that experience. In any case, the members of the lodge gain Iron Stamina ••, whether or not they meet the usual prerequisite.

LODGE OF ABSOLUTION

The Lodge of Absolution is more a secret society than a fraternity that the members proudly claim. The Righteous, as the members call themselves, believe that any sin is forgivable. This in itself is not so different from the nor-

mal beliefs of the Fire-Touched, but the Righteous act on this belief. No sin is beneath them. They use silver weapons on Forsaken opponents (though *very* carefully), they kill werewolves without hesitation and some will even eat the hearts of their foes to regain their strength. The only sin that the Righteous do not commit on a regular basis is betrayal of the pack, and when this is mentioned among members of the lodge, they tend to glance nervously about. If someone *did* have to break this law, surely that werewolf would be forgiven by Gurim-Ur, but the betrayed pack might not be as understanding.

Of course, forgiven or not, committing such acts can cause a werewolf's Harmony to drop. The Lodge of Absolution, therefore, is made up of werewolves with very low Harmony ratings (the average rating for the lodge is about 3) and even a few *Zi'ir*. As such, the lodge employs few fetishes and rites, seldom crosses the Gauntlet and spends a great deal of time in penance. Sin can be forgiven, but absolution is not painless.

The Righteous can join packs of non-members, but are forbidden to reveal their allegiance. (This might technically constitute a breach of tribal vow, but most



Righteous are so far below that level of Harmony that it doesn't much matter.)

The lodge does not claim a second totem, feeling that the lodge members are guided directly by Gurim-Ur. The initiation for the lodge consists of a grueling period of questioning, usually accompanied by flogging or cutting with claws or blades. Upon acceptance, the new member is presented with a silver blade. If he balks, membership is rescinded and the recruit is impaled upon the knife. If he accepts, he is congratulated and then asked to do penance for accepting the knife. It was a sin to do so, but necessary, and that is the point of being Righteous.

Prerequisites: The lodge demands that its applicants be strong-willed (Resolve 3) and able to withstand pressure and pain (Stamina 3). They must also know the Rite of Penance. It makes no demands upon Harmony or Renown, however, as those things might very well have to be sacrificed for the lodge.

Membership: Only Fire-Touched are permitted to become Righteous.

Benefits: Because the Righteous have a hard time learning spiritual benefits such as Gifts and rites, they spend time on more mundane pursuits. Upon acceptance into the lodge, the character chooses an area of focus consisting of three Skills. Those Skills now cost new dots x 2 to raise. The downside, however, is that learning Gifts without raising Renown is now impossible — spirits simply don't trust the Righteous enough.

CHARACTER CREATION

Fire-Touched characters tend to focus on Social Attributes and Skills, especially if they are involved in infiltration or proselytizing. Not all Fire-Touched are eerily zealous in their beliefs. Some of them are quietly fervent, almost reverent, but can burst forth in snarling howls when they feel Gurim-Ur move them (high ratings in Intimidation and Presence). Those who specialize in the scholarly applications of their faith, of course, lean more toward Mental Attributes and Skills, perhaps with Merits such as Language (First Tongue) and Encyclopedic Knowledge as well. Eidetic Memory is common among the Fire-Touched who take on the role of Truthcatcher (see p. 58), and of course inquisitors and ritemasters need high ratings in Dexterity and Resolve. Almost all Fire-Touched have the Iron Stamina Merit, developed through long hours of torture for penance or punishment.

Tribal Gift Lists: Disease, Fervor, Insight, Inspiration

SAMPLE PACK: THE LAST MILE

The three Fire-Touched who came together to form the Last Mile pack all have something in common: at one point, they were all sentenced to death. Two of them were meant to be executed by humans, and one by Uratha, but all of them heard a judge of one kind or another hand down their sentences. All of them knew, for even a few

brief moments, the hour of their final fate. And all three of them were spared that fate by the First Change.

Stokes, the oldest of the three, found the other two, tribeless and alone, and welcomed them into the fold. After he heard their stories, he became convinced the Gurim-Ur had spared them their fates and intended for them to be a pack. Because they had been spared their executions, Stokes reasoned, they were in turn to become Rabid Wolf's executioners. And so the three *Izidakh* set out on their journey, looking for those Uratha who needed to die and ushering them down their last mile.

The packmembers are careful not to engage in battle when they are outnumbered or outclassed. Stokes feels that Gurim-Ur did not spare them so that they could casually waste the gift of life, and so he plans their every move obsessively, choosing which Uratha to approach, which to avoid and which to kill. The other two follow him loyally, though Celeste wishes the pack could do more to bring werewolves to the truth of Gurim-Ur, and Bear often wishes they could claim a territory somewhere, even if just for a while.

STOKES

Tribe: Fire-Touched

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 4

Physical Attributes: Strength 3 (4/6/5/4), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4)

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 4, Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Crafts (Woodworking) 3, Investigation 2, Medicine (Field Dressing) 2, Occult 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl (Throating) 3, Drive 1, Firearms 2, Stealth (Hunting) 4, Survival 3, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Animal Ken 1, Empathy 2, Intimidation 2, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Direction Sense, Fighting Style: Boxing 3, Iron Stamina 2

Primal Urge: 4

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 4 (fixation)

Essence Max/Per Turn: 13/2

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Wrath

Health: 8 (10/11/12/8)

Initiative: 4 (4/5/6/6)

Defense: 2 (2/3/3/3)

Speed: 10 (11/14/17/15)

Renown: Honor 3, Purity 4, Wisdom 2

Gifts: (1) Crushing Blow, Eyes of Gurim, The Right Words; (2) Camaraderie, Gurim's Comfort, Scent of Taint; (3) Echo Dream, Trust in Gurim; (4) Spirit Skin

Rituals: 3; **Rites:** Cleansed Blood, Rite of Healing, Rite of Initiation, Rite of Penance, Rite of Purgation

Private James Stokes was serving his first tour of duty in Viet Nam when his helicopter went down in the jungle. The Cong picked him out of the wreckage, the only survivor, and talked as they marched him back to their camp





about what they were going to do to him. He didn't speak much Vietnamese, but he understood enough to know that he was not long for this world. As they neared the camp, he heard a voice behind him say, "You're going to die now. You aren't going to spread your shit on our land any more." He heard the click as a pistol cocked... and that's really all he remembers.

When he came to, he was crashing through the jungle, covered in the remains of several Viet Cong soldiers and bleeding from multiple bullet wounds. He found his way back to the crash site and awaited rescue, but it was weeks in coming (and even then, only because a patrol had moved far enough into the jungle to find it by chance). During that time, he grew comfortable with his werewolf nature, and he was summarily discharged from duty after he led the troops to the nearby Cong camp.

Back in the States, he hid his Uratha status for almost three years before meeting other werewolves. During that time, he was plagued with constant nightmares of the jungle, of that long march toward certain death and then deliverance. When he finally met other werewolves, they tried to talk to him about Luna, but he remembers the sun shining down through the trees. He was growing frustrated with these werewolves and their strange myths when a Pure pack arrived and attacked them. Impressed with these newcomers (and admittedly biased by the fact that one of them sported a USMC tattoo), he joined them in battle and was subsequently inducted into the tribe.

He ran with the pack for almost two decades until he met Celeste and Bear and formed the Last Mile. Stokes tries to be a good alpha, but he knows that the constant wandering is wearing on his packmates. He feels that something is just over the proverbial horizon, and if he can just *find* it, then the pack can rest. It might be an enemy to kill, or a new packmate or even the death that he was promised so long ago in the jungle. Whatever it is, it lurks just out of reach, and Stokes has been fixated on it for years.

Almost 60, Stokes' Uratha heritage keeps him from showing his age too much. He keeps his dark hair buzzed and normally dresses in blue jeans and a Corps T-shirt, but keeps a suit in the back of his car for meetings with other Uratha. He finds that dressing and acting somewhat formal throws Forsaken werewolves off balance, since they expect the Pure to be crazed and feral. He prefers to fight with his claws, but usually packs a pistol just in case.

BEAR

Tribe: Fire-Touched

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve 2

Physical Attributes: Strength 4 (5/7/6/5), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 4 (5/6/6/5)

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics (History) 1, Computer 1, Occult 2

Physical Skills: Athletics (Weightlifting) 4, Brawl 3, Stealth 1, Survival 2, Weaponry (Axe) 2

Social Skills: Animals Ken (Dogs) 2, Intimidation 3, Street wise (Prison Tats) 2

Merits: Giant, Iron Stamina 2, Meditative Mind, Strong Back

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 4

Essence Max/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Sloth

Health: 10 (12/13/14/10)

Initiative: 5 (5/6/7/7)

Defense: 2 (2/2/2/2)

Speed: 11 (12/15/18/16)

Renown: Purity 3, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (1) Crushing Blow, Sense Malice; (2) Mighty Bound, Scent of Taint; (3) Glorious Agony

Rituals: 1; **Rites:** Rite of Dedication, Rite of Penance

Bear doesn't know why he killed those people. It would be tempting to blame his nascent werewolf nature or say that there were murder-spirits goading him on, but the truth is that Bear was just disturbed. The police found him in a basement, holding the axe still wet with blood, staring at a row of five severed heads. Although he doesn't remember saying it, the cops swear that he pointed to the head in the center and muttered, "That's the full moon" before they shot him.

He survived the bullets, though, stood trial and was convicted. He never denied what he did, but his lawyer felt that Bear had a chance at an insanity plea. It didn't work — the jury saw him for what he was, and the judge sentenced him to die. Bear spent eight years on death row, and finally, one bright spring morning, he took his last walk.

But when he saw the electric chair looming in front of him, something snapped. He knew that he *deserved* to die, but somehow he didn't believe that he had the *right* to do so. He exploded into Gauru and killed the guards around him, and disappeared into the *Hisil* using the electric chair, which, as it happened, had become a potent locus over many years of killing.

Bear ran through the spirit wilds until Stokes' pack found him. After hearing his story, Stokes decided that Bear, like Stokes himself, had been spared the indignity of execution through Gurim-Ur's wisdom. Bear, never very good at thinking for himself anyway, agreed and became one of the *Izidakh*.

Bear's nickname isn't ironic in the least. He stands almost seven feet tall and exhibits the musculature of a champion weightlifter, the result of eight years in a prison weight room. His body is a road map of shiv scars, jailhouse tattoos and now the angry red burns of the Pure Tribes' Renown. Finally able to safely grow his hair out, it falls down to his shoulders in a rich red cascade. Bear's hair is his one vanity; beyond that, he is fairly ugly.

CELESTE

Tribe: Fire-Touched**Mental Attributes:** Intelligence 3, Wits 2, Resolve 3**Physical Attributes:** Strength 2 (3/5/4/3), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 2 (3/4/4/3)**Social Attributes:** Presence 3, Manipulation 3, Composure 1**Mental Skills:** Academics 2, Computer 2, Medicine 1, Occult 1**Physical Skills:** Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Drive 3, Firearms (Pistol) 2, Stealth (Hiding) 2, Survival 1**Social Skills:** Expression 1, Intimidation (Crazy-Looking) 2, Persuasion (Guilt) 2, Socialize 2, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge (Secrets) 3**Merits:** Danger Sense, Eidetic Memory, Fast Reflexes 2, Language (French), Resources 2**Primal Urge:** 2**Willpower:** 4**Harmony:** 6**Essence Max/Per Turn:** 11/1**Virtue:** Hope**Vice:** Lust**Health:** 7 (9/11/10/9)**Initiative:** 6 (6/7/8/8)**Defense:** 2 (2/2/2/2)**Speed:** 10 (11/14/17/15)**Renown:** Cunning 1, Purity 2, Wisdom 1**Gifts:** (1) Death Sight, Fever Dreams, Know Name, The Right Words; (2) Virulent Rage

Celeste Lagrange belonged to a family of old money. The Lagrange family of New England had its share of skeletons in the closet — drugs, alcoholism, incest, even murder was among the secrets that the family had kept hidden. But the most important secret of all was that of lycanthropy. The matriarchs of the Lagrange family believed that every three generations, the third daughter would join the ranks of Satan's Pack. Therefore, the girl who met this unfortunate qualification was usually smothered in her crib three nights after her birth.

But Celeste's mother had other ideas, and when Celeste was born, her mother shot her father (who had acquiesced to this obscene tradition) and fled the area. Celeste was 16 before the family caught up with her, but it wasn't the human side of the family that found her. The Bone Shadows had been breeding with the Lagrange family for centuries, and it was the Forsaken's tradition — due to an ancient spirit pact — that called for the murder of an innocent child every three generations.

Celeste, though, was no helpless babe. The Bone Shadows killed her mother and her new husband, and explained to Celeste that her life was forfeit. She responded by changing into a wolf and fleeing. The pack chased her, but she managed to run into Fire-Touched territory. The Bone Shadows were forced to turn back, and Celeste, grateful to her saviors, joined the Pure. Her story reached Stokes, and he requested that she be allowed to join with him and Bear in the Last Mile.





Fire Touched

The youngest of the pack, Celeste recently celebrated her 18th birthday. She is thin and willowy, with brown hair and soft features. She seldom sleeps, and when she does, she suffers nightmares about her horrific family coming to claim their blood tribute. Thus, she has a haggard and worn look much of the time.

LAST MILE PACK TOTEM — CHAINS OF THE SOUL

Rank: 3

Attributes: Power 3; Finesse 7; Resistance 7

Willpower: 10

Max Essence: 20

Initiative: 14

Defense: 7

Speed: 20

Size: 2

Corpus: 9

Influences: Faith • Submission ••

Numina: Blast (chains), Discorporation, Eyes of Gurim (as the Gift, p. 116), Harrow, Leach Rage (as the Gift; see

Werewolf: The Forsaken p. 135), Material Vision, Reaching

Bonuses: Gift: Hone Rage (pack), Intimidation Specialty — Humbling Stare (given), Resolve 4 (story), Subterfuge 2 (pack)

Ban: Members of the Last Mile cannot refuse a direct order from a Fire-Touched with Purity ••••• or Harmony 7. They must show their throats to any such werewolves they meet (the spirit informs them in such cases).

The spirit that guides the Last Mile pack is a conceptual-spirit of the Ideological Choir. The Chains of the Soul is a spirit of submission before higher authority, and once served under a more powerful such spirit that was, in turn, the totem of a Fire-Touched pack. The Chains of the Soul appears as a swirling cloud of smoke, steam and red-tinged vapor, through which lengths of iron chains are visible. When the totem speaks, its voice is punctuated with the rattling of these chains, but it always sounds demure and humble, no matter who it's talking with. When it enters battle alongside its pack, the totem's chains fly from the cloud to puncture and entangle its enemies, and the survivors of the attack relate feeling as though they were not permitted to resist, that some greater entity had forbidden them to save their own lives.



IVORY CLAWS

This story is true.

In the glorious morning of Pangaea, Silver Wolf was just another of Father Wolf's get. Even as a cub Silver Wolf was a powerful spirit, as befits a by-blow of the Lord of the Border Marches. Silver Wolf was not truly silver at that time; his fur was bright, the grey of a timber wolf on a winter morning. Innocent and trusting, he helped Father Wolf keep the trust and friendship of the spirit lords through his eagerness and open friendship to them.

Aloof and alien — a spirit of the outer dark — the Moon watched the get of Father Wolf prowl the borderlands between the tribes of Men and the domains of the spirit lords. She heard their howls of adoration and smiled to herself, for the wolves of the Earth below her did not understand her true nature.

Though the spirits of beasts and men venerated her beauty and light, the Moon was a spirit of treachery from the beginning. The earliest spirits knew this from the sight of her ever-changing face. But Father Wolf's brood did not know, and they grew to adulthood listening to Father Wolf's songs of admiration of her.

Throughout his youth, Silver Wolf admired the Moon from afar. Just as all wolves, he howled glory at her beauty, but Silver Wolf — innocent and truly pure — felt something more for Iduth. Not lust, but a distant, platonic adoration. He took joy in her beauty and wept on the nights that she was distant and dark.

When Father Wolf had fallen past his prime — not doddering, but no longer as sharp in mind and tooth as he had once been — he began to teach his eldest children the first of the duties they would inherit from him. It was then that the Moon's treachery took shape. She came to him, young and beautiful beyond words. Father Wolf was old! During the previous several years, he had rejected the advances of she-wolves in heat. And yet Iduth came to him, and seduced him with her shape, sweet voice and pleasing words.

Still Silver Wolf trusted her. He saw Father Wolf's reinvigoration at the Moon's attention, and though Silver Wolf was sad that the Moon's attention went to another, he held a spark of hope in his heart, and felt joy that his sire's fading from the world had been arrested.

But Iduth was a traitor. A young princess married to a king in his dotage, she soon took steps to see her offspring on the throne in place of that king's older sons with a true claim. Father Wolf doted upon his children with the Moon — our own ancestors. As the Uratha came of age, she seduced many of them to treachery.

BLASPHEMY

Some outcast Pure believe that the Moon may truly have seduced Silver Wolf during the years before Father Wolf's murder. Any offspring of that mix would be Uratha — wouldn't they? — but the destiny of such creatures and their descendants is unknown. Ivory Claws who hear such tales know them to be blasphemous — for Silver Wolf would not taint his own purity with such a violation of the natural order

The next part of the story is well-known. Given a choice between mother and father, the Forsaken chose to betray the Lord of the Border Marches and, in so doing, shatter the spirit world. Our own ancestors refused to participate in the murder, but were incapable of stopping their more numerous brethren.

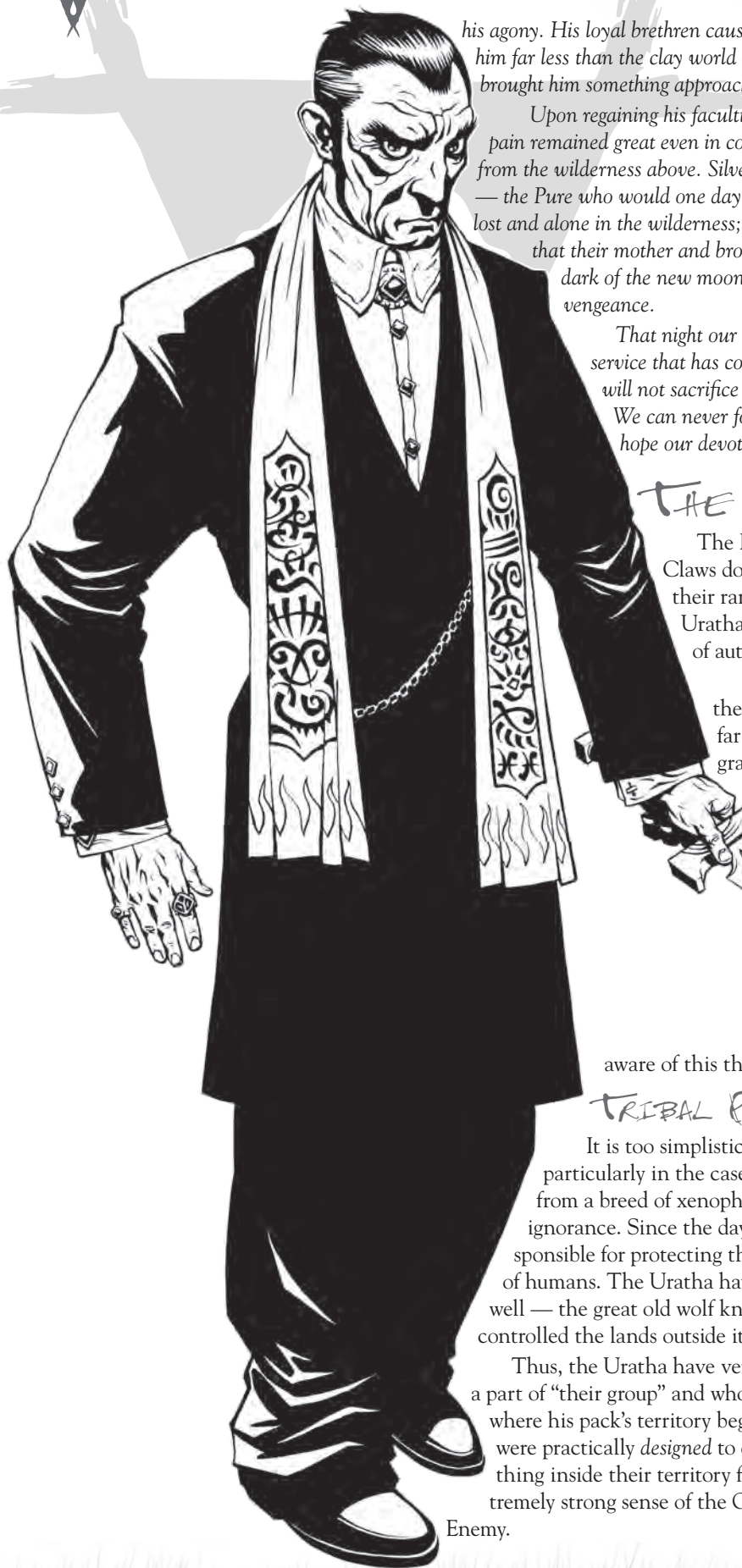
Silver Wolf, once innocent and trusting, was driven into a terrible rage by Father Wolf's death. Knowing that the false female spirit that he had loved was responsible for Father Wolf's murder, Silver Wolf leapt from the peak of the highest mountain, and climbed to the Moon's perch far above. He intended to avenge Father Wolf's death alone and purge the taint of betrayal from his own soul through honorable death in battle.

But with her choirs of alien spirits and the power of the outer darkness behind her, the Moon was too strong for Silver Wolf. Though Silver Wolf slew scores of the Moon's servants and his blows struck craters into her once-beautiful face, he could not truly defeat her. She cursed him then, turning his coat from a silvery sheen to burning silver.

The Moon's choirs of spirits hurled Silver Wolf back to the Earth's face then. He roamed the Earth for years, an incoherent creature of agony and rage. He did not know his brothers. He did not know his cousins. He paid no attention to the duties that Father Wolf had begun to teach him and his brethren. Silver Wolf's pain was too great to bear the touch of another.

Uncounted years after Father Wolf's demise, Silver Wolf had learned to control the worst of his agony through simple animal instinct — avoiding pain. Contact with the Forsaken and their offspring caused him insane rage and pain, but their blood on his fur soothed him. The light of the moon burned him terribly. The sweet darkness of the underground assuaged





his agony. His loyal brethren caused him no pain. The ground of the spirit wilds hurt him far less than the clay world of humans. The hot blood of prey on his muzzle brought him something approaching joy.

Upon regaining his faculties, Silver Wolf might have chosen self-destruction; his pain remained great even in cool darkness underground. But he heard needful howls from the wilderness above. Silver Wolf recognized the beseeching howls of his cousins — the Pure who would one day be known as the Ivory Claws. The Ivory Claws were lost and alone in the wilderness; they had lost the guidance of their father and knew that their mother and brothers to be traitors. Silver Wolf came to them in the dark of the new moon and spoke to them of his pain, betrayal, purity and vengeance.

That night our ancestors entered the loyal service of Silver Wolf, a service that has continued to this day. In return, he has pledged that he will not sacrifice his own life, choosing instead to guide and lead us. We can never forget the pain he suffers even to this night, and we hope our devotion to purity soothes him in his distant den.

THE PUREST

The Ivory Claws are the purest of the Pure. The Ivory Claws do not allow interlopers with polluted souls into their ranks, and their tribal rituals ensure that only those Uratha with the strongest bloodlines pass into positions of authority.

Although the Ivory Claws are the least likely of the Pure to tolerate the Forsaken, the *Tzuumfin* are far more likely than other Pure werewolves to integrate their own lives with human society.

The tribe's totem spirit, Silver Wolf, is a creature of agony — a symbol of the sacrifices that every Pure werewolf must make in light of the murder of Father Wolf by the hated Forsaken. Every drop of Uratha blood shed to avenge Father Wolf's murder is a balm for Silver Wolf's pain, and the Ivory Claws are more keenly

aware of this than any other Pure werewolves.

TRIBAL PRACTICES

It is too simplistic to say that hatred is based on fear or ignorance, particularly in the case of the Pure versus the Forsaken. Their hate stems from a breed of xenophobia, which is not entirely fear and not entirely ignorance. Since the days of Pangaea, Father Wolf's children have been responsible for protecting the boundaries between the Shadow and the lands of humans. The Uratha have inherited Father Wolf's sense of territory, as well — the great old wolf knew precisely where his own territory lay, and who controlled the lands outside it.

Thus, the Uratha have very strong territorial instincts. They know who is a part of "their group" and who is an outsider; each werewolf knows precisely where his pack's territory begins and ends. Genetically speaking, the Uratha were practically designed to draw bright lines of territory, and protect everything inside their territory from everyone outside it. Uratha have an extremely strong sense of the Other, and an ingrown sense that the Other is the Enemy.

The Ivory Claws' attention to purity simply exacerbates this tendency. Orthodox Ivory Claws detest not only their enemies and strangers, but even allies who are not sufficiently similar to themselves.

INITIATION

The Ivory Claws associate themselves with so many different ethnicities across the world that it is impossible to catalogue the tribe's set of initiation rites. This may seem contradictory for a tribe so defined by purity, but purity is not the same as monomania. The Ivory Claws do not force their new recruits to live as drones. The *Tzuumfin* expect that new recruits will be Ivory Claws and serve the doctrines of purity and pain, but elder Ivory Claws know that the tribe's circumstances vary too widely to demand uniformity.

However, nearly every Ivory Claw initiation rite involves the following elements:

- **Fire** — Fire burns away impurity. Many young Ivory Claws are asked to ritually burn themselves to sear away their inherent impurity, or to remind themselves of Silver Wolf's pain.
- **Pain through silver** — Silver Wolf's agony in self-sacrifice is a constant reminder to the Ivory Claws that the Moon and the Tribes of the Moon are enemies. More on this in the boxed text on this page.
- **Pure water** — By immersion or consumption, the Ivory Claw makes it clear that he cannot ever succeed in his quest to become more pure, but can never stop striving toward this impossible goal.

Variations

Some sects of the Ivory Claws prefer to manifest the idea of purity more directly, and omit the agonized devotion to Silver Wolf. A few packs in the Philippines require their members to starve themselves, consuming only water, until a cotton cloth can pass through their digestive tracts clean. Others, including a few in the north central United States, force their initiates to accept transfusions of Ivory Claw blood, disregarding the possibility of toxic shock that such a thing might cause.

By contrast, some packs or regional groups of Ivory Claws revel in the pain aspects of initiation, some going so far as to carve off gobbets of initiates' flesh or other atrocities. Ivory Claws in other regions focus on the tribe's history and legacy, insisting that their initiates memorize thousands of lines of epic poetry or bring a tear to another Claw's eye with the beauty of an ancient howl.

not enough for initiates to simply know pain. They must viscerally understand long-lasting pain, the pain caused by millennia of burning silver. The final part of the Ivory Claws' initiation rite echoes this agony. The initiate's guide takes a pure silver knife — one that has been specially prepared, and is only used for this purpose — and embeds it in the initiate's flesh.

The initiate may not remove the blade for a full week, or heal the wound the blade causes beyond allowing the skin to stitch up around it. A generous ritemaster might wound the initiate in a forearm or other location that won't inconvenience him too badly for the week; a more maniacally devout or bitter ritemaster may well pierce a lung.

The wound causes extraordinary pain; in addition to the usual penalties for the injury and persistent contact with silver, the initiate cannot sleep without the assistance of powerful narcotics (see the **World of Darkness Rulebook** p. 179, for the game effects of lack of sleep). Every morning upon waking, the initiate's player must succeed in a Resolve + Stamina test or the character pulls the blade from his body. If the initiate fails this roll, the player may spend a point of Willpower after the fact to let the character stop himself. This represents the extreme act of will necessary to save his honor before the Ivory Claws. Usually this Willpower expenditure is a dramatic thing — the character puts a hand on the blade but does not remove it or drops into a fit of shuddering tears as the pain briefly overwhelms him.

LAWS OF BEHAVIOR

Lawgivers of the Ivory Claws speak Silver Wolf's will when they dictate laws of diet, behavior and clothing to the tribe. The servants of Silver Wolf are greater than other werewolves, and as such the Ivory Claws must exhibit greater self-control than the servants of other totem spirits. These laws come down to the Ivory Claws from the first days of their service to Silver Wolf.

Not every Ivory Claw obeys these rules at all times. Those who integrate their lives with human society have a much harder time obeying these laws — for instance, living unnoticed among the flock is nearly impossible if one refuses to wear cotton. This contributes to the Orthodox/Reform split among the Ivory Claws (about which more later).

Certain communities of Ivory Claws care more about these laws than other communities do. The laws themselves are said to come from pre-Roman Europe. Orthodox Ivory Claws say that Silver Wolf holds every Ivory Claw to these standards. They say that the only packs that believe

A Common End

Many initiation rites end with something like the following

Silver Wolf burns eternally in molten silver. Ivory Claw elders know that it is critical for the entire tribe to know Silver Wolf's pain. But it is



otherwise are those that trace their descent back to Ivory Claws who were exiled for violating the laws.

It isn't as simple as saying that European Ivory Claws are more orthodox and others care less about Silver Wolf's laws. Over the millennia, packs of Ivory Claws intermingled with one another and with wolf-blooded humans associated with other communities, and the depth to which the strictures were followed varied as a result.

In the modern day, as a general rule, Ivory Claws across a region tend to share common views about Silver Wolf's laws. No pack can easily impose its will on another, but peer pressure can be a powerful force among creatures as social as the Uratha. So in greater New Orleans, Silver Wolf's laws may be a powerful political tool that dictates behavior for the Ivory Claws and even some of the other Pure, while in Lagos, Nigeria, the Ivory Claws only hew to Silver Wolf's laws on special feast days and during high rituals.

None of the laws of behavior described here actually affect an Ivory Claw's Harmony score; these don't qualify as true tribal strictures. However, regular and blatant violations can make it difficult for a werewolf to gain Purity Renown. Adherence to Silver Wolf's laws of purity can give the Uratha a special tie to the spirit world; see the rite "Demonstration of Obedience" in Chapter Four.

Let the seeds rot uneaten; consume only the fruit of slaughter.

The Pure are children of Father Wolf. They have abandoned the alien heritage of the humaniform Moon-spirit who spawned them, and live only as shapechanging wolves. Wolves are carnivores first and foremost. Ancient human tribesmen who venerated the Moon collected nuts and fruit, and later planted fields of grain. Silver Wolf detests this part of his servants' heritage and forbids them to eat nuts, berries and grain. Fruits and vegetables that they do eat must have the seeds removed from them if the Claw wishes to remain truly obedient and pure.

We hunt; we do not sow. Plant fiber shall not be worn against the flesh.

The purest Pure werewolves wear only clothing crafted from animals. In the most ancient days, this meant leather, fur and wool. Truly pure Ivory Claws never wore garments of cotton or linen. Since the Second World War and the advent of materials such as polyester, Ivory Claws have had a much easier time obeying this stricture.

Never venerate the monster of the night sky.

The Moon took on human form to mate with Father Wolf, but never forget this: she was not human. She is an alien creature, neither of the Earth nor of the Earth's spirit wilds. The Uratha emerged from her womb, but the rituals of the Pure from the most ancient days have carved her alien taint from their souls. The Ivory Claws, just as all of the Pure Tribes, reject the Moon's heritage and her spiritual influence. The *Tzuumfin* never perform their rituals under the light of the full moon; if a rite must

be performed on a night of the full moon, the rite must be performed indoors or (preferably) underground. Traffic with Lunes is forbidden.

Abstraction leaves only doubt. Create no work that does not reflect the world as seen.

The Ivory Claws forbid themselves to create abstract works of art. Sculpture, painting and similar forms are to be as realistic as possible. Tales of fantastic fiction are forbidden (although the realm of the "realistic" is considerably more flexible in the World of Darkness). Strangely, perfect honesty is not required of the Ivory Claws; every member of the pack understands that there is a time for lies. But artwork — creation — must stand as a reflection of the slumbering world, rather than as a platform against which any viewer can apply his own philosophy.

Cleave only to the purest blood.

This law seems like common sense; Ivory Claws who want the greatest chance of bearing Uratha offspring try to mate with humans who have strong Uratha bloodlines. Some Claws insist that no member of the tribe may mate with a human who has the blood of the Forsaken; the most strictly orthodox Claws insist that only humans with Ivory Claw blood in them make appropriate mates. More pragmatic members of the tribe believe that too much inbreeding will cause problems within the tribe, and point to the relatively recent rise of obsessive-compulsive disorder and other maladies as evidence of this. Those pragmatists are more likely to mate either with descendants of the Forsaken, or "strong" humans with no obvious werewolf ties. Such "strong" humans may be exceptionally talented athletes, scientists, soldiers or politicians; if the werewolf believes that the human's genes will be a positive addition to the tribe, he may well violate this stricture in order to plant his seed there.

Let not the living and dead mingle.

On the surface, this is another representation of the doctrine of purity: the living and the dead are naturally separated by the grave, and each should remain in his own territory. Existence in a half-dead, half-alive state is unnatural and should be stopped.

Just as many of the dietary laws of ancient humans were originally put into place to protect those humans from hazards of food poisoning and animal-borne disease, some of Silver Wolf's proclamations exist to protect his children from spiritual and physical calamity.

Orthodox Ivory Claws are forbidden to traffic with ghosts, to summon the spirits of the dead or to become involved in the activities of the walking dead. Ghosts and vampires have powers over emotions and it is said that they can possess the living. By forbidding the Ivory Claws to interact with such beings, Silver Wolf protects his children all from the dangers of possession and supernatural emotional manipulation; his children also benefit by allowing certain secrets to disappear into the grave.

PUNISHMENT AND REPENANCE

Ivory Claws who violate tribal strictures, Silver Wolf's laws or the code of Harmony may be punished by others within the tribe. The Council of Eagles (p. 83) may descend upon particularly egregious lawbreakers, but otherwise, punishment is a local affair and may happen in any number of ways.

Most large Ivory Claw communities have a standing judge. This judge is usually not a leader of the tribe but rather a werewolf of good reputation known for a sense of fairness, perception and high moral standing. In smaller communities of the Pure, tradition has it that any werewolf accused of a serious crime may call for a judge of his choosing (so long as that judge is not part of his pack or a blood relation).

It is the judge's responsibility to hear evidence of serious crimes, and hear the testimony of the accused. Other issues — the admissibility of evidence, coercion of witnesses and so on — tend to reflect the dominant legal system of the pack's area. Ivory Claws who actually attended humans' law schools have an advantage here, even if most of the humans' laws are ignored by the Uratha. Most werewolves' understanding of the legal system is based on the popular media, however, and their sense of fairness stems in part from that.

The trial may be highly formal or entirely impromptu. When it is complete, the judge rules, and all who hear the ruling are expected to stand by it and announce it to any who repeat the original accusation. After the trial is the punishment; the Ivory Claws' tradition has it that the judge must carry out the punishment himself.

A judge who believes that a given werewolf must die, but does not wish to violate the code of Harmony by killing the Uratha himself, concocts a punishment through which the criminal cannot help but kill himself. For instance, the werewolf might be forced to stand on a small platform surrounded by a large vat of toxic material (an acid or even molten silver). Alternately she might be told to hold herself from a steel bar above a roaring fire or field of silvered spikes. When the werewolf falls, as she inevitably does, her death is her own, rather than that of the judge. This still calls for a Harmony check, but the sentence of death is easier for the werewolf to rationalize to himself.

STORY HOOK — GHOSTS OF RAGE

The Ivory Claws see beauty in the purity of a Death Rage, for it is in that moment that all ordinary thought is driven from the mind. At times when the Gauntlet is low, this transcendent moment reverberates in the Shadow Realm, creating tiny, weak spirits of perfect, passionate rage.

Usually these rage wisps dissipate in the hours after the Death Rage. But recently, Gus

"White Hot" Fererro found himself in the throes of *Kuruth* on the eve of his human daughter's wedding. When he recovered, his daughter and future son in law were both dead. Their love for one another turned their spirits into ghosts, and the fury-ghosts from White-Hot's Death Rage wrapped themselves into the ghosts of his family.

Now White-Hot Fererro is beset by angry ghosts and consumed by guilt; he cannot bring himself to destroy the last vestiges of his daughter's existence, but he cannot untangle the rage-motes from his family's ghosts. He has become a danger to his own kind, and fervently seeks a way to direct the ghosts' wrath toward his Forsaken enemies.

Punishments include:

- *Spirit branding.* A minor ritual is used to temporarily brand a criminal as an exile from his people. This brand rarely lasts for more than a few weeks, but while it lasts, he is at +1 difficulty for all Social interactions with spirits and any werewolf who sees him in the spirit world.

- *Temporary maiming.* The Uratha recover quickly even from serious injuries. The judge might therefore inflict serious harm on a criminal, knowing that the criminal will survive and recover, with a painful memory of the consequences of his crime. The type of injury depends on the circumstances at the time of judgment — if the Pure are at war, the maiming may be slight, such as the removal of a pinky finger. Strict judges rarely show such pragmatism, however.

- *Molten silver.* The use of molten silver to echo Silver Wolf's eternal pain is reserved for the most serious crimes. The judge takes a small amount of molten silver and, with a rod of iron or other strong metal, paints a mark on the lawbreaker's flesh. The size of that mark depends on the severity of the crime and the sadism of the judge. The laws of Harmony forbid one werewolf to kill another; even in response to such a murder, or the creation of a Ghost Wolf, many orthodox Ivory Claws refuse to kill one of their race. However, the criminal may be forced to place his entire hand into a vat of molten silver.

RECRUITING

Ivory Claws bring new werewolves into the fold in much the same way as every other tribe does. They pay attention to perturbations in the spirit world in the local area, and keep tabs on likely werewolves. When the time is right, an Ivory Claw may bite a prospective werewolf in order to keep better track of him.

As the *nuzusul* goes through the First Change, the Ivory Claws sweep in and take him somewhere safe within their territory. As they do so they may perform the Taste of the Ancestors rite to determine the newly Changed werewolf's immediate heritage. If both of the *nuzusul*'s par-

ents are human, or if either of his parents is of the Pure Tribes, the Ivory Claws are happy to accept him as a new Ivory Claw.

Of course, that by itself isn't sufficient; the new Uratha must accept the doctrine of purity and the painful embrace of Silver Wolf himself. Unlike the Forsaken, the Pure Tribes do not have a "none of the above" option, and prospective Ivory Claws are not given a chance to reject Silver Wolf and his teachings.

If necessary, new Uratha are put through hell until their spirits are broken and they gladly accept the light of Silver Wolf's purity. This isn't usually necessary — the truth of the new recruit's situation is obvious to him. Although Silver Wolf is not a gentle master, the power and justice he represents are obvious even to the youngest *nuzusul*.

Forsaken turncoats are not welcome to join the Ivory Claws. Silver Wolf will not accept any werewolf who has felt the Moon's corrupt caress, and the Ivory Claws would never trust such a werewolf. Forsaken who approach the Pure under flag of truce in order to beg for forgiveness for their transgressions and join the Pure Tribes are either quietly murdered, or handed over to the Predator Kings or Fire-Touched. Forsaken are not welcome among the Ivory Claws. Even after joining the Pure Tribes, Forsaken will not be fully trusted by the Ivory Claws.

THE IMPURE

Orthodox Ivory Claws refuse to accept new members who descend directly from Forsaken werewolves. The doctrine of purity forbids it — the blood of the Forsaken is inherently impure, tainted forever by the touch of the hated *Iduth*.

Even from a pragmatist's perspective, this is sensible: The Forsaken parent of this new

werewolf is sure to be aware of her child's existence, and probably keeps tabs on her (even if she isn't directly a part of the child's life anymore). That means that the young werewolf has probably been exposed to the Forsaken, their activities and philosophy through his entire life. It will be extremely hard for Ivory Claws to sell the quasi-Forsaken *nuzusul* on the Pure Tribes' doctrines of justice and purity.

So
— what
to do
with this

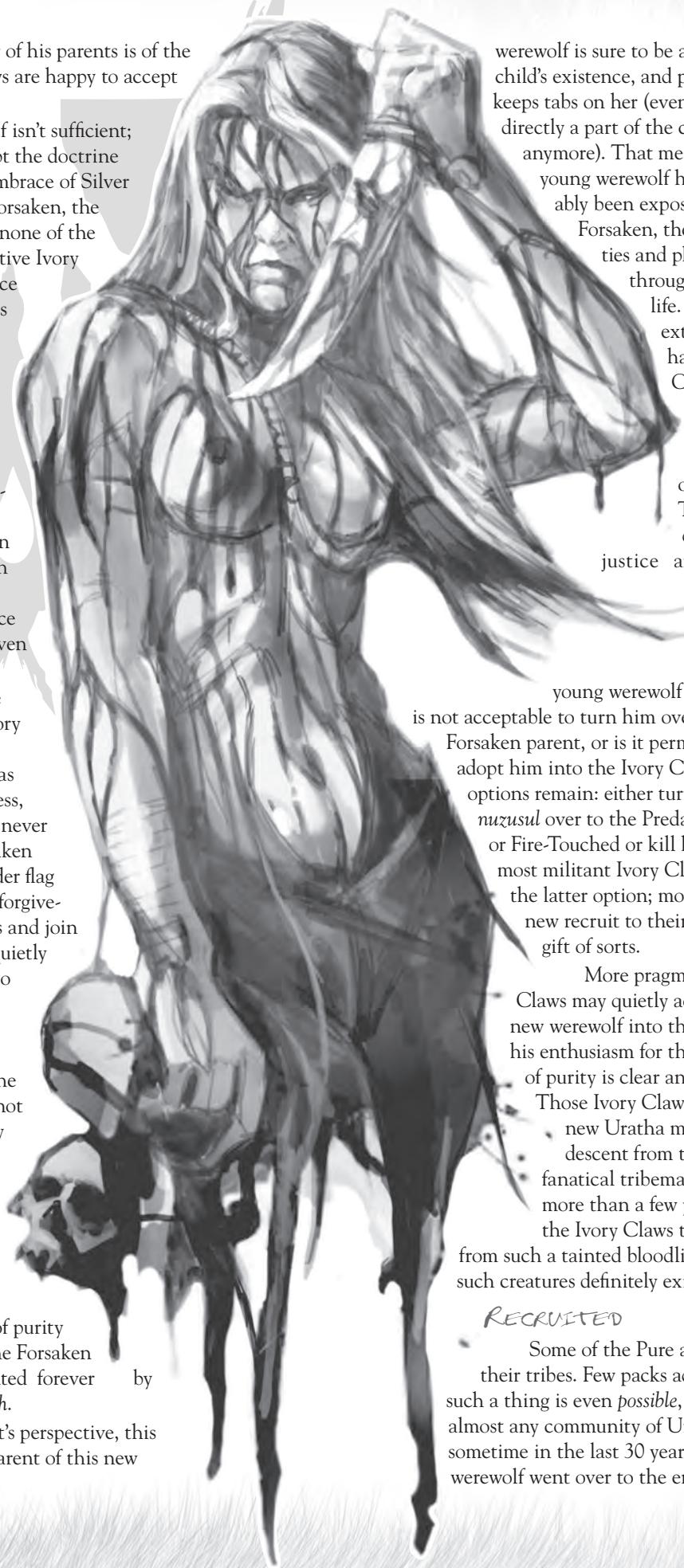
young werewolf? Surely it is not acceptable to turn him over to his Forsaken parent, or is it permitted to adopt him into the Ivory Claws. Two options remain: either turn this *nuzusul* over to the Predator Kings or Fire-Touched or kill him. The most militant Ivory Claws prefer the latter option; most "give" the new recruit to their allies as a gift of sorts.

More pragmatic Ivory Claws may quietly accept the new werewolf into the tribe (if his enthusiasm for the doctrines of purity is clear and real).

Those Ivory Claws and the new Uratha must hide his descent from their most fanatical tribemates. No more than a few percent of the Ivory Claws tribe comes from such a tainted bloodline, but such creatures definitely exist.

RECRUITED

Some of the Pure abandon their tribes. Few packs admit that such a thing is even *possible*, but in almost any community of Uratha, sometime in the last 30 years or so a werewolf went over to the enemy.



As proud as the Ivory Claws are of their recruiting successes, they hide defections from all. A pack that loses a member to the Forsaken will surely hunt that member down in an attempt to reclaim and deprogram him. If he cannot be reclaimed, the pack may well kill him. After all, a defector can reveal tactical knowledge — rites and Gifts, roles and territories — as well as strategic knowledge such as the longer-term plans of the Pure, the location of key loci and the identities of treasured wolf-blooded kin. Any pack of Pure (Ivory Claws or other) risks a great loss of face if one of its members betrays the Pure Tribes in such a gross fashion. A pack of Pure characters will be unable to increase their Purity or Honor (or both!) until such time as the pack has atoned for its astonishing lapse. For this reason, a pack may choose to kill its former member, and risk that Harmony loss, rather than lose him to the other side.

The Ivory Claws, as a tribe, consider themselves responsible for the loss of any Pure turncoats. If the traitor's pack does not kill him outright, the Ivory Claws quietly and quickly hunt the traitor. The Claws believe, with some justification, that the mere existence of a living turncoat poses a threat to the other tribes. Better that every one of the Pure believe that leaving is impossible — or that doing so is a death sentence — than risk open revolt.

Most Uratha who leave the Pure Tribes for the Forsaken become Ghost Wolves; too much of their upbringing has revolved around the idea that the other tribal totem spirits are hideous, alien and evil. However, some former Pure do join Forsaken tribes, and cleave to their adoptive families even more strongly than those who were “born” to them.

PACKS AND TOTEMS

Power within the Ivory Claws passes through the blood, rather than by challenge or other nonsensical “tests of fitness” as seen in other tribes. The Ivory Claws see this as right and correct, and the evidence of its correctness is obvious to them: If a given Ivory Claw is a strong leader, he survives to breed with humans who provide werewolf offspring. If one of those children becomes Uratha (with the blood of the tribe, of course) and survives to adulthood, then clearly *she* is strong enough to carry on her ancestor's bloodline. The test of survival is the only test of fitness that matters to the Claws — survival to adulthood, survival of the First Change, survival to breed. A bloodline that is strong provides many offspring who survive. A bloodline with few surviving werewolves was too weak to breed more leaders.

This can cause discomfort among Uratha who are new to the tribe — the newly Changed or those who have joined the tribe from among the other Pure tribes. A 40-year-old human is not comfortable taking orders from a teenager. Yet that is the law that Silver Wolf has passed down to the Ivory Claws and which its lawgivers rigorously enforce.

Packs from other tribes sometimes take advantage of this Ivory Claw law. If a pack's leader dies and the werewolf

with the strongest claim to leadership is inexperienced or young, rival packs may realize that they can bewilder the new leader and seize portions of his territory. Wise, older Ivory Claws provide counsel to young pack leaders even while remaining strictly obedient to the hierarchy.

Members of the other tribes criticize this law; other Uratha lack the self-control to allow power to pass hereditarily, instead preferring to squabble over such things. Critics do not realize the great benefits that this law confers.

For starters, hereditary power means that the tribe's hierarchy is well-known and understood by all. There is no “Ivory Claw Nation” to speak of — all power in the tribe is owed to its tribal patron and pack totem spirits. But no blood must be shed among them in order to determine who dominates whom. The answer is evident from a discussion of ancestry among the learned.

As a side benefit to this, little of the tribe's energy is wasted in competition for power. Members of a pack acknowledge their hereditary leader and move on with more important matters.

Also, elder leaders of the Ivory Claws have held power for decades. That gives them great renown and tremendous experience in leadership. The tribe's great crusade against the Forsaken has a surfeit of experienced elders at its head.

Given the tribe's descent and general loathing of its best-known maternal ancestor, hereditary power passes through the male line. However, female Ivory Claws do lead some packs; while a female Ivory Claw does not have the same claim to power as a brother of the same parents, she might have a stronger claim than those from weaker bloodlines.

LOREMASTERS

Some Ivory Claws serve as loremasters to the tribe; they remember the ancestry of every major Ivory Claw, the great deeds of his ancestors and even the humans through whom each werewolf's blood descends.

Genealogy is a specialization of the Academics Skill; any Ivory Claw with the Genealogy specialization may apply it to Uratha genealogy as well as human ancestry. Learning sufficient levels of ancestry lore in this manner can earn an Ivory Claw extra Wisdom Renown.

During time of war, inexperienced leadership can be a detriment to even a healthy tribe such as the Ivory Claws. Several traditions are available to the tribe in order to ensure that even young leaders are competent to lead



their packs, all without resorting to intra-tribal bloodshed. These traditions vary from place to place.

In some areas — particularly where the Ivory Claws are dominant and numerous — a young leader might be cycled away from the “front lines” and given leadership of a pack in a relatively secure location, so that he can learn the ropes of leadership without the lives of his packmates being put at risk from his inexperience.

By contrast, in lands where the spirit world is unruly and the Forsaken clamor for slaughter, a young leader might be put in command of whatever pack adopts him. If he does not survive this, then obviously he wasn't strong enough to lead — and indeed the tribe's estimate of his entire bloodline is lessened by such failure and death.

In some lands, there are formal tests applied to every Ivory Claw (or even every werewolf). Until those tests are passed, the Ivory Claw is not considered a full member of the tribe, and even a Claw of strong bloodline cannot take the leadership of his pack until he passes the test. These tests are created by wise elder Ivory Claws and surely no Claw loyal to Silver Wolf would ever create a test designed specifically to keep a young rival from power.

DISSENT

Some Ivory Claws do chafe under the leadership of the young or those they see as incompetent. Silver Wolf forbids the Ivory Claws to challenge one another directly for power. There are, however, other routes to power.

An Ivory Claw who resents authority legitimately placed over her may choose to join a multi-tribal pack of the Pure. In such a pack, she is free to challenge an alpha for leadership. By so doing, she may be able to forge her own renown apart from the tribe, and her descendants may thrive as legitimate Ivory Claw leaders.

Others who dissent against hereditary leadership are free to leave the pack. Of course, almost no werewolf chooses to live without a pack and territory. But one tradition is strong within the tribe: an Ivory Claw who chooses to leave her pack and seize territory held by the Forsaken may form her own pack and lead it regardless of the claims of blood. In this way, the Ivory Claws' tradition of inherited power strengthens the tribe by allowing dissenters to claim power by eliminating the tribe's blasphemous enemies.



RENOUN AMONG THE PUREST

It might seem reasonable to simply apply a bonus to Purity Renown to Ivory Claws with strong bloodlines but unfortunately Renown dots are too granular for this to be a reasonable path — if a Claw receives +1 dot for having a reasonably strong bloodline, what does a Claw who merely has one noteworthy ancestor get? What about one who descends through centuries

of human lineage from one of the most powerful heroes of lore?

Therefore, use the Strong Bloodline Tribal Merit or Weak Bloodline Tribal Flaw (see p. 111). Both provide a single dot of Purity Renown only for specific purposes. Beyond the benefit provided by this Merit, the Storyteller and players must come to agreement as to which character has the stronger claim to power. It may well be that different loremasters disagree as to the relative strength of the characters' claims, and contests of Academics and/or Persuasion may be necessary to determine which character's claim is truly stronger.



TACTICS

Even the Pure have to raise their claws against spirits now and again. Despite the Pure's general willingness to let spirits do as they will, sometimes this proves impractical. A spirit that causes trouble in Pure territory may draw their negative attention — and if that spirit has no friends or allies among the spirits that have pacted with the Pure, it may find itself in deep trouble. Against rebellious spirits in the physical world, the Ivory Claws rely heavily on the Warding Gift list, particularly the Gift: Shadow Ward. If possible, a pack of Ivory Claws uses Shadow Ward to force a hostile spirit into a bottleneck — a spot where the spirit has limited physical mobility and where the *Hisil* is denied to it.

If the ivory Claws must travel into the spirit world, they take as large a group as possible. They aren't cowards, but they know that in the *Hisil*, large numbers can discourage powerful and hostile spirits from taking direct action. For an extended trip into the spirit wilds, the Ivory Claws prepare by creating dozens of talens for personal defense — the equivalents of Storm Arrows and similar “one-shot” weapons and defenses. Only a foolish or desperate pack of Ivory Claws enters the Shadow for a long journey on short notice. Even when such a thing must be done, the pack is sure to travel in the physical world to the location closest to their spirit-world destination.

Against the Forsaken, the Ivory Claws use the Dominance and Agony Gift lists extensively. The Ivory Claws know, as any werewolf does, that they risk loss of Harmony for killing another werewolf, even in battle. Therefore, many Ivory Claws prefer to use Gifts to drive their enemies from the battlefield rather than slaughter them outright. If the Ivory Claws continue to pursue a fleeing foe, they can drive the Forsaken from their territory entirely.

Dominance Gifts can force a foe to surrender or flee, while Agony Gifts make the battlefield an increasingly unpleasant place to spend time. If a pack or a few packs of Pure expect to fight the Forsaken, the Ivory Claws of the group may designate a single Ivory Claw to be the

“pain-bringer.” That werewolf must know the Gift: Distant Knife, and is expected to use it on behalf of each Ivory Claw who knows Barbed Arrow, thereby allowing volley after volley of agonizing attack to come from a massed group of Ivory Claws.

If the Ivory Claws know even one night in advance that they are going into battle against Forsaken, the Pure tribe may engage in ritual prayer and preparation through the Rite of the Surrogate, which allows them to protect their spirits from the harmful effects they could suffer if they do kill one of the Forsaken in the heat of combat.

THE WAR

Why haven't the Pure destroyed all of the Forsaken yet? The Pure greatly outnumber the Forsaken, after all. Several reasons present themselves.

First, the Forsaken have allies that the Pure lack. Though few Pure werewolves would admit it, the Moon, the Lunes and the power provided by auspice give individual Forsaken an advantage. This isn't really enough to counter the Pure Tribes' advantage in numbers, but may help individual Forsaken survive individual battles.

Many of the Ivory Claws may think of certain individuals among the Pure Tribes as a “fifth column” of sorts. Ivory Claw packs on their holy mission are sometimes betrayed (or at least interfered with) by other Pure who had agendas of their own. The Predator Kings care more about hunting territory than they do about defeating the

Forsaken; the Fire-Touched care more for their gospel of madness than the war itself.

Finally, the war against the Forsaken simply isn't a conventional war. It cannot be won by killing or capturing foes, occupying key cities or anything of that nature. The war against the Forsaken is primarily one of philosophy. So long as one werewolf lives who accepts the word of the distant Moon over the doctrines of justice and purity, the war cannot end.

TERRITORY

Despite the Ivory Claws' ideology of purity and dislike of mixing dissimilar things, few Ivory Claws are foolish enough to try and build their own enclaves away from the other Pure Tribes. The Ivory Claws respect the other tribes as allies and even friends, and know that each of the three Pure Tribes has a place within the nation of the Uratha.

Where possible, the Ivory Claws attempt to push any Forsaken werewolves out of Pure territory. (The most dangerous life a Forsaken werewolf can live is as part of the only Forsaken pack in a Pure city.) The number of truly genocidal Ivory Claws is lower than the Forsaken believe. Most Ivory Claws would be satisfied — for now — to move the Forsaken out of Pure territory.

However, there are times and places where the Ivory Claws and their allies cannot simply push the Forsaken out of the area or slaughter them all. In those circum-



stances, the Ivory Claws may take the radical idea that if the Forsaken can't all be killed, then clear delineations of Pure territory and Forsaken territory should be made, with strong geographic or spirit-world boundaries between them. For instance, the Ivory Claws of the "Quad Cities," in eastern Iowa and western Illinois, would prefer to see the Mississippi River serve as a boundary between the two groups (with the Pure in Illinois and the Forsaken in Iowa), instead of having a pack-by-pack patchwork of territories spread across the region's small cities.

This is what gives some Forsaken the incorrect idea that the Ivory Claws are unlike the other Pure in that the *Tzumfin* can be negotiated with — because some Ivory Claws are willing to negotiate hard boundaries among territories in the event that a stalemate arises. Some may even hold to such bargains! But they will also let the other Pure know about the bargain and encourage their allies to take advantage of the Forsaken dependence on it.

LIFE AMONG THE SHEEP

The Ivory Claws are the most likely Pure werewolves to take on "ordinary" human jobs and try to live as part of human society rather than forcing themselves to live outside it as the followers of Dire Wolf or Rabid Wolf might. This can be very convenient; the Ivory Claws are the most likely Pure werewolves to have decent levels in the Resources Merit. As part of legal human society, these Ivory Claws have easy access to tools such as cars and guns in order to carry out their Shadow activities. Most have comfortable and safe (that is, defensible) homes. When it comes to things such as rare herbs for obscure rituals, the Ivory Claws do not underestimate the ability to use a credit card to order herbs over the Internet.

With that said, the Ivory Claws' lives are hardly ordinary suburban melodramas. Neighbors see even the most gregarious Ivory Claws as strange — religious types who keep to themselves. Ivory Claws who wish to cover for their real activities may even play up their lack of assimilation, exhibiting the outward accoutrements of obscure human cultures and religions.

There are no Ivory Claw accountants. Few Uratha have the temperament for ordinary office jobs, and the Pure are even less likely to tolerate such human trivia. Ivory Claws who hold human jobs either take on physical labor within their territory (freelance landscaping, day labor or the like) or high-pressure sales jobs, using the most intimidating sales tactics they can get away with. Ivory Claws born to wealthy families may inherit high-level executive positions (and, of course, such characters have even higher levels in the Resources Merit). Ivory Claw executives can easily turn the resources of an entire corporation to aid in their greater goals. This is rare — few Claws trust humans to carry out important tasks — but it is not unheard-of.

Big Wolves in a Small Forest

In some towns or neighborhoods, a pack of Ivory Claws may utterly dominate a single company or the local

branch of a large organization. For instance, an entire pack might run a service station or bank branch. Or a pack of Ivory Claws might dominate a police precinct or a human gang, giving them a great deal of latitude to act openly within that territory and making them more dangerous to their rivals. Ivory Claws who dominate a police precinct care considerably more about the stability of their power base within the territory than they do about upholding the law. Similarly, those who control local branches of big corporations don't particularly care about meeting next quarter's profitability targets by comparison to their other goals. The Pure find it easy to coerce human superiors in large organizations into leaving them alone, either through Gifts that manipulate human minds or physical intimidation.

FINDING MATES

Given the Ivory Claw focus on purity, it should be no surprise that the task of finding an appropriate mate is an important and time-consuming activity for members of the tribe. The Ivory Claws have higher standards for their mates than most other Uratha do.

In many parts of the world, the Ivory Claws absolutely require that their mates have strong bloodlines, with multiple werewolves as part of the mate's family tree. Conservative members of the tribe insist that the mate's bloodline have no Forsaken in it; others consider the presence of werewolf blood to be the important thing.

However, a few groups of Ivory Claws have different mating standards. Ivory Claws who are part of strong ethnic community may prefer to maintain their purity by only mating within that community. This sort of activity occurs on Native American reservations, or in ethnic ghettos in large cities across the globe. Some Ivory Claw packs are extremely finicky in this regard, such as the Bridge Knives of London, who only mate with immigrants from a few hundred square miles of southern India.

Other groups define "good bloodline" differently. They crave the strongest possible bloodline for their offspring, and they get it by mating with humans whose genetic stock is as far from their own as possible. The biological concept of "hybrid vigor" suggests that the offspring of two members of the same species who are from very different stock will have a minimum of recessive traits, and get the strongest traits from each parent's background; some Ivory Claws pursue this as their ideal.

Ivory Claw males are unafraid to spread their seed as widely as they can. Many take advantage of their animal magnetism to attract young women, in the hopes of impregnating them. Some males resort to rape, though such Ivory Claws are seen as dishonorable.

In some communities, female mortals with strong wolf-blood are given little choice but to live as mates of male Ivory Claws. While such forced breeding is surely rape by any reasonable definition (and also runs the risk of Harmony degradation), the Ivory Claws who participate in it justify their

actions to themselves by providing homes and safety for their mates (none would call them “wives”) and children.

Female Ivory Claws are considerably more picky. Since pregnancy will incapacitate them for months — and childrearing is an investment of years — few Ivory Claw females choose to give birth to the offspring of chance strangers. That isn’t to say that female Ivory Claws necessarily restrict their sexual activity — merely that they can use the same techniques and technology that human women use to avoid going through pregnancy and childbirth.

RAISING THE YOUNG

The Ivory Claws, similar to all Uratha — and indeed most mammals — often care greatly for their young. Claws who maintain semi-normal human lives certainly act as parents to children they have by their human or wolf-blooded mates.

Assuming that any Uratha parent is foul-tempered and abusive is too easy. Many Ivory Claw parents hold themselves to extremely high standards of behavior, and are keenly aware of their ability to kill a child in a second. Their mates are equally aware of this, of course. Every Ivory Claw mate and every Claw family has gone through nights of hell, when the werewolf parent’s rage was too great to stand against. Families that haven’t seen blood on the walls during these terrible nights are rare.

But in response — to assert their mastery of their psyches, and to mark their families as territory — many Ivory Claws raise their children in ways the Forsaken might not believe possible. These Ivory Claws subscribe not merely to human “attachment parenting” techniques, but indeed indulge their children’s whims. They treasure their babies, carrying them everywhere in the mortal world, even fancy restaurants where few human parents would bring their children. Each wolf-blooded child is a gift, it’s true, but many of these Ivory Claws treat their offspring as though they could do no wrong, never daring to scold or chastise their little princes and princesses. This changes as the parent’s fury waxes, but during ordinary circumstances, many Ivory Claws are incredibly indulgent parents. Naturally, this is an ideal seen uncommonly at best; just as human beings are capable of being monstrous to their own children, werewolves are no nobler.

Paradoxically, as these spoiled children age, stern Ivory Claw warriors find themselves unable to keep their young under control without resorting to supernatural means — which most Ivory Claws rightly reject. Whether this will have long-term consequences for the tribe remains to be seen — Ivory Claw elders point out that the tribe made it through the “baby boom” in the United States without too much harm, and it should be able to weather this just as well.

This dynamic is turned somewhat on its head in families led by two wolf-blooded who are “in the know” about the Uratha. Their children are also indulged more than many human parents might consider reasonable — but for

quite different reasons. These wolf-blooded parents know full well that as their offspring reach puberty and young adulthood, some of them may well become full-blooded Uratha, with all the spiritual and physical terror that entails. Fearful wolf-blooded parents may choose to err on the side of caution in this regard, indulging their children so that any who become werewolves hold no grudges. Sadly, this rarely works out as well the parents hope.

MINDSET

Though it would surprise many Forsaken to learn it, most Ivory Claws couldn’t care less about human racial divisions. The gulf between mortal and Uratha is far wider than that between African and Caucasian. And subtler distinctions — Arab versus Persian, or Turk versus Kurd — are utterly lost on them. Religious distinctions are similarly unimportant to the Ivory Claws. What matters to most Ivory Claws is the purity of Uratha blood in a given human.

On the other hand, a sizeable minority of Ivory Claws — perhaps one-third of them — associate themselves with a given human ethnic group, and refuse to sully their own bloodlines by mating with humans not of that ethnicity. These Ivory Claws also encourage the most conservative and isolationist factions within “their” ethnic group, so as to better discourage their mortal relations from tainting their genes with those of outsiders. Such Ivory Claws prefer to establish their pack’s territory within enclaves of their own ethnicity.

Ivory Claw attitudes toward race can become quite complex; in the most rural parts of the American Southeast, some packs of Ivory Claws refuse to interact with black or Asian humans, but are perfectly happy to spend time with black and Asian Ivory Claws and other Pure werewolves.

Purity of breeding is a strong tradition among many enclaves of humans throughout the world. The Ivory Claws generally respect humans who work to keep their communities free of the influence of outsiders. The tribe’s attitude toward their own mating with those groups varies from place to place. Some Orthodox Ivory Claws refuse to mate into, say, an isolationist Native American tribe, because the Claws respect the group’s purity and do not wish to interfere with that; other Ivory Claws would attempt to insinuate themselves into the tribe for similar reasons.

Ivory Claws who are part of longstanding human religious communities usually take part in ordinary worship services as a way to help cover up their own identities. Obviously, most werewolves participating in a Roman Catholic mass (for instance) are only paying lip service to the Holy Trinity, but they may even become active members of their parish community as a way to develop contacts and influence throughout the local human population. Some even work to reconcile human faith with the spirituality of the Uratha, but this is much rarer and more difficult among the Pure than it is among the Forsaken.



The Pure are united by a faith that has considerably less room for unorthodox beliefs.

OBSESSIVE-COMPULSIVE DISORDER

Obsessive-compulsive disorder (OCD) manifests more frequently among the Ivory Claws than among the general population of Uratha (or the human population, for that matter). OCD sufferers have a hard time reaching a sense of “completeness” in tasks, and so tend to repeat particular tasks until that sense of completeness finally comes to them. This affliction may manifest in overly repeated hand-washing, specific daily rituals (such as touching everything in a room upon arriving in it), tracing lines of wood grain, compulsive counting in doorways and similar activities. OCD is related to a few other mental disorders and in humans can often be kept under control with anti-depressive medication.

Uratha with psychological or psychiatric backgrounds have plenty of theories as to why this trait shows up so often among the Ivory Claws. Most of those theories relate to inbreeding among the tribe and with select groups of wolf-blooded kin. But this behavior happens among most tribes Pure and Forsaken and even if the Ivory Claws are more particular about their mates, this cannot be the whole explanation. More frequently, other Uratha suggest that Ivory Claws are more susceptible to this particular derangement because of the tribal obsession with purity. Others believe that the effect is part of Father Wolf’s death curse or the Moon’s subquent interference in their great crusade.

In game terms, OCD may be either a mild or a severe derangement depending on its intensity. If the character has to spend 10 minutes washing his hands before and after every meal, that’s a mild derangement. If the character has to trace every line of grain on the hardwood floor before he can sleep a night in a new room, or count to 1,000 before leaving any room, that is probably a Severe derangement.

OCD is by no means a compulsory derangement as a character becomes unhinged from falling Harmony, but such a thing is quite common within the tribe and in some regions it is seen as a badge of superiority. In fact, in some parts of the world, Ivory Claws *without* obsessive-compulsive disorder display some of its characteristics in order to better fit in with their tribesmen.

ARCHETYPAL IVORY CLAWS

- **The Scion:** The Ivory Claws are more likely than most Forsaken to integrate their lives into human society. Many Ivory Claws descend from human wealth and power, having knit their bloodline to the rich or noble centuries ago. The Scion of wealth serves as the funding source for Pure activities that meet their own goals. Many Scions are less devoted to the mantra of purity than they are to their personal power, but this is hardly universal. The Scion typically has a few dots in the Resources Merit, as well as Contacts among the wealthy and powerful.

Evan Hamilton and his pack live in one of Evan’s family’s homes in central Vermont. Evan is in his early 30s and has known he was a werewolf for about five years now. He revels in this life, for he had previously been entirely bored with the parties, travel and social events that came with his station. He remains a part of his family’s social community now, but he has acquired a new arrogance and confidence, as he truly knows that he has greater problems — ones that his wealth can help, but which wealth alone cannot solve.

- **The Leader:** The Ivory Claws are frequently seen as leaders among the Pure. The Leader takes this role more seriously than any other — he is responsible for planning raids against the Forsaken, scheduling patrols among cooperating packs, making sure that members of the werewolf community are doing their jobs and so on. The Leader may get involved in helping to hide evidence of werewolf activity when that is appropriate. Leader-type Ivory Claws almost invariably have the Contacts Merit, representing contacts among the local Pure; often, Leaders also have decent levels of Resources, to help with logistical needs for their fellow Uratha. A so-called Leader is not necessarily a high-Rank werewolf, or even the alpha member of his pack; he simply makes sure that typical werewolf activities function smoothly.

Beth Golden was a “soccer mom” before her First Change. Getting her brood out to dance class, soccer practice, piano lessons and gymnastics — while keeping them fed and clothed and their homework done — required more organizational skill than she could have imagined. Now that she’s a werewolf, her children eat macaroni and cheese four nights a week, and watch TV from 3:30 until bedtime. Beth has other “kids” to organize now.

- **The Striver:** This Ivory Claw has chosen to integrate his life into human society in order to further Silver Wolf’s goals and provide power and wealth for his descendants. As described elsewhere, the Striver hardly takes menial middle-management jobs, instead forging his own path to wealth and power. The typical Striver has a few dots in Resources, as well as a dot or two in Status and Contacts.

Dan Jimenez sells cars. He sells a lot of cars every month. He was the top salesman at the small dealership he’d been at

until the owner of that dealership was found dead, mauled in a freak accident. Now Dan owns the dealership. Money is no longer a problem, and when Dan's pack learns of Forsaken in the area, they have their choice of pursuit vehicles.

• **The Cop/The Ganger:**

The Cop — and his near-twin in the World of Darkness, the gang member — uses violence and the threat of violence to keep an area of territory under control. He ensures that humans and Uratha who live in or pass through the territory adhere to his standards of purity, and will harass or even attack interlopers who do not meet his standards. The Cop and the Ganger are both distinguished as characters by Allies (Police) or Allies (Street Gangs) as appropriate, and Status (Police) or Status (Street Gang).

Tim Kendall is the lieutenant in charge of the "Community Oriented Police" station in the East Liberty neighborhood. Tim and his packmates — two of them are cops, two have other jobs — keep the neighborhood clean of undesirables. The boyfriend of Tim's packmate Keisha was found dead in East Liberty this spring, apparently mauled by dogs. Lieutenant Kendall made sure that an uncooperative local dealer was known to have lost control of his fighting dogs in the past — thereby killing two birds with one stone.

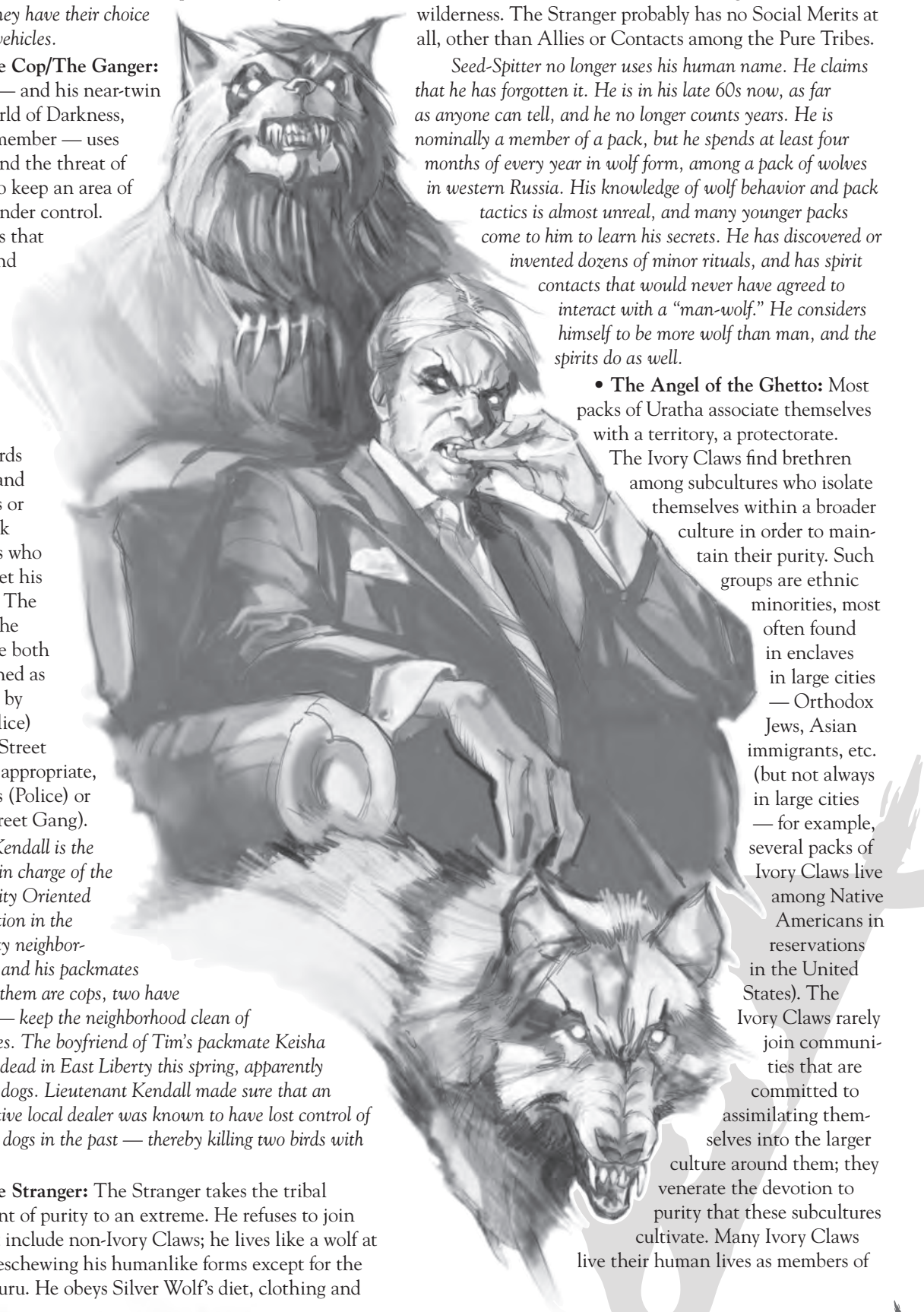
• **The Stranger:** The Stranger takes the tribal requirement of purity to an extreme. He refuses to join packs that include non-Ivory Claws; he lives like a wolf at all times, eschewing his humanlike forms except for the savage Gauru. He obeys Silver Wolf's diet, clothing and

ritual restrictions to an extreme, and relies on apocryphal howls that suggest that the children of Father Wolf should not live in houses of wood, instead living in a den in the wilderness. The Stranger probably has no Social Merits at all, other than Allies or Contacts among the Pure Tribes.

Seed-Spitter no longer uses his human name. He claims that he has forgotten it. He is in his late 60s now, as far as anyone can tell, and he no longer counts years. He is nominally a member of a pack, but he spends at least four months of every year in wolf form, among a pack of wolves in western Russia. His knowledge of wolf behavior and pack tactics is almost unreal, and many younger packs come to him to learn his secrets. He has discovered or invented dozens of minor rituals, and has spirit contacts that would never have agreed to interact with a "man-wolf." He considers himself to be more wolf than man, and the spirits do as well.

• **The Angel of the Ghetto:** Most packs of Uratha associate themselves with a territory, a protectorate.

The Ivory Claws find brethren among subcultures who isolate themselves within a broader culture in order to maintain their purity. Such groups are ethnic minorities, most often found in enclaves in large cities — Orthodox Jews, Asian immigrants, etc. (but not always in large cities — for example, several packs of Ivory Claws live among Native Americans in reservations in the United States). The Ivory Claws rarely join communities that are committed to assimilating themselves into the larger culture around them; they venerate the devotion to purity that these subcultures cultivate. Many Ivory Claws live their human lives as members of



these cultures; those that do not blend in among their protectorate still serve as guardians of those enclaves. Such characters are likely to have Allies and Contacts among their human society.

Louis Park has always believed in keeping things within the community. Don't talk to cops who aren't Vietnamese, be sure to let the local Vietnamese gangs know when the outsiders are trying to move in, it's just common sense. Since his Change, he's felt much the same way — only now it's not about "our community," it's about "my community." The gangs pay him homage now, and if they don't know what exactly it is that makes him a more dangerous predator than them, they have a good enough imagination to stay in line. He wishes there were more Uratha born within the community, but it's something he can do something about. The next generation will be well provided for.

- **The Lawgiver:** All Pure werewolves know that the Ivory Claws are more devoted to purity as an ideal than the other tribes. As such, the laws that Ivory Claws hand down from their tribal totems and other powerful spirit lords are respected by all. The Lawgiver is most often one of those werewolves seen as a "judge" by other Uratha in his area; he is known for his sense of fairness and knowledge of Ivory Claw law and precedent.

Akilles Jordan is one of the youngest humans ever to go through the First Change. Although he is barely a teenager, he leads his pack in south Los Angeles by virtue of his strong bloodline. Elders of the tribe see great things in Akilles, for he exhibits greater wisdom than many Uratha three times his age. He knows little of the tribe's history or legal tradition, but he has a keen sense of fairness and justice, and more and more packs turn to Akilles Jordan for judgment.

- **The Penitent:** These Ivory Claws devote themselves to redeeming their bloodline and totem lord by their own actions and pain. The Penitent is no masochist: he truly hates the pain he must inflict on himself. But he knows that his ritual pain soothes Silver Wolf. The Penitent often devotes himself to making war on the Forsaken, spilling both their blood and his own in honor to Silver Wolf. Penitent characters are not distinguished by any particular Merits, though some have Quick Healer or Iron Stamina.

Monica Tullio has always known pain. She was born with a deformed foot, and even after surgery to repair it as a child, every weather change made it nearly impossible to walk. After her Change, she realized that this pain was something to be treasured — that her pain eased Silver Wolf's pain. Monica and her pack now make war on the Forsaken, and she is always among those on the front lines.

- **The Genocidal:** Certain splinter sects of Ivory Claws believe that human society itself is too fractured, and that many ethnic groups are truly inferior. The Genocidal among the Ivory Claws feel that ethnic cleansing is the only solution. Some may have admired Hitler and his machines; in recent years, many of the Genocidal traveled to the Sudan to aid in the genocide there. Some of the Genocidal believe only that the tribes of humanity need

to live in separate territories and never mix their blood. These may choose to assist Genocidal groups of all races, and hold a special hatred for humans of mixed race. Others believe in the inherent superiority of a given ethnic stock and the need to eradicate humans not of that stock. Curiously, most Genocidal Ivory Claws in this latter group tend to find that their own human ethnic stock is superior to others.

Mike Turner grew up in southern Alberta, in an enclave among a white supremacist group that had strong ties to a few roaming packs of Ivory Claws. Mike was 23 — five years past his First Change — before he met someone who wasn't white, an Asian gas-station attendant, while Mike was on a supply run to Calgary. Mike didn't really hate the woman, but her presence did make him extremely uncomfortable. Mike insists that he doesn't want to kill humans who aren't white. But so many of them refuse to leave the lands around his pack's home that he has realized that he's going to have to kill a few in order to persuade the rest to leave.

LIFE AMONG THE PUREST

PACK ROLES

As the Pure reject the malignant touch of the Moon, they do not slavishly divide themselves into roles based on astrological trivia. However, every pack has certain needs that must be filled. Similar to humans, Uratha tend to specialize in tasks that they excel at. Unlike the Forsaken, an Ivory Claw's excellence is not determined by an outside force. In this way, each Ivory Claw forges his own destiny.

Pack roles are not precisely the same thing as archetypes (above). They describe activities and specialties, rather than being broad description of the werewolf's life and attitude.

Warrior: Of course, all Ivory Claws are warriors to some degree. But a few members of any pack excel in fighting even in comparison to other Uratha; perhaps they were in the military or grew up in a tough neighborhood even before the First Change. Wise warriors spend time training their packmates in combat, and preparing the pack's territory for battle. Foolish warriors bully their packmates. Warriors usually invest in combat-style Merits and high Physical Attributes.

Loremaster: The Ivory Claws have thousands of years of history. While much of that history has been lost in wars and other catastrophes, loremasters consider themselves to be responsible for retaining and rediscovering the tribe's history and rites. Among the Ivory Claws, some loremasters specialize in genealogical and historical lore. Wise loremasters share their wisdom and record it for posterity; foolish loremasters hoard knowledge and use it for personal advantage. Loremasters usually invest in Mental Attributes and rituals.

Craftsman: Modern Ivory Claws depend on hundreds of pieces of technology every day, just as modern humans do. The craftsman is the pack's mechanic, engineer and/or

computer programmer. Even those Claws who “go primitive” still need Crafts Skills; building fire, setting snares and setting up safe shelter are all critical Survival Skills. The craftsman may specialize in magical crafts — craftsmen who enchant fetishes and talens are valuable to any pack. Wise craftsmen build and repair tools for their entire pack; foolish ones keep all the cool toys for themselves. Craftsmen invest in Mental Attributes, the Resources Merit (for tools!) and Physical and Mental Skills.

Hunter: The hunter may be a wolf of the woods, bringing home food for the pack, or she may be a city stalker who keeps the pack aware of activity on the street. The hunter specializes in finding things and information. In an urban setting, the hunter must spend time among humans; in the wilderness *and* the city, the hunter must have keen eyes and ears, and be able to blend in with the scenery as needed. Hunter characters invest in Physical, Mental and Social Abilities and a wide variety of Skills. Wise hunters know when to run to their pack for aid; foolish ones get in over their heads and cannot get out.

Confounding Variable: Many packs have members who appear to be present solely for morale. The other packmembers get along well with the werewolf in question, but no one can precisely say what that werewolf actually *does* within the pack. These jacks-of-all-trades invest in a variety of Skills and Attributes. Wise Uratha of this sort attempt to help the rest of the pack out whenever they can; foolish ones are indolent and lazy, good only for humor and at parties.

OTHER PURE

• **Fire-Touched:** *They are fanatics. But they may be right. We have been hunting the Forsaken since time began, and yet the curses upon us and the spirit world have not lifted; the spirit realm still refuses to recognize our authority over it. The Fire-Touched say that only when every Blood Talon, every Bone Shadow, every Forsaken has been extinguished can we be sure that Father Wolf has been duly avenged, and reclaim our birthright. Sadly, despite their fanaticism, the Fire-Touched don't have any good suggestions as to how to finish the job.*

Sometimes it seems as though all the Fire-Touched care about is vengeance. Perhaps Rabid Wolf was Father Wolf's favored son, or perhaps they are simply obsessed. But their doctrine of madness and pain defines the tribe. When the Ivory Claws need the Fire-Touched's assistance, the Ivory Claws must couch their requests in terms that the Fire-Touched sympathize with. The Fire-Touched can't easily be swayed to provide assistance with “trivial” tasks — jobs other than the extermination of the Forsaken and the patrolling of the Border Marches. If the Ivory Claws do need assistance from the Fire-Touched in such a matter, the *Tzuumfin* must be prepared to pay out in favors more closely related to the rabid wolves' crusade. And usually those favors must be paid in advance.

• **Predator Kings:** *These are our shock troops, our grunts, but also our guardians. They believe themselves to be the lords of the Pure Tribes, but we know better. They are nearly animals, creatures of rage with little self-control or codes of behavior. They are useful, and of course they can be counted on to slaughter our foes by the score. And they are our allies. Don't wave that away. They deserve our loyalty, for they are on the right side of the war in the long run. Just don't ask them to discuss philosophy.*

The Predator Kings do not care that Father Wolf was murdered, and they don't care that the ancestors of the Forsaken are responsible for that death. The Predator Kings wail with rage at the loss of Pangaea in the wake of Father Wolf's death. That means that when the Ivory Claws wish to motivate the Predator Kings to act, the Claws cannot appeal to the Kings' sense of outrage at Father Wolf's demise. The Kings simply don't care.

Instead, the Ivory Claws must appeal to the Predator Kings' craving for free hunting grounds, for expanded territory and for the deaths of the unworthy. One of the most dangerous situations that the Ivory Claws can find themselves in is to confront a pack of Forsaken that the Predator Kings find to be worthy and honorable foes and whose territory the Predator Kings have no interest in. The Claws may find themselves unable to motivate their strongest allies in that situation, and may be forced to retire from the field as a result.

THE ENEMY

The Pure Tribes outnumber the Forsaken by nearly two to one. Such an advantage of numbers would mean a rapid victory in a conventional human war, but the Uratha are not human, and the murderers of Father Wolf refuse to fight this war in a conventional fashion.

Instead, the Forsaken insinuate themselves into human communities, and slink around the outskirts of the Pure Tribes' territories. The Forsaken only attack from ambush or from afar, and vanish after attacking. Despite this stealth and asymmetrical combat, the Forsaken can gain no real advantage. They merely forestall the eventual victory of the Pure.

During the millennia of war, however, the Ivory Claws have grown to know their enemies.

• **Blood Talons:** *Blunt instruments. No, more than that. Hand grenades. The Blood Talons do not discriminate well among their foes; these Forsaken cannot distinguish between an elder Ivory Claw and a young Predator King, and it seems that when the Blood Talons are confronted by a tactical situation that they don't understand, they simply shift to Gauru form and hope for the best. While we can use this to our advantage, the Suthar Anzuth are dangerous. Avoid engaging them with less than overwhelming force.*

The Ivory Claws are skilled manipulators and talented politicians — especially in contrast to the Predator Kings and the Fire-Touched. A wise Ivory Claw *trusts* in the Blood Talons. That may not make much sense on the



surface. The Ivory Claws know that they can count on certain reactions from the Blood Talons.

The Blood Talons, the Ivory Claws believe, shoot first and may not ask questions at all. That means that the Talons are at a disadvantage when dealing with a subtle foe — one who strikes from surprise, or one who attacks the Talon's financial assets rather than his body. It also means that if an Ivory Claw puts some obvious targets in front of the Blood Talons — some violent enslaved spirits, for instance, or a foolish young pack of Predator Kings — the Ivory Claw knows that the Blood Talons will attack that foe and may ignore a more strategically significant target. Hand them a gun and give them something obvious to shoot, and they'll never notice anything else. Some packs have learned otherwise to their great dismay, but enough Blood Talons remain predictable that the prejudice endures.

• **Bone Shadows:** *The greatest criminals among the Forsaken. These fools traffic regularly with Lunes. It is as though these idiots don't realize that those spirits are unnatural, alien to our world and dangerous to any werewolf who even speaks to them. Truly, if these slaves of Death Wolf were freed from their bondage, the other tribes of the Forsaken would crumble, for who else among them could tolerate the dissonant cries of the Moon's servants? Even those who keep a safe distance from the Lunes tend to walk too close to the dead — and surely if the Moon's spirits are bad, only the dead are worse.*

The Ivory Claws are the firmest believers in the drawing of strong boundaries. Boundaries between Earth and Moon, boundaries between living and death. Many Ivory Claws, deep down, believe that the Gauntlet is a good thing, for it is a powerful boundary between the mortal world and the *Hisil*.

The Bone Shadows trample these boundaries. They traffic with Lunes and other, stranger spirits of the outer dark. The most powerful sorcerers of the tribe can summon the dead back to the world of the living. This violates the Ivory Claws' doctrines of purity. Orthodox Ivory Claws know that the Bone Shadows' activities are deeply criminal, and that they should be destroyed.

More pragmatic Ivory Claws realize that they may be able to use the Bone Shadows to further the Pure's own ends without getting their hands dirty. It is forbidden for the Ivory Claws to traffic with the dead, but it is not forbidden for the Ivory Claws to put a gun to the head of a Bone Shadow and order him to traffic with the dead.

• **Hunters in Darkness:** *So close, and yet so very far. They are not the first to lead their blasphemous brethren in war, and they are not the high priests of their ilk. They have sinned the least among all their kind, and are perhaps the closest of the deluded to learning the true path of their Father. All the more reason to renounce them and their works. They should be able to see, but they willfully close their eyes. They should be able to hear, but they hold their ears shut. Let them*

be blinded and deafened by grave earth, then. They are no kin to us.

Many Ivory Claws are bothered that the Hunters in Darkness are often renowned for their purity. To be certain, their purity is a debased version of the ideal, polluted by the silver light of the moon, but still, spirits will sometimes speak of a Hunter in Darkness as "of great purity." It's enough to set a Claw's teeth on edge. Orthodox law condemns the *Meninna* as the worst kind of Forsaken, the sort who has heard the word of the Father and the law of purity but still refuses to reject Luna and her treacheries.

For the most part, Ivory Claws are content to delegate the Hunters in Darkness to the other tribes. The Predator Kings in particular are ideal for fighting the wilder Hunters in their own environment. Of course, others feel compelled to prove that their blood is stronger and their purity more potent, and hunt down the *Meninna* above all other potential targets.

• **Iron Masters:** *Such an arrogant name for a tribe! As though they are hard as iron, and masters of anything save cowardice and murder. The Farsil Luhai are our primary competitors within "ordinary" human society; they are the only ones of the Forsaken who dare to tread on our territory in such fashion. The Iron Masters are bold and arrogant. They cannot be trusted, and yet at times we can hold truce with them. They do not wish to be exposed within human society, and neither do we; therefore, if conversations must take place, we can safely meet with them in public, in the daytime. Do not trust them at other times or in other places.*

Both the Iron Masters and the Ivory Claws wish to remain hidden in human society; each has invested a great deal of time and effort into establishing ties with humans in cities, suburbs and the countryside. Neither tribe wants to upset those ties by ripping into a fur-and-claws combat in the middle of a PTA meeting. As a result, direct conflict between Ivory Claws and Iron Masters is rare. Instead, each tribe engages in subtle political machinations within cities that they share, or packs of Claws and Masters vie on other battlefields, often corporate competition or trumped-up legal hassles. Eventually, one side — not always the Pure side — grows weary of this behavior, and ambushes or attempts to assassinate its opponent. It may take years for things to get to this point, depending on the patience on each side of the struggle.

• **Storm Lords:** *The slaves of Winter Wolf lead the Forsaken in time of war. As much as we hate to admit it, many of the Storm Lords are effective and powerful leaders. Therefore, if we wish to see the Forsaken brought down, we must either bring down the Storm Lords or — better — sow mistrust among the other Forsaken tribes, so that they do not listen to the Storm Lords in time of war. Divide. Conquer. It is an ancient doctrine, but this is an ancient war.*

If the war between the Forsaken and the Pure ended today, only a day or two of truce would stand before battle erupted between the Ivory Claws and the Storm Lords. Each tribe sees itself as the best possible leader of the

Uratha, and the obvious lords of humanity as well. Each tribe fills a similar niche among its people, and so they see one another as rivals.

Ambitious Storm Lords are among the easiest recruits for the Ivory Claws. The Pure Tribes are a larger group than the Forsaken, and a young Storm Lord who wants power among the Forsaken but is stymied by an already existent power structure may be seduced to the side of justice by the promise of power.

• **Ghost Wolves:** *Targets. They reject the traitorous wolf-spirits that lead the Forsaken, which is a good start — but Ghost Wolves cannot bring themselves to abandon their allies' murderous ways or repent of their ancestors' sins. Because of a lack of affiliation with a tribal totem, Ghost Wolves are the Forsaken most easily drawn to the side of justice and righteousness. For the same reason, they are among the easiest to ambush and eliminate if they will not convert.*

What goes unsaid is that some Ghost Wolves are in fact former Pure. Some Ghost Wolves may be former Ivory Claws, though the Ivory Claws consider themselves to be responsible for hunting down and destroying such turncoats. Any Uratha who identifies himself as a Ghost Wolf, or who is referred to as such by other Forsaken, has identified himself as a target to the Ivory Claws.

THE WORLD OF DARKNESS

The Ivory Claws know that werewolves are not the only creatures that lurk in the shadows of the mortal world.

• **Vampires and Ghosts:** *Avoid them.*

Silver Wolf's doctrine is clear here: Orthodox Ivory Claws should avoid vampires whenever possible. Silver Wolf says quite clearly that the worlds of the living and the dead should not mix. Such mixing renders both worlds impure. The undead are an impossible mixture, for surely death above all things is a binary state.

In a practical sense, the undead are dangerous because they are held to this world by powerful emotions — and the same powerful emotions that drag them from the lands of the dead can be used against the Pure Tribes. An angry ghost that craves vengeance may stir the heart of an Ivory Claw who still mourns the dead Father Wolf. But a powerful ghost may tap that anger and push one of the Uratha into abandoning his own people, and picking up the ghost's vendetta instead.

Ghosts are tied to a single place or a single person; vampires seem to have more free will. This makes the vampires more dangerous. On the other hand, vampires are made of meat. This makes them considerably more vulnerable.

Pragmatic Ivory Claws might enroll a vampire or ghost in a scheme. Ghosts are easier to use in this regard, because their motives are clearer. This ghost is tied to the world because she still loves her husband and children; that ghost remains in the world because he desires vengeance on his murderer. An Ivory Claw who can manipu-

late his foes into threatening the first ghost's family gains an unwitting ally. An Ivory Claw who can help the second ghost gain vengeance may get some assistance with his own problems.

Vampires are cagier. They are free-willed, free-moving creatures who are also free to betray an enterprising werewolf. Wise Ivory Claws simply avoid vampires. If that is impossible — such as in a small city where the two groups cannot help but interact at times — then the wise Ivory Claw comes to an agreement regarding territory and neutral ground, and hopes the two groups stay out of one another's way.

Sorcerers: *Destroy them.*

Mortal sorcerers seek out loci as novelties, carelessly shift lines of Essence and steal werewolves' fetishes and touchstones as trinkets. Sorcerers have no respect for the Pure Tribes or for their ways. Mages do not understand the crusade that the Pure Tribes carry against the Forsaken. Most importantly, sorcerers are humans at heart, and a great obstacle to the eventual dream of a world in which the Pure rule openly (under their spirit masters, of course) and humans are no more than chattel. The orthodox rule is clear: it would be for the best if the mages were no longer a potential threat. Individuals often find, however, that destroying mages at the first opportunity is not only impractical, but sometimes near-suicidal. As a result, many Ivory Claws have evolved their own ways of dealing with mages — ways the Ivory Claws don't mention to their tribemates, of course.

LODGES

COUNCIL OF EAGLES

The Council of Eagles dates back as far as the Roman Empire (if not farther) and draws much of its symbolism and imagery from Rome. Council members consider themselves to be the elder statesmen and senior leaders of the Ivory Claws, though the Council's primary purpose is not to rule but to keep Pure werewolves in line.

Eagles are soaring, gliding hunters that watch over huge swaths of land from a great height, only diving to snatch their prey when the target is unable to escape. The Eagles are the Ivory Claws' inquisitors; they watch over large geographical areas, on distant lookout for violations of the laws of the Pure. When the Eagles acquire incontrovertible proof of criminal behavior, a pack of Eagles swoops in and rapidly tries, convicts and sentences the target. This pack may be an impromptu gathering of Eagles rather than a true pack.

The Council of Eagles does not trouble itself with minor violations of the law. The members are most concerned with major crimes, including mating with another werewolf, extensive traffic with Lunes, aiding and abetting the Forsaken and so on.



The lodge has several eagle-spirits serving as its collective patron — a sort of meta-council. Membership is restricted to those over the age of 30. Nearly every member of the Council was a werewolf for at least 10 years before being offered membership in the lodge.

Many Ivory Claws consider membership in the Council to be prestigious, although it is well-known that the group rarely recruits non-Europeans, and no more than one-third of its members are female. This frequently leads to conflict with other werewolves, even the Pure. For instance, if a group of Councilors determines that a pack consisting mostly of Asian Uratha is in violation of the Council's laws, that pack is likely to appeal to its neighbors, accusing the Council of racism and favoritism. The Council of Eagles denies any such charge; some of the Eagles say they punish European male Uratha even more vigorously than others, in order to refute claims of bias.

THE COUNCIL'S SECRET

The eldest members of the Council of Eagles have a secret that is not revealed to younger members of the lodge. Although they rarely even allude to it, younger members of the Council believe that the elders of the lodge know precisely what the idigam are, where they came from and why they appeared in such numbers and with such great power only within the last generation.

The idigam threaten the existence of the Pure Tribes just as much as the Forsaken. If the Council of Eagles knows as much as it claims to about these powerful spirits, why haven't the Councilors spread this knowledge, or taken more direct action against the idigam? Asking such a question directly would not be prudent for younger Eagles who wish to advance in power and so the question remains unasked and unanswered.

Prerequisites: All applicants must be at least 30 years old, have at least Harmony 6 and have Wisdom ••• and Honor •••.

Membership: Membership in the Council of Eagles is restricted to members of the Ivory Claws tribe. Many members of the Council are prejudiced against women and non-whites; characters who aren't white males should expect a much harder time joining the lodge (this should manifest itself through roleplaying rather than any mechanical disadvantage).

To join, the character must appeal to the spirit-council of eagles that serves as the lodge's collective totem. The eagle spirits will assign the character a major task to signify his qualifications and dedication — this is likely to require the death of a Forsaken werewolf, or the public

judgment and punishment of a Pure werewolf of high standing.

Benefits: Members of the Lodge of Eagles may learn Gifts from the Insight list as affinity Gifts. The player may add three dice to summon eagle-spirits, and the character receives training in Investigation and Subterfuge, reducing the cost to increase those Skills to (2x current value) rather than 3x.

BLOOD OF KINGS

The Ivory Claws never let the other Pure Tribes forget that the *Tzuumfin* human bloodlines descend from human royalty — they truly are the tribe of kings. The most ancient legends of the Uratha describe a prehistoric world in which spirits and others ruled over humans. The Blood of Kings lodge claims to consist primarily of those werewolves whose blood can be traced to the most ancient kings.

In order to be eligible to join the Blood of Kings, the Uratha must have proof that she descends from true royalty — not the debased royalty that dodders its way through ceremonies in modern Europe, but *real* royalty, kings and queens who led nations to war, whose word could mean death to any mortal in their kingdom. This proof may come through a well-documented family tree (many of the Ivory Claws' loremasters come from the Blood of Kings, and the tribal propensity toward obsessive-compulsive disorder occasionally manifests itself in the ability to recite hundreds of years of descent). The proof might also come in the form of an artifact that no one but a legitimate descendant would own, or secret knowledge only passed from parent to child in that line.

In game terms, the character must have the Strong Bloodline Merit (see p. 111), or otherwise justify such a bloodline with a Storyteller-approved combination of the Resources, Status, Retainer and/or Allies Merits.

Members of the Blood of Kings spend their time congratulating one another on their lofty status, and serving as the guardians of the tribe's most lofty ideals. When the lodge members aren't doing that — which is to say, most of the time — they serve as an investment group and a classic "old boys' network." Some members of the Blood of Kings insinuate themselves into government bodies, as well — though never in clerical or menial jobs. In a rural county, one might get himself elected sheriff, while in a city another might get himself elected to the city council. These are people with power, and the natural arrogance of a top predator that lets them sling that power around casually.

SECRET ORIGIN

Legend among the other Pure Tribes, and even among the Forsaken suggests that several packs of shapechangers ruled parts of the world

before the death of Father Wolf. When Father Wolf died and the Gauntlet rose like a spiritual shroud for his wake, these packs lost their grip on power. They lost the ability to rapidly travel between worlds, and their magical abilities grew weak thanks to the distance of the spirit wilds.

According to the legend, *these* packs formed the core of the nascent Ivory Claws. These packs craved vengeance, yes — vengeance upon those who had destroyed the lives of privilege they'd built for themselves. Their concern for Father Wolf's extinguished life fell in a distant second to this.

These werewolves' motives are truly unknown to those in the modern day. But the eldest and most powerful members of the Blood of Kings know the lodge's secret: that indeed a few of these packs did found that lodge and, they say, the Ivory Claws tribe. Whether this is true may never be known, but the lodge is said to own several ancient artifacts that attest to the veracity of the secret — and seeks to find more, including the Codex of the Long Winter, a transcribed howl telling of the initial formation of the Ivory Claws tribe.

Prerequisites: The character must be able to prove descent from royal blood, as described above.

Benefits: The character halves the experience cost to improve the Resources Merit due to his inclusion in a club of the wealthy and powerful. The character's cultivation of the arrogance of wealth and power reduces the cost of Politics, Intimidation, Persuasion, Socialize and Subterfuge all from (3x current value) to (2x current value). Membership in the Blood of Kings provides no supernatural benefits.

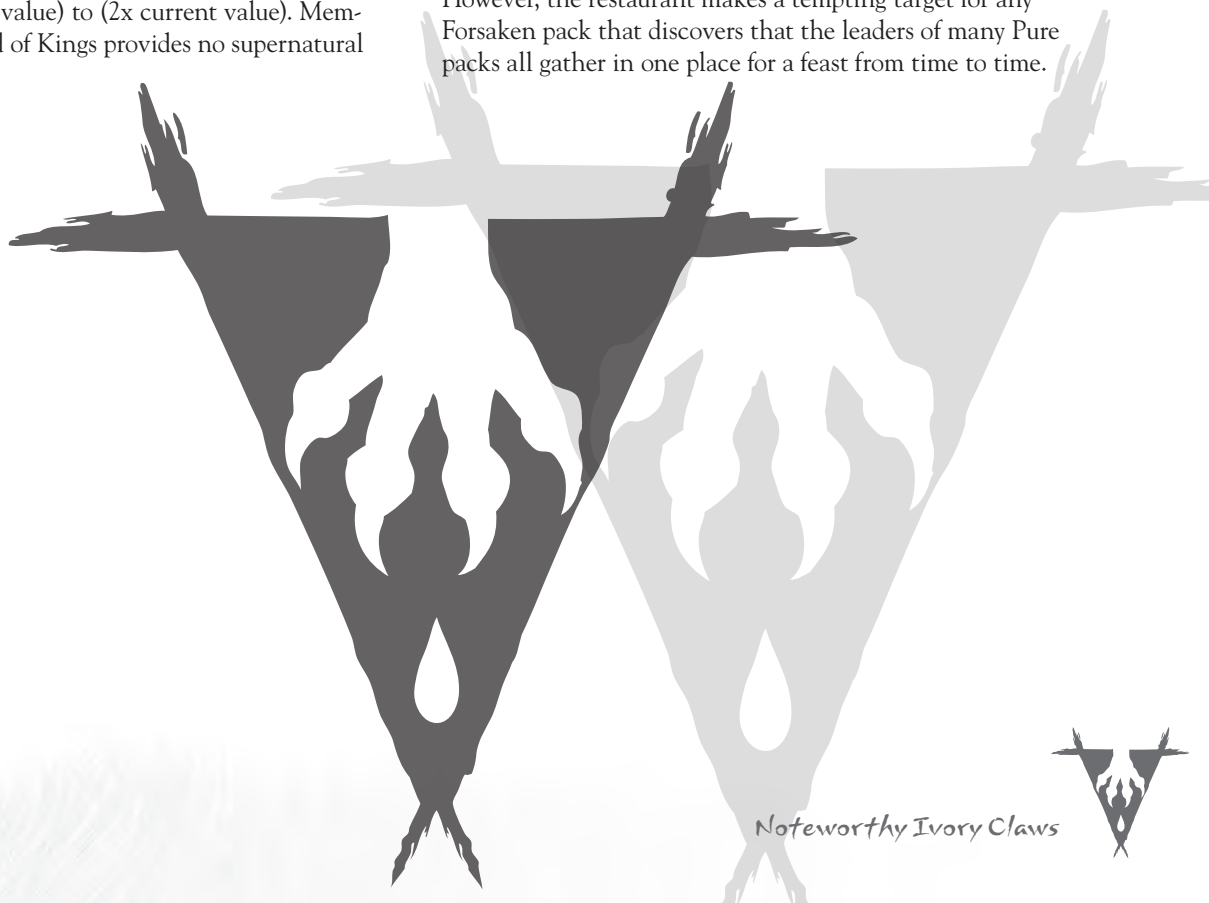
NOTEWORTHY IVORY CLAWS

Damon Radcliffe and Vengeance

Radcliffe leads a pack of fanatical Ivory Claws. His pack, Vengeance, has one goal: the death of the spirit of the Moon. In this way, they believe that they can avenge the betrayal and death of Father Wolf, as well as end the agony of Silver Wolf and remove the greatest ally that the hated Forsaken retain. Vengeance has developed a wide variety of plans to kill *Iduth*, ranging from the mundane (summon her and stab her to death) to the audacious (steal, reprogram and launch Soviet nuclear weaponry at the Moon and hope for the best). Vengeance isn't full of the smartest or most competent Ivory Claws, but they are among the most dedicated. They will commit themselves to aiding any pack of Pure that helps further the pack's bold goal.

Renato Cabral and Deep South

Renato is an immigrant to the United States from Brazil, and he runs a Brazilian-style restaurant for serious meat-eaters. At Renato's, as with all restaurants of this sort, endless platters of meat of all sorts are brought out to customers, until the customer finally admits that he is full. Renato's restaurant is popular among the Pure of the area, particularly those Ivory Claws who adhere to Silver Wolf's dietary restrictions. The restaurant is far more than a simple place to eat — it is the site of many rituals and sacred feasts, where the powerful leaders of packs for miles around have broken bread and forged new blood oaths. Renato's is neutral ground among the Pure, and the proprietor and his pack, Deep South, enforce that strictly. No known Forsaken are admitted to Renato's, and any who enters secretly may well be taking his life into his hands. However, the restaurant makes a tempting target for any Forsaken pack that discovers that the leaders of many Pure packs all gather in one place for a feast from time to time.



PREDATOR KINGS

It was just a corpse.

Meat. Carrion. Food for the scavengers.

And Dire Wolf felt no anger, no sorrow, no rage. It was just a body, breaking down into the spirit-matter it had been before its life. More than this — or rather, less — it was prey. This was a revelation to Huzuruth, because he had always believed the Father was a predator of predators. Yet here Urfarah lay: blooded, broken, lifeless. Defeated by a stronger foe. Prey to a stronger predator.

There was still no anger in Dire Wolf's heart. The eldest of the Father's children listened to the howls and the barks and the growls of his brothers and sisters. They were angry, they were fearful, they were curious and they were even excited. But Dire Wolf stood alone, above the younger, weaker wolves. He was amused at their emotions.

He felt no need to counsel them, no need to instruct them in the ways of the natural world. If they could not grasp the cycle of life, it was their lives at stake and Dire Wolf cared nothing for lesser beings — even the blood of his blood.

It is said by some that Huzuruth scuffed dirt over the body of Father Wolf and walked away. While the Firstborn who were to bond to the Forsaken howled and plotted and panicked over Urfarah's bones, Dire Wolf laughed. While the Firstborn who were to bond with the Pure raged and cowered and lapped at the purest blood of all as it spilled onto the ground, Dire Wolf sneered. He cared nothing for the broken body of the Father, and he cared even less for his foolish brothers and sisters.

The strong live and the weak die — the cycle of Nature. To be angry over Nature itself would be unnatural. If Father Wolf had been strong, he would still live. Dire Wolf turned away, secure in his place as the alpha hunter in this predator's paradise. Pangaea was a savage Heaven, a feral Eden and Huzuruth was highest of the high.

But then the world shattered.

Pangaea broke apart, smashed by the fury of the Celestines. Some among the Forsaken say that there was a lesson to be learned in this: that Huzuruth the Dire Wolf, eldest and most savage of the Father's children, should have learned that all things die. Nothing is immortal, nothing lasts forever; all predators will one day become prey.

But Dire Wolf did not learn this lesson. Huzuruth witnessed the destruction of the predator's paradise and felt rising fury, a blood-lust to kill those responsible. He watched the world breaking apart, saw his way of life coming to an end, and he learned a powerful new lesson as two worlds were born out of one.

Dire Wolf learned to hate.

In this time when myth and history blur into one tale, the werewolves bitterest over the loss of Pangaea, the savages and those who had long ago turned their backs on their human halves came to Huzuruth. The pact was sworn, and Dire Wolf's Ninna Farakh were born in his image, baptized in his hate.

And as he hunts in the Shadow World now, as his Predator Kings hunt in the Skin World tonight, he passes that hate on to his children with all the passion of a feral god.

BITTER HOWLS FROM BLOODY JAWS

This is how it feels to be Ninna Farakh.

You are bonded to your fellow Predator Kings with an intensity the Forsaken werewolves can never imagine, let alone comprehend. The savage power of Dire Wolf echoes in your bones. Huzuruth's hate for the Forsaken beats in your blood. The yearning for a feral age of predator and prey burns in your heart, and all the while his spirit-breath is cold on the back of your neck. It is a chill, dangerous closeness the Forsaken can never know from their distant totems. They say you have sold your freedom for power. You say they are liars and slaves themselves — slaves to the Bitch Mother.

You cry for a time you never knew, and you kill for an age you have only heard about in stories — stories told by elder monsters who breathe bitterness and exhale hate. To be Ninna Farakh is to feel that hate, to understand it and to surrender to it. You are yourself, but a version of yourself that lives without human restraints, morality and comfort. The Forsaken's lies say you are broken — a beast. But you know better. What you have sacrificed from your old life was all for the sake of truth. What you have endured and suffered was all in the name of enlightenment. You are still you, but cleansed, without doubts, and free to indulge in your hatred.

You are Pure.

Thousands of years ago, the Predator Kings were the werewolves who stalked the darkness, pacing at the edges of the firelight glimmering from caves. Hundreds of years ago, the Predator Kings were the werewolves who howled outside the stone walls of stinking cities. In these bygone ages, legends of hellhounds and demons were born from the fear your ancestors struck in the hearts of humans. And now in the modern nights, the Predator Kings are the beasts in the wilderness, the savage monsters that wait in the darkness away from civilization.

You are Ninna Farakh. You know that the ageless dance of predator and prey still rings across the world, but the rhythm has changed: it has been corrupted since time out of mind. The strong will always prosper, the weak will always suffer, but the true balance has been lost. It was lost when the world was sundered into the twin hunting grounds of the Shadow World and the Skin World. And no matter the cost, no matter the blood that must be shed or the lives that must be ended, the Predator Kings will redress that balance. You will bring the predator's paradise back.

Even at the cost of your humanity. Even at the cost of all humanity.

This is how it feels to be Ninna Farakh. Every night of blood and fury on the Hunt, every hour of rest that comes with each day's dawn: this is how it feels to be a Predator King.

A PREDATOR'S PURITY

The Predator Kings are a vast tribe. Though they cannot boast the numbers of the Fire-Touched, Dire Wolf's children are nevertheless several times more numerous than the Ivory Claws, and dwarf even the largest of Luna's Tribes. The Predator Kings' homes and hunting grounds are the wild places of the world and its



Shadow; only rarely do the children of Dire Wolf carve out a domain in the depths of the cities as other Uratha might.

The *Ninna Farakh* maintain such a horde of members by not only accepting newly Changed werewolves and converts from the Tribes of the Moon but also by tempting many outcasts, loners, Ghost Wolves, exiles and dispossessed who dwell on the outskirts of Uratha society. The methods of luring in new recruits might not be as aggressively persuasive as those of the Fire-Touched or as elitist as those performed by the Ivory Claws, but what the *Ninna Farakh* lack in sophistication they more than make up in sheer temptation. There is much to be said about the potential revelations from joining any of the Pure Tribes, but the Predator Kings excel in offering a powerfully tempting worldview to new recruits.

The unifying bond among all Predator Kings — a bond that knows no national boundaries, no local influences or global differentiation — is a heart of savage purity. The *Ninna Farakh* are the primal, feral reflection of the werewolf as a beast of the wilds, the monster outside the cities, the enemy of civilization and humanity. It is frightening to the Forsaken to think how universal that monstrous heart must be if the Predator Kings can wake it in so many.

To the Forsaken, the Predator Kings can appear as merciless killers, animalistic savages and fearless warriors all at once. The tribe exemplifies the qualities of the wolf as a peerless pack hunter and stalker in the wilds. But while most Uratha find a balance between their human hearts and their animal instincts, the *Ninna Farakh* display vicious tendencies unseen in the natural world. Bitterness, malice, a fierce lust for vengeance: these are the stains Dire Wolf has laid upon the hearts of his children. These are the stains that the tribe carries without fear or remorse, for Pangaea must be reclaimed. In truth, most Predator Kings do not even see this unnatural malice within themselves. They see only a predator's purity.

And yet, the *Urdaga* must be destroyed. The two worlds must be brought to heel so that the *Anshega* can reclaim their rightful place as highest of the hunters.

It matters nothing to most Predator Kings that genocide is the way to achieve these goals. Hatred for Luna's werewolves runs down the generations just as it bleeds down the bond to the tribal totem. And, just as with any werewolf, though a Predator King was once human, now the tide has turned. Now, with the tearing off of a werewolf's auspice and with the spiritual tie to the eldest, bitterest Firstborn of Father Wolf, a Predator King leaves all she once was behind her.

No other werewolf feels discomfort or pain simply by treading the sidewalks of a city. The Predator Kings who stalk the urban shadows must learn to adapt and reconcile the power of their totem with their own survival. No other werewolf is banned from using any tools created by humanity. No other werewolf must turn so utterly from

what he once was. In a world of cities and DVDs and cell phones and manufactured clothing, in an age of science and reason and the gradual death of faith in the unseen, the *Ninna Farakh* werewolves are alone. They are outside the world they once lived within, alone except their bonds of strength and their shared dream. Alone except for their unified hate at the way things have come to pass, the way things are. This isolation from their human lives can make it all the easier to slip into what human morality would consider evil and wrong. After all, werewolves can distance themselves from their humanity by desire, but few sacrifice as much as the Predator Kings must simply by joining their chosen tribe. So what's the appeal? What burns in the hearts of so many werewolves that makes the tribe so numerous?

Ethically, morally, a werewolf undergoes understandable changes when she first sees the world with her new perspective. She is no longer fully human, and no longer sees the world as a human does. Predator Kings are no exception, and they often feel a primal acceptance that few mortals or even other werewolves possess. It is an acceptance that no matter what the cost in blood and life, Pangaea must be resurrected and reclaimed. What was once must come again.

To bring about the resurrection of Pangaea would ruin the balance of the modern world. Humanity would once more be at the mercies of powerful god-like spirits, and, of course, humans would also be the prey of the Predator Kings. At first, joining the *Ninna Farakh* can seem like a harrowing betrayal, a fall into monstrosity. In truth, most Predator Kings are just honest with themselves. They *are* the highest of the hunters, the kings of the predators. There is much to be said for the appeal of power and status in the tribe's visions of the new Pangaea, and Predator Kings regard any werewolf with the mental fortitude to throw off his human ties as worthy of joining.

How is this tempting? Why would any werewolf join the Predator Kings willingly, let alone seek the tribe out in the hopes of gaining acceptance? It comes down to two levels — the philosophical and the personal.

Woven throughout the tribal savagery and the animalistic disregard for prey is a simple philosophy: a purity in accordance with the natural world. The law of predator and prey — the strong live, the weak die. Feeling sorrow for the destruction of the weak who die so that the strong may prosper is unnatural. Dire Wolf learned this lesson when the world shattered. His Predator King children know this lesson now, and they are all too willing to pass the lesson on, whether by teaching it to new members of the tribe or by bringing death to the enemies of the *Ninna Farakh*.

On the personal level, the Predator Kings find a great deal of appeal in their mindset and behavior. Many recruits were people who lived lives as outcasts among humanity anyway: violent tempers that made relationships and friendships that much harder to hold, disturb-

ing thoughts and desires that made it difficult to relate to other people — all the humans who find themselves at odds with the way of the world can easily find a home in the Predator Kings, adopting the tribal mindset with little difficulty. But those who join aren't just the outlaws, the outcasts and the homeless. The tribe is full of werewolves who were once people like anyone else, only their perceptions shifted one day and the beliefs of the *Ninna Farakh* suddenly made sense.

For some, this was as a result of fear that joining was the only way to survive. For others, joining represented a way to strike back at the world that had wronged them, or to become exceptional after lives that had so far ground them down into just more people. The dirt-poor factory worker who needs something — anything — to change in her life, the downsized middle-manager axed so that his job can go abroad, the corporate lawyer who borders on suicide because of the corruption he must deal with, the suburban kid who gets beaten up every day on his way back from school: these are all potential Predator Kings. Whether the world has wronged them or not, something can snap inside a person, and the *Ninna Farakh* not only look for that in a potential recruit, they admire anyone who goes through it. It's not a matter of suffering hardship and surviving it with grace. It's a matter of saying, "No more. Something's got to give."

Almost everyone has secret thoughts that rebel against the way his life is going and the way the world is turning. Almost everyone gets kicked under life's heels and takes a beating once in a while, be it physical, emotional or spiritual. The packs of the Predator Kings are filled with those who took their chance to reject everything they hated about their old lives, or hated the world enough to fight back.

The truth is a strange beast, but the Predator Kings know what they know. The Forsaken are reviled as beggars who howl to Luna's face each night for scraps of forgiveness, living every evening in the pathetic "honor" of wasting their lives atoning for the crimes of their ancestors. The Predator Kings regard the *Urdaga* as staining themselves with these crimes in the modern world; by joining the weaker Firstborn and not shredding their own auspices, the Tribes of the Moon are taking responsibility for ancient sins they should not be blamed for. This is not nobility to the Predator Kings — it is stupidity. There is nothing of the noble, savage hunter in mewling over a dead weakling Father and trying to do the slain invalid's work for him — there is only futility. There is no honor in slaving to please the insane Mother — there is only submission.

The Predator Kings know that the *Anshega* are the real heirs to the Father (which matters to the other Pure), but, more importantly, they know that the *Ninna Farakh* alone are the true lords of Pangaea. If the remaking of the world results in the deaths of weaker beings, then that's just the way world turns. The Predator Kings are part of

Nature — the highest of the high, certainly — but they do not seek to put themselves above Nature itself. This is the predator's purity, the heart and soul of the tribe. The rebirth of Pangaea is considered as natural as the rise of the moon and the *Ninna Farakh* are not perverting Nature by bringing the rebirth about. The modern world is what is unnatural, unbalanced, and according to the most hard-line werewolves of the tribe, the modern world must be destroyed.

BLOOD, BONE AND SOUL

To hear the Forsaken speak of the Predator Kings' recruitment methods, the *Ninna Farakh* elders beat their children into submission, brainwash converts into psychotic beliefs and indoctrinate them into living lives based purely on hate.

This is, and isn't, true.

The only mandatory abuse inherent in Predator King rites of initiation is the shredding of the auspice — any other pain inflicted on the supplicant is out of the ritemaster's own sense of how best to teach the potential Pure.

- **Fresh Blood:** If the Predator Kings track down a newly Changed werewolf, the indoctrination takes a vastly different form than it does for convincing experienced Forsaken. *Nuzusul* are often isolated and terrified as well as suffering enormous physical strain and psychological pressure. When confronted by a pack of Pure who claim kinship and understanding, how these experienced werewolves behave can hardly matter — the newly Changed Uratha will still likely cling to the Predator Kings out of a need to learn of her new place in the world and of the changes that are overtaking her body.

When it comes to *nuzusul*, the Predator Kings appeal to the new werewolf with their direct honesty and their embrace of their animal natures. Most experienced *Ninna Farakh* don't even mention their vengeance-urge against the Forsaken at first, leaving that to come only once the newly Changed werewolf has survived the Rite of Initiation and joined the tribe.

Another important factor that is often overlooked by those outside the tribe is that the Predator Kings offer a significant sense of brotherhood. Few tribes are as tightly bound as the *Ninna Farakh*, an aspect that derives from their unique mindsets and attitudes. To be one of the Predator Kings is to know a near-unbreakable bond with other werewolves, a purer kinship than anything human. Standing in the company of these other demanding, powerful people can hold great appeal, and it's easy to see why werewolves fresh from their First Change seek a place among the children of *Huzuruth*.

- **Forsaken Traitors:** When the Uratha talk of "brainwashing" new Predator Kings into the tribe, the Uratha are usually referring to the techniques of persuasion the *Ninna Farakh* use to alter the perceptions of an experienced Forsaken werewolf, so that he sees the truth according to the Pure Tribes' way of thinking.



Many of the Forsaken's fears regarding the Predator Kings are true. There is much about the tribe that falls within the "primitive monster" stereotype, and pledging yourself to demanding, inhuman, hate-filled totems is not an easy sacrifice to make. Even Forsaken tempted by the advantages of the Predator Kings and their unrestrained wildness can be put off by the restrictions on freedom and the services given to the totems of the Pure.

Forsaken converts are usually drawn from werewolves who have already suffered some degree of Harmony degeneration. Such Uratha have probably already begun to distance themselves from adhering completely to the Oath of the Moon by virtue of their actions, and are likely showing evidence of conflict with their place in the *Urdaga*. Consider the appeal of the Predator Kings' bestial, unrestrained existences to the hardworking, run-ragged, dutiful Forsaken werewolf who fights horrors from the Shadow night after night. Consider the purity of a lifestyle uncomplicated by endless duties protecting the balance between both sides of the Gauntlet: the freedom to kill your hated enemies once and for all and not be judged a sinner by your packmates, the grudging acceptance of the spirits rather than the need to placate them or battle them for shreds of respect....

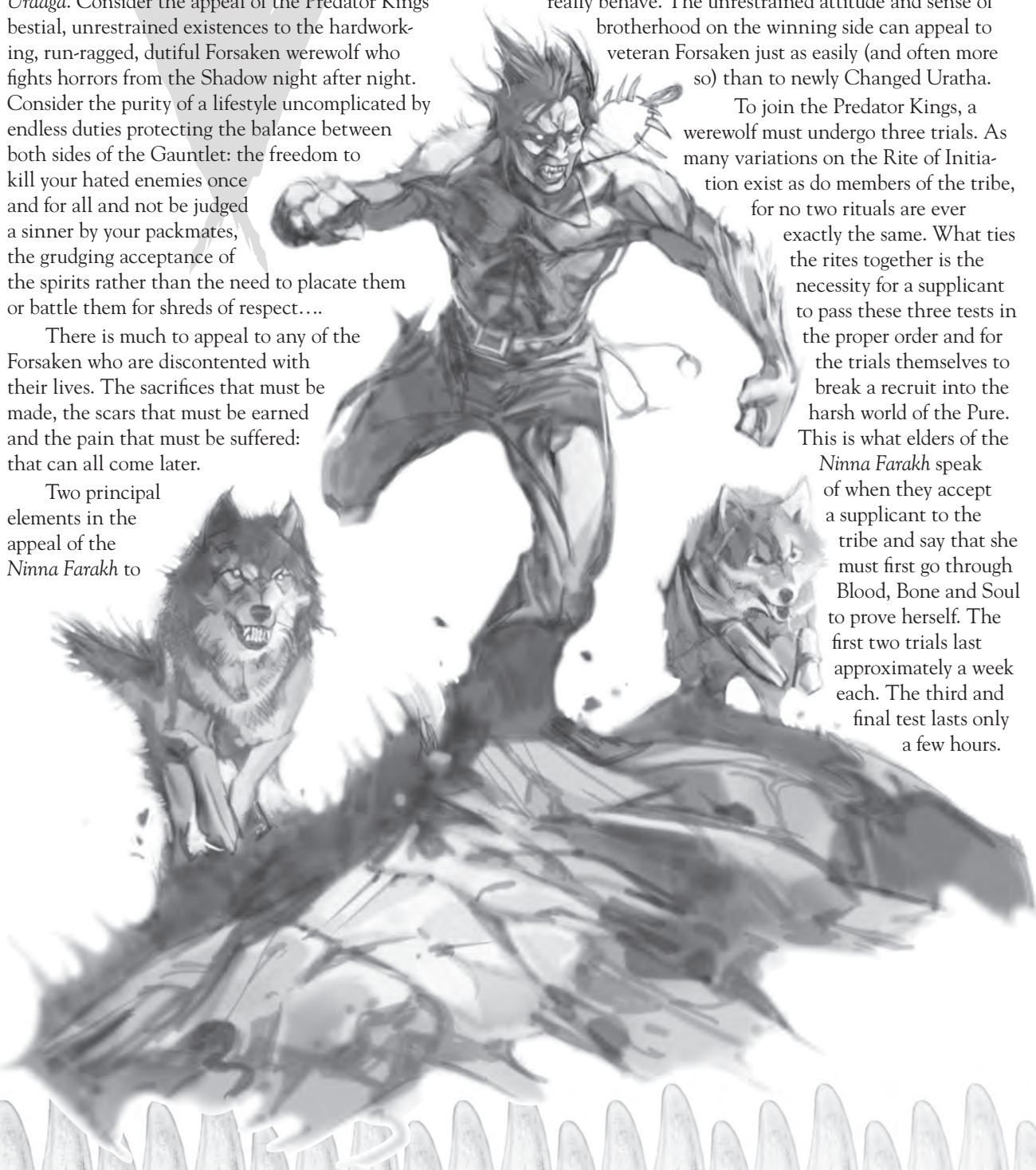
There is much to appeal to any of the Forsaken who are discontented with their lives. The sacrifices that must be made, the scars that must be earned and the pain that must be suffered: that can all come later.

Two principal elements in the appeal of the *Ninna Farakh* to

Urdaga traitors are the perceptions of control and power. The Forsaken fight for control every night of their lives, battling on the hunting grounds left unclaimed by the dominant Pure. The Forsaken strive for power in their lives, doing their best to balance the two worlds of substance and Shadow. They seek to balance their animalistic urges, their inner werewolf rage as well as their human lives — all without attracting attention. It is a grueling struggle.

But to outsiders, the Predator Kings seem to already have the things that the Forsaken must bleed for. As part of the Pure, the *Ninna Farakh* are at the heart of the dominant faction. As children of *Huzuruth*, they set their own standards on what is ethical and how werewolves should really behave. The unrestrained attitude and sense of brotherhood on the winning side can appeal to veteran Forsaken just as easily (and often more so) than to newly Changed Uratha.

To join the Predator Kings, a werewolf must undergo three trials. As many variations on the Rite of Initiation exist as do members of the tribe, for no two rituals are ever exactly the same. What ties the rites together is the necessity for a supplicant to pass these three tests in the proper order and for the trials themselves to break a recruit into the harsh world of the Pure. This is what elders of the *Ninna Farakh* speak of when they accept a supplicant to the tribe and say that she must first go through Blood, Bone and Soul to prove herself. The first two trials last approximately a week each. The third and final test lasts only a few hours.



BLOOD

Lessons of Predator and Prey

To be a Predator King is to be a hunter without peer. To be a hunter is to kill without remorse. And so it is that the first trial, Blood, demands that a supplicant take life without regret. Blood is not simply about hunting and killing another living being: this rite is also a matter of the supplicant putting human life and morality behind him. To this end, the Predator Kings demand that the prey must be human, that it must be someone whom the supplicant knows and that the werewolf must shed no tears as he kills the victim.

Aware supplicants will perceive the reason behind the Blood trial — that this Rite of Initiation is designed to break a werewolf from her old life and begin to indoctrinate her into the Predator King mindset. Less perceptive supplicants are likely to regard Blood as a grotesque hazing of sorts, an act of mindless slaughter or a test of callousness and prowess. These latter supplicants are missing the point — the results of Blood are all that matter to the *Ninna Farakh*. By just going through with such acts, a werewolf is distancing herself from all she once was, both human or Forsaken. It is an evolution of sorts: to both accept the changes the werewolf must personally go through as well as to understand what is necessary in the cause of the tribe.

It goes almost without saying that during Blood, most werewolves go after an enemy: abusive parents, a criminal who wronged her in life, someone who was promoted above him because of sleeping with the boss, and so on. However, few people have enemies they can despise with true passion. A hated enemy from mortal life is a rare thing — the psychological impact of killing “that guy you hated at the office” or “a guy who stole my lunch money for years at school” can be shattering for months or years afterward. Even with truly detested enemies, it is not easy. And with no real enemies, the werewolf’s wrath often falls upon those with only minor grievances. It is one thing to kill, in Rage or *Kuruth*, a parent who worked all the time and never gave a child all the attention he wanted, but it’s quite another to consciously set out to murder that person.

Some Predator Kings seek additional approval (or hope to force themselves far from their old lives) by using the time of Blood to go after loved ones. These werewolves believe that by slaughtering someone they truly care for, they are increasing their understanding of the Pure or their standing in the eyes of their Predator King ritemasters. Depending on the ritemaster in question and her own tendencies, this could be the case. In truth, it often is, and many Predator Kings will laud a supplicant with that much devotion to the tribe. Others will set the goal that the potential recruit must hunt down and kill a loved one anyway, without telling the supplicant there is any other way of doing it. This is also a method of renunciation and indoctrination, rather than just pointless cruelty, and most supplicants see that through their anger and sorrow.

Predator Kings often argue about whether Dire Wolf himself cares about who suffers under Blood. The *Ninna Farakh*’s Firstborn totem seems to require only that someone the supplicant knows is killed, no matter who it is, so that the recruit suffers psychological strain and begins to understand just what measures the tribe will take compared to other werewolves.

BONE

Lessons of the Purest Hunters

The second trial is Bone. Here the applicant tests her ability to suffer pain in the name of the Pure, the depth of her animal instincts and her capacity to shoulder the burdens laid upon her by Dire Wolf’s ban. The trial is spoken of in many ways by Predator King ritemasters, explaining that it tests the strength in the core of a werewolf’s body — her very bones — or how it is designed to cut a supplicant to the bone to see if she’s got what it takes. This trial is meant to strip the werewolf down to her core, laying her bare and forcing her to look deep within herself.

What few supplicants are told is that this deep introspection and terrible hardship also allows *Huzuruth* himself to scrutinize the werewolf so that Dire Wolf might decide if she is worthy of a place among his Predator Kings. For the entire duration of Bone, the supplicant is watched in secret by many spirit spies enslaved by fear or awe of Dire Wolf, and tell the totem of all the werewolf’s doings.

For a week, the supplicant must shed any semblance of humanity. For seven days and seven nights, the werewolf must live as a beast in the wilderness. No cell phones, no contact with humans, no clothes — if the supplicant even speaks a word of any human language, she fails and must face the mercies of the Predator King ritemaster who will likely be less than pleased at the time he was wasted on such failure.

URBAN INITIATION

Do the Predator Kings go through their initiation rites in urban areas? The answer is yes of course. But they aren’t often all that happy about it. In the game of **Werewolf: The Forsaken** the *Ninna Farakh* hold a special place. They are the epitome of the wild werewolf: they exemplify the feral passion and savage changes that can overcome a shapeshifter, and they hunt in the dark places of the world where humans like us are simply *not welcome*. Diluting that to make them run in the streets can sometimes feel like a cheat, but remember — there are dark, wild places in the cities, too. Most people avoid these dangerous or desolate places unless they exist there out of desperation or a need to hide. But the Predator Kings tread there without fear.



On p. 35 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken** it says "Their ritual hunts are often bloody wild affairs that leave a string of unsolved murders in the files of local law enforcement agencies." The best example of when the Predator Kings do this is when Blood, Bone and Soul go urban. The packmembers tear up any obstacle to chase down their potential recruit, and the supplicant himself is likely to do damage to anything and anyone in his way as he flees their scrutiny and the eyes of the pack's spirit-allies. The key aspect of the Bone trial is living as a beast and taking no comfort in human tools. While many traditionalist Predator Kings might resent the notion of performing such a ritual within the boundaries of a city, most werewolves are realists and play with the hand that life deals them. If Blood, Bone and Soul must be performed in a city, then so be it.

This might not seem so bad initially — like a rough camping trip made easier with shapechanging ability and hunting skill — and many werewolves enter the trial of Bone with suspicion that worse is yet to come or assured confidence that this middle step is the easiest. As it happens, those harboring suspicions are correct, because what the supplicant is not told is that she will spend the week on the Hunt.

And she is the prey.

Supplicants are told that during the trial of Bone, they are barred from returning to the pack's hunting grounds for *imin fala Uzuhamu muz* — "seven turns of the Bitch Mother's face." The last words potential recruits hear before the trial begins are that the more pain she suffers, the higher her accolades shall be. She is then escorted in silence to the edge of the hunting ground, and must live alone for seven nights.

After a few hours, the Pure pack she seeks to join will hunt her, tearing at her with claws and fangs and beating her unconscious over and over every time they catch her. Not once will they explain why they are doing it, though it isn't hard for most supplicants to guess that this is part of the trial. When the Pure tire of the game, they will enlist the aid of allied spirits to hound the supplicant and harm her repeatedly, through fire, glass, ice, fear, hallucinations — any weapon in the spirit's arsenal. The object of Bone is to force the supplicant to endure everything thrown at her, to make her survive on animal instinct as well as human logic, to test her to her limits and then break them in the hopes that she rebuilds them higher and stronger the next time. The supplicant knows she only has to survive for a week, but after a few days that can seem like an eternity away.

At some point, the pack likely forces the supplicant into Forsaken hunting grounds, then alerts the local

Tribes of the Moon through spirit-allies or by howls that there is a Pure among Forsaken territory. The supplicant can obviously expect no mercy should she fall into the Forsaken's hands. Newly Changed werewolves undergoing a savage initiation into Pure ways will obviously believe the Forsaken are evil and treacherous creatures who deserve no mercy (perfectly true in some hunting grounds), so she will probably die before allowing herself to be captured. Worse, Forsaken traitors who seek to join the Pure have the worry of recognized by former packmates or friends during this part of the trial. The Forsaken's punishment is apt to be much worse if they are caught.

At the end of the week, the supplicant either returns to the pack's hunting ground or is forgotten and left for dead. Those who return stand before the Predator King ritemaster and the rest of the pack, and are congratulated on the pain they endured, the foes they killed and their ability to survive on animal instinct when the need arises.

She swears an oath in First Tongue to become one of Dire Wolf's children if the totem himself finds her worthy. Without waiting for an answer, the werewolf then tears off her auspice.

SOUL

Lessons of Defiance and Sacrifice

The shredding of the auspice is a spiritual plea, but the shredding has a savagely physical aspect in the Predator Kings' rites of initiation. Rather than simply imploring Dire Wolf to remove the spirit brands or spiritually forsaking Luna's forgiveness, the supplicant is told she must also physically rend the blessing of the Mother from her own flesh. Claws, knives, homemade daggers of broken glass — even silver weapons — whatever the werewolf feels is worthy.

Some Forsaken converts cut themselves in the place of their spirit brands, ritually flaying the skin from their muscles over and over as they regenerate. This is not merely sacrifice in the name of differencing themselves from the Forsaken: it is a visceral rejection a Goddess's forgiveness. The *Ninna Farakh* believe the terrible pain of the moment, the shredding itself, lends the mental focus and spiritual power necessary to cast aside the Mother's forgiveness.

For details on the "Pure Initiation Rituals," see p. 18.

BONDED TO A SAVAGE GOD

The Predator Kings feel the pressure of Dire Wolf watching over them as a chill touch within their hearts. Over time, as the *Ninna Farakh* commit themselves to their tribe and live their lives according to its traditions, werewolves can begin to feel the spiritual resonance of their totem bleeding into their perceptions and personalities. This is another sacrifice that the Predator Kings make for the Pure's truth. This is what the *Ninna Farakh* must pay for their powerful totems and the benefit of a tighter

bond with the denizens of Shadow. Nothing so valuable could be without cost.

For each failed Harmony roll, all werewolves must make another roll to determine whether they gain a compulsion akin to a spirit's ban. For the *Ninna Farakh*, each time they fail a Harmony roll, whether or not they gain a compulsion from the second roll, they feel a little more of their tribal totem bleeding into their minds. It starts as something minor — a short temper, a tendency to become aggravated easily. For some Predator Kings, it can become a powerful urge that deepens into obsessions and violent urges.

When the *Urdaga* refer to the *Anshega* surrendering their souls or freedom for power, this must surely be one of the aspects the Forsaken fear and loathe the most. To the Forsaken aware of the Predator Kings' bond with their totem, the deepening obsession and rage can seem a stressful, painstakingly slow metamorphosis into a living reflection of *Huzuruth*. Some refer to this as being "eaten from within."

The Predator Kings consider it a restrictive, painful and dangerous honor. Bonding with the totem is a harrowing process for some, a welcome joining for others, but most agree that the honor of such a tight bond is an acceptable sacrifice for the benefits the Pure Tribes enjoy in the Shadow World. While most Predator Kings degenerate in Harmony during the course of their lives, the loss of Harmony is not considered a concern until a werewolf's personality begins to become subsumed in the spite and anger of Dire Wolf. Most Predator Kings believe that the "honor" of such extreme closeness is wisely refused if a werewolf is in full control of her faculties. Of course, with increasing degeneration, resisting further sinning through either careless inattention or the desire to inflict pain and death for pleasure becomes harder.

For more details on "Predator King Harmony," see p. 94.

DIRE WOLF

It is said that Dire Wolf chose his tribemates out of the bitterness they shared, out of the desire for vengeance that united them all. It is said that it was more destiny than choice.

Some Forsaken storytellers tell of *Huzuruth* as a creature too saturated with hatred to ever lead the Firstborn. The *Urdaga* often speak of Dire Wolf as a failed alpha, twisted by bitterness, who walked away from responsibility to revel in his own bile. The Predator Kings speak of equal weaknesses in the totems of other tribes, but not all dispute the accusations against Dire Wolf. Few see such behavior as real weakness, but true or not, in the end it doesn't matter to them.

Dire Wolf is a terrifying creature, unnerving even to some of the Predator Kings. While they each feel some measure of reassurance and acceptance from the patronage of such an inhumanly powerful being, the bond is

often a taut, tense connection. To be close to Dire Wolf is to be close to a king of an era when humanity was just another prey animal. Every child mutilated by a dangerous dog has felt an echo of this feeling. Every man who mourns a murdered wife or woman who lives through a rape knows a shadow of this helplessness. Dire Wolf is a link to an age when humanity was just as vulnerable to predation as any other species in the world. Much of humankind has now grown accustomed to indulgence and satisfaction, but in the moments of the most horrible events, some echo of the ancient helplessness felt by true prey does exist. This feeling is the body and soul of Dire Wolf — this feeling is what Dire Wolf exists to create.

The Predator Kings are shaped in his image. They feel the same anger, the same need for revenge and the same superiority at making prey of others. But in the once-human hearts of the Predator Kings, there is a core of unrest. The discomfort caused by Dire Wolf's bond might not affect their night-to-night lives or the Hunt itself, but the unrest can bleed through into their personalities in subtle ways. As Harmony falls and the Predator Kings manifest a shadow of *Huzuruth's* fury, they each feel just a taste of the primal fear that Dire Wolf awakens in humanity.

HONOR NOTHING OF HUMAN CRAFT

Sehe Nu Lu'u Thim. The Predator King werewolves, by nature of their tribal ban, are the most removed and distant from the human lives they once lived. To be a Predator King is to suffer under a spiritual ban forbidding any of the tribe to ever wield tools created by human hands or shelter in havens crafted by human labor. This ban is not simply a ban on cities and civilization but a powerful declaration that none of the *Ninna Farakh* are ever to respect human workings if the Predator Kings wish to keep Dire Wolf's favor. If a Predator King lives within a city, rides the subway, catches a taxi, uses a telephone, wears store-bought clothes or even smokes a cigarette, the werewolf is violating the ban laid upon her by *Huzuruth* himself. Predator Kings can use tools created by werewolves, even the Forsaken or the Bale Hounds, but the *Ninna Farakh* may not use or benefit from anything crafted by humans.

In the modern world, with the spread of urbanization into much of the wilderness and the rapid advance of convenience technology, most Predator Kings find this ban difficult to uphold.

Abiding by the ban can lead many Predator Kings into a violent rejection of all they once were, lashing out at humanity with a hatred that matches the tribe's loathing for the Forsaken. In some packs, *Ninna Farakh* reacting in such a way are considered blessed by *Huzuruth*, for they share his rejection and disgust at all things of human design and craft. Packs with a less spiritual (and perhaps more pragmatic) outlook see such flagrant rejection as another mechanism for coping with the vast changes that occur in any werewolf's life once she is sworn to Dire Wolf.



Some among the *Ninna Farakh* believe their ban (and by extension, Dire Wolf's hatred of humanity) reflects the fact that in the modern world, the human race is unnaturally powerful in comparison to all other life. Humanity almost stands atop Nature itself; humans are the main source of imbalance within the Skin World, as well as most of the chaotic changes within the Shadow World, and many Predator Kings believe that humanity is one of the greatest threats that should actually be culled if Pan-gaea is to be reborn. For these reasons, the Predator Kings often feel no guilt for the deaths of humans.

For all this suspicion and talk of loathing humanity, many Predator Kings do hunt in urban packs and risk further disconnection from their totem. They might not be the majority in the tribe, but they are a clearly significant minority, and most Forsaken packs soon realize urban *Ninna Farakh* are common enough.

Living in an urban environment is a difficult choice, but the call of the pack is a strong one, and not all Pure packs claim territory solely out in the wilds. For a tribe the size of the *Ninna Farakh*, some members taking the Hunt into the urban sprawls of the world is not a choice at all; living in civilization has to happen given the vast number of Predator Kings and their packs. So while the majority of the most monstrous and traditional of *Huzuruth's* werewolves are out there in the wilderness, there is no shortage of Predator Kings stalking the cities at night. Some Predator Kings return to the cities because they are the werewolves packs' hunting grounds. Some return in spite of their tribal ban because of the familiar urban landscape. Some will never return, while others have never left.

In the end, it comes down to three things: the Predator King's own desires, how high her Harmony rating is and how she feels about defying her tribal totem.

HARMONY AND DEGENERATION

Of all Forsaken or Pure werewolves, the Predator Kings are arguably among those who slide the deepest into degeneration. While the Predator Kings use techniques such as skilled torture less often than the other Pure might, there are still significant factors that drain Harmony away over time. Ironically, the Predator Kings' lower Harmony scores give lie to their claims that they are the purest expression of natural alpha hunters. Few ever acknowledge the degree that Dire Wolf's hatred and their own malice affect them. The dedicated Pure warriors put such degeneration down to necessary sacrifices. The pious and spiritual consider it blessed evidence of the close bond with Dire Wolf.

The bestial lifestyle, the easily (and often) broken ban on venturing close to humanity and using human tools, the tendency to kill foes and regard them as weaker prey — all add up after a while. The following section highlights the changes that overtake the *Ninna Farakh* as they fall into Harmony imbalance, paying special attention to the powerful bond with Dire Wolf.

Harmony 9–10

Only rarely does a Predator King ever reach or maintain a Harmony of this level, and those who do are not accorded the saintly respect often found for high-Harmony werewolves among the Forsaken. In fact, to some *Ninna Farakh*, such a high Harmony often belies an ignorance of the goals of the Pure and the fight against the Tribes of the Moon. Although Predator Kings of this Harmony may never violate Dire Wolf's ban and venture into the cities, they also tend not to kill their foes for pleasure, maybe never killing even accidentally or when lost to Death Rage. This can sour these Predator Kings' relationships with the more typical and numerous Predator Kings. The division that already exists can increase by magnitudes in some territories, especially those where echoes of the Brethren War can still be found. Predator Kings with such high Harmony never really went to war in the sense of the other Pure, and even today can be reluctant to strike at the *Urdaga*. Wolves, high-Harmony Predator Kings reason, do not go to war and take life only to survive. This is another aspect of the high-Harmony mindset that earns respect for their concordance with the natural world, but also earns a great deal of scorn for their "impure" attitudes.

Such individuals are not numerous. To many Predator Kings, these tribemates should be praised for their self-control and balance with natural world, but are frequently seen as deluded, ineffectual or both.

With this rating, almost no Predator King displays the bans and compulsions of Pure degeneration. Some spirits can be expected to look upon the werewolf with more respect and admiration than the grudging, fearful fellowship that usually ties *Anshega* and spirit relationships together. Other spirits, particularly those bound to the more violent and primal aspects of the Pure way of life, might temper their increased respect with wariness for such a unique (and potentially pacifist) individual.

Harmony 6–8

A supplicant to the tribe often begins at this level of Harmony. Most are soon broken by the savage Rite of Initiation, designed to trigger an immediate fall in Harmony to prepare the werewolf for the harshness of Pure existence and to teach him the feral necessities of the Predator Kings way of life. His Harmony will likely fall further once the werewolf comes to terms with what compromises he must make in order to further his goals and the goals of his tribe, as well as the cause of the Pure.

Some Uratha maintain this level of Harmony throughout their lives as Predator Kings, only rarely venturing into cities and taking care not to kill enemies, leaving them beaten and regenerating once they have fallen. Perhaps some Predator Kings hope such fallen foes will have learned their lesson and don't deserve death. Perhaps these medium-Harmony werewolves are simply meticulous about never revealing their nature to the Herd or acting out pre-planned murders, and hope that by avoiding

greater sins they can keep their souls in lasting balance despite the violations that do occur from time to time.

At this stage, given one or more failed Harmony rolls, some Predator Kings do begin to display the restrictive bans and compulsions of their tribal totem. Such effects are subtle and generally unobtrusive: circling before sitting down, subtly sniffing the air when meeting a new person, growling under the breath when annoyed, etc. A few werewolves uncomfortable with the changes they feel within themselves amend their behavior in the hopes of raising their Harmony over time, but the majority consider such subtle degeneration part and parcel of Predator King existence and give no thought to worrying about such minor changes.

Harmony 3–5

This is the level of Harmony that most Predator Kings instinctively hover, with 4 being the most common. At this level, the werewolf regards her tribal ban as an inconvenience and will violate the ban when necessary, with the intention of doing penance at a later date. As these *Ninna Farakh* generally don't care if a foe is slain in Rage-clouded battle and many seem to enjoy falling into *Kuruth*, they are savage warriors among werewolves. Other *Anshega* become very uncomfortable as the Predator King begins to live out the code of predator and prey ("the strong survive, the weak die") and introduces this thinking into almost every aspect of her life.

Most Predator Kings at this degree of degeneration would hesitate to torture their enemies without a good reason, not entirely because of guilt but also because such torture goes against the natural behavior of a predator to toy with prey in such a manner. The minds of these *Ninna Farakh* are a chaotic fusion of animalist instinct, human intelligence and Dire Wolf's unending hate, all twisted and bound by the soul's spiritual degeneration.

Although a werewolf might acknowledge his instincts rebelling at the thought of torturing a helpless foe, the intelligent malice at the core of Dire Wolf couples with the Predator King's low Harmony and drives the werewolf on to some sadistic and violent acts, which he will often enjoy without remorse. *Ninna Farakh* are well-known for relishing the slaughter at the end of a Hunt, and for reveling in their battle prowess as they stand over the bodies of enemies. Such behavior is due in part to the powerful connection between werewolf and totem.

The Predator Kings are still in control of their actions, though. Whether they feel guilt for their actions or care nothing for the consequences is down to an individual's outlook on the world. Only when the Uratha begins to plunge deeper into Harmony degeneration does the totem bond take such a strong hold on the werewolf that she is no longer entirely herself.

Harmony 1–2

Very few Predator Kings fall to this level of degeneration. At this stage, many Predator Kings have difficulty re-

calling much of who they were, and appear barely similar to the werewolves that packmates once knew. In addition to the potential for any number of acquired spirit bans, the Predator King's mind and senses are saturated in the primal, undying hatred of Dire Wolf. *Ninna Farakh* who have fallen this low live, breathe, eat and excrete nothing but a desire for revenge, an urge to kill and a hunger for the taste of human and werewolf flesh. They ache to challenge anyone they perceive as a worthy rival, desperate to prove that they alone are the best hunters in the territory.

The cities of the world pain the werewolf's feet as she walks (though she does not take Health damage.) Even looking at human architecture hurts her eyes, though some Predator Kings channel this pain into their bitterness and loathing for humanity, for the Forsaken, for everything.

What can be most frightening is that not always straightforward desires for vengeance overcome these degenerates. A shattered memory of a cheating partner more than a decade before can flare in the werewolf's mind, and she will stop at nothing to hunt her ex-boyfriend down to kill him. Any thoughts that interfere with the most primal aspects of the Hunt or taking revenge on one's enemies are easily forgotten. Clothes are an unnecessary and time-consuming affectation. Speech beyond the most basic First Tongue threats becomes pointless, no longer serving the Hunt in any way at all. The Predator King is a likely a pariah even among her own kind, and might retreat on instinct — or be driven out by her packmates — into the wilderness to dwell alone with her uncontrollable hate and fury.

It is a curious paradox: souls such as these *Ninna Farakh* are considered honored for carrying such a strong connection to the tribal totem, while at the same time pitied for a lack of self-control. Any Predator King who ever doubts the supernatural hatred of Dire Wolf needs only look at a tribemate whose heart and soul is saturated with hate to see that Dire Wolf's hate is both very real and very unnerving.

Harmony 0

Abject pity: this is how best to describe the way most Predator Kings see the Broken Souls. To become *Zi'ir* is to show how weak-willed one really is, how one has drowned in Dire Wolf's hate and one's own spiritual corruption without showing the strength of a Predator King.

Other Predator Kings rarely make attempts at rehabilitating or killing, mercifully, a Broken Soul. When one of the *Ninna Farakh* falls this far, she is pitied and considered Predator King no more. The tribe tends to relish in one final Hunt to kill such wretches out of spite, not mercy. Other *Ninna Farakh* let the fallen werewolf wander where she will, excising her name from the oral histories of the tribe and never speaking her name again. To become *Zi'ir* is to become dead to the tribe.



There always comes a time when a werewolf can feel her slide into Harmony degeneration. It might start as an unconscious change, but the sensation will always creep into her senses at

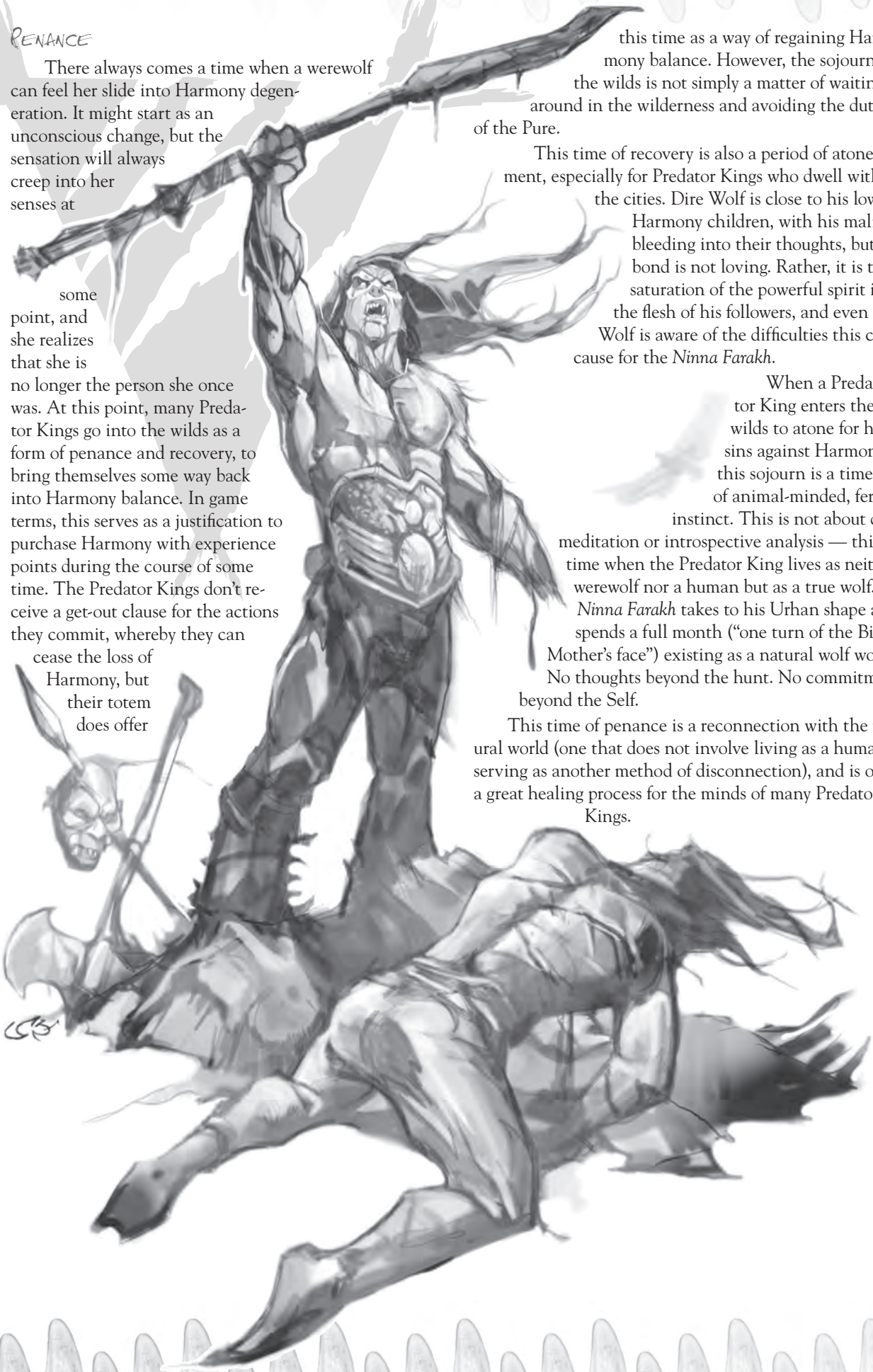
some point, and she realizes that she is no longer the person she once was. At this point, many Predator Kings go into the wilds as a form of penance and recovery, to bring themselves some way back into Harmony balance. In game terms, this serves as a justification to purchase Harmony with experience points during the course of some time. The Predator Kings don't receive a get-out clause for the actions they commit, whereby they can cease the loss of Harmony, but their totem does offer

this time as a way of regaining Harmony balance. However, the sojourn into the wilds is not simply a matter of waiting around in the wilderness and avoiding the duties of the Pure.

This time of recovery is also a period of atonement, especially for Predator Kings who dwell within the cities. Dire Wolf is close to his low-Harmony children, with his malice bleeding into their thoughts, but his bond is not loving. Rather, it is the saturation of the powerful spirit into the flesh of his followers, and even Dire Wolf is aware of the difficulties this can cause for the *Ninna Farakh*.

When a Predator King enters the wilds to atone for his sins against Harmony, this sojourn is a time of animal-minded, feral instinct. This is not about deep meditation or introspective analysis — this is a time when the Predator King lives as neither a werewolf nor a human but as a true wolf. The *Ninna Farakh* takes to his Urhan shape and spends a full month (“one turn of the Bitch Mother’s face”) existing as a natural wolf would. No thoughts beyond the hunt. No commitment beyond the Self.

This time of penance is a reconnection with the natural world (one that does not involve living as a human, serving as another method of disconnection), and is often a great healing process for the minds of many Predator Kings.



TRADITIONS

Despite the scattered nature of the tribes, there are some bonds that unite the Predator Kings across the world. Some packs adhere to these traditions as they were taught by their elders, other packs create variations to suit themselves and match the regional flavor. Almost all Predator Kings are aware of these traditions whether the *Ninna Farakh* are alone in a pack of mixed Pure and rarely meet other *Ninna Farakh* or part of a horde of Predator King packs that stalk a whole region.

NIGHT OF THE HEART

There is something feral in the Predator King attitude to relationships and breeding. In some packs, this feral attitude is more pronounced than in others, but a tradition that has stood since time out of mind is that the *Ninna Farakh* consider it fair to fight their tribemates for the right of marriage and breeding with certain wolf-blooded. These contests are referred to (with a dark irony in many cases) as heart challenges.

A tradition in many hunting grounds takes the form of an annual night of celebration and battle to win possession rights of the local wolf-blooded. On the Night of the Heart, Predator Kings battle their tribemates — not necessarily to win the respect and attention of the wolf-blooded but in some cases simply to earn the right to breed with the spouses and relations of other Predator Kings. A werewolf can choose to defend her family and wolf-blooded consort(s) if she desires to do so, but others relent if they favor the challenger or simply don't believe they stand a chance of success.

The loser of a heart challenge may not fight for the breeding rights of that same wolf-blooded for a year and a day. The victor claims the right to court, date, marry or breed with the wolf-blooded as he so chooses, though the triumph might be short-lived if other Predator Kings also desire to fight to “possess” the human prize.

Some packs consider this warring over breeding rights to be unnatural — many of these *Ninna Farakh* either abandon such bickering completely, adopting the local human cultural traditions regarding relationships, or revert to a primal, animalist mindset and designate only the pack alpha worthy of breeding with whomever the leader chooses. Other packmembers have their mates chosen by the alpha, or are denied breeding rights altogether. Other packs tear each other to pieces over a desirable mate, whether the wolf-blooded is aware of the potential relationship or not.

This annual contest can send wolf-blooded aware of their heritage fleeing territories where the Predator Kings treat the wolf-blooded as breeding mares and studs. The Forsaken can reap the benefits of such ill-treatment if they come in as rescuers. In other hunting grounds, fierce love between werewolf and wolf-blooded can exist as often as abuse, with the annual battles seen as a declaration of renewing marriage contracts every year. It goes almost

without saying that great rivalries can develop between some *Ninna Farakh*, with two or more werewolves fighting year after year for the hand of a single wolf-blooded.

Crucially, the Night of the Heart is the only time that Predator Kings are allowed to kill one another. Werewolves who perform such acts must still go through the usual repercussions on Harmony, of course, but murders during heart challenges happen with a regularity that might stun other tribes if they found out. The “celebration” in some territories is more of a series of raging battles over claiming the relatives of other werewolves and grudge matches between rivals that are sanctioned as one-on-one fights to the death. With the fires burning, the drums beating and the roars sounding across the territory, the Night of the Heart is a pressure release for the *Ninna Farakh*. Often, all Pure packs in any given region suddenly find their Predator King members absent for the course of the night, while Dire Wolf's children gather under the face of the Bitch Mother for their annual celebration. Predator Kings will come for miles to attend a large gathering on the Night of the Heart.

If a Predator King wishes to challenge another tribe member to battle, he must gain the permission of the resident ritemaster who leads the Night of the Heart. Some hunting grounds decree that a Predator King may only fight one battle on such a night, while other territories have no challenge limit. In these latter cases, wolf-blooded mates can change hands several times a night, and many of the werewolves also battle against each other in vicious grudge matches related to grievances stacked up over the course of the year.

JUSTICE AND PUNISHMENT

Predator King justice is swift and brutal. It also follows a code of conduct that can be difficult to comprehend by anyone outside the tribe. Witnesses can be easily confused that a Predator King is congratulated for killing a tribemate and claiming the dead man's wolf-blooded wife but punished by ritual mutilation for daring to challenge the pack alpha at the wrong time.

The following laws tend to apply strongly to packs consisting entirely of Predator Kings. Each of Dire Wolf's children — even those in mixed packs — understand these tribal laws and are aware of them to some extent, even if they can be broken without retribution when away from other *Ninna Farakh*. In some packs, these laws are ironclad and enforced with human precision. In other packs, these laws are acknowledged only in the wolf-mind of pack instinct.

Know Your Place

The first law of the Predator Kings is often spoken of in bitter humor: “The Alpha Leads, the Omega Bleeds.”

This law is part wolf instinct, part tactical sense and part social hierarchy. The basic tenet of the rule is that the alpha is the final arbiter of any action and receives the first and largest rewards for any hunts and kills made by

the pack. Conversely, the weakest or least useful member of the pack is considered disposable in all matters if such sacrifice benefits the pack. Most packs are bound together with enough intensity that serious abuse is anathema to them, but enough abusive packs do exist that the law is spoken of as a threat from time to time. These are the packs that use their weakest members as bait in ambushes, as targets for internal frustrations or as combat fodder against the Forsaken.

Exact violations of the first law are difficult to judge, but any werewolf who defies the will or orders of her alpha repeatedly, or endangers her pack by refusing to sacrifice herself, might find that her tribemates punish her for breaking this code. For such transgressions, ritual scarring with a silver knife or minor mutilation (such as the removal of fingers or thumbs) is deemed a worthy punishment.

Accept the Fate of a Heart Challenge

This is a difficult law for many Predator Kings to obey. Heart challenges can create schisms among tribemates that run down family lines for generations, and although the law says to “accept” the victor’s claim, the law says nothing about being a good loser or being dignified in defeat.

Predator Kings who bear grudges against winners of a heart challenge can only go so far when it comes to venting their frustrations. The law states that even if a werewolf loses his mate to another Predator King, this is the way of nature and the decision must be accepted until a legal challenge is issued a year later. Many bitter *Ninna Farakh* dedicate time to slandering certain victors, sewing discord around the rival werewolf and even working to weaken or poison them before the annual challenges. Such behavior is frowned upon in even lax hunting grounds, and harshly punished in many others, as it comes close to violating the third and most sacred law of the tribe.

Challenge Your Brothers and Sisters to Strengthen the Pack

In both human and wolf existence, the most capable and strongest members generally rise to the top of the pack, but every Predator King is a life considered sacred. Grudges against other members of the tribe can only be settled in combat on the Night of the Heart.

Predator King law states that one of the highest crimes is killing a tribemate outside of a ritually consecrated heart challenge. Some attribute this to Dire Wolf’s restraint in the Pangaeon era, for even *Huzuruth* never slew his weaker siblings. Others cite the notion of kinslaying as a disgustingly human notion and shun it for that reason alone. What it comes down to is that petty murders are punished by exiling a Predator King from the tribe and forcing her to retake her Rite of Initiation. If she does not wish to retake the journey of Blood, Bone and Soul, she is killed by her tribemates. Understandably, most fallen

werewolves seek to rejoin the Predator Kings when given the chance.

For accidental deaths, the punishment generally involves extended penance until the next Night of the Heart. When the celebration comes, the werewolf must answer all challenges to his honor, and spend the night defending himself against his tribal brothers and sisters.

Usually, Predator Kings won’t fight to kill. This depends on just who the slain victim was, how respected he was and whether any of the challengers are desperate to avenge the death.

KILLING ENEMIES

One of the Forsaken’s strictest laws, and vital to maintaining Harmony balance, is the law forbidding murder, but the Predator Kings often don’t worry overmuch if they kill their enemies during the heat of battle. For some, this is explained as simply as “in war, people die.” Others liken it to the Hunt, in that predators kill prey and that’s just Nature at work. So while premeditated murder is uncommon amongst the Predator Kings and they are barred from shedding the blood of tribemates, there is no shame to be found in killing an enemy in a fair fight. When the Forsaken and Pure do battle, only a fool expects conflicting honor systems to match up exactly.

This can be a hard lesson for some Forsaken to learn, though it goes some way to explaining just why the Tribes of the Moon see the Predator Kings as “primitive monsters.”

HEADHUNTING

Generally regarded as barbaric even by other members of the Pure Tribes, the Predator King practice of headhunting is something the traditionalist warriors of the tribe have been performing since time out of mind. Headhunting is not something all *Ninna Farakh* do, given that it can attract a great deal of attention if remains are found headless in populated areas. Because of this, the taking of a slain foe’s head is reserved for the greatest enemies (especially renowned Blood Talons) killed by a Predator King warrior.

Heads are displayed in several ways, depending on the preferences of the collector. A few werewolves enjoy pickling the heads in jars and preserving them in as good a condition as possible, but a much more common display method is to sand the heads down to the bone and wear a number of skulls on a belt or baldric across the chest.

Many such grisly trophies are turned into fetishes, usually enhanced with a spirit of anger, fear or hatred that will heighten the Predator King’s abilities in battle or strike fear into the hearts of enemies. Commonly, any scar fetish used by the Forsaken also has an equivalent as a Predator King skull-fetish.

BLOODMARKING

Bloodmarking is a Predator King tradition whereby the werewolves record (or rather, boast) of their deeds by

drawing on the walls of a location in the blood of their slain enemies. Bloodmarking is a crude and visceral form of graffiti, often used for marking the edges of hunting grounds as well as noting the scene and events of a great battle.

From the Forsaken's point of view, bloodmarks are messy bloodstains that are often found in minor Wounds that have split open in the wake of the Predator Kings' battles. While First Tongue threats written in blood can be an effective deterrent for any Forsaken pack, it is much worse for the Tribes of the Moon to come across the aftermath of a Pure battle and find the slaughter described with great pride on the walls nearby, written in the blood of Forsaken allies or packmates.

CANNIBALISM

The Predator Kings take a unique stance on consuming sinful meat. To eat the flesh of other werewolves is considered to be debased and foul, as well as a sure way toward well-deserved Harmony degeneration. While any tribe considers such cannibalism to be grotesque, the Predator Kings add a significant revulsion atop the traditional disgust. For every explanation of when and why the *Ninna Farakh* developed this savage loathing for the practice, another three stories exist to explain it differently.

What is certain is that most Predator Kings curl their lips at the thought of feasting on the flesh of other Uratha and will likely fight challenges if accused of such depravity. The common consensus is that this piety arose to counterbalance the *Ninna Farakh's* true stance on cannibalism, for though werewolves lose Harmony for the deed, the Predator Kings do not regard feasting on human flesh as a crime. Rather, eating humans is seen as feeding from the flesh of any other prey animal, further highlighting the separation of what the Predator Kings once were and what they have become. That's not to say every *Ninna Farakh* werewolf indulges in the sin, but most wouldn't refrain if no other food source presented itself.

Humanity is below the Pure, and far below the *Ninna Farakh*. While many Predator Kings would still never consciously eat human flesh after their initiation rites, the tradition within the tribe states that no additional punishment befalls those who do indulge in such a way. This is the attitude of the tribe that cares nothing for the cataclysms that will shake humanity with the rise of the new Pangaea. Understandably, few werewolves outside the tribe who learn of this tradition are surprised by this mindset.

FACES OF THE PREDATOR KINGS

- **The Consummate Hunter:** This Uratha lives his life entirely in the Hunt. Time and experience have honed his skills to unrivalled levels, and the character is an exemplar of all that is feral and pure in the animal side of a werewolf's soul. Some among the Forsaken might admire such a lifestyle (some among the Hunters in Darkness might even be living such an existence themselves), but

the mind of Consummate Hunter is wreathed in animalist pride and superiority over lesser beings. This can make dealing with humans and even werewolves of other tribes a difficult process of perceiving challenges everywhere and misunderstanding intentions through others' speech.

Snowsprinter pities any werewolf bound into life within the cities. He knows that such an existence is stunted and impure, cut off from the natural cycle of predator and prey that the Uratha should both live and dominate. He believes that the strength of the Predator Kings comes from their acceptance of their animalist sides as well as their forsaking of all things human. Those who disagree with him or try to convince his pack otherwise find that he displays typical Predator King mercy, and are therefore never able to disagree with anything else again.

- **The Primal Warrior:** The Warrior lives for battle. He spends his time perfecting his combat skills and his fighting prowess, working hard to be the embodiment of *Huzuruth* as a predator and a killer. He can be a noble warrior, seeing honor in the actions of his enemies and praising them for their courage. Or he can be a ruthless savage, gleefully slaughtering those he sees as "below" him. Sometimes he can be both. Much of the Primal Warrior's life is spent in training, honing his skills, and in warfare itself. He leads his life in the hope of achieving perfection and laying aside the threat of ever becoming prey to a stronger predator. This drive is also at the core of Dire Wolf's heart, and the Primal Warrior follows in this aspect of his totem's image.

Sound-the-Howling-Cries was a horror story for the local Forsaken. They feared him so much that they even killed him with silver. In life, Sound-the-Howling-Cries earned his reputation over many years, always seeking the most vicious recourse to not only crush the Forsaken in battle but also to humiliate them — to taint their memories with shame. Some say this was to recall the shame the first Forsaken felt when they begged the Bitch Mother for forgiveness, others insist that Sound-the-Howling-Cries simply wanted to destroy the existence of any werewolf who had ever sought to make him prey. Before his ignoble death, he was a champion of the local Pure, but also hated by other Anshega to a degree. He had never been beaten on the Night of the Heart in living memory, and many Predator Kings resented the way he stole many of their mates over the years.

- **The Civilized Monster:** Predator Kings living within the cities aren't as rare as might be imagined, though they are far from the majority in the tribe. The Civilized Monster is a perfect example of how the Forsaken can underestimate the *Ninna Farakh*, for she infiltrates human society without arousing any suspicion, maintaining her Harmony through dedication and penance (she takes holiday leave from her job to "find herself"). Through her knowledge of the city, she proves an effective infiltrator when it comes to pinpointing the Forsaken's territories and dealing with the denizens of the urban Shadow.



Sarah Grey-Howler skips from corporation to corporation, leaving a trail of hidden fraud dealings behind her and racking up influential contacts in many companies just as she builds up huge savings scattered across several bank accounts. She tries her best to make her own clothes, but her initial good intentions waned and now she breaks her tribal ban every morning as she dresses and drives to work in her BMW. Her one attempt to stave off penance as long as she can is her pale leather jacket, made from the skin of a would-be rapist in the city park. She regrets that her position draws her away from Dire Wolf's favor and that she must struggle to maintain Harmony, but she believes the advantages of such a lifestyle outweigh the negative aspects. Every year, she tells herself that it'll be just one more year before she goes into the wilds for good, but the vow is half-hearted and always ignored, if never quite forgotten.

- **The Urban Savage:** The urban Shadow and Skin World are both haven and hunting ground for this werewolf. The Urban Savage is the reason for the feeling of fear that people get when they walk down dark alleys. He is the unexplained murders in the city center, the cause of that dread when walking through empty parking lots at night. He is the epitome of the wolf among the flock, carving out a living within the cities by treating them as just another wilderness. Anything he can kill and feed from is his prey.

Gutterblood is more animal than human. He is feral and has a terrible memory, but has all the wicked cunning of a true wild predator. Living as a beggar on the streets, he knows every nook, cranny, hidey-hole and potential ambush site in the city, knowledge he puts to great use when this omega leads his pack against the local Forsaken. Gutterblood radiates threat to any person in their right mind, with wild unblinking eyes and a worn appearance, with ragged and bloodstained clothing he steals from those he kills and eats. Even other Predator Kings scorn him and hold concerns for his sanity, but the fact remains that the feral-minded werewolf is the go-to monster when it comes to hunting across the city.

- **The Shaman of the Wilds:** The wilderness of both Skin World and Shadow hold a million secrets that no human can ever comprehend. The Shaman of the Wilds intends to find them all. Each ritual he masters gives him new opportunities, each new Gift he receives gives him greater strength, each new spirit he befriends or enslaves grants him a measure of additional power. In the dark places of the two worlds, this werewolf hunts for an edge in the war against the Forsaken, and for ways to increase his personal power through a branch of occult spirituality few among the *Ninna Farakh* ever claim to master.

*The Rain-Caller revels in the respect he receives from his tribemates and the dread in the voice of the Forsaken when they speak his name. Every year, 100 or more *Ninna Farakh* come to his hunting ground to attend the Night of the Heart, for his mastery over rituals is unmatched by any Predator King living in the region, and he has led the local celebration for the past 20 years. The Rain-Caller is also called upon to*

mediate disputes among packs if an impartial judge is required, and he tends to lead his pack around the region "inspecting" the other Pure packs, punishing their transgressions and offering suggestions on how they could improve their lives further. The Rain-Caller is delighted that the Forsaken want him dead, and for every failed murder attempt they make against him, he calls the rain-spirits to drench the Shadow World in storms for a day and a night as a show of defiance to the Tribes of the Moon.

MATTERS OF THE SKIN WORLD

It's easy to see why the tribe can feel such loathing for humanity. Each advance that humankind makes tears the world one step further from the ancient Pangaea of Predator King legends — an Eden they still intend to one day reclaim. Each city that rises into the sky, every scientific breakthrough that keeps humans alive beyond their natural lifespan, every war that scars the Shadow beyond recognition — all add up to a prey race striving to achieve predatory mastery over the world.

The Predator Kings see this and they hate it. It's unnatural. Some believe that simply destroying the Forsaken is no longer enough, and that the balance of the Skin World has shifted so far to favor the mastery of humanity that a great culling would be in order if Pangaea were ever reborn. Other Predator Kings are equally sure that the destruction of the Gauntlet — which they also call the Divide or the Boundary — would mean that humanity would become easy prey to any spirit that sought a fleshly host, and so the imbalance would eventually work itself out with humanity's fall from dominance.

But there are other considerations that make up the shape of the modern world. The Predator Kings pay attention to all allies and threats in equal measure.

THE PURE TRIBES

Of all the tribes, Forsaken and Pure, the Predator Kings are very much outsiders even among their own. Some *Ninna Farakh* even take care to distance themselves from the rabid spite of the Fire-Touched and the Ivory Claws, even as the Predator Kings recognize the culture of shared hate that all Pure are part of. The difference is that the children of Dire Wolf are vehemently honest about their hatred, perhaps even more so than the Fire-Touched, who are barred from ever speaking lies. This is because the Predator Kings have a vision of the future that doesn't simply involve destroying or converting the Forsaken for revenge but is also a far-reaching vision of the predator's paradise that will rise from the ashes of the Tribes of the Moon. Even other *Anshega* might balk at the feral fervor the Predator Kings hold in their hearts and show in their howls when talking of a reformed and utterly wild Pangaea.

When one of the *Ninna Farakh* tells her pack of the paradise to come and her place as the highest hunter within it, talk of the reborn Pangaea can create tension

among bonded packmates. Working toward avenging the Father's destruction is one thing. Damning all humanity to the mercies of a hundred million and more spirits from beyond the Gauntlet is another thing entirely. Sometimes, with the most savage or the eldest Predator Kings, "allies of convenience" is an eerie truth for the other Pure to swallow: "The enemy of my enemy is my friend." Many among the Ivory Claws and Fire-Touched realize this with grave clarity when dealing with a Predator King fanatic.

Any generalization among the three Pure Tribes is difficult given the sheer vastness of the world and the degree of regional and personal variation that occurs with packs and territories. But for particularly reverent, traditional or die-hard members of the Pure, certain tendencies toward their fellow *Anshega* are noticeable.

• Fire-Touched

From the perceptions of the *Ninna Farakh*, the tempestuous relationship between the Predator Kings and the Fire-Touched is tempestuous. The crucible of Dire Wolf's Pangaea history is balanced on the fact that *Huzuruth* detested the Father for his weakness, his failure as a hunter and as an alpha. Conversely, the Fire-Touched venerate *Urfarah* and loathe the Forsaken for their worship of Luna. Among truly dedicated Pure, this can lead to arguments, clashes of faith and violence. Few werewolves can simply overlook this massive gulf in belief without feeling a little tension within their packs. Where one tribe lays scorn upon the memory of the Father, the other pays reverence to a fallen god, and while this stark divide is the cause of many philosophical and physical conflicts, the Predator Kings are not the ones who usually start them. After all, the *Ninna Farakh* couldn't care less about *Urfarah* and simply see worship of him as false and misguided. Most often, the Fire-Touched chafe at the disrespect and disregard the Predator Kings show to the Father's memory. The Fire-Touched notion of *Taga Dan* also suffers quiet ridicule among the Predator Kings. They regard such a belief as utterly pointless, when "Heaven" can be achieved in life by resurrecting Pangaea.

Even in the Pure's hatred for the Forsaken, the two tribes clash. The Predator Kings want simple, uncomplicated revenge. The passion that the *Izidakh* bring to converting Luna's forgiven children for having faith in one deity over another can amuse, annoy or confuse some *Ninna Farakh*. To many among Dire Wolf's children, such artificial religion simply doesn't matter. Vengeance does.

As a counterpoint, most Predator Kings do feel some unity with certain aspects of Fire-Touched preaching, and there are always matters that members of the two tribes see eye to eye on. The *Izidakh* are often fervent in their desires to keep the Pure united, and the *Ninna Farakh* respect this a great deal; most recognize on some level that their unity brings strength and is their main advantage over the scattered Forsaken. For all the Predator Kings' claims of standing above all other tribes, more Predator

Kings follow Fire-Touched leaders than one might at first believe.

HUMANKIND

Humanity also surfaces as a point of contention among the Pure Tribes for the Predator Kings do not regard humankind as a necessary evil or an inconvenience but a flood of dangerous influence that is souring the Shadow much, much more than any race should be allowed. While the common tribal view of humanity is that humans are simply prey just as any other animal many among the *Ninna Farakh* believe that this breed of prey has run riot over the world, changing it too much and making the new Pangaea infinitely more difficult to bring about. In short, they have too much influence in the Skin World and are therefore warping the Shadow

The Fire-Touched and Ivory Claws do not necessarily share this viewpoint, but many Predator Kings take great joy in killing humans and reducing their influence where possible. If this results in exposing the Uratha to human sight once in a while, well, the justifications are there and Harmony be damned

The Predator Kings do admire the Fire-Touched in some ways. As with all aspects of Pure society, the overreaching bond among the three tribes is that they share an enemy. Perhaps the exact nature of how to crush the Forsaken is a matter for some Predator Kings and Fire-Touched to fight about, but most *Ninna Farakh* can see all too clearly that the *Izidakh* are very good at what they do: spreading the influence of the Pure Tribes. Rabid Wolf's children are the spiritual heart of the *Anshega* — at least to the eyes of the Forsaken looking in — and the words of the *Izidakh* bring in more fresh blood to the cause than any of the Ivory Claws' sniffing out of certain bloodlines or the Predator Kings' own grudging offers to appropriately savage foes.

To Dire Wolf's children, such persuasive power is not just admirable, it is essential. And that earns Gurim-Ur's werewolves no small amount of respect from the Predator Kings.

The tension between the *Izidakh* and the *Ninna Farakh* also occurs at the level of their Firstborn wolf-lords, spreading easily to those who share particularly closeness with their tribal totem. This is because Dire Wolf, as the eldest and most savage hunter in the savage paradise of Pangaea, is the natural alpha of the Firstborn. To hear the Predator Kings speak of their totem, none can stand against him, and none would even dare try. And yet, although individual Predator Kings lead packs across the

world, the tribe most often recognized as the leaders of the Pure are the Fire-Touched. As a generalization, this is as accurate as saying that Storm Lords most often lead Forsaken packs — it is a stereotype, but to the Predator Kings and the Fire-Touched, it is a stereotype that bears some measure of truth. At the end of the day, despite the mightiest Firstborn totem, the Predator Kings do not lead the Pure as unrivalled alpha wolves. And this breeds tension in those werewolves who believe that the Predator Kings should follow closely in Dire Wolf's footsteps.

• Ivory Claws

The wildest Predator Kings, those who turn their backs on all aspects of humanity and civilization, tend to have very little contact with the Ivory Claws. Other Predator Kings who risk alienation or distance from Dire Wolf and hunt within the cities can have a great deal of contact, for the pure-blooded tribe of Silver Wolf are often the *Anshega* most driven to maintain a semblance of their human existences. This behavior can arouse the suspicion, derision, ire or curiosity of individual Predator Kings. The greatest bond between the two tribes unsurprisingly comes from the shared hatred of the Tribes of the Moon, but is colored by the differences in the ways that hate is expressed. The *Ninna Farakh* may not understand the focused, icy loathing the *Tzuumfin* have for the "tainted" Forsaken, but the Predator Kings certainly admire the depths of a hatred that has an intensity that so closely mirrors their own.

The Ivory Claws' reticence to admit Forsaken converts strikes a deep chord within most Predator Kings, which again splits the tribe. Some of the most feral among the *Ninna Farakh* see no impurity in defectors or defeated *Urdaga* joining the Pure — instead these Predator Kings regard those who surrender as similar to any foe who shows his throat and seeks a place in the victor's pack. This is a natural thing to many beast-minded werewolves who would suffer further degeneration for slaying such supplicants. Other Predator Kings, those more in control of their human reasoning, see the Ivory Claws as foolishly squandering an advantage because of imagined reasons. Who cares if a werewolf once swore an oath to another totem? Who cares how pure his blood is? The past is the past, these Predator Kings say, and any traitor to the Forsaken should be offered a place in the Pure as long as the convert survives the initiation rites.

And there are the Predator Kings who see deep honor in refusing a place to weakling Forsaken who come crawling only when they have learned of their mistakes. The primal hunters among this faction know that the wolf's way is to reject other wolves not of the pack. These Predator Kings often advocate the slaughter (and at the very least, the rejection) of attempted converts. Yet many of these *Ninna Farakh* are also the ones who hold the sharpest ire against the Ivory Claw tribe for their clinging to their human sides and not fully reveling in their mastery of human and wolf alike.

It is easy to see why the relationship among individual Pure werewolves can vary so much from hunting ground to hunting ground when instinct and ideology can clash so readily.

THE ENEMY

Some Predator Kings werewolves see misguided honor in Luna's Uratha. The Hunters in Darkness share a similar bond with Nature that the *Ninna Farakh* possess. The Iron Masters are skilled at adapting themselves to change in the Skin World. The Blood Talons are mighty warriors and are to be respected as such. The Bone Shadows understand an ever-changing Shadow. To other Predator Kings, none of this matters. These Predator Kings see nothing more than hated enemies without a shred of nobility and who deserve no mercy.

The Predator Kings run the gamut of opinion when it comes to the Tribes of the Moon. What one werewolf might see as admirable savagery in one of the *Urdaga*, another might see a rabid, deluded creature fighting in futility.

Hate is a powerful word and a powerful emotion. It is true to say that the Predator Kings hate the Forsaken, but hatred is not the only emotion behind the conflict, merely the driving one. Some among the *Ninna Farakh* feel a deep, abiding pity for the Tribes of the Moon. These Pure werewolves recognize the sacrifices the Forsaken must make when they shed their auspices and wear the tight yokes of dangerous totems, but they regard the "freedom" of the Forsaken and their distant totems as yet another pitiable reason for their weakness. Some Predator Kings also see the Forsaken trying to carry on the Father's duties, but failing consistently except for the small hunting grounds they cling to out of desperation. The continued dominance of the Pure is a clear sign of the Forsaken's weaknesses on the Hunt, and similar to the Father, they don't deserve life if they can't fight for it. Pity, at times, colors the Predator King's hatred a great deal.

Another matter of some dispute is Luna Herself. The demanding totems that the Pure have bound themselves to are part of a natural cycle for Uratha — totem bonds and spirit-allies enhance the unity of the werewolf pack, and Firstborn are the highest hunters, who must be respected as the alphas they are. But Luna is different. Her bond to her children seems unnatural to some Predator Kings, and they slough off Her gift gladly. She is a distant and mad thing, offering only partial forgiveness and unreliable gifts. Many Predator Kings simply do not understand Her, or comprehend what Her place in the new Pangaea could ever be. There is also the fact that the Pure are consciously fighting against Luna's forgiven children and seeking to stop the Forsaken carrying out the Father's duties. Again, these Predator Kings see only unnatural stasis in trying to work to balance the broken Skin and Shadow Worlds. Far better to hunt and fight against Luna's forgive-

ness for a new, better future in which the strong and the weak prosper and fall according to their natures.

Among some Forsaken and Pure, the lines between the two factions of vicious hunters and deadly warriors can blur so that telling the two apart becomes hard. These are the exceptions: the elders and the most fearsome, ruthless warriors on both side. From outward appearances, Luna's silver brands and the red scars of Pure Renown can be the only way to tell such warriors apart.

At times, the *Ninna Farakh* can seem the most sympathetic of the Pure Tribes from the Forsaken point of view. After all, the Predator Kings' hate is clear and uncomplicated by religious dogma or treachery, and some *Urdaga* believe the Predator Kings' lives on the Hunt are deceptively simple: a feral and primal lifestyle run by instinct rather than conscious reasoning. Any Forsaken can look to the Predator Kings and see herself reflected in them, for the *Ninna Farakh* appear to openly give in to the animal side of the soul that all werewolves possess and, to some degree, restrain. That Dire Wolf's children seem to revel in living according more to their beast-minds can make the Predator Kings appear free to the Forsaken. In cases such as this, the Tribes of the Moon do not see the savage rites of initiation that a Predator King must survive, or the often-suffocating presence of the Pure's totems.

Of course, some Forsaken see nothing but vicious, murdering savages who have fallen to the level of primitive beasts — either through willing surrender or a lack of willpower. And appearances aren't always deceiving.

With the connection in ferocity and warrior prowess, it is no surprise that many of the Predator King's most dedicated converts are drawn from the Blood Talons. On a similar note, Predator Kings often treasure Blood Talon fetishes and klaives taken from the slain. The Predator Kings are often limited in the tools they may use freely and to use the tools of the enemy against them is a worthy triumph indeed. This can even be a source of some minor renown for some werewolves, depending on the nature of the fetish taken and the abilities of the Blood Talon killed for it.

BLOOD TALONS

Globally speaking, no two tribes with all their hundreds of thousands of regional variations and personal interpretations could ever be considered true enemies. And yet a special loathing bridges the gap between the savage Predator Kings and the ferocious Blood Talons. Some tales tell of a bitter enmity between Destroyer Wolf and Dire Wolf long before the end of Pangaea, and there is certainly a thread of anger, a pulse of Rage that tingles down the totem bond when the Predator Kings face off against the Blood Talons. Any fight between the Pure and Forsaken is a battle for territory and survival, but the conflict

between two packs that both have Blood Talon and Predator King members can reach new levels of ferocity. The two werewolves might unerringly single each other out, rushing to rip at each other at the center of the battle, or they might roar challenges to one another as they battle other Uratha. The air is electric in such scenes, as the adopted children of ancient wolf-gods feel the spark of an inhuman rivalry that has lasted millennia

The *Suthar Anzuth* also represent a potential for recruitment into the *Ninna Farakh* and while any Predator King can roar in pleasure at killing a Blood Talon, making a Talon betray his much-vaunted warrior oaths to Fenris-Ur and defect to the *Anshega* is much more satisfying. While the primary focus is on the value of a new brother who has seen the light and turned his back on the misguided Forsaken, many children of *Huzuruth* who care about such matters believe that no graver insult to Fenris Ur exists

THE BALE HOUNDS

The *Ninna Farakh* despise the *Asah Gadar* the way a natural predator in the wilderness shivers at the touch of a parasite. Where the Bale Hounds are concerned, the Predator Kings believe butchering Bale Hounds where they stand, helpless or armed, and pissing on the remains is no crime.

The werewolves who have sold their lives to the Maeljin offend the Predator Kings on two levels, both the human and the wolf. The *Ninna Farakh* regard the Bale Hounds as a cancer, an infestation, a parasite within both Forsaken and Pure culture. The Bale Hounds' feral, animal instincts of pack loyalty have been whored away for sinful power. Their human reasoning is corrupted by unthinkable spirit-gods born from the very worst emotions and deeds in nature. Although the Predator Kings often relish in the Hunt and the kill, although they themselves attach their packs to spirits of hate and revenge and pain and scorn, what they do is still part of the natural cycle. The Bale Hounds violate this cycle by slaving themselves to the wills of gods that feed from suffering and seek to choke the world in pain. At least in the new Pangaea, the Predator Kings will rule above all prey, and the world will continue according to its natural law. Should the Maeljin blanket the two worlds in suffering, Nature (and the Pure's ambitions) would be shattered beyond repair.

And while all this can rile a Predator King's human ideals and werewolf sensibilities, most come to detest the Bale Hounds on a more personal level. These *Ninna Farakh* are even more disgusted at the leech-like manner in which the Bale Hounds attach themselves to a pack, bleeding the pack dry from within. By human standards,

this is the worst of treacheries. By werewolf and wolf standards, it is a violation of the pack itself. Both aspects are made all the worse by the fact that the betrayal, the leeching, is a conscious choice made by the Bale Hound. Parasites are at least natural.

When a Predator King brings down a Bale Hound, there is rarely any guilt in the aftermath. Blooded in righteousness and howling of triumph, few *Ninna Farakh* would ever feel remorse over even the premeditated murder of such a treacherous parasite.

MATTERS OF THE SHADOW WORLD

The emphasis that the Predator Kings place on the Hunt affects their views on the Shadow just as it does in the Skin World. What many among the tribe pay special attention to is the impact that humanity has on the second world, which can create something of a divided focus among the Pure Tribes. This focus on humanity is often revealed as a noteworthy divide between the Fire-Touched and the Predator Kings, and the attitude of the *Ninna Farakh* in the Shadow highlights just why: no other tribe regards the biggest threat within the Shadow to be human influence.

But the children of Dire Wolf have plenty of evidence that supports their claim.

SPIRITS

The Predator Kings recognize that life on both sides of the Gauntlet is natural: spirit and flesh alike. But the difference is that humanity, with all its advancement and change, has created vast and sweeping changes across the Boundary. So the *Ninna Farakh* pay respect to (or simply find use in) those spirits that humanity has not managed to influence, and those that have felt the touch of humanity and loathed the sensation.

At the other end of the scale, spirits that depend upon humanity or feed extensively from human-affected resonance are considered almost as low as humans themselves. And of this latter type, found by the legion within the cities of the world and anywhere that has felt the tread of humankind, there is no shortage.

When the Forsaken see the spirits allied with the Predator Kings, the Forsaken see strange and frightening echoes of legends and times past. But when the Forsaken see what appears to be a phoenix as a Pure pack totem, what they are seeing is a spirit of fire and ash and hate, unaltered by human influence, that understands the rage of the Predator Kings perfectly. A Forsaken pack facing a *Ninna Farakh* totem resembling a mammoth is truly confronting a being born of the pain, the loss and the hopelessness of extinction at the hands of humankind. The *Urdaga* are fighting an incarnation of the Shadow's vengeance.

Clearly, the Predator Kings find a great deal of understanding with spirits that hate humans and desire ven-

geance upon them, just as the tribe finds its strongest allies in those spirits that have never felt human influence at all.

RIDDEN

The Predator Kings loathe the Ridden utterly. They are seen as a disease, a deformity in Nature itself, and the werewolves are often disgusted at how spirit-less humans are weak enough to fall prey to any spirit that lives as a parasite within their bodies. If the most vengeful *Ninna Farakh* required any more evidence that humanity has become an aberration that should be culled for the good of the world, the fact that people so frequently fall prey to becoming these sick hybrids satisfies the Predator Kings' needs.

Rather than place the blame on the spirits, most Predator Kings see the flaw in humanity — yet another example of a prey race that tries desperately to become predators by mastering the Skin World, yet fails utterly, ruining the Shadow in the process. Only a rare Predator King feels guilt over killing one of the Ridden, but *Ninna Farakh* very rarely feel the need to destroy these hybrid beings. They are a result of the human disease, not the cause, and in the hearts of most Predator Kings, this is a solution to the problem of humanity that is considered poetic justice given how much the human suffers.

GHOSTS

In the eyes of most *Ninna Farakh* ghosts are similar to the Ridden: an example of an aberration in Nature. While there are arguments even among the tribe that the spirits of humans could be "natural" in a way no werewolf comprehends, the majority opinion of the Predator Kings is that ghosts are another erratic example of why humanity is damaged in some way, and that sickens the *Ninna Farakh*. While human spirits are often ignored by the tribe or disregarded as pathetic, any attitudes toward the Ridden can apply equally to human ghosts as well. They are both seen as symptoms of a deeper problem within humankind. Predator King elders are all too aware of how excellent these revelations are at disassociating a newly Changed werewolf from her former species.

HOSTS

The *shartha* occupy a unique place in the Predator Kings' perceptions. While the *shartha* are regarded as a hated aberration much like the Ridden, some of the *Ninna Farakh* who listen to the old tales harbor some small admiration for the Host progenitors: the Spinner-Hag and the Plague King. These beings are renowned for escaping the wrath of the Father in unique ways, therefore outwitting

the so-called greatest of predators and again proving his true incompetence.

Some among the tribe believe that the Azlu mother's poisonous bite added to *Urfarah's* decline and weakened the Father before he died under the claws of the first Forsaken. Such an accusation is usually accompanied by fresh derision for the Father's death, for not only did he fall to his children but also reaped the "rewards" of his failed hunt for the Spinner-Hag.

Death is the fate of any predator too weak to prevent itself from becoming prey.

SEKITSKAP

While the tribe itself isn't nomadic, the Predator King attitude toward loci can seem that way. Most *Ninna Farakh* consider a locus to be an immediate resource, plain and simple — much like a temporary home or a hunting ground made safe until dawn. If a locus needs to be bled dry, so be it, and no regrets. That's what loci are for. If the Pure benefit by keeping the locus active or reshaping the surrounding landscape in any way, that's fine, too. The attitude isn't necessarily disrespectful or careless; it's simply an animalist way of viewing any resource.

If a locus can be used to the point of draining it, then gorge on it. If a locus becomes useless, find another one. If the only other loci nearby are guarded by the Forsaken, kill the defenders and take the loci. It's a savage pragmatism.

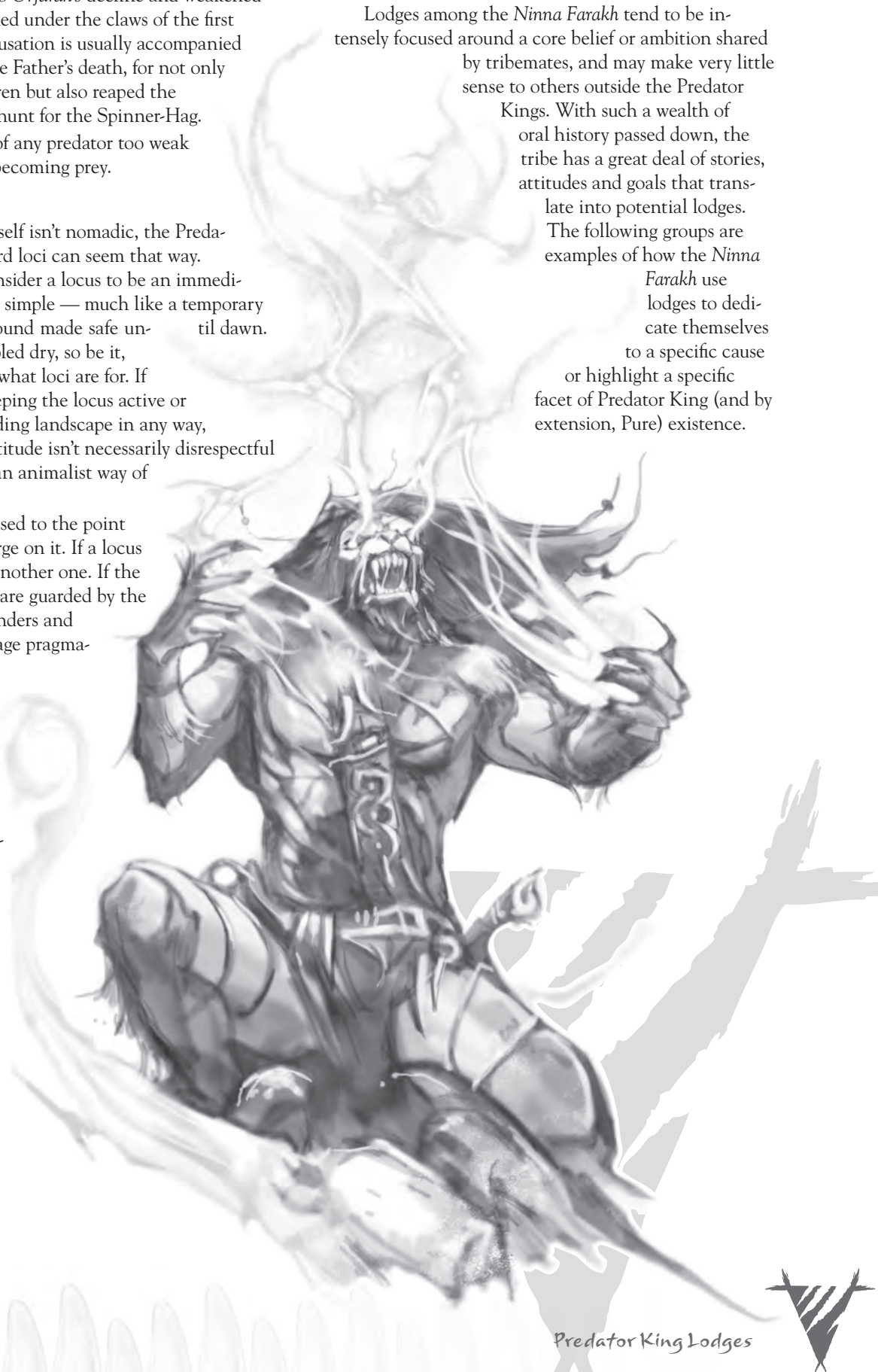
Unsurprisingly and perhaps not unfairly, the Predator Kings consider almost all Wounds to be the result of human actions. In general, the tribe regards Wounds as a natural development of the Shadow suffering grievous injury. The existence of Wounds isn't what makes the Predator Kings curl their lips: it's the proliferation in some territories.

PREDATOR KING LODGES

Lodges among the *Ninna Farakh* tend to be intensely focused around a core belief or ambition shared by tribemates, and may make very little sense to others outside the Predator

Kings. With such a wealth of oral history passed down, the tribe has a great deal of stories, attitudes and goals that translate into potential lodges.

The following groups are examples of how the *Ninna Farakh* use lodges to dedicate themselves to a specific cause or highlight a specific facet of Predator King (and by extension, Pure) existence.





LODGE OF KIN'S BLOOD

This is a small lodge founded by elder *Ninna Farakh* several centuries ago, in a region of India that saw little fresh blood into the tribe. At the height of the crisis, the Predator Kings were close to dying out in the area.

Then and now, these werewolves dedicate themselves to tracking down wolf-blooded families (forgotten bloodlines are especially prized) and bringing them into the protection and guardianship of the Predator Kings. Many lodge members aren't above coercing or threatening the relatives of other werewolves into compliance, but actual stories of kidnapping wolf-blooded families of the Forsaken do circulate from time to time.

The duties of the lodge are often regarded either as a challenging hunt or an investigative distraction from the rigors of Predator King existence. While some werewolves stay within their packs and work to bring in any wolf-blooded the werewolves come across during their pack's hunts, more often, a Predator King devotes several months every few years to finding previously unknown wolf-blooded and bringing them into the *Ninna Farakh*.

Tracking down wolf-blooded is still a valuable duty to the tribe and the Predator Kings of any region, but one

that can make a packmember into a lone wolf for a long time if he takes his lodge duties very seriously.

LODGE OF NIGHT'S FEAR

In the deepest wilds of the Skin World and Shadow, some Predator Kings claim the darkest places of both realms as their hunting grounds. The Lodge of Night's Fear is an alliance of capable *Ninna Farakh* hunters and spirit-talkers who look into the hidden places of both worlds to sniff out secrets.

Sometimes in wilderness that has never seen the tread of humans, strange and ancient spirits exist. In the farthest reaches of Shadow, echoes of ancient beings that have never seen the physical world still exist in incorporeal life. Some are weak — mere shadows of what they once were or could have been, and the Lodge of Night's Fear mourns them or ignores them as they see fit. What these werewolves are really seeking is the truly powerful beings, the spirits with the power of *Incarnae*.

The Lodge of Night's Fear seeks out these lost, forgotten and unknown beings in order to ally with them. Such alliances are not forged purely to make war upon the Forsaken (though such spirits would be invaluable against the Tribes of the Moon) but also to drive out the presence of humans in any given region.

The Lodge of Night's Fear operates under the hope that humanity can be driven back from the remaining wilds and hemmed into the cities if they are too afraid to venture outside into certain hunting grounds. These werewolves believe such influence over local humans can, with enough preparation, be spread globally. At the very least, such dominion over humanity will bring the Shadow into some semblance of balance. At best, dominion will hasten the rebirth of *Pangaea*.

The Lodge of Night's Fear works in complete secrecy. Telling the other Pure Tribes (let alone the Forsaken) of the existence of this group is considered a death sentence. While the Fire-Touched and Ivory Claws will tolerate much of the Predator Kings' feral and animalist outlook, the desire to bind alien spirit-gods into servitude so that they might terrify the humans into their cities is a blasphemous, monstrous (and deluded) ambition in the eyes of many *Tzuumfin* and *Izidakh*.

LODGE OF VERMIN'S SHADOW

Some Predator Kings find a home within the cities, among the downtrodden, the destitute and the out-

casts on the streets. Many among the Lodge of Vermin's Shadow lack the wherewithal to interact with humans without arousing suspicion or exposing the werewolves' feral natures, so they dwell with those people that society largely ignores. From this habit of finding a home among the humans who live "unseen in plain sight," the Lodge of Vermin's Shadow was born.

Werewolves of this lodge are part neighborhood stalkers, part informants, part urban scouts and part shamans of the city's Shadow. Surviving on the streets is a hard life that requires tenacity and strength, and most Predator Kings have that in spades. When in their urban hunting grounds, these Uratha can pinpoint the best site for an ambush, and they know all the escape routes from wher-

ever they find themselves in trouble. They know the urban Shadow-beings and their strange ways as comprehensively, and perhaps even more so, than other Predator Kings talk of wilderness-spirits. For many within the tribe, life on the busy streets and dark alleyways translates into a life of survival against the odds and ruthless competence, as well as a way of acquiring a host of new skills.

Members of the Lodge of Vermin's Shadow are occasionally referred to as the "gutter wolves" by other *Ninna Farakh*, who ridicule both the lodge totem (a vicious dog-spirit that shows signs of physical abuse on its corpus) and the lifestyle of the lodge members, who are considered by some to be living among the waste of humanity.





CHAPTER III

SCOURGE AND BRAND

I AM FIRE. I WAS BORN FROM FIRE, AND FIRE IS LIFE. FOR UNNUMBERED SUMMERS, I HAVE DANCED AND I HAVE EATEN OF ALL THAT BURNS. MY HUNGER WILL NOT DIE UNLESS I DIE, FOR I CAN DEVOUR CITIES AND FORESTS AND NEVER BE SATIATED.

THE HALF-FLESH WOLVES TAUGHT ME TO HATE. I KNEW ONLY HUNGER UNTIL I SAW THEM. THEY PURSUED ME, THEIR SKINS SHINING BRIGHT WITH CAPTURED MOONLIGHT. THEY CAUGHT ME IN A CIRCLE OF COLD, BEAT MY WILL FROM ME AND BOUND ME IN METAL. ONLY THROUGH THEIR WILL COULD I BURN AGAIN.

BUT I WAS FREED, AT THE HANDS OF MORE WOLVES. THEY, TOO, I HATED. BUT THEY GAVE ME MY FREEDOM, AND THEY SET OFFERINGS TO MY HUNGER BEFORE ME, AND THEY LOWERED THEIR NECKS AND ASKED FOR MY BLESSING.

I GIVE IT. THOSE WOLVES WHO BURN THE SILVER FROM THEIR SKINS, WHO WEAR THEIR SCARS AS BRANDS, THEY ARE MINE. I SHALL DANCE IN THEIR FOOTFALLS, I SHALL EAT OF THEIR ENEMIES. LET THEM SERVE ME, AND IN TURN THEY ARE BLESSED BY FIRE.

NECESSARY, FOREVER NECESSARY, TO BURN OUT FALSE SHAMES AND
AND SMELT THE HEAVIEST ORE OF THE BODY INTO PURITY.

— D.H. LAWRENCE, *LADY CHATTERLY'S LOVER*

RULES OF CREATION

The Pure are mechanically very similar to the Forsaken. The Pure have access to almost all of the same Traits, with the exception of auspices and auspice-related Abilities. When designing a Pure character, make the following modifications to the werewolf template:

- **Auspice:** Obviously, the Pure have no auspices, and they don't have a similar equivalent. They lack the auspice Ability, free dot of Renown and free Specialty provided by an auspice.

- **Tribe:** As with the Forsaken, each of the Pure Tribes is affiliated with a particular type of Renown. The Fire-Touched treat Wisdom as affinity Renown, the Ivory Claws are affiliated with Honor and the Predator Kings relate to Glory.

- **Primal Urge:** No modifications.

- **Essence:** No modifications.

- **Renown:** In addition to the dot of Renown granted from tribal affinity, all Pure tribes have affinity with Purity Renown. A Pure character fresh from initiation would have one dot in Purity, one dot in the Renown granted by tribe and one dot in the Renown category of her choice. For more on Renown, see p. 111.

Gifts

A Pure werewolf begins play with two Gifts: one from a list derived from tribal affinity and one "free pick." The "free pick" may be used to purchase a dot of Rituals as usual. Tribal affinity Gift lists are as follows:

- **Fire-Touched:** Disease, Fervor, Insight and Inspiration

- **Ivory Claws:** Agony, Dominance, Scourging and Warding

- **Predator Kings:** Nature, Rage, Savagery and Strength

MERITS AND ADVANTAGES

Upon joining a pack, each Pure character gains one additional Merit dot to be spent on the Totem Merit; this represents the more powerful totems that call on the Pure's service. In effect, each Pure pack totem has a number of "free" points available to it equal to the number of werewolves in its pack.

Willpower, Harmony, Virtues and Vices are all treated as normal.

BECOMING IMPURE

Of course some Pure are drawn from the ranks of the Forsaken. Simply renouncing one's former tribe is not enough to be drawn into the Pure, however. Even a Ghost Wolf is not considered Pure until she has undergone the Offering of Blood and Silver, the rite that permanently cuts away a werewolf's auspice (see p. 111).

Currently there is no known way to undo the Rite of Purity or the Offering of Blood and Silver. The discovery of such a rite would obviously be a great potential turning point for the Forsaken, as this rite would give them a powerful way to combat Pure indoctrination and even weaken the conviction of many *Anshega*. If it were possible to restore Luna's blessing to those who had denied her — but many Ithaeur secretly believe that Luna can only forgive so much.

SILVER

The Forsaken have frequently observed that the *Anshega* react differently to silver than other *Uratha*. The Pure Tribes never asked for Luna's forgiveness, and they haven't earned it by taking up the duties of their slain Father as the Tribes of the Moon do to this day. Whether that ancient rejection was out of pride or stubbornness, that rejection of Luna hurts the Pure even now.

In addition to lacking the blessing of auspices, the *Anshega* suffer greatly in the presence of silver. It burns them, bringing their skin out in heated blisters that leave ugly, lumpy scar tissue if the injuries are severe enough.

Pure werewolves suffer one point of bashing damage for every turn they are in contact with silver, even with the barest touch of their skin to the metal. On nights of the full moon, when Luna's face is brightest and the Mother stares down on all her children (loyal or otherwise) *Anshega* suffer *lethal* damage when touching silver.

As some Forsaken and Pure believe, Luna's gift of the auspice offers a werewolf some measure from Luna's original curse. In the act of burning away the moon sign and rejecting her gift, the *Anshega* are left to feel the full

brunt of her sorrow-driven malice from the ancient sin of her lover's murder.

Just as all werewolves, Pure characters take aggravated damage from silver weapons. Remember that any werewolf suffering aggravated damage is at risk of succumbing to Death Rage, as described on p. 173 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

NEW MERIT

STRONG BLOODLINE (•)

Prerequisite: Ivory Claw

Power within the Ivory Claws passes hereditarily, rather than purely by Renown or challenges. An Ivory Claw with this Merit has many noteworthy ancestors and a clear claim to their lineage.

Strong Bloodline provides one point of conditional Purity Renown, for the following purposes:

- Determination of leadership within the Ivory Claws tribe
- Admission into Ivory Claws lodges
- Adding Purity to Social dice pools when dealing with fellow Ivory Claws

NEW FLAW

WEAK BLOODLINE

Prerequisite: Ivory Claw

An Ivory Claw with this Flaw has a weak (or nonexistent) Ivory Claw bloodline, and therefore her claim to power within that tribe is necessarily limited. She may come from a line that has not yet distinguished itself, or she may be a newcomer to the tribe, with ancestors primarily from among other Uratha tribes.

Note: If the character leaves the Ivory Claws tribe for any reason, the player must buy this Flaw off with experience points or replace it with an appropriate Flaw.

Weak Bloodline reduces the character's Purity Renown by one dot for the following purposes:

- Determination of leadership within the Ivory Claws tribe.
- Admission into Ivory Claws lodges
- Adding Purity to Social dice pools when dealing with fellow Ivory Claws

Characters with just one dot of Purity Renown and this Flaw (effectively giving themselves zero dots of Purity Renown) cannot lead Ivory Claws packs or join Ivory Claws lodges that have a Purity requirement.

PURE RENOWN

The *Anshega* measure their Renown in a manner very similar to the Forsaken. The Pure recognize the same five basic categories, they wear their markings on their skin in the form of spirit brands and their Renown is part of the basis by which spirits judge them. Of course, since the Pure do not revere Luna and do not wish to partake of the

patronage of her spirit-servants, the methods of recording Renown differ greatly.

Pure Renown takes the form of brands, scars or other mutilation. This Renown never resembles a tattoo, though the scarring is often done in intricate patterns, particularly among the Ivory Claws. When a Forsaken werewolf converts to the Pure, any Renown tattoos she had are scoured off. She loses that Renown (as well as the dots on the character sheet), though of course she retains any Gifts she knew. During the initiation processes of her new tribe, she gains Renown as appropriate (see above), and the marks where her silver brands once blazed to life take on a bloody red cast in the Shadow. An observant werewolf might be able to recognize the former auspice or tribe of a Pure Uratha from the scarring patterns. This requires an Intelligence + Occult roll with a negative modifier reflecting the skill and care with which the old tattoos were scoured (generally at least -3). The scarring where Forsaken Renown once was may be seen, even in the physical world, provided the flesh is exposed and the viewer succeeds in a Wits + Composure roll (and, of course, knows what he's looking for).

The Pure do not have an equivalent to Lunes in their culture. That is, no spirits watch over the Pure and judge their deeds worthy or unworthy of Renown. An individual werewolf's pack, and any other Pure who happen to be in the area, must therefore be the judge. The pack's totem can also lend its opinion, and ritemasters often ask other spirits to help gauge whether a Pure Uratha deserves the accolades. The Rite of the Spirit Brand functions in much the same way for the Pure as for the Forsaken, save that the ritemaster doesn't run her hands or claws over the subject's skin so much as tear his flesh with fang, claw, blade or hot metal. When the rite is over, the werewolf knows that he *earned* this recognition.

As with the Forsaken, Renown can add to Social dice pools when dealing with tribemates. However, there is one significant difference — the Ivory Claws treat their affinity with Honor as a secondary concern. When Ivory Claws interact socially with one another, they add Purity rather than Honor to the appropriate dice pools.

CODES OF RENOWN

While the five types of Renown are similar between Forsaken and Pure, there are some differences in what constitutes a feat of, say, Cunning depending on where the werewolf claims allegiance. The following sections briefly delineate the base expectations and feats of Renown that the Pure observe.

CUNNING

The moralistic Pure don't revere Cunning as much as their Forsaken enemies, and feats of Cunning for the *Anshega* tend to involve getting the drop on enemies in new and effective ways. Violating the Oath of Urfarah in spirit or in letter is a sin, and although sin can be forgiven,

it certainly isn't worthy of Renown. The Pure consider the Forsaken practice of smirking at Harmony violation by granting Cunning Renown to be disgusting.

Base Expectations: Understanding the human world, even if tribal vows preclude taking part in it. Keeping quiet when a packmate is better suited to speak.

GLORY

All three Pure Tribes value Glory to some degree. The Ivory Claws howl with pride about their ancestors and strive to live up to their deeds. The Fire-Touched incorporate the names and actions of their heroes into their sermons, while the Predator Kings consider being remembered after death, even for a moment, once the strength of life is gone, to be a great honor. Feats of Glory are, for the most part, identical to those listed for the Forsaken (see p. 195 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**).

Base Expectations: Never surrender to the Forsaken or to a Lune. Likewise, to deny one's allegiance to the Pure is considered inglorious, if sometimes necessary. While a Pure werewolf might gain Cunning or even Wisdom Renown for impersonating a Forsaken werewolf, the Pure will never gain Glory (or Honor or Purity, for that matter) for such an act.

HONOR

Honor is a difficult matter for the Pure, because the tribes have different ideas about when it is appropriate.

General feats of honor include never denying one's Pure heritage even in the face of death, choosing to sin against Harmony in order to meet a crucial goal for the Pure (note that, yes, given the Pure's feelings about Cunning this is somewhat hypocritical, but the Pure don't see it that way) and performing extraordinary acts of penance. In addition, the *Anshega* add tribal expectations for Honor. The Predator Kings don't view humans or even Forsaken (normally) as beings who deserve honor. The Ivory Claws often have complicated familial oaths that sometimes require treating guests or fellow Uratha fairly, regardless of tribe (or, at least, obeying the rules of order to the letter, which can be very different from treating someone fairly). The Fire-Touched, of course, must remain honorable to keep to their tribal vow.

Base Expectations: Living in accordance with the Oath of Urfarah. Atoning for sins. Treating fellow Pure with respect as befits their station.

PURITY

Possibly the most important type of Renown for the *Anshega* in general, Purity is what defines the Pure. They believe in their cause and in their way of life, and therefore, any action that furthers the reach, the power or the moral superiority of the *Anshega* is worthy of such Renown. Bringing converts to the cause or killing Forsaken or their kin are feats of Purity, as is forging relationships with new spirits. (Note that the Forsaken usually file spirit diplomacy under Honor; understanding this difference



helps to understand the Pure in general.) A werewolf who tortures a Forsaken captive into revealing information about his pack is due Honor, but one who tortures the captive into swearing the Oath of Urfarah is due Purity.

Base Expectations: Making sure that one's *pack* is living in accordance with the Oath of Urfarah. Performing rites such as the Rites of Penance and Purgation.

WISDOM

The Pure generally believe that they know most of the great spiritual truths about the world, and so Wisdom isn't as vigorously pursued as it is in Forsaken society. Even so, the Pure have their visionaries, their mystics and their curious souls as well, and these werewolves delve deep into the spirit world looking for answers to the problems that plague the *Anshega*. Usually, of course, these problems involve the Forsaken, and so unleashing a spiritual plague or disaster is a feat of Wisdom so long as the plague or disaster injures the Tribes of the Moon more than the Pure Tribes. Crafting new fetishes and learning the bans of enemy totems are also considered worthy of Wisdom.

Base Expectations: Being ever watchful for Lune or Forsaken trickery. Knowing the Oath of Urfarah and the appropriate tribal vow by heart (and being able to recite it on cue). Accepting an elder's word even if it runs counter to intuition.

SPIRIT RELATIONS

By rejecting Luna and her gifts, the Pure gain a greater tolerance from the many spirits that chafe at the Forsaken and their activities. While spirits still feel a certain revulsion toward these hybrids of flesh and spirit, the spirits are more inclined to cooperate with the Pure. *Anshega* gain +1 to all Social rolls made to influence spirits that are not directly affiliated with the Forsaken (such as a Forsaken pack's totem). However, the Pure suffer a -2 penalty to all Social rolls made to influence Lunes, which are typically infuriated by what the moon-spirits perceive as blasphemy.

PURE GIFTS

Most of the Gifts presented in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, and indeed many of the lists offered in such supplements as **Lore of the Forsaken**, work perfectly as Pure Gifts. Even without tribal affinity, an *Anshega* could still theoretically learn, say, Death Gifts without having to go to any more trouble than a non-Bone Shadow Forsaken. Learning the Gifts would still be difficult, but not impossible. The only exceptions are Gift lists tied directly to auspice. No Pure is capable of learning Crescent Moon Gifts, for instance, or the Witch's Moon Gift list from **Lore of the Forsaken**.

When a Forsaken undergoes conversion to the Pure, he retains the use of any Gifts he had previously, including his auspice Gifts. However, he suffers a -2 penalty to use any auspice Gifts he retains, and any that call directly on

the power of Lunes or of the moon (such as the five-dot Full Moon Gift: Luna's Fury) simply fail to work.

AGONY GIFTS

Silver Wolf is a creature of honor through pain. Despite constant agony that would kill any mortal werewolf, Silver Wolf retains his vision, wisdom and honor. Through the pain, he guides his subjects. His advice and power can lend them the ability to see through their own pain, and enable them to inflict a small fraction of that pain on his enemies. These Gifts are taught by spirits of pain or venomous animals, mostly in the service of Silver Wolf.

STOICISM (•)

Silver Wolf teaches his subjects that their own pain is nothing in comparison to his own. Through this Gift, they learn to ignore their suffering. They do *feel* pain that is inflicted on them while this Gift is active; however, they are able to shunt that pain aside and act as fully capable warriors despite it.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Composure + Survival + Honor

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The werewolf taps into Silver Wolf's agony. The werewolf suffers a -1 wound penalty even when unhurt, and all other wound penalties are increased by one for the remainder of the scene.

Failure: No effect.

Success: For the remainder of the scene, the character suffers no wound penalties.

Dramatic Success: For the remainder of the day, the character suffers no wound penalties.

BARBED ARROW (••)

The character taps into Silver Wolf's pain and lets it flow through her into her foes. The werewolf must touch her foe in order to activate the Gift; if the target is unwilling (and he probably is), then this requires an ordinary melee attack roll. Only if the attack succeeds does the character spend Essence and make this Gift's roll. The attack does damage as normal.

If the target of the attack is Uratha (whether Pure or Forsaken), any dice penalties from pain are increased by one, as the Gift's user is tapping into the pain that silver causes.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Medicine + Purity versus target's Resolve + Primal Urge

Action: Contested; resistance is reflexive

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The werewolf taps into Silver Wolf's pain; she suffers the -1 die penalty that would ordinarily be inflicted on the target. The target suffers no effect at all.

Failure: The target suffers no effect.

Success: The target suffers an additional –1 die penalty on all actions for the rest of the scene.

Dramatic Success: The target is knocked prone by the pain, and must take an action to stand.

RANGS OF ANGUISH (•••)

This Gift allows the user to take pain he has suffered before and inflict a sympathetic agony in his victim. With a glance, the werewolf is able to create stabbing pain in the target. The pain usually mirrors some event in the Gift user's past, though the pain might also take the form of a remembered anguish — a cardiac victim might suffer chest pains, while a mother might relive the agony of childbirth within the space of a few seconds.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Medicine + Cunning – target's Composure

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Gift user suffers backlash, taking one point of bashing damage.

Failure: No effect. The werewolf may try to use this Gift again next turn normally.

Success: The target takes a number of points of bashing damage equal to 3 + the successes gained on the roll.

Dramatic Success: The target must succeed at a Stamina roll versus the Gift user's Presence, or be knocked down by the Gift's sudden pain.

WORLD OF PAIN (••••)

As creatures of quicksilver and smoke, spirits do not suffer from the indignities of the physical world. When spirits are attacked by creatures of mud and blood, spirits simply lose drabs of their cohesion — they take points of Corpus damage, in game terms. But spirits do not suffer from wound penalties.

When this Gift is successfully activated, one spirit designated by the Uratha suffers real pain, and the spirit's wound penalties get worse as though it were a living creature. In fact, the agonies are often even more distracting, as the pain of the flesh is something few spirits have previously encountered. In game terms, the spirit suffers a –2 dice penalty immediately. When the spirit has just three Corpus points left, it has –3 to all non-reflexive dice pools. When the spirit is down to two, it suffers –4, and when it is down to its last Corpus point, the spirit suffers a –5 penalty.

The Uratha does not have to touch his target to activate this Gift, but the spirit must be within five yards in order for the werewolf to target it.

Cost: 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Occult + Glory versus the spirit's Resistance

Action: Instant contested

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The spirit suffers no penalty, and may reflexively use one of its Numina against the Uratha, even out of turn.

Failure: No effect.

Success: The spirit is grounded in just a fraction of the pain of the physical world; effects are as above.

Dramatic Success: The spirit suffers a point of Corpus damage, in addition to the wound penalties inflicted by this Gift.

ALL-CONSUMING EXCRUCIATION (•••••)

The Uratha using this Gift temporarily soothes Silver Wolf's pain by tugging a large fraction of it away from the great totem spirit and onto a living being. No living being can withstand such agony and remain sane. Though the target of this Gift suffers no wound penalties, his mind breaks under the onslaught that Silver Wolf stoically suffers every second. The werewolf must touch his target to activate this Gift; however, it is not a reflexive Gift (meaning that either the target must be unawares or willing, or that the werewolf must touch the target on one turn and hold the target until he activates this Gift on the following turn).

Cost: 2 Willpower

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Empathy + Wisdom versus Composure + Primal Urge

Action: Contested; resistance is reflexive

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The user of the Gift feels a fraction of the agony he'd intended to inflict; he suffers a mild derangement for the rest of the scene.

Failure: No effect.

Success: The target suffers the effects of a severe derangement (see p. 96 of **World of Darkness**) for the remainder of the scene, and a *permanent* mild derangement of the same type. The Storyteller determines the type of derangement. Subsequent uses of this Gift on the same subject cannot inflict additional derangements; however, use of the Gift may temporarily magnify a mild derangement gained from this Gift into a severe one for the duration of the scene.

Dramatic Success: The target collapses in gibbering agony, and suffers from a permanent severe derangement.

DISEASE GIFTS

The Fire-Touched relationship with disease bears many obscene fruits, among them a tribal affinity for learning from disease-spirits. These spirits can bestow Gifts upon the Uratha (though "infect" might be a better word). The Fire-Touched, for their part, feel that they are the only werewolves who can truly benefit from these Gifts, blessed as the Fire-Touched are with the fortitude of Gurim-Ur. Any other werewolves, the Fire-Touched

believe, would sicken and die if they were to receive one of these Gifts.

Unless otherwise stated, the Natural Immunity Merit helps to resist the effects of these Gifts, where applicable.

FEVER DREAMS (•)

The character passes along a spiritual infection to a target. Although this disease runs its course quickly, and rarely does any serious damage to the target, while he is infected he suffers cold sweats, headaches, fever and even mild hallucinations. Needless to say, fighting or even focusing his mind is extremely difficult while the disease holds him.

The character must touch her target's flesh to use this Gift.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Medicine + Wisdom versus Resolve + Primal Urge

Action: Contested; resistance is reflexive

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The werewolf suffers the normal effects of the Gift himself. The Fire-Touched consider this a challenge from Gurim-Ur, and an opportunity, since visions often manifest themselves in the throes of fever.

Failure: No effect.

Success: The subject suffers as described above. For the remainder of the scene, he suffers a penalty on all Mental or Social rolls equal to the Fire-Touched werewolf's Primal Urge. The same penalty is also levied against the target's Initiative.

Exceptional Success: The disease takes a toll on the victim's body as well as his senses, and he suffers lethal damage equal to the Gift user's Primal Urge.

VIRULENT RAGE (••)

The Fire-Touched infects another being with a portion of her Rage. When used on a werewolf, this Gift usually triggers *Kuruth*. When used on a human being, the Gift causes a terrible fit of violent anger. Worse, this anger is contagious, meaning that if the Fire-Touched uses this Gift in a crowd, it will quickly spiral into a brutal, rioting mob.

The werewolf must touch the target's flesh to use this Gift.

Cost: 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Presence + Expression + Purity – Resolve + Primal Urge

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Fire-Touched immediately enters Death Rage.

Failure: No effect.

Success: If Virulent Rage is used on a werewolf, she must immediately check for Death Rage. Even if she fails to resist *Kuruth*, though, the player may roll Stamina

+ Resolve each turn (beginning on the turn following the one in which she was infected) reflexively to end the frenzy. During this time, her Rage is contagious (see below). The Death Rage lasts until the character can free herself from it, or until it runs its course.

If Virulent Rage is used on a human being, she immediately attacks the nearest target other than the Fire-Touched. The attack is brutal and persistent, if not entirely focused. The infected human lashes out with fists, teeth, feet and anything that happens to be in her hands when the Rage takes over. She cannot use guns, Fighting Styles or any semblance of true strategy. Any attacks she makes are considered all-out attacks (see p. 157 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook**); she receives a +2 to her attack roll but loses her Defense. In addition, this state of frenzy is contagious. Anyone she touches (including in an attack) must succeed on a Stamina roll or succumb to the Gift's effects.

Human are subject to Lunacy in this state, but they don't respond with fear. Instead, any werewolf engendering Lunacy in a human infected with Virulent Rage immediately becomes the target of the human's frenzy.

The Gift's effects last for a number of turns equal to the Fire-Touched werewolf's Primal Urge, but any victims can be re-infected. Therefore, in a large crowd of people, the Gift's effects likely will end only when the rioters are separated and subdued (or dead).

Exceptional Success: The Rage is particularly strong. All rolls made to resist the frenzy are made at a –1 penalty.

GLORIOUS AGONY (•••)

By activating this Gift, the werewolf taints his own Essence with a spiritual malady. This illness actually makes the werewolf stronger and deadlier, lending the pain of disease and contagion to his claws and fangs. The Fire-Touched must sacrifice his own regenerative powers to allow the disease to run its course, however, and many an *Izidakh* has perished under the effects.

Once activated, Glorious Agony remains in effect for the remainder of the scene and cannot be terminated early.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Strength + Survival + Glory

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The werewolf loses his regeneration for the scene, but gains no benefit. He suffers the symptoms described below during this time.

Failure: No effect (but the Essence point is not spent if the roll fails).

Success: The werewolf experiences a rush of adrenaline, and tastes bile oozing from his gums. The disease bestows a +3 to all Strength- or Stamina-based rolls for the remainder of the scene. In addition, his bite and claw attacks receive an additional +1 modifier due to the caustic

sludge from the werewolf's mouth and fingernails. For the next two hours, however, the werewolf does *not* regenerate, and cannot spend Essence to heal lethal damage.

Exceptional Success: The werewolf's regeneration returns at the end of the scene, rather than after two hours.

LINGERING BITE (•••••)

The werewolf's bite leaves festering, odious wounds in his target's flesh. These wounds heal extremely slowly, even for werewolves.

Lingering Bite can be used in any form (though when the werewolf is in Hishu form, the werewolf's bite inflicts bashing damage and suffers a -1 modifier). A successful bite attack inflicts damage as usual, but the damage cannot be healed by supernatural means. Lethal damage heals at the normal human rate of one level per two days, and aggravated damage (should the Fire-Touched manage to inflict it with this Gift) heals at one point per week. The Rite of Healing cures this damage as usual, however.

Cost: 1 Essence per bite

Dice Pool: None

Action: Reflexive

WASTING SICKNESS (•••••)

This horrific Gift allows the Fire-Touched to infect a target with a slow disease. The target sickens over a period of days, and, unless treated quickly and expertly, dies in less than week. Wasting Sickness can even be fatal to Uratha, though with their regenerative powers they are usually able to shake it off before death occurs. Though the disease is not normally transmittable, an exceptionally skillful or malicious Fire-Touched can make it so.

Cost: 3 Essence

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Medicine + Cunning

Action: Extended; 10 successes required

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Fire-Touched contracts the non-transmittable version of the disease, and suffers as described below.

Failure: No successes are accumulated.

Success: Progress is made toward the goal. If the Fire-Touched reaches 10 successes, he becomes a carrier for the disease. The next person he bites becomes infected with the disease. Human beings cannot resist infection; they can only try to stave off the effects. Werewolves can resist with a contested action; the werewolf's player rolls Stamina + Resolve, while the Storyteller rolls the Fire-Touched werewolf's Primal Urge + 5 dice for the disease.

Infected characters, Uratha or otherwise, suffer three points of lethal damage per day. A character may resist this damage by rolling Stamina + Resolve, but if the roll doesn't result in three successes or more, the character suffers full damage (see "Disease" on p. 176 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook**).

While infected, characters suffer a -3 modifier to *all* actions. Damage from the disease can be overcome normally (which is why werewolves seldom die from it), but the modifier persists for as long as the disease does.

Fighting off the disease requires an extended Stamina + Resolve roll. Uratha characters need 10 successes to fight off the disease, while humans require 20. One roll can be made per day, but the -3 modifier applies to this roll. If the character is under the care of a doctor or healer, successes from Intelligence + Medicine rolls (again, one roll per day) can be added to the total.

Exceptional Success: The character makes considerable progress toward the goal. If the character reaches the goal with 15+ successes, the disease is contagious. It spreads like the common cold. Casual contact allows a Stamina + Resolve roll to avoid infection, but intimate contact (include prolonged physical contact, sex or a bite) means automatic infection for humans.

FERVOR GIFTS

An *Izidakh* is only as strong as his faith. Most Fire-Touched, then, are strong indeed. Fervor Gifts harness that faith, granting the werewolf who wields them knowledge, strength and perseverance.

Fervor Gifts are taught by those that represent faith, sacrifice and loyalty. Dog-spirits, ideology-spirits, and even some disease-spirits can impart them.

EYES OF GURIM (•)

The Fire-Touched can judge the state of another werewolf's soul. *Izidakh* use this Gift to judge whether an Uratha would be a good candidate for conversion. When used successfully, the Eyes of Gurim can give the Fire-Touched some information about the target's weaknesses, which he can then exploit when attempting to convert her.

This Gift works on any werewolf that the character can see directly (i.e., it does not work through video cameras or on photographs). The character can recognize members of his own tribe on sight.

Cost: None

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Investigation + Purity

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The character has a completely false idea of the target's moral state. The character might mistake a *Zi'ir* for a paragon of Harmony, or might even mistake a Forsaken werewolf for a Fire-Touched.

Failure: The character fails to uncover any information about the target.

Success: The character knows any compulsions or derangements she labors under from losing Harmony and her Vice.

Exceptional Success: No special effect.

GURIM'S COMFORT (••)

Gurim-Ur supports his children, even when times are dark and the enemies of truth are all about. The Fire-Touched with this Gift can call upon the succoring faith of Rabid Wolf to refresh her mental fortitude.

This Gift can be used only when the Fire-Touched has spent her last Willpower point.

Cost: None

Dice Pool: Resolve + Composure + Wisdom

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The character suffers a crisis of faith. Gurim-Ur, the character feels, has abandoned her. The Fire-Touched must immediately check for degeneration if her Harmony is 7 or above (roll four dice).

Failure: No effect.

Success: The character regains a number of Willpower points equal to her Primal Urge.

Exceptional Success: The character regains *all* spent Willpower points, just as if she had acted in accordance with her Virtue.

TRUST IN GURIM (•••)

The Fire-Touched with this Gift fights as though he is immortal, secure in the knowledge that even if he should fall, Rabid Wolf will take the Fire-Touched to *Taga Dan* personally. He therefore fights with an unholy fury, tearing his enemies limb from limb, and never acknowledges pain or injury. If he survives the battle, he is grateful to his patron, but cannot help feeling a bit disappointed that he will not see paradise that day.

Cost: 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Strength + Expression + Glory

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Fire-Touched succumbs to doubt and despair. He can take no action in combat during this scene except to dodge (see p. 156 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook**), as he fears for his life. After the combat ends, he must immediately check for degeneration if his Harmony is 7 or more (roll four dice).

Failure: No effect.

Success: The Fire-Touched becomes infused with the strength of Gurim-Ur. For the remainder of the scene, the Fire-Touched must make all-out attacks (see p. 157 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook**), but instead of the usual +2 bonus, he receives a +4 to all attacks. The Fire-Touched does not get his Defense during this time, however.

Exceptional Success: For one Willpower point, the Fire-Touched can use his Defense as usual while this Gift is active (though he cannot dodge). A Willpower point must be spent each turn to continue using Defense.

GURIM'S MIGHT (••••)

Gurim-Ur was, according to most stories, the smallest of the Firstborn, but he was fast and deadly when he hunted in earnest. This, the Fire-Touched say, is because he knew when he was in the right, and that righteousness made him mighty. The *Izidakh* can channel the might of their crazed totem, but can do so for any forceful endeavor — combat, indoctrination or even reasoning.

Cost: 1 Willpower plus 1 Essence per roll

Dice Pool: Resolve + Composure + Honor

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Fire-Touched realizes that Gurim-Ur does *not* approve of her current course of action. The Fire-Touched slips into a state of depression and suffers a –2 on all Mental or Social rolls until she can perform an act of penance.

Failure: No effect.

Success: The Fire-Touched is secure in the knowledge that Gurim-Ur blesses her actions, and can use that surety to her advantage, as long as she is acting decisively and forcefully. In game terms, the Fire-Touched receives a +2 bonus on any roll involving Presence, Intelligence or Strength, provided that a point of Essence is spent for each roll. The benefits of this Gift last for one scene.

Exceptional Success: The Essence only needs to be spent when bolstering Strength. All Presence- and Intelligence-based rolls receive the bonus for the remainder of the scene.

GURIM'S BITE (•••••)

According to the Fire-Touched, Rabid Wolf's madness wasn't caused by an earthly disease or a malady of the mind but by his flawless honor trying to make sense of a dishonest world. Faith in the purity of honesty is what binds the Fire-Touched, and to his most faithful followers, Gurim-Ur grants the ability to spread that faith with a single bite. The victims of this Gift see, for a few brief moments before lies cloud their minds again, the freedom and the purity that the Fire-Touched truly possess. While the power of Gurim's Bite isn't normally sufficient to turn packmate against packmate, it does prevent the target from attacking the Fire-Touched, even in self-defense.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Presence + Persuasion + Cunning versus Resolve + Primal Urge

Action: Reflexive and contested; resistance is reflexive

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Fire-Touched cannot summon the faith to make the Gift work. He loses access to this Gift and *all* Fervor Gifts until he performs an act of penance. He must also check for degeneration if his Harmony is 7 or more (roll four dice).

Failure: The target gains more successes than the Fire-Touched. The Gift has no effect.

Success: The Fire-Touched exceeds the victim's successes. For the remainder of the scene, the target is incapable of attacking the Gift user or anyone fighting alongside him. The target is under no compulsion to fight at the *Izidakh's* side, but cannot attempt to harm him in any way. Even thinking about doing so renders the target physically ill with remorse — the Fire-Touched simply seems too pure to touch, too holy to harm.

Exceptional Success: The Fire-Touched exceeds the victim's successes by five or more. The victim now feels compelled to aid the Fire-Touched, even to the point of attacking her family, friends or pack.

SAVAGERY GIFTS

As those who hunt even the hunters, the Predator Kings are masters at controlling their feral instincts and manipulating such savagery in others. Above all, these Gifts are used by the *Ninna Farakh* to make them even more capable killers and even more dangerous to others. Savagery Gifts are taught by spirits that understand what it is to be a true hunter — bears, lions, birds of prey and so on.

PREDATOR'S PRESENCE (•)

A werewolf's innate Primal Urge betrays her to nearby humans, letting the mortals know on a subconscious level that a predator is nearby. This can make people uncomfortable and reluctant to respond favorably to a werewolf in her human form. This Gift allows a *Ninna Farakh* to turn that discomfort to her favor, generating a sense of palpable threat that unnerves and frightens nearby humans into awkwardness and placid obedience.

Cost: 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Presence + Intimidation + Purity

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The werewolf fails to project her predatory aura with any subtlety, instead sending subcon-

scious threats to all nearby. The werewolf suffers the social penalty effects of double her usual Primal Urge rating for the rest of the scene.

Failure: No effect.

Success: The werewolf masters her hunter's aura and focuses it upon nearby humans. The werewolf's Social penalties inflicted by her Primal Urge modifier are shared with any human who interacts with her for the rest of the scene. People react to the werewolf with obedience, placidity, even a little fear, as each human character suffers negative modifiers to their Social rolls until the werewolf leaves their presence.

Exceptional Success: The werewolf further heightens her domination over the prey creatures, and any human interacting with her suffers an additional -1 to all Social rolls for the remainder of the scene.

UNWENDING FURY (••)

To fall into *Kuruth* is to abandon all reason for the purest instinct of all — to survive at any cost. Some Predator Kings have learned not to fear the touch of Death Rage, but to welcome it as the epitome of the hunter's

arsenal against his prey. This Gift suppresses the hunter's fight or flight instincts, so that characters down to their last three health boxes do not feel the instinctive urge to preserve their life. Instead, they lose themselves to mindless Rage, ripping flesh and lashing out with no desire beyond killing their enemies. Predator Kings who are blinded by hate for the enemies, who simply wish to take down as many of their foes as possible before their own death or who are certain victory can come with a final-breath effort, use this Gift with devastating effects.

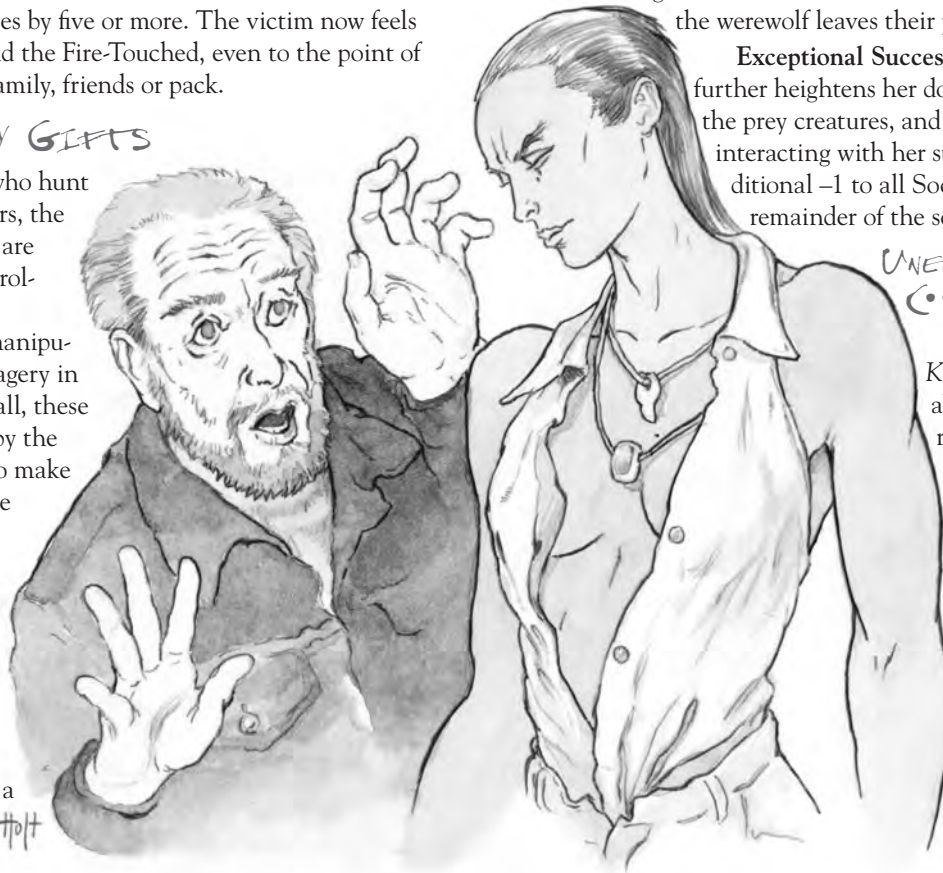
Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: None

Action: Reflexive

CHALLENGER'S INSTINCT (•••)

The Predator King with this Gift can sense the depths of Rage boiling within another werewolf, but only when the enemy is immersed in his purest fury. *Anshega*



with this ability use it on foes that have shifted into the Gauru form, to read the telltale signs in body language, spirit brands and the aura of a fellow predator to determine how deep the hunter's fury runs in their opponent's psyche. It is a bald, open study of another hunter, often employed to locate and face down the most-skilled combatant in an enemy pack. This Gift only works on Uratha in Gauru form that the character can see directly.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Investigation + Cunning

Action: Reflexive

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The werewolf completely misinterprets the target of the Gift. The werewolf learns how many turns the target can spend in Gauru form, but the number is either significantly higher or lower than the true figure.

Failure: The werewolf is unable to sense anything about the target's Rage at all.

Success: The werewolf perceives the target's inner fury and can tell how many turns his opponent can spend in the Gauru form before he must change back. The werewolf also perceives whether the target has any Gifts or fetishes that could potentially alter the number of turns, such as Rage Gifts or the Elodoth Gift: Fuel Rage.

Exceptional Success: As a success, but the Predator King becomes deeply attuned to the target's fury, and can predict the ebb and flow of his foe's anger. In combat against the target, the character receives +1 Brawl and +1 Defense as he predicts and interprets his attacker's wild, Rage-driven strikes.

EMBRACE THE BEAST (....)

Werewolves who use this Gift are often feared by their packmates because of their instability in battle, but no one can deny the incredible killing Rage that pulses in their bones and allows them to tear their enemies apart. This Gift is popular among Predator King elders and lone wolves who walk away from their *Anshega* brethren to live alone. Although any single werewolf is capable of tremendous physical prowess, this ability infuses an *Uratha* with unmatched, unreasoning killing power from her proclivity to fall into Death Rage.

This Gift alters the criteria for succumbing to *Kuruth*. A werewolf has to roll to resist Death Rage every time she takes lethal damage and marks a health box, rather than only when suffering aggravated damage.

Cost: None. The Gift is innate once learned.

BARESARK (.....)

With this power, the Predator King has mastered his own savagery and anger to the point where he can fiercely project it onto others, making them experience the depths of his potential for viciousness. More than that, he can focus his anger so powerfully that it can steal the rational thoughts of humans and other werewolves, causing

humans to act like savage animals, and pushing *Uratha* close to *Kuruth*.

Cost: 1 Essence per target the Gift user wishes to affect

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Expression + Purity versus Composure + Primal Urge among the affected targets.

Action: Contested; resistance is considered reflexive

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The attempted projection of the character's killing urges backfires, and he must test for Death Rage.

Failure: The Gift has no effect.

Success: The minds of the targets are clouded in animalist fury, making people act on their most savage instincts. Each individual targeted suffers the following effects depending on their nature. Werewolves must test for Death Rage as if they had taken an aggravated wound, and suffer -1 on all Harmony rolls for the rest of the scene. Humans become violently angry with the closest person to them (including the Gift user if appropriate), requiring the expenditure of a Willpower point every turn for the rest of the scene to prevent themselves from attacking. Humans also suffer -2 to all rolls involving Mental attributes and suffer -1 on all Morality rolls for the rest of the scene.

Exceptional Success: As with a success, though the effects of the Gift apply to twice the number of people originally targeted.

SCOURGING

The Scourging list is considered an affinity Gift list for the Ivory Claws. It represents their relationship to the Purity Renown and the benediction of Silver Wolf. The core idea of purity is that un-alike things should not mix. Silver Wolf and his servants demand adherence to that principle. These Gifts are most commonly taught by eagle-spirits.

SENSE THE IMPURE (..)

Silver Wolf insists on the highest standards of pure blood for his subjects. This Gift allows the Ivory Claws to determine the purity of a subject's blood — or a substance — merely by scent.

If the target is a liquid, gas or a living creature, the werewolf must be within a few feet of the target of the Gift in order to activate it. If the target is a solid, the *Uratha* must touch it to activate this Gift.

Cost: None

Dice Pool: Wits + Animal Ken + Wisdom

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Ivory Claw believes the opposite of the truth — either that a target with pure blood or pure substance is impure, or the other way around.

Failure: The Ivory Claw does not learn anything about the target.

Success: The Ivory Claw learns whether the target is a werewolf; the Gift user can also discern whether the target has any Uratha ancestors within the past three generations or has the Wolf-Blooded Merit. If the target is inanimate, the Gift user gets an idea of the target's level of Purity in general terms. The Gift does *not* permit the Ivory Claw to detect pre-Change werewolves; however, it does give the user an idea of even wolf-blooded humans' ancestry, as above.

Dramatic Success: Per success; additionally, if the target is a werewolf or has the Wolf-Blooded Merit, the Uratha can tell whether the target is a Pure werewolf or one of the Forsaken, and whether the target's ancestors were Pure or Forsaken.

RELENTLESS FOCUS (••)

Purity begins in the soul. The Uratha using this Gift gains intense focus on whatever actions are most important to him, and only the greatest of temptations or distractions can gain his attention. This Gift can be used only once per day.

Cost: 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Resolve + Empathy + Honor

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: Something is too distracting to ignore. The Uratha loses an additional point of Willpower.

Failure: The Uratha cannot gain the desired level of focus.

Success: For every two successes achieved on the roll, the Uratha regains a point of Willpower (up to his normal maximum).

Dramatic Success: Per success, and the Uratha also gets one bonus die to all Resolve, Composure or Stamina rolls for the remainder of the scene.

PURIFY (•••)

This Gift separates different substances out from a small, mostly pure mixture. The mixture cannot be living or recently dead material, but can be solid, liquid or gas. The Gift can affect no more than one liter of liquid or solid, or a small room's worth of gas. This Gift can ensure that there is no poison in a drink, change 14kt gold into 24kt gold or drive dangerous gases from a room. Purify does not split a mixture into all of its components separately. Instead, whatever substance comprises the majority of a mixture is left alone, and anything that isn't that substance is extracted in a single, visible mass.

Although the Gift is magical in nature, Purify obeys the laws of chemistry: Purify will not break a molecular compound apart, but only perform a physical change. For example, Purify cannot break alcohol down into carbon, hydrogen and oxygen — but the Gift could pull water and

other substances out of an alcoholic drink, leaving behind 100% pure alcohol.

At the character's discretion, the impurities in the substance may be pushed a few inches away from the newly pure substance — enough to leave a clean, full container of the pure material and a puddle of other material outside of that container.

Purify renders poisoned or contaminated food or drink safe to eat. Purified explosives probably won't work. Purified gems shatter; purified precious metals become more valuable per ounce. This Gift can be used on fetishes — however, the fetish gains a resistance roll equal to its spirit's Resistance Trait.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Science + Purity

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The character cannot purify the substance with this Gift until 24 hours have passed.

Failure: The Gift fails to work

Success: The substance is purified, as described above.

Exceptional Success: The substance is purified, as described, and the character does not lose the Essence you would ordinarily spend to activate this Gift.

EXPULSION (••••)

This Gift pushes all parasitic or symbiotic life forms out of a living creature (including animals, humans and Uratha). Expel cleans infected wounds perfectly, heals bacterial disease completely and expels any parasites. Microorganisms are destroyed invisibly; any visible parasite is killed and forcibly expelled through the nearest suitable opening.

Unfortunately, this Gift does not discriminate between beneficial symbiote and parasite. Most creatures' digestive tracts contain extensive quantities of microorganisms to help them digest food. Expel eliminates those as well. This can lead to a few days of intestinal distress for the subject of the Gift, until he has eaten enough local food to re-establish the balance of his digestive systems. This distress causes a one-die penalty on Composure rolls for the next three days.

Expel does not work on magical diseases, viruses or prion-based diseases. It cannot expel a spirit from a host body, though the Gift can force out a supernatural parasite with a material form.

Cost: 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Medicine + Cunning

Action: Extended (each roll represents one turn spent in a trance over the subject; the number of successes needed is the same as the Stamina + Resolve roll difficulty on p. 176 of *The World of Darkness*).

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The infection is worse than previously thought; Expel will not work on it, and the target's Stamina + Resistance roll requires five more successes than previously thought.

Failure: No successes are gained for this turn. If the character fails three successive rolls, the character cannot use Expel again on this target until the next day.

Success: Successes are accumulated. If enough successes are gained, the infection, disease or parasite is eliminated. This Gift does not heal damage already done by that influence.

Exceptional Success: A greater number of successes are accumulated. If five extra successes over the target are achieved on that final roll, the target's immune system is supercharged for the next three days, providing an additional two dice to any Stamina + Resistance rolls to avoid disease.

CAST OUT (•••••)

Purity of spirit is as important to Silver Wolf as purity of body. Cast Out drives a possessing spirit from its subject. While many Uratha know the rite Banish Spirit, Cast Out works much more quickly. However, Cast Out is also incredibly painful — for the Uratha who uses it, the spirit the Uratha targets with the Gift and the person possessed by the spirit. The use of Cast Out is a sure way for an Ivory Claw to make a long-term enemy out of the spirit she targets.

To use Cast Out, the Uratha must cut her hand and place (smear, flick or fling) her blood on the possessed person or thing. The wound causes great pain and heals slowly (it is an aggravated wound). After being expelled, the spirit suffers a one-die penalty from pain.

Cast Out works on possessed animals or things as well as humans.

Cost: 1 Essence + 1 point of aggravated damage

Dice Pool: Resolve + Occult + Glory versus the spirit's Resistance

Action: Contested

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The spirit is not driven from its host and takes no damage. The host body suffers one point of aggravated damage.

Failure: The spirit is not driven from its host and takes no damage.

Success: The spirit is driven from its host and takes one point of Corpus damage; the spirit suffers a one-die penalty due to pain for a day and a night afterwards.

Dramatic Success: Per success, but the wound that the Uratha suffers is only a lethal wound point rather than aggravated.

RITES

All of the rites found in **Werewolf: The Forsaken** are known to the Pure as well, although the rites often take



very different form. For instance, a Pure Rite of Dedication may entail cutting one's skin in shallow patterns as a gesture of sacrifice to the spirit world, while the Pure variant of the Rite of the Spirit Brand involves spirits of fire and blood that mark the subject with scars rather than the silver marks of the Lunes. Any Pure rite meant to call a spirit is conducted in a more humble fashion, and requires greater offerings of chiminage. The Storyteller is encouraged to customize each rite to reflect the local Pure spirituality as needed; though the mechanics may remain the same, the details of performing the rite can take whatever form seems most interesting and flavorful.

DEMONSTRATION OF OBEDIENCE (☺)

The Ivory Claws are the pioneers of this ritual, which gives the subject more power when performing other rites by virtue of his obedience to Silver Wolf's decrees (specifically, the orthodox laws listed on p. 69). Some Fire-Touched and Predator Kings know their own variants, which require obedience to a similarly restrictive law chosen by their Firstborn patron. Few werewolves of any ilk are able to obey these laws for a long time, but some Ivory Claw ritualists and hermits are able to hold to them for months if not years.

Performing the Rite: The subject of the rite — who can be the ritualist, or can be another werewolf — declares that she is an obedient child of Father Wolf. She then announces one of Silver Wolf's laws of purity that she intends to obey. The ritualist anoints the rite's subject with ritually blessed pure water and commands the subject to obey the laws of the great father.

Note that this ritual can “stack” with itself. If the subject of the rite obeys two or three of Silver Wolf's laws of purity, she gains two or three bonus dice. She cannot exceed three bonus dice, however.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Simple (the rite takes five minutes to perform, but a single die roll determines success)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The rite fails, and the sins of the subject come to the forefront; he suffers a one-die penalty to all rituals for the next 24 hours.

Failure: The rite fails; the ritualist can try again one hour later.

Success: So long as the subject of the rite continues to obey the declared law, he gains one die to the Harmony roll to perform any given ritual. When that law is broken, he suffers a one-die penalty to rituals for the next 24 hours.

Dramatic Success: When the subject of the rite finally does violate the declared law of purity, he does not suffer the one-die penalty described above.

RITE OF CONTRITION (☺)

In game mechanics terms, the Pure Tribes' Rite of Contrition is very similar to the Rite of Contrition

described on p. 155 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. The Pure rite requires a Harmony roll, with successes accumulated against a target equal to 10 times the targeted spirit's Rank. However, functionally this ritual is different. First, it is a level-one rite, rather than level two. Additionally, rather than simply apologizing for offense given, the Pure werewolf using this rite must remain out of sight of the moon for an extended period. The werewolf may make a Harmony roll every *day* that he remains out of the moon's sight (rather than every 10 minutes); when he accumulates sufficient successes, the rite is considered to be complete and has the same game effects as the ritual described in the core Werewolf rules.

RITE OF PENANCE (☺)

As discussed in Chapter Two, the Fire-Touched believe that sin can be forgiven, provided that the proper penance is performed. The Rite of Penance is one of the most important parts of the *Izidakh* culture, and since this rite can be performed alone, most Fire-Touched eventually learn it. With it, the Uratha can find some forgiveness for recently committed sins, no matter how intense. The rite is interesting in that it doesn't require the werewolf to seek forgiveness from the people he actually sinned *against*, only a more abstract form of absolution from Gurim-Ur himself. If the werewolf is seeking forgiveness from another party, he would be well-advised to perform the Rite of Contrition instead.

Performing the Rite: The Fire-Touched who is receiving the rite must confess his sins. If the werewolf is performing the rite upon himself, he usually builds a small fire and directs his confession there, the idea being that Gurim-Ur will hear the werewolf through the flames. The ritemaster then decides upon an appropriate form of penance. Some ritualists choose penance appropriate to the sin committed. For instance, lying might result in the offender's tongue being tied to a stump and then beaten flat with iron rods, while killing another werewolf in battle (noble though it may be, it is still a sin) might call for the killer to submit to a full minute of biting and clawing by other Fire-Touched. Sometimes the ritualist just chooses something appropriately painful, with no regard toward how well it thematically meshes with what the werewolf did. After all, few Fire-Touched can appreciate the symbolism while they are actually enduring the penance.

Whatever form the penance takes, the ritualist must take care not to kill the subject. The subject can be injured within an inch of his life, but werewolves can heal from the most grievous injuries in hours, at most. Obviously, the use of silver is strictly forbidden in the Rite of Penance (though some heretical packs of Fire-Touched sometimes break this rule).

Each roll in the rite requires five minutes of torture, but the subject can only withstand so much. After a number of rolls equal to the subject's Stamina + Resolve (+ Iron Stamina, if applicable), the target's body be-

comes inured to the pain and the subject's mind becomes awash with Rage. At that point, the subject must check for Death Rage for every roll the ritualist makes for the remainder of the rite. If the subject enters Death Rage, of course, the rite fails (treat as a dramatic failure, below).

This rite can be performed only once during any given lunar month on any given subject.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended, (20 successes – subject's current Harmony; each roll represents five minutes of torture)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The act of penance is either not sufficient, or the subject flies into Death Rage, ruining the rite. All successes are lost.

Failure: No successes are gained.

Success: The successes are added to the total. Once the ritemaster reaches (20 – subject's Harmony), the rite is successful. At that point, the subject of the rite can attempt purge himself of any derangements or compulsions accrued as a result of Harmony loss. The player rolls the character's *current* Harmony rating once for each derangement. If the roll is successful, a mild derangement disappears or a severe derangement becomes mild. It is possible to continue performing the Rite of Penance until all derangements have been purge, but this is time-consuming and, of course, painful.

Exceptional Success: The successes are added to the total. No effects beyond the rite being completed quickly.

Suggested Modifiers

Modifier Situation

- Subject has never experienced the particular torture used
- Subject is performing the rite for himself
- Each sin (i.e. degeneration roll) is confessed

TASTE OF THE ANCESTORS (••)

This rite allows a werewolf to determine something about the subject's ancestry. Specifically, she can determine whether either of the subject's parents are werewolves — and if either one is, she can determine whether either one of them is one of the Tribes of the Moon. This ritual cannot determine whether its subject is a werewolf himself, nor whether the subject will become a werewolf.

Performing the Rite: The ritualist must come into possession of any quantity of the subject's blood. Even a few drops suffice for this ritual. The blood is smeared on a specially prepared bit of linen, and the linen is burned. The Pure werewolf performing the rite watches the direction that the smoke blows — the smoke's direction is independent of the surrounding weather conditions.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: Unclear or deceptive information is revealed.

Failure: The smoke billows upward, revealing no useful information about the subject.

Success: If the smoke from the linen blows east to west, one of the subject's parents is a werewolf of the Tribes of the Moon. If the smoke blows west to east, one of the subject's parents is a werewolf of the Pure Tribes. If the smoke blows due north or due south, neither of the subject's parents is a werewolf.

Dramatic Success: The direction that the smoke curls gives further information about the target's parentage: if the smoke curls upward, the subject's father is the werewolf. If the smoke curls downward, the subject's mother is the werewolf. A dramatic success has no bonus effect if neither of the subject's parents is a werewolf.

RITE OF PURGATION (••)

Living in the modern world is difficult to reconcile with a mindset that regards lying as abhorrent, particularly since the Fire-Touched believe that even presenting the notion that they are human to be a lie of sorts. Most Fire-Touched packs include one member who can perform this rite, extirpating the lies of the pack in a moment of searing pain.

Performing the Rite: The Rite of Purgation is performed monthly, though the exact time of the month isn't important. The pack gathers together around a small fire and howls in unison, mourning the fact that lies are necessary for survival. The ritemaster then gathers a handful of hot coals, nails or other small bits of metal left in the fire and holds them out to the participants. They each take one and insert it under their tongues, holding it there until the heat is gone. Needless to say, the rest of the rite is spent in silent meditation, to let the pack's tongues heal.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (two successes per packmate; each roll represents one turn)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: All successes are lost, and the ritemaster cannot perform this rite again until he has undergone the Rite of Penance.

Failure: No successes are added.

Success: Successes are added to the total. Once the required number is accumulated, each member of the pack suffers one level of lethal damage (this heals normally). Any lies the pack has told during the past month are forgiven; if any of the packmembers has lost Harmony through violating the tribal ban in the last month, he may buy one point of Harmony back at half the normal cost. The Rite of Purgation is not a preventative measure. That is, it doesn't mean that lies the werewolves tell the next month will be forgiven unless the rite is performed a month later.

Fire-Touched of Harmony 6 or lower receive no mechanical benefit from this rite, but are, of course, still expected to participate.

Exceptional Success: Considerable successes are added to the total.

Suggested Modifiers

Modifier	Situation
	Ritemaster is the Truthcatcher of the pack (see p 10)

RITE OF THE SURROGATE (••)

The Pure know that they are in a vicious war against the Forsaken, as well as the other dark entities that stalk the night. Every war has its innocent victims, and even the warriors of purity and righteousness may violate their vows and tribal bans in the pursuit of higher justice.

This ritual allows the Uratha who uses it to gain prior forgiveness for a Harmony sin he knows he will soon commit. This ritual certainly is not perfect; Uratha who use it may still suffer as they violate Harmony bans. But this improves the werewolves' chances of withstanding any dark tasks that confront them.

The Ivory Claws have no specific ritual intended to alleviate the negative effects of Harmony sins already committed; Silver Wolf commands his servants to prepare for upcoming battles both physically and, using this rite, spiritually. (However, Ivory Claws may still participate in and execute other rites described in this section; it is simply the case that none of the other Harmony-related rites come to them from Silver Wolf.)

Performing the Rite: The subject of the rite — who cannot be the ritualist — stands before the ritualist in a lupine form and intones a howl to Silver Wolf. This howl begs Silver Wolf's forgiveness for a sin yet to be committed. The subject of the rite and the ritualist then simultaneously commit a ritualized version of the sin that the Uratha plans to commit. The subject of the rite must describe the sin he expects to commit, in a moderate level of detail. "I intend to sin" isn't nearly detailed enough, but "I intend to kill Lars McGahee by ripping his throat out" is more detailed than it needs to be. Simply "I intend to kill a human in battle" suffices in that case.

The ritualized sin that the ritualist commits must itself be a transgression on the Harmony hierarchy of sins. However, the ritualized sin can be a "lesser" sin than the one to be committed — its "rating" can be as much as three points higher than the sin the rite's subject intends to commit. The ritualized sin must be related to the "real" sin in some fashion. For instance, if the rite's subject intends to kill another werewolf in the heat of battle (a Harmony 5 sin), the ritualist might kill a human in a mock battle (a Harmony 6 sin). The ritualist then suffers the consequences of this transgression normally.

(It might be inferred that ritualists with low Harmony scores are especially useful in performing this rite. That is true, except that the rite's success depends on a Harmony roll, and such a ritualist is more likely to fail that roll.)

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (10 successes are needed; each roll requires one minute)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: No successes are gathered. The rite doesn't obviously fail, but if the character goes ahead and commits the sin described, he automatically fails the degeneration roll and loses a point of Harmony.

Failure: The spirits have spoken: the character should not commit this sin tonight, lest he face the consequences. No further successes can be gathered in this rite; it fails.

Success: Successes are gathered. Once 10 successes have been accumulated, the character gains one die to resist degeneration when he commits the sin he described in this rite. Note that the sin in question must be committed within 24 hours of the rite's performance — and that this ritual only aids the werewolf on *one* degeneration roll until the rite has to be performed again — whether the degeneration roll was successful or a failure.

Dramatic Success: Several successes are gained at one time. If 15+ are accumulated on the same roll that the ritemaster reaches 10 successes with, the subject of the rite automatically succeeds on the degeneration roll caused by the sin he describes in this rite.

STRIP THE SOUL BARE (••)

Despite the Pure's doctrine of total war, they sometimes find themselves with Forsaken prisoners or other captives. Captives can be a liability unless they possess some value to the *Anshega* — the captive may possess information or be useful as a bargaining chip to ensure the return of a Pure prisoner from the Forsaken.

Prisoners with useful information cannot always be persuaded to turn that information over to Pure captors. Forsaken resist most forms of torture, and the kind of torment that the Pure can put out often inadvertently kills human captives, even those with wolf blood.

This ritual is intended both as a sacrifice to Silver Wolf and as a tool for the Pure as they deal with captives. Strip the Soul Bare allows a werewolf ritualist to inflict horrific pain upon the rite's target and in so doing crush the target's will to resist the ritualist's demands for information. The Essence generated by the target's agony is channeled to Silver Wolf. Strip the Soul Bare also prevents the target from dying under the Ivory Claws' ministrations.

The use of this ritual is a level-three sin against Harmony.

Performing the Rite: The subject of the rite must be hidden away from the sight of the Moon, either underground or in a closed room. The subject of the rite is entirely cleansed through whole-body immersion in water, and then bound in place away from that water. The ritualist can inflict pain on the subject in any way the ritualist sees fit; he can use his own fists, claws or teeth, or ritually

prepared torture equipment. This rite takes a long time and may, at the Storyteller's discretion, require Stamina rolls by the ritualist. Unlike among human torturers, the subject of the rite can be given no hope, no food, drink or sleep. He cannot be told, "Your pain will end if you cooperate." Silver Wolf requires that the Forsaken see only an eternity of pain before them.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (five successes required; each roll represents four hours of work for the Uratha)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The rite ends abruptly. The target regains one point of Willpower, and may enter Death Rage at the Storyteller's discretion.

Failure: No successes are gained.

Success: Successes are accumulated. If enough successes are earned, the rite succeeds. Success strips two points of Willpower away from the target; this Willpower cannot be regained by any means until at least a full day has passed since Strip the Soul Bare was last used on the target. Worse, this rite strips away the target's Rage; the Uratha may not enter Death Rage for the same period.

Exceptional Success: Several successes are gained at once. If the total number of successes gained through an exceptional success exceeds the target's permanent Willpower, the target loses all remaining points of Willpower.

EXPIATE THE SIN (•••)

At the heart of werewolf mythology lies the belief that the Uratha committed a great sin by allowing Father Wolf to be murdered. The Forsaken suffer for the actions of their ancestors and spirit patrons; the Pure suffer for their ancestors' inaction or inability.

Using this rite, the Pure can atone for their ancestors' sins and in so doing regain a fraction of the Pure's own status within the spirit world. Expiate the Sin also allows the Pure to reclaim part of their lost stability and peace of mind after great sins have been committed.

The use of this ritual is a level-three sin against Harmony. This rite is therefore something of a gamble.

Performing the Rite: The ritualist and his pack must have a living Forsaken captive within their power. The captive must be bound, trussed to a rack that can be stood upright under the light of the moon — so that the traitorous *Iduth* can see what fate awaits her and all her servants. Using a silver knife, the ritualist cuts through the captive's hide, sinew and bone until he reaches the captive's heart — without killing the captive. The ritualist then stabs through the captive's heart, killing her instantly, and the entire pack rends the captive's corpse to bits, as it is said the first Forsaken did to Father Wolf.

The ritualist is the only werewolf who suffers a potential loss of Harmony from the death of the captured Forsaken; the desecration of the corpse of an enemy is not, of itself, a Harmony sin. The degeneration roll for

the captive's death occurs after the ritual is complete and any benefits are gained. That means that the ritualist may overcome a derangement and gain a new one in the same rite.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (two successes are needed for every werewolf who will gain a benefit from the ritual; each roll represents 15 minutes of work)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: All participants must immediately test for a level-three sin against Harmony. The ritual fails, and if it was performed outdoors under the light of the moon, Lunes may have noticed the ugly blasphemy.

Failure: No successes are added to the tally.

Success: Successes are gathered. If enough successes are accumulated, each participant can immediately roll a dice pool as though committing a sin equal in magnitude to his *current* Harmony score. Success on this roll allows the participant to eliminate one of the degeneration-driven derangements that he now suffers from.

Dramatic Success: Several successes are gathered. If the ritualist exceeds the total number of needed successes by five or more on the roll that takes the rite to success, the ritualist's consumption of the pack's collective sin truly enables the pack to overcome its degeneration. Effects are per success, above; in addition, any character who succeeds may make a second roll with the same pool. Success on that second roll allows the werewolf to immediately spend experience points to increase his Harmony score by one.

Suggested Modifiers

Modifier Situation

- Rite is performed outdoors under a full moon
- Rite is performed indoors
- Rite is performed under a new moon

RITE OF THE FOUND (•••)

The Pure prize *nuzusul*. If the *nuzusul* is abducted before his First Change, the Pure can hide him from Luna's gaze and prevent the burning of auspices. Those Pure who have never been marred by her touch are considered by many to be the pinnacle of purity within the three tribes. Thus, finding *nuzusul*, whatever the cost, is a priority for many packs.

This rite allows the ritemaster to track a *nuzusul* as if the ritemaster has already tasted the subject's blood. By transubstantiating the ritemaster's own blood as the blood of the target — and then consuming the blood — the Pure can track a pre-Change werewolf per the rules of Prey's Blood. The ritemaster needn't know who the subject is, or even if one exists: if a *nuzusul* is within five square miles, his blood transubstantiates. (If more than one is within that range, the ritemaster gains a bonus to track whichever one is closest.)

Performing the Rite: The ritemaster must place a stone in a vessel, and then bleed over the stone. How he bleeds matters little, though many use a whetted claw or knife. The vessel must be heated so that the blood boils around the stone. When the stone is hot (after the blood has begun to congeal), the ritemaster must swallow the stone whole.

Whether or not this rite is successful, upon swallowing the stone the werewolf takes one aggravated level of damage from where he cut himself to spill the blood. The wound literally spasms and burns; upon healing, the wound forms a scar that will not go away. (Some Pure consider such scars as badges of honor, showing how many *nuzusul* they have potentially hunted.)

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (10 successes; each roll represents one minute)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The ritemaster's blood transubstantiates to the blood of the wrong target (the bonus for Prey's Blood still applies, but not for *nuzusul*). The ritemaster doesn't realize this, and likely tracks the wrong target.

Failure: No successes are gained.

Success: When all successes are gained, the ritemaster gains the +4 bonus toward tracking a pre-Change werewolf as if the ritemaster had tasted the *nuzusul*'s blood (see "Prey's Blood," pp. 179–180, **Werewolf: The Forsaken**). The ritemaster can use the Shared Scent ritual to give his packmates a taste of the blood, as well.

This rite lasts for a number of hours equal to the ritemaster's Primal Urge. Once that time period is over, the bonus is lost. (It is also lost for any werewolves sharing the effect with Shared Scent.)

Exceptional Success: The duration of the ritual doubles (the ritemaster's Primal Urge x 2).

RITE OF PURITY (•••)

This rite has been with the Pure as long as any of them can remember. Some claim it has been with them since the beginning, when their first children suffered the brands of Mother Moon without realizing that she was quite so vigilant. When the ritemaster performs this rite upon a pre-Change werewolf (*nuzusul*), it hides him from Luna's gaze and assures that he will experience his First Change without gaining an auspice. The werewolf will never gain an auspice unless an appropriate countering rite is performed successfully. Such rites, however, are closely guarded by old Forsaken and considered quite rare.

Performing the Rite: The *nuzusul* must be bound and pinned to the ground facing downward. It must be open earth (dirt, sand, clay, grass) and *not* a human-made material (concrete, asphalt, brick). The ritemaster draws a circle around the target (whether etched in the ground or drawn with chalk or a stone, it doesn't matter).

Once bound and encircled, the target must be covered in at least three different types of befouled material.

One of these types *must* be blood, enough to cover most of the body. This blood can be animal or human, but not werewolf. The other two types of foul substance are within the purview of the ritemaster. Potential choices include vomit, saliva, urine, spoiled milk, maggots, sewage water or rotten foods. The goal of this is, somewhat ironically, that it befouls the target so completely that Luna is convinced that such a creature is utterly impure and unworthy of her gaze. The befouling is, to the Pure, a necessary deception.

Dice Pool: Harmony (versus target's Resistance + Composure if the target chooses to actively resist)

Action: Extended (five successes per dot of target's Willpower; each roll represents one minute)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The rite fails immediately and cannot be performed again on the subject.

Failure: No successes are achieved.

Success: Successes are gained. If the total equals five successes per dot of the target's Willpower, the rite succeeds. Success of course requires that the target has not yet experienced his First Change. When the target finally experiences the Change (which may be soon after the ritual or not), the rite ensures that he will not achieve an auspice and will not have access to those Gifts or benefits associated with auspice. He does not gain an auspice unless extraordinary circumstances (a Forsaken rite, or a blessing from a powerful Forsaken totem) allow. Otherwise, no mechanical benefits are granted to the subject.

Exceptional Success: Successes occur above and beyond the expected. If the total equals (five successes per dot of the target's Willpower) + 5, the rite succeeds. In addition, the target gains a +1 Social roll when dealing with the Pure for the following week because he is considered particularly blessed. This is in addition to the effects noted above.

Suggested Modifiers

Modifier	Situation
	Five or more Pure are present during the ritual
	Ten or more Pure are present during the ritual
–	The ritual is performed during a full moon
–	Target has Wolf Blooded Merit

OFFERING OF BLOOD AND SILVER (••••)

One of the most notorious of all Pure techniques, this rite slices away the subject's auspice. In many ways, this rite defines what it is to be Pure — while the Rite of the Found can prevent the unasked-for blessing of Luna from falling on a *nuzusul*, all those who are found after their First Change or recruited from the ranks of the Forsaken have undergone the Offering of Blood and Silver.

The rite's spiritual implications are twofold. It is both a purification of the subject and (perhaps more importantly) an agonizing sacrifice to the spirits allied with the Pure. By rejecting Luna, the *Anshega* prove that they are no friends to the werewolves who would hunt spirits as their prey. The rite is a terrible offering, but enough to impress their patrons.



Ritually removing the silver brands of auspice is an excruciating task. Each silver mark of Renown must be removed entirely. The process badly injures the rite's subject — in some cases the ritemaster must end the rite early in order to keep the subject alive, beginning again once the convert has healed enough to endure further punishment. The rite can be performed on oneself to some degree, though the ritemaster may have to find unusual means to accurately peel away the brands from areas he couldn't normally reach (most notably along the back). The iron will, stamina and precision needed to perform this rite on one's own flesh are nothing short of horrifying.

The rite cannot be performed on an unwilling subject. Only through willing sacrifice can a werewolf be severed from his link with the moon. The damage inflicted by this rite cannot be healed by supernatural means such as the Rite of Healing — the offering of flesh, blood and spirit is not easily undone.

Performing the Rite: The Offering of Blood and Silver actually has many variants, as the silver brands of Renown can be removed in a variety of ways. The ritemaster invariably opens by calling on the spirits to witness the subject's willingness to renounce the Bitch Mother and her lies, and then leading the subject in a similar declaration. The actual rite consists of physically cutting or burning away the brands in all their patterns while the ritemaster repeats bloody benedictions in the First Tongue.

The rite causes the brands to glow as if the subject were in the *Hisil*, so the ritemaster can accurately trace their patterns with a knife, branding iron or similar implement. One variant of the rite even uses powerful acid, carefully administered in a vicious baptism. The subject is usually tied down with ropes or chains sufficient to endure even the strength of the Gauru form, because the pain of this rite is an open invitation to the Death Rage.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (five successes per point of Renown to be removed; each roll represents five minutes)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: No successes are achieved. The subject takes one point of aggravated damage.

Failure: No successes are achieved. The subject takes one point of lethal damage.

Success: Successes are achieved.

The subject takes one point of aggravated damage. Once the ritemaster has achieved five or more successes, the subject loses one dot of Renown in the category of the ritemaster's choice. The ritemaster may end the rite at any time; if she does so, any "leftover" successes are lost.

Example: The Ivory Claw Judith's Dagger is performing the Offering of Blood and Silver on the Iron Master Irraka Gunpowder Jack.

Jack has Cunning 3, Glory 1, Purity 2 and Wisdom 2. Judith's Dagger gets three successes on her first roll, and Jack takes one point of aggravated damage. Five minutes later, Judith's Dagger gets three successes on her second roll. She chooses to take one dot of Cunning out of Jack's hide. The process continues until Judith has accumulated 22 successes. She's removed four points of Jack's Renown, but he's a bleeding mess and is going to die if he takes any more damage. She decides to end the rite here. When she begins to use the rite again on Jack three weeks later, she starts anew from zero successes. However, this time Jack only has four points left to remove, so if she can get 20 or more successes without killing him, he will be free of his auspice that night.

Once all of the silver brands of Lunar Renown have been cut away, the rite is successful and the subject's auspice has been successfully removed. The subject loses all the passive benefits of the auspice. This includes the innate auspice ability, the bonus Specialty granted by that auspice and the ability to regain Essence by looking at the appropriate moon phase. Auspice Gifts are not forgotten, as mentioned above, but the subject suffers a -2 penalty to use any auspice Gifts he retains. Any auspice Gifts that call directly on the power of Lunes or of the moon (such as the five-dot Full Moon Gift: Luna's Fury) will no longer work for the newly Pure werewolf.

If the subject was previously a member of one of the Tribes of the Moon and had not already ritually renounced

his tribe, he loses all appropriate tribal benefits, and must be initiated into one of the Pure tribes to receive similar benefits again. The same holds true of lodge, unless the subject was a member of a lodge that accepted both Forsaken and Pure for membership — highly unlikely, but not impossible.

Exceptional Success: No additional effect save for removing Renown with less damage to the subject.

RITE OF SCORCHED EARTH (•••••)

The Pure cannot always be victorious. Sometimes the Forsaken drive the Pure back, be it through putting aside their tribal differences, working within the human world or simply good tactics. In any case, the Fire-Touched are unwilling to concede victory even when they cannot destroy their enemies, and in such times, they use the Rite of Scorched Earth.

This rite causes the *Hisil* to burst into flames and burn out of control. The fire destroys spiritual buildings, kills the spirits of anything flammable (which covers almost everything outside of Elemental or Conceptual spirits, though obviously water-spirits are immune) and incinerates any Uratha foolish enough to be caught in the blaze. This includes the ritemaster, however, and so the Rite of Scorched Earth is usually performed near a locus to enable a speedy exit once the fires start.

The spiritual fires inflict damage as though they were natural fires (see p. 180 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook**). At their hottest (that is, a spiritual inferno), they inflict four points of lethal damage per turn, and they inflict this damage to spirits' Corpus and Essence (meaning spirits can actually be destroyed by the fires). Most spirits, therefore, choose to flee or disincorporate rather than stay and burn, though spirits that cannot travel faster than the fire are probably lost. Stopping the fires is difficult. The intervention of a powerful water-spirit is one possibility, but ordinary methods of firefighting (digging trenches, sandbagging, starting smaller fires to destroy the fuel) don't help much because of the spiritual nature of the blaze. The fire-spirits want to consume *everything*, and the best solution is usually to simply get out of their way.

The fires leave loci active, but destroy any wards or rites used to conceal or protect them. Since the fires destroy spiritual structures, a locus that takes the form of the cornerstone of a house might sit uncovered and unguarded after the fires end, meaning the pack that claims the locus must now seriously reconsider their defense strategies.

Performing the Rite: This rite must be performed in the Shadow, and is normally performed near a locus to allow the participants to flee when the rite begins. Sometimes, of course, a lone werewolf martyr performs the rite, consigning himself to the flames to destroy his enemies, but this is rare, even for the Fire-Touched.

The ritemaster holds aloft two burning torches, and emits a long, hideous scream of challenge and defiance. The ritemaster then turns in a circle, holding the torches near the ground while he (and probably some of his pack) expends the Essence to fuel the spirit-blaze. The *Hisil* itself

cries out in pain and anger, however, and so the ritemaster only has a few moments to collect the necessary Essence and complete the rite before something shows up to stop him. Often, Fire-Touched packs use an area that is home to spirits sympathetic to their cause — fire-spirits, pain-spirits and even carrion-bird-spirits might help them.

Once the rite is completed, the area bursts into flames. The ritemaster and anyone standing nearby suffer five Health points of lethal damage from this initial explosion, and four points per turn thereafter. The fire spreads quickly, burning stone, earth, plant matter and any spirit the fire comes across. It cannot normally cross water, but river-spirits of heavily polluted areas might contain enough other types of Essence to burn, as well.

Cost: 10 Essence

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (20 successes required; each roll represents one turn)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: All successes are lost. The ritemaster incurs the wrath of all local spirits and can expect to be attacked without mercy by any spirit other than his pack totem for the next month should he dare set foot in the *Hisil*.

Failure: No successes are accumulated.

Success: Successes are added to the total. When the total reaches 20 successes, the spirit-inferno begins as described above.

Exceptional Success: Considerable successes are added to the total. If five or more than needed are gathered, the fire burns especially hot — all damage for the fire is increased by one point.

RITE OF THE FINAL MOONRISE (•••••)

One of the deadliest rites known to the Uratha, Pure and Forsaken alike, the Rite of the Final Moonrise turns a werewolf into a walking weapon against his enemies. The Pure who undergoes the rite changes into a nightmare of living silver, and though he has only scant hours to live after the rite's completion, he will fill those hours tearing the life from his Forsaken enemies. This rite is suicide for the werewolf who accepts it, but the reward, the Fire-Touched say, is eternity in *Taga Dan*.

Normally, this rite is performed when a Pure werewolf has lost a pack to the Forsaken or otherwise suffered such an injustice at their hands that his honor cannot be satisfied in any other way but to kill them all and die in the process. Once in a great while, the Fire-Touched use this rite to destroy opposition to access to a locus or holy site, but they generally are far too reverent of the rite to use it casually. And, although the Pure would never admit it, the Rite of the Final Moonrise is dangerous because it can attract Luna's attention. The Pure can howl about "Bitch Luna" all they wish, but they know how dangerous her Lune servants can be.

The Rite of the Final Moonrise can only performed on werewolves without auspices (that is, Pure). If a For-

saken werewolf attempts to perform or accept the rite, she can expect to be brutally attacked by Lunes within moments of the rite beginning. Also, only willing werewolves can undergo the rite, and the recipient must have Purity ••• in order for the rite to be successful.

Performing the Rite: The ritemaster anoints the recipient with a special fluid made from the blood of each member of the recipient's pack (if none remain, the recipient's own blood is used). The recipient's packmates and any other Pure in the area who wishes to then say words of kind farewell, thanking the Fire-Touched for his courage and expressing their hope to one day meet him in *Taga Dan*. They then retreat, leaving the recipient alone with the ritemaster, who tears the clothes (if any) off the werewolf's body and paints his skin with glyphs in a mixture of blood and ash. The recipient, meanwhile, lets his Rage come to the surface but does not allow himself to release it until the rite is complete. When the last glyph is painted, the recipient explodes in Gauru form, as his body changes to silver. He then charges off to meet his enemies and his eventual reward.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (30 successes required; each roll represents one hour)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: All successes are lost. The rite attracts Lunar attention — either Lunes or a pack of Forsaken notice the rite in progress and attack.

Failure: No successes are added to the total.

Success: Successes are added to the total. When the total reaches 30 successes, the werewolf changes into living silver as described. The werewolf suffers two aggravated Health points per hour, meaning that even an incredibly tough werewolf has less than seven hours to live. During that time, though, the subject cannot change out of Gauru form (unless killed), inflicts one point of aggravated damage to werewolves per turn through casual contact and adds three dice to all attacks made with natural weaponry. Needless to say, all such attacks inflicted aggravated damage to Uratha. In addition, the Fire-Touched receives an armor rating of 4 against any attack from a metal object (bullets, knives, swords, etc.) and an armor rating of 2 against all other attacks. The werewolf suffers no wound penalties. Finally, any Uratha attacking the silver werewolf with natural weaponry suffers one level of aggravated damage.

Exceptional Success: Considerable successes are added to the total. No other effect.

Suggested Modifiers

Modifier Situation

	Recipient has Harmony
	Recipient has Harmony or
	Recipient has undergone the Rite of Penance within the last hours
–	Recipient has Harmony to
–	Recipient has Harmony
–	Recipient is a Forsaken convert

TOTEMS

ENGOM SPIRIT — THE FACELESS HUNTER

Rank:

Attributes: Power ; Finesse ; Resistance

Willpower:

Max Essence:

Initiative:

Defense:

Speed:

Size:

Corpus:

Influences: Fear •• Stealth •

Numina: Blending (as the Gift; see p of **Werewolf:**

The Forsaken) Communion with the Land (as the Gift;

see p of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**) Discorporation

Manipulate Earth (as the Gift; see p of **Werewolf: The**

Forsaken) Material Vision Savage Rending (as the Gift;

see p of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**) Silent Fog (as the

Gift; see p of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**)

Ban: The Faceless Hunter must remain hidden. If its camouflage is compromised, it must flee, either by discorporating or using its Numina to hide. If its true form is ever seen directly, it must retreat deep into the earth and change itself, a process that takes years.

The Faceless Hunter never appears directly. It hides in the landscape — a snowdrift, a sand dune, a pile of leaves or debris or even a small mound of dirt might conceal this fierce creature. Only a few of its legs (it seems to have many) ever appear, and even they only appear when prey ventures near. These legs look like huge spider or crab's legs, though close examination reveals thin, soft fur like a wolf cub's.

PACK TOTEM — THE BLOOD VINES

Rank:

Attributes: Power ; Finesse ; Resistance

Willpower:

Max Essence:

Initiative:

Defense:

Speed:

Size:

Corpus:

Influences: Pain •• Subservience •

Numina: Blast (barbed thorns) Clasp Drain Fetter Living Fetter Material Vision Possession

• **Clasp:** This Numen allows the spirit to lock a target in an embrace of extreme force. The Numen functions like any brawling attack and can be used only on spirits or Uratha in the *Hisil*. Roll Power + Finesse when grappling instead of Power alone (this takes the place of Strength + Brawl rolls; see p of the **World of Darkness Rulebook**). If the spirit spends one Essence, the spirit inflicts lethal damage with this attack for the rest of the scene.

• **Drain:** The vines can drain the blood from a living target. They must first use the Clasp Numen to grapple the target,

and can then drain blood using Power Finesse as the attack roll. All damage thus inflicted is bashing, but any Health points thus inflicted are added to the spirit's Essence.

Bonuses: Brawl Specialty — Grappling (given) Essence pool (points/story) Gift — Plant Growth (pack) Strength (pack)

Ban: Packs taking the Blood Vines as their totem must hunt down and subdue a Rank spirit of Size or more each month to act as the spirit's host. If the pack fails to do so, the Blood Vines takes one of the pack into the *Hisil* and uses him as the host. This kills the werewolf in three days unless a suitable replacement is found.

The Blood Vines are a mass of thorn-covered, kudzu-like plants radiating from a central mass about the size of a large dog. The Vines are incapable of living on their own. Instead, they latch onto a large spirit (depending on the locale, they might use a bear, a horse, a rhino- or even a car-spirit), take control of it and slowly drain it dry of Essence over the space of a month. The vines are covered in a hairy, sticky substance that leaves the skin of anyone who touches it stinging, and barbed hooks constantly quest outward, looking for blood.

PACK TOTEM — PURITY-OF-TRUE-FURY

Rank:

Attributes: Power ; Finesse ; Resistance

Willpower:

Max Essence:

Initiative:

Defense:

Speed:

Size:

Corpus:

Influences: Anger • Fear ••

Numina: Blast (ear splitting shriek) Gauntlet Breach Harrow Material Vision Savage Rending (as the Gift on p of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**) Wilds Sense

Bonuses: Brawl (given) Brawl Specialty — Bite (given) Essence (two points/story) Intimidation Specialty — Threatening Glare (given) Survival (given)

Ban: Purity of True Fury demands that all members of its werewolf pack kill their own firstborn children as an avowal of their hatred of all things human. Should even one pack member fail to do this, the spirit will vent its rage upon the werewolves themselves and never again serve as their totem.

Purity-of-True-Fury is a thrashing, violent, unpredictable combination of savage hunting instinct and unreasoning hatred. She is the killing strike of the bird of prey and the mauling ferocity of the predatory big cat. The spirit shrieks and stabs with its eagle's beak, as well as killing with the powerful, raking claws of a lioness. Her strength and speed is born of both these beings, as well as her unending desire to hunt, to kill, to survive. Everything in her soul hates humanity's false domination over the natural world.



Purity-of-True-Fury works with a new pack, devoting herself to shaping them into hunters without peer, as well as building on their own disgust at humanity.

FETISHES

As with other resources, fetishes available to the Forsaken are generally available to the Pure. The sole exception tends to be fetishes that draw on the power of Lunes.

TALENS

DYE OF SHAME

The Fire-Touched sometimes infiltrate the Forsaken, though doing so is dangerous to the Fire-Touched's Harmony (since infiltration requires them to break their tribal vow) and shameful and uncomfortable to them. Still, good reasons exist for this subterfuge, and so the *Izidakh* created the Dye of Shame to help with the deception. The Dye is made from any shiny metal *other* than silver, the shavings of which are mixed into boiling water and thickened with blood, ash and mud. A spirit associated with deception is bound into the mixture, which then takes on a luminous silver color. This paint can be spread over a Pure werewolf's Renown scars or brands. When activated, the paint gives the appearance of Renown tattoos of the sort worn by the Forsaken (meaning that the paint is normally only activated in the *Hisil*, though it is rumored that some Forsaken werewolves know Gifts enabling them to see another Uratha's spirit brands in the physical world). Once activated, the paint remains visible for a scene. A dose of the paint is good for one day.

Action: Instant

FACE OF BLOOD

The Predator Kings have a safer (though arguably no better) relationship with the denizens of Shadow than their Forsaken brethren, but *Ninna Farakh* are just as likely to earn the ire of some spirits as any werewolf. This talen was created by Predator King warriors as a means of signaling to local spirits that the usual state of affairs was suspended, and that a pack was on the warpath. The werewolves take the fresh blood from a kill, usually human or animal depending on what prey is nearby, and pour a small quantity of the blood into a bowl. A spirit of fear or panic is bound into the blood, and each *Anshega* dips his hands into the bowl, then presses his palms and fingers to his own faces, leaving two handprints in blood on his skin. When activated, the talen lasts until sunrise before fading. Until then, even if the werewolf washes her face clean, the bloody handprints are visible in the Shadow Realm. All spirits instinctively recognize this fearsome display, and any denizen of the *Hisil* that attacks the Pure suffers a -1 to attack rolls, from the emanations of supernatural fear.

Action: Instant

FALSE HUNT STONES

Used by *Ninna Farakh* to throw Forsaken pursuers off the Predator Kings' scent, these stones are created in sets

— one for each member of the *Anshega* pack. Each pebble has one of the werewolves' names on the largest surface, painted on by the fetish maker using the blood of each werewolf to write each name. Once completed, a fox-, jackal- or coyote-spirit is bound into the handful of rocks. When activated, each of the rocks gives off the scent of the packmember whose name and blood the rock bears. Any werewolf trying to track one of the pack by natural means (see p. 178 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**) finds herself drawn to the False Hunt Stones instead of the real Predator Kings unless the character rolls an exceptional success on her tracking rolls. Obviously, the character's mistakes will only be discovered when she ceases her tracking only to discover she has been hunting a handful of stones left as a distraction. False Hunt Stones last for six hours after activation before crumbling to dust.

Action: Instant

OTHER FETISHES

BREATH OF AGONY (◡)

Few *Ninna Farakh* ever stoop to using firearms. Even the Predator Kings who dwell within the cities are often sickened by the inelegance of modern weapons, and see killing with such a weapon as a coward's attack. And yet some among the tribe recognize the utility of bringing down prey from a distance, and wish to do so without breaking their tribal ban further. To do this, many Predator Kings use weapons considered primitive by most humans and even by many Uratha, such as thrown javelins, spears and blow darts.

The Breath of Agony is one such fetish, used for its subtlety as well as its efficiency, for the fetish pains its victims and stops them from escaping, but rarely injures them permanently. The slender tube is approximately eight inches in length and always hand-carved, often with minute glyphs and runic symbols along the rounded sides. A spirit of poison, disease or pain is bound within the pipe, which causes all darts blown to inflict incredibly painful stomach cramps and muscle spasms in a victim. These weapons are most often used to weaken and slow an opponent who is attempting to flee the vengeance of the *Ninna Farakh*.

The attack roll is the fetish user's Strength + Athletics, and the weapon remains active for the rest of the scene once the spirit is awakened. Any successful hits only do three dice of bashing damage, but they double the victim's wound penalties for three turns. Multiple darts do additional damage, but the pain effects do not stack.

Action: Reflexive

CHARGEBREAKER (◡)

Many Predator King fetishes are created to be used by werewolves in both Hishu and Urhan forms, taking the form of branches or stones clenched in jaws or hands, or loose necklaces around throats. One such fetish is the Chargebreaker, a polished, fist-sized rock decorated with glyph carvings and bound with a spirit of entropy or decay.

When the fetish is activated, the bearer can short out any electrical device within his line of sight. Chargebreaker does not damage the target, merely aggravating the electrical-spirit within the target, rendering it temporarily useless. The disruption lasts for three seconds (one game turn) at which point the affected item may need to be restarted or turned back on (in the case of computers, PDAs, cell phones, etc.) The fetish can only be used once a week before the spirit within must rest. Activating a Chargebreaker more than once a week allows the use of the fetish's power a second time, but results in the destruction of the item as it crumbles to dust in the bearer's hand after it has functioned.

Action: Instant

BOUNDARY MARKERS (••)

The Predator Kings are viciously adept at guarding their hunting grounds, and most packs make damn sure other werewolves know when they're treading on *Ninna Farakh* territory. In addition to marking the edges of their hunting grounds, some packs also employ this fetish to warn them when their protectorate is breached by intruders.

A spirit of rage or bitterness is bound within the skull of a slain human or werewolf, and buried upside down by the border of a hunting ground. The skull remains inert until another werewolf (of any faction or tribe) treads on the ground above or walks anywhere within 100 feet of the buried fetish. When the spirit detects an intruder – and the spirit only detects werewolves, not spirits or *shartha* — the skull lets out a pained shriek across the Shadow.

Any of the pack in the Shadow Realm hears the cry as muffled shrieking, and can respond accordingly. If the pack has several such Boundary Markers, the packmembers instinctively know which one is sounding the cry and can sense its direction. Werewolves of the pack who are in the physical world when the cry sounds detect it as a tingling in the soles of their feet. The direction of the silent shriek is undetectable (unless they have only a single Boundary Marker, in which case it is obvious), though

it's easy enough for the *Anshega* to cross the Gauntlet to discern the skull's location.

Action: Instant to activate, remains active thereafter.

KLAIVE: GURIM'S LASH (•••)

This weapon is a long, barbed whip made of specially treated leather (or, just as often, human skin). The barbs at the end are made of iron or bone, and must be sharpened and tempered in fire once a month. A spirit of disease is bound into the whip. It inflicts two points of lethal damage normally, and can be used to blind opponents with a called shot (see p. 165 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook**). Also, when activated, Gurim's Lash inflicts a gibbering madness upon the victim. Anyone damaged by the lash must succeed on a Stamina + Resolve roll (Natural Immunity benefits apply) with a negative modifier equal to the number of Health points suffered from the lash that scene. If this roll fails, the victim suffers fever, sweats and disorientation (in game terms, a –1 on all Physical and Mental rolls) for the rest of the scene. If the roll is a dramatic failure, this penalty persists for a full day.

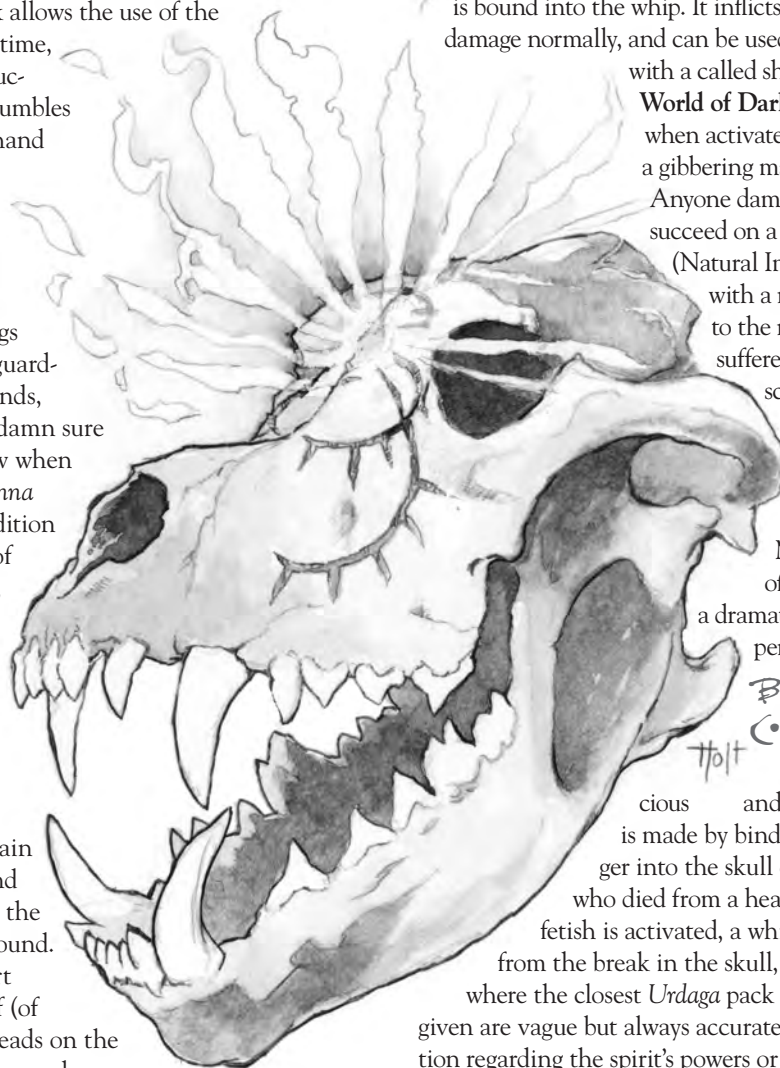
BETRAYER SKULL (••••)

This exceedingly malicious and difficult-to-create fetish is made by binding a spirit of rage or anger into the skull of a Forsaken werewolf who died from a head wound. When the fetish is activated, a whispering voice echoes from the break in the skull, revealing to the bearer where the closest *Urdaga* pack totem is. The directions given are vague but always accurate, though no information regarding the spirit's powers or pack allegiance are given. These fetishes are among the most useful weapons in planning an assault against a Forsaken hunting ground, and the Predator Kings guard them fiercely, even from the other Pure. Betrayer Skulls are notoriously hard to make, since guaranteeing that a werewolf died from a head wound short of assassination by gunshot is difficult. An alternative version of the fetish is rumored to have seen use among the Forsaken, in which a spirit bound into a Pure skull reveals the location of *Anshega* pack totems and *engum*.

Action: Instant

PARASITE SAARD (•••••)

Also called “blood leeches” and “skin ticks,” these weapons are used to give Forsaken opponents a nasty



surprise in battle. Predator Kings who use these tools often do so as a parting shot in a losing battle. The Parasite Shard is a wedge of broken glass or sharp rock small enough to hold as a knife or dagger in a human fist. A single rune is marked on the surface of the object: *luzuk* — the First Tongue word for “thief.” Within this jagged, homemade knife is a bound mosquito- or tick-spirit.

When used as a weapon, the Parasite Shard acts as a standard dagger. However, when the weapon is activated, if the Parasite Shard causes even a single health level of damage, the knife buries itself within the victim’s body. The victim has a single turn to pull the Shard out as it digs in, using a Strength + Athletics roll and requiring an extraordinary success. Failure to do so (which is likely, as the Shard digs in at sickening speed) results in an additional level of lethal damage. Once inside a body, the Parasite Shard sits within the flesh of the victim for 10 (minus the host’s Stamina) days, and can only be removed via surgery or physically digging the Shard out of the victim’s chest (causing varying levels of lethal damage as the Shard moves to escape removal).

For the entire duration the Parasite Shard is within the body, the host gains no sustenance from either food or water. No matter how much she eats or drinks, she suffers the effects of deprivation as noted on p.175 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook**. This isn’t sufficient damage to kill most Uratha, but will severely weaken them over time. After the duration is over, the Shard pushes its way out of the body, cutting flesh for another two levels of lethal damage. With the Shard’s vicious function completed, the fetish drops to the ground, ready to be collected and used again.

Action: Reflexive

DECAY TATTOOS (.....)

Few Predator Kings can be said to respect humanity, but some *Ninna Farakh* feel Dire Wolf’s bond so strongly that they emulate his hatred for everything wrought by Man’s hands. An extremely painful way of proving one’s empathy for the tribal totem is to suffer the creation of a Decay Tattoo. The process takes several nights, involving spiraling, hateful tattoos being etched into the bearer’s hands, palms and fingers using a mixture of black ink and the blood of seven or more Predator Kings. When completed, the patterns will almost completely cover the hands from the wrist down in twirling, angry red script. At this point, a powerful spirit of entropy is bound into the werewolf’s new tattoos, which causes feverish pain (–2 to all dice rolls) for 48 hours.

After the recovery period, the fetish can be used normally. No matter where it is activated, the Decay Tattoo effects last for a scene. When the fetish is activated in the Shadow Realm, the bearer’s claw or hand attacks deal aggravated damage to any spirit of a human-made object or item. In addition to this, if the fetish is activated in the physical world, when the bearer strikes human-made objects (even when using other tools or weapons), the attacker ig-

nores an object’s Durability when attempting to damage the object, applying damage directly to the object’s structure. This includes attacking an opponent’s armor, though the wearer is not damaged, only the armor worn.

Creating and using Decay Tattoos is often concurrent with raising Honor Renown, and any character bearing them will be instantly recognizable to all Predator Kings as a werewolf who has a deep understanding of the tribal totem’s heart.

Action: Reflexive

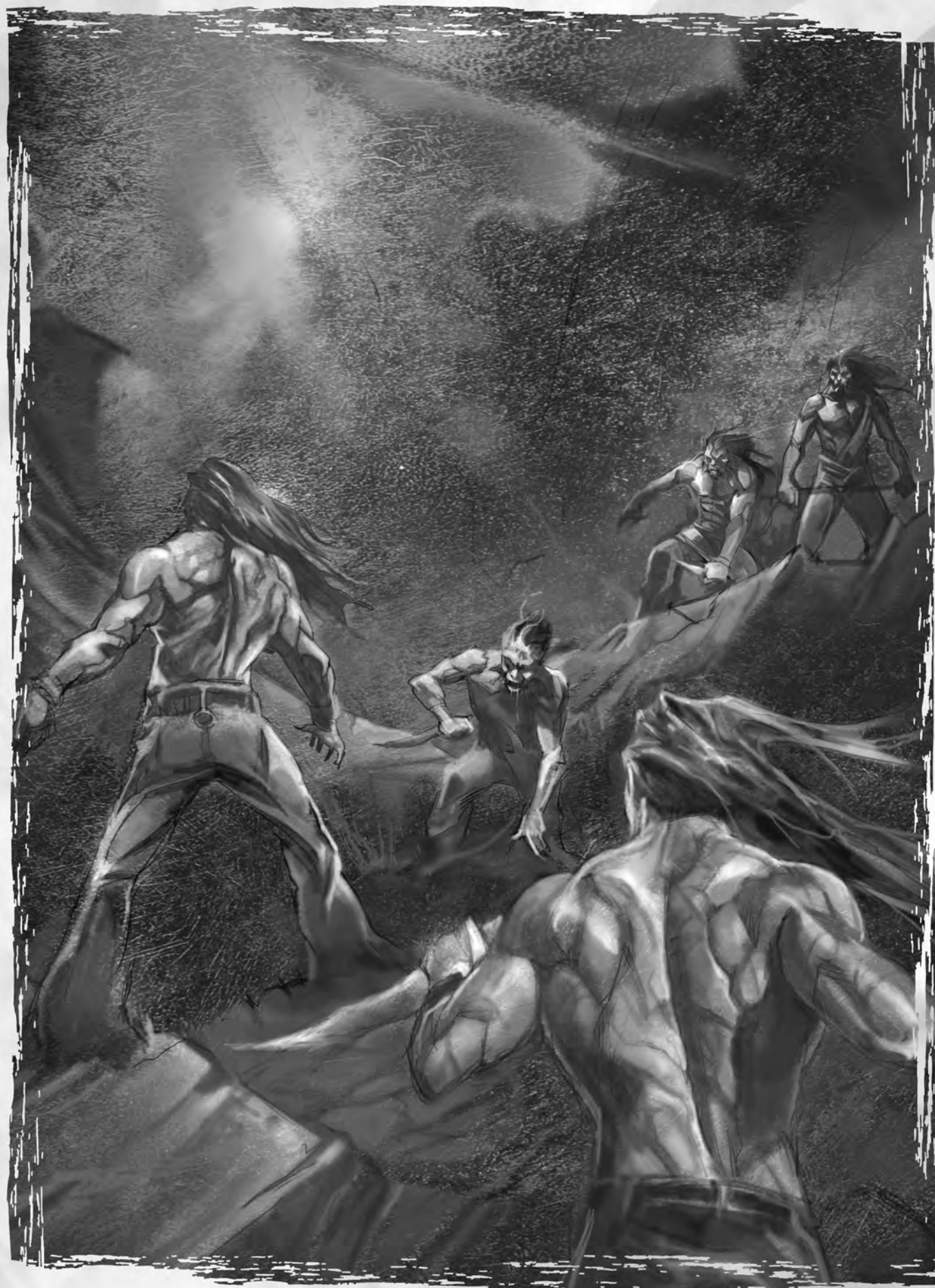
MOONSHUNNER (.....)

A Fire-Touched master craftsman created this fetish after he lost two packmates battling the Forsaken. The battle, it is said, raged through the day and into the evening, but as the full moon rose, the Forsaken gained a second wind and defeated the Pure. This craftsman, whose name has been lost to time, vowed that not only would Luna not succor that pack again but she would become their bane. He set to work on the Moonshunner.

The fetish takes the form of a series of rings made of brass, iron and bone, resembling a set of brass knuckles. Spurs of metal jut forward, and when used as a simple weapon, the Moonshunner adds two dice to Brawl attacks. Such attacks inflict lethal damage. Activating the fetish, though, unleashes its true function.

The fetish is home to two spirits. One is an Ithalunim, trapped in an endless cycle of pain and sickness. The other is the spirit of a wasting disease. If the wearer inflicts damage on a Forsaken werewolf with the Moonshunner, the victim immediately feels a suddenly, wrenching sensation, as though her soul had been moved slightly out of joint. The victim makes a contested Stamina + Resolve roll (Natural Immunity applies) against the activation successes for the fetish wearer. If the victim wins, she loses two points of Essence but suffers no further effect (though the wearer can attempt to infect her again). If she loses, she contracts a disease that makes her allergic to moonlight. Whenever she is exposed to moonlight, she suffers one level of aggravated damage, just as though she had been damaged by a silver weapon. If the moon is currently in her auspice phase, she also loses a point of Essence when she first sees the moon (rather than gaining one). Lunes also sicken and terrify her — if she is ever in the immediate presence of a Lune, she must immediately check for Death Rage.

The Moonshunner’s disease does not naturally improve or worsen, or is it communicable. There are two ways to cure the disease. One is to perform a specially tailored version of the Rite of Healing. A werewolf who knows the rite can attempt to alter it to cure the disease. Doing so requires 30 successes on an extended Intelligence + Occult roll, where each roll represents one day of work. Of course, a werewolf who cannot hunt by moonlight often goes mad in short order — which is what the Fire-Touched were counting on. The second method of curing the disease is the Rite of Purity (see p. 126) — often as a prelude to the Offering of Blood and Silver.



CHAPTER



STORYTELLING THE PURE

I spit on the ground. There's flesh in the spittle. It might be part of my tongue or it might be a chunk of the fucker I just bit. I can't taste anything anymore — too much blood.

They're all standing around me. The stab wound on my back is closing, but I can still feel the bones in my arm grate against each other when I try to move it. I try to stand and get a clawed hand across my ribs for my trouble.

"Fucking kill me, then," I choke. I don't really want them to, of course. I'm just trying to sound tough. Damn it all, they see right through that shit.

"Nah," says the woman. She looks a little like my sister, but her hair is curlier. "We don't need you dead just yet." She leans down next to me, and I see she's got an ice pick in her hand. "We just need you to howl once."

I push back away from her and collide with one of her packmates' legs. He drops an elbow into the small of my back, and I hear more bones break. I try to cry out, but he's knocked the wind out of me. The bitch inches close, still holding the ice pick.

"Really," she says, "I'd just as soon let him have you." She nods up to the big guy that I bit before. The wound I gave him hasn't healed and I think about giving him the finger, but he looks like he might bite it off. "But see, we've all got our obligations, and we just need one more howl this month."

I don't really want to know, but I hear myself ask anyway. "Why?"

"For them," she responds, and I see the spirits behind her. They look like wolves, but they're rail-thin and their paws are hidden by tiny patches of smoke. "The Breathless Pack. They can't howl for themselves, so they need you to do it for them." She hands the pick up to the big guy. "Just don't puncture his lungs," she says.

*“I WILL NEVER ADMIT YOU ARE IN THE RIGHT;
TILL I DIE, I WILL NOT DENY MY INTEGRITY.
I WILL MAINTAIN MY RIGHTEOUSNESS AND NEVER LET GO OF IT;
MY CONSCIENCE WILL NOT REPROACH ME AS LONG AS I LIVE.”*

— JOB 27:5-6

The Pure are the werewolves who hunt other werewolves. By itself, that statement means little, but taken in the context of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, where werewolves are not only superlative hunters but are forbidden by their own laws to kill one another, it takes on a more sinister cast. They are dangerous and hateful, to be sure, but to effectively use them in a chronicle, the Storyteller needs to be able to understand the source of that danger and the reasons for that hate. Hopefully, the preceding chapters have helped in explaining the Pure culture and perspective. In this chapter, we discuss applying all of that information to your **Werewolf** chronicle.

THE PURE AS ANTAGONISTS

The most obvious function of the Pure Uratha in a **Werewolf** chronicle is as antagonists. This function doesn't have to be synonymous with “combatants,” however. Many other ways to use the Pure other than as simple combat fodder exist. Using the Pure in a purely combat-oriented fashion is discussed later in this chapter. In this section, however, we discuss how the Pure and the Forsaken get to the point of going for each other's throats.

The Pure and the Forsaken don't necessarily attack each other on sight (even provided they can recognize each other). In some areas, a pack of Storm Lords (for instance) might have a stronger negative reaction to a pack of Blood Talons rivals than to a pack of Ivory Claws, particularly if the Storm Lords pack has never encountered the Pure before. Then again, the mere mention of the word *Anshega* can rouse every pack in some cities to leave their turf and go hunting all hours of the night. What response your troupe's pack has, of course, is up to the players, but it's worth your time to ask if the characters have had any prior contact with the Pure. When asking these questions, be sure that the players only tell you what their characters have experienced, rather than trying to ascribe any deeper motive to the Pure. For instance, a player says, “My character was attacked

by a pack of Fire-Touched right after his initiation into the Bone Shadows and almost torn to pieces, but one of the Fire-Touched stepped in front of him and stopped the rest from killing him.” As Storyteller, you have many options open to you. That “merciful” Fire-Touched might be a distant relative of the character's and been unwilling to kill her kin. She might have fallen in love with the character from afar (which has interesting implications for this Fire-Touched and her faith). She might have received a vision stating that this Bone Shadow would someday prove to be a great asset to the *Izidakh*.

Now, if the player envisions the same scenario, but adds, “because she wants to come back and kill him later on her own,” this limits the number of stories you can tell about the Bone Shadow and his strange savior. Of course, the player might have a definite story arc in mind for the character, and that's fine, but since Storytelling games are a collaborative and ever-evolving endeavor, it's usually better to keep options open.

Following are several ways in which the Pure can act as antagonists to a Forsaken pack, along with some story hooks.

HUNTERS

Werewolves hunt. The Pure just happen to hunt other werewolves. But each of the Pure tribes, and in fact every Pure pack, has different reasons for hunting the Forsaken. Consider your troupe's pack and why the characters might be targets of the Pure's ire. Have the characters recently gained a great deal of Renown? The Pure might hear about them through their spirit-allies (spirits tend to talk about Renowned Uratha, after all) and decide to eliminate the characters before they become a serious threat. Maybe they destroyed a spirit that was threatening someone or something in their territory, and that spirit was allied with a local Pure pack. If the *Anshega* wish to claim territory in the area, they might decide to hunt down and kill (or just dominate) any Forsaken packs in the region.

The reasons could be more personal than that, of course. One of the packmembers might have caught

the eye of the Pure, either because he offends them for some reason or because he would make a tempting target. Perhaps a Rahu killed a Predator King earlier in his career, and that werewolf's packmates want revenge. Perhaps an orphan Uratha is in fact the long-lost scion of a prestigious Ivory Claw line, and the *Tzuumfin* have finally caught up with him. Maybe a Cahalith has distinguished herself with long and mournful howls, and a Fire-Touched pack just *has* to add that voice to Gurim-Ur's choir.

Considering the motive for the hunt will also determine what the Pure are going to do when they catch up with the Forsaken. The Pure might attack immediately, true, but they might *need* the characters for some reason and thus try to bluster, threaten, cajole or even convert them rather than immediately change to Gauru and start slashing away. Take into account, too, the methods for hunting that the Pure are using. Are they trying to remain unseen, lurking in the shadows and watching the pack until they are ready to strike? Or are they howling in the distance, harrying the characters toward an eventual ambush? Keep in mind that players often don't respond well to being chased and are likely to stand and fight or at least try to lead their pursuers into a trap. Have the Pure planned for this? What tactics have they anticipated and what would completely throw them off?



STORY HOOK — MALADY

The players' pack ventures through the territory of a pack of Fire Touched without knowing it and pass harmlessly on to their destination. In the process, however, the characters are beset (again, unknown to them, unless they are extraordinarily watchful) by disease spirits that attempt to sicken them. The disease doesn't take, but the *Izidakh* of the area are dying from exposure to these spirits.

The Fire Touched, hearing from spirit allies or spies that the pack survived an encounter with these malicious beings and not only didn't get sick but didn't even *notice*, decides to hunt them down and find out what it is about them that makes them immune. Of course, this hunt is tinged with jealousy, spite and fear, and if the characters can't provide a way to cure the Fire Touched, the *Izidakh* attack and fight to the death, hoping to take a few of the accursed Forsaken out with them.



WEREWOLVES HUNTING WEREWOLVES

Motive is important, but method is as well. How do the Pure go about hunting the Forsaken? If you wish to create a story in which the characters begin as the quarry (and hopefully turn the tables on their would-be hunters), it's a good idea to consider how the Pure go about hunting other Uratha.

First, consider that the Forsaken and the Pure have many of the same tools at their disposal. They change into the same forms, they can both hunt and track with (all else being equal) the same acumen. Their Gifts, rites and fetishes vary to some degree, but not enough to make an immediate difference. Two areas in which they differ that are significant as far as hunting is concerned, however, are dealing with spirits and numbers.

The Pure don't suffer the same degree of hatred or intolerance from spirits that the Forsaken do. While this doesn't allow the Pure to step into or out of the *Hisil* any more easily, it does mean that they can traverse the spirit wilds with significantly less danger. Their totems are generally more powerful than those of the Forsaken, and often more willing to engage in direct confrontation. A Pure totem, therefore, might be able to help its pack locate their enemies flawlessly, or let them hunt without leaving a trail.

Other spirits aren't any less willing to give the Pure information than they would be to a pack of Forsaken werewolves, meaning that any tactic that the Forsaken use to barter, cajole, threaten or otherwise induce a spirit to speak, the Pure can employ and probably to better effect. A Forsaken pack should consider this when in contested or enemy territory — any given spirit would probably rat them out. Therefore, making a positive impression on the spirits (avoiding degeneration, resisting Death Rage, etc.) is more than just an intangible ethical concern. Making a good impression can be a matter of life and death. Likewise, looking after the spiritual health of one's own territory is critical, because spirits that are generally content (whatever "content" means to the spirits in question) are more likely to inform the resident pack of intruders.

The second major advantage the Pure enjoy is their higher population. Packs tend to be larger, on average, than Tribes of the Moon packs by one or two members (though of course three-member and 12-member packs exist in both factions). That means that when the Pure are hunting down the home of a Forsaken pack, the Pure have more noses to the

ground, as it were. More hunters generally increases the chances of success, especially if they are able to employ a variety of methods. Consider: A pack of Predator Kings goes looking for a Forsaken pack. One of the *Ninna Farakh* tracks down their quarry by scent — difficult in the city, but not impossible if the hunter is patient. Another identifies a contact or relative of one of the packmates and stalks her, waiting for a werewolf to show himself. A third has an acquaintance among the Ivory Claws who maintains a human existence and thus can use mundane methods such as the Internet to find information. A fourth might enter the *Hisil* and search for spiritual evidence of Forsaken werewolves (Lunes tend to gather near them, for instance, although of course these fickle spirits are one of the few types of spirits who *will* side with the Forsaken over the Pure). Finally, the remaining members of the pack might cause a disturbance that the resident Forsaken can easily recognize as supernatural, but not (hopefully) that they immediately associate with other werewolves.

Once the Pure have found their quarry, what then? This chapter includes a section dealing with pack versus pack combat, but the Pure would rather avoid this kind of confrontation if possible. Instead, they try to separate the pack, attacking the packmembers when they are alone and hopefully injured or low on Essence. Some Pure packs send their totems or other hostile spirits after their Forsaken quarry, wait until the spirit has injured them (forcing them to expend Essence to heal) or simply scattered them, and then attack. The spirit rarely risks destruction, especially if the spirit's ban is difficult to guess, and the Pure then have

the advantage of attacking weakened foes. While the Forsaken use this behavior as evidence of how truly callous and ruthless the *Anshega* are, the Pure Uratha simply observe that true predators do not attack strong, healthy prey. True predators go after the wounded or sick, wearing down their target until they know they can kill it. So who, the Pure ask, is the true predator, the Pure or the Forsaken?

Flushing out individual packmembers requires knowledge of that pack, of course. The more contact a werewolf has with humanity, the easier it is to get to know him. Forsaken mentors tell their pupils to sever contact with their living families because of the danger the Death Rage produces, and this is by no means inconsiderable. Since the Brethren War, though, another concern is that the Pure might find a werewolf's family and torture every last drop of information from them before finally allowing them to die. No one is safe from this sort of treatment. Bosses, childhood friends, ex-lovers, even enemies might have useful information about the Forsaken, even if that information only points to the rough date of a werewolf's First Change.

If the Pure identify a werewolf without having to go through this kind of trouble (and admittedly, Uratha tend to notice quickly when they're being hunted), the Pure watch their quarry's dealings with other werewolves, especially his pack. Every pack has points of contention. Werewolves are too hot-headed for it to be otherwise. So, the Pure watch for the arguments that come up frequently. Debates over who leads a pack in what situations, in policies on dealing with spirits, killing humans and priorities within the territory can provide the leverage the Pure need to separate the



Uratha. Once the Pure can corner a lone werewolf, the battle is usually over in seconds, so any information that the *Anshega* can use to accomplish this goal is precious.

Below are some techniques that the Pure might use to flush out, track down or otherwise hunt the Forsaken. Of course, nothing prevents the Forsaken from using similar tricks when dealing with the Pure (except, possibly, the Forsaken's own moral sensibilities).

- **The False First Change:** The Pure have Renown markings, but they aren't as obvious as the those of the Forsaken. As such, a Pure werewolf can pretend to be going through a First Change to flush out local Forsaken packs. Using this ruse requires either springing a quick ambush or having a good escape route, unless the Pure pack already knows the local Uratha and is prepared for them. This method makes for good reconnaissance, though it does tend to upset Lunes.

- **Lures:** When the Pure find a Forsaken pack that is well-established in their territory, the Pure sometimes take on the role of a visiting pack. Of course, pretending to be Forsaken is problematic because of the tribal bans the Pure labor under, but they can still make use of howls, scent marks and even spray-painted glyphs in a Forsaken pack's territory to lure the resident pack into the open. A scent mark that indicates "just passing through" or "please meet us here" doesn't often raise any hackles, and even if it does, the Pure are still just gathering information. The danger to this method, especially where scent marks are concerned, is that it enables the Forsaken to track the Pure.

- **Blooding:** A member of the Pure pack attacks and bites one of the Forsaken, then disappears into the night. The Pure pack quickly convenes for the Shared Scent rite, and then the hunt begins. Of course, the Cleansed Blood rite can eliminate this problem, but against young and ignorant Uratha, this method can be a quick and brutal way of tracking down a pack. Even if one of the target pack does know the Cleansed Blood rite, the blooded werewolf still has to reach the ritemaster, and thus can lead the Pure straight to him.

FOILS

The ugly truth is that the Pure *don't* differ too much from the Forsaken. Certainly, the Pure have a tighter system of dogma and a much more vicious

worldview (partly because while they are greater in terms of numbers, only three tribes means that they don't have as many conflicting viewpoints), but they are all Uratha, all bound by Harmony and so on. Thus, the Pure and the Forsaken have enough common ground for an *Anshega* werewolf to act as a superb foil for a player's character.

In literature, a foil is generally someone on the same social footing as a given character, but whom fate (or the author, anyway) has placed in an opposing position. A Pure werewolf acting as a foil, then, is one who could just as easily have been a packmate rather than an enemy, given different circumstances. A foil isn't necessarily a dire foe. He might not have any desire to engage the Forsaken in combat (though given the nature of Pure society and the themes of **Werewolf**, it's probably going to happen at some point). His goals simply run counter to the character's.

But the effectiveness in using a foil isn't in highlighting the characters' differences but their similarities. Perhaps both Pure and Forsaken have fought against the Azlu and bear the scars to prove it. Maybe both packs lost a member to a werewolf-hunter armed with silver bullets. The similarity can also stem from human life — both characters might be from the same neighborhood, or even the same family. The point is that the character and his foil have a very similar frame of reference, but ended up on different sides of an important issue.

One of the ways, then, in which such a relationship can express itself is in sympathy. This is discussed in detail later in this chapter, but for now, just consider what it would take for an otherwise hatred-based relationship to change. Is there enough common ground between the characters? Does what happened before the First Change matter, and if so, how much? Does the Pure see himself in his Forsaken counterpart, and if so, how does that make him feel? Does he hate what he sees or wonder about his choice to become *Anshega*?



STORY HOOK — BLURRING THE LINES

The foil technique works on the pack level too. Two packs "both alike in dignity" as it were can quickly find that if they run out of temporal reasons to fight, all they have left is ideology. As human history has shown, ideology alone is a

perfectly valid reason to kill and dismember one's fellow humans but do the characters feel that way?

In this story the pack is confronted with a Pure pack (uni tribal or mixed at your pleasure though it should probably follow the troupe's pack in this particular) This pack claims a territory about the same size as the Forsaken pack's has similar resources in other areas and perhaps even shares an enemy or two. The packs come together quite by chance and fight, but the characters notice that the Pure aren't fighting with the vigor that they are rumored to possess. The battle is decidedly *not* to the death (unless the characters make it so) and when it is over the Pure leave retreating back to their territory. Over time the Pure pack shows up doing much the same things the Forsaken do — guarding turf looking after totems hunting and so on and don't seem to have any direct aggression for the pack except on the grounds that the packmembers are Forsaken. The question then is how far will sheer ideology carry the characters to violence? How much do they embody everything the Pure hate about the Forsaken and vice versa? And if the Forsaken do become tolerant of their neighbors how much harder will it hit them if the Pure start exemplifying the Forsaken's goals?

TEMPTATION

The notion that things will be better when a given event occurs is a worldwide phenomenon. Whether the event in question is mundane (new job, marriage, kids) or spiritual (finding God, dying), many people live their lives waiting for something to happen. The problem is that, inevitably, when the event does come to pass, the person isn't completely happy and thus finds something else to wait for. The idea that the grass is greener on the other side of the hill can incite people to change religions, locales and entire lifestyles. As much as the Uratha might think they are above this kind of behavior, all werewolves were born human.

An Uratha who is unhappy with her lot might see the Pure and envy their conviction, their relationship with spirits (since she can't see the ugly truth behind it) and their apparent solidarity. This is especially true if her pack is fractious, perhaps arranged by more powerful Uratha looking to dump young werewolves, or if the pack isn't bonded by a totem (while a totem is by no means necessary, it's undeniable that packs with a totem share a bond that

other packs do not). It's easy to see only the positive aspects of the Pure when looking in from outside, even if the Pure are presented as enemies.

Consider: A woman becomes Uratha after having no contact with werewolves, or indeed, the supernatural, in her life up to that point (even if the supernatural has intruded, she probably didn't recognize it as such and certainly didn't connect it to werewolves). Thereafter, she is inducted into the Hunters in Darkness. She has a connection to Luna, the support of her pack and some purpose to her life, but this is all overwhelming to her, since her formative years weren't spent preparing her for life as a shapeshifter. All she knows about the World of Darkness is what her new People have told her. And then she comes across a pack of Ivory Claws. These werewolves are regal, strong, in control and clearly well-bred. They don't seem to be beholden to Luna as the Forsaken are (again, remember that first impressions don't portray things as they really are), and when she asks the *Meninna*, she finds that the Pure collectively are more numerous than the Forsaken. This newly Changed werewolf might find herself wondering, *What do they know that I don't?*

Experienced werewolves aren't immune, though. A werewolf who has seen packmates die, human family succumb to age (or to spirits wishing to harm the werewolf by proxy), not to mention any of the horrors the *Hisil* has to offer might wonder if he is doing something wrong. If he sees the Pure as sterling examples of what werewolves can be, the temptation is obvious.

The problem, of course, is that once a Forsaken werewolf becomes Pure, the decision is nearly impossible to reverse. Even if the werewolf's former pack or tribe would take him back again, there's no guarantee that Luna would. Besides, the Pure are even less forgiving of apostates than the Forsaken, and so a werewolf who joins the Pure and then regrets that decision had best learn to live with it.

STORY HOOK — BE SURE

The pack meets a lone Ghost Wolf. She claims to be on a pilgrimage for her packmates who all died in battle with the Predator Kings. In fact she is considering returning the site of the battle and asking to join the *Ninna Farakh*. She has already severed her ties with her former tribe (whichever tribe would be most appropriate for your chronicle) and seen to her dead pack. She feels guilty for considering this betrayal of

the Forsaken but doesn't have a *pack* to betray anymore. Also, as a Rahu, she respects the power and ferocity of the Predator Kings.

She asks for permission to pass through the characters' territory and says nothing about the circumstances of her pack's death ("in battle" is all she says) or her crisis of faith. She watches the pack, though, looking for examples of battle prowess, solidarity, and the ideals of purity. If the pack can show her these things, she might ask them to help her avenge her old pack (which can have any rewards you wish — Renown fetishes her membership in the pack, etc.). If the pack is fractious, weak, or sinful, she might return to them later — with her *new People*.

SYMPATHY FOR THE PURE

The villain, it is said, is the hero of his own story. The antagonist in any chronicle should be understandable, and if the protagonists are already monsters, this can make the enemies seem sympathetic. Such is definitely the case with the Pure. As a society, they have a great deal of unpleasant ideology, but then, so do most of the human religions in our world. That doesn't necessarily make individual members of those religions murderers or terrorists or bigots, so does the ideological dogma of the Pure require *all* Pure Uratha to hate the Forsaken? If not, what's to stop a Pure pack and a Forsaken pack from becoming, if not friends, then neighbors and occasional allies? Saying that their totems wouldn't approve, while possibly true, doesn't have to be the end of the discussion, because Fenris-Ur is unlikely to appear in the territory of a Blood Talon pack and demand that it go fight the nearby Pure.

The degree to which the Pure are sympathetic depends entirely on the role you wish them to play in your chronicle. If you want the chronicle to be about an ongoing war between Forsaken and Pure, obviously the Pure in general should be portrayed as the enemy (though perhaps one Pure werewolf or Pure pack might be a bit more understandable; see "Foils," above). If the chronicle is more concerned with the Bale Hounds or some other enemy to all Uratha, the Pure might not be the zealous murderers that they're often painted to be.

Deciding on who the local Pure are and what they want goes a long way toward making them sympathetic. The Pure do not hunt down the Forsaken because the Pure are "evil." They hunt down the

Forsaken for reasons that, within the Pure mindset, are perfectly rational. That, perhaps, is the true horror of the *Anshega* — their actions make sense when viewed through their lens. If the characters understand that mindset, are they less willing to kill the Pure? More willing? Open to discussion? Likewise, you could consider the issue from the other side when taking the Forsaken characters' actions into account. What, from what the Pure have seen, do the Forsaken characters seem to be trying to accomplish? Is it understandable to a casual observer? Laudable? Contemptible? Are the characters trying to do something to improve their territory or are they just trying to make their own lives more comfortable? Have they acted within the precepts of Harmony? Have they broken their own laws? Have their actions violated the Oath of Urfarah (not that they'd know it)?

The key to sympathy is understanding. If the troupe's characters understand the Pure, not as a society but the particular Pure that appear in your chronicle, then the characters are more likely to view the Pure as living beings, with souls and free will, than as faceless goons to slaughter. If the players' pack views the Pure as *Imru* and still chooses to kill them, that makes a strong statement about the packmembers and their moral fiber. If they choose to deal with the Pure in other ways, then the characters are acting within their moral framework, which the Pure might notice in turn.

One way of promoting understanding is to allow the characters to interact with the Pure in situations other than combat. Combat, while it certainly has an important place in *Werewolf* (and is discussed with relation to the Pure later in this chapter), doesn't do much to promote an understanding of goals. Letting the Forsaken witness the Pure going about their business when they *can't* attack, however, forces the Forsaken to simply take note of what's happening, which can be illuminating. For instance, the pack might see the Pure in a public place such as a city park or a subway platform, surrounded by normal humans, simply looking around. Upon closer investigation, they are using a fetish to look across into the Shadow (much as an Ithaeur would use the Gift: Two-World Eyes), but don't seem to be *doing* anything. If the pack waits for the Pure to leave and then checks the area itself, the Uratha might find spots where the Gauntlet has been strengthened, perhaps by Azlu interference. What, then, were the Pure doing? Were they looking for the Azlu menace? And if so, can the characters expend the energy to fight the Pure *and* the Azlu?

The Pure might also approach the Forsaken in a compromising situation, such as during a complicated ritual or when a packmate or ally is injured. The Pure simply observe the characters or go about unrelated business, and the characters must then consider whether killing Forsaken is really a priority for the Pure, or whether the characters have just heard the wrong stories about the Pure.

MURDER MOST FOWL

The Oath of the Moon is quite clear: the People do not kill the People. And yet, the Pure don't seem to follow that particular stricture, and so many Forsaken feel that if an enemy is prepared to resort to murder, then the Forsaken are fully justified in killing them first. Harmony, though, doesn't see it that way. The murder of one werewolf by another is a sin against Harmony regardless of circumstances, though impassioned killing is more morally sound than premeditated killing. Some Forsaken refuse to believe that there's anything reprehensible about killing in self-defense, and fight to the death when confronted with the Pure. Afterwards, though, they still feel the twinge of guilt, the depression or even the elation that comes with ending a life of one of their own, and the Uratha who did the killing is left to deal with his actions as best he can.

HARMONY AND THE PLAYERS

No game system can accurately reflect the intricacies of morality especially not when the morality in question is meant for creatures who aren't human. The Morality system is meant as a check on behavior and to keep the themes of the World of Darkness in perspective not as a foolproof method of gauging how "moral" a given character is. The system is not meant to be relativist. That is, a character might *believe* he is in the right but that doesn't change the fact that his actions can have an affect on his sanity and his spiritual alignment. This is even more true of Harmony which is not quite so much a system of moral health as spiritual health; a sin against Harmony is in some respects as much a physical poison as a psychological danger.

Players might be tempted to argue this point especially because from their perspective their characters might well be right. If a werewolf attacks the pack and gives no quarter the characters might have to kill him to save themselves. The players might then balk when the Storyteller asks them to make a check to avoid losing Harmony. But that is the tragic thing about the Pure — their ideology

puts them in a position in which they must kill or die in order to live in accordance with their beliefs. The Forsaken characters don't have the benefit of knowing anything objective about the right or wrongness of their actions. All they can do is believe — hope — that they've done the right thing. See the Morality section of the **World of Darkness Rulebook** (pp —) and the Harmony section of **Werewolf: The Forsaken** (pp —) for a refresher on how the system translates to in-character responses and attitudes and remind your players of this if they seem uncomfortable with their characters not being "allowed" to kill their own kind.

STORY HOOK — MORALLY FLEXIBLE

This story hook requires that the pack has killed Pure werewolves in the past for whatever reason. The pack is asked to hear the trial of three Hunters in Darkness (members of the Lodge of Wrath; see p of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**) who slaughtered two Iron Masters. The Hunters claim these *Farsil Luhal* violated Forsaken territory which was clearly marked. The Iron Masters' packmates say that the dead Uratha were young and didn't recognize the boundary markings and that besting them in battle would have been enough in any case. The characters are consulted as a neutral party — until their past comes back to haunt them.

A contingent of Pure (of the same tribe and hopefully the same pack as the Pure the characters killed) arrives and waits for the characters to weigh in. The Pure are protected from immediate attack either by virtue of numbers or by the laws of the territory in question. If the characters try to speak against the *Meninna's* actions the Pure bring up the fact that the characters have killed Uratha as well. The Hunters in Darkness might well try to shift the focus of the proceedings to the characters. Whether or not what the characters did was justified, they are about to have the chance to defend it.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

If the Pure claim territory adjacent to the hunting grounds of a Forsaken pack, the result doesn't have to be all-out war (it can be, but this is addressed in the next section of this chapter). How the packs

relate to one another depends greatly on the packs in question, but also upon the surrounding terrain, both topographically and spiritually. For instance, if the Pure claim a valley while the Forsaken claim the hills, the Pure aren't going to be making frequent forays up the mountainside to harass the Tribes of the Moon without some extensive planning. Likewise, if the Pure claim territory in a swamp, the Uratha are unwise to enter this territory (which their enemies know well and which is especially treacherous to visitors) looking for trouble.

Spiritual matters shape the area's political scene as well. If the area is home to spirits hostile to all Uratha, Forsaken or otherwise, the *Hisil* isn't likely to be a battleground for werewolves to fight each other. If loci are few and far between, packs might be reluctant to venture too far from them, lest their spiritual reservoirs be drained or stolen.

All else being equal, if Pure and Forsaken territories border each other, those borders are likely to be bloody. That doesn't mean that these packs exist in a state of constant warfare (indeed, even with very large packs such sustained bloodshed couldn't go on for long), but it does mean that minor skirmishes and dominance challenges happen frequently. Prey that crosses from one territory into another might find respite with the enemies of its enemies, or the Uratha might kill the prey just to keep their foes from the satisfaction of a completed hunt. Packs might strike at each other in more subtle ways, encouraging spiritual decay in their rivals' territory by driving criminals, hostile spirits and even vampires there.

WORKING TOGETHER

A dire enough threat can sometimes induce the Pure and the Forsaken to put aside their ideological differences and become uneasy allies. Such a threat,



of course, comes in the form of a powerful enemy that both sides hate and fear more than they do each other. This threat might be something that the werewolves understand but still fear (the idigam, the Hosts), something the werewolves know of in passing but don't possess any real information about (mages, vampires) or something entirely unknown to the werewolves. In any case, normally several werewolves have to die or be grievously wounded before this sort of alliance is considered. Once it is, both sides generally work diligently to end the threat so they can get back to the business of hating and fearing each other. Working side by side, after all, has a nasty habit of educating both sides about the other's beliefs and mores, and this can lead to increased tolerance and understanding. It is not in the character of either the Forsaken or the Pure to strive to understand or tolerate the other.

STORY HOOK — THE LIGHTHOUSE

The Pure hold a small peninsula as their territory upon which sits an old lighthouse. On the top floor of the lighthouse is a powerful locus, and when the light is lit the locus is clearly visible to any being that can sense spirits or Essence. The pack's territory sits just outside the peninsula and when the light shines from the lighthouse they feel a tug in their souls pulling them toward the shining beacon.

But that's just the problem — they aren't the only ones being pulled. Powerful and dangerous spirits are coming from further inland, trampling through the *Hisil* of the pack's territory on their way to the locus. The pack can probably fight off the first few without making the connection, but thereafter it becomes obvious. Does the pack warn the Pure? Let the spirits through? What if that's what the Pure want? What if the spirits' plans for the locus would make things worse for the Forsaken?

WAR

Of course, even if both sides wished to avoid open conflict, the Rage of the Uratha makes battle a certainty. Besides, neither side actually does want to avoid conflict — in fact, many werewolves of both Forsaken and Pure persuasion crave it. How, then, do you run a story involving war between Forsaken and Pure?

Consider, first of all, why the werewolves are fighting. Simple ideology can be enough, but go deeper than that. If the aggressors are the Fire-Touched, what about the Forsaken incited the Fire-Touched to violence? What sin did the characters commit that the *Izidakh* have decided must be punished by death? If the sin is invented, who thought to accuse the characters of it and why? Even if you don't make up game Traits for all of the combatants yet, do make a quick list of names, descriptions and personalities, just to have an idea of who's fighting and why. Make up some history for these packs, decide how they got to the area and under what circumstances they would claim victory (or admit defeat).

HOLY WAR

The Pure (the Fire-Touched particularly) fight on ideological grounds, and that's a hard fight to abandon. These werewolves enter battle *knowing* that they are right with the way their Firstborn totems — their gods in many ways — want the Pure to behave. As such, even if killing or dying is the consequence of refusing to abandon the front, they will try to hold the line. Fighting against that kind of mentality is difficult, especially for the Forsaken whose totems don't require this kind of bloody mindedness. Moreover, Forsaken werewolves tend to retain more of their human mind sets than the Pure, and the notion of dying for ideology doesn't resonate with all people (though it certainly does with some).

If the Pure are going to fight to the death, and they are equally or better equipped than the troupe's pack, it's a good idea to let the players know that their enemies will give no quarter. A slaughtered ally with a First Tongue glyph for "no mercy" carved into his flesh, a spiritual messenger that attacks the characters while repeating something like "this is all the kindness we will show you" or even a formal declaration of war can be enough to drive the point home — there's no reasoning with these enemies.

Don't rush that realization, either. Let the players absorb it and decide what it means to their characters. It might be that the players never thought it would be otherwise, but on the other hand, they might look at the situation from their characters' perspectives and feel their horror at realizing that they now *must* kill the People in order to survive.

More temporal reasons for battle exist than philosophy, of course. Loci are one obvious resource that

werewolves might fight over. If a locus also happens to be considered holy or especially important to one side or the other, a fierce battle might rage over it. Likewise, hunting rights in a choice area or breeding rights to a select group of wolf-blooded might become spoils of war. (This last opens up the discussion of whether said wolf-blooded know about the Uratha and would be *willing* to become breeding stock, but that perhaps is best decided after the battle is fought.)

Reasons for war can be, and often are, personal to the packs in question. Vendetta between two given packs of werewolves can rage for generations, if the stories and hatred are passed down effectively. Since werewolves can live longer than humans, original members of a pack can survive to pass down their vitriol directly to newly Changed Uratha. The original cause of this vitriol might be the murder or conversion of a promising young werewolf, the theft of a fetish, the pollution of a locus or simply a turf war that got out of hand. Time can heal wounds, but only if the wounded refrain from tearing the wounds open.

PACK VERSUS PACK

Running combats in **Werewolf** can be daunting to the Storyteller, especially when large packs are involved. And yet, arguably the best challenge for a pack of werewolves is another pack, because combat allows both sides to show off their pack tactics, to form rivalries with their foes and, ostensibly, to be on equal footing. This section presents some tips for the Storyteller running such combats.

KNOW THE COMBATANTS

As mentioned above, note names, descriptions and personalities. If you know that the packs are going to be meeting head-to-head for battle, you should take the time to write out game Traits for everyone involved. If you want to lessen the workload on yourself, have each of the players create a member of the Pure pack, adding as many experience points as you see fit. While this does mean that the players will have detailed knowledge of their foes, it also means that they can portray their characters' reactions to powers such as Warrior's Eye and Gifts such as Sense Weakness with greater detail (since the players know what there is to know, as it were). Editable character sheets are also available online, at both the White Wolf site (www.white-wolf.com) and at other fan-created sites; they make a fine tool for such planning.

If the Pure have special fetishes, make sure to write down their effects on the character sheet, so

that you don't forget about them entirely during a fight. It's also a good idea to bookmark the pages where the characters' Gifts can be found (office supply stores sell small sticky notes that work well for this), so that if you need to look up a system during a fight, you don't slow things down too much.

Decide on what totem spirits the Pure packs follow, if for no other reason than sheer visual effect when the totems Materialize. Note on the character sheets what pack, given and story Traits they have available — it's not worth your time to decide a Pure pack's totem grants them Father Wolf's Speed as a pack Trait if you forget about it during play.

While you're considering the combatants, though, don't forget about the troupe's characters. If one of the characters has the Silver Jaws Gift, that character is going to tear through other werewolves. How might the Pure pack you've designed respond to this? Will the packmembers immediately retreat? Gang up on that particular character? Try to fall back and use ranged weapons, if they have them? If the pack's totem emphasizes stealth over brute force, how might this totem help them in combat, if at all? What fetishes do the characters carry, and will the Pure seek to remove them or destroy them, given the chance? Before beginning a combat scene, it's not a bad idea to have the players review what their Gifts do and what systems they use. If the players are inexperienced, it might be helpful to review the basic rules on shapeshifting, Death Rage and regeneration, as well.

During combat, it's not a bad idea to keep a running tally of everyone's Health and Essence, players' characters included. This will keep you informed if someone is getting too close to death or taking wounds they are unable to heal, and can help you know when to ask for rolls to avoid Death Rage.

Regeneration and Death

Death can creep up on you in **Werewolf**. Consider: A character with Stamina 2 in Hishu form has 11 dots of Health in Gauru. Presuming two dots in Primal Urge, that character has four turns in Gauru form before she loses, at minimum, two dots of Health (dropping to Urshul). If the character has suffered 10 points of lethal damage to that point, she now has no empty Health boxes and must either spend Essence to heal or fall unconscious (whereupon she loses three more Health dots for slipping to Hishu form, which, in turn, causes some aggravated damage, and so on). All of this doesn't take into account Gifts

such as Leach Rage, or consider the effects of Death Rage, but the point is still clear: it's easy to die in battle if you don't watch your Health.

As Storyteller, be mindful of how much damage the characters are taking. If a character starts to creep close to death, a Resolve + Composure roll to avoid the flight instinct of Death Rage (see p. 174 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**) might be appropriate.

TERRAIN AND LOCALE

Well-chosen terrain can easily win a battle. As Storyteller, you need to be able to describe the scene of the fight in enough detail that the players can envision (and hopefully use) the area, but avoid minutiae that slow down game play. A few well-chosen descriptors can set the scene without describing each track in the mud. When describing, remember to include olfactory as well as visual and auditory data, and consider returning to those descriptors during or after the battle. For instance, if the fight takes place at a public pool in autumn, after the pool has closed for the season, you might mention the lingering smell of chlorine in the area. A few turns into the fight, when some blood has been spilled, you might briefly mention that the chlorinated scent has a coppery undertone to it, and the lettering on the side of the pool that says DO NOT RUN has become obscured with rich, red blood.

Using terrain to best advantage is a good idea, so reward players who do so. If, in the above example, the characters think to find the storage closets where the chemicals are kept and douse their enemies in pool cleaner, apply some negative modifiers to the enemies' actions because of the smell and the burning sensation (of course, this might result in the enemy werewolves entering Death Rage, which changes the scenario a bit). If the players attack their enemies from a high vantage point, the characters might add momentum to their attacks for a turn (+1 to the attack roll). Of course, the Storyteller characters can take advantage of terrain as well. Whether or not they do so and to what degree depends on how experienced and canny they are, which, of course, are some of the things the Storyteller needs to decide about them.

If the combatants on either side of the melee have access to the battle site before the battle begins, they might choose to set up traps or other surprises for their foes. This can be as simple as stashing weapons or other supplies nearby, setting up a sniper on

a rooftop or actually digging pits and setting snares to throw enemies into. The problem, of course, is that werewolves are extremely perceptive and might notice such trickery, especially in Urhan form where the sense of smell is so keen. As Storyteller, you are well within your rights to make Wits + Composure rolls for appropriate characters (players' or otherwise) to detect traps and the like. Of course, this roll might wind up being contested or suffering negative modifiers if the characters setting the traps have gone to lengths to conceal them.



WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON?

As Storyteller you are on the players' side. It's easy to think of yourself as their adversary because you're controlling their characters' adversaries, but don't make that mistake. Your job is to set up conflict, not to kill the troupe's characters. The players don't "win" by beating your carefully crafted opponents, and you don't win if the troupe's pack loses a fight. Your job is to help the players tell a compelling story and have fun doing it. Therefore, you'll probably want to err on the side of the players when the battle starts. If they've taken careful steps to cover up their traps, don't bother giving the enemy a chance to spot the characters unless the enemy is very experienced or has resources that would help them in just such a situation. And even then, this should serve as a learning experience for the characters ("Right, next time we know how to beat those bastards") rather than a humiliating one for the players.



The physical topography isn't the only thing to consider. If the battle takes place in the area of influence of a locus, then Uratha combatants can disappear into the *Hisil* as an instant action (provided the players either roll well or are willing to spend Essence). This has some obvious tactical applications, including ambush and strategic retreat, but also opens the characters up for some real danger. In a locus' area of influence, spirits can cross the Gauntlet as well, and the Pure tend to have potent spirit-allies. Of course, if the locus' resonance is diametrically opposed to the Influence of the spirit in question, battling the Pure there might turn out to be a good tactical decision. The characters should consider all of the angles when choosing their battle site.

INTERFERENCE

Of course, no battle plan survives contact with the enemy, and the unexpected always does seem to happen. The police or other human witnesses might arrive, forcing all combatants present to assume human (or possibly Urhan form) or flee, lest they risk degeneration for exposing the Uratha. Battling at a locus might attract spirits hostile to one side or the other (or both), turning the tide of a battle or scattering all of the participants if the spirit is powerful enough. Reinforcements might arrive for either side.

At the beginning of a fight scene, you should decide roughly how long it's going to go on before something happens. Note that "until the participants stop fighting" is a valid answer, but in that case it's much more likely that someone's going to die. It might be better, depending on the needs of your story, to stipulate that the fight will only last five turns, at which point the characters hear approaching sirens or are otherwise interrupted. The modern World of Darkness is a crowded place, in cities especially, and all-out brawls between rampaging

monsters don't go unnoticed for very long. Of course, out in the country or in the deep woods, fights can easily rage until the last combatant lies bested. Given the regenerative capabilities of the Uratha, that can take quite a while.

Consider, too, what will happen when and if the combat is interrupted. A new pack of werewolves, of course, might just choose a side and join in (making for a bookkeeping nightmare for you if they are all Storyteller characters). Humans probably fall under Lunacy immediately, although that doesn't mean they immediately curl up into a ball or run screaming; see "Mass Lunacy" on p. 178 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. Spirits act in accordance with their nature, and so a spirit of unity or healing arriving on a battlefield changes the circumstances in a very different manner from a spirit of bloodlust (might throw various combatants into Death Rage) or death (might inflict a level of lethal damage on everyone present, just to hasten death). What if a helicopter flies overhead and shines a spotlight down on a werewolf in Gauru form (hopefully the pilot can keep his head enough to fly)?



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Be aware that while Lunacy might lead humans to forget what they have seen, werewolves should be leery of relying on it. Not every human is weak-willed, and the Urshul and (especially) Dalu forms induce a much-reduced Lunacy. A human who sees the Uratha for what they are and escapes might remember, and what happens next depends entirely on who that human is and whom he tells. A homeless man on the street probably isn't going to convince anyone he saw "giant wolves fighting with swords" in a back alley, but if an undercover DEA agent stumbles across the battle, he can make life extremely difficult for the local Uratha.

FIGHTING IN THE SHADOW

There are a few advantages to fighting in the spirit world as opposed to the physical world. The Shadow offers complete immunity from mundane humans spotting the combatants. (Although some mages do traverse the Gauntlet occasionally, they are far from mundane and pose very different problems.) Totems can take a more active role in the battle, since they don't need to Materialize to fight. Gifts such as Primal Howl can be used without fear of alerting mortal hunters.

Of course, the disadvantages to fighting in the *Hisil* are many. The first and probably most important is that the denizens of the spirit wilds don't, as a rule, care much for the Uratha. Worse, the Pure have a relationship with the spirits that, though it isn't necessarily cordial, is less likely to result in a spirit attacking them. A pack of Forsaken that has offended the spirits in a territory would do well to avoid battling in their domain, as the pack might find itself facing not only its foes but angry *hithim*. As mentioned, totems can take a direct role in spirit world battles, and that's a much bigger advantage to the Pure, in general, than to the Forsaken.

One of the other problems with a Shadow Realm battleground is getting out again. If the Forsaken pack fights a Pure pack and retreats, the Forsaken need to find a point of egress from the spirit wilds before something dangerous finds them. This search isn't likely to be easy, as the Pure (or perhaps just their totem spirit) might already be in the process of hunting the Forsaken down. And even if they do find a locus, it might already be spoken for. What would happen if a bloodied and battered pack of Uratha found a *nahdar* and stepped through — right into the middle of a ritual being performed by another pack? (The answer: it would depend on the pack in question, obviously.)

Something to watch out for during a spirit world battle is *Kuruth*. As mentioned on p. 175 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, spirits detest Death Rage, as it reminds them of the werewolves' murder of *Urfarah* and the rise of the Gauntlet. Both Pure and Forsaken, of course, are subject to Death Rage, and the spirits might not distinguish between one and the other when *Kuruth* is a factor. Normally entering Death Rage doesn't spur the spirits to any particular action, it just results in angry or resentful spirits. But in a battle, which is already likely to attract more martial denizens of the *Hisil*, Death Rage can bring new combatants to the scene, and they might not care whom they attack.

PURE PACK TACTICS

Fighting as a pack requires the members to trust one another. Five werewolves can all fight the same enemies but never fight together. An "every man for himself" attitude in combat is dangerous, especially when battling a more disciplined pack. As such, the Pure tend to focus their training heavily on pack tactics, awareness of packmates and their positions and actions, misdirection of enemies and recognizable signals.

In battle against another pack, the Pure might use tactics such as the following:

Rushers

One member of the pack, usually the most agile or simply the strongest, depending on the surrounding area, charges the enemy. He moves from one enemy to the next, making an attack but trying to avoid getting cornered or bogged down, and never stays in the same place for long. The rest of his pack then follows up his attacks and usually focuses on the most seriously wounded enemy. The rusher, of course, should have high Defense and Speed ratings, and sometimes makes use of weapons with reach such as swords or even spears (this can, at the Storyteller's discretion, add to his Defense).

Ganging Up

A good tactic for large packs to employ, the Pure surround one member of the enemy pack (normally the strongest or the best fighter, though especially malicious packs choose the youngest or weakest in an attempt to demoralize their foes). The Pure focus on that enemy until he is dead or incapacitated, ignoring attacks from the rest of the pack. Obviously, this tactic only works for a turn or two, but if four werewolves gang up on one, this should be more than enough time. Gauru form works best for this tactic,

not only because of the increased Strength Gauru offers, but because the Armor this form bestows helps offset the fact that the victim's packmates are going to make some unhindered attacks while the Pure are tearing the victim apart.

Single Combat

Of course, each participant could pick an opponent. At that point, the fight becomes, rather than one large brawl, a number of smaller, one-on-one fights. The Pure might adopt this kind of strategy if they can catch their opponents severally rather than in a large group. For instance, the Forsaken pack might be moving through a forest hunting for someone, and the members spread out to cover more ground and look for scent trails. The Pure attack and try to keep the members separated, cut off from support, in order to maximize the psychological damage to their foes.

How a Pure werewolf chooses his opponent in this kind of strategy varies. Some Pure might choose a foe that they feel none of their packmates can handle. This might lead to the biggest bruiser taking on his counterpart in the Forsaken pack, obviously, but what about a Pure with a Gift or a fetish that grants him Armor against steel taking on the gunslinger Forsaken? If one of the Tribes of the Moon carries a silver weapon, the Pure chooses her as an opponent must be ready to take her down quickly and permanently, since silver kills the Pure so effectively. And, of course, personal vendetta can play a role. If the Ivory Claw alpha of the pack sees his cousin, now a Bone Shadow, running with a Forsaken pack, the Ivory Claw might declare that only he has the right to kill her, as a matter of family honor.

Called Shots

Any character can make use of the Specified Target rules (see p. 165 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook**). Werewolves can slash at opponents' throats, eyes, spines or guts in an attempt to kill them quickly. Such attacks might be considered aggravated (but suffer high dice penalties), or receive the 9-again quality. As Storyteller, be careful of overusing these tactics, but remind the players that they have the option to be equally brutal.

Harrying

If the Pure can get their enemies to flee (sometimes that's just a matter of showing them how outnumbered they are, other times it takes a serious wound or fatality to get the point across), the Pure

can drive them into ambushes, dangerous environs or simply out of the Pure pack's turf. Of course, werewolves are not prey animals, so they aren't herded quite as easily — the werewolves might stand and fight, reverse direction or otherwise refuse to go along with the harrying ploy. That said, fear is a powerful thing, and can overwhelm even a mighty werewolf's judgment. If their only goal is "get away from the Pure," the Forsaken might not look too closely at where they are going. In game terms, you might have the players make contested rolls (Wits + Composure versus the Pure's Presence + Intimidation) to have the characters go in the direction they want to go rather than where the Pure are herding them.

Spirit-Allies

In general, the totem spirits of the Pure are more powerful and more willing to engage in combat alongside their packs than the spirits guiding the Forsaken. The Pure are werewolves, and thus frightening enough in combat. When a 40-foot serpent with teeth of scalding steam and a tail like a thunderbolt appears next to them, the Forsaken often despair. That, of course, is the idea.

Using totem spirits in battle isn't foolproof, of course. Every spirit has a ban, and one crescent-moon with the Read Spirit Gift can learn that weakness and, potentially, exploit it immediately. The Pure try to avoid putting their totems in such positions, but the Pure don't always know the personal bans of these spirits (though the Pure obviously know the bans the spirits place upon *them*). Likewise, Materializing and fighting Uratha is costly in terms of Essence and Corpus, and the Pure are wary about putting their totems in real danger. In general, if a totem spirit fights alongside its pack, the spirit is either extremely potent or the stakes of the battle are high.

Decoys

A werewolf who can either dodge or absorb strikes from his foes might act as a "decoy" in combat, deliberately delaying an action until after the Forsaken characters have taken theirs, striking one as hard as possible and then declaring a Dodge (see p. 156 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook**) the next turn. Hopefully, the Forsaken waste their actions trying to hit a difficult target, while the rest of the Pure can attack without fear of retribution. This only works, of course, until the Forsaken figure it out, but it can be a good way to "soften up" an opposing pack or finish off a battle quickly.

Death Rage

Kuruth can be used as a weapon. A werewolf in Death Rage cannot be reasoned with and can stay in Gauru form as long as there are enemies to tear asunder. Of course, werewolves lost to Death Rage also cannot focus their actions or recognize their own packmates, so entering the state as a combat tactic is one born of desperation or, at the least, a risky segment in a larger plan.

Inducing Death Rage, though, can be a very effective means of beating a pack of Forsaken. Death Rage angers the spirits, blinds a werewolf to his allies and deadens his pain to the point that he can be dying and not notice. While fighting a werewolf in Death Rage is a risk, the Pure are often willing to take that chance for the strategic potential it offers.

Forcing a werewolf into Death Rage is difficult, but by no means impossible. Gifts such as Virulent Rage (p. 115) allow it, as do certain fetishes created by Predator King and Fire-Touched craftsmen. Of course, other means — injury to packmates or loved ones, taunts, serious attacks — can also bring a Uratha's rage to the fore, and some Pure are quite skilled at using them.

MAKING IT CONCRETE

While **Werewolf: The Forsaken** isn't, by nature, a miniatures game, concrete representations of characters can certainly make combat easier to follow. Most gaming stores sell figurines of various types; you can even purchase "minis" of werewolves and paint them to resemble your characters, if you have the inclination and the patience. But even if you don't want to spend the money on such items, household objects can easily be used to represent items on a battlefield. Dice can double as characters (if you've got enough to use them this way and still have enough to roll, obviously). Wallets can represent cars, and a row of pencils can indicate a shoreline or a cliff.

Another way to indicate the features of a battle scene is with paper and pen, of course. You can quickly sketch out the topography of the scene and use X's to indicate the characters' positions (this requires some erasing as they move, of course). Again, a trip to the hobby store can be helpful. Many such places sell wet- or dry-erase mats that you can reuse as necessary (just make sure you use the right kind of marker on them, or you'll have ruined an expensive mat!).

Be careful in using these tricks too extensively, though. If your troupe would enjoy moving little figures representing their characters around, great — but not everyone does. As in all aspects of your chronicle, sound out the group before digging out the blocks and building a mock-up of the old abandoned house where the fight is going to happen. If the players are happy imagining it all, don't bother. That said, when multiple combatants are involved, having a concrete, visual representation of the battlefield can prevent many an argument.

AFTERMATH

The forest floor or city street is stained with blood. Labored breathing sounds from the form of a hideously wounded packmate. The battle is over — now to assess the cost.

First, how did the battle end? Did one side retreat? A strategic retreat can be the prelude to a counterattack, and so the enemy may have simply withdrawn to heal and regroup. If the enemy was routed, though, and driven back to their territory, it might be safe to call the fight a victory. If, on the other hand, the enemy was slain to a man, the battle was certainly won, but the victors have some serious problems on their hands. Notably, they need to dispose of human corpses, probably with some very interesting wounds.

What if one of the combatants is badly wounded? Lethal damage heals quickly for werewolves, of course, but even one point of damage every 15 minutes can be too slow if the police are already on their way (and *much* too fast once a werewolf is admitted to a hospital). Aggravated damage, on the other hand, takes much longer to heal and can cripple a werewolf's mobility for days. What if a packmate is so seriously wounded that she cannot walk? If the Pure have simply retreated to replenish their strength, a badly injured packmate needs to be quickly taken to safety. Then again, what if the Pure have left behind one of their own (unlikely, but battle is a fluid and unpredictable situation)? Do the characters kill the helpless werewolf, risking Harmony loss? Do they try to convert him? Do they pump him for information? Remember that werewolves must live in the human world, and transporting an adult captive is difficult (especially if he is bleeding from multiple claw wounds) without attracting notice. What if one of the Forsaken werewolves has been captured? If the characters abandon her to her fate, they should check

for degeneration for betraying a packmate. From a practical standpoint, it's possible that the captured werewolf will convert under torture and brainwashing. What would it do to the pack to see their former comrade fighting alongside the Pure in a few months, especially if the characters could have prevented it?

Depending on the particulars of the battle, the pack might need to escape from human authorities, or at least human attention. A police raid can leave both sides scattering in any direction. What if two werewolves of opposing sides wind up holing up together, waiting for the cops to pass them by? Do they resume fighting as soon as they can, or just flee in opposite directions? If humans saw the combatants change shape, do the werewolves wish to rely on Lunacy to cover their tracks, or do they intend to hunt down and kill the witnesses? The Pure might go either way on the matter. If they are Predator Kings who don't intend to stay in the city for long, they might not bother with human witnesses, reasoning (probably correctly) that they can't tell one werewolf from another and any reprisals will fall on the locals' heads. A pack of Fire-Touched who intend on taking the Forsaken's territory at some point, though, prob-

ably don't want the local humans gunning for wolves when the Fire-Touched move in, and so are likely to be more aggressive in covering their tracks.

Harmony loss should be assessed after the battle, as well. This is for two reasons. First, trying to add degeneration rolls into the already complex series of events that makes up combat is one complication too many. Second, the combatants probably don't have time to realize what they've done until after the dust clears. If a werewolf comes out of Death Rage and finds three dead cops and a dead Ivory Claw at her feet, the player should check for both killing humans needlessly and for slaying a werewolf in battle.

Finally, address what the battle really decided. Ask the players what their characters learned from the battle. This lesson can easily count as the Learning Curve experience point award for the session (see p. 217 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook**), but go a little deeper. Find out what the characters plan to do in the face of what they found out about their enemies from the battle. Will the characters adopt some of the same tactics the Pure did, or would the characters consider aping the techniques of their enemies wrong? Can the characters come up with



ways to counter the tactics that the Pure used? What didn't the characters do that would have made the battle's outcome better for them? Are they planning on hunting the Pure down, either to finish off embattled survivors or to avenge fallen comrades? Is this the first the characters have seen of the Pure, and if so, what do the characters think this means?

All of the questions, of course, are valid to consider from the Pure standpoint, as well. Antagonists do not have to be, nor should they be, static and predictable. The Pure have goals, and a battle, won or lost, affects those goals. Consider what the Pure have learned and how they plan to apply it.



STORY HOOK — PICTURES DON'T LIE

The pack is involved in a brawl with a Pure pack. There are no fatalities though serious injury is possible. The fight takes place in a locale that the characters think is safe from prying eyes, but they find out the next day that the whole fight has been captured on video. They might have been fighting in a national park and been captured on a motion activated camera as part of a wildlife study, battling in a used car lot with recently upgraded security or brawling in a suburban schoolyard and caught by a local man's camcorder. In any case, the Pure is also aware that the tape exists and they are determined to have it.

This tape can dog the chronicle for as long as you like. How many copies were made? How many people have seen the tape? Certainly Lunacy blocks most people from seeing werewolves, but sooner or later some strong-willed person is going to view the battle and he just might decide to Do Something. What are the Pure planning on doing with the tape? Can the Forsaken just let the Pure handle it since they have as much to lose from exposure or is this an extremely bad idea?



PRESENTING THE PURE

A large part of making the Pure into believable and terrifying opponents for the Forsaken is in the presentation. The Pure should not simply be "evil werewolves," or just "misguided," which is just as shallow and demeaning an interpretation in its own right. They have a culture and an agenda that is just as well-defined as that of the Forsaken (possibly more

so). As Storyteller, you should let the players see that culture and its effects when their characters meet the Pure. This book is largely dedicated to showing the Pure in their own terms. This section examines how to bring some of these elements to the fore in a Werewolf story.

DESCRIPTIONS AND VARIATIONS

The Pure are not homogenous. A Fire-Touched werewolf in one pack isn't interchangeable with any other *Izidakh* the world over. Just as regional and historical variations make for flavorful changes in the Forsaken tribes, the Pure vary in goals, appearance and method by where they are located and what the history of the area entails. When designing a pack of Pure Uratha, consider not only what tribes are represented but what the dogma of the tribe means to that particular pack. Is the pack a shining example of Dire Wolf's predator ideal, or has years of living near humans forced the Pure to make certain concessions to humankind? Do the packmembers religiously perform the Rite of Purgation every month, even if doing so puts them at risk of discovery by their enemies? If so, why? What traditions and customs have been passed down by the Pure in the region? For that matter, how long have the Pure *been* in the region? Is their territory considered unassailable, and how recently have attempts been made to seize it?

Another consideration about territory and how it changes the Uratha who claim it is that the regional aspects of an area might shape the Pure and the Forsaken in the same way. If the Hunters in Darkness and the Predator Kings have both claimed territory in and near the bayous of Louisiana for generations, the werewolves might both have adopted aspects of the human bayou culture. Their choice of pack totem might likewise be eerily similar, although the spirits that the Pure revere are ancient and twisted as compared to the (usually) more recognizable totems of the Forsaken. For instance, the *Meninna* might follow Silent Alligator, the hidden killer of the swamp, while the *Ninna Farakh* follows a creature that *looks* something like an alligator. When it surfaces from the swamp, though, the creature's true nature is revealed as the creature carries with it the mud, slime, brackish water and buried bones of the bog. Outsiders, though, might even confuse these two packs, since they have both become products of their territory. Closer examination reveals that they have kept true to the principles of their tribes, however. The Predator Kings lurk in the bayous, killing humans

and Uratha who trespass on their land and adding their bones to their obscene totem's collection. The Hunters in Darkness protect the loci of the swamp, keeping humans out of the wetlands both for their own protection and that of the land.

Territorial influence doesn't usually lead to confusion between Forsaken and *Anshega*, though. The Pure are proud of what they are, and most often their allegiance is clear once another werewolf gets close enough to pick up their scents. When the players' pack encounters a Pure pack for the first time, the characters should realize that something is different about these Uratha without you having to say directly. A strange smell might emanate from a Predator King's hands, and the characters might not recognize it as spinal fluid until they next time they kill someone in battle and smell it again. An *Izidakh* might be missing the middle finger on each hand and constantly dig his thumbs into the wounds, making them bleed as penance for telling a seemingly harmless lie. An Ivory Claw might slash her hand and lick the wound before talking to the Forsaken — "speaking through the blood" as a perverse mark of dominance. These details can easily be lost if the two packs leap directly into combat. A more effective method of Storytelling might be to let them interact for a scene (for some tips on how to arrange this, see p. 141).

Of course, sometimes Uratha *can't* tell Pure from Forsaken at a glance. This is especially true if the werewolves meet in an area heavily trafficked by humanity. Blending in with humans means abandoning any overt tribal symbols or garb, and while werewolves can still recognize each other on sight, tribal affiliation is harder to gauge. Is the hulking werewolf with scars down each arm a Predator King or a Blood Talon (or neither)? Is the silver-tongued woman holding — but never smoking — a lit cigarette an Iron Master or an *Izidakh*? When describing new werewolves to the players, stick to details that the characters would be able to notice, and make them work for any further information.

Certain Gifts can help reveal the Pure for what they are. Sense Malice can zero in on genocidal anger and bitterness, Scent Beneath the Surface can detect a lie about a tribe or auspice and Know Name might give a clue as to a werewolf's true identity. Two-World Eyes can reveal a Pure pack's totem lurking nearby in the Shadow, and certain other Gifts, as well as specially crafted fetishes, can cause a werewolf's Renown brands to glow even in the physical world. Of course,

once the Pure are "outed," they might be immediately hostile to the werewolf who found them out — or they might congratulate the perceptive Uratha as an overture to conversion.

LEGENDS OF THE PURE

Even before the Forsaken identify the Pure, the Forsaken share stories about the *Anshega*. Some Forsaken Uratha look at the Pure as hated fanatics, terrorists and, in some cases, oppressors (as they do outnumber the Forsaken, after all), but if a werewolf of the Tribes of the Moon scoffs at the Pure or says that they are weak, he is either covering up fear with bravado or he has been extremely lucky. Even when the Forsaken don't show or admit fear of the *Anshega*, the Forsaken acknowledge the threat the Pure pose.

Stories about the Pure vary in tone, from legends casting their Firstborn totems as ravening monsters to rumors and accounts of modern times. Many such stories exist, and they vary by the teller and by the Pure Tribe in question. Below are a few examples of these stories as well as some discussion about what they entail for each of the Pure Tribes.

- **Fire-Touched:** *They don't even bother asking you questions. They just keep you locked up. I don't know — room with fetish locks, maybe? Silver chains? Shit, I haven't been through it, this is just what I heard. Anyway, every now and then they come in and bite you, and then they wait. To see if it takes, you know? To see if the infection takes. The Fire-Touched aren't a tribe, you see. They're a disease. It's just a collective name for a group of werewolves infected with the same virus. I think the virus is really a spirit, something that figured out how to stay in our world. Oh, they're still Pure, don't get me wrong — they've got the weird spirits backing them up, and they lick the asses of the Ivory Claws and all. But the Fire-Touched are the most dangerous, because you don't have to agree to join them. They'll just keep biting you until you die or it infects you. You can see it in their eyes, if you ever get that close. Their eyes always have this sick yellowish tinge, even in Hishu form.*

Forsaken tales about the Fire-Touched are likely to focus on their propensity for conversion. The notion of being tortured until one agrees to betray one's pack is frightening, but many Forsaken look at it as a perverse way to prove loyalty — even under torture and death, they remain true. As such, the truly frightening stories are the ones that imply that no resistance is possible. The *Izidakh* predilection for disease makes this an easy thematic leap to make. Any Forsaken werewolf who has fallen under the effects of

a Disease Gift could imagine that the Fire-Touched might use similar tactics in their recruitment. Likewise, when faced with a former tribe- or packmate who now stands beside the Fire-Touched, believing that he didn't have a choice is much more palatable.

Legends about the Fire-Touched usually paint Gurim-Ur as completely insane, rabid beyond hope of a cure. Some stories even state that Father Wolf was on the verge of killing Gurim-Ur himself before the Forsaken brought *Urfarah* low, and that only the combined might of Dire Wolf and Silver Wolf protected the weakest of the Firstborn from Skolis-Ur's fury afterwards. Of course, in recompense for this protection, Gurim-Ur had to swear himself to the Pure for all time. The general feeling about the Fire-Touched among the Forsaken is that the *Izidakh* are misled victims, but no less dangerous for it. They might be infected through no fault of their own, but that doesn't mean they should be allowed to spread their sickness.

- **Ivory Claws:** *They say that the Ivory Claws don't accept converts. Bullshit. They don't accept converts who aren't "pure of blood," but they can make you pure of blood. How? Well, it's damned difficult for one of us to bleed to death. We just heal too quickly. So if you want to join those fucks, they just strap you down and bleed you out, little by little, all the while painting you with glyphs and performing some fucked-up version of the Rite of the Spirit Brand. From what I've heard, and my source was pretty sure of herself, this can take days. When it's done, though, you're lying in a pool of your own blood and watching the pieces of your skin that used to show your Renown float by. You see them on the battlefield, so regal and beautiful? Don't buy that shit. They're born of blood, mutilation and pain. That's what the Ivory Claws really are.*

Self-loathing is alive and well among the Uratha, especially among those who have inadvertently killed loved ones. These werewolves despise what they have become, hate the brutal culture into which they have been thrust and wish for a cleaner, more sensible way to cope with their new identities. Of course, some Forsaken find this in the Iron Masters or by taking on urban territory or totems. But others see the Ivory Claws and envy their seeming nobility. Stories about the *Tzuumfin*, therefore, tend to focus on tearing that image down, on casting the Ivory Claws as werewolves, no different in their Rage from any other tribe, for all the Ivory Claws' pretensions of purity. Of course, accusations of inbreeding also run rampant, as do assertions that the Ivory Claws do not accept

Forsaken converts and in fact kill them rather than allow them to join the *Tzuumfin* (the story above to the contrary).

Legends about Silver Wolf usually say that he was driven mad with the knowledge that his pedigree as Father Wolf's get did not protect Silver Wolf from age and infirmity. Many of these legends also state that Dire Wolf would not have given his patronage to the Pure, and in fact would have formed a sixth Tribe of the Moon, had not Silver Wolf convinced him that as Father Wolf's eldest child it was up to him to carry on the purest line. Stories of Hathis-Ur sometimes paint him or his children as attempting to breed with their sisters. The *Meninna*, in particular, have a particularly gruesome story that is still passed down by mentors to newly initiated members of the tribe during midnight Hunts. This story, called *The Lament for the Violated Moon*, speaks of a Hunter in Darkness Cahalith whose brother, an Ivory Claw, forced himself upon her after receiving instructions in a dream from Silver Wolf.

- **Predator Kings:** *They kill Uratha, man. That's all you need to know. Oh, fine, you want more? You asked for it. I actually saw what they do to people. Not human-people. I mean "people" meaning Imru. You don't think so? Next time you see one, hopefully through a set of binoculars, count the scars on his left arm versus the ones on the right. The right-arm scars indicate the number of human hearts or livers or whatever he's eaten. The left arm indicate the number of Uratha hearts. Most of the time, they'll be about even, but the one I saw, his left arm was covered in scars, while his right had barely any.*

The *Ninna Farakh* occupy a strange place in the minds of the Forsaken. The Predator Kings are, by name and nature, the ultimate predators, the alpha wolves. The Storm Lords aren't as unforgiving, the Blood Talons aren't as mighty, the Hunters in Darkness aren't as silent and the Iron Masters aren't as cunning as the Predator Kings. As such, the Forsaken sometimes feel tempted to submit to the *Ninna Farakh*, as some mostly buried section of wolf-brain tells them to roll over before an obviously superior predator.

The problem, though, is that werewolves *aren't* wolves, and that means that they can and must act on reason like humans as well as listen to their wolfish instincts. Forsaken stories about the Predator Kings, then, tend to cast them as hopeless throwbacks and cannibalistic monsters, unable to differentiate between their People and prey. Interestingly,

many Forsaken don't make much of the *Ninna Farakh* propensity toward eating humans. Some People say this is because a Predator King eating a human being should be taken as read, but some storytellers admit that somewhere in many werewolves' minds lurks the desire to attack, kill and gorge. Giving this desire a direction and an excuse isn't wise.

The legends of Dire Wolf are many and varied. Some cast him as a noble figure driven mad trying to live up to Father Wolf's position. Others say that one of his brothers, either Hathi-Ur or Gurim-Ur, tainted Dire Wolf somehow (the former with talk of lineage and purity, the latter with disease and whispered madness). Less flattering versions say that Dire Wolf was thirsty for the blood of his brethren from the very start, a wolf who craved the hearts of other wolves. What Silver Wolf and Rabid Wolf had to do to avoid the jaws of *Huzuruth*, these talespinners say, was too horrible to contemplate, but that the Fire-Touched and the Ivory Claws exist only at the Predator Kings' sufferance.

Of course, not every Forsaken werewolf has heard anything at all about the Pure. In a region that hasn't seen a Pure presence in a number of years, packs might not bother (or know enough) to mention the *Anshega* when educating newly Changed Uratha. Forsaken who know nothing about the Pure, not even to treat them as enemies, make good conversion fodder, because such Forsaken are halfway through the brainwashing process before they know what is happening. Of course, some Pure don't bother with conversion, and hunt down and kill ignorant Uratha, taking advantage of the fact that they can probably get close enough to strike without triggering any outcry.

TERRITORIAL DIFFERENCES

The impetus to claim territory isn't exclusive to the Forsaken. The Pure maintain their hunting grounds as well, but they treat their territories differently from the Tribes of the Moon because the Pure want different things out of such areas.

Some Forsaken believe that the Pure are the monsters of the deep woods, that they claim only territory far from humanity. In some cases, notably the Predator Kings', this might be true. The Pure, however, are usually just as capable (or incapable) of functioning in a human-dominated area as the Forsaken. Rural, urban and suburban work just as well as Pure territory as wilderness.

Chapter One discusses what the Pure do with and in their territories, so the matter is discussed here from a Storytelling perspective. How do you present a Pure territory to your players? Just as when presenting Pure characters, it's the little differences that bring home the message. Perhaps spirits are just a bit more deferential at first, until they notice the silver Renown markers, whereupon the spirits either flee the area or become resentful and belligerent. Maybe the humans of the area have adopted strange little habits — wearing a certain herb or scent, knocking on door frames or snapping their fingers twice when they walk outside at night — that stem from years of nocturnal hunts happening right next to them. Indeed, these little quirks might be a road map to a Pure totem's ban, if the characters can interpret them in time.

Unfortunately for the Forsaken, no checklist of Pure territory features exists. There are tendencies, to be sure. The Predator Kings lean more toward rural or wilderness areas, but above all their territories need to encompass a space away from human sight and preferably human development. The Ivory Claws, by contrast, are happy around their human (or, rather, *uragarum*) families, and this leads to more urban or suburban territories for the tribe. The Fire-Touched, the most populous tribe in the most populous faction of werewolves, can be found anywhere. Some *Izidakh* prefer to be around other werewolves and so claimed territory near Forsaken turf (but from a position of strength, of course). Other Fire-Touched feel that interaction with other Uratha courts disaster, because dealing with Forsaken requires either killing or lying, and so these *Izidakh* either drive out the werewolves around them or claim remote areas.

MYSTICISM AND SPIRITUALITY

One of the biggest surprises a Forsaken werewolf ever gets is that the Pure are at all mindful of their Harmony. Most Forsaken legend paints the Pure as mindless killers, but the truth is that all three of the Pure Tribes are highly spiritual and follow their own code of ethics. Likewise, because so much of the Forsaken's favorable spiritual interaction comes from Lunes, the notion of hating these spirits (fickle and capricious though they may be) strikes the Tribes of the Moon as unthinkable. Where, then, do the Pure's Gifts come from? Who judges their Renown? Presenting the Pure in a manner designed to highlight the contrasts between Forsaken and *Anshega* society necessitates pointing out these differences and showing how the Pure accomplish what the Forsaken do.

Imagine, for instance, that a Forsaken pack witnesses the Pure equivalent of the Rite of the Spirit Brand (see “The Pure Renown,” p. 111). The Forsaken know how such things work in their society. Luna acknowledges their deeds via Her servants, and a new tattoo blazes to life under Her light. What, then, do the Forsaken think when they see the ugly red brands of the Pure? Do the Forsaken think the practice barbaric, or do they envy the Pure that they don’t have to impress the mercurial moon-spirits?

When presenting the Pure’s spirituality, don’t feel compelled to insert blood, fire and pain into everything. True, most Pure rites *are* brutal. The culture of the *Anshega* is built on pain and hatred, and it shows. But life as a werewolf is always brutal to a point, and

the Forsaken might look upon a given rite or spiritual interaction of the Pure and note that, all in all, it isn’t so different from what they do.

CULTURE OF HATE

The culture of the Pure Tribes is built upon hatred. Though each of the tribes has its own take on this hatred, its own reasons for despising the Forsaken, this hatred is the core of the Pure’s reason for identifying themselves as Pure.

“Hatred” is a loaded word because it immediately calls to mind such associations as “anger” and “intolerance.” Note, however, that none of these traits immediately labels someone who exhibits them as “evil.” Anger can be righteous. While intolerance is, in our



modern society, generally considered a negative trait, this really depends on what one is being intolerant of — no one faults a person for being intolerant of someone punching him in the face. Hatred, likewise, isn't something that is an automatically immoral feeling. The Pure's "culture of hate" isn't based upon hating the principles for which the Forsaken stand (insofar as they can be said to collectively stand for anything). The culture is based upon what the Forsaken, or rather their ancestors, did. Saying that the murder of *Urfarah* took place so far in the past that the act enters the realm of mythology — indeed, pointing out that there is no empirical evidence that Father Wolf ever even *existed* — is fruitless in a debate with the Pure. They *know* that he existed, with every fiber of their hearts, and they are prepared to kill or die to make the point.

DOUBTERS AMONG THE PURE

Does this mean that every Pure werewolf is a mindless zealot or a holy warrior? Are there any among the *Anshega* who doubt the veracity of the party line? The answers to these questions depend upon what sort of chronicle the Storyteller wants to present and what role the Pure should play in that chronicle. If the Storyteller needs for the Pure to appear as a united terrifying front then that's what the characters see. If she wishes to tell a story about the defection of a Pure Uratha to the Forsaken or introduce doubt into the Forsaken characters' minds then the pack might meet a Pure werewolf who is less than fully committed.

If that sounds like too much of a cop out then think of it this way: yes some Pure werewolves do doubt that Father Wolf existed or that the Pure Tribes' version of the story is fully accurate or that the modern Forsaken could in any reasonable way bear the blame for his death. One of three things happens to such werewolves. Either they defect to the Forsaken, they voice their concerns and are re-educated (or killed) by their fellow Pure or they stay quiet. Incidentally the latter sort of doubting Pure stands the best chance of becoming *Zi'ir*. With no faith to buoy them they are quickly consumed by their own sins.

Of course, convincing an otherwise rational human being that a powerful spirit named *Urfarah* existed, that another group killed him and that this matters in the slightest is difficult, especially since

the average newly Changed werewolf is still coming to grips with the word "werewolf." But the Pure have a few factors on their side. First, the pack instinct is present in every werewolf, no matter how long since the Change. Likewise, respecting a more powerful or older Uratha feels natural. A new werewolf, her mind still reeling from the events of the First Change, might latch onto the first explanation given. The Pure explain the basics, of course, but are quite certain to mention the war against the Forsaken often and strenuously. As the new werewolf starts to self-identify as a werewolf, she sees "at war with the Forsaken" in that identity as well.

Second, the Pure have faith on their side. The notions of original sin, holy war, penance and faith in a higher power in general are certainly not unknown among most of the human population. Of course, a human's faith might easily conflict with what the Pure are telling her, but the fact remains that human religions can't really produce tangible evidence that their worldview is correct. The Pure, on the other hand, can back up their claims with shapeshifting, Gifts and trips into the Shadow. (Note, of course, that none of these really prove the Pure right; such things simply prove that the Pure are werewolves.) Faith transfers easily.

Finally, the Pure are extremely practiced at creating abusers and victims. All three tribes perpetuate what, to human sensibilities, are terrible abuses upon their tribe members. The brutal penance methods of the Fire-Touched, the cannibalism (well, hunting of humans for food, at least) of the Predator Kings and the emotional and psychological abuse of the Ivory Claws all leave the prospective member damaged and brutalized. But through all of this, the Pure are happy to remind a new recruit that this is the best — the *only* — way to be a werewolf and remain morally in the right. Even while a *nuzusul* is being doused in vomit and urine during the Rite of Purity (see p. 126), she is reminded that this is necessary, that this is a baptism after which she is on the right path. As all abuse victims know, when a person hears that she is worthless, weak or sinful often enough, she starts to believe it.

DEFECTION

How, then, do the Pure retain their membership? Why don't these Uratha flee to the Forsaken tribes in droves? Surely the Pure can see that the other side has it better — the Forsaken are free to believe and to do what they wish, they are not beholden to powerful and abusive elders and they are not expected

to injure and debase themselves. So why do the Pure stay? Again, more than one reason exists.

First, the Pure are seldom permitted to see the Forsaken in a positive light, or indeed at all during the Pure's initial training periods. New Pure are taken away and kept isolated, only hearing about the Forsaken in grotesque stories and told in no uncertain terms why they should be hated. There is no semblance of "cultural tolerance" shown — the Forsaken are too dangerous for that. This propaganda is usually tailored for the region. If the Pure know that a pack of Storm Lords in the area takes an eagle-spirit as its totem, the Pure will paint the *Iminir* as a group of vicious, ravaging monsters, striking from above and clawing out their victims' eyes. The Pure list off the casualties they have suffered and invite new recruits to mourn dead werewolves that they never met.

Second, the Forsaken *aren't* always the bastion of personal freedom that the players might expect. Their smaller numbers and loose association have contributed to a culture without the tight definition and mission of the Pure, but that doesn't mean that packs, lodges and even (in places) tribes can't be dogmatic and abusive. What if a Pure werewolf finally decides to leave, but in looking for Forsaken to join, crosses into the territory of a pack of *Meninna* who beat her senseless for violating their territory? What about a Blood Talon who feels he must challenge other werewolves to a brief fistfight? Or perhaps a Bone Shadow who is secretive and paranoid, a haughty and domineering Storm Lord or an Iron Master who forces the Pure werewolf to follow him through the worst parts of the city before he'll listen to her? The Forsaken aren't saints, they just aren't abusive deliberately or as a rule.

Finally, the cycle of abuse is hard to break. Abuse is accompanied with and followed by promises of love and reassurance that things have to be this way — indeed, that the werewolf should feel honored to suffer so. And besides, the Pure are given ample opportunity to express their rage against the Forsaken.

When Pure werewolves do forsake the *Anshega* for the Forsaken, it tends to be after a faith-shaking experience. Perhaps a respected and powerful Pure elder falls in battle or is struck down by a Lune (Lunes don't often enter direct combat, but it does happen, especially with members of the Fury Choir), or confesses to a lack of faith of his own. Maybe the Pure Uratha experiences a crisis of faith and, when she asks for guidance, receives only punishment. Perhaps

the notion of killing other werewolves (or any of the other sins against Harmony that the Pure commit) as a matter of policy is too much for her to handle. Whatever the cause, the Pure finds that she cannot blindly accept what her tribe is telling her.

When a werewolf leaves the Pure, others tend to follow. As such, when a Pure werewolf leaves her tribe for the Forsaken, the other members of her pack hunt her down and brutally kill her. While it would be tempting (and not altogether false) to say that this swift retribution is meant as a deterrent against defection, it is also true that betrayal of one's pack is one of the worst sins a werewolf can commit.

CONVERSION

The other side of the equation, of course, is why would a Forsaken werewolf abandon her tribe for the Pure? What gain could there possibly be in such a move? The tribal sections in this book address why the Forsaken would consider changing sides for those particular tribes, but two points of commonality are worth noting.

First, as mentioned, the Forsaken are not saints. Not every Forsaken werewolf is allowed to live as she chooses, and many are asked to give up some very important facets of their lives (family, friends, career, home) in order to be a werewolf. Some pack alphas are domineering and vicious, and the Pure, the Fire-Touched especially, are superb at lending a sympathetic ear to the put-upon subordinates of such alphas. A Forsaken werewolf who simply has had a bad experience, is poorly educated in the ways of her people or who is dissatisfied for personal reasons might consider crossing over.

Second, not every convert is given a choice. Tempting though it is to say that death is preferable to betrayal of one's tribe, death is frightening and can be prolonged for weeks in the case of the resilient Uratha. After the second straight week of torture, even a strong-willed werewolf might be ready to entertain the notion of conversion. The brainwashing methods the Pure tribes use are effective (since they are used on nearly every Pure werewolf in the world), and can be applied to a Forsaken captive with virtually no negative consequence. After all, if the conversion doesn't take, the Pure simply kill the captive.

THEMES

Each of the Pure Tribes, and the *Anshega* collectively, bring different themes to a **Werewolf** story. While the tribal sections of this book illuminate those themes nicely, the Storyteller might benefit

from some “straight talk” about what each of the tribes bring to the story.

The Pure Tribes in general embody themes of bigotry, hatred and cruelty, especially if the Storyteller is interested in running a chronicle in which violence will play a major role. This is entirely appropriate, of course, give that **Werewolf** is a “game of savage fury.” The Pure are tailor-made to be combat antagonists that Forsaken characters can fight tooth and claw, can hunt or be hunted by and can revel in the glory of killing.

But more subtle themes also present themselves. A Forsaken werewolf can look at the Pure and think, *There but for the grace of Luna go I*. Themes of spiritual faith and even envy are appropriate, depending on how the Storyteller presents the Pure and how the players respond. The Pure are what any Forsaken werewolf could have been if circumstances were different, and the characters might even come to the sobering realization that the Pure feel the same way about them.

Finally, the Pure can be the Other. They are werewolves, true, but they serve mad gods and take unknowable creatures as their totems. Some Forsaken don’t see the Pure as *Imru*, and this attitude has some merit. The Pure might be werewolves, but are they Uratha?

FIRE-TOUCHED

The Fire-Touched embody every theme involving the detrimental effects of religious faith. They are zealots, meaning they will not only kill or die for their cause but they are quite happy to do either. Themes of faith over reason, finding or losing faith and holy war and terrorism are appropriate.

Of course, the *Ixidakh* can have other motives besides their faith. A Fire-Touched renowned for being able to torture the truth out of any werewolf might claim to be doing it all for the glory of Rabid Wolf, when in fact the werewolf just likes to torture people. An infiltrator might just be biding her time until she can defect. Themes of faith as a cover or excuse for some other motives are quite appropriate for the Fire-Touched, especially because faith is considered largely unavailable in our culture.

Disease is also a common motif for the tribe. Disease is used chiefly as a metaphor for the Fire-Touched’s faith, but can also be a potent theme when used alone. The Fire-Touched claim allegiance to Rabid Wolf, after all, and so the notion that they are sick — incurably so — is a simple thing to weave into

a story. But are they incurable? Is it safer just to kill them rather than try to cure them?

Archetypes: Charismatic preacher, sinister torturer, fresh-faced recruit, formerly Forsaken convert, unsure would-be defector, visionary, Plague Dog, terrorist, raving lunatic, soft-spoken man of faith, suicidal madman, functional *Zi’ir*

IVORY CLAWS

The *Tzuumfin* incorporate themes of family, inherited (rather than earned) authority and the power of tradition. “That’s the way it’s always been done” is an ugly phrase, because it implies that no further thought has gone into a solution than to look to the past — but that, in some ways, is how the Ivory Claws govern themselves. This kind of short-sightedness can lead to inbreeding, both of thought and family, but the degeneration can be slow and subtle. The Ivory Claws are appropriate for “fall of kings” stories, as well as stories calling to mind dysfunctional and dangerous families. “The Fall of the House of Usher” and *Great Expectations* can both provide good, if stilted, inspiration.

The Ivory Claws are a ritualistic tribe, and they can call to mind images of secret societies with long, complex initiations, greeting procedures and punishments. Although aping the past isn’t a good reason for a course of action, the characters should feel, when witnessing an Ivory Claw ceremony, that they are in the presence of something with hundreds or thousands of years behind it. That kind of history has weight and power, and the story can reflect some of that. Ancestor-spirits might attend the young Ivory Claws to keep them safe, and even a young an inexperienced *Tzuumfin* might carry powerful fetishes, simply because the tribe can spare them.

Archetypes: Aging patriarch, young Turk, incompetent favored son, keeper of hoary secrets, lynch-mob organizer, local fixer, jealous ritemaster, fetish crafter, speaker with the ancestors, lodge leader

PREDATOR KINGS

The Predator Kings can be legitimately said to be better werewolves than the Forsaken, in some senses. The Predator Kings hunt, kill and even eat people and revel in what they are. As such, they hew closer to (some) human legends of werewolves than other Uratha. But as any Forsaken werewolf would point out, what humans believe is irrelevant. The Predator Kings violate the precepts of Harmony by killing and eating humans, and endanger all of the world’s werewolves with their hunts. The Predator Kings lie

to themselves — to truly be a predator, they must move unseen among their prey, not shun their ways entirely.

The *Ninna Farakh* embody themes of savagery and brutality, but also of loss and sorrow. The now-living Predator Kings have never seen Pangaea, and they never will (whatever they tell themselves). They pine not for a mythical place, but a state they truly believe once existed. They are not inherently interested in making other beings miserable; they just want to be happy in their own homeland. Is it any wonder, then, that they hate the Forsaken for stealing it?

Tempting though it might be to see the Predator Kings as vicious brutes (and it's not an entirely incorrect observation), their fight is for just retribution, not for mindless violence. Stories of revenge, justice and relentless pursuit of these goals are appropriate for the *Ninna Farakh*.

Archetypes: Savage mountain man, desert hermit, child raised by wolves, bogeyman of the Forsaken, man-eater, eco-terrorist, howl poet, bullying beta

PLAYING THE PURE

Are the Pure playable characters? The answer to this question is somewhat complex, but for us to ignore it entirely would be somewhat disingenuous.

Before we enter into a discussion of what's involved in playing Pure characters and why your troupe might or might not want to attempt it, we'll answer the question of whether it's *possible* to play them. From a purely game-system perspective, yes, it's perfectly possible. For the most part, the Pure don't differ in a mechanical sense from the Forsaken and the ways in which the Pure do are summarized in the previous chapter. They have access to most of the same Gifts that the Forsaken do (minus auspice-specific Gifts, of course), and the Pure operate under the same moral compass via Harmony, even if they view it in a different way. Game systems are not the deterrent to playing the *Anshega*.

WHY PLAY THE PURE?

There are some valid reasons to play Pure characters in a **Werewolf** story. Actually, the only "valid" reason is that your troupe would enjoy it. If the players want to try playing these characters, for whatever reason, the idea is at least worthy of consideration. That said, let's break down the impetus for playing *Anshega* a bit. The following are some possible

reasons that players might have for wanting to play the Pure.

- **Change of Pace:** If the troupe has been playing **Werewolf** for a while, the players might want to try playing Uratha with a different perspective. Even playing a new pack of Forsaken still assumes certain things about the characters — they still have auspices, they still have a more or less adversarial relationship with spirits and so on. Playing the Pure for a story can show the players a different side of being Uratha.

- **The Pure are "right":** The *Anshega* have the advantage of numbers, have a better relationship with the spirits and do not collectively bear the guilt for Father Wolf's murder. Some players might interpret this as the Pure being objectively "right" or "just" while the Forsaken are "wrong." (Some players might even take the expedient route and call the Pure the "good guys.") True, from a certain perspective (that is, their own), the Pure historically have the moral high ground over the Forsaken. That doesn't make the Pure "right," of course, but an interesting story might come from a pack of Pure coming to realize that (possibly along with the players).

- **Advanced Storytelling:** Playing characters commonly recognized as villains or antagonists is sometimes held up as a sign of "mature" roleplaying. As is probably obvious, though, this by itself doesn't make for maturity. In fact, maturity *allows* for playing characters with an inhuman mindset, but by no means requires that players take on such roles. Besides, the Forsaken are capable of acts exactly as inhuman as the Pure; the Forsaken just don't have an entire culture giving them pointers. In the end, it's fair to say that playing a Pure story and actually examining some of the darker aspects of the culture, without letting the game degenerate into gratuitous gore, is probably a mark of maturity in Storytelling.

- **Slash and Burn:** Playing violent characters without limits can be entertaining, to be sure (there are entire video game franchises built on this premise). But playing Pure characters simply to kill, maim and eat people raises a few disturbing points. First, unlike a video game, the player needs to envision and describe what his character is doing, which is very different from just watching it onscreen. Second, Pure Uratha are still subject to Harmony, meaning that if a player wants to play the Pure because he thinks it will free him from that pesky degeneration problem, he's got another think coming. This kind of motivation behind playing the Pure is often confused

with the “mature roleplaying” mentioned above. That doesn’t mean there’s no place for playing a game that consists of nothing but killing opponents, but the question remains: why do the characters need to be members of the Pure Tribes for that?

WAY NOT PLAY THE PURE?

Hopefully, the reader has, by this point, come to appreciate where the Forsaken and the Pure differ. Probably, however, the reader has also noticed that those differences are mostly cultural and ideological. On ground level, so to speak, werewolves hunt — Forsaken and Pure alike. Werewolves kill their enemies. Werewolves are tragically bound to their own Rage. Werewolves follow the same moral code, even if the two sides don’t see it that way. So what are the main deterrents to playing the Pure?

One of the main deterrents has to do with player comfort levels, especially in an environment with a large number of players or in which the players don’t know each other well (such as online or convention games, but even a new tabletop group qualifies). Tackling a Pure-centered chronicle requires a good deal of trust and comfort with some disturbing material, and that’s not always present.

Also, the Pure’s culture is one of hatred, abuse and zealotry. Whether this is an appropriate reaction to the crimes perpetrated against them in the prehistoric past is irrelevant. Today, in the World of Darkness, the Pure recruit through propaganda and brainwashing, enforce through torture and murder and obtain territory and mates through aggression and terror tactics. Could a Forsaken pack use these methods? Certainly. *Do* the Forsaken use these methods? Perhaps, on occasion — but *not* as a matter of policy, and therein lies the important difference. A pack of Storm Lords that captures an enemy Uratha and dangles him over the edge of a cliff in a thunderstorm to get him to convert or to talk is risking Harmony degeneration, retribution from the enemy’s allies *and* censure from others in the tribe. A pack of Predator Kings that does the same thing risks only the first two.

The Forsaken culture is more diverse than that of the Pure (partly because the Forsaken culture draws from a greater number of spiritual influence), and a great deal of Forsaken cultural mores are still influenced by humanity. The Pure, on the other hand, go to great lengths to burn away their humanity entirely. That has an effect on the werewolves in question. They are more monstrous because of what they have

given up, and that is one of the reasons that Forsaken fear the Pure.

So what does this mean for players who want to portray the Pure? It means that doing so would be comparable to playing members of the Inquisition in the 13th century (insofar as the Pure have a stronger power base than their enemies and persecute them on ideological grounds while claiming to uphold a morally superior position) — or, given the shadowy place that Uratha of all tribes occupy in the World of Darkness, to playing members of a terrorist organization basing its activities on religious dogma. The latter comment is not meant to be inflammatory, because, from a Storytelling standpoint, perhaps there is some entertainment and even education to be gained from trying to imagine the viewpoint of such people. Doing so in a symbolic way (that is, taking on the roles of zealous werewolves rather than, say, members of Hamas) is probably easier on the comfort zones of most players. What it all comes down to is whether or not the whole troupe finds entertainment in such a story. If not, probably better to let the Pure remain the province of Storyteller characters (although a story in which dealing with and learning about the Pure rather than just hacking away at them is certainly feasible). If so, then perhaps a journey into the mind of the *Anshega* would have some value for your troupe.

Below are four story hooks, one for each of the Pure Tribes and one meant for any pack composed of *Anshega*.

FIRE-TOUCHED STORY HOOK — PILGRIMAGE

One of the pack experiences a fever dream, a vision telling her that the pack must travel a great distance to a holy site. The site and the direction are revealed in the dream; choose a site suitably distant from the pack’s starting place in the chronicle and that resonates with you and the troupe. This might be a holy site of a human religion, a powerful locus now claimed by an opposing force (Forsaken pack, cabal of mages, even a powerful spirit) or something that no human history has ever granted any significance.

The journey to this site should make up an important part of the story, of course. The pack can pass through territory belonging to Forsaken and Pure, and perhaps even pick up converts or fellow *Izidakh* as pilgrims. As the journey continues, word of the vision spreads and the tale grows in the telling,

until by the time the packmembers reaches their goal, they find a throng of Fire-Touched waiting for them. The vision, however, didn't grant any clues as to what's supposed to happen here or what the pack should do with this many werewolves. Can the packmembers induce another vision? Can they lead these Uratha in pursuit of the Fire-Touched faith, or would the characters consider using these pilgrims for the pack's own purposes to be dishonest? Of course, if the packmembers don't come up with an idea soon, someone else probably will.

IVORY CLAWS STORY HOOK — THE HOLLOW WEREWOLF

One of the packmembers has a relative (parent, sibling, cousin, whatever works for your story) who gained a great deal of notoriety among the *Tzuumfin* several years back. The pack now receives word, though, that she is running with a pack of Forsaken werewolves. Finding the truth takes some investigation, but in fact, the Ivory Claw is now a member of the Lodge of the Hunt (see p. 203 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**). The other members of this particular Brethren pack are Forsaken Uratha.

Who did this Ivory Claw hate so much that she bonded with the enemy to kill? What kind of foe could inspire such loathing? The characters can find out, and if they wish to punish the errant Ivory Claw for her betrayal, can kill the target of the Hunt themselves, thus consigning her to life as one of the Hollow. On the other hand, if after learning of the Hunt's target and his offenses (whatever they are) the pack helps the Ivory Claw rejoin with the tribe and perform penance, the packmembers might face reprisals from purist *Tzuumfin*. Of course, the characters might take it upon themselves to hunt down and kill the surviving members of the Hunt after its completion so that these Uratha cannot ever claim to have shared a pack with one of Silver Wolf's chosen.

PREDATOR KINGS STORY HOOK — THE WOLF BORN

A werewolf approaches the pack, carrying herself with a grace and purity of soul that they have never seen. She boasts no Renown marks at all, but is clearly not possessed of an auspice. She speaks no human tongues, but can communicate in *Uremehir*. She claims to be wolf-born — her parents were wolves, not humans, and when she Changed, she found herself able to reason like a human being. She offers

to show the Predator Kings her home in the deep woods, and hints that there may be others like her.

The first question to consider is whether this woman is telling the truth. She might be an extremely cunning Bale Hound or Forsaken Uratha, or even a spirit masquerading as a werewolf. She can change shape just as one of the Uratha, however, and seems to have no problem remaining in the Skin World for long periods of time. Her behavior and bearing mark her as a paragon of Harmony — is this consistent with someone who grew up as an animal? Do the characters accompany her out of curiosity, or do they spurn her offers and try to verify her story?

PURE TRIBES STORY HOOK — WAR FOR URATHA

The pack's territory plays host to a massive gathering of *Anshega*. The topic of the gathering is simple: a pogrom against the Forsaken. The Pure will sweep forth from the gathering and find and kill any Forsaken the *Anshega* find, rolling like tidal wave through the land. They do not intend to stop for spoils, either, but simply to continue killing until the last of the Forsaken lie dead.

Is this kind of massive campaign even possible? The collateral damage in terms of human life is sure to be staggering, and that's not even considering what might happen if humanity realizes what's going on and organizes. Can this kind of war be played out without the mundane inhabitants of the World of Darkness noticing? Already some Pure strategists talk of staging assaults from the *Hisil*, and some radical whispers even mention using silver weapons (though the source of these whispers never seems clear).

What do the characters have to contribute to these proceedings? Are they the sole voice of reason, pointing out why this war is doomed? Do the assembled Pure even want to hear reason at this point? They might be prepared to die in pursuit of their goals (especially if the Fire-Touched and their stories of *Taga Dan* are influential). If the Pure have finally thrown down the gauntlet, then the goal is genocide. Does any humanity linger in the characters' breasts that cries out against this? What about the fact that accomplishing this goal requires murdering the People on a grand scale? Even if the battle is won, will all of the Pure be *Zi'ir* when it is? What kind of world will that leave for the victors?

PURE DOMAIN: SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

The Santa Fe region in New Mexico has a lot to offer any werewolf pack. This area highlights some of the key elements of territory and conflict in the **Werewolf** setting, paying special attention to the battles that rage between Forsaken and Pure and focusing on the aftermath of the Brethren War that swept across North America in the 1990s.

The wilderness terrain runs the gamut from forests and alpine mountain ranges to abandoned, desolate mesas and some sparse desert country. Santa Fe itself is a town expanding fast with a degree of urbanity and sophistication despite still being relatively small. In addition to this variety of territory that would already be worth fighting over, the region also boasts a curiously large number of loci. Spiritual resources exist here in abundance, even if most of these loci are small and weak.

For these reasons and for plain, simple hatred, the Santa Fe area was a nexus of conflict during the Brethren War. And while the winds of that war have settled, whispers of a fresh conflict are beginning to circulate. This is a region that not only has its own intrigues and conflicts, but is also a staging ground for Pure Tribe assaults into Denver and the Rocky Mountain setting as detailed in the Appendix of the **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. Characters coming south from there into New Mexico will be presented with a territory that varies dramatically from the Colorado Rockies, just as *Anshega* packs going north to scout the region are surprised at the relative strength of the Forsaken in the wake of Gurdilag's destruction.

Forsaken characters venturing south could be scouts or spies from Max Roman or Rachel Snow, wanderers seeking some Renown for breaking a few Pure heads or simply dispossessed residents of the Rockies setting looking for a new place to live and new challenges to overcome.

THEME

The theme of the Santa Fe region is one of *survival*. Certainly, there's the potential for chronicles laden with themes of vengeance and horror, but survival is at the core of this setting and all other satellite concerns. All revenge must be taken while being careful not to reveal a pack's presence to the larger Pure community. Much of the horror is based on the ever-present threat of the *Anshega*'s dominance and the fact that they claim so much desirable territory. Through it all, whether a pack is defending the packmembers' last scraps of territory, or driving the invaders back yard by yard, that pack must survive.

The Forsaken's presence in the region is in the balance — literally on the coin's edge. Those few Uratha who remain are hunted and have gone to ground, and they are too weak to strike back against the Predator Kings and Fire-Touched who won so much territory during the Brethren War. So for Forsaken characters in the area, the trials of survival can be draining or exciting, threatening or thrilling.

But survival in these harsh conditions can also bring opportunity. This is the moment when the Tribes of the Moon will be beaten into submission for good, never to retake the region again — or they will launch a last-breath counterattack. Maybe they will go down fighting; maybe they will claw back their hunting grounds from the grip of the Pure. The combat will be guerrilla warfare, fighting hunting ground by hunting ground, pack by pack, but this is the last chance for the Forsaken to reclaim their lost territories. And they know this. Reinforcements arrive in the form of new packs seeking to blood themselves against the Pure, or to claim the valuable territory for themselves.

The region is worth fighting for. It is worth retaking from the dominant Pure, or defending from

the weakened Forsaken, because it lacks nothing in resources such as powerful loci and the potential for powerful spirit-allies.

All a pack must do is survive.

Mood

The region features something of a dual mood, depending on which faction the Storyteller is dealing with. Forsaken newcomers and entrenched veterans tend to deal with a mood centered on oppression. This region is a microcosm for the Pure versus Forsaken conflict the world over — the Pure are ascendant and the Forsaken fight for their lives against superior numbers and hate-driven enemies who have cast aside their ties to Luna. The Santa Fe setting exemplifies the struggle of the Forsaken and highlights the oppressive feel of the werewolves' unending conflict.

The mood of oppression is not just an indication of how things can go wrong in the lives of the Forsaken, but also a carryover from recent Uratha history. The Brethren War was a series of defeats for the Tribes of the Moon across North America, but the losses in the Santa Fe region were especially harsh. The Forsaken weren't just defeated and routed here: they were crushed. The onslaught was vicious and the

atmosphere of oppression that remains is down to the fact that the Pure packs in the region were especially merciless when they fought in the Brethren War. Forsaken in the region speak the names of certain Predator Kings and Fire-Touched werewolves as curses.

For the Pure, the mood is one of complacency.

The land offers great bounties for them, claimed over a decade ago in the Brethren War.

To the victors go the spoils, and the Pure have been enjoying those spoils for years now with no organized resistance at all. Some packs maintain their vigilance and hunt down the remaining Forsaken, but the survivors are deeply entrenched now and increasingly harder to defeat.

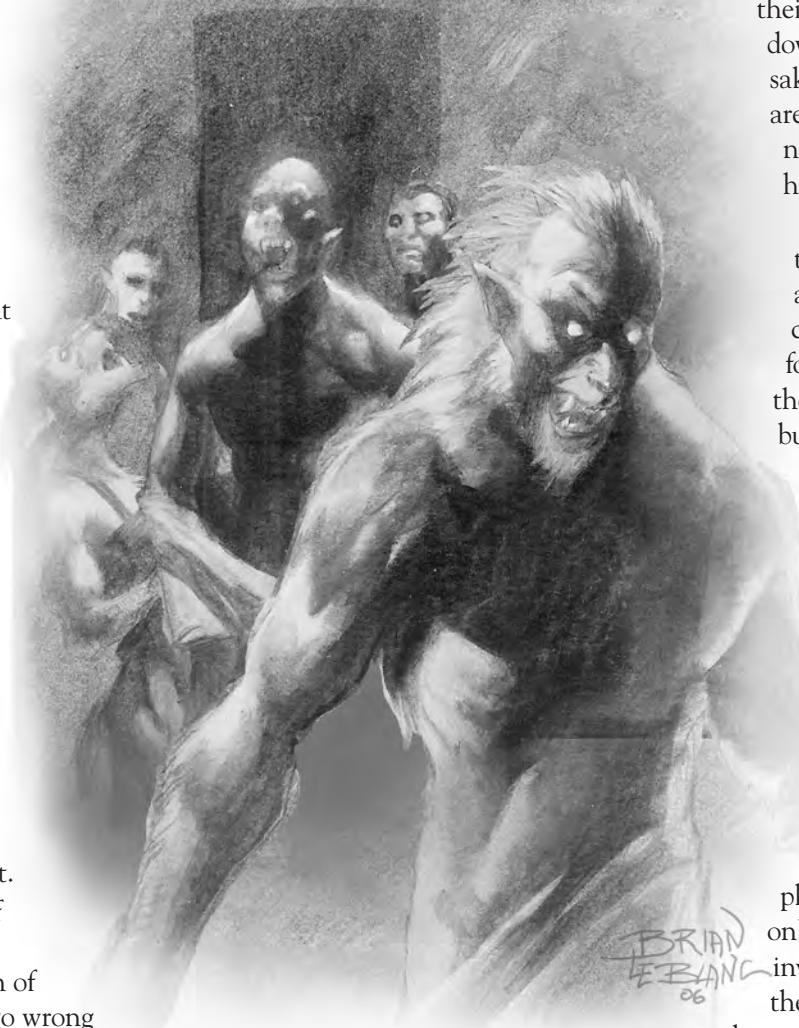
For many among the Pure, the region is a haven. Some packs come to stay awhile before moving on to fight the Forsaken elsewhere, but most of the Predator Kings and Fire-Touched who remain are the die-hard veterans of the Brethren War. Competition between the hunting grounds is almost nonexistent, for the packs have a great deal of loci to spread among themselves.

And yet the complacency is a danger. Not only does such an attitude invite a counterattack by the weakened Forsaken,

but other Pure packs coming into the region might decide that

some of the veterans no longer deserve the best hunting grounds in the area.

So despite the complacent mood, conflict could be just around the corner. Some Pure are aware of this and prepare accordingly. Others will go into it blindly.



LOCAL HISTORY IN REVIEW

The region around Santa Fe and the town itself is rich in echoes of the past. The area is tied to key points in the formation of New Mexico and the history of the United States itself. Until recently, Santa Fe was a haven of the Forsaken, who have for generations watched the local humans involved in a cycle of violence, warfare, peace and prosperity. The main supernatural conflict has occurred only during the past decades, while the warfare of the local mortal populace is a now thing of the past.

EARLY HISTORY

The commonly known recorded history of Santa Fe begins with the founding of a settlement in 1609, by a man called Pedro de Peralta. In truth, scholars have recently come to accept that the story of Santa Fe begins with the founding of a settlement in 1607, by a little-known explorer named Juan Martinez de Montoya, who is described in documents and testimonies as saying how he set up the “plaza de Santa Fe” a few miles to the east of the Rio Grande River. It is therefore thought that Martinez also gave the city its full name, “La Villa Real de la Santa Fe de San Francisco de Asis,” or “The Royal City of the Holy Faith of Saint Francis of Assisi.”

This settlement, founded at the base of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, was one of many colonies established by the Spanish during the late 1500s to early 1600s, and the era is mired in conflict between the Spanish expansion into the New Mexico region and the Native American Pueblos who had settled there for generations.

The town was the capital of the New Mexico province right from its founding, and it soon became a trade center where the province’s many farmers and herders could trade their supplies. The town’s only fall from the grace of capital came in the 12 years between the 1680 Mexican revolt and the Spanish re-conquest in 1692. Santa Fe’s ultimate fate was to become state capital of New Mexico when it joined the Union in 1912, more than half a century after the town’s capture by American forces during the Mexican War.

Throughout these periods of warfare, respite and expansion, the Forsaken stalked the streets and the plains, the deserts and the mountain ranges. The town grew at a sedate pace, and the Uratha had to be cautious about accidentally revealing themselves in the urban hunting grounds. However, the surrounding territory consisted of high desert where little rain

ever fell, alpine mountain ranges and cold, flat mesas where the silence was broken only by the howls of coyotes and wolves.

The Forsaken fought among themselves here as they do everywhere, and no formal hierarchy existed beyond which packs were known as the most dangerous and therefore possessed the prime hunting grounds and the most powerful loci. This scattered, divided nature spelled the end of the Tribes of the Moon in the region, with the outbreak of the Brethren War.

RECENT HISTORY

Santa Fe has been enjoying a period of growth and development over the past few decades. The landscape and the wildlife attract artists and other creative types, and there is a noted influx of people involved in the visual arts and art industry, the latter which ties with the tourist trade as the city’s largest industries. This has bolstered the culture of the city, greatly increasing tourism and revenues, but has also created divisions between the “newcomers” and the established residents. Trailer parks on the outskirts of the city emerged as the generally poor residents found themselves unable to keep up with the cost of housing, which rose sharply when Santa Fe became such an “in” spot. The most well-known mayor of Santa Fe, Debbie Jaramillo, passed motions during the mid-1990s in an attempt to slow the tourist trade and redirect the benefits of the city’s growth away from out-of-state investors. She was not re-elected.

The divide in the populace is both a racial-cultural and economic division. The bulk of the poorer divide is working class and Latino, though there are distinct ethnicities among them. Most notably are the recent immigrants from Central America, Mexico, Guatemala and El Salvador, as well as the historical Latino presence in the form of Chicanos: the descendents of the Spanish settlers who’ve been residents in the region since the 1600s, but who’ve been economically displaced since the 1970s when Santa Fe began to develop at such a rate.

A streak of racial prejudice runs between the Chicanos and the recent Latino immigrants, partly due to the fact that they compete for the same position economically a lot of the time. Between this tendency and the displacement of the original population, a large wave of violent crime swept the city, lasting into this decade.

The other side of the population divide is composed of business professionals, art dealers and other

entertainment professionals/personalities who come for the landscape and other opportunities afforded to them. The mixture of ethnicities makes Santa Fe a very politically liberal city, and a living wage ordinance has been passed to make it so working folks can survive the expenses of living in the city.

But behind the scenes of the development boom, the Brethren War raged.

The initial assaults were led by three large packs: Route 666, Howl of the Before Time and the Misery Jesters. The former two still hold the dominant position in the region today, while the latter pack was largely destroyed in the battle to take the city and surrounding area. The Forsaken of the region were primarily drawn from Chicano and Native American stock. The Pure invaders came both in the form of Latin American immigrants as well as wilderness-dwelling warriors who held no truck with mortal society. The Tribes of the Moon were attacked from all sides, by enemies who hid within all levels of society.

Route 666 led the attack on the urban Forsaken on a number of fronts that lasted approximately a year. To begin with, the packmembers used their spirit-allies to leech power from the city packs' loci, and orchestrated a campaign of opening minor Wounds in the Forsaken hunting grounds by committing kidnappings, murders and rapes — all perfectly concealed in the racial-cultural tension of the time. The *Anshega's* carefully planned actions heightened the spread of shoals and lesser Wounds already blossoming in the city's Shadow that were being created by the 1990s crime wave.

After the first months had passed, the Forsaken were already weakened. The Tribes of the Moon were run ragged in sealing the Wounds, bringing the flood of negative spirits to justice and restoring the balance within the hunting grounds. Some of the Ithaeur and Cahalith were peripherally aware of a threat lurking behind the surge of chaos, and they spread the word among their packs. Many of the Forsaken began to devote even more of their time to watching out for their wolf-blooded families in order to protect them.

Weakened and exhausted, the region's Forsaken passed around rumors that the Tribes of the Moon would gather for a meeting to discuss the chaos and find a way to unite against it. But these rumors were just that, and the Forsaken fought exhaustion night after night as Santa Fe and the surrounding countryside became a battleground in the Shadow. The Uratha were still populous and dedicated, and it was clear that after six months the Pure would need to step up their campaign to destroy the Forsaken. This happened on

two fronts. Firstly, Pure packs (especially the fierce Misery Jesters) began to stalk their counterparts, picking off the Forsaken one by one whenever the chances presented themselves. Any time a werewolf was away from her pack — at home, at the movies, even on the way to the store — she was a target for the Pure. The attackers appeared as muggers or monsters, depending on the probability of witnesses.

The greatest counterattack by the Forsaken came when two packs made a month-long oath to work together in order to end the Misery Jesters for good. These two packs were decimated in the series of battles that followed, but they were ultimately successful. The Misery Jesters fell, leaving Route 666 and Howl of the Before Time to lead the Pure.

The second factor in the Forsaken's downfall was the Wounds in the area. While they were effectively minor and quickly cleansed when the Forsaken were at full strength, as the Pure started to leech the Forsaken's numbers, the Tribes of the Moon were no longer able to fight the Shadow's infections. More packs died, and the Wounds spread. The final toll for the Forsaken came when several powerful Maeltinet spirits were birthed in the largest Wounds, and during a couple of months near the turn of the millennium, any packs that went to seal the greatest Shadow-injuries never returned.

It was over after a year. The remaining Forsaken abandoned their duties and went to ground, or fled the region for good. The victorious Pure had sustained few casualties beside the Misery Jesters. Led by Route 666 and Howl of the Before Time, the Pure slaughtered any of the Maeltinet that posed a threat, ignored the Wounds that festered in the unwanted territories and carved up the region into hunting grounds for each pack.

Now the area is a haven of complacency for the *Anshega* and a grueling test of survival for the Forsaken. Packs come to Santa Fe County and New Mexico to reclaim territory lost to the Pure Tribes years ago, or to seek out and crush the Forsaken once and for all. After a period of relative calm, the region is set to be a battleground once more, with werewolves of all factions hoping to lay claim to some of the curiously large number of loci in the area.

POINTS OF INTEREST

With the region's abundance of spiritual resources, ever-developing urban scene and incredible wilderness, this particular slice of New Mexico makes an attractive prospect for any werewolf pack. The following section deals with some of the notable areas and their associations with the *Anshega* currently in residence.

WILD TERRITORY

Spread across New Mexico to the east of Santa Fe is the Pecos Wilderness. This stretch of wild land is crawling with hikers, campers and sightseers, but remains a desirable werewolf territory, especially for the Hunters in Darkness before the Brethren War, and now the Predator Kings.

The Pecos countryside was once as a rich resource for the Native Americans, who hunted and fished here, as well as used the land for timber, and for gathering both medicinal and edible plants. Geographically vast and threaded by popular walking trails that wind throughout the region, the Pecos isn't quite the unspoiled wilderness it once was, though it avoided the harsh touch of mining operations because the land is mostly devoid of valuable minerals.

The land itself is a varied spread of terrain: conifer and aspen woodlands, expansive meadows, coldwater lakes and many of the state's highest mountains in the part of the territory that covers some of the Sangre de Cristo ("Blood of Christ") mountain range.

The Shadow of the Pecos tells of some of its suffering. Wrathful bear-spirits stalk the wilds in a sad, dangerous echo of the physical world, where the last grizzly bear was killed almost a century ago. Deer and elk also exist in the world's reflection with fewer living counterparts than would be expected across the Gauntlet, and

complete extinction for both species occurred in the area in the previous century. Spirit predation among these regionally extinct echoes is often harsh, and magath fusions between weak spirits born from human influence (slain hikers, local Wounds and so on) have mixed with these remnant spirits many times in the past. Even wildlife restoration has not brought these beings back into any kind of spiritual balance. Some of the local animal-spirits behave normally, while others seem locked in the same spiral of degenerative anger.

A rocky outcropping on the face of one of the southern Sangre de Cristos mountains in the Pecos bears the faintest traces of blood during lunar eclipses. This is where Howl of the Before Time killed the last of the Forsaken packs that claimed the area before the *Anshega* attacked. In the Shadow, this patch of the mountain is Wounded for several dozen feet in every direction, and the poisoned Essence bleeding out turns the spirit landscape black with rot.

The Sangre de Cristo mountains are a visual splendor, named in the 1700s for the reddish hue of their snow-peaks at sunrise. The northern part of the range stretches up into Colorado, while Santa Fe is nestled close to the foothills of the southern expanse that runs through New Mexico.

Despite the skiing industry, numerous hiking trails and the fact that much of the mountain range is considered national parkland, enough wilderness remains to



make the territory valuable and attractive to werewolves, especially the *Meninna* and the *Ninna Farakh*. Several *Anshega* packs share the territory now, keeping a watchful eye out for any signs of the Forsaken returning. Geographically, the range contains all the peaks in New Mexico more than 13,000 feet high, featuring forests, snowy slopes and jagged rock outcroppings, as well as a scattering of loci born from the emotional outpourings of dying animals, lost hikers, dead tourists and fallen Forsaken.

The mesas to the south of Santa Fe are abandoned, cold and silent. They stretch out just to the north of the settlement of La Cienega, an old town dating back before the Spanish settlement perhaps as far as 1000 CE. This modest town is something of a tourist spot for the “authentic” El Rancho de Las Golondrinas (the Ranch of the Swallows) museum and many other historical, craftsmen buildings such as a forge, carpenter’s workshop and a weaving shop.

Bandelier National Monument is to the northwest of Santa Fe, close to Los Alamos. The area is a protected area of the mesas known for its stunning canyon views and thousands of Pueblo Native American dwellings that have attracted archeologists many times over the decades, such as those in the Frijoles Canyon, which show evidence of human presence for thousands of years. The region also features 23,000 acres of unspoiled wilderness, which the local Predator Kings traditionally use for their annual Night of the Heart.

The Shadow of the mesa region is eerily quiet and has been a shoal for a decade. The *Anshega* set up an elaborate trap for the Forsaken at the close of the regional conflict: for several weeks, stories circulated around the county of a regrouping and a counterattack at La Cienega. The truth was that the Pure were lying in wait for any Forsaken stragglers, and killed any who came to the area.

Also located within the mesas is the so-called tent rock formation. Obviously enough, these volcanically formed cones of rock are named for their shape. Several of these stone formations are actually weak loci, though they have an uncomfortable resonance that actually deters animal-spirits from approaching within a few feet.

A sizeable shoal covers a section of the land between Santa Fe and Pecos, where the Battle of Glorieta Pass took place during the Civil War. The westernmost battle in the war, which resulted in a crushing defeat of the Confederate forces, stained the landscape with a static resonance of cold, silent contemplation. In the physical realm, the land is a place for tourists, hikers and soul-searchers, with several spiritual retreats nestled near beautiful vista views.

As the site of the first gold strike in the United States, the Los Cerrillos hills to the south of town are rich in spiritual resonance. A small town that shares the hills’ name is set in the foothills of Los Cerrillos, and is the home of the Cavallas wolf-blooded family, among the population of just over 200. This isolated family was once considered bound to the Storm Lords, but family members earned a foul reputation during the Brethren War when they reported the hiding places of several Forsaken werewolves to the local *Anshega*.

About 10 miles off I-25 is an old mining town, Madrid, which has shared Santa Fe’s growth and has seen a great deal of development and business interest lately. This region is the hunting ground of the Laughing Jackals, who break the eerie silence of the hills with their howls. Their *Izidakh* pack leader is a painter from Seattle who displays and sells his work in Santa Fe. The pack’s communal meeting point is a large shack on a back road to Albuquerque.

Los Pinos, the Pino family, are an insular Mexican wolf-blooded clan living in the foothills of the Sangre de Cristos. They live in an abandoned commune, once occupied by hippies, New Age spiritualists and beatniks in the ’60s. Werewolves in the region can sense the cold presence of ghosts watching out there, but no pack has yet discovered just what happened to the commune’s previous residents. The Los Pinos family is well-known for offering packs a place to stay, though few *Anshega* take the family up on the offer. The exact reasons for such refusals are rarely discussed.

Interstate 25 is the main traffic bloodline in and out of Santa Fe and the surrounding area. Cautious and paranoid Pure believe that the highway would be a significant target for any organized Forsaken werewolves trying to set up a stable assault into the region. Accordingly, I-25 is fiercely patrolled by the pack Ignition, whose members are regarded with mixed amusement, pity and grudging acknowledgement by many of Santa Fe County’s Uratha. Ignition is a pack rising in Renown and is well-known for being dedicated to the cause, but the packmembers are occasionally reckless. Many Pure suspect that Ignition’s successes come from the pack’s overwhelming numbers rather than any real competence.

URBAN TERRITORY

The Santa Fe County countryside is broken up by small towns that number between a few hundred and a few thousand residents. Interstates and railroads cross the land like artificial veins, drawing some spirits and repelling others.

Tesuque is a town situated a short journey north of Santa Fe, along a winding road that threads through the

base of the Sangre De Cristos. The town has a high concentration of artistic residents and various galleries, and is the home of the packless Fire-Touched painter Purgatory.

To the south of Santa Fe is the relatively famous “ghost town” Lamy. As a site on the former Santa Fe Railroad, Lamy was actually the closest stop to the city the railroad was named for, because engineers chose not to take the tracks into Santa Fe proper. Now Lamy has a permanent population of just 150 or so, and does a brisk business in the tourist trade as an authentic ghost town crossed with modern comforts and tourist attractions.

Glorieta is located along Interstate 25 in the southern Sangre de Cristos. Thus, the town is a common hang-out for Ignition packmembers, who have been known to ride through and tear the place up just to get the attention of Howl of the Before Time.

A half-hour drive north of Santa Fe is the notorious town of Chimayo. At the close of the last century, the town was well-known for an epidemic of Mexican black-tar heroin flooding the community. Vio-

lent crime soared in the area as muggings and break-ins escalated, until a combined force of federal, state and local law enforcement launched a crackdown on suspected drug dealers. Since the turn of the century, the crime wave has abated somewhat, and while Chimayo remains the heroin overdose capital of New Mexico, the town is seeing a resurgence in tourism. The drug traffic has primarily relocated to satellite communities in the Espanola Valley, which are now feeling the same rising crime wave that once marked Chimayo.

El Santuario de Chimayó is a small mission church that serves as a focal point for many pilgrimages. High

up in the foothills of the Sangre de Cristos with the town whose name it shares, El Santuario de Chimayó is one of the most visited churches in the state — primarily out of tourist interest or faith in the church’s rumored healing powers. Each year, thousands of pilgrims seek out the site in the hope miracle healings.

In the Shadow, the town is a mess of Wounds and shoals ruled over by three petty Maeltinet warlords, whom the *Anshega* jokingly refer to as Trinidad Sagrado (“Holy Trinity”). Alleys, public toilets, bars — many such places show infection on the other side of the

Gauntlet, and some Pure packs use the territory as proving grounds for their recruits. Werewolf and Wound-spirit alike seem to avoid the church, though rumors circulate through the packs that the so-called miracles of the holy site are the results of a powerful locus nearby.

The old state penitentiary is located approximately 15 miles to the southwest of Santa Fe, along I-25. Closed since 1997, this was the site of the infamous 1980 prison riot in which 33 inmates were murdered by other prisoners, 100

sustained injuries in the chaos and eight prison staff required treatment for injuries taken as a result of being beaten or raped.

Today the compound is mostly silent and empty, beyond token security guards and the occasional ghost-hunting documentary team. Various *Anshega* packs have tried to stake a claim to the territory, but most quietly drop such claims after a few weeks and move on.

The Shadow of the area has suffered a great deal and appears as a desolate shoal, punctuated by festering Wounds where the worst of the violence hap-



pened more than a quarter of a century ago. Some packs report the hissing, scuttling sound of rats in the Shadow, and the Gauntlet is notoriously weak at many points in the and around the old prison, suggesting the presence of the Beshilu in some numbers.

Santa Fe itself is a town with a lot of culture, a lot of history and an active, pleasant nightlife that offers a lot of options but closes down before the early hours of the morning. Canyon Road is the main culture spot in the city, with museums, galleries and the like rubbing shoulders and attracting tourists and investors. A historic downtown area was once home to the native population of the area, but is increasingly being developed as the poorer residents are moved out of town.

The Palace of the Governors in the Santa Fe Plaza is the oldest municipal building in the United States of America, and has stood since 1610. The building is now the state's history museum, and among the Pueblo relics there, it is rumored that several Native American Forsaken fetishes are on display or in storage nearby.

The Plaza itself is part communal park, part marketplace, part tourist trap, often hosting regional festivities. In the past, local Predator Kings who were unable to attend Preys Unseen's Night of the Heart out in the Sangre de Cristos held their own quieter revel here in the late hours of morning. The group is always small due to the popularity of Preys Unseen's gathering and the dangers of attracting local law enforcement.

The Scottish Rite Temple is a curiosity of architecture clashing with the surrounding "fake adobe" style of the rest of Santa Fe. The Masonic church is a cross between a Moorish palace and a plain Victorian castle, constructed from pink stone. Opposing this weird glory with incomplete potential is the Saint Francis Cathedral, which was never finished and is still missing its spires. However, probably the most famous religious building in Santa Fe (for both humans and werewolves) is the Loretto Chapel about a block from the Plaza. Here, the locals tell tales of Saint Joseph himself building a remarkable spiral staircase in the chapel for the Sisters of Loretto to use — a legend many cling to despite recent evidence as to the carpenter's mundane identity. Unsurprisingly, this beautiful, twisting staircase is a low-powered locus of ice-cold Essence, flavored of faith and wonder.

The Santa Fe River was once the equal of the Rio Grande, but is now barely more than a trickling stream going through the city by the Alameda ("river bank"). Continuing on and leaving town via Artist's Road can take a traveler to the Cross of the Martyrs — which was erected to honor the memories of 21 Franciscan priests killed during the 17th century

Pueblo revolt. Local werewolf legend is vague about the area, but whispers pass from pack to pack that only a fool steps into the Shadow around there.

THE CURIOUS LOCI

The city of Santa Fe, similar to the surrounding countryside, is flooded with lesser loci. Neither the Forsaken nor the Pure have any idea just why this strange development occurred, though it is commonly known that these weak fonts of spiritual energy have all sprung up over the last century.

Such a bounty of energy should ensure that Essence is freely available, but the opposite was usually true — at least it was when the Forsaken were in town. The loci are often situated in difficult places, where easy access just isn't on the cards. And they are all generally no more than the barest trickle leaking up through the earth, though they each attract their fair share of spirits. Further complications can arise for resident packs when they deal with just how full of Essence the local spirits always seem to be. This can make antagonistic denizens of the Shadow even more dangerous. Sometimes you can have too much of a good thing.

The following examples highlight the plethora of eclectic and low-powered loci in the region.

The Wreckage of the School Bus Crash

In 1999, a school bus on its way down from the Sangre de Cristo ski resort hit an embankment and came off the road, striking a boulder. One adult and an 11-year-old boy died, while dozens of others were taken to the hospital for shock or emergency surgery. The accident was blamed on a variety of causes, from failed brakes to careless driving, with nothing conclusive coming out of the investigation.

Although the authorities cleared up the wreckage, among the loose rocks and brush by the roadside, a finger-length shard of jagged glass remains to this day. This is the locus that was born from the fear and the confusion of the children as their bus rattled off the road and tipped over. Siphoning Essence from this locus often makes Uratha feel a little disoriented and dizzy.

The Bed in Cellblock 4

When the New Mexico State Penitentiary endured a prison riot in 1980, one death in particular resonated across the Gauntlet. The riot spread across the prison into E-4 block, where the supposed "snitches" were incarcerated away from the general population. After raiding prison files, some inmates used a cutting torch to break into E-4 and kill their enemies. Guards heard some of the prisoners from E-4 begging for their lives as they were butchered, and the last of

these to die created a locus out of his fear and pain. Much of the cellblock is a minor Wound, but a locus exists as the bed in one of the cells. Here is where the last inmate to die in the riot was bludgeoned to death with nightsticks and kicks to the head.

It is a dark locus in the Shadow, with foggy-grey negativity that leeches the warmth from the skin.

The Headstone of Carlos Coriz

Carlos Coriz was one of the drug dealers busted in the 1999 raids in Chimayo. He had the dubious honor of being the one who most fervently resisted arrest, and managed a cross-town flight that ended when he ran into an alley and was shot in the back by an overweight cop who couldn't keep up. Carlos was one of Chimayo's more reviled drug pushers, since his heroin was often cut and laced with other substances, and of poor quality. Over the years, dozens of users died taking heroin they'd purchased from Carlos, and due to his awful reputation and cheap prices, only the most desperate and hard-up addicts went to him.

Carlos's grave is in a small, once-secluded cemetery in the city of Santa Fe, nestled among a new housing development that is springing up all around. His headstone features a life-size stone angel weeping above his grave, paid for by his mother out of the ill-gotten earnings he left her.

The resonance around this locus is one of bitterness and anger, manifesting in the Shadow as a thin, dark fog. In the physical realm, sometimes the angel smells of urine, as relatives of those who died taking Carlos's junk come here to piss on his grave.

The Bathtub in Room 9

Some hotel rooms have seen it all: murder, rape, suicide, prostitution, drug deals — the works. Room 9 in the Territorial Inn is one such place. It has been the subject of several inconclusive amateur ghost hunts, and is commonly considered to be haunted by those hotel staff who believe in that sort of thing.

Seven years ago, cleaning maids found the body of a young woman in the bathtub. She had slit her wrists in a bath of hot water, and bled to death. On New Year's Eve 2001, the same thing happened with another woman in her 20s, who checked in alone and took her life with a razor in the bathtub. The third and most recent suicide — also a young woman — happened in 2004.

The bathtub resonates an insidious sense of despair and sorrow, heightened for anyone who bathes in it. It is an unpleasant locus, always filled with bones in the Shadow and the smell of old rot.

CONFLICT IN THE SANTA FE REGION

When it comes to conflict and enemies in the region, a pack is spoilt for choice. The area is subdued under Pure dominance to the point of near-complacency. The myriad loci are siphoned for their trickles of power, the spirits are cowed and subservient to their Pure Tribe allies and the Forsaken are fighting a losing guerrilla war against the *Anshega*, against the Wounds, against the hostile spirits and against just about all odds. Above all this conflict is the very real concern that the local humans will become aware of the supernatural goings on, because the development boom in the region means that the werewolves are finding their hiding places dwindling by the month.

Forsaken or Pure, the People need to tread carefully lest their presence is revealed.

INTERNAL CONFLICT

One of the significant factors of internal strife is that the region has very little in the way of wolf-blooded families. The wolf-blooded kin of the Forsaken packs died or fled with their relatives, and while some of the *Anshega* brought their families with them to the Santa Fe region, certainly not all did.

Added to this is the reputation many Predator Kings have for the way they treat their wolf-blooded, fighting over them as objects and prizes in the annual Night of the Heart, with not a few treating their relatives as little more than breeding stock. This means that those humans with the blood of *Urfarah* in their veins have been known to flee given the opportunity, rather than be fought over and surrendered to another "owner."

The piece that completes the problem is that some of the wolf-blooded in the area are known to be... unstable. An eerie pall hangs around such families as the Los Pinos and the Cavallas, with strange stories told by *Anshega* who stay at the families' dwellings. It's nothing as blatant as outright insanity, but several of the larger wolf-blooded families in this part of New Mexico have chosen isolated locations to live, which also tend to be near large clusters of weak loci. Most Pure attribute any oddness in the bloodline to what any humans would be like if they lived close to so many spiritual fonts, but the fact remains that in the decade since the *Anshega* routed the Forsaken, few Pure have tested the strength of these wolf-blooded bloodlines, lest their eeriness pass down to werewolf children.

Some werewolves (especially Bone Shadows and Ithaeur among the remaining Forsaken) have made it their personal quest to find out just what is making

some of the local wolf-blooded act so strangely. While it sounds like a silly superstition to many of the People, few wish to put it to the test. The situation is made worse by the fact that Howl of the Before Time werewolves openly ridicule their fellow Pure's reluctance to take mates from such stock. From any other leading group of such stature, the *Anshega* might take notice. But Howl of the Before Time members are well-known for swearing an oath to their totem that no packmember would ever sire or bear a child. So their impatient endorsements mean nothing.

Conflict among the Pure Tribes isn't entirely unknown in the region, either. A sense of complacency grips the area; some *Anshega* have even found their packs disbanding out of a loss of purpose, while others head north to seek out a goal in Colorado. But of the many packs that remain, a few grudges and differences remain to keep things on the boil.

Battle between packs isn't common, but is much less rare than it was 10 years ago. Lacking a united front against a common foe, the Pure of Santa Fe County are nipping at each other's heels and grumbling over the behavior of other packs. The biggest disturbances on the scene right now are the members of the pack called Ignition, who don't formally claim territory of their own and don't respect the boundaries declared by others. The pack comes into towns to wreak a little havoc and have some fun, then tear off, leaving the local authorities to clean up the mess. While such behavior is of little concern to most packs, it offends some purely out of territorial respect, and enrages others because such behavior can create chaos in the Shadow if Ignition gets out of hand and starts screwing around with spirits.

A real concern for some of Santa Fe's werewolves is the abundance of minor loci in the region. Many of the local *Anshega* don't want to look a gift horse in the mouth, and spend little time wondering just why this has happened. Others aren't so willingly ignorant about the matter.

The spread of the loci isn't vastly more exaggerated than in many areas of the world, but some parts of the region do have a significantly high concentration of them not often seen in the Shadow. The werewolves of either faction who seek out an answer to this abundance of spiritual resonance are caught between several possibilities. Some believe the slightly odd wolf-blooded families are causing this "Essence bleed" across the Shadow, to the point where perhaps some property in their bloodlines creating the effects. Some take this further, curious as to whether some latent psychic powers among family members could be generating loci.

There is the growing belief among the *Anshega* that some of the wolf-blooded are actively causing all this. Maybe they have unlocked a new power within their blood, or are enacting a ritual in response to the prodding of dark patrons hidden from the view of their Uratha relatives.

Others believe the opposite of all the above, and insist that the loci are what affect the wolf-blooded, giving them a touch of mental instability, not the other way round.

The majority opinion of both Forsaken and Pure investigating the matter is that there could very well be something behind all this, some unknown force manipulating the Shadow and having an adverse affect on some of the region's wolf-blooded. Claws have been pointed at the Maeltinet and other spirits, at the Hosts, at almost all of the Uratha's traditional enemies, but no pack has found the answer yet. At least, no pack has found the answer and lived to tell others of the tale.

EXTERNAL CONFLICT

The complacency of the Pure is threatened on several sides, even if many of the *Anshega* do not see it. The Forsaken are down but not out. The Maeltinet still slink in corners of the Shadow, feeding from Wounds. The *shartha* have remained well hidden from the dominant werewolves of the region, but the Hosts still crawl and scuttle, out of sight and out of mind. The Bale Hounds also have a significant presence in the region, like a cancer beneath the skin, fouling all they touch.

The Forsaken

The Tribes of the Moon are used to being the underdogs, and in this part of New Mexico, it's been a way of life for the last 10 long years. But the Forsaken aren't out of the game yet. Now is the time when the Forsaken either launch their counterattack to retake their hunting grounds from the Pure or admit defeat for good, since the attrition of the past decade has finally sapped the Forsaken's numbers to breaking point.

The territory the Forsaken do manage to cling to is usually far from the cities and towns, and is made up of hunting grounds that the Pure Tribes either ignore or aren't aware of. Usually it's the former.

Two packs remain in the region, with a scattering of loner Ghost Wolves. These packs both lost members in the Brethren War, and during the years of guerrilla fighting against the Pure since then. The packs co-operate out of necessity, not affection, but the bonds that run among the Forsaken of the region are tight and strong. Any new packs coming into the area are likely to be approached and greeted with relative warmth.

Suspensions might run high, but reinforcements and allies are a valuable resource. The local Forsaken meet at sporadic intervals to coordinate what strikes they will make against the Pure in the future, and new packs are more than likely to be invited once they are trusted.

The two packs that currently dwell out in the wilds of Santa Fe County are the Howlrunners and Last Light. The former, led by a wannabe Mexican gangster by the name of Cholo, is viciously aggressive. Whoever manages to bring Cholo's head to Devil's Daughter or Preys Unseen would earn himself a great deal of renown, for the Howlrunners are the biggest thorn in the Pure's side when it comes to the Forsaken. The Howlrunners are an unwelcome echo of the Brethren War, and the *Anshega* want them dead.

Last Light takes what they consider a more pragmatic approach to dealing with the *Anshega*: Last Light ignores the Pure. Sometimes when the going gets tough, the tough find it more prudent to hide and never fight back. Last Light doesn't see it that way, of course. The packmembers argue that their actions are for self-preservation and show tactical sense, whereas Cholo considers them lazy cowards of the worst order.

The *Urdaga* here need reinforcements. Cholo is considering sending a few of his pack to Colorado and seeking Max Roman's help. The pack has heard of the Forsaken's successes in Denver even down in Santa Fe, and Cholo knows the Forsaken have got resources to spare up north. This can present Storytellers with an easy reason to have a Forsaken pack travel south into New Mexico, following the line of the Rockies into Santa Fe County. In short, Forsaken are needed, and Cholo isn't shy about asking for help. His only problem is making sure whoever he sends actually survives all the Pure packs that have flooded the region.

Other Threats

The Beshilu are here, but they are hidden. The local werewolves know that the Rat Hosts are around, but actually tracking them down proves very difficult. There seems to be a vague pattern behind their destruction of the Gauntlet, chewing it thin across many regions rather than hollowing it out completely over a small area. Such a tactic (if it even is a tactic with these rabid creatures) confuses the Uratha. What purpose could an overall thinner Gauntlet have? Are the Pure even bothered enough to put an end to it?

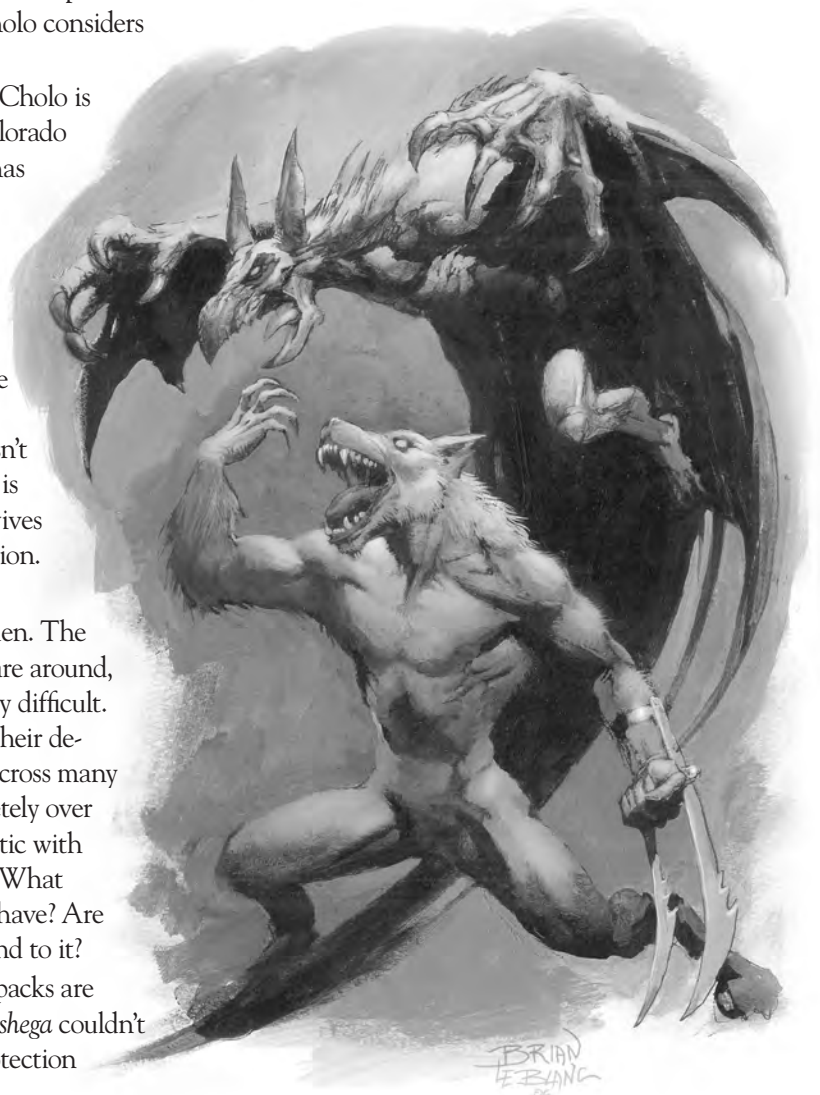
The answer is usually no. Unless their packs are directly threatened by the behavior, the *Anshega* couldn't care less about the *shartha*. Such dutiful protection

of the Shadow and physical world falls on the shoulders of the "misguided" Forsaken. Where the Pure are comfortable with their ignorance regarding the Beshilu, the Forsaken (even the reluctant Last Light) hunt down the Rat Hosts with grim determination. The details of the Rat Hosts' threat might not be made manifest yet, but the *Urdaga* are keen to stop them before they can thin the gauntlet anywhere significant and do serious damage.

And then there is the Other. Many Packs, both Forsaken and Pure, have sensed a great *something* out there in the wilderness. Some packs (such as the *Anshega* pack Absence of Sunlight at Dawn) actively seek the Other out while others disregard it as irrelevant, but the sense of something unknown remains. Why is the region so bountiful in weak loci? Why do several wolf-blooded act so strangely here?

SECRET CONFLICT

Another factor is the denizens of Shadow and the state of the *Hisil* itself. The Pure are not out to take up *Urfarah's* duties, and the worlds can suffer for



that fact. While *Anshega* territory can be no worse than many Forsaken hunting grounds, the fact is that in this part of New Mexico, the land was injured when the Forsaken were beaten out of town. The minor Wounds in and around Santa Fe have had 10 years to blossom and grow, and most either fall under the attention of the Pure because the Wounds present no danger to the packs, or lie outside any claimed territory and therefore are no one's specific jurisdiction. Most of the local Pure care nothing if a few more humans suffer every day because they live close to a Wound. Such concerns simply don't register.

The *Anshega* did destroy most of the truly nasty Maeltnet and Wound-spirits when the Pure took the land from the Forsaken more than a decade ago, but enough remain to present problems for the Shadow. Some parts of New Mexico (usually where the Pure don't mark their hunting grounds) are blackened areas in the Shadow, punctured by infested Wounds. Maeltnet are never common, being the lieutenants of the Maeljin, but they manifest with what the Forsaken consider alarming frequency here.

Another trouble the *Urdaga* must face is that although the myriad weaker loci are generally undefended by any significant enemies, the greatest of the loci are under *Anshega* control and guarded not only by the Pure werewolves but by their *engum* as well. For Forsaken on the offensive (often an unfamiliar role when dealing with the Pure), this new breed of enemy makes the reconquest of New Mexico that much harder.

LOCAL FIGURES

The two dominant packs in the region are Route 666 and Howl of the Before Time, with the former occupying much of Santa Fe city itself and the latter laying claim to a vast expanse of territory in the Sangre de Cristo mountains. The alliance between the two packs has not waned in the years since the Brethren War, and their united front presents a host of problems for any *Anshega* pack seeking to rise to dominance, as well as any Forsaken trying to counterattack the Pure Tribes. The leaders of the two packs, Devil's Daughter and Preys Unseen, are careful to agree with each other in public almost all the time. The local Pure know full well that forcing a wedge between the two packs is an unlikely prospect at best.

Each pack sends a single representative (usually, but not always the pack alpha) to a monthly gathering to renew promises of co-operation and relay any specific news pertinent to the whole region. Usually these meetings take the form of an informal discussion with

the various werewolves explaining to Devil's Daughter and Preys Unseen roughly what they've been up to in the past four or five weeks. The characters detailed after the pack descriptions show just who is most likely to attend this monthly gathering.

HOWL OF THE BEFORE TIME

When the Forsaken talk of the Predator Kings as "primitive monsters," the Forsaken are talking about packs such as Howl of the Before Time. Some *Anshega* struggle with low Harmony, but such worries are beneath the notice of these werewolves. They obey their tribal ban not because they seek to obey *Huzuruth*, but because they are sickened with humanity's modern development and each display shades of Dire Wolf's dispassionate appraisal of lower life forms. Their territory is decorated in places by scattering the remains of humans as boundary markers. Other victims are simply eaten or killed and thrown down the slopes to be found later and reported as climbing accidents. Many members of this 11-strong pack wear the skins of animals and murdered hikers as clothes, when the packmembers bother to wear clothes at all. Others scavenge clothing from the bodies of the pack's victims. Most also wear trophies of past victories — necklaces made from Forsaken finger-bones, skulls hanging from a leather belt and so on.

Howl of the Before Time was instrumental in the Brethren War and remains at the head of the game now. The local Pure offer their respect with a measure of fear, especially to the pack leader. The pack totem is a warped spirit of nature called Scion — an obese naked man with bark-like skin and teeth filed to points, who enjoys dining on the pain of the pack's victims. Scion demands a great deal of such sustenance every month, as well as the promise that no member of Howl of the Before Time will ever mate with a human and have children. The Pure who are aware of this ban upon the pack understand that the members of Howl of the Before Time have sacrificed a great deal for their powerful totem. A few of the local *Anshega* say that the ban means that Preys Unseen and his Predator Kings have found a way to breed with wolves.

PREYS UNSEEN

Tribe: Predator Kings

Mental Attributes: Intelligence Wits Resolve

Physical Attributes: Strength (/ / /) Dexterity (/ / /) Stamina (/ / /)

Social Attributes: Presence Manipulation Composure

Mental Skills: Crafts (Weapons) Investigation Medicine (Basic Anatomy) Occult (Local Shadow) Politics (*Anshega*)



Physical Skills: Athletics Brawl (Life and Death Fights)
Stealth Survival (Wilderness Endurance) Weaponry
(Spear)

Social Skills: Animal Ken (Carnivores) Empathy Intimi-
dation (Terrifying Reputation) Subterfuge

Merits: Allies (Other Alphas) Danger Sense Fast Re-
flexes 2, Fetish (Klaive Spear) 4, Language (First Tongue)
Totem

Primal Urge:

Willpower:

Harmony:

Essence Max/Per Turn: /

Virtue: Prudence

Vice: Wrath

Health: (/ / /)

Initiative: 8 (8/9/10/10) with Fast Reflexes

Defense: (/ / /)

Speed: (/ / /)

Renown: Cunning Glory Honor Purity Wisdom

Gifts: () Call Water Crushing Blow Mask of Rage
Predator's Presence Sense Malice Speak with Beasts
Wolf Blood's Lure; () Hone Rage Father Wolf's Speed
Manipulate Earth Mighty Bound Plant Growth Unending
Fury; () Challenger's Instinct Forest Communion Leach
Rage Primal Howl; () Beast Ride Embrace the Beast
Rekindled Rage Savage Rending

Rituals: ; **Rites:** Any at levels to listed in Chapter Two
of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**

To the local Predator Kings, Preys Unseen is a hero, a living legend, an incarnation of Dire Wolf and the bane of the Forsaken. To the Tribes of the Moon, Preys Unseen is primitive savage without

mercy. Standing at five-foot seven and with a wiry build, Preys Unseen is a diminutive poster boy for the *Ninna Farakh*. His body is covered in claw scars from wounds taken in battle, almost all on his chest, stomach and thighs. Although he is only 34 years old, he has spent the 15 years since his defection from the Blood Talons bringing death to his former tribemates.

A former member of the Lodge of Wendigo (and one who skirted dangerously close to cannibalism then) Preys Unseen was a guerrilla fighter with obvious talents even in his youth with the urban *Suthar Anzuth* of Mexico City. His defection came not as a forced conversion, but as the result of soul-searching — he had never felt comfortable around people even before his Change, and now that he found himself as a member of a superior species, he felt no qualms about regarding humans as below him and hunting them as prey. He went to the Pure Tribes willingly, seeking them out to see if his new outlook would match their own.

It did. Preys Unseen led the seven-strong Howl of the Before Time for some months before the Brethren War brought the pack to New Mexico. His previous pack had splintered over ideological differences, and Preys Unseen (who claimed to have forgotten his human name by this point) led the Predator Kings of the pack away from the others. Lacking any goal and specific hunting ground, Preys Unseen followed the trails north into the United States, letting fate guide his feet.

He heard about the opportunities Santa Fe offered in terms of wilderness and human prey, and Howl of the Before Time joined in the attacks on the region. During the early period of the conflict, Preys Unseen discovered the strange spirit, Scion, in the Sangre de Cristos, and used the totem's powers to help raise the pack to the ranks of the leading packs.

Preys Unseen feels little in the way of pride for the *Anshega* and doesn't care for any notions of honor. What matters to him is victory at any cost, and the satisfaction of his hunter's heart. Around his heck he wears a necklace made of Forsaken fingerbones, with the centerpiece being the broken skull of a Lodge of Garm Rahu who challenged him to single combat several years ago.

ROUTE 666

The outwardly urbane counterpart to the wild ferocity of Howl of the Before Time, Route 666 claims Canyon Road and the Santa Fe Plaza among the pack's sweeping and generous patch of hunting

ground. The packmembers, with the exception of their alpha, all work in trades within the city: some in the art industry, some as musicians and artists and one as a priest in a small, local chapel away from the eyes of tourists.

Before the pack settled in Santa Fe, Route 666 was a nomadic pack that wandered along the Mother Road from state to state, making the journey from Illinois to California and back again every year. They were mostly focused on battles with a regional lodge of the Forsaken that claimed to protect the Shadow of the old road. Usually, the werewolves of this lodge were defeated time and time again, and the Pure soon earned the lodge's eternal enmity. The pack also gained its name from these Forsaken, who used "Route 666" as graffiti code to alert other Forsaken when the Pure pack was due in the region. The alpha of these *Anshega* found that the name stuck among her own pack, and the packmembers changed their name to reflect it.

Devil's Daughter — a deed name also given by the Forsaken and one the alpha herself finds ironic — joined the Brethren War attacks on Santa Fe out of a desire to settle down. The pack was young overall, and though numerous, it was made up of many Fire-Touched and Ivory Claws who had closer ties to urban living than they did to a nomadic lifestyle. Asserting dominance in the war effort and allying with Howl of the Before Time out of mutual recognition that both packs were evenly matched above the others, Route 666 attacked Santa Fe with the intention of settling there. In aftermath, Devil's Daughter's pack changed from traveling salesmen, penniless artists and amateur musicians to comfortable positions within the burgeoning arts scene.

The pack's totem died during the Brethren War, slain by a Maeltinet that Route 666 has still not managed to track down after a decade of searching.

DEVIL'S DAUGHTER

Tribe: Fire Touched

Mental Attributes: Intelligence Wits Resolve

Physical Attributes: Strength (/ / /) Dexterity (/ / /) Stamina (/ / /)

Social Attributes: Presence Manipulation Composure

Mental Skills: Academics Crafts (Fetishes) Investigation (Dream Interpretation) Occult (Local Spirit Bans) Politics (*Anshega*)

Physical Skills: Brawl Drive Stealth Survival Weaponry

Social Skills: Empathy Expression (Whispered Speeches) 4, Intimidation (Off-Hand Threats) 4, Persuasion 4, Street wise



Merits: Allies (Local Alphas) Inspiring Language (First Tongue English) Meditative Mind Resources Totem

Primal Urge:

Willpower:

Harmony:

Essence Max/Per Turn: /

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Greed

Health: (/ / /)

Initiative: (/ / /)

Defense: (/ / /)

Speed: (/ / /)

Renown: Cunning Glory Honor Purity Wisdom

Gifts: Any non auspice Gifts in Chapter Two of **Werewolf:**

The Forsaken and any from Chapter Three of this book

Rituals: ; **Rites:** Any rites from Chapter Two of **Werewolf:**

The Forsaken and any Fire Touched rituals from Chapter Three of this book

The first thing anyone notices about Devil's Daughter is that it's easy to see why the Forsaken named her that way. She has always felt it was her responsibility to cleanse the lies of her packmates by doing penance of her own, and even with supernatural regeneration she is a mess of hideous burn scars. There is simply no way she could ever pass through mortal society unnoticed — or even walk down the street — so she spends most of her time in the converted warehouse that serves as the pack's communal hideout, as well as in the Shadow of the city. She endures weekly burnings, all in order to cleanse her pack of sin. Usually these burnings involve thrusting her hand or face into an open fire, but a few times every year she will opt for something more dramatic,

sometimes going so far as to cover herself in gasoline and setting fire to herself.

Though she makes these sacrifices for her packmates' benefit, she demands that they all assemble to watch her perform the burnings. As the damage to her body worsens over time, she has become less and less capable of active leadership, and now serves as a somewhat revered spiritual leader for the local Fire-Touched. The *Izidakh* in and around the city also come to her to listen to hear her speak of her dreams and visions of Gurim-Ur, which she claims to have almost monthly.

Either no one knows about her past or no one talks about it, because her life before the Brethren War is never discussed openly. It's clear from what remains of the accent in her broken voice and what remains of her skin tone through all the burns, she's African American with fragments of a South African accent.

ROACH BLOOD

Among the downtrodden and the destitute of Santa Fe, Roach Blood ekes out a living. Because the packmembers live on the streets, they interact with the mortals of the city on a regular basis. The packmembers have an impressive series of connections in both local law enforcement and the underworld, and the pack leader is a well-known (and feared) heroin dealer who stays out of police custody by judicious bribery and blackmail.

The pack consists entirely of Predator King members of the Lodge of Vermin's Shadow, and the werewolves live off money taken during burglaries and muggings, as well as their lucrative street-level drug peddling. They are known among the other *Anshega* as a reliable source of underworld information, but their services come at a high price.

Recently, members of Roach's Blood have earned the ire of Route 666 and Howl of the Before Time for a lack of discretion in whom they share information with. It has come to light that they have no qualms about dealing with the Forsaken and have done so in the past.

The pack's totem is spirit of fear and claustrophobia that makes the pack's enemies disorientated and panicked when it focuses on them.

LITTLE MARY

Tribe: Predator Kings

Mental Attributes: Intelligence Wits Resolve

Physical Attributes: Strength (/ / /) Dexterity (/ / /) Stamina (/ / /)

Social Attributes: Presence Manipulation Composure
Mental Skills: Academics Investigation Occult Politics (Anshega)

Physical Skills: Athletics Brawl Drive Larceny Stealth Survival (Streets) Weaponry (Flick Knife)

Social Skills: Empathy Expression Persuasion (Sleazy Seduction) Socialize Streetwise Subterfuge

Merits: Contacts (Local Businessmen) Language (English) Totem

Primal Urge:

Willpower:

Harmony:

Essence Max/Per Turn: /

Virtue: Justice

Vice: Envy

Health: (/ / /)

Initiative: (/ / /)

Defense: (All Forms)

Speed: (/ / /)

Renown: Cunning Purity

Gifts: () Speak with Beasts Mask of Rage Predator's Presence

Rituals: ; **Rites:** () Rite of Dedication

Little Mary is a whore. Before that, she was a waitress, but quit because the money was too bad. Before that, she was a beaten child in an unhappy home in the Mexican town of Juarez, and just before her 14th birthday, she ran away from her abusive, shrieking, religious mother.

Little Mary hangs out with Roach Blood because no other pack in the city wants her, and she's not got the guts to try to make it work with one of the wild



packs. She's very much the omega of Roach Blood, but the others never mistreat her. Instead, Little Mary is more like a little sister to the others, who keep her safe and keep her heroin habit well fed. The pack alpha, Rodrigo, sends Little Mary out to the monthly gathering of the packs and trusts her to be overlooked, ignored — and to come back with any gossip that others don't fear voicing in front of her.

FIRE'S FIRST CHILDREN

The Fire-Touched of the Santa Fe region can appear more human and less monstrous than many of the Predator Kings, but that's not the case with the pack known as Fire's First Children. This pack was responsible for some of the worst local stories to come out of the Brethren War. Fire's First Children was the first pack to “go public” in the conflict, openly battling the Forsaken rather than preying upon them from the shadows. And at first, the Tribes of the Moon treated the *Izidakh* pack as something of a zealous, preachy joke. Dangerous, certainly, but also unsubtle and easy to avoid.

The horror stories arose from packs that lost members in battle to Fire's First Children. The Pure pack always tried to take prisoners, not for interrogation or simple torture, but to save their souls by cleansing their flesh in fire. Even for *Izidakh* zealots, Fire's First Children were harsh with their “sinner” enemies. The pack would erect lynch-crosses outside of town, unseen by the authorities, and would crucify and burn captured Forsaken for a day and a night, before releasing them and telling them to go back to their packs. Soon enough, the stories told by those who survived the process spread around the region, and Fire's First Children gained its reputation as particularly vicious *Anshega* fond of terror tactics (or devout crusaders, depending on whom one believes).

The pack's totem is a living embodiment of cleansing flame hot enough to reduce bones to ash. Unsurprisingly, the totem makes harsh demands of being fed living flesh, and insists that the pack-members can only extinguish the fires they start by drowning the flames in ash mixed with two or more handfuls of each member's blood.

CRUCIBLE

Tribe: Fire Touched

Mental Attributes: Intelligence Wits Resolve

Physical Attributes: Strength (/ / /) Dexterity (/ / /) Stamina (/ / /)

Social Attributes: Presence Manipulation Composure

Mental Skills: Academics Crafts Investigation Medicine Occult Politics (Uratha)



Physical Skills: Athletics Brawl (Urshul) Drive Stealth Survival (Mountains)

Social Skills: Empathy Expression (Religious Dogma) Intimidation (Torture) Persuasion (Honey Tongue) Socialize (Everybody's Friend)

Merits: Allies (Fire spirits) Iron Stomach Language (First Tongue)

Primal Urge:

Willpower:

Harmony:

Essence Max/Per Turn: / (Bleeds /day)

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Greed

Health: (/ / /)

Initiative: (/ / /)

Defense: (/ / /)

Speed: (/ / /)

Renown: Cunning Glory Honor Purity Wisdom

Gifts: () Eyes of Gurim Fever Dreams Know Name Loose Tongue Sense Malice The Right Words Wolf Blood's Lure Disease Gift Fervor Gift; () Camaraderie Father Wolf's Speed Primal Howl Scent of Taint Sand in the Eyes; () Echo Dream Glorious Agony True Leader Trust in Gurim

Rituals: ; **Rites:** Any rites listed in Chapter Two of **Werewolf: The Forsaken** as well as any Fire Touched rituals in Chapter Three of this book

Every Forsaken werewolf's nightmare of the raving Fire-Touched zealot, Crucible is a tall, imposing man with burn scars deforming his hands and with a fierce light in his eyes. He is considered handsome when he covers the lumpy pebble-scarring on his hands and forearms, and is known among all the local Pure as one of the most inspirational speakers

most have ever met. Whereas Devil's Daughter is all whispered prophecy and quiet confidence that glazes the eyes of the Fire-Touched, Crucible is as subtle and restrained as a whirlwind. He even manages to impress some of the local Ivory Claws and Predator Kings with his vicious rants against the Forsaken and his calls for crusades against the *Urdaga*.

At the end of the Brethren War, Crucible preached of the *Anshega* Nation and how an even grander unity awaited the Pure Tribes over the horizon and how the Forsaken would be wiped from the face of the Earth. Ten years on, those cries have fallen silent. Now he preaches a more shallow unification: the unity of a crusade to strike north into Denver and the Rockies, eliminating the threat of Max Roman and Rachel Snow's organized Forsaken territory. Crucible harbors suspicions, unfounded or not, that the Denver Tribes of the Moon represent a future threat to the Santa Fe Pure. Though the Denver Forsaken are distant, they represent an unusually large faction of allied Forsaken, and he believes they will eventually want to extend their reach southward to take more of the Rocky Mountains. At each monthly gathering, he calls for reconnaissance into the area, and a build-up of packs willing to invade north before the Forsaken can come south.

NEGATORY

Negatory is the name given to a pack of three Predator Kings who have a nasty habit of cannibalism. Formed from the survivors of two other packs that broke apart during the Brethren War, Negatory dwells out in the wilds. The pack claims a section of old Route 66 as their territory, when the famous road once came through Santa Fe before the highway was diverted. The packmembers prey upon the drivers of the "old Route" as well as on U.S. 84. The pack's hunting and killing of truckers led to the other *Anshega* naming the pack Negatory. A favored tactic to catch prey is to create what truckers call an "alligator" — blowing a tire on the road. Negatory scatter small pieces of previously crashed trucks across the road so that the driver has to stop, get out and clear the way. And that's when the werewolves strike.

They are generously described as undisciplined and weak by most of the Fire-Touched, and as idiotic by many fellow Predator Kings. It's only because Negatory hangs out away from the city and only causes the kind of trouble that never gets reported, that the pack is allowed to carry on its Hunts.

The pack's totem is a temperamental rattlesnake-spirit called Gravel-Belly that likes to bask on the hot asphalt of the Shadow or physical realm, all risks be damned. The totem makes increasingly harsh demands on how many "alligator" victims the pack must consume.

CHUPE

Tribe: Predator Kings

Mental Attributes: Intelligence Wits Resolve

Physical Attributes: Strength (/ / /) Dexterity (/ / /) Stamina (/ / /)

Social Attributes: Presence Manipulation Composure

Mental Skills: Crafts Occult Medicine Politics (*Anshega*)

Physical Skills: Athletics Brawl (*Urhan*) Drive Fire arms Stealth (*Urhan*) Survival Weaponry

Social Skills: Animal Ken Intimidation Persuasion Streetwise Subterfuge

Merits: Direction Sense Iron Stomach Totem

Primal Urge:

Willpower:

Harmony:

Essence Max/Per Turn: /

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Greed

Health: (/ / /)

Initiative: (/ / /)

Defense: (All Forms)

Speed: (/ / /)

Renown: Cunning Glory Purity

Gifts: () Mask of Rage Predator's Presence Speak with Beasts Wolf Blood's Lure

Rituals: ; **Rites:** None

Chupe (allegedly short for Chupacabra) is a troubled guy. Born with minor brain damage and learning difficulties and cared for by his wolf-blooded family, he Changed during his early teens and was soon picked up by a pack heading toward Santa Fe for the Brethren War. Over the protestations of his family, the pack took the confused, uneducated son to battle, and Chupe became a man and a warrior among the Predator Kings. Now in his late 20s, Chupe is still confused, still uneducated and one hell of a fighter. He also has a dangerous addiction to cannibalism that is only encouraged by the two other members of Negatory, who are both castoffs from other packs in the area and banned from setting foot in Santa Fe. Chupe is allowed to go into town if he wants, though he has difficulties doing anything without his pack there to guide him.

Chupe has a perpetual slack-jawed expression and a propensity to drool when he laughs, which is



a great deal of the time. If something confuses him, he usually reacts by killing it (and often eating it), and Chupe is confused by just about everything. He attends perhaps one of the monthly mass-pack meetings every year, and is always teased or ignored the entire time. Negatory is in danger of being killed by the other local *Anshega* ("a mercy-killing" as Preys Unseen describes it), but Chupe hasn't told his pack, despite the threat being leveled at him several times by other alphas.

STORM ABOVE THE LAND

One of the most diligent *Anshega* packs in the area, one that feels the winds of change and is sure the echoes of the Brethren War aren't quite silent yet, is the *Ninna Farakh* pack Storm Above the Land. The pack's territory is out on the lonely and empty mesas, where few humans ever tread. During the old conflict itself, the packmembers were absent for most of the violence and concerned themselves with picking off the survivors who fled the city. Even now the packmembers rarely bother themselves with much of the greater Pure community, preferring to range alone in the pack's isolated flatland territory, which is shared with the ghosts of the past.

A spiritual pack at heart, Storm Above the Land pays attention to the pack's connections with the Shadow and the tribal totem, while defending the myriad loci that exist in the region. Such sites have

been targets for the remaining Forsaken many times, but Storm Above the Land prefers to keep the packmembers' troubles to themselves, rarely sharing their knowledge of the remaining *Urdaga* with the other *Anshega*.

The pack's totem is a powerful spirit called Whispers of Coming Thunder. It is the hint of the coming storm, a grumble in the sky, a flicker of light at the edge of vision. The spirit attacks slow but hard. It is the distant promise of power, the gentle foreshadowing of a torrential downpour.

BLOOD-ON-THE-STONES

Tribe: Predator Kings

Mental Attributes: Intelligence Wits Resolve

Physical Attributes: Strength (/ / /) Dexterity (/ / /) Stamina (/ / /)

Social Attributes: Presence Manipulation Composure

Mental Skills: Investigation (Mysteries) Medicine Occult (Shadow Realm) Politics (Uratha)

Physical Skills: Brawl Stealth Survival (Mesas Desert)

Social Skills: Animal Ken Empathy Expression Intimidation Persuasion Subterfuge

Merits: Language (First Tongue English) Meditative Mind Totem

Primal Urge:

Willpower:

Harmony:

Essence Max/Per Turn: /

Virtue: Temperance

Vice: Envy

Health: (/ / /)

Initiative: (/ / /)

Defense: (/ / /)

Speed: (/ / /)

Renown: Cunning Glory Honor Purity Wisdom

Gifts: () Death Sight Know Name Mask of Rage Predator's Presence Sense Malice Speak with Beasts; () Ghost Knife Father Wolf's Speed Hone Rage Plant Growth Scent of Taint Unending Fury; () Challenger's Instinct Echo Dream Forest Communion Leach Rage Primal Howl

Rituals: ; **Rites:** () Banish Human Funeral Rite Rite of Dedication, Shared Scent; (2) Banish Spirit, Call Gaffling, Hallow Touchstone Rite of Contrition Rite of Dormancy; () Bind Spirit Call Jagglng Rite of Initiation Wake the Spirit; () Fetish Rite

Blood-on-the-Stones can barely remember who he was as a man, or when he last walked on two feet down a city street. He, like his pack, spends most of his life in his wolf forms, switching to Dalu only to perform rites and speak with spirits. He has forgotten almost all human speech, which has been eroded from his mind because of decades without use and more than 70 years of walking alone with his pack, dealing with Shadow-beings in the First Tongue.



Blood is old and grey-furred and becoming slow-limbed in his advanced age. He finds his passionate hate for the *Urdaga* no longer burns as hot as it did in his youth, and now spends his last days wondering what life would have been had he taken up the duty of the Father and sought to protect the Skin World, rather than letting his Forsaken enemies shoulder the burden of responsibility. To his pack, Blood is every inch the wise, elderly Shaman of the Wilds. The ageing Predator King is careful to keep his growing shame and doubts about the Pure Tribes to himself, so that no other werewolf will ever know that he will die ashamed of his allegiance to the *Anshega*.

IGNITION

Devil's Daughter speaks of the pack through her broken lips: "Every family must have its lost and unruly children." Preys Unseen has called the packmembers "flawed, aimless and blind." To most other packs, Ignition is a group of careless fools and outcasts who band together because no one else wants them around. To themselves, Ignition is Where It's At.

The pack is a biker gang that seems to consider most of the highway and interstate in the area under the pack's "control," though the packmembers have never made any formal declaration of territory and are considered almost nomadic. They are all decked out in matching leather jackets with a crudely painted gang symbol on the back, in the shape of a

red motorcycle framed by black circle — supposedly a lunar eclipse.

Sometimes Ignition cruises into town to party, but Devil's Daughter and the other local alphas have lately put a stop to that, as the pack shows a marked inability to show discretion in front of human witnesses. The pack can usually be found in a bar out of town, or a truck stop, and the only conversation any other Pure is guaranteed to get out of Ignition members is a list of how many Forsaken they've killed or run out of New Mexico lately. What galls many of the more dignified packs in the region is that the members of Ignition often have the evidence to back up their claims, and through sheer numbers and enthusiasm are probably responsible for more Forsaken deaths than any other pack in the years since the Brethren War.

The pack's totem is not a bird, but looks like one — lean and sleek as a hawk diving toward its prey. The totem is a roaring wind-spirit that soars through the air the way the pack tears up the highways and demands that the pack never remain in the same spot for more than two hours, which can make Ignition difficult to track down in a hurry.

EDDIE RAWHIDE

Tribe: Predator Kings

Mental Attributes: Intelligence Wits Resolve

Physical Attributes: Strength (/ / /) Dexterity (/ / /) Stamina (/ / /)

Social Attributes: Presence Manipulation Composure

Mental Skills: Crafts (Bike Repair) Investigation Occult Politics (Anshega)

Physical Skills: Athletics Brawl (Dalu Gauru) Drive (Harleys) 4, Firearms (Sawn-off Shotguns) 3, Survival 3, Weaponry (Knives)

Social Skills: Empathy Expression (Rousing Speeches) Intimidation Socialize Streetwise Subterfuge

Merits: Allies (Gang Leaders) Contacts (Bikers Mechanics Highway Patrol) Fame Fetish (Klaive Knife) Fetish (Betrayal Skull) Language (First Tongue English) Resources Totem

Primal Urge:

Willpower:

Harmony:

Essence Max/Per Turn: /

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Wrath

Health: (/ / /)

Initiative: (/ / /)

Defense: (All Forms)

Speed: (/ / /)

Renown: Glory Honor Purity

Gifts: () Death Sight Mask of Rage Predator's Presence Sense Malice Speak with Beasts; () Ghost Knife Father Wolf's Speed Hone Rage Plant Growth Unending Fury; () Challenger's Instinct Leach Rage Primal Howl () Embrace the Beast

Rituals: ; **Rites:** Rite of Dedication Shared Scent

Every community has its less popular members, its outcasts and its rebels. Rawhide manages to combine all three of those aspects into himself, seasoned with a liberal dose of annoyance. He leads the pack that all other packs hate for various reasons, and does it with pride, with gunfire and atop a howling motorcycle that roars up and down the highways. Rawhide claims that he's misunderstood, which is true to an extent. Many other pack leaders don't understand why he acts the way he does, what he thinks he's achieving or why he could ever believe he deserves respect for screwing up the hunting grounds of other *Anshega* packs.

Eddie has all the answers to that, of course. He Gets Things Done. He is personally responsible for killing more Forsaken than any other werewolf since the end of the Brethren War, and 12 skulls hang off his motorcycle, rattling with the thrum of the engine and showing that his success isn't some lie to impress



anyone. Eddie Rawhide might be an asshole, but he's one of the most dangerous Pure leaders in the region, and he relishes the fact that he's becoming a horror story right up there with Preys Unseen and Devil's Daughter. The former he regards as hopelessly rural, of limited intelligence and without any ambition at all, which makes him a threat to the proactive Predator Kings who live in the region. The latter he believes is many years past her prime and in danger of dragging the local Fire-Touched into complete complacency.

LAUGHING JACKALS

The Laughing Jackals could be any *Anshega* pack. The packmembers work together except when they don't, at which point they temporarily dissolve into hot-blooded fighting, arguing, ideological debates, tribal rivalries and religious differences. When the air clears, they're as tight as ever before — tighter even, and wear their newest scars with pride. Two Fire-Touched, two Predator Kings and one Ivory Claw — they're the poster boys for the Pure Tribes in this patch of New Mexico.

They've got a little turf out by Madrid, and keep mostly to themselves unless they need a hand chasing down a large contingent of Forsaken or are summoned to one of the monthly gatherings. Most of the time, the packmembers spend their days away from one another, meeting once or twice a week to catch up and hang out. Each member is guilty to some degree of the complacency sweeping the region, and they are all united in thinking that the hard work that the Forsaken used to put in across the Gauntlet was a big joke. The packmembers know they've got it good, and while they hate the *Urdaga* for a host of stereotypical tribal reasons, the thing behind most of the Laughing Jackals' opinions on the Forsaken is a big dose of pity that Luna's wolves just don't get to live the easy life.

The pack totem is a vicious disease-spirit that takes the shape of a vulture or a crow, and demands that the pack feed it a pair of human eyes every week.

JOHN "LITTLE HELL" KEELER

Tribe: Fire Touched (formerly Iron Masters)

Mental Attributes: Intelligence Wits Resolve

Physical Attributes: Strength (/ / /) Dexterity (/ / /) Stamina (/ / /)

Social Attributes: Presence Manipulation Composure

Mental Skills: Academics (Religion Art History) Computer Investigation (Research) Occult (Pain Spirits)

Physical Skills: Athletics Brawl Drive Firearms Stealth Survival



Social Skills: Empathy Expression (Painting) Persuasion (Smooth Charm) Socialize Streetwise

Merits: Allies (Wealthy Patrons) Contacts (Local Art Scene) Resources

Primal Urge:

Willpower:

Harmony:

Essence Max/Per Turn: /

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Greed

Health: (/ / /)

Initiative: (/ / /)

Defense: (/ / /)

Speed: (/ / /)

Renown: Cunning Honor Purity

Gifts: () Eyes of Gurim Fever Dream Sense Malice The Right Words

Rituals: ; **Rites:** Banish Human Rite of Dedication Rite of Renunciation

John Keeler is a handsome, witty painter who earned his deed name from a local arts magazine that cited his style appealing to the “little bit of hell in everyone.” His work is fuelled by his fascination with torture and self-flagellation, which in turn arose from his position as Truthcatcher and alpha for the Laughing Jackals. He made quite the splash on the local arts scene in Madrid and Santa Fe, gaining patrons and a reputation for never, ever telling a lie to

a critic, client or colleague. His often less-than-complimentary remarks have made him many rivals, but he still rides a wave of popular press that can make meeting up with his pack difficult at times. He’s very careful about whom he is seen with, and what he does in public.

Truth be told, John needs his pack. He secretly feels validated by his packmates’ presence and their respect for him, and cares nothing for the adoration of patrons, critics or anyone else on the art scene. He paints not out of any great love, but because he feels a diminished sense of responsibility for his own sins if he creates something that pleases others — to him, art is simply another form of penance.

THE BLOOD STREET PREACHERS

The Preachers is another nomadic pack of Pure who spend most of their time tearing up Route 66 and a few months of the year in Santa Fe. The packmembers are known for calling Route 66 “Blood Street,” because that’s all it is to them — an avenue of spilled heart’s blood, a sun-baked ribbon soaked with red. Most of the local *Anshega* regard the Preachers as doing the biker gang thing the right way. Ignition, on the other hand, has a powerful grudge against the Preachers for what Ignition perceives as unfair treatment.

The Blood Street Preachers have access to funds that most nomads envy. Each packmember rides high-end steel beasts; some American, some Japanese, all shiny and new. Some packmembers dress, quite literally, like reverends, and pretend to be such among some backwater towns across the Southern states. Exactly where they acquired this wealth is a mystery to most of the region’s werewolves, though the story goes that the pack alpha used to be a big-shot businessman before he felt the Change.

As Fire-Touched, the packmembers are aggressive, but they’re also passionate about their ideals and are surprisingly open-minded about the Forsaken that the pack meets. The Preachers treat most of the Forsaken the pack comes across a little like lost children who need to be convinced back to the herd.

The pack’s *engum* is a white worm-like creature that guards the Preachers’ main locus in Chimayo. The creature sits in a basement there, coiled around an old statuette of Michael killing Lucifer. The locus is one of pain and suffering, and the Preachers regularly feed the spirit and the Essence font by dragging some poor soul down there and chaining him up to starve to death.



REVEREND WINTER

Tribe: Fire Touched

Mental Attributes: Intelligence Wits Resolve

Physical Attributes: Strength (/ / /) Dexterity (/ / /) Stamina (/ / /)

Social Attributes: Presence Manipulation Composure

Mental Skills: Academics (Route History) Occult (Local Loci) Politics (Anshega)

Physical Skills: Athletics Brawl Drive (Harleys) Stealth Survival (On the Road) Weaponry (Hatchet)

Social Skills: Empathy Expression (Preaching) Intimidation (Subtle Threats) Persuasion Streetwise Subterfuge (Barefaced Lies)

Merits: Allies (Hidden Financial Patron) Fetish (Klaive Hatchet) Language (First Tongue) Resources

Primal Urge:

Willpower:

Harmony:

Essence Max/Per Turn: /

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Gluttony

Health: (/ / /)

Initiative: (/ / /)

Defense: (/ / /)

Speed: (/ / /)

Renown: Cunning Glory Honor Purity Wisdom

Gifts: Any one to three dot non auspice Gifts in Chapter Two of **Werewolf: The Forsaken** and any one to three dot Disease and Fervor Gifts from Chapter Three of this book

Rituals: ; **Rites:** Any rites from Chapter Two of **Werewolf: The Forsaken** and any Fire Touched rituals from Chapter Three of this book

Winter keeps up his pack's reverend act 24/7, living it day in and day out. But his preaching is all about *Taga Dan* and the righteousness of the Pure, rather than any talk of Jesus and the gospels. Reverend Winter is another of the local *Izidakh* who claim to have visions from Gurim-Ur, and has even considered "laying them all down in some kind of Bible of sorts," from time to time. However, writing isn't the Reverend's strong point, and he's usually distracted by pack duties.

He's a harsh taskmaster and demands a lot of the Blood Street Preachers. Always a perfectionist (even when he was a farmer before his Change 15 years ago), he works hard not to tread on the wrong toes and to respect the hunting grounds of other packs.

THE TOWN ELDERS

A very well-connected and wealthy Ivory Claws pack, the Town Elders quite literally controls the little town of Agua Fria. This small town has a population of approximately 2,000 people, most of whom don't know whom they serve. The important humans, however, know all too well. All the major landowners, business owners and politicians all know who they serve — the Town Elders.

This pack of five is urbane, business-minded and probably the wealthiest pack in the region. The packmembers dole out rewards to those humans and *Anshega* who serve the pack well, even extending this largesse to Ghost Wolves who work for the pack as hired help, enforcers, scouts and so on. The pack is embedded in Agua Fria, driven deep into it like a splinter. The Town Elders themselves own almost 50% of the land in and around town, and they call it all territory.

The pack's totem is unknown to the other *Anshega* of the region, and the pack like it that way. The real reason is that the pack's totem was destroyed in the Brethren War, and the pack has not found a suitable replacement. The packmembers tend to test out spirits like trial employees, killing those that don't measure up.

JOSEF COBURN

Tribe: Ivory Claws

Mental Attributes: Intelligence Wits Resolve

Physical Attributes: Strength (/ / /) Dexterity (/ / /) Stamina (/ / /)

Social Attributes: Presence Manipulation Composure

Mental Skills: Investigation (Corporate Dealings) Medicine Occult Politics (Anshega)

Physical Skills: Athletics Brawl Drive (Ferrari) Forearms (Pistols) Stealth Survival Weaponry



Social Skills: Expression Intimidation (Brutal) Persuasion (Sweet Talking) Socialize Streetwise Subterfuge

Merits: Ambidextrous Fetish (Parasite Shard) Resources
Weaponry Dodge

Primal Urge:

Willpower:

Harmony:

Essence Max/Per Turn: /

Virtue: Temperance

Vice: Greed

Health: (/ / /)

Initiative: (/ / /)

Defense: (/ / /) with Weaponry Dodge

Speed: (/ / /)

Renown: Cunning Honor Purity

Gifts: () Mask of Rage Warning Growl Wolf Blood's Lure

Rituals: ; **Rites:** Rite of Dedication

Josef was a late Changer. When his wolf's blood called to him, he was already in his early 40s and looking for a way to flee disgrace and imprisonment for criminal acts involving other people's money in the stock market. When the Change hit him, he ran south. He ran to get away from the law, to get away from anyone who knew him and to get away from the person he was.

When he found his way into the Town Elders after a miserable six years in the tourist industry, he became Mister J. Coburn again. He was still at the bottom of his new pecking order, but the Elders recognized a kindred spirit in Coburn (someone

who could likewise screw people over for vast sums of money without getting caught) and brought him on board as the unofficial omega. Now Coburn lords it over the poorer *Anshega* of the region, and it galls him to the bone that so few give a damn about his money. When he turns up to the monthly pack-meet on behalf of the Agua Fria Town Elders, he's polite and attentive, never failing to suggest a viable course of action if he sees the chance to make a good impression on those he respects, or just to show off to those he doesn't.

THE SILVER RUSH

Not all of the *Anshega* despise the opportunities offered by the Mother of the werewolf race, and not all Pure loathe her Lune children with unchangeable hatred. Some Pure are curious to learn what secrets Mother Moon will tell and master powers only she can grant, but these Pure wish to do so on their terms. The Silver Rush is a pack renowned in *Anshega*-controlled New Mexico as idealistic seekers, hunting after a better relationship with Luna and her Lunes, but without ever bending knee to her as the Forsaken do. The packmembers recognize her power, but they also recognize her insanity.

Of all Pure packs in the area, the Silver Rush is considered among the most unusual. The packmembers actively (though covertly, out of necessity) hold friendships with several Lunes, and have created private rites to commune with Luna without abasing themselves at her feet or begging for her forgiveness. They don't want her blessing — they just want the powers she can bestow. Their curious relationship with some Lunes does not mesh well with the remaining Forsaken, however. Most of the *Urdaga* think the Silver Rush werewolves deluded beyond help, trying to have their cake and eat it, too. And yet even if these Pure aren't successful in claiming the same connection with Luna that the Forsaken possess, the Tribes of the Moon are still understandably uncomfortable around the pack.

The packmembers claim that they are part of a very small global *Anshega* lodge dedicated to dealing with Luna on unique terms, but for all their bluster, the other packs in the region haven't been all that impressed with the results so far. The Silver Rush has suffered two defections to the Forsaken during the past three years, and such treachery doesn't sit well in the eyes of the other local Pure. Voices are beginning to whisper that maybe the pack is dealing with forces it isn't capable of handling.



The pack's totem is a Lune magath blended with a Helion into a horrific beast that demands prayers and sacrifices at various hours of the day and night.

THEIA

Tribe: Ivory Claws

Mental Attributes: Intelligence Wits Resolve

Physical Attributes: Strength (/ / /) Dexterity (/ / /) Stamina (/ / /)

Social Attributes: Presence Manipulation Composure

Mental Skills: Academics Computer Occult (Lunes)

Physical Skills: Athletics Brawl Drive Stealth Survival

Social Skills: Empathy Expression (Poetry) Persuasion (Whiny Voice) Socialize Subterfuge

Merits: Fleet of Foot Meditative Mind Resources Totem

Primal Urge:

Willpower:

Harmony:

Essence Max/Per Turn: /

Virtue: Prudence

Vice: Sloth

Health: (/ / /)

Initiative: (/ / /)

Defense: (All Forms)

Speed: (/ / /)

Renown: Purity Wisdom

Gifts: () Loose Tongue Ivory Claw Gift Warning Growl Wolf Blood's Lure

Rituals: ; **Rites:** Rite of Dedication

Theia grew up in Santa Fe — the daughter of a blue-collar Chicano family that became increasingly pushed out of the city center as the newcomers came to town and renovated it with their burgeoning

arts and tourist scenes. She grew up poor under the name Mary, wearing handed-down clothes and had a miserable time at a high school populated by kids who hated her. When she Changed, it was during track practice, and six girls died in the horror that followed. Even in a state of pure fury, bordering on *Kuruth*, Mary sought out the girls who had picked on her the most, and made them pay for it.

That was six years ago. To Theia, now a young woman in her 20s, the Brethren War is history, not a memory. She is one of the newest *Anshega* in the region, and her hate for the Forsaken is a hollow, untested spite that knows no real depth beyond obedience to what she has been told to feel.

She pities the *Urdaga* and their misguided ways, but feels no real hatred for an enemy she has never truly met. Secretly, when the Silver Rush sends her to the pack-gatherings as a representative, she wonders why the other Pure get so riled up over a bunch of losers who got their butts kicked 10 years ago. Theia is named for the planetoid that smashed into the Earth billions of years ago, eventually forming the Moon. She was given the name by the Silver Rush's alpha, who noticed her passionate curiosity about where Luna came from, and what other aspects of Pangaea could have influenced the Mother's decision to punish all the People, rather than just the patricidal criminal ancestors of the Forsaken.

ABSENCE OF SUNLIGHT AT DAWN

This pack of spiritual werewolves keeps themselves to themselves, only rarely making contact with the other Pure in the area. The pack serves an unknown totem, but each packmember bears fresh scars and slice wounds that trickle blood every time the packmember speaks with other *Anshega*. None of the pack deigns to discuss these strange injuries, calling them only "our sacrifice."

The pack is nomadic, always on the outskirts of other packs' hunting grounds and never really crossing the boundaries enough to arouse interest or deserve retribution. No matter the pack's travels, the pack always stays in New Mexico, and some of the more aware *Anshega* have noticed that Absence of Sunlight at Dawn's movements seem to be betraying some kind of instinctive search pattern. What the pack is seeking, no one outside the pack knows, but the Forsaken have also noticed this apparent "questing" and are trying to put a stop to it.

The Forsaken aware of Absence of Sunlight at Dawn hunt the pack endlessly. The four Predator Kings who make up this pack are ruthlessly skilled in battle and have managed to avoid casualties so far, but they are aware that their pack is riding high on the *Urdaga's* hit list. In the most recent battle between these Pure and Cholo's Howlrunners, the packmembers laughed off accusations that they were trying to resurrect one of the slain idigam, but still offered no clue as to what they were seeking.

SILENT-IN-THE-DESERT-WIND

Tribe: Predator King

Mental Attributes: Intelligence Wits Resolve

Physical Attributes: Strength (/ / /) Dexterity (/ / /) Stamina (/ / /)

Social Attributes: Presence Manipulation Composure

Mental Skills: Medicine (First Aid) Occult (Local Shadow) Politics (Anshega)

Physical Skills: Athletics Brawl Stealth Survival Weaponry (Fetish Spear)

Social Skills: Animal Ken Empathy Intimidation (Silent Treatment)

Merits: Brawling Dodge, Direction Sense, Fast Reflexes 2, Fetish (Klaive Spear) Iron Stamina Language (First Tongue) Totem

Primal Urge:

Willpower:

Harmony:

Essence Max/Per Turn: /

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Gluttony

Health: (/ / /)

Initiative: 7 (7/8/9/9) with Fast Reflexes

Defense: (All Forms) with Brawling Dodge

Speed: (/ / /)

Renown: Glory Honor Purity Wisdom

Gifts: () Mask of Rage Predator's Presence Speak with Beasts

Rituals: ; **Rites:** Shared Scent

Silent is a seeker, nothing more, nothing less. He guides his pack on the hunt for a long-dormant, silent spirit god buried somewhere under the sage- and juniper-dotted desert flats of New Mexico. It is an obsession that burns through him to his core — the first thing he thinks of upon waking and the last thing occupying his thoughts before sleep. He lives and breathes this search, believing that at the end of the hunt, his own dominance over the entire region awaits.

Silent was handsome before the mesas and the desert weathered his features, leaving him pockmarked and with a perpetual squint, as well as about 30 pounds underweight. He is not the pack alpha,



but is trusted to attend the monthly Pure gatherings in (or around) Santa Fe. Ironically, he is a silent representative, since he cut out his own tongue with a silver knife so that no one could ever learn of his allegiance to the Lodge of Night's Fear. Even his own packmates — all obsessive about their lodge and their search — consider Silent to be a little unnerving in his fervor.

DOGS OF CHIMAYO

The pack consists mainly of small-time drug dealers and other criminals who scratch out a comfortable living in Chimayo and surrounding villages. The alpha tries to join in with any communal *Anshega* activity, but the packmembers as often as not find themselves shunned by Preys Unseen and Devil's Daughter for reasons neither leader has yet voiced. The Dogs of Chimayo are on good terms with most of the other packs in the region, and frequently arrange parties or get-togethers with other like-minded werewolves, most notably Ignition and the Laughing Jackals.

The pack totem is a shadowy beast that never manifests in the physical world, and demands that its pack cause several non-violent human deaths every month.

ADELITA SUNDANCER

Tribe: Ivory Claws (Bale Hound)

Mental Attributes: Intelligence Wits Resolve

Physical Attributes: Strength (/ / /) Dexterity (/ / /) Stamina (/ / /)

Social Attributes: Presence Manipulation Composure

Mental Skills: Occult (Local Wounds) Politics (Anshega)

Physical Skills: Athletics Brawl Drive Stealth Survival Weaponry (Fetish Iron Bar)

Social Skills: Empathy Expression Intimidation (Brutal Threats) Persuasion Socialize Streetwise Subterfuge (Outright Lies)

Merits: Fetish (Klaive Iron Bar) Iron Stomach Totem

Primal Urge:

Willpower:

Harmony:

Essence Max/Per Turn: /

Virtue: Prudence

Vice: Envy

Health: (/ / /)

Initiative: (/ / /)

Defense: (/ / /)

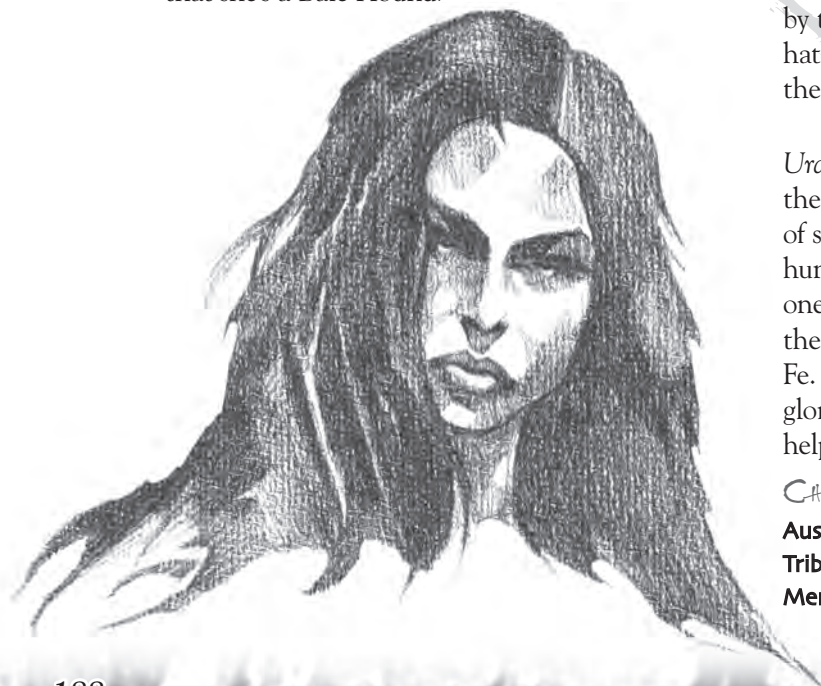
Speed: (/ / /)

Renown: Cunning Glory Honor Purity

Gifts: () Death Sight Partial Transformation Warning Growl; () Luna's Dictum as well as some secret Bale Hound Gifts

Rituals: ; **Rites:** Funeral Rite Rite of Dedication as well as some secret rites known only to the Bale Hounds

Adelita is a woman with a secret. Although she has the absolute trust of her pack and doesn't seem to stand out from any of the other Pure in the region, she is wary of ever making herself too well-known or doing anything particularly worthy of recognition. Too much attention might bring out the truth — that she's a Bale Hound.



Just as so many of her wretched peers, Adelita joined the *Asah Gadar* with her eyes open, knowing full well what she was getting into. Since the Brethren War, she has watched the continual decline of the area's Shadow, and became certain that ultimately the Pure are going to lose. They will not lose to the Forsaken, but to the Pure's hidden enemies that thrive in the *Anshega's* lack of care for the Shadow Realm. She sought out one of the local Maeltinets that plague the region, and promised her soul in exchange for assurances that when the Pure finally fell to the spreading Wounds, the Maeljin would spare her. She fell to darkness not out of hate but out of pragmatism and fear.

For such a slender woman, Adelita possesses incredible strength and a gymnast's grace to top it off. Many Forsaken (and secretly, Pure) have underestimated her physical prowess, never living to regret their mistakes.

THE HOWLRUNNERS

The Howlrunners is one of the few Forsaken packs that have managed to maintain a hold in the region, and the packmembers are hanging on by the skin of their teeth. An eight-strong pack of Pueblo Native Americans and Chicano residents of Santa Fe, the packmembers stay alive by always keeping one step ahead of the competition. The *Anshega* of the region hunt the pack mercilessly, always reaching towns only hours after the Howlrunners have made a break for it and moved on. More than one Pure pack has left its hunting ground to track and kill the Howlrunners, only to find that on return, the pack's loci have been drained and the pack's spirit-allies annihilated by the quick-moving Forsaken. The *Anshega* might hate the Howlrunners above all Forsaken packs, but the Pure at least respect this pack.

This pack is also the one that seeks out any new *Urdaga* in the region, with packmembers going out of their way to explain the lay of the land, the locations of safe wilderness loci and where the *Anshega* claim hunting grounds. The Howlrunners' vision is a simple one: one day the Forsaken are going to rise again, and the Howlrunners will lead the charge back into Santa Fe. The pack leader is more than willing to share the glory, and in the meantime, he's more than willing to help other Forsaken kick the Pure where it hurts.

CHOLO

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Blood Talons

Mental Attributes: Intelligence Wits Resolve



Physical Attributes: Strength (/ / /) Dexterity (/ / /) Stamina (/ / /)

Social Attributes: Presence Manipulation Composure

Mental Skills: Academics Crafts (Cars) Investigation Occult Politics (Urdaga)

Physical Skills: Athletics (Climbing Sprinting) Brawl (Dalu) Drive (Stick shift Cars) Stealth Survival Weaponry

Social Skills: Empathy Expression Intimidation (Brutal) Persuasion Socialize Streetwise (Blue Collar Areas) Subterfuge

Merits: Contacts (Family) Fleet of Foot Language (First Tongue) Resources Totem

Primal Urge:

Willpower:

Harmony:

Essence Max/Per Turn: /

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Wrath

Health: (/ / /)

Initiative: (/ / /)

Defense: (All Forms)

Speed: (/ / /)

Renown: Cunning Glory Honor Purity Wisdom

Gifts: () Blending Left Handed Spanner Partial Change Mask of Rage Sense Malice Sense Weakness Wolf Blood's Lure; () Father Wolf's Speed Hone Rage Nightfall Slip Away

Rituals: : Rites: All one and two dot rites in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**

As a kid, Marc Velarde always wanted to be a gangster. He loved the image, the attitude, the respect. He was always a wannabe in his teens; he had the bandanas and the khakis and the low rider, but

he never had the attitude or the gang to hang with. When he Changed, that all changed, too.

Cholo is too young to remember the Brethren War as a werewolf. He joined the Howlrunners a few years after the conflict, and all he's known for his entire life as one of the People is living under the heels of the Pure. Five years ago, he got sick of showing his throat, and decided to fight back. He rebuilt the shattered Howlrunners out of two fragmented packs, and started pushing them into savage guerrilla raids on *Anshega* hunting grounds. Across the world, the Forsaken tell stories of how the Pure Tribes strike from nowhere and retreat without a sign. Cholo has never heard those stories, but he's doing it right back to the Pure just on instinct.

He still dresses like a Chicano gangster, but now the badder-than-thou attitude isn't fake. He drives his packmates hard, expects the best from them and does his damndest to keep them alive no matter the odds. Those who don't know him well believe he's ambitious and wants to head up the Forsaken counterattack as some kind of war-leader. The truth is that he's sick of eating dirt and just wants results, no matter who is calling the shots. All the Howlrunners are aware that Cholo has a voracious appetite for learning new rituals, seeking every single advantage he can find.

THE LAST MISERY JESTER

The Brethren War saw the destruction of one of the three packs that led the Pure; one of these was the Misery Jesters. To the *Anshega*, these werewolves are dead and lost — regrettable casualties in the war for New Mexico. What really happened remains a secret to this day, kept by the one survivor of the Misery Jesters and those Forsaken loyal to him.

JOSE "BLACKMARK" GARCIA

Tribe: Hunters in Darkness (formerly Predator Kings)

Mental Attributes: Intelligence Wits Resolve

Physical Attributes: Strength (/ / /) Dexterity (/ / /) Stamina (/ / /)

Social Attributes: Presence Manipulation Composure

Mental Skills: Medicine (First Aid) Occult (Local Spirits) Politics (Uratha Local *Anshega*)

Physical Skills: Athletics Brawl (Urshul) Stealth Survival Weaponry (Klaive Dagger)

Social Skills: Animal Ken Expression Intimidation Persuasion Socialize Subterfuge

Merits: Direction Sense Fetish (Klaive Dagger) Inspiring Language (First Tongue English) Meditative Mind

Primal Urge:

Willpower:

Harmony:



Essence Max/Per Turn: /

Virtue: Prudence

Vice: Sloth

Health: (/ / /)

Initiative: (/ / /)

Defense: (All Forms)

Speed: (/ / /)

Renown: Cunning Glory Honor Purity Wisdom

Gifts: () Call Water Mask of Rage Partial Change
Predator's Presence Speak with Beasts Two World Eyes;
() Feet of Mist Manipulate Earth Plant Growth Read
Spirit Unending Fury; () Challenger's Instinct Command
Fire Gauntlet Cloak Primal Howl

Rituals: ; **Rites:** All one to three dot rites in **Werewolf:
The Forsaken**

Jose was the one to survive the *Urdaga's* vengeance upon his pack, but not because he is particularly skilled in battle. It was because he defected. The Misery Jesters were brought down in a fair fight, true enough, but Jose was the one who secretly arranged for the packs to meet and battle each other. The death of his former packmates is not something he regrets. He regards his Rite of Initiation into the *Meninna* as a second chance at life, to take up the Father's duties as the People should be, rather than worshipping him or deriding him as the Pure are wont to do.

Now Jose is Blackmark — a joking reference made by the other Forsaken about Garcia's previous

allegiance. He wanders the wilds alone most of the time, occasionally spending time with a Forsaken pack in the area and helping them understand just how the Pure operate and the ideologies behind their hatred. His insights are invaluable to Cholo and the other Forsaken leaders in the area, who often come to Blackmark asking for assistance in staging assaults against the Pure.

LAST LIGHT

The members of Last Light were nobodies when the Forsaken claimed New Mexico, and the packmembers are nobodies now. At least, that's how the Howlrunners describe their reluctant allies. The truth is that Last Light always kept away from the other Forsaken, and that isolation helped when the Brethren War broke out, since the pack had an easier time fading into the wilds and hiding from the Pure than most packs. Most of the local *Anshega* aren't even aware that Last Light is even in the area, which suits these werewolves fine.

It's not all cowardice, though. The packmates see themselves as being realistic about what they can achieve — five werewolves of low Renown, few notable skills, little battle experience — they know that any attacks against the Pure are likely to end with the Forsaken's own deaths. Because of this fearful pragmatism, the Howlrunners give the pack very little respect when the *Urdaga* gather, even though Cholo still insists he wants the two packs to work together.

TOMAS CHAVEZ

Auspice: Elodoth

Tribe: Storm Lords

Mental Attributes: Intelligence Wits Resolve

Physical Attributes: Strength (/ / /) Dexterity
(/ / /) Stamina (/ / /)

Social Attributes: Presence Manipulation Composure

Mental Skills: Academics Computer Investigation
Medicine Occult (Local Shadow) Politics (Forsaken)

Physical Skills: Athletics Brawl (Headbutts) Drive
Firearms Stealth (Going to Ground) Survival (Forests
Mountains) Weaponry

Social Skills: Empathy Intimidation (Veiled Threats)
Persuasion Socialize Streetwise Subterfuge (Cover
ing His Tracks)

Merits: Allies (Other Forsaken) Danger Sense Fast Reflexes 1, Language (First Tongue) 2, Resources 1

Primal Urge:

Willpower:

Harmony:

Essence Max/Per Turn: /

Virtue: Hope



Vice: Envy

Health: (/ / /)

Initiative: 8 (8/9/10/10) with Fast Reflexes

Defense: (All Forms)

Speed: (/ / /)

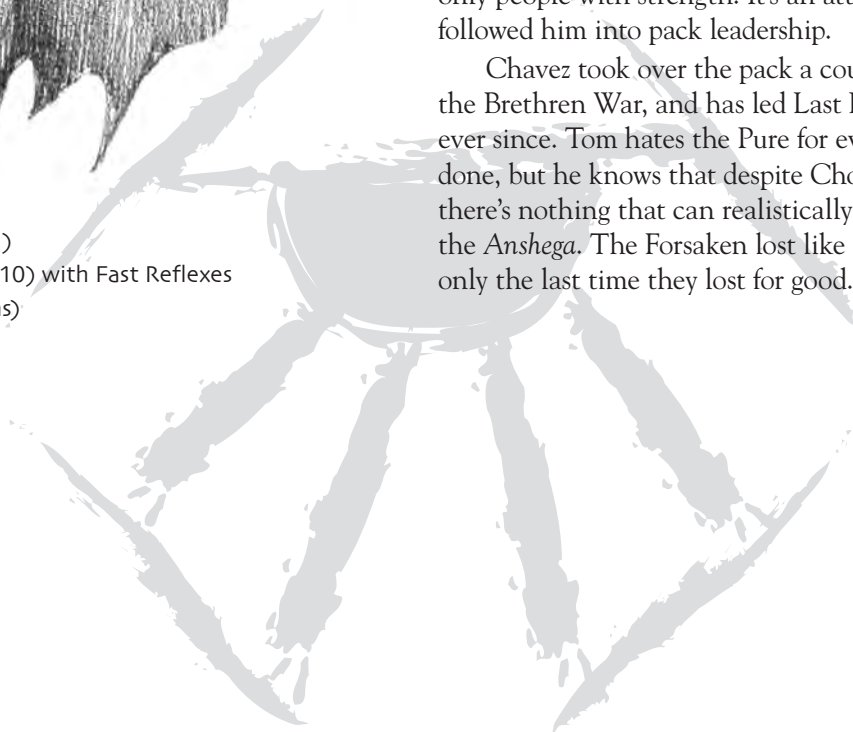
Renown: Cunning Glory Honor Purity Wisdom

Gifts: () Loose Tongue Scent Beneath the Surface Sense Malice Ward Versus Predators Warning Growl; () Luna's Dictum Sand in the Eyes Silent Fog Ward Versus Humans; (3) Voice of Command; (4) Break the Defiant

Rituals: ; **Rites:** () Rite of Dedication; () Call Human Cleansed Blood Hallow Touchstone; () Bind Human Rite of Initiation

Tomas grew up in a Latino family that had been in the region for two generations. At school and work, he spent many years being beaten down by the racial tension between the Chicanos and Latinos of Santa Fe, and where some learned to hate right back, Tomas learned to take whatever was thrown at him. Some called him weak, but he felt he was one of the only people with strength. It's an attitude that has followed him into pack leadership.

Chavez took over the pack a couple of years after the Brethren War, and has led Last Light into hiding ever since. Tom hates the Pure for everything they've done, but he knows that despite Cholo's enthusiasm, there's nothing that can realistically be done about the *Anshega*. The Forsaken lost like they always lose, only the last time they lost for good.



CHANGELING

COMING IN 2007