

HUNTING GROUND: THE ROCKIES™



the World of Darkness®

WEREWOLF
THE FORSAKEN™

2004

*"No matter how taxing or hard-won
our victory in Denver, it was still only one victory.
We have other prey to hunt."*

—Rachel Snow, Storm, Lord Elodeth of the Echoes of Thunder

This book includes:

- Details on the werewolves of the Rockies — pack after pack usable as allies, rivals or blood enemies
- History on the War for Denver and the influence of the idigam on the area, as well as the problems it creates for new arrivals
- A sample story suitable for use with local, visiting or transplanted packs



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THE FORSAKEN

HUNTING GROUND: THE ROCKIES™



By CHRIS CAMPBELL, RICK JONES, JONATHAN MCFARLAND AND MATTHEW J. ROURKE
WORLD OF DARKNESS™ CREATED BY MARK REIN•HAGEN

Moriarty stretched his back and bared his teeth to the full moon. He waited until the prey's limo passed Lincoln Park before signaling the attack. No reason to piss off the pack that hunted there by picking a fight on its turf. The stretch of road beyond the park was fair game, though. Nobody had claimed the territory there since the city had been liberated.

With the signal given, the hunt was officially on. Moriarty gunned his Harley, rocketing up alongside the limousine, and drew a sawed-off shotgun from under his leather jacket to blast the limo driver and cause

a wreck. The driver caught the alpha's intent, however, braking just as Moriarty fired and then swerving the car's fender into the rear of his bike. It took all the strength of the Uratha's Dalu form to keep the bike from fishtailing off the road, and he still had to drop his gun and veer onto the shoulder to dodge an oncoming Mustang.

While Moriarty struggled to regain control, the remainder of Black Moon Extreme rammed the rear of the limo with the pack's Range Rover, pushing the vehicle into oncoming traffic, where it smashed into the sports car struggling to avoid Moriarty's bike. The Mustang's driver crashed through the windshield onto the hood. Gibson narrowly avoided the mess, skidding the SUV to a halt mere inches from tables full of screaming patrons at a sidewalk café.

Always quick to react, Solo, BMX's resident "rock god," stepped from the back of the Range Rover, pistol in hand, firing wildly into the limousine's windshield to pin the driver down. Everyone in the area started running. Good thing, too, Moriarty thought. Last thing we need is another

earful about the Oath. Taking advantage of the cover fire, he abandoned his hog and switched to Urshul, the better to close the distance between himself and his prey.

Only slightly slower to respond than Solo, the rest of BMX -- Gibson, Buzz and Firewalker -- piled out of the SUV, changing to Dalu. Almost simultaneously, the pack's prey stepped from the driver's side of the limo, her face a mask of fury, fangs bared. Moving faster than a human eye could follow, the vampire managed to dodge the hurtling dire-wolf form of the pack alpha and to rake the beast's flanks

with her own set of wicked black claws.

"Look out, Moriarty," called Buzz. "The bitch is a lot tougher than she looks."

Gibson and Firewalker shifted to their war forms; Solo and Buzz remained in Dalu. Moriarty himself, still stinging from the bloodsucker's claws, stood erect in Gauru form,

howling his fury to the full moon. Just then, shots rang out from within the limousine. Though the shooter was obviously firing blindly, perhaps as a result of injuries from the crash, perhaps a victim of Lunacy, one bullet passed cleanly through Moriarty's left arm. The Rahu yelped.

Silver, he thought, clutching his arm in shock.

Leaping on his back, the vampire grasped Moriarty's shoulders, digging in her claws for purchase. Where the fuck did she come from? he thought, Death Rage clawing at his mind.

"Like that?" the vampire whispered, going for Moriarty's neck. "Even you ignorant shits can't have expected five clumsy assaults such as this to go unnoticed. Now, hold still. It'll only hurt for a minute."



"Motherfucker!" Solo exclaimed. Reaching into his jacket, the Cahalith produced one of Gibson's homemade pipe bombs. He lit it and hurled it through one of the limousine's rear windows. The explosion tore through the interior of the limo, and a rain of shrapnel and fire erupted from the open door in front of BMX's alpha.

Surprised by the fiery explosion, the vampire relaxed her grip on Moriarty and instinctively turned her head from both the blast and the werewolf's exposed neck. Seizing the opportunity, the Rahu reached back with his good arm and grabbed the vampire by the head, hurling her over her vehicle toward his packmates.

In response, both Gibson and Firewalker leapt to intercept her hurtling form -- only to meet fog instead of flesh in midair and overshoot the creature. The mist swirled swiftly around a manhole cover to disappear beneath.

"No fuckin' way!" Solo snarled, yanking the cover off -- only to reveal a swarm of rats, which surged at the werewolves, the accident site and the few café patrons who remained hiding under their tables.

"Fuckin' rats. Shit!" Solo screamed, twisting madly to shake the vermin off his chest.

"We're done here, guys." Buzz was stomping and kicking at the pests, but glancing up the street. "The vamp's gone, and I hear sirens."

Howling in pain and frustration, Moriarty shifted back to Dalu.

"She's right," he growled, limping over to his bike. "Let's roll."

"That was weak," Solo said. "That bitch made us look like total losers."

Moriarty had been dreading hearing this whining crap the whole ride back to the pack's warehouse. He was just glad he hadn't had to ride back in the Range Rover. He'd probably have lost it.

"Come on," Gibson offered. "It's not that bad. So the vampire got away -- big deal. We've bagged five already, and the bloodsuckers are obviously hella scared of us or their flunkies wouldn't be packing silver, right?"

"But they are packing silver, and I got my ass kicked like a fuckin' punk!" Moriarty spat, as he bound his still-bleeding arm.

"Hey, man, nobody's blaming you," Firewalker said. "Everybody did their job. Buzz's info about the vamp was right on, you and Solo engaged the leech, and Gibson and I were backup."

"Some backup," Solo mumbled.

"Hey, I didn't see you doing so hot back there either," Gibson fired back. "The most effective thing you did is throw a pipe bomb that I made, you damn prima donna."

"You want to see me use a pipe bomb effectively? Why don't I shove it up your--"

"Everybody shut the fuck up!" Moriarty snarled. "If one more of you pussies starts whining, I swear I'll kick all your asses!"

"Hey, c'mon, dude. We were just blowing off steam."

"Yeah, it's just one lousy vampire." Solo opined, pulling a beer out of the fridge. "We'll hunt her skank ass down tomorrow night. Why get so bent out of shape?"



Moriarty just couldn't take it anymore. He knew exactly who was at fault. He was the pack alpha. He was the damn Rahu, for God's sake.

"You guys just don't get it. We blew it! You know it, I know it, and by now, every damn Uratha in Denver knows it! All we ever hear from the elders is, 'Don't go messing around with those bloodsuckers 'til you've got some more years behind you,' and, 'You whelps are just asking for trouble, riling the vampires.' And we could flip those guys the double deuce 'cause damned if we weren't five-for-five dusting vamps, while they were busy explaining to the flower-spirits how sorry they were they folded like cheap suits when things got tough with Gurdilag." He knew the pack was staring at him, stunned, but he was looking at the wall. He wasn't quite ready to make eye contact yet.

"Now, though, we get to hear the bastards say, 'We told you so,' and, 'Maybe you'll pay more attention to what your betters have to say from now on.' Well, fuck that shit, and fuck you guys. I'm out of here."

"Dude, calm down," said Firewalker. "You just got shot with a damn silver bullet. Hell, you're still bleeding."

"James is right, 'Arty," Buzz pleaded. "You need time to heal. Why don't you get some rest?"

"If you need to blow off steam, we could play some X-Box," suggested Gibson. "I just got a new--"

"Just let me be, OK? I'll be back when I get back." And with that, Moriarty kicked-started his bike and screeched off into the night.

"Be careful," Firewalker shouted after him.

"And they call me a prima donna?" mumbled Solo.

Moriarty raced through the streets of Denver, hoping the time alone might help him clear his head, give him some perspective, calm him down. He loved to ride. To the young alpha, there was no greater sense of freedom to be had than tooling along the open road alone with the wind whipping through his hair -- well, with the exception of when he let Kuruth take him. Now, that was real freedom. Freedom from others' expectations of him, freedom from consequences, even freedom from thought. Just visceral, primal instinct driving him, veering the raging beast here and there like him steering his bike through traffic.

Taking the Valley Highway, Moriarty headed through Arapaho County vaguely toward Pike's Peak. The destination didn't matter to him so much.

It was just outside the city limits that he noticed he was being tailed. The too-close headlights in his mirrors interrupted his reverie, revealing a black Hummer closing fast. Moriarty cursed himself for getting so

lost in thought. That was two mistakes he'd made tonight -- two too many. Blood loss or no, he should've recognized the danger long before it was on top of him. How the fuck did he miss a Hummer?

Shouldn't be any problem to lose him, though, he thought. He gunned the bike's motor, but the Harley sputtered and jerked. Glancing down, the alpha noticed the indicator on his fuel gauge was in the red. It was then he felt the first raindrops sting his cheek.

"Terrific. Just fuckin' terrific."

Knowing that if he ran out of gas on the highway he'd have nowhere to run, Moriarty feinted a left lane change then swerved right across three lanes of traffic to make the next exit, hoping to lose the larger vehicle. Though the Hummer took



out two construction barrels and drove a smaller automobile off the road to do so, it made the exit ramp as well.

Moriarty barely slowed at the end of the ramp, gunning the bike's engine to gain some ground over his pursuer. A loud report and a bullet's ricochet off the asphalt in front of his hog told the young Rahu he had more to worry about than the Hummer itself, and that it contained more than one passenger. This was going to be even harder than he thought. Still, he was confident in his ability to shake the Hummer on the back roads. He thought about shifting to Dalu, but it would add more weight to the bike, slowing him down, and it would throw off his center of gravity, cutting down on the bike's maneuverability. He'd just have to deal.

Then, the bullet hit him in the back. He felt the slug tear through his body and heard it bounce off the bike's gas tank. Just like earlier, he knew it was silver. Good thing, too -- a conventional round would probably have detonated the tank. As it was, the impact nearly knocked him off the bike. He slowed considerably, and the Hummer barreled up to within a yard or so of him.

"Damn it," Moriarty hissed through gritted teeth. He couldn't catch his breath. It felt like he was drowning. He coughed up blood, the coppery tang of it filling his mouth and overwhelming his senses. He remembered the day of his First Change, the taste of the blood on the school playground. Rage ate at his mind, tiny flecks of color and light dissolving everything on the periphery of his vision. Something deep in his heart stirred, and then snarled, preparing to spring.

Focus. He needed to focus. Forcing the Death Rage down, Moriarty gunned his motor and leaned into the curve, pulling away from the SUV. He thought maybe there was still a chance to outdistance the thing or maybe lead it into another pack's territory. Then, the hitchhiker was in his headlight.

Reflexively, Moriarty swerved to avoid the man. The bike started to fishtail, and weak as he was, he couldn't bring it under control. He hit the guardrail at 70, catapulting the bike end over end into the embankment beyond. At the bottom of the hill, the tank ignited, turning the

area around it into a bonfire. Beneath the twisted wreckage, the burning man screamed at the top of his lungs, unable to extricate himself from the bike.

From the top of the hill, two men watched the bike and the man burn until the screaming subsided.

"Well, I guess that takes care of that."

"Yep, maybe now those damn mongrels will leave well enough alone. C'mon, it's really starting to come down. Let's get out of here."

"Yeah, OK. Hey, you want to stop off and get some take out?"

"Sounds good. Better phone Ms. Kirkland and tell her it's done, though."

From his vantage, Moriarty vaguely heard the screams and felt the heat from the fire. He'd been thrown clear of the wreck and hadn't suffered the same fate as the man he'd struck. Still, he'd lost a lot of blood. His head was pounding, he could hardly breathe... and why couldn't he feel his legs?

The Uratha struggled to open his eyes. Only one responded. He vaguely registered that his left eye felt... "squishy" was the best he could come up with. His good eye settled on the guttering remnants of his bike and the remains of the hitchhiker beneath it. Then, everything faded to black.

When he came to, it was very cold. The rain was falling in sheets. Truth be told, Moriarty hadn't really expected to come to at all. Despair at the thought of lying in the ditch for hours slowly dying and unable to do anything about it overwhelmed him.

I really fucked up this time, he thought.

"True, Rahu. The men and their silver drove you and your steel-friend to your deaths."

Moriarty opened his eye and tried to see who was speaking to him, but to no avail. What wasn't broken in him didn't have the strength necessary to do more than cough.

"Your meat-frame is ruined, young Uratha. Real self and flesh shadow soon sundered. A tragedy, truly. Mmm... such delicious suffering."



"Who...?" Moriarty managed before more coughing shut him up.

"Quiet, little wolf. The end hurtles fast enough. No need to rush, nor to speak. Your thoughts and your pain sing to me, clear and sparkling as crystal."

Who are you? the werewolf thought. He could feel a presence in his mind, like a swarm of flies buzzing in his skull.

"Many are my names, Uratha. We met briefly before but were never truly introduced."

Moriarty watched in mute horror as the twisted metal of his bike began to move and the charred corpse of the hitchhiker slowly got to its feet, adjusted its smoldering jacket and walked over to where he lay.

"Ah, better. Contrary to appearances, Rahu, we were fortunate to run into one another this night."

What are you? asked Moriarty.

"Something more than human, little Uratha. I wouldn't normally survive around you long enough for us to converse like this. I suppose I caught you on the right night, hmm?"

I know what you are now, spirit. Just piss off and leave me to die already.

"Silly wolf. Why would I leave when I can sit here and enjoy your slow death? And, also, I have an offer for you that you might just find to your liking."

What could you possibly offer me? There's nothing I want you could ever give

me. And even if you could, I won't be around to enjoy it.

"Ah, but that's the root of the thing. I -- well, the one whom I serve -- can give you all you've ever really wanted. A chance for greatness, for glory, hmm?"

As what? A Bale Hound? A puppet to your master's insane whims?

"Insane? All he wants from you is what you already want. Like you, he craves conflict. You and your pack have killed five vampires, yes? Impressive -- and it didn't go unnoticed. You're already doing the hard work. We'd just like to... aid you in your efforts."

And if I agree, I'll be forever remembered as an oath-breaker and enemy to all true Uratha!

"True, true. But better to be remembered as a mighty enemy by your people than not to be remembered by them at all, yes? Look at yourself, Uratha. You're bleeding to death. Can you name another Storm Lord who died like that?" Moriarty winced. "Look into your heart and ask yourself, is it worse to be remembered a terrible foe or as a never-was hero?"

"And history is written by the winners, yes? Who's to say what the future holds, and who might one day write the stories?"

"So, what do you say, Rahu? Do you want a second chance at greatness, or do you want to bleed to death here in the mud?"



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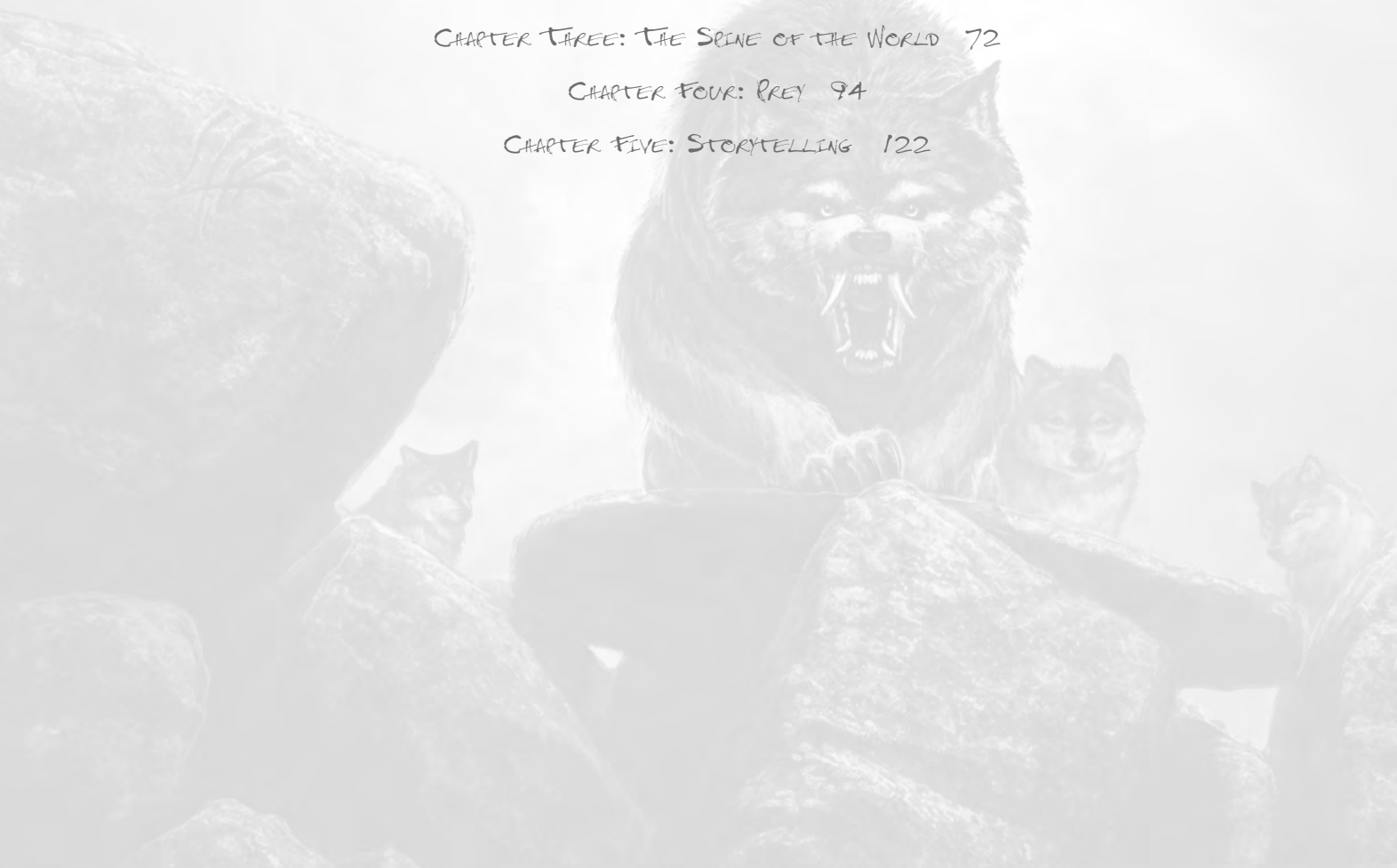
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INTRODUCTION

Easily one of North America's most impressive physical features, the Rocky Mountains' majesty and awesome beauty is impossible to ignore. For as long as humans have lived in the shadows of these mighty peaks, they have wondered what secrets the mountains might hold, and the children of Father Wolf are hardly any different. Where the bulk of humanity sees only mountain peaks and the wildlife that calls them home, the werewolves see far, far more. They see impossibly ancient spirits, the mysteries of a world long since gone, and the promises — or, perhaps, warnings — of a future yet to come. There is life here in its purest form.

For the humans who call the Rockies home, the mountains provide a backdrop for a unique and colorful history that continues to unfold to this very day. These ancient peaks have witnessed the growth and decline of the Anasazi, the Utes and the Arapaho, and they have watched the settlers' towns transform from simple forts to centers of railway commerce, and from there to ski resorts and contractors for the United States' defense industry. They have experienced firsthand the crushing despair that came with the idigam Gurdilag's reign, and they have felt the jubilation of the Forsaken that came with the mighty spirit's defeat. They have watched it all in stony silence, their perseverance a testament to the fortitude of the earth.

But all is not well in the Rocky Mountains, and that is where our story begins. For the Forsaken, this is a time of great opportunity. With Gurdilag gone, the territories in and around Denver are theirs for the taking, and they know full well that their fortunes are on the rise. Yet the werewolves of the Tribes of the Moon are not the only ones who come to bask in the Rockies' grandeur. The Pure Tribes are here as well, along with many other enemies both supernatural and mundane. The idigam is gone, but the werewolves' greatest battles have just begun.

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

Hunting Ground: The Rockies is designed to be used as a companion to the Rockies Appendix in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. Characters who appear both in this book and the core book haven't changed (and indeed, we haven't repeated game traits in the interest of saving some space), and there is no time lapse or "metaplot" that is assumed when using the Rockies setting. The story hooks and possible events in this book happen either in your chronicle or not at all. The history of the setting, as explained in **Werewolf: The Forsaken** and expanded in Chapter One of this book, is assumed to have taken place in the "recent past," but except in the case of historical dates we haven't been specific about past events. You'll find no specific date for when Gurdilag came to the city and was routed or when any of the packs herein first formed. Instead, you'll see refer-

ences to events happening "last year" or "a few years ago," so that even as this book ages, the information in it will be right here waiting for you and your troupe.

This book provides countless story and chronicle ideas on its own, but it can also be used in conjunction with **World of Darkness: Chicago**, assuming your group is interested in the characters doing a bit of traveling. In it you will find information on the influential werewolves who call Denver home, as well as the up and comers looking to make a name for themselves. You will also find a plethora of information on the antagonists plaguing the city, including the Pure Tribes, the Bale Hounds and the alien Azlu and Beshilu.

More Specifically:

- **Chapter One: Time and Place** gives a short history of the city of Denver and its immediate environs, as well as the werewolf involvement in that history. The second half of the chapter gives a down-and-dirty guide to the major points of interest in the Colorado region, as well as a primer on how newly changed werewolves become a part of Denver's Forsaken society.

- **Chapter Two: Tribes of the Moon** describes the local Forsaken and how they might interact with the players' characters. It also includes descriptions of Denver's heavy hitters, including the werewolves of the Silver Syndicate and the Echoes of Thunder packs. This chapter builds on the characters introduced in the Appendix of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, and characters given full write-ups there are not repeated here.

- **Chapter Three: The Spine of the World** describes the Colorado spirit world in detail, as well as the major local spirits who have made the place their own.

- **Chapter Four: Prey** gives detailed accounts of the local antagonists, ranging from Pure Tribe packs to malevolent spirits to Azlu and Beshilu.

- **Chapter Five: Storytelling** gives advice on how to best use the information in this book. It focuses heavily on mood and atmosphere, with plenty of extra plot hooks in case you ever get stuck, and it concludes with a ready-to-run scenario designed to introduce a new pack to the dangers of the Rocky Mountains.

THEME

Since the Uratha recently liberated the city of Denver from Gurdilag and his minions, stories here focus on themes of the perils and rewards of reclamation. The Forsaken are reclaiming territory from the remnants of Gurdilag's host, reclaiming the Shadow from the chaos that threatens to consume them, and reclaiming their destinies from those who would see them scattered to the

four winds. Though a pack has a hard and bloody road ahead of them when it comes to carving out a territory, the rewards are rich and the hunting grounds plentiful.

Part and parcel to the Uratha's identity is the concept of the hunt, and this is even more relevant in the Rocky Mountain region than it is in the world at large. Werewolves are consummate predators, and they revel in the act of tracking their enemies, learning their strengths and weaknesses, and tearing them apart when the time is right. Werewolves are not mere beasts of battle. They are *hunters*, and this should be evident in everything they say, think and do. This is true not just of the Forsaken, but of the Pure who are now returning to the mountains as well, ready to begin stalking their ancient enemies anew. Given the extent of the damage done to the Uratha's urban territories during Gurdilag's reign, to say nothing of the diversity of antagonists that now run free throughout the city's environs, it is not surprising that the city has become a hunter's paradise.

Mood

The prevailing mood among Colorado's Forsaken is a subtle but building tension. Currently, they are in the eye of the hurricane, having survived a great and terrible war but knowing full well that more struggles are to come. At great cost, the Forsaken have broken the back of a terrible foe and reclaimed a swath of highly valuable territory, opening up room much opportunity. The werewolves are justifiably proud of their achievements, and most who were there for the war and managed to come out with their skins are savoring the victory, giving rein to their moon-stirred passion.

But they cannot celebrate freely, for great opportunities have also been stirred up for their enemies. The Pure Tribes are still formidable, more powerful now than they've ever been and just as interested in pushing into currently unclaimed territory. Additionally, the fallout from Gurdilag's occupation has proven to be considerable, and the Forsaken are finding that reclaiming their urban territories is nowhere near as simple as it once seemed. With their temporary alliances now replaced by rivalries and new horrors manifesting every day, the all-too-fleeting sense of euphoria in the wake of Gurdilag's defeat has given way to a cold resolve. The Forsaken are ready to reclaim their birthright by any means necessary.

Useful Resources

In addition to the material provided in this book and **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, Storytellers might find these additional resources helpful when setting the mood for their games.

Books

Colorado, 1870-2000, by William Henry Jackson, John Fielder and Ed Marston, gives a stark and sometimes surprising picture of Colorado's evolution over the course of more than a century. The authors begin with the photography of Jackson and recreate the shots in the modern era, showing the changes that have occurred in the years

since. The photos are accompanied by essays from a number of noted naturalists, including Robert Nash, Ed Marston and Eric Paddock.

A Colorado History, by Carl Ubbelohde, Maxine Benson and Duane A. Smith, offers a more thorough treatment of Colorado's history than this book can provide.

Encyclopedia of North American Indians, by Frederick E. Hoxie (ed). Despite the somewhat banal title, this is one of the best comprehensive overviews of Native Americans on the market today. It includes articles by 260 recognized authorities on Native American affairs (many of them individuals with native ancestry themselves), and includes detailed descriptions of Native American tribes, practices and histories both prior to and following contact with Europeans. Particularly useful entries include those on the Anasazi, Arapaho and Utes, as well as the Sun Dance in its many forms throughout the American Southwest.

Rocky Mountain National Park: A 100 Year Perspective, by T. A. Barron, Enos Abijah Mills and John Fielder, offers an insightful history of the spiritual heart of the Rockies. In the eyes of the Hunters in Darkness who guard it, Rocky Mountain National Park is one of the most sacred places on the planet. Understanding the park's history and significance in the real world can offer great insights into understanding the mindset of Mountain's Proud Children and the other packs defending *Sakendar Isi*.

ELECTRONIC MATERIAL

- **Maps of Denver City Parks and Environs:** Excellent maps of both Denver and the various parks that can be found in and around the city are available on the Internet. Denver is particularly notable for its Denver Mountain Park System, a network of refuges jointly managed by city and state agencies in an effort to make Denver's wilderness areas freely available to everyone. These parks make superb Uratha territories, and they are more fully described in Chapter One.

A Denver city map can be found here:

http://www.lonelyplanet.com/mapshells/north_america/denver/denver.htm

These links describe the Denver Mountain Park System:

http://www.denvergov.org/Mountain_Parks/

<http://lariatloop.org/VirtualTour/DenverMtn.html>

<http://www.denver.org/media/prDetail.asp?ID=19>

- **Native American Resources:** Several Native American tribes have played a large part in Colorado's history, and by extension they have also played a part in the history of Colorado's Uratha (since some of them *are* part of Colorado's Uratha). The following resources give additional background on these tribes:

<http://www.colorado.edu/csilw/arapahoproject/>

<http://www.southern-ute.nsn.us/>

<http://www.utemountainute.com/>



CHAPTER 1

TIME AND PLACE

Feb 11.

Mule dead this morning, killd by wolves. Emma very concerned, but must make most of it. Some of hyde usabel, much meat left on bones. Told Emma that mule will help us last thru month, & can maybe borro money frm Mr. Getty to buy anothr come spring.

Feb. 12

Shot at wolf last night; many howls in mtns, and saw Yellow eyes outside camp hi off grnd, as if wolf standing on rock or vry large. Did not make the kill, howevr. Do not think I emagined the eyes. Mr. Gettys warning very accrate. Am now convinced that I must track wolves to Den, and shoot them whiel asleep during day.

Feb 13

Only thre bullits left. God forgive me my sins and acsept me and Emma into Kingdom of Heaven. Am praying she did not sufr long. Wish I culd have killd at least one wolf or red man. God be my savier, and consine the evil Indians and ther blak magic to the Pit. Will try to kill one wolf or red man. All I have left. Damn Mr. Getty, damn the govrment. Damn all of them. So sorry Emma. Thre bullits. So sorry.

"IT WOULD HAVE BEEN WONDERFUL TO FIND AMERICA,
BUT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN MORE WONDERFUL TO MISS IT."

— MARK TWAIN

This chapter provides a brief historical overview of the Colorado Rockies, including the American settlement of the area and stretching up through the Uratha's War for Denver against the idigam Gurdilag. The next section focuses on the various areas of the Rockies today, including their significance to the Uratha and what supernatural influences and occurrences have captured the werewolves' attention... or slipped beneath their notice.

MOUNTAINS' MEMORIES

As with the territory itself, the history of Colorado is both quirky and full of surprising twists and turns. What follows is a rough guide to the history of the territory, which touches on mundane and supernatural events beginning with the arrival of white historians in the area. This does not, of course, detract from the histories of the other peoples native to the Colorado region, as many are both interesting and important. The movements and activities of the Anasazi at Mesa Verde are one such example, and they are particularly relevant to those Uratha with native blood. Such histories were not, however, particularly well documented, so it is difficult to give reliable accounts of the events that occurred during those times.

STORY HOOK — THE CLIFF DWELLERS

The Anasazi of old were truly a fascinating people, and their contributions to Southwestern culture are undeniable. They created the pueblo society that became characteristic of the Southwestern tribes, and they were responsible for many technological innovations. What is unusual is the fact that the Anasazi eventually abandoned their pueblo dwellings, settling instead in the cliffs and mesas of the Rio Grande and its tributaries. These areas were ideal for resisting foreign invasions, but the Anasazi were a peaceful people. Why would they need to be so defensive? Why did they abandon the pueblo civilization they themselves designed (and which lived on in their descendents, particularly the Hopi)? And why did the Navajo come to call them the "ancient enemy?"

The mystery might never be solved, but careful study of Anasazi archaeological sites suggests that the changes the Anasazi endured might have been forced upon them. Olmec migrants from Mesoamerica might have been assimilated into the tribe, bringing influence that the neighboring tribes came to oppose.

For the World of Darkness, the spin easily skews toward the dark. Perhaps the migrants from Mesoamerica brought with them the worst aspects of the dying Aztec and Maya

empires. The Anasazi (or perhaps the Olmecs who came to dominate the tribe) might have begun to practice rituals so horrifying and depraved that the neighboring tribes felt they had no recourse but extermination. What spirits of malice and consumption might accompanied the Olmecs on their trek north? To what extent has the corruption affected the Anasazi's descendants in the here and now? And perhaps most importantly, how will they affect Denver's Uratha in the future?

BEGINNINGS

Colorado's recorded history begins with the explorer La Salle, who appropriated the bulk of the state's territory east of the Rockies for France in 1682. A number of explorers and friars made expeditions into the territory shortly thereafter, but it remained largely untouched for 120 years, until the United States acquired it through the Louisiana Purchase in 1803. A few years later, an Army officer named Zebulon Pike mounted a serious exploration of Colorado, and Pike's Peak is named for him. (Yet although he tried climbing it on two occasions, he never made it to the top.) Pike's expeditions aside, Colorado and its neighboring territories remained the domain of explorers alone for a couple of decades, until the era of the fur traders, trappers and mountain men began in 1825. These folks included such people as the Bent brothers, Ceran St. Vrain, Louis Vasquez, Kit Carson, Jim Baker, James Bridger, Thomas Fitzpatrick, "Uncle Dick" Wooten and Jim Beckworth.

In the meantime, the Army was setting up forts throughout the territory and leaving the trappers and mountain men to their own devices. It also did some exploring of its own, particularly in the case of John C. Fremont, who made five different exploration trips to the Rockies. He took a cartographer along with him each time, which proved fortuitous for the local werewolves. While the maps were not 100% accurate, the Rockies encompass a large and complex region, and even wolf senses don't allow a werewolf to master it all in any sort of timely fashion. The Uratha used the maps just as much as the humans did, covering ground much more quickly than their human counterparts because they weren't as fragile and could withstand the elements better.

The maps grew in 1848, when Mexico gave up most of the western portion of Colorado to the US thanks to the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. When the federal government bought a few more bits and pieces of land from Texas in 1850, the territory reached its present size and its borders were largely set.

Once the region was firmly in US hands, its growth and development began in earnest. Settlers established the first permanent settlement in San Luis in 1851, and the federal government set up some more forts throughout the territory to protect settlers from the Utes and the Arapaho shortly

thereafter. In 1858, Green Russell discovered gold near South Platt River and Cherry Creek. Travelers and prospectors from miles around were shouting "Pike's Peak or Bust!" and the settlers swarmed the area. Montana City, St. Charles, Auraria and Denver City were all founded that same year on the present site of Denver, and Congress established the Colorado Territory in 1861, with William Gilpin as the first territorial governor. It was only a matter of time before Colorado became a state. Unfortunately, it was also only a matter of time before tensions with the natives reached the boiling point.

WAR WITH THE UTES

The ancient Chinese philosopher Lao-Tzu wrote, "There is no calamity greater than lavish desires, no greater guilt than discontentment, and no greater disaster than greed." Illustrating that point, after Russell's discovery of gold in 1858, the Colorado territory was flooded with all manner of gold miners, all of them hoping to strike it rich. Neither the Utes nor the Arapaho wanted these trespassers tearing up their land, so they fought back, only to be brought to heel by the United States Army over a period of some 20 years. Both sides took casualties, but eventually, in 1881, the Utes were removed to reservations, their culture nearly destroyed.

The preceding account raises the question as to the degree of Uratha involvement. Indeed, newly changed werewolves learning their history for the first time wonder if the tribes were represented among the indigenous people and whether the newcomer People fought against them or stood by their own. A few sad facts survive this period.

The tribes, especially the Bone Shadows and Hunters in Darkness, did have a presence before the United States took over the land. Yet when it became clear that the settlers meant to dominate the region, they decided that protecting the natives wasn't part of the Oath or necessarily in the best interest of the People. The fights between native and immigrant packs were over territory, not ideology.

STORY HOOK — THE GREAT LOCUST MYSTERY

One of the strangest phenomena of the late 19th century is undoubtedly the extinction of the Rocky Mountain locust. In the 1870s, this pest's swarms covered an area of 198,000 square miles (more than twice the size of the Colorado territory) and contained more than 12 trillion insects massing close to 30 million metric tons. The locusts caused millions of dollars worth of crop damage every year, and were so numerous that they even managed to disrupt the trains. (Their crushed bodies made it impossible for the trains to find purchase on the railroad tracks.) Despite their great numbers, however, the locusts mysteriously disappeared within a mere 20 years. They are the only insect pests ever driven to extinction. The question is, what happened to them? Was their extinction a matter of chance, as entomologists suspect? Or were other forces involved, such as the Azlu (who presumably disliked the chaos the locust-spirits left in their wake)?

No matter how the locusts went extinct, one thing is certain: The spirits associated with them are not happy. Locust-spirits are hateful little beasts, and they cause trouble for the Uratha (and anyone else they can manage) on general principle. It doesn't much matter if doing so is rational or not. The locusts are gone, so hatred and spite is all the spirits have left. Perhaps more disturbing, however, is the fact that werewolves (or perhaps Beshilu) can shackle these spirits for their own use. A werewolf pack that binds a locust-totem might bring hunger and ruin in their wake, destroying and perhaps even devouring anyone who lingers too long in their path. Such a pack makes for an unusual antagonist, particularly since the locust-spirits it unleashes might remain even after the pack is gone.

WAR ON WOLVES

With the Utes and the Arapaho pacified, the settlers now dominating Colorado's wilderness turned their attention to another thorn in their side: the Rocky Mountain timber wolf. In retrospect, conflict between the wolves and the settlers was inevitable. The settlers had to eat, after all, and that meant they needed farms and ranches. Wolves, being predators, saw the ranches as a new food source, so the conflict was obvious. It didn't take long for the settlers to put pressure on the government to do something about the "wolf problem." The government responded by declaring open season on wolves, offering bounties for wolf pelts and sending out hunters of their own to deal with problem animals once and for all. It took awhile, but their efforts paid off. The last wolf in Colorado was killed in 1943, near the Platoro reservoir in Conejos county. This is as much as most humans know, at any rate.

The hidden truth of the matter is a bit more complicated. As one might expect, the People had many different thoughts on the issue. Urban packs, particularly those who followed the ways of Red Wolf, thought the demise of the wild wolves was unfortunate, but ultimately not their concern. They had no direct connection to the wolves, after all, and that meant the wolves' loss was not an assault on the Uratha per se. By contrast, many Hunters in Darkness packs had a much more primal connection with the wolves, and they did everything in their power to keep the animals around. In a strictly utilitarian sense, the wolves masked the Hunters' movements, and that alone was reason enough to fight for them. But more importantly, the wolf was (and remains) a symbol of the Uratha's wild natures, and giving up on them was unthinkable. When the Hunters saw that they could not destroy the humans who hunted their lupine charges, they instead went underground, hiding their packs so that the humans could not find them. Their gambit worked. For 60 years and more, the wolves have flourished in the Colorado wilderness, remaining today as an example of all that the Uratha can be when they walk as wolves.

STORY HOOK — THE UNFORTUNATE HARRY PRITCHARD

In October of 1904, a man named Harry Pritchard was attacked by a wild animal in the mountains north of Buena Vista. He described the animal as something like a huge orangutan, standing some six feet high, and his story was convincing enough that a group of hunters set out to find the thing and kill it. It was never found, and his story was never verified, but although humans are quick to disbelieve such stories, the werewolves know that stranger creatures exist. In this case, though, most Uratha suspect the Predator Kings. The Kings, after all, have long held a presence in the mountains, and while they don't typically leave human witnesses alive, one might have had his reasons. Yetis, sasquatch, bigfoot — and Harry Pritchard's orangutan — might all stem from the Predator Kings.

Modern sightings of such creatures, therefore, could be indicative of a Predator King incursion. Then again, just because no werewolf has ever seen a sasquatch doesn't mean there isn't some other, stranger explanation for these sightings.

RAILWAYS AND IRON HORSES

To no one's great surprise, the gold rush that began in 1858 wound up being a bust. Most people didn't find the riches they were hoping for, and that meant Denver was in real danger of becoming a ghost town. Fate seems to have had other plans, though, because in 1868 John Evans and David Moffatt formed the Denver Pacific Railroad, which hooked up with Cheyenne, Wyoming in the north and the Kansas Pacific Railroad in the east. Tributaries of this railway eventually opened up western Colorado to mining and settlement, and they soon made the fears of Denver's fading into obscurity a distant memory. Not surprisingly, a fair number of Iron Masters rode along in the railway wars, and the rail barons' agenda ruled the day for decades thereafter.

For the Iron Masters, the railways meant wealth, opportunity and territory. Unfortunately, the rails had an altogether different significance for other supernatural creatures, and the Uratha's failure to recognize this fact still haunts them to this day. As an example, the Azlu used the railways as a means of strengthening the wall between worlds. The iron tracks bisected the natural territories of the West, which weakened the spirits that ran unfettered throughout the spirit wilds. Some of the Forsaken suspect that particularly clever Azlu may have altered plans, laying cunning patterns in the rails that influenced the ebb and flow of Essence in... strange ways.

Conversely, the railways seem to scratch the Beshilu's fevered instincts in quite another way. For reasons that they likely never understood themselves, the Rat Hosts have seemed to grow more maddened and irrational when in the

presence of a railway or train. Rats hitchhike in stock cars, only to become fevered and gnaw at the cattle. Deformed hybrids in stolen skins hurl chunks of rock or garbage at passing trains. The most advanced Beshilu have even been known to gnaw deliberately at the posts of rails or leave debris on the rails, potentially causing horrible accidents.

Nobody knows precisely what it is about the iron roads that stirs up the interests of the Hosts in this way. In fact, few werewolves even realize that it's happening at all.

STORY HOOK — THE LEGACY OF THE RAILWAYS

The Beshilu generally have little interest in the goings-on of human society. They find humans to be confusing and contrary beasts, and they tend to ignore them as long as they don't interfere with the Rat Hosts' work. There are exceptions to the rule, however, and one involves a Chinese immigrant from Taisan (a poor region in southern China) who sold himself as a slave and came to America to work on the railroads. (The proceeds went to the man's wife and children, who remained in China.)

Eventually, the man died on the job, a victim of the unstable explosives used to clear the way for the ever-expanding railways. The man's death was unfortunate, but the real tragedy lay in the fact that his death also sealed the fate of his family, who would never escape their impoverished roots and make a better life for themselves in another land. Overwhelmed by this tragedy, the man became a restless ghost after his death, plaguing the railway for generations to come. His shade's rage trilled to a colony Beshilu like a piper's music, and the modern survivors of that colony follow this old ghost almost as if he were a patron spirit. And whenever the colony turns its fevered anger and appetite against Denver's railways — or, indeed, any human industry that might have benefited from their construction — he is happy to lend a guiding hand.

THE COMING OF THE VAMPIRES

As Colorado's fortunes improved in response to the growth of the railways, its cities grew in turn. More people moved out West to make a life for themselves, which brought the Uratha all-new problems. Where the prey goes, the predators follow, and the predators in this case were vampires. A few initial struggles made it clear that the immigrant undead were particularly intolerant of the idea of sharing territory, and that they saw the werewolves as rivals in particular. The result was a small, quiet but very uncivil war.

The chief architect of the werewolves' planned exile was a vampire named Marianna, who posed as the wife of a railway baron to gain the capital she needed to seize control of the



city. After her husband's untimely death, she used the vast resources at her disposal to buy out the deeds on several silver mines, which theoretically gave her all she needed to destroy the werewolves who dared to oppose her. What's more, she arrived in Colorado with a powerful prejudice against the wolf-changers, a prejudice that she never bothered to explain to her enemies. Some said she craved vengeance for some lost love (or perhaps the object of an even less healthy obsession), while others said she was driven by the same kind of coldly rationalized, mad hate preached by the Pure. Whatever the reasons, war didn't come with the first vampire to arrive in Colorado, but it came with Marianna.

Marianna was smart and savvy and tough, and her ambition and greed had given her wealth beyond avarice, and that was before one took into account her vampiric nature. Add in her status as an elder of that breed, and she became all but unstoppable. She could equip her underlings with silver bullets, and then it was simply a matter of hunting the werewolves down. Records are unclear as to how many Uratha fell before her, but all agree that it was too many.

Clever as Marianna might have been, her plan suffered from one major flaw: She didn't anticipate the key resource of the Shadow. Without really understanding why certain places were so important to the werewolves, she couldn't adequately prepare for the kind of retribution that the Forsaken could call down when a battle took place near a locus. Though Marianna was able to react quickly, the power wrested from the Shadow gave the momentum to the werewolves, who used it to great effect. The battle to retake the city turned into a bloodbath, but most of the blood spilled was that of the vampires and their ghoulish servitors. Marianna was the last to fall, but she

did not fall alone. A half-dozen powerful vampires accompanied her on her trip to Hell. Though other vampires would later arrive in Colorado (and certainly some who didn't ally themselves with Marianna survived the initial war), to this day the local undead keep a carefully low profile, and refrain from reawakening Marianna's genocidal vendetta.

GURDILAG

After the destruction of Marianna and her underlings, things returned to a semblance of what passes for "normality" for the Forsaken. The pressures of conflict with a hostile cabal of vampires were replaced with conflicts no less pressing, but more recognizable — the menace of the Hosts, and the constant threat of the Pure Tribes. That all changed, however, when the bizarre and alien idigam escaped their distant prisons and manifested on Earth, taking up residence wherever they could. Wherever one of these near-incomprehensible ancient spirits came to rest, terrible struggles broke out as the Uratha strove to banish them once again, before they could tear apart Shadow and flesh alike to feed their terrible hungers.

Denver was not spared. The spirit-horror that came to rest in the Shadow of Denver was a mighty thing that seemed to have no connection to anything physical, a reflection of nothing wearing a shape it shouldn't have had. The Uratha called it Gurdilag, and they loathed and feared it even as they knew it had to be opposed.

Gurdilag's strength was in a horrible fecundity. Though it could not reproduce itself, it could create "children" from other spirits, and did so with a fervor that might have been intelligence and might have been instinct. Once it managed

to claim a powerful locus for its own, it entrenched itself firmly and began to convert spawn after spawn.

The Uratha did all they could to battle Gurdilag and its minions, but their efforts were largely in vain. Gurdilag could not be defeated by mere force of arms, and its supply of minions seemed inexhaustible. Worse, the monstrous spirit began to understand the realm of the flesh, and began to extend its power across the Gauntlet. It infected the bodies and souls of humans and Uratha alike, making them all its willing agents in its quest to absorb all the Shadow around it. The few surviving Uratha had no choice but to abandon the city and look for some esoteric way to defeat Gurdilag and regain control of their homes and territories. Their efforts eventually bore fruit, but it was a long time in coming.

THE BRETHREN WAR

As their battles with the idigam continued, the Uratha began to realize that they were poorly equipped to deal with foes of this nature. These beings were alien and horrifying, and they were impossible to combat directly. Rather, each had a unique ban that the Uratha could only discover through trial and error, which made fighting the beasts extremely dangerous. The idigam could be defeated — but each one had to be banished, bound or destroyed in a different fashion.

By the mid-1980s, a great number of Uratha had been killed, and most of the idigam had been dealt with in some fashion. In most places, this resulted in a number of turf wars among the younger Uratha as they jockeyed for territorial rights and expanded dominance. This so-called “Brethren War” effectively redefined the political map for America’s Uratha, as many werewolves set their sights on territories in the West after losing challenges on their native soil.

Normally this would not be any great difficulty, particularly for the Uratha of the plains states, which have plenty of territory to go around comparatively thin human populations. The presence of Gurdilag complicated matters, however. The mighty idigam had driven the Uratha virtually from the whole of Denver, and had managed to hold onto its stake in the Shadow far longer than most of its brethren had. As a result, a large number of displaced urban werewolves found themselves butting heads with their rural counterparts, and all of them had to deal with an influx of Uratha outsiders who wanted territories of their own. As a result, Uratha blood was shed in battles for territory, while good werewolves were meeting death and worse in Denver. The Forsaken found this situation intolerable, but before the situation could change, they had to discover a way to undo Gurdilag.

THE PURE TRIBES

The 1990s only poured gasoline on the fire for the Tribes of Luna. The ongoing struggle against Gurdilag had run on for more than twenty years, and territorial battles still broke out in the rural areas. Most Forsaken counted themselves lucky just to survive another day. Unfortunately, things got worse. Sensing weakness in their ancient enemies, the Pure Tribes took advantage of the situation by launching a massive offensive against the Forsaken. Several Pure Tribe packs, demonstrating an unprecedented level of inter-pack cooperation, seized a number of territories in Colorado and the surrounding regions, including the Sakendar Isi locus in Rocky Mountain National Park. The Forsaken were caught off guard by the ferocity and organization of the assault, and

by the time they could mount an effective counterattack, the Pure Tribes had stolen thousands of square miles of territory.

Reclaiming the territory lost to the Pure Tribes was extremely difficult. Several Uratha packs were annihilated trying to mount a counterattack, and many other packs lost enough members that they could no longer function effectively. Eventually, however, they managed to reclaim most of their lost territory, including the sacred site of Sakendar Isi. Mountain’s Proud Children (see Chapter Two) suffered greatly that day, but the surrounding Forsaken packs acknowledged their sacrifice and kept a respectful distance. Despite the power of the ancient locus, no pack wanted to risk further losses on either side contesting it. Between Gurdilag, the scattered skirmishes of the Brethren War and the recent Pure assaults, the Forsaken were a long way from feeling the pressures of crowding.

The Forsaken have many questions about the Pure Tribes’ assaults, but one stands out above all others: How did they manage to coordinate their efforts so effectively? Their packs struck at targets ranging from Colorado in the south up through Alberta, Canada in the north, all with great coordination and perfect timing. Never before have werewolves acted in so organized a fashion, largely because the visceral Rage that grips the Uratha usually makes execution of large-scale assaults extremely difficult. If the Pure Tribes have learned of a way to compensate for this weakness, it might prove useful in the future, and the Forsaken are determined to uncover that secret.

WAR FOR DENVER

If the conflict with the Pure Tribes taught the Forsaken of Colorado anything, it taught them this: If they could manage to work together as the Pure Tribes had, they could accomplish great things, including the liberation of Denver from Gurdilag and his minions. The new generation of werewolves could no longer abide the idigam’s horrific effects on the city’s Shadow, and the migrant Uratha displaced as a result of Gurdilag’s purges wanted territories to call their own. In short, most of the Uratha in Colorado were ready to go to war with the ancient spirit, if only they could find a way to do so that held out some hope of survival. As it turned out, a werewolf named Max Roman was the answer to their prayers.

Before the battle for Denver, Max Roman was anything but a war hero. As a young werewolf, he lost half his pack during Gurdilag’s initial push, and most of the rest fell to the infighting that followed the Uratha’s exodus from Denver. Alone and defeated, Roman took to the road, learning about life and living from the werewolves he encountered. Every one of them had something to say about spirits in general and the idigam in particular, and the lessons Roman learned helped him regain his focus. He knew that the only way to regain his self-respect was to face the foe he’d left behind in Denver, but he also knew that battling Gurdilag directly was pointless. Without knowledge of the spirit’s ban, any attempt to engage it in battle could only end in defeat.

By the time Roman reached Chicago, he had learned enough about the idigam to know that finding Gurdilag’s ban would be extremely difficult. It would require hunting out the most knowledgeable and ancient spirits, spirits that he could expect no charity from, and finding Uratha who were willing to accompany him would not be easy. Chicago, it seems, was eager to prove him wrong, as he found not one, but fully

a dozen werewolves eager to make the idigam pay for what they had done. So it was that a pack of 13 werewolves set out on an impossible quest, only to return weeks later with Gurdilag's ban in hand. Only a handful of the original pack returned, but that was enough. Denver would be free, now. It was only a matter of time.

Roman knew, of course, that he had no chance whatsoever of liberating Denver on his own. He would have to get help and, in the process, form one of the largest coalitions of Uratha the world had ever seen. This level of cooperation among the Uratha was unprecedented, but Roman thought it might work for three main reasons. First, the coalition he proposed was only meant to be temporary. The Forsaken had shown in the past that they were willing to work together for a common goal. Indeed, this is exactly how they managed to repulse the incursions of the Pure Tribes some years earlier. Liberating Denver would require much more coordination, but the fundamental principles involved were much the same. Secondly, Roman was extremely wealthy. He'd been making shrewd investments and acquiring potent "wind-falls" during his wandering years, and he planned to use his personal fortune to bankroll the effort to retake Denver. Finally, and perhaps most importantly, Roman had Gurdilag's ban. That knowledge alone would serve as a rallying point for Colorado's Uratha, and he was confident that they would follow him through the gates of Hell itself if it meant freeing their territories from the monster who now controlled them.

Despite these elements working in his favor, most Forsaken greeted Roman's plans to liberate Denver with a healthy amount of skepticism. Few were keen on the idea of abandoning their territories for any reason, even for a cause as worthy as this one. Even if they were successful, they were sure to lose many Uratha lives in the process, and that was a price they just weren't willing to pay. They had suffered too many losses in the recent past, and they couldn't afford to leave themselves vulnerable to further assaults by the Pure Tribes. Even the refugees from the Brethren War were skeptical. They might be able to claim a territory if the idigam's servants were cleared out of the city, but they also ran the risk of dying to defend another Uratha's territory. Even a place like Sakendar Isi drew such devotion only from local Hunters in Darkness, and a simple human city was another matter entirely. Roman's enthusiasm was infectious, and he made the Uratha want to believe they could do what he proposed. Yet most were unwilling to commit to Roman's cause without more assurances that he could do what he said he could do.

It was about this time that Roman had his first fateful meeting with Rachel Snow, a powerful Storm Lord with a keen mind and a body that fairly crackled with spiritual power. Sometimes known by the sobriquet Echo of Thunder, Snow was and is one of the most powerful Uratha in the world. She had been searching for the secret of Gurdilag's ban for many years, and she was respected by most of Denver's Uratha since she was one of the few who hadn't abandoned her territory when Gurdilag invaded. Rather, she maintained it via stealth and guile, keeping the spirits therein safe and engaging in guerilla warfare against the great idigam's minions. She had trouble believing that Roman, a werewolf who couldn't even manage to keep his pack together (much less protect his territory), could manage to find the spirit's ban, but if he had, she'd be a fool to ignore

him. Roman's ideas were audacious, perhaps even absurd, but the possibilities they presented for strengthening the Uratha, and thus bringing that much closer to inheriting Father Wolf's mantle, were far too tempting to resist. So it was that Rachel Snow threw her support behind Max Roman, and so it was that the Forsaken of Colorado stood united.

The War for Denver began with surgical strikes on a number of Gurdilag's minions, all performed under Snow's watchful eye. The Uratha soon discovered that the ban Roman had discovered was real, and with that, the howls for blood rang in the streets. The idigam had methods of tracking werewolves — indeed, that was how it had kept the Uratha out of Denver for so long — but it was not prepared for the sheer scale of the werewolves' attacks, nor for the debilitating weakness brought on by its ban. Snow's tactics were simple, but effective. She had packs attack multiple targets simultaneously, all with overwhelming force. Many Uratha fell, but they attacked so swiftly and so savagely that it didn't matter. Powerful and terrifying as Gurdilag's creations were, they simply could not compete with the raw power of the werewolves on a level playing field. As Gurdilag's minions died, its hold on the rest of them slipped, and many of them fled into the Shadow.

The final battle between the Echoes of Thunder, the Silver Syndicate and the mighty spirit Gurdilag is the stuff of legends. It was the only time these two legendary alphas had ever fought together in battle, and they made a perfect team. With the power of Gurdilag's ban and a veritable arsenal of Gifts, Roman proved to be an even match for the great spirit in battle, and Echo's impressive tactical acumen ensured that Gurdilag never had a chance to flee. Between the two of them, they managed to subdue and finally destroy the powerful idigam. They both lost packmates in the process, and the alphas themselves were all but dead by the time the battle ended, but it was finally done. Denver was free.

THE SHATTERED CITY

With Denver firmly in their grasp, the Forsaken soon set about taking stock of their situation and assessing the damage the idigam had done over the course of a few short years. What they found was nothing short of staggering. The spirit wilds were an absolute mess, populated with damaged and hateful spirits that wanted nothing to do with their so-called liberators. The werewolves had never seen anything like this before. Even the Uratha from back East, who had lived in the largest cities on the continent, could not believe the extent of the carnage. Many younger werewolves were overwhelmed by the sheer brutality of it all, and some were even prepared to write the city off as a lost cause. Maybe if it was given a few decades to heal they could do something to help, but it just seemed overwhelming.

Curiously, many of the oldest and most experienced found the state of Denver's Shadow to be somewhat inspiring. It affirmed the Forsaken belief that they play a necessary and vital role in the maintenance of the spirit world, and that they truly are destined to take up Father Wolf's mantle as protectors of both worlds. Accordingly, these Uratha took their packs into the worst parts of the city, those most damaged by the idigam's activities, and have committed themselves to restoring their associated spiritscapes as quickly as possible. None of them are under any illusions about their

chances of success, but their commitment is now stronger than ever, and no one can sway them from their chosen path.

SEPARATE PATHS

Max Roman and Rachel Snow entered into their alliance for the common reason of opposing the idigam, but once the battle was over, they proved to have very different expectations for what would come next. Roman hoped that the liberation of Denver would be the first step toward the development of greater cooperation between the Forsaken, a call for packs to support one another's territorial claims rather than challenging one another over boundaries. With increased communication and no small amount of willingness to set aside personal concerns for a greater good, the Forsaken could develop ties so strong that they could act with even greater unity than the Pure.

Snow, however, reacted to Roman's description of his ideal vision with dismay and even anger. To her way of thinking, Roman was displaying something that bordered on naivete. The Forsaken of the area had united only at the last, against a terrible menace that no one pack had a chance of overcoming and only when they had proof of a weapon that could work against their foe. To ask a pack to think of other packs' territories before its own was a noble dream built on a foundation of foolishness. The Uratha instincts of territory and anger would tear apart such a long-term dream of harmony, potentially at the worst possible time — what if it were to end in another Brethren War? She vowed to have nothing to do with such folly, and said as much to Roman's face.

It nearly ended in blood between the two. To Roman, Snow's rejection of his plans for the future was nothing short of a betrayal. While it's true that Roman's coalition was meant to be only a short-term alliance, he was certain that once the Uratha recognized the power they wielded during the liberation of Denver they would choose to unite for other reasons as well. In the end, however, Snow's rejection of his ideals proved to be more representative for the rest of Colorado's Uratha. Some claimed territories in Denver, while others reorganized their packs in the wake of heavy losses. Some even chose to remain with Roman, giving his dream a chance. Most simply licked their wounds and returned to their territories, all plans of a future with their liberator gone. The Uratha were not meant for Roman's dreams of unity, and while they might be more open-minded about cooperating in the future, it was clear that a more permanent alliance was out of the question for the time being.

THE PRESENT

The War for Denver hammered the Rocky Mountain Uratha like no battle before or since. They have not completely recovered from the ordeal even today. After two years of assessing the impact of the idigam on the city, however, two things have become abundantly clear. First, the liberation of Denver opened up a huge number of urban territories for the Uratha, which has resulted in a dramatic shift in the balance of power among the city's packs. It has also had the unexpected side effect of giving the Pure Tribes a more solid power base within the city, since they can claim territories there as readily as any Forsaken pack. More important, however, is the fact that the Forsaken coalition took heavy casualties during the war, which has created a critical manpower

shortage. Therefore, reclaiming the city's Shadow, fending off attacks by the Pure and settling territorial squabbles among packs now seems all but impossible.

In sum, Denver represents an enticing opportunity for modern Uratha, but it is a very dangerous place. The spirit wilds are a mess, inter-pack squabbles are ubiquitous, and the threat of attack by everything from Pure packs to Hosts is omnipresent. Yet it is a city on the edge. For Uratha who are prepared to accept the risks it has to offer, it is a land of great opportunity, if only they can hold onto it. Werewolves who can repair the city's shattered spiritscape and secure it against the many threats it faces stand to gain power and influence far beyond that of any potential rivals.

POINTS OF ENTRY

The most important aspect of **Werewolf** character creation concerns the character's origin. Where did he come from? How did he come to be where he is today? How does he fit into his surroundings? A werewolf begins as a human being and eventually learns that he is much, much more. This section is designed to help players navigate from that point of origin to their characters' roles as Uratha in Colorado, which will allow the characters to survive the perilous society of Colorado's Forsaken Tribes.

Of course, knowing oneself is only half the equation. A werewolf is nothing without his pack, and a pack is nothing without a territory. This section also aims to help new packs find their way around, giving a quick-and-dirty guide to Colorado and its geography in the hopes that they will be able to carve out a territory for themselves.

BECOMING URATHA

The process of becoming a fully functional werewolf in Denver is threefold. First, the Uratha has to survive her First Change and learn the basics of the new life that confronts her. Second, she has to join or form a pack and establish her place within it. Finally, her pack has to claim a territory and learn how to maintain it. Since each step in the process requires a fair bit of effort on the character's part and a decent amount of thought on the player's part, they're addressed in detail here.

FIRST CHANGE

A werewolf's First Change is the most confusing and frightening experience of his human life. He is becoming something completely different from what he was, and no matter how the situation resolves itself, one thing is certain: He can never go back to the way he was. In Denver, where the werewolves are strong, that passage is eased a bit, at least compared to the rest of the country. Newly changed werewolves are quickly drawn into a support network where they can learn about their true nature and about the legends of Father Wolf and what binds together the Forsaken tribes. They also gain a chance to choose their own destiny, (mostly) without undue pressure to conform to any given ideology. This is largely due to Max Roman, whose efforts to pacify the Forsaken's enemies and unify the tribes have influenced several packs to offer help to the newly Changed atmosphere throughout the Rocky Mountain region. It's anyone's guess how long this temporary respite will last — and most say it won't be long at all — but for now, novices have a better

chance to grow into their wolf nature without being torn apart first than they do in many other places.

STORY HOOK — FIRST CHANGE

Most **Werewolf** chronicles begin with a pack of Uratha who have already undergone their First Change and banded together to claim a territory. The First Change for each character is background information, largely explored during the prelude due to the difficulty of roleplaying the growth and development of a half-dozen individuals in a group setting. Occasionally, however, a new member joins the pack or an existing character is replaced due to death or other story concerns. In this situation, roleplaying a cub's First Change is quite appropriate.

First, how does the pack find the cub? Uratha who are about to undergo the First Change often suffer attacks and attention from the spirits around them. In most places in the Rockies, these strange occurrences don't intrinsically differ from First Changes in other parts of the world, but in Denver, where the Shadow is still in turmoil from Gurdilag's influence, the weeks leading up to the First Change can be downright nightmarish. Misshapen spirits might beg for an end to their misery, while hungry magath stalk the character, driving him to feel a given emotion so that they can consume the motes created. The unfortunate truth, though, is that it is easy for cubs to slip beneath the local werewolves' notice in a city like Denver until the Change actually begins.

After the cub is found, however, what happens? Does another werewolf introduce him, or does the pack chance upon the cub after he's undergone the Change? If the pack is the cub's first exposure to the Uratha, how do the characters handle that? Do they press the cub into joining their pack or foist him off on another pack, unwilling to deal with an inexperienced whelp who might spoil their hunts? How do they teach him to interact with the Shadow Realm or recognize the signs of health in a territory? In short, how do they teach him how to be a werewolf? This is a chance to peek behind the scenes and examine the nitty-gritty of a cub's first days of life as an Uratha, something players rarely have the opportunity (or inclination) to do.

TRIBAL INITIATION

Of course, simply changing into a werewolf is only part of joining the ranks of the Forsaken. While the newly changed werewolf's heritage is no longer in question, she still has to learn how to be a proper Uratha. The Tribes of the Moon address this

issue by sending the neophyte on a number of journeys, both physical and spiritual. The specifics vary with the tribe, pack, time of year and perhaps even lineage, but some examples are listed here. All five Tribes of the Moon are represented locally, and unless the young Uratha is discovered by the Pure, she can expect to be courted by each unless she demonstrates an attitude that's wholly antithetical to a given tribe's credo.

- A common trial, particularly among the Hunters in Darkness, is to have the young Uratha make a pilgrimage to the locus of Sakendar Isi in Rocky Mountain National Park. This journey shows the Uratha the beauty of the natural world that exists beyond her own territory, and it impresses upon her the importance of maintaining a physically and spiritually healthy territory. Variants on the trial include such things as visiting the San Luis Valley, climbing a major mountain peak in the Front Range and visiting the extensive forests on the Western Slope. A favorite winter variant is a long trek through heavy snow in Urhan form.

- Visits to the Shadow Realm are essential, and most packs teach a new recruit to make the transition from one world to another both in the city and in the mountains. The newcomer has to see with his own eyes the impact the idigam had on the city, and the best way to teach that is to visit some of the most spiritually altered places in town. The Blood Talons often go a step further, requiring the newcomer to confront a hostile spirit and survive. For contrast, the initiate is also taught to step sideways in one of the many city parks or, if the pack has the time, in the mountains themselves. The specifics don't really matter, as long as the locus in question is in the wilderness and well maintained. The whole experience is meant to demonstrate how the Shadow reflects the physical world, as well as the importance of properly tending the Shadow of a pack's territory and what happens when that maintenance is removed.

- The most important part of any rite of passage is a hunt — ritually blooding the initiate as a means of further stressing the loss of her human life. She doesn't act because others tell her to, or because social norms and customs demand it. She is a predator, and she must learn to act accordingly. Typically, a hunt involves something mundane like destroying a spirit or Spirit-Claimed or exorcising a Spirit-Urged. Especially violent hunts might include hunting down a truly dangerous foe like a Host or a Pure werewolf. Regardless, successful participation in a hunt signifies the completion of the newly Changed werewolf's transition from mortal life to the life of an Uratha.

PACK FORMATION

As with wolves and humans, Uratha find safety in numbers. The basic unit of werewolves organization is the pack, and packs form in many different ways. Players should remember that packs are fluid entities, most of which gain or lose members over time. Packs that have taken heavy losses in battle might combine to form a newer, stronger pack, and packs that have grown too large might split to cover more territory and give pack members a bit more breathing room.

The simplest method of pack formation is accretion, where a werewolf joins an existing pack because he has no pack of his own. Uratha who join a pack in this fashion are generally not expected to stick around for long. They're usually just getting their feet wet, and their destiny is still undecided. Most werewolves know that a recruit will stick

around if she fits in, or leave to join or form a new pack if she doesn't. Either way's fine, as long as she makes a decision one way or the other in a relatively timely fashion. The Iron Masters favor packs of this sort, as do the Storm Lords. They are quite common back East, where Uratha territories are already well defined, but Denver's emphasis on free-form packs makes them less common in Colorado.

Another common method for pack formation is based on a family model, where one or two werewolves claim and defend a territory and add new members only if those members prove themselves loyal to the core elements of the pack. The members of such packs are extremely tight-knit, and pack membership doesn't change much over time. The Pure Tribes have many packs of this sort, as do the Bone Shadows and the Hunters in Darkness. These packs are common in Colorado, as well as across the world.

When the circumstances are right, some packs manage to form that are composed entirely of newly Changed werewolves, fresh from their rites of initiation (or refusal thereof). In most areas, these packs are relatively uncommon, tending to arise whenever a local werewolf population is increased by an unusual number of First Changes in any given year. On the other hand, such packs are relatively common in Denver because the war against Gurdilag and its minions opened up a large number of urban territories while simultaneously killing off a large number of experienced Uratha. Max Roman does what he can to encourage such packs, frequently pointing them toward open territories and giving them a few personal hints on how best to grow together and survive. Unfortunately, other werewolves can be rather unforgiving of "omega packs" that apparently consist of werewolves who don't know what they're doing. This in turn means the potential for mistakes is very high, but Roman argues that as long as the packs are given innocuous territories and a fair bit of guidance, there shouldn't be any problems. While that's an optimistic (or naïve) way of looking at things, the truth of the matter is that the decision ultimately rests in the hands of the omegas themselves. If they can find a territory and defend it, no one's really in any position to stop them. They will, however, find themselves the targets of intense scrutiny, as friends and enemies alike watch them carefully in an effort to keep them out of trouble.

STORY HOOK — TRIAL BY FIRE

One of the greatest obstacles standing in the way of an "omega pack's" success is the fact that none of the new pack members typically have experience working with one another. This hook aims to address that problem, at least in part. It begins with an Uratha patron of some sort — Max Roman, Rachel Snow or anyone else the Storyteller desires — calling upon the pack to claim a territory. To do so, however, the pack has to deal with problem elements within the territory, which means the members have to learn to work together to accomplish a common goal. The threat the pack faces is significant, but not overwhelming. A Beshilu infestation is appropriate, but a seasoned Pure pack is not. Moreover, the threat should have both physical

and spiritual components. In the case of a Beshilu infestation, for instance, the characters might be charged with recovering a powerful locus as well as dealing with the Beshilu threat, and they might also have to deal with rogue spirits unleashed by the Beshilu's tampering with the local Gauntlet. The details are not important, as long as the pack learns to work together under a variety of circumstances.

The most unusual method of pack formation includes selecting characters from existing packs to form a temporary pack with a specific purpose. If a number of packs have business on the Western Slope, for instance, they might each agree to send a representative to do whatever needs doing while the rest of the pack remains at home, tending to the pack's territory. Ties between the packs determine how formal the exchange process is. Packs with a cordial relationship might do this sort of thing casually, while those with a troubled history might handle the whole affair with quick and bloody scuffles over respect and seniority.

STORY HOOK — WAR PARTY

In this scenario, several packs discover evidence of a significant threat to several of their territories — perhaps a Pure pack, or a Bale Hound cult. Each pack contributes members to a war party designed to locate and destroy the threat, leaving the bulk of each pack behind to protect the territory from other threats. This hook can be used in two ways. First, it can be used to explain a character's absence for a given game session. Rather than assuming the character is unavailable for contrived reasons (or, worse, just standing around and not doing anything), the pack sends him off to accomplish a specific goal as part of a war party. This lets the character's absence play a significant role in the development of the story, and it also lets the missing player and Storyteller meet up separately to roleplay the activities of the war party.

The other alternative, of course, is to use the war party itself as the focus of a story, or even just a one-shot game (such as a convention game). The advantage to this setup is that players don't have to know one another's characters since the characters don't know each other! They just have to deal with the threat and go home, which is exactly what the players are looking for in a one-shot story. This sort of game doesn't compromise the mood or atmosphere of Werewolf in the slightest, but it still allows Storytellers to adapt to the necessities of real life.

TERRITORIES

Since the Tribes of the Moon's victory in the War for Denver, the number of territories that have opened up in the city is nothing short of staggering. Werewolves from all over the country are coming here to stake their claim. Claiming a territory is a two-step process. First, the pack must physically occupy the area chosen, and they must make some sort of physical claim on the area. For Uratha with a more primitive mindset, doing so might involve nothing more than marking the territory as wolves do. Most werewolves are a little more sophisticated about things, however. Some use gang-style graffiti to make their presence known, while others buy property or use other legal means to indicate that they have a claim to the area. Such extravagant claims aren't really necessary, though. It's true that fiscal investments help to stave off challengers for the territory, but a simple mark is all that's really needed to satisfy the dictates of tradition.

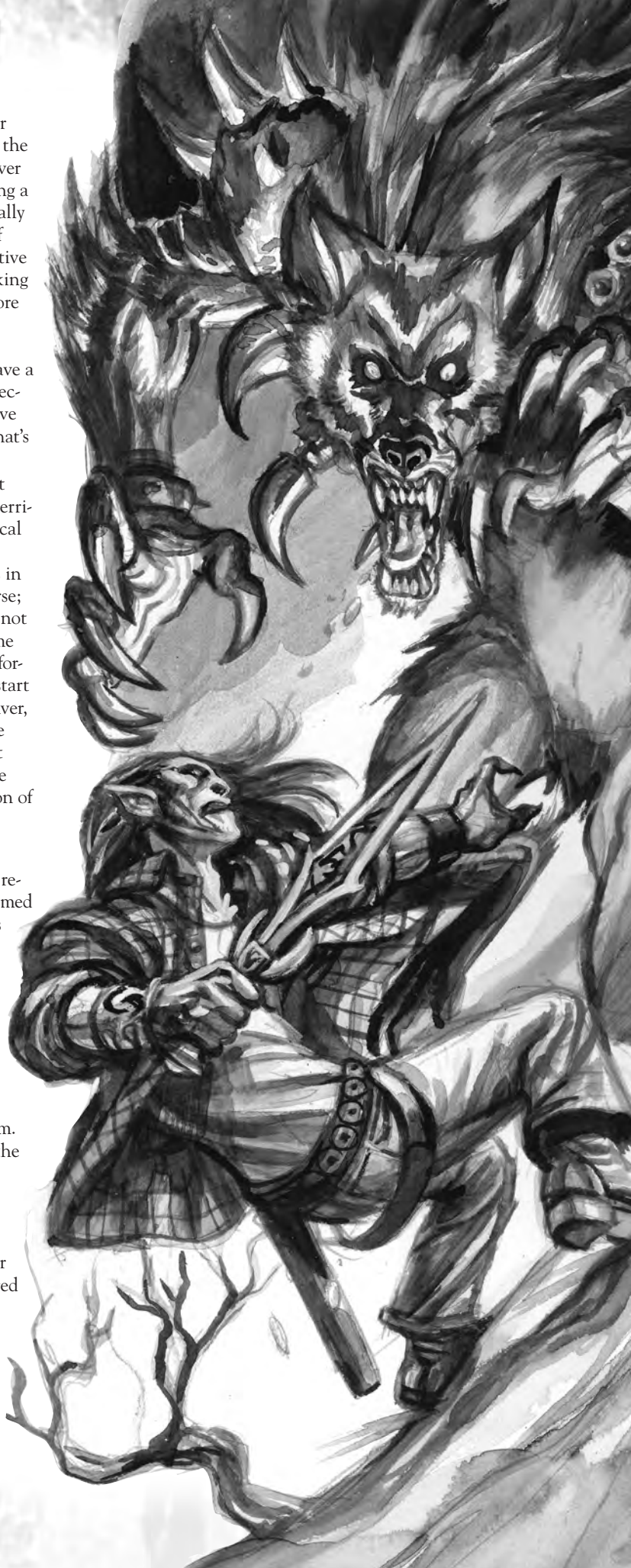
Once the pack has physically claimed the territory, it must make its claim known to the spirits inhabiting the territory. The most polite way is to approach the dominant local spirits with measured respect, making the pack's claim in ritualistic fashion and asking for the spirits' support. This in itself is never enough to win over the local spirits, of course; the enmity of the Shadow denizens toward the Uratha is not so easily dissolved. However, it is still a formality that some packs observe, even if it almost has the connotation of a formal declaration of war. Other packs simply move in and start going to work without so much as a by-your-leave. In Denver, where much of the spirit wilds are still a chaotic mess, the latter approach is the most likely. Even if a pack feels that they must make a formal claim, a given area may not have dominant local spirits, only a constantly seething cauldron of spirits striving for dominance.

CLAIMING TURF IN DENVER

At present, most of the open territories with enviable resources are in urban areas. Existing packs have already claimed many of the prime rural and park areas (though challenges for the "good territories" are fairly common, with most of the victories going to the current tenants). Of course, there's so much open land that werewolves couldn't claim it all even if they quadrupled in number, but the advantage of a more rural territory and the privacy to hunt in peace has tended to draw packs to the choicest locales.

Urban territory isn't hard to come by. Much of the city is open to anyone who cares to claim it, and far more territories are available than there are packs to claim them. This latter point is actually an item of some concern for the veteran packs in the city, as Pure Tribe packs or bands of Beshilu or Azlu are undoubtedly setting up shop in unclaimed territories with the intent of using them as staging areas to launch attacks against Forsaken. As a result, both Max Roman and Rachel Snow are looking for ways to entice packs into the city, at least until its shattered spiritcape can be repaired.

The specifics of territory distribution (i.e., which packs have claims to which territories) have been left deliberately vague, allowing Storytellers to set things up however they like. Players can assume that the choicest bits of Denver have already been claimed, but this need not mean all the "good territories" are taken. The



Denver Country Club or Cheesman Park might well have been snapped up, but what of the Platte River Greenway or Cherry Creek? Nothing is set in stone, so Storytellers can mold Denver to fit the stories they want to tell, rather than being constrained by the stories described in this book.

There are three major types of territories within the city of Denver itself. These include residential neighborhoods, industrial areas and civic areas (including city parks, but also including places like museums, city hall, police and fire stations, and so on). The least attractive territories in the city are residential neighborhoods. The high density of humans both makes it difficult for a werewolf pack to hunt without drawing attention, and contributes to a higher population of Ridden. Those humans who were scarred by exposure to Gurdilag or one of its many spawn cannot remember the particulars of the event, but are consistently beset by feelings of fear and isolation (which are inevitably accompanied by feelings of hatred, despair and rage). Civic and industrial areas are affected by the same stimuli, but usually to a different degree — at night, for instance, there are far fewer humans in residence and the Uratha are more free to hunt.



STORY HOOK — COMPETING CLAIMS

For the most part, Denver is open enough that territory shortages aren't a problem. Conflicts do occur from time to time, however, particularly when a given territory is especially attractive for some reason. With this hook, the characters claim a territory normally, only to have their claim contested by another pack. The intruding pack might consist of Forsaken werewolves, or might be a Pure pack. The difference in mood between the two is obvious. A rival pack of Forsaken is just that: a pack of rivals, not mortal enemies. Even though they're probably willing to fight for the territory, even spill blood, any fights are unlikely to be to the death, and they may even find other contests or compromises to settle their differences. The Pure, however, are the wolves who hunt the wolves, the predators that frighten even the Forsaken. They stalk their prey and strike when they're weakest, with all the cruelty and intelligence humanity is capable of further polluted with a fury that only werewolves can muster. When the Pure set their sights on a territory, the Forsaken who hold it must decide if they'd be better off fleeing — or whether they are willing to stand and fight to the death.



THE CITY'S SHADOW

Colorado's spiritscape is an exercise in extremes. While the spirit reflection of the outlying mountains is healthy and strong, Denver's Shadow is a mess. The spirits of Denver are marginally more apt to welcome a werewolf presence, provided that presence brings some semblance of order to the area in a way that benefits the spirits themselves. Conversely, the spirits

of the wild places more fully resent the very notion of Uratha claiming territories of their own, as they feel the werewolves have not only wrongly aspired to the role of "caretakers" of the Shadow, but they have botched the job. Many urban spirits are frightened and abused while the rural spirits are hostile and insolent. If the characters are going to help restore the spirit wilds to full health, they need to learn how to manage both.

Of course, this is hard work at the very least, and outright hazardous at the worst. The characters can't just walk up to spirits and expect them to cooperate or obey, particular if a given spirit has gained any measure of personal power. The characters have to do some detective work if they hope to make any headway with the locals. Here are some things Uratha should keep in mind when trying to deal with the spirits in their territories:

- First, the characters have to find out what happened in their territory during the time of Gurdilag's occupation. Though the human population was unaware of the battle raging in the Shadow, it affected many people in subtle ways — how so? Was there a series of suspicious deaths or an outbreak of mental illness in the territory? Did the Azlu or Beshilu heighten their activity, or destroy the spirits' capacity to function normally? The players don't know, and they won't until they learn about the history of their territory and its inhabitants.

- Once the characters know a bit about their territory's history, they need to determine how the spirits themselves have been affected by the altered reflection of the physical world. In Denver, the spirits have often (but not always) been traumatized by the events of the past century, and are quite likely lash out at the Uratha even when it's obvious that the werewolves are trying to help. Patience is an absolute must here. The characters have to practice a bit of psychology to draw these alien yet sometimes predictable entities out of hiding, and teaching them to trust again is no easy task. The results, however, speak for themselves.

- Unfortunately, trauma often results in corruption, and players should be prepared for spirits that need to be exorcised or destroyed before an area can be restored to full health. Werewolves who have yet to be hardened to the idea may have trouble with this task, but it's aided by the fact that most spirits don't particularly want to wallow in pain and misery for all eternity. The same can be said of any human ghosts in the area, which are ready to move on, if the characters can act as a bridge and release them from the ties that bind them to the world. Finding out what those ties are should be a priority for the characters.

- Ultimately, though, a pack simply can't destroy or run off all the spirits that are present in their territory, no matter how much hostility they face. A healthy territory needs spirits to populate its Shadow. Part of revitalizing a territory means determining which spirits may prove to be the least trouble, or even potential allies if properly courted, and acting appropriately. Most spirits can be cowed into a semblance of peace, but the most powerful may have to be appeased to some extent, either by bringing their rivals to heel or by showing that the pack respects the bans of the spirits who have been here the longest. The best way to achieve a semblance of peace with a spirit is to convince it that the pack's presence will mean better things for the territory and the spirit's own best interests — and reminding the spirit that challenging the pack isn't in its best interests at all.

As the characters learn more about the territory under their control, and as they take action to revitalize the spirits who give their territory life, they find that the physical and spiritual geography of their new home changes for the better. The human populace is stirred less by the machinations of escaped spirits or loci of powerful negative resonance. The spiritual “ecosystem” returns to something recognizable and sustainable, with no one spirit claiming an undue share of power. If the characters can maintain this state of affairs, their very existence gains legitimacy. They see that the Uratha can perform Father Wolf’s duties (and well), which raises their esteem in the eyes of other Forsaken and spirits alike.

THE WOLF-BLOODED

The Forsaken have never been entirely thorough in keeping track of their various bloodlines. Children born to one-night-stands slip through the cracks, a family is forgotten when its werewolf matriarch dies alongside her pack — there are many reasons why a family line with the blood of the wolf might be lost to the werewolves’ knowledge. This is even more evident in the Rockies, where the war with Gurdilag took many casualties and broke apart many bloodlines.

Since the liberation of Denver, Uratha of every tribe — including the Pure Tribes — have devoted a portion of their time to pursuing links to possible lost wolf-blooded and their family lines. This is much easier said than done, particularly since most wolf-blooded know little or nothing about their true heritage. However, the possibility of a wolf-blooded mate — of a lover that might be able to understand, that could possibly stand up to the horror of a werewolf’s true nature — is a powerful motivator to many Uratha. “Breeding true” and ensuring future generations of werewolves is important to some, but companionship is important to many more.

STORY HOOK — BLOOD FEUD

The pack receives word that a potential wolf-blooded lives in their territory — perhaps they’re notified by another pack who has been doing bloodline research, perhaps they’ve been actively searching out wolf-blooded themselves, or maybe it’s just a chance encounter. The individual in question seems healthy, of strong mental fortitude, and optimally should be a tempting romantic prospect for at least one of the pack. The specifics are left to individual Storytellers, but there’s just one hitch: The characters aren’t the only ones who’ve grasped the significance of this person. A pack of Ivory Claws have also been doing genealogical research, and have discovered that the person in question is a descendant of a potent Ivory Claw bloodline. When they discover that a Forsaken pack has taken an interest in their distant relative, they plan immediate action. Of course, the wolf-blooded is unaware of her true nature, and knows nothing about her extended family (she may well have been orphaned young and subsequently adopted). Can the pack fight off the Pure without putting her in the center of

the conflict? If she finds out what’s really going on and the true extent of her nature, will she be able to handle the revelation?

GEOGRAPHY

Colorado is a diverse state, and learning how to navigate the place can be a bit confusing without a native’s help. Geographically speaking, the state is divided (in the minds of Coloradoans, anyway) into the following seven regions: the Western Slope, the mountains, the Front Range, the foothills, the urban area, the plains and the San Luis Valley.

THE MOUNTAINS

Formed long before man or wolf walked the earth, the Rockies stand as an enduring testament to the awesome beauty that is nature at her very best, and their grandeur is such that even jaded humans are compelled to give them notice. For Uratha, they offer some of the most attractive werewolf habitat on the planet, and competition for the awesome territories they provide is fierce. Every tribe is represented here to some extent, even the Pure Tribes.

For the sake of convenience, the Colorado Rockies are typically divided into four sub-regions: the Rockies proper, the Western Slope, the Front Range and the foothills. The Western Slope and the Front Range flank the Rockies proper on either side, and the mountains in between are said to be home to some of the most powerful spirits on the continent. Few werewolves hold territories in the central mountain ranges, both because they’re remote areas and because the spirits won’t have it. The best that the werewolves can hope for is being beneath the mountains’ notice, for if these entities were to devote their attention to the Uratha, they could back millennia of enmity with nearly incomparable power. The exception to the rule seems to be the Predator Kings. The Kings have a stronger presence here than anywhere else in Colorado, and they seem to have stronger relations with the mountain-spirits than any other single group of werewolves in the state. This bodes poorly for the Forsaken, but there is a shred of hope in the fact that the Predator Kings are still werewolves, and the mountain-spirits are still spirits. The mountains may tolerate their presence more readily than that of other Uratha, but there is no love in the relationship.

STORY HOOK — MOUNTAIN POLITICS

The mountain-spirits in the central Rockies are fiercely independent, and they generally forbid Uratha territorial claims when they have the power to do so. Only the Predator Kings have managed to make any sort of headway in this regard, but even their claims are meager at best. The mountains are simply too recalcitrant to allow for anything more. With this hook, however, all of that changes. The players’ pack learns of a mountain-spirit that is willing to accept an Uratha pack within its domain,

provided the werewolves in question can demonstrate their worthiness. The characters are not the only werewolves who have learned of this opportunity, however. A pack of Predator Kings is also vying for the mountain's attention, and it has many more factors working in its favor than the characters do. If the characters can manage to win the mountain's favor, however, it would be a great coup for the Forsaken Tribes. Not only would it deny the Pure Tribes yet another territorial claim, it would also restore the Forsaken Tribes' faith in their worthiness to inherit Father Wolf's legacy. It could also net the characters considerable Renown, and all without striking a single blow against their enemies.



THE FRONT RANGE

Located along the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, the Front Range is the Rockies tributary most accessible to Denver natives (and, indeed, to anyone in the eastern half of the state). In contrast to the powerful spirits of the Rockies proper, the spirits of the Front Range are more tolerant of Uratha activities (as long as the werewolves show the proper respect). As such, the Front Range is the stronghold for Colorado's Hunters in Darkness, since human concerns like farming and ranching do not extend much beyond the mountains' borders.

The Front Range is also a favorite of the Storm Lords, since it is a breeding ground for summer storms. Warm, wet air sweeps in from the Gulf of Mexico to the east, slamming into the mountains to create some of the nation's most chaotic weather conditions — exactly the sort of violent and unpredictable phenomena the Storm Lords love. Many of their packs have territories among the mountain peaks, far above the regions claimed by the Hunters in Darkness. They don't interact with one another much, and that seems to suit both tribes just fine.

The Pure Tribes also call the Front Range home, and the spirits of the mountains seem to accept them as readily as anyone else, which is to say, grudgingly. The Fire-Touched favor territories in this region, as the glorious peaks of the Front Range allow them to commune with the spirits of nature in ways that more mundane territories do not. Said territories also provide the followers of Rabid Wolf with ready access to their hated enemies, and perhaps one day a means to reclaim the coveted Sakendar Isi.

THE FOOTHILLS

The foothills of the Rockies are squeezed together into a narrow strip of land just west of the urban area. This is prime territory for urban Uratha like the Iron Masters or Storm Lords, since it's close enough to the city to provide easy access but is still unquestionably part of the Rockies proper. Hunters in Darkness don't particularly care for these areas, though, as they're too close to the cities and highways. Among the Pure Tribes, the Fire-Touched also tend to favor territories in the foothills, for reasons similar to those of the Iron Masters and Storm Lords. The territory is too urbanized for the Predator Kings, however, and the Ivory Claws seem to

prefer territories deep within the Rockies proper (or at least, as deep as the mountain-spirits will allow).

THE WESTERN SLOPE

The Western Slope is the term Colorado natives use to describe the Rockies on the western side of the Continental Divide. These mountain ranges are a fair hike from Denver, and they are rather sparsely populated. Plenty of human settlements exist here, though, with Grand Junction, Montrose and Craig being the largest ones. This is no man's land as far as the Rocky Mountain Uratha are concerned. Anyone can have territories here, but they typically don't have strong ties to much of anyone in Eastern Colorado.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK

The crown jewel of the Colorado Rockies, the Rocky Mountain National Park represents the epitome of all the majesty and grandeur the Rockies have to offer. It is also home to one of the most powerful Uratha-controlled loci in North America, called Sakendar Isi in the First Tongue, which is guarded zealously by the Hunters in Darkness pack known as Mountain's Proud Children. As noted in *Werewolf: The Forsaken*, Sakendar Isi translates to "Guardian Mountain" or "Mountain that Must be Guarded," but apart from Iron Soul and his pack, no living Uratha knows the truth about the caern. Indeed, Iron Soul himself, probably the most knowledgeable werewolf on the planet about the mountain, hasn't explored all of it.


All of the Tribes of Luna recognize the primacy of the Hunters' claim here, and no one is foolish enough to entertain the thought of challenging them for control of this caern. Mountain's Proud Children concentrate the bulk of their energy on keeping the park's Shadow immaculately maintained, trusting to the humans to manage the park and keep it safe from interlopers. Their methods have apparently proven to be quite successful (much to the Pure Tribes' chagrin).



STORY HOOK — SAKENDAR ISI AND THE BORDER TERRITORIES

One of the most common items of Forsaken lore in the Rockies is the legend of Sakendar Isi. It is the oldest, purest and most potent locus in western North America, and the Hunter in Darkness pack known as Mountain's Proud Children guards it fiercely. The assault by the Pure Tribes in the 1990s proved that this task was beyond the capabilities of any one pack, no matter how competent, so the Uratha with territories in the vicinity have agreed to protect the sacred site in exchange for increased access to its spiritual bounty. This was a fine plan until the War for Denver. Several of the mountain's packs were killed battling Gurdilag's minions, and some of the territories surrounding the park are now unoccupied.

This is dangerous, but it's also a stroke of good fortune for the characters. Whether it's based on their own accomplishments or the dearth of werewolves able to fill the role, they've been awarded a prime territory



bordering the park. This is a source of great prestige, but also one of awesome responsibility. They represent the front line against future attacks from the Pure Tribes, and if they fail, they can expect nothing but death and infamy.

THE PLAINS

The plains of eastern Colorado are flat, desolate and, by most peoples' reckoning, boring. Most werewolves feel similarly. The plains are not the best place for wolves to hunt, and even when wolves were at their height, the werewolves didn't really bother with the place. The Storm Lords, however, have a different take on the issue. While the plains might make for substandard wolf territory, they make for superb storm territory, so the Lords are more prone to carve out portions of the plains for themselves. The storms that develop around Denver only intensify as they move further east, and on a good day they produce thunderclaps to excite the senses and tornadoes to tear apart the constructs of man. They are excellent tools for teaching one the value of humility, and the Lords find the power they represent absolutely intoxicating. As such, they perform some of their most potent rites in the middle of nowhere, far from the mountains they prefer to call home. (Storm-spirits, for example, are easy to find in the middle of a thunderstorm, and may be aptly persuaded to do a Storm Lord's bidding if the task involves violence or destruction.)

STORY HOOK — STORM CHASERS

Storm chasers make use of state-of-the-art equipment and a solid weather sense to understand and predict the movements of natural storms. A werewolf about to undergo his First Change works as a storm chaser, and like many new Uratha, is attracting attention from the spirit world. Unfortunately, the spirits in question are storm- and lightning-spirits, and as long as the new werewolf stays on the plains, the storm continues to intensify. When the werewolf finally changes, the storm breaks loose, spawning tornadoes and lightning strikes for miles around. The spirit storm must be calmed before the storms in the physical world will cease.

SAN LUIS VALLEY

Nestled between the San Juan and Sangre de Cristo ranges, the San Luis Valley is huge, flat and in the middle of a mountain chain. It is one of the largest high desert valleys in the world, measuring 125 miles long and 65 miles wide. It is also the birthplace of the mighty Rio Grande River. Werewolves come here mainly for a change of pace, or when they desire solitude. The valley is almost entirely neutral ground, because of a strange quirk that makes it less than ideal territory.

The odd thing about the San Luis Valley is the fact that, as far as the Uratha can tell, its Shadow is almost entirely dormant. No loci can be found within its borders, and there seems no clear reason why. As far as any were-

wolf can tell, it should be acting just like any other healthy natural area. Yet, for some reason, the spirits are eerily quiet, and few seem to be awake within the valley. Something happened here long ago — something powerful, which drew the spirits of the valley far away from the world they inhabited. Whether this thing was good or bad, the Uratha don't know. They just know it was an event of great significance, and wonder if the spirits that reside here will awaken and return in their own good time. If not — what does this mean?

THE URBAN AREA

The Front Range urban area is the most populous area of Colorado, and is home to Boulder, Castle Rock, Colorado Springs, Denver, Fort Collins and Greeley. Of these, Denver is unquestionably the center of industry and urban culture, with the others serving as satellites or alternatives to urban sprawl. Denver has ample humans among which an enterprising werewolf could hide himself, and more than one pack of urban predators calls the Mile High City home. It also provides easy access to the foothills and the Front Range itself, so finding a more rural hunting ground isn't terribly difficult.

Most of the sites of economic and historic interest within the urban area aren't particularly interesting to werewolves, who mostly have become distanced from their human lives since the Change. The various parks and wilderness areas often boast stronger loci and ample room to hunt, so the more noteworthy sites are described here.

CITY PARK

Denver's city park isn't exactly open wilderness, but many urban Uratha find it a pleasant enough area nonetheless. The park is open and roomy, covering some 320 acres total and offering bike trails, two lakes, plenty of wooded areas, gardens galore and many other accoutrements. It's also home to the City Zoo and the Natural History Museum, the sort of places that some werewolves take a certain ironic liking to. The park is an ideal meeting area due to the fact that it's open enough to put Uratha at ease — thick crowds set werewolves on edge — and yet populated enough to act as a deterrent to open violence. No pack at present lays exclusive claim to the park as territory. They consider it neutral ground and treat it accordingly.

DENVER BOTANIC GARDENS

Encompassing 23 acres just outside of Cheesman Park, the Botanic Gardens are home to 32,000 plants from around the world, and particularly from the Rocky Mountain region. The place is thick with plant-spirits, several of which have great power gained from consuming their fellows. In the wake of Gurdilag's reign, the Shadow here began to grow again in peculiar patterns, home to a strange ecology of ephemeral plant-entities that seem to have less relation to the material world. Now that Gurdilag is gone the Gardens are a potent force with potential power for healing and regrowth — or at least to get the ball rolling in the right direction.

The Botanic Gardens (or rather, the territory they encompass) are maintained by a pack of Bone Shadows. The pairing seems to be a good one. As with most of Denver's public parks, the Gardens are generally considered open to Forsaken of every tribe as long as they conduct themselves appropriately. Many come to the park to meditate or simply to learn more about the plant-spirits in the Rocky Mountain region, and Ithaeur find the spiritual resonance in the

Gardens make rites much easier to perform. (Specifically, it offers two extra dice to all rites performed within the park's boundaries, except for Banish Human and Banish Spirit.)

DENVER MOUNTAIN PARKS

The Denver Mountain Park system is something of a wonder. It consists of 31 named parks and 16 unnamed parcels of land with a total land area of close to 14,000 acres, all managed by the city and most of them outside city limits. The parks are actually managed by two separate agencies, Denver Parks and Recreation administers some of them, and Jefferson County Open Space manages the rest. The two agencies are very much of a mind when it comes to management strategies, however, and the parks in each jurisdiction are managed as a contiguous regional open-space system. Most of it is a heavily wooded hunter's paradise — perfect werewolf territory. Packs of all tribes claim one or more parks as territory.

Territory Redistribution

Soon after the War for Denver reached its conclusion, the Uratha who began exploring Denver and its environs found that the territories of the Denver Mountain Park system were quite possibly the most desirable territories in all of Colorado. The survivors of the conflict seized them almost immediately, but rival packs challenged them for ownership of the territories just as quickly. The process repeated itself several times, and the older werewolves soon saw that the Shadow of the territories was suffering because of the quick and violent changes in ownership. If something wasn't done quickly, the territories would be torn apart, their loci spent and their value destroyed.

It was Rachel Snow who came up with a solution to the problem. She proposed that the privilege of owning a Denver Mountain Park territory be restricted to those who'd proven they had the skills to properly administer such a territory. Each year at the vernal equinox, the packs that wanted to make a challenge for a park territory would be permitted to make those challenges in a formal fashion. Each pack would cite its accomplishments over the course of the last year, making a case for their worthiness to rule over a park territory. A pack with a sufficiently strong claim would be allowed a single challenge for a territory of their choice. The other packs would have to wait another year to take another crack at making the grade.

Snow favored this approach because it fostered some healthy competition among the younger Forsaken, and did so in a way that didn't have to end in bloodshed. They would have to be powerful warriors to win the challenge, but they'd have to be competent Uratha to earn the right to challenge. Even Max Roman couldn't argue with the plan, as it kept the werewolves from tearing out one another's throats even as it forced them to build their skills as stewards of the Shadow Realm. So it was that all of the elders agreed to the terms of the plan.

STORY HOOK — CONTENDERS

The vernal equinox is here, and it's time for those who want to challenge for one of the park territories to stake their claim. There aren't nearly as many challengers this year as last, to boot. Most of the packs who were forced to look elsewhere last year have entrenched themselves in new territories that, while not technically as good as one of the park

territories held by another pack, they have come to think of as theirs in proper werewolf fashion.

But more interestingly, one of the packs who holds a coveted park territory has announced that they plan to go elsewhere, removing the highest level of competition for the territory. If the characters' pack makes a bid for that territory, they have a better chance than ever at winning it. But why is the original pack leaving? They're close-mouthed about their reasons, and that worries many of the Forsaken? Do they fear some sort of impending attack, or is there something more insidious at work in the land?

CAVE OF THE WINDS

The Cave of the Winds is part of a network of caves located an hour and a half's drive outside of Denver. It's been a popular tourist attraction for well over a century, much to the resentment of the werewolves who lived in the area previously. The cave is home to a potent locus, one with a powerful resonance of strength — a resonance that has begun to lose its purity in the years since humans started coming around in number. Spirits of all sorts frequent this place, and their passing intensifies the winds that give the cavern its name.

STORY HOOK — AWAKENING THE WINDS

Most werewolves would agree that trying to claim a locus that's become a tourist attraction would be unwise, seeing as how the threat of exposure would escalate dramatically. The Predator Kings aren't concerned with such things, and decide to find a way to occupy the Cave of the Winds as a way to bolster their strength and influence in the Rockies. Their plan involves a series of powerful rituals designed to summon and unleash the greatest spirits of the Cave of the Winds, causing a series of "natural disasters" to drive the humans away. The rituals involved are extremely powerful, and the Kings performing them are prime threats to the Forsaken. Therefore, the characters have two choices. They can fight the Kings directly, which is dangerous in the best of times. Or they could use mystical means to foul the ritual, which will bring reprisals, though the pack can likely call upon aid from other Forsaken.

If the Kings succeed in their task, the characters are now stuck dealing with vicious spirit of incredible power, not to mention out-of-control Predator Kings bent on riding the winds of change. The Kings might get more than they bargained for, however, as there's no guarantee the spirits of the caves will accept them as masters. Indeed, they might simply be the first to be consumed by the power they've unleashed.

COLORADO SPRINGS

Located at the southern boundary of the urban area, Colorado Springs is a middle-sized city and home to some 360,000 people. It is noteworthy mainly because of its association with the US military. In addition to Fort Carson, Peterson Air Force Base, Shriever Air Force Base and the Air Force Academy, Colorado Springs is also home to Cheyenne Mountain Air Force Station, which houses a number of important military command structures. (Among them is the North America Aerospace Defense Command, or NORAD.) It would be an exaggeration to claim that any werewolf had any great influence within this military complex, but the Snow family nonetheless has close ties to a number of military agencies. As a result, it is able to keep abreast of developments within the United States' most powerful military installation.

GARDEN OF THE GODS

Garden of the Gods is notable mainly because it's an outdoor park that doubles as a natural history museum, and because it's home to some of the most beautiful rock formations in the state. Located just outside Colorado Springs, Garden of the Gods fills the same role for the werewolves of Colorado Springs that Denver's City Park fills for the Uratha of Denver. It's an ideal meeting place for urban Forsaken who prefer the scents of plants and animals to the acrid stench of the city. It covers 1,340 acres in total, and is home to a great abundance of plant and animal life. One of the things that the Forsaken find most useful about the Garden is the fact that humans tend to feel happier and more relaxed here, which provides an overall spirit resonance that feeds less aggressive spirits. This synergy is something the Denver Uratha hope to replicate using the city's central park, but their efforts have been less successful to date than they have hoped.

The Garden is nominally maintained by the Echoes of Thunder, but it is open to Uratha from every tribe as long as they remember their place.

BOULDER

Northwest of Denver lies the city of Boulder, which is notable mainly for the fact that it provides easy access to both the Front Range and Rocky Mountain National Park from the urban area. The town itself is home to close to 95,000 people, and its Shadow is well kept and peaceful as modern American cities go. This is due more to unseen supernatural influence rather than to any special efforts on the part of the Uratha, however (see p. 81).

FORT COLLINS

Fort Collins is a rather large city, boasting a population of some 120,000 people. It is also the northernmost city in Colorado and the bridge between the urban area and the state of Wyoming. Many packs use it as a springboard for hunts into the Wyoming territories, but it is most noteworthy as a haven for the Pure Tribes, who use it as a springboard for hunts in the other direction. The Predator Kings, in particular, have been displaying a disturbing amount of interest in Fort Collins as of late. Their strikes on a number of Hunter in Darkness packs have some elders in that tribe wondering if the Pure are setting up another land grab along the lines of the 1990s invasion. As they say, time will tell.



CHAPTER 11

TRIBES OF THE MOON

The two alphas stared directly into one another's eyes. Their emotion was almost solid, clustered in the air around them. Outside the boardroom door, Max Roman's administrative assistant shivered uncontrollably, pierced by another one of the sudden stabs of what she thought of as unreasonable fear — the same fear that always manifested each time Ms. Snow came to the office.

For his part, Max Roman wasn't afraid of Rachel Snow. But he also knew that she wasn't afraid of him, and that put her in a very elite class of associate.

"You talked to the new pack, didn't you, Roman?" she said, only a hint of a growl in her voice. "You gave them your speech, didn't you?"

"Not that it's any of your business, Snow, but yes." There was just as much of a growl in his own tone. "They deserve to hear all the options. They deserve a chance to be part of something larger than their own pack."

"They are part of something larger," she snapped. "Or does tribe mean so little to you? Or Her mark?"

"Something larger than tribe," he said coolly. "Something that could mean as much as Her mark, yes, if we let it."

She simply shook her head.

"Even if you don't believe it can work, Snow, I do. I know people. People want to belong. They need others, and they want to be needed. And the stakes are high enough that we can afford to acknowledge that need. We can't afford to ignore it."

"You say you know people," she growled. "But if you know people, you don't know yourself any more. You don't know your own kind. You damn well don't know me. We shed blood together, and *you do not know me*." Her eyes burned. "Think about that. Work it into your next sermon."

"You know," Roman said, very carefully forming each word. "Rachel. I was much happier with our... arrangement... when we were friends."

She laughed, a noise as humorless as her smile. "That's exactly what I'm talking about, Max. I keep talking to you because we are."

HE'S MAD THAT TRUSTS IN THE TAMENESS OF A WOLF.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, KING LEAR

The Rocky Mountains cover an enormous range of territory, stretching from Canada down through the United States and into northern Mexico. Any attempt to cover all of the packs of werewolves who consider the Rockies their territory would require a much larger sourcebook. It would also discourage players and Storytellers from inserting packs of their own where they see fit. This chapter attempts to detail some important and interesting packs that characters who live in (or travel through) the Rockies might meet — some on friendly terms, some as rivals and some as outright enemies. The exact location of the pack territories are left intentionally vague so that Storytellers can move them with ease, allowing them to customize who lives next door to their troupes' packs.

The Brethren War and the more recent exile of Uratha from Denver brutally tested the werewolves ability to overcome their territorial instincts in the name of cooperation. Instinct compels each pack toward independence — werewolves want to hold *their* territory, to be the ones to deal with *their* problems. But the recent struggles pointed out that sometimes packs cannot afford to simply defend their own borders. They must ally with other packs, to help in times of need when no single pack can face a challenge. Naturally, the werewolves' nature makes it difficult to work together on a large scale. The need for dominance in relationships leads to squabbles for leadership, and fighting eventually breaks out. But in the long run, Uratha are better served with a social system where they can meet with other packs on neutral ground to trade information, forge alliances and solve disputes before they end in violence. As a practical matter, packs tend to make alliances of convenience or with few demands on either side. They might come to each other's aid during a crisis or agree on a shared border, but they don't hang out together once they've agreed to it.

Many werewolf packs consist of Uratha of a single tribe, and many don't. It's fairly common to see packs where one tribe dominates, but one or two werewolves of other tribes have been adopted due to circumstance or sympathetic views. Some packs even include members of each tribe, such as the multi-tribal packs that Max Roman sponsors in the Denver area. In all cases, the pack takes on a feel all its own; even two all-Blood Talon packs are likely to take different approaches to strength and battle. The very personal goals of a werewolf or group of werewolves temper the broad philosophies that guide a tribe. The Iron Masters may, as a general rule, prefer a more urban life or try to live closer to humanity, while the Hunters in Darkness may generally prefer to hunt wilder places. But whether a pack is urban or rural has more to do with the personalities of the werewolves proper, what they value and where they feel comfortable, than anything else. A werewolf joins a tribe due to sympathy with the tribe's general philosophy, but it is at the pack level where the philosophy becomes practical.

Throughout this chapter, packs are listed by tribe. The two truly multi-tribal packs (New Hope and Jagged Sky's pack) are listed with the Iron Masters, as they both take sponsorship from Max Roman.

BLOOD TALONS

This tribe of warriors doesn't lack for foes to fight. Either in the Beshilu nests of the cities or the wild spirits of the mountains, the Blood Talons do not just defend their territories. They seek out the conflicts that prove their worth to the tribe. The Blood Talons tend to gravitate to the wild places of the Rockies; the harsh landscapes provide a constant test to a werewolf's fortitude. Many Blood Talon packs possess a smaller territory than those belonging to other tribes, focusing their efforts instead on seeking out glory in unclaimed territories. They return home to rest, replenish their Essence and plan their next strike. They do not leave their territories unguarded, however. Some *Suthar Anzuth* set traps or use other mundane security measures, while others set ritual wards capable of repelling intruders (or at least summoning the pack).

THE RED KNIVES

This pack's human neighbors (the closest being over 10 miles away) think the Red Knives are a group of "apocalyptic survival nuts." In truth, the Red Knives don't believe in any apocalypse, though they wouldn't object to being called survivalists. The Knives and their families live on the land, hunting game and growing their own food.

And then, on nights when the moon shines brightly, the Red Knives slip off their land, hunting for a different sort of prey. They take their spiritual duties seriously, in inimitable Blood Talon fashion. Whether it is a Ridden bear hunting too close to their borders or a group of campers who didn't properly extinguish their fires, the Red Knives protect their territory in aggressive fashion. Sometimes, though, a hunt draws them away from their compound to different parts of the world. They plan all of their "missions" with military precision. The entire pack, even those members who never served in the armed forces, make heavy use of military slang even when talking with others.

The alpha of the Red Knives, Honcho, is detailed on p. 302 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

GRUNT

Auspice: Rahu

Tribe: Blood Talons

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Crafts (Weaponsmithing) 4, Medicine 1, Politics 1, Science (Kitchen Chemistry) 3

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Firearms 3, Stealth 1, Survival (Trapping) 3, Weaponry 2

Social Skills: Intimidation 2, Persuasion 1, Streetwise 2 (Black Market)

Merits: Contacts (Anarchist Gang, Weapons Dealers) 2, Danger Sense, Gunslinger, Totem 1

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 5

Max Essence/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Sloth

Health: 9 (11/13/12/9)

Initiative: 6 (6/7/8/8)

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

Speed: 12 (13/16/19/17)

Renown: Glory 2, Purity 1

Gifts: (1) Blending, Crushing Blow, Partial Change; (2) Mighty Bound

Many Uratha assume that Grunt is mute, but he simply doesn't talk much. Grunt doesn't discuss his past, though the network of scars all over his body implies that his time prior to his First Change was less than pastoral. Grunt is what many would call a perfect soldier. He is fearless and obeys orders without question. Some wonder if there is anything that Grunt wouldn't do if Honcho told him to. Others just shudder and realize there isn't.

Grunt has a natural talent for weapons — not just using them, but making them as well. He also has a natural talent for kitchen chemistry that makes him just as dangerous in the armory as on the battlefield. The only times he talks are when he's explaining his latest creations to the pack. Grunt is also responsible for all of the traps that line the Red Knives' property. In combat, Grunt tends to be the artillery, using weapons either dedicated to shift or modified so they can be used in Dalu form. He seems to have a never-ending supply of weapons, from firearms to melee weapons to his homebrew explosives.

Grunt is large, though not fat. His meathook hands are surprisingly dexterous and steady. He has a bad habit of cracking his knuckles.

Phantom

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Blood Talons

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Crafts 1, Investigation 3, Medicine 1, Occult 1, Politics 1

Physical Skills: Athletics (Climbing) 2, Brawl 3, Drive 1, Firearms 2, Larceny 3, Stealth (Urban Environments) 4, Survival 2, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Empathy 1, Intimidation 1, Persuasion 2, Streetwise (Trouble Spots) 4, Subterfuge (Deadpan) 3

Merits: Contacts (Family, Marines, ROTC) 3, Fleet of Foot 3, Resources 1, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 7

Max Essence/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Wrath

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

Initiative: 6 (6/7/8/8)

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

Speed: 14 (15/18/21/19) with Fleet of Foot

Renown: Cunning 1, Glory 2

Gifts: (1) Blending, Left-Handed Spanner, Partial Change, Mask of Rage, Sense Malice, Sense Weakness; (2) Slip Away

Lara "Phantom" Garcia is the infiltration expert of the team. While Ranger handles the sneaky work of the pack in the wilds, Lara works the cities. Lara is the progeny of a middle-class New Mexico family. Her family worked hard, but could not

afford to send all of her brothers and sisters to college. Every one of them signed up for ROTC, as the family has a long and proud military history. Lara was one of the first female Marines to participate in mixed-sex combat training. Her inability to serve on the front lines stifled her career goals, however, and she declined to re-enlist. She started a downward spiral of violence and drinking, unable to fit into civilian society. Then, in a barroom in Laramie, her fury took new form and everything fell into place. The Blood Talons were a natural fit for the soldier, and she excelled in her role as urban scout. Additionally, the Marines trained her for intelligence work, which she puts to good use for her pack. Phantom earned her name for her ability to almost disappear when needed, even before learning the New Moon Gifts that enhance her stealth.

Phantom is short but very muscular. Her black hair is shaved almost to the scalp. Like the rest of her pack, she has a military bearing that civilian life (and life as a werewolf) cannot erase.

Ranger

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Blood Talons

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Investigation 2, Medicine 1, Occult 1, Science 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Drive 1, Larceny (Security Systems) 3, Stealth (Forest, Ambushes) 4, Survival (Tracking) 3, Weaponry 1

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

Merits: Ambidextrous, Direction Sense, Fleet of Foot 2, Totem 1

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 7

Max Essence/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Wrath

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

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

Defense: 2 (2/3/4/4)

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

Renown: Cunning 2, Glory 2

Gifts: (1) Blending, Crushing Blow, Speak with Beasts, Wolf-Blood's Lure; (2) Feet of Mist, Mighty Bound, Plant Growth

Although Ranger never served in any military, he finds strict hierarchy comforting to his werewolf nature. His prowess in battle during his tribal initiation attracted Honcho's attention, and Ranger quickly agreed to join Honcho's pack. Ranger's role in the pack is that of scout. He can silently slink through the forest and track targets with an ability that no human (and few Uratha) can match. Honcho and Phantom trained Ranger extensively in how to notice and avoid high-tech detection systems and booby traps. Many of the pack's battles start off with Ranger fading out of the darkness and tearing out a sentry's throat before the alarm can be sounded.

Ranger is Chinese-American, but he prefers his Urthan form, a sleek gray wolf. His packmates know his human name, but they also know never to use it. He steadfastly refuses to speak of his life prior to his First Change, insisting that "that man was human, but I'm not."



SNAP

Auspice: Cahalith

Tribe: Blood Talons

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 2

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

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics (Military History) 2, Crafts 1, Investigation 1, Politics 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl (Dalu) 4, Drive 2, Stealth 1, Survival (Mountains) 2, Weaponry 3

Social Skills: Expression 2, Intimidation 2, Persuasion (Pep Talks) 2, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Fast Reflexes 1, Fighting Style: Kung Fu 3, Meditative Mind, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 5

Max Essence/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Prudence

Vice: Wrath

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

Initiative: 7 (7/8/9/9) with Fast Reflexes

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

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

Renown: Glory 2, Purity 1

Gifts: (1) Blending, Crushing Blow, Mask of Rage, Pack Awareness; (2) Mighty Bound

Snap earned his deed name from his favorite sound (the sound of breaking bones. He is the team's close-combat specialist, and is sometimes cocky enough to stay in Hishu form at the beginning of a fight. If one solid blow connects, he shifts to something more reasonable and stops playing with his foe. Snap, like all of the Red Knives, dresses primarily in military gear with a custom insignia of a massive hand holding a knife dripping in blood. He is six feet tall, with broad shoulders. He has rich dark skin and shaves his head bald in Hishu form. Snap attends to his duties as Cahalith by being an expert on military history, though his knowledge of Uratha lore is solely concentrated in information about past battles. Though not the leader, he is the tactical planner of the group. He develops the strategies and tactics the pack uses, though always under the watchful eye of Honcho.

STALKING WOLF (PACK TOTEM)

Attributes: Power 4, Finesse 2, Resistance 3

Willpower: 7

Essence: 15

Initiative: 5

Defense: 4

Speed: 13 (species factor 7)

Size: 4

Corpus: 7

Influences: Forest •, Hunting •

Numina: Material Vision, Wilds Sense

Bonuses: Investigation 1 (given), Survival Specialty — Hunting (given)

Ban: Must go on a ritual hunt in Urhan form once a month, using only the abilities of the wolf shape

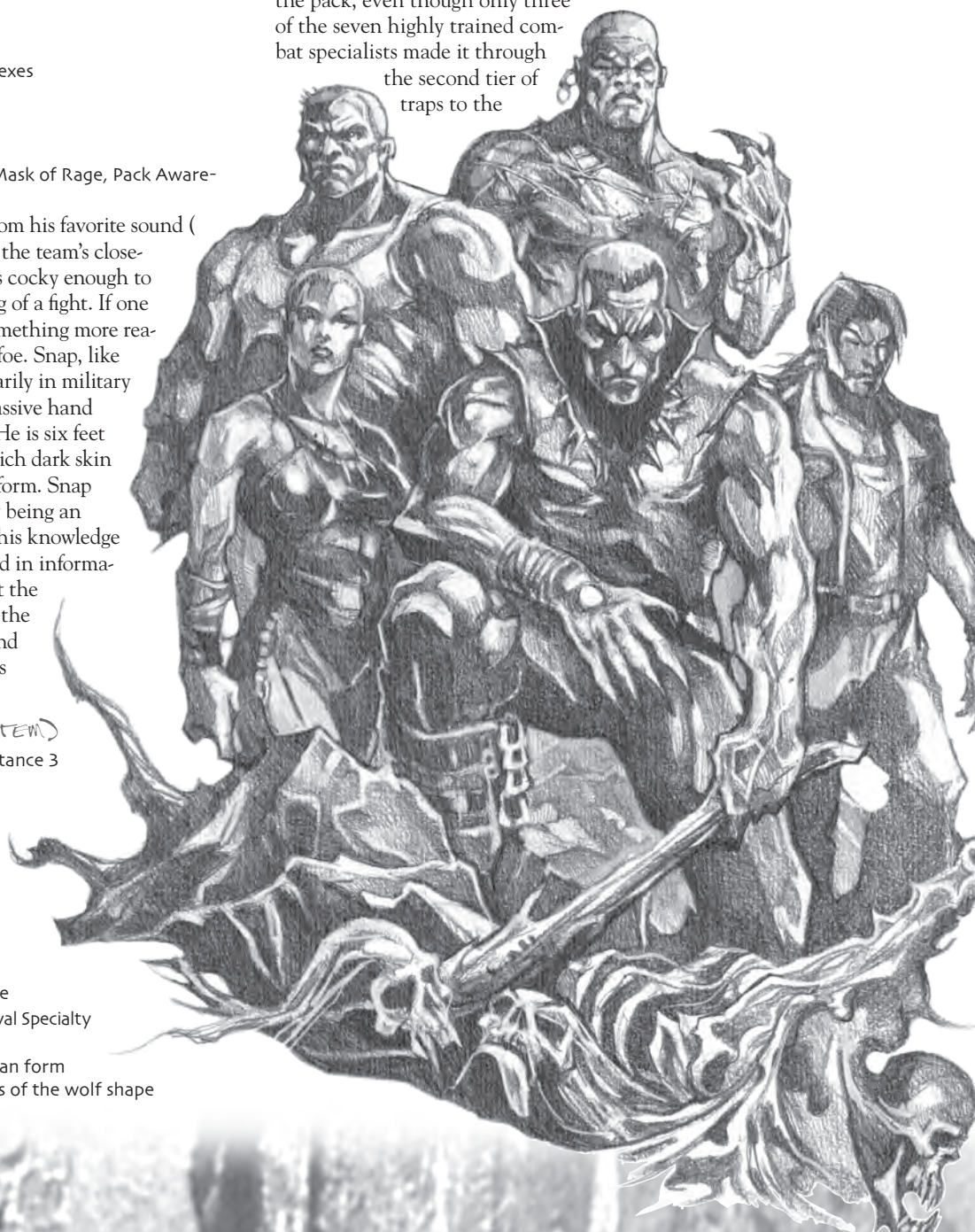
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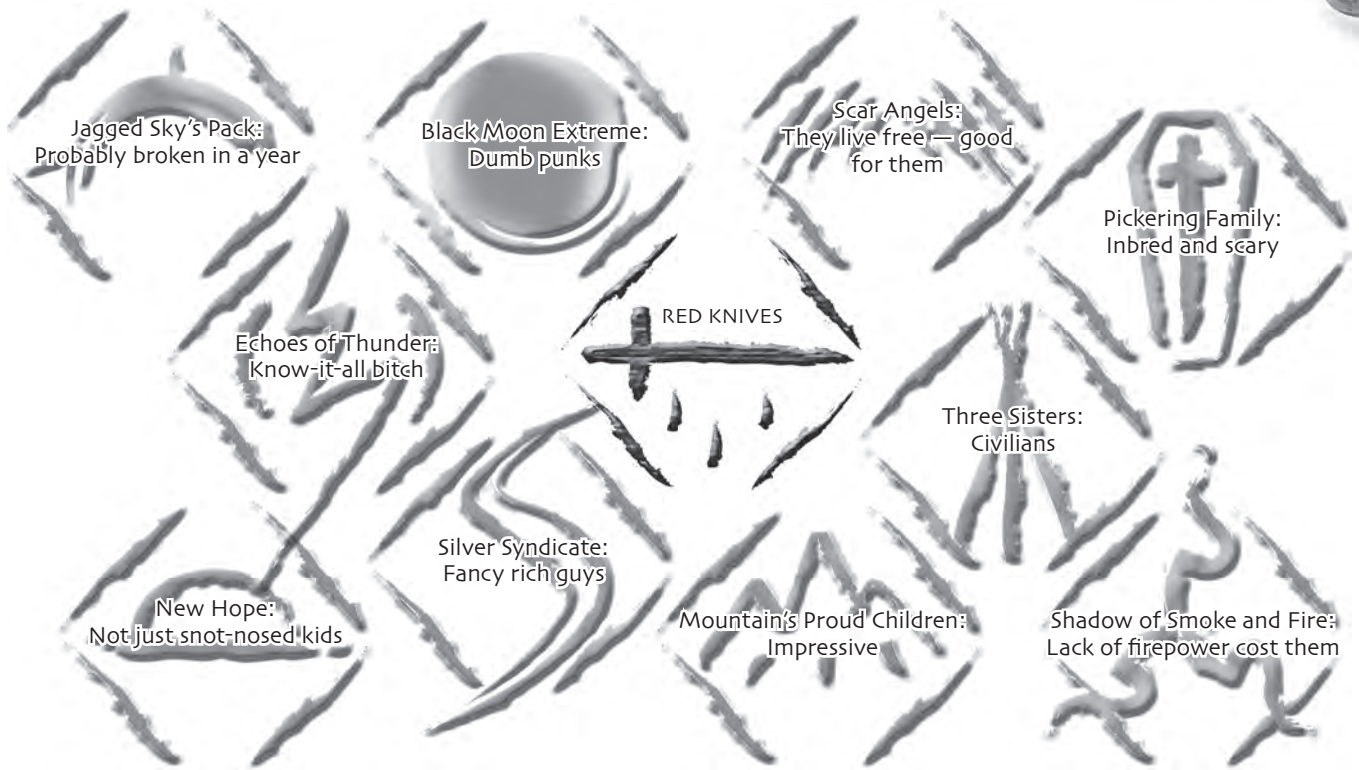
The Stalking Wolf is one of the lesser children of Father Wolf, and patron spirit to packs of both Blood Talons and Hunters in Darkness. Stalking Wolf emphasizes patience while hunting — making sure of the target before a quick and deadly strike.

RED KNIVES COMPOUND (LOCUS RATING ••)

Resonance: Endurance

The Red Knives live in a small compound near the Wyoming-Colorado border. It is at the center of numerous traps and detection devices, both mundane and spiritual, though the spiritual defenses are not as potent as the physical ones. Honcho keeps meaning to recruit an Ithaeur to the pack but hasn't found one who measures up to his standards. The traps are lethal, though to the Red Knives' dismay, they have had almost no intruders test their defenses. On two occasions, Snap posed as a recruiter and hired mercenaries to attack the compound. It provided a good evening's entertainment for the pack, even though only three of the seven highly trained combat specialists made it through the second tier of traps to the





compound itself, and by then they were little challenge to the pack.

The larger and more comfortable of the two buildings is for the Red Knives. It contains the armory and the heart of the locus, as well as tunnels that connect to the other buildings on the compound. A second building doubles as a garage and a barracks for the 15 humans, a few of whom are wolf-blooded, who live on the compound. These people have been taught a few things about the true nature of the Uratha, although the Red Knives are careful to keep them from mixing with “the Herd.” The Red Knives keep them in line by a strange mixture of carefully formulated apocalyptic religious dogma and supremacist politics. These humans believe the human race is doomed to collapse from decay, and only by following the Red Knives can they survive. Honcho recruited them from various fringe religions and groups, and once establishing their potential utility, brought them to the compound for a full indoctrination. The rest of the pack helps with the ongoing support of the humans, as they’ve found it very useful to have a group of “properly trained” humans to carry out their orders.

STORY HOOKS — RED KNIVES

As Allies

Recently, the Red Knives got wind of a member of the troupe’s pack admiring some weapon during a pack gathering and wishing he had one just like it. The Red Knives frequently take advantage of Rachel Snow’s deals on military-grade weaponry, so they offer the troupe’s pack some weapons in return for policing their territory while they are away. This could also lead to a better relationship and even formal pacts of alliance between the two packs.

When the players’ characters arrive to watch over the territory, they discover the peculiar setup that the Red Knives have with their human “subordinates.” The Knives have instructed the humans to obey the pack in all things (and to keep their fevered recitation of dogma under wraps for a while). The pack might be tempted to “liberate” the Knives’ pets, but the humans all fervently believe that the world outside is much more dangerous than life on the compound. They are true believers, even the children. Another potential concern is that the humans all know about the Red Knives’ nature, and by extension about the pack themselves. This is a violation of the Oath — should something be done? The characters must decide whether or not the situation is acceptable to them, and how much they value their relationship with the Red Knives.

As Enemies

A short time ago, the Red Knives discovered a nest of Beshilu hiding in the sub-basements of an abandoned building in Denver. Thinking they had an easy task, they wired the building with explosives and simply brought the building down on the nest. Unfortunately, strong winds carried sparks from the flames to nearby buildings, setting them ablaze. A person important to the troupe’s pack died in the flames — perhaps a loved one who lived in the neighborhood or died fighting the fire.

The Red Knives are unapologetic about the deaths, considering them “acceptable losses.” The troupe’s pack might wish to try to find a way to pay the Red Knives back. This could lead to an escalation between the packs, as they try to find ways to harm the other one without breaking the Oath.



SCAR ANGELS

The Scar Angels have a reputation among the human and Uratha communities. Truckers and bikers tell stories of a biker gang that escaped from Hell itself, and the Angels serve as convenient scapegoats for any unpleasant occurrence up and down the highways for miles around. Murders, dismemberments, accidents, flat tires and even more unlikely events like sudden storms are laid at the Scar Angels' feet. The stories the Uratha tell about the Scar Angels are more terrifying, because most of them are true.

The alpha of the Scar Angels, Jerry "Duke" Needham, is detailed on p. 303 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

COPPERHEAD

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Blood Talons

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 2

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

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Crafts (Bike Repair) 2, Investigation 1, Occult 1, Politics 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Drive 3, Larceny (Pickpocketing) 2, Stealth 1, Survival (Shapeshifting) 2

Social Skills: Empathy 1, Expression 2, Intimidation 3, Persuasion (Honest) 2, Streetwise (Highway Culture) 3, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Contacts (Bikers, Trucks) 2, Fetish (Snake's Fang), Totem 2

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 7

Max Essence/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Justice

Vice: Wrath

Health: 9 (11/13/12/9)

Initiative: 6 (6/7/8/8)

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

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

Renown: Cunning 2, Glory 3

Gifts: (1) Sense Weakness, Warning Growl, Wolf-Blood's Lure; (2) Father Wolf's Speed, Luna's Dictum, Slip Away; (3) Primal Howl

In some human biker gangs, women rate somewhere between an evening's fun and the spoils of war. That's not the case with the Scar Angels. Copperhead doesn't let that happen, and nobody wants to make Copperhead angry. A fierce and cunning warrior, even by the standards of the Blood Talons, Copperhead refuses to back down from any challenge.

Copperhead spends a great deal of time driving the highways alone, though usually no more than a day's travel apart from the rest of the pack. Unwary drivers who think a woman, even a frightening biker, traveling alone is easy prey find out to their final shock that is simply untrue. More than a few human predators have found that hunting women on her turf is a fast trip to a shallow grave on the side of the road. For all her fury, however, she often comes to the aid of stranded motorists, especially those traveling with children. She knows that some folks are too weak for the roads.

Copperhead, like the rest of the pack, wears leathers. She has reddish-blond hair, usually whipped into an unruly mane by the wind. She would be attractive, if not for her constant predatory posture scaring off those who might pursue her. That's fine by her, as she'd rather be the one in pursuit.

Copperhead wears a fetish arm-band that looks like a copper snake wrapped around her right arm. When activated, her bite contains copperhead venom, which acts like a poison with a toxicity level of 4 (see **World of Darkness Rulebook**, p. 181).

FIX

Auspice: Ithaeur

Tribe: Iron Masters

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 2

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Computer 3, Crafts (Mechanic, Repair) 4, Occult 3, Science (Mechanical Engineering) 2

Physical Skills: Brawl 2, Drive (Trucks) 2, Firearms 2, Larceny (Hotwiring) 3, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Intimidation (Scary Friends) 1, Persuasion 1, Socialize 2, Streetwise (Chop Shops) 2

Merits: Contacts (Bikers, Mechanics) 2, Fetish (Multi-Tool) 1, Resources 2, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 7

Max Essence/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Prudence

Vice: Pride

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

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

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

Speed: 9 (10/13/16/14)

Renown: Cunning 1, Wisdom 4

Gifts: (1) Left-Handed Spanner, Loose Tongue, Two-World Eyes; (2) Nightfall, Read Spirit; (3) Iron Treachery; (4) Maschinegeist

Rituals: 3; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication, Rite of the Spirit Brand; (2) Banish Spirit, Call Gaffling, Hallow Touchstone, Rite of Dormancy; (3) Bind Spirit, Wake the Spirit; (4) Fetish Rite

The Ithaeur who goes by Fix-with-a-Hammer can't sit still. His mind is always solving some new problem, and his hands itch to implement it. He went through his First Change shortly after college, with a degree in mechanical engineering from Colorado State University. His professors would be horrified to discover their star student driving a truck after graduation. But if they had been allowed to look under the hood (and understood enough mystical principles to see his "shortcuts"), they would have put aside their distaste of his lifestyle.

Fix was once a member of an Iron Master pack based in Boulder, but he left amicably. That pack was more interested in attempting to navigate human social circles, whereas Fix liked his hands greasy. Duke offered the young Iron Master a place in the Scar Angels after a conversation over an open engine on neutral territory. Fix was able to repair a ping in the engine of Duke's motorcycle that their previous mechanic was unable to.

As an Iron Master, Fix does not have the hunger for conflict that drives his Blood Talon packmates. What he does have is a hunger for constant improvement. No machine in his care remains untouched for more than a week.

Fix is in his early 20s. He is smaller than the rest of the Scar Angels, with a slender build. He has curly blond hair, which is too long and unruly, barely kept back by a Denver Broncos bandanna. His hands are almost always smudged with grease. He has a fetish Multi-Tool on his belt, which, when activated, always unfolds the right too, from the exact screwdriver

for an oddly sized screw to a lock pick. (This fetish grants him a +1 equipment modifier on any roll that would benefit this way.)

HELLFIRE

Auspice: Rahu

Tribe: Blood Talons

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 4

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

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Crafts (Bike Repair) 2, Investigation 1, Occult 2, Politics 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl (Gauru) 4, Firearms 2, Larceny 2, Survival (Scrounging) 2, Weaponry 2

Social Skills: Animal Ken 1, Empathy 1, Intimidation (Towering) 2, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Allies (Gang Leaders) 2, Contacts (Biker Gangs) 1, Fame 1, Fetish (Harley's Gas Tank) 2, Giant, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 6

Max Essence/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Wrath

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

Initiative: 6 (6/7/8/8)

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

Speed: 12 (13/16/19/17)

Renown: Glory 2, Purity 2

Gifts: (1) Mask of Rage, Clarity, Crushing Blow, Left-Handed Spanner, Partial Change, Wolf-Blood's Lure; (2) Attunement, Mighty Bound, Anybeast

Rituals: 1; **Rites:** (1) Funeral Rite, Rite of Dedication

Hellfire is in his late 50s (though he looks much younger thanks to the Uratha constitution), and is the oldest surviving member of the Scar Angels. He earned his title by defeating a powerful fire elemental in single combat and, with the help of a potent ritualist, forcing it to fuel his Harley chopper. Hellfire is much more aggressive than any of the other Angels, though a few go-rounds with Duke have convinced him that sometimes it's better to look before leaping. (Smoker once joked that the pack's war cry should be, "Wait for us, Hellfire!") Sometimes Hellfire considers leaving the pack to found a more aggressive version of the Scar Angels, but the ghosts of all the Scar Angels he's buried tell him where his home really is. Plus, his successes under Duke's leadership keep him around.

Hellfire is the stereotypical image of the big, scary biker. He towers at 6'5", and is built like a linebacker. He dresses in dusty leathers, and his face is hidden behind dirty sunglasses and a shaggy beard. His voice rumbles like his Harley's engine.

SMOKER

Auspice: Irraka

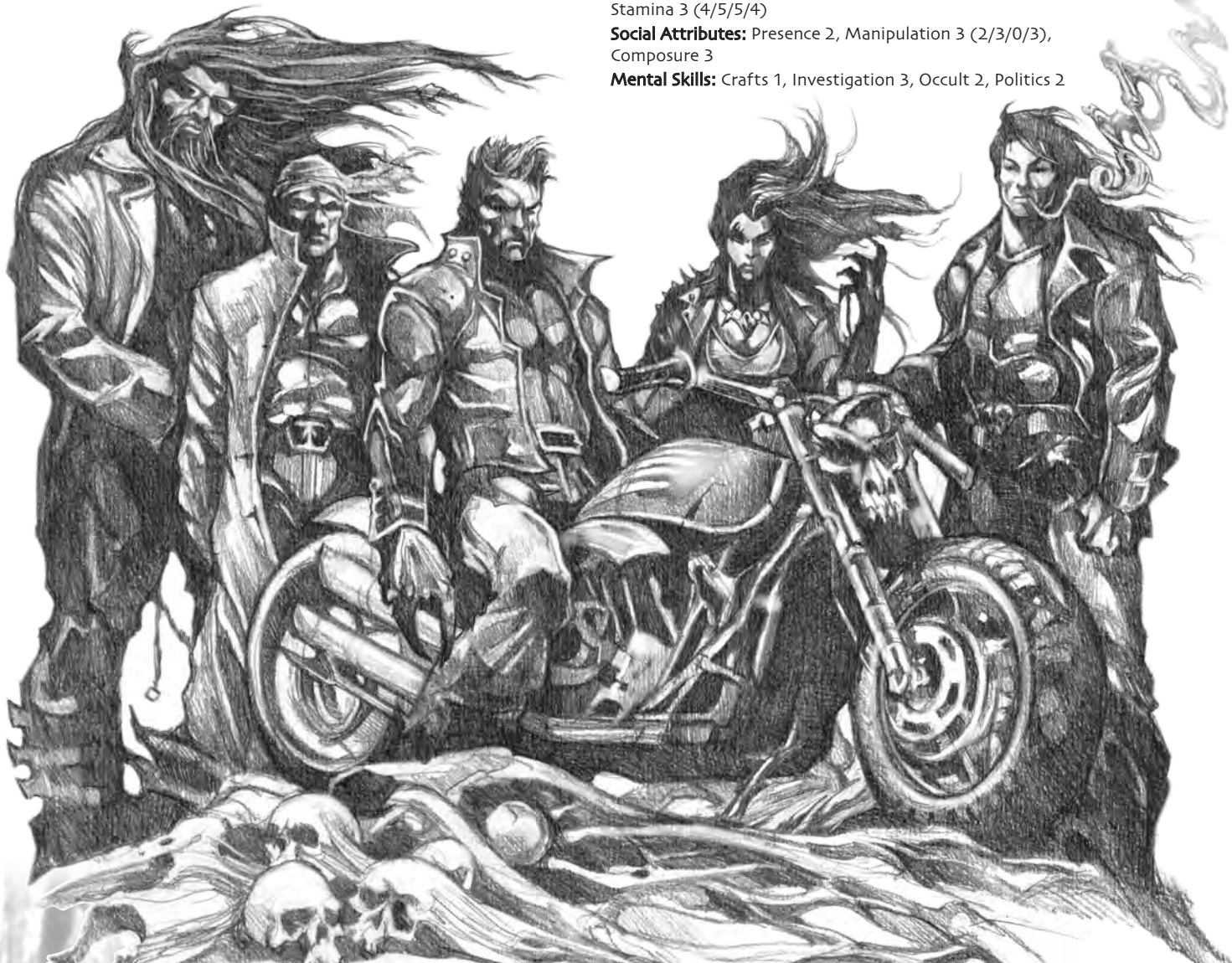
Tribe: Blood Talons

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 2

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Crafts 1, Investigation 3, Occult 2, Politics 2



Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 3, Firearms 1, Larceny 2, Stealth (Hishu) 3, Survival 1, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Empathy (Good Listener) 3, Expression 1, Intimidation 1, Persuasion (Disarming) 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge (Appearing Harmless) 3

Merits: Barfly, Contacts (Bars, Bikers, State Police) 3, Eidetic Memory, Fast Reflexes 1, Language (French, Spanish, Vietnamese) 3, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 6

Max Essence/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Lust

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

Initiative: 7 (7/8/9/9) with Fast Reflexes

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

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

Renown: Cunning 2, Glory 2

Gifts: (1) Crushing Blow, Know Name, Loose Tongue, Sense Weakness, The Right Words; (2) Camaraderie, Slip Away

Smoker is the only member of the Scar Angels who doesn't usually look like a biker. Most of the time, he is the pack's scout, driving ahead on a powerful, but ordinary touring bike, the kind that the average weekend rider might use for getting away from it all for a while. He is a well-known figure up and down the highways the Scar Angels claim as their protectorate. Gas station attendants, truck stop waitresses and a few patient state troopers recognize him as a chatty traveling salesman (though what he sells, no two can agree) who always has time to chat and a cigarette to lend to a friend. His deed name does not come from his nicotine habit, but from his abilities to confuse (or as he says, "smoke") others. He also has an uncanny knack for sifting useful truths from the rumors he collects, and his memory for detail is nothing short of photographic. He is the face of the pack and dresses in bland, comfortable clothes. Usually the only thing people remember about him is his easy patter and the chain-smoking of cigarettes. Just because he doesn't cover himself in tattoos or wear gang colors doesn't mean he can't keep up with his pack in battle, however. When the whole pack is needed, he happily wears his leathers and the friendly traveler pose is replaced with that of a cunning warrior.

SPIRITS AND VEHICLES

Motor vehicles are too large and complicated to be turned into fetishes in their own right. The Scar Angel Hellfire has converted the gas tank of his motorcycle into a fetish of sorts, which is far more typical — a specific portion of a vehicle might become a fetish, such as a headlight that can illuminate spirits in Twilight or a muffler that temporarily blankets the entire vehicle in silence.

However, some spirits are able to use a particular Numen in order to take control of a machine, generally nothing larger and more complicated than a truck. Such spirits possess a machine in order to further their own individual ends — a spirit that feeds on death would try to create horrible traffic accidents, for instance. Werewolves refer to spirits that specialize in possessing machines as *Farusim*.

• **Mechanical Possession:** This Numen allows the spirit to take control of a machine or vehicle that it has

made into a fetter. By spending one Essence point, the spirit may operate the machine for the duration of a scene — it can turn the machine off or on and control any moving parts, though it cannot alter electrical flow. A spirit using this Numen to operate a car, for instance, would have to physically manipulate the radio knob to switch stations or turn the ignition switch to start the car. The spirit may make Finesse rolls in lieu of Drive in order to operate a moving vehicle, including all driving, control and crash rolls.

HUNGRY CHEETAH (PACK TOTEM)

Attributes: Power 2, Finesse 5, Resistance 2

Willpower: 4

Essence: 15

Initiative: 7

Defense: 5

Speed: 22 (species factor 15)

Size: 4

Corpus: 6

Influences: Speed ••

Numina: Material Vision, Wilds Sense

Bonuses: Athletics 1 (given), Athletics Specialty — Chasing (given), Gift: Father Wolf's Speed (story)

Ban: Pack members must eat one extra meal a day, including some form of meat.

Cost: 10

Cheetahs are well known for being the world's fastest land animals, reaching speeds of up to 70 miles per hour. To keep their lean bodies constantly fueled and ready to attack, cheetahs must hunt constantly. The mixture of appetite and speed made Hungry Cheetah an ideal totem for the Scar Angels.

SCAR ANGELS TRACTOR-TRAILER (LOCUS RATING ••)

Resonance: Knowledge

In a disused stretch of land just off the highway rests a tractor-trailer that hasn't gone anywhere for fifteen years. Although it appears to be a rusted hulk at casual glance, the truck's metal is still durable, infused with Essence. The actual trailer holds boxes of auto-parts and the pack's weapons — a variety consisting of everything from dozens of different kinds of knives to automatic rifles. At the head of the trailer is the locus' physical embodiment, an aged map nailed to the wall. In the late 1950s when the interstate highways were constructed as part the Federal-Aid highway act, the surveyors made the first highway maps. An Iron Master absconded with the first one, as the act of naming and mapmaking frequently causes spikes in spiritual energies. When the map was attached to a stationary vehicle and fed Essence, it became a locus in its own right. The Scar Angels took the locus from the Iron Masters during the Brethren War, and it's been in their hands ever since.

STORY HOOK — SCAR ANGELS

As Allies

The Scar Angels have been hunting a "Driven" (a vehicle given freedom and sentience by a botched spirit awakening. They've been tracking it up and down the highways, always a step behind and watching the

Jagged Sky's Pack:
Get it in gear or you're meat

Black Moon Extreme:
Could use some pointers

Red Knives:
Self-imprisoned

Pickering Family:
Creepy fuckers

Echoes of Thunder:
War's over, stop fighting

SCAR ANGELS

Three Sisters:
Nice tea party, ladies

Silver Syndicate:
Our very own highway patrol

New Hope:
Decent Uratha

Mountain's Proud Children:
Rooted to the spot

Shadow of Smoke and Fire:
Not long for the world

carnage it leaves in its wake. Fix believes that it will soon enter the troupe's pack's territory, so he calls ahead with a warning. Depending on the whim of the Storyteller, the Scar Angels might have been following a false trail and still be days behind the Driven, or they might have managed to pinpoint its next likely target and wish to share the glory with the characters (as is their only, since the Driven will be coming into their territory).

As Enemies

This plot hook requires a stretch of Interstate highway that crosses the troupe pack's territory, or at least some stretch of road. Hopefully, the road also comes with some sort of rest stop, gas station or road-side attraction.

Having been busily protecting their extended territory, the Scar Angels have decided to take a break. Their spiritual energies are low, and they need some time to recharge. Unluckily for the troupe's pack, the Scar Angels have decided that a piece of road that passes through the troupe's territory is perfect for their needs. The actual nature of the territory can come into question, as the Scar Angels have claimed that piece of road for a long time (long enough to further muddy the question if the troupe's pack has been in control of the territory for some time as well). It would be a loss of face for the characters to just ignore the other pack of Uratha camped out on their doorstep. Even worse, Fix is busily summoning spirits to bind into the Scar Angels' vehicles to repair damages from a recent conflict. This has depleted the spiritual energies in the area, and the local spirits complain about it to the troupe's pack. Duke won't put up with much "pestering" from the troupe's pack, especially if they are much less renowned than the Angels.

The characters have a few options. They can suck up the loss of face and wait for the Angels to leave. If this is the case, some of the Angels decide that the pack is weak and openly taunt them, or make moves on whatever the pack might find precious (a romantic interest, a beloved meeting place, etc.). Duke suggests that his pack leave the characters alone but does not make it an order. A

preferred option is for the pack to challenge the Angels at a gathering. The Angels try to steer the challenge toward a race. Racing the daredevil bikers is risky, as that's their preferred method of settling challenges, but a well-timed suggestion as to the type of race (or the terrain, or some other way of turning the tables), would be an excellent way for the pack to gain some glory of their own.

BONE SHADOWS

The Bone Shadows of the Rocky Mountains have no central organization. On rare occasions, they gather in some out-of-the-way location, to share pieces of lore and knowledge. These gatherings would be quite the unusual pictures, as no two packs seem to share any trait in common. Wizeden Native American shamans in traditional outfits share secrets with well-dressed businessmen wearing small hermetic lodge pins on their suits, and all of them listen to the priests clad only in lunar tattoos.

THE PICKERING FAMILY

The powerful and feared Pickering family is ruled by an inner circle of werewolves who control the family's fortunes and destiny. The branch ruled by Obadiah Pickering controls the family fortunes through the Midwest and is second only to the New England Pickerings.

The alpha of the Pickering Family, Obadiah Pickering, is detailed on p. 304 of *Werewolf: The Forsaken*.

PICKERING FAMILY TIMELINE

over 80 years ago	Obadiah Pickering born
62 years ago	Obadiah Pickering marries Jane Armitage



61 years ago	Claudia Pickering born
59 years ago	Obadiah Pickering Junior born (Uratha)
58 years ago	Nicholas Pickering born
55 years ago	Janet Pickering born (Uratha)
53 years ago	Malachi Pickering born
50 years ago	Sheila Pickering born
45 years ago	Jane Armitage Pickering dies; Obadiah traps her ghost in a fetish mirror
43 years ago	Obadiah Pickering marries Keziah Pringle
42 years ago	Marsh Pickering born
41 years ago	Andrew Pickering born (Uratha)
39 years ago	Severen Pickering born. Obadiah Pickering Jr. dies in battle with Predator Kings
38 years ago	Willard Pickering born
37 years ago	Keziah Pickering dies of pneumonia.
35 years ago	Obadiah Pickering marries Lavinia Mason.
33 years ago	Octavian Pickering born (Uratha)
31 years ago	Ezekiel Smith born to a pair of unknowing humans. (Uratha)
30 years ago	Lillian Pickering born.
27 years ago	Frederick Pickering born
25 years ago	Beatrice Pickering born
21 years ago	Morrison Pickering born. (Uratha) Lavinia Mason Pickering dies in childbirth.
20 years ago	Andrew Pickering dies of a plague inflicted on him by Fire-Touched Uratha.
12 years ago	Octavian Pickering dies of a heart attack on the eve of his 21st birthday.

JANET PICKERING

Auspice: Cahalith

Tribe: Bone Shadows

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 4

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Crafts 2, Investigation 2, Medicine (Midwife) 3, Occult (Fetishes, Ghosts) 3, Politics (Family) 3, Science 1

Physical Skills: Brawl 1, Drive 1, Firearms 1, Stealth 1, Survival 1

Social Skills: Animal Ken 1, Intimidation 1, Persuasion 2, Socialize 2, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Contacts (Colorado High Society, Occult World) 2, Fetish (Mother's Mirror) 4, Resources 4, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 7

Harmony: 6

Max Essence/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Prudence

Vice: Envy

Health: 7 (9/11/10/7)

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

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

Speed: 9 (10/13/16/14)

Renown: Cunning 2, Glory 1, Wisdom 3

Gifts: (1) Death Sight, Pack Awareness, Partial Change, Sense Malice, Speak with Beasts, Ward Versus Predators, Warning Growl; (2) Ghost Knife, Ward Versus Humans; (3) Corpse Witness

Rituals: 3; **Rites:** (1) Funeral Rite, Rite of Dedication, Rite of the Spirit Brand; (2) Banish Spirit, Call Gaffling, Call Human, Fortify the Border Marches, Hallow Touchstone; (3) Bind Human, Bind Spirit, Call Jaggling, Rite of Initiation, Rite of the Moon's Love, Wake the Spirit

Janet is Obadiah's eldest werewolf offspring, and is constantly at her father's side. Her mother Jane, Obadiah's first wife, died of cancer when Janet was 10 years old. Distraught, Obadiah trapped Jane Pickering's ghost in a mirror. Over the years, Obadiah and Jane's ghost have argued bitterly, and the mirror now hangs in Janet's room at the Pickering estates. Janet's elder brother, Obadiah Jr., turned out to be Uratha and was her father's pride and joy. Sadly, he died in battle with Predator Kings on his 20th birthday. The stress of losing her beloved brother triggered her First Change. Janet hoped her father would be pleased and treat her as he did her brother. Unfortunately, she remained in the "second-class citizen" role that the wolf-blooded Pickerings do. She bears it all with a quiet stoicism, undercut with an ever-growing fury that could boil over someday. Janet especially dislikes Lillian Pickering-Smith and her husband Ezekiel. Lillian got the attention Janet felt was hers, and Lillian isn't even a werewolf. Janet quietly hopes that the tension between the young couple and her father will erupt and the two "troublemakers" will leave. She dreams of using tooth and claw to remove her half-sister, but knows that Obadiah's revenge would be beyond horrific.

When dealing with the Pickerings, Janet is the face most often seen. In addition to managing the considerable Pickering fortune, she is active in Uratha "politics" and has traded lore and minor fetishes for favors throughout the Rocky Mountain Uratha community. When activated, her Mother's Mirror fetish allows Janet to look into the mirror and see out of any normal mirror within a 1,000 yards, or out of the eyes of any woman who has lost a child with a mile.

Janet Pickering is a hard-faced woman in her mid 50s, though her pinched expression makes her look older. She favors black or gray dresses and wears her hair pulled tightly back.

ANGEL PICKERING

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Bone Shadows

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Computer 1, Medicine 1, Occult (Religion) 2, Politics 1, Science 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Drive 1, Stealth (Moving Quietly) 2, Survival (Shapeshifting) 1

Social Skills: Animal Ken 2, Empathy 2, Expression (Dance) 2, Persuasion 2, Socialize 1, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Fetish (Moon's Allure) 1, Fetish (Spirit Drum) 1, Language (Creole) 3, Retainer (Marsh Pickering) 4, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 8

Max Essence/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Temperance

Vice: Pride

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

Initiative: 6 (6/7/8/8)

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

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

Renown: Cunning 2, Purity 2, Wisdom 2

Gifts: (1) Death Sight, Sense Malice, Sense Weakness; (2) Sand in the Eyes, Slip Away, Ward Versus Humans

Rituals: 2; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication, Rite of the Spirit Brand, Shared Scent; (2) Banish Spirit, Call Gaffling, Call Human, Cleansed Blood, Funeral Rite

Angeni is the youngest member of the Pickering family. One of the Louisiana Pickerings found her wandering the Atchafalaya swamps in a daze after her First Change. She remembered little of her pre-Change life, but she vaguely recalls working for her mother in some capacity. Obadiah requested that she join his pack, though his reasons for doing so haven't become clear. He also arranged for her to marry his wolf-blooded son, Marsh Pickering. Angeni isn't really comfortable with the situation. Although she knows that technically she isn't related by blood to the Pickerings (at least, as far as she knows), being adopted into the family and marrying someone else within it has shaken her. She has, therefore, been putting off Obadiah's requests for the two to have children.

While rumors about the Pickerings run rampant in Colorado Spring's high society, the ones about the mysterious Angeni are the juiciest. She's been seen running naked in the woods at night, and most of the gossipmongers assume she's involved in some weird nature-religion. The truth is that Angeni isn't secure in her own skin since her First Change and is still trying to come to grips. Marsh, on the other hand, is active in many local charities and social clubs. He also has a mistress on the side, a woman half his age. He is afraid that Obadiah will find out about her. Marsh has been warned before not to stray, not because it would offend Angeni (who probably wouldn't care), but because Obadiah does not want Marsh to impregnate someone outside Obadiah's control. Angeni, of course, smells the woman on Marsh when he comes home, but she quietly protects his secret. She is somewhat fond of him, like a pet. She lets him have his fun.

Angeni is just over 18 years old. Her black hair stretches down her back, though it is sometimes kept in elaborate braids with beads woven into them. She dresses in casual clothing, usually things she can rip off easily. The Pickering servants try to make sure that her clothing is appropriate, but she doesn't like the "family slaves" (as she calls them), and tends to wear whatever she suits her fancy.

MORRISON PICKERING

Auspice: Elodoth

Tribe: Bone Shadows

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 2

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Computer 1, Investigation 1, Occult 2, Politics 2

Physical Skills: Brawl 2, Drive (Sports Cars) 2, Stealth 1, Survival 1

Social Skills: Animal Ken 1, Empathy (Emotions) 2, Persuasion 2, Socialize (High Life) 3, Streetwise (Drug Culture) 2, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Allies (School Chums) 2, Contacts (Colorado High Society) 1, Resources 4, Totem 1

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 4

Harmony: 4

Max Essence/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Gluttony

Health: 7 (9/11/10/7)

Initiative: 6 (6/7/8/8)

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

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

Renown: Honor 1, Glory 1, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (1) Scent Beneath the Surface, Sense Malice, The Right Words

Morrison Pickering is a walking time bomb. All three of his Uratha brothers died by their 21st birthdays. Morrison has less than six months left and is becoming frantic. He hoped he was just an ordinary human, wolf-blooded at best, and his First Change felt like a death sentence. He has spent the three years since trying to find a way out of his fate. With only six months left, however, and no hints as to why his brothers died or who might somehow be responsible, Morrison has given up hope. He spends weeks away from home on benders that would make Hunter S. Thompson proud. He drives his Porsche at insane speeds on twisting mountain roads. He picks fights with Blood Talons. For reasons known only to him, the old man keeps his distance and refuses to help his youngest son face his impending doom.

Morrison would be handsome, if he hadn't spent the past few months trying to self-destruct. His eyes are puffy and red from constant drinking, and the only reason his arms are not covered with needle tracks is that they heal instantaneously. When sober, he has a shift, haunted look. Only when he's out of his mind on drugs and alcohol can he relax.

EZEKIEL SMITH

Auspice: Rahu

Tribe: Ghost Wolf

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics (History, Archeology) 4, Crafts 2, Investigation 2, Medicine (Field Medicine) 2, Occult 2, Science (Geology) 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Drive 2, Firearms 1, Stealth (Avoiding Pursuit) 2, Survival 3, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Empathy 1, Intimidation 1, Persuasion 2, Socialize 1, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Contacts (Archeologists, Local Guides, Museums) 3, Fighting Style: Boxing 1, Language (Chinese, Latin, Spanish, various ancient languages) 6, Resources 3

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 6

Max Essence/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Pride

Health: 9 (11/13/12/9)

Initiative: 6 (6/7/8/8)

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

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

Renown: Glory 1, Purity 1

Gifts: (1) Clarity, Partial Change, Wolf-Blood's Lure



Ezekiel Smith is a Pickering only by marriage, much to his relief. Most of his life before the Change was defined by his profession — he attained a doctorate in archaeology from Princeton, and virtually all of the extensive traveling he's done has been in pursuit of that profession. It was in the highlands of Scotland that the pursuit of potential Saxon artifacts led him across the path of the Uratha for the first time. He stumbled into the territory of a Hunters in Darkness pack, with predictable results. They attacked and left him for dead. Fortunately, he changed to another form while delirious from the pain and quickly healed. The Hunters in Darkness discovered he had survived, and pursued him across Scotland and into England. Eventually, after much bloodshed, they came to terms, and explained to Ezekiel just what he was. Ezekiel declined their invitation to join the *Meninna* and spent the next three years as a Ghost Wolf, wandering and alone. Eventually, he met and fell in love with Lillian Pickering, a fellow archeologist and relative to the Bone Shadows. Their love prompted him to dip his feet back into Uratha society. The two are expecting their first child.

Ezekiel resisted moving to Colorado for the birth of their child, but Lillian was insistent. If their child is to be Uratha (which is her hope) she doesn't want it to grow up alone or ignorant of its heritage. She has seen too many werewolves scarred by their lack of parental contact. Ezekiel has yet to formally join the Pickering Family pack, and frequently butts heads with Obadiah. The patriarch officially offered Ezekiel membership in the family pack, as well as initiation into the Bone Shadows. Ezekiel refused. He could imagine founding a pack, but he would rather eat silver than be in any organization with Obadiah in the power structure.

Ezekiel is in his late 30s, and in exceptional shape. His build is somewhat on the stout side, but is all muscle; he enjoyed physical exercise before, and positively exults in it now that he has the power and speed of his other forms. Between his stocky build and darker complexion, he looks very out-of-place at a gathering of the fair-skinned, sharp-featured Pickerings. Though he's not particularly fond of many of his relatives, he knows they're important to his wife, and therefore puts up with them with good humor.

LILLIAN PICKERING-SMITH

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 2, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics (Archeology, History) 3, Computer 1, Investigation 2, Medicine 1, Occult (Spirit Lore) 2, Politics 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Firearms 2, Larceny 1, Stealth 2, Survival 2

Social Skills: Animal Ken (Wolves) 1, Empathy 2, Expression 1, Persuasion (Family) 2, Socialize 2

Merits: Contacts (Museums, Academia, Smugglers) 3, Wolf-Blooded, Language (Arabic, French, Spanish, several ancient languages) 5, Resources 4

Willpower: 6

Morality: 7

Virtue: Charity

Vice: Pride

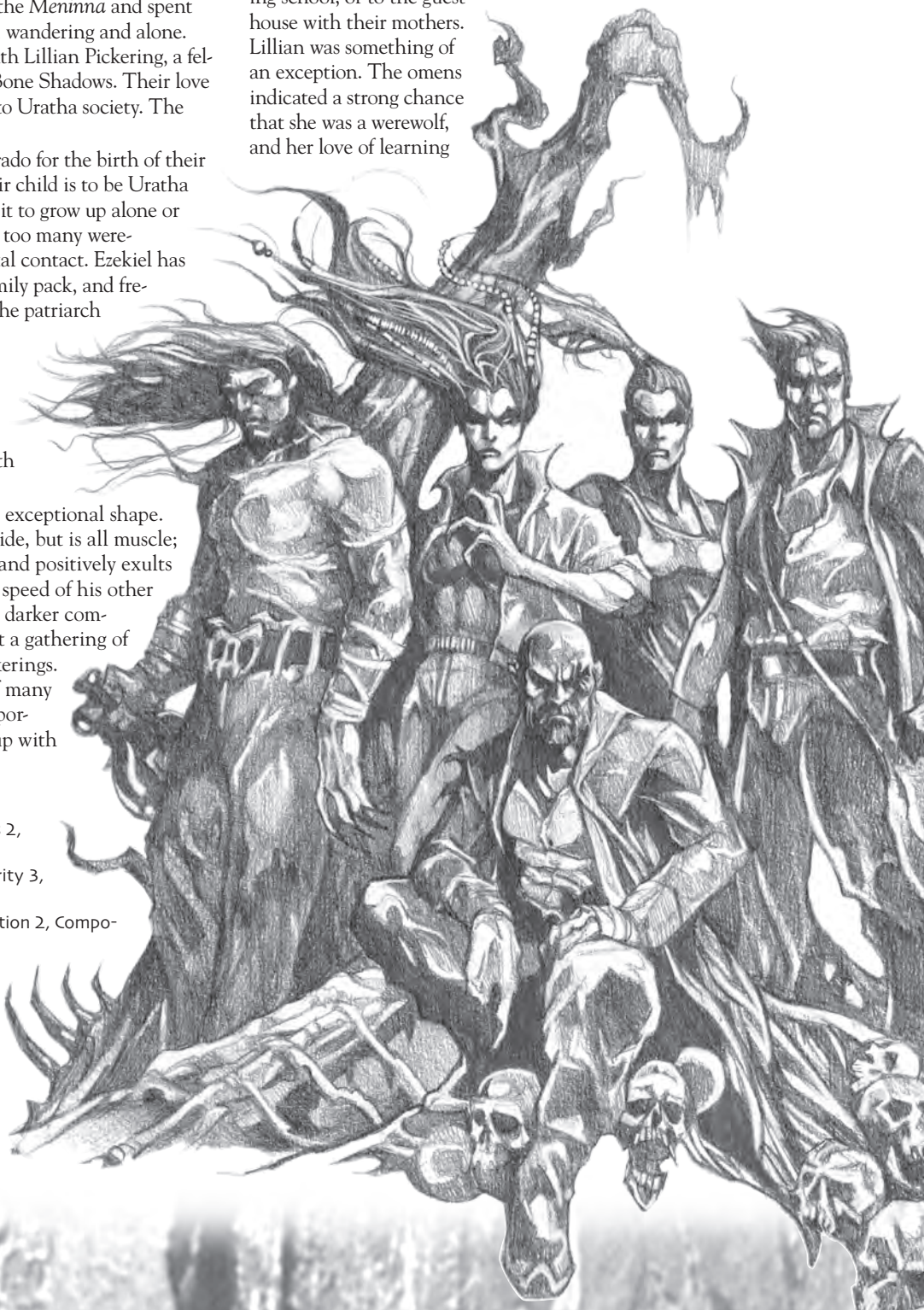
Health: 8

Initiative: 6

Defense: 2

Speed: 10

Obadiah Pickering typically ignores his children. Once they reach a certain age or the portents indicate a low likelihood of the child being true-born, he sends them off to boarding school, or to the guest-house with their mothers. Lillian was something of an exception. The omens indicated a strong chance that she was a werewolf, and her love of learning





and secrets even as a child delighted the aging man. She saw how he treated her brothers and sisters and she worked on the stubborn old man to change his ways, but he would have none of it. In the end, she did her best to deflect his harsh words away from the other children and keep him occupied with his work (which made everyone much happier).

Lillian attended Princeton and majored in history and archaeology. She secured an internship with the British Museum thanks to her father's connections. Anxious to get to work in "the family business," she searched out more information about the Uratha and what they were like in lands away from the Rockies. Eventually, she came to realize that she was not a werewolf, much to her quiet relief. She has seen the price that werewolves pay for their power, especially those in her family.

Lillian is currently six months pregnant. Her son is healthy, and the portents indicate a strong chance he will be true-born. Obadiah is excited and is looking forward to teaching the child, but Ezekiel wants out of the house as soon as the child is old enough. Lillian is caught between her family duty and her husband. Intellectually, she knows that Obadiah's influence is the last thing her child needs, but her family ties are strong.

Lillian has the sharp Pickering features, though her tendency to smile breaks them up. She keeps her hair and fingernails short, so she does not have to fool with them out in the field.

THE GUARDIAN OF THE THRESHOLD (PACK TOTEM)

Attributes: Power 5, Finesse 1, Resistance 3

Willpower: 8

Essence: 15

Initiative: 4

Defense: 5

Speed: 16 (species factor 10)

Size: 2

Corpus: 5

Influences: Death ••

Numina: Material Vision, Harrow

Bonuses: Resolve +2 (story), Occult Specialty — Afterlife (given), Occult Specialty — Shadow-Realm Travel (given)

Ban: The Guardian asks that the pack remember the dead. It periodically asks for a recitation of the names of the dead buried in a given part of the family cemetery. Failure to answer correctly results in the pack member being stripped of the totem's bonuses for three nights (after which he is "quizzed" again).

Cost: 10

The Guardian of the Threshold is an ancient spirit, summoned to the Pickering land from the darkest depths of the Shadow Realm. It has no fixed appearance, preferring to manifest as a shimmering bank of fog that speaks in an eerie harmony of softly wailing children.

PICKERING FAMILY CRYPT (LOCUS RATING •••)

Resonance: Death

Behind the Pickering estates, protected from prying eyes by thick rows of trees, is the Pickering graveyard. All of the Pickerings and their descendants are buried there. Donations of cash convince some relatives to do it; threats have been required on occasion. At the center of the graveyard is a mausoleum, where all of the Uratha Pickerings rest. It is a four-walled structure, with an open roof so the moon can shine down on the Pickering dead. The actual locus is centered on a nameplate of the oldest Pickering's tomb.

STORY HOOK — PICKERING FAMILY

With a month left to go before his 21st birthday, Morrison vanishes. Previously, Janet has been able to track down her errant brother and get him home before anything serious has happened, but he is truly



gone this time. Ezekiel and Angeni are scouring the Rockies for a trace of him. Janet proceeds to call in every marker she's ever collected, surprising even herself with her zeal. As the clock runs down, Janet begins offering larger and larger rewards for information about his location. Obadiah remains unmoved, spending more time alone in the Pickering Crypt.

The nature of the Pickering Curse is left up to individual Storytellers, but here are some possibilities for what is happening.

- Morrison is offering himself to the Bale Hounds, the same pack that took his father's eye. He believes that the curse is their work and that by joining the cult, he can escape his brothers' fate. Before leaving, Morrison took a number of powerful Bone Shadow fetishes, which must not fall into the Bale Hounds' hands. Additionally, the secrets in Morrison's head are quite valuable — not just the Bone Shadow lore, but the names, locations and families of dozens of packs in the Rocky Mountains and around the world. Armed with this information, the Hounds could launch a massive strike against the Uratha, either directly or through their relations.

- The curse is the work of Jane Pickering. The decades of being trapped in the mirror have driven her mad. Though trapped, she is able to plant subconscious suggestions in those who look into her mirror. Unbeknownst to even herself, Janet has kidnapped Morrison, and has him hidden away. On the night of Morrison's birthday, in a hypnotized state, Janet will kill him.

- Obadiah himself is responsible for the deaths of his sons. When he spied upon the Bale Hounds, the price was not just his eye. In return for feeding him obscene rituals that keep him powerful beyond his years, Obadiah must sacrifice his Uratha sons and feed their spirits to the Maeljin.

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 4

Mental Skills: Academics 3, Computer 1, Occult (Rituals) 3, Politics 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Stealth 2, Survival (Solo Journeys) 3

Social Skills: Empathy (Personalities) 3, Expression 2, Persuasion (Enchanting) 4, Socialize (Small Gatherings) 3

Merits: Contacts (Denver Small-Business Community, Mystery Lovers) 2, Fetish (Spirit Drum) 1, Fetish (Fetish Dagger) 2, Language (English [Spanish is native]) 1, Resources 2, Striking Looks 2, Totem 4

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 7

Max Essence/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Lust

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

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

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

Speed: 9 (10/13/16/14)

Renown: Honor 3, Wisdom 2

Gifts: (1) Death Sight, Scent Beneath the Surface, Sense Malice; (2) Snarl of Command, Scent of Taint, Traveler's Blessing; (3) Aura of Truce, Echo Dream

Rituals: 3; **Rites:** (1) Funeral Rite, Rite of Dedication, Rite of the Spirit Brand; (2) Banish Spirit, Call Gaffling, Fortify the Border Marches, Hallow Touchstone, Rite of Dormancy; (3) Bind Spirit, Call Jagglng, Rite

THE THREE SISTERS

The Three Sisters are a mystical triad of Bone Shadows. They have recently moved to Denver following the conflict with Gurdilag and set up shop in a mystery bookstore called Nevermore.

Park Sun Ae, the eldest of the Three Sisters is described on p. 305 of *Werewolf: The Forsaken*. Her Prophecy Bowl is a fetish that helps her divine omens. If used by itself, it mimics the power of the Gift: Omen Gazing, though it can be used only once a lunar month. If used by an werewolf who already knows that Gift, it grants an additional three dice to be used on the Resolve + Occult + Glory roll instead.

AMANDA "FIRST SHADOW CAST" LOPEZ

Auspice: Elodoth

Tribe: Bone Shadows

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 2

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



of Initiation, Wake the Spirit, as well some of the rites of the Lodge of Prophecy.

Amanda Lopez is a fit middle-aged Uratha. Before joining with Park Sun Ae, she traveled the world with a pack of nomad Bone Shadows, communing with city-spirits from around the world and hunting rogue spirits and Ridden entities. Her wanderlust and desire to be the first werewolf to set foot in previously unexplored territory led to the deed name she's chosen. The pack was well known for its exploits and good luck, but luck runs out.

While trying to "liberate" a set of ancient fetish rings, the Ivory Claws guarding them captured the pack. They staged an elaborate trial and found the packmates guilty on all counts — from attempting to steal the rings to their complicity (via bloodline) in Father Wolf's death. Bound in chains and awaiting their execution, they decided that by combining their talents one of them could escape. Amanda wished she had not been chosen to be that one, but she was. The pack broke her chains and covered her escape.

The loss of a pack is a devastating event for a werewolf, and Amanda fell into a deep depression. That was when Park Sun Ae found her, and convinced her that she still had work to do. Amanda was reluctant at first, unwilling to forge the bonds of pack again knowing that they might be broken. She eventually opened up, but she occasionally still dreams of her first pack.

Amanda is a lovely Hispanic woman who wears her age well. Working at the bookstore gives her a never-ending supply of men to sample, and she manages her love life with a grace and honesty that enchants men her age and captivates younger ones. She tries to remain friendly with all of her lovers, though her predatory nature inevitably bleeds through and drives men away. Amanda is also active in local werewolf politics, and keeps abreast of the situation for her pack. Sun does not care about politics, except in the vaguest of terms, and Kim does not have the experience to recognize the subtleties of werewolf status challenges. Amanda also enjoys teaching Kim, as well as a few other mystics chosen by Sun.

KIM CARLSON

Auspice: Rahu

Tribe: Bone Shadows

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve 2

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Investigation 1, Occult (Portents) 1

Physical Skills: Athletics (Acrobatics) 3, Brawl 2, Larceny 2, Stealth 2, Survival 1, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Empathy 2, Expression 1, Persuasion 2, Socialize (Teenagers) 2

Merits: Fetish (Klaive Dagger) 3, Resources 1, Retainers (Mother) 1, Totem 4

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 6

Max Essence/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Justice

Vice: Sloth

Health: 7 (9/11/10/7)

Initiative: 7 (7/8/9/9)

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

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

Renown: Purity 2, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (1) Blending, Clarity, Sense Malice

Rituals: 1; Rites: (1) Rite of Dedication, Shared Scent

Kim Carlson is fresh from her tribal initiation, and yet two powerful and worldly Bone Shadows have chosen her to be the striking arm of their pack. She is 16 years old and trying desperately to balance the allegedly normal aspects of her life (school, boys, working at the bookstore, avoiding her mother) with the supernatural (being a werewolf, seeking out prophecies, running mystical errands for two major-league shamans). Like many werewolves her age, she thinks that if she can just work hard enough, that somehow she can get her bloodthirsty impulses under control and wind up having a great time at the prom like the other girls.

It's not working. While her new school in Denver has a lot of great opportunities, she's barely passing her classes, most of the students think she's a violent freak and the teachers have her pegged as one who might bring a gun to class someday. The only time life seems to fit together is when she runs with her pack.

Part of this is intentional. Her packmates believe that the sooner she cuts the cord from her old life and fully embraces her new duties, the better it will be. They have subtly pushed events and manipulated her schedule to make things intentionally more difficult. They are not doing this to be cruel, but to prevent further pain and possible disaster. High school is a powder keg, and a werewolf's inner fury can easily act as a spark. Kim doesn't want to give up her old life, though, so she keeps trying harder.

If Sun is the mind of the pack and Amanda is the heart, then Kim is the hand. When action is called for, Kim goes into battle — sometimes with Amanda's help, but only to watch her back and provide support. The two older members believe that Kim has a destiny that will shape the future, not just of the Bone Shadows, but of the world.

Kim is athletic and attractive. She has shoulder-length red hair and likes to dress in belly shirts and well-worn jeans.

HUGIN THE RAVEN (PACK TOTEM)

Attributes: Power 3, Finesse 3, Resistance 3

Willpower: 6

Essence: 15

Initiative: 6

Defense: 3

Speed: 16 (flight only; species factor 10)

Size: 2

Corpus: 5

Influences: Knowledge ••

Numina: Material Vision, Materialize

Bonuses: Investigation +2 (pack), Gift: Know Name (pack)

Ban: Must give the totem the eyes of animals or humans in a ritual sacrifice once per week.

Cost: 11

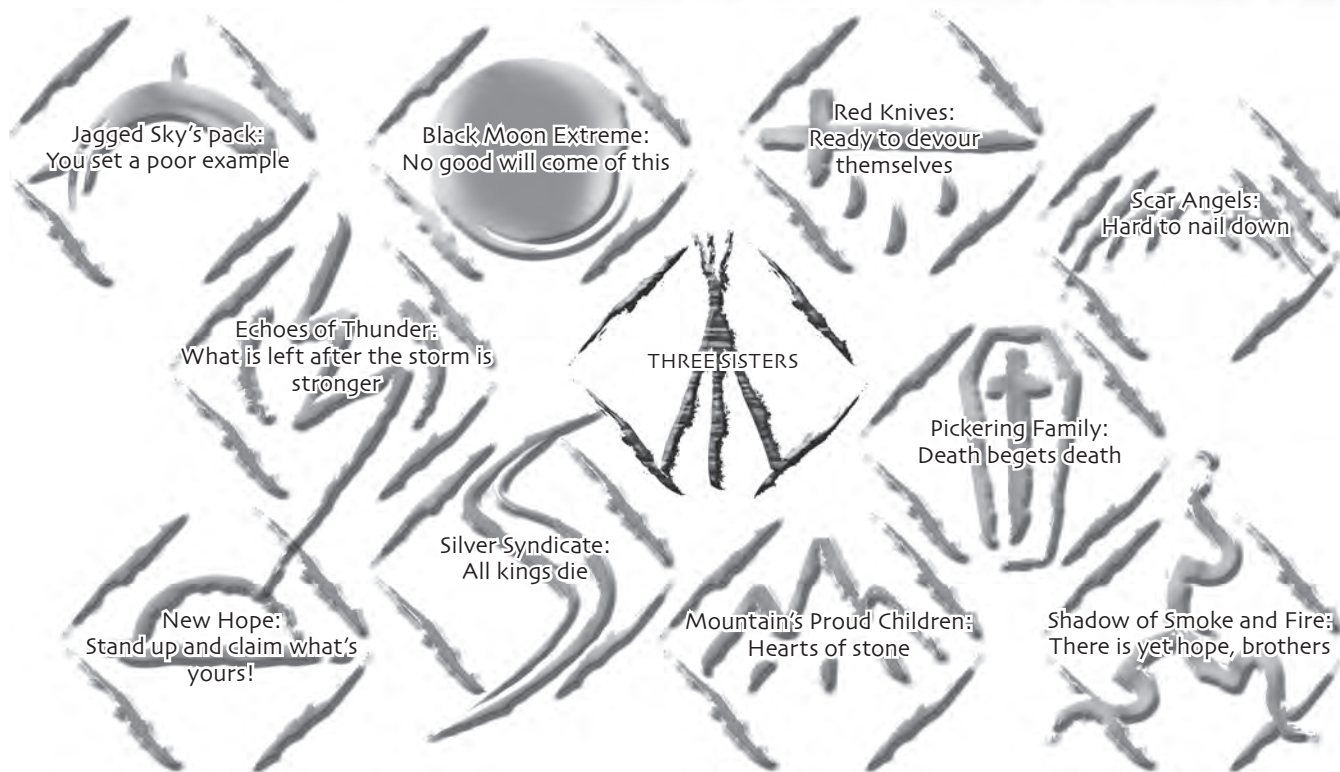
In Norse mythology, Hugin is one of the two ravens that flies around the world, gathering information for Odin. Hugin represents thought. Followers of Hugin seek the wisdom that he gathers, traveling all over the world and throughout the spirit wilds. Hugin helps his followers solve problems and also gives them access to the knowledge he collects.

THE NEVERMORE BOOKSTORE (LOCUS RATING ••)

Resonance: Prophecy

The pack's territory centers on this bookstore. The first floor is a cozy bookstore, with good lighting, wide aisles and comfortable chairs to sit and read in. Amanda and Kim work





there regularly, as do a couple of ordinary salespeople who remain oblivious to the deeper mysteries going on around them. The actual locus is a large bookshelf in the back room. Sun lives on the second floor of the building in a small apartment that doubles as their meeting room and occult library.

STORY HOOKS — THREE SISTERS

As Allies

The Three Sisters are well known for their abilities to perform auguries, and their results are generally much more accurate than those of other Bone Shadows, even those in the Lodge of Prophecy. They do not, as Sun puts it, "read Tarot cards like a sideshow gypsy." Those werewolves who want their futures told are carefully screened, and most are turned away.

This hook assumes that the troupe's pack has some great task ahead, and the members have yet to decide how to best pursue it. At some opportune point, Kim comes to the pack's territory and says that the Three would like to arrange a meeting.

The Three provide what insight they can to best help the troupe's pack, if the pack will recover an ancient fetish called the Third Scroll, lost by the Bone Shadows centuries ago to the Fire-Touched. Protected from natural wear by ritual magic, the scroll contains various prophecies written by a legendary Bone Shadow prophet. According to the portents, the scroll is now in the possession of a pack of Fire-Touched Uratha, who are trying to translate the prophecies. The Fire-Touched pack's territory is outside Kansas, on an abandoned farm foreclosed by the bank. The troupe's pack must figure out some way to get the scroll and give it to the Three. The Three are willing to let Kim accompany the troupe's pack.

As Enemies

Prophecy can cut both ways. Recently, Sun unraveled a piece of a prophecy that has hounded her most

of her life. While the exact details are unclear, the gist of it is that some particular goal of the troupe's pack will have disastrous effects down the line. This must be a very important goal of the troupe's pack, perhaps one that the players have been hoping to achieve for some time. The Three Sisters come to the troupe's pack's territory to inform the characters that they must abort their plans or face disaster.

This conflict should not be a simple "the wise woman said to stop so we went out for pizza instead." Even though the Three Sisters are noted seers, they are not infallible. They have been wrong before, though the Three blame the interpretation, not the prophecy itself. Worse, whatever the Storyteller decides to use as the crux of the prophecy is something the pack *really* wants, and the Three are vague as to the details of what bad event will happen, and to whom. The Storyteller can even decide to twist the knife further, by having the characters' enemies and allies mock them for giving up. Does the pack want to risk tempting fate?

HUNTERS IN DARKNESS

The Hunters in Darkness might be the most populous tribe of Forsaken in the Rocky Mountains. The harsh terrain suits their wild natures, and the mountains and forests represent the pure territory that the *Meninna* strive to protect. They tend to stick to their territories, policing them with a fury that impresses even the Blood Talons. Mankind continues to chop down forests in favor of suburbs. The *Meninna* fight this, by any means necessary.

A tradition among the Hunters in Darkness, stretching back to pioneering days, encourages *Meninna* to adopt poetic deed names after their tribal initiations. While this custom

isn't universally observed even in Colorado, the Hunters in Darkness of the region take great pride in their beautiful appellations, and often name their human children after natural phenomena or seasons.

MOUNTAIN'S PROUD CHILDREN

The pack known as Mountain's Proud Children is famous for its powerful locus *Sakendar Isi*. In recent years, the veil of secrecy that has kept other Uratha away from the mountain has been loosened, and the members of the pack are beginning to associate with other tribes than the Hunters in Darkness. Iron Soul, alpha of Mountain's Proud Children, is detailed on p. 306 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

SANGRAM MARUDA

Auspice: Cahalith

Tribe: Hunters in Darkness

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 2

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 3, Computer 2, Crafts 1, Occult 2, Science (Botany, Zoology) 3

Physical Skills: Athletics (Climbing) 3, Brawl 1, Drive 1, Stealth (Moving Quietly) 2, Survival (Mountains) 2

Social Skills: Empathy 2, Expression 2, Persuasion (Calming) 3, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Contacts (Family) 1, Fetish (Spirit Drum) 1, Fetish (Gauntlet Balm) 3, Fetish (Spirit Wings) 3, Language (Hindi) 1, Meditative Mind, Totem 3

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 8

Max Essence/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Greed

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

Initiative: 6 (6/7/8/8)

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

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

Renown: Cunning 1, Glory 3, Honor 2, Purity 2, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (1) Call Water, Know Name, Pack Awareness, Speak with Beasts, The Right Words; (2) Camaraderie, Plant Growth, Resist Pain; (3) Forest Communication

Rituals: 2; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication, Rite of the Spirit Brand; (2) Call Human

Sangram Maruda, sometimes called Graciously Greets the Sunrise, grew up in St. Louis in a very traditional Indian family. All of his life, he dreamed of a mountain, and it called to him. Therapy and prayer didn't help, so he simply stopped mentioning the dreams to his family. While in college at the Colorado School of Mines, a group of drunken frat boys who couldn't tell Indian from Iraqi decided to "teach Saddam a lesson." They would have been the ones to learn the lesson, had they survived. Sangram fled into the night, with the call of the mountain stronger than ever. On four legs, he slowly found his way to *Sakendar Isi*, and the Hunters in Darkness were waiting for him.

Sangram is quite friendly and willing to talk to anyone, human or werewolf. Of Mountain's Proud Children, he is the only one who misses human society. He frequently talks to hikers (obviously, not on the mountain) and is known for contacting young Uratha to learn all sorts of gossip.

Sangram recently turned 30. He is slender and has the grace of the Hunters in Darkness. He wears a beard, which he keeps neatly trimmed. When dressed, he frequently wears ordinary clothes, so that when he encounters hikers off the mountain, he appears to be just another nature-lover. He sometimes even carries binoculars and a bird watcher's diary.

EAGLE'S EYE AND CLAW

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Hunters in Darkness

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 4, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Crafts (Primitive Shelters) 3, Investigation (Puzzles) 2, Medicine 1, Occult 1, Politics 2, Science

Physical Skills: Athletics 4, Brawl 2, Larceny (Locks) 2, Stealth (Forest) 3, Survival 3, Weaponry 2

Social Skills: Animal Ken (Wolves) 2, Empathy 2, Expression 2, Intimidation 1, Persuasion 3, Socialize (Forsaken Gatherings) 2, Subterfuge (Misdirection) 3

Merits: Contacts (Parks Department) 1, Danger Sense, Disarm, Fast Reflexes 2, Fleet of Foot 2, Totem 3

Primal Urge: 4

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 7

Max Essence/Per Turn: 14/2

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Lust

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

Initiative: 9 (9/10/11/11) with Fast Reflexes

Defense: 4 (4/4/4/4)

Speed: 13 (14/17/20/18) with Fleet of Foot

Renown: Cunning 3, Glory 3, Honor 1, Purity 3, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (1) Blending, Call Water, Left-Handed Spanner, Partial Change, Sense Weakness; (2) Manipulate Earth, Skin-Stealing, Slip Away; (3) Distractions, Playing Possum, Silver Jaws

Rituals: 1; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication, Shared Scent

Those who knew Eagle's Eye and Claw as a young werewolf would never believe that he has ascended so far in the pack hierarchy of Mountain's Proud Children. A few who remember him as a wet-nosed pup are even surprised that he's still alive. Eagle's Eye is one of the handful of werewolves born in a small town at the base of the mountain, but his insatiable curiosity did not keep him there long. Even before his First Change, he roamed the woods, always curious to see what was over the horizon. When Iron Soul left the mountain to travel the world, the young man then just known as Eagle's Eye followed along. Younger than the rest of the pack, and barely past his tribal initiation, the pack demanded that the young cub return home. Eagle's Eye challenged Iron Soul to a fight to prove he could come along.

Even then, Iron Soul was a powerful warrior, the equal of many Rahu. Eagle's Eye was the runt of his litter. Iron Soul accepted the challenge, hoping to defeat the Irraka without hurting him too badly or injuring his pride. Eagle's Eye simply trotted to the edge of the stream where he had been waiting for the pack and let the pack's Ithaeur signal the start of the fight. Eagle's Eye let Iron Soul come at him. As Iron Soul leaped toward him, Eagle's Eye slipped under the large Uratha, and quickly shifted forms. He grabbed onto the larger Iron Soul and jumped into the river. Surprised by the unconventional tactics, Iron Soul did not have time to



take a deep enough breath and quickly went limp. Once out of the water, Iron Soul said “the Eagle’s Eye has claws as well,” which became part of the Irraka’s name.

If anyone can be said to know the powerful Iron Soul, it’s Eagle’s Eye. The two have been brothers in arms for close to two decades. Iron Soul’s fierce reputation often prevents others from talking to him, much less suggesting anything to him. The loudmouthed Irraka has no trouble cutting through the mystique surrounding Iron Soul to deal with the man instead of the legend.

STEVEN “SKY’S FIRST DEFENDER” CULLUM

Auspice: Rahu

Tribe: Hunters in Darkness

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Medicine (First Aid) 3, Occult (Spirits of the Mountain) 3, Politics (Uratha) 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl (Urshul) 4, Stealth 4, Survival (Hunting) 3, Weaponry (Klaive Sword) 4

Social Skills: Animal Ken 3, Intimidation 3, Persuasion 3, Socialize 1, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Direction Sense, Fetish (Klaive Sword) 4, Iron Stomach, Totem 3

Primal Urge: 5

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 5

Max Essence/Per Turn: 16/2

Virtue: Prudence

Vice: Envy

Health: 9 (11/13/12/9)

Initiative: 7 (7/8/9/9)

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

Speed: 13 (14/17/20/18)

Renown: Glory 3, Purity 3

Gifts: (1) Crushing Blow, Blending, Clarity, Warning Growl; (2) Attunement, Mighty Bound; (3) Death Grip, Iron Rending

Rituals: 1; **Rites:** (1) Banish Human, Funeral Rite, Rite of Dedication, Rite of the Spirit Brand

Those who know of the politics on the mountain sometimes think that Iron Soul’s greatest threat is not from some outside force like a Ridden or powerful spirit. The threat is right there in his inner circle, though none dare say it aloud. While Iron Soul was off “gallivanting around the earth,” Sky’s First Defender was on the mountain, protecting it from threats, keeping the pack’s relatives in the nearby towns safe and keeping everyone else out.

A member of Iron Soul’s generation, though not of his pack, Sky’s First Defender was born Steven Cullum. In his younger days, he honorably led a pack of werewolves on the mountain, and except for trips into the Shadow Realm on spiritual quests, he has almost never set foot off the mountain. When others questions

that lack of travel, Sky’s First Defender growls that *Sakendar Isi* needs him.

No werewolf has worked harder to protect and preserve the mountain. No werewolf has trained so hard or sacrificed so much. Sky’s First Defender had just decided that Stronger than Wind’s time had come and was going to challenge her for the leadership of the pack. Then, to his never-ending regret, Iron Soul returned and “stole” his pack — *his mountain*. Even worse, Iron Soul keeps *changing* things. Sky’s First Defender challenged Iron Soul once and was defeated quickly.

While Cullum does not leave his territory for long, he is beginning to take steps off the mountain. Usually accompanied by other Hunters in Darkness, Sky’s First Defender leads sorties, hunting down Ridden or rogue spirits. He is searching for some hidden way to defeat his alpha and return things to how they used to be.

Sky’s First Defender is muscular and gruff, fully embracing his feral side and rarely bothering to make concession to his humanity. He has coarse brown hair, a full beard and a slightly upturned nose. He typically wears a threadbare flannel shirt and a pair of filthy blue jeans.

JOSIE RAINGALLER

Auspice: Ithaeur

Tribe: Hunters in Darkness

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 4

Physical Attributes: Strength 1 (2/4/3/1), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 2 (3/4/4/3)

Social Attributes:

Presence 3,

Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3



Mental Skills: Academics 2, Crafts (Weaving) 3, Investigation 3, Medicine (Herbal) 4, Occult (Nature Spirits, Ritual Magic) 4, Politics 3, Science 2

Physical Skills: Brawl 1, Stealth (Remaining Still) 2, Survival (Mountains) 3

Social Skills: Animal Ken 2, Empathy (Werewolves) 3, Expression 1, Persuasion 2, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Holistic Awareness, Inspiring, Meditative Mind, Totem 4

Primal Urge: 5

Willpower: 7

Harmony: 8

Max Essence/Per Turn: 14/2

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Sloth

Health: 7 (9/11/10/7)

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

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

Speed: 8 (9/12/15/13)

Renown: Cunning 2, Glory 3, Honor 2, Purity 2, Wisdom 3

Gifts: (1) Call Water, Partial Change, Speak with Beasts, Straighten, Two-World Eyes; (2) Feet of Mist, Manipulate Earth, Plant Growth, Read Spirit, Ruin; (3) Command Fire, Primal Howl

Rituals: 3; **Rites:** All one- to three-dot rites in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

Josie Raincaller is the oldest member of the inner circle of Mountain's Proud Children. She was a member of Stronger than Wind's generation, and is the voice of continuity and history in the pack. She is also the peacemaker of the group — no one in the pack is willing to anger or upset her. She is the calm voice of reason that keeps Iron Soul and Sky's First Defender from tearing out each other's throats every evening.

Though no one else in the pack wants to admit it, Josie is nearing the end of her life. She was the youngest of Stronger than Wind's pack, but she is well into her sunset years. Though her body is aging, her mind remains sharp and her will strong. She can still command the spirits and rain down mystical wrath on any who would dare trespass on her beloved mountain. She is currently grooming two younger Ithaeur in the pack toward eventually replacing her as the pack's Crescent Moon. Once she has made her decision, she will bid her pack good-bye and wander off into the Shadow, following in her dear friend Stronger than Wind's paw prints to the lands beyond.

HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN (PACK TOTEM)

Attributes: Power 3, Finesse 3, Resistance 4

Willpower: 8

Essence: 15

Initiative: 7

Defense: 4

Speed: 19 (species factor 12)

Size: 2

Corpus: 6

Influences: Territory ••

Numina: Material Vision, Wilds Sense

Bonuses: Survival 2 (given)

Ban: The pack must continually work toward defending *Sakendar Isi*, and perform hour-long rituals once per lunar phase.

Cost: 16

The Heart of the Mountain appears as a fist-sized diamond. Its facets shimmer and change as it slowly rotates in the light. That is only the form it takes to the members of Mountain's Proud Children, however. When others are present, it appears as one of the many animals that live on the mountain.

SAKENDAR ISI (LOCUS RATING •••••)

Resonance: Endurance

Sakendar Isi is one of the oldest and most powerful loci in North America. Lore says it has been home to a pack of Hunters in Darkness since before mankind walked on the continent, and the *Meninna* claim it will be so long after the last man leaves. Though it is famous among the Tribes of the Moon, very few Uratha have ever set foot on the mountain. The packs guarding the locus are territorial, though this is starting to loosen a little since the Brethren War. The years of secrecy have led to rumors about the locus, especially concerning the name. Some believe that the site is a holy place, and that the packs guard it for its potency. Others believe that there is some dark creature trapped in or under the mountain, and that the Mountain's Proud Children are there to keep whatever it is imprisoned. Either way, the guardians are not telling (see p. XX for a few possibilities).

Rumor speaks of Soul of the Mountain, a potent spirit that allegedly tolerates the Hunters in Darkness' presence so long as they continue to guard the mountain. The truth of this has been left for the Storyteller to develop, depending on what they want the true nature of the protectorate to be.



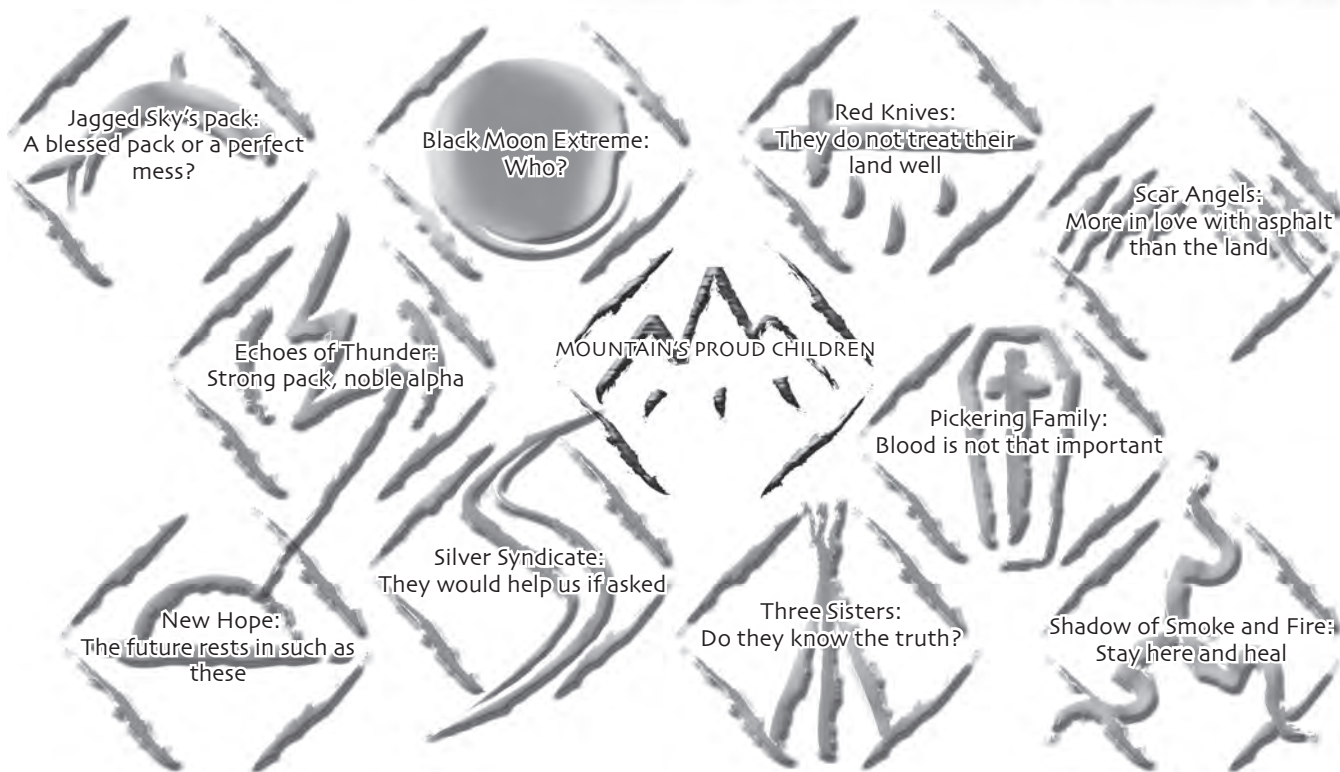
As Allies

To get a request for aid from Mountain's Proud Children is a great honor, so when the characters receive it, they should answer. It seems that Sangram Maruda's human family might have another Uratha in their midst. His cousin, Parminder Maruda, is a shy 16-year-old girl who lives with her extended family close to the troupe's pack's territory. For the first time in her young life, she is rebelling against her family. The troupe's pack needs to find a way to help her through the First Change without her or any of her family getting hurt. It should be noted that Sunrise is not completely sure that she is a werewolf. The portents are somewhat unclear on that, so they can't just abduct her and drop her off at the mountain. Give the players a chance to roleplay meeting her, dealing with her family and trying to determine if she is, indeed, going through her First Change.

As Enemies

The troupe's pack has been chasing a clutch of particularly offensive spirits across the Rockies. After many days and nights of tracking it, they chase it to the territory of Mountain's Proud Children. In their exuberance to finish off the last dark spirit, they might even cross into the territory without intending to or warning their intention. That, in and of itself, is a major faux pas. The troupe's pack is quickly greeted by some Mountain's Proud Children, who order the troupe's pack off the mountain. Should the troupe's pack protest, the Hunters in Darkness simply state that they will handle any renegade spirits on their territory. As a matter of Uratha etiquette, they are, of course, well within their rights to do so. Sometime later, however, the troupe's pack hears another Uratha make a similar complaint about a different spirit she was chasing down. Investigations reveal that many dangerous come to the mountain, and perhaps some of them are even seen again later, after Mountain's Proud Children claim to have "taken care of the problem."





The players are faced with a mystery: Why are the Hunters in Darkness keeping other Uratha from hunting these entities on their territory, and why are the spirits flocking there? Is it a safe haven? Have the powerful Hunters in Darkness been corrupted by Bale Hounds? Or are they instead drawing the spirits to their doom, and the troupe's pack could inadvertently cause some greater disaster by meddling in something that was not their concern?



SHADOW OF SMOKE AND FIRE

While some packs in the Rockies are growing in power, the pack called Shadow of Smoke and Fire is on the decline. They were always a strange group, fleeing their human pasts for unexplained reasons and sinking so far into their werewolf nature that they seemed on the verge of becoming more spirit than flesh. Now the death of the pack's Cahalith, Haunting Howl of Peril, has shattered the pack's confidence and left the survivors in a vulnerable situation. Some packs wish to take advantage of this weakness; others wish to come to their aid. The alpha of the pack, Night's Call to Arms, is detailed on p. 308 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

CALLING MURMUR OF LAUGHTER

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Hunters in Darkness

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 2

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 4

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Crafts 1, Investigation (Deaths) 3, Occult 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl (Striking from Behind) 3, Larceny 2, Stealth (Forests) 4, Survival 3

Social Skills: Animal Ken (Wolves) 2, Empathy (Anger) 1, Intimidation 1, Subterfuge (Careful Omission) 3

Merits: Fast Reflexes 2, Fleet of Foot 2, Totem 3

Primal Urge: 4

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 6

Max Essence/Per Turn: 14/2

Virtue: Justice

Vice: Sloth

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

Initiative: 9 (9/10/11/11) with Fast Reflexes

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

Speed: 12 (13/16/19/17) with Fleet of Foot

Renown: Cunning 2, Glory 2, Purity 2

Gifts: (1) Blending, Call Water, Partial Change, Sense Weakness; (2) Feet of Mist, Manipulate Earth, Slip Away

Rituals: 1; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication, Shared Scent

Chilling Murmur of Laughter knows that Night's Call is dying inside. He knows that the pack's alpha has lost his nerve. What Murmur does not know is what to do about it. He plots elaborate scenarios of revenge against the Predator Kings. He even brings them up to Night's Call, though only in private for now. The need to do *something* eats at Murmur. He knows that if he were to challenge Night's Call, he would lose, and with Night's Call's current emotional state, Murmur might not survive the challenge. And that would kill the pack as surely as anything the Predator Kings could do. So, for now, Murmur waits and speaks quiet words. Eventually, though, he will have to do more.

Murmur's role in the pack is that of scout and assassin. He is equally adept at maneuvering through a dense forest on a moonless night and slinking through high-tech security. Though he does not always understand the science behind the devices that would thwart him, the principles of quietly finding one's prey without detection have not changed since the dawn of history. Like most of his pack, he has lost himself

to great degree, and sometimes struggles to remember his human name — before he asks himself why he even bothers. The stalking wolf is powerful within him, but the human is losing ground.

Murmur is in his early 20s and sports long, sandy blond hair. He is quiet and withdrawn normally and has grown steadily more morose and sallow-cheeked as his pack has declined.

FURIOUS SPARK OF INFERNO

Auspice: Rahu

Tribe: Hunters in Darkness

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Computer 1, Crafts 2, Occult 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl (Gauru) 3, Drive 1, Firearms 1, Stealth (Forest) 2, Survival (Hunting) 2, Weaponry (Axes) 3

Social Skills: Animal Ken (Wolves) 2, Empathy 2, Expression 1, Intimidation 3, Persuasion 1

Merits: Fetish (Timepiece) 3, Fetish (Klaive Axe) 4, Totem 3

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 7

Virtue: Justice

Vice: Wrath

Max Essence/Per Turn: 12/1

Health: 9 (11/13/12/9)

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

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

Speed: 12 (13/16/19/17)

Renown: Glory 1, Purity 2

Gifts: (1) Blending, Left-Handed Spanner, Crushing Blow; (2) Mighty Bound, Nightfall

Rituals: 1; Rites: (1) Rite of Dedication

Born to an average, middle-class family in Estes Park, Colorado, William Baron rarely took advantage of the bounties of the wilderness. He did the normal, everyday things that all teenagers did. But, through it all, there was something in his heart that he knew made him different. Three years ago, when he was 15, the dreams started, dreams of fire and blood. One night, he awoke to the smell of smoke — faulty wiring in the house had sparked a blaze that quickly spread through the home. In the midst of the flames, he changed for the first time. Even in the chaos, his parents saw him and fled in fear. Terrified of what

he had become, he ran off into the night. Their memories obscured by Lunacy, the Baron family searches for him to this day, as do the police, believing that he was somehow responsible for setting the fire. Spark survived for a time on his own in the woods, thrilling to his newfound instincts. The Hunters in Darkness found him and adopted him as their own. Night's Call and Haunting Howl became his surrogate parents and the pack his new family.

Haunting Howl's generous soul allowed her to better understand the young warrior and help him through the difficult process of not just becoming a werewolf, but becoming an adult. Her death has left a hole in Spark's life. He tries to fulfill it by taking on the Cahalith's duties in the pack. He tries to lead them in howls and re-tell the ancient stories she passed on to him. But he is no storyteller, and his attempts to recapture what she did for the pack only serve to remind them all that she's gone. He frequently re-lives a past battle recorded by Haunting Howl in her Timepiece, and refuses to replace the moments captured therein.

PROFOUND WEIGHT OF SEASONS

Auspice: Ithaeur

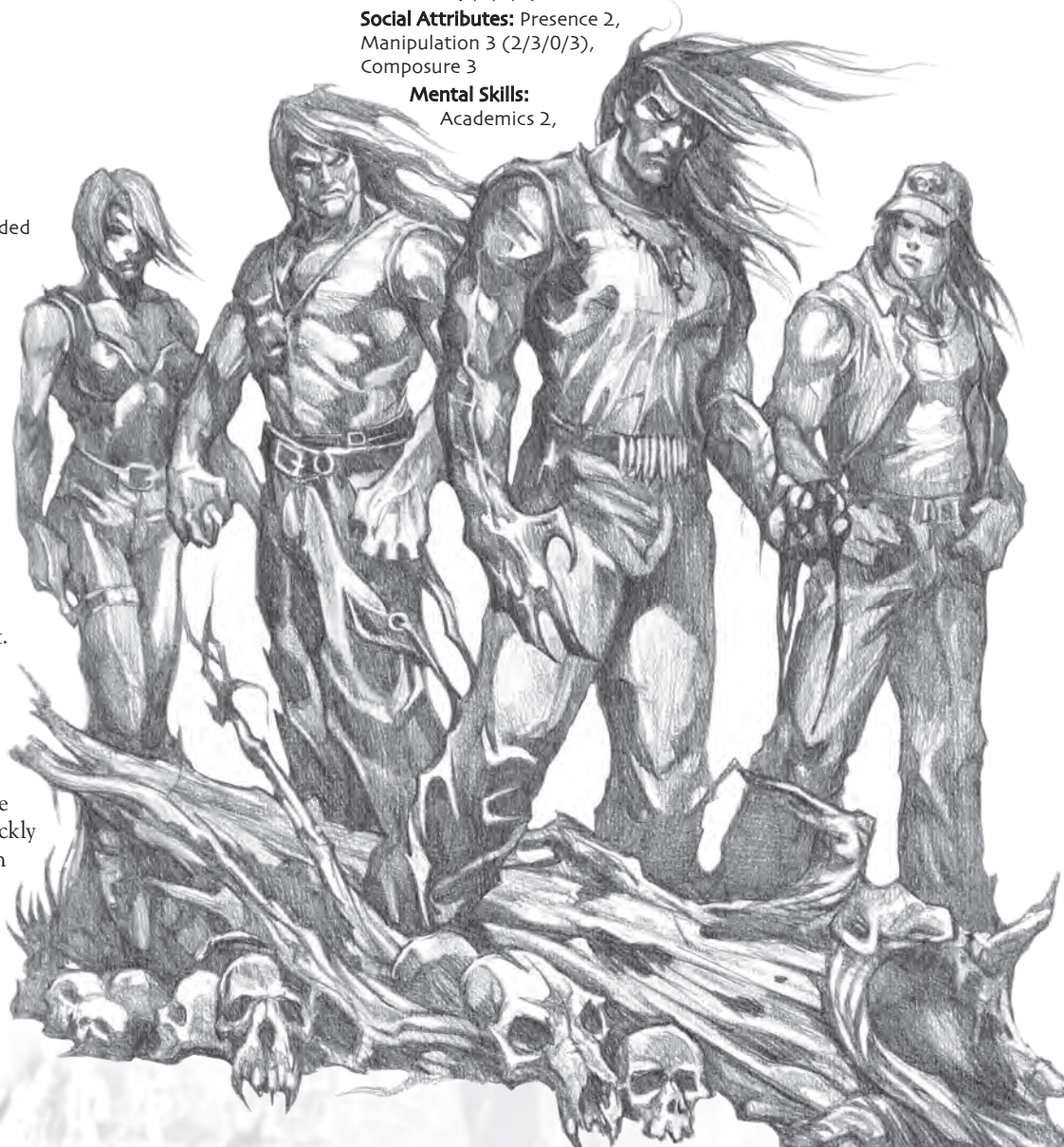
Tribe: Hunters in Darkness

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 2, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 3

Mental Skills:
Academics 2,



Crafts 1, Investigation 2, Occult (Bans, Lunar Choirs) 3, Politics 1, Science 2

Physical Skills: Brawl 1, Stealth (Urban) 3, Survival (Hunting) 3,

Social Skills: Empathy 2, Persuasion 1, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Animal Ken 2, Fleet of Foot 2, Language (First Tongue) 1, Meditative Mind, Totem 3

Primal Urge: 4

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 5

Max Essence/Per Turn: 13/2

Virtue: Temperance

Vice: Envy

Health: 7 (9/11/10/7)

Initiative: 6 (6/7/8/8)

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

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

Renown: Glory 2, Purity 1, Wisdom 2

Gifts: (1) Two-World Eyes, Ward Versus Predators, Wolf-Blood's Lure; (2) Read Spirit, Ward Versus Humans

Rituals: 3; **Rites:** (1) Banish Human, Funeral Rite, Rite of Dedication, Rite of the Spirit Brand; (2) Banish Spirit, Blessing of the Spirit Hunt, Call Gaffling, Cleansed Blood, Fortify the Border Marches, Hallow Touchstone, Rite of Dormancy; (3) Bind Human, Bind Spirit, Rite of Initiation

Profound Weight of Seasons pines for her best friend. She and Haunting Howl went through their tribal initiations together and had been inseparable since then. Like all of the pack, her heart aches with loss. She spends most of her time alone, because each time she sees a packmate, she feels Haunting Howl's absence. She is considering leaving the pack, even though she knows that it would be the pack's death. Part of her thinks that leaving is the only way for them to heal, and part of her considers it cowardly for just feeling that way. Her compromise with herself is to remain with the pack until the Predator Kings who murdered her soul sister are dead. With Night's Call refusing to plan a counter-attack, however, her pain grows and her desire to flee grows with it.

When the pack was whole and healthy, her role stemmed from her auspice. She would consult with the spirits for portents and summon them to provide cover for their actions. One of their favored tactics was to summon air and water elementals to generate a thick fog to cover their actions. Since Haunting Howl's death, she feels lost, unsure of herself and her auspice role. She is a capable Ithaeur, to be sure, but she lacks the confidence necessary to deal with spirits. Someday soon, this might become dangerously apparent.

Profound Weight of Seasons has lost weight since the tragedy. She is becoming dangerously gaunt, her blond hair thinning and her blue eyes growing sunken.

WOLF THAT BLAZES WITH ANGER (PACK TOTEM)

Attributes: Power 4, Finesse 3, Resistance 2

Willpower: 6

Essence: 5

Initiative: 5

Defense: 4

Speed: 14 (species factor 7)

Size: 4

Corpus: 6

Influences: Fire •, Hunting •

Numina: Chorus, Material Vision

Bonuses: Gift: Hone Rage (pack), Stamina +2 (story)

Ban: Must keep a sacred fire burning at all times. If the fire goes out, the pack loses the bonuses until the fire is re-lit.

Cost: 11

Wolf that Blazes with Anger appears in fire, coalescing into a large, angry-looking wolf made of the flames itself. The Blazing Wolf is full of righteous anger. Since Haunting Howl's death, the Blazing Wolf has lost some of its spiritual fire. Since the pack has lost its way, so too has its totem. It used to have more power, but has lost much of its Essence due to neglect.

SHADOW TREE (LOCUS RATING •)

Resonance: None.

In the midst of this pack's territory is a small glen, where the grass smells sweet and the oak trees provide comfortable shade. In the center is a young oak tree, planted from a seed the pack found while searching for a locus. To the naked eye, the seed practically glowed with power. After consulting the omens, the pack planted the seed in the glen and has tended it ever since. There is a small cave close to the glen where the pack keeps its ritual fire burning, though the packmates have not been as careful as they have in the past about keeping the flame alight. This has led to the locus losing power.

STORY HOOKS — SHADOW OF SMOKE AND FIRE

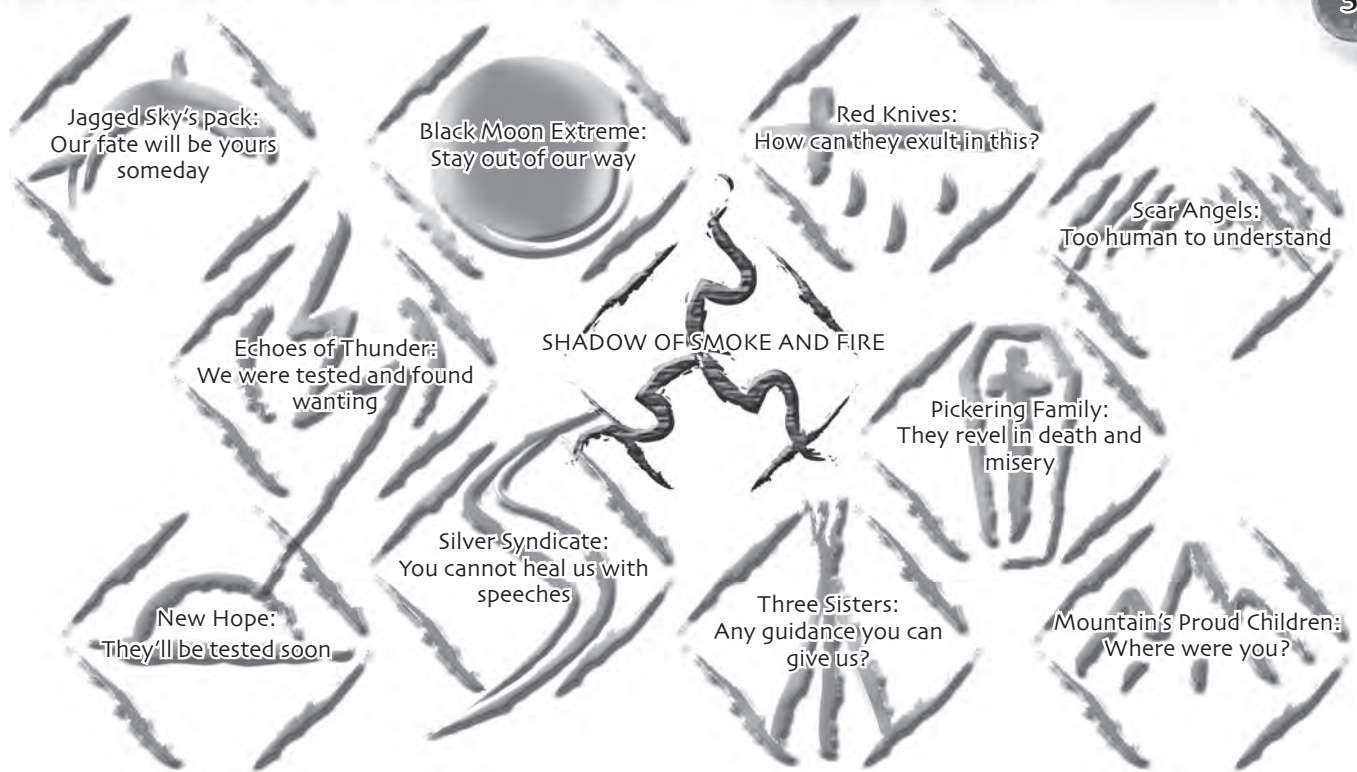
As Allies

The troupe's pack comes in conflict with the same pack of Predator Kings that killed Haunting Howl of Peril. The Predator Kings are powerful, potent foes who should deal the troupe's pack a serious blow, though not necessarily fatal. While trying to learn about who their new foes are, the characters discover the connection to the Shadows of Smoke and Fire. While neither pack can defeat the band of Predator Kings alone, the two packs combined should be able to dispose of the murderous werewolves. Before the troupe's pack can fight the physical battle with the Predator Kings, they will first have to help Shadow of Smoke and Fire heal their spiritual wounds and once again become a true pack.

As Enemies

The damage done to the Shadows of Smoke and Fire fractured the pack. Profound Weight of Seasons leaves the pack on a spiritual quest. When she is gone, the others go their separate ways. Furious Spark of Inferno lashes out in anger, beginning a rampage of destruction. All of the Forsaken in the area are on the lookout for him — a tribunal has declared that any means necessary can be used to stop him.

Meanwhile, Chilling Murmur of Laughter is trying to track down the Predator Kings, likely to either be captured or end up following Haunting Howl to the grave. Lastly, Night's Call to Arms remains alone at the locus, wasting away. In the spirit world, The Blazing Wolf is hiding in a remote cave, his fire dying as the pack's bonds weaken and shatter. Even if the werewolves are saved from their enemies, the totem spirit must be re-awakened as well.



IRON MASTERS

The Iron Masters consider themselves the alpha tribe in the Rocky Mountains, since they control much of the urban territory. Many of the other tribes would disagree, pointing out that the cities and towns are only a tiny fraction of the territory available. With that in mind, the Iron Masters do possess a large and well-organized web of connections throughout the cities in the Rockies. Additionally, many Iron Master packs have holdings in the wild, staking out large tracts of countryside, just to hang on to the powerful loci. This has led to many disputes, since only in recent years have packs tried to claim non-contiguous territories.

THE SILVER SYNDICATE

The Silver Syndicate is the most powerful and respected pack of Iron Masters in the Rocky Mountains. Originally consisting entirely of *Farsil Luhai*, it is now a multi-tribal pack, and the symbol of Max Roman's quest for a more united front among the Tribes of the Moon. Today, the Syndicate works to create Roman's dream: an extensive and permanent alliance of tribes, working together to defeat their common foes and promote their general welfare. They work as diplomats, solving problems between packs. They also use their considerable resources to help young and struggling multi-tribal packs.

The Syndicate sponsors young packs, such as the New Hope pack and Jagged Sky's pack (see p. 301 and 308, respectively, of *Werewolf: The Forsaken*), as well as many other packs across the Rocky Mountains. Some whisper that Roman wants to forge his "army" because it means he will be the alpha wolf over anyone who joins. Roman continues to deny those claims, but that just confirms it to his detractors. It is true, however, that Roman's resources have allowed many struggling packs to find their feet. If he were to call in all of his markers at once, he could have a dangerous assemblage of werewolves ready to fight on his behalf.

Roman saw something else in the battle for Denver — a revelation about where the Uratha needed to go. He imagined what the Uratha could do, if they would only work together. Sadly, the spoils of war were too tempting, and soon the brothers in arms fell back into old patterns. The fighting and squabbling saddens Roman, but he remains faithful to his dream. There will be an alliance some day, if he has to forge it with his own two hands.

RICHARD CAMFIELD

Auspice: Rahu

Tribe: Blood Talons

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 2

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics (Military History) 3, Computer 1, Investigation 2, Medicine 2, Politics 1, Science 2

Physical Skills: Athletics (Long Running) 3, Brawl (Disabling Limbs) 4, Drive 1, Firearms 3, Stealth 2, Survival 3, Weaponry (Knives) 3

Social Skills: Expression 1, Intimidation (Intense) 2, Socialize 1, Streetwise 2

Merits: Contacts (Military) 2, Resources 4, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 4

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 6

Max Essence/Per Turn: 13/2

Virtue: Prudence

Vice: Wrath

Health: 9 (11/13/12/9)

Initiative: 6 (6/7/8/8)

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

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

Renown: Cunning 1, Glory 3, Honor 1, Purity 2, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (1) Clarity, Left-Handed Spanner, Mask of Rage, Sense Malice, Partial Change; (2) Attunement, Hone Rage; (3) Leach Rage



Rituals: 1; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication, Shared Scent

Richard Canfield is short, almost skinny in Hishu form, and has a receding hairline. That doesn't stop him from being as dangerous a Blood Talon Rahu as any larger brute. Luna knew he had the heart of a warrior, even if his body didn't match the ideal. A Rahu is a leader as well as a killer, and that is where Cannon's Fire excelled. He was fascinated with war from the time he was a small child. He played war games instead of baseball. He read about famous battles, and memorized facts about Erwin Rommel and Sun Tzu instead of supermodels or sports stars. He rarely got picked for teams in gym class, until a perceptive classmate noticed that he was always in the perfect position to pull off plays. While he was no physical marvel, he was tough enough to keep up with players a foot taller and 50 pounds heavier than him.

Richard intended to join the Army after high school, but as he notes, Luna picked a different path for him. Unlike his classmates in school, the Blood Talons recognized his talents and put him to work. His clever plans and quick thinking didn't save his first pack from Gurdilag's minions, however. For a time, Richard despaired. The eventual victory over Gurdilag tasted like ashes. But Max Roman came to him and offered him a new family.

Cannon's Fire fits well into the Silver Syndicate. His tactical know-how helped forge the survivors of Roman's original pack and the new members assembled after the war into a force that will likely outshine its already considerable reputation. His only regret is that there are not more battles to fight, as Roman's work to make peace has neglected more active work on the front. It isn't as though the enemies aren't out there, after all.

JASON "TYCHO" CHAMPLAIN

Auspice: Ithaeur

Tribe: Iron Masters

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 2, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 4

Mental Skills: Academics (Research) 3, Computer (Programming) 3, Investigation 1, Occult (Astrology, Lunes) 3, Politics (Academia) 1, Science (Astronomy) 3

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Drive 1, Firearms 1, Survival 1, Weaponry 2

Social Skills: Empathy 2, Expression 3, Persuasion 3, Socialize 2, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Contacts (Astronomers, Denver Universities) 2, Fetish (Spirit Sextant) 4, Language (Chinese, First Tongue, German) 3, Resources 3, Totem 3

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 7

Harmony: 8

Max Essence/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Sloth

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

Initiative: 7 (7/8/9/9)

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

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

Renown: Cunning 3, Glory 2, Honor 1, Purity 1, Wisdom 5

Gifts: (1) Call Water, Know Name, Sense Malice, Straighten, Two-World Eyes; (2) Read Spirit, Scent of Taint, Traveler's Blessing; (3) Iron Treachery, Sagacity; (4) Machinegeist; (5) Spirit Pack

Rituals: 5; **Rites:** Most of the rites in **Werewolf: The Forsaken** including Rite of Drawing Down the Shadow.

"Tycho," born Jason Champlain, was born to a military family, and traveled the world. His grandfather gave him as telescope as a Hanukkah present. Unable to make long-term friends, he spent many nights on the roof of his house, sitting with a telescope, charting the stars. He studied astronomy in college at Caltech and was working on his doctorate when his First Change interrupted his studies. Unlike many First Changes, it was bloodless. He was alone in the Palomar Observatory watching the crescent moon through the telescope. It was something he had done a thousand times, but this time the miraculous occurred. He slipped sideways into the spirit world, and was overwhelmed with haunting visions of great chains beyond the stars. He believes he was granted a very specific vision, one hinting at things like the idigam that remain bound in the dark vaults of the sky. The secret doors must be found once again, and their locks secured so that no wayward explorer finds them.

Jason dedicated himself to Luna and swore he would find those hidden domains in the spirit world. The necessities of life intruded, however. He found himself in Roman's pack, and his desire to search the heavens (spiritual and otherwise) for these lost prisons was ignored when Roman's crusades called. He loves Roman like a brother and packmate, but was relieved when the pack settled down in Denver after the war. Since then, he has dedicated himself to the quest Luna gave him as a young man. He keeps his distance from Roman, almost afraid to let his pack-brother's powerful charisma sweep him up into another adventure away from his orrery in the Argentum Building. He was grateful that Subtle Storm joined the pack after the War for Denver, and that the young and hungry Ithaeur was willing to step up while Jason watches the heavens.

Jason dresses like a graduate student, often wearing the same clothes for a couple of days because he's been spending all of his time in the orrery. He shaves only when he remembers to, and he keeps his hair in a ponytail.

When activated, his Spirit Sextant gives the user a +4 modifier for the purposes of navigation in the Shadow, and allows him to always be able to retrace his steps to a starting point.

ANDREA WATERS

Auspice: Cahalith

Tribe: Bone Shadows

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Computer 2, Investigation 1, Occult 1, Science (Biology) 2

Physical Skills: Athletics (Running) 2, Brawl 1, Drive 1

Social Skills: Animal Ken 1, Empathy 2, Expression (Song) 3, Persuasion (Earnest) 2, Socialize 2, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Barfly, Mentor (Max Roman) 3, Striking Looks 2, Totem 1

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 7

Max Essence/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Envy

Health: 7 (9/11/10/7)

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

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

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

Renown: Cunning 1, Glory 1, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (1) Know Name, Sense Malice, The Right Words

Rituals: 1; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication, Rite of the Spirit Brand

Andrea Nation Song (born Andrea Waters) is the youngest member of Roman's pack. She is fresh from her tribal initiation and feels overwhelmed in the midst of all these powerful Uratha. She has mixed ancestry, half Arapaho and half Anglo. Her mother works as a hotel maid at a ski resort in Dubois, Wyoming, and her father is a groundskeeper. She grew up dealing with "Pocahontas" jokes and the pressures of her mixed heritage. The complicated life of a 16-year-old became even more difficult when she became a werewolf. A pack of Bone Shadows helped her through her initiation. Upon learning of her, Roman wanted her to join one of his multi-tribal packs, but saw in her a wellspring of raw talent that he preferred to have at his fingertips. Also, as some critics noted, he didn't have a Bone Shadow in his pack yet. Awed by his presence, the young Cahalith accepted his offer. At times, she wishes she hadn't. The rest of the pack, while not treating her as an omega, is overprotective of their young packmate. She wishes to prove herself. She's also somewhat bored. Roman encourages her to socialize with werewolves her age and has set her up a few times with promising human men, but she has no real peer group. Many Uratha feel intimidated by her connection to the Silver Syndicate and worry that anything they tell her will end up in Roman's ears.

Andrea is an attractive teenage girl. He has black hair, recently cut short, and typically wears Broncos T-shirts and a worried expression. She has a small, circular scar over her right eye, the result of a bullet wound during her First Change. She has no idea who shot her or what became of him, and she doesn't like to think about it.

RUMOR

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Iron Masters

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 4 (3/4/1/4), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics (Journalism) 3, Computer 3, Investigation (Paper Trails) 3, Politics 3

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 1, Drive 2, Larceny 2, Stealth (Shadowing) 2

Social Skills: Empathy 2, Expression (Written Word) 2, Persuasion (Blackmail) 2, Socialize 1, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 3

Merits: Allies (Denver PD) 2, Contacts (Denver Police, Denver Politics, Denver Underworld) 3, Resources 2, Status (Press Pass) 2, Totem 1

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 6

Max Essence/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Pride

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

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

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

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

Renown: Cunning 2, Glory 1, Honor 1, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (1) Blending, Know Name, Left-Handed Spanner, Loose Tongue; (2) Sand in the Eyes

Harmony Springer loves secrets. From reading *Harriet the Spy* as a child to Sherlock Holmes as a teenager, she wanted to find out what others kept hidden. After college, she wanted to be an FBI agent and solve crimes like her fictional heroes. Unfortunately, werewolves have trouble with background checks, to say nothing of psych tests. At first, she thought she would have to give up her dreams. Roman spoke to her soon after her initiation into the Iron Masters and explained that she had a whole



new vista to explore. Let humans catch serial killers and expose criminal conspiracies. Harmony is going to plumb the secret history of the supernatural and learn secrets no human will ever know.

To help her along, Roman pulled some strings at the *Denver Post* and arranged for her press credentials, even though she lacks a degree or experience beyond her high school newspaper. To everyone's surprise, including Harmony's, she discovered she had a knack for newspaper work, and is starting to attract attention for her work exposing local corruption in government. Roman would prefer she maintain a lower profile, but he has not yet done anything to stop her.

Harmony is in her mid-20s. She dresses casually and wears comfortable sneakers because of all the walking she does in her job. She has a plain face, framed by long red hair tied back in a ponytail.

SUBTLE STORM

Auspice: Ithaeur

Tribe: Storm Lords

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 2, Resolve 4

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Computer 2 Investigation 2, Medicine 1, Occult (Gifts) 3, Politics (Forsaken) 4, Science 2

Physical Skills: Brawl 2, Drive 2, Firearms 1, Larceny 2, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Empathy 1, Intimidation (Rational) 3, Persuasion 2, Socialize 1, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 3

Merits: Iron Stomach, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 4

Willpower: 7

Harmony: 6

Max Essence/Per Turn: 13/2

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Wrath

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

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

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

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

Renown: Honor 2, Purity 2, Wisdom 3

Gifts: (1) Call the Breeze, Two-World Eyes, Ward Versus Predators; (2) Luna's Dictum, Read Spirit, Silent Fog; (3) Deluge

Rituals: 2; **Rites:** All one- and two-dot rites in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

Most Uratha assume Subtle Storm is a spy. She is a Storm Lord, and her pack owed the Echoes of Thunder many debts. Now, she works as an advisor to Rachel Snow's greatest rival.

Storm Lords respect strength. During the War for Denver, Subtle Storm's pack fought alongside the Silver Syndicate and the Echoes of Thunder. There, she felt the power in Roman's voice and, more importantly, the power of his ideas. She saw how the tribes worked better together than apart. Snow, on the other hand, encourages strength by letting the tribes test themselves against one another. Subtle Storm believes that what the tribes can accomplish together outweighs anything they can personally achieve. So, when the rest of her pack died in the war, both Roman and Snow offered the young Ithaeur a place in their packs. After a

private conversation with Roman, she knew what her choice must be. Subtle Storm works tirelessly for Roman's dream, which she now shares. She believes that through unity, the Uratha could demonstrate strength never before seen.

Subtle Storm is a heavyset woman in her early 30s. She has thick curly hair and a somewhat severe manner. It isn't that she is unpleasant, but she likes to be busy, and if she doesn't stay active, she starts to fidget.

ELISE GLASS-SHATTERING HOWL

Auspice: Cahalith

Tribe: Hunters in Darkness

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 2, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Crafts 2, Investigation 1, Occult (Ridden) 2

Physical Skills: Athletics (Pursuit) 3, Brawl 2, Firearms 1, Stealth 2, Survival 2, Weaponry 2

Social Skills: Expression (Painting 2, Intimidation 2, Persuasion (Stubborn) 2), Subterfuge 1

Merits: Direction Sense, Fetish (Klaive Dagger) 3, Meditative Mind, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 5

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 5

Max Essence/Per Turn: 14/2

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Wrath

Health: 9 (11/13/12/9)

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

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

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

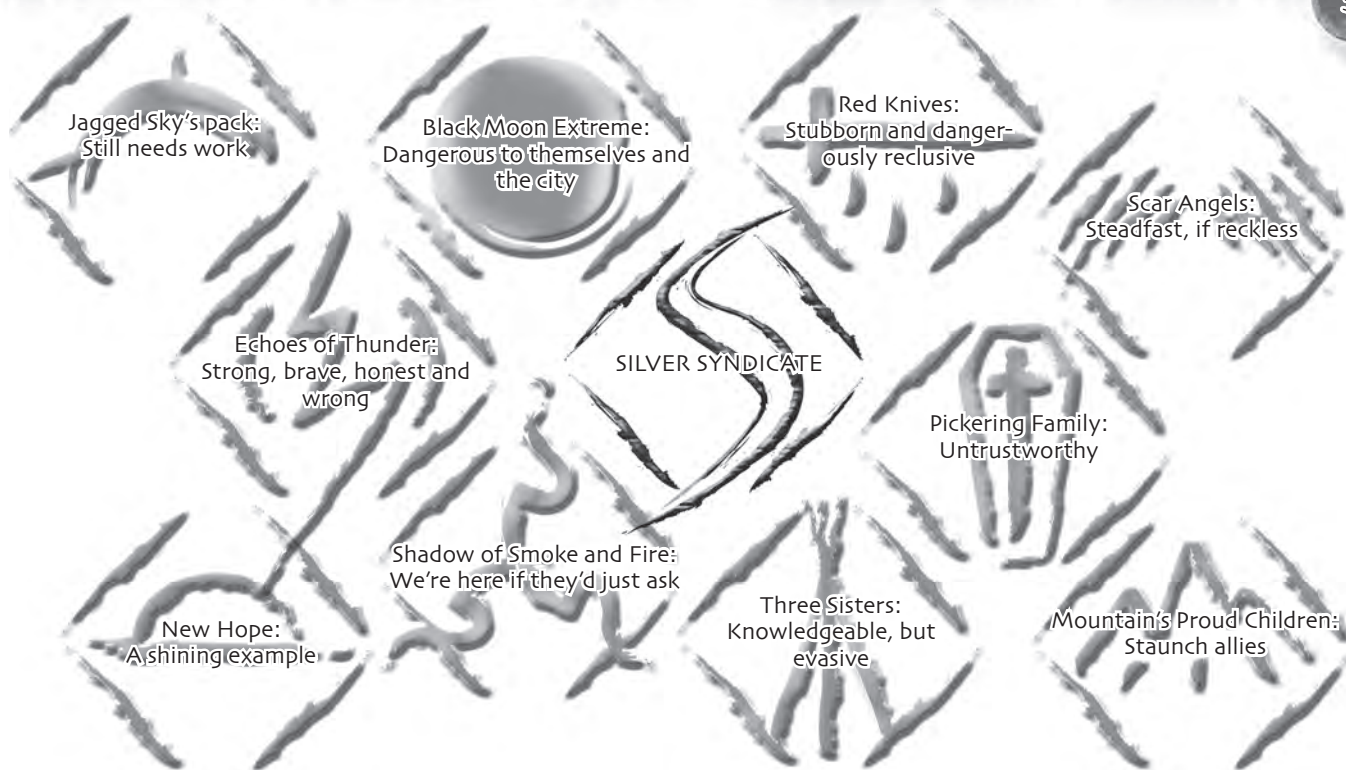
Renown: Glory 3, Honor 2, Wisdom 2

Gifts: (1) Call Water, Pack Awareness, The Right Words; (2) Camaraderie, Manipulate Earth, Resist Pain; (3) Command Fire, Forest Communion

Rituals: 1; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication, Shared Scent

Glass-Shattering Howl was born Elise Mile, and her First Change was brutal. A pack of Hunters in Darkness confronted one of Gurdilag's minions in a park near her home and lost. She heard their howls of pain as the creature flayed the flesh from their bones, and she found herself running toward the sound, first on two legs, then four, wanting only to succor her people's pain. When she arrived, however, the Uratha were dead and the creature had gone. Her howls attracted other werewolves, and although she was offered tribal initiation by both the Bone Shadows and the Iron Masters, Elise chose the *Menimma*, never able to drive their dying cries from her mind. Rather than join a Hunter in Darkness pack, however, she joined with Max Roman in an attempt to hunt down and destroy the last vestiges of the idigam's presence in the city. She knows that more of the creatures still await destruction, but Roman's other responsibilities slow their progress. Of late, Glass-Shattering Howl has considered using her proximity to Roman to find her targets and then asking another pack to hunt with her. Young Uratha would be preferable, as she isn't interested in agendas, only in quieting the pain in her mind.

Glass-Shattering Howl is in her late 20s. She has plain features and brown hair, but her deep green eyes hint at the sadness she carries with her.



ARGENT PEREGRINE (PACK TOTEM)

Attributes: Power 3, Finesse 4, Resistance 2

Willpower: 5

Essence: 15

Initiative: 6

Defense: 4

Speed: 19 (flight only; species factor 12)

Size: 2

Corpus: 4

Influences: Speed ••

Numina: Chorus, Material Vision

Bonuses: Gift: Father Wolf's Speed (pack), Skill: Athletics 1 (pack), Drive Specialty — Speeding (given)

Ban: The packmates must greet any avian spirits they meet respectfully, and they must nod their heads toward any physical birds of prey they encounter.

Cost: 14

The pack totem for the Silver Syndicate is the Argent Peregrine, an aspect of Falcon. The peregrine is noted for its incredible speed, measured up to 200 miles per hour on a diving attack. As such, Argent Peregrine can lend its incredible speed to the pack. In return, it asks that the pack protect avian spirits.

THE ARGENTUM BUILDING (LOCUS RATING •••)

Resonance: Cooperation

The Argentum Building was a high-rise office tower in downtown Denver that fell empty during the oil bust. With Silver Syndicate funding, it now stands renovated, as one of the tallest buildings in Denver. The Argentum Corporation (owned by Roman) owns the top 10 floors and leases the rest of the building to various corporate interests. The top floor contains the Silver Syndicate's locus, a heavy oak desk filled with contracts that have not been broken or dissolved.

STORY HOOKS — SILVER SYNDICATE

As Allies

Elise Glass-Shattering Howl has a line on a pack of *Su'ur* (see p. XX) but knows that Roman is going to be busy with his financial concerns for some time. She suspects that some of the pack whose deaths brought on her First Change might have been sculpted into these hideous freaks, and she wants to set them free. The monsters are hiding near the troupe's packs territory (or, if they are passing through, she finds the pack while looking for help), so she asks them to help her hunt.

This is all very well, but the creatures are much more powerful than she is willing to admit. Her self-preservation instinct is muddled by the memories of her First Change. The characters need to help her confront not only the *Su'ur*, but her own past and fears.

As Enemies

Note: This hook works best if the troupe's pack is a Bone Shadow pack or has at least one Bone Shadow member.

Andrea Waters has been disillusioned with her role in the Silver Syndicate for some time. She is the youngest and least-experienced member of that pack but is on a similar plane as the troupe's pack. At a private meeting, she strikes up a conversation with one of the troupe's pack, preferably a Bone Shadow, though she might find something in common with the pack's Cahalith, or just a pack member with a friendly ear. (This is also a good opportunity to give a plot to a member of the troupe's pack who hasn't had as much spotlight time.) At first, it's just a casual friendship, but she becomes increasingly friendly with the character and his pack. This will be a huge boon to the troupe's



pack, as the characters now have a friend in one of the two dominant packs in the area. This could lead to favors being granted as Andrea puts in a good word with her alpha. When she feels comfortable enough with the troupe's pack, she starts broaching the subject of her frustrations with her own pack and eventually start dropping hints that she might like to switch over.

This situation quickly becomes a political nightmare. Roman does not want her to leave, as she is the only Bone Shadow in his pack, and he feels strongly about showing that the tribes can work together. If he can't keep all the tribes in his pack, how will people take his ambition seriously? Roman is canny enough to realize that he can't just order Andrea to stay, however. So, he tries indirect methods at first, asking the troupe's pack to go on various missions away from town, while sending Andrea on various errands that keep her busy. Should he feel his position is in danger, he resorts to bribery or threats to ensure that Andrea remains right where she belongs.



JAGGED SKY'S PACK

Roman's effort in sponsoring multi-tribal packs has had some successes (the troupe's pack might be one of them). With every success come a few failures, however. The five Uratha who make up Jagged Sky's pack chose to unite not out of a common bond or goal, but simply because they believed in Max Roman's dream. It might not be enough. Jagged Sky is detailed on p. 309 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

KELLY SADLER

Auspice: Ithaeur

Tribe: Bone Shadows

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 2, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Computer 1, Investigation 3, Occult (Possession, Sacrifices) 3, Politics 1, Science 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Drive 1, Firearms 2

Social Skills: Empathy (Packmates) 2, Intimidation 1, Persuasion 1, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge (Suggestions) 2

Merits: Fetish (Lightning Rod) 4, Resources 2, Totem 1

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 5

Max Essence/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Pride

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

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

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

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

Renown: Cunning 1, Wisdom 2

Gifts: (1) Blending, Sense Malice, Two-World Eyes

Rituals: 2; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication; (2) Hallow Touchstone

Kelly Sadler wants to know things. Since he was a child, he has hungered for knowledge. A combination of wanderlust and curiosity is a wonderful thing for a Bone Shadow, and his life since his First Change has been an endless series of personal quests. He regularly goes on solitary quests in the spirit wilds, wanting to learn as much as he can.

Kelly is smart enough to know that there's a problem with the pack. He can see that Jagged Sky isn't suited to leadership. The problem is that Jagged Sky is "the kid with the ball." His connections and sponsorship are essential for the pack. Kelly is of two minds about this. On one hand, he knows that the pack will not survive in the long term. On the other, he might be able to ride out the bumps and use the pack's resources to fund his personal quests. So, when things get rough, Kelly backs Jagged Sky. It helps keep the pack on track, and Jagged Sky doesn't give him as much grief as he deserves for his occult research and experimentation. As long as Kelly uses the phrase "it would help the pack if..." he can get away with just about anything.

Kelly is somewhat portly for a werewolf; he eats a lot, and his animal metabolism isn't able to burn it all away. His blonde hair is in desperate need of cutting, which he keeps meaning to get around to as soon as he's done trying to isolate the necessary ingredients for his next ritual. He waves his hands around when he talks.

NIGHT'S WATCHFUL EYE

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Hunters in Darkness

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 2

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Crafts 2, Investigation 1, Occult (Elemental Spirits) 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Stealth (Darkness) 3, Survival (Mountains) 2, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Animal Ken 1, Empathy (Body Language) 2, Intimidation 1, Persuasion 1,

Merits: Ambidextrous, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 7

Max Essence/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Sloth

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

Initiative: 7 (7/8/9/9)

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

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

Renown: Cunning 1, Purity 2

Gifts: (1) Blending, Speak with Beasts, Wolf-Blood's Lure; (2) Feet of Mist

Elizabeth Berman's father was an Rahu of the *Me-ninna* who fell in battle with Gurdilag's minions in the final skirmishes of the War for Denver. She knew nothing of her father or her werewolf heritage, but she grew up in a suburb not far from *Sakendar Isi*. When he father died, she felt ill and stumbled from her mother's house crying to the empty sky. The Hunters in Darkness found her shortly thereafter.

Soon after her initiation, she accompanied a few other young Hunters in Darkness to an meet when she heard Max Roman speak. While she did not understand all of his ideas, the core of it spoke to her: Just as multiple Uratha come together to form a pack, so too could the Tribes of the Moon, forming a greater alliance of werewolves. The idea resonated

strongly with the young Irraka, and she petitioned to join one of Roman's multi-tribal packs after asking permission from Mountain's Proud Children.

She did not know what she was getting into. While she had become accustomed to being among werewolves, she was used to the primal, simple methods of the *Meninna*. Life as an urban Uratha doesn't agree with her. Unable to cope with the pressures of urban life, Night's Watchful Eye regularly retreats to the wilderness. Whenever possible, she goes back to *Sakendar Isi*, but the mountain is too far away for her to go by foot. Jagged Sky is becoming impatient with her constant need to escape, so she does what she can, wandering in parks or undeveloped areas outside of Denver. This has led to conflicts with other Uratha, as she has wandered onto their territory without permission.

Night's Watchful Eye moves silently and rarely speaks, even in Hishu form. She is a young African American woman, and she normally wears jeans and a handmade shirt her mother crafted for her (which Kelly Sadler dedicated for her).

SANTAYANA

Auspice: Cahalith

Tribe: Iron Masters

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 2

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics (History, Sociology) 3, Computer 2, Medicine 1, Politics (Historical) 3, Science 2

Physical Skills: Brawl 1, Drive 2, Firearms 1, Survival 1

Social Skills: Empathy 1, Expression (Oratory) 2, Persuasion 2, Socialize 2

Merits: Contacts (University of Colorado Denver) 1, Encyclopedic Knowledge, Language (First Tongue) 1, Resources 1, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 6

Max Essence/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Temperance

Vice: Sloth

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

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

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

Speed: 9 (10/13/16/14)

Renown: Cunning 1, Glory 1, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (1) Know Name, Pack Awareness, Warning Growl

George Morrow always wanted to understand the real history of the world. Not the sanitized version taught in high school, but the interesting confluences of people and events that shape the world's course. At first, he thought the hallucinations and strange urges of the First Change were just due to the stress of trying to complete his masters at the University of Colorado at Denver. Before yet another tragic explosion of Rage, the Silver Syndicate, tracked the omens, snatched George up and helped him through his tribal initiation.

A child of 20th-century America, George believes in the modern traditions of equality and justice. He thinks that the only way for the Uratha to outgrow their savage history is by the tribes joining together. While he understands the inhuman urges that lurk in every werewolf, he desperately feels that they must be overcome, not embraced.

In the pack, George can see the problems facing Jagged Sky (whom he continues to call "Robert"), but is equally at a loss as to how to address them. He tries to bolster Robert's position as alpha, but his tendency to over-intellectualize the issues facing the pack tends to make things worse. He faces his greatest difficulties with Night's Watchful Eye, as he can find no common ground with the emotional *Meninna*.

George is very tall, with shaggy black hair. He dresses in comfortable jeans and a large collection of T-shirts, each celebrating various events at UC Denver. When he talks, he tends to orate, instead of having a conversation.

TWISTER CROSS

Auspice: Rahu

Tribe: Storm Lords

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Crafts (Leatherworking) 2, Investigation 1, Medicine 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Drive 1, Firearms 2, Stealth (Walking Softly) 2, Survival (Open Plains) 2, Weaponry (Clubs) 2

Social Skills: Animal Ken (Horses) 2, Empathy 1, Intimidation (Glowing) 2, Persuasion 2

Merits: Brawling Dodge, Resources 2, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 6

Max Essence/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Wrath

Health: 9 (11/13/12/9)

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

Defense: 3 (3/3/3/3) with Brawling Dodge

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

Renown: Honor 2, Purity 1

Gifts: (1) Call the Breeze, Clarity, Crushing Blow; (2) Attunement

Bill Cross is getting fed up with this nonsense. The young Rahu wanted to believe in Max Roman's dream, but the constant bickering is wearing thin, and his fury is ready to burst. Up until recently, he was willing to go along with Jagged Sky's leadership. Bill believed that each member of the pack should contribute their expertise, and the alpha would take it all into consideration. Unfortunately, Jagged Sky's more passive, intellectual approach to events means that the group must waste hours in debate to decide on anything. He has already started rebelling, in small ways, such as leaping ahead into battle, when Jagged Sky advocates stealth and using Gifts and rites to provide even more useless (in his eyes) tactical information. His reasoning is, "We plan and plan and plan. And as soon as we engage, we lose the plan and just resort to 'get 'em.' So, let's just stop screwing around and go straight to 'get 'em.'" This leads to post-combat arguments that grow hotter with every occurrence.

Bill grew up on a horse ranch in rural Colorado, which shows in his dress, speech and attitudes. He likes open skies, and the urban setting of their territory is one of the many reasons for his dissatisfaction. If he had his way, they'd move to a more rural territory, an idea that Night's Watchful Eye supports.



JUMPING TROUT (PACK TOTEM)

Attributes: Power 2, Finesse 4, Resistance 3

Willpower: 5

Essence: 15

Initiative: 7

Defense: 4

Speed: 16 (swimming only; species factor 10)

Size: 2

Corpus: 5

Influences: Prey •, Water •

Numina: Chorus, Material Vision

Bonuses: Gift: Mighty Bound (story), Athletics Specialty — Swimming (given)

Ban: Must throw food into rivers weekly.

Cost: 8

Uratha respect their prey and give honor to it. Jumping Trout is known for being a spirit consumed by other spirits, so those who follow Trout are respected for their consideration to prey. Other, more critical Uratha, point out what sort of message it sends that one of Roman's precious "blessed packs" follows a prey animal as its totem.

JAGGED SKY'S PACK LOCUS (LOCUS RATING ••)

Resonance: Water

The pack's locus is quite small and modest: a small stone at the bottom of a waterfall in a creek that runs through their territory. Some of the pack members are becoming very status-conscious about the locus' power, and are beginning to eye other territories hungrily.

STORY HOOKS — JAGGED SKY'S PACK

As Allies

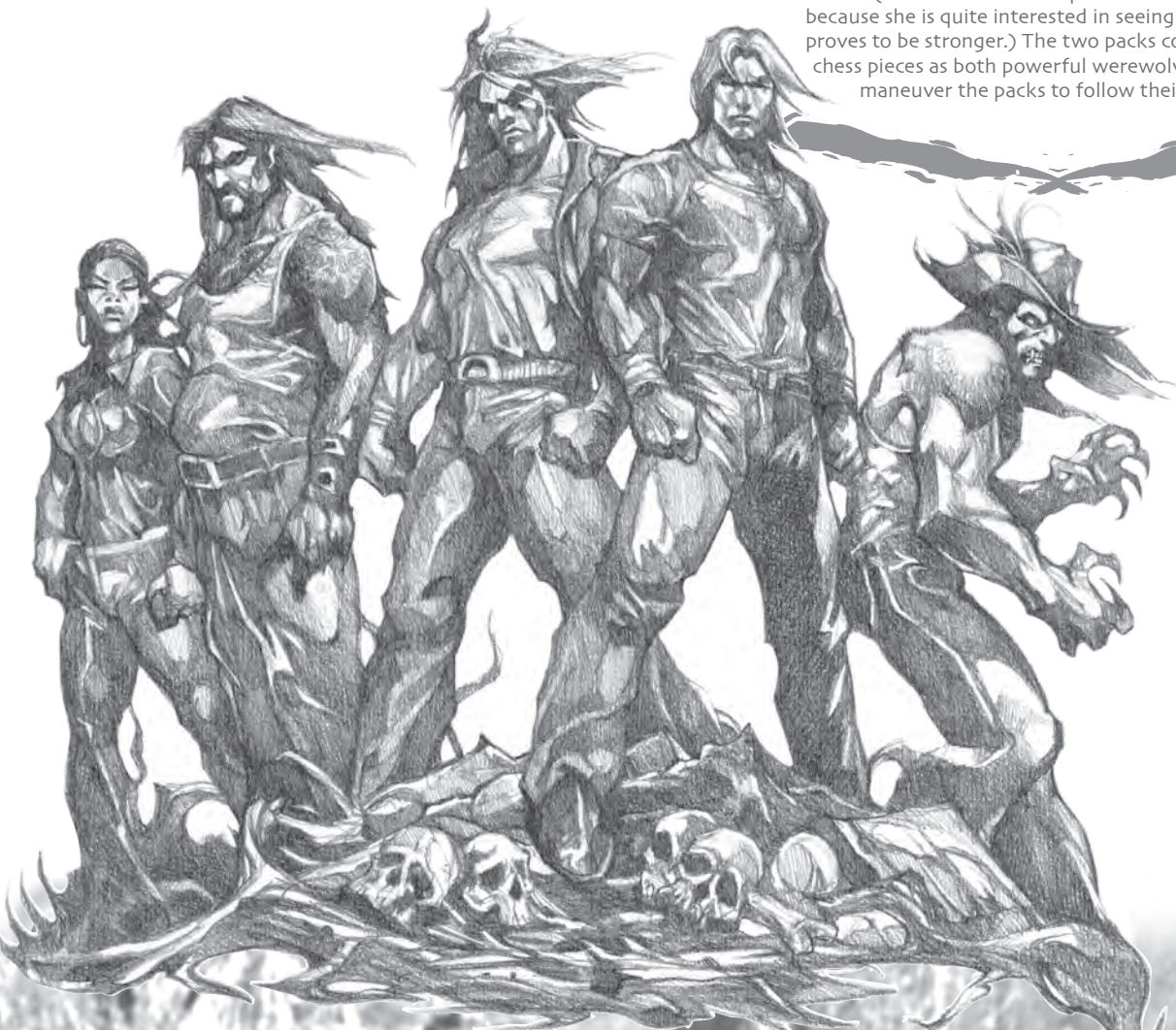
Roman is an idealist, but he is also well aware of the difficulties that his multi-tribal packs undergo. He keeps an eye on them and has noticed the problems Jagged Sky is having with his packmates. Roman wants to help them work together yet without having the help come directly from him. He calls Jagged Sky's pack and the troupe's pack together to the Argentum Building and asks that they hunt down a troublesome nest of Beshilu that has recently appeared in Denver. Later, he privately contacts the characters and ask them to help Jagged Sky's pack work together more efficiently.

It is also possible that, if the troupe's pack is having trouble working together, he tells Jagged Sky and his packmates something similar, in the hopes that two packs working together to overcome differences will teach both packs a lesson.

As Enemies

Jagged Sky has decided upon a course of action, one that he hopes will bring his pack together. He believes that the pack needs a common enemy, so he chooses the troupe's pack. Perhaps they have adjacent territories, or perhaps the pack has recently proven itself to the local werewolf community. Either way, Jagged Sky wants his pack to expand his pack's territory into the troupe's pack's domain. This starts with a set of formal challenges, then escalates.

Both Roman and Rachel Snow take an interest in this. (Roman because he sponsors the pack; Snow because she is quite interested in seeing which pack proves to be stronger.) The two packs could become chess pieces as both powerful werewolves try to maneuver the packs to follow their goals.





NEW HOPE

Unlike Jagged Sky's pack, New Hope is a multi-tribal pack that formed on its own and answered Max Roman's call for such packs to take territory in Denver. As such, it is a little more stable than Jagged Sky's pack. The members are discovering, however, that in relocating to Denver they have to contend with not only the stigma of being a multi-tribal pack but exemplifying Roman's agenda... whether they want to or not. New Hope has no pack totem.

Jack "Shrike's Thorn" Kinneson, the alpha of the New Hope pack, is detailed on p. 301 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

ARDEN KANTER

Auspice: Ithaeur

Tribe: Hunters in Darkness

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 2

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Crafts 1, Investigation 1, Medicine 2, Occult (Cultural Legends) 2, Politics 1

Physical Skills: Athletics (Pursuit) 3, Brawl 2, Drive 1, Larceny 1, Stealth 2, Survival (Hunting) 4

Social Skills: Empathy 1, Expression 2, Persuasion (Neighborly) 2, Socialize 2, Streetwise (Blending In) 3, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Contacts (pen pals the world over) 1, Language (Arabic, Arapaho, German, First Tongue, Hindi, Japanese, Spanish) 7, Strong Back

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 9

Max Essence/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Charity

Vice: Pride

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

Initiative: 6 (6/7/8/8)

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

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

Renown: Cunning 1, Purity 4, Wisdom 3

Gifts: (1) Call Water, Speak with Beasts, Two-World Eyes; (2) Manipulate Earth, Plant Growth; (3) Forest Communion, Primal Howl; (4) Beast Ride

Rituals: 2; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication; (2) Call Human

Arden Kanter claims to be the best educated of the pack. He's never actually been to college — and indeed didn't finish high school — but he proudly boasts a "Ph.D. from the University of Life." As annoying as that claim is to Shrike's Thorn (who did attend college), a few moments of conversation with Kanter leaves most people in agreement.

Arden was born in Canada, but left the country on his 18th birthday. He traveled to Switzerland first, then to Germany, then back to North America to the Appalachians. No matter where he went, though, he was never far from the mountains. He climbed into the foothills and talked with the people who lived there, and then climbed to any peaks he could manage. Along the way, he picked up many useful skills. Mountaineering was only the most obvious, but by the time Arden reached Colorado, he spoke seven languages, was a crack shot and had read the Bible, the Koran and the *Bhagavad-Gita* cover to cover. He studied the lore and legends of every country he visited, but did so by talking to storytellers rather than by reading history. When his First Change came on a clear, crisp night under the mountain sky, Kanter wound up adapting with atypical speed. He spent three years as a Ghost Wolf before joining the Hunters in Darkness, and was on his way to *Sakendar Isi* when his path crossed that of Jack Kinneson. The two Uratha talked and came to respect one another before ever asking about tribe, and Arden agreed that



the future depended on werewolves casting aside any unnecessary strife. Tribe, he felt, was too much a human conceit.

Arden is about Kinneson's age, but looks much younger (a fact he attributes to "clean living"). He has a thick, full beard and a head of bushy brown hair. He dresses as though he expects to leave the city and never come back any moment. His breath is usually foul, as Kanter refuses to eat anything he doesn't catch himself, and prefers eating and digesting in wolf form.

FRED "GEARS" NIVEN

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Iron Masters

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 2

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Computer 1, Crafts (Automobiles, Motorcycles) 3, Medicine 1, Politics 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Drive (Trucks) 3, Firearms 2, Larceny (Hot-wiring) 2, Stealth 1, Survival 2, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Empathy 1, Intimidation 2, Streetwise 2

Merits: Ambidextrous, Iron Stamina 2, Iron Stomach

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 7

Max Essence/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Prudence

Vice: Sloth

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

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

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

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

Renown: Cunning 2, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (1) Crushing Blow, Left-Handed Spanner, Sense Weakness; (2) Nightfall

Frederick Niven was born in Colorado Springs in a military family. Unlike a lot of military brats, Fred didn't move around much. His father was a higher-ranking intelligence official and had a position that wasn't likely to change at a base. His mother died when he was a child, as far as he knew, but as Fred grew older he began to sense that his father knew more than he was letting on. Getting secrets out of his father was impossible, though, so Fred decided to wait.

Fred's father wanted him to join the Army, and he did, but he gravitated toward machines instead of intelligence work. For Fred, the opportunity to perform maintenance on tanks and helicopters was much more tempting than learning to interrogate someone. Fred grew up into a true gearhead, and probably would

have remained in the Army for life had the First Change not sent him down another path.

Fred is officially AWOL and has been for 18 months. A pack of Iron Masters outside Colorado Springs initiated him, but its totem took offense to his conduct, and refused to allow him to join. The pack warned him to steer clear of Denver... and Fred, driven by a contrary streak, headed straight for the capital. En route, he met Shrike's Thorn and joined the nascent pack.

Gears is large and muscular, and is usually mistaken for the Rahu of the pack. He rarely takes advantage of the Irraka propensity for stealth, preferring to overwhelm his enemies with a charge in Urshul. He keeps his black hair buzzed and wears greasy work shirts and overalls, typically with a large wrench in one pocket.

NIKKI STONE

Auspice: Cahalith

Tribe: Storm Lords

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 2

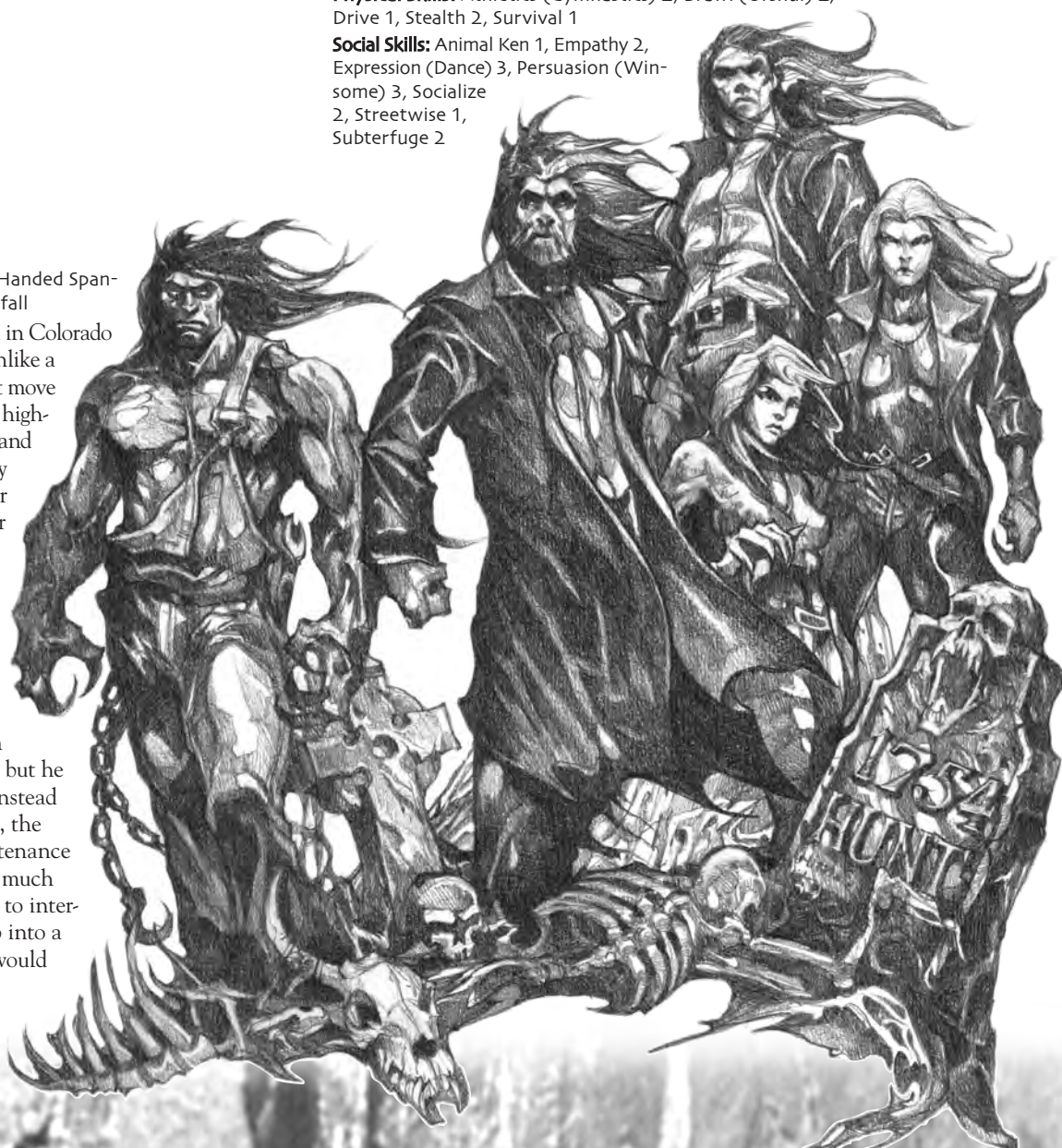
Physical Attributes: Strength 2 (3/5/4/2), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4)

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Computer 1, Occult 2, Politics 1

Physical Skills: Athletics (Gymnastics) 2, Brawl (Urshul) 2, Drive 1, Stealth 2, Survival 1

Social Skills: Animal Ken 1, Empathy 2, Expression (Dance) 3, Persuasion (Win-some) 3, Socialize 2, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 2



Merits: Direction Sense, Eidetic Memory, Encyclopedic Knowledge, Striking Looks 1

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 4

Harmony: 7

Max Essence/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Envy

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

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

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

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

Renown: Cunning 1, Glory 1, Honor 1

Gifts: (1) Loose Tongue, Pack Awareness, Sense Malice

Nikki Stone is a rarity. Born to a pair of human parents in Oklahoma, she found out at a very early age that members of her family sometimes became werewolves. Traditionally, members of the Stone family aren't told anything further until the First Change, but Nikki's cousin underwent the Change when Nikki was 12, and she snuck back to her house periodically to tell her younger relation all about it. Nikki entered her own First Change under a gibbous moon six years later and was both elated and terrified that she might finally take part in the stories her cousin told her. She was initiated into the Storm Lords and allowed to join her cousin's pack, and together the Uratha went on the hunt.

Three weeks later, Nikki violated her pack totem's ban. The pack followed Howling Wolf, a spirit that demanded its charges pay special veneration to Luna. The mistake was quite accidental, but the totem's terms were very clear. Nikki must spend five lunar years with a blessed pack, and then she would be allowed to rejoin her family. Frantic to make amends, Nikki searched unceasingly for such a pack that was missing a Galliard and finally found New Hope.

Nikki is enthusiastic and performs her duties well, but she is resistant to the pack gaining a totem and adamant that no new members be added. She is determined to have a deed name before she returns to her "true" pack.

Barely 19 years old, Nikki is attractive in a small-town, girl-next-door sort of way. She has blond hair and fair skin, and watches everything with keen interest. Despite her youth, she is a valued asset to the pack. She is much better suited to logical thought and deduction than the others.

NINE-CLAWS AMY

Auspice: Rahu

Tribe: Blood Talons

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Crafts 2, Medicine 1, Politics 1, Science 1

Physical Skills: Athletics (Sprinting) 3, Brawl (Boxing, Dalu) 4, Drive 2, Stealth (Lying Low) 1, Survival 2

Social Skills: Expression 1, Intimidation 1, Persuasion 1, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge (Appearing Harmless) 2

Merits: Allies (Scar Angels) 1, Brawling Dodge, Fighting Style: Boxing 2

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 6

Max Essence/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Wrath

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

Initiative: 8 (8/9/10/10)

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

Speed: 13 (14/17/20/18)

Renown: Cunning 2, Glory 2, Purity 1

Gifts: (1) Clarity, Crushing Blow, Warning Growl, Wolf-Blood's Lure; (2) Mighty Bound, Father Wolf's Speed

Amy isn't large or particularly strong. She has no idea how guns work, and her expertise in weapons extends to knowing which end of a knife to hold. In spite of all that, she is an effective warrior and a true *Suthar Anzuth*, and she has the battle scar to prove it.

Hailing originally from Boulder, Amy moved to Denver out of high school. She was working as a waitress in a diner on the edge of the city when Gurdilag appeared. For whatever reason, the idigam didn't see the Uratha about to enter her First Change as significant, but it noticed all the spirits clustered about. Seizing those spirits, it inserted their Essences into the diners and staff of the truck stop and went about its way. Now possessing bodies but missing most of their cognition, these hideous creatures attacked Amy in blind rage. She responded in kind.

In the ensuing carnage, she lost the middle finger from her left hand, and when the Scar Angels rode up to the diner, Smoker gave her the name "Nine-Claws." They performed her initiation, but she wasn't interested in taking up a nomadic life. She instead answered Max Roman's request for Uratha willing to fight the idigam, and helped retake the city. Afterward, she asked him to help her find a pack, and he put her in touch with Shrike's Thorn. She completed their pack.

Amy is barely over 5'4" and appears skinny, but she is lithe and strong for her size. She is also *fast*, and when New Hope enters battle, it is all the others can do to keep up. Amy has red hair and freckled skin, and she is endlessly amused by giving people who annoy her "the finger."

STORY HOOKS — NEW HOPE

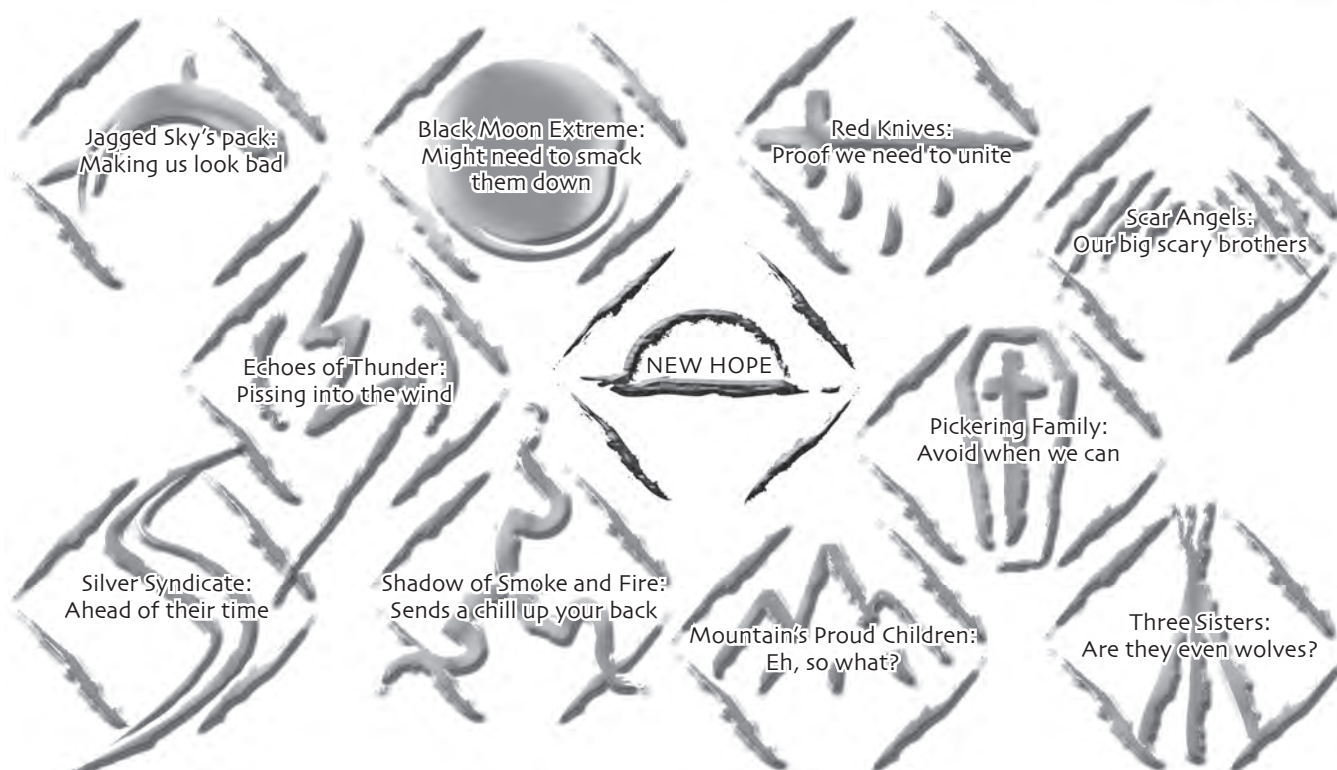
As Allies

Never one to start a fight when a conversation will do, Kanter approaches the characters on the subject of totems. If the characters have one, he wants to know about how they acquired it, what they had to endure and generally "what it's like" to have a spirit binding them together. If they don't have a totem, he wants to know how they've fared as a pack without one.

His pack is in trouble, he says. He feels very little unity with them, and although he enjoys their company and still feels the wolf impulse to remain in a pack, he's started to feel the itch to travel again. If the pack had a totem, maybe staying in the area would be easier. The characters can offer their advice or assistance, but the question isn't as simple as it seems.

Becoming involved with New Hope in any friendly capacity immediately tars the characters with Max Roman's brush, especially if their pack includes members of more than one tribe. This could catapult them deeply into Denver's political arena. Plus, Nikki Stone decidedly doesn't want New Hope to have a totem, and she is smart enough (and knows Uratha society well





enough) to work against the pack's efforts without anyone noticing.

As Enemies

At a meet in which New Hope attempts to wrangle some information out of Echoes of Thunder, Rachel Snow indirectly insults the pack, saying, "No pack composed of spoiled, soft whelps can ever amount to anything. Only those forged in the crucible of combat are truly Uratha." Nine-Claws Amy, of course, takes exception. In fact, she challenges Snow then and there. Snow, however, declines with a smirk, pointing out that Jagged Sky's pack and the characters' pack (if they are multi-tribal) are other examples of soft werewolves. Not the most patient of Uratha on the best of days, Amy accuses the characters of being weak and pulling the names of other multi-tribal packs down with them. It's the sort of insult that the Scar Angels would start repeating as well, and the rumor spreads quickly.

The pack can look forward to challenges from neighboring Uratha and incursions from enemies looking for a weak point in Denver's guard. They could probably change their reputation by challenging and defeating Nine-Claws Amy, but one multi-tribal pack besting another isn't necessarily going to undermine Snow's point as effectively.



STORM LORDS

The *Iminir* find the Rocky Mountains quite suited to their natures. The power and majesty of the mountains reflect the power the Storm Lords find most precious, and the high summits allow them to walk among the storms. As in all other things, however, the followers of Winter Wolf congregate around places of power and find themselves equally at home in the corporate boardrooms and government as they do on the craggy

peaks. The Snow family, a powerful line of Storm Lords, considers the Rockies their domain, though they deign to let the other, "lesser" tribes (and other, "lesser" lines of Storm Lords), control tracts of territory that they don't want just yet.

BMX (BLACK MOON EXTREME)

Black Moon Extreme is a young pack that has decided to make vampire-hunting its mission. Aside from direct clashes over territory, the undead and the werewolves tend to leave each other alone. Not so with these Uratha. They have made it their mission to hunt down the bloodsucking creatures of the night and do so with the enthusiasm of the young and foolish. The alpha of the pack, the Rahu Moriarty, is detailed on p. 310 of *Werewolf: The Forsaken*.

Buzz

Auspice: Ithaeur

Tribe: Storm Lords

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics (20th Century History) 3, Computer (Firewalls, Search Engines) 4, Investigation 2, Occult (Vampires) 1, Politics 2, Science 2

Physical Skills: Brawl 1, Drive 1, Larceny (Lockpicking) 2

Social Skills: Expression 2, Persuasion 1, Socialize 1, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Contacts (Conspiracy Theorists, Hackers) 2, Fetish (Fisium) 1, Resources 2, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 6

Max Essence/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Greed

Health: 7 (9/11/10/7)

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

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

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

Renown: Glory 2, Honor 1, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (1) Know Name, Loose Tongue, Two-World Eyes; (2) Read Spirit

Rituals: 3; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication, Rite of the Spirit Brand; (2) Call Gaffling, Hallow Touchstone, Rite of Dormancy; (3) Bind Spirit, Information Gestalt, Wake the Spirit

Buzz knows who shot JFK. It was a multilateral conspiracy between the CIA, an ancient vampire king and the Azlu. She claims that Kennedy was aware of the idigam who manifested in Roswell and was going to use his authority as a member of the secret government agency code-named Majestic-12 to form a paranormal task force to shut them down.

A lot of people think Buzz is nuts, but she doesn't care. She knows she's right. Her packmates believe her (they say) and that's all that matters. The exact nature of The Truth changes, depending on what the spirits tell her and what she reads on the Internet.

For all of her eccentricities, Buzz is a very talented young shaman, and many elders believe that she would achieve greatness someday, if only she'd stop chattering about Grays or MK-ULTRA. The elders also cannot deny that she has good success at tracking down her pack's enemies (even though BMX chooses to pursue vampires in foolhardy fashion). Her usual method is to retreat into her sanctum at the pack's hideout. She sits in a comfortable recliner and picks up the remote control that has just one button. When she presses it, a wall of television and computer screens flash on. They're programmed to flash between random channels and web pages every couple of seconds. She enters a trance state and communes with information-spirits. When she's done, she's spiritually drained for a few days, but has some crucial bit of information that leads to the pack's next target. While these rites do not always lead to the undead, they always take the pack someplace interesting.

Her Fissium fetish is a vampire's fang, trapped in amber. When activated, it softly vibrates when a vampire is within 1,000 yards of it. The pitch increases as the wielder gets closer to the undead creature. The fetish's abilities are not selective enough to pick one vampire out of a crowd of humans, for instance, though once they are close enough, the werewolves are able to pick out the vampire by smell.

Buzz shaves her head every few days. She has multiple piercings, which she claims help mask her from NSA monitoring. Although she doesn't touch drugs, she usually looks a bit stoned. (This is due to her habit of compulsively checking the Shadow Realm every few minutes.) She wears plain T-shirts and jeans or leathers, depending on her pack's agenda that night.

INFORMATION GESTALT (...)

This mystical rite duplicates the effects of the Gift: Omen Gazing (p. 124 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**), except that the extended roll to activate the rite is based on Harmony, the rite is affected by the usual rite modifiers, and there is no Essence cost. Other factors such as the nature of the extended roll and the 24-hour limitation remain the same (though a character can use Omen Gazing and Information Gestalt in the

same 24-hour period). The Iron Masters developed the ritual, though any tribe can use it. The character enters a meditative trance by watching multiple television screens, all tuned to different channels.

FIREWALKER

Auspice: Elodoth

Tribe: Storm Lords

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Computer 1, Investigation 2, Occult 1, Politics 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Larceny 1, Stealth (Remaining Still) 3, Survival (Mountains) 2, Weaponry

Social Skills: Empathy 1, Expression 1, Intimidation 1, Persuasion (Compelling) 3, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 2

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 4, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Investigation 2, Occult (Vampires) 2, Science 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl (Gauru) 2, Firearms (Pistols) 2, Stealth 1, Weaponry (Clubs) 2

Social Skills: Empathy (Personalities) 2, Persuasion 3, Socialize (Parties, Bars) 2, Streetwise (Gay Scene) 2, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Contacts (Denver Gay Scene) 1, Fetish (Mercy Gem) 2, Resources 2, Totem 1

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 7

Max Essence/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Charity

Vice: Wrath

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

Initiative: 6 (6/7/8/8)

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

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

Renown: Glory 3, Honor 1

Gifts: (1) Call the Breeze, Loose Tongue, Scent Beneath the Surface; (2) Sand in the Eyes; (3) Aura of Truce

James Duell, now called Firewalker, is the glue that holds Black Moon Extreme together. The hot-blooded tempers of the aggressive young Storm Lords can often erupt into violence, but Jack calms them down. James lived on the streets of Kansas City for three years before his tribal initiation, kicked out of his home for the "crime" of being gay. James spiraled down in a cycle of self-destruction, living on the streets and surviving by hustling. One of his tricks turned out to be a vampire. Just as the undead creature was about to make a meal of him, a pack of Storm Lords entered its haven. James watched as they battled with its servants when something clicked in his soul. He shifted forms, burst free from his bonds and leaped into the fray. While they were just as surprised as he was, they were more than happy to share the kill with their new brother in arms.

The First Change was a healing experience for James, allowing him to accept himself as he was — and not just as an



Uratha. After his tribal initiation, he learned of Moriarty's desire to found a pack for hunting vampires, and he knew he had to be a part of it. More than anyone else in the pack, he believes that these parasites must be eliminated at all costs. Normally a gentle soul, he is more than willing to do whatever it takes to rid the world of the undead.

Firewalker is more social than the rest of his packmates, and often tries to serve as the primary go-between with other packs. He's not just looking to keep up with Uratha politics, he is looking for a partner. Firewalker has had numerous boyfriends, though he has never been able to hold onto one for all the typical reasons Uratha are unable to have healthy long-term relations with humans. He figures that, unlike straight Uratha, he can have a mate from his own kind and not violate the Oath. At least, that's his interpretation.

James is tall, thin and imposing. He is graceful and lithe, dressing in oversized clothes to mask his light build. He has short red hair, a sparse beard and extremely bad teeth (a fact that embarrasses him to no end).

GIBSON

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Storm Lords

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 2

(3/5/4/2), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 2

(3/4/4/3)

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Computer 2, Crafts (Automobiles, Explosives) 3, Medicine 1, Science (Chemistry) 3

Physical Skills: Brawl 1, Drive 1, Firearms 1, Larceny 2, Stealth 2, Survival 1

Social Skills: Empathy 1, Streetwise (Stolen Goods) 2, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Contacts (Hackers, Mechanics, Street Gangs) 3, Resources 2, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 5

Max Essence/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Envy

Health: 7 (9/11/10/7)

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

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

Speed: 0 (10/13/16/14)

Renown: Cunning 1, Glory 1, Honor 1

Gifts: (1) Blending, Call the Breeze, Left-Handed Spanner

Gibson is the youngest member of Black Moon Extreme, but in many ways the most important one. The young Irraka cooks their homemade explosives, scouts out their targets and keeps their beat-up Range Rover running.

Gibson is a bona fide genius, who turned to the Internet as a way to keep his hyperactive mind busy. At first, he thought the strange emails he was getting and the odd websites he

found were just the result of some of his hacker friends trying to mess with his head. As the spirits' trickery became more aggressive, however, he discovered the truth.

Gibson is the smallest of the pack, though since becoming a werewolf, he has begun to fill out a little. His vision has improved since his First Change, and he is relieved not to need his thick glasses anymore, but he still looks lamentably nerdy. At first, he thought the power of being a werewolf meant that he'd never be beaten up again. Sadly, it just meant he had graduated to a new league. He much prefers fighting whatever minions the vampires have, leaving the real foes to Moriarty and Solo.

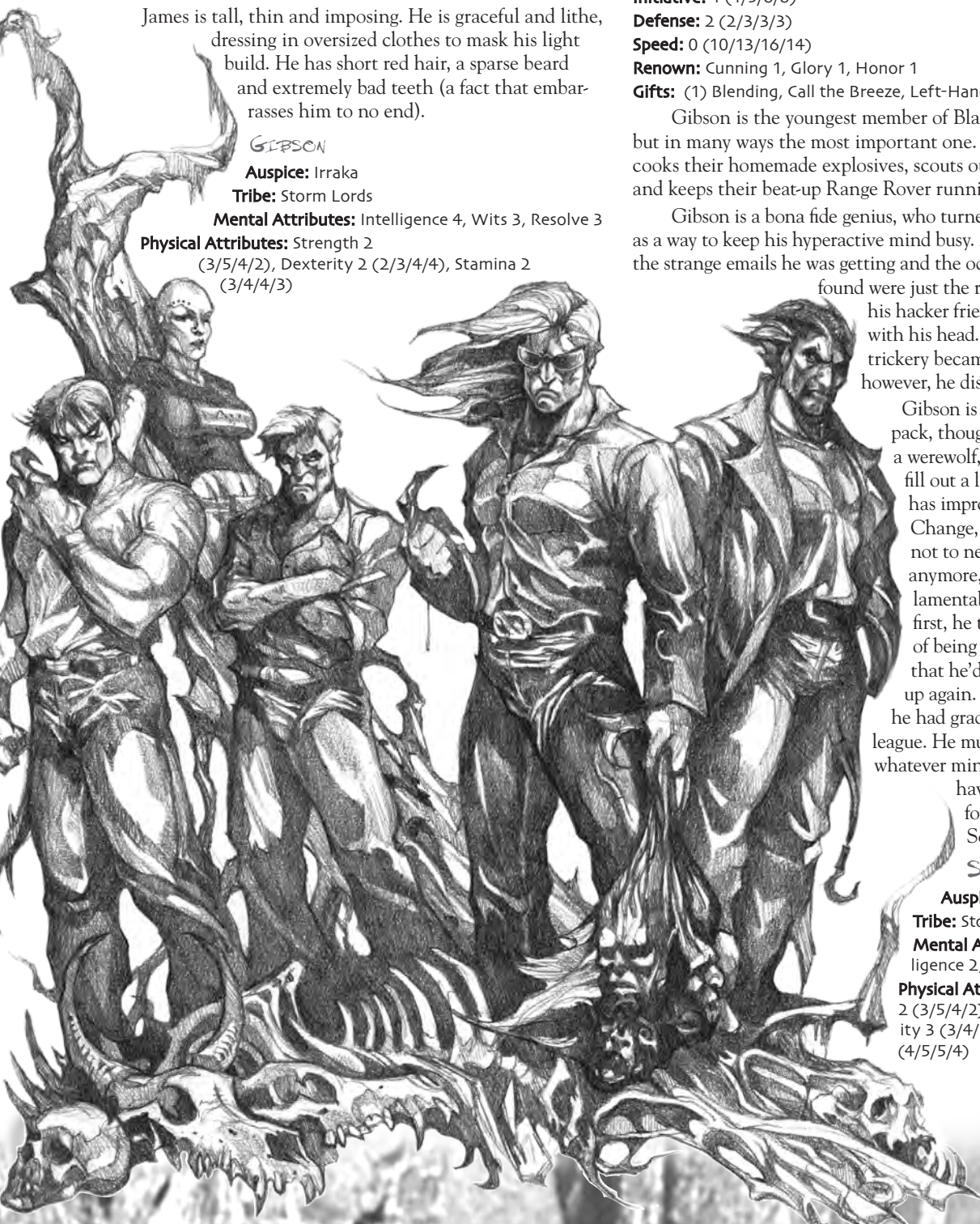
SOLO

Auspice: Cahalith

Tribe: Storm Lords

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve 2

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



Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 2
Mental Skills: Academics 1, Crafts 1, Investigation 1, Occult (Vampires) 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Drive 1, Firearms 1, Stealth 1, Survival (Shapeshifting) 1

Social Skills: Empathy 1, Expression (Singing, Guitar) 2, Intimidation 1, Persuasion (Charming) 2, Socialize 2, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Contacts (Denver Music Scene) 1, Resources 2, Retainers (groupie of the week) 1, Striking Looks 2, Totem 1

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 4

Harmony: 6

Max Essence/Per Turn: 11/2

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Pride

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

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

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

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

Renown: Glory 2, Honor 1

Gifts: (1) Loose Tongue, The Right Words, Warning Growl; (2) Camaraderie

Solo cares about three things — kicking ass, rocking out and looking good while doing so. When he's not out stomping on Ridden or rogue spirits, he's looking for new members of In The Mood, his band. Solo has a hard time keeping band members. Not because they end up sucked dry by vampires or clawed up by the Pure Tribes (though both of those have happened). It's because Solo's ego and temper drive most musicians away by the second gig. Solo claims to be a perfectionist, and he screams bloody murder if anyone else drops a chord or misses a beat. The truth is, he messes up too but blames it on everyone else. That is not to say that Solo is untalented. The problem is that he won't buckle down and practice as much as he needs to or seek out teachers to learn new things. Until he gains some discipline, he won't succeed, either as a musician or as a Cahalith. So far, he's managed on talent and native charisma, but that can only take him so far.

As for his role in Black Moon Extreme, Solo likes hanging out with them. The other members of the pack fight the undead for various reasons. Solo fights because he savors the violence. He is a creature of passions, and the thrill of combat is the ultimate high.

Solo has regal features, perfectly styled brown hair and a pouty look that would suit most male models. He dresses in leathers and black T-shirts, but looks equally beautiful in a suit and tie. He happily fills the role of "face man" for the pack when necessary.

FEASTING SHARK (PACK TOTEM)

Attributes: Power 4, Finesse 2, Resistance 3

Willpower: 8

Essence: 15

Initiative: 6

Defense: 4

Speed: 18 (swimming only; species factor 12)

Size: 6

Corpus: 10

Influences: Hunting ••

Numina: Chorus, Material Vision

Bonuses: Strength +2 (story), Brawl Specialty — Bite (given)

Ban: Must bleed into salt water once per day as part of an elaborate prayer ritual.

Cost: 8

The members of BMX wanted a powerful totem, to better serve in their quest for glory. They found it in an aspect of Shark, a powerful predator. Shark allows its followers to share in its fierce bite and great strength in return for feeding it their blood.

BMX WAREHOUSE (LOCUS RATING ••)

Resonance: Spite

Via traded favors with the Echoes of Thunder, the pack owns a small industrial warehouse. The pack uses it as a base of operations and home. With technical expertise that impresses even the Iron Masters, Gibson has the warehouse as well as the surrounding block wired with elaborate security measures. The cameras and motion sensors he has placed can pick up even stealthy werewolves. Once inside the warehouse, an intruder must penetrate the layers of defensive traps, including ones that use silver, acid and fire. Moriarty is extremely territorial about his home, to the point of obsession.

The locus itself is a slab of cement in one corner of the warehouse, one that the Echoes claimed contained a murder weapon that was buried there during the warehouse's construction.

STORY HOOKS — BLACK MOON EXTREME

As Allies

Solo's band, In The Mood, is booked to play a gig on or near the troupe's pack's territory. Fire-walker, being the most social member of the pack, contacts the troupe's pack to clear Solo's performance. Solo fully intends to go whether they play along or not, and the others are more than willing to make trouble to back their Cahalith up.

The location of the gig should be left to the Storyteller to fit the troupe's pack's territory, but it is a medium-sized location with lots of fans, many of them Solo's groupies. The troupe's pack should have some time to socialize with BMX (or start snarling at them for showing up without permission) before the vampires crash the party. The bloodsuckers are seeking out the upstart pack that killed their mentor, and they picked a terrible time to show up — in an overcrowded location with lots of normal, fragile, Lunacy-afflicted humans caught in the crossfire.

Storytellers can adapt the gluttony-Ridden cannibal from p. 243 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken** (without the Numina Spirit Skin or Wilds Sense, and adding whatever Gifts or Numina they deem appropriate) or generate some appropriate antagonists from **Vampire: The Requiem**, if they have access to that book.

As Enemies

The werewolves in BMX don't care about the methods as much as the ends. They've been reprimanded time and again by other packs for their high-firepower methods, and it has finally caught up with them. A dropped decimal place when calculating the yield of their explosives created a massive fireball that took out an entire building. A nationwide manhunt, organized by the Office of Homeland Security, is on for the





"terrorists" responsible for the explosion, which killed 17 people. The Forsaken are also out in force, desperate to catch BMX before the authorities do.

ECHOES OF THUNDER

Like many packs, the Echoes of Thunder suffered losses during the War for Denver. Unlike many of the packs in the area, Rachel Snow (the pack's alpha) refused to rebuild her ranks with those from other tribes. She is one of the most powerful Uratha in the Rocky Mountains, and her decisions shape the political and social climate.

As mentioned in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, Rachel Snow believes that the only way for werewolves to truly reclaim the ancient powers lost after the murder of Father Wolf is by conflict. Personal strength is key. Strength of the pack or tribe is also important, but a warrior's true strength comes from victory by any means. She finds Roman's plans for an alliance of Uratha to be ridiculous at best, and heresy at worst.

CRASH OF THUNDER

Auspice: Rahu

Tribe: Storm Lords

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Occult 1, Politics (Uratha) 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl (Dalu) 4, Drive 1, Firearms 1, Survival 2, Weaponry (Klaive) 3

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

Merits: Fetish (Father's Klaive Sword) 4, Resources 3, Totem 1

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 7

Max Essence/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Envy

Health: 9 (11/13/12/9)

Initiative: 6 (6/7/8/8)

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

Speed: 12 (13/16/19/17)

Renown: Glory 2, Honor 2, Purity 2

Gifts: (1) Call the Breeze, Crushing Blow, Clarity; (2) Attunement, Mighty Bound, Silent Fog

Crash of Thunder is caught in an awkward position. His father and namesake was Rachel Snow's brother, as well as a renowned Rahu in her pack. Both Rachel and Crash the Elder went through their First Changes together. Crash the Elder was the brawn to Rachel's brains, and the two were a fearsome combination. Crash's death at the hands of Gurdilag's creations during the War for Denver is perhaps the only time that Rachel's famous armor ever cracked. The powerful Storm Lord howled and wept when she saw her brother fall.

Rachel took it upon herself, in the middle of the war, to spend the night in San Diego, telling her nephew about his father's death. As she told the teenager the story, revealing many of the secrets of the Uratha while she did, something stirred in Charles Snow, Jr. As the full moon shone down, Charles began shaking, then convulsing. His flesh crawled and he fell over, only to catch himself standing on four paws, the spitting image of his father's Urhan form. Equally shocked, Echo wondered if her brother had come back to her. She quickly summoned some local Storm Lords and instructed them to take care of her nephew, while she returned to the War for Denver.

While most Uratha believe that Charles somehow carries his father's spirit, he does not feel any special connection. Even worse, everyone, including his own family, continues to treat

him as if he were his father. Some werewolves would enjoy being a part of a powerful pack, one that is at the center of Uratha politics in the Rockies. Not Charles. He barely knew his father, and didn't much care for his absentee parent. As time progresses, he feels increasingly resentful about being forced along his father's footsteps. Echo is the worst about this. She constantly expects him to be the experienced warrior that his father was and berates him for not being as good. This has progressed to the extent that he is wondering if it would be possible for him to join another pack. He actually finds Roman's ideas for a united Uratha front to be a great idea, far better than Rachel's talk of constant struggle. Though still young in the ways of the Storm Lords, he knows that it would be a devastating political blow for him to change allegiances, and that his aunt's vengeance would be terrible and complete. But if she continues to ignore the young man and see nothing but his father, he might take that leap.

Crash is tall and broad-shouldered, his muscular frame and imposing features making his good breeding clear. He dresses in expensive but comfortable clothing and keeps his brown hair immaculately styled. It's clear looking at him, though, that he doesn't buy — or even pick out — those clothes. He is very much a product of his aunt's desire to have her brother back.

MARLA PRICE

Auspice: Cahalith

Tribe: Storm Lords

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Resolve 4

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

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics (Literature) 4, Computer 1, Investigation 3, Occult 2, Politics (Local, Forsaken) 4, Science 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 1, Drive 2, Stealth 1, Survival 2

Social Skills: Empathy 1, Intimidation 1, Persuasion (Reasonable) 2, Socialize 1, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Contacts (Academia, Business, Military, Underworld) 4, Eidetic Memory, Encyclopedic Knowledge, Language (Arabic, French, Italian, Spanish) 4, Resources 3, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 8

Harmony: 7

Max Essence/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Prudence

Vice: Greed

Health: 7 (9/11/10/7)

Initiative: 6 (6/7/8/8)

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

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

Renown: Cunning 2, Glory 1, Honor 3, Purity 2

Gifts: (1) Know Name, Loose Tongue, Pack Awareness, Sense Malice; (2) Resist Pain, Traveler's Blessing, Luna's Dictum; (3) Sagacity

Rituals: 2; **Rites:** (1) Funeral Rite, Rite of Dedication, Rite of the Spirit Brand; (2) Blessing of the Spirit Hunt

Marla is the brains of the Echoes of Thunder. She possesses a genius IQ, eidetic memory and an insatiable hunger to learn. She is also annoyingly capable at multi-tasking, so she can follow and participate in conversations while reading at her normal pace of 1,500 words per minute.

Marla does not care much for the physical side of being a werewolf, though she is in the process of learning how to be a better warrior from Quiet Steel. She much prefers her role as a

living storehouse of the knowledge and lore of the Uratha. She can quote the latest bits of human political events, local Uratha gossip or the complete contents of the several newspapers she reads daily. If anyone can be said to know Rachel Snow's secrets, it would be her. Marla is constantly at Snow's side, ready to provide her alpha with whatever information she needs.

Unless the occasion calls for some other outfit, Marla dresses in a plain business suit with flat heels, her hair pulled back in a tight ponytail and a pair of reading glasses riding low on her nose.

SERGEI QUIET STEEL

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Storm Lords

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 4

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Crafts 1, Investigation (Body Language) 3, Medicine (Poisoning) 2, Politics 1, Science 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Firearms 2, Larceny (Door Locks) 3, Stealth (Moving Quietly) 4, Survival (Winter) 2, Weaponry 3

Social Skills: Empathy (Tension) 2, Intimidation 3, Persuasion 1, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge (Appearing Harmless) 3

Merits: Allies (Russian Smuggler) 2, Contacts (Russian Storm Lords) 1, Gunslinger, Language (English [Russian is Native]) 1, Resources 3, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 4

Willpower: 7

Harmony: 5

Max Essence/Per Turn: 13/2

Virtue: Prudence

Vice: Greed

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

Initiative: 8 (8/9/10/10)

Defense: 2 (2/3/4/4)

Speed: 12 (13/16/19/17)

Renown: Cunning 3, Honor 1, Glory 2

Gifts: (1) Blending, Sense Weakness, Call the Breeze, Partial Transformation; (2) Feet of Mist, Silent Fog; (3) Running Shadow

Rituals: 1; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication

Local rumor has given Sergei Nemo a small amount of infamy. The current scuttlebutt among Forsaken is that he comes from a long line of Russian Uratha and was renowned for his impressive abilities as an assassin for the elder known as Slays-the-Firebird. Some say that after the War for Denver, Rachel Snow traveled to Russia to replenish her pack's numbers, and brought back Sergei; others say that Sergei left his homeland on his own initiative, and was brought to Denver by the Snow family's extensive network. The rumors may be just this side of credible, but Russia is a long way away for the territorial Uratha, and it's hard not to wonder what one of their native werewolves is doing so far from home.

Rachel needed someone who would kill whoever (or whatever) she wanted, with no questions asked. Sergei fits the bill. She is well aware that she is leading her Irraka down a path of degeneration, but her opinion is that if he didn't want to do it, he wouldn't.

Sergei loves America. He drives new cars and wears expensive clothes. His apartment is full of electronic equipment and computers that he rarely uses. In some ways, he is a little boy on Christmas morning. He can put all of those emotions away, however, and do what it takes to bring down his prey.



Sergei doesn't care about glory or honor. He will happily stab his target in the back, shoot him from hundreds of yards away or poison his lunch. He gets the job done and shows no pleasure (or remorse) for doing it.

LIGHTNING FERRARA

Auspice: Ithaeur

Tribe: Storm Lords

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 4

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

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 4

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Crafts 2, Investigation (Werewolf Spoor) 3, Occult (Pure Tribes, Totem Spirits) 3, Politics 1, Science 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 3, Firearms 1, Stealth (Woods) 3, Survival (Mountains) 3, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Animal Ken (Wolves) 2, Empathy 1, Intimidation (Frightening) 2, Persuasion 1, Streetwise 2

Merits: Fetish (Cub's Vigor) 1, Fetish (Spirit Drum) 1, Fetish (Wolfsbane) 1, Resources 3, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 5

Willpower: 8

Harmony: 6

Max Essence/Per Turn: 14/2

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Wrath

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

Initiative: 7 (7/8/9/9)

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

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

Renown: Glory 2, Honor 1, Wisdom 4

Gifts: (1) Call the Breeze, Mask of Rage, Two-World Eyes, Wolf-Blood's Lure; (2) Read Spirit, Silent Fog; (3) Deluge; (4) Thunderbolt

Rituals: 3; **Rites:** All one- to three-dot rites in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

Though he follows Echo of Thunder, Simon "Lightning" Ferrara has a cause all his own: eliminate the Fire-Touched. While many of the Tribes of the Moon share his goal, few do so with his fury. His reason is as simple as their rationale for hating the Forsaken: They killed his father. Unlike many werewolves, Simon knew and loved his Uratha father. Few werewolves make for good parents, but Storm Chaser was the exception. He took care of his human family even after his First Change, and when Simon changed as well, Storm Chaser took him into his pack. Storm Chaser took time to mentor his son through the difficult time growing into his role as a werewolf.

Tragedy struck when a pack of Fire-Touched Uratha kidnapped the rest of the Ferrara family. Their pack tracked the Fire-Touched to a remote compound hidden deep in the Canadian Rockies, where they found dozens of humans penned in — a breeding camp. Enraged beyond control, the pack stormed in, calling down lightning and thunder to smite their foes. In the end, Storm Chaser was dead, along with the rest of the Ferrara family. Storm Chaser died trying to save his wife. Simon swore that day that all of the "Pure" Tribes (he cannot say it without growling) would pay.

Storm Chaser's beta followed Rachel Snow into the War for Denver, a brief respite from their war on the Pure Tribes. Simon was the only member of his pack to survive the final battles, and he joined Rachel Snow's pack. His hope is that he can sway his packmates to follow his crusade. If they will not, then he will leave, and damn the consequences.

WOLF THAT STRIKES ALONE (PACK TOTEM)

Attributes: Power 4, Finesse 2, Resistance 3

Willpower: 7

Essence: 15

Initiative: 5

Defense: 4

Speed: 16 (species factor 10)

Size: 4

Corpus: 7

Influences: Hunting ••

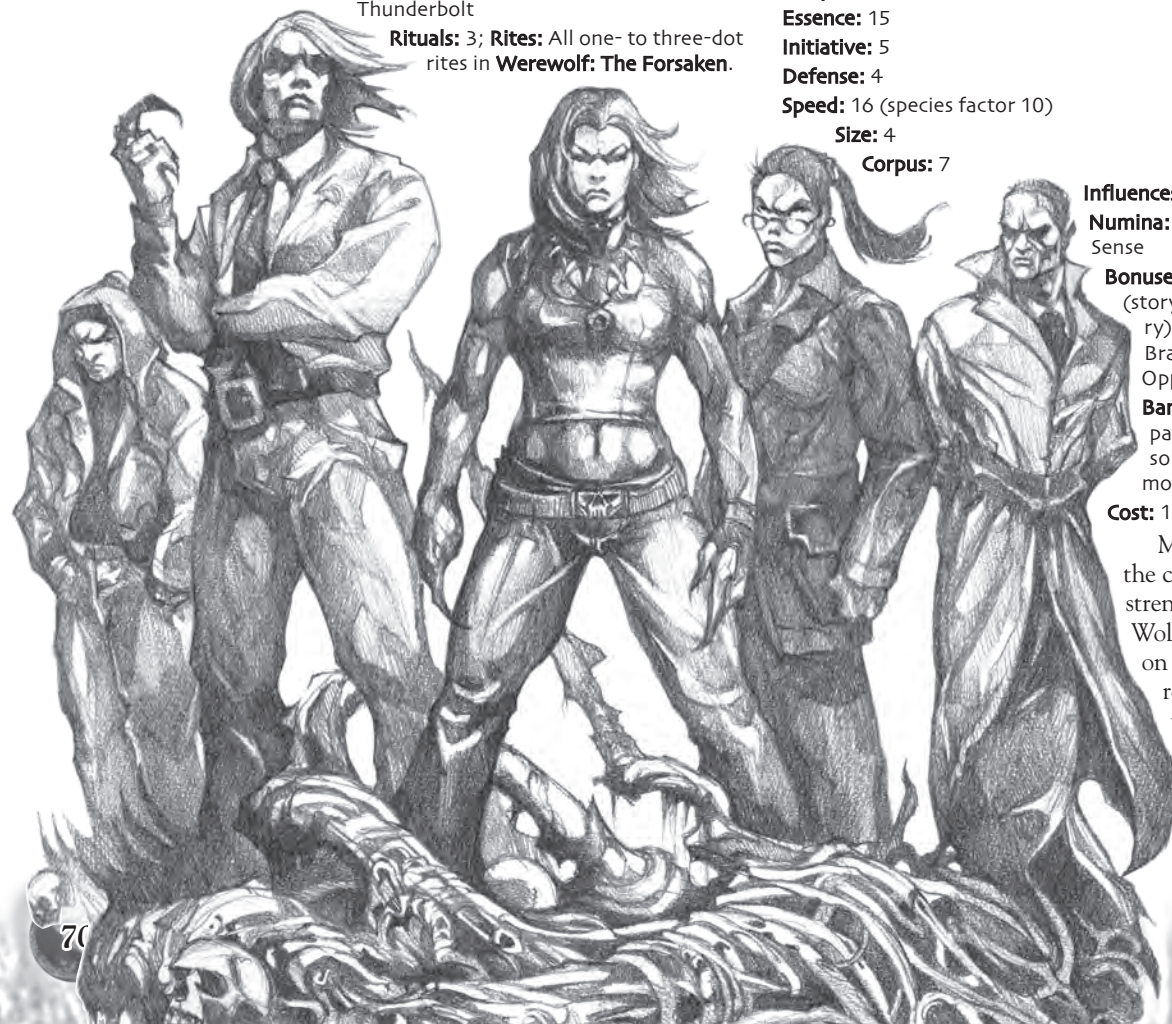
Numina: Material Vision, Wilds Sense

Bonuses: Gift: Crushing Blow (story), Gift: Blending (story), Skill: Brawl +1 (pack), Brawl Specialty — Multiple Opponents

Ban: Each member of the pack must go on a ritual solo hunt once per lunar month.

Cost: 11

Many totems emphasize the common goals and strengths of the pack. The Wolf that Strikes Alone, on the other hand, rewards its followers with powers that can be used only when the werewolf is alone. This makes



it an uncommon totem, but one that resonates strongly with Rachel Snow.

THUNDERBOLT RANCA (LOCUS RATING ...)

Resonance: Thunder

While Snow owns the building across the street from the Silver Syndicate's corporate headquarters, as well as an office park outside Denver, the pack's primary locus is a lightning rod located at a remote ranch outside Colorado Springs. From the ranch house, Snow can run her multinational holdings, practice with military weapons in the underground firing range and summon the powerful spirits roaming the area.

STORY HOOKS — ECHOES OF THUNDER

As Allies

The Echoes of Thunder make easy allies. Rachel Snow's desire to test the packs around means that she will want to evaluate the players' pack sooner or later. That is not to say that Rachel makes it easy for packs. She carefully watches them, finding out their strengths and weaknesses. Most importantly, she finds out what they want. Once she knows that, she finds a way to offer it, at a price. Usually it's something small (perhaps some of the guns her family manufactures), and the price is equally small (eliminate a Ridden that her pack is "too busy to take down"). Once the pack trusts her (as much as any pack should trust another), she escalates the stakes. The rewards get bigger, but so does the price. For a long time, she sends the pack on errands against enemies of the Tribes of the Moon: Pure Tribes, Ridden and

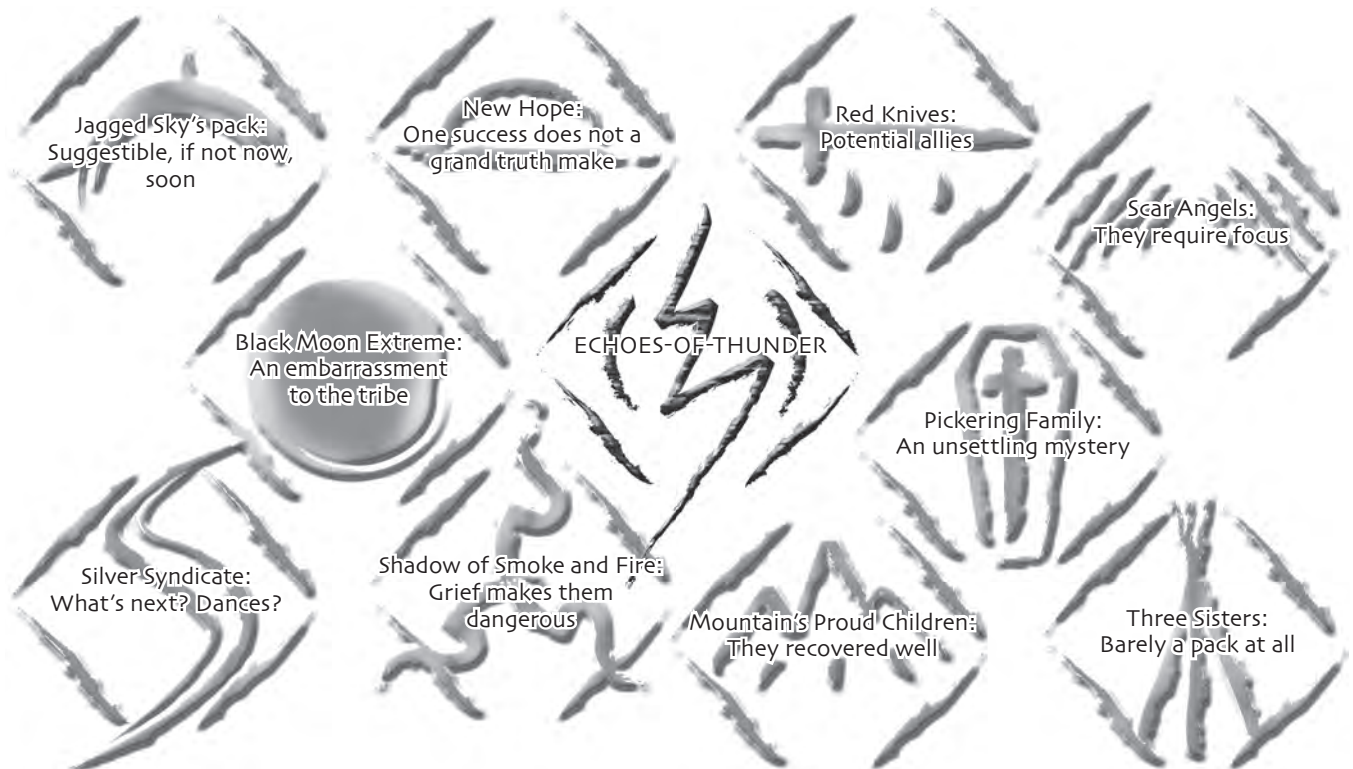
so on. She really does want the pack to succeed, so the missions are never suicide runs. She plays straight in this regard, giving the characters just enough information to get started. She never tells them everything, because she wants the pack to think as well as fight.

In all cases, she emphasizes that the pack must keep its relationship with her very quiet. She has enemies after all, and she doesn't want the pack caught up in matters beyond its ken. In fact, she might publicly snub the pack while privately praising it to ensure the pack's silence.

As Enemies

Crash of Thunder wants to make a name for himself, rather than riding his father's coattails. Taking his aunt's philosophies to heart (he thinks), he challenges the troupe's pack, promising "the service of my pack" if he loses. Of course, he's in over his head. Rachel finds out before the challenge actually takes place, and she does her best to run some damage control. The fact remains, though, that if Crash of Thunder fails to defeat the pack (and as the challenged party, it can name the terms), Rachel Snow will be indebted to the characters. Of course, she has no wish to honor this arrangement, especially if the characters ask something that she feels is beneath her. In that case, she might instruct Quiet Steel to make this problem go away.

The characters could, of course, defeat Crash of Thunder and then decline to ask for a service from Rachel. This would not only elevate the pack in the opinion of Denver's Uratha, but Rachel herself would respect the gesture (and the political savvy behind it). Crash of Thunder, of course, is another matter entirely.





CHAPTER III

THE SPINE OF THE WORLD

The trick about the climb is that you aren't supposed to make it. If everyone who tried to make this climb succeeded, then there'd be no point. The Storm Children would move on, because who wants people clambering over your doorsill every damn day of the week?

They're expecting us to fail. Sure, they'd be impressed if we make it, and that's the whole goddamn point of us doing this shit, because we need them impressed, but they're figuring we won't. They're hoping we won't. And they're making it even harder.

God damn. The bolts are getting closer. If one of those playful little thunderbolts decides to tag us instead of just psyching us out, then that's going to be it. Ain't nobody, not even one of us, who can keep on clinging to this rock face when your flesh is burning and your blood's turning to steam. Maybe we could survive the hit — though it's not like the Echoes particularly encouraged the idea — but not the fall. Not all the way.

The others must really be deep into their second thoughts now — God knows I am. But fuck, what are we going to do? We're just as likely to slip and fall if we turn around now, and what would be the point of that? We're screwed if we keep going, and screwed if we try to turn around and go back.

Story of my life.

"TODAY THE JOURNEY IS ENDED, I HAVE WORKED OUT THE MANDATES OF FATE;
NAKED, ALONE, UNDEFENDED, I KNOCK AT THE UTTERMOST GATE.
BEHIND IS LIFE AND ITS LONGING, ITS TRIAL, ITS TROUBLE, ITS SORROW,
BEYOND IS THE INFINITE MORNING OF A DAY WITHOUT A TOMORROW."
— WENONAH STEVENS ABBOTT, *A SOUL'S SOLILOQUY*

Rising high in majesty long before humans ever set foot on the continent, the Rocky Mountains have spiritual roots that penetrate deep into the ancient history of the world. The land remembers a time before civilization, when the greatest conflict was between the spirits of river and mountain, field and forest, predator and prey. Even today, many of these spirits are hostile to those who invaded their territory, pulled along in the wake of the humans' westward expansion. Here the wild places are strong and dangerous, where exposure and starvation pose real threats, where the unwary are struck by lightning or caught in landslides, where the strength of humanity pales against the supremacy of nature.

The spirit wilds of the Rocky Mountains harbor strange and powerful beings that have never bent knee to the progression of time or the onrush of civilization. Spirits of land and stone are still bitterly angry over the initial clash of continents that formed the mountains when the world was still young. They fight dourly against their neighbors to this day without any concern for the events of the last several million years. While modern spirits of cities and technology have established strongholds throughout the Rockies, these pockets are often assailed by natural spirits who view them as intruders.

With such intense conflict between ancient and powerful spirits playing itself out in the *Hisil*, the werewolves often find themselves viewed as a nuisance or worse. Attempts to dabble in such affairs often meet hostility, sometimes causing both conflicting sides to align themselves against such presumptive interference. At other times, the spirits welcome, or more often grudgingly endure, the aid of the werewolves but regard their meddling as nigh inconsequential in the greater scheme.

URBAN WARFARE

The spiritual population of cities and towns in the Rockies has changed drastically over the last hundred years, especially within the last two decades. Some Forsaken avoid such urban centers, feeling more comfortable in the wild places, but others realize that some of the greatest conflicts afflicting the spirit world have materialized in areas with dense human populations. Further, since the Predator Kings have been so active in the remote territories of the range, more Uratha packs have begun to congregate nearer to one another for mutual defense and to form staging areas from which they can reclaim land from the Pure Tribes.

Larger cities such as Cheyenne and Santa Fe find humanity firmly rooted, with a Shadow much like that of cities in other parts of the country. Busy intersections birth spirits of frustration and anger, crime-ridden alleys spawn spirits of pain and violence, and technological spirits of cars and other human contrivances dominate the spiritual landscape.

The cities of the Rocky Mountains are still young, however, and the spirits of asphalt, steel and concrete have not yet conquered those of rock, tree, and stream. Interspersed with these trappings of civilization, natural features of the landscape emerge. A section of city leveled for building might have large boulders fused with the walls of skyscrapers and rock falls that threaten to crush those who wander too close, as the spirit of the mountain has not yet surrendered to the usurping spirits that rode on the backs of humanity.

Similarly, some sections of the city might be entirely resistant to the spiritual imprints of roads and buildings, with natural spirits holding strong against the encroachment of modern ones. Such resistance often centers on the spirit reflection of city parks or playing fields, though such spaces can provide homes for displaced plant and animal spirits, causing the *Hisil* to resemble forest more than a recreational park.

Certain basic conflicts are common to all urban spirit wilds, but some cities in the region play host to even greater spiritual strife and greater danger to the Forsaken. Of greatest significance is Denver, recently reclaimed from the idigam Gurdilag and the focus of a great influx of new packs to the area.

DENVER

The spirit wilds of Denver have played host to a maddening flurry of spiritual activity over the last year as lesser spirits vie with one another to fill vacancies at the top of the spirit hierarchy. As the Uratha pour into the city, staking claims and marking out territories in both the physical realm and the Shadow Realm, they have found the spirit wilds abuzz with activity. More than twice as many spirits are awakened on average than in most cities, all constantly aware of those that wish to prey upon them or bully them into service.

Greater spirits who fled Denver with the arrival of Gurdilag seek to return to their positions of power, only to be met with resistance from lesser spirits that usurped their roles. Moreover, the ancient spirits of the mountain have chosen this moment to wage war in the very heart

of the city limits and reclaim lands from the now-weakened “usurpers,” making the spirit wilds in the city an unstable and dangerous place for the Uratha. Any who protect or consort with the spirits of the city are seen as enemies of the mountain, while any who seek to negotiate compromises are seen as obstructing progress and become enemies of the city.

The disruption caused by the idigam’s arrival and sudden departure has generated an environment rich with both opportunity and danger. The Darwinian struggle of the Shadow’s denizens is reaching new heights.

THE COMING OF GURDILAG

The Forsaken do not have a clear understanding of just when Gurdilag arrived in Denver. Stories of battles against the emergent idigam reached them from lands far from the Rockies, but no local pack reported a confrontation with the creatures. In this, the packs of the city counted their blessings.

Until one of the oldest and most powerful loci in the city, zealously guarded by one of the strongest packs, fell almost overnight.

No one knows exactly what happened. Terrified lesser spirits carried the story to neighboring packs, but Ithaeur have assembled much of the picture now that the struggles have ended. Gurdilag somehow severed the connection between the physical locus and the Shadow Realm. The wellspring of Essence then dried up, and the touchstones lost all of their energy. Slowly, the Mountain-Shakers, the Iron Master pack controlling the locus, began to weaken. Each packmate was sapped of his spiritual Essence until they collapsed one by one into a comatose state.

Uratha now theorize that Gurdilag reached across the Gauntlet and stole the spiritual energy of the Mountain-Shakers after devouring their locus and pack totem. Neighboring packs began to notice their absence just as new, strange hybrid spirits began to emerge around Denver. Hostile and aggressive, these magath seemed maddened with unnatural power. A single anxiety-spirit that had been growing fat on energies of a group of medical students nearly wiped out the pack that tried to run it off, fighting with an intensity and fury unheard of in such a spirit. A month later, another spirit, more powerful and crazed than the first, took its place.

Moreover, spirits began to claim and ride humans with greater frequency, often driving them mad or imbuing them with strange powers. When the Forsaken encountered these humans in their territories, they were shocked at the amount of resistance the creatures offered. Other times, spirits with what seemed to be human personalities and minds were found hiding, terrified, in the Shadow Realm, driven mad by their surroundings.

Such bizarre and forceful behavior from spirits occurred with greater frequency throughout the city. Denver’s packs began to gather and meet with one another

more frequently, passing along or trying to confirm rumors. Several packs couldn’t be reached by their neighbors, however, and apparently hadn’t communicated with other werewolves for weeks. Finally, though, the Killing Bite pack was able to locate one of the missing packs — the Mountain-Shakers themselves. Or, what was left of them.

They were unnatural mockeries of Uratha, moving as though controlled by something that had never before encountered arms, legs or human senses. Their jerky movement sometimes stressed joints in impossible ways, dislocating shoulders or knees, while their speech was a garbled mash of unintelligible syllables. Anyone who tried to help them found them to be empty shells, filled with a strange spirit force and carrying a scent the assembled werewolves couldn’t quite place, as though it was just beyond their memory. When they did recognize the scent, though, the news sent a collective shudder through all the packs in the region. The packmates were Claimed, their own Essence replaced with splintered pieces of Gurdilag’s own, sent back into the world as scouts, sentries or just twisted experiments. It shouldn’t have happened — even the wisest Ithaeur swear that werewolves cannot be Rid-den as mortals could. And yet, something like that had been forced by the idigam’s power. The Killing Bite fell upon the unnatural creatures, but many escaped, slipping into the spirit wilds and disappearing.

Word spread quickly, as did a call for a great hunt to root out these mockeries of werewolves. But the Forsaken’s once-brethren proved to be more dangerous prey than expected, as the idigam swiftly learned to control its puppets. These lost Uratha now moved with swift precision, their movements sharp and deliberate. Cold and ruthless, these silent *duguthim* preyed on their brethren as a small hive of insects rather than a pack of wolves. They exhibited an uncanny pack sense that normal werewolves would envy if it weren’t so alien. They sensed each other as one might sense an appendage and reacted simply as extensions of a single greater mind. The werewolves dubbed these creatures *Su’ur* — Empty Wolves.

Faced with this new enemy, and the prospect of becoming hollowed-out puppets of an alien spirit, the werewolves who had once defended the city fled to its outskirts, lest they fall to strange hybrid spirits or worse. Abandoning their loci and territories, they almost immediately met the claws of their neighbors in the Brethren War. The fleeing werewolves were unable to retreat to the sanctuary of their territories and had no safe havens beyond the city. Battered and bleeding, the few city packs that survived the conflict faced the combined host of the mountain-dwelling Pure Tribes. Denver was abandoned for years as the Forsaken dealt with more immediate problems. In their absence, Gurdilag solidified total control over the city’s Shadow.



GURDILAG'S EXPERIMENTS

As the Uratha understand it, Gurdilag was an entity from a time when things were less... formed. It came into a world that had grown and shaped itself into something that it no longer understood, and as near as the werewolves can guess, it began attempting to process this new world in a way that made sense to its unfathomable mind.

As it underwent these processes of altering its environment and possibly itself to adapt, it did what could best be thought of as experiments, particularly with Essence. And the idigam was able to affect Essence in ways werewolves couldn't manage. More than simply stealing spare energy, it siphoned the very spark of life from its victim, including everything that made that spirit, werewolf or human an individual. It then refilled the empty shells with Essence and personalities it had stolen from other victims, sometimes even using splinters of itself.

What this has done is create strange beings not found anywhere else in the world, antagonists unique to the Rockies setting, and even more specifically to Denver (though some have undoubtedly migrated to other areas). Whereas some lesser spirits have been given the spiritual Essence and Rage of a werewolf, making them aggressive and hardy warriors, others have been imbued with the traits of vastly different and powerful greater spirits, creating strange hybrids with several spiritual personalities merging within one form.

Human personalities have been swapped with those of powerful spirits, creating both a *duguthim* in the physical realm, and a lost and terrified human mind in a spirit's Corpus in the Shadow Realm. Many werewolves fell victim to these experiments, their entire minds and personalities replaced by Gurdilag, though they still retain enough memory and instinct to gather into packs.

Examples of these unique antagonists, including system information for the *Su'ur*, can be found in Chapter Four, but Storytellers should feel free to create their own hybrids or amalgams of werewolf, human and/or spirit.



THE CLEANSING OF DENVER

The tale of Max Roman's spiritual quest has become enshrouded in the mists of rumor and speculation. One of many werewolves to venture deep into the spirit wilds to find some means of driving out Gurdilag, he seemingly disappeared from the physical world for several years, coming back looking as though he had hardly aged at all. While the others undertaking that quest either returned empty-handed or not at all, Max Roman succeeded in finding

the idigam's spiritual ban. Armed with that knowledge, the alliance of packs turned the tides of the conflict and ended Gurdilag's reign.

As Max Roman tells it, the key was discovering what brought the idigam to Denver, what about the city made it so important. Over untold time spent searching in the deepest stretches of the spirit world, Max delved into the early mysteries of the world. What he found was a lake of purest water, buried deep under the city in the *Hisil*. Spirits of purity and harmony flowed forth from the waters in such numbers that Max was buoyed by them and carried to bathe himself, to cleanse himself of the taints of the world.

As the water poured over his head, it offered such purity of thought that it pushed him to near madness. Visions and abstract concepts scrambled though his head in such rapid succession he struggled in vain to form them into some patterns or recognizable images or feelings. He was dimly aware of Gurdilag above them, but when he tried to focus on the spirit, his consciousness swirled. Ignoring the nature of the beast itself, he felt it pushing aimlessly at the Gauntlet. Fleeting scraps of what Max interpreted as a sort of confusion or curiosity drifted in a maelstrom of incomprehensible sensations that were too bizarre to be labeled emotions. A sense of frustration or anger washed over him, threatening to put him at the mercy of his own Rage, but the spirit's plan was wholly beyond the scope of mortal understanding.

Max watched as the idigam reached out into the darkness of the Gauntlet at tiny pinpricks of light, snuffing them out or pulling the light to himself. On some level he knew the lights were the spiritual representation of the Uratha, and he watched as the lights fled from the idigam. It was then, when these bright lights faded, that thousands of tinier lights became visible, which Max realized with horror were humans.

He asked the spirits what he could do to stop Gurdilag, what one child of Father Wolf could do to stop a spirit of such power. Through the laughter, the spirits told him they had no fear of the monster and that he could not touch even so much as the dampness in the air. A sense of calm came over him, and he knew that he too was beyond the idigam's reach, having bathed in the waters of the lake. The spirits had no fear of Gurdilag's plans because the water protected them, and Max Roman had a new and powerful weapon to reclaim the city.

Armed with this knowledge, Max rallied the packs of Forsaken surrounding the city, promising a resounding victory that Cahalith would howl for generations. Many were willing, but only the revelation of the spirit's weakness brought Rachel Snow's experienced pack into the alliance. First bathing themselves and consecrating their weapons in sacred water Max had brought back with him from the lake, the several packs attacked Gurdilag's strongholds at several key points in the spirit world, driving his agents, corrupted spirits and possessed Uratha before them like so many sheep.

Using diversions all around the city, they drew defenses away from the remains of the Mountain-Shaker's locus. A group of Ithaeur performed a rite to open a pathway through the Gauntlet, allowing the Silver Syndicate and the Echoes of Thunder to cross into the very haven of the idigam. While no two versions of the attack seem to agree even on what the spirit looked like, their own minds rationalizing it in different ways, most agree that the battle seemed too brief, as though they had won too easily. Some claim that they did not destroy the beast, only drove it into hiding. Others feel that they did destroy the idigam, but that splinters of it live on in the spirits it possessed much like the Azlu or Beshilu. Still others explain the brevity of the conflict with the fact that the werewolves' use of the spirit's ban rendered Gurdilag defenseless. Whatever the case, there has been no sign of the idigam in over a year, and the Uratha believe that many of the strange spirits and possessed werewolves have been hunted and destroyed.

POWER VACUUM

During Gurdilag's reign, most of the powerful spirits in the city were either destroyed or driven away. Those with the ability to flee did so before their Essence was drained or they became playthings of the idigam. Almost immediately after the Tribes of the Moon defeated Gurdilag, the lesser spirits of the city entered into a struggle to fill the vacant roles in the spirit hierarchy.

Most notably, Denver's city-spirit was destroyed or consumed shortly after the idigam took control. Ithaeur speculate that the spirit of Denver was the first to fall to Gurdilag, but its position as leader of the city's spirits now remains open.

While no one spirit has yet risen to dominance, three have emerged as the most likely to assume the role of city-spirit. Gurunusa, a potent spirit that is becoming the embodiment of Denver's downtown, has grown the fastest in this past year, consuming hundreds of smaller spirits and recruiting (or bullying) others into supporting its claim to power. Dirilthum, a potent nature-spirit that has drawn much power from the parks, stands against the growth that Gurunusa prefers. Dirilthum's claim has even drawn support from some of the mountain-spirits that have chosen this moment of weakness to reclaim the developed areas of the city. Finally, a mighty spirit calling itself



Azdehusar, or the Consumer, has grown rapidly in power and managed to claim control of the airport, stadiums and some of the major points of interest that draw in human tourist money. Azdehusar has taken many aspects of want into itself, from gluttony to avarice, and the popularity of these sites draws lesser spirits of similar want to the city for the greater spirit to feast upon.

None of these three really has a true advantage over the others, though the arrival and interference of more packs could change the standoff dramatically. Though Gurunusa has shown the most growth and ambition, it is also hit hardest by mountain-spirits that seek to destroy all spiritual reflections of anything humanity brought west. Some speculate that Gurdilag did not destroy the city-spirit, but instead tore apart its very nature and implanted it in the three spirits that now fight for control of the city.




STORY HOOK — A HARSH CAMPAIGN

The three spirits vying for control of Denver have reached a stalemate in their struggle for dominance. If any one were to attack the other and win, it would be so weakened by the conflict that the third would easily defeat it and claim the city. Knowing this, the spirits have engaged in what could be viewed as a hostile political campaign in an attempt to rally support for their claims to power.

Lesser spirits, engaged in their own fights for dominance in the lower tiers of the city's hierarchy, have struck deals with one (or more) of these major spirits in return for aid in their own grabs for power. These spirits see the Forsaken as powerful allies or deadly enemies in these bids for control of sections of the city. Those werewolves who choose sides do gain the support of an influential spirit that can offer them great gifts and aid, but they alienate two spirits with just as much power who might seek to change their minds, by force if necessary.

The troupe's pack, new to the area, draws the attention of spirits seeking to play them like catspaws to shift the balance. Whether the characters become aware of these manipulations before they act or not, their decision to act carries political ramifications within the spirit world that could significantly impact their dealings with spirits in the future.



Aside from the struggle for the coveted power of Denver's city-spirit, spirits up and down the hierarchy are jostling for position and influence over their neighbors, making alliances and consuming those weaker than themselves. Spirits of buildings fight one another over which will become the spirit of the block, the winner then

vies with other blocks to become the spirit of the neighborhood — at which point new building-spirits fight over which will fill the vacant position of spirit of the block.

The Uratha have the responsibility to maintain some semblance of order among the spirit courts, but they have no way to police all the conflicts between spirits in their territories. Most make efforts to drive out spirits with negative resonance, supporting those spirits they feel will provide the longest-lasting benefits to the area.

Gurdilag's presence also had a significant effect on the loci of the city. Many that existed before the idigam's arrival have grown more powerful, while others have ceased to exist altogether. Some have changed location, sometimes shifting to unreachable places like inside a building's foundation or 30 feet above a busy intersection. The Uratha have not yet mapped out the locations of all the loci, and packs often discover new ones as they take back the city. If any benefit to Gurdilag's sustained presence can be named, it would be the greater prevalence of thin spots in the Gauntlet and increased number of loci. Of course, this also means that more spirits are able to breach the Gauntlet into the physical world (see "Shadow World Tears," p. XX).

REMNANTS AND AFTERMATH

Though it has been more than a year since the victory over Gurdilag, the repercussions of its presence still linger. While the entity itself is no longer directly affecting the *Hisil*, the spirits and humans that were altered or damaged during its reign did not suddenly revert back to normal.

Su'ur

These claimed Uratha have been sighted in the spirit wilds, and more might have retreated to the deeper parts of the Shadow. These werewolves have been tirelessly roaming the spirit wilds since Gurdilag's fall. The Forsaken well remember the ferocity of these opponents, fighting with the rage and violence of werewolves but seeming not to notice even the most grievous of wounds. So far, no one has hunted them down to challenge them, but as more packs fill in the empty spaces of the city, conflict is inevitable.

Some theorize that the fight and spark of life has gone out of them, leaving them nothing more than mindless husks. Others believe that Gurdilag still lives within their bodies and seeks not to draw the attention of the Tribes of the Moon. These Claimed have never spoken an intelligible word or made a sound since they gained control over their bodies. None are sure just what they are now, but most view them as a lurking threat.

A pack of these creatures is detailed in Chapter Four.

Hybrid Spirits

Not all of Gurdilag's experiments have been destroyed. Spirits imbued with Essence stolen from werewolves still roam the Shadow Realm, using their newfound power to carve out territories over which to rule. Those that manage to rein in their anger and fits of violence set themselves up as terrible, ruthless lords over their neighboring spirits. A group of taxi-spirits has even formed a pack and taken to



hunting downtown streets, running down local spirits and establishing a violent rule of the road.

Silken Palace

Aside from these familiar threats, a silken palace of fine, blood-red webbing has risen in Jefferson Park. The palace has several structures that do not exist in the physical world, all made out of the same sticky spirit webbing. A wall surrounds the perimeter of the park, but thin, tendril-like strands extend several blocks out in all directions. These strands are sensitive to nearby spirit and werewolf movement, giving fair warning to the guardians of the palace of any who approach.

Local spirits refer to the creature that created this palace as *Fara Hashan*, the Nest Queen, and they give the crimson webbing a wide berth. Strange spider-like hybrid spirits skitter across the walls from time to time, monstrous combinations of mundane urban spirits with gruesome, spindly legs protruding from their bodies. Spirits of stereos creep along the walls, spinning strands of electrical-wire webbing, while larger spirits of mailboxes or cars scale the spires on eight thin, metallic legs. Eyewitness accounts tell of such spirits even merging with one another, creating even more bizarre combinations of features.

Gurdilag seemed to have particular interest in the Azlu, some speculate out of an incestuous relation to the Spinner-Hag during the infancy of the world. A powerful

Azlu had lived in the park before Gurdilag's emergence, but the Uratha have never before seen anything like this. The malleable spirit body of the Host was torn apart and reformed with spirits of the city, creating a strange hybrid. None have seen the "Nest Queen" that rests at the center of the insane maze of web-crafted streets and alleyways that lie between the walls and the central spires, and any spirits that have wandered too close have been captured by the hybrid sentries and dragged into the palace.

The strengthened Gauntlet has a strong impact on the park's reflection in the physical world. Hardly a place of fun and gaiety, children, dogs and picnics are rare. Instead, the park has become a meeting place for lawyers, accountants and other business-oriented people, talking shop over sandwiches on the benches or sitting alone and chattering on mobile phones. Uratha who enter the area feel uneasy and claustrophobic, nearly cut off from the spirit realm entirely by the thickened Gauntlet.

Magath

The power vacuum left by Gurdilag has created an environment rife with magath. So many creatures were destroyed, corrupted and driven off that many of the strong spirits took to consuming spirits of other choirs simply to survive the idigam's occupation of the city. Different from the aforementioned hybrid spirits, these spirits chose their fate instead of

being torn apart and reformed by Gurdilag, though their only other option was to fade from the Shadow entirely.

As spirits repopulate the city, they drive the magath away from their homes as aberrations, forcing them to wander Denver's streets looking for a place to settle down. These spirits can be violent or benign, but their presence in an Uratha's territory is sure to stir up the local spirit populations as the various choirs shun the deviants. Some such magath have grown malicious from this treatment and have turned on the spirits of their former courts, causing even more unrest in the spirit wilds.

Mountain Spirits

With the state of disarray within the spirit reflection of the city, the spirits of the mountain have begun a violent retaliation against the encroachment they have suffered for the past century. Spirits expanding outward with new roads and city projects are set upon and destroyed by spirits of nature, and the outer edges of the city have been thrown into utter turmoil by periodic raids against spirits already consumed with infighting among their own kind.

The parks of the city offer refuge to these kindred nature spirits and, more importantly, platforms of attack into the more firmly secure urban regions. The spirit rocks beneath the city thrust up through busy intersections to attack car-spirits swerving wildly out of the way, and the earth struggles against the foundations of buildings in the Shadow. The physical world rarely reflects these temporary clashes, but sometimes when another horrible accident happens along a mountain road, the Uratha nod grimly to one another.

STORY HOOK — ROCK AND CONCRETE

The troupe's pack has established a small territory within Denver and has succeeded in clearing out a fair number of the troublesome spirits that had infested the area. While in the Shadow to negotiate a potential truce with the local spirits, the road splits beneath them and jutting teeth of rock break through the pavement beneath their feet. The urban spirits that are clearly weaker than the pack beg the werewolves for help fighting the spirits of the mountain that are trying to destroy or drive them away. While these natural spirits are not the characters' enemies, the conflict within their territory forces them to either choose sides or find some compromise between the two factions.

In the physical world, the struggle between the spirits in this part of the city has resulted in streets riddled with potholes, cracked sidewalks with weeds growing from beneath the cement, broken water mains and sewage lines clogged by roots and sediment. Repeated complaints to city officials by residents and businesses in the area have done little to correct the problem, which has caused some local unrest — subsequently

spawning spirits of frustration and anger that serve only to exacerbate the ongoing conflict.

SHADOWS OF THE PAST

Much has happened in recent years to alter the spirit-scape of Denver, but the events of the past two decades are not the only spiritual influences on the city. The spiritual roots of Denver go back to the end of the 18th century, when traders of the Arapaho tribe established a small camp along Cherry Creek, on the site where the modern city now stands.

The arrival of the "spider people" in 1815 went mostly unnoticed by the greater spirits of the mountain, as the affairs of humans were of little concern. As the settlement grew, its spirit awakened, appearing to a young Bone Shadow Ithaeur named Owl Eyes as an Arapaho trader with golden moccasins, trapped under a landslide. Confused, as he had never before seen such a spirit, the Ithaeur appeased the mountain with promise of a future favor and freed the spirit from the rockfall. For his troubles, he was given one of the golden moccasins in reward, which grew into a locus when Owl Eyes buried it under the earth. Shortly afterward in 1857, gold was discovered down the river from the settlement, and thousands of easterners flooded the area looking to strike it rich.

The golden moccasin given to Owl Eyes has grown into a four-dot locus. When it was first given to the Ithaeur, it had very little power, but the Bone Shadows saw the great possibilities for such a gift. As the spirit of Denver became more powerful, so too did the locus. Interestingly, the moccasin is said to have been moved several times, each time creating a new locus in its new location (although the previous locus quickly went dry). The moccasin also has limited predictive powers for those with great understanding of the spirit world. For instance, shortly before gold was discovered beneath Cherry Creek, the stones in the earth covering the moccasin appeared as though they were made of gold.

STORY HOOK — DENVER'S MOCCASIN

Denver's moccasin retains its power even after the city-spirit has been destroyed. In the flight from Gurdilag, the Bone Shadows took the locus-spawning object with them and have kept its whereabouts a secret. Due to its predictive powers, many packs covet the item, specifically the Storm Lords who see it as an avenue to greater strength through foreknowledge. It has now become the focus of interest for the three spirits competing for control of Denver.

The troupe's pack discovers that the moccasin has been lost in the spirit wilds, taken on the quest to find Gurdilag's weakness by a

Bone Shadow pack that never returned. The characters quickly learn that they are not the only ones who share this knowledge when another pack announces its intention to quest for the moccasin. This has prompted a flurry of activity from other packs in the area, as well as from the emissaries of the spirits of the three competing regions of Denver. A powerful locus is up for grabs for whoever can find it first.

Denver was founded the following year by pioneers seeking fortune, but the mining angered the spirits of the mountain. Deaths in the mines and harsh weather conditions proved ineffective at driving off the settlers, and the mountain-spirits turned on the local werewolf packs that they associated with the humans responsible for tearing and scarring the land. Owl Eyes again went to the spirit he had aided, who no longer resembled Arapaho but was of pale skin and greedy disposition.

The animosity between the Arapaho and the “spider people” grew over time, filling Denver with spirits of spite, anger and hatred. The tribe had been moved south to an area called Sand Creek, an arid region it had little hope of surviving in. The constant conflict between the tribe and ranchers finally came to a head in 1864, when the Huns-gate family was brutally murdered. The mutilated bodies of their two daughters were taken to Denver and displayed, and the floodgates opened.

Owl Eyes appealed to Little Raven, a local Arapaho tribal leader respected by the Theurge and his pack’s kin, to flee Sand Creek the evening before the attack. Denver’s moccasin had grown damp and red with blood weeks before the murders, and the Theurge knew that act would cause the “palefaces” to retaliate. The following morning, the US Army killed 163 Arapaho at Sand Creek. Clearly, Little Raven did not heed — or did not understand — Owl Eyes’ warning.

The ghosts of all those who were murdered haunt the area near Sand Creek. Anyone crossing the Gauntlet in that area hear their screams of anguish and rage briefly. Some of these ghosts beg to be released to true death, others wish vengeance upon their attackers. Spirits of pain and hate linger, feeding off the negative energy infused into the very soil and creek bed.

STORY HOOK — SAND CREEK VENGEANCE

A pack of Blood Talons has claimed the territory around Sand Creek as its own. The ghosts of the Arapaho massacred at Sand Creek beg this pack to allow them to move on to the next world by exacting vengeance upon those who killed them. The packmates accept and take it upon

themselves to cleanse their territory of the negative resonance generated by these shades.

Their initial instincts prompt them to find and kill the descendants of those involved in the massacre, a monumental task and test of their abilities. This campaign might involve the murder of one or more of the pack’s loved ones, or possibly even a player’s character.

As another option, the Blood Talons might decide that hunting down so many people all across the country, and possibly the world, would be an impossible task. Instead, they simply try to inflame the tensions between the city and the mountain, hoping for a cataclysmic battle wherein the mountain-spirits cause an earthquake or some other disaster. The goal in this would be for the pack to exact vengeance upon the city-dwelling “spider people” who caused the massacre in the first place, hoping that this act might allow the ghosts to move on.

A pack holding territory in the city would be at great risk if such a plan were to succeed. In an effort to prevent this catastrophe, they might try to kill the Blood Talon pack outright, undermine its efforts to incite conflict between Denver and the mountain, or work with it to solve the problem in other ways.

BOULDER

The Shadow around Boulder is quiet. Some would venture to call it eerily quiet, to the point that some Ithaeur especially in tune with the spirit world feel uneasy just passing through the small college town. The *Hisil* isn’t devoid of spirits by any degree, as the city plays host to the standard variety of spirits one might find in any other small town in the Rockies. Each serves its role in its turn. The tree-spirits sway cheerfully in the park, the car-spirits dart merrily across the roads, and anticipation-spirits prowling gingerly around the college campus in the weeks before Spring Break. The number of spirits is not unusual in the least — it’s their attitude.

There is no conflict among spirits in Boulder. Pain-spirits don’t terrorize any house-spirits, murder-spirits don’t stalk the alleys looking for other spirits to attack — cat-spirits don’t even prey upon mouse-spirits, though they may give friendly chase. The Forsaken who live in the city stalk the Shadow Realm looking to hunt spirits with negative resonance, but those rare spirits they find fall before their claws with little fight if any.

No Azlu spin their Gauntlet-thickening webs over potent loci, nor do any Beshilu tear holes between the worlds. Stories tell of the last Hosts being driven out nearly a decade ago, and none have returned. The Pure Tribes have kept their distance, not even attacking the city during the height of the Brethren War, when the few packs claiming territory in Boulder lost many of their staunchest warriors. The Forsaken have become

less vigilant in recent years, patrolling the Shadow infrequently and trusting to their good fortune that the spirits, specifically their gentle and kindly city father ally, keep things in proper balance.

This, of course, is all falling into place according to a larger design.

SMILE 'TIL IT HURTS

A spirit of happiness, known as Muthsaha'ga the Smiling One, emerged without fanfare just over 10 years ago. Growing quietly powerful over several years of relative prosperity for the town, the spirit consumed the city father of Boulder, slowly siphoning its Essence before replacing it outright. Finally the strongest spirit in the Shadow of Boulder, it began to slowly eliminate all spirits that didn't share its vision of perfect happiness.

Nudging the Forsaken to act in its behalf, the Smiling One, in the guise of city father, worked closely with the werewolves to have them drive off or destroy all the spirits of negative emotion within the city limits. Once the more powerful rivals were eliminated, it began to forcibly change the resonance of the weaker spirits by repeatedly draining them of their spiritual energy and infusing them with positive Essence. After they were "purified," the Smiling One consumed them, growing more powerful but also drifting further away from its role as a spirit of happiness.

The Smiling One has become a tyrant of happiness, enforcing positive resonance with an iron fist. Any spirits of pain or sadness are destroyed outright, or purified and consumed. Occasionally, more potent spirits are baited and lured into the open, where the Uratha arrive on information from the "city father" to wipe them out. Even spirits who naturally prey on others are stopped from doing so without the Smiling One's explicit permission. Owl-spirits cannot prey on rat-spirits unless the rat in question has negative resonance. Otherwise, the Smiling One hunts and consumes the owl for its wanton violence.

THE BLISSFUL FRIENDS NETWORK

The forced happiness of the *Hisil* has bled through somewhat to the physical realm, making it easier for an organization called the Blissful Friends Network to move onto campus. The group preaches an embrace of the positive side of humanity, providing an open and caring community for those who feel shut out or left behind by the "popular" crowd. A man named Sean Henry, a fiery-haired ex-minister with a magnetic personality, leads the group, defending it against the "cult" label thrust upon it by critics in the local community. The Smiling One secretly urges Henry, manipulating him into working the spirit's goals in the physical world as well as the Shadow Realm.

The Blissful Friends approach teens and young adults who don't fit into large social groups, dividing them further from the rest of their peers and providing them with a growing community that is always happy to see them, both on their online message board and at events held around campus. In these meetings, the group burns candles and incense into which the Smiling One has temporarily bound spirits of calm and bliss. All who attend achieve a state of total happiness and relaxation, where they cease to care about the problems of the outside world and concentrate only on the positive emotions granted by their newfound sense of community.



New members are expected to bring in other new members in turn, spreading the joy of life to others. Those who fail at this recruitment are made to feel guilty about not loving enough, not caring enough — not being happy and joyful enough. They return to their work with renewed zeal, desperate for the smiles and pats on the back they get for bringing new recruits to experience the joy of life.

The Blissful Friends Network has reached outside the Boulder community with its website, and smaller branches have begun to emerge on college campus around the country. While the Smiling One has not yet grown powerful enough to expand its base to include these splinter groups, it might only be a matter of time before it does so, extending its influence through the virtual pathways of the Internet.

HAPPINESS HURTS

The Smiling One views werewolves as violent, tragic, unhappy creatures. In this vein, they must either be made happy or destroyed. Years of solidifying its position and winning the werewolves to its side have made the Uratha soft and complacent, and ripe for an ambush that would wipe them all out.

The Urged leader has already told the Blissful Friends that some in the community are secretly violent, terrible monsters that are in desperate need of help. The group is gearing up for a guerilla war against the Uratha in the physical world, while the Smiling One directs them from the Shadow. Convinced by Henry that the calming effects of their music, candles and incense can placate these monsters long enough to subdue and bind them, the Blissful Friends seek to ambush werewolves alone or in pairs by luring them to meetings or “special” events.

In truth, the spirit candles might prove the werewolves’ downfall. While one of the Forsaken remains in a room scented by these candles, all attempts to shift to Dalu, Gauru or Urshul receive a -3 modifier. Once placated, the creatures can be tranquilized and bound before being brought to Sean Henry for “sensitivity conditioning.” In truth, the Smiling One plans to claim these Uratha if possible and purge them of their Rage, or, failing that, kill them in their sleep to peacefully end their lives of violence.

STORY HOOK — THE MAN BEHIND THE CURTAIN

A werewolf from a neighboring pack in the city, the only member of her pack that had escaped ambush by the Blissful Friends, comes to the troupe’s pack desperate for aid. Their Rahu had gone missing after following his daughter to a meeting of the organization in the hopes of breaking her away from the “cult.” Learning from their totem that the Blissful Friends Network held their packmate captive, the remaining four Uratha fell in an ambush of tranquilizer darts and strange magic. The werewolf requesting aid fought off the effects of the tranquilizers long

enough to run off, but she cannot rescue her packmates without help.

Her request comes at a time when the troupe’s pack has heard rumors of a cult operating on campus, possibly because of friends or relatives of their own who had been approached or adopted by the Blissful Friends. The Smiling One, in his familiar city father guise, offers whatever help he can in aiding the troupe’s pack in rooting out this problem, confident that the right amount of misinformation will lead the pack to similar ambush and subsequent capture.

As a twist, the escaped werewolf could be working in concert with the Smiling One for her own reasons or under the spirit’s potent Influence, intentionally leading the troupe’s pack into harm’s way. Such a werewolf would experience extreme mood swings, fluctuating between quiet bliss and manic anxiety in a matter of moments (which could clue the pack into what is happening).

HELENA

Other than its status as the capital of Montana, Helena enjoys little national recognition. Situated in the shadow of Mt. Helena, it has a population of around 30,000, with just over another 20,000 in the entire Helena valley region. Remote and undeveloped, it is home to a small number of Forsaken packs pressed into an uneasy alliance by the Predator Kings of the mountain.

Territories in and around Helena are large and expansive, mostly rural or sparsely developed. The werewolves recovered quickly after the Brethren War and managed to hold fast against the Pure Tribes when they attacked in force. The region has been relatively quiet for many years, until the last several months.

A pack found a herd of cattle-spirits slaughtered in the Shadow of its territory. The death of so many spirits garnered some attention, but more significant were the existence of corpses. Spirits do not leave remains when they are consumed or destroyed, instead merging with the more powerful predatory spirit or dissipating. In this case, an entire field of skinless, rotting spirit carcasses sat devoid of all Essence or life.

The stink of death and decay filled the air, but there was another smell under them, behind them. Word spread to the other packs, the word idigam fearfully whispered between packmates. That was six months ago, and nothing out of the ordinary has happened since that time. The cattle spirits eventually dissipated weeks later, but no spirits can now be found in that part of the Shadow.

Investigations by the Ithaeur in the region have not uncovered any information, but the fear remains. Messages have been sent to packs across Montana and northern Wyoming, requesting aid should a new idigam emerge,

but no answers have arrived as yet. Until more evidence is found, the packs of Helena can do nothing but wait.

BORDERLANDS

The cities of the Rocky Mountains aren't the only areas of tension and conflict in the region. The disturbances caused by the influx of so many people affect not only the cities themselves, but also along their fringes where newly born urban spirits meet local nature spirits that have existed for thousands of years.

Older spirits have an impression of humans as they "should be" — tribal creatures from the other side of the Gauntlet that revere and respect them, of little consequence and certainly non-threatening. Those spirits shoved aside by the rise of the great cities, however, felt the cold iron railways or hard asphalt highways tear through their lands, watched entire species systematically destroyed or witnessed any of the other drastic changes humanity has wrought upon the *Hisil*. Those spirits resist the spread of human civilization and fight against the strange new spirits that travel with them.

The fringes of Rocky Mountain cities are chaotic places fraught with constant battles and skirmishes for territorial control. Boundaries and allegiances constantly shift in these border areas, and werewolves entering these regions of the spirit wilds can find themselves in grave peril. Any preference for one side in a given conflict can place the werewolves in the center of the struggle, alienating the other side and creating a host of enemies for the pack. As a second option, a pack might claim such a border zone as its territory and find itself constantly renegotiating pacts as the spirits' territorial boundaries shift.

STORY HOOK — BORDER WAR

Somehow the troupe's pack finds itself in the Shadow on the outskirts of a city or large town in the mountains. Perhaps they escaped there using a nearby locus to avoid some danger in the physical world, or possibly they had some pressing need to risk traveling through the spirit world on the way into or out of the city. Regardless, the characters find themselves in the middle of a pitched battle between spirits, beset by emissaries from both sides demanding their aid to end the conflict.

The two sides are almost evenly matched, and the pack senses the long-standing feud between the two factions. One consists of spirits of the city, led by a huge 18-wheeler swelled by a recently completed highway in the area that has opened up a new shipping route through the region. The other consists of nature spirits, led by a great mountain lion strengthened by human fears following a recent rash of mountain lion attacks. The skirmish is not intended to destroy one side or the other, but simply to solidify one side's claim upon the territory.

The pack might decide to strike a deal with one of these factions, offering its aid in return for a favor of some kind. If the pack chooses to fight, its help turns the tide of the battle almost instantly and drives the opponents off to regroup. This creates a powerful group of new enemies that makes life difficult for the pack for as long as it stays in that region, however.

Contrarily, the pack might choose not to get involved, in which case the characters incur the disdain of both factions, each feeling the werewolves laid aside their role as guardians of the spirit world. Also, if the pack should want any of the involved spirits' aid at a later time, the spirits might refuse, remembering when the werewolves rebuffed their own request for help.

Packs might also claim such a border territory as their own, in which case the politics of this situation would carry even more long-lasting effects, and could potentially set up long-term allies and enemies in an ongoing conflict.

ON THE ROAD

Roadways between cities and towns are also conflict areas between spirits, as floods wash out bridges, rockslides cover roads, and fallen trees make certain areas impassable. Remote roads come under attack most often, and might not even have the barest reflection in the spirit wilds. Major highways, however, have enough spiritual strength and traffic to maintain themselves even in the *Hisil*, though certain mountain passes or steep inclines might be conflict areas, as evidenced by frequent landslides and higher accident rates.

Lone roads that cut across large stretches of uninhabited countryside often do have strong spirit reflections, replete with a host of spirits associated with major US highways. Spirits of hope and spirits of pain both masquerade as hitchhikers along the sides of these roads, and spirits of abandonment, loneliness and fear try to feed on any car-spirits that cross their paths. Breakdowns miles from civilization spawn a whole host of such spirits, feeding on each other and attacking the spirit of whatever vehicle was unlucky enough to get stranded.

Rumbling big rigs are the dominant spirits of these roads, patrolling them with the goal of keeping the roadways clear and open. Abandoned car-spirits are consumed along with any other spirits lingering along the sides of the highway, increasing the big rigs' status as spirits of the open road itself.

SMALL TOWN APPEAL

Still farther from the major cities lie smaller towns and even remote cabins in the woods. For the most part, the spirits of these smaller human settlements have forged agreements with the surrounding natural spirits when they

can, as they don't have the strength to win any sort of direct conflict. Many smaller towns don't impact the surrounding environment enough to even be noticed by the older spirits of the land, so they are totally ignored.

Still, some small towns harbor dark and twisted secrets, kept hidden from the outside world. Such a town might be the home of a serial killer who kidnaps people from larger cities and tortures them in his basement, unbeknownst to the other residents of the quiet neighborhood. These isolated communities often find themselves cut off from the world, sheltered from the influences of the cities and greater society. With a weaker connection to the outside world, spirits in these hamlets sometimes develop strange characteristics or abilities not seen in others of their type. Spirits of pain, not having many of their own kind to feed upon, might feed on spirits of hunger or vanity simply to survive, possibly leading to a greater prevalence of eating disorders or jealousy among neighbors.

If left unchecked, shoals of negative energy develop, trapping the unwary Uratha who finally look to investigate the strife and heartache that has afflicted such a small town. With so much of the Rockies claimed by the Predator Kings, who are not bound to the Oath of the Moon, such towns often fall prey to twisted spirits that claim human bodies for depraved acts or urge the weak-minded toward gruesome deeds.

WILD PLACES

While spirits of city and land engage in smaller escalating conflicts throughout civilized centers of the Rockies, hotspots of spiritual tension not tied to human cities threaten to do lasting and devastating damage to the Shadow Realm and possibly even the physical world.

Many such situations cannot be easily solved by a single werewolf pack. The might require several packs working together if disaster is to be averted. As with most conflicts involving spirits of great power, these cannot be resolved with tooth and claw, though an offer of help could easily turn into a battle for survival against hostile spirits. Larger conflicts might span the territories of several packs and might not be easily understood or even recognized without greater understanding of the area's history. Ancient rivalries between continental plates, for instance, could be the underlying cause of frequent clashes between lesser spirits, and such rivalries are not easily calmed. Failed efforts to ease such situations could result in more frequent earthquakes, landslides or worse in the physical world, and the Forsaken are not equipped to settle such ancient disputes — especially considering that the spirits involved view werewolves as violent upstarts.

Even so, while the spirit wilds hold many dangers for werewolves, refuges exist in the expanses of the Rockies where the Uratha can commune with less hostile spirits. Such places of power or sanctuary often mark sites of pilgrimage for packs, either out of a need for spiritual aid or a desire to experience places of strong positive resonance.

The Tribes of the Moon covet these places, and only the strongest or purest packs claim territories that include such spiritual havens.

Some such places of power exist within no werewolf territory, the spirits either shunning the presumption of werewolf supervision or refusing to limit themselves to only one small group. Packs that claim territories that include such locations often must pass a series of trials to prove themselves, lest they be driven out by the spirits controlling the area. Such tests gauge a pack's determination, wisdom, fortitude, purity of heart or any other trait the local spirits deem important.

The following hardly presents an exhaustive list of the major spiritual areas of the Rocky Mountains. Instead, it gives a small number of examples from which the Storyteller can build chronicles.

YELLOWSTONE

In ancient times, bison roamed the great plains at the base of the Rocky Mountains by the millions. Bison spirits were dominant, fearing nothing, roaming far and wide in herds of incalculable size. Led by an Incarna simply referred to as the "Lord" by the lesser spirits and as the "Lord of the Plains" by the Hunters in Darkness, the great herds became a nigh-unstoppable force, ruling the *Hisil* and the physical world alike, revered by the native populations of the continent.

Their strength and dominance, having lasted untold years, ended with the press of civilization from the East, as the "spider people" systematically hunted and destroyed the great herds. Settlers, railroad workers and ranchers were encouraged by the government to eradicate the bison, and the native people who relied upon them. Expansion-minded Iron Masters and Storm Lords from the East were pitted against indigenous Hunters in Darkness and Bone Shadows in these territories, as totems of the city battled the bison totems for dominance.

The campaign to eliminate the bison succeeded to devastating effect. By the end of the 19th century, little over 1,000 bison remained on the whole of the continent, and only 23 in the Pelican Valley of Yellowstone National Park, the territory of the Lord of the Plains. Bitter rivalries erupted between the newly arrived packs and those still clinging to their territories, but all of them noticed the disappearance of the bison. Several packs of Forsaken decided something had to be done, or they would be responsible for destroying (through negligence) the most powerful spiritual force in the region.

Overtures to the Lord of the Plains were met with violence, and entire packs lay slain before the mighty spirit would deign to speak with the "wolves who stink of men." Finally, after much conflict, a pack of Iron Masters quietly offered the skulls of several of the worst human offenders as chiminage, and efforts were made to repopulate the bison herds in Yellowstone National Park. While the Lord of the Plains was not appeased, it ceased its overt



hostility against the Uratha and focused on shepherding the remaining bison-spirits, strengthening the newly burgeoning herds.

In 1996, the bison population had increased dramatically, rising in Yellowstone to over 3,500 animals. A harsh winter forced many of them to leave the safety of the park in search of food, however. Claiming the bison would infect the domestic cattle with brucellosis, a disease causing stillbirths, humans slaughtered any that crossed the borders into Montana. By 1997, the bison population had been reduced to less than 1,500, and the Lord of the Plains again raged — this time against the werewolves who had promised their aid.

Efforts to restore the bison to Yellowstone have done nothing to appease the Incarna, even though the current population has increased to nearly 4,000. Last spring, several hundred bison were again slaughtered, though no cases of brucellosis spreading from bison to domestic cattle had been documented, giving rise to a new wave of anger toward the Uratha. Spirits of rage and hate run with the spirit herds, tended by the Lord of the Plains and encouraged to strike at any werewolves who invade bison territory.

STORY HOOK — MIGRATION

A herd of spirit bison has migrated into the territory controlled by the troupe's pack. The pack's territory might be in Yellowstone or just outside, or it might be wholly removed from the National Park. The bison-spirits are far more plentiful than living bison, and many continue to graze on ancient herd territories in the Shadow. Regardless, the *Hisil* has become a dangerous place for the werewolves, as they are attacked whenever they cross the Gauntlet.

Further, the spirit herd brings with it spirits of pain and hatred, which have started to drive off more positive spirits in the area. If the pack does not do something, it will lose all control over the *Hisil* in its territory, and any work it has done to attract helpful and positive spirits will have been in vain.

The troupe can attempt to address this problem in several ways, including the following:

- The pack may attempt to drive the herd off its territory using hit-and-run tactics, or perhaps by luring predatory spirits into the area
- The pack may try to appease the spirits by offering services in exchange for the herd moving on. Doing so might involve traveling to meet with the Lord of the Plains himself.
- The pack may work toward stopping the slaughter of bison in Montana, hoping to ease the hatred and pain that travels with the spirit herd.

WAKAN TANKA

Lakota Sioux legend tells of a White Buffalo Woman who appeared to two warriors in the mountains. This Wakan, or holy person, taught the Sioux seven sacred ceremonies, gave the tribe the sacred white buffalo calf pipe and brought a herd of bison to

save them from starvation. Her story ended with a prophesy of her return, and many native tribes believe her coming will herald a return to harmony and balance for their people. In 1994, a white bison calf named Miracle was born in Wisconsin, prompting many to speculate as to the return of Wakan Tanka. In truth, many such white calves have been born in the last decade, with four reported born in 1996 alone.

Cahalith close to the Lakota believe these births indeed represent the return of the White Buffalo Woman, or at least attempts for her to return. Tales have surfaced across the Great Plains of a white bison roaming the spirit wilds, though attempts to make contact with this spirit have failed. Some Ithaeur speculate that this savior spirit is bound somewhere or in a deep state of slumber, and the images and births are attempts by the spirit to awaken. Others believe they are the spirit's dreams made manifest.

Whatever the cause, the growing interest in Miracle is believed to give more strength to the spirit, and several packs have made efforts to encourage belief in the White Buffalo Woman's return. The calf's sire died only days after Miracle was born, in accordance with Lakota prophecy, and the calf's coat has changed from white to black, and then to brown — leaving only a change to red to match the four colors Wakan Tanka assumed before departing the world. While some packs keep close watch for this final color change, others have undertaken quests to search the Shadow Realm for evidence of the greater spirit's return.

TERRIBLE LIZARDS

Since the first discovery of dinosaur fossils in the Rocky Mountain region in the late 1870s, paleontologists have flooded the area searching for new dig sites and classifying fossils taken from established ones. Major discoveries have been made all along the mountain range, awakening great interest in these giant creatures who once roamed the earth. Some of the most famous dinosaurs have been found only in the Rockies, such as the tyrannosaur, triceratops and ankylosaur, and popular interest has swelled in recent years.

The *Hisil* has a long memory. Although storied battles with dinosaur-spirits have drifted to the realm of Uratha myth and legend, the predatory natures of many of these creatures have managed to survive the rigors of the spirit wilds over the millennia. When their physical reflections died off, these spirits turned to hunting other predators such as the great cats of the Ice Age, surviving reptilian spirits and ever-increasing varieties of mammalian predator. In modern times, these saurian spirit echoes fed upon fanged and clawed spirits of fear and nightmare, their strength surging after the release of major motion pictures involving sharks, dinosaurs or other predatory beasts.

No longer dinosaur-spirits, but powerful and deadly magath, these hunters continue to stalk the deep places in the spirit wilds. Millennia of experience have honed their talents for ambush and stealth to exceptional levels, yet robbed them of truly comprehensible forms. Encounters with these spirits are rarely more than a flash of jaws

and talons in the darkness, leaving only a dead or badly wounded packmate and a paranoid feeling that the pack is being watched and silently followed. Rarely, a werewolf has a clearer view in dim light before the beast slips off into the darkness, though these views have been described as nightmarish masses of tooth, claw, tusk, scale and fur.

Older than all but the spirits of rock and mountain, these spirits are said to have clear memories of Pangaea. According to local Forsaken legend, the strongest fought Father Wolf himself and managed to escape with their lives, or even to fight the great hunter to stalemate. But it's also said that many of their kind fell before Father Wolf's claws, or those of his children, and this is why their spirit kin harbor a strong hatred toward Uratha and Pure alike. Ithaeur speculate that these echoes of dinosaur-spirits might remember the Fall, though all efforts to approach in peace have ended in bloodshed. These magath have no interest in talk. Instead they strike furiously from the shadows at the foolish Uratha who let their guard down long enough to make peaceful overtures.

TYRANT'S TOMB

Legends of the Uratha tell of a great battle fought with one of these magath in the mountains dividing what are now Colorado and Utah. The details of the story have changed through the generations, with different tribes claiming the glory for ultimately defeating and binding the creature and different heroes dealing the crushing blow, but enough elements remain consistent that some truth can be drawn.

Through meditation and communication with the ancient spirits of the mountain, a few werewolves have gathered that the beast was some sort of giant among the predatory magath, a creature of untold strength and fury that drove others of its kind before it like cattle. Several packs had tried and failed to defeat it over the generations, but most fled before its wrath, returning to their territory once it had moved on. More troubling to many packs in the area is the fact that the location where this creature was bound has long been forgotten. Many assume that the guardians of the site fell in battle with other predatory dinosaurs, leaving the spiritual prison unguarded for untold generations. Recently, a Bone Shadow Ithaeur named Nicholas Dale dreamed of the beast waking and roaming free once again. Renouncing his tribe, he traveled to the Rocky Mountains and became a hermit, violently defending a small patch of territory. This story has been passed around many moot fires throughout Colorado and Utah, though all attempts to contact the Ghost Wolf have met with failure.

STORY HOOK — TYRANT UNLEASHED

The Ithaeur who bound the spirit of the Tyrant did so into the creature's already fossilized remains, a massive find larger than even the *giganotosaurus* found in Argentina in 1994.

Nicholas Dale found the ridge that houses the massive fossil through visions sent him by the great magath itself, and has begun digging to remove the remains. If the bones of the great predator are disturbed, the bound spirit will once again be released in the spirit wilds.

Predatory dinosaur-spirits in the area are aware of the Tyrant's resting place and feel his bonds being worn away. The troupe's pack might hear of this through communication with spirits fleeing the new predators or through rumors surrounding the strange werewolf hermit fiercely guarding his small patch of territory. Once the resting place is discovered, the troupe's pack must find a way to halt all digging in the area before enough damage is done to release the Tyrant. This task becomes far more difficult with the rising number of other magath drawn to the area by the waking Tyrant.

As another option, the Storyteller may place the Tyrant's resting-place within the territory of the troupe's pack or just on the border. Such a pack would have direct dealings with the strange hermit as he attempts to enter the territory and free the creature from its bonds.

As an elder Ithaeur, Dale is both a charismatic, persuasive speaker and a formidable opponent even for an entire pack of young werewolves. His determination and experience allows him to agitate local spirits and call other magath to distract the troupe's pack long enough for him to release the Tyrant from its prison. (More information on Dale can be found on p. XX.)

Further complicating matters, these magath have become more active in the regions surrounding the Tyrant's spiritual prison. Some Ithaeur speculate that they have been called by the stronger spiritual force, while others feel that they look toward a new era of spiritual dominance over the area. Regardless of the cause, the mountains on the border between Colorado and Utah have seen a dramatic increase in predatory activity in the spirit wilds.

Word from packs in the region grows dire, as it is all the werewolves can do to escape the spirit wilds with their lives at times. Efforts to cleanse the Shadow of these spirits have been all but futile, as more seem to arrive with each turn of the moon. Entire packs have been destroyed, leaving prime territories available — if another pack feels confident it can resist the strange predators better than its predecessors. (Traits for these creatures appear on p. XX.)

DEVIL'S TOWER

The native tribes of what is now Wyoming tell legends of a strange rock formation called the "Bear's Tipi" or "Bear's Lodge." Now called the Devil's Tower, declared a national monument in 1906, the pinnacle of stone carries with it a rich cultural history and has roots in the legends of many local tribes. The strong spiritual resonance of the tower has bled



through the Gauntlet many times, prompting tales of spirit bears or bears that take the form of people.

Just over 5,000 feet tall, the jutting column of igneous rock stands starkly against the skyline. Geologists describe the monolith as composed of tall, mostly hexagonal rock columns, with long vertical cracks caused by the slow cooling process. Legends of several local tribes tell how the rock was scored by the claws of a great bear, and how the Great Spirit lifted the rock to its present altitude all at once. Regardless of the tower's representation in the physical world, its reflection in the spirit world is undeniably a haven of incredible power and resonance. The base of the monolith is a huge cave mouth, and the stone all the way around the perimeter is gouged by deep bear claw markings.

Until recently, the area was marked by a serene tranquility, so much so that those approaching the tower of stone in the Shadow felt incapable of taking an aggressive action. Those who entered the cave itself spoke of a vast and expansive interior with many tunnels heading away from a main chamber. The atmosphere inside the caves seemed to pulse rhythmically, as though the rock itself were slowly breathing. Deeper exploration into the many tunnels simply led back to the main chamber, as though the spiritual energies were preventing trespass into the recesses of the cavern.

Theurges with close ties to the native tribes in the area have shared legends telling of the Great Bear spirit that slumbers in the deepest recesses of the cave. The Great Bear had once been a powerful totem, serving as guide to packs of werewolves across the land. When the whites arrived, the Great Bear fought to hold them back. Packs of werewolves clashed over territory, and the native peoples that worshipped the Great Bear were driven further west.

When the Shawnee shaman Tenskwtawa was defeated in 1812 and his brother, the great leader Tecumseh was killed in 1813, the fight seemed to go out of the Great Bear. Retreating into the west, he entered a deep slumber, abandoning the packs he had guided. Many disbanded, while others sought out the bear-spirits that gave protection and counsel to those packs crossing the ocean from Europe. The powerful spirit gave no indication when, or if, it would return.

BEAR'S AWAKENING

As far as Ithaeur can tell, no event signaled the end of the Great Bear's long sleep. Some speculate that the close approach of Mars caused the spirit unsettling, violent dreams, while others claim that the recent unification of the Uratha against an outside threat from terrorists rekindled old passions. Whatever the cause, the Great Bear has emerged from its slumber and once again stalks the spirit wilds.

The tower no longer resonates with peace and tranquility, which has made many of the other spirits in the area restless. Bear-spirits have begun to congregate near the entrance of the large cave mouth and have not allowed any entrance, mauling spirits or werewolves who attempt to come too close — unless the Great Bear has summoned them specifically.

Three packs control territory near Devil's Tower. The first, a pack of Bone Shadows, has maintained a silent watch over this mystical site, attempting to probe its mysteries and commune with the Great Bear through its dreams. The second, a small *Meninna* pack, is a recent addition to the area. The third pack consists of a group of Iron Masters, descendants of a pack that helped establish the area as a protected national park at the turn of the century. All of these packs have come into violent conflict with bears in the spirit wilds, and overtures have been made for some level of intertribal cooperation.

This has become more difficult as lone werewolves arrive in the area, claiming to have been "called" by the Great Bear to become part of her brood of packs once more. These new arrivals come and go freely from the cave entrance and claim the territory surrounding the tower as their hunting grounds. New Uratha arrive each day, and more than one pack has already formed under the Great Bear's guidance.



STORY HOOK — SUMMONED

Awakened from her long slumber, the Great Bear seeks to reclaim her place as a dominant spiritual force on the continent. Ignorant of the events of the last two centuries, she looks to reassemble packs long dead and forgotten, packs that she had brought under her paw and then abandoned when she withdrew from the world so long ago.

Descendants of her packs, now several generations removed and wholly ignorant of their ancestors' connection to the Great Bear, have been visited in dreams by the powerful spirit and called to Devil's Tower to reclaim territories that were once theirs. While most of these descendants still live in America, intermarriage and globalization might find such linear descendants from any culture and any tribe.

The Great Bear seeks to reunite these disparate werewolves, bring them together under her protection and once again forge them into cohesive packs. Unfortunately, the three packs who control territory in the area do not like the intrusion of so many foreign Uratha, and tempers have already begun to flare. If they discover the Great Bear's plans to oust them from their territories in favor of her own followers, violent conflict will surely erupt.

The troupe's pack might be made up of such unrelated werewolves, called by the Great Bear to the cave in the Devil's Tower. On the other hand, the players might decide to play one of the three packs already holding territory in the area, or a fourth pack not mentioned. Either way, conflict over territory is inevitable.



LONG'S PEAK

The highest point inside Rocky Mountain National Park, Long's Peak is a destination for hikers and climbers from around the world. Lightning claims hikers regularly on the high peaks in the Rockies, killing four people per year on average in the state of Colorado. The peaks are known for their sudden electrical storms, and Long's Peak, being the tallest in the park, can be exceedingly dangerous.

The spirits of the mountain are fickle. The spirit wilds here crackle with ball lightning rolling across the boulder plain, up and down Long's Peak and the nearby Storm Peak. From time to time, these spirits leap across the Gauntlet, creating violent electrical storms before finally slipping back into the spirit world. Lightning rules the mountaintops, and the werewolves respect the frantic, unbridled power of these spirits.

While no one pack claims the high peaks as its territory, the Storm Lords have claimed much of the area around Long's Peak as their own. Respecting the power of storm and lightning, these packs have managed to forge positive relationships with the greater elemental spirits, some packs even claiming the lightning itself as their totem. Storm Lord rites sometimes require spirit quests to the very top of the peak in the *Hisil*, braving the power and the fury of the elemental lords of the mountain.

THE STORM LOCUS

The journey to the spiritual summit of Long's Peak is an arduous one. Those who simply cross the Gauntlet at the very peak are invariably set upon by the lightning-spirits as an intruder and rarely escape back to the physical world with their lives. The trek must be made starting at the base of the mountain, below the domain of the frenetic and unpredictable spirits.

Upon reaching the edge of the lightning-spirits' domain, those wishing to pass must prove themselves worthy. Any hesitation on the part of a werewolf wishing to summit the mountain is taken as a sign of weakness, resulting in painful shocks from the spirits guarding the barrier. An Uratha making this journey must be confident and strong of will, walking with purpose and commanding the respect of the spirits barring her way. The worthy will be allowed to enter, but will be subject to greater tests.

The climb in the Shhadow is far more difficult than any route of the physical world. Even the strongest and most dexterous of werewolves speak of the trial as a challenge they wouldn't soon repeat. Beyond the sheer difficulty of the climb, the spirits of earth and storm present obstacles that must be overcome. These trials vary with each journey up the mountain, sometimes presenting shifting or loose handholds that seem firm until weight is placed upon them and other times requiring combat with spirits of mountain lions or creatures of rock and stone.

Any who successfully reach the summit of Long's Peak find a lodge-like structure made of darkened clouds

that rumble and flash with bursts of lightning. Upon entering the Storm Locus, they are greeted by the voices of the storm spirits and given the audience they have earned. Spirits of rain, thunder, wind and lightning may be petitioned for advice or favors, or even asked to ally themselves with a pack as a totem. Such requests often depend on the strength, skill and cunning the petitioner displayed on the journey to the summit, and werewolves who have undergone those trials more than once are afforded greater respect. The Storm Lords revere the Storm Locus with awe, and each of the packs in the surrounding area claims a storm-spirit as its totem.



STORY HOOK — CRESTING THE SUMMIT

A pack might climb to the summit of Long's Peak for many reasons, but the Storm Lords in the area use the journey as a test of worth and purity. If a character's honor or bravery is challenged, the matter can be resolved by a successful climb to the peak, thus proving his inner strength. Similarly, if the troupe's pack is disgraced or shamed in some way among the Storm Lords, one or more of them may undergo a journey to the peak to regain face.

Characters who fail to reach the peak, or who die in the attempt, are viewed as spiritually weak or impure, and their packs bear the brunt of their disgrace. Those who commune with the spirits of the Storm Lodge return with honor and bring much acclaim to their packs, as well as renown among the Storm Lords.



BIG HORN MEDICINE WHEEL

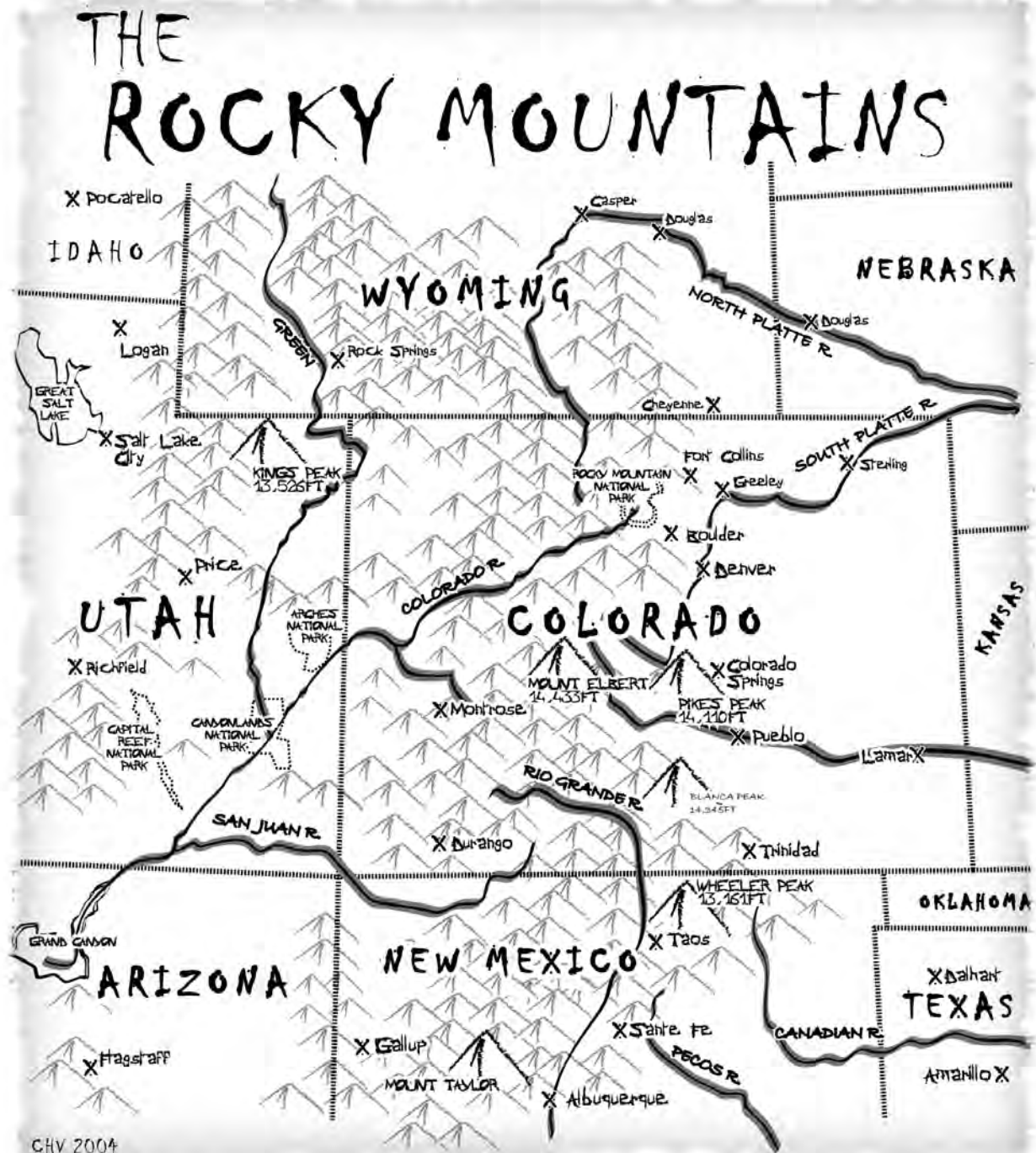
Formed from bedrock over two billion years old, Medicine Mountain in Wyoming is one of the oldest geological formations in the world. One of 10 continental nuclei, outcroppings of rock from the very beginning of the planet's development, the mountain has held a sacred place in the ceremonies of the Cheyenne and Crow peoples for centuries. Recently, the two-century-old, spoked "medicine wheel," made of carefully placed stones at the top of the mountain, has become a tourist attraction drawing tens of thousands each year, amidst much protest by native tribes in the area.

The rock formation atop the mountain was given the name "medicine wheel" by white men who discovered it at the end of the 19th century. The wheel itself is about 90 feet in diameter, though not a perfect circle, and has 28 spokes radiating out from a center cairn. Some have speculated that the wheel is a form of astronomical chart, and others that it is the blueprint for building a tipi or sun lodge. Both theories hold pieces of the truth.

GATEWAY BETWEEN WORLDS

Uratha in the region tell legends of the wheel as a nexus of loci, where the Gauntlet never materialized. Atop the stones stood a structure that served almost as a passageway between worlds, where humans could commune with spirits and spirits could enter the physical world freely. It is said that humans could step through to the spirit wilds for vision quests or communion with ancestor-spirits, and that spirits of plants and animals regularly ventured out from the gateway to make requests of the humans living in the region.

Reverence for the spirits among the native populations allowed this connectivity between the physical world and the Shadow to exist for generations, but the arrival of settlers from Europe shook the spiritual fabric of the continent. Legends of the werewolves tell that the gateway would appear only during certain times of the year, when the moon and sun were in certain alignment with the foundation stones. As civilization crept westward, the Gauntlet finally separated the stone wheel in the physical world from the lodge in the spirit world, though the Uratha could still step across with ease.





The emergence of the medicine wheel as a tourist attraction has strengthened the Gauntlet even more. The spirit lodge has started to weaken, though Uratha may still enter the spirit wilds as though they were at a caern. Some Ithaeur feel that if humans with no sense of the site's spiritual significance continue to come in greater numbers, the lodge will disappear completely or be corrupted by spirits of greed, litter and disrespect.

THE WISDOM WHEEL

The spirits of wisdom and respect of the wheel do not allow any one pack or tribe to claim the region surrounding Medicine Mountain as part of their territory, which makes the Uratha anxious for the protection of so important a site. So far, the spirits have managed to drive off the spirits of greed and disrespect that follow the thousands of human tourists, while collecting the motes and spirits of wonder that drift along with those of negative resonance.

Native American tribes in the region still perform rituals atop the mountain, paying respect and praying for wisdom, and the spirits have expressed no displeasure at the addition of thousands of new human minds for them to experience. At times, one of the spirits urges a human to perform some good deed, or even to take that next step toward achieving some greater potential. Stories even tell of shamans who enter trance-like states and speak the true wisdom of the ages, ridden by a powerful wisdom-spirit.

The werewolves seek out the spirits of the wheel for counsel in many things, though only those who show the spiritual marks of Wisdom and Honor (that is, characters who have at least one dot of Wisdom *and* Honor Renown) may even make such requests. Even so, the denizens of the wheel must be bested at riddles or otherwise brought to bear before aiding the hated Uratha, and bans prevent them from giving information without first setting tasks to a supplicant. These tasks often make little sense to the Uratha undertaking them, seeming either trivial or at odds with the concepts of wisdom or respect — but such is the often inexplicable nature of spirits.

Ithaeur believe that the spirits still retain the power to reach across the Gauntlet and read the thoughts of the humans who pass by, giving them great insight into the workings of the human world. Their quests might be part of vast plans that involve the subtle triggering of chain reactions involving hundreds of humans. None know for sure, but those who seek out the Wisdom Wheel trust that their quests contribute to the greater good of the spirit and physical worlds.

At odds with this view of the spirit wheel, some Forsaken feel they are disobeying their Father's will to allow the wisdom-spirits to meddle in the physical realm. Regardless of their intent, or the ultimate positive outcomes of their actions, the spirits must be kept from interfering in the physical world. Stories of *hithisu* and *duguthim* at the Medicine Wheel have caused great distress in those who follow strict interpretations of the Oath of the Moon, and conflict has arisen between packs in the region over the issue that could develop into open hostility.

UNCHARTED EXRANSES

Some stretches of the Rocky Mountains remain untouched by humanity. Moreover, peaks and valleys exist in the *Hisil* that have no physical presence outside the Shadow, either born of the very idea

of uncharted stretches of mountain or simply existing from a time before humans limited the region with their maps.

Certain passes and lesser known peaks see less than a handful of visitors a year, and most are hikers or climbers who live by the mantra of taking nothing but pictures and leaving nothing but footprints. The effects of humanity's spread just haven't reached certain pockets of the spirit wilds, leaving the spirits there somewhat more alien to the Tribes of the Moon.

PREHUMAN SPIRITS

The spirits in these uncharted pockets of the spirit wilds have none of the anthropomorphic features found in spirits of city and country, resisting the patterning of humans through sheer ignorance of their existence. Trees exist with no natural equivalent in the physical world, and they do not communicate using any language known to the Uratha. Instead, they turn their leaves in certain rhythms or change their sap flow to convey their meaning. Such communication is lost on all but the most knowledgeable of Ithaeur, but these spirits share the universal resentment and hostility toward the bastard half-flesh werewolves. Interactions with the inhabitants of the deep pockets of the mountain Shadow are difficult at best, and disastrous at worst.

Beyond such easily quantified spirits like trees are such spirits the Uratha have difficulty describing in human language or the First Tongue. Much like the idigam, these are spirits the werewolves recognize only by scent, and even then only as a distant, faded memory of an earlier time. Werewolves who have encountered such spirits have difficulty describing what they saw, instead speaking of a presence that evoked images from their pasts. Ithaeur aren't certain if the spirits choose certain memories to reveal themselves, or if the minds of the Uratha simply call upon the memories that most closely match the impressions being communicated from the spirits.

In truth, the tales they tell are only of the "gentler" spirits, for the malicious ones have not yet left survivors to tell the tale. The spirits of the deep passes and unknown peaks are abstractions of spirits — Essence that took form before animals and plants settled upon their ultimate forms. No Uratha are quite sure what they are capable of, but they have not seen fit to emerge from their protected pockets in the *Hisil*... yet.

CANNIBAL SPIRITS

Stories of travelers getting lost in mountain passes for weeks without food are numerous, but perhaps the most famous and notorious is the Donner Party. Forty-one of their 87-member party died when they were trapped in a sudden snowstorm, and half of the survivors had resorted to cannibalism of the dead to stave off certain starvation. Lesser known is the story of Alfred Packer, who — despite lifelong protestations of innocence — was convicted of killing and eating his five companions when stranded on an expedition from Utah into Denver.

Excluded from the stories are the twisted spirits that drove their victims to these inhuman acts, warped hybrids

of fear- and hunger-spirits that have roamed the mountains for centuries. The spirits prey upon the lost, urging them to betray their ethics and feast upon human flesh. Those who resist are urged instead, forced to sate their hunger before being left to their own senses and realization of what they had done. The spirits then gorge themselves on the spirits of panic and disgust their victims' actions force into being, feeding their own hunger on the dark and complex emotions of humans forced to eat the flesh of their friends and companions.

In the last century, the spirits have grown more adept at this process, targeting smaller groups and leaving no survivors. After all but one have been consumed, that final victim is ridden by one of the spirits to bury the remains. Then, the hapless human marches mindlessly to its death, either by the claws of a predator or a fall off a high ledge. This prompts more spirits of panic for consumption and prevents survivor tales that might bring Uratha to investigate. The cannibal spirits aren't infallible, though, and the occasional Ridden human reaches a town or city, or a panic-spirit carries its tale into a populated area. A little information is a dangerous thing, though, where these hungry spirits are concerned. Werewolves already have temptations to consume human flesh, after all.

SHADOW WORLD TEARS

The werewolves are not the only ones interested in finding thin places in the Gauntlet, as spirits also have an easier time crossing over at loci. Sometimes a locus goes unnoticed by the Uratha long enough to attract spirits looking to use it as a gateway in and out of the physical realm. If the Gauntlet around such a locus is weakened further through the efforts of the Beshilu or other powerful spirits, a tear can form between worlds.

One such tear was discovered in an abandoned cabin in Colorado's Front Range when a pack investigated reports of a series of missing hikers. A group of spirits had found the tear and used it as a means of trapping human prey. A hiker would enter the cabin, either out of a need for shelter or through sheer curiosity, and be pulled through into the spirit wilds and immediately set upon by the spirits looking to feast on human flesh. The werewolf who accidentally stumbled upon the tear barely escaped alive but returned with his packmates to destroy the devouring entities.

Another tear was discovered deep in a cave in New Mexico, where a small group of spirits had materialized in the physical world to prey on humans hiking or camping in the wilderness nearby. A Forsaken pack chased the spirits back to the tear, discovering the dangerous access point between worlds.

Far from being isolated incidents, such tears are sparsely littered throughout the Rockies where Beshilu activity has been high at some point in the recent past. The Uratha make every effort to find and close these holes in the Gauntlet, but with so much of the back country controlled by the Predator Kings, there is no telling how many tears have opened.



CHAPTER



PRIET

It shouldn't have been like this.

The Change had been blood and pain and fear, but in the years since then, he'd never regretted it. Blood? He'd come to understand that blood needed to be shed, and there wasn't anything sacred about the skins that held it in. Pain? He'd learned to live with it, even appreciate it a little after the fact, like his body was saying, "Hey, I'm still here, we made it." Fear? Well... he'd felt less and less of that as time went on. He'd started out being afraid of himself, but gradually he came to realize that he should have been proud all along. He'd been afraid of the other things in the dark, too, but as he kept on stalking and chasing and killing with nothing to show for it but scars, he'd come to realize that the dark was his, not theirs.

He thought that was the way it was supposed to be. But now it wasn't. It was pain, again, and fear, again.

The pain wasn't a good pain — it was an infection without a wound, a decay without death. It throbbed even when he let the Rage pour into him body and soul.

The fear was worse than it had ever been. It started with a tiny pinprick of recognition, that this thing was one of the idigam's get — and then the dam burst. He couldn't run, he couldn't scream, he couldn't howl, he could only fight despite the fact that the scraps of his conscious mind wanted to get away and nothing else. The body and the Rage had to fight, and he was too terrified to stop it.

But at least there wasn't much blood.

“‘EVERY DAY,’ THE OLD MAN SAID PROUDLY, ‘HE KILLS A DIFFERENT KIND OF ANIMAL.’”
—“BLOOD CLOT,” WESTERN UTE LEGEND, AS TOLD IN *AMERICAN INDIAN MYTHS AND LEGENDS*,
RICHARD ERDOES AND ALFONSO ORTIZ, EDS.

The Uratha find no shortage of danger or opposition in and around the Rockies. Whether the werewolves inhabit the wilds of the mountain ranges or the concrete jungle of Denver, numerous antagonists and enemies await. This chapter provides Storytellers an understanding of how these enemies can be used in a Rockies chronicle. Although reading this chapter might spoil some surprises for players (and thus isn't wholly recommended), the provided story hooks work all the better when specifically tied to a given player's character.

Before any description of specific enemies or stories could be useful, a brief discussion of how antagonists can be used in a Rockies chronicle is necessary. For additional material and ideas, see Chapter Four of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

When selecting opponents for the characters, Storytellers should be aware of how they intend to use them. An ally the characters normally turn to for vital information or moral support might become an antagonist or an enemy should circumstances push him onto the opposite side of the battlefield. A shared foe might ally the characters with someone they would normally kill on sight. Straightforward enemies provide a necessary baseline so players can appreciate the subtlety of the story when the Storyteller presents a more ambiguous threat — though, of course, no enemy should be so straightforward that it has only one layer of depth. In order to enrich a Storytelling experience with varied and layered antagonists, the Storyteller needs a clear understanding of how the opposing characters are going to be used.

THEMES

Werewolf: The Forsaken presents a variety of themes the Storyteller can focus through the antagonists. Three major aspects of a **Werewolf** story are the hunt, pack unity and territory. Involving an opposing character in the hunt is simple. The characters can hunt the opponent, or the opponent could hunt the characters. In either situation, the Storyteller can create a climax to the hunt in which combat is not a foregone conclusion. Particularly in the case of an antagonist, the characters might not wish to harm their quarry (at least not permanently).

A werewolf's pack is vital for her survival and sanity. Any adversary in a position to disrupt the pack's unity poses a serious threat to the characters' survival. Werewolves are not human, but they spent at least the first part of their lives with the human experience and perspective. The human tendency toward divisiveness allows foes to push pack members apart by exposing issues or ideas on which the packmates disagree. The presence of an alpha is normally enough to keep these arguments from becoming debilitating, but a competent adversary might blind the pack alpha or entrench her in the conflict.

Werewolves do not succumb easily in physical combat, but their connections to territory make an obvious target. Any character who undermines the pack's ability to police or protect its territory becomes a serious threat. Included in this theme are temporal advantages like wealth and influence, as

well as any loved ones the characters protect. A neighboring pack might earnestly consider the characters incapable of securing their territory, and seize the opportunity to annex land near a shared border. Obvious threats against the pack's friends, relatives or territory can create an instant enemy, but a city official the pack normally counts on for aid might suddenly become an antagonist by pushing to revitalize a neighborhood by destroying the low-rent housing. If the housing slated for demolition is home to the pack's locus, the characters face the difficult decision of losing their ally's aid or losing their source of Essence.

ROCKIES CHRONICLES

Denver, the Rocky Mountains and the surrounding area provides a rich setting for a chronicle. The history, geography, spiritual landscape and prominent Uratha are all given to help the Storyteller provide the details and setting necessary for a great story. Storytellers should use the themes established in this book when developing the characters' opposition. The Rockies are fertile ground for opportunity, rife with confusion, and they confront the Forsaken with numerous battles on too many fronts.

Packs that stake out territory around Denver are attracted by the opportunity to earn a place among renowned werewolves such as Max Roman and the Mountain's Proud Children. Few places exist with so much available land, and Denver currently has more territories than it does packs capable of handling them. The foes in a Rockies chronicle should be challenging and potentially terrifying, but also present possibility. The potential fame earned by destroying a powerful foe is a simple example of such an opportunity, but perhaps the pack is willing to take on more cunning opponents who present a chance to secure the pack's place in history.

The catastrophic results of Gurdilag's dominance in Denver include a Shadow littered with chaotic spirits and a physical world reflecting that dissonance more every day. New Uratha are often courted to join Max Roman's dream of uniting the Forsaken, while Rachel Snow's comrades urge the newcomer to stand alone and free. The area lost many elders in the Brethren War and the battle against the idigam. Without these leaders, the forces in the spirit wilds and political landscape create intense confusion that few newly formed packs are equipped to handle. Enemies striking against the characters should create or embody the confused and disoriented nature of their surroundings.

Uratha who join together and work to secure a new territory experience problems similar to their elders facing the terrifying idigam, the Brethren War and the Pure Tribe assault. Werewolves in and around the Rockies face too many threats to effectively combat. Some turn to unlikely allies, while others neglect some of their duties in an effort to keep control, and many fall to the constant threats of Uratha in-fighting, Pure Tribe attacks, chaotic spirits vying for dominance and enemies within mortal society waiting for the moment to attack. Storytellers should use a variety of

foes to keep the characters feeling harried and stretched too thin. Using numerous serious threats might make the players feel helpless, but presenting several smaller foes in a short amount of time forces the characters to prioritize the dangers and make hard decisions about how to maintain their land. By using common themes for all of the separate foes, the Storyteller can present the characters with multiple challenges without the chronicle descending into a series of disjointed “monster-of-the-week” style sessions.

Uratha must confront crisis in three distinct arenas. Werewolves create turmoil and challenge among each other constantly. The Forsaken vie for territory on shared borders, the Pure Tribes fight to destroy their hated cousins, and werewolves serving the Maeljin pursue their deadly agendas. Uratha packs must also police and interact with the spirit wilds. Every territory is touched by the Shadow, and the increasing number of Ridden in the Denver area keep packs responding to the tempest of the spirit world. Finally, the werewolves must occasionally act against threats from human society. The Uratha are often weak against enemies who are temporally powerful enough to use politics and culture. Hiding among the sheep, other types of predators such as vampires and mages also stake their claim and defend their territory against invaders such as the Uratha.

WEREWOLVES

Dangerous because they possess the same physical advantages as the pack, werewolf enemies are excellent combatants. Whenever the characters must hunt foes beyond their territory, they risk conflict with any Forsaken or Pure Uratha who guard the land. A fleeing opponent can be used to introduce werewolf adversaries if he runs for safety in another pack's domain. Whether the pack's enemy is a fellow Forsaken, rival Pure, hidden Bale Hound or terrifying creation of Gurdilag, werewolf foes are mirrors the Storyteller can hold up to the pack.

FORSAKEN

Among the threats the Forsaken encounter, the worst might come from their own numbers. Werewolves ignorant of or blind to the lessons of the Brethren War fight constantly for the territory around them. The Silver Syndicate and like-minded werewolves maneuver in a political battle with Rachel Snow and other Uratha, divided by ideology.

Using fellow Forsaken as enemies in a chronicle is effective because physical combat is actually dangerous. Not only do the normal consequences of injury or death contribute to the tension, but killing another werewolf is a serious violation of the Oath. Packs who don't fight to their full extent run a greater risk of losing, but those who do use their full strength may win at a terrible cost.

Since Max Roman gained power and recognition, he can make things difficult for less established packs who oppose his calls for a more unified Uratha society. Max wields considerable power over a handful of packs and is a commanding voice in the Forsaken politics of the region. Although many worry that he's become the thrall of an unhealthy vision, the werewolves of the Rockies would still be fighting a losing battle against Gurdilag without Roman's pack's sacrifice and service. The divisive, territorial nature of werewolves does mean that a pack that really wants to be left

alone can achieve as much. Still, using either Max or Rachel to provide tasks and advice to the characters' pack could push them into the political debate before they even realize what happened. A once-civil neighboring pack might now begin to encroach on territory borders to demonstrate the weakness of werewolves who do not share their politics.

STORY HOOK — GOOD FENCES

Recently, a new pack claimed territory adjacent to the characters' home. The upstarts continue to bungle the maintenance and protection of their land, and the Shadow along the shared border grows more chaotic every day. Provide clues to the troupe's pack's Ithaeur that a powerful spiritual threat gathers strength within the new pack's territory.

The characters can take a number of approaches in dealing with this problem. They could simply force the new pack out of the territory, but could they handle the additional land? Additionally, many spirits within the territory become emboldened by the younger packs' apathy, meaning that if the characters do take over their territory, they have to contend not only with the pack's ire but the rambunctious spirits they leave behind. What if the pack is a multi-tribal creation of Max Roman? The characters might face a stern rebuke by Roman if they confront the ineffective Uratha. One of his other packs, such as Jagged Sky or New Hope, might hunt them down and challenge them as well. If they do nothing, they eventually face increasing threat from spirits wandering into their territory. Frustration with the neighboring packs' weakness should increase tension within the chronicle until it reaches a boiling point. The upstart pack unable to control its own territory could be the straw that breaks the characters' backs as they clamor to deal with other problems in their protectorate.

Werewolf foes add a special element of horror to a Forsaken chronicle. If the characters discover that one of their own is a truly disturbed soul, their recourse is limited. In the case of a spirit or human, they can destroy the offender with little worry of retaliation or consequence. An Uratha who the characters know to be evil (even by their standards), still creates more problems for them dead should anyone discover they committed the murder. The political, moral and spiritual repercussions of destroying a werewolf make sure that the antagonist creates trouble for the pack even if it takes the comparatively simple option of killing him.

Using a rival pack of werewolves as foils for the characters allows the Storyteller to show the characters what they might like least about themselves. Members of the rival pack might offer some of the characters power or companionship unavail-

able to them otherwise. Testing the bonds of the characters' pack can eventually create a powerful connection or exhibit how truly weak the Uratha are when they stand alone.

If the story needs a more visceral and horrific foe to escalate the drama, a *Zi'ir* (**Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 181) could be appropriate. The soulless werewolves allow the characters to witness what they risk becoming should they give in to their Rage. They also present an issue that the characters might become divided on. Once they discover a *Zi'ir* living in or near their territory do they kill her outright? What if one or more of the pack members feels pity for the fallen Uratha and wants to give the wasted werewolf a chance to heal? Some or all of the pack might know the spiritually decayed Forsaken. Do they help her or hunt her down and provide a final peace?

PURE TRIBES

With the liberation of Denver and the push for solidarity among the Forsaken Uratha, the Rocky Mountain Pure Tribes have temporarily found themselves on the defensive as of late. Their hatred is as strong as ever, and the combination of their defeat in the 1990s and the Forsaken tribes' recent successes has pushed their thirst for vengeance to all new heights. Portraying them effectively without turning them into caricatures can be difficult, but if one is willing to learn to understand their motivations (along with the reasoning behind their unrelenting hatred of the Forsaken), they can make for powerful additions to a chronicle.

Like other werewolves, the Pure Tribes are individuals — they are not clones, and they do not share a hive mind. However, the Pure are very tightly bound to one another and to the totems they serve, and these bonds are held together by forces such as self-righteousness and hate. A Pure Tribes initiation is more of an indoctrination — the ordeals they suffer are meant to break down the initiate's sense of humanity almost entirely, to leave a void that will be filled with wolf instinct and brutal ideology. It is even said that one of the blessings they received from this pact was greater fecundity — the Forsaken whisper that the Pure breed true more frequently, and that more of their children come into their fold. How else could they outnumber the Tribes of the Moon, poisoned by hate as they are?

There are other potential reasons. Because of their closer ties to the spirit world, their ideology is clearly reinforced. The spirits who naturally hate and resent werewolves show more respect toward the Pure, rewarding their fealty to the cause of the Shadow. They are not just told that they are blessed where their cousins are Forsaken — they can prove it. Mighty totems of war and predation strike pacts with the Pure in exchange for their loyalty. In burning away the mark of Luna and the touch of the auspice, the Pure show that they will serve other spirits.

And then there are the Forsaken. Heretics. Impure. Blasphemers. Creatures stained with not just the sin of patricide, but deicide. The Pure look at these betrayers of the Wolf's Way with resentment, scorn and hatred. Their ties to Luna are a badge of cowardice, hiding beneath the skirts of a mother too mad to realize that she shelters the ones who made her a widow. Their Oath is a mockery, a pledge to trample the memory of Father Wolf by claiming they had justification. They take territories that should be held by *true* werewolves, they tear apart spirits that could be allies to the Pure, and they

blaspheme against the Way that is preached by the Pure. And when the Forsaken manage to succeed at their tasks, it only fans the flames of the Pure's resentment. Every victory the Tribes of the Moon win is an affront to the Pure Tribes' honor and sense of place, which the Pure cannot abide.

The Pure Tribes are always waiting for a Forsaken pack to grow comfortable, lazy or overconfident. While all three of the Pure Tribes are represented in the area in and around the Rockies, the Predator Kings dominate entire sections of the mountains. The Kings invaded the most territory during the Brethren War, and they still retain much of what they stole. All three tribes remain as a threat to any packs straying too far from their territory or lacking in vigilance.

Any time the characters' pack becomes too focused on a particular threat, whether it is spirits, other Forsaken encroaching on their land or human life demanding attention, a Pure Tribe scout may make an appearance to remind the characters of the ever-present threat. The nearest Pure Tribe pack need not attack immediately as long as its presence adds to the tension and horror of the chronicle. Gurdilag's reign damaged the Pure werewolves, and they are also dealing with the tumultuous state of the *Hisil* while defending their land from revitalized Forsaken packs. But the idea that sooner or later, they will strike — that isn't a threat, it's a promise.

Pure Tribe enemies are useful to turn the tables on the Forsaken characters. Normally, the characters feel the glory of the hunt as they track down those who encroach on their domain or threaten the stability of the spirit wilds. A pack of Pure Tribe werewolves can take the hunt to the characters. Wounded, separated or demoralized, the Forsaken make prime targets for the neighboring Pure Tribe pack.

STORY HOOK — NO PLACE LIKE HOME

The characters return from a hard-won battle against an enemy (preferably a long-standing one). Upon entering their territory, a weak spirit bound to their service finds them and relays the bad news. In their absence a Pure Tribe pack has claimed the pack's territory and its locus (if applicable). The Pure are now headed their way, intent on sealing the coup by slaughtering the exhausted werewolves.

The characters now face a serious choice. They can stay and fight the Pure pack in their weakened state, relying on familiarity with the land and the spirits to give them the advantage, or they can run now and fight later. If the pack does stand and fight, it risks seeing the local spirits turn against it in favor of supporting the Pure, and it has no way of knowing if the enemy werewolves constructed other traps or hazards using unknown rites. Should the pack decide to run and regroup, it might never reclaim its land. If the characters require the help of other Uratha, they need to work hard to regain any prestige they had among their fellows.

Shifting the story from protecting the territory to winning it back can provide a change

of pace in a chronicle. After the characters devise their plan and reclaim what the thieves stole, the Pure pack can serve as a recurring threat toward which the characters will feel genuine and deserved animosity.

A nearby Pure Tribe pack makes an excellent nemesis for the characters. Just when things go from bad to worse, the long-standing rivals can make an appearance to threaten the Uratha and their land. One or more members of the rival pack might call for a meeting on neutral ground in an effort to demoralize or enrage the characters, or to undermine them with doubt. Storytellers can find ways to apply confusion and a sense of overwhelming threats by having the Pure always present, but rarely putting them into a direct confrontation or combat.

STORY HOOK — UNWELCOME ADVISOR

The characters' pack is going through a hard time. It recently lost an important battle, or perhaps a friend or mentor to the characters died in combat. One of the characters in particular should be feeling the weight and disappointment of the packs' failures more intensely than the others. Just as the Uratha in question begins to lose hope and distance herself from the pack, an unlikely friend presents himself.

Truth-Speaker, a Fire-Touched werewolf offers advice and condolences. Over the course of several chapters or stories, Truth-Speaker does everything he can to become friend and confidant to the disheartened character. Eventually, he proposes the Pure Tribes as an alternative to life as a Forsaken. Will she tell her pack about the offer? Will the other Uratha try to reclaim her if she does switch sides? This story requires a player willing to explore the idea, and discussing some of the possibilities ahead of time is advised.

THE FIRE-TOUCHED

Always in motion, the children of Rabid Wolf are driven by a hunger for power, as well as a thirst for vengeance against those who murdered Father Wolf. Their honeyed words hide potent venom, poisoning the minds of Uratha young and old alike, and their strength grows by the day, for they are not so squeamish about purity of blood and spirit as are the Ivory Claws. Their most fearsome trait, though, is that they are as untamable as the mountains themselves. They never surrender their convictions, which means they will be enemies of the Forsaken for as long as Luna's bastards continue to pollute the Earth.

The idea of some of the last truly untamed land under the control of the Forsaken nettles the Fire-Touched, and

they firmly believe that it was the Forsaken's spiritual pollution that attracted Gurdilag in the first place. So noisome is the idea of Forsaken Uratha holding power in the Rockies that the Fire-Touched have allowed the local Ivory Claws to direct their affairs more than they otherwise might. This is somewhat remarkable, as the Fire-Touched generally prefer to retain a certain amount of autonomy in their activities — the Ivory Claws are shrewd and far-seeing, but they lack the same levels of zeal and fervor that the Fire-Touched believe key to success. Nevertheless, the resources and tactical acumen of the Ivory Claws is impressive, and the Fire-Touched know they need every advantage if they are to successfully force the Forsaken bastards from the Rockies' most sacred spaces.

Obviously, reclaiming the locus at *Sakendar Isi* is the top priority of the Fire-Touched. They held it briefly during the incursion of the 1990s but lost it to a massive counterstrike by a number of Hunter in Darkness packs. Retaking the locus would be a simple matter if Mountain's Proud Children were the only opposition the Fire-Touched faced, but matters are complicated by the fact that at least six Hunter packs have also pledged to defend the holy site. Many of these packs lost members during the War for Denver, and they have filled out their ranks with relatively inexperienced Uratha — a weakness the Fire-Touched hope to exploit to the fullest. At the urging of the Ivory Claws, the rabid wolves have taken to working in tandem with the Predator Kings in an effort to undermine the Hunters' morale, hoping to weaken them to the point where an assault on *Sakendar Isi* becomes a realistic proposition. If the Forsaken manage to coordinate their efforts in the Hunters' defense, the rabid wolves' gambit will fail. But if they are distracted or weakened by internal disputes, the mountain will once again ring with the howls of the *Izidakh*.

STORY HOOK — THE HUNTERS HUNTED

The Hunters in Darkness are under siege. The other Forsaken tribes are unaware of this fact, for the most part, and even the Hunters themselves are only beginning to discover the true extent of the forces arrayed against them. But war has been declared, and the Rockies might not be as safe as the Hunters have imagined them to be.

The assault on Black Wolf's children is taking place on two fronts. First, packs of Predator Kings are chipping away at the Hunters' membership, isolating and slaughtering incautious *Meninna*. The Hunters in Darkness know that they have lost young Uratha to some foe, but they have yet to trace the damage back to the Pure Tribes. Harassment by the Predator Kings is not the end of the tribe's worries, however. The real problem comes from Fire-Touched rabble-rousers, who find younger packs and sow dissent among the members. These tactics work especially well on werewolves who have only recently completed their tribal initiations. After all, say the sly *Izidakh*, how well do the young were-

wolves really know their own tribes? Might the *Meninna* simply be lying?

In truth, the Fire-Touched aren't terribly concerned about gaining converts. Tempting the enemy is all well and good, but the main thrust of their efforts focuses on destabilizing the Forsaken and demonstrating the innate superiority of the Pure Tribes' religious ideology. Also, by weakening the resolve of the tribe's younger members, the Fire-Touched hope that the Hunters' packs will be disorganized enough that the Predator Kings will find them easy pickings. So far, the tactics are proving to be stunningly effective. Something is going to have to be done, and soon, if the Hunters in Darkness are to retain their great strength in the Colorado region.

The troupe's pack can become involved with this affair in several different ways. If the pack includes a Hunter in Darkness, that member might hear about the murder of one of her tribemates. A pack interested in *Sakendar Isi* might speak with one of the guardian packs. Or, perhaps a Fire-Touched approaches the pack because he believes that it has some connection with the mighty locus.



THE IVORY CLAWS

Cold and calculating, the Ivory Claws are the strategists among the Pure. They are the most willing to traffic in the influence and power generated by the humans' world, dedicated to the principles of purity, and utterly ruthless toward anyone who gets in their way. In Colorado, they work even more closely with their sister tribes than elsewhere. Destroying the Forsaken is their top priority, and to that end, they are determined to push the Fire-Touched and the Predator Kings to the limits of their abilities. As far as the Claws are concerned, they are the alphas of the Pure, and they are happy to replace any Uratha who can't accept that.

The Claws have many plans afoot in Colorado at the moment. To begin with, they are orchestrating a subtle yet surprisingly effective campaign of terror against the Hunters in Darkness, using the Fire-Touched to confuse and demoralize the younger members of the tribe and the Predator Kings to physically brutalize whatever remains. The strategy is proving to be quite effective, especially since the Forsaken tend to be less coordinated than their Pure cousins. The Hunters also tend to downplay the gravity of their situation, and that complacency makes the Claws' strategy that much more effective.

In addition to using the other Pure Tribes to weaken the Hunters in Darkness, the Claws are also working to destroy the Iron Masters and the Storm Lords directly. These are easily the most powerful Uratha tribes in the Rocky Mountain region, so hobbling their might is essential if the Pure Tribes hope to destroy Luna's bastards in a timely fashion. Doing so is more difficult than it sounds, however, since both tribes take their lead from extraordinarily capable and charismatic individuals. Playing these two against one another would be ideal, but since neither Max Roman nor Rachel Snow have proven

resistant to being goaded into all-out war with one another, the Claws have to resort to other, more subversive methods.

Perhaps surprisingly, Roman's pack was relatively easy to figure out. Every member is obsessed with destroying the idigam or its servants — all well and good, of course, but somewhat myopic. Their hatred of the alien spirits blinds them to the more immediate threat the Pure Tribes represent, which could cost the Silver Syndicate dearly when all is said and done. Additionally, a number of Ivory Claws have spies digging around in Roman's background, hoping to find something they can use against him. They haven't turned up much, but they are very curious as to just what, exactly, happened to the Iron Master's sister Emily. First she was here, and then, mysteriously, she vanished, only to show up months later in Chicago. The Claws aren't sure why this little tidbit is significant, but should they learn the truth of the matter, the damage they might wreak is incalculable.

While Snow's pack is a bit more difficult to pin down than Roman's, the Ivory Claws are nonetheless well aware of Lightning Ferrara's grudge against the Fire-Touched (see p. 70). The Claws hope to use this knowledge to bait the young Ithaeur, drawing him away from his pack long enough to kill him (and hopefully disorient his pack long enough to leave it vulnerable to a focused strike from the Predator Kings). Sadly, however, Rachel keeps Ferrara focused on other matters, which has frustrated the Claws' efforts to date. Yet they are nothing if not patient. They're content to wait for their moment, no matter how long it might be in coming.

THE PREDATOR KINGS

Ancient and powerful, primitive and wild — these are the marks of the Predator Kings. They are the oldest of the Uratha, the first of Father Wolf's brood, and they are the only wolves who obeyed him in all things. They might have become the most admirable of the Uratha tribes if events had played out differently, but the pain and loss they endured when they lost Father Wolf was too much for them to bear. Consumed by bitterness and hatred, they have turned against everything their father once held dear and betrayed his spirit just as they feel his murderers betrayed his flesh. But they cannot see this, blinded as they are by hatred and loss.

Many of the Forsaken wonder why the Pure cannot forgive their sins, just as Luna and many of the other spirits have. Will forgiveness bring back Father Wolf? Will it fill the hole the Predator Kings have within their hearts? Of course it won't. Vengeance is the only path left to them now, and they pursue it with all the fury of a thousand storms.

With a warrior spirit that would do the Blood Talons proud and a primal awareness that leaves even Hunters in Darkness in awe, the Predator Kings are easily one of the most fearsome threats the Rocky Mountain Uratha face. They are not, however, particularly subtle, and this makes them more like a force of nature than a subtle adversary. The Forsaken know they exist, note which areas they claim as territories, and conduct themselves accordingly. Woe to the pack that attracts the attention of a pack of Predator Kings (such as Shadow of Smoke and Fire). The *Ninna Farakh* do not abandon the hunt once it is joined.

Simple enough, but for the fact that the Kings are not acting alone. Flanked by the calculating minds of the Ivory Claws and the passionate convictions of the Fire-Touched,

the Predator Kings have become a nigh-unstoppable force of destruction, obliterating everything that stands before them. Their primary victims — for the time being — are the Hunters in Darkness, chiefly because those Uratha happen to share the Predator Kings' taste in territories. That might change in the very near future, however, as the Ivory Claws have secured a pledge from the Kings to strike on a moment's notice should the Claws discover a weakness in the city walkers' packs.

STORY HOOK — THE WYOMING WOLVES

Wyoming wolves have been crossing into Colorado with more frequency of late. The wolves are joined by Wyoming's Predator Kings, moving with purpose and conviction and hiding among the natural wolves. Unlike their kinsmen in Colorado, the Wyoming Predator Kings have no real interest in working closely with the Fire-Touched or the Ivory Claws. Rather, they have learned of the Forsaken tribes' victories in the War for Denver, and they are disgusted by the fact that the local Pure have failed to destroy the weakened heretics while their packs are in disarray. The locals have their excuses, but the invading Kings won't be satisfied until they've bloodied their claws in battle.

What the Pure Tribes do not know (and, in fact, what nobody knows) is that the Wyoming wolves are being urged — willingly — by spirits of fury and vengeance. This makes them even more dangerous than "normal" Predator Kings, and says a lot about how far these "Pure" Uratha are willing to go to win the vengeance they so fervently desire.

HOWL TO MOCK THE DEAD

Howl to Mock the Dead is a ferocious pack dedicated to the destruction and humiliation of Uratha. Recently, the Hunter in Darkness pack called Shadow of Smoke and Fire became the target of its aggression (see Chapter Two). After viciously killing Haunting Howl of Peril, the alpha of the Howl to Mock the Dead became fixated on demoralizing the others before murdering them one by one. The strategy seems to be working thus far, though the pack beta, Samuel Tucker, is beginning to think too much time is being spent on the already broken pack and that they should simply hunt down and slaughter the remaining *Meninna*. If he can convince his alpha, Red Snow, of this, the remaining members of Shadow of Smoke and Fire might not be long for this world.

RED SNOW

Tribe: Predator Kings

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 4, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Medicine (Broken Bones) 1, Occult 2, Politics 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Firearms 1, Stealth (Stalking) 3, Survival (Mountains) 4, Weaponry 2

Social Skills: Animal Ken 2, Intimidation 4, Persuasion 1, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Brawling Dodge, Direction Sense, Fast Reflexes 2, Inspiring, Iron Stamina 1, Totem 5

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 3

Max Essence/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Gluttony

Derangements: Fixation

Health: 9 (11/13/12/9)

Initiative: 7 (7/8/9/9) with Fast Reflexes

Defense: 4 (4/4/4/4) with Brawling Dodge

Speed: 12 (13/16/19/17)

Renown: Cunning 1, Glory 3, Purity 1

Gifts: (1) Mask of Rage, The Right Words, Crushing Blow; (2) Hone Rage, Camaraderie; (3) Leach Rage

Rituals: 1; **Rites:** (1) Shared Scent, Rite of Renunciation

Red Snow once belonged to a Blood Talon pack in New England. He acted as enforcer and thug, earning the disapproval of some of his packmates when his methods proved too harsh. Samuel Tucker lost two packmates to Red Snow before deciding he belonged with the Pure. Less than a year later, Red Snow hunted and slaughtered his former packmates as an initiation into the Predator Kings.

Red Snow is not stupid, but he is physical. He thinks with his body more than his mind, meaning visceral and powerful emotions guide his actions. He is sometimes impetuous, but he takes extreme satisfaction in watching the remaining Uratha of Shadow of Smoke and Fire unravel as their grief consumes them. If he sees other Uratha uniting the pack, or if Tucker finally convinces him that Shadow of Smoke and Fire isn't worth this much effort, that pack doesn't stand a good chance of survival.

Red Snow rarely wears clothing, but when he does, they are no more than rags stained by blood from his most recent hunt. His body is tall and muscular, and the numerous scars on his flesh act as an accounting of each of his battles. He considers most of his battles victories, and the rest he works very hard to learn from.

SAMUEL TUCKER

Tribe: Fire-Touched

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 4

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

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 4 (3/4/1/4), Composure 4

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Crafts (Woodworking) 3, Investigation 3, Medicine 1, Occult 4, Politics 4

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 4, Drive 1, Larceny 1, Stealth 2, Survival (Mountains) 4, Weaponry 3

Social Skills: Animal Ken 3, Expression 1, Intimidation 2, Persuasion 2, Subterfuge 3

Merits: Danger Sense, Meditative Mind, Totem 3

Primal Urge: 4

Willpower: 8

Harmony: 5

Max Essence/Per Turn: 13/2

Virtue: Justice

Vice: Pride

Health: 9 (11/13/12/9)

Initiative: 7 (7/8/9/9)

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

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

Renown: Wisdom 4, Cunning 2

Gifts: (1) Loose Tongue, Sense Malice, The Right Words, Warning Growl; (2) Camaraderie, Ruin, Sand in the Eyes, Scent of Taint; (3) Echo Dream, Sculpt, True Leader; (4) Break the Defiant

Rituals 4; Rites: All one- and two-dot rites listed in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**; (3) Bind Human, Bind Spirit; (4) Fetish Rite

The middle-aged Fire-Touched is beta of the Howl to Mock the Dead, and he brought Red Snow into the Pure Tribes many years ago. He does not mind watching a younger werewolf he has mentored assume the duties of alpha, as he does not find leading directly appealing. Tucker recently became concerned with the amount of time and focus Red Snow devoted to the broken and pitiful Shadow of Smoke and Fire pack. He believes the time to finish them is long overdue, and he awaits the chance to urge his pack toward destroying the multi-tribal packs that Max Roman has created. Tucker be-

lieves that undermining Roman's authority among the Uratha will create an atmosphere for the Pure to reclaim the lands the Forsaken won back from them after the Brethren War.

Samuel Tucker is in his early 40s. His face is tanned and leathery from years in the sun, and he is capable of a fatherly smile (which shows several missing teeth). In an instant, however, that smile can change to a feral grimace, savage enough to make younger Uratha bow their heads in submission.

DARK SKY

Tribe: Predator Kings

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Computer 1, Investigation 2, Occult 1, Politics 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Larceny 1, Stealth (Remaining Still) 3, Survival (Mountains) 2, Weaponry



Social Skills: Empathy 1, Expression 1, Intimidation 1, Persuasion (Compelling) 3, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Brawling Dodge, Fast Reflexes 2, Fresh Start, Striking Looks 2, Totem 3

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 5

Max Essence/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Wrath

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

Initiative: 6 (6/7/8/8)

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

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

Renown: Glory 1, Honor 1, Purity 1

Gifts: (1) Death Sight, Crushing Blow, Warning Growl

Dark Sky was a hard-won pup for Red Snow. Many packs, Forsaken and Pure, felt the First Change coming to a specially gifted werewolf. All sought the young man out as his body convulsed and his spirit erupted. Red Snow arrived first, and he quickly disabled the Raging werewolf before others could arrive to fight for him. Dark Sky now lives in awe of his alpha. He believes fervently that all Forsaken should be destroyed, and he refuses to interact with them in any context but battle. Dark Sky always sides with Red Snow when Tucker voices an alternative plan or suggestion, sometimes so loudly that Red Snow reins him in with parental authority. The young Predator King waits not so patiently for the day Red Snow begins the hunt for the rest of Shadow of Smoke and Fire.

Dark Sky has lustrous black hair, soulful green eyes and the chiseled features of a model. Despite suffering serious wounds in several different battles, his good looks are undimmed. He's a little embarrassed about it, and sometimes Tucker chides him for looking so pretty.

GENE "CULL" COLLER

Tribe: Fire-Touched

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 5

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

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/0), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Crafts 1, Investigation (Prey Mentality) 4, Medicine 2, Occult 2, Politics (Pure Tribes) 3

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl (Urshul) 4, Firearms 2, Stealth 3, Survival (Mountains) 4, Weaponry 3

Social Skills: Animal Ken 1, Empathy 1, Intimidation (Wordless) 2, Persuasion 1, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Allies (Spirits) 5, Strong Back, Totem 5

Primal Urge: 6

Willpower: 9

Morality: 4

Max Essence/Per Turn: 15/3 (bleeds 1/day)

Virtue: Prudence

Vice: Lust

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

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

Defense: 2 (2/3/4/4)

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

Renown: Cunning 5, Honor 1, Purity 1, Wisdom 4

Gifts: (1) Know Name, Loose Tongue, Speak with Beasts, Wolf-Blood's Lure; (2) Father Wolf's Speed, Sand in the Eyes; (3) Command Fire, Primal Howl; (4) Savage Rending, Spirit Skin; (5) Victor's Song

Rituals: 5; **Rites:** Any listed in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, as well as secret rites known only to the Pure.

Cull is an aging Fire-Touched known for his sharp mind and tactics. The long-time mentor of Samuel Tucker, he prepared his protege to advise and subtly lead a pack capable of felling the Forsaken leaders and elders. Cull normally works hard when he sense a battle is nearing. Tucker often seeks his council on how to best steer Red Snow, and the two often form a convincing and sage team when their alpha becomes too headstrong or obvious. Cull knows his life is nearing its end, and he works hard to leave a pack befitting his legacy.

Cull is nearing his 65th birthday, but he doesn't look much older than 50. He walks with a pronounced limp in his left leg and he sometimes has a hard time keeping up when running in a four-legged form. He has a thin wisp of gray hair left and is missing most of his teeth from time and combat. His torso is completely covered in ritual tattoos, but many of them have been marred by battle scars.

ARAEN THE ANCIENT FLAME WITH WINGS (PACK TOTEM)

Attributes: Power 5, Finesse 2, Resistance 3

Willpower: 8

Max Essence/Per Turn: 15

Initiative: 5

Defense: 5

Speed: 17 (flight only; species factor 10)

Size: 6

Corpus: 9

Influences: Fire •, Rebirth •

Numina: Discorporation, Material Vision

Bonuses: Brawl Specialty — Claw Strikes (given), Gift: Clarity (pack), Stamina +2 (story)

Ban: Ritually immolate a living bird once per week.

Cost: 16

The fire-spirit known as Araen has been bound to Cull for a long time; it has taken on the aspects of age as he has, and Cull believes it may self-immolate when he dies. The spirit served as the totem for Cull's first pack and kept track of his travels after the pack was disbanded. Araen approached Cull when he reunited with his first pupil, Sam Tucker, and advised the aging Fire-Touched to form a new pack. Araen is a powerful totem that provides the Pure pack a host of advantages as well as protection from death itself. The Ancient Flame with Wings manifests as a swirling cloud of red fire and flakes of graying ash, roughly shaping itself into a birdlike form with ashen talons when it speaks or enters battle. Cull suspects that if Araen is destroyed, it will reform as the being of bright, smokeless fire that he knew in his youth — and wishes that he could see that before he dies.

STEAM CAVES (LOCUS RATING ••••)

Resonance: Pressure

The Howl to Mock the Dead pack protects a small system of caves near the foothills of the Rockies. Several of the caves end in chambers filled with blazing hot steam emanating from vents in the floor of the cave system. The vents also glow with potent Essence, hot enough to burn foolish spirits looking for a free meal. The Pure pack rarely needs to actually protect their potent locus from invading spirits or rival werewolves. The caves make a convoluted maze, and only the hardest aggressors could fight near the steam rooms.

The pack has also bound a lesser Jagglings of steam to act as the guardian of their locus, and interlopers will quickly learn how dangerous the spirit allies of the Pure can be.

Burning Steam

Rank: 3

Attributes: Power 9, Finesse 4, Resistance 8

Willpower: 17

Max Essence/Per Turn: 20

Initiative: 12

Defense: 9

Speed: 23 (species factor 10)

Size: 2

Corpus: 10

Influences: Heat •, Pressure ••

Numina: Blast (icy rock), Chorus, Gauntlet Breach, Manipulate Earth (as the Gift; p. 111, **Werewolf: The Forsaken**), Material Vision, Reaching, Wilds Sense

Ban: Vulnerable to attackers anointed with snow (must have taken place within one hour) — Defense does not apply against such attackers.

The night that Gene reunited with Samuel and his Predator King packmate, the two younger Pure followed their elder into a system of caves near the Rockies. Within the cave system were numerous steam vents pouring incredibly hot mist into the caves. The three Pure Uratha suffered in one of these natural steam rooms for three days and three nights, until the spirit of the steam recognized their fortitude. Gene and Samuel struck a bargain with the powerful entity and became the protectors of the locus. Dark Sky sat alone in one of the steam chambers for a full day and night to join the pack and earn the respect of the locus' spirit guardian.

STORY HOOK — HOWL TO MOCK THE DEAD

Gene and Samuel are working to direct Red Snow away from the damaged Forsaken pack for the time being and focus his rage against newer Uratha packs seeking to claim territory. The troupe's characters could become the focus of Red Snow's fixation. The combination of an aging but powerful elder and the pack's impressive totem could spell ruin for the characters' pack. Members of Shadow of Smoke and Fire, or another pack willing to lend aid against the Pure could be enough to balance the scales. If the characters do accept help from other Uratha, they might have to contend with challenges on their territory or a loss of face.

Alternatively, Gene could finally be approaching the end of his life. The elder Pure travels deep into the steam caves to die alone, and the characters learn of his death through a spirit informant in their territory. The *Izidakh's* passing is the opportunity Shadow of Smoke and Fire needs to avenge Haunting Howl of Peril, and the characters could remove a dangerous enemy from the edge of their protectorate. Should the

packs decide to work together, the characters could find themselves within Howl to Mock the Dead's territory, and eventually inside the steam caves. Once the surviving members of Shadow of Smoke and Fire start the hunt, they will not stop.

GUARDIANS OF MOUNTAIN PASS

Young and previously untested, the pack that guards the mountain pass through the Rockies is quickly earning a name for itself by protecting one of the most valuable strips of territory in the area. Sascha Sunsdaughter, the daughter of the respected Ivory Claw elder Malcolm Brightsun, stumbled across the hidden pass through sheer luck. Leading her new pack through the opening, Sascha discovered that the deep gouge in the mountain face led to a long path through the rock and into the mountain range. Following the narrow path, the pack found it eventually widened into an area rich in Essence, where the concentrated spirit of wind, forced through the crack in the rock, had imbued the pass with its energy. A small pack of aging Storm Lords, the long-term guardians of the locus, fell quickly to the spirited young Ivory Claws. News of their find quickly spread through the Colorado area, however, and the inexperienced pack soon found itself under attack by many foes wishing to claim the strategic locus. Determined to follow in her father's footsteps and make a name for herself, Sascha led her pack to victory after victory against the interlopers.

SASCHA SUNS DAUGHTER

Tribe: Ivory Claws

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Resolve 5

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

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 4

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Computer 1, Occult 2, Politics 3, Science 1

Physical Skills: Athletics (Climbing, Jumping) 2, Brawl 2, Stealth (Urban) 3, Survival 4

Social Skills: Animal Ken 1, Empathy 4, Expression 2, Intimidation 3, Persuasion 2, Socialize 1, Subterfuge (Spotting Lies) 2

Merits: Danger Sense, Direction Sense, Iron Stamina 2, Totem 3

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 9

Harmony: 7

Max Essence/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Temperance

Vice: Pride

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

Initiative: 7 (7/8/9/9)

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

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

Renown: Cunning 1, Purity 3, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (1) Blending, Sense Malice, Warning Growl; (2) Luna's Dictum; (3) Voice of Command

Rituals: 1; **Rites:** (1) Banish Human, Shared Scent

Sascha Sunsdaughter grew up in the shadow of her father's glory. Once past her ordeals of indoctrination, Sascha faced constant comparison to Malcolm Brightsun, whose deeds and valor placed him in high esteem among both the Ivory Claws and his human kin, the Ute tribe of Southwest Colorado. With such a lineage to live up to, Sascha found

her every action watched and critiqued. Lacking her father's physical prowess or stamina, she often came up short in the eyes of her tribal elders. What she lacked in size, however, Sascha made up for in keen intellect and a take-no-prisoners mentality. Determined not to shame her father and committed to carving out her own niche within the tribe, Sascha earned her own Renown through her clever strategizing and ruthless drive. Though not the fastest or the strongest among her peers, Sascha's cunning and fanatical pursuit of her goals led her to become alpha of her own pack. Her packmates have utter respect for this small but fierce young woman, whose superior battle tactics have led them to repeated victory over rivals for their caern.

Sascha's native Ute heritage shows in her long black hair and dark complexion. Though her small stature and slight frame keep her from the physical strength possessed by most werewolves, she has the benefit of being lithe and flexible. She can climb a sheer cliff face or land lightly on her feet after a jump from a high place, both of which have come in handy in guarding the mountain pass caern. Her small size belies her cunning and bloodthirsty nature, which make her as savage a foe as any.

DOMINIC MARTIN

Tribe: Ivory Claws

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Crafts 1, Investigation 1, Medicine 1, Politics 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 4 (Dirty Fighting), Drive 1, Firearms 2, Larceny 1, Stealth 1, Survival 2, Weaponry (Knives) 2

Social Skills: Intimidation 2, Persuasion 1, Streetwise (Gangs) 2, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Strong Back, Totem 3

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 4

Max Essence/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Wrath

Health: 9 (11/13/12/9)

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

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

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

Renown: Glory 1, Purity 2



Gifts: (1) Crushing Blow, Mask of Rage, Straighten; (2) Mighty Bound

Raised in a racist family, and a member of the white-supremacy group Colorado White Power from his early teens, Dominic was preprogrammed to be a member of the tribe most concerned with a spotlessly pure bloodline. Dominic's own family was unaware of their blood ties to the Ivory Claws, but when Dominic went through his First Change, his tribemates came for their own. Already primed for the attitude of superiority inherent to the tribe, he delighted in the role of destroyer of the weak and inferior Forsaken. He provides the muscle that Sascha lacks, bowing to her superior mental capacities and lineage. The fact that she descends from a Ute family took some getting used to for Dominic, but after an extremely painful night spent with Sascha's extended family he came to accept that human bloodlines and werewolf bloodlines are quite distinct in terms of superiority.

Dominic keeps his hair shaved close to his scalp. He has light brown eyes, a fact that troubles him, as it seems to him to indicate a chance of mixed heritage.

SECOND SON

Tribe: Ivory Claws

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Crafts (Knifsmithing) 2, Investigation 1, Medicine 1, Politics 2

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

Social Skills: Animal Ken 1, Intimidation 1, Persuasion 1, Streetwise 2

Merits: Ambidextrous, Fetish (Hunting Knife) 2, Weaponry Dodge, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 6

Max Essence/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Wrath

Health: 8 (10/14/11/8)

Initiative: 7 (7/8/9/9)

Defense: 4 (4/4/3/3) with Weaponry Dodge

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

Renown: Glory 1, Honor 1, Purity 1

Gifts: (1) Speak with Beasts, Ward Versus Predators, Wolf-Blood's Lure

The third of four siblings — an older sister and three brothers — to undergo their First Change, Second Son is so called because his older brother died a coward's death, trying to stop a bloody battle between his own Ivory Claw pack and a group of Bone Shadows who had sought the Pure Tribe out to attempt to forge a treaty. When the Ivory Claws attacked the Bone Shadows, Second Son's brother intervened on the Forsaken's behalf, only to be put down by his own alpha for disgracing the tribe. Second Son's brother was too much of a pacifist and too tolerant of the Forsaken tribes, traits that Second Son has sworn not to inherit. His brother left him a difficult legacy to overcome.

Second Son is in his late teens. He keeps his blond hair cut short and he rarely shaves, but he wears the ragged stubble well. He dresses in comfortable outdoors wear and carries himself with quiet caution. His fetish, the Hunting Knife, seeks out blood it has tasted before. It grants a +1 bonus to hit a target it has previously damaged.

JEN DAVENPORT

Tribe: Ivory Claws

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve 2

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

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Computer 1, Politics 1

Physical Skills: Athletics (Winter Sports) 2, Brawl 2, Drive 2, Larceny 1, Survival 1

Social Skills: Empathy (Mind Games) 3, Expression 1, Intimidation 2, Persuasion 1, Socialize (Upper Class) 3, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Contacts (Colorado High Society) 1, Fleet of Foot 3, Resources 3, Totem 1

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 6

Max Essence/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Prudence

Vice: Envy

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

Initiative: 6 (6/7/8/8)

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

Speed: 13 (14/17/20/18)

Renown: Purity 2, Cunning 1

Gifts: (1) Call the Breeze, Loose Tongue, Warning Growl; (2) Silent Fog

Rituals: 1; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication

Jen never considered herself a violent person. Her hot blood manifested in temper tantrums or ruining people who upset her by using her father's wealth or connections. She spent most of her time on the ski slopes. Most of her friends enjoyed the men and the exercise, but Jen felt something primal in the mountains. The spoiled woman would often ski down steep and dangerous cliffs just to feel the coldest winds rush across her face. The Ivory Claws welcomed her after the First Change and confirmed what she had always known. Her heritage was more than money or status. Her legacy would be the wind blowing from the highest peak.

Jen is a young woman with brown hair, blue eyes and a nasty smile. She has pinched features and a sneer that vanishes only when she is dealing with a more experienced member of her tribe. She dresses in expensive clothing, which she takes care to dedicate.

DEVOURING BEAST OF SNOW (PACK TOTEM)

Attributes: Power 4, Finesse 2, Resistance 3

Willpower: 8

Max Essence/Per Turn: 15

Initiative: 5

Defense: 5

Speed: 17 (species factor 10)

Size: 6

Corpus: 9

Influences: Fear •, Snow •

Numina: Material Vision, Wilds Sense

Bonuses: Athletics 2 (pack), Athletics Specialty — Sure-Footed (given), Gift: Blending (pack)

Ban: The pack must take an amount of meat no smaller than a human corpse from every battle they win and bury it in the mountain snows for the Devouring Beast to eat.

Cost: 9 (13 points spent — 4 for the severe ban)

Devouring Beast of Snow is an ancient and powerful predator spirit attracted by the single-minded savagery

Sascha brought to every aspect of her life. The totem spirit's manifestation is huge but often invisible amidst the snow, a monstrous apelike beast with a frozen pelt. The spirit can bellow and shake the sides of the Rockies, and this potent pack totem is one of the main reasons Sascha's pack maintains its claim on the mountain pass.

MOUNTAIN PASS (LOCUS RATING)

Resonance: Constasy

This Ivory Claw pack lays claim to a natural pass through the Rockies, a small hidden path through the great stone barrier of the mountain range. This narrow, winding break in the rock provides a clear road from Boulder into the depths of the mountains, so it has been a site of near-constant contention between the Pure Tribes and the Forsaken of Colorado. Sascha Sunsdaughter and her pack have taken advantage of the pass's close quarters and many hidden crevices to encircle, trap and then slaughter any interlopers. The relative insignificance of the pack is more than compensated for by the importance and strategic value of the locus. As is common for the Pure Tribes, even this relatively inexperienced pack has bound a spirit to act as the guardian of their locus.

Channeled Wind

Rank: 2

Attributes: Power 6, Finesse 4, Resistance 3

Willpower: 9

Max Essence/Per Turn: 15

Initiative: 7

Defense: 6

Speed: 20 (species factor 10)

Size: 2

Corpus: 5

Influences: Wind ••

Numina: Blast (icy wind), Call the Breeze (as the Gift; p. 146, **Werewolf: The Forsaken**), Material Vision, Reaching, Silent Fog (as the Gift; p. 146, **Werewolf: The Forsaken**)

Sascha's pack fought to win this territory, attracting the attention and the regard of the wind-spirit that blew through the mountain pass. This spirit of wind, long squeezed through the tight passageway of the pass, became concentrated and strong, its Essence channeled into a hard column of air that pushes forcefully through the corridor. Over time, this spirit has carved the path through the rock from a small crack into a useable pass through the mountains. This resolute spirit's effort formed a highly desirable territory, worthy of those whose determination equals that of its creator. The unfailing dedication to guarding the pass from their enemies, as well as the relentless force of Sunsdaughter's onslaught against trespassers, convinced the spirit to agree to Sascha's request to make the widest point of the mountain pass — the section that held most often felt the wind's touch — the center of the caern.



STORY HOOK — GUARDIANS OF MOUNTAIN PASS

Apart from the obvious hook — that is, a relatively young Pure pack controlling a desirable territory — the player's pack might also become involved with the Guardians as an act of revenge. The Guardians slew a pack of Storm Lords to take the pass, and although

the *Iminir* in question weren't kin to her family, Rachel Snow is unlikely to let the matter sit for long once she hears of it. She might well "present" this task to the characters, either as a show of good faith, a test or a way to get either them or the Guardians out of the picture.



THE BALE HOUNDS

For all of their hatred of one another, there are some beings in the Rockies that could make Pure and Forsaken werewolves alike cringe in horror. These awful creatures are known as the Bale Hounds, werewolves who have given over their lives and their minds to Incarnae darker and allegedly more powerful than even the spirit-lords of the Pure. No one knows when or how this covert cult first came into existence, but they are known to be both subtle and malignant. They may belong to any Uratha tribe, Pure and Forsaken alike — they are allegedly some form of lodge, or something similar. Their organization is all but unknown, but the name spreads on rumor. The Bale Hounds. Those who serve the Maeljin.

Though their numbers are few, the Bale Hounds are drawn to the chaos left by Gurdilag and its minions. The confused and often violent creatures born from the idigam's curiosity earned the attention of their spirit masters. With many spirits desperate to survive, and so many young and naïve packs venturing to the area in hopes of forging their destiny, the Bale Hounds walk quiet and sure.

Storytellers can use the Bale Hounds in a number of ways. First, and perhaps most obviously, they are a common foe for almost every supernatural being in Colorado. The Pure Tribes might hate the Tribes of Luna on general principle, but at least they're open foes. The Bale Hounds are subversive, swaying even the Pure from their cause. Proof of a Bale Hound's activities is one of the few ways the Pure will be swayed, however temporarily, from their crusade to destroy their Forsaken counterparts. This does not necessarily mean they will join forces with Luna's bastards. They are enemies, first last and always, and no immediate threat will ever change that. They might call off hostilities while they deal with the problem, though. The Forsaken Uratha can be killed whenever it is convenient, but the Bale Hounds represent a cancer that cannot be left unchecked.

Most Bale Hounds see themselves as motivated by pragmatism — they see the way that the spirit world is degenerating, and they plan to ally themselves with the spirits that will be on the winning side. Though they gladly accept converts, they aren't always on a proper recruitment drive; the Maeljin don't need more servants in order to win. Rather, the Bale Hounds are primarily driven by a desire to prove their fealty to their lords, so that they can be seen as truly worthy of a lofty place in the new order. Precisely how they prove that fealty depends on the werewolf in question and the particular spirit she serves. A servant of Karnala might attempt to dominate a human sex club and expand its activities into ritual worship, while a thrall to the Lord of Gluttony might invite a number of gluttony-spirits across the Gauntlet and offer them human host bodies. This is part of what makes the Bale Hounds so difficult to track — not only are they easily

camouflaged as members of the Forsaken or Pure Tribes, but their activities are hard to stereotype. The warning signs that a Bale Hound is operating in the area could easily point to Ridden or spirit activity instead, or perhaps even the Hosts. What the characters mistake for a simple spirit hunt can turn ugly indeed when they draw the attention of a pack of clever and deeply corrupt werewolves as well.

The surge of new Uratha to the Denver area is the perfect environment for the Bale Hounds. Young and inexperienced packs lack the sophistication to resist the convoluted and disguised machinations of the Maeljin's servants. The characters should not know who is a Bale Hound from the start. Revealing a useful ally or a respected opponent as a covert cultist in league with ugly spirits mid-story adds an interesting, and potentially fatal, twist. Revealing the identity of a Bale Hound could require a spirit hunt (perhaps into a Wound), or navigating the Uratha political field to piece together the deception.

STORY HOOK — WITCH HUNT

A charismatic and respected elder, Heath Miller, Elodoth of the Bone Shadows, recently returned from a vision quest in the Shadow Realm. Miller travels from pack to pack, delivering a dire warning to each one during the meet on neutral ground. During his travels, he envisioned a vast Wound and saw one of the Maeljin directing Bale Hounds to the Rockies and into Denver with the goal of stealing *Sakendar Isi*. (If the chronicle isn't set in or near Denver, any nearby locus would do, with appropriate modifications to the rest of this hook.) Miller calls for elders from all of the tribes to help protect the ancient caern from the new enemy.

Mountain's Proud Children take offense at the implication that they are incapable of defending the caern. Sky's First Defender decides that Miller has seriously overestimated the strength of the Bale Hounds, and says as much to any Uratha offering their aid. Max Roman lauds the call for an inter-tribal effort to stave off the Bale Hounds, while Rachel Snow counsels other Uratha to withhold their well-intentioned aid lest Mountain's Proud Children perceive it as a challenge.

Some time later, the characters begin to hear rumors that prominent Uratha, such as Iron Soul or Rachel Snow, are being controlled or influenced by the Howlers. The rumors arrive third- or fourth-hand through spirits in the characters' territory.

With the aid of Max Roman, Heath Miller forms an inter-tribal pack of Uratha with the specific duty to hunt down any Bale Hounds infiltrating the Denver area. Max calls for all Forsaken to allow them safe passage through protected territory, but Rachel Snow and other likeminded Uratha do not wish any other werewolf to infringe on their protectorate. Local werewolves are becoming more polarized, and a disturbing intensity grips the region as

prominent Forsaken begin wondering if their peers have succumbed to the Maeljin. The Inquisitor Pack eventually finds an Uratha it declares as a Bale Hound. The characters know the werewolf in question, but risk scrutiny if they speak in favor of the accused.

SU'UR

Perhaps worse than the Bale Hounds, the werewolves who encountered Gurdilag and lived are twisted creatures of broken Essence. After Max Roman and Rachel Snow destroyed Gurdilag, the eradication of these abominations became the first priority for many Uratha. The hunt yielded the death of each werewolf twisted or tainted by the idigam, or so the Forsaken of Denver believed. The howls of triumph, however, might have been premature. Terrified spirits and young werewolves speak of monsters that bear eerie similarity to the Forsaken and wield horrific power over the spirit wilds.

SYSTEMS

For the most part, *Su'ur* use the same game systems as normal werewolves. Since their Essence has been polluted, or replaced entirely in some cases, they exhibit traits not normally seen in Uratha. Sometimes this difference manifests as a change in form modifiers; other times the creature simply possesses unique supernatural powers. A few commonalities exist, however:

- *Su'ur* retain any Gifts they knew before their transformation. They cannot learn new Gifts, though, and they no longer have auspices or tribes.
- Lunes no longer grant *Su'ur* Renown for their deeds, or even see them as Uratha at all. The moon-spirits warn any Uratha they see about these twisted creatures. Direct servants of tribal totems can recognize *Su'ur* in the same way.
- *Su'ur* retain their spirit tattoos. Spirits other than Lunes can recognize the *Su'ur* as something other than normal werewolves only with a successful Finesse roll. The *Su'ur* character's highest Renown acts as a negative modifier to this roll.
- Normal Uratha feel uncomfortable in the presence of Empty Wolves. Their scent is diluted by the foreign Essence. Any werewolf whose player succeeds on a Wits + Composure + Primal Urge roll realizes that the *Su'ur* is tainted somehow, as though her Essence is polluted. An exceptional success means that the werewolf knows that the *Su'ur* isn't a werewolf at all.

THE SU'UR PACK

Though Forsaken and Pure alike hunted the werewolves twisted by Gurdilag's incomprehensible curiosities, a few of the Empty Wolves survived. They ran into the Shadow Realm, hiding amid the confusion and terror left by the idigam. Three of them retained the instinct to collect into a pack, so they sought each other across the spirit wilds and formed a singular and terrifying pack. These *Su'ur* were strong and clever enough to survive the past few years, and they recently claimed an impoverished area of Denver as their territory. With their strange and unique powers they dominated or impressed the spirits within their protectorate,

and are now in position to enact their revenge against the Forsaken and the Pure.

These abominations are not fools. As soon as their existence becomes known, both the Forsaken and the Pure will hunt them down and destroy the last of Gurdilag's finest creations. During their time in the *Hisil*, each of the *Su'ur* learned to conceal their chaotic nature and behave, for the most part, like normal Uratha. Much like the Bale Hounds, members of the pack take advantage of the isolated and competitive nature of the Uratha to remain hidden.

BROKEN WEB

Auspice: formerly Rahu

Tribe: formerly Hunters in Darkness

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 4, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 4 (0/4/1/4), Composure 5

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Investigation 2, Occult 1, Science 1

Physical Skills: Athletics (Climbing) 2, Brawl 3, Drive (Jeeps) 1, Stealth 2, Survival 2

Social Skills: Intimidation (Monstrous) 3, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Brawling Dodge, Eidetic Memory, Meditative Mind, Totem 5

Primal Urge: 4

Willpower: 8

Harmony: 4

Max Essence/Per Turn: 13/2

Virtue: Temperance

Vice: Envy

Derangements: Obsessive Compulsion, Suspicion

Health: 9 (11/13/12/9)

Initiative: 8 (9/10/10/10)

Defense: 3 (4/4/4/4)

Speed: 10 (12/15/17/15)

Renown: Cunning 1, Glory 1, Purity 3

Gifts: (1) Blending, Partial Change, Left-Handed Spanner, Warning Growl; (2) Luna's Dictum, Nightfall; (3) Silver Jaws

Numina: Gauntlet Webs, Toxic Bite (Gauru form only)

Aaron Horne earned a small degree of fame among the Forsaken in downtown Denver during the height of Gurdilag's chaotic influence. Aaron led his pack of Iron Masters and Hunters in Darkness against many strange creations spawned by the idigam, and he also took up a personal mission to destroy a powerful Azlu. The Spider Host consumed many of its brethren and threatened to seal off a small section of the city from the Shadow. Aaron's pack fought bravely and suffered three casualties before the fight was interrupted — by Gurdilag itself. The idigam saw Aaron and the Azlu locked in battle, and it saw the possibility for a new life form. In a single moment Aaron Horne transformed from a proud Hunter in Darkness into Broken Web, a terrifying creature no longer classifiable. Now merged with his former enemy, Aaron attacked the remaining members of his pack and used their flesh for sustenance until he could understand his new existence.

Broken Web is horrifying in any of his wolf forms, with fur growing alongside silver webbing that eventually becomes cobweb. His skin in human form is occasionally distorted by a spider crawling beneath the surface. The former Uratha has lost much of his personality and is quite insane — the normal Azlu need to weave transformed into a terrifying need for order and restraint. Broken Web seeks to control those

around him. Anyone unwilling to become subservient to his will he physically restrains in his webs.

Transformations: Broken Web was forever changed by Gurdilag's power. He is no longer an admixture of human and wolf spirits, but is instead a werewolf with an Azlu spirit. He five forms have the following changes:

- **Hishu:** His human form looks normal except for the occasional shape twitching or moving beneath his skin.

- **Dalu:** Broken Web's Dalu form exaggerates the normal loss of humanity. He gains an extra set of eyes, and his jaw is stretched open by mandibles. In addition to the normal trait modifiers he gains an additional +1 to Dexterity, and a -3 to Manipulation.

- **Gauru:** This form is especially perverse. The *Su'ur* gains an extra set of arms, and his pelvis grows into a second segment attached to two pairs of legs. His canine jaw and snout are crowned by eight arachnid eyes. In addition to the normal bonuses from the war form, Broken Web also receives an additional +1 to Dexterity and an Armor rating of 3/2. He can use the Toxic Bite Numen in this form.

- **Urshul:** This form includes the mandibles and chitinous appearance of his fur. He once again has eight eyes, but only four limbs. Bonuses are the same in this form.

- **Urhan:** Broken Web's Urhan form remains largely the same. The fur on his body has tufts of silken web growing around it, and his eyes look more arachnid than mammalian. The bonuses he receives are normal.

TASTES OF SIBLING FLESH

Tribe: formerly Fire-Touched

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 1, Wits 3, Resolve 2

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

Social Attributes: Presence 1, Manipulation 1 (0/1/0/1), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Investigation 1, Occult (Spirits) 1

Physical Skills: Athletics (Leaping) 3, Brawl (Bites) 4, Stealth 1, Weaponry 2

Social Skills: Intimation 4

Merits: Giant, Totem 5

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 4

Harmony: 1

Max Essence/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Gluttony

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

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

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

Speed: 12 (13/16/19/17)

Renown: Honor 1, Purity 2, Wisdom 1

Gifts: Call Water, Crushing Blow, Wolf-Blood's Lure; (2) Mighty Bound

Once a proud and powerful Fire-Touched, this *Su'ur* is a nearly mindless tool of Broken Web, driven by his base instinct to eat. The need was injected and warped by Gurdilag forcing a cannibalistic spirit into the soul of the former *Izidakh*. Broken Web makes sure his packmate's need for werewolf flesh is sated regularly, and Tastes of Sibling Flesh serves his alpha loyally. This *Su'ur* is without conscience or remorse, and he exists now as a personification of the cannibal spirit.

Tastes is grotesque. He is nearly seven feet tall in Hishu form and so massive he has to turn sideways to walk through most doors. His bulk is largely muscle, however, and he is surprisingly quick for his size. His hair is brown and sparse, and he rarely closes his mouth, panting and drooling with hunger regardless of his current form.

Transformations: Tastes can access the typical forms of the werewolf, but in Gauru and Urshul, the twisted creature's tongue and jaw become disproportionately large and distorted (+1 to bite attacks Gauru and Urshul forms). When enraged, he is driven to consume living flesh, and he prefers that of human, wolf or werewolf.

DREAM OF LOST DAYS

Auspice: formerly Ithaeur

Tribe: formerly Bone Shadows

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 2, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 4 (3/4/1/4), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics (Classics) 3, Medicine 1, Occult (Prophecy) 4

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Firearms (Pistol) 1, Stealth 3

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

Merits: Encyclopedic Knowledge, Fleet of Foot 2, Totem 5

Primal Urge: 5

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 5

Max Essence/Per Turn: 14/2

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Pride

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

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

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

Speed: 11 (12/15/18/16) with Fleet of Foot

Renown: Cunning 2, Wisdom 5

Gifts: (1) Death Sight, Partial Change, Sense Malice, Two-World Eyes, Ward Versus Predators; (2) Read Spirit, Scent of Taint; (3) Echo Dream; (4) Soul Read; (5) Omen Gazing

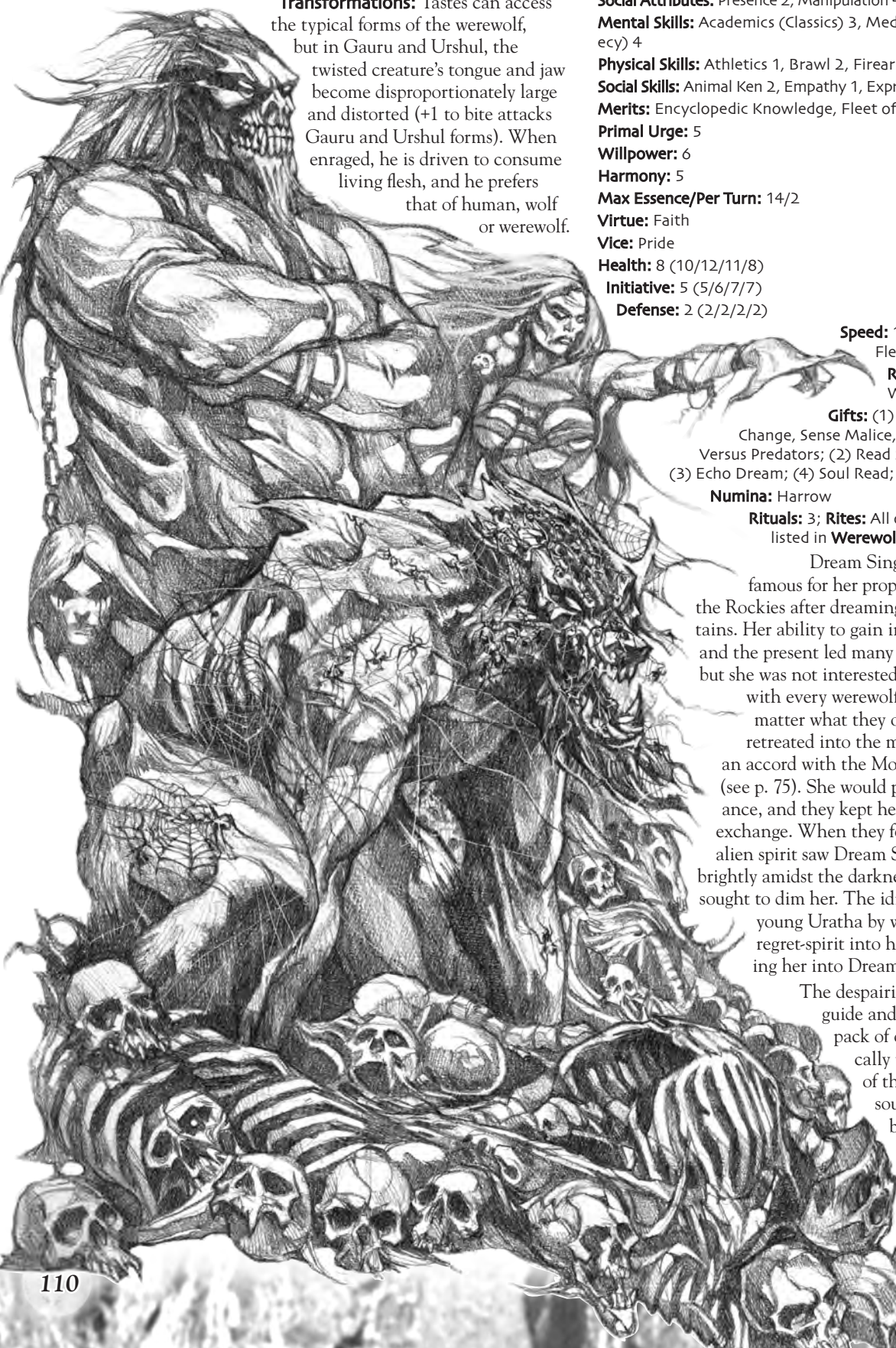
Numina: Harrow

Rituals: 3; **Rites:** All one- to three-dot rites listed in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

Dream Singer, a Bone Shadow famous for her prophetic gifts, traveled to the Rockies after dreaming of the ancient mountains. Her ability to gain insight into the future and the present led many Uratha to her home, but she was not interested in sharing her gifts with every werewolf who came calling, no matter what they offered. She eventually retreated into the mountains and struck an accord with the Mountain-Shakers pack (see p. 75). She would provide them guidance, and they kept her presence a secret in exchange. When they fell to Gurdilag, the alien spirit saw Dream Singer's spirit shining brightly amidst the darkness and instinctively sought to dim her. The idigam redefined the young Uratha by weaving a powerful regret-spirit into her soul and transforming her into Dream of Lost Days.

The despairing *Su'ur* acts as spirit guide and seer for the small pack of outcasts. She is physically the least monstrous of the three *Su'ur*, but her soul is forever darkened by the essence of what could have been.

Dream of Lost Days is in her early



30s but appears much older. The regret-spirit that Gurdilag merged with her Uratha spirit stole years from her life, and left her once-blond hair an ash gray. Her pale, smooth face sags with despair.

Transformations: Apart from the Harrow Numen and the changes listed on p. 108, *Dream of Lost Days* is mechanically identical to a normal werewolf.

GURDILAG'S MEMORY

Attributes: Power 3, Finesse 3, Resistance 3

Willpower: 6

Max Essence/Per Turn: 15

Initiative: 6

Defense: 3

Speed: 16 (species factor 10)

Size: 2

Corpus: 5

Influences: Confusion ••

Numina: Harrow, Material Vision

Bonuses: 12 Essence Pool/story, 2 Willpower pool/story, Gift: Pack Awareness (pack),

Ban: Pack cannot deny their heritage if asked.

Cost: 15

Though the idigam was defeated, a memory remains attached to the last of the *Su'ur*. Their pack totem feeds on the fevered nightmares of Gurdilag that still plague the werewolves who survived battling the idigam. The spirit stays close to its twisted pack because its presence is the strongest remaining evidence that Gurdilag once dominated the area. The totem emits a smell similar to the idigam's, enough to send many Uratha running for safety or seeing red.



STORY HOOK — SU'UR PACK

The troupe's pack has claimed a territory in the Rockies but well away from Denver. The characters have probably heard stories of the battle with the idigam and the names "Max Roman" and "Rachel Snow" bandied about, but they have little real context for the tales. After all, that battle happened in another city, and among the insular werewolves, it might as well be another country.

That is, until the *Su'ur* show up in the characters' home town. They aren't planning to stay, and what business they have here is up to you. Maybe a fourth of their kind escaped Denver and has been hiding here since the battle and they want him to join their pack. Perhaps some barely remembered impetus that their creator implanted in their souls drove them here. Perhaps *Dream of Lost Days* saw a vision leading them to the characters. Regardless, the characters should be sickened by what they see, and driven to destroy the creatures once and for all. Of course, doing so might just require venturing to Denver to seek advice of werewolves who have fought these creatures before.



SPIRIT WILDS

Whether the characters stake out territory in the foothills of the Rockies or create a home within Denver, part of caring for that territory includes tending the Shadow Realm. New packs find desperate spirits devouring their brethren to gain power, potential allies willing to aid the pack in exchange for protection and strength from predatory spirits and twisted, confused remnants of Gurdilag's insane will. Any trip into the *Hisil* should be a journey into an alien and hostile world. The pack can slowly gain ground by clearing the Ridden and hostile spirits from their territory, but it might find itself too preoccupied by physical threats to clear the spirit-scape of its new territory from the outset.

LEGACY OF THE IDIGAM

Although the battle with Gurdilag ended in victory, the spirit wilds exist as continuing testimony to the insanity it brought into the world. The most outrageous and destructive of Gurdilag's creations earned immediate attention from the battered werewolves after the idigam's defeat. Still, men and women struggle through their daily lives warped by the presence of alien Essence. Inhabitants of the Shadow Realm witness the confused and malformed spirits touched by Gurdilag. Spirits avoid those altered by the idigam, frightened that the discordant and jumbled existence might be contagious.

Werewolves claiming new pockets of territory often spend their first few weeks or months hunting down local remnants of Gurdilag's time in Denver. The number of insane hybrid spirits declines each day, but the most dangerous and cunning of these creations waits patiently, working to build strength for the day when their creator returns.

Using the strange and mutated products of the idigam's experiments can create an alien and horrifying environment for the new pack. Securing boundaries, maintaining peace with neighboring Forsaken and Pure Tribe packs, and fostering a caern are hard enough work. Add to those duties the need to hunt down dozens of warped spirits that smell of the idigam's insanity, and the characters might wonder why they opted for Denver. Storytellers can describe the occasional twisted spirit and give clues that more are dispersed throughout the territory, a holdover from Gurdilag's reign. A car-spirit that bounds through the street like a doe, or a home-spirit that emits a cloud of disease-laden Essence can contribute to an atmosphere of disquiet. Making each of the spirits fairly weak allows the characters to hunt them all gradually but still provides the threat of one of these creations consuming enough other spirits to become a real threat.

CURTIS FREYTAG, THE BASTARD SON

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 5, Resolve 4

Physical Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 5, Stamina 6

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 3, Composure 4

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Crafts (Leather) 2, Science (Dissection) 1

Physical Skills: Brawl 3, Drive 2, Firearms (Rifle) 2, Stealth 3, Weaponry 2

Social Skills: Animal Ken 1, Intimidation 2, Streetwise 2

Merits: Danger Sense, Iron Stamina 2, Quick Healer

Willpower: 8

Morality: 2

Max Essence/Per Turn: 6

Virtue: Justice

Vice: Wrath

Health: 11

Initiative: 9

Defense: 5

Speed: 14

Numina: Immunity, Soul Theft, Spirit Hunter, Unique Gauntlet Breach

- **Immunity:** Curtis is completely immune to werewolf Gifts and rites.
- **Unique Gauntlet Breach:** Curtis is able to step into or out of the Shadow as a reflexive action if he is within the effective area of a locus.
- **Spirit Hunter:** When in the *Hisil*, Curtis can transform into a giant wolf with the same modifiers as a werewolf in Urshul form.
- **Soul Theft:** If Curtis consumes the flesh of a werewolf, he gains all of that character's Gifts and Skills for three days and nights (as well as their vulnerability to silver). In order to do so, he must consume at least one Health point's worth of flesh from his target (the target need not die, however). He can steal Gifts and Skills equal to his Resolve (4) in a three-day period. (If he already has the Gifts and Skills of four Uratha, he cannot take any more until the first one wears off.) During this time he is also able to adopt any of the werewolf forms with the normal bonuses, in the spirit wilds or in the material world. When in Gauru form, he suffers neither from the time constraints most werewolves experience nor the Death Rage.

Curtis Freytag was a lonely man. Orphaned by a hurricane striking the island where his parents were vacationing, the string of abusive and neglectful foster parents entrusted with his care molded the child into a deranged adult. Curtis obsessed about women who looked anything like his mother and was arrested numerous times for stalking them.

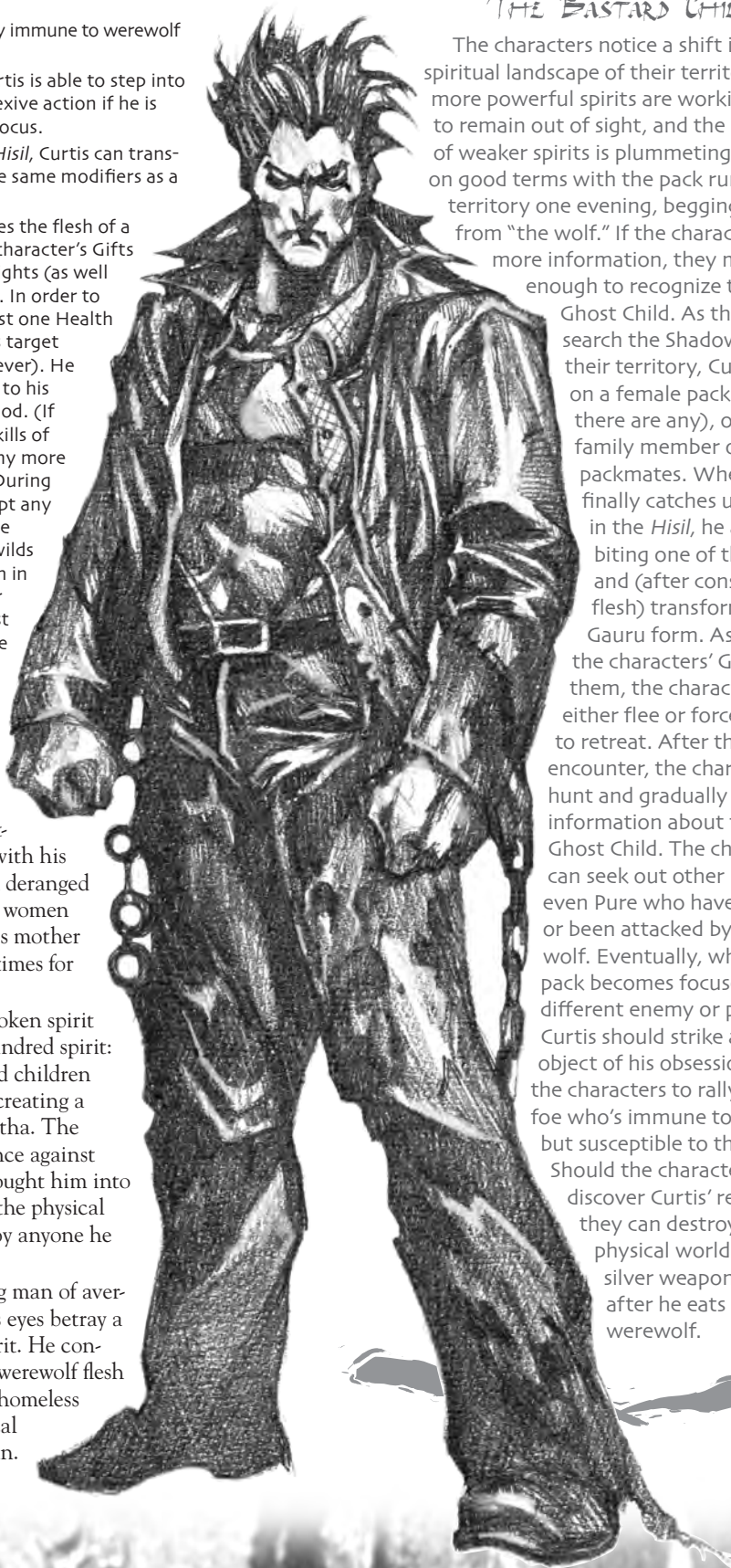
Gurdilag saw Curtis' broken spirit and joined his soul with a kindred spirit: a *unihar*. The two abandoned children melded into a single entity, creating a dangerous enemy of the Uratha. The Bastard Child seeks vengeance against the parents who wrongly brought him into the world, and he possesses the physical and spiritual power to destroy anyone he decides is guilty.

Curtis is an unassuming man of average height and build, but his eyes betray a dangerous and inhuman spirit. He consumes spirits and human or werewolf flesh to survive, and he lives as a homeless man when he's in the physical world. He is no longer human. The drive to find and own

his lost mother transferred into a need to destroy the selfish parents who birthed the *unihar*'s empty soul.

STORY HOOK — THE BASTARD CHILD

The characters notice a shift in the spiritual landscape of their territory. The more powerful spirits are working hard to remain out of sight, and the number of weaker spirits is plummeting. A spirit on good terms with the pack runs into its territory one evening, begging for asylum from "the wolf." If the characters press for more information, they might learn enough to recognize the signs of a Ghost Child. As the characters search the Shadow Realm in their territory, Curtis fixates on a female pack member (if there are any), or a female family member of one of the packmates. When the pack finally catches up with him in the *Hisil*, he attacks by biting one of the characters and (after consuming the flesh) transforming into Gauru form. As Curtis uses the characters' Gifts against them, the characters will either flee or force Curtis to retreat. After the initial encounter, the characters can hunt and gradually gather information about the strange Ghost Child. The characters can seek out other Uratha or even Pure who have sighted or been attacked by the spirit wolf. Eventually, when the pack becomes focused on a different enemy or problem, Curtis should strike against the object of his obsession, forcing the characters to rally against a foe who's immune to their powers but susceptible to their claws. Should the characters ever discover Curtis' real nature, they can destroy him in the physical world or use a silver weapon against him after he eats the flesh of a werewolf.



MAGATH

Throughout the Rockies and greater Denver, the strongest and most respected spirits were the first to be consumed or destroyed by Gurdilag. Now that the Forsaken have secured the area from the idigam, many spirits are fighting to fill the void left by those more powerful entities. The combination of the power vacuum with a less populated spiritscape created an environment where the magath are extremely common compared to a normal area. As a spirit consumes those from a different choir, it grows in power but becomes increasingly unpredictable and terrifying.

The difference between the spirits forcibly transformed by Gurdilag and the new population of magath is that the former group did not choose their confused state. Uratha often met with no resistance when destroying the bastard children of Gurdilag because they hate their misbegotten existence. The spirits so driven by power-lust or hunger that they consume spirits of other choirs will fight to the end for their survival, however.

In this shifting landscape, the spiritual food chain is all but forgotten. The pack should keep a close watch for any spirit intent on gaining power quickly. Once a spirit consumes enough unrelated brethren, it becomes too powerful to fight with tooth and claw. A pack contending with such a spirit in its territory might seek to convince the local spirits that the shared threat from the inflated magath is enough to form an alliance. The Uratha should beware lest they be used as pawns by another such spirit looking to destroy the competition.

NEIGHBORHOOD PROWLER

Rank: 3

Attributes: Power 6, Finesse 4, Resistance 5

Willpower: 11

Max Essence/Per Turn: 15 (20 max)

Initiative: 9

Defense: 6

Speed: 20 (species factor 10)

Size: 4

Corpus: 9

Influences: Anticipation •, Hunger ••

Numina: Blast (ice shards), Compulsion (as ghost Numen; p. 211, *World of Darkness Rulebook*), Gauntlet Breach, Left-Handed Spanner (as the Gift; p. 142, *Werewolf: The Forsaken*), Material Vision, Silent Fog (as the Gift; p. 146, *Werewolf: The Forsaken*), Wilds Sense

Ban: Red spray paint strips the spirit of its Numina for a full day.

The spirit at the core of this magath began as an anticipation-spirit trailing behind an ice cream truck. The music blaring from the speaker on top of the truck generated enough excitement among the neighborhood children to feed the spirit every day. After Gurdilag was destroyed, the



neighborhood's spiritscape descended into chaos. Many local Jagglings vied for power, and few weaker spirits were safe from the hunger of the more powerful entities remaining.

In a bid for survival, the anticipation-spirit consumed the spirit of the ice-cream truck. After feeling the power of stolen Essence, it continued to consume anything it could catch. It began with weaker animal spirits and other spirits created through simple acts of kindness, anger and other powerful emotions. The neighborhood prowler no longer consumes the weaker inhabitants of the neighborhood. Indeed, it has come to see itself the spiritual sheriff of the area.

The gluttonous neighborhood prowler once resembled the ice-cream truck it devoured to survive. It kept the basic form of the vehicle, but instead of emitting a feeling of excitement, a circle of cold and dread radiates from the endless static creeping out of the speakers. The truck no longer has wheels, but floats slightly off the ground. The grill of the truck is a rack of concrete teeth constantly grinding together. The headlights emit vertical slits of light reminiscent of a cat's pupil, and the sides of the truck are encased in a metallic bark.



In response to the vacuum left by Gurdilag's destruction, spirits of despair have flooded into the area. As the characters work to fight off the insurgence of dark spirits, they notice that when

fighting against other spirits in the area, the spirits of despair are simply giving in and intentionally losing the fights. Many spirits thoughtlessly consume any spirit they can dominate, and as time goes on, the characters encounter more spirits tainted by the despair they consumed for Essence.

The characters witness the corruption of the neighborhood prowler, and can work to prevent its descent. If they succeed, they earn a powerful ally capable of keeping a significant area of their territory safe in the Shadow. If they fail to reach the magath in time, they face an already powerful spirit maddened by the dark Essence of the Maeljin.



AZLU

Of all of the supernatural beings in the world, few save for the idigam say “alien” quite like the Azlu. Ever since the earliest days of Colorado’s history the Azlu have been quietly at work, strengthening the walls between the worlds of flesh and spirit in an effort to wall off the predators from the spirit world that they instinctively fear. But a world utterly separated from the spirit would become one great Barren. That is something that the Uratha simply cannot allow.

The coming of the idigam did nothing to slow the Azlu’s growth, and the Spider Hosts seem to have benefited from the alien spirits’ presence. The sheer terror they inspired allowed the Azlu to sink their fangs deep into Denver’s spirit wilds, to the point where the city’s Uratha are now unable to fully eradicate their presence.

Azlu are most useful as foils to the manic activities of the Beshilu, and as an example of how far some forces in the world are willing to go to preserve order in the face of impending chaos. The Uratha might never understand the Azlu’s alien mindset, but they should learn that there is a method to the Hosts’ madness. Characters might even grow to admire the Azlu’s efforts to regain control of Denver’s spirit wilds in the wake of the chaos the idigam unleashed, as Host’s efficiency and industriousness is truly a wonder to behold. Indeed, in areas where the Gauntlet is too thin, a maverick pack might even try to manipulate the Azlu into strengthening it. (Of course, the trick is getting them to stop.) While the Azlu are not sympathetic beings by any means, they are fascinating creatures nonetheless, and open-minded characters might learn quite a bit by watching and interacting with them (albeit from a safe distance).



STORY HOOK — THE WHITE LADY

Not all of Denver’s supernatural beings think the way to fix the city’s Shadow lies with the Uratha barging in and forcing their will upon everything in sight. With this hook, an Azlu of some power and great intelligence hopes to block the characters’ movements within their territory, leaving its spiritcape solidly under her control. How she deals

with the characters depends on their habits. If they are living on the fringes of society, she plagues every home and office within their territory with swarms of spiders, hoping to distract the characters with mundane pest-control while she quietly strengthens the Gauntlet in the meantime. If the characters are solidly entrenched within the human sphere (making the swarm tactic dangerous) she wears the body of a petty bureaucrat, using it to bury the characters in a blizzard of paperwork (and thus limit their opportunities to meaningfully affect the Shadow of their territory). If the characters are martial, straightforward sorts who are unlikely to respond to any of these tactics, she assumes the form of a monstrous, humanoid spider, using her various Numina to hold them at bay while she goes about her work.

Her motivations are simple: If the Uratha threat can be contained, she has a chance to strengthen the Gauntlet. This, in turn, allows the battered spirit wilds (along with the people in the territory) to heal at their own pace. To the Uratha, she is calcifying reality. From her perspective, however, she is creating stability and security and giving the *Hisil* a fighting chance to survive.



The Azlu are more populous in Denver than ever before, but their presence is hidden. They gained a powerful leader through Gurdilag’s interference, and they now possess enough sophistication to truly threaten the Uratha guardians. The Nest Queen calls out to her brethren, amassing an increasing number of the Azlu to her silken palace. Observant Uratha are not blind to the influx of small Azlu, but the real mystery is where the spiders go within the palace, and what they do once there. All efforts to infiltrate or spy into the Nest Queen’s stronghold have failed.

The Azlu in the area not pulled to the silken palace are often stronger than the small, more common single-shard spiders. The result is an overall reduction in the Azlu presence within the city, but those that remain are uncommonly powerful. Only the most cunning of the Spider Hosts resist the siren song of the Nest Queen.

The Gauntlet surrounding the silken palace is particularly strong, vexing the Ithaeur and Bone Shadows who try to understand the mystery of the new Azlu queen. An Ithaeur Iron Master recently lauded for destroying a powerful magath is now counseling Uratha leaders that the Nest Queen might one day become a new Spinner-Hag should she consume enough Azlu shards.



STORY HOOK — THE PALACE

The Nest Queen’s silken palace rests against one side of the characters’ pack’s territory. One of the characters finds a small Azlu within the territory and chases it to the edge of the palace before it crawls underneath the spiritual wall. As time goes on, the characters witness more and

more weak Azlu shards gathering to the palace. When they investigate through other spirits and Uratha, they find more of the same. Every spiritual creature near the palace has witnessed hundreds of Azlu filing underneath the walls over the past month.

The characters receive a tip about an Azlu in human form setting up shop within their territory. Once they track the spider to its lair, it asks them to forego killing it long enough to hear what it has learned about the Nest Queen. The solitary Azlu purposefully attracted the attention of the Uratha pack in a search for allies. The *Fara Hashan*, it says, is not Azlu — Gurdilag warped the spirit into something darker. The solitary Azlu was strong enough to avoid the siren call of the Nest Queen, but when she has gathered enough of the Spider-Host shards into her palace, she will pose a graver threat to the Uratha than the Azlu ever have. Lucky for the characters, the solitary Azlu speaking to them not only knows a way into the palace, but it has also heard rumors about what the Nest Queen is planning.

BESHILU

The Rat Hosts have all but disappeared since Gurdilag was driven away, leaving many to worry about their destination. Operating on an instinctual need for survival, the Rat Hosts hid or fled the greater Denver area while the idigam sowed chaos. Characters within the city find few nests or powerful individual Beshilu within their territory, while the Uratha just outside of the city spend considerable time dealing with the run-off.

Beshilu can be used as an intermediary adversary. Once the characters track down the nest and fight off the Rat Hosts, they might discover a hole in the Gauntlet just big enough for something truly terrifying to crawl through. Even worse, there might be no way to close the rift from the physical world, requiring the pack to enter the spirit wilds and seal the hole as they combat ambitious spirits from leaking into the physical world.

Beshilu seem to dislike technology, unless it's designed to blow up. While they reserve the true extent of their hatred for the railway lines, they also cheerfully wreck military complexes, automobiles, aircraft, computers and practically anything else they can find a way to damage. The spirits of technology aren't too keen on these activities, of course, but other spirits appreciate the elimination of such rivals, which often leaves the Uratha in a somewhat delicate situation when dealing with the Beshilu. Sometimes this tension requires the Uratha to form closer alliances with urban spirits



just to maintain the status quo, thus further alienating the spirits of the wild. This is something no Uratha wants to see happen, but the clash between ideals and reality is putting the werewolves in an untenable position, and it's only getting worse as time goes by.

For the most part, the Beshilu are as upset about the state of Denver's spirit wilds as the Uratha are. While it's true that Gurdilag and his minions left the city and its Shadow in a shambles (something the Beshilu think is just fine), they also created an environment where the Azlu thrived. This means that the Gauntlet is inordinately thick in spots throughout the city, that rogue spirits are running rampant, and that the Beshilu have their work cut out for them. Fortunately, the short-term goals of the Uratha — that is, bringing the city's spirits under control — coincide with those of the Beshilu. Therefore, the Rat Hosts are content to let the Uratha ride herd on the city's spirits for now, biding their time until they can return to their work in earnest.

No matter what role they play, Beshilu bring a certain frantic energy to a story and can prove to be interesting and memorable antagonists. The characters are sure to encounter them at some point, particularly if they have urban territories with thick Gauntlets and lots of places to hide.

STORY HOOK — INFESTATION

This story hook is most appropriate for Uratha who have just moved into an urban territory, especially one in a residential neighborhood. A Beshilu uses his rodent minions to make life hell for the Uratha. The troubles start small. People find rats in their cupboards, rats cause leaks in the sewer lines, and so on. But soon the rats start to get serious. Car brake lines are cut, machines of all sorts stop working properly (thanks to Numina and sharp little teeth), and people start to die. If the Uratha still don't get the message (and leave), the Beshilu resorts to more direct methods. The characters are swarmed with rats in their sleep, and humans start dying from hideous diseases. The Beshilu won't run out of rats to use against the characters, and he'll never confront them directly if he can help it. They hopelessly outmatch him physically, and he knows it, but he does everything in his power to harass them until they leave the

territory. They have to find him and kill him to make him stop.

TONY THE RAT

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 4, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 4, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Computer 2, Science (Mathematics) 2

Physical Skills: Athletics (Sprinting) 3, Brawl 2, Drive 2, Firearms 3, Stealth (Sneaking) 3

Social Skills: Intimidation 2, Persuasion (Lying) 2, Streetwise 4

Merits: Ambidextrous, Contacts (Denver Underworld) 1, Fleet of Foot 3

Willpower: 6

Morality: 5

Max Essence/Per Turn: 8

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Greed

Health: 8

Initiative: 7

Defense: 4

Speed: 14 (with Fleet of Foot)

Numina: Animal Control, Discorporation, Gnow Gauntlet, Speak with Beasts (as the Gift; p. 130, **Werewolf: The Forsaken**), Toxic Bite

• **Animal Control:** As the ghost Numen in the **World of Darkness Rulebook** p. 210, except the player rolls Intelligence + Manipulation to activate it.

Tony Samuels grew up on the Denver streets and was eventually taken in by a sympathetic bookie looking for a runner. Tony worked hard during his youth, taking bets and picking up payments from his father-figure's clients. Eventually, he took over the business and grew the illegal racketeering operation into a small fortune. Tony's taste in women led to a vice sting that left him with no defense against multiple felony charges.

On his way to the sentencing hearing, the sky grew dark without warning. The guards escorting him to the courthouse had no way of knowing that an ancient and terrifying spirit had just taken an interest in their prisoner. Tony blinked as the first drop of rain fell onto his nose, and in the next moment, he felt his body being opened, examined and sealed up again in the space of an instant. Gurdilag married the soul of the racketeer with the frenzied panic and strength of a Beshilu shard. Tony quickly escaped his captors and remained in hiding until the idigam was banished.

Tony was tall and dusky before Gurdilag found him, but now is a hunched, pale form. He has greasy, wax-colored skin and a persistent case of acne. He never stops moving if he can help it, but since the "merger," he hasn't wanted a cigarette. His acquaintances tend



to attribute the changes in his appearance and demeanor to an ill-advised drug habit, and have started calling him "Tony the Rat." For his part, Tony thinks nothing of it; it's hard to remember a time when he wasn't the Rat.

The more Beshilu shards Tony consumes, the less humanity he retains. Eventually, only the intellect and creativity that served him so well in building his business will survive the cannibalistic urge to consume more of his brethren.

STORY HOOK — TONY THE RAT

Gurunusa, one of the three spirits vying for control of the city (see p. 77), approaches the characters for help. The spirit domineering Denver's parks enlisted the aid of a powerful Beshilu and seeks to focus the hosts' insatiable urge to gnaw through the Gauntlet. Gurunusa does not have more information, but it knows that the Beshilu are operating within the characters' territory. If they can prevent the Hosts from helping Dirilthum, the characters could win a powerful spirit ally that might become the city-spirit.

What the Gurunusa and the characters do not know is that Dirilthum enlisted Tony the Rat to ensure its rise to power. Tony gathered weaker Beshilu to him and was able to coordinate and control the normally frantic Hosts. In pockets of the city and the parks, groups of Beshilu gnaw small holes in the Gauntlet. They are careful not to attract too much attention, and Dirilthum is working to keep unwanted spirits from swarming through the newly opened holes. Eventually, Tony will alert all of the Beshilu under his control that they must chew through the Gauntlet in key places, allowing Dirilthum to push through the Gauntlet into the physical world and claim control over resources it needs to defeat its two competitors.

ANCIENTS AND LEGENDS

The mountains are home to spirits much older than any Uratha can fathom. Powerful and unknowable, these ancient entities could be a great boon to the Forsaken, but at least one threatens to destroy any werewolf it encounters.

Using an ancient spirit as an adversary requires a soft touch. The characters are probably not capable of vanquishing the spirit, so direct confrontation is not possible. Keeping the ancient one happy, asleep or imprisoned still allows room for a more mortal and accessible enemy within the story. Any character who intentionally or unwittingly angers or frees one of these alien beings can become the target of the characters' actions and punishment.

Chapter Three discusses one of these ancient spirits, the Lord of the Plains, in more detail. This spirit is an Incarna, so no traits are provided for it. Likewise, the spirits of the mountain (also discussed in the last chapter) range in power considerably. The spirits of the continental plates, however, are certainly well above any Uratha's ability to confront directly.

PREDATOR MAGATH

Rank: 4

Attributes: Power 12, Finesse 12, Resistance 9

Willpower: 21

Max Essence/Per Turn: 25

Initiative: 21

Defense: 12

Speed: 34 (species factor 10)

Size: 7

Corpus: 16

Influences: Fear •, Hunting ••, Predators •

Numina: Animal Control (as the ghost Numen, p. 210, **World of Darkness**

Rulebook) Chorus, Forest Communion (as the Gift; p. 130,

Werewolf: The Forsaken),

Gauntlet Breach, Know the Path

(as the Gift; p. 127, **Werewolf: The**

Forsaken), Materialize, Material

Vision, Silent Fog (as the Gift; p.

146, **Werewolf: The Forsaken**),

Wilds Sense

Ban: Undiscovered.

The predator magath are discussed in detail on p. 87. The traits provided here are for a fairly weak example of the spirit. Magath who remember the Fall would undoubtedly be considered Rank 5 or even higher. Fortunately, these hideous spirits are rare to begin with, and the truly powerful ones are even less common.

NICHOLAS DALE

Auspice: Ithaeur

Tribe: Ghost Wolf

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 5, Wits 4, Resolve 5

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

Social Attributes: Presence 1, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Computer 1, Investigation 2, Occult (Magath) 5, Science (Paleontology) 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 4, Stealth (Forest) 3, Survival (Forest, Mountains) 4, Weaponry (Knife) 2

Social Skills: Animal Ken 2, Expression 2

Merits: Eidetic Memory, Encyclopedic Knowledge, Fast Reflexes 2, Fetish (Klaive Knife) 3

Primal Urge: 7

Willpower: 7

Harmony: 6

Max Essence/Per Turn: 20/5 (bleeds 1/12 hours)



Spirit Wilds

Virtue: Prudence

Vice: Lust

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

Initiative: 8 (8/9/10/10) with Fast Reflexes

Defense: 4 (4/4/4/4)

Speed: 13 (14/17/20/18)

Renown: Honor 2, Purity 4, Wisdom 5

Gifts: (1) Call Water, Death Sight, Speak with Beasts, Two-World Eyes; (2) Anybeast, Manipulate Earth, Read Spirit, Ward Versus Humans; (3) Command Fire, Gauntlet Cloak; (4) Skin-Stealing, Word of Quiet; (5) Primal Form

Rituals: 5; **Rites:** Any of the rites listed in **Werewolf: The Forsaken** that the Storyteller feels appropriate.

Once a powerful and respected Bone Shadow, this elder Uratha renounced his deed name after receiving a vision of an ancient and terrible spirit hidden in the Rockies. He no longer seeks a pack, but he has claimed a territory and still enjoys hunting. He stalks the area around the Tyrant's Tomb (see p. 87), carefully trying to excavate the mighty beast's remains. Is this elder foolishly trying to awaken a spirit that could destroy all of the Forsaken in the mountains, or is he zealously keeping out trespassers lest they unknowingly unleash the oldest of the predators?

Nicholas Dale is a handsome man in his late 40s. He rarely assumes human form, however, unless he's digging at his site. Typically, he takes Urhan form and uses his Anybeast Gift to mask himself. He regrets any violent action he must take against Uratha who encroach upon his territory, and he will not kill trespassers unless they leave him no choice. Werewolf blood already stains his claws, however, and he fears it must happen again.

HUMAN SOCIETY

All Uratha once considered the throngs of humanity their friends and family. Even when their instincts told them otherwise, the idea of belonging and fitting in with the crowd can be a siren song for the lonely and frustrated. Humans can make for strong antagonists against the werewolves simply by dint of the temptation they present. Werewolves are social creatures, but certain taboos exist in their own society, and some long for the comparative simplicity of human life. Of course, Rage eventually leads most werewolves who attempt "normal" lives to blood and disaster.

While most humans are nothing but fearful sheep compared to werewolves, some manage to be serious threats. Those born with a measure of wolf's blood or victims of Uratha Rage can provide opposition that most Uratha never see coming.

MICHAEL SIMMONS

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 1, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 5 (4/5/2/5), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics (Religion) 3, Medicine (Psychiatric) 5, Science (Biology) 5

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Drive 1

Social Skills: Empathy 2, Intimidation 2, Persuasion (Recruitment) 3, Socialize 2

Merits: Allies (Healing Hands) 4, Contacts (Church, Former Patients, Medical) 3, Eidetic Memory, Fame 2, Inspiring, Iron Stamina 2, Resources 3

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 5

Morality: 8

Max Essence/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Envy

Health: 7 (9/11/10/7)

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

Defense: 1 (1/1/1/1)

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

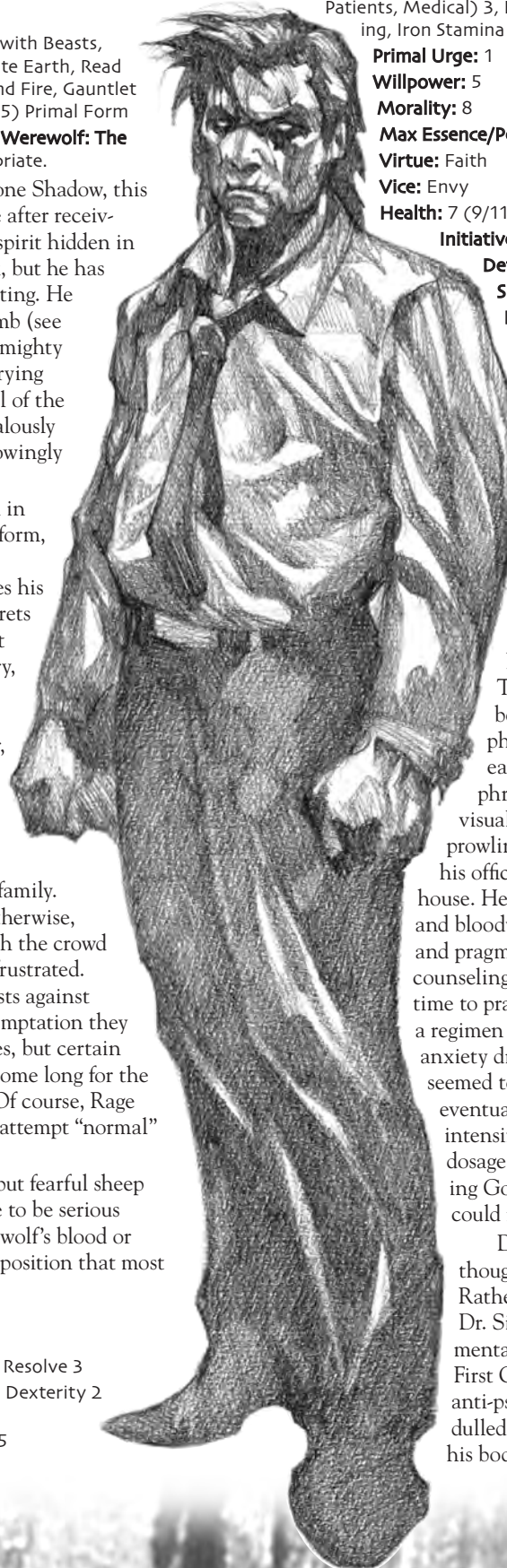
Derangements: Fugue

Renown: None

Gifts: None

Founder of the Denver-based therapy and intervention group Healing Hands, Dr. Michael Simmons, MD, is both a man of medicine and a man of faith. For several years, he ran a successful psychiatric practice in Denver, specializing in the treatment of schizophrenics, and he attended church regularly. Three years ago, Dr. Simmons began experiencing a series of phenomena he believed were the early manifestations of schizophrenia, including auditory and visual hallucinations, such as wolves prowling in the alleyway behind his office or in the streets around his house. He had violent dreams of pursuit and bloody capture. Being both spiritual and pragmatic, Dr. Simmons sought counseling from his pastor, devoted extra time to prayer and prescribed himself a regimen of anti-psychotic and anti-anxiety drugs. At first, the medication seemed to reduce the episodes, but they eventually returned. As the episodes intensified, Dr. Simmons increased his dosage and redoubled his prayer, trusting God to heal what the medication could not.

Dr. Simmons' faith failed him, though he has yet to realize it. Rather than schizophrenic episodes, Dr. Simmons was experiencing the mental disturbances that precede a First Change. His initial use of the anti-psychotic drugs and tranquilizers dulled his awareness for a while, but his body quickly built up a tolerance



to the medication, rendering the drugs useless. The powerful drugs, as well as Dr. Simmons' intense belief in divine intervention, left the man vulnerable, however. His struggle to resist his inevitable First Change led him to ingest staggering doses of psychiatric drugs and attracted the attention of several spirits, which sought to aid or thwart his attempts. One spirit, however, an ancient spirit of lost possibilities, took advantage of Simmons' weakness. This spirit remembered how Father Wolf's sons and daughters had turned on him, and saw this as the opportunity to exact further revenge upon those Forsaken children. It watched Dr. Simmons, waiting for the right moment.

The moment came when Michael Simmons could no longer stave off his First Change. As the strange visions and crazed howls began to overtake him, Dr. Simmons said a final, heartfelt prayer for relief, and then administered a powerful drug cocktail to himself — the kind designed to treat and sedate schizophrenics in the throes of their violent hallucinatory episodes. In its drug-induced stupor, his body succumbed slowly to the First Change. In Simmons' weakened state, the ancient spirit had easy access to the new werewolf, imbuing his soul with some of its own Essence. To the confused, tormented man, the contact with the ancient spirit felt like the touch of God, relieving some of his pain. Dr. Simmons' First Change ended in the shielding embrace of denial, as he awoke to find himself "cured" of his schizophrenic episodes. Simmons remembers being a wolf, which he passes off as another hallucination. He also recalls being imbued by the ancient spirit, but he believes the incident was an act of divine intervention — God stepped in when the medicines failed.

The Uratha never came to find Dr. Simmons after his First Change, a fact that he doesn't realize is unusual. The ancient spirit's Essence within Simmons' acts like a shield, hiding his presence from other werewolves. This trick soon proved very handy for Dr. Simmons. In complete denial and under the influence of the malevolent spirit, Simmons determined that lycanthropy was simply a type of schizophrenia, one that must be targeted and treated. He was surprised to find the population of Denver was so full of these mentally ill people, but he never questioned how easily he found them. Within six months of his First Change, Dr. Simmons founded Healing Hands, a non-denominational organization designed to treat those who believe themselves to be werewolves through a combination of therapy, medication and spiritual guidance. Several local churches quickly jumped to back this organization. Dr. Simmons uses the Uratha's kinfolk to lure them into treatment. Once there, Simmons administers the same heavy doses of anti-psychotic drugs that he once took, combining medicinal treatment with "therapy" that is, in truth, little more than brainwashing. The drugs and reprogramming leave the Uratha, usually not far removed from their own First Change, vulnerable to the ancient spirit as well. So far, Simmons has had about a half-dozen "successes," Uratha who have been altered so as to believe that they are not truly werewolves. What Dr. Simmons' doesn't like to mention are the numerous failures, the werewolves who died under the heavy medication or had too much of their spirit ripped away as revenge for patricide long past.

Dr. Simmons has not, to his knowledge, changed form since his First Change. He continues to take mild doses of

medication, though it has no effect on him. In three years since his Change, however, Simmons has been experiencing blackouts. The longer he denies his true self, even with the aid of the spirit, the more harm he is truly doing to his mental health.

The most important thing to remember about Dr. Michael Simmons is that he believes he is nothing more than a very lucky, very blessed man. All his interactions with the Uratha are performed in good faith with the best of intentions. Simmons has become even more spiritual since his First Change, speaking often of God's power to heal. At the same time, he is a confirmed member of the medical profession, believing that drugs and therapy also play a necessary role in recovery. This combination of philosophies appeals to many, giving Simmons a good public face.

Although Simmons has experienced his First Change, his contact with the ancient spirit altered him. Shut off immediately from the world of the Uratha, Dr. Simmons is a unique type of lost wolf. Neither the Forsaken nor the Pure Tribes attempted to recruit him, and because the spirit offered him protection, Simmons did not succumb to death as other lost wolves would.

Simmons is nearly 40, and has seen better days. He rarely sleeps, and it shows on his sallow face. He is constantly hungry, but no food ever seems to satisfy his craving. He dresses well, but his clothes just never seem comfortable anymore.

STORY HOOK — HEALING HANDS

A new werewolf will change soon. The young girl, Erin Alker, doesn't live with a kinfolk family, and her identity is known only to the characters. (How they know her is up to the Storyteller.) Over several chapters, they should see her moving closer to the First Change. The characters might bite her in order to stay near her. The spirits around her make trouble, of course, but the characters can offer some assistance without the girl ever knowing. The pack is ready to welcome a new Uratha into a Forsaken tribe, but the child's mother has other plans.

Celeste Alker recently attended a dinner party where she met a most interesting man. She spoke with Dr. Simmons nearly the entire time and voiced her concerns about her daughter's recent problems without intending to. The doctor assured Celeste he could help. Erin's mother made an appointment that night, and the pack will soon see the results of Dr. Simmons' Healing Hands.

MONSTER-HUNTERS

Sometimes, the wolves wear sheep's clothing. Once in a blue moon, a human of strong will and powerful conviction is wronged or terrified by a werewolf. Rather than forget or

go mad from the experience, a man or woman might rise up against the Uratha. A hunter's life expectancy is typically short, and without an excess of determination, skill and luck, the would-be predator will not succeed in destroying even one Uratha before becoming prey.

Human enemies should never voluntarily face the characters in a stand-up fight. Either the hunter would die too quickly, or the players would (justly) feel foolish when their characters are bested by a "normal" human. Hunters should use traps, attack kinfolk and family, employ psychological warfare, and utilize excessive reconnaissance to pose a significant threat. When the characters finally confront, and likely kill, the vigilante, the battle itself shouldn't be too difficult. Instead, the aftermath of destroying a lone and desperate hunter strong enough to contend with the Uratha at all should reverberate through the next few sessions and potentially the rest of the story.

ABIGAIL BRAFF

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 4

Physical Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 1, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Crafts (Booby Traps) 4, Investigation 3, Occult (Werewolves) 2

Physical Skills: Athletics (Foot Chase) 3, Drive 2, Firearms 3, Stealth 4, Survival 3

Social Skill: Intimidation (Intense) 1, Socialize 1, Streetwise 2

Merits: Danger Sense, Fast Reflexes 2, Quick Healer, Unseen Sense

Willpower: 7

Morality: 7

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Wrath

Health: 8

Initiative: 8 (with Fast Reflexes)

Defense: 3

Speed: 11

Abby Braff had it all: handsome husband, beautiful daughter, strong son, lovely home. That all ended the night the wolves came for her children. Suddenly, Abigail found her comfortable, normal life ripped apart.

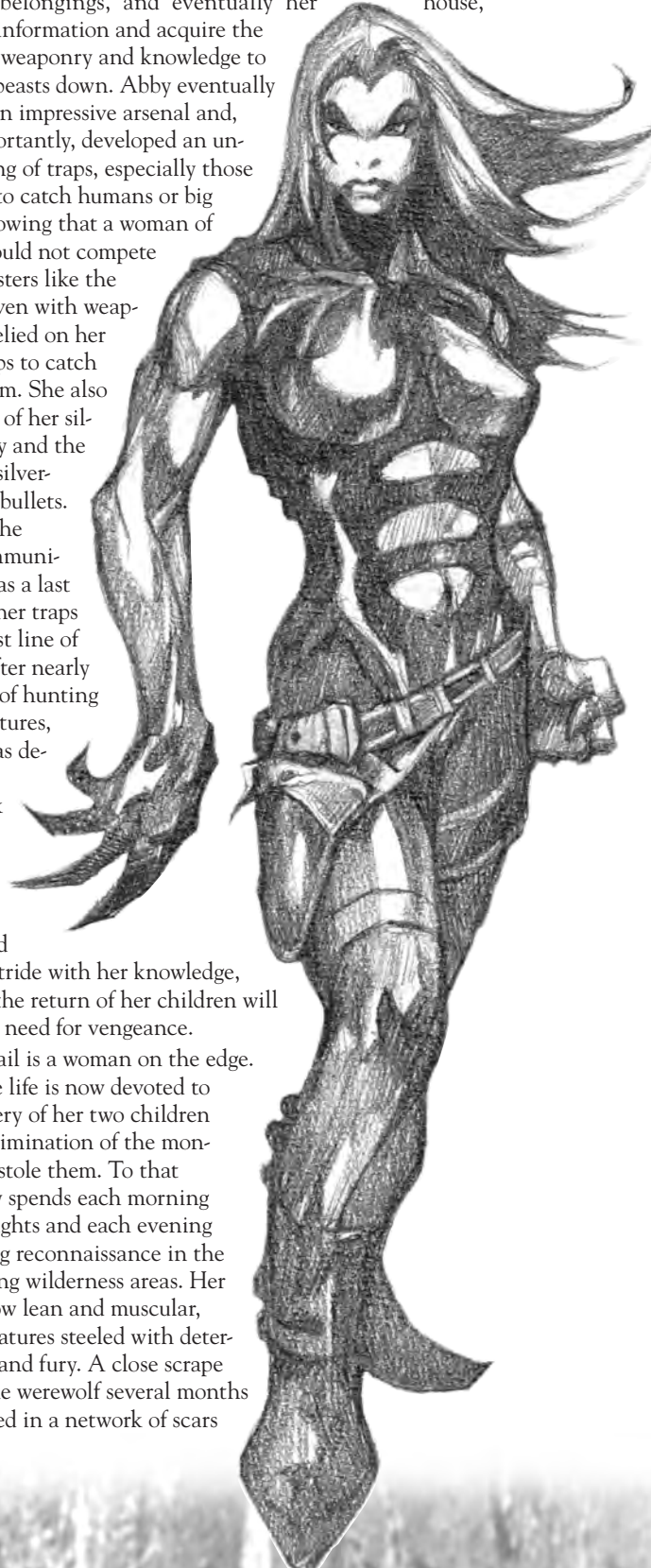
When their son began displaying some unusual behavior, Abby first interpreted it as the normal throes of teenage life. As the behavior escalated, however, she became concerned and began discussing therapy with her husband. Surprisingly, her husband, Reggie, was adamantly opposed to psychological help, insisting that the boy's symptoms would eventually subside. In reality, their son seemed increasingly troubled. Abby often saw strange people lurking around the house, though when questioned, her son insisted he saw no one. Abby finally decided to place her son in therapy despite her husband's wishes, but the time for help was long past.

One evening, just as the family was sitting down to dinner, they came. Abby can't recall the event in great detail — only that several huge creatures came ripping into her dining room. She recalls howls, a great flurry of activity, and the fact that one of the creatures called her husband by name, but nothing else. When she came to her senses, both her son and her daughter, ages 14 and 12, were gone. Immediately, Abby turned on her husband, demanding to know why the monsters knew his name. Shocked that his wife could recall the incident at all, Reggie confessed. The creatures

were werewolves, and he was of their blood to them, as were their children. Their son was presenting all the signs of an impending Change, and Reggie's werewolf relations wanted the boy and his sister, who they suspected might also manifest the Uratha blood. Upon hearing this, Abby attacked her husband in a blind fury, stabbing him multiple times and driving him from their home.

After the loss of her children, Abigail began her hunt. Soon she depleted the savings accounts and began selling off personal belongings, and eventually her house, to gather information and acquire the necessary weaponry and knowledge to hunt the beasts down. Abby eventually amassed an impressive arsenal and, more importantly, developed an understanding of traps, especially those intended to catch humans or big game. Knowing that a woman of her size could not compete with monsters like the Uratha, even with weapons, she relied on her booby traps to catch or kill them. She also melted all of her silver jewelry and the heirloom silverware into bullets. She uses the special ammunition only as a last resort, as her traps are her first line of attack. After nearly two years of hunting these creatures, Abigail has developed a patchwork understanding of the Uratha. Her hatred grows in stride with her knowledge, and only the return of her children will soften her need for vengeance.

Abigail is a woman on the edge. Her whole life is now devoted to the recovery of her two children and the elimination of the monsters who stole them. To that end, Abby spends each morning lifting weights and each evening performing reconnaissance in the surrounding wilderness areas. Her body is now lean and muscular, her soft features steeled with determination and fury. A close scrape with a lone werewolf several months ago resulted in a network of scars



across her legs and back, but Abigail rarely wears clothing that would reveal the scarring, preferring heavy camouflage and Kevlar. As Abby becomes more obsessed with locating her children and less concerned with her normal life, her attention to personal appearance, even cleanliness, dwindles. Her social circle has largely diminished, due as much to the changes in Abby's body language and demeanor as to her mysterious schedule-changes or sudden lack of personal hygiene. Even long-term friends feel strangely uncomfortable in her presence now. When she's not actively searching for her children, Abby spends most of her time in her one-bedroom apartment, cleaning her guns or pacing.

Hell hath no fury... Abigail is the kind of monster-hunter the Uratha should fear most, because she has no agenda beyond the recovery of her children and the total destruction of the monsters that took them from her. She has no thoughts for her own safety, only that of her children, so she takes risks that werewolves might not expect from a human. Abby's money purchased excellent information, so her knowledge of werewolves is surprisingly extensive, as is her knowledge of weaponry and trap-setting. She uses what she knows of werewolf territory to set traps, often using herself as live bait, rather than hunting them down with weapons, which she understands are largely ineffective. When cornered, however, she won't hesitate to use any of the guns in her arsenal along with one of her precious silver bullets.

What Abby doesn't know, and what keeps her from succumbing to Lunacy, is that her desperate desire to find her children and avenge their kidnapping attracted powerful spirits of both motherhood and vengeance to her. Though these spirits can do little to aid her in her hunt, they shield her from the effects of Lunacy, allowing her to clearly see the monsters that dared disturb the sanctity of her home.

Reggie recovered with a limp and the loss of one kidney. His Ivory Claw relatives now protect him and seek to use him to find and kill Abby. Reggie is caught between a genuine love for his wife and a sense of obligation to his unusual extended family. He recently discovered where his wife is

living, but he has yet to tell anyone. Until he exhausts all means of reconciling with her, he will not do anything that would endanger her life.

STORY HOOKS — ABBY BRAFF

The following are possible means by which to introduce Abigail Braff into a **Werewolf: The Forsaken** chronicle.

- The characters are Uratha, so Abigail is after them solely to satisfy her need for vengeance. The characters must either elude her or find some way to stop her. Simply killing this frail human woman is an option, but the characters must then contend with both her silver bullets and the fact that she is only a shattered mother longing for her children.
- Abigail, though vengeful and determined, is not entirely unreasonable. Should she suspect her children were taken by a pack rival to that of the characters, she might approach the characters to broker a deal with them. In exchange for assistance in recovering her children or information about them, she will help the characters eliminate the rival pack. As an alternative, she might instead approach the pack with pleas for help, choosing the lesser of two evils.
- Enough time has passed that one or both of Abby's children might have experienced the First Change. If a character's background allows for it (such as a rescue from the Ivory Claws), one of the players' characters might actually be one of Abigail's missing children. How will the pack (and Abigail) contend with this?



CHAPTER



STORYTELLING

Dead. At last.

It had run quickly, and attempted to evade their pursuit with the cunning of something that had been hunted many times before. It had almost lost them, three times along the way.

When they caught it, it had fought. Humans could use the phrase "cornered animal" without really understanding it, so few humans actually would have the spine to corner an animal and bring it down with their bare hands. And it had not been an animal. It had been much worse. It had poison worse than a snake's, and a mind part human and part immortal. It had fought gloriously before they pulled it down.

The wounds still burned. The fury had not vanished, only receded. The moon-madness was a faint tinge, still pressing down. And each werewolf in the pack knew that next time, the hunt could be reversed, and they would be the ones attempting to evade pursuit or fighting without restraint against a superior foe.

But they howled their exultation all the same.

"HERE I SET LIKE AN OLD OWL OR FOX AMONGST THE BOULDERS AND THINK OF THE DAYS AND TIMES THAT USED TO BE! ... YES, SIR, THEM WAS THE DAYS OF GREAT DEPRIVATION AND PLENTY OF WHISKY."

— G. EZRA DANE, GHOST TOWN

Denver is a city rife with all manner of plots and schemes, and a Storyteller could easily structure an entire chronicle for her pack without ever having them leave the city. Beyond its borders, however, lie even larger territories, including the whole of the Rocky Mountains. These wild places hold secrets of their own, and they lay claim to mysteries both wondrous and terrible.

This chapter is for the Storyteller's eyes only, and it seeks to weave together the history, personalities and territories of the Rocky Mountain region into a cohesive whole. There's a lot going on here, with plenty of threats ready to swallow the unwary whole. The Rockies can make or break a werewolf, so newcomers had best step lightly if they hope to survive for long.

The life of the Forsaken involves many burdens and responsibilities. They must tend to their territories, look after their kin and wrestle with other werewolves for dominance over a given region. This is all well and good, but the task that defines the Uratha, that makes them who they are, is the hunt. Werewolves are predators, first and foremost, and this should come across in the stories they tell. Almost everyone they meet will be either a potential hunter or potential prey. Accordingly, Storytellers must describe the hunting grounds claimed by their troupes' packs, and they must help the players think of everything they hear described in the setting as a potential prop in a future hunt. How will the characters run a spirit to ground, and how might a given alleyway be used to ambush prey? Which of Denver's many city parks makes for the best hunting grounds, and how can the characters drive an opponent there in times of need? When they hear the howls on the mountain, what is it that is coming to prey on the characters?

Players also need to remember that not all hunts need to be physical. When they are learning about the histories of their territories, they are hunting for information just as they would normally hunt for prey. Many of the same techniques are used in both cases, and the characters need to exercise the same patient relentlessness if they are to achieve their goals. The hunter's mindset is what's important, and the Storyteller should foster its development in players and their characters at all times.

TRIBAL AFFAIRS

During the high points in the cycle, the Rocky Mountains have been home to more werewolves than most places — than anywhere else, by some estimates. The exact numbers were unclear, but even the less observant among the region's werewolves noticed that their brethren were much more common here than elsewhere. This doesn't mean they're suffering from population problems, of course. Cities such as Denver, Fort Collins and Boulder still hold plenty of open territories, and more can be found in the mountains proper. And of course, recent events have winnowed many a pack from the Rockies, leaving empty space where once they

hunted. Nonetheless, players need to remember that their characters are not alone. Colorado's werewolves form a community, and a sizable one. Newly changed Uratha need to be mindful of this fact if they're going to survive for long in this wild and foreboding place.

FANG AND CLAW

The *Suthar Anzuth* see the Rockies in much the same way early pioneers did: a challenge. Foes lurk here that aren't present anywhere else in the world, and with such unique enemies comes the opportunity to hone one's skill as a warrior. While other tribes celebrate the defeat of Gurdilag and the Pure Tribes, the Blood Talons know that these victories provided respite only. In a land so ancient and powerful, other threats will arise, and the Talons lick their chops in anticipation.

And it's coming. The Pure Tribes are on their way, and the Blood Talons know it. The Scar Angels ride the highways in part because that's what they enjoy, but also so they can be the first to catch the spoor of a Pure pack. The Red Knives don't play the survivalist card because they fear some sort of nuclear apocalypse, they're ready in case the Pure organize again. A sense of grim anticipation hangs over the children of Fenris-Ur, and each Blood Talon knows shortly after his initiation that trouble will be coming for him soon. It's simply his duty to be ready — as best he can be.

DEATH AND REBIRTH

Insatiably curious, the Bone Shadows have insinuated themselves into every aspect of Colorado's Uratha society. While not the most populous tribe in the region, the children of Death Wolf are spread throughout the mountains, investigating the spiritscape of mountain and city alike. And yet, many of them draw a varying amount of suspicion and mistrust from the other tribes — carrion crows, they're called. Graverobbers. Raggickers. Werewolves who sift through the scarred battlefields where Gurdilag and its spawn ruled, searching for things other tribes don't quite understand. Bone Shadows who have recently arrived in the Rockies receive the brunt of this attitude, though they often pay it no real heed.

The more established Bone Shadows of the region often have ties to the native human nations of Colorado, such as the Ute and Arapaho. This is less a matter of sympathy than a practical consideration. Native folklore embraces the possibility of animism, even when it's woefully naïve about the true nature of the spirits. Tangled amid the threads of these stories and practices might be a few strands that lead to forgotten aspects of very real lore — a clue to a potent spirit's ban, the location of an unusual locus. The Bone Shadows thus pick through these stories as avidly as they would any volume of urban legend or inner-city occult rumors.

Within the city proper, the Bone Shadows are at the forefront of the efforts to repair Denver's shattered spiritscape, using their wealth of mystic knowledge to lure spirits out from hiding and to bring the rogue elements under control. The Iron

Masters and the Storm Lords see them as a valuable resource and regularly court newly changed Bone Shadows in hopes of bolstering their own repositories of spirit lore. While some are happy enough to join up with packs from other tribes, most prefer to keep their own counsel, letting their curiosity and their thirst for knowledge chart the course of their lives.

TWILIGHT HUNTERS

In general, most Hunters in Darkness are more interested in the pure and wild places than in the cities. In the Rockies, where the natural splendor of the world is so much in evidence and one of the world's most powerful loci rests in *Meninna* hands, this attitude is even more prevalent. Some Hunters in Darkness hunt the urban jungle, of course, and all certainly recognize that a threat to the Shadow Realm that originates in the city might soon threaten the wilderness. Sometimes, they just need a reminder that the entire world is connected. The War for Denver served as a superb wake-up call for the *Meninna*.

In the aftermath of the War for Denver, the Hunters are being forced to take a hard look at their priorities — which territories simply must be protected in accordance to Black Wolf's oath, and which must be let go. Several Hunters died when the Pure Tribes took control of *Sakendar Isi*, and many more died in the effort to retake Denver from Gurdilag and his minions. As a result, the Hunters cannot effectively defend their most powerful territories without aid. More important, however, is the fact that the Pure Tribes are chipping away at the integrity of Hunters packs, which means the Hunters need assistance from their brethren if they hope to survive in the long term. Packs of other tribes are happy to help the Hunters, but their aid does not come without price. In some cases, the Hunters have had to buy assistance by relinquishing territorial claims in the Denver Mountain Parks or even in the Front Range, while, in others, they have had to enter the cities to help urban packs repair the city's damaged Shadow. The Hunters are not happy with this state of affairs, but there's precious little they can do about it until the threat the Pure Tribes represent is neutralized.

STEEL AND GLASS

The Iron Masters tribe is one of the more visible and commonly discussed tribes in Denver, thanks to Max Roman and his Silver Syndicate. Several packs in the area owe their formation to Roman, and he has a great deal of leverage throughout the city. To his credit, Roman is a superb leader and warrior, and Gurdilag might have done much more damage to the world than it did if he had not discovered the idigam's ban.

Beyond Denver, however, Max Roman's name isn't exactly a badge of honor. Multi-tribal packs form, of course, but they normally do so "organically." Uratha join together for whatever reasons and put aside any tribal misgivings they have to follow a common totem. Placing five werewolves together as a pack works fairly well if they have enough commonality to keep them compatible, and a shared tribal totem provides this. This compatibility doesn't have anything to do with personality, but is a spiritual consideration, so it is critical to the success of the pack. By forcing disparate Uratha together and expecting them to make a functional pack by sheer will, Roman is ignoring that rather critical element.

As for the *Farsil Luhai* as a tribe, it's not uncommon for young members to try to trade on Roman's name in the

Rockies. They find that this doesn't work well. Outside Denver, Roman is simply an Iron Master elder with some strange ideas; inside Denver, most people know who was really there when Gurdilag fell.

STORM WARNINGS

All werewolves are dangerous to cross, but the Storm Lords are arguably more dangerous when riled than most. No *Iminir* exemplify this more than Rachel Snow and her pack. Snow is not at all above seeding rivalries between other packs that are meant to blossom into conflict, and she is the most outspoken and respected opponent of Max Roman's plan for unity. Although she can seem otherwise, she is neither malicious nor cruel. She simply believes that conflict breeds strength; as such she truly does have the well-being of all Forsaken at heart.

Not surprisingly, Snow and Roman's relationship is a far cry from the strong allegiance it was during the fight against Gurdilag. Though each must grudgingly respect the other's personal strength, they have much less respect for one another's way of thinking. She sees him as a romantic idealist whose naïve principles are sure to get him killed, and will probably drag down a number of worthy packs with him. He sees her as an anachronism, whose isolationist ideology is a nothing more than a sad reminder of times long gone. Both, however, believe that their methods ultimately make the Uratha stronger. It's easy to see how the players' pack might become a pawn in their battle for control over the future of the local Forsaken, so players should exercise extreme care whenever their characters are forced to deal with either of these powerful individuals.

Ideally, players should feel conflicted about the Roman/Snow rivalry. Both werewolves have, at the core of their arguments, a solid point. Roman's approach certainly seems more "right," at least on paper — it fits with the lessons learned from human life, and the ideals of a greater society. But Snow's approach points out that werewolves are not human, and cannot be expected to act as such. They are pack animals, not herd animals — as she argues, it's folly to expect them to unselfishly surrender their own ambitions for some ill-defined greater whole. Essentially, the political conflict represents the struggle between human ideals and the necessities of werewolf life. What is most important to the players' characters? And will that reflect what side they take in this struggle — if any? Roman's approach might seem more ethical, but players should never forget that Snow might just be right. That conflict makes for great roleplaying, so keep it center stage whenever these tribes are involved in the story.

SPIRIT MATTERS

The spirits of the Rockies are ancient and powerful, and newly Changed Uratha quickly discover that they are not to be trifled with. The vast majority of them resent the werewolves' presence in their territories, and many fear and distrust the strange hybrid monsters' power over flesh and spirit alike. Despite their inhuman logic, though, the mountains' spirits are not utterly beyond recognizable reasoning. The Uratha can bring some semblance of order and stability to the spirit world — some spirits are utterly opposed to them doing so, but others might profit from it. If a pack is cunning and perceptive, they can learn which spirits can be appeased with chiminage or bullied into providing assistance or information. Such spirits

cooperate as long as the Uratha show them the proper respect (or strength), but their patience is limited. A werewolf who steps out of line learns the truth of this in short order.

The spirit echo of the wilder reaches of the Rocky Mountains is “healthy,” much as one defines the spirit world — while still a dog-eat-dog ecology of ruthless predation, at least its “ecosystem” runs roughly as one would expect. In contrast, Denver’s Shadow is in shambles. The ancient called Gurdilag produced a veritable morass of corrupt and frightening spirits during its tenure, many of which still survive. Undignified as it seems, new packs often find themselves riding herd on these miscreants, trying desperately to exorcise the more malicious sorts and bring some sort of order to the rest. It’s a frustrating job, but it falls under the category of maintenance that must be done lest even more hell break loose. Making matters worse is the fact that the efforts of the Azlu seem to have dovetailed nicely with those of Gurdilag and his minions. While the Forsaken are fairly certain that the two parties were not working in concert, it does appear as though the activities of each subtly reinforced the efforts of the other. The result is a Gauntlet that is ridiculously strong in some areas and relatively weak in others, making travel in the *Hisil* somewhat unpredictable. As such, stabilizing the Gauntlet throughout its territory is high on the werewolves’ list of priorities.

SPIRIT ETIQUETTE

Colorado’s wilderness spirits are proud and defiant, and they violently oppose anyone who fails to treat them with the utmost courtesy and respect. Their ire is understandable. The growth of humanity and its cities has weakened the spirits considerably and given rise to technological spirits that these older beings find incomprehensible. Uratha who wish to deal with these ancient spirits have to be mindful of their concerns, which can prove difficult in the modern world.

Most of Colorado’s urban spirits are fairly reasonable, as long as they’re approached with some care. If the pack takes its spirit duties seriously, treats the spirits with respect and patience, and doesn’t throw its weight around, many of them can be brought to heel over time. Dealing with malcontents is an absolute must, however. If the pack can’t demonstrate its competence in dealing with the most problematic and disruptive spirits, gaining the grudging tolerance of the others will be nigh impossible.

MAKING PEACE

WITH A TERRITORY’S SPIRITS

Telling spirit-centered stories can be very rewarding, especially in the battered Shadow of Denver. These sorts of stories focus on establishing a rapport with the spirits inhabiting a territory, which can be quite challenging if the inhabitants of that territory have been subjected to traumatic events in the past. Several common approaches to a story of this sort are described here.

DIPLOMACY

The spirits of Colorado’s many cities don’t need a bunch of werewolves telling them how to do things. Far from the chaos of Gurdilag’s reign, they tend to be reluctant to accept the Uratha as the new dominant dogs on the block. To urban spirits, unchecked urban growth is a sign of health and well-being. The Uratha are going to find it incredibly difficult



to convince them that moderation and control are of some importance, and that the werewolves are the ones who are best equipped to balance the competing needs of urban and wilderness spirits. If a skilled Elodoth can manage to diplomatically win over spirits, a pack's work can be that much easier.

BRINGING SPIRITS TO HEEL

Many of the Rockies' mountain-spirits are ancient beings with long memories and strong personalities. They remember generations upon generations of werewolves, and the passing of the years has done nothing to ease the bitterness they feel toward the half-flesh hunters. If spirits will not listen to the Elodoth's blandishments, they must be forcibly brought to heel — no pack can afford to have hostile spirits in their territory without taking any form of action. There are powerful spirits in the mountains, though, and they can't simply be bullied by force. In some cases, a pack may have to go to great lengths to hunt down a spirit's ban simply if they wish to live peacefully near "its" territory. It may not be gentle, but werewolves are not gentle creatures.

EXORCISM

Stories focusing on exorcism often have painful roots. The trauma associated with some act of violence or defilement can give rise to a powerful spirit, and its influence slowly corrupts the territory's Shadow until everything within suffers from its vile presence. Spirits of this sort often lack the power to harm a pack of werewolves directly, but they can still be problematic. Their lack of bodies makes them maddeningly difficult to deal with, for example. The Uratha cannot simply track the spirit down and dispose of it; another may rise in its stead. Rather, they have to identify its origins and address them in such a way that the spirit loses the bulk of its power. Inexperienced Uratha often write off these sorts of territories, considering them a lost cause. Elders know better, however. If the werewolves are willing to invest in a territory, and to make it their own, they might find that dealing with its less savory inhabitants is quite possible. It just happens to be an extremely arduous and unpleasant task.

STORY HOOK — THE SPIRIT OF MURDER

The characters find that their territory is home to a spirit of murder, and they have to draw it out and banish it before the territory can be healed. Typically, spirits of murder gain power only if a substantial number of people are killed in a grisly fashion within a given area (a vampire's feeding grounds, for instance, or the den of a serial killer). To expose the spirit, the characters must determine who was killed, how and why the murders occurred, as well as who was responsible. Further, they must also make some effort to bring the killer(s) to justice if it is possible to do so. (Dismemberment is acceptable "justice" in this case.) If the murderer is already dead, the characters must communicate this to the malign spirit. In both cases, once the killer has been dealt with, the characters must see that the bodies of all of the victims receive a proper burial (including any relevant religious rites).

Note that the characters in this situation are struggling with a spirit created from the pain and outrage of the murder victims, not (necessarily) the ghosts of the murder victims. The characters might even lack the ability to communicate with ghosts, meaning that exorcising the murder-spirit becomes much more difficult. If they exorcise the ghost, thinking that it is responsible for the spiritual disturbance, they will discover their mistake when the murder-spirit returns, as powerful as ever, feeding from the pain of a new victim.

HEALING

One of the most appropriate spirit-centered stories in the aftermath of the War for Denver involves helping a ravaged neighborhood heal its spiritual injuries. Gurdilag's experiments made a mess of the spirit world, and even spirits who didn't suffer direct pollution of Essence suffered as the spirits that they normally would have fed on disappeared and those they would not ordinarily have feared suddenly became voracious magath.

Gurdilag did not limit its predations to the Shadow Realm, of course. The idigam took the minds of human beings and replaced them with spirits, planted human consciousness in spiritual Corpus, and in the process threw the metaphysical laws of Denver's Shadow into chaos. A portion of the damage has been corrected since Gurdilag's destruction, but many spirits live in fear and pain. This, in turn, affects the human residents of the city.

Stories involving healing and maintaining the *Hisil* are common for **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, but in Denver they take on a disturbing twist. If maintaining a normal city's Shadow is analogous to cleaning a normal city — difficult, what with litter, graffiti and people willfully making a mess, but not impossible or particularly disturbing — doing so in Denver is best compared to cleaning a city recently torn by war. The characters might find casualties of that war, both spiritual and human. In fact, the characters might have to take on a sort of battlefield doctor role. Can they heal the beings they find, or would a swift death be more merciful?

STORY HOOK — TRIAGE

The pack finds a stretch of unclaimed territory in Denver. Looking at the spirit wilds, it's easy to see why no one's claimed this area. The Shadow looks like a demilitarized zone. A little checking reveals that a major battle against Gurdilag's minions took place here and that all the Uratha involved were slain.

As the characters poke around, they find a werewolf hiding in an alleyway, a Blood Talon Cahalith who calls himself Killsinger. His pack died in battle some time ago; he was grievously wounded but allowed to crawl clear of the enemies. The alley he crawled into is a locus, and the spirits there have fed on his pain and guilt, slowing down his healing

powers and blinding him to the passage of time. Indeed, though months have passed since the battle, he believes Gurdilag is still in power.

The characters can help this broken Uratha back to health, but healing his soul is more difficult. Killsinger must come to terms with the fact that he couldn't have saved his pack, and that he does not bear any shame for surviving. The Cahalith doesn't make it easy on the characters, however. He might even ask one of them to put him out of his misery. If they anger him, he may even attack them in hopes that they will kill him — giving into Death Rage in its bleakest definition.

THE RIDDEN

Some spirits yearn for the flesh. They fear or hate the predatory aspect of the Shadow, so they slip across the Gauntlet to “borrow” the bodies of others. During the War for Denver, plenty of spirits took the opportunity to possess their victims, as the desire to evade the spiritual carnage wrought by Gurdilag became an overpowering survival instinct. In the aftermath of the war, many more slipped through temporary loci to escape the traumatized wreckage of the Shadow. Now the Uratha are faced with the challenge of dealing with the mess.

In contrast to the scenarios described thus far, exorcising possessing spirits is usually a simple task when the Ridden

itself can be found. The Urged can be easily driven off; if Uratha performs the necessary rites, the possession ends. The Claimed can be dealt with even more expeditiously, although the method — slaughtering the host body — can be a heavy burden to bear. Unfortunately, that doesn't stop the spirit from riding something else, and continuing ad infinitum until the Uratha gives up. Therefore, the characters must approach possessing spirits very carefully. If the characters think of them as wayward children, and offer them rewards for behaving according to their true nature, the spirits can often be convinced to return to their proper place in life. If the Uratha are heavy-handed with matters, however, the spirits can continue to elude them forever, leading them in circles.

URBAN LEGENDS

When considering the supernatural population of Colorado, to say nothing of all of the conflicts that arise within that population, one is forced to ask a very simple question: How do the people of Colorado fit into all of this? While it's true that Gurdilag and his minions maintained a healthy masquerade during their time in the state's capital, and that werewolves are shrouded under a veil of lunatic secrecy at all times, no deception can be completely perfect. The Uratha can hide their activities all they like, but the city's spirits are under no compunction to do the same. Neither, for that matter, are the Beshilu, the Azlu or any of the other fringe elements in the World of Darkness. People on the fringe might begin to notice things, and creative Storytellers can use this information in different ways.



DAILY LIFE

To begin with, the battered Shadow of Denver has affected the city's inhabitants in numerous ways. Over the course of several decades, the callous actions of Gurdilag (to say nothing of vampires and other unpleasant sorts) have rubbed off on the land, turning various parts of the city into dens of rage, despair, paranoia or fear. People visiting these areas are subtly affected by this resonance. They are overcome with feelings of anger, hatred or confusion for no discernable reason, and when they talk to others about their experiences, they find that they are not alone. Then they start to ask questions. Why do people feel so depressed on one city block and not another, when there's nothing particularly special about that city block? Why do people get so reckless over a particular stretch of highway, even though it's no more treacherous than anywhere else on the road? What is it about the tavern downtown that makes its patrons so volatile?

Of course, there are no answers to these questions that are available to normal people. As a result, they start to make up stories, and those stories can take on a life of their own in the World of Darkness. Most such tales, of course, are just idle talk, the result of people trying to fend off the demons in the world around them and regain some control over their lives. But some have an element of truth in them that Uratha might find useful.

TELLING A PROPER STORY

All good urban legends have some kernel of truth to them that gives them at least a shred of plausibility. The details often seem outrageous, but there's just enough truth to the story that people think, "Well, I guess that could happen." Even in the real world strange things happen every day. This "truth is stranger than fiction" mentality is what gives urban legends their power, and this mentality is much stronger in the World of Darkness. Werewolves who go looking for such occurrences spend time just listening to other people, finding out what might be going on in their territories, and investigating accordingly. Most of their efforts bear little fruit, and even when they find something interesting, they invariably find that the storyteller got the details wrong. But when a lead pans out, it often lets a pack know about a threat to its territory that it might have missed otherwise, and that makes the whole endeavor worthwhile.

To make a story believable and useful, Storytellers should learn to keep things vague enough to reflect the common man's lack of knowledge, but specific enough that an Uratha listener might think, "This could be a spirit, or a Beshilu or a Ridden or something similar." Have the story tell the Uratha something about her territory, but have it tell her something about the storyteller as well. The character might find that the storyteller is somehow interesting (ridden by a spirit, displaying unusual emotions given the story at hand, or generally "off" in a way that tells the character there's something worth investigating further) even if the story itself is a pack of lies. This reminds characters that urban legends are indicators of many different things, and that listening to the regulars at the local dive might give the pack new opportunities for a hunt.

STORY HOOK — THE THING IN THE SEWER

Everyone's heard the story about the baby alligator that grew to titanic proportions in the city's sewer after being flushed down the toilet. This hook taps into the same sorts of legends, replacing the alligator with a big, furry... *something*. The hook begins with the Uratha hearing stories about giant rats underground. Humans don't take them seriously, of course, but the Uratha might reasonably be led to wonder if the Beshilu are up to something. Careful investigation by the pack reveals that there is not, in fact, any Beshilu activity in the area. The sewer rats are perfectly normal (or at least as normal as such things get), and no rat-friendly spirits have taken up residence in their territory. And yet, the stories continue.

The true culprit, as it turns out, is a spirit of gluttony. It's been riding the local rats and transforming them in subtle ways so that it can more easily indulge its voracious appetites. The result is that the sewer rats have grown to truly outlandish sizes, as big as dogs, and while they aren't really a threat (no more so than any large, hungry predator their size, anyway) the spirit itself is another story. The pack will have to get rid of it in order to settle the rats down.

THE WORLD BEYOND

While it's true that Denver is a prime choice for stories involving urban legends, Storytellers should not feel compelled to situate all such stories in the Mile-High City. Other cities in the urban area don't suffer from the fallout of Gurdilag's reign as Denver does, but they have their own weirdness to draw upon and can make great backdrops for spooky stories. Colorado Springs, for example, is home to all manner of military bases, which are rife with possible supernatural story hooks. Smaller towns are also great candidates for urban legends. Sleepy little towns like Craig are spooky backdrops for scary stories, mainly because they're so isolated. If one of Gurdilag's pet projects were to take up residence there, it would make for a frightening story indeed.

MOUNTAIN TOWNS

Themes of isolation and paranoia are appropriate as a pack ascends the mountain roads. Citizens of such towns tend to be hardy and stubborn. After all, a rockslide or avalanche could wipe them out, and they know it. The supernatural denizens of such places, werewolf or otherwise, are similarly tough. They have no intention of giving up their territories to interlopers.

If a pack ventures to a small town in the mountains, describe the way the highways twist and turn and grow more dangerous as the characters near the city limits. Make sure that

any supernatural inhabitants of the area spend time watching them before confronting them, and that they are prepared to flee if the pack decides that violence is a good starting option. Also, consider the town itself. How does it sustain itself? A mining town is much different than a logging town. Is the town in recession or suffering from a recent natural disaster? If so, that disaster might have supernatural roots (which could be what brought the characters here to begin with).

SKI RESORTS

Superb settings for classic horror stories because they can immediately provide seclusion from the outside world, ski resorts open all sorts of possibilities for a **Werewolf** story. The major hurdle to overcome might be bringing the characters there. It's a little silly to think of a group of werewolves taking a skiing holiday, but then, if your last story was exceptionally bleak, maybe your troupe would enjoy a little levity before the drama begins anew. Maybe the characters are pursuing a human target who is vacationing at the resort, or maybe a relative who works at the resort is potentially about to undergo a First Change. Generally, the smaller the resort the better — the element of isolation adds a lot to a story.

Resorts are common in the Rockies and in Colorado especially, ranging from small operations with no provisions for overnight stay to famous lodges such as Aspen. A little online research will provide maps, activity schedules and anything else you need to run such a story. All you need to provide is the conflict.

Malevolent spirits, the Pure and even vampires could all stalk a resort area for their own reasons. The elements, too, can provide superb conflict. Remember that because the characters can take the forms of wolves, they aren't as constrained by inclement weather as normal humans. Then again, even a wolf can freeze to death if the temperature drops too low, and a werewolf who fancies herself immortal might just require a lesson in the power and danger of the great outdoors.

STALKING DISEASE

Werewolves are hunters, first and last. A foe marked by a werewolf pack is not long for the world. With a simple taste of blood, an Uratha can track her prey across a continent. In the Rockies, fleeing from a pack becomes an even more difficult proposition.

And yet, the Uratha are not the only hunters of the spirit wilds. Predator spirits of all kinds stalk the Shadow, consuming the Essence of others to grow more powerful. Even species not normally considered predators must feed in this fashion if they wish to gain strength and Rank. At the heart of any hunt is preservation — something must die so that something else can live. Humans confuse this notion by bringing morality into the equation, but the spirits — and the Uratha — know the truth. In the hunt is true harmony.

"Stalking Disease" is a short story for a pack of Uratha of any level of experience. It takes the characters from a pack gathering in Loveland to Denver, and then into the wilderness in search of their quarry. The characters have the chance in "Stalking Disease" to vanquish one of the remaining creations of Gurdilag, and save several loci from destruction in the process. Of course, if the trail grows cold, they become the hunted... possibly for the rest of their lives.

SYNOPSIS

Although Gurdilag's direct influence never spread much beyond the city of Denver, Uratha in nearby cities prepared themselves for the worst. Fortunately for them, Max Roman's coalition stopped the idigam before it could spread chaos and horror too far. Even its obscene creations never made it much past the city limits, and werewolves of neighboring territories were happy to slay any of the unnatural creatures that crossed into their hunting grounds.

Yet even the most watchful Uratha make mistakes. The obvious monsters, like the *Su'ur*, didn't make it far, but Gurdilag didn't restrict itself to merging spirit and flesh. It also created several magath. Many of these creatures were slain by fellow spirits or vigilant werewolves, but a few of them were patient and intelligent enough to survive. Magath occur naturally, after all, so their existence isn't so obvious a testament to the idigam's reign as some of Denver's other inhabitants. One of these magath, a strange amalgam of a mountain-lion-spirit and a spirit of decay, realized that its greatest threat came from the Uratha. Deciding to hide in plain sight and acquire some bodyguards in the process, it offered its patronage to a new pack.

The Mountain Demons, as this pack came to be known, believes that it follows a spirit called Catamount as its totem. The magath, however, is much more powerful than it pretends. Its hunter's instinct combined with the endless hunger of decay drives it to siphon the Essence from its pack and any other Uratha with whom it comes into contact. As the pack travels, Catamount leaves its spiritual mark, allowing it to steal Essence from anything in the general area. The Mountain Demons have yet to claim a territory of their own, but they are in the process of finding one. If they settle down, the Shadow Realm for miles around will soon begin to sicken and die to feed the hungry magath.

The characters come into contact with the Mountain Demons during a three-way meet in Loveland. The magath is careful to avoid seeming to be anything other than a mountain-lion-spirit, and it works to make sure its pack doesn't betray its true nature. Nonetheless, perceptive characters might notice something odd about the Demons and their totem.

The three-way meet itself is called to spread the word of a problem that several packs in the area share. Their pack totems and even some of their *engum* are losing Essence, as though afflicted with a wasting disease. The Bone Shadow pack called Owl's Mourning specifically asks to meet with the players' pack and the Mountain Demons, as both packs have yet to be afflicted and must be warned. Owl's Mourning asks both packs to investigate around their own territories for signs of trouble as best they can.

The characters then begin their investigations. The trail may take them into Denver to discuss the problem with knowledgeable Uratha, to the territories of the afflicted packs, and eventually into the mountains where they find Pure-Heart Terra, a powerful Predator King who lies dying. She has information that the characters will find useful, but convincing her to part with it is a different problem.

If the characters can convince Terra to parlay civilly, she gives them an important clue: She was attacked by a mountain lion, which had previously led her to a pack of sleeping werewolves. By now, the characters should have enough information to warrant investigation of the Mountain Demons.

In the final scene, the characters find and confront the Mountain Demons. When Catamount realizes that it has been found out, it sucks the Essence out of its pack and flees. The characters must hunt down and destroy the crazed magath in order to save the Mountain Demons' lives and all of the totems and *engum* it has marked.

STORYTELLER'S NOTE — RUNNING MYSTERIES

"Stalking Disease" is a mystery story in many ways. Someone is committing a crime, the most likely suspects (the Predator Kings) become victims, and an unlikely suspect (a pack totem) is the guilty one. In a murder mystery, the sleuth would uncover guilty secrets from many of the participants, but eventually unmask the killer.

Running mystery stories requires the Storyteller to do what's known as "playing fair by the audience." That is, the end should never be impossible to guess or completely contradictory to the evidence presented, which is why the characters have a chance during the initial meeting to notice something wrong with the Mountain Demons pack. The tricky part comes in presenting enough information that, when they reach the end of the story, the players nod and say, "Ah, that makes perfect sense," without presenting so much that they guess what's happening within the first hour.

This is a balancing act, to be sure, and how much you present depends greatly on how experienced and perceptive your players are. As such, we can't tell you in any concrete terms how to achieve that balance. A general rule, however, is that players tend to be easily distracted. Therefore, if you present a piece of information and then follow it rapidly with an interesting, but unrelated, tidbit (called a "red herring"), you reduce the risk of them piecing it all together too soon.

Whatever you do, *do not* obviously stifle their efforts in an attempt to make the story "more challenging." Instead, if they come through a challenge sooner than you expect, make the *next* hurdle they face more difficult. That way they still have to work to achieve their ends, but don't feel as though you're actively holding them back.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

This section contains full character profiles for the Mountain Demons and their totem, as well as background information on Pure-Heart Terra. Minor characters such as police officers, hikers and so on can be drawn from the sample antagonist profiles in the **World of Darkness Rulebook**. Some characters who could play a larger role, such as any Denver Uratha, are detailed elsewhere in this book,

while others, such as Pure-Heart Terra, play a limited role in the story and do not need detailed game traits.

THE MOUNTAIN DEMONS

This young pack formed when three Bone Shadows fresh from their tribal initiation stumbled upon four Uratha looking to answer Max Roman's call for multi-tribal packs. The seven werewolves bonded and attempted to find territory in Denver, but they quickly grew tired of the political scene. In fact, they found themselves more in agreement with Rachel Snow's philosophies and decided to leave the area to find territory elsewhere. They made it as far as Fort Collins but were ambushed by a pack of Predator Kings, who slew Karen Marx, the only Ithaeur in the pack. The rest of the pack escaped to the south and stopped to discuss its options.

At that point, Catamount approached. It had seen the battle, it said, and wished to offer them patronage. It was a spirit of death and time, a patient hunter, and if they accepted it as their totem, it would guarantee revenge on the Predator Kings. The Uratha accepted and bound themselves to the magath. They chose their pack name both because "mountain demon" is among the many nicknames for the mountain lion, and because they wished to someday scourge the mountains of the Predator Kings. (Sermon, the pack's Cahalith, often quotes the Book of Revelation when discussing the topic.) They were too new to the game to understand just how rare and strange it is for a totem to approach a pack without having to be hunted down and coerced first.

What Catamount didn't tell them, of course, was that it had led the Predator Kings to them and had weakened Karen the night before the battle. It didn't want a Crescent Moon in the pack, for fear that she might discover the spirit's nature. Each of the young werewolves has degenerated somewhat since taking on the spirit as totem, a side effect of its Influence of decay.

Note: These characters do not have dots in the Totem Merit. This is because although Catamount grants them power and they abide by its ban, they are not bound to it by any conventional means. It is this anomaly that allows the magath to hide its nature from its own pack and ultimately to flee in Scene Three.

SERMON

Auspice: Cahalith

Tribe: Bone Shadows

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 2, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics (Catholicism) 2, Investigation 1, Occult 2

Physical Skills: Brawl 2, Drive 1, Firearms (Shotgun) 1, Stealth 2, Survival 1

Social Skills: Animal Ken 1, Empathy 2, Expression (Sermons) 3, Intimidation 1, Persuasion 2 (Leadership), Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Contacts (Church) 2, Eidetic Memory, Language (Latin, Spanish) 2, Status (Clerical Standing) 1

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 7

Max Essence/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Wrath

Health: 7 (9/11/10/7)**Initiative:** 4 (4/5/6/6)**Defense:** 2 (2/2/2/2)**Speed:** 9 (10/13/16/14)**Renown:** Glory 1, Purity 1, Wisdom 1**Gifts:** (1) Know Name, Sense Malice, The Right Words**Weapons/Attacks:**

Type	Damage	Range	Shots	Special	Dice Pool
Shotgun	4 (L)	20/40/80	8+1	9 again	8

Sermon, born Desmondo Ortega, was the new priest in a small town in southern Colorado. He had just begun to win his flock's trust when the stirrings of the First Change began. The spirits always seemed most active during his sermons, which took on a fiery, wrathful cast as his werewolf nature began to come to the fore. One night at a midnight Mass under a gibbous moon, he lapsed instinctively into First Tongue for a full five minutes. His parishioners sat in horror as he raised the chalice, his face growing hairy and elongated as the Change took him. The Lunacy covered his escape, as far as he knows.

Sermon fled north and met up with a small pack of Bone Shadows near Salida, Colorado, and underwent his initiation at the same time as Peter Vasquez. His deed name comes from his tendency to quote the Bible and generally preach when making a point. Despite his werewolf nature, Sermon remains a devout Catholic and attends Mass every Sunday. He greatly misses the pulpit, however, and still wears his priest's collar.

Sermon is a Mexican man in his late 20s. He has black hair typically tied into a ponytail and looks perpetually sunburned. Since taking on Catamount as a totem, Sermon has begun squinting when reading or trying to focus on something distant.

PETER VASQUEZ**Auspice:** Rahu**Tribe:** Bone Shadows**Mental Attributes:** Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 2**Physical Attributes:** Strength 3 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4)**Social Attributes:** Presence 3, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 1**Mental Skills:** Crafts (Carpentry) 2, Occult 1, Science 1**Physical Skills:** Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Firearms 1, Larceny 1, Survival (Foraging) 2, Weaponry (Clubs) 2**Social Skills:** Animal Ken (Wolves) 1, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 3**Merits:** Brawling Dodge, Danger Sense, Fighting Style: Boxing 1, Fighting Style: Boxing 2, Language (Spanish) 1**Primal Urge:** 1**Willpower:** 3**Harmony:** 7**Max Essence/Per Turn:** 10/1**Virtue:** Fortitude**Vice:** Envy**Health:** 8 (10/12/11/8)**Initiative:** 3 (3/4/5/5)**Defense:** 2 (2/3/3/3)**Speed:** 10 (11/14/17/15)**Renown:** Cunning 1, Purity 1, Wisdom 1**Gifts:** (1) Crushing Blow, Death Sight, Wolf-Blood's Lure**Weapons/Attacks:**

Type	Damage	Size	Special	Dice Pool
Baseball Bat	3 (B)	2	—	9

Peter Vasquez refuses to take a deed name. He is proud of his family name and his Mexican heritage, and he still sees

himself as human rather than werewolf. Sermon and Oasis are of the opinion that this attitude is dangerous, but Peter won't hear of it.

Peter is an illegal immigrant. His family crossed the New Mexico border when he was 10 years old, and his father decided that the family would continue moving north so as to avoid detection. They settled in Salida, Colorado and found what work they could. Barely literate even in Spanish and not at all in English, Peter didn't see the United States as any kind of "land of opportunity." Instead, he saw INS agents waiting around every bend to deport him and his little sisters. As it happened, the night the INS found out that the Vasquez family were illegal aliens was also the night that Luna chose Peter as a Rahu.

Drenched in the blood of the agents, Peter fled his family but made it only to the city limits before the pack of Bone Shadows that had been tracking him chased him down. He probably would have refused to undergo a tribal initiation at all, but Sermon found the pack soon thereafter and the priest's presence comforted Peter enough to go along.

Peter is a young Mexican man in his late teens. He is muscular and healthy, but wears a perpetual scowl and has a habit of glancing over his shoulder. Since taking Catamount as a totem, Peter has developed dry skin and is constantly scratching.

OASIS**Auspice:** Elodoth**Tribe:** Bone Shadows**Mental Attributes:** Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve 2**Physical Attributes:** Strength 2 (3/5/4/2), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 2 (3/4/4/3)**Social Attributes:** Presence 2, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 3**Mental Skills:** Academics 2, Computer 1, Medicine 1, Occult (Ghosts) 2**Physical Skills:** Brawl 1, Larceny 1, Stealth (Hiding in Shadows) 2**Social Skills:** Empathy (Soothing) 2, Expression 2, Persuasion (Diplomacy) 2, Socialize 2, Subterfuge 3**Merits:** Fast Reflexes 1, Meditative Mind, Striking Looks 1**Primal Urge:** 2**Willpower:** 5**Harmony:** 7**Max Essence/Per Turn:** 11/1**Virtue:** Hope**Vice:** Greed**Health:** 7 (9/11/10/7)**Initiative:** 7 (7/8/9/9) with Fast Reflexes**Defense:** 2 (2/2/2/2)**Speed:** 10 (11/14/17/15)**Renown:** Honor 1, Wisdom 2**Gifts:** (1) Scent Beneath the Surface, Ward Versus Predators, Sense Malice; (2) Snarl of Command**Rituals:** 1; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication

Oasis completed her tribal initiation before Peter and Sermon, but only by a matter of days. The Bone Shadow pack that found the three of them invited her to join, but one of the members also invited her to share his bed. Confused by the proposition (as the Oath had already been explained to her), she brought it up to the rest of the pack. They told her that he had been testing her, but their looks and body language said something quite different. When Sermon and Peter completed their initiations and struck off on their own,

Oasis — then still known only by her human name of Alice Kenning — decided to accompany them.

When the three Bone Shadows arrived in Vail and met the four Uratha who would become their packmates, the initial confrontation was tense. Alice and John Marx faced off in combat, but each only landed a few blows before she decided the fight was silly, as neither pack had territory to defend. The seven of them agreed to join as a pack and find their own space, and Sermon thanked the young Bone Shadow for providing “an oasis of reason.” The name stuck, and Alice has been Oasis ever since.

As one of the pack’s two Half Moons, Oasis acts as negotiator and diplomat, dealing with external affairs while John Marx copes with intra-pack issues. Oasis also embraces her tribal culture more than Vasquez and Sermon, braiding small bones into her long, black hair and wearing golden skull earrings. She aspires to someday join the Lodge of Death, having heard the pack that initiated her mentioned it once, but she has no idea how to go about finding a member.

Catamount’s influence manifests in Oasis as stiffness in the joints. Her knees and back pop when she stands, and she flexes her fingers periodically as though in pain.

DAWN GHOSTFOOT

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Hunters in Darkness

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 2, Resolve 2

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics (Poetry) 2, Investigation 1, Occult 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Firearms 2, Stealth 2

Social Skills: Animal Ken 2, Expression (Poetry) 3, Intimidation (Spooky) 2, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge (Lies) 3

Merits: Direction Sense, Encyclopedic Knowledge, Fame 1, Resources 1

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 7

Max Essence/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Temperance

Vice: Lust

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

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

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

Speed: 9 (10/13/16/14)

Renown: Cunning 2, Purity 2

Gifts: (1) Blending, Partial Change, Sense Weakness, Speak with Beasts; (2) Feet of Mist, Slip Away

Rituals: 1; **Rites:** (1) Rite of the Spirit Brand

Born on a commune founded in the late 60s, Dawn Ghostfoot avoided contact with the industrialized world for most of her life. It wasn’t until she was 30 that the first stirrings of her bestial nature appeared, when the man who owned the land the commune was on sold it to a mining concern. Under the moonless sky, Dawn became the wolf, the hunter, and found the traitor. His remains decorated the mining company’s offices the following morning.

Both the Blood Talons and the Hunters in Darkness offered Dawn membership. She chose the *Menimma*, but made it clear to the Talons that she respected their warrior’s creed

as well. This expression of fellowship was what compelled John and Karen Marx to follow Dawn when she began a search for territory.

Dawn is an accomplished poet, and she uses the stories that she hears from various animals to write beautiful verse. Critics laud her work because it expresses nature in a truer form than most naturalist poets, showing the necessary brutality of the wilds. Dawn legally changed her last name to Ghostfoot soon after her tribal initiation, stating that she was both werewolf and human, warrior and poet. Her work helps fund the pack’s activities.

Dawn is in her late 30s. She has long, brown hair, which has recently begun to gray. She always carries a notebook and pen, and she occasionally jots down a turn of phrase that she finds interesting. Dawn isn’t obviously afflicted by Catamount’s presence, but that’s because her mind is beginning to slip. While the characters won’t notice it immediately, she’s growing forgetful and confused.

OWEN

Auspice: Rahu

Tribe: Hunters in Darkness

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 3

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Computer (Searches) 2, Investigation 2, Occult 2, Science 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Larceny 1, Stealth 2, Survival (Navigation) 1, Weaponry (Hatchet) 4

Social Skills: Animal Ken (Predators) 3, Intimidation 1

Merits: Fetish (Klaive Hatchets) 4, Fighting Style: Two Weapons 3, Fleet of Foot 1

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 5

Max Essence/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Wrath

Health: 7 (9/11/10/7)

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

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

Speed: 12 (13/16/19/17) with Fleet of Foot

Renown: Cunning 1, Glory 1, Purity 3

Gifts: (1) Blending, Clarity, Warning Growl, Wolf-Blood’s Lure; (2) Feet of Mist; (3) Running Shadow

Rituals: 1; **Rites:** (1) Shared Scent

Weapons/Attacks:

Type	Damage	Size	Special	Dice Pool
Klaive Hatchets	2 (L)	2	Knockdown	10

Jennifer Derringer was born in Vail, Colorado to an Arapaho mother and a white father. She isn’t sure which of them had the wolf blood, but she does know that her father claimed to be a descendent of the “Derringer who made the pistols.” He was a gun nut, Jennifer relates, and it was that fact that killed him.

Jennifer’s First Change was preceded by terrible spiritual malevolence. Mirrors shattered, windows frosted, leaves turned yellow and fell in the midst of spring and the world generally seemed to equate her with death and withering. The Predator Kings followed these signs to her door. Fortunately, so did the Hunters in Darkness. During the battle,

both of her parents kept their heads remarkably well. Her mother pulled Jennifer into a bedroom and hid, while her father grabbed a pistol and fired at the snarling creatures. One bullet ricocheted and struck him in the chest. He stumbled backward into the bedroom, dying, and Jennifer erupted into the war form and tore into everything around her.

Later, the victorious *Meninna* asked her to join them, and she agreed, bidding farewell to her mother. She has not returned home since, nor has she forgiven herself for not understanding the omens. If she had, she thinks, her father might not have died.

Omen is in her mid 20s. Her brown eyes are almost always downcast, and she keeps her blond hair short to avoid having to maintain it. Catamount's influence has been hindering her digestion. She suffers from painful stomach cramps periodically, though she never admits to it. She wears her two fetish hatchets strapped to her back. These hatchets cause knockdown when activated.

JOHN MARX

Auspice: Eludoth

Tribe: Blood Talons

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve 4

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

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Computer 2, Politics 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Drive (Motorcycle) 2, Survival 1, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Empathy (Uratha) 3, Intimidation (Face-Downs) 3, Persuasion 2, Subterfuge (Pack Dynamics) 3

Merits: Allies (Wolf-Blooded) 2, Contacts (Wolf-Blooded) 2, Fighting Style: Kung Fu 1, Iron Stamina 2

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 7

Max Essence/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Prudence

Vice: Wrath

Health: 7 (9/11/10/7)

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

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

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

Renown: Glory 1, Honor 2, Purity 1, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (1) Scent Beneath the Surface, Know Name, The Right Words, Sense Malice; (2) Camaraderie

John Marx and his cousin Karen were born to a family with a strong strain of wolf blood, most of it from interbreeding with Blood Talons. All members of the family are instructed in martial arts, firearms use and other martial pursuits from an early age. John, however, didn't seem to have the same affinity for it as many of his family. He

and Karen would instead spend hours discussing political and spiritual matters. Only their grandmother seemed to think the wolf's blood was strong in them. As it happened, she was right — John

and Karen underwent their First Changes within a week of each other, she under the crescent moon and he under the half moon.

John realized that he was never going to be the same sort of warrior as many of his tribe, but his knack for resolving intra-pack disputes was nothing short of prodigious. As such, his family suggested that he might try to join a multi-tribal pack, since he could get along with other werewolves so well. (He suspects that this suggestion was somewhat derisive.) He met Dawn



Ghostfoot a short time later and — impressed with how she deftly balanced joining one of the two tribes that offered her membership without offending the other — asked her to join with him and Karen into a pack. The three of them met up with Omen shortly thereafter, and then with the three Bone Shadows just over a year later.

When Karen was killed by the Predator Kings in Wyoming, John's normally staid demeanor unraveled considerably. He's a bit more stable now, but he makes no secret of his hatred for the *Ninna Farakh* and his desire to take his vengeance upon them. As such, he is the most loyal of the pack to Catamount.

Now in his early 20s, John is tall and lean, with piercing blue eyes and a hungry expression. As is traditional with several men of the Marx family, he shaves his head every morning and will continue to do so until his cousin is avenged. Since taking Catamount as a totem, he walks with a slight limp in his left leg.

CATAMOUNT (MAGATH/PACK TOTEM)

Rank: 3

Attributes: Power 7, Finesse 7, Resistance 5

Willpower: 12

Max Essence: 30 (see Numina)

Initiative: 12

Defense: 7

Speed: 22 (species factor 8)

Size: 4

Corpus: 9

Influences: Decay ••, Hunger •

Numina: Decay's Hunger, Essence Drain, Mark of Decay, Materialize, Material Vision, Reaching, Wilds Sense

- **Decay's Hunger:** Catamount can hold an amount of extra Essence equal to its Resistance. This Numen is common among spirits associated with hunger and decomposition.

- **Essence Drain:** This Numen allows Catamount to drain Essence from other spirits simply by being in the same vicinity. Doing so requires a contested roll of Catamount's Power + Finesse against the target's Power + Resistance. If Catamount wins, it drains a number of Essence points equal to the successes rolled for it. Catamount can use this Numen only on spirits of equal or lesser Rank. The Numen works on Uratha as well, but then the roll pits Catamount's Power + Finesse against the werewolf's Resolve + Primal Urge. A werewolf thus afflicted can always sense the attack, even if it takes place through the Gauntlet via the Reaching Numen. This Numen costs one Essence to activate, so Catamount is not prone to use it against targets that look as though they stand a good chance of resisting.

- **Mark of Decay:** Catamount can mark an area and later use the Essence Drain Numen to target a spirit in the area just as if Catamount were standing on the marked spot. Using this Numen costs one Essence when the mark is made. Marks are permanent unless a werewolf performs a careful spiritual cleaning of the area. Doing so requires an extended roll of Intelligence + Occult + Primal Urge. Each roll represents one hour, and successes equal to Catamount's Willpower (14) are required to excise the mark. It takes one minute for Catamount to attune itself to a marked location, and Catamount can only have 5 marks in existence at any given time (a number derived from Catamount's Resistance).

Bonuses: Brawl Specialty — Claws (given), Skill: Brawl 3 (pack), 4 Willpower pool/story, Gift: Mighty Bound (given), Occult Specialty — Banes (given)

Ban: The totem ban is that Mountain Demons cannot accept any new pack members without the totem's express approval, and they can only claim a territory that Catamount blesses. Also, the

pack agrees to provide the hungry spirit with Essence, should it ever be required.

Catamount's personal ban is its endless hunger. It *must* feed on Essence constantly. The spirit loses five Essence every day.

Cost: N/A

Catamount resembles a large mountain lion. Before Gurdilag merged the lion-spirit's Essence with that of a spirit of decay, the lion was hale and healthy. Now it appears starving. It hides this by remaining in the shadows, but anyone who gets a good look at the spirit sees that its eyes are sunken and bloodshot, its skin hangs loosely on its bones and it drools with constant hunger. Tiny motes of pain and death hover around it like flies. It sometimes consumes them, but takes no real nourishment from them.

PURE-HEART TERRA

Terra entered her First Change under the full moon nearly 30 years ago. Her family lived in a small mountain town near the Colorado-Wyoming border, and she was accustomed to hearing coyotes howling at night. In the weeks before her First Change, the howls grew louder and more insistent, and when the night finally came, she knew the wolves would be at her door soon. When the Uratha arrived, it was a pack of Hunters in Darkness, ready to adopt a new Rahu.

Terra surprised them by attacking them on sight. She had already downed one before the others could react. In the ensuing battle, she put down two more, as the *Meninna* were initially reluctant to kill a newly changed werewolf. Terra, however, showed no such hesitation. Even so, she certainly would have fallen had not the Predator Kings arrived. The remaining Hunters were overcome and then butchered. The *Ninna Farakh* decided that any freshly Changed werewolf who knew by instinct to attack the Forsaken, and who attacked with such brutality, was pure of heart and welcome in their tribe. She became Pure-Heart Terra that night, and her name became infamous among the local Forsaken for the next two decades.

In recent years, Terra's energy has abated somewhat, though not her aggression. Long years of killing werewolves have taken their toll, however, and she is dangerously distant from the spirits and prone to biting chunks out of her pack-mates when annoyed. Recently, she was wandering in the mountains and chanced upon a mountain lion. She followed the spirit, which led her to a pack of sleeping Uratha. She returned with her pack and attacked, killing one of them before the Forsaken werewolves fled.

Months later, she encountered the lion again while hunting near the town of Loveland. The lion was, of course, Catamount, and it didn't wish to be followed again, now that it had accomplished its goal (namely, ridding the future Mountain Demons of their Ithaeur). It also believed that Terra could give its nature away to the pack. It attacked Terra and marked her directly, a feat only possible due to Terra's high Primal Urge. As she bleeds Essence, the spirit absorbs it. In effect, that magath has made it impossible for Terra to stop her own Essence bleed, and her soul is slowly dwindling away. Ordinarily, she would slip into a coma upon reaching 0 Essence, but Terra, already unhinged and sensing her approaching death, informed her pack that her time had come and loped off into the woods to die. For over a week now, she has lain in a clearing, slowly losing her will to live. It is in this state that the characters find her in Scene Two.

PROLOGUE: THE THREE-WAY MEET

Loveland, Colorado is a city of about 50,000, roughly 45 miles north of Denver. The Forsaken of the city and the surrounding area consist mainly of Blood Talons and Bone Shadows, but all tribes are represented to some degree. Some of the werewolves here are veterans of the Brethren War and the War for Denver, and all of the local werewolves have heard stories of battles with Gurdilag and its minions. Few, however, have ever battled anything other than the occasional spirit and, of course, the Pure Tribes.

Here as in many places in the Rockies, the Predator Kings have a solid hold on mountain territory. Venturing out of the city by any means but the main highways is a dangerous gamble. The Forsaken of the city try as best they can not to squabble among themselves needlessly, as this might create weak points that the Pure Tribes could exploit. They most often settle disputes by debate and rhetoric rather than battle. As such, the Half Moons of the area draw particular esteem.

Lately, the Uratha around Loveland have seen their pack totems, *engum* and other allied spirits losing power. The spirits themselves do not know why this is happening, and the afflicted packs are desperate for a solution. While some of the afflicted packs keep to themselves, the Owl's Mourning pack decides to reach out to packs that seemingly haven't yet been afflicted, both to deliver a warning and to ask for assistance.

INTRODUCING THE CHARACTERS

The characters might attend the meet for any number of reasons, depending on the pack's background personality. The following are some of the most likely:

- The characters might have territory in the area and be invited to the meet specifically for the purposes of warning them. Owl's Mourning plans to contact any known Tribes of the Moon pack within 50 miles, so technically any pack from Denver might be asked to come and listen. If the characters are local, their pack totem (if they have one) might be one of the ones sickened by Cata-mount. If you wish to have this be the case, you might consider introducing the Mountain Demons pack in a prior story, just to play fair by the troupe.
- If the pack has met with recent successes in battle or been recognized by an increase in Renown, Owl's Mourning may be impressed with their abilities and hope that the characters can succeed where they failed.
- If the characters make up one of Max Roman's multi-tribal packs, they might have been asked to attend on an errand of goodwill, potentially by Roman himself.
- If the pack has an ongoing grudge against a particular enemy, whether a potent spirit or a rival pack of Pure, they may hear rumors linking that enemy to the affliction plaguing the werewolves around Loveland. The pack may then choose to investigate in hopes of getting revenge.

- A politically active pack may desire to get involved simply because if they succeed, they're sure to be owed favors by the packs they assist and rise in the esteem of other Forsaken in the area.

The three-way meet takes place on the shores of Loveland Lake, just outside the territory of Owl's Mourning. A little preliminary investigation or asking around will reveal that Owl's Mourning is a Bone Shadow pack of four, reputed to be seasoned veterans with many battles behind them.

THE GATHERING

The werewolves are expected to gather at sundown; Owl's Mourning arrives early, and the Mountain Demons are respectfully punctual. Moon's Tear, the Elodoth alpha of Owl's Mourning, builds a ceremonial fire on the lakeshore as the sun sets, throwing handfuls of dried herbs and a splash of blood into the flames. He ritually greets each pack in turn, showing respect according to their Renown; if the players act rude or apathetic, his brow grows stormier, but he lets the discourtesy slide. Once the formalities are done, Moon's Tear introduces George Longing-Glance, the pack's Ithaeur, and bids him to explain the matter at hand.

Longing-Glance explains that Owl's Mourning recently noticed that a spirit they'd bound as a watchdog seemed weak and sickly. Upon further investigation, he discovered that the spirit seemed to be starving. The pack donated Essence to help it, but then noticed that Black-Tear Owl, their pack totem, was likewise afflicted. Neither spirit could explain what had happened, only that they felt as though their Corpus was being slowly stripped away as a river strips the soil from its banks. Longing-Glance asks both visiting packs if they have had similar problems — when they answer in the negative, he nods and admits he'd expected as much. However, Owl's Mourning is not the only pack that's suffering in this way, and Longing-Glance frankly admits he has never seen anything like this.

Let the characters contribute anything they wish. Longing-Glance gently shoots down any truly implausible theories, and facilitates discussion of more probable ones. The Mountain Demons, for their contribution, arrive at the theory that the Pure Tribes have somehow found a way to leach energy from any spirit associated with the Tribes of the Moon. Because the symptoms resemble a disease, the Fire-Touched seem likely culprits, but the Predator Kings are the most active of the Pure Tribes in the area. Longing-Glance admit it's quite possible, though he doesn't share the Mountain Demons'... energy for the theory. (A successful Wits + Empathy roll reveals that this pack seems more concerned with an excuse to hunt the Predator Kings than with the true cause of this malady.)

DUN, IT'S THOSE GUYS

Experienced players may suspect the Mountain Demons from the start. The combination of

not being afflicted by the malady, their general aggression and the fact that you can easily describe them all (since their descriptions are provided in their profiles) can shift suspicion their way. How to alleviate this problem?

- Describe the Owl's Mourning pack in just as much detail. Spend a few minutes and flesh out Owl's Mourning, and make up one or two more local packs, name the members and decide on tribe and auspice, and write out a quick one-sentence description. Don't be afraid to improvise details, but write them down, so that you can make use of the characters later, when the players' pack begins questioning them.

- Let the characters see Catamount. Catamount *looks* sick. If the characters point that out to the Mountain Demons (who honestly have no idea what their totem is doing behind their backs), their reaction is one of honest surprise, not guilt.

- Let the characters see the Mountain Demons' afflictions, but not all at once. Don't describe Marx's limp, Vasquez's itching and Sermon's squinting all in the same sentence. Space these tidbits out so that by the end of the meet, the characters have seen them all (except perhaps Dawn's and Omen's, as their afflictions aren't immediately visible). Feel free to throw in descriptions of such infirmities that other attendees suffer as well, to act as red herrings.

- Try not to let Gifts solve the case (though don't strip them of power in order to do so). Sense Malice detects John Marx's hatred of the Predator Kings, for instance, but it doesn't register the pack's totem, since the totem isn't so much malicious as hungry. Read Spirit could identify Catamount as magath, but that in itself isn't impossible — the magath are hated by other spirits much as the Forsaken are, and a magath pack totem violates no real rule.



Another theory, which Longing-Glance himself raises if no one else does, is that an idigam might be present. Spiritual disturbances, he says, were common during Gurdilag's reign in Denver (a fact that any other Uratha present who fought in the War for Denver can verify). This, naturally, sets everyone's teeth on edge. The very idea that one of the alien spirits could be near frightens even the bravest werewolf.

Finally, another of Owl's Mourning, a werewolf with some experience fighting the Rat Hosts, may suggest that a nest of Beshilu might be near, since the spirits seem to be victims of a wasting disease.

When it becomes clear that no one present has enough information to form a solid plan, Moon's Tear asks the packs if they would be interested in pursuing other avenues of investigation, since they don't suffer from the affliction. (If this isn't true, have him find another plausible reason for suggesting that they take on the job. Hopefully, being player-con-

trolled characters and thus the stars of the show, they'll take the cue and volunteer.) The Mountain Demons immediately volunteer to investigate the Pure Tribes of the area, which Moon's Tear accepts, warning them to be cautious. He then asks the characters what they plan to do.

If the characters have an idea of how to proceed, run with it. Let them investigate whichever path they like. The following scenes are a recommended path for them to uncover the information, but if you can ad-lib other means of resolving their search and providing similar motivation, go for it. If the players feel like it was their idea that led to results, they will be much more invested in the story and its outcome than if they feel that they are just following predetermined plot threads. If they are stumped for ideas, however, Longing-Glance quietly tells them that of all the theories posited, the one that seems most likely to him is that an idigam is nearby. He advises the characters to go to Denver and consult with Max Roman, Rachel Snow or one of the other werewolves of the area who survived the fight against Gurdilag.

The Prologue ends with the meet, when the characters begin their investigations. The Mountain Demons leave immediately for the mountains to the northwest, in search of Predator Kings.

SCENE ONE: FINDING THE TRAIL

In this scene, the characters search for information or a solid lead on the problem. We've presented three easy starting points. If the players come up with something different and logical (as players are wont to do), run with it. The important thing is that the characters should optimally be going to the mountains by the end of this scene, either with the intention of finding the Mountain Demons or simply investigating further.

TALKING TO AFFLICTED PACKS

Probably the most obvious starting point, the characters might wish to interview some of the packs that have been afflicted by the spiritual wasting. Doing so requires covering a great deal of ground, as territories all around Loveland have been afflicted. As Storyteller, of course, you need to detail some of the packs that have suffered. You don't need to write up full game traits for all of the characters involved, but a quick summary of names, tribes, auspices, totems and descriptions gives the players the sense that they are interacting with real characters, and that something is truly at stake here. Also, when doling out the following information, keep the speaker in mind. A Blood Talon Ithaeur has a very different approach to spiritual matters than a Bone Shadow Ithaeur does. You might require the players to make appropriate rolls to entice the other characters to talk (Presence or Manipulation + Persuasion or Intimidation, for instance), but since the Uratha know that the characters are trying to help, they won't be too reticent. Don't forget to write down anything you come up with; a pack you place can easily resurface as a rival or potential ally later on in the chronicle.

In talking to the Uratha of the Loveland area, the characters can learn the following:

- The afflictions did not begin at the same time. Packs to the north began experiencing the problem first, followed by packs to the west and then the south. The packs on the east side of the city were the last to be afflicted. In fact, another

pack near a town called Berthoud (several miles south of Loveland) suffered the sickness before any packs on the east side of Loveland. (This is because the Mountain Demons traveled south around Loveland, into Berthoud, and then back toward the Loveland area when they decided that the small city might hold desirable territory.) Logically, this indicates that the affliction began in the north. If the characters travel north, they wind up finding Pure-Heart Terra (go to Scene Two).

- The Mountain Demons have passed by all of the territories. It isn't necessary to have every pack know this, however. If one pack that the characters talk with doesn't remember ever seeing the Mountain Demons, it casts a hint of doubt on their involvement. Likewise, even the packs that do remember allowing the Demons to pass through their territories certainly didn't let them near their loci.

- Packs who claim territory in or very close to the city itself (including Owl's Mourning) state that spirits of all types have been particularly agitated, even fearful of late.

- The area's Uratha have endured no recent major battles. The Predator Kings are a constant threat, but they have not moved against the town's werewolves in months. None of the werewolves the characters talk to have seen any evidence of Beshilu or Bale Hound activity in the city, either. (One Cahalith points out, though, that only the incompetent Bale Hounds are clumsy enough to leave telling evidence of their passing.) The most interesting thing that has happened (prior to the onset of the sickness) is that a member of one of the Blood Talon packs, while hunting in the foothills, heard a chorus of howls that he is sure belong to the Predator Kings. The howls didn't sound like a precursor to war, however, but bore similarity to the howls of a Funeral Rite.

- Asking after the Mountain Demons in particular provides a few clues. Anyone who has met them remarks on the size of their pack and the strength of their totem, but more importantly, all of the Uratha in the area state that the totem looked sick and starving. This means that Catamount, as far as the characters know, was the first to suffer from the affliction. (Let the players piece this clue together after talking to the locals, though.) Aside from that, the characters also learn that the Demons are patient but aggressive, are looking for territory but don't wish to go to Denver, and have recently lost a member to the Predator Kings. If one of the characters is a Bone Shadow and speaks privately with another of her tribe, she learns that one of the Demons — an Elodoth named Oasis — was asking about the Lodge of Death.

SEARCH THE SHADOW

The *Hisil* in and around Loveland looks typical for a city of comparable size, perhaps even a little stronger. Attempting to converse with the spiritual inhabitants of the city, however, is difficult. Word of a potent magath has spread quickly throughout the Shadow, and the spirits know only that the magath is accompanied by a pack of Uratha. Convincing a spirit to stay still long enough to talk requires a Presence + Persuasion roll with a -2 modifier. If the character is part of a pack with a totem, the modifier is -3. If the totem is feline, the modifier is -5. A dramatic failure on this roll not only sends the spirit fleeing in panic, but it spreads the word among other spirits that the characters' pack is hunting spirits to sacrifice to the magath. Success on the roll indicates that the spirit stays still and answers some questions, but it is still anxious and it leaves as quickly as it can. An exceptional success means the spirit calms down and answers the characters' questions to the best of its ability.

None of the spirits around Loveland can identify the creature as a lion or even a cat-spirit. (A pack with a feline totem might pick up on the spirit's terror and make the connection with the Mountain Demons, but



let this be a matter of player perspicacity rather than a lucky die roll.) This is because Catamount isn't a lion-spirit anymore. It is a magath, so the other spirits perceive it as such. They cannot describe it in any other terms than "hungry," "relentless," "patient," and "terrifying." They call it *Isánul Thim*, Stalking Disease.

If the characters are persistent and perceptive, they might find the spirit marks that Catamount made. This requires an extended Intelligence + Occult roll. The Irraka auspice ability pathfinder's sense applies to this roll. Five successes are required to find a mark and each roll represents 15 full minutes of searching. Once the characters find the first one, however, they receive a +2 modifier toward finding others. Using the marks, the characters can track the magath's movements. It seems to stop south of town, and then move east, and then north toward the mountains.

TALK TO THE URATHA OF DENVER

It's likely that at least one of the pack has some sort of tie with one of the werewolves of Denver, at least on a tribal basis. A Storm Lord, for instance, can reasonably expect to get a meeting with one of the Echoes of Thunder if she's polite and respectful about asking. Allow the players to roll Intelligence + Politics to see if they can remember tales from the War for Denver and who is currently alive and in power that would know about idigam. (If the characters are actually from Denver and have met some of the city's werewolf luminaries, you may forego this roll, of course.) Success on the roll indicates which of Denver's Uratha would be the best source of information, which depends on the needs of your story.

When determining which pack or werewolf your troupe's characters should approach, consider the following factors:

- What tribes are represented? Obadiah and Janet Pickering are occult experts, but they are much more likely to speak with Bone Shadows than other tribes. Likewise, Iron Soul is wise and experienced, but he prefers to let only *Meninna* tread on the mountain. Max Roman would be receptive to any werewolf visitors, but is much more helpful to a multi-tribal pack.

- What are the long-term goals of the characters? If one of the characters has a personal grudge against vampires, consider giving Black Moon Extreme something to contribute. (The Information Gestalt rite alone might point the characters in the right direction.) If they already suspect the Predator Kings, this story could dovetail nicely with one involving Shadow of Smoke and Fire — which could mean adding a battle with Howl to Mock the Dead in the next scene. (See p. 101 for information on these Predator Kings.) Use this plot-driven story to set up a future, more character-driven story — it makes the chronicle seem more like an ongoing tale and less like a series of barely connected events.

- Where did the Denver characters get the information? Roman and Snow know about idigam firsthand. The Three Sisters might agree to read the characters' future and send them to the mountains. A younger pack, such as New Hope, might have chanced across a rumor or cornered a spirit fleeing Loveland. The Scar Angels see and hear all sorts of gossip in their travels. Where the information came from colors its accuracy and details. While the result should be the same (characters head to the mountains north of Loveland), the details are what the players will remember.

- What are the characters willing to do for the information? While Max Roman might be willing to give information out of the goodness of his heart, Rachel Snow certainly isn't. A younger pack, such as Jagged Sky's or BMX, might ask to share in the hunt and thus the glory. The Three Sisters might ask to have Kim Carlson accompany the pack as an observer.

Regardless of whom the characters talk to, they should come away with the idea to head into the mountains north of Loveland. Any peripheral information they obtain (on such subjects as vampires, banes, idigam and Hosts) is at the Storyteller's discretion. The most likely culprit, however, should seem to be the Predator Kings.

SCENE TWO:

DYING IN THE MOUNTAINS

In this scene, the characters venture into the mountains and find Pure-Heart Terra, a Predator King dying of a strange spiritual illness similar to the one weakening the totems and *engum* around Loveland. While Terra can give them information about the being that killed her, she only does so if she is convinced the characters will die pursuing it.

FINDING TERRA

The characters might enter the mountains on any number of tips or hunches, but hopefully they have some suspicion that either the Predator Kings or the Mountain Demons are involved in the sickness. Likewise, someone during Scene One should have told them that the mountains are a haven for several packs of Predator Kings, and that by ascending the foothills they are entering enemy territory. The pack, therefore, should have some sort of strategy for escaping.

The method by which the characters travel isn't important. If the pack includes a rich Iron Master with access to a helicopter, that's fine (although landing when they see Terra might be problematic). Likewise, if the pack consists of Hunters in Darkness who shun technology, the pack is much more flexible in terms of their movements, but also can't escape as quickly.

In any case, as they enter the foothills, stress the dichotomy between the beautiful mountain terrain around them and the danger they are in. Make no mistake: By entering Predator King territory, the characters are taking their lives into their own hands, as they have no way to know whose territory they have invaded, the enemy's numbers or comparative skill, or how aggressive the local werewolves are.

STORYTELLING THE JOURNEY

The trek to find Pure-Heart Terra can be a matter of a few minutes of game time, or it can take several chapters as the characters encounter other obstacles. A few possibilities:

- A mudslide blocks their path. As wolves, they can simply walk around the area, but a Wits + Survival roll might be necessary to avoid triggering another slide.

- A Predator King scout finds the characters and, knowing he is outnumbered, flees to find his pack. The characters can probably catch and subdue him... but killing Uratha is dangerous. How

can they keep him from escaping and leading his pack back to them if they don't kill him? Does his pack have a way to track him, such as the Pack Awareness Gift?

- The pack happens across a locus, which it can use to step into the Shadow if no one knows the Rending the Gauntlet rite or has another means of doing so. Perhaps the magath has already marked this locus. If so, hunger or decay spirits might linger nearby (which might remind the characters of Catamount). If not, what resonance does the locus have? How did it form out here in the wilderness?

- The trail takes the characters to a small mountain town. Depending on when the characters arrive, they might decide to stay for the night. What secrets, if any, does this town hold? Perhaps the sheriff is a wolf-blooded thrall to the Pure Tribes and can recognize the characters. Perhaps the Scar Angels recently passed through town and stirred up the spirit wilds to the point that the local spirits are hostile to all Uratha.



Whenever you decide to have the characters find Terra, have the players roll Wits + Survival as though tracking. If the roll succeeds, the werewolf smells a person nearby. If the characters are searching from the spirit wilds, a successful Wits + Occult + Primal Urge roll allows them to feel the flow of Essence from Terra's location.

Terra is lying in a clearing in Urhan form. Her breathing is labored and a thin trickle of blood runs from her mouth. When the characters approach her, she growls and attempts to change shape, but can only manage to swell a bit before collapsing again. She sniffs the air as they approach, and then snarls in First Tongue — “*Aziha Urdaga*” (“cursed Forsaken”). This should immediately clue them in to the fact that she is a Pure Uratha.

THE FADING PREDATOR

Terra will speak with the characters but cannot change out of Urhan form. (She changes to Hishu if she dies or falls unconscious, but then of course she can't talk.) As such, she is only capable of wolf-speak and First Tongue, and the latter in a limited capacity. (See p. 173 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken** for more information on the communication abilities of the wolf form.) Understanding wolf-speak requires a Wits + Animal Ken roll, with a -2 modifier if the character is in any form but Urshul or Urhan. Understanding her First Tongue speech in any form requires an Intelligence + Wits roll, with a -1 modifier due to her weakened and maddened state.

Terra's goals are to die alone, to harm or kill the characters and to take revenge on the being that killed her, in that order. As such, threatening her with death is quite effective, because Terra does not wish to die under the claws of a Forsaken werewolf. She refuses to beg, but she offers the characters information if they swear to leave her alone to die in peace. She recounts finding and following the mountain lion to the pack, and describes the Mountain Demons down

to Sermon's priest collar (but she makes no mention of their infirmities). She states that she saw the lion again recently, near the city of Loveland, but that it attacked and bit her, causing much more damage than a natural lion would. It knocked her down and sprayed her, and though she can no longer smell the animal's musk on her, she can feel its mark. She suspects the lion to be a Ridden of some kind.

If the characters previously found Catamount's marks and cleansed them, they might wish, for whatever reason, to attempt the same thing on Terra. Whether or not this is possible is up to the Storyteller. If it is, it probably ought to be more difficult than cleansing an area of the mark, since the circumstances are different. If the characters save her life, she attacks them, refusing to show even a mote of gratitude. (Game statistics aren't provided for Terra, but she is a powerful werewolf with decades of combat experience, a Primal Urge of at least 6 and a very low Harmony. Give her whatever traits would make for a challenging fight for your troupe's pack.) If they kill her, she attempts to howl to summon her pack. Whether or not this is successful depends on whether the Storyteller wishes to run a combat between the characters and a pack of Predator Kings. If they allow her to die in peace, she does not thank them, but neither does she actively attempt to harm them.

From what the characters learn from Terra, they have ample reason to suspect the Mountain Demons. Hunting down the pack becomes their next task. This scene ends when they leave Terra and begin that hunt.

SCENE THREE: LION HUNT

In this scene, the characters find and confront the Mountain Demons, and then chase down and destroy their deceptive totem. They have a chance here to save the lives of six fellow Uratha, not to mention all of the spirits Catamount has marked.

Finding the pack requires catching its scent. The characters can try tracking them from the mountains (as they might remember, the Demons ventured into the mountains before the characters' pack, looking for Predator Kings). Doing so requires a Wits + Survival roll with a -3 modifier, as the characters are tracking from memory alone. If the characters trek back to the site of the meeting, they can find the pack's scent and track them normally. The characters might also think to try to find the lion's scent on Terra's body or a nearby mark. This is possible, but difficult, as the character must translate a spiritual sensation into a physical one. Doing so requires a Wits + Resolve + Primal Urge roll.

Once the characters have the scent, it's merely a matter of following it to the pack. As with finding Terra, this can be as simple or difficult as you wish. We don't recommend throwing red herrings or unrelated distractions in the way of this hunt, however, since the characters are so close to resolving the mystery. Terra's pack might make for a good obstacle, especially if the pack decides to outrun them rather than fight them. Keeping the scent while running full-tilt out of the foothills is an impressive feat for any pack.

CONFRONTING THE DEMONS

When the characters do catch up with the Mountain Demons, they are hunting in the foothills roughly 10 miles west of where the characters found Pure-Heart Terra. The

Demons immediately warn the characters not to try to steal their kill, as they have been tracking a small pack of Predator Kings for several hours and are getting close. (This is true, though the characters might suspect it is a ploy to distract them.) In fact, they found a minor locus not far to the south which they believe the Predator Kings have been maintaining for some time — the resonance is pure predatory hunger. Make sure the Demons mention this tidbit, as it will become important in a few moments.

How the Demons and Catamount react when the characters reveal what they know depends on how the pack approaches the topic and what they say. If they accuse the Mountain Demons of deliberately causing the wasting sickness, the Demons are outraged. Omen challenges the alpha of the pack for impugning the Demons' honor, but Oasis can talk her down if the pack doesn't provoke her too much. If the characters attack outright, the pack fights with all of its considerable experience and resources. Catamount might even materialize to join this fight, and it urges the Demons to kill the characters (knowing that if any of them live, they will expose its true nature).

If the characters approach the Demons carefully, asking whether their totem has always looked ill, whether they lost a pack member to the Predator Kings shortly before their totem found them, or other questions designed to make them consider their totem's motives, even hotheads like Vasquez begin to wonder. The Demons aren't stupid, after all, but by that point, Catamount has other ideas.

The instant Catamount feels that the Demons are going to turn on it or even question its nature, it steals their Essence and runs. The characters see all six of the Mountain Demons gasp for breath and grow gaunt, thin and weak, as though starving almost to death in the space of a few seconds. They collapse, struggling to breathe, and the magath flees.

The magath knows that the pack can't chase it effectively from the material world, but it also knows that a locus is only a short sprint away. Hopefully, the characters remember this as well, and think to use it to step sideways and give chase.

ISÁNUL TREM'S FINAL HUNT

The magath does not possess any Numina that would aid it in fleeing or escaping the characters, but it is a deadly combatant. If it becomes clear to Catamount that it cannot escape the characters, it hides and tries to lead one of them away, attacking and slaying the werewolf while he is alone. If Catamount is cornered, it fights with all the strength and ferocity it can muster.

When the characters finally do manage to defeat the cat, however, it gives a piercing scream and implodes upon

itself. Its own ban of hunger consumes it. Its "flesh" vanishes, its bones shatter and collapse, its fur vanishes in a spray of hair and dust, and its eyes dry up and roll away like marbles. In seconds, all that remains are Catamount's teeth, which are physical talens rather than ephemera.

TALEN: CATAMOUNT'S TEETH

By pushing one of these teeth into the ground, a werewolf can drain a point of Essence from the surrounding area. This Essence carries with it a sharp pang of hunger. When Catamount perishes, it leaves behind a dozen such talens.

EPilogue

With the destruction of Catamount, the marks vanish and the afflicted spirits regain their Essence quickly. The Mountain Demons (who almost assuredly change their pack name after this incident) thank the characters and acknowledge that they owe the pack their lives. The characters have made some staunch allies in these Uratha, and indeed in the Uratha of the area surrounding Loveland. The Mountain Demons also make it a point to commend the characters' actions to any other packs of Forsaken werewolves they meet, which has the effect of enhancing the characters' reputations and possibly making them a target for Pure Uratha and other enemies. Such is life in the World of Darkness.

It is possible, too, that Catamount escaped. If this happens, the Mountain Demons die within a few minutes. The characters cannot save them by cleansing them as they did the marks. Catamount, now deprived of the protection of the pack, begins to stalk the characters, looking for a way to slay them. The characters, of course, will probably continue to hunt the magath, and this enmity could stretch over the entire chronicle if you and the players so desire.

Another consideration is Pure-Heart Terra. If the characters destroyed the magath quickly after finding her, she might survive. She might quietly order her pack to ignore the players' pack... or she might call up as many Predator Kings as she can find and descend on the characters, furious that they stole her death from her.

In any event, the end of "Stalking Disease" hopefully leaves several possible story hooks open for you and your players.

"A lure, a snare, a chain — all in a drop of blood."
— Giselle Warner, Mekhet of the Ordo Dracul

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